TALMAGE TELLS HOW WE WRESTLE WITH THE SUPERNATURAL.

God Allows Good People Sometimes to Get Into a Terrible Struggle-Every Christian Has Difficulties to Contend

BROOKLYN, April 29. - The Tabernacle was crowded this morning with the usual throng of eager listeners. Dr. Talmage preached on the Spiritual conflicts of life, taking for his text Genesis 82; 24:26: "And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him. And he said, 'Let me go, for the day breaketh.'
And he said, 'I will not let thee go ex-

cept thou bless me.'

"the day breaketh."

The dust arose from the troubled herd of cattle, and sheep, and goats, and camels. They are the present that Jacob sends to gain the good-will of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jabbok. But there is no rest for the weary man. No shining ladder to let the angels down into his dream; but a fierce combat, that lasts until the morning, with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to reveal his superior power, by a touch wrenches Jacob's thigh bone from its socket, perhaps maiming him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple cloud begin to ripen, Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has been contending, and not one of his brother's coadjutors. "Let me go," cries the angel, lifting himself up into increasing light,

You see, in the first place, that God allows good people sometimes to get into a terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man; but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremendous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit; for Daniel, a wild beast den; for David, detheonement and exile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's axe; for Peter, a prison; for Paul, shipwreck; desolate Patmos: tor Vashti, most insulting cruelty; for Josephine, banishment; for Mrs. Sigourney, the agony of a drunkard's wife; for John Wesley, stones hurled by an infuriated mob; for Catherine, the Scotch girl, the drowning surges of the sea; for Mr. Burns, the buffeting of the Montreal populace; for John Brown, of Edinburgh, the pistol shot of Lord Claver-house; for Hugh McKail, the scaffold; for Latimer, the stake; for Christ, the Cross. For whom the rocks, the gibbets, the guillotines, the thumb-screws? For the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Some one said to a Christian reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "I am against the world."

I will go further, and say that every Christian has his struggle. This man had his combat in Wall street; this one on Broad street; this one on Fulton street; this one on Chestnut street; this one on State street; this one on Lombard street; this one on the Bourse. With financial misfortune you have had the midnight wrestle. Red-hot disasters have dropped into your store from loft to cellar. What you bought you could not sell. Whom you trusted fled. The help you expected would not come. Some giant panic, with long arms, and grip like death, took hold of you in an awful wrestle, from which you have not yet escaped, and it is uncertain whether will throw you or you will throw it. Here is another soul, in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how stealthily it was growing upon him. One hour he woke up. He said, "For the sake of my soul, of my family, and of my children, and of my God, I must stop this!" And behold he found himself alone, by the brook Jabbok, and it was midnight. That evil appetite seized upon him, and he seized upon it; and oh, the horror of the conflict! When once a bad habit has aroused itself up to destroy a man, and the man has sworn that, by the help of the eternal God, he will destroy it, all heavens draws itself out in a long line of light, to look from above, and hell stretches itself in myrmidons of spite to look up from beneath. I have seen men rally themselves for such a struggle, and they have bitten their lips, and clenched their fists, and cried with a blood-red earnestness and a

rain of scalding tears, "God help me!"
From a wrestle with habit I have seen men fall back defeated. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolutions, they have come into the struggle; and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit, but that habit rallied again its infernal power, and lifted a soul from its standing, and with a force hurled from the pit, hurled it into utter darkness. First, saw the auctioneer's mallet fall on the pictures, and musical instruments. and the rich uphoistery in his family parlors. After awhile I saw him fall into the ditch. Then, in the midnight, when the children were dreaming their sweetest dreams, and Christian households are silent with slumber, angelwatched, I heard him give the sharp shrick that followed the stab of his own poniard. He fell from an honored social position; he fell from a family circle of which once he was the grandest attraction; he fell from the house of God, at whose altars he had ben consecrated; he fell-forever! But, thank God, I have often seen a better termination than that. I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling. They laid hold of God's help as they went into combat. The giant habit, regaled by the cup of many temptations, came out strong and defiant. They clenched. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But the old giant began to waver; and at last, in the midnight, alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbok, the giant fell; the triumphant wrestler broke the darkness with the cry, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." There is a widow's heart, that first was desolated by bereavement, and since, by the anxieties and trials that came in the support of a family. It is a sad thing to see a man contending for a livelihood under disadvantages; but to see a delicate woman, with helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giants of poverty and sorrow, is more affecting. It was a humble home, and passer-by knew not that within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable than that of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or the Pass of Thermopylæ, or Balaklava, where. "into the jaws of death, rode the six hundred." These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on; but there were none to applaud the struggle in the

SPIRITUAL CONFLICTS. humble home. She fought for bread, for clothing, for fire, for shelter, with aching head and weak side, and exhausted strength, through the long night, by the brook Jabbok. Could it be that none would give her help? Had God forgotten to be gracious? No! contending soul. The midnight air is of wings coming to the rescue. She hears it now, in the sough of the night wind, in the ripple of the brook Jabbok-the promise made so long ago, ringing down the sky—"Thy fatherless children I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me!" Some one said to a very poor woman, "How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful?" She said, "I do it by what I call cross prayers. When I had my rent to pay, and nothing to pay it with, and bread to buy and nothing to buy it with, I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street when I come to a corner of the street, I say, 'The Lord help me;' I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again I say, 'The Lord help me!' And so I utter a prayer at every crossing; and since I have got into the habit of saying these 'cross prayers'

have been able to keep up my courage. Learn again from this subject, that people sometimes are surprised to find out that what they have been struggling with in the darkness is really an "angel of blessing." Jacob found in the morning that this strange personage was not an enemy, but a God-despatched messenger to promise prosperity for him and for his children. And so many a man, at the close of his trial, has found out that he has been trying to throw down his own blessing. If you are a Chris-tian man, I will go back in your history and find that the grandest things that have ever happened to you, have been your trials. Nothing short of scourging, imprisonment and ship wreck, could have made Paul what he was, When David was fleeing through the wilderneess pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become th sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best school at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children, prepared the man of Uz to write the mangificent poem that has astounded the age. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to hresh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the peo ple who have always had it there own way. They are pround, discontented, useless and unhapy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time, a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves! But, amid all the applause and enthus asm Rossini turned to a friend and said 'I would give all this brilliant scene for few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who

Isaac Watts, whose misfortunes were innumerable, when he says: The Hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We are marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

had everything that this world could

give him, to the joyful experience of

It is prosperity that kills, and trouble While the Israelites were that saves. on the march, amid great privations and hardships they behaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat; and the sky darkened with a great flock of quails; and these quails fell in large multitudes all about them; and the Israelites ate and ate, and stuffed themselves until they died, Oh, my friends, it is not hardship, or trial, or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant sup-ply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian's life; it is the quails ! it is the quails! You will yet find out that your midnight wrestle by the brook Jabbok is with an angel of God, come down to bless and save.

Learn again that, while our wrestling with trouble may be triumphant, we must expect that it will leave its mark apon us. Jacob prevailed, but the angel ouched him and his thigh-bone sprang from its socket, and the good man went limping on his way. We must carry through this world the mark of the combat. What plowed these premature wrinkles in your face? What whitened your hair before it was time for frost What silenced forever so much of the hilarity of your household? Ah! it is because the angel of trouble hath touched you that you go limping on the way. You need not be surprised that those who have passed through the fire do not feel as gay as once they did.

Do not be out of patience with those who come not out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss, and yet their gait shall tell you that they have been trouble touched. Are we Stoics, that we can, unmoved, see our cradle rifled of the bright eyes and the sweet lips? Can we stand unmoved and see our gardens of earthly delight uprooted? Will Jesus, who wept Himself, be angry with us if we pour our tears into the graves that open low down what we love best? Was Lazarus more dear to Him than our beloved dead to us? No. We have a right to weep. Our tears must come You shall not drive them back to scald the heart. They fall into God's bottle. Afflicted ones have died because they could not weep. Thank God for the sweet, the mysterious relief that comes to us in tears! Under this gentle rain the flowers of corn put forth their bloom. God pity that dry, withered, parched, all-consuming grief that wrings its hands, and grinds its teeth, and bites its nails into the quick, but cannot weep! We may have found the comfort of the Cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night, and by the brook Jabbok, we were trouble-touched.

Again, we may take the idea of the text, and announce the approach of the day dawn. No one was ever more glad to see the morning than was Jacob after that night of struggle. It was appropriate for philanthropists and Christians to cry out with this angel of the text, "The day breaketh." The world's prospects are brightening. The Church of Christ is rising up to its strength to go forth, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Clap your hands, all ye people; the day breaketh. The bigotries of the earth are perishing. The time was when we were told that if we wanted to get to heaven we must be immersed or sprinkled; or we must believe in the perseverance of the saints, or in falling away from grace, or a liturgy, or no liturgy or they must be Calvinists, or Arminians; in order to reach heaven. We have all come to confess now that these

are non essentials in religion.

During my vacation, one summer, I was in a Presbyterian audience, and it

was sacramental day, and with grateful heart I received the Holy Communion. On the next Sabbath I was in a Methodist Church, and sat at a love feast. On the following Sabbath I was in an Epis-copalian Church, and knelt at the altar and received the consecrated bread. I do not know which service I enjoyed the most, "I believe in the communion of saints and in the life everlasting," "The

day breaketh." As I look upon this audience, I se many who have passed through waves of trouble that came up higher than their girdle. In God's name I proclaim cessation of hostilities. You shall not go always saddened and heart-broken. God will lift your burden. God will bring your dead to life. God will staunch the heart's bleeding. I know the will Like as a fether nities his He will. Like as a father pities his children, so the Lord pities you. The pains of earth will end. The tomb will burst. The dead will rise. The morning star trembles on a brightening sky. The gates of the east begin to swing open. The day breaketh.

Luther and Melancthon were talking together gloomily about the prospects of the Church. They could see no hope of deliverance. After awhile, Luther got up and said to Melancthon, "Come, Philip, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm of David, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah." Death to many, nay to all, is a strug-gle and a wrestle. We have many gle and a wrestle. We have ma care not how bright our future hope is, it is a bitter thing to look upon this fair world, and know that we shall never again see its blossoming spring, its falling fruits, its sparkling streams, and to say farewell to those

with whom we played in childhood, or counselled in manhood. In that night, like Jacob, we may have to wrestle, but God will not leave us unblessed. It shall not be told in heaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, but was not delivered. The lattice may be turned to keep out the sun, or a book set to dim the light of the midnight taper; or the room may be filled with the cries of orphanage and widowhood; or the Church of Christ may mourn over our going; but if Jesus calls, all is well. The strong wrestling of the brook will cease; the hour of death's night will pass along; one o'clock in the morning; two o'clock in the morning; four o'clock in the morn-

in no haste to be gone. I have no grudge against this world. The only fault I have to find with the world is that it reats me too well; but when the time comes to go, I trust to be ready, my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want, then, to be sure of their forgiveness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness, and my head faint, I want Jesus beside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want the heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward. Then, O Jesus, help me on and help me to look back to my kindred and friends who would detain me here, exclaiming,

So I would have it when I die. I am

ing; the day breaketh.

### THE VOSHIWARI IN JAPAN.

Let me go let me go! The day break

Social Respectability of Its Inmates This Land of Vast Toleration. Most Americans, however virtuous, vho have visited Yokohama, must have seen the disreputable portion just destroyed by fire, for the Yoshiwari is found in every great Japanese town, and is one of the sights that every visito sees. Sometimes an archway across the chief street leading to the Yoshiwari proclaims in large letters the nature of he place. There is no pretence in Japanese cities to blink the existence of the social evil, and, indeed, there is no disgrace attached to a residence in the Yoshiwari. Young girls while resident there learn household arts, music, needlework, and what not else of useful and ornamental. Their temporary homes are open to the street, and passers-by see the inmates beautifying themselves with cosmetics, dressing their hair, play-

ing musical instruments or otherwis amusing themselves. Some of the most admired scenes in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" are close copies of actual scenes common in he Yoshiwari of every Japanese town. A famous song, sung constantly in the Yoshiwari, was partly reproduced in "The Mikado." A residence in the Yoshiwari is no bar to a girl's subsequent marriage, nor does it lose her the respect of the social circle to which her husband's family belongs.

Consistent with the attitude of the Japanese toward the Yoshiwari is the ommon habit of selling young girls. Parents offer them to strangers, and the purchase of girls by European and American residents is not uncommon United States naval officers tell of little tea parties at the houses of acquaintances were these purchase girls preside over the household. The orginal price is not large, the cost of maintaining such an establishment is small, and the purchas ed girl keeps her master's clothing in perfect order and his home cosey. jectionable as the morality of the thing s, otherwise respectable Americans and Europeans fall into it, and the people of the country expect it of strangers. An American artist visiting Japan was an object of some astonishment because he failed to conform to the custom. It is a matter of common notoriety at the clubs of Yokohama that this or that member or guest maintains an establis ment of the sort described. As to the Yoshiwari, the names and numbers of its famous houses are known the world over.-N.Y. Sun.

Dear and desired above all things that are; More dear than life, and more desired than death, Fairer than June—more sweet than April's breath; More unattainable than any star!

move below you in the world of men, And work and wait and love you all the time, Bidding my heart mock, in a peal of rhyme, ts own wild prayer to be beloved again.

peace, You move, untouched by our poor hopes fears,
Why do I send this song to vex your ears,

Because—worth goes not always vowed to worth,
And Life and Death both come to those who wait
April and June come, though they tarry late,
And sometimes stars grow kind, and stoop to earth -Pall Mall Gazette.

If two men who are mortal enemic meet in society, they ignore each other each other. -Fliegende Blatter!

## MARINE.

Sch. Moskwa, from Bahia for Delaware Sch. Moskwa, from Bahia for Delaware Breakwater, which was wrecked off San Autonie, will be sold at auction.

Sch. Mineela, at New York from San Demingo, on April 22nd, seuth of Gulf stream, during a heavy southwest gale, broke main boom and split sails.

Capt. Kierstead of the bark Galatea, writing from Boston, states that the story published in the Boston Post that the bark is badly in need of repairs is all nonsense. In fact, she is in a good state of preserva-

Our Hopewell Hill corresdendent wrote on April 30: "The Luta Price, with beards for New York, and Seattle, ton timber for St. John, are benipped in the Shepody river. The schooner Delta, owned by Chester Peck, merchant and postmaster at the Cape, is carrying pressed hay from Riverside to Mencton. On account of low freights at St. John a great many of the coasters are seeking charters up the bay."
Sch. Jehn S. Parker has been chartered,

Beston to Sydney, \$4. She will probably bring coal here from Sydney. Sch. F. & E. Givan will load lumber for Boston at \$1.70. S.S. Capulet, 1461 tons, now on her way here from Antwerp via Halifax, will load deals at this port for W. C. England at

41s. 3d., a much better rate than either the other steamers got. The following charters are reported: A The following charters are reported: A steamer, 1,666 tons, coal, Sydney to Montreal, \$1; thence general cargo to Bristol Channel, £2,050, free stevedoring; a steamer, 1,472 tons, wood pulp, Three Rivers to Fieetwood, £2,000, free stevedoring; steamer, Montreal to Tyne, Letth or Hartlepeel,

deals, 45s.

The British schooner Osprey has just arrived in Bangor with 200 casks of Barbados molasses. This molasses is of the very best product of Barbados and was the first of the early crep. The entire cargo is for Jebn Cassidy & Son, wholesale grecers at 25 Broad street, and is imported direct by them. It will be stored in their large warehouse in Bread street, and wholesaled by them all over the States. The superiority of this molasses makes a ready sale for it, and each year Cassidy & Son have received a full cargo from Barbades. On the trip to Bangor the Osprey put into Boothbay for a harbor and while she was there the revenue cutter Levi Woodbury sent an efficient beautiful to the state of the officer on board to examine the vessel's papers. The captain had all of the papers ready but one, that one being the manifest. This is a document that shows the amount and kind of cargo, also the list of stores and everything but the fittings and appliances used in working the vessel. Before the Osprey could leave Boethbay her master was obliged to deposit \$500 at the custom house. The matter is still unsettled. The fine for not having a manifest made out is from \$25 to \$500. The captain of the Osprey thought he had plenty of time to make out his manifest before reaching Bangor, but he didn't get it ready quite soon enough.-

Bangor News. The Osprey belongs to Lunenburg, N. S.
J. B. North laid the keel at Hantsport,
N. S., last week of a brigantine of 130 feet
keel. She is intended to take the place of

nichi, in ballast, struck an iceberg on the Grand Bank and sank. The crew picked up by the brig Harry Gabrielle and landed at St. Pierre on the 26th ult. The new Furness line boat, to be called the St. John City, will be launched in July or August. "

## GLADSTONE'S SPEECH

In Moving for a Memorial to the Late Sir Andrew Clark.

LONDON, May 3.—Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Cambridge, Cardinal Vaughn and other notables were present at a meeting today at Princess hall, called for the purpose of arranging for the erection of a memorial in henor of the late Sir Andrew Clark, the famous physician, who counted among his distinguished patients Mr. Gladstone and Queen Victoria. The ex-premier received a splendid ovation. It is evident that he had not quite recovered from his cold, and -he was compelled to remain seated as he moved that a memorial be established in order to that a memorial be established in order to perpetuate Sir Andrew Clark and his work. Mr. Gladstone then proceeded to eulogizathe deceased physician, saying that it would have been a standing grief and mortification to him it he had been prevented from taking part in the meeting. In conclusion, Mr. Gladstone said that Sir Andrew Clark loved his profession with chivalreus devotion. Mr. Gladstone's motion was carried, and it was also decided to creet a wing to a Landon heapital, the to erect a wing to a London hospital, the new wing to bear the name of Sir Audrew Clark.

## About People at Home and Abroad.

W. W. Turnbull, who spent the winter in Florida, arrived home on the 2ad. He is in excellent health. Mrs. and Miss Turnbull will not arrive for some little time yet. Rev. L. S. Johnson, who has been suffer-ing ever since the fall with an affection of the lungs, has been ordered by his brother. Dr. Johnson, to go south for the benefit of his health, and it is probable that he will

expected home in June.—[Pick-Me-Up.
J. F. McCurdy leaves this morning for
P. E. Island, where he will labor as ordained missionary in the congregation of
Tyron and Bradshaw. Mr. McCurdy is a
Halifax boy who has entered the ministry
after taking a R. A decrease the labor as the wrote a history of his life, giving a detailed account of his experiences in the
army. The author makes no pretensions to
scholarship, nor yet does he claim for his
book a literary style or finish. It is simply
the history of a checkered life told in a plain
yet interesting way, and this will no doubt expected home in June. - [Pick-Me-Up. after taking a B. A. degree at Dalhousie and graduating at Pine Hill seminary. He has preached with acceptance for three summers at Scotch Settlement and Douglastown, in New Brunswick, and at New Bed ford.—Halifax Herald, Wednesday,

## " Black Patti."

Miss Sissieretta Jones, known as the Black Patti, the wender of the nineteenth century and the greatest singer of her race, will appear at the Opera house on the Queen's birthday. Of her appearance at Madison Square Garden, the New York Sun

"A phenomenon is worthy of prominent record at all times. In Sissieretta Jones Africa has indirectly contributed to the domain of music a singer of qualities worthy the study of any artist under the sun. . . Her voice coming from a skin as white as her teeth would be counted the wonder of all lands—it is a strong and beautiful voice that counted the strong with the strong of th main of music a singer of qualities worthy the study of any artist under the sun.

Her voice coming from a skin as white as her teeth would be counted the wonder of all lands—it is a streng and beautiful voice that sounds with the steadiness of a trumpet. Though it does not ring with passion, pet. Though it does not ring with passion, it shakes your heart, not your ears, with the pathetic warmth that marks all negro singing."

# WANTED—A man to run Magic Lantern Entertainments. Must know the busi-ness, gas making, etc.; also a boy who under-stands photographing. Both mus be highly recommended. Apply A. McD., Sun Office.

S. R FOSTER & SON. Manufacturers of Wire Nails. STEEL AND IRON CUT NAILS

## And Spikes, Tacks, Brads, Shoe Nails. Hungarian Nails, Etc. ST. JOHN N. B.



DICK'S BLOOD PURIFIER.

It renews the system, enriches the blood and gives nature a fair chance, is also an unfailing eradicator of bots and worms. It is just as good for cattle as for horses. Try a 50c. package if your horses or cattle are not thriving. For a spavin, curb, ringbone or splint, use Dick's Blister, 50c.—Dick's Liniment for sprains, swellings, bruises, etc. 25c.—Dick's Ointment for scratches, old spray saddle calls of the property of the control of the c sores, saddle galls, etc., 25c, mailed on receipt of price.

DICK & CO., P. O Box 482, Montreal.

#### COXEY'S TRAMPS.

Several of the Detachments Still Keep on the March.

One Member of the Army Has a Large Fortune in Denmark.

Connecticut Contingent Takes Eight Hours to Walk Eighteen Miles.

(By the Associated Press.) VALPARAISO, May 3 - Ernest Gerber and Mrs. Randall are here as advance agents for the Randall commonwealers. The army marched from Hammond along a telegraph line to a point nine miles west of Hobart today, and will try to find Randon's farm, Randon having promised barns and sheds

for lodgings tonight.

New York, May 3 —The New England
Coxey army arrived here this afternoon
from New Haven on the C. W. Norton. They were taken to the People's party dquarters, 50 East Tenth street.

OJesus, help me on and help me Unfearing, undoubting, may I right out into the light, and be able by back to my kindred and friends would detain me here, exclaiming, ne go—let me go! The day break

Curacea.

Sch. Minecla has been fixed to load at New York for Gonaives and back at \$1,600.

Bark Remance, from Fowey for New York, which sprung aleak and put into Queenstewn, will be lightened for the purpose of being surveyed and will then be tightened.

Bark Ruth Palmont The YOSHIWARI IN 14224.

CHICAGO, May 3,—According to Information received by Otto A. Deyer, Daniah toon received by Otto A. Deyer, Daniah consul in this city, Pater Anderson of Denver, Colo,, who has marched with Coxey's army from Ohio to Washington, is heir to a large fortune. Anderson came to this country from Denmark fifteen years ago, but failed in all efforts to secure a comfortable living and fell in with she for the purpose of being surveyed and will then be tightened.

Bark Ruth Palmont The YOSHIWARI IN 14224. thy land owner in Denmark, died last September, leaving him the estate, but Anderson had not heard of it when he began his war tramp. Consul Deyer will notify him of the facts.

New Haven, Conn., May 3.-General. NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 3.—General. Swift's army numbering 65, and Captain Sweetland's army of 25 left town today. During their long stay in the city they did not come into collision with the college boys. Swift's crowd went to New York by boat, while Sweetland's men began to hoof it to Bridgeport, eighteen miles from here, from which point they will proceed by boat to New York. Not so much as one hurrah from the citizens of New Haven was sound. from the citizens of New Haven was sounded to the departing commonwealers from inland Connecticut and the industrials from Boston. After a square meal they noiselessly left town. Swift's followers did net want to amalgamate with the Sweetland so evers. Sweetland was agreeable, but his advances were received with a cold shoulder. Swift, Fitzgerald and Sweetland disputed over the collection taken up in Socialists' hall last night. The amount was \$8 50. Swift refused to divide and kept the entire

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., May 3.—The Connecticut contingent of the commonweal army reached Bridgeport this afternoon, having taken eight hours to walk the 18 miles from New Haven. The people in the army looked like a typical lot of tramps. Half a dozen policemen escorted them through the streets. This forenoon two strangers arrived in town. They were the advance guard of the army, sent en ahead to solicit contributions and commissary supplies and to prepare a reception for Sweetland's wing of the Coxey army. They announced themselves as lieutenants. They had walked from New Haven this morning.

## He Was in the Crimea.

Corporal Jas. O'Malley of Montreal is in he city. He is one of the few men in Canada who fought under the Union Jack in the Crimean war. During the siege of Sebastopol he was a member of the 17th regiment of the Royal Bengal Tigers. He his health, and it is probable that he will shortly leave.—[Newcastle Advocate.]

Letters received here from Miss Blackmore, missienary in Japan, state that she expects to sail on June 12th for home, and will be here in July. Miss Lizzie Hart is he wrote a history of his eventual and expected home in June.—[Pick Ma June] yet interesting way, and this will no doubt recommend to the many. The author having been a participant in this great struggle, the book will prove valuable as a history of the Crimea.

The enthusiasm that prompts a man to give away money to a friend in distress is the shortest lived of the enthusiasm family.

— [Atchison Globe.

I HAVE BEEN greatly troubled with head-ache and bad blood for ten or twelve years. I started to take Burdock Blood Bitters in July, 1892, and now (January, 1893), I am perfectly cured.

Advanced woman: "Man may hold us in-bondage for centuries. What shall we do to be avenged?" Unsympathetic brute: "Marry him."—[Tewn Toples.

It is an absolute impossibility that a man can be either wholly right or wholly

## NOTICE

A LL PERSONS who are indebted to DR. J.
J. LAWSON, insolvent, are required to
make immediate payment to the uncersigned
on or before the 15th May, 1894. All unpaid
accounts will be handed to an Attorney for collection.

D. B. HATFIELD,
E. L. PERKINS.
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To the Heirs of William Vail, late of Carleton in the City of Saint John. deceased, and to all others whom it doth or may concern:

THERE WILL BE SOLD by Public Auction on WEDNESDAY, the 16th day of May next; at 12 o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the said City! That lot of land situate in Carl ton aforesaid, "known on "the original plan of the town plot of Carleton "as Lob no. (12) Twelve, having a front of Fifty "Feet on Water street and extending back to "the rear of said lot at the River Saint John," also that lot of land in Carleton aforesaid "known upon the plan of the town plot of Carleton as lot No. (79) Seventy-nine, having a front of Fifty Feet upon Prince street and extending back One Huadred Feet;" Together with the rights, privileges, ways, waters, beaches, landings and appurtenances to the said lands respectively belonging, and the buildings, erections and improvements thereon standing and being. The above sale will be made by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage from the said William Thomas, dated the First Day of August, A. D. 1872, recorded in the office of the Regitrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John in Book E. No. 6 of Records; and because of default made in payment of certain moneys due on said mortgage and on a further mortgage charge on said premises.

Dated this 13th day of March, A. D. 1894.

WM. THOMAS.

WM. THOMAS.
W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.
For further particulars apply to A. BALLENTINE. Ritchie's Building.
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ILLUSTRATED.

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Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars at Moncton, at 19.40 o'clock.

A Freight The leaves St. John for Moneton every Saturance with at 22.30 o'clock.

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Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 8th September, 1893,

TELE

MONTREAL, MA and Routh receiv stated that the st Sanderson, had fo miles east of St. escaped to their b her way to Mont gaged in the coal ere and the lowe cargo of railway i Breton and Mon Hon. Robt. Rei Victoria, arrived New York and W here by Hon. gentlemen addre of Trade later in minister is most pects of extended if the Ottawa co dent the cable an a success. Word that New Sor wise decided to Obtawa. able to remain toria, will have also be stated t Canadian cotto inister said the cheap as those m Hon. Messre. Re Ottawa tomorro MONTREAL, Seargeant, of the nounces that on business a ten p will seen fellow in hands employ MONTREAL,

police found Mrs Dowd street, wit dead body. The and is no deu The court of recided that the posed by the lo chant, took a te his judgment su It is now aut Montreal is to Lord Aberdeen cent aerbrook Sir Jan Caldw MONTREAL, sen's Weekly for New You

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priest in the c

TORONTO, MA

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grave. Ottawa, the parliamer last evening largely atten Deputy Spea toast of Jeh Laurier to th