

MISS BOOTH'S MISSION.

THE COMMISSIONER TALKS OF HER WORK TO PROGRESS.

A Visit to the Mechanic's Institute and one to the Opera House Contrasted—What the Other Side Thought of the Meeting at the Institute.

"Whither away this hour of the night, and in such a storm too? To the Mechanic's Institute to see Commissioner Booth? Well I must say two dramatic performances in one night seem just a little steep even for St. John. This is a sort of ten bar rooms in a night business with a vengeance; but come along, we might as well take in the institute show together."

It was just outside the opera house some where around ten o'clock last Wednesday night that the foregoing remarks were addressed to a representative of PROGRESS who had paused for a moment to turn up a big coat collar, and otherwise prepare for the storm which was sweeping over the city.

The speaker, like PROGRESS, had witnessed a portion of the laughable programme furnished by the Kentucky Troubadors, and late as the hour was both turned their steps toward the Institute where Commissioner Booth was the attraction—the bright particular star of a small but earnest and conscientious little company as ever occupied the stage of that building.

"They are playing to a full house, at any rate, and that's more than can be said of the Troubadors" was the thought which suggested itself to the visitors as they took a seat in the last row and looked with interest around the well filled building. What a striking contrast to the scene of a few moments before! That recalled a stage filled with laughing, tumbling, dancing fun-making minstrels, and an audience which it small, made up in appreciation what it lacked in numbers. The building echoed with music, jest, and song and the more ridiculous the actions of the performers the better pleased seemed the audience.

The crowd which filled the Institute was quiet, subdued, and thoughtful; instead of coon songs and the gay music of a well trained orchestra the listeners were thrill with the sound of good old hymns and words of earnest exhortation from the officers who occupied the stage. There was no applause to encourage the speakers and to all outward seeming their words fell on unappreciative or unheeding ears. Here and there through the crowd moved blue clad officers, pausing frequently to speak a few warning words, or ask a question that was calculated to disturb some poor sinner's conscience for one night at least. In a corner two young men were jestingly discussing their chances of future salvation or joining in the hymns with a wonderful fervor.

The central figure on the stage was that of Commissioner Eva Booth—a world famous woman, and one of the most earnest and devoted workers in the Salvation Army. Miss Booth had delivered her address earlier in the evening and was quietly resting. All that could be seen from behind the desk was a bright face framed in fluffy curling brown hair and shaded by the army bonnet. Her part in the meeting was over, and it was not until later, in the dressing room of the Institute, while the Commissioner was waiting for a carriage, that any idea of her personal appearance could be obtained.

Miss Booth was tired after her journey and her evening's talk but she was bright and interesting and her beautiful face lit up with enthusiasm while she talked of her work. The warm hand clasp, the clear brown eyes which look at you steadily all the while she speaks, the gracious presence, the musical voice and winning charm of manner, all exercise a wonderful influence, and explain the worship which the denizens of the slums bestow on this favored daughter of the founder of the Salvation Army.

"I love that branch of the work known as slumming" said the commissioner as she carefully wrapped up her little protegee "Willie," a child of the slums, for the ride to headquarters; "and in fact I can't remember when I didn't love it. Of course my first venture was a strange and thrilling experience, because I had been so carefully brought up, and shielded from all knowledge of sin, but I soon grew accustomed to visiting those districts and all little natural fears I may have had at first soon disappeared. Though I usually had some one go with me to the door I always went into a house alone. I find one can work more successfully when alone. Oh some of the districts were terrible and those who congregated at the corners would as lief rob you of your clothing as not. I have gone into places where the police said they would not be responsible for my life, but I have never in all my experience been insulted or subjected to the slightest indignity. In Paris I found my work a little difficult

because the young French fellows were inclined to stupid flattery, but even in the slums of that great city I was treated with every kindness.

"I always went among the people as one of themselves and I don't think they ever knew my name even. I went as a singer or a flower girl and, seated around with them on steps, floors or any place, I became for the moment really one of them. I couldn't always get around their rough tongue so I usually enacted the role of a foreigner—speaking broken English, or the language they understood wherever I happened to be. I really think one reason why they were so kind to me was they thought I was unfortunate like themselves and had come down in the world. That class of people has an intense and bitter hatred for any one a little better off in this world's goods.

"One thing I have learned though and that is that the very poor are more kindly disposed towards each other than any other class. They will share the last crust with a suffering fellow creature, watch by the sick and do other little acts which show that underneath there are good kind hearts, but circumstances have been against them. It is only when drink comes in that unkindness begins.

"We sent eight officers to Dawson not long ago, and I went with them to Skagway; we had splendid meetings in that place and our people are getting along nicely in Dawson. They have built a barracks, and their meetings are largely attended. There is much need of such work for I saw a great deal of poverty and sickness the short time I remained in the north. I am very glad to be able to tell you that our condition in Canada is most encouraging.

Has that little difficulty in the United States been bridged over? You refer I presume to the trouble with my brother! Oh, that is something of which I cannot trust myself to speak. It is a sorrow that will never heal, and must always be a deep grief to our family."

After a little further talk on general subjects the commissioner departed for the Army's headquarters on Pitt street, and the two visitors again faced the storm outside.

"Well how did that show compare with the other one," PROGRESS ventured to enquire when there seemed no immediate prospect of the silence being broken by the other side.

"Oh, say," was the subdued response, "I'm sorry I said what I did tonight about the Institute show and all the rest. It was all right, and if a fellow heard and saw more of the christianity practised by Eva Booth—the rightdown practical kind—the world would be quite a different place. "Don't you think so?"

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

His Difficulties on Once More Taking up the Ordinary Ways of Life.

"For a long time after I had given up business," said the retired burglar. "I had great difficulty in accommodating myself to the ordinary conditions of life. Seems to me I told you once something about that, now I couldn't get into the habit of eating and sleeping at the hours of other people, and I had difficulty in getting back in other ways, too, so strong is the force of habit.

"There were some curious things about this that might never occur to you at all. For instance, in those days, if I came home late at night, that is at the hour at which formerly I had gone into other people's houses, I never went in at my own front door; I used to go in at a cellar window. This was bad; it was like a man who had resolved to quit drinking taking a drink occasionally; he is in constant danger of falling back into old habits; but it didn't seem to me that I could break off all at once. And then I made it easy for myself, too. When I looked up the cellar nights I used to leave a cellar window unfastened so that it was perfectly easy for me to get in.

"But one night, or one morning rather, about 2 o'clock, when I got around to that window. I found it fastened, and I knew well enough what had happened. My wife had a perfect horror of burglars, and I knew she must have been around the cellar after me and seen the window unfastened and turned the buttons. But that was no impediment to me; it made me laugh to myself to think how easy it was, and I opened the window and slid in as usual.

Besides having a horror of burglars my wife was great on pickles and preserves and jellies and that sort of thing, which she used to put up herself, consisting of a nice broad plank suspended by side pieces

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nailed to the floor beams overhead. I don't know how I did it—as a general thing they never do know how we came to do things—but when I slid in that night I got turned in some way so that I was in danger of falling, and I threw up my arms instinctively to save myself and my hand touched the end of that shelf—I'd often said it was too near the window and the first thing she knew somebody'd come along and clean it all out and naturally enough it closed over the board. And the sport of it was that I yanked that end of the shelf free from its support and pulled it down, and the bottles and jars went slam—scattering down on the cellar bottom—and I went down among 'em.

"Somehow I managed to cut myself up pretty bad on the broken glass, and I was pretty well used up otherwise. The upshot of that experience was that I stayed in the house six weeks to repair damage, and as a matter of fact that did more to bring me back to the ways of other people than anything else. I was half helpless at first and I gradually became accustomed to the house. By the time I was able to go out again, indeed, I had quite fallen into the ordinary ways and hours of living. I got up when other people did and home in early nights, and came in with a night key instead of a Jimmy, just as natural as could be."

THE VALUE OF TORPEDO BOATS.

To Make a Successful Attack the Vessel Must Remain Undiscovered.

Reasoning from superficial facts, much has been written of the failure of torpedo boats. It is as well to correct this impression now while events are still fresh in the popular mind. The idea of torpedo attack under cover of darkness, rain, or fog. The construction and painting have this object in view. There is no protection against even the lightest projectile, and to make a successful attack the boat must remain undiscovered until almost the moment for the discharge of its torpedo. Our vessels fully comprehended the dangers of torpedo attack, and all precautions were taken to guard against one. In spite of this, one of them had a narrow escape from being torpedoed by the Porter, not having been discovered until well within striking distance. In this case the cruiser was a lost ship, and ever after had the utmost respect for the possibilities of successful torpedo attack. Had the Porter been certain that the vessel sighted was an enemy, and had it not been necessary to disclose her presence by signals, etc., the attack could have been successfully made, and the Porter would have escaped without harm. No lack of discipline, lookouts, or attention was in any way responsible for the incident, all these being fully up to the high state of efficiency in our navy. Only the favourable darkness of a stormy night and the advantage which we took of the cruiser's smoke made such a result possible. Contrast these conditions with those under which the Spaniards made their gallant but foolish efforts at Manila and Santiago. They showed splendid heroism, but how was it to be expected that thin torpedo craft could live and approach through a fire that destroyed armored cruisers? Their chief defense—invincible—was lacking. Torpedo-boats have sufficient speed to choose their time of attack, and to be successful, the time chosen must be one favourable to the torpedo-boat—not favourable to the enemy, as was the case in both attacks in this war.

—From "Torpedo-boat Service," by Lieutenant J. C. Fremont, in Harper's Magazine.

SUFFERED UNTOLD MISERY.

South American Rheumatic Cure Hywated Disease and Cured Him Outright.

Robert E. Gibson, merchant, Pembroke, says that ten years ago he contracted rheumatism in a very severe type, suffered untold misery—resorted to fly-blister and other severe treatments with no lasting good or relief. When hope of recovery was nigh gone he was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. The first dose gave him instant relief, half a bottle cured him outright. His own words were: "It is the best rheumatic remedy on earth."

Stranger: "Beg pardon, sir, but you have it in your power to do me a great favour, and one that I will gladly repay."

Bankrupt (sadly): "I'm afraid you have made a mistake. I am of no use to anybody. I have just failed for \$20,000 with no assets."

"So I heard."

"You know it, and yet you say I can be of service to you."

"Yes, sir. I beg you will not refuse."

"But what can a miserable bankrupt like me do for anyone?"

"I want you to tell me, sir, how you got so much credit."

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ST. VITUS DANCE. A TROUBLE THAT CAUSES ITS VICTIMS MUCH INCONVENIENCE. Winfred Schofield, of Gaspereau, N. S. tells how he Obtained a Speedy and Permanent Cure. From the Acadien, Wolfville, N. S. The many cases brought to his notice of residents in the vicinity being cured from physical disorders through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, have created in the mind of the Acadien, representative a sincere belief in the healing powers of this remedy. Yet withal he was a little incredulous the other day when told of a young man who had been cured of a very serious and deplorable disease by the use of only some two boxes of these little miracle workers. It seemed impossible that such a remarkable healing could be wrought even by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such short order. Accordingly he was possessed of a strong desire to investigate. Mr. Winfred Schofield, of Gaspereau, was the address given us by our informant, and were not long in hunting him up. We found Mr. Schofield to be a bright young man of about twenty years of age and of more than ordinary intelligence. His hair of candor and straight-forwardness dispelled any doubts we may have had. In a very few words he stated to us his case. "Two years ago," he said, "I was taken with an attack of St. Vitus Dance. Sometimes when at work I found that my fingers would all at once straighten out and I would be compelled to drop anything I was holding. One day I was using an axe when seized with one of these attacks. The axe slipped from my hands and in falling struck my foot and gave it a nasty cut. After that you can depend upon it I left axes alone, and it was not long before I had to give up using any kind of tool. My complaint rapidly grew worse and I was soon unfitted for any sort of work. Everything possible was tried by me in order to get relief, but I got no better. At last one day a neighbor of mine, Mr. Fred Fielding, who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, advised me to give them a trial, offering to pay for them himself if they did not help me. As it turned out he was safe enough in making the offer. I followed his advice, but had scarcely begun to use them when I began to feel very much better. After using two boxes I was perfectly cured and have never been troubled with the complaint since. I am confident that to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills alone I owe my cure.

Friend: "What a splendid purse you have got there!" Husband: "A birthday present from my wife." "But was there anything inside of it?" "Of course. The unpaid bill for the purse."

"Papa's mind is full of business all the time." "You don't say so?" "Well, when Harry asked him for me he said: 'Yes, take her along, and if she isn't up to our advertisement, bring her back and exchange her.'"

Sentimental young lady (who has a great notion for pastoral poetry, to rustic): Gentle shepherd, where is your pipe? Shepherd: "I left it at 'ome, mum, 'cause I 'ad no 'bacca."

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