PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1898,

On The Shore.

he wind and the sea ! he pines in the gale ! O, the swi O, the swee They move to the measure they chant to the key Of the Song-the soul hears when the shrill pipers

-The far-heard, the holy, the hymn of the spheres -The music eternal to which the world roll. -The harmony solemn that haunts the dull years, -The call from the Deeps to the wayfaring soul--A. B. Averill.

Christmas at Jim Pitt's.

The double row of little tow-crowned | somewheres. I guess I aint quite wore faces on both sides of the table looked un- | out yet.'

naturally solemn in unconscious sympathy with the older faces at the table ends. There was very little talking, and, if the truth must be told, very little eating as far as Jame Pitt and his slender wite were concern d. The children's plates were

comfort ply full. At the "Works" the strike had been on month, and a month is a long time for oor folks to be idle. James pushed back his chair with a rasping sound on the un-

to !' gasyed Rowena Pitt under her breath, hurrying after him with the baby in her arms. Her pretty, faded face was creased with contending lines of anxiety, fear and determination that associated oddly.

'Jim,' she called, foftly. The man turned back at the outside door, unwillngly. 'Eh ?'

'Jim,' she was a little out of breath with the hurrying and the baby,-'Jim, Sunday week's Christmas.'

It was Friday now Mechanically both of them reckoned days in their minds. Eight-eight days to Christmas.

"They aint ever not hung 'em up befthe eager voice broke off with a jolt, finishthey wouldn't hang 'em up this year, and she wasn't ready for that-yet.

'Sunday week's Christmus, Jim, and they've always hung 'em up-they've al ways.'

The baby lurchel out of her arms and plunged both tiny pink hands into Jim's mop of beard. He put out his hands and took the little creature absently. There was no visible softening in his tace, but still the mother's plaintive voice pleaded on. The sentences came in jerks as if between each one she stopped to gather

The little kitchen filled speedily with sudsy steam, and the ill odors of unclean clothes in the process of cleansing. The steady rubbing-rubbing over-topped the finished her er

confusion of the children's voices. The strike at the 'Works' was not demonstrative one, but perhaps it was all the more a stubborn one on that account. Still waters run deepest, they tell us.

It had developed out of sympathy with other larger, fiercer strikes on all sides of even floor. He found his cap and stalked it. There had been an epidemic of strikes necessarily hard, and even ener out. and the men at the 'Works' had caught themselves and nodded a little. 'Oh, my land, I do hate to, but I've got the fever. They went about with sullen, set faces, up-holding each other and en couraging the weaker ones to hold out.

James Pitt was one of the leaders-one of the sullenest, 'settest' on s of them all.

The 'bosses' went their ways undismayed. It was not a vital matter to them -they could wait. Meantime they took the opportunity to put in new machinery and make certain requisite repairs. They took on a few new hands, but not enough to antagonize the o d ones. For the most part when the 'Works' was running at all it ran shorthanded and waited for the moving of the still waters.

It was generally known that, at any time, the old hands would be taken on again at the old wages. One or two went ing that word was too much like saying | back shame-facedly, to be held in derision and galling scorn by the body of suffering | or to feel any triumph or pride in them. men who held out with grim persistence. Jim Pitt derided loudest and bitterest.

> The week before Christmas began and kept along slowly. The days were too full of burdens and distress to hurry. At the Pitts'. Rowena worked ceaselessly over the old work and the new, and the children counted the days on their fingers. One, two, three, four, five-only three little child fingers left !

'I could do it easier if I'd est more,' murmured Rowens over her rubbing, 'it vision-and there was Meggy's doll and sort of uses me up doin' it on an empty | _an' Little Jim's iron cart. The baby's stomach.' She took little rests now and then-they grew of necessity more frequent toward the week's end-and went into the small bedroom adjoining the kitchen, to take peeps at the little hoard of silver that was slowly lay beside the baby and listened with her growing. It would never be grown uppoor Rowena !- but it was to buy children's things, and it would be grown up enough Jim came and went silently, though if Rowens had noticed she might have seen that his face was gentler and the terrible lounger's stoop was gone out of his shouldbeen h. g up yet for him. He aint ever ness and even played with the children sly-been hre Christmas yet, Jim.' ers a little. He moved with his old quick-Still no answer. The children's shouts came suddenly upon him on all fours, growling in true bear tashion, to the edification of Tim'thy and the rest. But he got up hastily and went out He went away early in the morning and came in late for supper-he never came in a whisper, 'They aint but ten cents | home at noons. Instinctively Rowena knew why that was. She ate no dinners. 'I'm glad he ain't home more,' she there was left of hers. Dolls are real cheap | thought. 'He'd see me workin' like mad this year-you'd be surprised how cheap an' 'twould pester him all up Jim's got they are. And little Jim's crazy for a little a good heart. He didn't used to want my iron cart-a real little one'd do-land, he'd to work any. I'd ruther he'd be away this week, a good deal.' S turday came and great excitement prevailed in the steamy, sudsy little kitchen. The children went about with radiant faces holding up, each one, the last finger of the great warm shawl-oh. as warm and as eight-the finger that said only one day thick as you could think! And a green was left now. 'One more !' shouted exultant Tim'thy. What do you think o' that, Meg Pitt ?' 'One more,' echoed gentle Meggy, 'an' oh, I hope her eyes'll be blue, Tim'thy!' 'One-mo-re,-oh !' Little Jim murmured happily. Even the baby caught the spirit of glee and crowed and rubbed fresh holes in the tiny, mended, red stockings. with his kicking. Was there any spot in these tiny stockings that wasn't mended-or a hole ? 'Merry Christman, mammy !' the children chorused at last, unable to wait. The mother litted her moist, tired face from the scrubbing-board-it was the last washing of the crowded week, thank the dear Lord !- and shook a sudsy finger at them in playful anger. 'You shut up !' she cried. 'You better wait till 't is 'Merry Christmas,' an' then see! How do you know Santa Claws slow, precise way. 'Do you s'pose 't would | won't pass right by t' is chimney-he den't 'But we've been good-oh, mammy !' Little Jim's face fell and the corners of 'I'll wish, too,-that 'll make it his mouth went a dropping, Tim'thy laughed at him derisively. Huh ! She's shammin', goosie !' he cried. 'Mammy's just a shammin', little Jim dear,' explained loving Meggy, getting her arm around him. 'Don't you see how her eyes are laughin'? She knows Santy's a comin',' 'Well, go an' play, the whole kit o' you " wait till he comes.' mammy said with a

without any little rebellious bodies to tuck set' awhile. When she came Rowena hurried away.

A light snow was sifting down with lazy indifference. It felt grateful to Rowena's weary face and she held it back for a little cool baptism. She was very, very tired. Her legs almost refused to carry her. A heavily-freighted car, gay with lights,

shot by her. 'If I could only ride both ways !' she murmured wistfully. 'But land! there aint any use wishin'. I'll have to ride up with the buudles.'

Oh, the bundles ! The thought of them urged her on faster, and she forgot her leg and her back and the faintness in her stomach.

It was nearer nine than eight when she i tolded np the mpty handkerch

The streets wer, ull of people as eager and busy as verybody was Christaded being jotsled or masing. Nobe run into or snow, on-the idea of mind-

ing such little thugs on Christmas Eve! Friends slapped each other's shoulders unnecessarily hard, and even enemies forgot

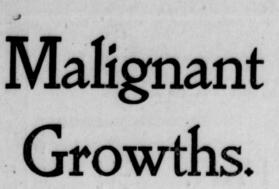
Among them all, Rowens Pitt plowed on stardily. She was almost sure once she saw Jim's face in the crowd, but it dodged away instantly.

'I hope he's at home eatin' his suppor' she thought. 'I'm glad I left it where ' would keep good an' warm.'

But Jim was not at home when she got there. The neighbor said he hadn't been. Rowens, left alone last, filled all the children's stockings, from Tim'thy's to the baby's. Then she crept into bed beside the paby in the tiny bedroom.

It was an hour atterward when Jim cam home. Rowena was drowsily conscious of seeing him cross the shaft of lamplight at the door. She thought she heard his big steps on the floor, but she was too weary, weary, to remember obout the stockings She just nestled snugger to the warm little body on her arm and went to sleep again, Jim crossed the floor, tiptoeing clumsily. He went straight to the chimney place, and then he saw the little stockings in a row and gave a low cry of astonishment and chagrin. Ohe of the bundles in his arms slipped to the floor unnoticed. They were all there-the stockin's-an'

full. The flaring end of Tim'thy's radover.' painted trumpet intruded itself upon his tiny, red, mended stocking was full, too. A few minutes later Jim was striding down town sgain He fairly flew. It was getting stormier-and later. On Merry Christmas morning Rowena



At first you think it's only a wart or pimple. Doesn't seem to be of much account. Then it begins to spread and extend its roots. Gives pain, reduces the strength and undermines the health. The doctor tells you it's cancer, says there is no cure.

We can submit indisputable proof that our VEGETABLE CANCER CURE does cure Cancers, Tumors and Malignant Skin Troubles. Full particulars in plain envelope sent on receipt

of 6 cents in stamps.

STOTT & JURY, BOWMANWILLE, ONT.

Jim would not see. She smelled the package with little eager, slow sniffs. 'Yes; it smells-like-steak.' she mur-

mured. Like steak !' 'Jim !'

No answer. The baby nestled uneasily. ·Jim !'

'Get out ! What d' you want to wake a fellow up in the middle o' the night for ?' muttered Jim with a fine assumption of wrath.

'Jim-Jim-Jim !'

And, then in a minute he was beside her with his arm around her in the old fashioned way.

'Aint it a beauty ?' he was saying proudly. 'It's a sirloin, Roweny,' getting things mixed inextricably. His voice was fall of jolts.

'I had to hurry, now I tell you ! I carried the children's things back, when I found the stockin's was full. My, didn't I put, though ?'

Sudden enlightenment broke in on them both.

'Roweny,' he said sternly 'pou've been workin' extra-extra-to get those things!' 'Jim,' she cried jubilantly, 'you've been back to the Works-all the week-to get these!

'Yes,' he said with a shrug, 'strike's

Out in the noisy kitchen there was Christmas and in the tiny bedroom there

at once-what use would even an Italian see in shooting a dead man?

'But on the second that all became quiet, to my great astonishment I saw this 'dead man' rise to his legs like a cat, and dash across the street into the half-open door waiting for him. The sharpshooters were taken by surprise and he escaped.'

As to the Young People.

In a late number of a leading American medical journal, Dr. John Aulde says: "An examination of the mortality reports of the city of Chicago for the past few years shows that about one-third of all the deaths occur in children under five years of age, and that during the summer season nearly all these deaths are due to derangement of the digestive apparatus.

"Indeed," he continues, "so well understood is the fact, that physicians have adopted the plan of discontinuing all food for at least twenty-four or forty-eight hours in the cases of children thus affected."

Without commenting on the policy of this plan, it may be said that the extent to which digestive disordsrs prevail-not only among mere children, but among youths of both sexes-is a matter of alarm and surprise, especially to those who have entertained the fond ideas that stomach troubles are peculiar to the middle-aged and the old, the penalty of years of dissipation or careless living. Worse still, these digeswas Christmas-plenty of it. The baby tive ailments are often so disguised by incidental (and resulting) evils as to mislead even the experienced medical attendant as to the real disease calling for treatment. Take an illustrative example :--"In December, 1895," writes a mother, 'my son, Thomas R., now seventeen years old, caught a violent (cold, which seemed to settle on his lungs. He had no relish tor food, and after eating suffered dreadful pain at the chest and stomach. Presently he was taken with a bad cough, and day and night spat up thick phlegm. "He was also troubled with night sweats, his linen being wringing wet with perspiration. He had, too, much pain in his back, the secretion from the kidneys being scanty and difficult to pass. Not long afterwards. he became so weak that he could scarcely get up stairs, and all who saw him thought he was in a decline. He [wasted away to a shadow, and was little more than a frame of bones "We gave him cold-liver oil and other medicines, but nothing did him any good, and I gave up all hopes of getting any better. "In April, 1896, my mother recommended me to give my son Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I procured this medicine from Mr. Kitson, chemist, Worchester, and after he had taken it a short time the cough left him. After this he could enjoy his food, and gradually picked up his strength. "He continued taking this remedy, and by-and-bye the night sweats and weakness left him, and he got back to his work strong and hearty. He can now eat anything, and do any kind of work. I consider that Mother Seigel's Syrup has saved my son's lite. You have my willing consent to make any use you like of this statement, and reter any inquirers to me. (Signed) (Mrs.) Charlotte Rowley, Coles Green. Leigh, near Malvern, February 25tb. 1897." Under the circumstances, the opinion that this fad was surely dying with consumption was an opinion which almost any one of us would have formed had we seen him. He sppeared to have the plain symptoms of that dreadful disease. His mother's pen picture of him-"a shadow, a frame of bones"-easily represents the looks of any consumptive just before life vanishes from the bodily wreck. Yet, despite the cough, the sweats, and the wasting, his lungs harboured no tubercles. The cough, like the temporary kidney trouble, was due to a general condition of the system from dyspepsia, doubtless intensfied by the chill or "cold" of which his mother speaks. Nevertheless, Tommy Rowley had a narrow escape, and had it not been for his grandmother's uggestion, the publ c would scarcely be reading of his recovery now. How many other bright young lives are darkened (and, indeed, extinguished) by this mysterious digestive ailment? Millions, my triend; millions. Mother Sei-

courage for the next.

"I sin't ever been very strong since baby came, Jim; I do' know's I coult do any more. I can't use that money, for it's all there is for vittles."

He was gizing over the baby's head, straight away from her. His shoulders shrugged uneasily.

Rowena lifted the baby's long skirts and took the little red stockinged foot in her hand. The stocking was worn and mended | for that.

ny other little fet before this one ait! She smoothed it gently up mall curled leg.

one's been hung up three times,

came cat to them, muffled, from the kitchen, but there was no other sound till Rowens began again desperately. She was using up her weapons fast.

'Tim'thy wants a norn,' she said, almost down to Peck's, horns sint. That's only a little bit, Jim. And Meggy, she's set her | either. heart on a doll The baby broke what be tickled with 'most any kind !'

She put out her slender fingers, parboiled and shining with a month's continuous washings, and turned his face toward her.

'Jim !' she cried. 'Well. what say ?'

'Wou't you go back to the works o-Monday ?

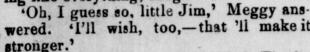
'No!' he shouted angrily. With the baby crushed back into her arms, twisted and astonished, she went slowly back to the children. Their shrill voices came to meet her.

'There's blue painted ones and there's red painted ones. I hope mine 'll be red -toot-a toot-too-ooo !' shouted Tim'thy.

'I hope my dolly 'll have blue eyes like Ellen Jane's-then she'll 'mind me of her.' 'Blue eves ? Hnb, Ellen Jane didn't have any at all, so there !' tittered a deri-

sive little voice. 'You stop, Polly Pitt-yes, she did have eyes, too! She warn't born blind;' Meggy's sweet, grieved voice cried back. The mother and the baby waited a minute at the door for the rest.

'I want a iron cart an' I wish 't would be a tipper !' little Jim was saying in his ing like everything, Meg ?'



'Toot-a-toot-too-ooo !' shrilled Timthy any-not any at all, ob, my !' 'Not any Chris'mas ?'

eyes shut to the clamor of glee out in the kitchen. The children,-bless 'em-how happy they were! B ess 'em !

They shouted and danced and laughed. ·Toot-a-toot too ocoo !' 'Look quick-Tim'thy !-her eyes are

blue !' 'Toot-a-toot too-oooo!'

'See my cart-Meg, Tim'thy. Oh somebody look! It's a tipper !

'Toot a toot-too-oooo !'

'What's in this bundle ?-quick Mog, untie it ! I found it on the floor-I guess

he dropped it goin' up sgain.' 'Well, it's ours Polly Pitt, it it's here.

Break the string, goosie, - o'!' 'Stockin's !

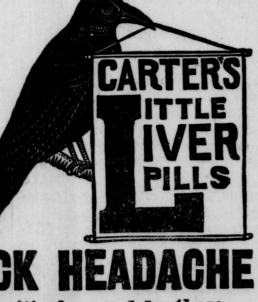
'Baby's !'

'Oh!'

'I'm so glad they 're for the baby,' cried Meggy's sweet voice joyfully- 'his toes do need 'em so !

'So-'m I glid, to,' agreed Tim'thy's voice, generously ' Toot a toot-'00 0000 !' Rowena got up quistly after awhilevery quietly so not to wake up Jim and the baby. She felt about in the dim little

What! What! for over them lay a flat package in the yellow paper that butcher's use lay on the shawl. Rowena litted it cautiously. A drop or two of some dark juice bal oozed out and spittered the dainty surface of the shawl Rowena bastily covered the little spots to



Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, through his pieced-out fists. 'Chris'mas is As I arrived at the gates of the palace, they Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A pera-comi i-i-in'! I say, Meg, aint it good we swung inward, and in a second I was infect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiaint like other poor tolks that don't have side unscathed. But only half my journey ness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue was done; I had still to go back again. Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. 'A letter-my last report-was soon gel's Syrup, therefore, has yet much work 'Tim'thy Pitt !' 'Oh, my !' little laugh. How her back ach d! How Small Pill. Small Dose. completed for Metternich, and my message to do. Let us help it along by tongue and 'Well we do--yes, sir ! We always to the husband of Madame M. was given. pen. **Small Price.** tired she was-and how happy ! have 'em.' I had to return. Recent Deaths. For the life of her she could not resist a Rowens pushed open the door sudden-Substitution 'Again the gates were opened and I bounded forth. A veritable fusillade follittle excursion into the tiny bedroom to The deaths of two eminent scholars have ly. 'Here, take the baby, Meggy,' she said squeeze the handkerchief with the money lowed. From every window and housetop came the spurts of white smoke, and I been recently reported: Prof. James the fraud of the day. in one corner. One corner !- it took that gently. 'I've got to go to washin' right Legge of Oxford, England, distinguished whole middle to hold 'em now! When Mis' See you get Carter's, away.' Westerly paid for this washin' there'd be tried to dodge forty bullets at once. In a as a missionary to the Chinese and as But the despairing look on her face was enough. Yes, an' mebbe for the thick woolen gloves for him-land! Rowena's minute I had reached my own door, and as editor and translator of an edition of the gone and in its place was a grim deter-I did so I turned to look back. Ask for Carter's, mination that had come to stay. There Chinese classics; and Prof. (emeritus) ·Another man left the palace gates at full was going to be a Christmas, Works or no heart was soft toward Jim and all the speed, but before he had half crossed the Henry Drisler of Columbia University, for world. The Christmas gentleness was in i'. She got the children to bed early-very Works ! 'I'll be the 'Works !' she thought, Insist and demand street a puff of smoke shot out of a window more than fifty years professor of Latin or trying to smile. 'I'll do the old washin'-and he tell fist and was instantly lying like Greek in that institution, and at two difthat's vittles. An' I'll do new ones-that's early. They rebelled, but she hustled them a dog across the gutter. The fire stopped | lerent times its acting president. Christmas. There's a plenty of 'em to do | under the quilts peremptorily. A neighbor | Carter's Little Liver Pills.

woke up and crowed in unconscious sympathy with everybody else's joy.

'It's a sirloin, Roweny, an' you're a-goin' to eat every mite of it-every mite, do you hear,?' Jim said loudly.

'O, I am, am I ?' laughed Rowens. 'Every mite, mind you.' 'We'll see !' 'Toot-a-toot-too-oooo !'

Cause of Pain From Corns.

The pain caused by a corn is due to the inflammation of the flesh around the hardened skin or corn. A little 'Quickcure' spread on the corn and covered with thin paper reduces the inflammation and stops the pain. Try it. It also relieves bnnions, etc.

ERRAND ACROSS THE STREET.

A Prisoner Feigned Death and in That way Escaped.

The Count de Hubner tells in his "Memories" a thrilling story of an adventure in the Italian city of Brescia during the days of the Revolution of 1848. When the trouble began in the streets, he contrived to get into a house, taking with him two or three other persons, including the wife of a minor official who had entrusted the lady for a while to the count's care but who was to have certain news of her as soon as possible.

The firing grew heavier, and the rebels soon had possession of almost every house in the street.

On the 19th of March, Count de Hubner decided that he must do something toward bettering his position in case of an assault, and he torced his only remaining servant to make a dash across the street to the palace where the Austrian general Rath was quartered, two blocks away and on the other side. The man was merely to let the general know that Hubner himselt was coming, and to ask that the gates be held ready for him.

'Myself, prudence and my honor had a long and heated argument, says Count de Hubner. 'Finally I pulled myself together; I had to let Prince Metternich know about myselt to make a last report, and to keep my word about poor Madame M. I undid the door, drew a long breath, and plunged down the street.

'The bullets flew all around me, spatterleaden showers from the stone pavement.

room for her clothes-then---