

Use the Test of Value.

In Chicago little Herbert Vance Taylor, son of a wealthy leader of fashion, suddenly disappeared. The neighborhood was searched for him and the machinery of the whole police force of Chicago was set in operation to find the child, on the theory that he had been kidnapped. No trace of the boy could be found.

Four days later, on Mrs. Taylor's At Home day, some ladies called to tender their condolences to the distracted mother. They were shown into the darkened parlor—a great, unused brie-a-brac shop of a room. For the first time since the child's disappearance, the shades were opened and the sunshine was let in on the expensive rugs and the dainty, moss-like carpet—a carpet like that in a thousand other homes of luxury, too delicate to let the children tumble on. So the children had always been barred out of the parlor. They might mar a Morris chair on break a Satsuma vase. Month after month the parlor had been left silent, in the darkness of a crypt, save when thrown open in honor of some fashionable clothes-horse of a visitor. The housemaid, who preceded the mother, on entering, groped for the window shades and stumbled over a small body on the floor. It was the missing baby—and he was dead.

It appears that the child had stoken into the darkened parlor four days previously, and in clambering up to raise the window shade had overturned a heavy bronze statuette, which, in falling, had crushed the little fellow's skull. For four days the pathetic little body had lain there, in the parlor, the spot too good for the children of the house to romp in, the room sacred to the occasional visits of the members of "the 400." By a strange and ironical coincidence, the statuette which crushed the life out of the little boy was that of "Niobe, weeping over her slain children."

An able editorial writer draws some striking lessons from this tragedy. He says: "Do you suppose that this incident will make any difference to the women who have been educated to believe that the front parlor is a room too good for the family to use? Not a bit of it. It is one of the outgrowths of our shoddy and hypocritical civilization, this desire to make an impression on visitors at the expense of the comfort of the family. What people will say of our swell furnishing is of such vastly greater importance than the happiness and well-being of the little chaps at home or the comfort of Jim, who is struck by an avalanche of invective if he has the presumption to light a cigar in the Sacred Black Hole of the home, known as the parlor—or even to rest his tired back in one of the daintily upholstered easy chairs.

"Why do we insist on being slaves to our possessions? Why do we defraud ourselves and those nearest, if not dearest, to us, out of half of life's sweetness, by littering up our homes with furniture and articles of vertu too expensive and good to be of any earthly use outside of a museum? Why do people hire gardeners to make beautiful lawns and flowered borders, and then hire governesses to spank their children for indulging their most unnatural and depraved desire to go out and put it to its greatest use, by tumbling and playing leap-frog on the grass?"

To Cure a Cold in a Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The Liquor Problem in France.

France appears to be entering on a direct and practical course of dealing with the liquor problem. The health and vitality of the French people have been ravaged by absinthe, a highly seductive but deadly cordial, which allures its victim at first by an apparent increase of strength and appetite, but ends by ruining his constitution. It is proposed to suppress the manufacture of absinthe, thus compelling the people to revert to the use of their native wines, which, whether in itself desirable or not, is at all events better than the use of absinthe. An attempt to abolish the use of alcoholic liquors altogether in a population so long accustomed to it would lead to a revolt. The wine-growing districts of France were not reputed temperate, while in Spain, where a moderate use of the native wine was universal, drunkenness appears to be very rare.

An Iniquitous Law.

The Royal Marriage Act, prohibiting members of the Royal Family from marrying without the consent of the Crown, to which the literary escapade of Marie Corelli has called attention is among the monuments of the wisdom of George III., who crammed it down the throat of an unwilling Parliament by means not only arbitrary but iniquitous. Its practical fruit was a series of Royal scandals, including the double marriage of the heir apparent. Had George IV. been permitted to retain Mrs. Fitzherbert as his wife, she, a virtuous and charming woman, would very likely have reformed him. When a Royal Duke, having married in defiance of the Act, refused to part with his wife, all but the court applauded. In the present state of sentiment a love marriage would certainly be popular. The law, defiant of affection, tainted in its origin, and calamitous in its effects, ought long ago to have been repealed.

Facts and Anecdotes About Famous Singers.

Mme. Adelina Patti can claim the distinction of being the only concert singer who has been kissed by a reigning monarch—namely, the King of Spain. When singing at the Royal Palace at Madrid, some years ago, the baby monarch was brought in to be admired by the great songstress. Following strict Court etiquette, Mme. Patti stooped and kissed the hand of his youthful Majesty. The Queen-Regent interposed, saying, "My son shall not be so ungallant as to allow a lady to kiss his hand. Will you permit him to give you a kiss?" Mme. Patti consented, and so did His Majesty, with the aid of his nurse.

It was Mme. Patti who originated the idea of insuring the voice. Hers is "underwritten" for £1,000 a performance, or for £8,000 for total loss of voice. Only twice has she drawn the insurance, although she is nearly sixty years old. It is interesting here to recall the fact that Kubelik, the latest wonder in violin performers, has his right hand insured against accident for £2,000, while total disablement of his left arm would bring him £10,000. When he tours six persons accompany him—his manager, valet, and four others.

In all, Mme. Patti has earned a round million pounds with her wonderful voice. During one single year she netted £70,000. Day after day, during one part of her career, she made within two or three hours over £1,000, and was coining money at a rate which, if it could have been maintained, would have made her a millionaire within three years. So far back as 1870 she received from Covent Garden the sum of £9,600 for sixteen performances, or £600 for each appearance. Some few seasons ago Covent Garden paid her £800 a performance in addition to a retaining fee of £12,000 not to sing elsewhere for a certain period. In America she has obtained as much as £1,200 a night.

The great prima donna has many simple methods of preserving her voice from the effects of the artificial heat of the stage and concert-room, one of which is gargling the throat when she rises with salt and water. She never indulges in a dinner on the night she is to sing. At midnight she takes a chop or steak, and after the performance is over eats a hearty supper.

Such popular and charming singers as Clara Butt, Mme. Melba, and Miss Ad. Crossley, like Mme. Patti, can also afford to smile at a Cabinet Minister's income, for either of these ladies could make it comfortably every year and yet take a six months' holiday. Clara Butt once jokingly declared that her first fee consisted of a big bunch of grapes, which a neighbour gave to her for singing him the ditty, "Tommy, make room for your uncle," at her home in New Jersey when quite a child.

A few years ago, after singing "Kathleen Mavourneen" at Cardiff, a poor man came up to her as she was leaving the hall, polishing his nose and eyes with a red handkerchief. "Oh, Miss," he said, "but sure I did enjoy it! An' I'm an Irishman m'self, too. I do not know who composed 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' but if he could have heard you he'd have turned in his grave with delight." Clara Butt is probably the tallest of present-day popular singers, standing 6ft. 2in in height.

Mme. Calve, the word-famed opera-singer, is seen at her best as Carmen. The first time she took this part at Paris she considerably astonished the stage manager by wearing a gorgeous red silk petticoat during the first act. Objections were raised for it was said no gipsy cigarette girl could afford so expensive an article. The prima donna, however, confessed that she had been to Seville, and followed a genuine cigarette girl to a second-hand costumier's, and there saw her buy a brilliant red skirt. The next day the girl wore it and occasionally lifted her dress a little so as to show the underskirt. Mme. Calve bought it of her, and it is that identical skirt which the operatic singer now wears when playing this part.

The late Mr. Sims Reeves was very fond of telling an amusing story of a railway porter who had recognized him at a country junction. The porter watched the famous tenor go into a waiting-room, and stealing up to him said: "Good evening, Mr. Sims Reeves." The latter fumbled about his pocket for a tip, but it was information, not a tip, which the porter required.

"They tell me you earn a lot of money," quoth the man; "perhaps ten times as much as I do, eh?" "How much do you earn?" asked Reeves, smiling. "Eighteen shillings a week all the year round," was the reply. Sims Reeves opened his chest, "Sol, si, re—sol. There, my man, there's your year's salary gone!" and Reeves laughed heartily at the man's face of astonishment as he heard the ringing top G. Reeves, as well as the late Jenny Lind, never sat down more than they could help on the day they were engaged to sing. During his engagement Reeves often ate his meals standing.

During a recent tour in Spain Mme. Ella Russell received at her hotel every evening a parcel containing cakes, such as could be bought at an ordinary pastrycook's. One evening as she was leaving the hall she was accosted by a small individual, who took off his hat and bowed like a haughty Castilian. He announced to the famous singer—much

to her surprise—that he had noticed on each of the twenty nights on which she had sung in "Lucia di Lammermoor" she had always gazed at him in his seat in the topmost gallery! His mother had a bakery in the town; he was her only son, and placed his hand, his heart, and his fortune at her feet.

Mme. Catalani's husband could not have been much of a musician, for when she asked him to have her piano lowered, as the pitch was too high, he called in a carpenter and had the legs of the instrument shortened by two inches! This is the story told in Mr. F. J. Crowest's interesting new book, "Musicians Wit, Humour, and Anecdote," published by the Walter Scott Publishing Company, and to which we are indebted for many of the above reminiscences.

Immense Peat Areas.

There is, according to a contemporary, a great future for peat as fuel. The most productive area for it is the North of Germany and the adjoining parts of Denmark and Holland. In Friesland there are bogs 1,500 square miles in extent, and Germany has more fuel in peat than in coal. A square mile of bog 10ft. deep contains peat equal in heating power to over 300,000 tons of coal. Ireland has a million acres of large bogs from 10ft. to 30ft. deep.

Hair Sprouted by Electricity.

Electricity will accomplish almost any wonder. A recent illustration of this is shown in the case of an engineer in a Cleveland tannery, who had been bald for years. Suddenly a little fluff began to sprout on his head, and a few weeks later his cranium was covered with a thick but short growth of hair. A doctor investigated the matter, and learned that he had been working under a revolving belt. His hair had been sprouted by electricity.

BORN.

EVERETT.—At Jacksonville, on December 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Everett, a son.

TWEEDIE.—At Upper Wicklow, on December 26th, to the wife of Mr. Hugh Tweedie, a son.

MARRIED.

HAND-BELL.—At the residence of the bride's father, Plymouth, Carleton County, December 17th, by Rev. T. Stebbings, of Debec, Miss Nettie, daughter of Richard Hand, Esq., to Mr. Geo. E. Bell, of Woodlawn.

NICHOLSON-WRIGHT.—At the Brunswick House, Woodstock, Dec. 24th, by the Rev. Z. L. Fash, M. A., Richard W. Nicholson and Hildah M. Wright, both of Canterbury Station, York Co., N. B.

RIGBY-HALLETT.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Hartland, December 24th, by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, Arthur Roy Rigby to Carlotta E., youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hallett.

DIED.

O'BRIEN.—Died November 21st, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Thos. Fewer, Woodstock, Miss Bridget O'Brien, in the 67th year of her age. Deceased was born in the Parish of Woodstock where she resided through life and died loved and respected by all who knew her. Funeral from St. Gertrude's church, Requiem Mass being celebrated by Rev. W. F. Chapman. May her soul rest in peace. (St. John papers please copy).

MARRIAGE LICENSES

WEDDING RINGS.

Marriage Licenses issued and Wedding Rings sold, guaranteed as stamped U. S. assay, at

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JEWETT'S CORNER, WOODSTOCK.

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For the Next Few Days.

Good Soap at Good Bargains.

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At the CONNELL PHARMACY. Opp. Carlisle Hotel.

WAH SING, CHINESE LAUNDRY.

Family Washing a specialty. Parcels sent for and delivered.

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We have the Largest and Most Fashionable Line of Men's and Boys' Ready-to-wear Clothing. Raglanette Coats a Specialty. Gents' Up-to-Date Neckties, Collars, Shirts, Hats, Caps and Underclothing, of all kinds and sizes.

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We have a lot of splendid Sleighs as well, and Fur Robes, Fur Coats and Jackets for men and women.

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Busy at keeping out the cold these days. Storm Doors and Windows are a specialty with us. Better order these in time. Remember the high price of fuel.

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WOODWORK of all kinds.

COUNTY COUNCIL MEETING.

The regular January meeting of the County Council of the Municipality of Carleton will be held at the Court House on TUESDAY, THE THIRTEENTH DAY OF JANUARY NEXT, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated December 18th, 1902. J. C. HARTLEY, Sec.-Treas.

NOTICE!

A PUBLIC MEETING

of the Ratepayers of the Town of Woodstock will be held at the Town Hall

On Monday, the Twelfth Day of January next at 7.30 p. m.,

for the purpose of receiving from the Mayor and Councillors a statement of the revenues derived from the different sources and the expenditure made in the different departments during the year ending the 31st of December, instant.

By order of the Town Council.

J. C. HARTLEY, Town Clerk. December 18th, 1902.

C. E. VAIL, JEWELLER, CENTREVILLE,

Wishes to call the attention of the public to his store, where he has a fine line of new and up-to-date Jewelry and Xmas Gifts, including some beautifully rich Cut Glass.

He also thanks the public at large for their very liberal patronage in Watch and Optical work.

Call and have your Eyes Examined FREE and with pleasure.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.

Tender For Wharf At Murray River, P. E. I.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Wharf," will be received up to

THURSDAY, THE 15TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1903, for the erection and completion of a Crib Wharf at Murray River, P. E. I.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Resident Engineer's Office, Charlottetown, and at the Chief Engineer's Office, I. C. R., Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the Specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 20th December, 1902.

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