

EXPENSES OF A BUILDING.

A Small Army of Employees, Many of Whom the Public Does Not See.

"The position of superintendent of a big New York building is no sinecure, said a man who occupies that position. 'I watch the building from top to bottom, see that the machinery is kept in order, look out for wear and tear and look after the wants of all the tenants.'"

"Do they want for much?" was asked. "Well, about everything under the sun and a great many things we cannot supply. There are 300 rooms in the building, and we burn on an average 2,500 16 candle power incandescent lamps. Notwithstanding this fact there is a constant cry for more light. The desire for brilliant illumination is a mania."

"And then there are the lost keys. It would surprise you to know how many keys are required. We buy them by the hundreds. When the tenants lose their outdoor keys, we remove the cylinder from the locks and supply a key of a different pattern. The tenants lose their safe keys too. I have had to drill and open 30 safes this year."

"The greatest wear and tear on a building of this kind is around the windows and window shades. We keep a carpenter busy the year round repairing window woodwork, replacing ropes and fixing blinds. One of our greatest annoyances comes from tenants who do not keep office boys and who try to use the porters for errands. The porter is also the middleman. All complaints come through him."

"Men and women tenants are about equally troublesome. We have one woman tenant, however, who is never without the services of either the electrician, the porter or the carpenter. The payroll of the engineer's department has averaged for 1897 \$1,113.83 every two weeks. That amount pays the chief engineer, three assistants, three oilers, three firemen, three electricians, three men to look after elevators, one starter, ten elevator men, one doorman and two night watchmen."

"In the engineers' department there are three watches of eight hours each. In addition to those men there is a small army of employees whom the public seldom sees. They come into the buildings before the tenants arrive. They are the cleaners and sweepers. The bill for sweeping and dusting a large building is likely to be interesting to the housekeepers of New York. We pay those men \$537.80 every two weeks."

"Here is an elevator rope that from Jan. 1 to Oct. 1 has done 12,203 hours' steady work. The rope has been in use since May 26, 1895, and is good for a few months yet. The elevator ropes are of annealed wire. They cost \$150 apiece. The ropes are one and a quarter inches in diameter. Those in use in this building are 2,040 feet in length. The ropes operated by hand on some elevators and known as tiller ropes are only one-half an inch in diameter. They are made of annealed wire also. They cost \$26. We carry our own glass insurance, and it pays us to take the risk. The small boy does not find room to play ball hereabouts, and our bill for breakage is low. Since Jan. 1 our expenditure for glass has been \$32.59 only."

"We use seven tons of coal every 24 hours. The building is heated by exhaust steam. As soon as the steam has done its work in the engines it passes into the main pipe, whence it is distributed throughout the building."—New York Commercial.

Ancient Barbers.

The cult of the beard, according to the ancient Jewish writers, started in the garden of Eden. Adam, they tell us, was several miles in height and was furnished with a prodigious beard which reached to his middle. The ancient Jews, presumably on account of this believed Edenic origin, held the beard in such high esteem that they considered it a greater insult to seize a man by his beard than to tread on his nose. They cherished the hair on their faces as the callow youth of today does his adolescent mustache, trimmed it in various forms, perfumed it with odorous substances and cut it only as a sign of great affliction. So far did they carry their veneration for its dignity that laws were actually passed regarding the manner of its wearing. This was probably done, however, in order that the chosen people might not imitate the neighboring races that made hair offerings to their gods, nor their former masters, the Egyptians, who were great patrons of barbers.

The barber's lot was a happy one in the land of Egypt, where the people had such a high regard for the tonsorial art that the majority of the men shaved not only the face, but the entire head and capped their bald pates with wigs, while the priests went even further and shaved the entire body every third day. With this constant scraping of chins going on the barber's trade was an important one in the home of the pharaohs, and its followers were kept busily running throughout the length and breadth of the land from early morning until sunset. They carried their tools in a open mouthed basket, and their razors were shaped like a small hatchet with a curved handle.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Manufacturer's remnants in fine embroidery—4 1/2 yds in length—at about regular makers cost.—Moore & McLeod.

Big annual white goods sale now on at Weeks & Co's. Grand values.

Evaporated apricots and peaches (in 15 cents a pound at Beer & Goff's. 21 1/2

CREAM OF TARTAR

Report of the Dominion Analysts upon its Adulteration—Danger to our Food from Alum and Phosphate Mixtures.

It would seem as if housekeepers who have been in the habit of using in the old-fashioned way soda and cream of tartar or soda and sour milk to raise their cake, biscuit, rolls, etc., would have to make a change, if they have regard for the healthfulness of their food.

The report of the Inland Revenue Department of Canada gives the results of a series of analyses of substances bought for cream of tartar extending over a period of four years, made by Professor A. McGill, assistant to the Chief Analyst of the Dominion, Dr. McFarlane. The samples analyzed, which were procured from the chief grocers and druggists in every part of Canada, including the Maritime Provinces, were in all cases bought for cream of tartar, and were from the stock from which sales were being made daily to housekeepers for baking purposes.

The number of samples thus collected and examined was one hundred and eighty-three, from as many different dealers. "Out of this number," says the analyst "I have found only one sample to consist of pure bitartrate of potassium (cream of tartar). Among the adulterants found are named alum (ammonia alum in most cases), tartrate of lime, sulphate of lime, superphosphate of lime, gypsum, etc. Many samples though bought for cream of tartar, had no trace of cream of tartar in them, but were made up wholly of phosphates, alum, starch, etc."

Seventy of the better samples, which were claimed to be really and actually genuine cream of tartar, were subjected to special tests. Every sample but one of these was found to contain lime, in quantities sometimes exceeding sixteen per cent. of their entire weight. Lime is a caustic, and like alum, when taken with food into the stomach acts as a poison.

Sulphuric acid is not a pleasant thing to take in food; yet over seven per cent. of this chemical was discovered in some of these samples of so-called pure cream of tartar.

These being the best specimens of cream of tartar that can be bought in the Canadian market by chemists who are looking for pure goods, what are the chances of the housekeeper when purchasing indiscriminately from the ordinary stock found at the grocers' or druggists? So long as she trusts to these sources for the agents to raise her biscuit and cake, she is powerless to protect her food from dangerous impurities, for she is all the time mixing it with alum and other poisonous adulterants.

Prof. McGill indicates the remedy which the housewife should apply, and that is to give up using cream of tartar and soda in the old-fashioned way, and employ a new high-class baking powder, known to be free from all detrimental substances. In the Royal Baking Powder, for instance, which is a cream of tartar powder, classed by Prof. McGill as a most excellent article, the ingredients before being used are refined to a condition of chemical purity. The enormous output of the Royal Baking Powder Company—probably one-half of all the baking powder consumed in America, requiring the use of over one-half of all the cream of tartar manufactured—makes the use of chemically pure ingredients an absolute necessity. Its refineries are the largest in the world, costing the company over half a million dollars, but they have secured to the people what they could not otherwise have had, in place of the adulterated cream of tartar of the market, a baking preparation of absolute purity and healthfulness.

The importance of this subject to the public cannot be over-estimated, for it has a relation to the health of every person in the community.

AD CATAGUMBAS

BY A BARBER.

Beneath the surface of that greatness which sitteth on seven hills, a city which at one time was the seat of the most extravagant and wanton luxury, and the scene of almost the severest and most terrible persecutions ever enacted on this earth—Rome, once the capital of the nations, and the mistress of the world—lies a vast necropolis, six hundred acres in extent, honeycombed with dark creary labyrinths and confused dismal ramifications, perhaps hundreds of miles in length (one estimate, which must, however, be very greatly exaggerated, places the aggregate length of these passages at more than five hundred miles), placed tier upon tier, corridor upon corridor, a veritable maze which it would be impossible to map out, and which no one man has ever explored.

The traveller upon entering these catacombs (formerly termed "ad catagumbas") is confronted immediately with a vast pile of skulls and bones, comprising all that remains of over two thousand victims of a devastating plague which occurred in the sixteenth century, which in the semi-darkness present a weird and ghastly spectacle, and even now a noisome odour of death appears to emanate from the narrow baneful mass. Proceeding down the narrow passages the darkness now rapidly becomes intense, now and again, however, an aperture for air (in the upper galleries) somewhat softening the horror of this charnel house of centuries. On each side of the galleries we see excavated hollows one above another, in which repose the remains of vast multitudes of dead, Roman Pagans, in some cases, on one

side, Christian martyrs on the other, the former bearing inscriptions indicating anger at the removal by death of wife or husband, such as "I, Procope, lift up my hands against the gods who snatched me away innocent. She lived twenty years. Proclus set this up;" or, "Oh relentless fortune who delightest in cruel death, why is Maximus so suddenly snatched from me?" The Christian inscriptions bear an altogether different character and breathe an all-pervading spirit of resignation, rest, and above all, peace: "Valeria sleeps in peace," "Petronia, a deacon's wife, the type of modesty. In this place I lay my bones; spare your tears, dear husband and daughters and believe that it is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God. Buried in peace on the third before the nones of October in the consulate of Festus," "Laurence to his sweetest son Severus, Borne away by angels on the seventh before the ides of January," "Gemella sleeps in peace," "Constantia, buried in peace on the Lord's Day, the sixth before the kalends of July in the fifth consulate of Honorius Augustus. In peace," "Requiescit in pace. He rests in peace," (not "requiescit in pace," the modern formula, as prayers for the dead were unknown in those early days of Christianity). The whole moral atmosphere of this great resting place of the early Christian converts and martyrs is redolent with the one idea of Peace. The word Pax, or "In Pace," abounds at every turn; for these sainted martyrs appeared to entertain not the faintest shadow of a doubt as to the certainty of their immediate deliverance from trouble and from pain, and their sure entry into a heavenly rest.

As the traveller continues to tread these dark and sinuous passages, he passes occasionally the entrance to a dark excavated cavern. Here, during the terrible persecutions were held the religious services of those devoted early Christians; here on the Lord's Day these faithful followers of a crucified Master secretly assembled after the shades of darkness had fallen, to worship Him whom they loved and adored, and for whom they were willing, if need be to suffer and to die. And here too, sometimes, the Roman soldiery, craftily tracking them down, fell upon them in their heathen rage, put men, women and children to the sword, thereby adding their honoured names to the long roll of the noble army of martyrs who now wear the golden crown, and bear the palm of victory, reaping a glorious reward for all their pain and suffering. But though they were fully aware that they might never emerge alive from these rude places of worship, yet they were willing to risk dear life itself in their desire to honor their Master by assembling to worship Him and to sing His praises.

But how many of us would attend church or chapel if we thought there was a risk of being slaughtered by a savage soldiery? A wet day is often a sufficient deterrent; the possibility of a sword-thrust, however, would be more than most of us would care to risk. Can we be in earnest as they were?

STAGE GLINTS.

Nellie Maskell is playing La Frochard in "The Two Orphans" with Kate Claxton.

Georgia Busby has announced her engagement to marry in the spring Walter Sandt, a New York broker.

James H. Wallick will soon produce a new melodrama, "Dew's Island," based upon the Captain Dreyfus incident.

John Drew and his company are now rehearsing a new play, "One Summer's Day," in which May Buckley and Kate Meek will appear.

Mrs. Kendal has accepted "The Elder Miss Blossom," a new comedy by Walter Frith, which, if successful abroad, she may bring to America in the autumn.

Olga Nethersole, contemplate the production of a new dramatization of Rudyard Kipling's "The Light That Failed," in which she will appear as Bessie.

Julie Kopacsy, at the end of her present engagement at the Irving Place theater, New York, will commence a brief tour, opening on Jan. 30 at Cincinnati.

Laura Burt will go abroad in February, under engagement with a London manager, to play June in "Blue Jeans," and she may remain in Europe for several years.

Elythe Wentworth Skerrett, daughter of the late Rear Admiral Joseph S. Skerrett, U. S. N., has been engaged for the Empire Theater stock company, New York.

May Irwin has received an offer to present "The Swell Miss Fitzwell" in Berlin and other German cities. She will probably remain here and sell the German rights to the play.

Returns show that 16 persons in 1,000 who are confined in lunatic asylums have been made insane by love affairs.

Looking After His Trunk.

A fidgety old gentleman at a railway station was terribly afraid that he would lose his trunk and constantly worried the busy porter about it, somewhat as follows: "Porter, be sure my trunk is safe." A moment later, "Porter, don't forget my trunk." Shortly again, "Porter, now are you quite sure that my trunk is safe?"

The porter lost his temper. "Arrah," said he, "and be jabers it's a pity you wasn't an elephant instead of an ass, and then you would always have your trunk under your nose."—Nuggets.

The Most Important.



"Waal, ef dis ain't zasperatin! Heah I is all dressed fer de ball an can't find mah razer."—New York Journal.



You can tell a healthy woman by the way she dances. When a healthy woman dances every nerve and every muscle and every drop of blood in her whole body dances. For the moment she resembles in grace and easy movement a bird. That is the dance of health. There is another measure to which tens of thousands of women are keeping step. It is a slow and solemn measure, and is the "Dance of Death." The woman who fails to take proper care of herself in a womanly way is keeping step to this measure and is unfit for widowhood and every muscle and every drop of blood in her whole body dances. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs of femininity and makes them strong, healthy and vigorous. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and gives rest to the tortured nerves. It fits for widowhood and motherhood. It banishes the squeamishness of the period of suspense and makes the little stranger's advent easy and almost painless. It insures baby's health and an ample supply of nourishment. It has transformed thousands of nervous, sickly, fretful women into healthy, happy wives and competent mothers. It sends the blood, dancing to the quick step of health, through the veins of maid, wife and mother. All good druggists sell it.

"I was all broken down from nervous prostration," writes Mrs. Henry Barlow, of Lonsdale, Providence Co., R. I. "Since taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I have had more relief than from all the doctors' medicine."

A clear complexion. Anyone can have it who keeps the blood pure. Constipation causes impure blood. Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation. One is a laxative, two a cathartic. Never gripe. Druggists sell them.

Aly sina is likely to be conquered peacefully by Italy, as over 4,000 soldiers taken prisoners by Menek are said to have settled in the country refusing to go home. Meanwhile their families are petitioning the Government either to get back the men who disappeared after Adana, or to declare them dead official y, so that their affairs in Italy may be settled.

DOES IT PAY TO TIPPLE

You know it don't. Then why do you do it? I know why. It requires too much self-denial to quit. The Dixon Cure, which is taken privately, is purely vegetable, is pleasant to the taste, and will cure you of all desire for liquor in two or three days, so that you would pay five cents for a barrel of beer or whiskey. You will eat heartily and sleep soundly from the start, and be better in every way, in both health and pocket, and without interfering with business duties. Write in confidence for particulars. The Dixon Cure Co., No. 40 Park Avenue, (near Milton St.), Montreal.

The Office Boy Gets a Raise.

The man came up stairs with a shotgun in his hands. The office boy had no time to warn the editor, but he was full of resources.

"Boy," roared the man with the shotgun, "I'm lookin fer trouble!"

"Well, that's his name," smiled the boy.

"Whose name?" demanded the man with the shotgun.

"Why, the editor's name. Go right in. He's been looking for you ever since he got down this mornin'."

"Lookin fer me, eh?" mused the man with the shotgun as he unlocked it.

"Waal," he concluded as he softly started down the stairs, "you jes' tell him fer me that I bet \$5 that he won't be able to find me!"—New York Sunday World.

Two bottles mixed pickles or chow chow for 25 cents at Beer and Goff's 21

A WHISKY DELICACY OF RARE QUALITY
A WEE DRAPPIEO'
PATTISON'S SCOTCH WHISKY
The cream of Highland Whiskies, carefully blended and bottled under the supervision of the proprietors in H. M. Bonded Stores, Leith, Scotland.
Guaranteed ten years old.
A shipment of this rare old Whisky, THE VERY FINEST EVER BROUGHT TO PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, is now landing ex S. S. Roumanian from Glasgow, for the holiday trade.
SEND FOR A SAMPLE CASE.
As the stock is limited, early orders will be necessary to prevent disappointment.
For Sale By All Licensed Vendors

Clearance Sale
Ladies' and Misses Boots and Shoes. The following lots will be cleared out at a reduction of 33 1/2 per cent off regular price:—
171 pairs Ladies' Dongola Laced Boots, a
225 pairs Ladies' Dongola Buttoned Boot sizes...
75 pairs Ladies' Polished Calf, all sizes.
25 pairs Ladies' Oil Goat, Boots, all sizes.
129 pairs Ladies' Oxford Shoes.
MISSES' BOOTS.—151 pairs Misses' Buttoned boots, all sizes. 58 pairs Misses' Laced Boots, all sizes.
Come early before the sizes you require are gone.
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For Greatest Bargains in Boots and Clothing

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No 1 Mink Caps
No 1 Beaver Caps
No 1 Persian Lamb Caps
South Sea Seal Caps
Cloth and Knitted Caps
COLLARS
Persian Lamb Collar, Beaver Collar, Astrakan Collar, Nutria Collar
We have also an attractive line of Neckwear and woolen Underwear
Our all wool \$8.00 Frieze Ulster, our own make, is a beauty
We don't sell the above goods for less than they cost us, but you would be surprized were you to know how near they come to it at
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