

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JANUARY 24, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

WHAT MADE THEM LEAVE?

Important Witnesses in the Police Investigation are not Kept in the City.

The investigation into the charges preferred against Detective Ring by Pearl Nason and Kate Brown, proprietresses of certain unlicensed houses, at the east end of Britain street, was commenced in Chief Clark's private office Thursday afternoon at 2:30.

The inquiry had as its main feature, the lack of witnesses, Misses Nason and Brown not appearing. Those present were the chief, Recorder Skinner, Capt. Jenkins, Detective Ring, Inspector Jones, Ada Wilson, and a number of reporters.

Before starting the investigation the chief, in a very solicitous tone, asked Detective Ring if one of the windows, which was open was too cold for him, Ring replied that he didn't think so.

The investigation was opened by him with a little speech, congratulating the members of the force on the excellence of that body. He said that the police force, as at present constituted, would compare favorably with any body of policemen; they were a temperate body of people and good living citizens. He did not know of any of them, captains, sergeants, detectives, or patrolmen, who were addicted to strong drink. There was a time, he said, when some of them might have taken a drink, as he himself had done, but he was pleased to state that such was not now the fact. Of late it had been hinted that some of the policemen had been in the habit of receiving money from the proprietors of certain houses of ill fame in this city. This was considered a sort of police protection. His duties as chief of police was to investigate such statements, and if possible to locate the guilty parties and wipe the stain off the police force. It was a surprise to him and to the public to hear of such charges. He called Detective Ring after the accusation had been made against him. The charges against Detective Ring were these: "of receiving money from Pearl Nason and Kate Brown."

Captain Jenkins then stated that he had notified the witnesses to appear. He told of visiting Kate Brown's place, she said she would be on hand as a witness. From there he went to Pearl Nason's and saw Beatrice Field, who was in charge of the domicile; she said that Miss Nason was going to Boston and would not return. Miss Field also said that Madge Smith and Flossie McDonald had left the city. At the same time he notified Ada Wilson to appear at the inquiry.

He had since learned that Kate Brown had left the city, and on an order from the chief visited the place on Wednesday. He was told by the woman's sister, May Brown, that she had left the city in company with the girls on Wednesday, that she was not positive where she had gone to, but thought she had gone to the States and that it was not her intention to return to this city.

Recorder Skinner at this point asked Captain Jenkins, if there was any way of finding out the circumstances under which these women left town and who induced them to go.

Capt. Jenkins—I do not know anything about that.

Recorder Skinner.—It is a remarkable thing that in a case like this—one in which the public is so interested—that these witnesses should leave the city, and that nobody should know when they left, or where they had gone to.

The recorder thought that the chief should instruct the captain to find out if any person had been instrumental in getting them away from the city.

As Mr. A. Geo Blair, Detective Ring's counsel, was unavoidably absent, the case was further postponed, until yesterday afternoon at 2:30 and as PROGRESS is printed on Friday it was impossible to get that portion of the inquiry.

A Pleasant Week of Outing.

The Fredericton curlers have had a very pleasant week of it. In St. Stephen on Monday, here on Tuesday, and Wednesday and Thursday at Hampton. They have met with victory and defeat, and have taken both with that equanimity that distinguishes them. The enjoyment of good play and good fellowship has

been their's but they would no doubt have had a more generally good time had the week not been marked by the event which saddened all people.

AFTER THE DIRECTORSHIP.
Applicants For the Position Are Not Wanting—What Aldermen Think.

If rumor is at all correct there will be a lively contest for the directorship of public works, made vacant by the death of Mr. A. Chipman Smith. It will be hard for any of the applicants at present mentioned to fill the place of the deceased gentleman, for his energy and executive ability and wide knowledge of civic affairs made him especially fitted for the office.

Ald. George H. Waring was first to be announced as a applicant for the position. Mr. Waring has been in the council for some time and is known as an engineer once connected with the firm of Waring, White & Co. still later with the Union Iron Works of Carleton. Since that time he has been in the employ of A. Cushing & Co. He is an alderman for Sydney ward and one of the few on the board who does not permit the duties of his public position to interfere, very materially, with his private affairs. The name of Alderman-at-large Hilyard has also been mentioned though it may be without his knowledge or consent. It, however, he should prove to be appointed, there is no doubt he would infuse much of the energy and determination so characteristic of him into the office which needs a go ahead man at all times. There are many members of the council however, who seem to think that a capable engineer is all that is necessary to conduct this department of civic works. This would mean, no doubt, a reorganization of the public works and probably relegate the present engineer to a somewhat minor position.

PROGRESS is simply giving the views of a few members of the council whom its representative has talked with but when the alderman get time to talk it over the tax payers will probably have an opportunity to express an opinion and they may be largely guided by their views.

After the Commissionship.

The death of Mr. A. Chipman Smith has left a vacancy on the hospital board which is being somewhat eagerly applied for by some one or two aldermen who evidently thought at first that it was a council appointment. Only a few days ago Dr. W. W. White was selected by the common council to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. John Berryman and



A. Chipman Smith.

Now it is the turn of the province to fill the present vacancy. It is understood that Dr. D. E. Berryman is an applicant for the position and that his claim is very favorably considered. Dr. Berryman is a practitioner of long standing and of much experience in work of this kind. He is a coroner and police surgeon and he would, without doubt make a most efficient commissioner.

A Livery Man's Grievance.

"I wish," said a prominent livery man in this city, that you would say something in PROGRESS about the custom which seems to prevail throughout the city, of people, when death occurs in the family, permitting the undertaker to order the coaches for the funeral from whom ever he pleases. Time and time again have I seen the mourners of my customers taken to the

cemetery in the coaches of a rival in the business. This is not only unpleasant but it seems to me that it is not right. Moreover I am quite convinced that it would be more agreeable to the undertakers if the coaches were ordered direct from the livery keeper and the bill sent from him. I am quite sure that the majority of those who have coaches to let will agree with me in this opinion."

To John Her Husband.

The discovery of ex mayor Snow some where in the British West Indies, but just exactly where, no one except the parties most interested seems to know, is likely to lead to the reunion of him and the wife

MOURNING THE QUEEN.

How St. John Awaited the Sad News and Sorrows For the Dead.

The suspense in this city on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday morning, waiting for news of the condition of the well loved Queen of the Empire can hardly be imagined. The interest was universal and the anxiety such as to nearly suspend all business.

On Sunday the churches were thronged

greatest empire on the earth.

Only a short time ago the whole city was ablaze with illuminations of the gayest description that could be imagined in honor of the victories in South Africa. Today the streets, the principal business buildings of the city and dominion offices are covered with the deepest mourning. And until a week from today when the funeral takes place the same air of sorrow will prevail.

The love of St. John for the deceased monarch and the loyalty of its citizens to the new king cannot be disputed.

God save the Queen; Long live the King.

DIRECTOR A. CHIPMAN SMITH'S DEATH.

He Passes Away After a Long and Severe Illness—a Good Officer.

The death of Mr. A. Chipman Smith, director of public works for the city, which occurred this week, while not unexpected, was much of a shock to those of his friends who hoped that he would be with them for a longer time. No man was better known in this city than the deceased gentleman. He had been associated for so many years with the civic and business interests of St. John that his face was even more familiar to men of all classes than those prominent in political life. Mr. Smith, for some years, was mayor of the city, at another time chief of the fire department, which was a fitting recognition of his services as a volunteer and for many years was chairman of the water commission and, when he died, director of public works which included the duties of his former office. He was an active and useful member of minor boards, and his large experience and keen perception, at all times aided those with whom he was associated. His judgement was good, his energy unbounded and if at times he was inclined to be impulsive, he could be readily forgiven for that which proceeded rather from the heart than from the head. The corporation thought much of him as a good officer, a man of splendid executive ability and he was frequently consulted upon matters other than those which came within the scope of his department. While PROGRESS is being printed the funeral is being held and there is no doubt, from the preparations that have been made for it, it will prove one of the largest that has ever been held in the city of St. John.

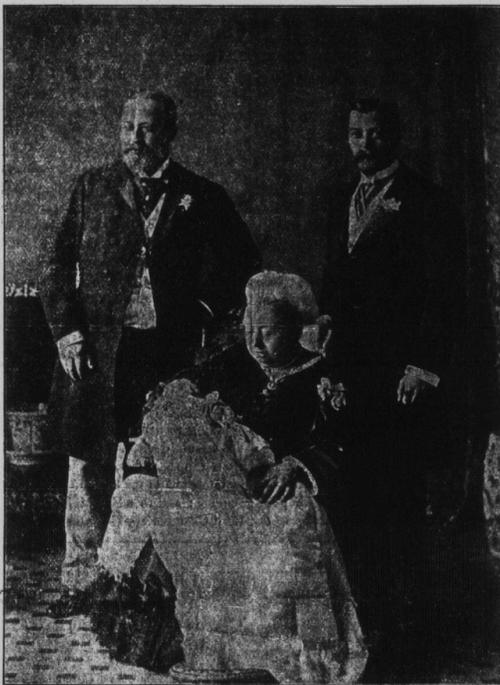
Damages Can be Recovered.

The runaway accidents of Wednesday afternoon came very near having a serious ending. As it was, one of them, at least, injured several people and the narrow escape that others had from death caused many a shudder among the large number who witnessed the runaway. If there is not a regulation requiring teamsters to hobble their horses or fasten them in some way, there should be one. Hardly a day passes without some grocery or other delivery team becoming frightened and making a dash along the street. It may be that the owners of these teams do not understand that they are liable under the law for any damage that is done by them running away, when they are allowed to stand on the street without any fastening. The accidents of Wednesday should be a warning to all those who own delivery teams.

Testimonial of the Centenarian.

The presentation of the address and testimonial to the St. Martins centenarian will no doubt be somewhat delayed by the death of Her Majesty, the Queen, as the municipal council will probably wait till after her funeral before going upon such a pleasant mission as this would likely be. Warden McGoldrick is preparing the address and when the proper time arrives will proceed to St. Martins and deliver it and the testimonial of the county council to the gentleman who was nearly 80 years of age when the Queen was born.

Chairs Re-occupied Once Again, Forfeited, of, Duval, 17 Waterloo.



Engraved for Progress

THE FOUR GENERATIONS.

that he left behind him in Moncton. It is understood that Mrs. Snow has gone to Moncton to arrange some matters preliminary to her departure for her husband's present home. Another rumor is to the effect that his whereabouts was discovered by a New York newspaper man, who was in that vicinity during the Spanish war, and was acquainted with Mr. Snow before he left for the States. The original report of his discovery claimed to be due to a knowledge of his handwriting on the part of a subscription clerk in a Moncton newspaper office. It does not matter, however, which is correct so long as the mystery has been solved at last.

and in many the latest news regarding the condition of Her Majesty was given. That her illness was so serious was not known until Saturday afternoon and then suddenly the first flashed over the wires that there was but little, if any hope of her recovery. Special sermons were preached by many of the most eloquent clergymen, who also took occasion to be prepared to announce the condition of the queen to their congregations.

Hope and fear alternated on Monday and for a brief period, when the news came of her great rally from the shock that prostrated her, there were many hopeful people who thought it possible that the Queen might live for years longer. This hope was dissipated on Tuesday morning when the papers announced that she was sinking gradually and was only expected to live a few hours. As noon approached groups of men and women could be seen on every street corner waiting for the news which they knew could not be otherwise than sad, and hoping that it would be delayed for days or even hours. Just after the noon hour, however, it was learned that the end was drawing near, and a few minutes after 2 o'clock the first bulletin appeared that the Queen was dead.

Men who read it turned away as if anxious to hide their feelings, silence prevailed throughout the streets and through out the city; people spoke to each other in lower tones; there was an air of grief in every quarter and in a very short time the usual life of the streets on a fine afternoon was absent. Only those whom business compelled moving appeared throughout the almost deserted thoroughfares.

The meetings of the council and the citizens, the address that was read by the mayor and the resolutions that were passed have all been printed and it is not necessary to repeat them. But since then the accession of the new king Edward VII., the firing of salutes and the hoisting of flags, which were at half mast to the mast head for a brief period, have all given evidence to the people that a most important change has taken place in the ruling power of the

PROGRESS

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TODAY.

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Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

The Coronation of Queen Victoria.

The coronation ceremony in England is something more than the mere placing of a crown on the head of a new ruler as a sign of sovereignty. It is the sealing of a compact between the people and the monarch to observe the constitution. The ceremonies are partly derived from the old Jewish custom of anointing the king, and partly evolved during the long struggle between the people and the Crown, which resulted in the present harmonious and well balanced system of government.

In early times the King's title to office to a great extent depended upon the ceremony by which the people acknowledged his right to rule over them. Sir W. R. Anson says: "The coronation gave religious sanction to the title by election, constituted also the formal compact between King and people that the King should govern well, and that the people should obey. The King's promise made by oath or charter, or both, was to keep Church and people in peace to forbid wrong and rapine in all degrees of men, and to do justice with mercy; the people by acclamation and the great men by oath promised him their fealty and allegiance, and the coronation gave a religious sanction to the title of the new King. That these ceremonies were no mere form is plain from the fact that there was a real interregnum between the death of one King and the election and coronation of another; that until the new King was crowned the King's peace was in abeyance; the maintenance of order was the business of no one, while the State had no one to represent it for the purpose of enforcing the peace."

The coronation of the Queen was a grand spectacle. There was a magnificent procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey, at the west door of which the Queen was received by the great officers of State, the noblemen bearing the regalia, the bishops carrying the patina, the chalice and the Bible. Her Majesty proceeded to the robing room.

"Underneath the galleries and below the platform were ranged lines of Foot Guards," says Sarah Tytler. "The platform under the central tower was the most conspicuous object. It was covered with cloth of gold and bore the chair of homage, or throne, facing the altar. Farther on within the altar rails, was St. Edward's Chair, or the chair decorated by William the Painter for Edward. Enclosed within it is the "Stone of Destiny," or Fatal Stone of Soane—a sandy stone, supposed to have formed the pillow on which Jacob slept at Bethel, and long used in the coronation of the Scotch kings. In this chair, all the Kings of England, since the time of Edward I., have been crowned. The altar was covered with massive gold plate. The galleries of the Abbey were arranged for the members of orders, the judges, Knights of the Bath, members of the Corporation, and other officials. The floor of the transepts was occupied by benches for the peers and peeresses; the space behind them was for the ticket-holders."

Harriet Martineau says of the scene: "The sight of the rapidly filling Abbey was enough to go for. The stone architecture contrasted finely with the gay colours of the multitude. From my high seat I commanded the whole north transept, the area with the throne, and many portions of galleries, and the balconies, which were called the vaultings. Except a mere sprinkling of oddities everybody was in full dress. In the whole assemblage I counted six bonnets. The scarlet of the military officers mixed in well, and the groups of the clergy were dignified; but to an unaccustomed eye the prevalence of Court dresses had a curious effect. I was perpetually taking whole groups of gentlemen for Quakers till I recollected myself. The Earl Marshall's assistants, called gold sticks, looked well from above, lightly fluttering about in white breeches, silk stockings, blue-laced frocks and white sashes."

Diamonds Flash in the Sun.

Each peeress was conducted by two gold sticks, one of whom headed her to her seat, and the other bore and arranged her train on her lap, and saw that her coronet, footstool and book were comfortably placed. About nine the first gleams of the sun slanted into the Abbey, and presently travelled down to the peeresses. I had never before seen the full effect of diamonds. As the light travelled each peeress shone like a rainbow. The brightness, vastness and dreamy magnificence of the scene produced a strange effect of exhaustion and sleepiness. The great guns told when the Queen had set forth and there was renewed animation. The old sticks fitted about, there was tuning in the orchestra, and the foreign ambassadors and their suites arrived in quick succession.

Prince Esterházy crossing a bar of sunshine was the most prodigious rainbow of all. He was covered with diamonds and pearls, and as he dangled his hat it cast a dancing radiance all around."

The Queen Enters.

At last the Queen entered, says Sarah Tytler, "walking between the Bishops of Bath and Durham with Gentlemen-at-Arms on each side. She was now a royal maiden of nineteen, with a fair, pleasant face, a slight figure, rather small in stature, but showing a queenly carriage, especially in the pose of the throat and head. She wore a royal robe of crimson velvet furred with ermine and bordered with gold lace. She had on the collar of her orders. Like the other princesses she wore a gold circlet on her head. Her train was borne by eight 'beautiful young ladies,' as Sir David Wilkie called them, all dressed alike. The Queen moved towards a chair placed midway between the chair of homage and the altar, on the carpeted space. Here she knelt down on the faldstool set for her before her chair and used some private prayers."

The Recognition.

First came the Recognition, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who advanced to the Queen, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Earl Marshall, preceded by the Deputy-Garter, and repeated these words: "Sirs, here present unto you, Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm whereto all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same." Then burst forth the universal cry from the portion of Her Majesty's subjects present, "God Save Queen Victoria." The Archbishop, turning to the north, south and west sides of the Abbey repeated, "God Save Queen Victoria," the Queen turning at the same time in the same direction. The Bishops who bore the patina, Bible, and chalice in the procession placed the same on the altar. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops who were to

read the litany put on their copes. The Queen, attended by the Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells, and the Dean of Westminster, with the great officers of State and noblemen bearing the regalia, advanced to the altar, and kneeling upon the crimson velvet cushion, made her first offering, being a pall or altar-cloth of gold, which was delivered by an officer of the Wardrobe to the Lord Chamberlain, by his lordship to the Lord Great Chamberlain, and by him to the Queen, who delivered it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, by whom it was placed on the altar. The Treasurer of the Household then delivered an ingot of gold, of one pound weight, to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who having presented the same to the Queen. Her Majesty delivered it to the Archbishop by whom it was put in the oblation basin.

The Archbishop delivered a prayer in the prescribed form. The regalia were laid on the altar by the Archbishop. The great officers of State, except the Lord Chamberlain, retired to their respective places, and the Bishops of Worcester and St. David's read the Litany. Then followed the Communion service, read by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Rochester and Carlisle.

The Bishop of London's Sermon.

Then the Bishop of London preached a sermon from the following text: "And the King stood in his place, and made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord, and to keep his commandments, and his testimonies and his statutes, with all his heart, and with all his soul, to perform the words of the covenant, which are within this book."

The Oath Administered.

After conclusion of the sermon 'the oath' was administered to the Queen by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The form of swearing was as follows: The Archbishop put certain questions, which the Queen answered in the affirmative, relative to the maintenance of the law and the established religion; and then Her Majesty, with the Lord Chamberlain and other officers, the

sword of the state being carried before her went to the altar, and laying her right hand upon the Gospels in the Bible carried in the procession, and now brought to her by the Archbishop of Canterbury, said, kneeling: "The things which I have herebefore promised, I will perform and keep. So help me God." The Queen then kissed the book, and signed a transcript of the oath presented to her by the Archbishop. She then knelt upon the footstool, and the choir sang 'Veni, Creator, Spiritus.'

The Anointing.

The anointing was the next part of the ceremony. The Queen sat in King Edward's chair; four Knights of the Garter held a rich cloth of gold over her head; the dean of Westminster took the ampulla from the altar, and poured some of the oil it contained into the anointing spoon, then the Archbishop anointed the head and hands of the Queen, marking them in the form of a cross, pronouncing the words, "Be thou anointed with holy oil, as kings, priests and prophets were anointed; and as Solomon was anointed King by Zadock the priest, and Nathan the prophet, so be you anointed, blessed and consecrated Queen over her people, whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern, in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen."

The Archbishop then said the blessing over her. The spurs were presented by the Lord Chamberlain and the sword of State by Viscount Melbourne, who, however, according to custom, redeemed it with a hundred shillings, and carried it during the rest of the ceremony. Then followed the investing with royal robes and the delivery of the orb and the investiture by the ring and sceptre.

Putting on the Crown.

The coronation followed. The Archbishop of Canterbury offered a prayer to God to bless Her Majesty and crown her with all princely virtues. The Dean of Westminster took the crown from the altar, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Archbishops of York and Ar-

magh, the Bishops of London and Durham, and other prelates, advanced towards the Queen, and the Archbishop taking the crown from the Dean, reverently placed it on the Queen's head. This was no sooner done than from every part of the crowd a voice arose a loud and enthusiastic cry of "God Save the Queen," mingled with lusty cheers, and accompanied by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. At this moment, too, the Peers and Peeresses in unison put on their coronets, the Bishops their caps, and the Kings-of-Arms their crowns; the trumpets sounding, the drums beating and the Tower and park guns firing by signal."

A Beautiful Woman's Embarrassment.

According to Harriet Martineau, the acclamation when the crown was put on her head was very animating; and in the midst of it, in an instant of time, the Peeresses were all coronated with the exception of one beautiful woman, with transcendent complexion and form, and coils upon coils of light hair, who was terribly embarrassed about her coronet; she had apparently forgotten that her hair must be disposed with a view to it, and the large braids at the back would in no way permit the coronet to keep on. She and her neighbors tugged vehemently at her braids, and at last the thing was done after a manner, but so as to spoil the wonderful effect of the self-coronating of the Peeresses.

The Benediction was delivered by the Archbishop, and the Te Deum sung by the choir. At the commencement of the Te Deum, the Queen went to the chair which she first occupied, supported by two Bishops; and was then 'enthroned' or 'lifted,' as the formula states, into the chair of homage by the Archbishops, Bishops, and Peers surrounded Her Majesty. The Queen delivered the sceptre with the cross to the Lord of the Manor of Westwerk (the Duke of Norfolk), and the sceptre with the stone to the Duke of Richmond, to hold during the performance of the ceremony of homage.

Ceremony of Homage.

The Archbishop of Canterbury knelt and did homage for himself and other Lords Spiritual, who all kissed the Queen's hand. The dukes of Sussex and Cambridge removing the coronets, did homage in these words:—"I do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folk, so help me God."

They touched the crown on the Queen's head, kissed her left cheek and then retired. The dukes and other peers then performed their homage after the same fashion but kissing Her Majesty's hand instead of her face as her uncles did.

While the Lords were doing homage, the Earl of Surrey, Treasurer of Household, threw coronation medals, in silver, about the choir and lower galleries, which were scrambled for with great eagerness. At the conclusion of the homage, the choir sang the anthem, "This is the day the Lord hath made."

The Queen received two sceptres from the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond; the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, and the assembly cried out "God save Queen Victoria."

The Queen's Offering.

The Archbishop of Canterbury then went to the altar. The Queen followed him, and giving the Lord Chamberlain her crown to hold knelt down at the altar. The gospel and epistle of the communion service having been read by the bishops, the Queen made her offering of the chalice and patina, and a purse of gold, which was laid on the altar. Her Majesty received the sacrament kneeling on her faldstool for the chair."

After receiving the communion the Queen put on her crown, and with her sceptres in her hands, took her seat again upon the throne. The Archbishop of Canterbury proceeded with the Communion service, and pronounced the final blessing. The choir sang the anthem, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." The Queen then left the throne, and attended by two Bishops and noblemen, bearing the regalia and sword of State, passed into King Edward's Chapel, the organ playing. The Queen delivered the sceptre with the dove to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who laid it on the altar. The Queen then went to the west door of the Abbey wearing her crown, the sceptre with the cross being in the right and the orb in the left hand. It was about a quarter to four o'clock when the royal procession passed through the nave at the conclusion of the ceremonies in the Abbey. The coronation had lasted three hours.



H. R. H. THE DUKE OF YORK.

Music

The...
Rehearsals for...
to be given next...
of the Neptune Rowing...
along, and a magnifi...
anticipated, The...
Nell Gwynne... Mrs...
Clara (ward of King...
Jessamine (niece of W...
Majorie (parish wai...
Buckingham...
Rochester...
The Beadle...
Wensell (village parva...
Talbot (cousin to Char...
Falcon (a strolling pl...
Hodge (a villager)...
Peregrin (Buckingham...
King Charles...
Villagers, huntamen...
waiters, falconers...
The chorus number...
Jessie Bartlett Da...
contralto will resume...
after a brief rest...
Frank Daniels is ab...
the South where he h...
left farce comedy six...
just returned from the...
is meeting with succe...
Mr. Robert Lorraine...
on his way to Americ...
role in "To Have and...
be produced in Balti...
Mr. Lorraine is said...
and talented man...
returned from South...
Julie Opp a few years...
ated from her...
"Duke Madcap," I...
mer's new opera is to...
only to some intimate...
ner circle, says the...
of the London News...
though it has appear...
strictly from the pub...
less become known...
who has made the plo...

TALK OF THE

Jim, The Penman...
the Opera House in...
week and on Monday...
large audience. The...
staged and costumed...
by those present...
A pathetic incident...
of the performance...
read announcing the...
whose death was be...
resting more easily...
God Save the Queen...
taken up by the Com...
and sang with a right...
night there was no p...
the Queen's death. Th...
evening performance...
on Wednesday. At b...
day Rip Van Winkle...
W. S. Harkins ope...
in St. Johns Nfld. thi...
ing Mrs. Sans Gene...
The Valentine Stee...
to produce Nell Gwyn...
are as many Nell Gw...
son as there were ver...
last year or Cyranu...
all are making great...
is pleasing to anticip...
A new and original...
the stirring title "The...
is to be produced in...
Messrs Arthur Pat...
Cartwright, the autho...
well, are engaged up...
will be produced in...
William Faversham...
been seriously ill as...
this is able now to sit...
day and receive his in...
There are to be no...
fore the curtain in B...
theatres are, as is well...
strict supervision of...
the new regulation...
ample of the beneficenc...
Mr. Lewis Waller...
romantic, much larg...
thing he has hitherto...
unlikely that Mr. E...
again, he having mad...
playing for the sever...
ment of the dramatist...
Owen Davis has ab...
tion a "new melodram...
Stroma" and has Gu...
Stroma" in which J...
is to star next season...

Music and The Drama

SONS AND UNDERSONS.

Rehearsals for Nell Gwynne, which is to be given next month under the auspices of the Neptune Rowing Club, go merrily along, and a magnificent production is anticipated. The cast is as follows: Nell Gwynne... Mrs. Shephard Grigby. Clara (ward of King Charles II.)... Miss Constance Vail. Jossamine (niece of Weasel)... Miss Margaret Patten. Majorie (parish walt-servant to Weasel)... Miss Frances Rainnie. Buckingham... M. D. B. Pigeon. Rochester... Mr. J. A. Kelly. The Beadle... Mr. J. G. Rainnie. Weasel (village pawnbroker)... Mr. A. H. Lonsday. Talbot (cousin to Clara)... Mr. Gilbert Jordan. Falcon (a strolling player)... Mr. Charles D. Shaw. Hodge (a villager)... Mr. A. C. Ritchie. Peregrin (Buckingham's foot-boy)... Miss Daisy Sears. King Charles... Mr. F. W. Fraser. Villagers, huntsmen, pages, court ladies, waiters, falconers, etc.

The chorus number about 50. Jessie Bartlett Davis, the well known contralto will resume her tour next week after a brief rest.

Frank Daniels is about to try his luck in the South where he has not been since he left farce comedy six years ago. He has just returned from the Pacific coast. He is meeting with success in "The Amcor."

Mr. Robert Lorraine, an Englishman, is on his way to America to play the leading role in "To Have and to Hold" which will be produced in Baltimore next month. Mr. Lorraine is said to be a very clever and talented man. A few weeks ago he returned from South Africa. He married Julie Opp a few years ago but later separated from her.

"Duke Madcap," Herr Stegried Wagner's new opera is for the present known only to some intimate friends of the Wagner circle, says the Berlin correspondent of the London News. The libretto, although it has appeared in print is also kept strictly from the public, but has nevertheless become known to a newspaper man who has made the plot public.

TALK OF THE THEATRE

Jim, The Penman, was the attraction at the Opera House in the earlier part of the week and on Monday evening drew a very large audience. The piece was beautifully staged and costumed, and was well received by those present.

A pathetic incident occurred at the close of the performance when a bulletin was read announcing the fact that the Queen, whose death was hourly expected, was resting more easily. The orchestra played God Save the Queen and the words were taken up by the Company and audience and sang with a right good will. Tuesday night there was no performance, owing to the Queen's death. There was a matinee and evening performance of Jim, The Penman on Wednesday. At both performances today Rip Van Winkle will be played.

W. S. Harkins opened an engagement in St. Johns Rd. this week, the bill being Mme. Sans Gêne.

The Valentine Stock company intends to produce Nell Gwynne (partly). There are as many Nell Gwynne plays this season as there were versions of Quo Vadis last year or Cyrano three years ago and all are making great hits everywhere. It is pleasing to anticipate a production here.

A new and original military drama with the stirring title "The Defence of the Flag" is to be produced in London shortly.

Messrs Arthur Patterson and Charles Cartwright, the authors of Colonel Cromwell, are engaged upon a new play which will be produced in London next fall.

William Faversham the actor who has been seriously ill as the result of appendicitis is able now to sit up a part of each day and receive his intimate friends.

There are to be no more speeches before the curtain in Berlin Theatres. These theatres are, as is well known, under the strict supervision of the authorities, and the new regulation is certainly an example of the beneficence of government.

Mr. Lewis Waller of London has commissioned Mr. H. V. Edmond to write a romantic, much larger in scope than anything he has hitherto attempted. It is very unlikely that Mr. Edmond will ever set again, he having indefinitely abandoned playing for the more profitable employment of the dramatist.

Owen Davis has about ready for production a new melodrama "The Gathering Storm" and has finished "The Lucky Stroke" in which Joe Welsh the comedian is to star next season. He is now at work on a third play.



H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

It has enough vitality to last until the general public has made up its mind about it. Says the Boston Transcript editorially: Some time ago it occurred to an enterprising stage manager that it would be a novel and startling, and therefore eminently desirable thing, to turn out all the lights when he wanted to make a swift change of scene, and thus avoid the trouble of lowering and raising the drop curtain. When the experiment was first tried in this city, the nervousness of the audience was extreme, in spite of a printed warning on the programme and the playing of music during the period of eclipse. Nothing serious happened, however, and the practice-managers being as imitative as monkeys is growing more and more common, especially in the representation of melodramas. As a rule, however, a glimmer of light is permitted to remain in the orchestra, as a concession to feminine nerves. Even when this precaution is adopted, there are always unmistakable symptoms of uneasiness in the audience, excited whisperings, a general restlessness, and, sometimes, half-suppressed exclamations. At any moment an untoward incident might precipitate a panic, likely to result in frightful consequences. It was inevitable that playwrights should avail themselves of this trick, sooner or later, and it has done great service in recent pieces of a more or less violently sensational character. But the darkness has rarely, if ever, been total or prolonged. This week, however, a well known dramatist ventured to throw a crowded assemblage, unexpectedly, into a darkness as of pitch, unrelieved by so much as a ray, and to keep them immersed in gloom for several almost interminable minutes. Theoretically he secured a good theatrical effect by the device, but actually his scene lost more than it gained on account of the apprehension excited. Mutterings of feminine impatience and alarm were audible all over the theatre. It is said that since the first night, owing to protests from many quarters, the management has arranged for some slight illumination during this scene, which is satisfactory, so far as it goes, but it is quite plain that matters of this kind ought not to be left to managerial discretion. If there is no authority to interfere in a case where the safety of the public is so vitally concerned, there ought to be. To wait for a calamity to occur before taking reasonable precautions against it is an idiotic policy.

It Reminded Him. When "the two trains came together with an awful crash" the Chicago Times-Herald reporter was at hand, and he did not miss the most picturesque and characteristic incident.

After long, hard work the rescuers reached the bottom of the mass, where the legs and body of a man protruded from

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GRIP

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beneath a twisted platform. Beside him lay a case, decorated with colored ribbons, and a long tin horn.

Fearfully and anxiously a score of strong men lifted the weight from the head and shoulders of the prostrate one and carried him up the embankment. As they reached the higher level, he opened his eyes, passed a hand in front of them, as if brushing away a film or screen of some kind, and shouted:

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Six, boom, ah! Ki-yi, hip-hip, hee-gah yah! Come on, fellows! Which side has the ball?"

Her Consistency.

A woman was taken before a French magistrate and asked her age. She said twenty-eight. The judge looked up and said: "Madam, you were before me ten years ago, and you gave the same age." said the woman: "I do not doubt it, I am not a woman that will say one thing today and another tomorrow."

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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

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

THE QUEEN'S DEATH.

The death of Queen Victoria, which occurred on Tuesday last has proved the greatest shock the British Empire has sustained for a century. Her illness was concealed from her loving people until the end was near and the world noted the physicians' bulletins with the greatest anxiety until Tuesday evening when her death was announced.

The sorrow of all nations evidenced by their sincere message of condolence accompanied by cordial expressions of praise for the late monarch gives some idea of the shock her death has been to the world.

She has been described in the most elegant terms by the ablest men in all lands, and the English language has almost failed to do justice to the queenly woman and the womanly queen who has gone from us. We give some idea of her life in other columns, but what articles can do justice to the eighteen years of her girlhood, and the three-score and more years of her reign. As one has said:

"Of the great departments of human life, is there a single one to which Christ's word of power has failed to give a deeper tint and richer flavor? The family, the nation, science, art, literature, worship—these are the great institutes of human life—

which of them has not the miraculous touch of the Son of God availed to fill with a richer meaning and to endow with an enhanced preciousness? Nor can we fail at this hour, when a whole world stands watching by a deathbed, to remember how wonderfully all these lines of movement have converged toward what will be known as the Victorian age. These three score years and three last passed—what miracles have they seen, what mighty works beheld!

And at the centre of the group of leaders, ringed about as by a nimbus of discoverers, founders, pioneers, masters of statecraft, missionaries, theologians, conquerors in many fields, both of action and of thought, has stood a woman, a simple-hearted woman, a mother of children and of children's children, Queen and loyal wife.

All centuries of coming time cannot revoke the advantages of having sixty-three years of Christian womanhood enthroned in the palaces of England. QUEEN VICTORIA'S example has been so thoroughly on the right side that all scandal mongers in all nations in more than six decades have not been able to manufacture an evil suspicion in regard to her that could be made stick. She is a woman of many centuries.

It is quite within bounds, we think, to say that the death of no other monarch who ever reigned has produced such world-wide, genuine sadness as will be felt on account of the death of the gracious and beloved QUEEN VICTORIA. Her reign is not more remarkable for its extreme length than for its exceeding wisdom, prosperity and honor. She has a high, secure place in the roll of the world's benefactor rulers, who have won the devotion of their own subjects and the admiration of all peoples. Her greatness is the natural development of her womanliness, which has been pure and true in every circumstance of her long life. Her character is the illustrious element in her influence and her fame. She has represented, and she will continue to represent, the highest type of a constitutional monarch, the world's model of excellence in that

form of government. None of her predecessors on the throne has had a sounder understanding of the English constitution, a sater intelligence of its administration, a more resolute purpose to promote the true welfare of the nation.

RADICAL LEGISLATION.

In the state of Wisconsin there are some radical legislators. There was a remarkable marriage law passed in 1899 and at this session a bill has been introduced which provides that no persons can marry who are suffering from true or hereditary insanity, insanity caused by vicious habits or the use of drugs, consumption and various other diseases which are named in the bill. Every person who wishes to marry is required to go before an examining board of three surgeons to be appointed in each county of the State by the county judge, and must pass an examination before a marriage license can be issued to them. In addition all male candidates for matrimony who are under 25 years of age, and all female candidates under 18 years must produce a written consent of their parents before they can secure a license.

Any clergyman, Justice of the Peace or other person who can perform marriages and who marries any couples who do not produce a certificate from the examining physicians of his county is to be fined not more than \$500 or confined in prison not more than one year.

Chicken Teeth.

Any saw edges on your collar? None on ours. Our modern machine finishes the top of your collar the same as the side. Neckband replaced, bosomy darned. Repairs made All Free. Try us, Ungar's Laundry Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 58.

His Estimate.

The casual customer at the literary emporium looked at the long rows of books on the shelves and yawned. "By the way," he asked, "what is Marie Corelli writing about now?"

"I think she's writing about two books a month," answered the salesman, responding likewise to the yawn.

Her Answer Clear.

"Madam," said the new boarder, as he drew a piece of oord from the dish, "you should be more careful. One does not fancy a plank of wrapping string in his beams."

But the landlady only smiled and said: "Remember, Mr. Highball, they are string beans."

Ray of Hope for Poe.

A Chicago burglar entered a North side house and drawing his knife said to the tenant (a newspaper man), "If you stir you are a dead man, I'm hunting for money."

"Let me get up and strike a light," said the poet, "and I'll hunt with you."

An Uncomfortable Seat.

Morrell—Every rose has its thorns. For instance, a man may reach the very pinnacle of fame and still be unhappy.

Worrell—That's not surprising. Did you ever sit on a pinnacle?

The First Truth.

"I person," said the obituary writer, "you wish to say in conclusion that you would not see her back again?"

"Yes," replied the old man; "might's well be candid."

His Contrary Ways.

"All the clerks in this book store detest that man."

"Isn't he a good customer?"

"I should say not! He's always coming in here and wanting to buy some book we haven't got."

No Plus Ultra.

"Maud, I don't know much about that young Mr. Peduncle. You seem to have absolute confidence in him."

"Mamma, I would eat mushrooms of his selecting!"

Robust.

"I hope you are feeling better this morning," said Mrs. Fosdick to her husband. "You slept well last night."

"I feel like a new woman," replied Mr. Fosdick.

Woman of Business Instinct.

Cyrus—Crawfoot's wife is too hasty. Silas—In what way? Cyrus—Why, Crawfoot sent her after the doctor and she stopped to price tombstones on the way.

"Mamma," queried little Ethel, "what are the stars in the sky for?"

"Each star is a world like ours, dear," replied her mother.

"Why," exclaimed the astonished Ethel, "I thought they were just little holes to let the rain through."

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Our Last Farewell. We only looked our last farewell, The word was never spoken; Our sorrow was too deep to tell, Our hearts at last were broken. The hand clasp then in silence given, Shall be again with joy in Heaven. The cloud of tears on that last kiss, Our trembling souls containing; Shown rose leaves on the graves of bliss Left here no light remaining. But still that last the first shall be, Between us in eternity, From that embrace when we withdrew Reluctant and unwilling; The agony we only knew, But death has strength for stilling. Our never in love's sorrow here, Shall be love's life for ever there. Providence, E. L. CRYSTAL GOLD.

The Winter Wood.

Tall gums and poplars arched in white, And, written free, bird hieroglyphs that tell Where many a lily used to lie and dream, A chain, long-linked, of broken white and grey. All delicate feathery things find here a place With not a breath to mar their loveliness; The nearest bush wears here an angel's dress, The loveliest weed is draped in priceless lace. The light grows dimmer, overhead the sky Draws slowly earthward, and a little flake Comes trembling down as if it feared to break The sleep of silence with its falling sigh. —Ingram Crockett.

Winter Fun.

Fun to bear the noise it makes, As the wind goes by, Fun to watch its pretty flake, Dancing in the sky. Fun to see them dropping down, All so soft and light; Covering the cold earth, brown, With a blanket white. Fun to roil the chickadees, In their extremest warm, Gayly fit among the trees, Hooding not the storm. Fun to hear the "ting-a-ling" Of the merry bells. Pleasant are the thoughts they bring, As their music swells. Fun to set up giants tall, Images of snow; Eyes, and ears, and nose, and all, Fashioned so-and-so. Fun upon the long hillside, With the sled and sledge; Fun to take a jolly ride On a co-sier say. Fun to skate upon the ice, Frozen smooth and thick; Either, thither, in a trice, As the birds as quick. Sights and sounds and merry plays, Jolly every one; Oh, the merry winter days Are the time for fun.

The Shortest Day.

Delicate blue as in mid-May The sky bloomed on the shortest day. Red sunlight struck on driftns, waltz And on the grey o-m of St. Paul's And made it rather gold than gray. The crowded streets less arid were Because the sun was so fair. Less weighty the crowd of wains Crawled by, the streaks and stales Of mud took color from the air. The fresh clear blue paled into gray, The ice hardened to the way Across the bridges lamp-bent. From Paul's to Clemen's, b l-ootes m- The sunset on the shortest day. —Nora Hopper.

Fire-side Song.

Come, share with me the ingle-nook, 'Tis but a word, but hear it high! A cone, a screen, a pleasant book, A glimpse of wood and sky; And let the world go by, my dear, And let the world go by! The frost-fewer blossoms on the wood, But in this fire-light gloom One does not guess the world is cold— Less weighty the crowd of wains Crawled by, the streaks and stales Of mud took color from the air. For Love is in the room, my dear, For Love is in the room! So share with me this perfumed bower, And raving storm deft: The sweet spell deepening hour by hour Of our captivity! And we'll let the world go by, my dear, We'll let the world go by! —Emma Herrick Wood.

A Bit of Philosophy.

Though men may heap the dollars up In golden, gleaming piles, Though they may bank beneath the light Or fickle Fortune's smiles, Yet, when Death beckons unto them, And murmurs, come with me, They're just as dead that day, my boy, As you and I will be. The dollars, and the joy they bring, The jewels and the wine, Must linger ever on this side— They cannot cross the line, The poorest, meekest of us all, And he who is most proud, Are on a level, for there are No pockets in a shroud. 'Tis well—for on our balance sheet No dollars have a line, But every one of sorrow's tears Like healing, wea a shine, And all the smiles that we have coaxed To drive on misery Which is our love—when we're dead, As you and I will be. —Josh Wink.

Penelope—And you say they are engaged?

Patrice—Yes. "Have they any tastes in common?" "Well, yes; they chew the same kind of gum."

O'Lafferty—O! want annither alarm clock.

Dealer—Another! Why, you brought one yesterday.

O'Lafferty—Yis, but divvil a bit did O'hear it this mornin'. Faith, O! want wan 't wake me up in time. 't hear 't' under wan.

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Queen Victoria's Career.

The Princess Victoria was born in Kensington Palace on the 24th of May, 1819, and was the only daughter of Edward Duke of Kent, and Victoria Marie Louise, Princess of Saxe-Coburg, and sister of Leopold, King of Belgium. The Royal Family of this eventful period was not as history tells us, in a very happy or prosperous state. As a very able writer has said, 'scldom before or since has there been less comfort in the prospects of the House of Hanover.' King George III was in seclusion, bowed with incurable disease; and of all his large family, fifteen sons and daughters, most of whom were still living, not one had a successor to come after them, as a legitimate to the Crown. Willful young men, brought up in a house which, though virtuous, was dull, by arbitrary parents making little allowance for youthful fancy, they had either plunged into dissipation, or had fixed their choice upon unroyal ladies who could not be received as their lawful wives, possibly mothers of a future sovereign; and for twenty years the sole hope of the Royal House had been the Princess Charlotte, the only child of a most unhappy marriage, but in herself a sweet and promising young woman, with many claims upon the tenderness and sympathy of the nation. So long as she lived, all national requirements were satisfied on the point of heirship. She married wisely, and had a brief, happy life with Prince Leopold. But in little more than a year happiness ended, the young household was broken up, and all these beautiful hopes were at an end. Princess Charlotte died, and the Royal House found itself childless. There were still many brothers, it is true, but they were beyond their prime, and all unmarried except the two eldest, who had no surviving children. The situation was a startling one, all the more for being so unexpected; for the happy marriage of the Princess Charlotte seemed to have settled matters in the most satisfactory way. Within a few months of her death, however, several marriages took place in the Royal Family, the important of which was that of the Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George III. Of all the Royal children born in 1819 the Queen Alone Was of English Birth. Her fond father often boasted in holding her up to visitors, "Look at her well. She will one day be Queen of England." The little daughter of the Duke of Clarence, who stood next in succession to the throne, was born in Germany, as well as the Duke of Cambridge. The children of her uncle, King William IV, all died, even those born after the birth of the Queen. In a letter of her mother's mother, the old Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, written on hearing of the birth of Princess Victoria, she says: "Again a Charlotte, destined, perhaps, to play a great part one day, if a brother is not born to take it out of her hands. The English like queens." No happier augury could be uttered over the cradle of a sovereign, and nothing more true. The English have cause to like queens, for England has never been greater, more famous, or more full of genius than when her monarchs were women. And though George III, with his domestic virtues, had been a popular king, he was the only one of his race who had any pretensions to this name. The House of Hanover had not been beloved. It wanted a woman to conciliate and charm the heart of the nation, and to call forth that chivalry which is so strong an auxiliary of loyalty. Princess Charlotte had already done something. She had made herself dear and sacred, it by nothing else, by her death. The country had mourned for her as for the child of its hopes. And now again there was hope in its present fortunate shape—reborn. The Princess Victoria's Training, however, was very different from the irregular, unhappy education of her unfortunate cousin and predecessor. Except the splendid prospects, there was nothing happy in the external circumstances among which her life began. When she was only

These Were the Happiest Days of Her Childhood.

The Duchess of Clarence on the death of her second daughter, wrote to the Duchess of Kent in words most touching, "My children are dead, but yours lives and she is mine, too!" The Princess was being cared for by the best of mothers. A few years later, when she was nine years old, Sir Walter Scott states in his diary that he had dined with the Duchess of Kent and had been presented by Prince Leopold "to the little Princess Victoria—the heir-apparent to the House as things now stand. This little lady," he adds, "is educated with much care, and watched so closely, that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, 'You are Heir of England!' I suspect if we could dissect the little heart, we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter. She is fair, like the Royal Family." She was brought up with the strictest economy and regularity, as children of much lower position rarely are, and was taught at an early age to restrain her expenditure within the limits of her income, even when that income was but a child's pocket-money. Miss Martineau, gives us, in her sketch of the Duchess of Kent, an anecdote current at the time, which illustrates the carefulness of the training better than it does the abstract statement which precedes it, that the Princess "was reared in as much honesty and care about money matters as any citizens' child." Very few citizens' children we believe, ever were or could be so rigidly guarded from the extra shilling of expenditure. "It became known at Tunbridge Wells that the Princess had been unable to buy a box at the bazaar she had bought presents for almost all her relations, and had laid out her last shilling, when she remembered one cousin more, and saw a box priced half a crown, which would suit him. The shop people of course, placed the box with the other purchases, but the little lady's governess admonished him by saying, 'No; you see the Princess has not got

Continued on Page Eight.



The social season which would than ever this week has proved two years. The death of Her Majesty gloom over the city and all invitations called. Receptions, dances, lawn parties and an air of mourning joining pervades social circles.

Mrs. Hugh R. McLean had several invitations to an "At Home" on Friday evening. The dance and entertainment of Mr. Welden on short time leaves her to join her son. But owing to the death of arch both affairs have been postponed.

Another postponed function was given much enjoyment to a number of people was the dance which Col. Ham had arranged for Wednesday. Invited guests were chiefly the members of the club, but many more were present. The dance will likely be fortnight.

The Monday evening skating which was to have come off on a snug will of course be postponed. It is stated that the affair will not be for at least three weeks.

Several At Homes and other invitations had been issued and promised to be very pleasant some for a week, others for a longer or shorter time. Two or three afternoon teas were given. In these cases the new death came too late to cancel them.

Miss Marcella Rand of Montreal is in the city. Miss Agnes Nell of Fredericton is also in the city.

Mrs. E. J. Murphy came down last week and is staying with her partner F. Haley, West End.

Mrs. G. R. Shewan and Miss who have been the guests of Mr. Montreal arrived home this morning very pleasant time while there.

Mrs. C. E. Marvin is home from friends at Springfield, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. J. Newton Pinboro were in the city during while here were guests at the R. M. and Mrs. Thomas Heath turned from a pleasant visit to B.

On last Saturday afternoon the Golf Club assembled in the clubhouse for the presentation of the prizes won by Miss Mabel Thomson was the winner. Miss Helen Parks won the while Mr. E. L. Jones carried off and Mr. H. H. Hansard the prize secretary of the club.

After presentation of the prizes in tobogganing and other sports before their return to the city the members were served by the ladies.

Among the ladies and gentlemen Mrs. Busby, Mrs. D. Mrs. George F. Smith, Mrs. G. Mrs. E. A. Smith, Mrs. A. Mrs. Parks, Mrs. G. Misses MacLaren, Miss M. Miss Burpee, Miss S. Miss Mabel Thomson, Miss M. Mrs. Frank Seton, Mrs. Mrs. George McA. Mr. Douglas Hazen, Mr. E. Mr. H. H. Hansard, Mr. E. Mr. Arthur Adams, Mr. F. Mr. Frank Hart, Mr. G. Mr. Spurr, Mr. P.

The following is a complete list of the names of the members of the club.

Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa. This choice Cocoa is most delightful for Breakfast or for Being exceedingly nutritious, easily and assimilated, a valuable food for the aged and children.



The social season which would have been gay...

Mrs. Hugh R. McLean had sent out a large number...

Another postponed function which promised to give...

The Monday evening Skating Club Carnival...

Several At Homes and afternoon teas, for which...

Two or three afternoon teas were given, however...

Miss Marcella Rand of Moncton is visiting friends...

Mrs. E. J. Murphy came down from Moncton this week...

Mrs. G. R. Sheehan and Miss Winifred S. Fales...

Mrs. C. E. Marvin is home from an extended visit...

Mr. and Mrs. J. Newton Pugsley of Farrboro were...

On last Saturday afternoon the members of the Golf Club...

Miss Mabel Thomson was the winner of the Usher cup...

After presentation of the prizes the members indulged...

Among the ladies and gentlemen present were: Mrs. Buby...

The following is a complete list of the ladies and gentlemen...

gentlemen who will take part in the pretty opera...

King Charles II. Mr. F. W. Fraser

The Duke of Buckingham. Mr. D. P. Fraser

The Earl of Rochester. Mr. John A. Kelly

Falcon, (a strolling player). Mr. Charles D. Shaw

Lord Talbot. Mr. Gilbert Jordan

Wessel, (a village parson). Mr. A. H. L. L. L. L.

The Basile, (the local authority). Mr. J. G. R. R. R.

Foregrip, (Buckingham's foot). Mr. J. G. R. R. R.

two rustic. Mr. A. C. Ritchie

Neil Gwynne, (of H. M. Theatre). Mrs. Shephard Grigsby

The Lady Clara (Her sister). Miss Constance Wall

Justina (Wessel's niece). Miss Margaret S. Patton

Marjorie (Wessel's niece). Miss Mary Patton

two gossips. Miss Mabel Vroom

LADIES OF THE COURT. Lady Castlemain. Miss Alice Wedderburn

Mlle de Quirouat. Mrs. E. T. Worden

Mistress Barbara Quibon. Miss Helen Robertson

Mistress Elizabeth Bagot. Miss Mary Patton

DUKE OF MONTMOUTH. Mr. P. Holden

Duke of Richmond. Mr. Austin Stead

Sir Charles Sedley. Mr. Percy Hall

ROBUST. Miss Hazel Balmie

Dorothy. Miss Bonnie Wetmore

Mad. Miss Florence Lytch

Lettice. Miss Elizabeth Forting

Dorcas. Miss Belle Lindsay

Priscilla. Miss Carrie Fairweather

Lucy. Miss Lynch

Rodger. Mr. Robert

Red. Mr. F. Hovear

Simon. Mr. H. Holden

Robin. Mr. P. Lesby

Ralph. Mr. Geo. Haines

Mr. S. Young. Mr. F. Pickett

Mr. Rodgers. Harry Dunn

Mr. Markham. Lou Brennan

the afternoon. Mrs. F. L. Ellyard was the hostess...

On account of the death of the Queen, the social...

The ball at Garden Creek, at the residence of Mr...

Miss Johnston is this evening entertaining a party...

Mr. A. E. Tibbitts is this evening entertaining a party...

The dancing party which was to have taken place...

Mrs. W. C. Crockett had invitations out for a whist...

The Art club meets tomorrow evening at the residence...

A very pretty wedding took place in the Methodist...

The church was also very tastefully decorated for the...

The staff of Sussex Grammar school, elegant silver...

Mrs. Holder, china vase.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Postman, wave crest china photo holder.

Mr. H. H. Fry, silver and glass fruit dish.

Mr. Wilson, silver berry spoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Chalonier and Miss Wainwright, silver...

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. McKel, gold sugar spoons.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Cheyne, glass set.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Belyes, glass set.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Scribner, a wringer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Short and Mr. Fred Short, silver...

Miss Robinson, Buteburg square.

A number of other presents were also received at their...

Miss Zella Harrison of Jerusalem is the guest of her...

Miss Laura Belyes returned from a visit to St. John...

The friends of Mrs. W. W. Hay of Woodstock and formerly...

Dr. J. B. G. Christ returned from St. John this week.

A number of young people surprised Mr. and Mrs. Jeunon...

Miss Ada Jones is spending the winter with her sister...

Miss Margaret Stuart was quite ill during the past week...

JOHN NOBLE, LARGEST COSTUMIERS & MANTLEMEN IN THE WORLD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. MILLIS. From all parts of the Globe ladies do their shopping by post...

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

Summer days are embroidering days. The 376 shades of BRAINER & ARMSTRONG Astatite Dyed Embroidery Silks make beautiful work, the product of your Summer's restful employment.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. JOHN C. CLOWES. E. G. SOOVI, 62 Union Street.

Butouche Bar Oysters. Pulp Wood Wanted. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Butouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. M. F. MOONEY.



This choice Cocoa makes a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper. Being exceedingly nutritious, easily digested and assimilated, it forms a valuable food for invalids and children.

GREAT WAR PUZZLE



We propose to give away \$100.00 in cash and 533 Prizes FREE to persons who can find Kruger's Head in this picture. If you can find it, from a circle around it with pen or pencil. Cut this out and send to us ENCLOSED STAMP for our reply and full Prize List. If you are correct you have earned a handsome prize, provided you comply with a simple condition about which we will write you. Do not delay, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY. Address Toronto Publishing Co., Dept. G1 Toronto

CHATHAM.

JAN. 25.—Mr J J Benson's many friends are glad to know that he is convalescing sufficiently to be home in Chatham after leaving the Royal Victoria hospital, Montreal. Mr and Mrs Walter White's many friends on the Miramichi learn with regret that they are to remove to Sydney, N.B., where Mr White has accepted an excellent engagement with the Electric Light Company of that town. Mrs John Patterson is revisiting Chatham after an eight years absence and is being warmly greeted by old friends. Miss Bertie Lupton, who has been visiting Mrs Ernest Hamilton has been called home on account of the illness of her mother and sister.

YARBOURNE.

JAN. 21.—Miss Katherine O'Spenny and Miss Blagay have returned to Edgemoor. Mrs Hamilton Byers has gone to New York to visit her sister, Mrs Allen. Mr and Mrs James Wallis gave a reception in honor of Mr and Mrs John Wallis at their home on Crescent street last evening. Mr S B Bay went to Boston Wednesday on account of the serious illness of his daughter Ella. Miss May Durbin left for Stockton, Cal., on Saturday. Mrs James Lovitt has returned from a visit to Kentville with her daughter, Mrs H E White. The residence of Mr Benjamin C Smith, Collins-cook, Barrington, was the scene of a quiet but very pretty wedding on Saturday evening Jan 12, when his youngest daughter, Ella Frances, was united in marriage to Mr Ross Churchill Lamrock of Village Dale. The bride entered the room on the arm of her father, who gave her away. About twenty guests were present to witness the ceremony, which was solemnized by Rev J E Goslin, pastor of Temple Free Baptist church. The bride looked very pretty attired in a dress of blue serge trimmed with white silk and ribbon. Mr Harry Johnston, formerly stenographer with the Y S S Co., now in the office of the Ocean S S Co, New York, and Miss Jessie Durkin of Yarboorne will be married in New York on Sunday. A children's carnival will be held in the rink on Friday Feb 1st, and an adults carnival on Friday, Feb 16. Prizes will be given for the best costumes.

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

MONCTON.

PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie Bookstore and M E Jones Bookstore. Mrs E B Chandler and little son have returned from a visit to Ontario. Mrs Foster Keith, after spending two weeks vacation at his home has returned to Sydney. Mr A E McEwen returned last week from a very pleasant trip to New York and Boston. Miss Mabel Edgett, who has been ill for some time left Monday to spend a few weeks with her mother, Mrs Tinsley, at Dorchester. Mr Andrew Douglas of New Glasgow, is visiting friends in the city. Miss Lulu Taylor, of Salisbury, spent Sunday with Miss Annie A Clark, Church street. Mrs Frank Hogan and two children arrived in the city yesterday and will remain two months visiting relatives and friends. Miss Gertrude Adams, of Campbellton is in the city visiting her friend, Miss Maud Daley, St. George street. Mrs E J Murphy, who has been in the city for some weeks, went to her home in St. John today on a visit.

WOODSTOCK.

Jan. 23.—A grand banquet was given at the Opera House here on last Thursday evening in honor of the South Africa heroes. About one hundred and twenty-five gentlemen seated at the different tables. The menu was excellent; many toasts were proposed and honored; a choice musical and literary programme was carried out after which the guests and many others marched to St. Luke's church where a special thanksgiving service was held. Miss Lillian Jordan left Thursday morning for Halifax where she will spend some weeks. Miss Nettie Harrison of St. John, who has been visiting at Mrs Foster's, left for home Friday last. Miss Edna B Foster of Middle Blamond, left on Monday to visit her sister Mrs H E Perkins, New Bedford, Mass. John Tattersall, Chief of the Woodstock Fire Department, who was confined to his bed last week threatened with fever, is able to be out again. Miss Tibbitts, daughter of R W E Tibbitts, Deputy Provincial Secretary, Fredericton, spent part of last week in Woodstock, the guest of Miss Margaret Ross. Mrs H F Wetmore, of St. John, and Miss Weeks of Boston, who is her guest, spent a few days of last week in Woodstock with Mrs Wetmore's mother Mrs David Munro. On Friday evening, February 1st, a ball will be given in the Opera House for the benefit of Col. Dyar's, lately returned from South Africa. Dyar's full Orchestra from Hamilton will furnish music.

New Game.

An amusing and more or less instructive game has been devised by a young woman, who once a week takes it upon herself to entertain a company of boys and girls for the afternoon. She writes on sheets of paper several stanzas of good poetry, leaving a wide space between the lines. She then cuts

TOURNAMENT OF THE GOLDEN ORB. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All complete return the money if it fails to cure. Dr. W. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

up the sheets, leaving one line of poetry on each strip. After that she hides the strips in many different places in the two rooms in which she is to entertain her guests, reserving the first line of each verse.

These reserved strips she distributes among the girls and boys, and each one proceeds to hunt for the rest of his stanza.

The hostess usually selects stanzas from different poems, so that the variations in rhythm and meter may help her young guests to select the lines which belong to them; but sometimes, to make the test more difficult, she chooses several stanzas from the same poem.

The number of lines in a stanza is indicated on the slips reserved for distribution.

Sometimes amusing misplacements of lines are made, but the hostess is pleased to notice that as the weeks go on, her guests are growing more and more clever in seizing upon what belongs to them. When all the lines have been collected each one reads his stanza, and to her delight the hostess finds that the interest of the search, and the constant repetition of a line to see what will fit next to it, has often made a boy or girl so familiar with the stanza that it can be recited without a glance at the slips.

THINGS OF VALUE.

"I have just room for one good story," said the night editor, "but there seems to be nothing in sight." "Has the daily Roosevelt rescue story come in yet?" asked the managing editor. "Well, there's no need to worry, then. We'll surely get it before we go to press."

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient, what would relieve one ill, in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unacidulated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailties of the system are led into confidence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restorative. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making active a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the disordered organs, which naturally demand increased sustenance—quinine, NORTON & LYMAN of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, backed by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Superintendent of the company addressing the general manager—There's no help for it; we'll have to take out the Venus' phone. Manager—What's the latest complaint? Superintendent—She held the wire 30 minutes yesterday, flirting with Jupiter!

THEY ARE CAREFULLY PREPARED.—Pills which dissipate themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and overcome constiveness the medicine administered must influence the action of these canals. Farnell's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substance in them intended to operate on the intestines are retarded in action until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

"That will be a popular song," commented the composer's friend. "It is as good as that," groaned the composer. And we left him sipping his grief.

A SMALL PILL, BUT POWERFUL.—They that judge of the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Farnell's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is little wonder among pills, who looks in size it makes up in potency. The remedies which it carries are put up in these small doses, because they are so powerful that only small doses are required. The full strength of the extracts is secured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

"That fellow Blenkins seems an awful chump, doesn't he?" "Yes, he does. He's just the sort of bilious idiot who would yell 'fire' in a crowded theatre."

Tell the Deed.—Mr. J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A husband and wife, suffering of dizziness by the use of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

Sympathiser—Never mind, old man. You're down on your luck now, but wait till Fortune's wheel turns. Luckless One—Hang it, it looks as if I had lost all hold on the blasted wheel.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a bad cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as a pleasant as syrup.

Useful Dogs.

America possesses some well-trained dogs, for Mr. C. J. Cornish, writing in the Cornhill Magazine, points to the great sheep-ranchers of North America and to the estancia of Argentina, as places, where the dog plays a very important and creditable part in the industry of the neighborhood.

He considers the Argentine method of training the sheep dog the more complete, because by it the dog becomes part of the flock. The puppies are suckled by a ewe, and when grown are fed only on vegetable food and milk, for which they visit the estancia, and having devoured it rush back

to their flock, pursued by the farm dogs. When they reach the flock they seem at once to gain courage, and turn on their pursuers. They guard the sheep both night and day, and also assist the shepherds to drive them or collect them on the pastures.

Speaking of the American dogs, the writer says that in the mountain districts of Colorado sheep dogs have been imported from countries as far distant as New Zealand. The most noted breed in Colorado is descended from a pair of these dogs, and then offspring have an inherited gift for shepherding.

A six months old puppy was employed with others in getting sixteen hundred sheep into a corral before a blizzard. When the snow began to fall it was found that two hundred sheep were missing, and that the puppy was nowhere to be seen.

The herders hunted all that night and part of the next day. Then the two hundred sheep were found driven into a little gully, with the puppy standing on guard. The dog had been thirty six hours without food or water, and died from exposure followed by injudicious sympathy in the form of overfeeding.

This occurred near Fort Collins in Colorado. The mother of this puppy was one day missed at supper. She was found at the corral, guarding a gate that a shepherd had left open the night before.

Mrs Whoop—What do you think of my new rainy-day costume, dear? Mr. Whoop—I think that if Nash had thought of it in time he wouldn't have built the ark.



The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery. Pleasant but exquisitely aromatic.

Beware of imitations.

GALVERT'S 20 per cent. CARBOLIC SOAP
Cures and prevents Insect and Mosquito bites.
The strong-st Carbolic Toilet Soap.
F. C. GALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

FARM HELP.

ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment. Applicants should give class of help wanted and any particulars with regard to kind of work, wages given, period of employment to right man, etc.

ORDERED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not more than five lines (about 25 words) cost \$5 cents insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

THE SUBSCRIBER having decided not to go to the restaurant business again will not see ad as set in either a hotel or restaurant. Best of references furnished. DAVID MITCHELL.

MUSTLINA YOUNG MAN can make good money in the garment and expenses, extra, best possible, experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 4th & Lomb St., New York, N.Y.

FOR SALE. The property of the late J. S. Gold & Co. (Successors) is now being sold by the company (Carter Bros., Wash. D.C.) at a low price. Address "C" Box 215 Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Income,	\$ 58,890,077 21
Disbursements,	38,597,480 68
Assets,	304,844,537 52
Policy Reserves,	261,711,988 61
Guarantee Fund or Surplus,	60,132,548 91
Insurance and Annuities in Force,	1,052,665,211 64
Loans on Policies During the Year,	4,374,636 86

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

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

Job . . . Printing.
Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?
Consult Us for Prices.
And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.
Progress Job Printing Department.
29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

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CAFE ROYAL
BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,
56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.
WM. CLARK, Proprietor
Retail dealer in.....
CHOC' WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.
OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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 hotel every three minutes.
R. EMMETT WILLIAMS, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL.
FARMINGTON, N. B.
A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Victoria Hotel,
81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Electric Passenger Elevator
D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

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ROOSEVELT'S
(serial).
MING DAVIS'S
Articles.
S The Russia
TER A. WY.
he Workers".
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ND'S article s
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FIFTY
by Sena-
FEATURES
LLUSTRA
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ARGE, illus-
ve schemes (in
and white) by
TON CLARK,
HENRY MO-
T L. ELMER-

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

by W.C.B. Mrs. George Gibbs of Cambridge is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs Charles King.

Mrs. W. W. Inches is very ill with the prevailing influenza.

Mrs. Mary Barrie of St. Andrews is in town, the guest of Mrs. M. Mahall.

Mrs. W. B. Wetmore, who has been very ill for the past two weeks is reported much better.

Mrs. Frank V. Lee returned from the west on Tuesday.

Mrs. Ethel Hanson was in town this week spending a few days with her sister Miss Daisy Hanson.

Mrs. Elizabeth McKean passed a very creditable examination and has entered the Boston city hospital training school for nurses.

Mr and Mrs Beverly Stevens entertained their whist club on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Ethel Waterbury is in St. Andrews visiting Miss Nellie Stuart.

Mrs. Ernest Lee, who has been confined to the house for the past four months, left for Clifton Springs on Wednesday.

Mrs. William Danne entertained the whist club on Tuesday evening.

The St. Croix whist club will be entertained this evening by Mrs. Wilfred Eaton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Douglas and Miss Young are visiting in Fredericton.

Mrs. Nellie M. Hill and Harry W. Smith of the Union are to be principals in an interesting event on January 31st.

Mrs. Eva Vaughan is in St. John receiving instruction in vocal music from Professor J. S. Ford.

Mrs. Effie Cameron, Eastport, is in town in attendance at the St. Stephen business college.

Mrs. Agnes Lawler is welcomed home from a pleasant visit in Boston and Brookline.

The home of Mr and Mrs Chas. Huetis on Main street, has been brightened by the arrival of a girl.

Mrs. W. Tarr who has been with her sister, Miss T. Lee the past six months, has returned to Newport, R. I.

Will Bush, Robinson is taking the commercial course at the St. Stephen business college.

Mr. P. Urquhart and Miss Elida D. Farthing, who have been spending a few weeks at Mr. Urquhart's home in King's county, returned to St. Stephen on Thursday of last week.

Mr. Urquhart will spend a few weeks here before returning to his summer's work in Maine.

ST. ANDREW'S.

Jan. 23.—Miss Wilson is acting as organist of All Saint's church at the present time.

Mrs. Mowatt of St. Andrews is spending a little time with Lady Tilley.

Miss Waterbury is visiting her friend, Miss Stuart.

Mr. George Mowatt has gone to Fredericton, to attend a meeting of the Farmer's and Dairyman's association.

Mrs. George S. Grimmer, we regret to say, has been somewhat indisposed lately.

FLASHES OF FUN.

'When a visitor announces that he is only stopping over between trains his host at once becomes more cordial.'

'But, ma, Uncle John eats with his knife.'

'Hush, dear. Uncle John is rich enough to eat with a five shovell if he prefers it.'

Jinkins—I see that a lobster which had lain 100,000 years has been dug up at Easton, Md.

Simpkins—I told you long ago that you shouldn't give up hope.

'Why do you ask the Lord to give us each our daily bread?' asked the Sunday school teacher of a small pupil.

'Cause we want it fresh,' promptly replied the little fellow.

'Have you ever heard Paderowski?' inquired the patron.

'No,' replied the musical barber; 'you don't suppose I'd patronize a man who wears his hair that way, do you?'

Markley—Yes, I'll dispose of my property in Swampscott at a sacrifice. It costs me \$3 a foot.

Starkley—What'll you sell for? Markley—I guess I'll have to sell for about a \$1.50 a gallon.

Blobbs—How does old Gotrox get along with Lord Sumpure since his lordship married the old man's daughter?

Slobbs—Very well, indeed. You know the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

'Mamma,' said little Flossie, 'I guess my dollie's awful proud.'

'Why so, dear?' asked her mother.

'Cause she can't bend her knees, and I have to lay her on her stomach to say her prayers,' replied Flossie.

Mamma—Do stop crying, Ethel. You never hear me crying when my hair is combed.

Ethel—B-but your hair ain't b-bitched to your head like mine is.

'Oh, mamma!' exclaimed little three-year old Margie, running into the house greatly excited. 'What do you think? The old speckled hen has laid a nest of little chickens!'

The most complete collar shaper and edge finishing machine ever made. The top of your collar is as smooth as the side, when done on our machine. We have the sole right to use it in St. John. Send your work to us and avoid the trouble you are having elsewhere. Neck-bands replaced, hosiery darned, repairs made. All free. Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet cleaning works. Telephone 58.

"Hit the Nail On the Head."

If you have eruptions, pains in the head or kidneys, stomach trouble and feelings of weariness, "Hit the nail on the head." Hood's Sarsaparilla is the hammer to use. It will purify your blood. The masses praise it for doing this and making the whole body healthy.

Sick Headache—"I was troubled with sick headaches. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, my husband having been cured of salt rheum by it, and soon it made me feel like a new woman." Mrs. Robert McAfee, Deerhurst, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CAREER.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTH

the money; therefore, of course she cannot buy the box. This being perceived, the next offer was to lay by the box till it could be purchased; and the answer was, 'Oh, well, if you will be so good as to do that.' On quarter-day, before seven in the morning, the Princess appeared on her donkey to claim her purchase.

A very much prettier story, however, is told by her governess, Baroness Solwyn, of how she first obtained a knowledge of her

Nearness to the Throne.

No one had been allowed to breathe a word of this to her. But events now began to happen which changed her position to a certain extent. King George IV died, which brought the Princess a step nearer to the throne; and there was no longer any reasonable prospect that King William could have children to succeed him. Thus the child of Kensington Palace became, beyond all doubt, the next in succession, with only an old man, of indifferent health, intervening. And she herself was only twelve. In these circumstances a Bill was brought into Parliament to make the Duchesses of Kent Regent, in case her daughter should be called upon to ascend the throne before she came of age. When these public precautions were taken, it was thought necessary to inform the Princess herself of her true position—that she was not merely one of a band of Princesses and Princesses, the younger members of the family, but the first among them—the future Head of the Race. Sue was in the midst of her daily lessons—somewhat surprised it would seem, at the grave work required from her, which was not expected from the other Princesses when the great intimation was made to her. The story is told in a letter from the Baroness to the Queen, written in 1854, and apparently recalling to her the incidents of her youth. 'I ask your Majesty's leave to cite some remarkable words of your Majesty's when only twelve years old, while the Regency Bill was in progress. I then said to the Duchess of Kent that now, for the first time your Majesty ought to know your place in the Succession. Her Royal Highness argued with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys—the Queen's instructor, after the Bishop of Peterborough—was gone, the Princess Victoria opened the book again, as usual, and, seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered, 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, Madam,' I said. After some moments, the Princess resumed: 'Now, many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendour, but there is much responsibility.' The Princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousins Augustus and Mary never did it, but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions; and I learn it, as you wish it, but I understand all better now; and the little Princess gave me her hand repeating, 'I will be good.'"

It is seldom that a little scene like this stands out so distinctly in the early story even of a life destined to greatness. The hush of awe upon the child; the childish application of this great secret to the abstruse study of Latin, which was not required from the others; the immediate resolution, so simple, yet containing all the wisest sage could have counselled or the greatest her vow-ed, 'I will be good,' make a perfect little picture. It is the clearest appearance of the child Queen in her own person that we get through the soft obscurity of those



Watches. Clocks.

Sterling Silver and Plated Ware. Opera and Eye Glasses. Walking Canes. Cameras, Photo Frames. Bronze Ornaments. Gold Pens and Pencils.

And an endless variety of the most FASHIONABLE and RELIABLE GOODS suitable for

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

to be found in the city and offered at very low prices to cash customers.

W. Tremaine Gard, 48 KING ST. Goldsmith and Jeweller

childish years. The same hand which placed itself so solemnly in the anxious guardian's hand, to give weight to the simple vow inscribed long after, in full maturity; a few words of recollection upon the margin of this narrative. 'I cried much on hearing it,' writes the Queen. When King William IV. was crowned the Princess was not allowed to take part in the ceremony. The sailor king's manners and habits were, to speak mildly, not of the most courtly or gentlemanly, and the Princess was better away from his licentious court. She was the heiress of the throne of England, and at this time her mother took her on short tours and visits through different parts of England. All the most interesting cathedrals and towns were visited and enjoyed. Crowds daily saluted her as she walked through the streets. It was thus her wise mother accustomed her, unconsciously, to the multitude of eyes that were to watch her every movement and detail of a public life. Difficulties of all kinds, however, as was natural, beset her young path. Her position was infinitely more delicate and critical than had she been the daughter of the reigning Sovereign, holding a natural place in his family.

The diary of the late Mr Greville shows painfully enough some of the early troubles to which the Princess, and especially her mother, was exposed, King William took dire offense at the wise restraint under which the young Princess was brought up and so far forgot what was due to a lady and his guest, as to upbraid the Duchess of Kent at his own table for keeping her young daughter as much as she could out of the unwholesome air of the court. When we read of this scene of Queen Adelaide's confusion and the Princess's tears, and the painful family squabble revealed to all the gossiping, whispering world we can realize better what difficulties must have been in the way of such a serious education and such a seclusion from courtiers, flatteries, and Royal bad manners as made the Princess Victoria, when she came to the throne, the admiration of all who surrounded her. Evidently to her brave mother and guardian she owed much and she never forgot for a moment the great debt.

The fault-finding of the carping critics of the court did not move the Duchess of Kent a hair from the course of training she planned out. During the whole of her education and training, the young Princess remained in England, refraining from all visits to relatives in Germany, especially her mother's warm-hearted kindred.

Red Nose.

It is generally supposed that the most frequent cause of a red nose is overindulgence in alcoholic beverages, and "rum blossom" is one of the most common and cruel names applied to it. Through this misconception much injustice is done to many a worthy man and woman, who must suffer not only from personal disfigurement, but also from injury to his or her reputation.

The disease is known as rosacea, a congestive affection of the skin. It attacks chiefly the nose, but sometimes also the adjacent portions of the face, the forehead and cheeks.

The redness increases little by little, and at first comes and goes irregularly. At this stage it appears after exposure to cold,

after a hearty meal, or after drinking a little more than usual.

After a while the redness and congestion persist, being intensified by the cause just mentioned, but not disappearing at intervals. Soon the veins of the nose or other parts affected, become enlarged, and wavy lines running through the skin, and later the skin becomes thickened.

It is greasy, and little pits, which are the mouths of the oil-gland ducts, are seen dotted over the surface. The surface is roughened and uneven, the nose increases in size and becomes shapeless, and pimples of varying size appear more or less thickly on it.

All these changes do not occur in every case, and the process may stop at any one of them. Sometimes a burning is felt, especially during the periods of greatest congestion, but as a rule no abnormal sensation is complained of.

The trouble begins usually after the age of thirty or thirty-five years, but sometimes earlier, and affects women more often than men. The common causes are some disturbance of the stomach, bowels or liver, due to eating poor or too highly seasoned food, the abuse of alcoholic beverages, lack of exercise, and so forth. Habitual exposure to cold winds or to the rays of the sun may also produce it.

Treatment consists in removal of the cause. Great attention should be paid to the mode of living; the diet should be regulated, highly seasoned and indigestible food, alcohol and strong tea being forbidden; constipation, so often present, must be overcome, and all the functions of the body should be required into and corrected if not properly performed. Exercise in the open air is necessary, but the face must be protected from cold winds and from the sun.

In mild cases oxide-of-zinc ointment, lime-water, or a bismuth lotion is often of great benefit. In severe cases stronger remedies, or even the use of electricity or the knife may be called for.

One Hen One Day One Mill

It costs a mill a day—one cent every ten days—to make a hen a lively layer when eggs are high, with SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER. Calculate the profit. It helps young chicks to living maturity; makes the plumage glossy, makes combs bright red.

Sheridan's CONDITION POWDER

Feed to fowls once daily, in a hot mash, will make all their feed doubly effective and make the flock doubly profitable. If you can't buy it we send you a pack of 25 cts. five, \$1. A two pound can, \$1.25. Sample poultry paper free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of this Province at its next session, for an Act to amend the law relating to Hard Labor Sentences in whole for the purpose of the better enforcement of such sentences in the Gaol of the County of the City and County of St. John.

Dated the 17th day of January A. D. 1901. By order GEORGE R. VINCENT, Secretary.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to Legislature at its next session for the passing of an act to incorporate a company by the name of THE COLLEGE CITY PARK, Limited, for the purpose of acquiring, owning and managing Real Estate, and improving the same, and the erection of cottages and other buildings thereon, with power to lease, mortgage or sell the same, and with such other powers as may be incident thereto.

St. John, N. B., Jan. 14th, 1901.

Tenders for Debentures.

TENDERS will be received at the office of the undersigned, Saint John, N. B., up to noon on Saturday, the second day of February next, for the whole or any portion of Debentures issued by the New Brunswick Cold Storage Company, Limited (as authorized by 83 Victoria, Chapter 46) to the amount of sixty thousand dollars (\$60,000) bearing interest at four per cent. per annum guaranteed by the Government forty (40) years and secured by first mortgage on the lands, buildings and plant of the Company. These to be issued on the completion of the building of the plant; the estimated cost of which is eight-seventy thousand five hundred dollars (\$87,500). The Company reserving the right not to accept any tender. If tender accepted, a deposit of ten per cent. will be required which shall be placed in a chartered Bank and shall bear same rate of interest as the Bonds.

A. GEORGE BLAIR, JR., Secretary. The New Brunswick Cold Storage Company, Limited, P. O. Box 59, Saint John, N. B., January 12, 1901.



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

HAYMARKET SQUARE POLYMORPHIANS. ANNUAL CARNIVAL Victoria Rink

January 26th, 1901. \$40—IN PRIZES—\$40

- \$10.00 Best combination, three or more. \$10.00 For Best Ladies' Original Character. \$5.00 For Best Gentlemen's Original Character. \$5.00 For Ladies' Handicapped Contest. \$5.00 For Gentlemen's Handicapped Contest. \$5.00 Best R. P. presentation of a Character. \$5.00 For R. P. presentation of a British General or Officer in Boer War. \$5.00

New Features and Big Attractions will be announced later. R. J. WILKINSON, President. R. D. WOODROW, Secretary.



It's All Right!

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

Where shall we send the wagon, and when? Phone 214.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

GODSOE BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing, Co., "Gold" Medalist "Oreva" Montreal



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Bay du Vin Wharf," will be received at this office until Friday, February 16th, 1901, inclusively, for the reconstruction of the outer end of the Wharf at Bay du Vin, Northumberland County, Province of New Brunswick, according to a plan and a specification to be seen at the offices of E. T. P. Shewen, Esq., Resident Engineer, St. John, N. B., and C. E. W. Dodwell, Esq., Resident Engineer, Halifax, N. S., on application to the Postmaster at Bay du Vin, N. B., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenders.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for eight hundred dollars (\$800.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, J. B. ROY, Acting Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, January 17th, 1901. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for.

To C

For seventeen years and his co-laborers in charge of the State have been working Falls to the State measure they have is not yet won. It has always been in views. It has sought with success, to one hydraulic power for manufacturing p ed the volume of w great ledges on bot the Canadian side, privileges from the State that if they w fullest extent, the p of the Falls would a quence.

To those who hav tentation and deep st may seem an exagg great volume of wa the Falls can be app the schemes of met up to the present n observed, but in the such a feat would b ful. A beginning o waters has just been jets in contemplati orized by the State in their scope and a prospect that unles are taken the dange before long.

It is not only th use the water of Ni of creating motive p threatened. There purely commercial are highly commen these standpoints, a danger not only to other interests. Th great canals leadi ocean outlets. Alre ped the south end ber drainage canal lake is said to be a temptation the deep this canal in orde lakes may find a pa the Mississippi Riv done the drain on greater and the te of the water's lev Another canal is land south to the O ther from Lake Erie canal 100 feet wide Canada, not to be out a canal from G the French River to thence down the O Lawrence. The p to avoid the long t Lake Superior dov Lake Erie and Lake

All these projects are people who won will be if they cau to be lowered cau harbors and pier houses now suited might not be utter millions of dollars of the irretrievabl age to one of the w

These are matter his colleagues depu guard the Falls of years. The p which particularly the safety of the F ers of the Reservati disapproval of the the upper Niagara poses in 1892. In that year they ende the Legislature of of refusing to gran In their reports for they reiterated the pressure of the com western part of the the Legislature ign Commissioners. When the State tion met in May, was a member, off

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1901.

To Guard Niagara Falls.

For seventeen years Andrew H. Green and his co-laborers on the commission in charge of the State Reservation at Niagara have been working to preserve Niagara Falls to the State and the nation.

To those who have not given careful attention and deep study to this matter, it may seem an exaggeration to say that the great volume of water now pouring over the Falls can be appreciably diminished by the schemes of men.

It is not only through these projects to use the water of Niagara for the purpose of creating motive power that the Falls are threatened. There are other schemes purely commercial and utilitarian which are highly commendable when viewed from these standpoints, and yet are fraught with danger not only to the Falls but also to other interests.

Another canal is suggested from Cleveland south to the Ohio River, and still another from Lake Erie to the Hudson, a ship canal 100 feet wide and 24 feet in depth.

All these projects are splendid, but there are people who wonder what the outcome will be if they cause the level of the lakes to be lowered as a foot. They ask if harbors and piers, elevators and ware houses now suited to existing conditions might not be utterly ruined and the loss of millions of dollars involved, to say nothing of the irretrievable but uncommercial damage to one of the wonders of the world.

These are matters which Mr. Green and his colleagues deputed by the State to safeguard the Falls of Niagara have been watching with the most careful attention for years. The phase of the question which particularly appealed to them was the safety of the Falls. The Commissioners of the Reservations first expressed their disapproval of the diversion of the water of the upper Niagara for manufacturing purposes in 1892.

When the State Constitutional Convention met in May, 1894, Mr. Green who was a member, offered a resolution which

authorized the appointment of a special committee to report to the convention whether an amendment should be made to the Constitution restraining the legislature from granting to corporations or to individuals the right to divert the waters of the upper Niagara and to inform the convention as to the rights and privileges already granted. The committee being appointed visited Niagara Falls and made a careful study of the conditions existing there with reference to the matter complained of, and it reported facts which fully bore out the fears of Mr. Green and his associates.

The Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power and Manufacturing company, organized in 1879 under the Manufacturing act of 1848, but without special rights or a charter from the State. This company at that time owned a canal seven feet wide and fourteen feet deep tapping the river one mile above the Falls, with a horse-power capacity of 8,000 and a water flow of 1,727,880 gallons a minute.

The Niagara river Hydraulic Tunnel, Power and Sawyer company of Niagara Falls was chartered in 1886 and changed its name in 1889 to the Niagara Falls Company. This company is prohibited from taking more water from the river than shall be sufficient to produce 200,000 effective horse power. Its horse power capacity at present is believed to be 100,000 and it draws from the river to generate this amount 3,850,680 gallons a minute.

The Lockport Water and Electric Company, chartered in 1886; the Niagara County Irrigation and Water Supply Company chartered in 1891; the Lewiston Water Supply Company, incorporated in 1888; the Model Town Company, incorporated in 1883; the Niagara, Lockport and Ontario Power Company, incorporated in 1894, and the Buffalo and Niagara Power and Drainage Company, incorporated in 1889, all have authority to use an unlimited supply of water without paying the State a cent for it.

That the state has a right to charge corporations or individuals for the use of this water or to prevent absolutely its diversion by constitutional or Legislative enactment, the committee which studied the law on the subject was entirely convinced. The committee agreed that the bed of the river and the water therein from the high water mark to the centre of the stream belonged to the State of New York. In its report it cited many decisions of the courts to sustain its views.

The corporations were to have the right to divert only such amounts of water as the commissioners should prescribe.

Great opposition to the proposed amendment developed upon its introduction in the convention. Representatives of the corporations interested naturally exerted their power to prevent its adoption.

This was discouraging to Mr. Green. He hoped in the beginning when the State by the right of eminent domain took possession of the shore and the islands adjacent to the cataract, that thereafter the Falls would be safe from injury.

But Mr. Green did not despair. He saw that even had this State done all that it might, the Falls would still be in danger. The action of not only the United States Government, but of the Canadian Government as well, was necessary for the competent protection, because the diversion of waters might occur not only without the bounds of New York, but even of the country.

Finally Mr. Green drew up a joint resolution, which Senator Platt introduced in the Senate at the first session of the Fifty-sixth Congress. The resolution authorized the President to invite the Government of Great Britain to join in the formation of an international commission, whose duty it shall be from time to time to report upon the conditions and uses of the waters adjacent to the boundary line between the United States and Canada, including all the waters of the lakes and rivers whose waters flow by the River St. Lawrence to the Atlantic Ocean, and also upon the effect upon the shores of these waters and the structures thereon and upon the interests of navigation by reason of their diversion from their natural flow and further to report upon the necessary measures to regulate such diversions.

This resolution was introduced in January 1900. It passed the Senate unanimously and went to the House. The provisions of the resolution have been embodied in the River and Harbor Bill which was passed by the House on Wednesday, they having been offered in the shape of an amendment by Congressman Barton.

'There is nothing to be afraid of in it,' said Mr. Green, in speaking of it. 'It is merely looking to an inquiry. If there is no danger threatening, the commission will find this out, and no harm will come of it. If there is danger, then it is proper that Canada and the United States should unite to save the most unique natural wonder in the world.'

An Important Feature.

'Well,' said one tourist, 'the great exhibition in Paris is over at last.'

'Yes,' answered the other; 'all of it except Count Castellane.'

Chinese Side of the story.

Ever since the murder of Baron von Ketteler, the German minister in the streets of Peking, the papers of the world have been full of the atrocities of the Chinese, committed principally upon protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries and on christian Chinese.

The letter referred to comes from an educated Chinaman who was a student at the Chinese Educational Institution in Hartford, but whose name, for obvious reasons, it would be unwise to use. He with others—a score or more—came to Hartford twenty years ago to attend this Chinese mission school, which was established and conducted by Yung Wing, one of the most enlightened Chinamen of the age and one who is even more liberal toward Western civilization than Li Hung Chang.

They had lived in their homes, mingled with their children in the High School and had attended their churches. Among those who were ordered back to their own country several have maintained a correspondence with their Hartford friends through all the eighteen years that have elapsed since the school on Collins street was broken up.

In the letter just received much is said about the dangers that have beset the life of the Chinese ever since the allied forces began their march in Peking. It is plain from the guarded references of the writer that he and others like him who have inhaled Western ideas and have had the courage of their convictions by opposing them and their teaching. But their unselfishness and bravery have received slight recognition so far. The writer says:

'There were quiet heroes among the boys, I am happy to be able to tell you, who by their courage and devotion to duty saved thousands of lives of refugees who were surrounded by Boxers, the pet of that tiger, the Empress Dowager. They expected to be made into mince-meat at any moment, but like good fellows they stuck to their work and only shook the dust from their feet when there was no more to be done.'

The leaven of education in these few Chinese is evidently doing wonderful things in China. Although these young men were recalled to their native country and suffered obloquy at the hands of their countrymen, they have risen to important places in Government and educational service. One of the brightest of the Chinese students in Hartford was Tun Yen, who had the honor of making the graduating oration in his class in the high school. He spoke on 'The Russian Bear,' and his address was the most favorably received of any.

'Dear old Tun' his intimate friends called him. Tun has become a private secretary to Viceroy Chang Chih Tung, the Chinese Prodigal. Tun has thrown his influence on the side of progress, and it is more than likely that he has enlightened Chang and others powerful at court as to the quality of the 'foreign devil,' as he knows him from personal experience.

'I have the saddest of sad news in relation to our dear old friend, Dr. Kin. He and his whole family have been exterminated. He was at work in one of

the field hospitals away from his family, who were in great danger. It was in going to look after them that he was shot by the Russians, who shot everything that came within their way. His gentle little girls and wife and servants were all butchered. Dr. Lin of the Viceroy's hospital is also dead. Tang, who used to live with the Smiths in Hartford was shot with his wife and their baby girl in her arms. She was another nice and gentle lady.'

This testimony to the indiscriminate cruelty of the Russian army in China has increased weight from the Imperial source from which it comes. To these educated Chinese, who have by their courage saved thousands of refugees from the Boxers, this action of the Russians must appear the most inhuman ingratitude. The correspondent says that rebellions are breaking out all over the Empire and a reign of terror exists. The lot of the native Christian has been of the most miserable, but at least they have known who their enemies are.

At one time or another the hand of the Government, the allies, the Boxers or the horde is raised against them. Such men as Dr. Kin, Tang and those other 'quiet heroes' who are struggling for the upbuilding of their country, are the objects of intrigue, revenge and jealousy. The correspondent says that no man's life is worth anything if he is caught and no one knows whose name is on the proscribed list. If a man is caught he is either put to death on the spot or tortured till every bone in his body is broken to extract other names from him. He says:

'This is a great harvest time for informers to pay off old scores and grudges, for all they have to do is to report that 'So-and-so' is a reformer or member of such-and-such a society. If the man is caught no trial is necessary to send him to the other world. At one of the military schools the cadets, on returning from their vacation, were massacred in the schoolrooms by order of the governor, and only one out of the whole school escaped.'

Tsao Kai Cheong left the junior class in the high school in Hartford when called back to China in 1881. He has been in command of one of the large ships of the Chinese Navy for some time. He was in the battle at Taku, and the Chinese Admiral shifted over to Tsao's ship at the very last, his ship alone being captured and detained by the allied fleet. The ship, with all on board, is now in the hands of the English at Wei-hai-Wei.

Dr. Kin Le Ting, whose death at the hands of the Russians has been spoken of, while here was in the family of the parents of Dr. Charles M. Lamson, the late president of the American board. He became an earnest christian and on his return to China was appointed to study medicine in Li Hung Chang's hospital at Tientsin. He was a most philanthropic, high-minded man.

Pow Lee, who was in the local high school was taken out three times to be shot, but somehow or other got off each time, but is not half demented. Sik Quai lost his family, but escaped himself, disguised as a laborer. Shou Kie got out of Tientsin with his family, but Yung Teang, who is a mining engineer, was at the Kai Ping collieries when they were seized by the Russians and was detained by them to look after the mines.

In closing his letter the writer says: 'I did not mean to write all these horrors for you, but sorrow and rage got the best of me. Like the moth before the lamp, I fly back to the wretched subject of China and her miseries. The most harrowing stories are told of the dreadful famine in Shansi and Sensi provinces, to which the Empress Dowager and her crew have fled. That limb of satan seems to bring misery and death with her wherever she goes.'

The Hartford families who took an interest in the personal welfare and future of the Chinese boys who came here for a brief time twenty years ago feel that the christian influences they had here made them men who have accomplished much in the progress of the empire.

Her Ladyship's

Secret.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS—PART I.

CHAPTER I.

In one of the upper rooms of a house in Harley street a sick man lay in a gilded canopy bed—a rich man evidently, whose descent into the Valley of Death was made as easy as possible with all that gold could purchase, or science suggest. An em broidered quilt covered his wasted limbs, and his head and shoulders rested on downy lace trimmed pillows.

But outward appliances were in vain to ease the suffering he felt as he wearily turned from side to side with half-closed eyes and quick, uneven breath, that came in gasps between his fevered, colourless lips.

By the window stood his valet, holding back the curtains and looking out into the silent streets. He was very tired, having watched all through the night in order to give the sick man's wife and a hired nurse a rest.

The lights of London were fading, growing pale before the glory of the rising sun. The first hint of dawn was stealing across the sky that but an hour ago was like a purple pall spread tent like over that vast wilderness of chimneys which we call the City. Each moment the outline of spires and buildings showed more distinct against the lightening heaven, while in the far east where the day begins, the rosy flush lost itself in a lake of saffron, melting in the inevitable London grey overhead.

Suddenly a clock in a steeple near at hand broke the early stillness with its noisy iron tongue to tell the hour in sonorous tones.

The valet started and leaned towards the bed.

'Three o'clock! Time for his medicine. Now where is it? Must be in the dressing room, I suppose. Well, there's no helping it; I must wake her. She should have left it out.'

He knocked several times at the door of the adjoining room before any answer came to the summons.

At last a woman's voice asked sleepily: 'Who is it, and what do you want?'

'I think the medicine is in the dressing room, my lady, and it is now time his lordship took it,' was the reply whispered through the key hole.

'Very well, Plush. I will bring it in directly,' and the valet held the uncorking of a bottle and the chinking of glasses.

Presently the door was opened a few inches, and a small white hand held out the measured dose of physic. The servant stepped softly towards the bed, and placing his arm under the sick man's shoulder to raise his head, he poured the mixture down his throat. Then he laid him back among the pillows and spread another blanket over his chilly limbs, for he was shivering.

A sudden cry behind him caused Plush to turn round.

In the doorway stood her ladyship, with a face as white as that which lay on the pillows, and her large dark eyes dilated with horror. In her hand she held a half empty bottle.

'Oh, my God!' she cried, 'what have I done? And you have given it to him. What shall we do?'

'What is it, my lady? Have you administered the wrong medicine?'

'The wrong medicine? I have poured out poison for my husband. See here,' and she held out the blue phial. 'It was so dark in the next room, and I was very drowsy, and I did not remember there were two bottles on the dressing table, and I gave you the lotion in the glass instead of the physic. Oh, Plush, what shall I do? What will become of me? Sir Alison will die, the doctor will discover the cause, and the world will suspect that I— I murdered him. Oh, help me. Plush, what is to be done? Perhaps you had better run to the hemist for an antidote. Quick, go now. Stay, let me see how he looks,' and her ladyship hurried to the side of the bed, bending her face down close to the lips of her husband that she might listen to his breathing.

His wife placed her hand on his heart, which she could feel beating regularly, it somewhat feebly, then raising her head with a great look of relief she said to the valet who was standing near:

'See, Plush. He breathes quite easily, as softly as a child. Perhaps after all the lotion did him no harm. There was no label marked poison on the bottle. What do you think we had better do?'

'Well, my lady, as you say, the lotion, though intended for external application, may not have contained any deadly poison, and perhaps the mixture has done his lordship no serious injury. You see if I run round to the chemist for an antidote it might get about that—in fact, a very ugly story might be spread abroad. If anything were to happen to his lordship, which God forbid, it would not be very pleasant for you to hear the world whisper that Lady Garnet had poisoned her husband.'

'Hush, Plush, hush! The nurse might hear you, and it is a dreadful thing to say.' 'But the world will say dreadful things, my lady, and the best way is not to give them anything to talk about. If I may be permitted to give your ladyship advice, I should counsel you to stay quiet till the morning and see how matters go with the master. You can easily dismiss the nurse, saying that you wish to attend upon Sir Alison yourself. All may yet come right; as you say, the mixture has perhaps done

no harm.' 'I think you are right, Plush, and I will follow your advice. We will wait till day light. But, my God, if anything should happen to him today, if he should die, I shall always feel guilty as if blood were on my hands.'

Your ladyship must not view matters in such a dismal light. Sir Alison may yet recover,' replied the servant; but as he glanced at the face among the pillows, which was gradually assuming such a ghastly hue, he himself hardly believed in such a possibility.

Lady Garnet walked to the window and looked out absently into the street, which now was awakening to fresh life and stir. Each moment seemed to drag as heavily as it weighted with lead. She longed for and yet dreaded the doctor's visit. He had said he would come early this morning.

Cora Garnet was generally quoted as the loveliest woman in London; and it was the favorite boast of more than one club man that he had the entree to her box at Covent Garden. Of medium height, of pale complexion, with features far from perfect, but just irregular enough to give character and piquancy to the almost colorless face which looked all the fairer by contrast with the dark Auburn hair, of that hue bordering on red and yet remaining brown which only artists can appreciate—such was Cora, Lady Garnet.

Her father, the Reverend John Burnett, had with his large family and small means filled the Rectory of Briary End, in one of the midland counties, and here it was that Sir Alison Garnet, at the time a bachelor of five and forty, who had driven all his life as a hunter to despair, met and suddenly fell in love with the parson's prettiest daughter, and married her after the shortest possible 'wooing out.'

It was, of course, an excellent match for a poor clergyman's daughter, and Cora herself fully appreciated her good fortune. Sir Alison proved as indulgent as he was devoted, taking great pleasure in seeing the admiration his young wife won from society, and humouring her in even her most fantastic and expensive caprices.

The sorrow she felt for carelessness which had just been the cause of so grave an accident was undoubtedly sincere. Her love for Sir Alison had been on the whole a very happy one. If she had not perhaps understood love, yet she certainly entertained for him that strong degree of liking which makes marriage a pleasant social arrangement, and hitherto Sir Alison might safely be said to have had no rival in his wife's affections—except perhaps herself.

Selfish she undeniably was, weak as water save where her own interest was concerned, vain as only a woman ever can be, she possessed just enough generosity to be called good-natured, just enough heart to be sentimental, just enough depth to be passionate.

So far, since her marriage, her existence had been like a lively little French operetta made up of dancing, singing, and perpetual movement. Now, all was changed. Her husband had been seriously ill for many weeks, and during that time the house was of necessity busied for the sake of the sick man.

As she stood at the bedroom window and idly watched the vehicles pass in the street below, it would be difficult to say which sentiment was uppermost in her heart—fear, or remorse, or sorrow, or hope; the hope that a bird feels when he finds his cage-door open, and he is free as the air outside.

She was not really a bad woman, but the idea did occur to her that, after all, dreadful as it would be to lose her husband, yet liberty is sweet; and still sweeter to a weak pleasure loving nature in the unconditional control of great wealth.

'Till her baby son should be old enough to take the management of the money and the estate into his own hands, she, Cora, Lady Garnet, might rule as despotically as she chose.

At last she turned her face from the window to the bed where her husband was lying. Plush had fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion on the sofa.

Something strange and ghastly in Sir Alison's rigid features made his wife hasten to his side. She laid one lightly on his forehead, and then withdrew the valet, who started to his feet.

'Oh, Plush, he is quite stiff and cold, and I cannot hear him breathe. See, his eyes are half open, and—oh, he is dead, he is dead! God help me! what will become of me?'

And Cora wrung her hands, and throwing herself down by the pillows, she seized her husband's chill damp fingers, and calling him by every endearing name, besought him to turn and look at her and tell her she was still his own true loved wife.

But no answer came, no change passed over the hard gray face, and the parted lips and glazed dim eyes never lost their expression of vacancy.

Yes, Sir Alison was dead. The lamp of life which so long had flickered fitfully had now gone out, and the brave, noble spirit had found its way from that silent, darkened room into the land where souls find rest.

As with all weak natures, Cora's grief was as passionate as it was short lived. She

realized her loss at once, and was overwhelmed with the force of mingled emotions.

'Oh, Alison, my darling, my one love, I cannot live without you. Come back, come back,' she cried, sobbing convulsively.

And she really believed at the moment that her heart was broken. The valet had really liked and respected his master, and the tears that stood in his eyes as he turned away so as not to intrude on the widow's grief were genuine.

'Plush,' cried Lady Garnet, suddenly rising to her feet, and pushing back her disordered hair, 'you must run round to the doctor's at once. It is now six o'clock. Ask him to come, and tell him what has happened. Explain all or nothing, as you think best. He is a friend of the family, and I am sure he would understand and is to be trusted. What do you think?'

'I should say, my lady, that it would be better to tell no thing until after Dr. Bradshaw has seen—seen—has been here, that is, I will fetch him at once.'

And the valet quitted the room. Such was Cora Garnet, that even at this awful moment with her husband lying dead in the same room, she still could remember she had never done her hair, and to wonder whether it would look more 'suitable' in the doctor's eyes to wear a plain black cashmere than a silk.

Once dressed, she returned to the bedside and threw herself on her knees, burying her face in her hands that she might shut out the sight of those rigid features with the seal of death upon them. Perhaps, after all, he would have died today? Did not the doctor say he could not last long? No doubt the dose she had administered by accident had nothing to do with his sudden end? At any rate she was fully determined to think so.

Hurried footsteps were presently heard on the stairs, and the valet opened the door and ushered in Dr. Bradshaw.

The physician was a tall man with a slight stoop of the shoulders, long white hair, and eyes concealed by blue spectacles. He had made an excellent practice for himself in an influential and wealthy circle, and when younger had been looked upon as one of the cleverest surgeons in London.

Dr. Bradshaw advanced to the bed, bade the valet raise the blind and draw aside the curtain, leaned down over the dead man, touched his lips and felt his heart, then turning to Lady Garnet, who was standing behind him with tightly clasped hands and an ashen face, he shook his head several times and said:

'I have known Sir Alison for many years and if you will permit me to say so, there is no one of whose friendship I have been prouder; no one whom I admired and respected more highly. If I as a friend feel such grief, what must you experience—you his wife? Ah, I knew when I saw him yesterday that the end was not far off. I wonder, after such a terrible accident as I have just witnessed, that he should have lasted so long.'

'And nothing that we could have done would have saved him?' asked Lady Garnet behind the handkerchief she held to her eyes.

'Nothing, my dear lady, nothing. The accident gave a severe shock to the system and as I thought previously, the heart must have been affected.'

Cora felt as if some leaden weight had suddenly been lifted from her heart. After a few more expressions of sorrow and an urgent request that her ladyship would be sure and reckon on him for any service which it might be in his power to render, he took his leave, and as the door closed behind him Cora breathed a deep breath of relief.

Now she had only Plush to deal with. That would be an easy matter—servants can always be silenced with money, and of that she had plenty. She looked round as the valet entered.

'Plush.'

'Yes, my lady,' replied that functionary with his eyes discreetly lowered—'Of course you understand—I have been a faithful servant to Sir Alison, and of course you will be retained. I know you will see how necessary for me it is that you should be silent as the grave concerning the accident that occurred this morning. I do not suppose for a moment, mind, that the dose you administered had anything to do with hastening Sir Alison's death, still I might injure me if the story got about.'

Lady Garnet glanced with the closest scrutiny at her servant's face, but she could read nothing in that pale impassive countenance.

He raised his eyes quietly and met her gaze calmly, then respectfully lowered them once more.

'My lady, my lips are sealed. Sir Alison could not be more silent on the subject than I shall be. I only ask you to allow me still to remain in your service, to which I will devote my whole life and do my utmost to merit your confidence.'

'Plush, I shall trust you entirely. You shall not be a loser by my silence. Always count on me as a friend, and come to me for assistance if you are in any trouble,' and Lady Garnet held out one white jewelled hand, giving him time to touch it with his lips as she swept past him into the dressing room.

Plush turned to the window. 'Ah,' muttered he to himself, 'now my fortune is made; what fools women are to be sure. She does not see that she has put herself entirely in my power. A family secret! Why, that is a gold mine in itself, which I intend to work till I reap a fine harvest.'

Lady Garnet in the drawing room smiled complacently as she glanced in one of the many high mirrors which lined the walls.

Plush for this—his consideration of my feeling.

CHAPTER II.

'I will order the dog cart round at four to the minute. That gives you an easy half hour's drive to the station. Captain Cameron,' said the master of the Castle Monest to his guest as they rose from the sumptuously spread luncheon table that glittered with silver and costly glass, with masses of flowers and fruit covering the snowy damask cloth.

'Will that arrangement suit you?'

'Now, to be candid, Mr. Scott, with all due respect to your dog cart, should I offend you by saying that on such a glorious afternoon as this I would not miss the walk for any consideration. There's a fresh breeze blowing which will make the moors a pedestrian's paradise. The road between here and Glasgo is just a panorama picture that Millais ought to paint: every bit of it. And on foot, you see, I can just stop where I choose and drink deep draughts of your strong northern air and enjoy my favorite views to my heart's content.'

'All right; very well, young man,' replied the proudly out of the window at the broken undulating stretch of mountain and moor and hanging woods; at the distant silver lake that lay like a gem between its indented shores with the sun shining full on its sparkling surface; at the princely park where the deer were crouched in the shadow of giant oak and purple beech; and closer at hand, his eyes wandered right and left across the grey stone terraces where the gardens sloped to the smooth sward of the wide velvet-like lawn.

All this was his, and had been purchased by the hard earned gold of a Glasgow merchant, not twenty years before a traveller for a busy firm at a salary of one hundred and fifty pounds, and now a millionaire, a cotton lord—no wonder he was proud.

'The walk is a long one, Captain Cameron,' he remarked after a pause.

'So are my legs, Mr. Scott,' replied the officer, surveying those limbs with much the same expression of face as that seen on his host's countenance when he scanned his landed property. 'Do you not agree with me, Miss Scott?' he asked, turning to a young girl who had not yet risen from the table. 'Is not this exactly the weather for a walk?'

'I think so,' she replied with a quiet smile, and as their eyes met, hers fell before the plain significance in his.

Proud as Ronald Scott undoubtedly it was of his castle, his acres, and his gold, it is only fair to him to say that his pride in his only child was even greater—was almost boundless.

All would one day be here, he thought, as she glanced from the coolness of every small object that went to furnish his commonest room, to her sweet girlish face. He looked at it now with untold love in his eyes, and in so doing he caught his guest in the same act. She was handsome, but not fascinating. Her features were almost faultlessly regular, her eyes as blue as lapis lazuli. The hair, which grew closely over the firm square forehead, was of that darkest shade of brown, so often called black.

'Well, I should say, if you mean to walk you had better leave here at three o'clock, not later. I know you are anxious to be in London early to-morrow, or I should be more selfish, and beg you to prolong your stay till the summer is quite at an end. Anyhow, Ketha, put on your hat; you shall row Captain Cameron over the loch, and see him on his way with a God-speed, boy, if ever you want a friend and though your father is a lord, you're like enough to need one some day as the rest of us, will come to Castle Monest, and ask what you will of Ronald Scott.'

An hour later, Malcolm Cameron stood at the end of a winding path, where the summer woods reached down to the river, and the boat was moored to the tree-fringed bank, and by his side was Ketha Scott.

The brisk exercise of rowing across the loch had left her soft cheeks rosy, and brightened the tender blue of her dark-fringed eyes.

'I will not take you as far as the western lodge. As it is, you will have quite a long walk back to the castle. Besides which I had rather see the last of you here, in this lovely quiet spot. I shall picture you, as I see you now, when I am far away. Are you sorry I am going, Ketha?'

'Yes,' was the scarcely audible answer. He paused a moment, and looked around at the sleeping woods, and the still clear water, and the blue and white heaven above.

A great hush pervaded the place. No sound broke the silence but the occasional twitter of some singing bird in the boughs, some stir among the reeds and reboes where the fishes leap up in play, or the tinkling of some sheep-bells far up amid the mountains. It was a perfect afternoon in summer, with just a touch of autumnal freshness in the air, and a tint of the advanced season in the russet and crimson changing of the foliage.

Malcolm looked round, while a sense of delight crept into his heart. He knew that by a word, not alone these many hundred acres of moor and meadow, mountain and stream, might become his inheritance, but what was infinitely sweeter than land or gold, he felt that only one word, little question was needed to bring that slight girlish figure into his arms, and yet he bated, though he had not much time to lose.

'I had he took one of her small gloved hands in his, and it was not withdrawn.

'Ketha, you know that I love you. Will you be my wife?'

She raised her eyes that were very serious now, but shone with unspeakable happiness to his face.

'Oh, Malcolm, marriage is a solemn thing. Have you thought well over the

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matter? If not take back your words, and I will try and forget they ever were spoken. Are you really in earnest, dear? Yes, yes, darling; you are the only woman who ever shall be my wife,' he replied, drawing her head down to his shoulder, and pressing his lips to hers.

'But Malcolm—'

'Well?'

'I am not good enough for you. What will your uncle, Lord Lochaber, say to your marrying a merchant's daughter?'

'Leave that to my darling. When I return to England I shall bring my uncle up to Scotland with me, and he will show you what sort of a welcome awaits his heir's wife. Do you love me, Ketha?'

'Should I have promised to marry you unless I— I cared for you?'

'That is not answering my question. Do you love me? Look at me and tell me, Yes or No.'

'Yes, Malcolm, I love you; and what ever happens I never will be another man's wife,' she replied earnestly.

'Then kiss me, Ketha, and bid me God-speed, for the time has been flying since we have been here.'

She raised her face to his, and their lips met. He held her tightly in his arms for a moment covering her downcast eyelids with breathless kisses; then he let her go, and bounding over the fence that divided the wood from the river-path, he waved his hand and disappeared among the closely-growing trees.

She lingered awhile down by the water, watching the way by which he had gone. She gathered a lapful of lilies, and smilingly looked at the shifting reflection of her features in the stirring stream. She sat down on the grassy bank under a tree, and thought, and mused, and dreamed over her new happiness, and built up castles in the realm of her imagination, with love and painter, and fancy for the architect, and faith for the foundation little guessing how soon the fairy fabric would fall.

So she sat on the bank, looking at the river which ran round the park like a silver belt studded with emeralds. Her eyes roved from the mountains with their wooded sides and purple peaks, to the blue shining loch. She could, by bending low, just catch a glimpse of Castle Monest set among the trees, with its many windows glittering in the sunlight.

'All this is mine,' was her thought, 'and I can give it to him. He will inherit it with me. I am glad I do not go to him empty-handed, a portionless bride. He has birth, he will have rank, and he is handsome, and I have wealth and hundreds of acres as my dower. I am happy that it is so. And yet I feel, I know it is not my fortune, but myself he prizes. Oh, what am I to win the love of such a man as Malcolm Cameron?'

At last, when the light was beginning to wane, and the shadows grew greayer under the trees, she rose and sauntered homeward, not crossing the loch this time, but returning through one of the plantations back to the house.

She ran up the steps, and entered the hall, where the butler met her with a grave face, which startled her at once.

'Where is my father?' she asked hurriedly.

'In the library, miss.'

'Is anything the matter, John? You look strange. My father is not ill?'

'No, miss, but he's a bit upset, I think. The post came in while you was away, and a telegram also, and you see, miss, I fancy he must have heard bad news, for when I knocked at the library door about half an hour afterwards, he didn't answer, so I walked in, and he was lying on the floor. He had fainted. He still seems rather shaky, and I've sent for the doctor, but I thought I'd better tell you, miss, before you saw master. He looks a bit changed.'

Changed? Yes, indeed.

As her eyes fell on her father's face when she entered the library, it seemed to Ketha impossible he could be the same man who but two hours ago had looked me picture of strength and health, a model of elderly manhood; and here he was, haggard, nervous, old.

What had wrought this sudden wreck? Ketha advanced quickly to the table, before which he sat with his head buried in his hands.

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.

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THE KIND OF WIFE I SHOULD CHOOSE FOR MY SON. . . .

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The Wife Described in
The Book of Proverbs.

By REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D. D.

The subject of this article is capable of being stated from a totally different point of view, that is, for example, What daughter-in-law would I choose for myself? So limited is the mind of man, and so selfish is he even in his most exalted moments, that he cannot but treat every subject with special regard to his own emotions, preferences and interests. I have not only to choose a wife for my son, I have to choose another member for my own family, a consideration which cannot but affect my reasoning upon so delicate a topic. If my son were to be married to-morrow, and depart for the uppermost parts of the earth on the day following, I might not feel the pressure of the matter so sensitively; but when I reflect that my son and his wife are going to live within five minutes' walk of my own house, and they will probably come at least thrice a week for their supper at my table, it is impossible for me to bring my susceptibilities within the control of a stern or even Spartan discipline.

First of all, my son's wife must have a roomy and well furnished head. For I like sense; downright solid human sense. I like too, sense that is softened and varied, by well controlled and well directed humor, not only the sense that can see a joke after it has been elaborately explained, but the broader, rarer sense, which can see the humorous aspect even of some serious things. It is pitiful to see how very serious some people take their daily life. Life is serious enough in all conscience, therefore, do not let us fill it with a deeper sadness, so trivial as to be utterly without relief, and without openings into wider and healthier spaces. My daughter-in-law, therefore, must have sense relieved and softened by gracious humor; the humor that may make her keenly alive to the defects of other families, but obligingly blind to the infirmities of all in her own family.

My daughter-in-law must not be a mere face. I hope my meaning is clear. I have now and again seen a woman who had a face and nothing behind it. It has been a nice face in point of form, a shapely modeled face, representing, indeed, some degree of perfection in feature, yet it never lighted up, it never really laughed, it grinned but did not smile, it looked but saw nothing. If my son brought a face of that kind into my house I would banish him into disgrace and solitude. A full length portrait of the wife I would choose for my son is given in the last chapter of the book of Proverbs, beginning at the 10th verse. There is no comelier woman in all the galleries of literary art. To think that there may be a woman who will do my son good and not evil all the days of her life—what a fortune is that! What refine gold! What living light! Then how industrious is the wife of King Lemuel, 'She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands; she bringeth her food from afar; she riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.' She is a woman, too, of large consideration and distinct business faculty.—'She considereth a field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard; her candle burns all night, and the spindle moves nimbly to the touch of her deft hands. She is a downright clever woman of business. Any fool who has the money can buy a hat, but Lemuel's wife can make an old hat look like a new one. That is genius! Lemuel's wife is no niggard; 'She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yes, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.' If you would know what a wife she is look at her husband, for when he sitteth among the elders of the land he is known by the whiteness and fineness of his linen. And what a talker this gentle creature is, 'She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.' Her reputation stands out above the renown of her circle, every one says concerning her, 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou without doubt' excellest them all.'

I have thus made a clean breast of the purposes which animate me in the choice of a daughter-in-law. My readers now know exactly my policy in reference to my son's welfare. He will never be half a man until he is mated with this sweet and holy woman of the Book of Proverbs. I speak with the greatest emphasis; I declare with the whole passion of my heart, that this is precisely the kind of wife which I should at once choose for my son—if I had one.

A Queen of Silence
—And Queen of Speech.

By BISHOP J. H. VINCENY.

If I had a son who needed a wife, and

my words had power to place in his hand in holy covenant the hand of a woman answering to my ideal, these are the words I should write:

A woman of intelligence, that he, at his wisest and best, might respect her; gaining in culture and power with the passing years, that he might not outgrow her; independent, that she might maintain her rights; self-controlled, that she might not be easily overruled; vivacious, that she might continue to interest and inspire him; gracious and agreeable in social manners, that she might help to make their home attractive to people of taste and refinement; having a speciality in art or literature, that she might continually augment her resources; expert as a cook and caterer, that she might be able to direct her kitchen; genuinely sympathetic, that towards 'servant girls' she might stand in the attitude of a friend, accounting them as home helpers and not slaves, and therefore with delicate sense of fitness objecting to the term 'servants,' unless she applies the same term to her minister, merchant, doctor and banker; honoring true and pure womanhood in every sphere of life where it seeks self-respect and cultivates great social aspiration.

A woman interested in all questions of social reform, that she might contribute directly and indirectly, by example and effort, to the development of society.

A woman fond of children, that might be glad and proud to be a mother; with industry, tact and ingenuity, that she might both entertain and instruct her children. A woman fond of reading aloud, that she might enrich the early years (and thus all the year) of her children's lives with a taste for and a knowledge of the best literature; keen to detect native defects in her children, that she might be wise in devisings and equally wise in a permanent silence concerning them.

A woman steady in the observance of religious duties, that her teaching might never become perfunctory, and that all her well-chosen and carefully uttered words

about religion might always have in them the force and fervour of profound conviction and of personal experience.

A business woman, that she might sympathize with her husband's responsibilities, and appreciate his obligations; economical and prudent; training her children to know the value of a penny in the service that earns it, the self-denial that saves it, and the wisdom that divides it in useful expenditure and philanthropic bestowment, training alike to discrimination, prudence, and generosity.

A woman devoted to the Church, reverencing and making delightful (if in a different way from other days) the Holy Sabbath, recognizing the pre-eminence of the Holy Bible and all other books, and building up into our civilization as far as her home can do it, the noble Christian elements which are the glory of the age and the government in which we live.

A woman free from affections of every sort, scorning to appear what she is not, accounting bluntness as rudeness, and yet preferring bluntness to pretence.

A woman who is a Queen of Silence and a Queen of Speech holding the golden sceptre which lifted ensures the first, and dropping gives the blessing of the second; loving her home better than all other places on earth, making it a fo-etaste of the Home eternal, and sharing with other earthly homes the qualities of grace and peace which make her own soj delightful.

A woman beautiful with the personal charms which reality in character bestows; charms which make irregular features and a plain face attractive, and which thought, love and unselfish devotion make radiant. Such is my ideal of the wife I should seek for my son, if my son were not already thoroughly satisfied, as is his father.

Hearts Agreeing and God Helping Them.

By GENERAL G. O. HOWARD

Having set a proper example for my son years before he was born, by making the choice of a wife of just the right kind he

has now in his mind a true model; he has had this model ever since he was old enough to play with the boys and observe the girls. He looks around and comes as near to the model as he can. But does he then and there make his choice? Unless he is unusually discreet, he will not succeed in capturing such a prize. Why not? Because the prize also had a good mother and a good father, and so she, too, has a model, an ideal of her own, for her future mate. You see how very difficult the adjustment. Think of a young man always quoting the sayings of his mother to his intended as a means of grace, or naming her doings as a bona fide example!

But this will not do. In my simplicity I would say: Trust the boy to find his own way through all the mazes of young society. He has a good thinking brain, a fairly susceptible heart, and in time will have experience enough to enable him to launch and sail his own ship. Oa, how full the world is of charming women! Where can you find faith, virtue, honor, self denial, intelligence, industry, frugality and abiding affection? These qualities are never more apparent and more pronounced than in the social sphere of our American girls. No where else do you discover more vigorous health, more real beauty, more charming manners.

But you ask, perhaps, should your son counsel you, what would you advise? This is certain: I, for one, would manage in such a matter to meddle as little as possible. Just think what a mass of fathers, and mothers for that matter, have made of it, by injudicious and indiscreet advising? Advice is all right, if it be given with great care and long before any choice is dreamed of. As the twig is bent the tree is inclined. Now, I think you see how a noble, dutiful son may find a true and womanly woman, who possesses all the needed graces, and how, hearts agreeing and God helping them, they can commence the married life attended with a father's and mother's blessing.

A Companion in Sorrow as in Joy.

By WILLIAM W. DEY.

The philosophy in which we speak of a person 'falling in love' is significant of

the abruptness with which a young person discovers an attachment for another. For this very reason it usually happens that some seldom seek the counsel of a father in such matters before their choice has been already made. So it has been for generations, and the question you raise is therefore one that would, in actual experience, be almost unique.

And yet there is probably no decision in a man's life, next to his relations to God, that is so important as the choice of a wife. To make a wise choice is to find re-enforcement for all that needs strength; to make a mistake, in all but most exceptional cases, means disaster to the best possibilities of life's career. Many men have been made by a wise choice, and, alas! many others have been ruined.

There are, however, certain principles, easily discerned, which are essential to a happy marriage. The first of these is love. Not the sentimental caprice of the season, but that experience, that once known, can never be confused with any counterfeit. Such a love that grows day by day and is strengthened more in life's tragedies than its joys. Second, it is essential to an ideal companionship that there should be community of interests, not simply in the world's pleasures and knowledge, but in the joys and interests of the Kingdom of God.

Should a son of mine then ask my counsel on such a question, I would impress upon him these two essentials to a wise choice. I would urge him to seek for the companionship of one who would inspire him to his best achievements, sympathize with his highest aspirations, rejoice in the things he loved; and last, and most important of all, one who could enter into the fellowship of his sorrows, for in the school of affliction as nowhere else, souls are drawn most closely together in love and confidence.

Much Depends Upon Disposition and Occupation

By REV. DR. THOMAS SPURGEON.

What can I say on such a theme? Why, bless his dear little heart, he is only eight years of age, and it seems at present almost impossible to contemplate matrimony for him.

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTEEN. 578



H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

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The mode now is

Chat of the Boudoir.

TRILLS OF FASHION.

Tortoise shell buttons flocked with gold are a feature of the tan cloth coats.

Sable seems to be the only fur which is considered elegant enough to be used alone without any other fur in combination with it. Almost all the fur garments show some combination, the least effective of which is chinchilla and ermine. Contrast in color is necessary to produce a good result.

If you see any deep round lace collars, or collars of flat embroidered batiste on the bargain counter, do not pass them by, for they will give a fashionable touch to your summer gowns later on. The latest bolero, cut low, shows several circular collars, and any sort of collar in the Louis XIII. style is a good investment.

For trimming balls gowns silver seems to be taking the place of gold, and in combination with lace on pale blue tulle or net it is very effective. Silver gauze veils are used effectively and lace with silver flounces woven in is another form of decoration.

Chiffon roses and poppies with silver centres are another feature of trimming on ball gowns, but the chiffon must match the costume in color.

Jeweled brooches seem to have found some really practical excuse for their existence and are used to fasten collarbands at the back, to hold up stray locks of hair, and to fasten dainty little boleros in front. The fashion of pinning them on just anywhere entirely for show has passed with many other fads and frolics.

The smartest muffs are very large, either in the oblong flat shape with ruffles at the ends and a bow for a finish, or, if in long-haired fur like sable, made soft and round with a finish of tails. Wonderful creations are made of scraps of fur, chiffon and velvet or lace and satin and fur, as you like. There seems to be no rule for these concoctions, which can be easily fashioned out of odds and ends. The very latest fancy in muffs is made of ostrich feathers dyed to match the father boa which is of exactly the same tint as the gown.

Black embroidery on batiste and chiffon is of the novelties in trimming.

Gray suede slippers worn with gray silk hose are very smart, while for the ball room there are gilt slippers, and black satin slippers embroidered with gold.

The Parisian lapdog of fashionable distinction is supplied with a winter outfit which in money value would furnish one small child with clothes for a year. One little "Toto" has a coat of velvet lined with baby lamb turned back in a narrow collar around the neck. Other expensive fur are used of course, and the bride who takes her pet dog away on her bridal journey decks him out in a white brocade coat lined with ermine. This coat has a pocket in which there is a small handkerchief five inches square, embroidered with his initials in a color which matches the tiny border.

Rubber shoes which button around the ankle are one of the expensive accessories, and then there is the little wicker bed with a silk draped canopy to keep off the air, besides the greater luxury of an elderdown quilt with a linen sheet on one side buttoned around the edge.

THE GOSPEL OF BREATHING.

How to Fill a Caved-in Chest—Give Your Lungs Air Baths.

A hollow, caved-in chest is a beauty woe for which the afflicted one is herself responsible. If one is in ill health it is a different matter. Disease will cause the lungs to shrink and contract, and depression of the chest is then unavoidable.

Full, perfect development of the chest is as natural as red lips or bright eyes. Breathe properly, carry yourself with a little vim and use your backbone instead of a harness made of steels, whalebones and pink satin. Then you will be a real flesh and blood woman, not a fashion plate held together with hooks and eyes and braided up with a corset that makes one's equator feel as hard as an oak tree or a pavement stone.

The day of the woodyard, corset-leashed figure is departed—praise be to heaven! The mode now is the rational one of na-

tural, soft lines. The slender woman shuns corsets entirely and wears a cunning little girdle of tapes or ribbons that brings absolute comfort and yet holds the abdomen in place and gives a support for petticoats and gowns. She can know the joy of full lung expansion—a privilege which civilized women have acquired only in recent years. The girdle is worn loose enough so that breathing can be from the diaphragm. If you don't know what a diaphragm is, look in the dictionary—but of course you know.

However, the subject of corsets is not the one which was to be harped upon to day. I began to talk about slumped-in chests and the absurdity of these unnecessary and disfiguring deformities.

Let me suggest some exercises for the beauty patient. Stand in a doorway—a narrow doorway preferred. Place the palms of the hands flat on the door, the tips of the fingers being placed at the height of the shoulders. Walk through the door without removing your hands, until you are the length of your arms away.

At first you will declare that you can't do it. But keep on, day after day, and the first thing you know you will be so supple that you can float through the door after the approved hygienic fashion described. And its great fun asking other girls to try. It looks easy—but it isn't.

This exercise draws back the shoulder blades, bringing into play all the important chest muscles. It will make your throat full and pretty, and the bony girl will find that it will help fill up the ugly hollows in her neck and chest. Night and morning walk through the doorway fifty times.

Breathing exercises are invaluable if one would have a high chest, firm full bust and a waist round and supple. Nature did not intend us to waddle about with drooping chests that cause us to look like consumptives in the last stages of the disease.

Expand your lungs to the limit. Raise your chest and keep it raised. Practise the exercises as they are given here, but make it a rule to breathe correctly all the time. While waiting for a street car, while standing in the kitchen door, fill your lungs to the splitting point, and, more important still, expel thoroughly, emptying the lungs completely. It is quite as necessary to get all the bad air out as it is to get plenty of fresh air in.

When you arise in the morning slip on a bathrobe and bedroom slippers open the window. To take breathing exercises without perfect ventilation in the room is to waste your time.

Place yourself in an erect, easy position with one foot a little forward, allowing the weight to rest upon it. Pat the arms akimbo, the fingers pressing on the abdominal muscles in front, and the thumbs on the dorsal muscles on either side of the spine. Hold the head vertical, the hips back, the shoulders backward and downward, chest high and full.

Take a deep tranquil breath, but one that will cause the chest to rise fully and to fall freely at every effort. Do this twenty times.

Second exercise: Place the heels together, right hand on the chest and left hand just above the waist line. Take a deep, long breath, raising the chest to the limit. Expel the breath from the diaphragm, allowing the left hand to press inward. But don't let the chest fall. Exhalation must be slow and complete. The air can be forced out of the lungs with the chest kept erect. It is not an easy matter to master this exercise in the beginning. Do this twenty times.

For relaxation try this exercise: Take a deep breath, close the hands, stretch one arm backward and upward, then the other, moving the body at the waist line one way or the other, expelling the breath slowly. Keep in mind that belts and corsets restrict the development of the abdominal muscles, and it is these that you wish to stretch and pull and exercise.

In the act of inspiration take in as much air as you can hold. In that of expiration retain all you can and give out as little as possible.

This is particularly necessary in effusive breathing, which is excellent for chest development. Draw in a full breath and send it forth in a prolonged sound of the letter H. Never mind if you sound like a steam radiator ready to explode. You'll get a chest, and the girl who laughs at you won't.

Exercise in expulsive breathing: Draw in a full breath, and emit it with a lively, expulsive force, still sticking to your H sound. Do not prolong it as you do in the effusive breathing. Let it be a sort of short or moderately whispered cough. The breath is projected in the air. In the exercise mentioned just before this one the breath is merely effused into the surround-

ing air. Before going to sleep give your lungs an air bath. Lie flat on the back, with no pillow under your head.

Place the arms close to the sides, then inhale and exhale slowly, allowing yourself a rest of five or ten seconds between breaths. Do this fifteen times. Then, with arms extended straight across the bed, breathe slowly and deeply fifteen times more.

You'll sleep like a top, unless you have been filling up on mince pies or cheese sandwiches or deviled crab with tartar sauce. Girls who do these rash acts aren't in our beautifying 'set,' so mention was, after all, unnecessary.

LIFE IS GROWING LONGER.

Statistics Show Considerable Increase in the Span of Existence.

From statistics and the result of certain changes in the methods of living we can safely affirm that the span of life is steadily lengthening. Three thousand years before the Christian era the average duration of life was said to be three score years and ten. This would make middle age come at 35. Dante considered that the middle of life's arch and Montaigne, speaking for himself at the same period of life, considered his real work practically ended and proved that he thought he was growing old by falling into the reminiscent age.

At the present time fifty years is considered at middle age. In the days of the revolutionary war prominent men at that time were looked upon as old at 50 years. We are justified in supposing that the span of human life will be prolonged in the future because the possibility of living to an older age has been demonstrated by the great advances made in medicine and hygiene during the past ten years.

We have attained a vast amount of knowledge as to the causes of disease, and new remedies for their successful treatment have been discovered. We have no new diseases at least, of any serious character, and we are better able to treat the old ones, which, like old foes, appear to us with new faces.

One of the most interesting and trustworthy statements in respect to old age is the report of the habits of centenarians, made some years ago by a commission appointed by the British Medical Association. Without going into particulars of the different cases, it is valuable to note generally the result of this investigation.

It seems that most of these old people were small or medium of stature and of spare habit of body. The voice was rarely feeble. Most of them had lost their teeth, but nearly all of them enjoyed good digestion, one old man of 98, a clergyman, placing his hand on the organ in question and saying that he never knew what it was to have a stomach. Nearly all of them had enjoyed uninterrupted good health, and many had never known what it was to be sick.

They were all very moderate in eating, most of them using little animal food. Few indulged at all in intoxicating drinks and those only in notable moderation. They took considerable outdoor exercise and nearly all possessed the good-natured, placid disposition.—Royal Magazine.

A LOQUACIOUS WITNESS.

He Was one of the Brand That Gives the Court a Pain.

Of all the bores in police court proceedings the talkative witness is the most tiresome. There are individuals so constituted that they insist upon going into the minutest details when asked a simple question. They seem to think that they must relate their whole personal history, tell family secrets and lay bare the story of their whole past life, no matter how colorless or uninteresting it may be to the judge, lawyers and spectators. Sometimes it requires the entire machinery of the court to shut them off, and even then they will begin to buzz again at the first opportunity. A character of this sort caused more amusement than pain the other day when he ascended the witness stand with the air of a martyr and told or endeavored to tell how the two healthful looking men at the bar had cruelly robbed him. He was a loose jointed, gouty old chap, with a voice suggestive of the harvest field at hayning time. First of all, the usual formal questions were asked. The witness said he was "47 come next birthday if I live an don't meet with an accident or sun kind. Ye know."

"What is your business?" interrupted the lawyer for the defense.

The witness stroked his chin reflectively. "Waal," he drawlingly replied, "I'm part farmer an part politician. Hev trifled in politics considerable, but toun' it didn't pay, an so I went back tow farmin. Run for jestin uv th' peace out in aour town-ship an got snowed under. Gass you can put me down as a farmer, all right, an—" "Hold on, there!" shouted Judg [Sellers.

"You just answer the questions as they are put to you, and we'll get along better."

Several times during the cross examination of the loquacious witness the court was obliged to call a halt. The farmer-politician was cocksure of the identity of the alleged robbers, though he admitted 'fein sorter chipper' when they 'dove daown inter me pockets.'

"How much money did they take?"

"Kain't tell, but it must 'a, been \$4,00 or \$5,00, 'cause—"

"Never mind," protested the attorney, "you have no right to draw conclusions. How many times have you been arrested?"

"What's that?" indignantly exclaimed the farmer politician, rising in the witness box and shooting a withering glance at his questioner.

"That's what I said," calmly responded the attorney. "How many times have you been arrested?"

"Waal," was the reply, "es I understand it, the word 'arrest' means tew 'stop an object or person.' Waal, I've been arrested many's th' time," and the loquacious witness smiled as though he had perpetrated an excruciatingly funny witticism.

"Come now," said the court sternly, "tell how many times you have been arrested. Answer the question properly."

"Waal, I was stopped" once out on the city line 'cause th' policeman thought I wuz too drunk tew keer fer myself, 's'pose yew'd call it an 'arrest,' 'cause I wuz stopped, but I wuzn't taken to the station."

Finally, after much trouble, tolerably clear and connected testimony was obtained from the talkative witness, and when he stepped from the stand the court promptly ordered a recess, so that those concerned in the trial could secure a much needed rest.

John and Jonathan.

A very dramatic conversation, printed in the London Outlook, has the double purpose of satirizing both the English and American bent of mind and manners. The 'smart Yankee' is represented as coming home to his admiring town, and telling, in somewhat exaggerated dialect, what he thinks of his cousin over the water.

"Say, tell us," said a friend, "air the English so terrible slow and dull, after all?"

"Waal," replied the traveller, "I reckon so. I eat down one night in the parlor of a little village pub. Yes, it's a public house, but they call it pub in England. There was the boss for the pub, and the local butcher, the local everything, and there wuz myself. I just listened, though I can't say there wuz much much to listen to. The talk ran like this: 'I ear as Ted Robinson got the sack last week,' remarked a villager.

"Ted Robinson?" said the other villager, deliberately puffing smoke.

"Yuss, I ear so. Ted Robinson got the sack las' week."

"A pause. More smoke. 'Got the sack, eh? 'Yuss, I ear as 'ow 'o did.' 'A longer pause. 'Las' week was it, 'e got the sack?' 'I ear as 'ow it was las' week.' 'A long, long pause. 'Ab I 'eard that a Friday.' 'And,' concluded the Yankee, 'not a soul among 'em smiled. It was their regular mental diet. Oh, yess, smart men the English are, and no mistake.

Troublesome Spiders.

Spiders are putting the Argentine Republic to not a little trouble. Not that they are in any way dangerous or destructive in themselves. The grievance is simply that they will spin webs.

Any one who has gone across the fields on an autumn morning before the sun has dried the grass will remember how the dew sparkled on the spiders' webs stretched across the grass and the bushes. It is just this dew on the webs that is the trouble in the Argentine Republic.

There the web-spinning spiders are so plentiful that they have completely demoralized the telegraph department. They spin their webs across the telegraph lines, and as soon as dew falls for a shower comes up, every microscopic thread with which the wires abound becomes wet, and establishes a minute leak. The effect of millions of these leaks is practically to stop the operation of the lines.

The government telegraph department, especially in Buenos Ayres, has been put to much inconvenience. A number of expedients have been tried, but to no purpose. On the important line between Buenos Ayres and Rosario the effect of the webs is to cut down the speed of working from three to four hundred messages an hour to thirty. The governor has determined as a

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head, by Dr. Nichol's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his great demand! Not a nanosecond does that makes one's very insides rebel—but pleasant, quick and harmless—a tiny tablet to carry in your pocket. 35 cents.—100

"A writer of historical novels has to know a lot of history, doesn't he?" "Not at all; but he can't get along without a lively imagination."

When Baby had Scaled Head—When Mother had Salt Rheum—When Father had Piles.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment gave the quickest relief and from testimony which is given every day to this greatest of healers. It has never been matched in curative qualities in Eczema, Tetter, Piles, etc. 35 cents.—100

We have noticed that a woman who keeps everything else neat around a house, is pretty apt to fall down on the lamp.

"They Sell Well" says Druggist O'Dell of Truro, N.S. Want any better evidence of the real merit of Dr. Van Stan's Pineapple Tablets as a cure for all forms of stomach trouble than that they're in such great demand? Not a nanosecond does that makes one's very insides rebel—but pleasant, quick and harmless—a tiny tablet to carry in your pocket. 35 cents.—100

Headache
Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all Liver troubles, take

Hood's Pills
While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

last resort to connect the two points by an underground cable about a hundred and fifty miles long.

Mrs. Housekeep—I suppose you want a piece of cake too.

Harvard Husb—No, lady, but if there's an old black suit of clothes about the house I could use that. The poor fellow you gave the cake to yesterday was my own brother.

Too Many People Daily With Catarrh.—It strikes one like a thunder-clap, develops with a rapidity that no other disease does. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the radical, quick, safe and pleasant cure that the disease demands. Use the means, prevent its deep-seating and years of distress. Don't dally with Catarrh. Agnew's gives relief in ten minutes. 50 cents.—97

Towne—That boy of Jones' is older than he looks, isn't he?

Browne—I don't think so. Why?

Towne—I saw him out skating today, and he never once tried to see how near he could go to the danger signs without falling in.

Warrior Woes.—Through damp, cold and exposure many a brave soldier who left his native hearth as "fit" as man could be to fight for country's honor, has been "invalided home" because of the vulture of the battle ground—Rheumatism. South American Rheumatic Cure will absolutely cure every case of Rheumatism in existence. Relief in six hours.—98

"But I don't love you!" objected the young woman.

"Then why," howled the indignant youth, referring hastily to divers memoranda in his pocket diary, "did you eat a total of 65 lbs. of 60 cent candy I brought you during the closing year of the 19th century, if you didn't love me?"

"'Cause," she said with a rant expression on her lovely features, "I do love candy!"

Awful Experience with Heart Disease.—Mr. L. J. Law, Toronto, Can., writes: "I was so sorely troubled with heart disease that I was unable for 18 months to lie down in bed lest I smother. After taking one dose of Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure, I retired and slept soundly. I used one bottle and the trouble has not returned."—99

He—You are the only girl I ever loved. She—Then all I can say is you've missed a lot of fun.

"I believe it to be the most effective remedy for the Stomach and Nerves in the market," is what Annie Patterson, of Sackville, N.B., says. La Grippe and the complications which followed it left her next to dead with Indigestion, Dyspepsia and General Nervous Shattering. It cured her.—100

The Bachelor—You can't tell a woman anything.

The Benedict—Oh, yes, you can; but it wouldn't be wise to do so.

Proved Priceless.—Rhubarb coats and cinnamon flavor. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are household favorites. Impurities leave the system. The nerves are toned. The blood is purified. The complexion is bright and ruddy. Headaches vanish and perfect health follows their use. 40 doses 10 cents.—101

"Yes, Weary, I take that brine treatment on one condition."

"What's that, Dusty?"

"They'd have to guarantee that it would give me a perpetual thirst."

"My Physicians Told Me I Must Die," but South American Kidney Cure cured me of that awful Bright's Disease." This is a sentence from a letter of a well-known business man in a western town who through overwork and worry had contracted this kidney pestilence. It will relieve instantly and cure all kidney diseases.—102

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Women Who Drink.

Within the last week or two there has been a repetition of the general wave of protest which goes up now and again in different sections of the country and in England against the evil of intemperance among women, which evil, the agitators assert, is growing to appalling proportions. Since the beginning of the year the wave has surged up in all directions, the London World creating a sensation by an outspoken article alleging the rapid increase of the alcoholic habit among women of society, and the use of drugs and narcotics among those of leisure class suffering under the strain of idleness.

In New York, Bishop Leighton Coleman of Delaware, who attended the annual meeting of the Church Temperance Society held in this city, addressed a meeting, making the following statements in his remarks:

"The great work of the society for the coming year, and in fact for the entire century, while neglecting the men, is to reclaim the women: for I tell you that intoxication is growing among women at a faster rate than among men. During the last fifty years statistics prove that while intoxication among men has steadily decreased, the increase among women has been most alarming. The future of the world depends on the mothers even more than the fathers, and what is to become of us if our women become inebriates.

The members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union have also been agitating the subject once more in regard to the feminine population of New York, notably the women in society, giving startling accounts of the growth of the habit and its evil effects on the health and well-being of the community. Especially do these reformers cry out against the service of wines at our large weddings and fashionable dances, declaring that the example spread is pernicious and that women are growing to regard the use of alcoholic stimulants as a matter of course. The London World's article says:

"There is no device or artifice to which woman will not have recourse, to attain what she requires, if any restraint is put upon her. She will consume ether, cocaine or even methylated spirits. At present the craze is for medicines or wines that contain cocoa.

"Some women imagine they cannot exist without frequent doses of cocoa wine, quinine, tonics and the rest to counteract the terrible strain of doing nothing. Self-indulgent existence of stimulation in one form or another is the vice of the day. Stimulants internally, stimulants externally stimulants externally!"

While these reform waves rise and fall with the regularity of the tides, they have rarely before engaged the attention of two continents at one and the same period. It would seem as though the opening of the new century had produced some notable harvest of feminine inebriates to produce such united and powerful protest as thus put forth by a conservative paper, a truthful Bishop and a society of good standing. Judging by existing conditions in New York it would seem that there is little to be feared from any epidemic of intemperance among women in society or out. It is admitted by persons whose opportunities for judging the affairs of societies are great, that women are drinking more generally than in the last twenty-five years. But intemperance among men and women is steadily on the decrease. One reason for this is that Americans have learned to substitute wine for ice water at their dinner tables and women following the custom have decreased the outside drinking of men at clubs and cafes. Men seek their enjoyments more generally to-day in the company of their wives and families than they did twenty-five years ago when the popular idea of femininity was a false one from which the sex has risen by education.

A glance through the fashionable dining rooms of the city during the hours when women are to be found lunching gives, as a rule, no evidence of any alarming increase in the drinking habits of the feminine community. At the Waldorf, Delmonico's, Sherry's and the Holland House, which may be taken as representative restaurants, women lunching alone may be seen drinking tea, coffee, milk, cocoa and mineral waters, but not one in ten orders alcohol in any form. The odd woman may indulge in a light claret or white wine, but she is the exception of the rule. In the cheaper lunching places patronized by woman there is no drinking done during the luncheon hours. At the two favorite

Broadway places where women congregate, a bakery and a confectioner's, both fashionable and high priced, the orders show that the women invariably drink coffee and finish their luncheons with ices and creams and cakes; iced tea being a popular drink during the warm months.

Women escorted by men, who may be seen lunching at some of the favorite downtown restaurants, will frequently be observed to drink whatever wine may be served and with the coming of the dinner hour, when comparatively few women visit the restaurants unescorted, the custom of wine on the table seems to be quite general. Women conform to the masculine dictate as to the wine that accompanies a meal and this is the only extent to which the alleged increase in alcoholic intemperance may be observed in this city which certainly may be taken as a criterion for this country's population of women.

Hotel proprietors and head waiters generally agree that there is more drinking with meals than ever before in restaurant history, but they insist that the custom has become general with both sexes, giving no preponderance to either, and it is argued by these observers that intemperance has lessened with this general but moderate drinking, while the American complaint of dyspepsia is dying out. Physicians have usually declared that the substitution of light wines, ales and beers for tea, coffee and iced water would prove beneficial to the health of the generation, and it is certain that within the last twenty-five years the country has grown out of its national complaint, at least among the masses. A quarter of a century ago every farmer's wife and daughter suffered from some form of this dread complaint, brought on by a diet of hot breads, pies and iced water, which had then gained a place at the top of the list of American ailments.

The women of France, Italy, Russia and England have always drunk more than American women and have grown more robust in consequence. Their habits have been especially in evidence at the hotels, where many of the notable women of these races have stayed during visits to this city. Their invariable custom has been the simple French déjeuner, consisting of rolls and coffee served in their rooms on rising, followed by the more substantial breakfast at noon, this repeat always including a light claret or white wine. There has hardly been an exception to this rule, which has always been regarded as a foreign fad by hotel people used to catering to American women. Yet most of these women from abroad have been fine specimens of strength and beauty, and they would consider the omission of wine with a meal as an injurious infraction.

Among society women of this country the greatest amount of drinking is done at formal dinners and suppers and at dances, all of which are long, drawn out affairs, where a specialty is made of the service. It has become the fashion not to refuse to enjoy the entertainment that has been provided, but while the men of the younger set have been accused at various large functions of taking an advantage of the plenitude with which champagne has been provided certainly no such charge has ever been thought of with relation to women. If the charges made by the reverend Bishop and by the W. C. T. U. have a foundation in any fact, it has not come to light at the most representative gatherings of society women.

The discontinuance of the service of wines of different sorts with dinner courses has done away with much drinking upon the part of guests, as with the large assortment which it used to be correct to serve an unconscious over-indulgence was quite possible. Only one wine or at most two is now the fashionable rule for dinners, especially with the younger set. But at all these functions drinking among women is noticeably moderate.

The custom of serving Scotch Whiskey and soda at tea for the men has become quite prevalent. These men who do not enjoy the Hyson or Bohea served with lemon and rum frequently indulge in the now popular Scotch. At many of the smart dinners, especially at the country houses, Scotch whiskey and soda is served through dinner, but this is rather an extreme British custom, although it is gaining ground with the golf playing and cross-country riding people. Women rarely like this mixture, but the country club women refuse to be outdone in any of the customs of the same set in England. The companionship of the links and the hunting fields results in a fraternity of

tastes that is quite remarkable except to those in the charmed circle, where men may come to tea in golf clothes and riding togs.

A few seasons ago a story gained ground that the New York women were inveterate cocktail drinkers, and that the tea room of one of the hotels was noted for groups of maids and matrons and unchaperoned debutantes who imbibed quantities of cocktails served in china cups under the guise of tea. This sort of thing, it is said, was never on one or two occasions, but it never became a custom, and waiters were speedily instructed to refuse any such service. This special room is crowded each day with handsomely gowned women, who invariably order tea with the dainty sandwiches of brown and white bread.

The greatest amount of drinking among women will undoubtedly be observed among the groups of gaily dressed women who patronize the 'all night' restaurants. At all these places a vast amount of liquors and wines is consumed between the hours of sunset and sunrise, which constitute the day of that world. The women at these places drink quite as much as the men. The same people appear night after night in these places. They are always radiantly jewelled and smiling, invariably well groomed and apparently uninjured by the amount of alcohol which they absorb. Frequently, however, the collapse of these women is sudden and complete, and sanitariums swallow them up like graves from which they never emerge.

Another class of eating place where women are observed to drink on equal terms with the men are the Hungarian restaurants that have become famous through their bands and their service of the native wines of their country. A peculiarity of these places is the presence of the diners long after the meal is concluded. The bands play until midnight, during which hours the men smoke and there is much drinking of after dinner liquors, coffee and trapped benedictine and mint. Here the gatherings have a foreign savor and are of a very social nature, domestic groups of six to a dozen being a constant feature at the various tables. Many of the visitors to the Hungarian restaurants go as sight seers, while others enjoy the music of the gypsy bands.

At the German resorts the rathskeller that now encourage the presence of women and the various "gardens" the favorite beverage of the nation is invariably drunk by the wives and even the children of the contented looking German-Americans, who gather with their families and listen to the bands with tall steins at their elbows. Temperance women might find much to cavil at in the presence of so many women and children joining in the general beer-drinking, but more domestic or peaceful gatherings than these could not be found at any seaside.

As to secret intemperance, which was a far greater evil than the general drinking at dinner, which has grown to be the custom, this has been almost entirely done away with. It is now regarded and treated as a disease, while years ago inebriates, both women and men, were hidden in asylums and locked up in their homes in order to keep the secret from the world. Wines are no longer made the bugaboo to the young that they once were, on the theory that there is less danger of over-indulgence on this basis. At the colleges and clubs there is more general drinking than twenty-five years ago; but there is less drunkenness. The latter is uncommon nowadays, for the reason that the offenders are rapidly out from club lists and visiting lists. Inebriation is distinctly unfashionable.

A woman physician gives as her opinion on the allegations of feminine intemperance and the use of drugs the following:

"As to the London World's arraignment of women as drug fiends, this is a charge that American women can be absolved from without further query. The use of narcotics, of valerian and bromos, is not nearly so prevalent to day as it was some years ago. So much has been learned regarding the harmful effects of drugging and the proneness of patients to seek relief from their ills by resorting to the medicine chest that most doctors absolutely refuse to prescribe injurious drugs for their patients. Exercise, fresh air, travel, change, rest—these are the cure ails of the up to date doctor. More than that, the modern woman understands thoroughly that the right mode of living frequent bathing, fresh air and proper dressing are the best means to preserve and to retain health.

"Another potent force which will forever preserve the American woman from the vice of over indulgence in stimulants or drugs in this era is her determination to achieve and retain beauty. She strives by every means in her power to enhance every natural charm and to gain those which nature may have denied her. She knows from education and observation that nothing will so speedily or so surely destroy

It's Not Like

to Disappoint People

His Great Receipt Book Did Not Disappoint, and Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Have astonished Physicians and People like by Their Wonderful Cures

It is the mothers who especially appreciate the unusual virtues of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. They keep it in the house as the most prompt and certain cure obtainable for croup, bronchitis and severe coughs and colds to which children are subject. It has never failed them. Scores of thousands of mothers say: "Twas Dr. Chase who saved our baby."

Mrs. F. W. Bond, 20 Macdonald street, Harris, Ont., says: "Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its power of curing coughs and croup. My little girl has been subject to the croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I cannot speak too highly of it."

Mr. W. A. Wylie, 57 Seaton street, Toronto, states: "My little grandchild had suffered with a nasty, hacking cough for about eight weeks, when we procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After the first dose she called it 'honey' and was eager for medicine time to come around. I can simply state that part of one bottle cured her,

and she is now well and as bright as a cricket."

Mrs. F. Dwyer of Chesterville, says: "My little girl of three years had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband and I thought she was going to leave the world as her case resisted the doctor's treatment. I bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine from our popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. After the first two or three doses the child began to get better, and we are thankful to say is all right today after seven weeks' sickness."

Mr. E. Hill, fireman, Berkeley St. Fire Hall, Toronto, says: "I desire to say in favor of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine that one of my children was promptly relieved of whooping cough, and as long as obtainable will not be without it in the house, nor use any other medicine."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is sold everywhere and is used in more houses than any other treatment for diseases of the throat and lungs. 20 cents a bottle. Edmanson, Bates & Co. Toronto.

had on reasonable terms. The society would be willing to give \$1 a day to a real live author for a limited number of days.

TOOK CENTURIES TO BUILD.
Cologne Cathedral Was in Process of Construction 632 Years.

While the first stone of Cologne cathedral was laid on Aug. 15, 1248, and the body of the edifice was not opened until Aug. 15, 1848, 600 years later to the very day, it was not however, until Aug. 15, 1880, that the splendid structure was finally reported completed, having thus occupied in building the record time of exactly 632 years.

The castle of Kingsberg, which stands at the southern extremity of Jutland, took 204 years from the laying of the foundation stone to the rigging of its master's banner on its highest flagstaff. Its foundation stone was the skull of its builder's bitterest enemy. Three months after its laying Count Joorning, the builder of the castle, was killed. His son was then in swaddling clothes. He did not continue his father's work until aged 24.

On his twenty-fifth birthday he was thrown into prison by the son of the man whose skull lay in the earth of Kingsberg which stopped putting another stone toward the completion of the founder's work till civilization intervened.

Restormel castle, in Cornwall, took 90 years to build, of which period exactly one-third was excavating the foundations. The solid rock upon which it stands is almost as hard as iron. Indeed Restormel means in Cornish "the palace of the iron rock."

Milan cathedral was begun in 1386 and finished under Napoleon in 1805, 419 years.

The Duomo, at Florence, was commenced by Arnolfo in the year 1294, the last block of marble being placed in position in the facade in presence of the king of May 12, 1887, a period of 593 years.

He was Excused.
"You must excuse by this evening, Miss Billigad," said Mr. Adlethwaite, "if my speech is a little thick, for I have a terrible cold in my head."

"I see you have," Miss Milligan replied, "that reminds me of that you ought by all means to call on Sue Dallington while you are in your present condition."

"Why so Miss Billigad?"
"She told me the other day that she was sure you had nothing in your head. Now you can prove that she made a mistake."

A Small Boy's Pleach.
In a London tram car the other day a small boy was observed to be suddenly agitated, but regained his self-control after a few moments. Soon after the conductor appeared and asked for fares. When he stood before the small boy there was a slight pause, and the passengers were surprised to hear the following:

"Please charge it to my papa; I've swallowed the money."

IT'S DISGUSTING!

IT'S REPULSIVE!

If You Have Catarrh Cure it for Your Friend's Sake, Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Relieves in 10 Minutes.

One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 50 cents. 15

(Continued)
her hands, and
look, she turn
while the
trickled down
cheeks.
He had not
he raised his
strangely at h
groaned, and
cried:
"Child, forg
world and lov
misfortune."
"What do y
you talk of mi
pound?"
"We are loth
I was a wealthy
this telegram.
value of the ju
has failed, and
years of patient
gin the world a
fortune."
"No, no, I
want with a fort
together in a sm
way, can we
then I will wor
comforted. I w
ready to sacrific
ly dress, if
a regret. Doubt
settled, somethi
all, matters may
they now appear
"No, child, no
I, as a
have been more
have put all my
made my money
had a fancy for
labour of years i
child!"
"Never mind m
have been accus
do you know I fe
battle with the w
strong. Let me
So she tried to
self, conscious of
in her heart as sh
be harder far to
being Malcolm's w
She saw, just
glimpse, as if
a long grey
must cross in lo
father."
At last, finding
in vain, she kiss
out of the library,
the solitude of her
She wanted to c
er up her courage
terrace which her
felt that her fath
ent at any rate, a
spirited man.
She sat by the wi
could just catch a p
had crossed with
hours ago, and now
tween them it cou
their lives more utt
had suddenly done
"I must give him
myself. He will be
must be strong."
A loud knocking
room started her in
ing.
"Please, Miss Scott
into the library," sa
outside.
Ketha ran down the
out waiting to ask
soon knew the worst.
Her father was de
After she had left
heard him for some tim
room, and the butler
once or twice, had se
ranging papers; seri
examining.
For awhile all was st
in the servants' hall u
heard a heavy fall, and
ed to find out what had
covered Ronald Scott
to the floor.
The shock which the
failure in Glasgow had
severe that a fit of app
him.
So poor Ketha Scott
hours before was the ri
land, and the betrothe
son, was now alone in
less and penniless.
A week later Ronald
laid to his rest in the
his health had been
Castle Mouses had
other hands, the serva
paid and dismissed, and
Scotland, and gone no o
while a black-edged lette
grew, found its way to a
Captain Cameron was sta
free from a promise he ha
by the silver loch.
"Never fear. I will fin
a pearl can never be lost
world's rubbish. Poor
Ketha! But I will find her
slipped the precious letter
pocket, while a smile of
new brightened his eyes.
yet!"

CHAPTER
In the front room of one
Talbot-road, Baywater,
elder and younger; the fo
newspaper, the latter knitt
It was a cheerless rain
that sense of depression wh
damp, cloudy weather was
the strains of a dismal rev
formed by an organ grinder
"Now listen, Ketha," beg
suddenly; "I really do th
suit you. You must apply
"Oh, Mrs. Roberts, I'm s
I always meet with the s
wherever I go. I begin to b
given satisfaction. They of
see, that pleasantly meanwh

(Continued From Third Page.)

his hands, and putting her arms round his neck, she turned his face round and kissed it, while the tears from her own eyes trickled down on to his drawn, hollow cheeks.

He had not heard her come in, but now he raised his head, and looking fixedly, strangely at her for several instants, he groaned, and clasping her convulsively, cried:

"Child, forgive me. Do not be like the world and love me less in the hour of my misfortune."

"What do you mean, father? Why do you talk of misfortune? What has happened?"

"We are lost, child—lost! An hour ago I was a wealthy man, a millionaire. Read this telegram. Now I am not worth the value of the jewels you wear. The bank has failed, and I at my age, after all the years of patient plodding labour, must begin the world again, and build up a fresh fortune."

"No, no, father dear. What do we want with a fortune? We can be happy together in a small house, living in a quiet way, can we not? At least I can, and then I will work for you, dear. Oh, be comforted. I love you so much, and am ready to sacrifice every jewel, every costly dress, if necessary, without a regret. Doubtless, when our affairs are settled, something will be left to us. After all, matters may not be really so serious as they now appear."

"No, child, no. I can see the crash has come. I, as a business man, ought to have been more wary; I ought not to have put all my gold in one boat; but as I made my money in dear old Glasgow, I had a fancy for keeping it there. Now the labour of years is lost. Poor Ketha! poor child!"

"Never mind me, father; for although I have been accustomed to wealth all my life, do you know I feel quite ready and able to battle with the world. I am young and strong. Let me work for you, dear."

So she tried to comfort him, forgetful of self, conscious as yet only of a bitter ache in her heart as she thought of what would be harder far to relinquish—the hope of being Maloolm's wife.

She saw, just for a moment, a glimpse, as it were, of her future, a long grey stretch which she must cross in loneliness except for her father.

At last, finding all her efforts at comfort in vain, she kissed him and quietly slipped out of the library, to seek for a short space the solitude of her own room.

She wanted to collect her thoughts, gather up her courage and strength, and determine what must next be done; for she felt that her father was now, for the present at any rate, a broken-hearted, broken-spirited man.

She sat by the window, and looking out could just catch a peep of the loch that she had crossed with Maloolm only a few hours ago, and now if the ocean rolled between them it could not separate their lives more utterly than this calamity had suddenly done.

"I must give him up—I must sacrifice myself. He will be loyal and loving. I must be strong."

A loud knocking at the door of her room startled her in the midst of her musing.

"Please, Miss Scott, come down at once into the library," said the butler's voice outside.

Ketha ran down the wide staircase, without waiting to ask any questions. She soon knew the worst.

Her father was dead.

After she had left him the servants had heard him for some time moving about the room, and the butler looking in quietly once or twice, had seen him carefully arranging papers; sorting, destroying, and examining.

For awhile all was still. Then suddenly in the servants' hall underneath they had heard a heavy fall, and when they hastened to find out what had happened, they discovered Ronald Scott lying with his face to the floor.

The shock which the news of the great failure in Glasgow had given him was so severe that a fit of apoplexy had seized him.

So poor Ketha Scott, who but twelve hours before was the richest girl in Scotland, and the betrothed wife of an earl's son, was now alone in the world, friendless and penniless.

A week later Ronald Scott had been laid to his rest in that city where all his wealth had been won and lost.

Castle Mousses had passed into other hands, the servants had all been paid and dismissed, and Ketha had left Scotland, and gone no one knew whither, while a black-edged letter, posted in Glasgow, found its way to a Paris hotel where Captain Cameron was staying, and set him free from a promise he had made one day by the silver loch.

"Never fear. I will find her yet. Such a pearl can never be lost in the heap of the world's rubbish. Poor, generous little Ketha! But I will find her!" And Maloolm slipped the precious letter into an inner pocket, while a smile of confident happiness brightened his eyes. "I will find her yet!"

CHAPTER III.

In the front room of one of the houses in Talbot-road, Bayswater, sat two women, elder and younger; the former reading a newspaper, the latter knitting.

It was a cheerless rainy evening, and that sense of depression which one feels in damp, cloudy weather was not relieved by the strains of a dismal revival hymn performed by an organ grinder in the street.

"Now listen, Ketha," began the old lady, suddenly; "I really do think this would suit you. You must apply at once."

"Oh, Mrs. Roberts, I'm sick of applying. I always meet with the same reception whenever I go. I begin to hope that I have given satisfaction. They offer me a cup of tea, chat pleasantly meanwhile, and bid me

goodbye, with the promise of a certain answer on the morrow. It comes—a cold, formal note: 'Mrs. So-and-so regrets deeply not being able to engage Miss MacKenzie, but she fears she is rather young, or some such excuse.'

"Come, don't be discouraged, darling. Listen. This sounds most suitable: 'Wanted at once, a lady companion; must be cheerful, highly educated, and especially musical. Apply at Klockmann's Laboratory, 1, Princess street, any day before twelve.'

"What do you think of it?"

"Well, the advertisement says very little. I consider it rather vague, but of course I will apply. I can but be refused."

On the following day, about the same time, Ketha returned to the house in Talbot-road, after having been out all the afternoon.

"Well," queried her old friend, who had been watching at the window at intervals ever since the girl left. "I can see you have met with luck this time at any rate. Come, take off your things and tell all me about it?"

"Well," replied Ketha, with a face which certainly looked younger and brighter than it had for many a day; "as you guessed, I have been successful this time. I applied at Klockmann's, who gave me the address of a lady residing in Harley street, whither I went at once, and found her, luckily at home. Oh, you have no idea how lovely she is with such gracious, fascinating ways, and so intensely kind."

"I told her the outline of my history, and she sympathized deeply with my position, took my hand in hers, and told me always to look upon her as a dear friend. If she had not been so dignified I should have thought her gushing. But she was just perfect. I am to go to her to-morrow afternoon with my luggage. She is a widow and has one little baby boy. The fact is, her husband has only been dead a year, and she is on account of her mourning obliged to retire from society for awhile she feels lonely, I fancy. At any rate my duties won't be very arduous. I am to amuse her, that is all."

"No easy task, my dear, when a woman is young and pretty. She has no end of caprices," said Mrs. Roberts, smiling at her young friend's enthusiasm; "but you haven't yet told me her name."

"Oh no! How stupid of me. Her name is Lady Garnet—Cora Garnet. Is it not just like a name in a novel?"

"Lady Garnet? Why, of course she is lovely. She is considered the handsomest woman in London. Her picture is in the Book of Beauty, and her photographs are sold in every stationer's shop. But I am glad you are pleased and settled; and Mrs. Roberts drew the fair face toward her, and kissed her several times.

At five o'clock her ladyship returned from her customary afternoon drive, sweeping through the hall past the butler, and the staircase in her trailing velvets and satines. By the hand she led her three-year-old son, a lovely boy, with her eyes and hair, dressed like an old picture in a Spanish costume, covered with costly cream colored lace.

"Plush, has that person, Miss Mackenzie, yet arrived?"

"Indeed! What airs that sort of people give themselves, to be sure! Plush when she does come, show her into the morning room and give her tea. Tell her Lady Garnet will not see her this evening."

"Yes, my lady," replied the imperturbable factotum with his usual obsequious bow.

"Talk of airs," he muttered to himself, as he turned into the pantry once more; "I think she'd been born a grand duchess, and then come in for a crown. Never mind, my pretty peacock, parade a little longer; we'll pull out some of your fine feathers by and by. Now, there she goes ringing just as if I'd wings on my feet. That's right, go on! You shall have your tea, but not till I've had mine, I know. She's put out about something. I daresay that captain of hers was cool, or her sables weren't sufficiently appreciated." And so Mr. Plush calmly continued cleaning the crust-stand, regardless of the violent and persistent ringing of the drawing room bell.

JAPANESE FIRE STRINGS.

Displays Adapted to a Doll's House or Small Apartments.

Pyrotechnics in Japan is an art which has been developed almost into a science. Besides the colored fireworks of the night there are day fireworks, which depend for their effect upon colored smokes and objects suspended in air, and daintiest of all, there are tiny parlor fireworks which can be used in a doll's house or a Harlem flat.

The prettiest of these is the fire string. It looks like a short piece of poorly made red cord, hanging from two to four inches in length and is no thicker than common wrapping twine. The material is a stout paper similar to that employed as the wrapper for firecrackers. Within this paper there is a small amount of combustible powder, composed of gun-powder and steel filings.

When the end of the string is ignited, it emits smoke and sparks, burns slowly and forms a molten ball, which increases in size up to the half way point on the string. It then apparently boils for a second and begins to contract. This is the signal for throwing out a wonderful stream of sparks, stars and fern shaped flames. The display lasts from a half minute to a minute, and then nothing is left save the charred end. Sometimes, instead of steel filings, copper filings are substituted or powdered brass. These give flames of greenish blue. Strontia

and zinc are likewise employed and produce scarlet and silver lights.

In Japan the fire strings are served at dinner parties, from three to five being given to each person present. They are lighted from the cigarettes employed by the guests and form a pleasant incident to the feast. They are cheap in Japan and can be purchased at the rate of three or four for a cent. A few occasionally find their way to this country, where they bring from 5 to 10 cents for a bunch of ten.

THE WORLD'S BEST

It Has Met The Needs of Thousands in the Past.

Paine's Celery Compound

Cures and Makes People Well. It is the Kind You Need If You Are Ailing, Nervous, Weak and Despondent.

Paine's Celery Compound

Makes New Blood and Builds Up the System.

Years of experience and tests by physicians, and its use as a family medicine have fully proved that Paine's Celery Compound is the world's best and most reliable medicine.

The relative merit and efficiency of Paine's Celery Compound, in comparison with all other remedies for making people well, is clearly shown in the intelligent character and responsible standing of the people who to-day rely on it to cure insomnia, nervous debility, rheumatism, neuralgia, liver and kidney troubles and blood diseases.

Its power of rapidly repairing the tissues and cleansing the blood makes Paine's Celery Compound the great saver of life.

It brings to the weak and suffering the needed nutriment to the nerve tissues all over the body, and increases the volume of healthy blood, so that a breakdown of some vital part is averted. Thousands of lives now last wearing away can be saved if Paine's Celery Compound be promptly used. If you are numbered amongst the sick ones, procure Paine's Celery Compound today, and test its health-restoring powers.

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

An English Editor Discusses Them Apropos of Recent Explorations.

Mr. Edward Whymper, who began to climb mountains not less than forty years ago, has, as our Boston correspondent informs us today, just arrived in that city from the Canadian Rockies. Yet he might well claim exemption as a veteran, from such arduous expeditions. Indeed, after his return from the Ecuadorian Andes, where, among other achievements he twice scaled Chimborazo, and passed a night on the summit of Cotopaxi, he was for a time content to revisit the Alpine summits, among which his earlier victories were achieved. But, last summer, the attractions of the Rocky Mountains of Canada, proved too strong a temptation. The exact line which he has taken in his recent journey is not dated; probably it could not be made intelligible without a map, for the whole region north of Hector Pass, where the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses the watershed, is one of unusual complexity.

Of this the railway itself affords a notable example. When it arrives at the Pacific side of the divide, it descends the water which reaches the sea by the Columbia river. This route, however, would not suit the railway, so it crosses another and lower pass to the valley of Illecillewaet and threads the grand scenery of the Selkirk and other mountain ranges, till it strikes the Fraser river. This region, however, is now becoming comparatively well known though prior to 1888, when the Rev. W. S. Green first made its peaks familiar to English mountaineers, very few travellers had turned aside to visit the Selkirks. To the north of the railroad, extending far away in that direction, is a vast area yet more intricate, its peaks rising to even higher levels, and presenting still greater difficulties to explorers. It is this, no doubt, which has attracted Mr. Whymper. For the last three or four years travellers, both English and Canadian, have been making incursions into this lone land. It has been described in papers, read at the Alpine Club, the most persistent of its explorers being Dr. Norman Collie, who, since 1897 has spent some weeks, we think, annually in endeavoring to unravel the intricate

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Its Purity is its Strength Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

topography of the region. It consists of a great group of more or less parallel ranges. On the western side of the divide they drain to the Pacific mostly by the Fraser river; on the eastern the water runs into the two great branches of the Saskatchewan. The mountain scenery, as Dr. Collie's photographs, exhibited on several occasions in London, have amply proved, is of a very grand order. In his explorations he has found peaks which almost rival the tallest of the Alpine giants while summits about twelve thousand feet above the sea level are not rare, and their crags, glaciers, and snow slopes are sufficiently difficult to tempt the most athletic climber. In some parts the scenery recalls the limestone region of the Barneese Oberland, in others the peaks are more like those of the Pennine chain. But the resemblance to the Alps ceases with mountain outlines. To approach a peak in the Canadian Rockies is a far more arduous matter than it is in Switzerland. . . . Mr. Whymper's experiences appear fully to confirm those of his predecessors, and the story he may have to tell us will be awaited with interest.—London, Eng., Standard.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

Why the Woman of All Work Resigned Her Position.

"I'm givin' notice, mum!" shouted the big woman of all work as she rushed to the parlor whence the mistress was entertaining two callers. "My weeks out to day, mum, and I'll not stay another day for the president of the United States himself. Not me. I know when I have en—"

"There, there, Susan! Go back to the kitchen like a good girl, and we'll talk that over later."

"Like a good girl, is it? And hain't I a good girl? You can't lay the finger on me, mum, not the finger. I've got me six characters, and it's all the places I ever worked. Mind that. It's the place as is bad, mum. That's what it is."

"Susan, go to the kitchen."

"I'll not go to the kitchen. I've been doin' the work of a cook and a maid and a landlady, I have, and I'll crow up a position. Wid a man at the front door to buy ole clothes, and a man at the side door wid a patent water strainer, and wid the telephone a-ringin, and wid me dinner in the oven, and all 'em at the same time, I'm anigh crazy. And the roast is as tough as injey rubber and me a-tryin' me best to stop the leak in the b'iler wid a beer cork and—"

"Susan, pack your trunk and get away before my husband comes home. I'd be afraid to tell him what you've said."

"Yes, you're skeered of your life wid him, but I'll tell him, and if he gets fussy I'll jest show you how you oughter've commenced wid him on the start. He hain't got no terrors for me, he hain't."

Then she sailed to her special domain, while the three ladies talked vehemently of the servant girl problem. But when the callers were a block away they had to stop because of laughter, and what they had to say would break up an old friendship if it ever reached the ears of Susan's mistress.

Catarrh Cures Child of Ottawa.

Perth, Ont.—"I cannot withhold my testimony as to the great value of Catarrh-ozone as a remedy for Catarrh, one bottle having cured my daughter of that trouble, and I hardly recommend it to all suffering from that disease. No house should be without it." Mrs. J. A. Morris.

So pleasant, babies use it; so safe, grandmothers employ it; so certain to quickly relieve and cure that doctors, lawyers, merchants and public speakers rely upon Catarrh-ozone as their standby for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Hay Fever. It is cheap because it lasts so long, and because it is so sure to cure even the poorest can afford to buy it. Every dollar outfit is guaranteed to cure, or your money back. Small size, 25c., druggists or by mail. A trial sent for 10c. by N. C. Folsen & Co., Kingston, Canada, or Hartford, Conn., U. S.

The Boy Whistled.

An old lady went into Friedrich's store at Traverse City and asked for a pair of shoes, whereupon the boy behind the counter began to whistle. The old lady

gave him a piercing look and said: "Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?" Boy—"That's what Friedrich told me to do, mum."

"Told you to whistle?"

"Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."

Surprised. A writer in *Outing* describes a sudden meeting between himself and a black bear, a meeting which amazed both parties, and frightened at least one of them.

The man was on a deer hunt in the Maskoka country, and one morning took a paddle and trailed along the lake shore, looking for a canoe which he had been told was beached somewhere near. Foolishly, he left gun and rifle behind.

Half a mile from camp a huge boulder blocked farther view of the shore, and behind this boulder the canoe was supposed to be hidden.

"I reached it," says the man, "walked around it on a narrow strip of wet sand, and almost ran foul of a full-grown black bear."

"My last forward step was never completed. I dug my heels into the sand like a horse refusing a jump, while the bear shot back upon his hams; and there we stood, staring at each other, each quivering in every muscle—two motionless figures of amazement."

"He was so close that I might have touched him with the paddle, but I didn't. I looked at him, and he looked at me. I came to first, and he didn't attack me. I made rather a wide turn round the big boulder—in fact, I stepped into the lake a few times in my carelessness; but my feet were quite dry when I reached camp."

Acute and Chronic Rheumatism

are equally influenced by the almost magical pain-subduing power of Nerviline—equal in medicinal value to five times the quantity of any other Rheumatic remedy. Penetrates at once through the tissues, reaches the source of the disease and drives it out. Nerviline is undoubtedly the king of pain, for it is unequalled by any remedy in the world. Your money back if you do not find it so. Druggists sell it.

Only for One. First Suburbanite—I hear Keyton singing "Only One Girl."

Second Suburbanite—Yes; he has been telephoning down to the intelligence office a dozen times today.

Bill—Your wife used to have black hair, didn't she? Jill—Oh, yes; haven't you heard that story about her hair. Oh, it is a obstunt new.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY! Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Brewster. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR MILDSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

RHYMING RUBE.

The first time I saw 'Rhyming Rube' was in rather startling circumstances. I had just begun the fall term of the Stone Ridge district school.

I was showing a dull boy by my desk how to solve a problem in fractions, when a little cry from one of the girls sitting on the east side of the room caused me to look up, and I saw a man's head thrust in at the window.

He had a grin on his face, which was not as clean as it might have been, and his old slouch hat was hanging on the back of his head.

He bobbed his head in a way that caused his hat to slip down over his back to the ground. He had beautiful large blue eyes, with a singularly childlike look in them, and they twinkled merrily when he said:

"Here you be, teacher! I see, learns 'em to write, and also to read, for that's the lesson that you teach."

Some of the children giggled at this and the older boys and girls smiled in a way that convinced me the man was not a stranger to them.

Glancing round the room, the man said: "Fix your looks on your books, and not on me whom you often see."

The man then walked round to the open door of the schoolroom. Coming up to my desk, he made a low bow and extended his hand, saying as he did so:

"The hand of a friend I offer thee, An honest hand, though poor I be."

The irritation I had felt at this interruption of the work of the school died away when I looked into the man's sparkling blue eyes and saw the look of real friendliness in his face.

I gave him a chair and asked him to sit down. He bowed and said:

"Thank you, sir; and so I will, And until noon I will keep still."

He kept his word, and sat perfectly still, looking about the room with a childlike smile on his face.

It was evident that the man was feeble minded, and this was all the more sorrowful because of the fact that he was of magnificent physique. He was full six feet three in height, and splendidly proportioned.

I have rarely seen a finer looking man. When the noon hour came the boys and girls crowded round him familiarly. He went out to play ball with some of the boys, and Hetty Larkin, one of the large girls, told me about him.

"He isn't all here," said Hetty, tapping her brow significantly. "But there isn't a bit of harm in him. He always speaks in rhyme, and that is why he is called Rhyming Rube, although his real name is Eben Dilly."

He lives with his poor old mother, but he spends most of his time in running round here and there. He and his mother live in that little red house down by the ferry across the river.

His mother has a pension and she has a cow and chickens, and she and Rube together have a little garden. Rube could get work among the farmers and earn a good deal, but he is such a restless creature that he can never be depended upon.

He will drop his scythe or his hoe right in the field and start off as if some one were after him. He doesn't even stop for the wages that may be due him, and he has no more idea of the value of money than a baby has.

You need not be surprised if he gets up after school begins and gives us a speech in rhyme, and then darts out of the house and is off like the wind.

That was just what Rube did do. He came into the house with the boys and girls at the close of the noon intermission, and sat very still for nearly an hour. I was hearing a recitation in grammar when Rube suddenly rose to his feet, stepped upon the platform, bowed to me and then to the school, and said:

"Boys and girls, hearken to me, I am very much pleased with what I see. You must mind your teacher, kind and true, And do the thing he wants you to do. I like his looks, and he seems to know That he's here or work and not for show. He's not very strong, if my eyes are true, But he's all right here, and that will do."

they paid little attention to him, and he did not greatly hinder the work of the school. Sometimes he remained until the close of school in the evening, and we would walk home together. I had given him a knife and several other little presents, and his gratitude was boundless. He would do anything that I asked him to do, and he sang my praises in many and varying rhymes.

I had incurred the displeasure of a gang of three or four roughts in the neighborhood by ordering them to leave the schoolhouse one night when we were having a spelling-match that they seemed bent on breaking up. The directors of the district had been present, and they had supported me in the position I had taken, and the roughts had been compelled to leave the house. They had vowed revenge, and I had been told that it would be well to be on my guard, for they would probably try to play some trick upon me or work me some real injury.

I had been ill during nearly all of the past summer, and I had never been very strong. Consequently, I would have had no match for even one of the roughts; but I knew them to be a gang of bullies, and I was not very much afraid of them. It was, however, the part of wisdom to avoid them if I could.

Rhyming Rube came to the school one dull November afternoon, and remained until the close of the session. The boy whom I had engaged to sweep and clean the schoolhouse during the term was ill that week, and I did the sweeping myself. Rube helped me, and when the house was in order we started for home. My board-place was about a quarter of a mile from Rube's home, and we would part company at the river. It was nearly dark when we came to the strip of timber near the bank.

As we entered it, a rabbit ran across the road and Rube darted after the animal while I went on my way. A moment later I rounded a curve of the road and found myself on the river bank. There stood Joe Long, Lyme Rogers and Clem Anson, the three fellows I had ordered from the schoolhouse. They were evidently waiting for me, for when they saw me Lyme said:

"Here he is, boys!"

"What do you want of me?" I asked, facing them and putting on as bold a front as possible.

"We want to give you a good ducking in the river 'nd something worse afterward!" replied Joe.

Before I could make any reply to this, Rube came running out from the thick timber back of me. He had heard what Joe Long had said, for he cried out:

"You do, hey? Back, teacher! Out o' the way!"

Before the mischief-makers could recover from their surprise, Rube bore down upon them and grabbed Lyme and Joe each by the collar. They were within ten feet of the water, and the next instant they went over the steep bank into the river. Clem had taken to the woods, but had tripped on a snag and had sprawled at full length on the ground. Before he could get upon his feet Rube had him by the collar, and was shaking him until I interferred because of the seeming danger that Clem's neck would be dislocated.

Dragging the frightened and pleading bully to the water, Rube lifted him into the air as easily as if he had been a child and sent him headlong into the icy water, saying as he did so:

"Into the water, you reveals therr! There's the place you deserve to be!"

Three times the roughts climbed up the riverbank, and three times Rube caught and flung each of them back, while he called out wild and jeering rhymes, and worked himself up to such a frenzy of excitement that it was with difficulty that I at last prevailed on him to allow the chilled and frightened trio to come out of the river. Joe Long was fairly bubbling with pain and freight, and he shrieked with fear when Rube seized a big club and threatened to "maul" all three of them. They ran through the woods, while I clung to Rube to keep him from following them.

"Well may ye run, ye cowards three! Well may ye run in fear from me!"

shouted Rube. None of the fleeing trio made any reply, and I walked all the way to his home with Rube, fearing that he would follow the boys and do them some lasting injury.

From that time forth Rhyming Rube made himself my body-guard. Every evening he appeared at the schoolhouse to escort me home, and sometimes he came to my boarding house to walk to school with me in the morning. I met my assailants several times during the winter on Saturdays when Rube was not with me, but they made no attempt to molest me. Indeed, they treated me with great politeness, having in mind, perhaps, some of the fearful threats Rube made every time he saw them, regarding what would happen if they caused me any trouble. Poor Rube followed me to the station when I was leaving for my home at the close of the term of school, and his last words were:

"Farewell, dear teacher, true and kind, I'll always have you in my mind. And wherever you go and wherever you be I hope you'll sometimes think of me."

I have thought often of him, but I have never seen him.

Wild Animals, and Ottnip. A curious investigator and a few sprigs of catnip led to an amusing scene at the Zoo in Central Park, New York, recently.

The tigers and the puma scornfully refused to notice the herb when it was presented to them by the keeper, but the lion, the lioness and the big leopard were boisterous in their manifestations of pleasure.

The lion planted a foot upon it, smelled it, licked it, sprawled upon it, and tossed it about in ways unbecoming his kingly dignity. The leopard picked it up in her huge paw, took long and ecstatic sniffs

and rolled over and over upon it in the exuberance of her delight. In her efforts to apply it to the upper part of her head, she performed acrobatic feats of an astonishing kind.

From his experiment, the investigator was satisfied that love of catnip is not confined to the domestic branch of the cat family.

THE KIND OF WIFE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWELVE.

Moreover, I have a notion that when the due time comes he will choose for himself. So he should. I remember having very mighty and strong convictions on that point myself.

My dear father used to say to me, and it was about all he did say on the matter, 'Son Tom, when you see anyone half as good as your mother, propose to her at once.' This advice I propose to pass on to the generation following.

What will my dear boy's disposition ripen into? What will be his calling in life? These and other questions must be answered ere I can discuss this matter to any purpose whatsoever.

Should he become, in answer to many hopes, a minister of the gospel, he will need such a one for partner as might not have been essential to him in another vocation. In any case, the matter is best in God's hands. 'The wife I should choose for my son' is the one he selects. Such ought to be for the best, for 'A prudent wife is from the Lord.'

Respect And Supreme Affection The Basis. BY JOSEPH COOK.

What sort of a woman would I advise my son to marry? Just such a woman as I married myself! It might be, however, that my son would not closely resemble myself, and in that case I should insist that his preferences ought to be different from his father's.

But the supreme rule for marriage is to make the basis of it only a supreme affection. This should be tested not only by love at first sight, but perhaps by years of acquaintance, many sided, thorough, and of cumulative effect in the growth of regard of the dearest kind.

Will two souls grow apart from each other? This, with younger people, is a question that can be answered, it may be, by years of manifold experience. Let acquaintance be somewhat prolonged and engagement short between those who would not find a misleading reticence an ambush for surprises after marriage. But there are exceptions to even this rule, for Shakespeare says of two souls that were exquisitely matched:

"At the first glance they have exchanged eyes. If this exchange of eyes is unbroken, spontaneous, permanent, it is the Divine summons to marriage, and nothing else is equally authoritative within the holy of holies of the heart, early or late. Such a summons usually comes to a man or woman but once in that brief gleam which we call life. Health, beauty, accomplishments are important, but respect and a supreme affection that will bear all tests are indispensable and commanding prerequisites of a happy marriage. The base of the pillar of a right marriage must be confidence, respect, unshaken as to the foundations of the world, but the superstructure must reach beyond the stars."

Thoroughly happy marriages are only those of which the shrewd instinct of human affection and passion has caused it to be proverbial to say that they were certainly made in heaven.

But this is a holy mystery into which even the angels look and forever and always find it unathomable.

Curious Lamps. A fiery lamp has the charm of novelty. It hails from the West Indies and is quite a pretentious affair, being eighteen inches high and built in three stories. It is made of wicker and bamboo cages, with little doors.

In these cages fireflies are imprisoned, and are cared for and fed. The lamp is one of a collection brought together at the National Museum in Washington by Mr. Walter Hough.

The collection includes lamps of all ages, from those of ancient nations to lamps of today. There are old English lanterns there that would delight the heart of the collector of curios.

Among the Chinese lamps are those made of bamboo and used to light alleyways. They are the illuminators that so often lead to conflagrations. Eskimo lamps, old fashioned olive oil lamps, and Japanese lanterns suspended from sticks add to the interest of the collection.

Profoundly Impressed. 'There's no use of talkin,' said Broncho Bob, 'this eastern education is splendid.'

'Have you visited any of our public schools?'

'Yes, an they are fine. That scheme of

havin all the children hold up their hands every time the teacher speaks to 'em is great. It gives 'em practical trainin, fur the real battle of life, in which knowin when to throw up both hands an doin it in a hurry may mean much.'

Small For Its Age. Pat called as usual one morning at the Cow and Pail for his threepennyworth of whisky, when the following conversation ensued between the landlady and himself:

Pat—This be good whisky, mum? Lady—Yes, Pat. Can you guess the age of it? Pat—No, mum. Landlady—Well, it's 30 years old. Pat (eyeing the threepennyworth)—O'im a-thinkin it be mighty small for its age, mum.

Merely Matters of Opinion. A woman cannot be truly happy unless she has something to worry about, even if it is nothing more than a lapdog.

When a man is 20, he feels that the whole world is resting on his shoulders. When he is 40, he begins to suspect that it may be standing on his chest.

The wisest man may be fooled, but only a fool can be fooled in the same way twice.

Is it de truth dat the legislatur' gone en pass a law ter tax dogs? asked the old colored citizen. 'Yes; it's a fact.' 'Well, ruh, dat bein de case, heah's one nigger dat's teetotally ruint! Dey's seven degs en one mule in my family.'

BORN.

Moncton, Jan. 14, to the wife of E. Sharp, a son. Salem, Jan. 13, to the wife of Wm. Handy, a son. Hants, Jan. 12, to the wife of E. Lunn, a daughter. Parrboro, Jan. 8, to the wife of H. Pettis, a daughter. Kentville, Jan. 13, to the wife of J. Lloyd, a daughter.

Rochville, Jan. 10, to the wife of Stayley Ricker, a son. Belleville, Jan. 13, to the wife of Peter Babine, a son. Annapolis, Dec. 29, to the wife of W. McMillan, a son. Clarence, Jan. 13, to the wife of Avarad Wilson, a son. Rockingham, Jan. 14, to the wife of C. Tremaine, a son. Sydney, Dec. 7, to the wife of Frank Creighton, a son.

Annapolis, Jan. 16, to the wife of R. Douglas, a son. Clark's Harbor, Jan. 7, to the wife of R. Maxwell, a son. West Paradise, Jan. 4, to the wife of Stanley Moore a son. Lunenburg, Dec. 26, to the wife of Stephen Hirtle, a son. Colchester, Jan. 11, to the wife of Jas. McDonald a son. Shelburne Dec. 29, to the wife of Howland White a son.

Yarmouth, Jan. 13, to the wife of Capt. Hilton, a daughter. Westport, Jan. 6, to the wife of Robert Laloye, a daughter. Kings, Jan. 7, to the wife of Jotham McDonald, a daughter. Truro, Jan. 10, to the wife of J. McIntosh, a daughter. Springhill, Jan. 3, to the wife of John Laurance, a daughter.

New Annap, Dec. 16, to the wife of Geo. Wilton, a daughter. New Annap, Dec. 21, to the wife of Norman Studwin, a son. Yarmouth, Dec. 29, to the wife of Thomas Aikta, a son. South Farmington, Jan. 2, to the wife of W. Phinney, a son.

Yarmouth, Jan. 16, to the wife of Monce Sarrutte, a daughter. Mt. Hanley, Jan. 3, to the wife of Anthony Slocumb, a daughter. Windsor, Jan. 8, to the wife of Arthur Pemberton a daughter. New Glasgow, Jan. 9, to the wife of Wm. Reeves, a daughter.

North Sydney, Jan. 2, to the wife of Hector McDonald, a son. Washington, Dec. 24, to the wife of John Ransweller, a daughter. New Ross Road, Dec. 23, to the wife of H. Lockhart, a daughter. Aldersville, Nov. 24, to the wife of Michael Turbit, a daughter. Annapolis, Jan. 4, to the wife of Walter McCormick, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Point Cross, Paul LeBlanc to Mary Ann Poirrier. Point Cross, C. B. Thomas F. Desvieux to Elsie Ancelet. Point Cross, C. B. Phillip J. LeBlanc to Anastasia Poirrier.

Summerside, by Rev F. W. Harlow, Robert Bell to Maud Robblee. Moncton, Jan. 16, by Rev Gleason Swin, John Duke to Hannah Robblee. Truro, Dec. 26, by Rev A. B. McLean, John Gordon to Mary Jane McKay.

Truro, Jan. 10, by Rev P. M. McDonald, Kate Kauford to Homer McNutt. Yarmouth, Jan. 16, by Rev W. F. Parker, John C. Hlyso to Miriam Boyd. Bridgewater, Jan. 10, by Rev H. Burgess, John Mosher to Ada Winsfield.

Chignecto, Jan. 14, by Rev R. McArthur, Stiles Vance to Susie Freeman. Tusket Wedge, Jan. 15, by Rev Fr. Foley, Elise Cotreau to Lucy LeBlanc. Amherst, Jan. 10, by Rev A. W. Nicolson, Stanley Crowell to Annie Eldrichin. Millford, Jan. 16, by Rev A. B. Dickie, Maynard T. Eutingert to Blanche Miller.

Friar's Head, Jan. 8, by Rev T. Richard, Leonie Chissass to Ella LeBlanc. Yarmouth, Jan. 12, by Rev David Price, Samuel Higby Jr to Annie Hilton. Cheticamp, C. B. Jan. 8, by Rev P. Fleet, Thomas Gallant to Mary Desvieux. Rockport, Jan. 9, by Rev B. H. Thomas, Arthur E. Thurston to Elsie B. Tower.

Sanford, Jan. 10, by Elder Wm. Halliday, George Berwick to Mrs. Mary Bowery. Tusket Wedge, Jan. 9, by Rev Fr. Foley, Alpha Pothier to Georgina Richard. Tusket Wedge, Jan. 10, by Rev Fr. Foley, Johnna LeBlanc to Mrs. Sarah Pothier. Halifax, Jan. 16, by Rev J. Sutherland, Tupper Constance to Agnes McDonald.

Yarmouth, Jan. 10, by Elder Wm. Halliday, Bernard Brenton to Minnie Allen. Sydney Mines, Jan. 8, by Rev D. MacMillan, Will Ham Ferguson to Ella Vicars. Springhill, Jan. 9, by Rev David Wright, Albert Edward Ward to Susan Anderson.

Fairville, Jan. 9, by Rev A. McLean, Elizabeth Williams MacLeod to Maggie Munroe. Maple Head, Queens, Jan. 2, by Rev G. H. Britton, Nathan W. Wells to Adah Leslie. Margaree, C. B. Jan. 8, by Rev A. E. Mombourquette, Daniel Chissass to Anne Chissass. New Glasgow, Jan. 7, by Rev Anderson Rogers, Walter A. Weir to Mary A. Cameron. Fort William, Jan. 18, by Rev Father Violet McKay, J. Wilfred Ryan to Olivia Violet McKay. South River Lake, Jan. 8, by Rev A. J. Macdonald, John A. McKinnon to Helen M. Grant. Margaree, C. B. Jan. 8, by Rev A. E. Mombourquette, Charles Chissass to Felicie Chissass.

DIED.

Economy, Jan. 4, J. W. Moore, 78. Yarmouth, Jan. 6, Clayton Goodwin. Leamington, Jan. 14, Capt. Mills, 74. Yarmouth, Dec. 10, John O. Sarte, 84. California, Jan. 4, Wm. T. Smith, 80. Pictou, Jan. 8, Elizabeth McLean, 90. Lunenburg, Jan. 13, Mrs. John Sarty. Truro, Jan. 11, Mr. Frank W. Lane, 63. Lower Selmah, Dec. 27, John Cox, 63.

North Sydney, Jan. 1, Joseph Salter, 83. Bridgewater, Jan. 11, Joshua Wynne, 63. Lower Selmah, Jan. 10, Nancy White, 61. Miller's Creek, Dec. 24, John A. Miller, 71. Leamington, Jan. 12, Barnabas Hunter, 62. Tusket Wedge, Jan. 10, Mrs. Jervais Pothier. Oxford, Jan. 1, Mary Florine MacKintosh, 16. Yarmouth, Jan. 12, Mrs. William A. Dickson, 83. Halifax, Jan. 13, Francis Kirkland Dowell, 83. Fort La Tour, Dec. 10, Benjamin S. Crowell, 62.

Lower Selmah, Dec. 20, John McKinnon, 73. Colchester, Jan. 13, Leah, wife of Geo. Hill, 80. St. John, Jan. 9, Mary Elizabeth White, 52. Westmorland Post, Jan. 10, Joshua Etter, 85. Bathurst, N. B., Jan. 14, Mrs. Ann McNamee, 92. Rochford, Jan. 14, Frederick V. Tremaine, 52. Fort Hood, Jan. 8, Hugh, son of John Cameron, 26. Salt Mass., Jan. 9, Mr. John Horton Kilham, 40. Pictou, Dec. 7, James W. son of David McLean, 24.

Herring Cove, Jan. 15, Wm., son of Joseph Reyno 34. Halifax, Jan. 16, Annie E., daughter of Thomas Davis. Truro, Jan. 12, Howard, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett.

Brookville, N. Y., Jan. 10, Theophilus Chamberlain, 79. Inver Harber, Jan. 10, John, widow of John Allen, 65. Boston, Mass., Jan. 1, Gertrude, wife of Geo. McKnight, 22. Hantsport, Jan. 4, Susan, widow of Capt. James Lawrence, 78.

Moncton, Jan. 12, Mary, beloved wife of Charles H. C. Pineson, 73. Falmouth, Jan. 11, Elizabeth, widow of the late Amos Davison, 82. Gavelon, Jan. 8, infant son of Norman and Caroline Gavelon, 1 month. Windsor, Jan. 1, Roland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Henshroth, 8 months.

Amherst, Jan. 12, Mary Gladness, daughter of Elbert Roberts, 3 years. Yarmouth, Jan. 11, Emerson Huestis, son of Deborah and Edward Kenney, 2 years. Sharon, Mass., Jan. 10, Carl Leslie, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Leslie, 8 months.

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Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax. Express for Halifax and Pictou. Express for Sussex. Express for Quebec and Montreal. Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12:10 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex. Express from Quebec and Montreal. Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene. Express from Halifax and Campbellton. Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton. Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. F. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., Nov. 26, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.

Chief Clerk charges against it is an end last indicated an d in the first Magistrate the corrupte been met, in have been of serious nature the chief win selves away say to Sydney asserts they st and the case l expected won Still, even i Nason, had deuce might b portant as wa heard before t With no li lot of red ttag ment. Mr. Blair or client, Mr. way, knowing be laid at th defending. R Chief's elbow legal balls to throw. Still the detective, concerned as for mance at t At one stag Recorder crea kins pretty conduct and houses of ill straightforwar say nothing de although he ha seizars, etc. The Capta personal of shady resorts there and allow ing and upro breaking out a ill-fame; and words, "picki common evil Then the city's public at larg there-of the moude houses.

ly cracked their the Captain said stuff." Then came t nothing very el quite plain and pected Officer and explain took the mon of his counse charges made and should ha Blair, however, The Chief retu "It is the ties that I ente houses then I question is cer mentous with

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