

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 18.

ANOTHER STEP FOR WOMEN.

What is known as "The Married Women's Property Act" became the law in New Brunswick on the first day of this month. It is a government measure which was passed by the legislature last March, and it has a material bearing on the rights of all married women who have either real or personal estate which they wish to sell or dispose of by will, quite irrespective of what their husbands may have to say in the matter. So far as this is concerned a married woman is now in the same position as if she were single, or even as if she were a man.

This has not been the case in the past. A married woman could hold property or acquire it in her own right so it would not be liable for the debts of her husband, but if she wished to convey it the husband had to be a party, and if she made a will had to express his consent to the instrument in order to give it any force. In many ways the wife was presumed to be subject to her husband and the intervention of trustees was necessary in her conveyances. The husband, too, had liabilities when actions were brought against the wife, and the latter was under disability in regard to entering into contracts or otherwise dealing with what was her own separate estate. All this has been changed.

By the new law a married woman can acquire hold and dispose of by will or otherwise of her separate property just as she could if she were a spinster. She can enter into any contract in respect to her property and be liable for her acts without her husband being made a party to any suit against her. When she enters into any contract, unless as an agent, she shall be held to bind her separate property by it, whether she then has such property or afterwards becomes possessed of or entitled to it. The law applies not only to those who acquire property after the act comes in force, but to those who have heretofore held property under the restrictions of the former laws. An exception is made, however, to personal property received by a woman from her husband after marriage beyond necessary articles of wearing apparel and for personal use.

Every woman married now or hereafter married may hold and dispose of as her separate property any wages of property acquired by her in any occupation, or in any vocation which she may carry on where her husband has not a proprietary interest.

The 15th section provides that "a husband shall be liable for the debts of his wife contracted and for all contracts entered into and wrongs committed by her after marriage, to the extent of all property whatsoever belonging to his wife, which he shall have acquired or become entitled to from or through his wife, after deducting therefrom any payments made by him, and any sums for which judgment may have been bona fide recovered against him in any legal proceedings in respect of any such debts, contracts, or in respect of which his wife is liable, but he shall not be liable for the same any further or otherwise."

Heretofore, the father of a family has been entitled to the earnings of his children who were minors, whether he squandered them or not. His powers in this respect are now limited by the law. A married woman may now obtain an order of protection, entitling her to the earnings of her minor children when she has been obliged to leave her husband for justifiable cause, when her husband is a lunatic, under sentence of imprisonment in jail or elsewhere, or when from drunkenness or other cause he neglects to provide for the family, and in other cases.

As has been stated, a married woman is free to dispose of her property by will as she may see fit, and if she dies without a will the law now definitely provides for the distribution of her personal estate. The law in this respect has been somewhat mixed in the past, and contests over the

distribution of personal property have given rise to some notable cases. In the CLEVELAND case in this province, in 1890, it was decided that the husband was the heir, to the exclusion of brothers and sisters of a married woman. The new law provides as follows: When a woman dies leaving children by a former husband, her surviving husband shall have one third of the personal property and her children, including those by her surviving husband, the remaining two thirds. When she dies leaving children by her surviving husband only, the husband shall be entitled to one half the property and the children and their representatives to the other half. If there are no children, then the property shall be distributed as if the recent act had not been passed. That is, under the ruling in the CLEVELAND case, all will go to the husband. No provision is made as to real estate, such as lands, houses, etc., and the law in this respect is therefore the same as in the past. That is, where a woman dies without a will, it goes to her next of kin and not to the husband, though the latter has the right of administration of the personal estate.

The provisions of the new law mark an important advance in the recognition of the rights of woman in this province, and presume her to be capable of managing her own affairs when she has property in her own right.

LAWYERS AND SHAVERS.

It is not the correct thing to call a lawyer a shaver, even if he has a past record for being in the money lending business. So a Montreal court has decided, and some of the St. John lawyers may be glad to learn that though the public may consider them both shavers and shysters they cannot with impunity be called such. It is well for the public to understand this, and avoid expressing their feelings too plainly when their remarks are likely to be repeated.

A certain Montreal lawyer named DEMERS recently sued a Mr. BARRY, deputy prothonotary, claiming \$49 damages on the ground that BARRY, when asked by a stranger where he would find DEMERS, replied: "DEMERS the shaver? He is over there." In his pleadings in defence of the action, BARRY claimed that the expression had been used in private conversation and without malice. Further than this he pleaded that DEMERS had for many years carried on business in his own name as a money lender and that he continued to carry it on in the name of his son, who was simply a "pre-tenom" for the father. The latter statement caused more trouble for the plaintiff, in consequence of it, made an incidental demand for \$50 more damages.

Judgment was given last week in favor of the plaintiff, fixing the damages for calling him a shaver at five dollars, and those for a leging that the son lent his name at ten dollars, with costs of an action of the lowest class. In giving judgment, the court held that the remarks were not privileged and that the word "shaver," according to the dictionaries, means a thief and one who skins. The expression was therefore defamatory, and was injurious when applied to a lawyer, though the plaintiff in this case had shown no special damages. The damages were mitigated, also, by the evidence that DEMERS had previously called BARRY a liar. As to the claim for incidental damages, there was no evidence that the son of the plaintiff was a pre-tenom for his father. On these grounds the plaintiff was entitled to merely exemplary damages. These doubtless satisfied the honor of the plaintiff, and did not bear very heavily on the plaintiff.

Just why the plaintiff fixed his damages at such small sums does not appear from the newspaper reports, but it may be inferred that he did so in order to come within the jurisdiction of some court of speedy trial. It can hardly be supposed that he held the value of his reputation at the figures named, nor that the court fixed its value at only fifteen dollars. He probably only sought a vindication from false charges, and he got it. It is true most of us can call to mind lawyers nearer home whose reputation would be considered assessed at a high value at fifteen dollars in cash, though it they were bringing suit they would probably claim damages in the thousands. In the only libel suit by a St. John lawyer which has been tried in the last thirty years, the jury valued his character at \$100, but in that instance a newspaper had practically charged him with stealing, and the case was considered an aggravated one. Few of the present generation of young attorneys could expect to get anything like that amount, and there would be much less money for them in libel suits on their own behalf than there is found to be in plucking the occasional fat geese that happen to come in their way as clients.

It is, however, worth while knowing that while there may be lawyers whom the public would like to designate specifically by this or that title of detraction, the word "shaver" is not a safe one to use, unless our courts differ from those of Montreal in their interpretation of the subtleties of the English language.

There was another wedding in the VANDERBILT family last Saturday, but this time there was an absence of the display which marked the marriage of a daughter

of the house to a duke, not long ago. Mrs. VANDERBILT, mother of CONSUELO and the divorced wife of a man who is still living, was married to OLIVER BELMONT, a man divorced for good cause from a woman who is still living, though now married to another man. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a few witnesses by the mayor of New York. The public did not know of the day set, and only found out when the event was over. It had been intended to have a more elaborate wedding, with Bishop POTTER officiate, but that gentleman was obliged to decline, as there was a regulation of the protestant-episcopal church, regarding divorced persons, which could not be ignored even for the VANDERBILTS. It might have been all right in the woman's case as she was, by her husband not making counter charges, the innocent party in her divorce suit, but it was otherwise with the man. So they were married much as the common of the commonest are married, save that the ceremony took place at a private house instead of the city hall, and the mayor is described reading the services much as he would read the oath to a man he was swearing into office. The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH now has a father-in-law and a step-father-in-law, but he has no reason to be proud of the record of either of them.

In this age of cranks, it might be well for the English authorities to have an eye to a certain "REV. M. BAXTER" of London, who has apparently gone crazy, but is permitted to write and publish books calculated to set other people off their base. One of these pamphlets has been sent to PROGRESS, and announces the end of the world for April 23, 1908, long before which time we trust that BAXTER and his associates will be in the safe custody of a lunatic asylum. In the interval between 1897 and 1908, all the events which the wildest imagination can picture from an unlearned interpretation of the book of Daniel and the Apocalypse are to come to pass with a NAPOLEON as Antichrist and leader of Socialists, Mohammedans, Romanists and Spiritualists." It is probable that rubbish of this kind has a very limited circulation, but even a little of it will go a great way in detroning the reason of the credulous and weak minded. Those of us who live until 1908 will probably find some other fool prophet revising the dates in the same fashion, and so it will be unto the end of the world, of which no man knoweth the day nor the hour.

Such ample justice has been done by the daily papers to the good qualities of the late CHARLES W. WELDON that PROGRESS can do no more than add its brief tribute of respect to the memory of one who for more than two score years has done so much to earn an honorable record in his profession and to gain recognition as a good citizen. It is not the less a tribute to his worth to say that he was not by nature a politician, and that such political distinction as he enjoyed was due to a recognition of his individual worth and his integrity as a man, rather than to the exercise of any art on his part to gain popular favor or any inherent desire to make politics his vocation. It was not in his nature to make enemies, and his death will be regretted as much by those who were opposed to him in politics as by those who were of his own party. The respect in which he was held has been abundantly testified by all classes, and he will be remembered as one who in his private, professional and political life had many qualities which others would do well to cultivate if they seek to live respected and die regretted.

The Queen has conferred the honor of knighthood on Mayor LEWIS, of Free-town, Sierra Leone, and the people are saying that this is the first time one of the African race has been knighted. It may be that it is the first instance in which the title has come from Queen VICTORIA, but it is well known that Rev. Sir HENRY A. S. HARTLEY, formerly of St. Philips church in this city, has within the last few years received several chivalric titles in the United States and is very high up among the illustrious knights of the Grand Cross of something or another and has all the documents to show for it.

The first alleged poem produced by ALFRED AUSTIN since a very non-critical administration appointed him poet laureate of England appeared in the London Times last Saturday. It has reference to the Transvaal situation and is entitled "Jameson's Ride." It is a cheap rhyme which, were the author unknown would undoubtedly have been rejected by the Times as doggerel. There are a good many queer government appointments made in all countries, but seldom has there been a more striking instance of want of harmony between the man and the office as in AUSTIN'S case.

The city council of Fredericton having adopted standard time, the people are now having something to say about it. They should have been consulted in the first instance, even if they wanted as long a time to think over the matter as the people of St. John are taking.

There were 132 legal executions in the United States last year, which is a small proportion when the number of murders is considered. The dear public, however, tried to even up matters a little and 171 persons, ten of them women, were lynched by mobs.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The 'Dingin' o' the Reel.
There's so many party poems; as so many vari' subjects,
(Tender, fierce, and touchin'; joyful, wild and prin)
An' these curis on tered creetur's; (criticks, now, I think they call 'em)
That I'm 'most afeard to venture in the swim.
Fer I never had no skoolin'; (spendin' 'most my time in a fishin')
Which explains the hesitation 't I feel.
But I can't hold in no longer—Fer my henny is all a-billin'
Fer to talk about 'The Dingin' o' the Reel.'

Now, I'm pow'ful fond o' musick, an' mebbe that's the reason
That I've alius loved to listen at the door
When the sacred organ's playin', an' the people all a-singin',
An' the gran' notes like triumphal marches pour.
But when'er I want to fill my soul with harmony's repletness
To Nashwaak's woe'll ripples straight I steal;
An' there, with swellin' boom, amid natur's countin' melodys,
I revel in 'The Dingin' o' the Reel.'

Achilles' wrath (I've heard 'em say) set Homer's muse a scratchin';
An' nea' wandrin' woke up Virgil's pee;
While, later on, Blind Milton found o' Paradise and Adam;
(How the latter lost and found the same agen.)
But I think I'm safe to bet a hunderd pounds agens't a button
That these three had never had the luck to feel
The numrus joys appur'tan't to the fisherman's yokashin',
Else they'd writ about 'The Dingin' o' the Reel.'

Ye may laff at this opinion; but I tell ye its the gospel,
An' if any of ye wants to test its tru'h,
Let him gather up his rod and reel, an' toller in my footsteps,
While I hasten where I kin renoo my youth.
Mid wavin' elms an' verdur fresh his happy tread
I'll foster;
Where swells' uplands stretch their fertile folds;
Where azur skies and fanning breeze in ekal combat struggle
To enhance the gloris 'Dingin' o' the Reel.'

A landscape rare! And in its midst a sunny brook
Bright glimpin'.
Its 'ups' and 'breaks' each other still a-chidin'.
Its 'poos' an' 'rocky rapids showin' sterr, unseem by mortals,
The wary old 'uns cautiously are hidin'.
A "snuffy" 'cast'—a ruslin' 'rise'—a "strike"—a strain—a struggle!
Delishis thrills of ekstasy I fell,
As, back an' forth quiet—dartin', the one 'a victim' plays and plunges,
To the musick of 'The Dingin' o' the Reel.'

His glori' sides are flashin' as the sunlight glints upon 'em;
Out rivalin' the fains of Heaven's Arc.
The foam flies fast! The water churns beneath his mighty 'surges',
An' the bendin' rod his strenus effort marks.
On't the wild exultant turmoil! the excitement! the vibrations,
An' the hunderd other things I allus feel;
I couldn't tell one half their names; but I know this much about 'em,
That they all go with 'The Dingin' o' the Reel.'

There's a sort o' exultation takes possession of a tallec,
When he finds hisself a-standin' in the stream,
With a big four-pointed fastened to the far end o' his rigin';
An' the prospect of a lively fight's supreme.
His rod of electricity at runs thro' at his system,
Pal' at 'em from his head clean to his heels;
Settin' all his nerves in tune; an' makin' every fiber tremble
To the musick of 'The Dingin' o' the Reel.'

A sensation unexplainable—a marv'less elevation—
That take ye ri'ht ab'nt the diaphragm;
An' lifts ye up; an' turns ye round; an' monkeys with yer sense.
Like a dose o' whiskey in a Temp'rance man.
An' when the fight gets thicker; an' ye werry through the crisis,
With success; it somehow allus seems to feel
Like slidin' down a rainbow in a stream of heav'nly glori',
To the musick of 'The Dingin' o' the Reel.'

Oh! I tell ye what! This ketchin' fish is fit for me an' angels;
I s'port that never wearies or grows old;
An' for a fact 'the grievin' heart; an' patchin' up the feelin's,
Its better than a mine o' virgin gold.
So the rest o' ye kin keep yer brightened simfines an' anthems
Yer over tools aint scarcely fit to steal.
But as long as life is last I'll be abundantly contented
With the musick of 'The Dingin' o' the Reel.'

G. LEWIS.

Confession,
I do confess that heavenly kiss,
Of love eternal speaks;
The reddest rose in all the world,
Was blown against your cheeks,
And that red rose of all the earth,
Act'd so sweet a part;
It ever more embalms the kiss,
I took within my heart.

I do confess, love like a dove,
Flies far from rude alarms;
The place where rain my soul would fly,
My stormy passion calms.
The fair white arms that held me safe,
In each quick wave of sighs;
For them I'd brave the darkest storms,
That ever swept the skies.

I do confess it all the walls,
Of precious pearls and gold;
The Jasper and the sapphire,
The blessed gates unseal.
If diamonds wreathed in anethysts;
Were brought me from above;
I'd give them all to hear one more,
Your whispered word of love.

I do confess that fleeting dream,
Was more of wealth to me;
Than all the rubies in the earth
Or pearls beneath the sea.
I give them all and all the thrones,
O! splendor crowned with bliss;
The sweetest song of Paradise,
For that one heavenly kiss.

I do confess, in God's own book,
I find it good and pure;
The holy kiss a greetin' prized
Was given long before.
A sacred pledge a bond of peace,
When love goes loose to meet;
A blessed sign and seal of faith
That heavenly kiss is sweet.

I do confess it all the spoils,
Beneath Old Tiber's flow;
Or down where lost Atlantis sleeps,
In a golden caves below.
If all the gems of Opphr cried,
Fly to me and own all this;
My true love I would cling to thee,
For just that heavenly kiss.

CYRUS GOLDB.
Rose Dell, 1895.

Snow.
Lovely, sparkling, clear and bright,
Feathery, airy, pure and white;
Glistening as the perfect saint,
Peasty, artists fail to paint,
Free from taint of earth's defile
Only for a little while.
On the fields and lawns and hills,
Over meadows, woods and rills,
Falling, drifting, whirling, driven,
By the varying winds of Heaven.
The lovely snow with mantle fold
The roots protect from frost and cold,
And every flower and shrub and vine
Are kept preserved by care divine.

The mantle folds of love divine,
The sacred truths forever shine
Preserved in every soul that lives
To God and freely, warmly gives
A heartfelt service, faithful, strong,
By prayer and praise in Hymn and Song
And ever shall God's mercy know,
Pure, gentle, white, like falling snow.
Jan 16, 1896. FERO.

Songs.
I
SEA-SONG
A dash of spray,
A weed blown way,—
My ship's in the bay,
In the glad blue bay,—
The wind's from the west
And the waves have a crest,
But my bird's in the nest
And my ship's in the bay!

At dawn to stand
Soft hand to hand
Bare feet on the sand,—
On the hard brown sand,—
To wait, dew crowned,
For the larrying sound
Of a keel that will ground
On the scraping sand.

A glad surprise
In the wind-sw pt skies
Of my wee one's eyes,—
Those wondering eyes.
He will come, my sweet,
And will haste to meet
Those hurrying feet
And those sea-blue eyes.

I know the day
Must weary away,
And my ship's in the bay,—
In the clear, blue bay,—
Ah! there's wind in the west,
For the waves have a crest,
But my bird's in the nest
And my ship's in the bay!

II.
OMIOLE SONG.
"Tshirr!" scolds the oriole
Where the ems stir,
Flaunting her gourd-like nest
On the tree's swaying crest:
"May's here, I cannot rest,
Go away, tshirr!"
"Tshirr!" scolds the oriole
Where the leaves blur,
Giving her threads a jerk,
Spryng where rivals ink,
"May's here, and I'm at work,
Go away, tshirr!"
—Sophie M. Almon Hensley,
"A Woman's Love Letters."

Descriptive of Halifax.
Mr. W. H. Howard formerly the associate of Mr. E. L. Skillings is preparing to publish an illustrated book descriptive of the beauties of Halifax and its surroundings. "Glimpses in and about Halifax" is the title of the book and judging from the photographs selected, and the "dummy" shown to PROGRESS the production will be a pleasing and attractive contribution to the descriptive literature of that historic city. The book is on the same line as that issued by Mr. Skillings embracing descriptive scenes of St. John and New Brunswick and if it is as well executed, Mr. Howard's patrons will have much reason to be proud of his effort.

Recognition of a St. John Artist.
Mr. Louis A. Holman, formerly of St. John, but for several years at the head of the art department of the New England Magazine, has severed his connection with that publication and accepted a flattering offer from the art department of the Youth's Companion. Mr. Sawyer writes PROGRESS that Mr. Holman enters the Companion office under the happiest auspices, and that his friends in New Brunswick are justified in rendering him their very cordial congratulations.

Quebec Winter Carnival.
Preparations are being made on such a scale as to point to the fact that this Carnival will in all respects surpass all previous ones and this statement coupled with the low fares should induce a large number of people to visit Quebec. The People's Railway in this connection issue return tickets at first class single fare on the 24th and 25th good leaving Quebec up to February 5th and at special fare of \$9 from St. John to Quebec on the 28th and 29th good leaving Quebec up to February 3rd.

A New Printing Press.
Another printing press has been added to the equipment of PROGRESS this week. This time it is one of the most improved pony presses manufactured by those famous press builders R. Hos & Co of New York. The increase of orders in the job printing department of PROGRESS made such an addition necessary. It is one of the fastest running presses built to-day and will give a greatly increased capacity to an already complete office.

salvage Corps Sports.
The sports of the Salvage Corps and Fire Police in the Singer rink on Monday night promise every thing for coming off in first class order. The list of events numbers 16 and the prizes allotted for them are very handsome. The Salvage Corps always meet with success and should have a large house on Monday night. The committee in charge had all arrangements completed Friday morning.

To the Front as Usual.
McMillan's Almanac is one of the useful things about any house, and some people would no more think of doing without it than without a newspaper. It is to the front as usual this year with the fullest information in regard to the times and season and the affairs of the province in general. For sale by all newdealers.

PASSING OF THE BOOTJACK.

Once a Common Article in Every House but now Much out of Date.
"When I was a boy," said the middle-aged man, "there was a bootjack in every home; in some homes there was one for the father and one for each of the sons; but the one bootjack homes got along very comfortably, for they didn't want to use it at once; the boys went to bed early and left the bootjack for the old man."

"Bootjacks were made of wood and of iron; originally they were all made of wood. The wooden bootjack had a wedge-shaped opening sawed in one end; sometimes this opening was rounded out to fit the heel of the boot. Just back of this opening, on the under side of the bootjack, a little strip or block of wood was nailed or screwed on across to raise the jaw end of the bootjack off the floor. The bootjack was sometimes of the same width at both ends, sometimes it was shaped down a little toward the floor end and sometimes it was curv'd in a little at the side, to give it more symmetrical proportions. The iron bootjack was made much more ornamental than the wooden bootjack.

"If a man's boots came off easily he could pull them off with a bootjack while sitting in a chair; if they were tight or damp, and so came off hard, he stood up to it, putting one foot on the end of the bootjack to hold it down and wedging the heel of the other boot firmly into the bootjack's jaw. Then he pulled. Sometimes the boot came, sometimes it didn't. Sometimes if the boot was wet and came off particularly hard a man would upset himself in his struggles. It was wise when the boots were very hard to hold on to something for support. Grown-up men have been known to lose their temper over pulling off their boots.

"In those days everybody, men and boys, wore boots, and the number of bootjacks required to supply the regular demand was great; and the bootjack was also commonly used to throw at cats' rights. Many thousands of bootjacks were annually lost or broken in this way. The total annual consumption of bootjacks was something enormous, and the manufacture of bootjacks was a thriving industry.

"Where is the bootjack now? In these days only horsemen and farmers wear boots, and the bootjack has fallen from his high estate."

Nervous Prostration.

The Barometer of Health is the nervous System.
Headache is Not Brain Disease—Don't Make the Same Mistake as to Other Meritless—Use Dodd's Kidney Pills and Get Cured.
Nervous condition is the natural barometer of health.

If you want to know your exact standing in the scale, consult your nervous system. If you lack pluck, courage, energy, there is something wrong. If you feel shaky you may be cured of it. Nineteen times out of twenty faulty kidney work is at the bottom of every ailment. The proof of this lies in the fact that Dodd's Kidney Pills—solely and purely as kidney medicine—cure in that proportion of cases.

Don't imagine that because your head aches that the trouble is where the pain is felt. It is quite as easy to make the same mistake when your misery takes any other form. It is safer to assume that your kidneys need help, and take Dodd's Kidney Pills, than to take the risk of any delay. Delay may cost you a wearing sickness, or it may cost you your life, while Dodd's Kidney Pills only cost 50 cents a box. It matters not what ailment you will forget the name of your trouble after you have been cured.

The best proof that you needed kidney treatment is that you have been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

A Long Faerwell.
The Frenchman's politeness sometimes serves him in good stead to point a rebuke. A Frenchman who was staying at a hotel in Edinburgh asked the cashier's desk how much his bill was and was astonished to find how great an amount he had been charged. He felt that he had been plundered, but he paid the bill, and then asked to see the proprietor. Presently the landlord came down in response to the call, all beaming with smiles. The Frenchman rushed up to him, exclaiming: "Ah, let me embrace you! Let me kiss you!" "But why do you want to embrace me, sir? I—I don't understand." "Ah, saire, but look at zees beel!" "Your bill; yes, but what of it?" "Vot of it? Vy, it means zat I shall nevaire, nevaire see you again, saire.—London Answers.

An Idea of Mr. Turnbull's.
Mr. E. H. Turnbull presents a somewhat novel idea to the public today in other columns by offering a prize of \$25 on "how best to conduct a model dairy store." The particulars will be found in the advertisement. By this method Mr. Turnbull hopes to gain some new ideas from a local standpoint. His scheme will appear to many people as an excellent one.

Mayor Strong says that he is in favor of the proposition to reduce the number of licensed saloons in New York one-half. There are nearly 8,000 saloons in that city, and 4,000 would meet all requirements.

The last vessel of the Victoria sealing fleet arrived home last week, and the skins she brought makes the total catch of the British Columbia sealers this year 71,859 skins. Last year the fleet took 94,701 skins.
Windsor Salt For Dabb and Dairy Purest and Best.