

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Atlantic Building, 38 Germain street, St. John, N. B.

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Liberal Communications will be given to agents for subscriptions. Good men, with references, can secure territory by writing to the publisher. Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order, or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

CIRCULATION, - - 9,800

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: Cor. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 10.

THOROUGHNESS.

Language is not the only means of expressing thought. Perhaps it is the weakest, as it is the least permanent means. An artist with his brush can express his thoughts on canvas. Every stroke of the sculptor's chisel brings out the idea which the genius of the man has conceived. A town grows up around the dwelling of some strong business man. It is the expression in brick and mortar of his thought. A railway spans a continent. It is a thought worked out in steel. If we would do lasting work we must let it be the embodiment of our thoughts. The results of mere perfunctory labor is never permanent, and, what most people will think more important, is rarely profitable. Test the principle by applying it to any kind of labor. There is no progress possible for the man who regards work as a curse and does it only because he is paid to. Intelligence can lighten labor. If it is ditch-digging, the man who does it intelligently and not as an automaton will find it less irksome, and his employer will find his work more satisfactory. Our work should always be thorough. Always do the best you can. If you write for the papers, do it always just as well as you know how. If you saw wood, saw it in the best way you can.

There is far too much slipshod work. How often one hears from the pulpit slipshod discourses! Said one gentleman to whom PROGRESS made this remark: Why, you would not have me preach over the heads of my congregation, would you? By no means, but the trouble with preachers, who are afraid of doing this, is that they never get near the heads of their congregation, nor their hearts either. No one ever heard a real good preacher accused of aiming too high. These good people who are afraid of getting over the heads of their congregation are really over their own heads in a muddle of crude thought and ill-digested notions which they dignify by the name of beliefs and opinions. It does not follow that water is deep because you cannot see the bottom. It may only be muddy. For many sermons, so far from being expression of thought, are only evidence of the lack of it. Ye, good brother parson, the same thing is true of editorials, though in a less degree. You see, you gentlemen of the pulpit have the advantage of the knights of the quill. No one can compel a man to read an editorial; but nearly every man's conscience compels him to go to church some time, and when you have him there you can always talk to him if not to him. So you see there is an incentive to put more thought into editorials than into sermons.

A man can make his farming express his thought or demonstrate the lack of it, or his carpentering, or his blacksmithing, or his poetry, or his cobbling, or his music. "The first time I ever saw Sir —," said an old-timer, referring to a deceased Canadian public man, "he blacked my boots, and by —, sir, they were well done. I told him, when he gave them to me, he would make a name for himself." We have all laughed at the Pinafore hero, who

"Pushed up the knocker so carefully," that he ultimately became "ruler of the Queen's navy," but the idea is a true one, and is worth acting on. If PROGRESS could get the ear of every young man in the country this is what it would say to him: Always do your best.

Years ago Fredericton had a cricket club that could match all comers. JOHN A. BECKWITH, its captain, used to say to

his men over and over again, "Always play as if you were playing in a match," and the result was invincibility. Let your work express thought; no matter how humble it may be, let your individuality appear in it. To do a great thing well is not half so important as to do small things well; for most of us never have an opportunity to do great things, while our lives are made up of little things.

MEN AND THINGS.

It is alleged that great difficulty is being found in setting the type for EMILIE RIVES CHANLERS' latest story. Some of the passages are warm enough to melt the metal.

It is better to be right than to be left, remarks a Texas paper.

"The early bird catches the worm," exclaimed a father to his sleepy son. "All right, father," was the answer, "I'll be up in time to catch the bird."

The youth in the foregoing story is a type of the successful people of today. They don't give a straw about catching worms, it is the fat plump birds they are after. Our railway magnates, our telegraph barons, our telephone princes and all the rest of our capitalists get rich by other people's labor. It is as true as gospel that no man ever earned a million dollars. He may have made several millions honestly enough, that is have given a *quid pro quo* for every dollar of his accumulations; but his actual earnings never amounted to a million, or a tithe of it for that matter.

Anyhow, there is a stack of nonsense talked about early rising. It is a good plan to get up early if you have anything to do; but to get up for the sake of getting up, is rubbish; yet lots of people make a fetish of it.

Russian diplomacy has achieved a triumph at Constantinople, but it is one thing to have the Sultan's permission to pass the Dardanelles, and another thing to use it, if England is unwilling. If there is the least danger of Russia using its new liberty to the prejudice of England, the unexpected will happen and Constantinople will some fine morning become a British possession. Not necessarily for permanent occupation, but as a guarantee of good faith JOHN BULL will take charge of the sublime porte, and there will be a repetition of the Egyptian occupation. The triple alliance would acquiesce in such an arrangement. France of course would splutter, and Russia's rage would know no bounds.

The prospects of a great European war were never more threatening than now. The conflict, when it comes, will be a terrible one, and it can only result in lasting peace when Russia is crippled or when Germany and Austria are reduced to the position of second rate powers. In the interests of civilization it is to be hoped that the former will be the result. With Russia deprived of her Baltic provinces and her southwestern frontier pushed back as far as Odessa, the peace of Europe would be secure for half a century.

JAY GOULD and C. P. HUNTINGDON say that the financial situation is all that could be desired. Probably when a highway man "holds up" his victim and relieves him of his surplus dollars, he is of the same opinion, so far as his and the victim's finances are concerned.

It makes a lot of difference from what standpoint you look at things. For instance, we were told that the recent elections in New York were a complete success. It would be interesting to have the opinions of the electrocuted on the point.

TYRANNY FROM BELOW.

In Jonathan and his Continent, MAX O'REILLY lays stress upon the fact that in the United States employees are slaves to their servants. He explains it by saying that there are so many avenues open for independent work that menial service is confined to comparatively few and these, knowing that they cannot be displaced with impunity, are careless and independent.

The genial Frenchman may be wrong in his explanation, but he is right about his fact. The tyranny of servants is a great evil, and it is not confined to the United States. One who has travelled at all extensively can hardly fail to be impressed by this, and that, too, by persons to whom MAX O'REILLY's explanation will not apply. The average railway conductor, steamboat captain, pullman porter, hotel waiter, telegraph operator, and station master in the United States is a thorough tyrant. One does not see so much of this tyranny in Canada; but on the other hand there are fewer such persons. PROGRESS stepped out of a car at a certain station, "Where will I find the train for —?" it asked an officer with "depot master" on his hat, "Here" was the curt answer. "On which track?" it humbly enquired. "Where — do you suppose it will be?" was the answer. "Is the train on time?" it asked a station master once. "Don't bother me" was the reply. "It is" said a section boss standing near, and he added "When

you've travelled this road a few times you'll know better than to ask these fellows anything. He knows the train's on time." Now these are not rare experiences; so common are they that trans-continental travellers place the courtesy of Canadian Pacific officers in the very front rank when speaking of that road. You can ask a Canadian Pacific man any reasonable question and feel sure of a respectful reply. Take another field of tyranny. What is worse than the exasperating insolence of the average female waiter. She shoots off her bill of fare in a solid streak of syllables, and if you are courageous enough to ask her to respect it you get it next time with a whizz that nearly takes your pate off. If you suggest that you would like a clean plate, she takes about five minutes to bring one from the side table and bangs it down in front of you as if resenting a deadly insult.

For cold-blooded, copper-fastened, died-in-the-wool impertinence the Pullman porter is *facile princeps*. Their faces all wear the same imperturbable expression of superiority which could only come from constant association with humanity in distress. If it be true that no one can be a hero to his valet, how can poor mankind hope to hold the respect of a creature who is gorgeous in uniform, while it has its braces down, its hair uncombed and is fumbling around for a towel with which to wipe its face? How can the porter, who sends people to bed and makes them get up, when it suits his own sweet will, be expected to stoop to be courteous to his subjects?

One of our bright correspondents, whose manuscript has made the acquaintance of the ruthless blue pencil, has the following paragraph in her letter this week:

I deeply sympathize with "Cool Gwynne" in her trials as a society correspondent. I also "have been there." While acknowledging an editor to be a man of many trials, we think that we, too, have a grievance. Often a correspondent is a better judge than the editor, being behind the scenes, of what is or is not of interest to the patrons of a newspaper, but alas! he, and only, must of necessity do less be the only judge. We work hard to gather news for our column, and should be given space enough in which to do justice to ourselves and our subject.

We are glad of the opportunity to say a few words to those capable assistants who help us each week to make PROGRESS interesting. It is quite true that the correspondent has a decided advantage over the editor in the possession of a local acquaintance, and it may appear unwarranted and be decidedly annoying to find a pleasant pointed paragraph, upon which much time and trouble has been expended, shorn of all its decorative verbiage and standing alone as a bald, unvarnished fact. Yet the exigencies of a newspaper office make this imperative at times. In spite of repeated warnings and entreaties, there are correspondents who postpone writing until the last minute, and catch a mail later than that which reaches St. John Wednesday afternoon or Thursday morning. What is the result? The editor on Friday morning finds a stack of well-written letters upon his desk. If they are sent to the printer as they come in they would make, say five columns. There are four columns in the paper to fill with society. What is to be done? How can five columns be got into four? That is the problem which faces the editor. Then it is that the blue pencil rises to the occasion; then facts take the place of description; then the unfortunate desk man stores up for himself unlimited abuse from a score of indignant correspondents. This is simply one of the contingencies that is likely to arise in a newspaper office, and the correspondent who thinks that the editor is a man without judgment or mercy should manage to get an inside view of his sanctum between Thursday and Friday.

There is a remedy: stick to facts, pleasantly told; don't let your subject run away with you; mail your letters in time and do not question the judgment of the editor as to what is best to print. When you have done your part the responsibility is his.

Notwithstanding the departure made by the university authorities in the direction of new professorships, and the fact that the gentlemen who will occupy the chairs have been selected from its alumni, the matriculating class is smaller than usual. While the provincial grant to this institution continues, the people have a right to inquire the reason of its apparent lack of popularity. The government might fairly consider the matter. If they did, we believe that their conclusions would be that the course is not sufficiently practical; that four years is too long a time in which to study two years at college; that the abolition of residency has not been beneficial; and that the professional president, has taken no pains to make the university better known among the people.

Now that the exhibition is over and we can reflect upon its impressions, we must confess that while it was a success it might have been a greater one. Probably that could be said of any private or public undertaking, but it applies especially to the exhibition of this year. With all deference to the good judgment of the directors, we believe that the next show should have more exhibition and fewer, if any, dime museum features. While the latter are without the gates they add liveliness and variety to the scene. Within the enclosure, they interfere with the legitimate fair and give visitors a wrong impression. While we hope and believe that our exhibition is an annual affair, we offer these suggestions in its best interests.

CHRISTIANITY AND CRITICISM.

"Judge not." Although Christ thus prohibited the habit of judgment—what we may call the critical or judicial tendency—it is still a fact that hardly any influence has done so much as Christianity to foster that tendency, by creating in men finer ideals, and so starting in them a suspicion of their judicial competency. Christianity, let it be remarked by the way, is in a good many ways retarded by the profusion of its own products; something as a cannon ball has its velocity checked by the obstructing atmosphere which its own velocity has condensed and compacted forward of it; something as the farmer has to spend more time pulling weeds out of the ground, because of the enrichment which he has himself put into the ground. Christianity is a great fertilizer, and therefore gives a better chance to the weeds as well as to the flowers. Warm weather breeds corn, but it breeds the crows that devour the corn. There are particular types of physical disease that come in with civilization; so there are special modes of moral infirmity and sin that enter under the patronage of evangelization. Nothing gives to a man so quick a sense, or to his thoughts so long and wide a sweep as the christian religion; and naturally, therefore, nowhere else so much as in christianism should we look to find men's notions spreading out into adjacent territory, and attempting to reduce the whole neighborhood under vassalage. The clearer a man's conceptions, and the more strenuous his convictions, the more grace he needs in order to prevent his becoming a censor. It is one of the wonderful things about our Lord that with all He knew, and with all the burning intensity with which He knew it, He was no fault-finder. His purpose and aim was not to sit down on people, but to lift them up; not to condemn but to save. It is a great feat which only omnipotent grace can make us equal to, to be able to believe a thing tremendously, and then not to be a little mad because the next man does not believe it too. The German reformation was an era of independence of judgment. But here is this curious thing about independence—that it never stops with being independent. Independence is the half-way house between slavery on the one side, and despotism on the other; and when a man gets started on that track from slavery up, he is not going to whistle down-brakes in it, but is going to train to a stop till he gets a long way past independence toward the tyranny terminus.—*The Christian at Work.*

HOW CROPS ARE PAID FOR.

One of the most complex of financial operations. It might be supposed, by those not familiar with the subject, that the means used to pay the western farmers for the grain they raise and sell were easy and simple. A moment's consideration will show, on the contrary, that it is one of the most complex of financial operations. The farmer sells his grain to large shippers in the nearest town. The shipper usually sells it to grain dealers in Chicago or New York. If these dealers have orders for "home consumption," in which most of the crops are used, they sell it to the millers or manufacturers, who, in turn, after making it into flour or cornmeal, or other finished forms of food, sell it to the bakers or to the people who bake it for themselves. If the orders come from foreign countries, the dealers send it across the ocean. The people who make the final payment for the farmer's grain, therefore, are scattered all over the world, but chiefly in the thickly-populated cities of our eastern states.

Up to the time when the harvest is gathered, there is less need for actual money in the west, because large payments are made in bank cheques, which in turn are deposited in other banks. But now the farmer must be paid, and living as he does in a country district, he has no bank. Bank cheques will not do. The people of the east either owe the money already for their grain, or else they soon will owe it. And so the bank employees of the eastern cities, where most of the actual money circulates, are busy week after week tying up bank-notes in packages and sending them by express to the western banks.

Two or three million dollars of currency will sometimes leave New York and Boston in a single week for this purpose. First he puts it in his country bank; and then he pays it out for wages or living expenses, for clothing, food which he does not raise, railroad fares, farm tools, and a hundred other things.

But it is the great manufacturing cities of the east that receive payment for such things. And so, when the autumn and winter come, the western banks pack up the paper money again, and send it back to the east. If foreign countries have had to buy vast quantities of our grain, the country may get still more money. So long as we sell Europe exactly as much in value as what we buy, the two accounts are only checked off against each other. But if, for instance, the export of grain is so large that we sell in one year seven hundred million dollars' worth of goods, while we buy only six hundred and fifty million dollars' worth, then Europe must send over to us on its steamers fifty million dollars in gold money.

That is to say, this would be the case if the merchandise trade with foreign countries were the only thing to be considered. But as a matter of fact there are many other things to complicate the accounts.

For instance, we have to pay large sums for freight, which is carried chiefly in foreign vessels. England has large investments in this country, the interest on which must be paid, thus diminishing the amount of money which would naturally come hither.—*Youth's Companion.*

PLAYERS OF THE PAST.

MR. COLL TALKS ABOUT THE OLD LYCEUM THEATRE.

Actors who have since become famous, and the Parts they Took in Dramatic Shows at Other Halls Where Performances Were Given.

PROGRESS had a chat recently with Mr. James Coll of this city about plays and players. He is, as many of its readers know, a close Shakespearean student, and is also quite an actor, having made quite a hit as "Shylock" when he was a member of the St. John Dramatic club more than a score of years ago. He refuses, however, to talk of his own achievements.

"Coming to my own time," said Mr. Coll, in a review of the history of the stage in St. John, "Messrs. J. W. Lanergan, Sandford, and Fiak opened in the old St. John hotel, corner of King and Charlotte streets in August, 1856. The bill was *Woman's Love, or the Momentous Question*. Mrs. Lanergan, then Miss Barnard, was among the company. So was W. W. Pratt, who gained fame as the author of *Ten Nights in a Bar-room*. That company played for a month. Mr. Lanergan came back in December of the same year and played all winter, *Othello* and the *Merchant of Venice*, being among the pieces presented. Previous to this the soldiers garrisoned here played *Rob Roy* and other such pieces, and in 1854 or 1855 a manager named Parker had a company playing *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in St. Stephen's hall, Breeze's corner, King square. These are independent of the earlier times so well written about by 'Kilby' in a recent issue of PROGRESS.

"In 1857 Mr. Lanergan opened the Lyceum, on the King's square, with Bulmer's play of *Money*. Mr. Lanergan himself playing Alfred Avelyn. Wyzean Marshall, a star of the Forrest school, appeared here that year under Mr. Lanergan's management. The same year J. E. Dickinson opened in Faddock's building, on Prince Wm. street, producing such plays as *Marble Hearts*, *The Man in the Iron Chest*, etc., but the venture did not pay.

"Mr. Lanergan's season in 1858 was not a profitable one. That same season Mr. Sothern, the celebrated Lord Dunderbury, was in Halifax, and had Barry Sullivan with him. Their season at Halifax was unprofitable, and Sothern brought his company here. Agnes Robinson (Mrs. Boucault) was with the company. She played *Bob Nettle* in the drama of *To Parents and Guardians* and produced a great sensation. In that company too was the celebrated J. T. Raymond (the original Coll. Sellers) then a young man. Despite reports to the contrary Boucault himself never played in St. John.

"Mr. Lanergan continued the lyceum down to the opening of the academy of music, on Germain street, early in the seventies. In 1859 the great attraction was Mrs. Barron, who played *Rosalind in As You Like It*. In 1860 Mr. C. W. Coudlock played *Luke Fielding* in the *Willow Copse*, and Peter Probit in the *Chimney Corner*, his two great specialties; and continued to come here down to and including 1864. He was a great favorite. This wonderful old man is still on the stage at upwards of 80 years of age. In 1861, Miss Lucille Western delighted large audiences in such pieces as *The French Spy*. In 1864 the *Ticket-of-Leave-Man* was produced for the first time with J. G. Hanley in the title role; in 1865 Oliver Dowd Byron came with *Across the Continent*, a drama of the sensational school. In 1866 Mr. Charles Dillon, to my mind the best actor who ever played in St. John, came, his pieces being *Virginius*, *Macbeth*, and other such heavy plays. That was the year that popular Frank Roche made his first appearance here.

"In 1867 we had Fred. Robinson as Farmer Allen in *Dora*; in 1868 Louis Aldrich, who has since gained honors, was the leading stock actor at the Lyceum; and the same year McGinnis played *Rip Van Winkle*. E. L. Davenport was the great drawing card in 1869, and Charles Matthews was the star in 1870.

"Then, of course, came the opening of the Academy of Music," concluded Mr. Coll, "but with the closing of the Lyceum I ceased to be a regular theatre-goer, and you will have to look for some one else for correct data regarding the Academy."

Fredericton Joins the List. Visitors to Fredericton have returned unanimously upon one point at least—the show was a great success for the time and labor spent in preparation. When one looked upon the large number of strangers in town the conclusion was naturally arrived at that Fredericton and the surrounding country was ripe for an exhibition. The time of preparation was limited to a few weeks and yet the fact that there was to be an exhibition in the capital appeared to be as well known in the surrounding counties, indeed in the province, as if it had been advertised for months. Everyone went into the affair with a will and the success is largely due to that fact, which only shows that the people can make anything a success if they exhibit it with a will to do so. The weather was good two-thirds of the time. The horse racing was keen and exciting; the parades and fireworks attractive. Amusement loving people found side shows in the day time and the city hall open at night to entertain them. St. John, Fredericton and Halifax, can all congratulate themselves upon the success of their shows.

KICK IN THE COLUMN.

Every week PROGRESS receives a number of letters from people who have grievances which they think should be made public. Hitherto there has been some difficulty in dealing with them, and this column will hereafter be devoted to letters of this character. Correspondents should send their names in confidence and make their communications as short as possible.

Accidents Will Happen.

Some time ago I subscribed for the incandescent light and ordered out my gas. Monday night I was in the dark off and on for two hours. Can the N. B. E. L. Company remedy such a contingency. E. I.

More Drills Than Men.

"Are policemen supposed to address young girls insolently when they are passing along the street? My daughter, aged 14, was passing through King Square a few evenings ago when two policemen came along, and one of them addressed her, 'Get out of the way, girl.'"

PARENT.

Probably Too Early For Him.

"I was one of the 'smart young men' advertised for by Major Baxter as recruits for the royal school of infantry and went to the drill at 10 o'clock Monday, but there was no Major Baxter there. There were several others disappointed in the same way. Is this what you call military promptness?"

RECRUIT.

What Do You Say, Mr. Wisely?

There is a regulation forbidding dogs the use of the market as a play ground, but how is it enforced? Not at all or my eyes deceive me. For one, I object to the dogs, etc., that may come to my table running the chance of making a canine acquaintance beforehand. Is there no remedy? VEGETARIAN.

A Conundrum Fairly Answered.

What is the salary of Thomas A. Peters, mayor, and what does he do? Civic. [Mr. Peters draws \$1,600 a year from the city and has a respectable private income. He is a lawyer by profession, but is not concerned whether he practices or not. He presides at the council meetings, signs the dog and liquor licenses and bonds, and can usually be found between twelve and one o'clock in the city building.]

A Subscriber's Kick.

A rather tart letter from a Yarmouth subscriber reminds PROGRESS that there are "kickers" near at home. PROGRESS does not get to Yarmouth until Monday night, hence the kick. The supposition in this office is that this state of things has only existed since the change in the *Monticello* dates. It is difficult to pick out Yarmouth subscribers early Friday afternoon and forward them with dealers bundles but an effort will be made to do so.

PUBLISHER PROGRESS.

A QUERY!

Why Do People Talk About Their Neighbors?

To be talked about, according to my view, is having people say something about one which they do not know to be perfectly true, or else things that are half a lie, or else a half truth, or something which is truth, with half the story kept back, such as "Annannias and Sapphira kept back part of the price of the land." Now these halves are worse than a glaring falsehood. One has no very clear way of defending her or themselves. We hear them often prefixed by "They say." These two words have a profound destruction of many reputations. Some people love to talk, just for the sake of talking. Others talk about those who surpass them in various ways, just for envy. Some one comes to another and says, "Why, you are being talked about!" "Well," very naturally, the answer comes, "who is talking about me? What are they saying? Who was the first to say it? What are their motives for saying these things?"

Now, all these wonderful stories may have a shadow of truth, yet not true at all. Ah, yes; one can ask all these questions and wonder through how many pairs of pretty coral lips, or even pale ones. Yes, misnamed ones, too; but, at the same time, lying ones have these character-detracting stories before they assumed their present proportions.

How many of those talkers ever stop to consider the unpleasantness and even bitterness that are caused by the too free use of their idle and double-barbed tongues? Oh, the mischief that that little red sword, which is placed in our mouths, has worked will be known only when the time comes that "every idle word man shall speak shall be taken into account." Would to God people could place a guard upon their tongues, and a seal of prudence upon their lips—myself included. G. F. S.

A Child's Vocabulary.

How many words can the baby say? Few people realize how rapidly after once getting started children pick up a vocabulary. The number of words used by children 2 years old differs considerably, but is usually larger than parents suppose. The number varies from a very few words for the backward child up to 1,000 words for more precocious children. The average number is put at between 300 and 400. Children sometimes form a language of their own entirely different from that of their parents.

This is more likely to occur with children of the same age, especially if they are alone together much. Instances are known of children forming apparently quite complete vocabularies, and using no other words for several years. This tendency to originate language is shown in almost every child by the invention of new words or new uses for words. New terms are often formed by imitating the noise made by the animal or thing named, as "bow-wow" for dog, "choo-choo" for locomotive, and sometimes by the repetition of a sound made in performing an act, or an emotional sound made at sight of a new object or act.

Just Published.

Measiah by Rev. John M. Davenport was issued in handsome paper form by Messrs. MacMillan yesterday. It is handsomely gotten up and sells for half a dollar.

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