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Luther Cash, colored, wants to be the Republican nominee for lieutenant governor of Kentucky. A twelve-year-old boy was discovered "in a beastly state of intoxication" the other day in a little town in the prohibition State of Maine.

An effort is to be made to repeal the law which makes vaccination a condition of attendance at the public schools in the State of New York. The Waco News advocates the use of Kalmuck praying machines to save \$10 a day now expended for perfunctory petitions to the Throne of Grace from the State Legislature.

An international congress on childhood will be held in Florence in the spring of 1896. Among the questions to be discussed are the physical, moral and mental elevation of children, children's hospitals, the care of deaf-mute and blind children up to the time of their admission into an educational institution, care of poor and abandoned children, reformatories and vagabondage in relation to childhood.

At the greatest cold yet reached oxygen gas, the most attractive chemical agent in nature, became inert and ceased to combine with other substances for which it has the strongest affinity. It is supposed as a conclusion from recent remarkable experiments in liquefying gases that in the entire absence of heat, or at the "absolute zero," chemical action ceases and matter becomes wholly unorganized. A universe at the absolute zero would be wholly dead.

Baltimore appears to have solved the street car fender problem. Some time ago a car fender commission was appointed and an ordinance passed requiring all cars to be equipped with a fender satisfactory to the commission, under a penalty of \$5 a day for each car operated without a fender. Several different styles have been in use for two months, and in the opinion of the city authorities they have more than paid for themselves in the reduction of expenses from accidents. Mayor Latrobe says that the cars used to kill one or more persons a week, but that they have not seriously injured anyone during two months' use of the fenders.

The position known as confidential man in the Chicago firm of Franklin McVeach & Co. has been filled for some years by Miss Lydia W. Ragatz, who receives a large salary for her services. There are a number of other business women in Chicago who receive large incomes, among them Miss Sara Steenberg, fire insurance; Miss Sara Johnson, head of a department in a big business house; Miss Bertha Epstein, real estate, who says she is a "self-made man"; Miss Emma S. Blood, business manager, secretary and treasurer of the Central Music Hall Company, and Miss Mabel Babcock, paying cashier in a wholesale grocery house.

The Benjamin Franklin fund to be lent to young married artisans in Philadelphia has increased from the original \$5,000 to \$114,000. Of this, under the terms of the will as construed by the collector of the city board of charities, \$27,000 is to remain in the fund for another hundred years. The remaining \$87,000 will be appropriated to the Fairmount Park commission under the clause of the will which provides that the sum now available shall be expended "in public works which may be judged of most general utility to the inhabitants, such as fortifications, bridges, aqueducts, public buildings, baths, pavements, or whatever may make living in the town more convenient to its people, and render it more agreeable to strangers resorting hither for health or a temporary residence."

paper package, not larger than the unsharpened end of a lead-pencil, which contained a fine powder. "There is enough opium there," said he, "to satisfy several men, and yet how are we going to detect it when baked in the centre of a cake?" The prisoners are allowed to receive presents of fruit and cake. One of the confirmed opium-eaters is always well supplied with the drug, but how he obtains it has hitherto mystified the officials. His only visitor is an old woman, but watchers say they have never seen her close enough to the man to pass him anything. During her calls he invariably sits with his head hung down and his hands between his knees, apparently in deep dejection. The only conclusion possible is that one of the keepers, and not the old woman, brings him the opium. It is said that comparatively few of the convicts have the habit when they arrive. Once within the walls they soon learn the trick of getting the opium, and use it as a means of becoming oblivious of their surroundings, or at least indifferent to them.

WHAT CAN BE DONE? "Malicious as hell, or else a lunatic!" "An interloper!" "An artful dodger!" "A man with a maggot in his brain which gnaws and gnaws the fibre until he can see nothing else!" Who is this pointedly and graphically described? Why, our honest and persistent old friend, Henry L. Goodwin of East Hartford. And who thus pointedly and graphically describe him? Why, two of his old friends who are directors of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company. And why do they thus graphically describe him? Because he has been malicious, interloping, artful and maggoty enough to introduce a bill in the legislature which they do not like, and to stand up audaciously against them for what he thinks is and what appears to be for the interest of the people.

What can be done with such a man? He will not die. His strong constitution, his good habits, and his honest purpose bid fair to keep him alive for many years to come. He cannot be safely and legally killed. A commission composed of some of his old friends might declare him insane and he might be shut up, but he would be more dangerous inside an insane asylum than he is outside. But something must be done. It will not do to have him continue to display his hellish malice, his lunacy, his artfulness and his maggot, just when such display is the least wanted and the most troublesome. There are two ways to deal with him which suggest themselves. He can be elected governor of Connecticut or he can be elected a director of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company and made its spokesman in the legislature.

THE HARVARD IDEA. The plan of the Harvard athletic committee to reform football has not been adopted by the faculty. It has been flatly rejected. And furthermore the faculty declines to make itself an athletic committee. It sticks to its idea that football glory is not really the chief end and aim of a university. Accordingly a published statement, the faculty wishes it understood that its objection is not to football as a game. The situation, as seen through faculty eyes, is that for two or three months of the year the attention of the public is directed to Harvard, not as an institution of learning, but as a place where football is played. In other words, the interest in the game has grown to proportions where it has ceased to be an incident in college life, but is its main purpose.

Of course this idea of the Harvard faculty is old-fashioned and unprogressive. Yale will laugh at it. Yale has found out that the reputation of being a place where football is victoriously played amounts to something. It brings students and money. The Arts and Sciences are still fairly respectable, but money makes the mare go. Perhaps if Harvard had been able to get the reputation of being a place where football is victoriously played her faculty might have paid more respectful attention to the recommendations of the athletic committee. But the faculty realizes that an institution of learning must be distinguished for something if it would live and prosper, and an effort is going to be made to give Harvard what distinction can come from attention to the Arts and Sciences. If Yale sticks to her highly successful plan she may grow still faster than she has done and make it necessary for Harvard to put at the head of its advertisements "Small but Select." It will be interesting to watch the competition between football and the Arts and Sciences.

TO HELP THE POOR. Farming on vacant city lots is one of the latest plans for the relief of the poor. Last year the mayor of Detroit, Michigan, conceived the idea of helping the poor of the city to help themselves by securing the temporary use of as many of the vacant building lots in and around the city as possible, that they might raise on them garden vegetables for their own consumption. Captain Cornelius Gardner of the Nineteenth United States Infantry, who was stationed at Fort Wayne, took a great interest in the scheme and aided the mayor materially in carrying it through. About 1,000 families cared for themselves in that manner. It is to be tried again in that city this year. At a recent meeting of

the New York Charities conference a somewhat similar plan was adopted. It is proposed to turn vacant lots in the suburbs belonging to the city into truck farms to be worked by the poor. All vacant land in the city possible will be secured and divided up into patches of about one-third an acre to each family. Potato cuttings and necessary vegetable seeds will be furnished. Then each man will attend to his own little farm and the results of his labor will be his own. Surprisingly large yields have been found to result from this close cultivation. At the Charities conference a great deal of land in and out of the city was promised. William Steiny gave the use of 200 acres of land in Long Island City, ex-Mayor Hewitt gave the use of land at Inwood, Columbia college lent seven acres, and it is thought that several thousand acres can be secured by the committee.

If farming in cities induces some of those who engage in it to try farming in the country much lasting good may be done. FASHION NOTES. Giltier a Good Investment. When you hear that spangles are not to be worn again, do not believe it! Save up every cent and spangle with it. Too many the brilliant discs is impossible, and it really looks as if it would be soon safe to spangle undergarments. At any rate, unless a woman distinctly shines in society, she might as well be out of it altogether. The latest gowns of the winter season were made magnificent by great all-over patterns of spangle work. Opera cloaks were a-giltier with the same ornamentation. Some of them had an erratic Jap dragon—a sprawl up the back and a little family of small dragons circling about the vest of the garment. No



matter how rich and beautiful lace might be, it would not do unless it was weighted with the glitter of spangles; feathers might be beautiful, but not unless each strand hung heavy with a spangle tip; ribbon was simply of no use unless the edges were silky and stiff with the same glittering ornaments. That was the winter standard, and the vogue will continue unabated. Too many cannot be used, the only danger is that there may not be enough to invest in the gay little discs. Their popularity does not prevent the use of jet passementerie which is especially suitable when applied in some unusual way. It makes a handsome addition to the dress of to-day's picture, which is made from tan colored liberty satin garnished with the same shade of velours. Its moderately wide bell skirt is banded with rows of black jet passementerie, and is laid in small pleats at the back. The bodice has fitted lining, but the satin is pleated front and back, the bodice fastening being invisibly. A deep round yoke of velvet is finished with jet and lace which forms bretelles in front and epaulettes over the shoulders. The sleeves consist of large velours balloon puffs. Insertions are no longer inserted, but are applied strap-like and many a new bodice is elaborated with such garniture. FLORETTE.

WIT. An Irishman's definition of wit—Wit is the lava which comes from the mouth of a lively creature.—Tit-Bits. Newspaper Editor—Juan, take that cat away; I cannot write with the row it is making. Where is it? Juan—Oh, sir, you are sitting on it.—Tit-Bits. Impatient Tourist (to small boy fishing in the lake)—You told us the boat left here at four, and we have waited now till past five. Boy—Oh, it doesn't begin to run till May.—Flegende Blatter.

Wool—I'm awfully behind in my reading. Van Pelt—How's that? Wool—I got switched off on "Tribby," and now I'm behind on at least nine or ten new lives of Napoleon.—New York Evening World. Conductor—That's a Canadian coin, sir; I can't take it! Passenger—The dence you can't! You gave it to me in change this morning. Conductor—Well, you see, I'm more particular than you are.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Minnie—I had to stand up in the car all the way down town and ever so many of those horrid men had seats. Mamie—O, I wouldn't worry, dear. Perhaps they thought you were still young enough to stand without fatigue.—Cincinnati Tribune. "No man ever obtained anything worth having without working hard for it," said Mrs. Bickens to her husband, who was in a discouraged mood. "That's so," replied Mr. Bickens, reflectively. "I remember that I obtained you without the slightest difficulty."—Harper's Bazar. Hush-a-by, baby, your mother is gone. She's out at a meeting and will be till dawn; she's making a speech about woman's rights. Hush-a-by, baby, let's put out the light. Hush-a-by, baby, let's put out the light. A Calumny Exploded—"They tell us," he said dreamily, "that women are extremely susceptible to flattery." "I've heard that," replied his friend. "Well,

don't you believe it. I tried this morning to tell my wife she was a new spangle-possessing Washington Star. Fear of Habit—"Does the razor hurt you?" "No reply." "Is the draught too strong?" "No reply." "Shall I shut the door?" "No reply." "A awful fire last night." "No reply." "Shave pretty close?" "No reply." "Getting very chilly now?" "No reply." "That was a heavy thunderstorm last night!" "No reply." "Shampoo?" "No reply." "Trim your hair up a little?" "No reply." "Brilliant on your mustache?" "No reply." "Pay rent?" "No reply." Then the barber, who was all alone in his shop, sat down greatly refreshed. He had been shaving himself.—Tit-Bits.

PULLED WOOL. How Sheep Pelts are Devalued of Their Fleecy Covering. (From the Chicago Record.) It is not so very many years ago since all the wool in this country was shorn from the living animal. Now a great proportion of it is taken from the pelts, and is known as pulled wool. A wool-puller, with its different processes, is an interesting place to an outsider. The pelts, as they come from the slaughter houses, are thrown into large vats and left to soak in water for twenty-four hours to loosen the dirt and other foreign matter which has become matted in the wool. From these vats the pelts are taken to the scrubbers. These are machines that work on the same plan as the old corrugated roll washing machine. After going through three or four of these machines—commencing with cold water and ending with water that is quite warm—the wool is clean and white. The pelts are next freed from any particles of flesh or fat which have adhered to them, and are then carried to the painting room. Here the pelts are laid, flesh side up on long tables by one man, while another, whose hands are encased in thick, gauntlet gloves, paints them thoroughly with depilatory preparation for loosening the wool, using a wide brush, similar in appearance to a whitewash brush. Another man follows him, turning over each alternate pelt, so that the fleshy sides will come together, and then piling them in heaps on the floor, where they are left for the chemical to act.

When they have remained for a sufficient time in the painting room, the pelts are piled on drays and wheeled to the pulling room. Here they are taken in hand by a man, whose quick eye determines the grade of wool there is, and plainly come under this prohibition. Each wool-puller stands before what resembles more than anything else a carpenter's horse with the legs knocked off at one end. The pelt is thrown over this horse and the wool loosened by the depilatory preparation is easily and quickly pulled out, by the hand and, and thrown into barrels conveniently arranged around him, according to grade and length. The skin when plucked is taken to another room, where it is created and made into plucked stock, ready for the tanner.

When a barrel is filled with wool it is placed on a truck and wheeled to another room, where the matted wool is separated by a picking machine, which separates it into small bits and throws them into a miniature snowstorm effect from the end of the machine on the floor, where it is loaded into a truck with snow shovels and wheeled to the drying room. When the wool is thoroughly dried it is raked up, piled into a cart and taken to the storeroom, where it is dumped into bins. Here it usually remains, open for inspection and sampling, till it is sold, when it is bagged.

A Remarkable Memory. (From the Philadelphia Press.) George W. McMillon of Frier's Hill, Greenbrier county, West Va., is about forty years old, and has the gift of remembrance wonderfully developed. He remembers everything he ever knew or read. He can, off hand, recite the names, birthdays, hour of death, majorities, and the closest details of the lives of all the presidents in regular order; can recite poems of 3,000 words without missing a word; can recount the details of every visit he has made in his life; can name all the persons he has met in two weeks, and every word every one of them said, and can quote a chapter after chapter of the Bible. One of his most interesting feats is the recitation of a marriage ceremony which he heard when he was twenty-one, and which united a girl who was his sweetheart to another man. It is said that this ceremony was the first thing he ever tried to remember.

The Story of a Grizzly-Bear Belle. A long, brown bear-claw on the watch-chain of a man standing in a hotel lobby last night attracted several people's attention, and some asked him why he wore such an outlandish charm. "Well," began the owner, who was George Miller of Cheyenne, "there is a story about this claw. I cut it off a live grizzly bear, who is living yet for all I know, and I put it on to-night to show a friend who was mightily interested in the proceedings about the time the amputation occurred. Phil Brent is his name. We were out prospecting in the spurs that run back from Brown's Park in Colorado in '77. I had the quartz fever bad then and wouldn't have given a piece of jerked meat for every bunch of cattle in the country. We had knocked up a sort of a shack for ourselves, something of a cross between a big wickup and a hillside cave, and were pretty comfortable as far as quarters go. One day Phil got out of sorts and I went out to kill him a grouse, taking a little single-barrel shotgun. I got a couple of mountain quail about a quarter of a mile away and came back. When I turned a little

gully and came in sight of the shack, there were the hindquarters of a grizzly sticking out of the door. "I know," Phil was saying, and my hair stood up. The puppin I had was worth about as much as a pipestem so far as fighting a bear was concerned. I didn't know what to do, but every now and then I could hear the bear gurgle. It wasn't a grunt, but a regular gurgle. All of a sudden I spied our ass near me, and I grabbed it. I sneaked up, thinking I could cut the bear on his leg and make him pay attention to himself until I could get a whack at his head. A bear hurt in the hindquarters will always doctor the wound for a minute or two before it starts to get even with its enemy. Well, I raised the axe and shut my eyes and whizzed away at that hind leg. There was a howl as if a hundred byones had broken loose, and a bear half as big as an elephant, it seemed to me, fell back out of the shack and then started off up the hollow like a race-horse. In a second he was out of sight, and in another I was inside and had hold of an English rifle, with a bore like a cannon, that a hunter from the east had given Phil. Phil was sitting up in one corner, with his eyes staring at the door, in a dead faint. Between looking out for that big bear to come back and bringing my partner to, I had a busy half-hour, but the bear didn't come back and Phil did. He told me that he was sitting on the floor on some skins, trying to cool his back against the rock—he had a hot fever when something happened, fainted the door, and there was the grizzly. We examined the doorway to see if there were any blood marks, and blessed if I didn't pick up his claw. I reckon I missed his leg, and such a sudden way of cutting his toe-nails set him crazy."—Washington Star.

The Recent Encyclical of Leo XIII. (From Harper's Weekly.) The latest encyclical of Leo XIII. is intended for the people of the United States. Nothing can be better than the warnings against the "licentiousness of divorce," as it obtains in some parts of our country. "Divorce," says Leo, "is the fruitful cause of mutable marriage contracts, is injurious to the care and education of children, breaks up domestic society, degrades the dignity of women." Equally commendable is the recognition of the place of science in modern education. "An education cannot be complete which takes no notice of modern sciences. In the noble and praiseworthy passion for knowledge, Catholics ought to be not followers, but leaders." This is well said; but apparently there is a discrepancy here between the language of Leo and that of his predecessor. Science, to be science, must be free, and must be left to correct its own errors. Speaking of philosophy, in which we understand to be included all attempts of the mind to explain to itself the phenomena of the universe, the syllabus of 1864 tells us that "the church must not only sometimes proceed against philosophy, but she must not tolerate the errors of philosophy itself, and must not leave it to correct itself." The metaphysics of science are a part of science, and plainly come under this prohibition.

Very striking is that passage which is devoted to the American press. It is well known that the church in this country has taken pains to train men for journalism, and to secure for them important positions in the administration of secular papers. "Every effort," Leo XIII. tells his people, "should be made to increase the number of intelligent and well-disposed writers who take religion for their guide. They must, however, carry on the conflict on behalf of the church with perfect unanimity, and must be obedient to the bishops. The bishops, placed in the lofty position of authority, are to be obeyed. This reverence, which it is lawful for no one to neglect, should, of necessity, be eminently conspicuous in Catholic journalists." Much of this appeals to journalists engaged upon papers.

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Some English Justice. Mr. Bradlaugh had hired a field in which to deliver a lecture in Davenport, as the public halls in the town had been forbidden to him. The superintendent of the police interfered to prevent the meeting, and finally arrested Mr. Bradlaugh and put him in prison. The next day Mr. Bradlaugh was brought before the magistrates, and as there was not even a pretext for the charge of assault trumped up against him, he was discharged. He then brought an action against the superintendent of police for false imprisonment. The facts were notorious, and even the prejudiced jury which tried the case could not refuse a verdict for Mr. Bradlaugh; but it gave only a farthing of damages, and so compelled him to pay his own costs. Upon that ground Mr. Bradlaugh moved in the court of common pleas for a new trial, as the damages were ridiculously insufficient.

Lord Chief Justice Erie, in giving judgment refusing a new-trial, expressed the somewhat strange idea that it was a real blessing to a free thought lecturer to deprive him of his liberty without excuse. Upon the same ground a jury of farmers might think that a ducking in a horse pond was a real benefit to the misguided secretaries of the Laborers' Union. The chief justice said: "There are opinions which are in law a crime. * * * If we plaintiffs wanted to use his liberty for the purpose of disseminating opinions which were in reality of that pernicious description, and the defendant prevented him from doing that which might be a perilous act to those who heard him, it might be that the jury thought the act of imprisonment was in reality not an injury, but, on the contrary, an act which, in its real substantial result, was beneficial to the plaintiff, and so the nominal wrong would be abundantly compensated by the small sum given."—The Westminster Review.

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