



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS for sale in Halifax by the newsboy and at the following news stands and central depot...

Oct. 30 The Charity Fair held in St Mary's Hall in aid of the poor of the city was immense success...

A pretty wedding took place in St Patrick's Church Tuesday, when Denis P Murphy, of A E McManus' tailoring department...

Miss Myrtle C Finlayson of Charlottetown, who has been spending the summer with her sister, Mrs E J Lucas of this city leaves for home on Thursday.

Among other guests at Hotel Davies are William E Boone and wife who were married at Montreal on Sept 17th. They are now enjoying their honeymoon.

Miss Blanche Taylor, Miss J Cameron, J P Cleverdon and Miss Stayer left the by D A B this morning for Boston.

Rev R F Dixon, Wolfville, editor of Church Work, is in the city awaiting the arrival of the steamer Dalhousie, on which his two daughters are returning in a trip to the old country.

Mrs Thomas Temple and daughter of Falmouth will reside in Halifax this winter.

Mr and Mrs Richard Supple have returned from their wedding trip.

Miss Ida Glendening is home from a trip to Boston.

Mrs F W Green is visiting friends in Buffalo.

CLIMBED ABOVE MATHEMATICS.

Progress to His Flat of a Late Dinner Who Could Count Only to Two

I went to a club dinner the other night, said the man who lives in Harlem, and had an adventure when I got home which shows the advantage of having a scientific mind.

First there was the front door to get open, but with the aid of my right key I accomplished this in less than half an hour.

Then I sat down before the locked elevator door and tried to reason out the situation. Half an hour more and the thing was as plain as day.

One flight, I counted. Two flights. Then when I was half way up a flight I suddenly realized that I wasn't sure whether I was still on the second flight and had counted it as I got to it or whether I was on the third flight and was waiting to count it when I reached the end of it.

One flight, two flights. It was all right this time. I was doing finely. But hold on! I was just six steps up a flight.

Was I counting flights at the beginning or at the end of them? Of course, I ought to have made a definite rule on that second trip and stuck to it.

One flight, I said as I put my foot on the first step. Two flights, I said as I struck the first step of the second flight. What a beautiful thing is method I thought.

Just then I paused in my upward career.

I was conscious of a growing and unpleasant impression that I had passed the beginnings of at least two, perhaps three or four, flights of stairs in my rapt consideration of the beauties of method—especially scientific method.

I won't weary you with the accounts of my further attempts to make the fourth floor of that six story house, nor of the elaborate systems I devised to make sure of my counting. I tried it four or five times more and every time I failed on account of an unforeseen flaw in my system and I finally found myself panting and perspiring on the settle in the front hall I thought it over carefully but could see no hope, at my present rate, of anything but climbing up and down those ghastly stairs until I was a feeble, gray bearded old man.

One point was as clear as mud. In all my trips over those stairs I had always been sure of my count up to and including two flights. It was only when I tried to mount beyond the second that I plunged into a dark mathematical abyss.

After that I smiled. It's a great thing to have a scientific mind. It was too easy. I was in my own bed and asleep inside of fifteen minutes. You couldn't guess it in a thousand years. I started upstairs again. Oh no I didn't count a flight. I simply went up. One flight—two flights three flights—I didn't know which was which and didn't care.

Women On the Brink

Women are blamed for Buller's dismissal from his command, a dismissal not in favor with the rank and file.

I am told that since Gen. Buller refused to correct his Spain Kop despatches he has been subjected to the bitter hostilities of Lady Roberts, who used every effort to force her husband to demand his recall.

Within the last few days her antipathy has found fresh vent, owing to this Westminster speech. It is said she compelled 'Bobs' to go to the war office and demand of Mr. Broderick that he should issue an order for Gen. Buller's resignation.

Then Lord Roberts and Mr. Broderick put their heads together, and waited for the instant of the King's return to London to lay before his majesty the alternative of Buller's dismissal or their resignation.

It was by no means a pleasant interview at first the King refused point blank to countenance any such drastic proceedings. He defended Buller right and left, declared that such a provocation as anonymous attacks was sufficient warrant for such an explosion on the part of the luff old soldier, but Lord Roberts and Mr. Broderick were equally stubborn.

Lord Roberts threatened to resign instantly unless a royal mandate was issued for Buller's despatch.

To this Mr. Broderick also added his intention to relinquish the seals of the war office. His majesty used every effort to induce the commander in chief to reconsider his determination. Only when he finally discovered that this was out of the order for Gen. Buller's dismissal.

Buller has long been a bone of contention in the army. Campbell-Bannerman actually designated him for commander-in-chief of the British army, from Sir Henry within a few hours of his making the appointment.

Buller is a very independent man, with an income of more than £70,000 a year.

Thus have Buller and the women who prey upon the virility of the nation served a great purpose after all.

The incompetence of the general and the shameful overreaching lust for power of the women at court have exposed the shame of the government and aroused the shame of the people.

It was hard for Buller, for he is a kindly man, but it was a good day for England when Buller was shelved on half pay.

Oh, rather, it will be a good day for the old country if he proves the pioneer leading the way to the retirement of the others whose station depends on court favour which follows the flutter of petticoats that stray out of their province.

FACE HUMOURS



Pimples, Blackheads, Red Rough, Oily Skin

PREVENTED BY

Cuticura SOAP

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying, beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

Complete Treatment for Every Humour. CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVE, to cool and cleanse the blood.

The Triumph of Hope

Nowhere else in life is the triumph of hope over other people's experience so beautifully illustrated as in matrimony, writes Dorothy Dix. 'Eve' young couple who joyously step up the church aisle to the altar believe that they are going to be the one exception to the general rule, and they will live in perpetual honeymoon, where they will never want to do anything but gaze into each other's eyes and murmur vows of adoration.

This is before taking. After taking they find out that they are like other people, and that they have unintentionally 'ken each other in with a show of virtues that they are not prepared to make good in everyday life. Many a man gets the jar of his life when he finds out that the being he has regarded as an angel has a temper like a fishwife, and many a bride sheds salt and bitter tears when she discovers that the hero of her romantic dreams eats onions, and swears a blue streak when his collar button rolls under the bureau.

Age and experience and previous records count for nothing, and no matter how often you may have seen the trial performances of the candidate for matrimony, you never know how he or she will turn out at last as a running mate. A young woman, for instance, who is of the clinging vine pattern, and desires a manly form about which to festoon herself, can base no assurance of future support upon the conduct of her lover. Because in the days of courtship, tenderly lifts her over a shadow on the carpet is no sign that after they are married he won't stifle along four feet in front of her, and leave her to carry six bundles and the baby.

Neither is there any way to tell beforehand whether a man's supply of patience and forbearance will be equal to the strain of the wear and tear of domestic life. Before marriage a man will accompany a girl shopping and stand around for six hours while she prices things, and assure her that he is enjoying it all and having the time of his life. But the married man who is detained five minutes while his wife purchases a spool of thread raises Sam Hill, and wants to know what on earth she was doing, and if she supposed he wants to spend the balance of his life in a department store.

So far as men are concerned, the venture is even more hazardous. Women are uncertain ever, and never a greater risk than in matrimony. Many a man who marries a saint gets a scold instead. The trimmest and daintiest and neatest dressed maiden in the community may need only the liberty of her own feet to degenerate into a slovelly creature in dowdy wrappers and curl-papers and no man

living my prophesy when a fairy-like little thing will turn into a feminine heavyweight, with three chins and a figure like a leather bed.

There is only one woman in a thousand who pursues the same tactics to keep a husband she did to catch one. Before she was married she listened to his stories with absorbed attention, she laughed at his jokes, and when he took her out was all animation and interest. After marriage she reminds him that she read his pet witticism in the comic papers, she interrupts his best story to say that the neighbors out is lost, and at the theatre she does not even try to make conversation between the acts. It does not take any Sherlock Holmes to tell when a man is enjoying the melancholy pleasure in taking his wife out.

A noble young Roman named Caesar Once called on a maid—tried to qaeasar But the girl with a blush, Said the Latin for 'Tush!' You horrid young thing. Let me baesear

I notice that a Connecticut judge says that a woman is not a proper person to pass upon the character of a case of masculine intoxication. Good for the Nutmeg judge! I'll bet he's a married man and carries a latchkey.

Yes, the Richsmaues are very much humiliated since the old man died. What is wrong? I thought there was nothing about him that— That's just it. No take widows have put in claims for his estate.

A prophet, he exclaimed, 'is a man who tortells what's going to happen.' Then why do you call the weather man a prophet? asked the boy. The man looked at him blankly for a minute. 'Blest if I know,' he said at last.

'My time,' said the multi-billiocaire, 'is worth \$100 a minute.' 'Well,' answered the friend casually, 'let's go out this afternoon and play ten or fifteen dollars' worth of golf.'

How do you like your new cook? Very much indeed, answered the youthful housewife. I must say she doesn't look very strong. That is why we like her. She cannot do so much damage if she gets angry.

FRY'S COCOA

For Holiday Feasting.

Fry's concentrated Cocoa has taken medals and awards without number for its superior excellence. Surely, you will want to sell the "best" for the holiday feasting. Pure, absolutely Rich, and delicate of flavor. Concentrated, hence a little of it goes a great ways. A quarter pound tin costs but 25 cents and makes fifty cups.

Sold by leading dealers all over the world.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.



SILENCE!

The instinct of modesty natural to every woman is often a great hindrance to the cure of womanly diseases. Women shrink from the personal questions of the local physician which seem indelicate. The thought of examination is abhorrent to them, and so they endure in silence a condition of disease which surely progresses from bad to worse.

It has been Dr. Pierce's privilege to cure a great many women who have found a refuge for modesty in his offer of free consultation by letter. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Doctor R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

Having used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' during the past year, writes Mrs. Mattie Long, of Plover Valley, Perry Co., Pa., 'I can truthfully recommend these medicines for all female weaknesses. I have used several bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' which I consider a great blessing to weak women. I was so nervous and discouraged that I hardly knew what to do. Your kind advice for home treatment helped me wonderfully. Thanks to Dr. Pierce.'

Biliousness is cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book.

THE Book of the century, it is a d-someily illustrated by thirty-two of the World's greatest Artists. But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00. The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address

EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Store.) 180 Monroe St., Chicago.

News and Opinions

OF

National Importance.

The Sun

ALONE

CONTAINS BOTH:

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a Copy. By Mail, \$2 a year. New York Sunday Sun-