THE MAN IN A DREAM.

In an eddy of the great stream which ebbs and flows along Broadway, I found myself one afternoon unexpectedly face to face with my very good friend, Dr. Adolph Mayer. As we stood there talking, suddenly the doctor stretched forth his hand and drew one whom he knew out of the river of strangers. Thus I became acquainted with Mr. Clarence Hall, whom, presently, the current bore away again.

Dr. Mayer had seized rather eagerly, I thought, the opportunity for this introduction, and so I was not surprised that he should ask me, when Hall had gone, what had been my impression of his friend?

"He seemed preoccupied. I thought at first that he might be deaf, because I noticed that you pronounced the introductory form with unusual distinctness."

"His hearing is all right."

"Yes; I soon perceived that the trouble was in his faculty of directing his attention. He gave the idea of a man in a dream."

"You have hit it exactly," exclaimed Dr. Mayer; "that's just what he is."

"Do you mean that he is in love," I asked.

"He is in love," was the reply, "but that is only a part of the dream. It was not even the beginning of it."

"I don't understand."

"Of course you don't; but come, you shall hear the whole story. There's no objection to my telling it to you. This case is the most remarkable in my experience, and the story will be worth your time."

"Hall was poor at twenty-one, when he came out of college," Dr. Mayer began. "He was alone in the world. The best offer of work which he received—and it wasn't a good one by any means—brought him to the city. He had the artistic nature, and, as I believe, great literary ability; but, bless you, he couldn't have made car-fare out of it. So he became a bank clerk.

"He had a great craving for wealth; not for the luxuries it would bring, but for the opportunities. Studious leisure was what he wanted. He was not the man to write poetry in a garret, and he knew it. There was no disguising the fact that dull, hard labor made him wretched, and he was one of those who can no more produce that good thing of which the seed is in them without happiness than a tree can bear its fruit without sunshine. During his two years' servitude in the bank he did not once put pen to paper except in the routine of his daily toil.

"But such an imagination as his would find an expression somehow. In his case the creative power wrought day dreams. We all indulge ourselves in these delusions more or less. He would be a poor creature who would not tell himself a better story than the pointless, thread-bare, barren tale of life. When too much weariness denies us sleep we gain at least a counterfeit of peace by painting restful scenes; we are the stronger, I dare say, for fancied heroisms. This is the natural remedy for the nausea of existence, and it is good, no doubt, in small doses. But Clarenee Hall carried the practice to dangerous excess. He was jostled by the crowd in an L train, and at the same time he floated on the Bay of Naples; he worked in the bank at ten dollars a week, and spent his entire revenues with lavish hand in the bright world of fancy.

"I did not know him then, but he has told me that he could banish reality from every place but one, and that was his little room on the East Side. There he led but one life and it was torture. His most wretched moment of the day was that in which consciousness returned to him after sleep. It was then that the dull walls stared at him, and the tawdry furniture mocked him, and the hard truth was like a clenched fist shaken in his face.

"Elsewhere, however, he was not unhappy. His dreams at last had taken definite form; they had become unified into something like a Chinese drama, which requires a month for its performance. He became rich in the first scene, and always in the same way—by inheritance from a relative of whom he had never heard. Then came luxury at home, then travel and finally love. He would 'keep his place' in this dream as one does in a book, and if driven into reality for a few minutes, he would then pick up the thread of dreamland's story where he had laid it down.

"It was a great grief to him that he could not dream in his room. He got a horror of the place, and at last he came to believe that another, though equally meager in its furnishings, might not have the same baleful effect upon him. He boarded with a widow, Mrs. Rodgers, who worked hard to support two or three children. She regarded Hall as a model boarder, and she wept copiously when he announced his intention of going away. She offered to reduce her charges, to give him better furniture, to do anything in reason. Her terms were much more reasonable than he could possibly find elsewhere, and he knew it; but superstition had taken hold of him and he could not stay. That room had become to him a prison, of which 'reality' was the warden."

Dr. Mayer paused to light a fresh cigar.

"So that's his case," said I. "He is practically insane, I suppose. Delusions of grandeur and paresis just beginning to get its grip on him."

"Well, as to that," said the doctor, "he really is rich."

"Then his dream came true—at least as to the money?"

"Yes, and the event was surprisingly like the dream. Just as he was ready to move away from Mrs. Rogers's house his fortunes changed. It was an inheritance, and it ran up into the millions. The legal business was done through Webster & Hathway. I know Webster well. The demeanor of Hall was such that the lawyers doubted his sanity. In the first place he seemed to know all about it without being told. Webster broke the news to him, and Clarence did not move a muscle. Finally he said that he had been expecting it a long time. Now, Webster had every reason to believe that Clarence had never before heard of the existence of Leonard Hall, the Brazilian merchant, whose fortune had been so strangely laid at the young man's feet. Oh, yes, Clarence had known all about it; he had, indeed, already selected bachelor apartments suited to his ample means; he had gone the day before to assure himself that they were still vacant. Webster took occasion to verify this statement the next day. There was no doubt about it. Clarence had called at the Croisic and examined a suite. He had carried his dreams so far into reality.

"At this stage of the proceedings I was asked to look the young man over. I made his acquaintance and examined him at leisure. Well, he was insane, but I could not bring myself to say so. My report to Webster was such that Hall got his money.

"I should have said it would have cured him," said I. "Knowing that he is rich, why should he dream?"

"It would have cured him, as you say," replied Dr. Mayer. "The trouble is that he doesn't know it."

"Doesn't he know that he is rich."

"No; he thinks that it is all a dream. He has no notion that the luxuries by which he is surrounded are realities."

"But does he not believe you when you tell him so?"

"Unfortunately he doesn't believe that I am a reality. He thinks that I am a creature of the imagination. Doubtless he has the same thought of you."

"But other people must be continually contradicting his delusion."

"No; for they are not aware of it. Until I told you, no mortal but myself suspected it. You noted his dreamy air, but it never would have led you to suspect the truth. You see he acts like a sane man; truth."

"Why trouble him at all? Is he not happy?"

"No, Maynard, he isn't. He believes himself to be insane, but that does not grieve him. On the contrary, he is glad of it. His chief trouble is the fear that he will recover his reason and find himself once more a clerk."

"What is your theory?"

"It is simply a habit of thought, hardened into a delusion. Thought is nothing but a phenomenon accompanying certain chemical and physical changes. Something starts it in a certain direction and it tends to keep on. Take a simple natural process as an illustration: Rock candy is made by crystallizing sugar that has been dissolved by water. The crystals will be very small if you let them alone: but put a piece of string into the water, giving the process something to start with, and big, clear crystals results. Some strings of association was dropped into his mind when those little dreams began to form, and, behold, they took greater size and new and beautiful shapes."

"And the cure?"

"If you could find just what that string was I might pull it out and start the process going in the other way; but——"

He paused and shook his head.

"You don't believe that you can find it," said I.

"Perhaps I may, but shall I dare to lose the knowledge? He might go stark mad. He would unquestionably feel a tendency to suicide. I don't know just what will come of it. At present I am studying him, and doing nothing else in his case."

"You spoke of his being in love."

"Yes, there was a woman in his dreams, and it seems that he has found her. She lives in New Haven. I have met her, and she is a most beautiful and charming girl. Clarence, of course, has no thought that she really exists. He thinks that his fancy has created her."

"Does she know of his condition?"

"She does not," replied the Doctor. "It is one of the gravest problems of the case. Should I tell her?"

"In honor he should do so. You say he knows that he is crazy, and surely he is a gentleman."

"But, my dear fellow, how can I feel a moral obligation of that sort regarding a creature of his brain? It has never occurred to him that she needed to be informed. She is one of the specters in the ghostly country he inhabits. Why should he talk to her as if she was a visitor from the real world?"

"This is too much for me," said I. "But, then, why should I expect to understand at once a case that you have been studying for months?"

"Almost a year," said Dr. Mayer. "But what do you think of it?"

I gave it up, as the phrase goes. I could form no opinion as to the probable result.

"Keep me informed of every phase of the case," said I, in parting with the Doctor. "I am deeply interested."

Some weeks passed before I again met Dr. Mayer. When we met my first question touched upon Hall.

"Is there anything new in the case?" I asked.

"Everything is new," he replied.

Then he put on the cloak of his professional manner which disguises sentiment. I perceived at once that something unusual had happened to Hall, and that my friend had been deeply affected by it.

"Death," said I to myself, "and probably by his own hands."

Again we were in the doctor's study, and I in my old place, ready to listen.

"You remember," Dr. Mayer began, "that I told you of Clarence's love. The young lady in question was Miss Charlotte Warren, of New Haven."

"Daughter of Sam Warren, president of the Connecticut Northern railroad? I have met her. She is by all odds the prettiest girl in the State."

"I honestly believe she is. Well, Clarence used to call on her about three times a week. They were engaged of course. Last Friday evening he was in New Haven and he remained at the house later than usual. In fact, when he took his departure there wasn't much time in which to catch his train. He believed that by running he could make better time than by riding. So he took a straight cut for the station. His way at one point led him through a rather tough part of the city, and brought him upon an exciting adventure.

"It seems that a little fellow who was out late, selling papers, was being tormented by a big brute, for what reason I didn't learn. I guess that innate cussedness was the only real explanation. Clarence interfered to save the boy, at the risk of losing his train. He didn't risk anything else, as you know, having seen him. Somehow the 'tough' didn't see Charence quite so clearly. His name, I remember, was McGee. Well, Mr. McGee resented Clarence's interference. Clarence was perfectly cool. To him it was only a dream, and could have but one termination. He seized Mr. McGee, and in a moment the ruffian was standing on his head in the mud. He got upon his feet again and drew a pistol. Clarence took it away from him, and, lifting him clear from the ground, rammed him head tormost into an empty ash barrel. When Mr. McGee had extricated himself he appeared to be satisfied.

"'You run home, now,' said Clarence to the little boy.

"'I darsn't,' said the boy, he'll foller me an' lick me.'

"This view of the case appeared quite reasonable to Clarence. He looked at McGee and then at the boy, and quickly made his decision.

"'I'll go with you, said he. They passed through many dirty streets, and still the boy said that home was a long way off. 'You can go alone now,' said Clarence. 'That fellow can't find you.' For answer the boy pointed in the direction whence they had come. On the other side of the street a bulky figure stood in the shadow. 'So he's after us,' said Clarence. 'He ain't after you,' said the boy, grinning; 'he's had all he want's o' you. It's me he's after.'

"So they went on together, and at last arrived at the door of a fairly good house. Here Clarence would have said good night, but the boy begged him to go in and receive his mother's thanks. In the little fellow's eyes Clarence had become a hero. The sound of their voices brought a woman to the door. The boy instantly poured forth his story, and the woman's gratitude was unbounded. She did not, however, neglect to scold the boy for remaining out so late against her oft-repeated orders, as she declared. She prevailed upon Clarence to come into the house for a minute, and there, in the light of the lamp, he found himself face to face with his former landlady, Mrs. Rodgers.

"She knew him instantly and renewed with greater fervor the expression of her gratitude.

"So you didn't recognize Harry," she cried. 'Well, he has grown wonderfully since we moved down here.'

"She told him the entire family history of course, and it was nearly two o'clock when he rose to go. "But she wouldn't hear of such a thing. He couldn't find his way back, he would be robbed and murdered; he must be half tired to death. One at least of these arguments was valid; it would have been very hard for him to find his way to the station. So the upshot was that he consented to spend the night in Mrs. Rogers' spare room. He was asleep as soon as he touched the bed, and daylight had long since come when he awoke.

"For some minutes the shadow of sleep oppressed him, and then slowly, with deadly accuracy of detail, the present scene made itself perceived. He lay in the same rude bed, the same dull yellow walls stared at him, the same tawdry furniture mocked him. He had turned to the old life. The dream was done?

"By what device of Satan it happend that the room was almost an exact reproduction of that in which he had suffered in the old days, I can not say, but such was the case. The Rogers family had brought their furniture with them from New York, and had stocked the 'spare room' with their best, which had been Clarence's in the days of his poverty.

He did not question the immediate evidence of his senses. That room had been the hardest link in the chain which had bound him to reality. He could not dream there. He had dreamed of escaping from it, and of living in uninterrupted fancy for months. The wealth, and freedom, the love that he had found in dreamland were taken from him in a second.

"I do not wonder at what followed. Clarence arose, and having partly dressed, sat down beside the table in the centre of the room and buried his face in his hands. He has as much courage as most men, I think, but not enough to bear this. Mind you, his delusion was his life. He was situated just as you would be if everything you care for in the world were suddenly taken from you. The limit of his endurance was reached."

The doctor paused and seemed to enjoy the spectacle of my impatience.

"Suicide," said he at last. "is largely a matter of opportunity. If, for instance, the pistol which Clarence had taken from his assailant the previous evening had not been lying on the table before him he might not have come to a decision so promptly; he might never have brought his mind to it. Even with this deadly weapon ready to his hand he did not yield at once. He pushed the pistol away and half turning from the table again leaned upon his hand and thought. I pity him for what must have passed in his mind.

"Slowly the arm which had supported his head straightened out. He did not look at the table, but his fingers groped upon it, seeking something. Suddenly they closed upon—"

"You don't mean it!" I exclaimed, unable to restrain myself longer. "The pistol—"

"No, my boy, not the pistol. They closed upon my hand, and I put into it all the friendly pressure, all the sign of my compassion, all the promise of my never-failing help, that the spirit of nature, our mother, granted me at that supreme moment. He cried out hoarsely, fell forward into my arms and wept like a child.

"For a minute my suspense was simply awful. Would he go stark mad? Not a bit of it. He was cured right then and there. And the secret is simple enough. He had originally lost his reason because of the coincidence of his leaving that room and the receipt of his fortune. He had gradually brought himself to believe that if he could leave Mrs. Rogers's house he could dream always. He had left it, and instantly found his expectations realized. He was rich thenceforth. So the conclusion was that the room had held him to reality.

"Whenever, therefore, he found himself back in it, he believed that reality had returned upon him. Nothing which he had ever seen in that room had been a delusion. When, therefore, he saw me there he accepted the fact of my existence. And when I told him that his wealth, his freedom and his love were real he believed me. He is to-day as sane as you are."

"There was a long silence. Then I asked, "How did you happen to be there?"

"I found that Clarence had not returned to his rooms that night. I traced him to New Haven, heard the story of the boy's rescue, guessed where he was, and hurried there, urged by fear that some familiar object in that house would be the death of him, and the event showed that my fears were not ill-founded. If he had waked that morning five minutes earlier I should have found him dead."

A Cause For Bad Temper.

One deplorable result of excessive meat eating in England is the ill-temper which is a chronic complaint among us. In no country," declares Mr. Ernest Hart in the Hospital, "is home rendered so unhappy and life made so miserable by the ill-temper of those who are obliged to live together as in England. If we compare domestic life and manners in England with those countries where meat does not form such an integral article of diet, a notable improvement will be remarked. In less meat-eating France urbanity is the rule of the home. In Fish and Rice-eating Japan harsh words are unknown, and an exquisite politeness to one another prevails even among the children who play together in the streets. In Japan I never heard rude, angry words spoken by any but Englishmen. I am strongly of opinion that the ill-temper of the English is caused in a great measure by a too abundant meat dietary combined with a sedentary life. The half-oxidized products of albumen circulating in the blood produce both mental and moral disturbances.

Brain workers should live sparingly if they would work well and live long. Their force is required for mental exertion, and should not be expended on the task of digestion, for they should remember that the digestion of heavy meals involves a great expenditure of nerve force. The healthful thing to do is to lead an active and unselfish life, on a moderate diet, sufficient to maintain strength and not increase weight.

"Progress" in Boston.

PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at the Kings Chapel News Stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

BORN.

Halifax, June 17, to the wife of George A. Heustis, a son.

Windsor, N. S., June 22, to the wife of John Ward, a son.

Canso, N. S., June 26, to the wife of W. J. Brown, a son.

Windsor, N. S., June 22, to the wife of John Ward, a son.

Cornwallis, June 20, to the wife of Frank Vidito, a daughter.

Moncton, June 29, to the wife of H. H. Ayer, a daughter.

Halifax, June 23, to the wife of G. W. Hibert, a daughter.

Parrsboro, June 21, to the wife of Samuel Moore, a daughter.

Parrsboro, June 27, to the wife of Aubrey Bennet, a daughter.

Springhill, N. S., July 3, to the wife of J. A. Byers, a daughter.

Annapolis, N. S., June 24, to the wife of John McKay, a son.

Acadia Mines, N. S., June 20, to the wife of Abner Neill, a son.

Cornwallis, N. S. June 19, to the wife of John Brown, a son.

Wolfville, N. S., June 20, to the wife of Aubrey Brown, a son.

Smith's Cove, N. S, June 25, to the wife of John Potter, a son.

Richibucto, N. B., June 22, to the wife of Philip Woods, a son.

Lunenburg, June 28, to the wife of J. Wesley Dimock, a son.

Acadia Mines, N. S., June 23, to the wife of David Johnson, a son.

New Horton, N. B. June 28, to the wife of Welcome Wilbur, a son.

Ship Harbor, N. S., June 20, to the wife of Mr. A. Potts, twin girls.

Moose River, N. S., June 28, to the wife of Robert McCollum, a son.

Harcourt, N. B., June 27, to the wife of J. C. Carruthers, a son.

Digby, N. S., June 23, to the wife of Daniel Cossabone, a son.

Springhill, N. S., July 3, to the wife of J. A. Byers, M. D, a daughter.

Cocagne, N. B., June 19, to the wife of J. B. Gogain, a daughter.

North Sydney, C. B., June 26, to the wife of J. C. Baker, a daughter.

Edgett's Landing, N. B., June 22, to the wife of Clifford Bishop, a son.

Salem, N. S., June 26, to the wife of G. Howard Black, triplets—daughters.

MARRIED.

Liverpool, N. S., June 27, Caleb Smith to Alarnia Teel.

St. John, June 29, by Rev. John deSoyres, Chas. Wade to Kate Cougle.

Halifax, June 28, by Rev. D. G. McDonald, Parker Colpitt to Celle Perry.

Halifax, June 29, by Rev. Wm. Hall, Maynard Covey to Ellen Mahar.

St. John, July 4, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Frederick DeVine to Grace Laskey.

St. John, June 28, by Rev. G. O. Gates, William Smith to Emma Kennev.

Hampton, June 24, by Rev. Andrew Armit, John Wallace to Alice Carson.

Parrsboro, June 22, by Rev. K. Mackenzie, William Bowden to Sabra Welton.

St. John, June 28, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Jarvis Dibblee to Lizzie Maskel.

Alma, N. B., June 21, by Rev. I. N. Parker, Charles Kelly to Nellie McKinley.

Amherst, N. S., June 28, by Rev. D. A. Steele, F. H. Nason to Jennie Allen.

Upper Stewiacke, June 22, by Rev. O. Chute, Milton Cox to Minnie Cox.

St. John, June 28, by Rev. G. O. Gates, George Cutten to Alice Stackhouse.

St. John, June 28, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, Charles Campbell to Annie Delaney.

Shubenacadie, N. S., June 20, by Rev. L. R. Smith, Charles Paine to Ella Miller.

Moncton, June 28, by Rev. G. F. Currie, Fannie Wheeler to Daniel Richards.

Truro, N. S., June 29, by Rev. W. F. Barker, Edson Graham to Aggie Archibald.

New Glasgow, June 24, by Rev. Arch. Bowman, Wm. Dee to Mary Jane Dee.

Yarmouth, N. S., June 27, by Rev. A. A. Spencer, William Fells to Lena Muse.

Springhill, N. S., June 28, by Rev. H. B Smith, Ezra Slack to Hattie George.

Liverpool, N. S., June 22, by Rev. I. E. Bill, Fraser Craig to Harriet Lisle.

Woodstock, N. B., June 27, by Rev. Canon Neales, Guy Smith to Florence Smith.

Wolfville, N. S., June 28, by Rev. Canon Brock, Herbert Grew to Mary Brown.

Arcadia, N. S., June 27, by Rev. J. E. Donkin, Albert Lewis to Jennie Miller.

St. John, June 14, by Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, Arthur Smith to Grace McLean.

Springhill, N. S., June 27, by Rev. H. B. Smith, Robert Budd to Alberta Jarvise.

St. Stephen, June 21, by Rev. John Anderson, Albert Pemmner to Laura Kelley.

Sackville, N. B., June 21, by Rev. T. D. Hart, James Trenholm to Alice Wells.

Yarmouth, N. S., June 23, by Rev. E. D. Millar, Andrew Bower to Edith Newel.

Mill Village N. S., June 27, by Rev. John Lockward, Henry Smith to Eleanor Phelan.

Moncton, N. B., July 4, by Rev. J. R. Campbell, David Purves to Ellen Hickman.

Parrsboro, N. S., June 27, by Rev. S. Gibbons, Robert Mosher to Ida Robertson.

Halifax, June 22, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Capt. Herbert Martin to Elizabeth Reid.

Yarmouth, N. S., June 28, by Rev. E. D. Millar, Manus Holden to Eliza Pendrigh.

Milton, N. S., June 22, by Rev. Howard Murray, Atherton Ritchie to Alice Freeman.

St. John, N. B., June 30, by Rev. Job Shenton, Stephen Bustin to Charlotte Barlow.

Stellarton, N. S., June 25, by Rev. H. R. Grant, Alex. McBean to Susan Flemming.

Moncton, N. B., June 23, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, Edwin Mitchell to Florence Bulmer.

Maitland, N. S, June 27, by Rev. J. Shipperley, Capt. Levi Putnam to Bertha White.

Windsor, N. S., June 28, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, John McDonald to Flora Puddington.

Windsor, N. S., June 28, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, George Cochrane to Blanche Phillips.

Birdton, York Co., N. B., June 21, by Rev. W. E. Johnston, Robert Kimball to Ida Bell.

Bear River, N. S., June 27, by Rev. Joseph Hale, Rev. Percival Alexander to Mary Vroom.

Perth Centre, N. B., June 27, by Rev. H. G. Estabrook, Charles Lewis to Sadie Sisson.

St. Andrews, N. B., June 21, by Rev. Canon Ketchum, Levis Handy to Mary Thompson.

Fredericton, N. B., by Rev. R. W. Weddall and Rev. G. C. Palmer, Arthur Lawson to Carrie Palmer.

Bridgewater, N. S., June 24, by Rev. A. C. Swinsburg, Freeman Mackey to Martha Mackey.

Halifax, June 28, by Rev. J. F. Dustan, Henry Roche to Ida, daughter of Charles Shedelburg.

Halifax, July 4, by Rev. D. J. Summers and Rev. M. Kinsella, Wm. Delaney to Emma Summers.

DIED.

Halifax, June 23, Annie Jordan, 32.

Lunenburg, June 19, Paul Burns, 87.

Halifax, June 27, Mrs. H. McDuff, 67.

Halifax, June 27, Mrs. H. McDuff, 67.

Yarmouth, June 26, Charles Dodds, 52.

Canon, N. B., June 22, Adam Spencer, 52.

St. John, June 29, James B. McCrum, 78.

Halifax, July 1, Mary, wife of E. S. Hubley.

Fredericton, N. B., July 2, J. W. M. Ruel, 75.

Benton, N. B., June 21, Rachael Fredericks, 56.

Indiantown, N. B., July 4, Alex. Patterson, 42.

Milton, N. S., June 22, Mrs. Joseph Brown, 67.

Hopewell Hill, N. B., June 26, Isaiah Bacon, 77.

Shubenacadie, N. S., June 20, David Gilbert, 41.

Guysboro Road, N. S., Alexander McMullen, 85.

Bristol, N. S., June 30, Mrs. Margaret Marsh, 34.

St. John, June 27, of heart failure, James Hamm.

Halifax, June 27, Sarah, wife of William Duggan.

St. John, July 3, of paralysis, Mrs. Ann Fletcher, 76.

Middle Musquodoboit, N. S., June 21, Mrs. Moody, 95.

Little River Musquodoboit, June 22, Wm. Cole, 60.

Lower Economy, N. S., June 25, Charles Faulkner, 79.

West End, St. John, N. B. June 26, William McKee, 45.

St. John, June 29, Martha, wife of Robert Cochrane, 71.

Pictou, N. S., June 26, Anna, wife of late Hon. R. P. Grant.

Warren, Cumb. Co., June 21, Mrs. William Trueman, 63.

Halifax, June 26, Alice, daughter of Lucy and John Doyle, 30.

Milltown, N. B., June 20, Annie, wife of R. J. Porter, 32.

Centreville, N. S., June 23, Mary, wife of Edward Refuse, 45.

Milltown, N. B., June 20, Amanda, wife of John Baxter, 35.

Coverdale, N. B., June 26, John, son of Cornelius Ramsay, 8.

Sheffield, N. B., July 4, Minnie, daughter of W. E. Taylor, 25.

Wolfville, N. S., June 25, Bessie, wife of Atwood Cohoon, 48.

St. John, June 28, Catherine, wife of late Henry Boucher, 76.

Hebron, N. S., June 27, Mary, daughter of Joseph Saunders, 22.

Warren, Cumb. Co., June 25, the wife of George Chapman, 23.

Fourchu, C. B., June 25, Louis, wife of late Daniel Campbell, 79.

Little Ridge, St. Stephen, N. B., June 26, William M. Smith, 50.

Litchfield, N. S., June 25, of blood poisoning, John Hamilton, 57.

Yarmouth, N. S., Margaret, wife of late Capt. Chas. Clements, 76.

Watervale, N. S., June 22, Annie, daughter of S. Archibald, 21.

Westcock, N. B., June 26, Martha, wife of Robert McAllister, 60.

Northfield, June 16, Hollis, son of Ambrose and Mary Miller, 3.

Halifax, June 30, of hemorhage of lungs, Robert Templeman, 37.

Amherst, N. S., June 25, Vera, daughter of Arthur Power, 13 months.

Brookland, N. S., June 21, Alex. son of Jessie and Roderick Munro, 4.

Tweedside, York Co., June 18, Sarah, wife of William Messer, 28.

Moncton, N. B., June 27, Margaret, wife of late William Crandall, 63.

Debert, N. S., June 22, Albert, son of Capt. Thomas and Charlotte Carroll.

St. John, N. B., July 1, Annie, daughter of Wesley and Adelaide Baker, 12.

Darling's Island, Kings Co., N. B., July 1, Jessie wife of John Morrell, 43.

Moncton, N. B., June 26, Edith, daughter of W. J. and Elizabeth Wilcox, 7.

Lower Canning, N. S., June 23, Elisha, son of Emma Lockhart, 9 months.

Vernon Mines, N. S., June 25, Emelia, wife of Edward Slaughenwhite, 43.

New Glasgow, N. S., June 21, Kenneth, son of John J. and Sibby McPherson, 5.

Newcomb Corner, Musquodoboit, N. S., June 24, of consumption, Annie Nelson, 22.

Yarmouth, N. S., June 21, Lillian, daughter of Alfred and Laliah Atkins, 15 months.

Hammond Plains, N. S., June 21, Lydia, daughter of Samuel and Sarah Eisenhauer, 11.

Yarmouth, N. S, June 21, Lilian, daughter of Alfred and Lalialo Atkins, 15 months.

St. John, June 22, of spinal meningetis, Nellie, daughter of Benjamin Abram, 15 months.

Hammond Plains, N. S., June 20, Mabel Louise, daughter of Samuel and Sarah Eisenhauer, 9.

Middle Sackville, N. B., June 20, of diptheretic croup, Alice, daughter of Francis Tingley, 20 months.

Coldbrook, St. John Co., N. B., June 23, of heart failure, Lizzie, daughter of Sarah and Dennis Gallivan, 22.

HOTELS.

BELMONT HOUSE,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—$1 to $2.50 per day.
J. SIME, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.
Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

HOTEL DUFFERIN,
ST. JOHN, N. B
FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

BARKER HOUSE,
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Most beautifully situated in the centre of the city, large, light, cheerful Sample Rooms, and a first-class Livery and Hack stable in connection with the house. Coaches are in attendance upon arrival of all trains.
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CONNORS HOTEL,
CONNORS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B.
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Opened in January. Handsomest, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.

"Vivat Regina."
Queen Hotel,
HALIFAX, N. S.
WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourist to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for furnishing the best and cleanest bedrooms, and the best table and attention of any hotel in the maritime provinces, if not in all Canada. The QUEEN contains 150 rooms, and is fitted with all modern improvements, including bath-rooms and w. c's on every floor.
The parlors attract a great deal of attention, as nothing superior in that line is to be seen in Canada. The cuisine has been made a specialty from the first and amply justifies its reputation. One visit will satisfy any one as to the superiority of this Hotel.
A. B. SHERATON, MANAGER

RAILWAYS.

PICNICS.
SHORE LINE RY.
Lepreaux.
Dates are being rapidly filled. Send at once for our Circular, showing rates, &c., or call at
3 Pugsley Building, - - City.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
On and after Monday, June 26th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at [illegible] m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11.55 a. m; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m. Arrive at Weymouth at 4.32 p. m.
LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.45 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11.05 a. m.
LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.13 a. m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a. m.
CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Monticello for St. John daily (Sunday excepted). At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.
Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.
Yarmouth, N. S. J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway.
1893—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT—1893.
On and after Monday, the 26th June, 1893, the Trains of this Railway will run daily --Sunday excepted--as follows:
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene	10.10
Express for Halifax	13.10
Express for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago,	16.35
Express for Halifax	22.20

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 o'clock.
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.50 o'clock.
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)	6 00
Express from Chicago, Montreal, and Quebec, (Monday excepted)	8.30
Express from Moncton (daily)	8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene,	12.55
Express from Halifax, Picton and Campbellton	18.30
Express from Halifax and Sydney	22.35

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by electricity.
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER, General Manager.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 21st June, 1893.

Take The
CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
TO THE
WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION
at CHICAGO.
Excursion tickets will be on sale commencing April 25th, good for 30 days from date sold and for stop over at points in Canada or at Detroit Mich. Rate from St. John and all points on Atlantic Division
$30.00 each.
Further particulars, time tables &c., at Ticket Office, Chubbs' Corner or at Station.
A pamphlet entitled "Homes for Visitors to the World's Fair" on sale at office Chubb's Corner. Price 50c.

STEAMERS.

EXCURSION.
STEAMER CLIFTON will, after July 1st, commence her usual Summer Excursions. She will leave her wharf at Indiantown every Thursday at 9 a. m. for Hampton, calling at Clifton, Reed's Point and other wharves on her way. Returning will leave Hampton at 3.30 p. m.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.
Three Trips a Week,
For Boston.
ON AND AFTER APRIL 17th, and until further notice, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.25 standard.
Returning, will leave Boston same days, at 8 30 a. m. for Eastport and St. John.
On Wednesday trip the steamer will not call at Portland.
Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.
Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.
C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUCTOUCHE, Hopewell, Salisbury, Norton, Marysville, Chipman, Harvey, Vanceboro Upper Woodstock, Presque Isle, Caribou, Fort Fairfield, Weymouth, and scores of other places should each have a boy willing to make money. He can do it easily by selling PROGRESS. Splendid profits and little work. Address for information, Circulation Department PROGRESS St. John N. B.