

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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THE CONDITION IN EUROPE.

A new ruler has come upon the stage of European politics. His name is FAMINE. His surname is Southern Russia and Eastern Germany. No Dreibund or Franco-Russian alliance can stay his terrible power. From his decrees there is no appeal.

The actual condition of things in the afflicted portions of Europe cannot at present, and probably never will be actually ascertained. We are told of people throwing themselves beneath railway trains, preferring instant death to starvation, of crimes being committed with the hope of imprisonment and prison fare, of women exposing their children to contagious diseases so that they may die, of others selling their daughters to their richer neighbors, of others yielding up their own virtue to buy food for their little ones. There is no food for the cattle and they are dying of starvation, while an insidious disease is attacking the weakened herds. Seed time is at hand, that is for winter grain, but the hungry people can spare no seed, and another year of famine confronts them, even in the midst of their present sufferings. What the outcome will be no man can foresee. There is talk of rebellion, and the crazed peasants may make an uprising. Meanwhile an arch-duchess dies and \$250,000 are spent upon her funeral. A dead duchess is of more value than many starving peasants. Meanwhile also the Czar travels about in costly state, and millions of money are lavished in military preparations, which absolutely serve no useful end. Every pound of surplus corn in America ought to be on its way to the east, and the Czar is in a position to buy it; but he will not. Next year something else will follow the famine. A plague of some kind is almost certain to ensue. Disease and starvation may solve the eastern question in their own way. Germany is not in as bad a state as Russia, but things are bad enough there. In short Europe is beginning to feel the full effects of imperialism. Millions of men cannot be sustained in idleness, millions of money cannot be expended in the costly experiments of military preparation without the impoverishment of the people. A crisis was inevitable, and the recent bad season has only precipitated it. Nature will revenge all outrages upon her, and the armed peace of Europe is a crime against nature. Twenty years of such peace is worse than a great war.

ABOUT PROPOSING.

A correspondent wants to know how often a young man ought to ask a girl to marry him, and as he desires the opinion of a male person upon the subject, his request will be dealt with in this column. As a rule, if the girl says "Yes," once is often enough to ask her. Perhaps as an innocent recreation the question may be repeated *ad libitum*, but there is always a danger lest the fair one may some time reconsider her choice and say "No." Therefore when she has once given an affirmative answer, hold her to it. It may be remarked in parenthesis that, if she is willing, it is not unpleasant to hold her, promise or no promise; at least, so we have been informed. If, when you ask her, she says "No," it depends upon circumstances how often you ought to repeat the process. In such a case as that of the doleful young man, who when asked if his lady love had smiled on his suit, said that "that was just the trouble. She not only smiled at it, but laughed at it."

In such a case it would not be advisable to repeat the experiment at too early a day. "Smile," says a wise man, "when you propose. If the fair one says 'no,' you can then laugh and pretend it was only a joke." This is excellent advice, and perhaps could be successfully acted upon by a mormon or the average Chicago man; but it requires too much firm common humanity. Nevertheless, if you can propose that way, there is no reason why you should not do it as often as you like. If the lady should say "no" a second time and not be indignant, it would be reasonably fair to assume that two such rejections would make an affirmative, and that with a little pressing she will name the day. The parenthetical remark above made, it is said, would also be in order here. *Mutatis mutandis*. But in this connection it may be observed that these Latin words do not imply that a man should have several girls. The person who said he was engaged to seven girls at once, and when asked by a friend how he was going to get out of it, answered that he did not want to get out of it, was a creature whom it would be base flattery to call a villain. When you propose, be it the first or the fiftieth time, do it like a man. Of course you will be nervous. She will like you the better for that. But don't get down on your knees. Save your worship until after marriage, and then if you have the right kind of a wife, let her be your earthly divinity. Before marriage, stand on your feet, or sit down. Don't grovel. She will despise you for that. Remember that you have just as much right to be loved as to love. You may win a woman's heart by flattery sometimes, by kindness often, and by that subtle magnetism, which some of us know and none can describe, oftentimes of all; but by servility never. Therefore do not beg for her hand. Ask for it a hundred times if she will listen to you; but don't put on tragic airs and talk tom foolery, just because that is the way it is done in novels. There have been some pretty good marriages made where the solemn pop of the question never was heard. Somehow or other it asked itself and was answered before it was asked. If you are really in love with a pretty girl and she is really in love with you, matters will arrange themselves so imperceptibly that you will be engaged before you know it. Perhaps these observations will not help our correspondent very much. He says he has proposed three times to the same girl, but has been rejected, yet he thinks she likes him. The case perhaps admits of specific directions. Select a favorable opportunity. Tell her in good, plain English that you love her; tell her likewise that you only propose to ask her once more, and then put the question plainly: Will you be my wife or shall I say good bye? If the answer is a steady negative, you may as well give it up. If it is not, seize the opportunity, and if the girl is in it so much the better, and persist in your question until you get an answer, which, ten to one, will be what you want to hear. Then you can ask Progress to the wedding, and the only reward it will claim for this advice will be the privilege of kissing the bride first.

GLIMPSES AFAR BACK.

There is surely nothing new under the sun. Every one thought that DARWIN had discovered a new thing when he launched his theory of evolution; but he was only treading in footsteps more than thirty centuries old. Evolution is taught in the early Hindoo literature. The date of the ancient Hindoo books cannot be ascertained with accuracy. There is reason to believe that they were reduced to writing more than fourteen centuries before the Christian era, and if this is correct, then their composition must be assigned to a very much earlier date, as it is well known that they were handed down orally for a long period. In these books there is, so the scholars tell us, more than a suggestion of evolution. Undoubtedly Hindoo literature is a mine of intellectual wealth. It discloses on the part of its authors a more intimate knowledge of the universe and its laws than is to be found in the early writings of any people. The crude conceptions of Rome, Greece, Egypt and Babylon and those of the Jews, which last were probably colored by, it not entirely derived from, the philosophy of the nations to whom they were at times in bondage, are far below those of the Hindus or the Chinese. The latter are alike in tracing the world's history back to a period when mankind dwelt in a great kingdom, dominated by a vast mountain. The practice has been to regard this as convincing evidence that their legends were pure inventions, but one may be excused for believing that so far from this being the case, the occurrence of the World Mountain in the myths, both of China and India, is proof that they are of equal antiquity and roughly reliable. At an unascertainable date, which probably was between one thousand and two thousand years before Christ. Men began to reduce to regularity the stories, traditions and myths preserved by countless preceding generations. Both these were put together in a manner calculated not only to defy all attempts at reconciliation, but calculated to throw doubt upon their reliability in any respect. It may be wondered at. Nevertheless, as a moment's consideration will show, they must have a substantial basis in fact. For illustration, let us take an ordinary society novel.

There may not be a word of literal truth in it, yet it is substantially true as a portrait of society as it is. So with these ancient poems. The names of the persons figuring in them may be inventions, the incidents portrayed, the grouping of events, and the localities where they are alleged to have transpired may be purely imaginary, but something resembling them must have occurred, some such people must have lived. The human mind is incapable of inventing characters and incidents absolutely new. It is not suggested that the ancient literature of Greece, India and China has not an actual historical value. Our point is that it all claim for its historical accuracy were swept away, this literature would still reflect the condition of mankind at the period to which it relates. Hence when we find in writings, probably more than three thousand years old, teachings such as the highest science of today has only recently ventured to advance, and in the same writings accounts of a very ancient civilization, the way is partly opened to a field of speculation if not of research, which fairly staggers us by its immensity and its possibilities. Enquiry into the early history of our race is, in one point of view, of the utmost importance. Christianity has received the sketchy and fragmentary story of Genesis as essentially accurate, and has based upon it a system of religion. If it should be made to appear that the account of Eden and the fall of man is only one of many attempts to present the universal tradition of a golden age followed by a period of terrific disaster, we would get a new and possibly higher idea of what is meant by the redemption of the world.

MEN AND THINGS.

An engineer, who has been down in Telu, says of the silver mines lying behind the great Atacama desert: "You can chop silver out of them with an axe." A traveler, who has lately come from a place in Africa, says that at a royal banquet at which he was invited more gold and precious stones were displayed than all the wealth contained in the Bank of England could purchase.

During the past summer prospecting parties have been penetrating Southern British Columbia in all directions. The reports are highly favorable. Experienced miners say the greatest silver country in America lies in "the Sea of Mountains."

Speaking of silver, one naturally thinks of the agitation for the remonetization of the shiny metal. There is no public matter which elicits more warmth of discussion than the silver question, and there is none upon which it is harder to get anything like an unbiased opinion. Unlimited coinage of silver would have the effect of making money more plentiful and would, therefore, disarrange the financial situation. Consequently bankers and bondholders are, with few exceptions, monometallists. The great silver producers want to sell their silver: the mass of the people want more money. Plenty of money means high prices: high prices mean increased production: increased production means the employment of more labor. The greatest revival of business in modern times was that which followed the discovery of gold in California and Australia. It is said on good authority that the world has no more gold to do business with than it had twenty years ago, while the volume of business has increased enormously.

Judging from present appearances, it may be possible that the civilized nations may have some broken China to divide between them. It is alleged that England regards with complacency the rebellion in Arabia, which bids fair to divest the Sultan of Turkey of this great appendage to his dominions. A revolted Arabia would be a fit subject for British control, which the possession of Aden and Egypt would greatly facilitate. From Austria to Persia is only a step, and the way across Persia to Beloochistan is very narrow, and the latter country is, though nominally independent, really a part of the British dominions. India lies next on the east; so that it is within the possibilities that a few years may see England supreme from Egypt to Burmah, that is across the whole south of Asia, and the sovereign of England become the ruler of the majority of the Mohammedan world.

When the Pope gave Henry VIII. the title "Defender of the Faith," he builded wiser than he knew. Under the shadow of the English throne every kind of faith, Christian, Buddhist, Mohammedan, Jewish, pagan, and any other kind you can name, flourishes in the enjoyment of full protection of the law and absolute liberty. When ALBERT EDWARD comes to the throne he may possibly be the head of the Church of England and likewise of Mohammedism.

There lived in the north of Ireland, a BENJAMIN DISRAELI, who was a sheriff and a very wealthy man. He was uncle to the great DISRAELI, whom he completely ignored. The latter was curious enough to send for a copy of the old gentleman's will, and not a little chagrined to find that

though his uncle had left no children not a dollar of his great wealth was devised to his illustrious kinsman.

Much sympathy has been expressed in some quarters in regard to the treatment which the Irish dynamiters received in English prisons. The sentiment which finds expression in sympathy for men who would attempt to blow up the metropolitan military trains and kill thousands of innocent people, is a poor article.

U. S. Minister EGAN was not a dynamiter, but he was a fenian, and when sent as minister to Chili he laid himself out to thwart England, instead of attending to his own business. The consequence is that the United States lost prestige and EGAN got himself into hot water, but England's plans were unaffected.

"If it had not been for PROGRESS" said a well known gentleman Monday "we would have had so and so; we would have obtained what we asked for" and so on to the end. It is not necessary to refer to the subject matter of the discussion as it has been settled, not only in the interests of the people, but we think in the interest of the speaker himself. We simply quote his words to show the effect of timely warnings—like those that sometimes appear in these columns.

INSTANTANEOITIES.

By Myself.
The reported capture of a four-inch lizard in a pint of milk in Carleton a short time ago, should be sufficient inducement for milkmen to continue in the time-honored habit of so mixing their milk that though a paid inspector visited them periodically, they would not be found wanting. But it would not be wise—in order to guard against accidents—to provide themselves with a suitable filter.

Financial Rheumatism—Cramped for money.
It man was made to mourn, what a superfluous his laughing apparatus is.

The plow as a leader takes its place amongst the foremost in the land. No room for doubt here, ask any one who ever followed one.

Friend to duce.—What do you think—sentence interrupted by duce—Think, I'm too busy to think.

Friend.—Oh! all right, pray excuse me, I had not observed before that you were so busily engaged. I'll call round after you get through your present engagement, or you might call round to my office when you finish sucking the head of that cane.

Mrs. DeLane.—What beautiful twins, Mrs. Malone. Yis, indeed.

Mrs. DeLane.—What are you going to call them?
Mrs. Malone.—Call them, it is; faith they are called and well called by my wagger. We called them Pro and Con.

Mrs. DeLane.—What funny names to be sure. I have a Con of my own, but I never heard of Pro in my life. What induced you to call it that?

Mrs. Malone.—Well, ye see, it's this way, I'm for them and Mr. Malone is against them, so phat [more shuteable names could I give them.

What's in a name? Why, exactly the amount you place after your I. O. U.

"Allow thy electric to so illuminate" is the motto of the "Let thy light so shine" but as an announcement preceding a silver collection the result might not be any more satisfactory.

Excuse me sir, it's none of my business, but you are an — Here the speaker was brought to a close by the quiet remark, that if it was none of his business why was he so tamatonic inquisitive.

Death, where is thy sting, ask not the dear little, sweet little, busy bee the same question unless thou art protected with some anti-sting mixture.

He won it. They were jolly good fellows, and one wanted to bet that the other could not imbibe the same drink as he without it "coming up" on him. The bet was taken, so were the drinks. A drug store provided them; they were emetics, a sure bet. If you doubt it try it.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

A new set of waltzes have recently appeared which, in the writer's opinion are destined to attract some attention in the musical world and bring it not lucra, at least a meed of fame to the youthful composer, who has shown so decided an evidence of talent. The waltzes referred to, are by Mr. E. B. Gilmore, a recent graduate of the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ont.; and are called the *R. M. C. Waltzes*. They have already received most favorable notice from some musical critics of note, in Ottawa, and are distinguished not only by their finished technique, but by an originality, and *terre* rather unusual in amateur composers, and they have a light and sparkling ripple, that is very charming. The fact that this young composer is a Canadian, should make his fellow countrymen very proud of him, and about all he could stand in the way of literature. That's always the way when a man is tryin' to earn an honest livin' in the community. Grate hevins! how is the boundless possibilities of this country goin' to be bit up when a man is literally jumped on the mind he opens his mouth? Will Canada ever become a nashun while such skinkfins and skates as the Whalen tribe tribe remane in our midst? Never! We say this advisedly. But to resum: The collekshun of garden sass was appertin' to the highest degree. Brother Gilbert Glue had a squash there which was a chip off the old block. The famerly likeness was astonishin'. We took the liberty, as a naber and a friend, of recommendin' Gilbert to preserve it in alcohol, owin' to our belief that as long as that squash lived he'd never be dead himself, but we are of the opinion, judgin' from the number of teeth we missed about the time we spoke to Brother Glue on this subject, that he felt that the reference, we made was personal. We have recently seen Professor Clinchum, however, our genial dentist and gum tlicker and have

Mr. C. H. Lugin has accepted the position of editor of the *Seattle Weekly Telegraph* and editorial writer on the daily edition. L. M. Wood, formerly of the *Maple Leaf*, is news editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, which is a handsome eight-page paper running daily from 14 to 20 columns of telegrams and a 16 page Sunday edition.

The Readable Things Unpublished.

PROGRESS has a mixed and unsatisfactory note from Mr. E. J. Grant, of Sussex, in which he thanks this paper for advertising him and indulges in some insinuations against an imaginary Hampton writer in the last issue. PROGRESS has no wish to open a controversy; the most readable contribution that Mr. Grant could send this or any paper would be his sworn evidence at Hampton. Extracts from that would be interesting.

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THE GUMVILLE EXHIBITION.

A Grand Display of Hogs and a Heated Argument with Brother Glue.

[From the Gumville Glimt.]

We feel perfectly clear in our conscience when we say that by common consent the great International exhibition of Gumville was not only a daisy, but a howling success. It was by long odds the grandest object lesson and glittering moral pageant seen in these parts since the Saxby Gale. There are, we regret to say, some low-lived, white-livered Philistines in Gumville who affect to sneer at the idea of such a one-horse show being called International. Such gorilla warfare levelled against the Archives of society and the bulwarks of our land is enough to make a man wish he lived in Pennioc. Uncle Nige Whalen says that civilization runs in streaks and we sometimes think Pennioc is on the main seam and what we get in Gumville is only the surface indikashuns. Out upon such ribald invectiveness and sectional gangrene. People who live in glass houses should pull down the blinds. Exasperation is the thief of time. But to resum.

When we reached the grounds a free pass was handed to us by old Absalom Slocomb in his courteous and classic way, as the representative of the Gumville Glimt, and we passed through the gate amid the humble bows of all present. We haven't made much in a collateral sense since we ingenerated the Glimt, but it does our heart good, these bracin' autumn days, to see how some of the old shagbarks of this community which formerly referred to us as a d-d fool, get down on their ham-bones and grovel as we walk by. It is a tribute to the Glimt, and a recognition of the majesty of intellect which we apprehend. Which reminds us that when the leaves begin to fall then the fall begins to leave. But to resum:

We were particularly gratified with the display of hogs. Not less than ten of these toothsome animals was shown, and they made our mouth water as we thought of their possibilities in sausage form. We offered Deacon Whalen a paid-up subscription of the Glimt for ten years for that nice spring pig of him, but, unfortunately, he wouldn't bite. He said he gessed the *Intelligencer* and *Royal Gazette* was about all he could stand in the way of literature. That's always the way when a man is tryin' to earn an honest livin' in the community. Grate hevins! how is the boundless possibilities of this country goin' to be bit up when a man is literally jumped on the mind he opens his mouth? Will Canada ever become a nashun while such skinkfins and skates as the Whalen tribe tribe remane in our midst? Never! We say this advisedly. But to resum: The collekshun of garden sass was appertin' to the highest degree. Brother Gilbert Glue had a squash there which was a chip off the old block. The famerly likeness was astonishin'. We took the liberty, as a naber and a friend, of recommendin' Gilbert to preserve it in alcohol, owin' to our belief that as long as that squash lived he'd never be dead himself, but we are of the opinion, judgin' from the number of teeth we missed about the time we spoke to Brother Glue on this subject, that he felt that the reference, we made was personal. We have recently seen Professor Clinchum, however, our genial dentist and gum tlicker and have

given him four inches in the Glimt next to the death notices, to be taken out in trade. Brother Glue, in our opinion, is too fly with his fists for a lengthy sojourn in Gumville. If we are guilty of havin' caved in several of his ribs with our editorial slippers in the argument which took place on this squash business, we apologize to him as a gentleman and a scholar. In the nacheral confusion of the occasion we properly missed his ribs, but it was wholly unintentional on our part. If the fiend in human shape, not to speak of sneak-thief and mongrel, who made off with our note-book during this episode will return the same to the Glimt office, he will properly live longer than we, and we will be the case. Thrice armed is he with his quarrel just, but four times he wick gets his blow in just. (Spokehave). But to resum.

We went in to see Linus, after some desultory negotiations with the mutton-headed youth at the door, and were admitted by the grace of Providence and Mr. Eaton to gaze upon this wonderful animal. We asked Mr. Eaton why it was that Linus had such a tremendous mane and tale? He said he supposed it was because he had no mother-in-law. We were greatly tickled with Mr. Eaton both as a judge of horse-flesh and as a man. He said he had been offered a dukeship and \$50,000 by the emperor of Germany to exhibit Linus ever there next spring, but he had rejected the insultrin' proposal with scorn. Brother Eaton has more genuine "elgish exhumins" from his profile than any man engaged in the hoes business that we know of. He was obliged to decline a pastoral call to the Lower Gumville tabernacle, but has agreed to be on hand at the camp-meetin' next spring, provided a stall can be rigged on the stage for Linus. If so there will be a grate outgrowin'. But to resum:

We are a man of peace and a good naber, but we think the time has arrived when that cussed old swagback mule of Mordecai Hopper's should be called in. We have nothing against brother Hopper personally. We are simply alludin' to his horse. This venerable animal has to our mind outlived his usefulness. He was entered at the first Gumville exhibition as a two-year-old. Then he was shown as a three-year-old and four-year-old. Then he came in as a Percheron stallion, and a draft horse. Last year he come in as Miscellaneous and now he's to the front again under the head of saddle horse, gentlemen's drivin' horse and horse for all purposes. We should say he was for all purposes. Next year the miserable old kike will properly bob up as a bull moose op's Drummedary.

N. B. Since the above was wrote Deacon Hopper has called and subscribed for the Glimt. We are merely voicing the heart-felt sentiments of this hull community when we say that the Deacon's horse was the finest thing showed on the grounds. Emotional weakness of any kind is not a failin' of ours, but when we saw that nobel animal labelled with a third-class ticket we leaned against the stall and wept convulsively. The conduct of the ignorant and brutal judges in the horse department was more than grotesque; it was Pusillanemous and Contumacious.

BILDAD.

Will Practice in St. John.

Mr. H. G. Fenety, of Fredericton, who graduated from Harvard law school recently will follow his profession in this city and has opened an office in Pugsley's building. Mr. Fenety is also a graduate of the University of New Brunswick.

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