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KINGSTON, KENT CO.

JULY 31.—Miss Mollie Main, of "The Hermitage" accompanied by her cousin Miss Jeanie Johnston, left on Saturday for Point de Bute, where they will visit friends.

Miss Minnie Bower is visiting her mother Dr. Bower in Sackville.

Mr. Dave Doherty, of St. John, spent Sunday at his home here.

Mr. Will Dickson, of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, left on Wednesday for St. John. He will visit Halifax and the Annapolis Valley before returning home.

Miss Jessie Main, who has been spending a few months in Halifax, has returned to "Baldoon Cottage."

The Misses Cameron have arrived home after their holiday trip to Chatham.

Mr. Watson, of Buctouche, passed through here Saturday on his way to Chatham.

Mrs. J. H. Abbott and her little daughter have returned from Halifax.

Dr. R. F. Doherty, of Moncton, was in town last week.

Mr. Wm. Bratt, went to St. John on business last week.

BUCTOUCHE.

AUG. 1.—Miss Mary Burke is visiting friends in Moncton last week.

Mr. Neil J. Ross left this morning on a trip to Halifax.

The Presbyterian and Methodist Sunday schools met on Friday held their annual picnic at the Bay, a very enjoyable time was spent. The picnic drive there and back adding much to the enjoyment.

Mr. R. A. Irving of Moncton visited his home on Sunday.

Rev. R. Watson occupied the pulpit in the Presbyterian church on Sunday at both morning and evening services.

Ice cream is for sale near the "station" every Wednesday and Saturday evening, for the purpose of raising money to help furnish the "parsonage."

Miss Fraser who has been visiting Mrs. Marry for Boston this morning.

Mr. A. Irving spent Sunday in Richibucto.

EXTORTION IN RUSSIA.

How the Poor and Hungry Peasants are Sometimes Victimized.

The innocence of Russian peasants, their ignorance of law their humble submission anybody claiming authority, with an official appearance of possessing it, is well known.

It appears that the peasants really imagine that anybody in the uniform of an officer of police must have so much authority from the Czar that they dare not complain of him. A Russian gentleman told me this story:

One morning sleigh bells jingled in our village. A police captain and lieutenant came in with a dead body covered up in a shroud. They called for the village elder.

"Ivan Ivanovich," said the captain, "being the crowd of trembling peasants, a terrible crime has been committed close to the land of your village."

"In God's name, what?" asked the old man.

"See for yourself."

The captain drew off the cover and exposed the mutilated body.

"Your village is responsible for this murder. There must be a commission set here to investigate the matter."

"Anything but that," begged the elder, "kissing and kissing the captain's coat."

A new that such a commission meant serious fines, to say nothing of flogging every witness.

The peasants with one voice joined in an appeal. "Anything but a judicial inquiry!"

"Well, but the matter is serious. It will cost me a lot of money to prevent a commission coming," said the captain.

After some haggling, the wretched peasants, suffering for want of sufficient food or good shelter, clubbed together and paid seventy-five roubles.

The captain and lieutenant climbed into a sleigh once more, and drove away with a corpse to the next village. He-3 they repeated the same performance, and as the cold weather lasted that, corpse represented at least fifty roubles extorted in every village it visited.

Artists from Sign Painters.

The royal academy today contains at least three members who have in the course of their career been sign painters. Foremost among these is Sir John Millais, who in his early days, long before he met the woman which carried him on to fortune, painted a "St. George and the Dragon" for "Vidler's Inn," at Hayes, in Kent.

G. D. Leslie, R. A., is the author of a sign of "The Row-Barge," at St. Leonards, Wallingford—at which place he resides—and the "St. George and the Dragon," at Wargrave. The latter was painted in conjunction with Mr. J. E. Bagnall, R. A. Mr. Leslie delineating on the right an orthodox St. George spearing a dragon, and Mr. Bagnall representing on the other the saint refreshing himself after a fight with a tankard of beer. Mr. W. Frith, R. A., has also displayed his talents in this direction in one or two tances.

Conversation Parties.

Conversation parties are very popular. The company is divided into groups indicated by the color of the ribbon tied in its number card. The numbers from 1 to 12 will have yellow ribbons, 13 to 25 a blue, etc., which in a large company amuse finding one's partner and saves valuable time for discussion. When the abiding question, "Do hens have souls?" is to be settled in five minutes, it will be in that economy of time is vital.

Someone has calculated that the postman of London walk, together, something like 48,360 miles per day, a distance equal twice the circumference of the globe.

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# PROGRESS.

Pages 9 to 16.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1893.

Our CARPET Department contains all grades of Carpets in Brussels, Tapestry, Wilton, Axminster, Velvet, Wool, Union, in all the latest designs and colorings.



Also a great variety of Rugs, Mats and Squares. Linoleums and Oilcloths. China Mattings in Neat designs and plain.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON, & ALLISON, St. JOHN, N. B.

## TIMES ARE VERY DULL.

EVIDENCE OF DEPRESSION EASY TO FIND IN BOSTON.

More Men Than Money in New England—Thousands Out of Employment and Even City Governments Are Having Hard Times—The Rich Rejoice.

BOSTON, Aug. 1.—Times are dull and getting duller. In fact the country is going through one of the most discouraging periods in its history and the end is not in sight.

Here in Boston there are evidences of hard times everywhere. Every week workmen of all kinds are being laid off sometimes a few, sometimes many. The common is livelier than ever. Seats can only be secured early in the morning, and the "Keep off the grass" signs are totally ignored.

Around the rooms of the labor unions, crowd of unemployed put in the time day after day waiting for something to turn up with a cent. The city is swarmed with printers, and not many nights ago no less than 100 typists, turned up in the Herald office ready to go on as "subs." to work for any of the regular men, who wanted to get off.

The same is true in many trades. Those who are working have tin banks in which they are more than interested, and no better evidence of this is wanted than the 25,000 people who flocked down to Nantasket beach Sunday, taking lunches with them instead of patronizing the hotels and restaurants as they usually do.

In some of the smaller cities of New England affairs are even worse. Eight thousand people were thrown out of work yesterday in Manchester, a city of about 45,000, just across the Massachusetts line. These people, or all but a few of them did not get more than \$10 or \$12, and thousands not more than \$6 or \$8 per week. They need a vacation, bad enough, but not one in one hundred can afford it. The big mill corporations are doing everything possible to keep things running, and are making great efforts to keep their help together. Money is scarce.

There is a demand for all kinds of goods, but the jobs cannot get money to pay for them. Large concerns which shipped thousands of dollars worth of goods to customers are having them sent back. Warehouses are being stocked up, with goods upon which the owners cannot realize a dollar. Still they go on manufacturing, reducing the hours rather than shut down altogether; and thousands of people in Massachusetts today are working only three days a week, which in hundreds of cases means \$3 or \$4 a week for the support of a family.

"Want of Confidence" explains the whole situation. The country is waiting to see what Congress will do about the silver question and the tariff. The party papers are making political capital out of the present condition of affairs, but it is generally realized that it is not a time for the consideration of party.

So far there have only been two or three bank failures in all New England, and all new concerns. The banks, however, are cautious, and in none of the smaller cities of the state will they lend money to any but regular customers. They will not loan money on good real estate.

City governments are also in a bad stew. Last week Fall River could not get enough money to pay its city laborers, and they had to be discharged in a number of departments. No money could be borrowed in the city in anticipation of taxes, and the city treasurer had to come to Boston to borrow at 8 and 10 per cent.

So it is with other cities, although not to such an extent as in this case.

Meanwhile everything possible is being

done to reassure the people, and prevent runs on the banks. This is what is general and nearly every bank in the state has made preparations for a bold effort to meet such an emergency.

In places where things look dubious, ministers discuss the subject from their pulpits, and enjoin their congregations to have confidence in the banks.

It is expected that the worst will be over by the first of September, and that business will then be better than for years. That the capitalists believe this is shown by the reports of building operations underway by large concerns—reports given out to offset the scare head stories of shut-downs and rumors of shut-downs.

Queer characters have always been turning up in Boston, but since the World's Fair opened, we are getting a few of real blue blood. A Prince from some part of India, with a name I will not attempt to write, as I haven't a paper to copy it out of, had his headquarters at the Vendome last week, and got enough newspaper notice to have made a fortune for him if he had been in the patent medicine, or any other kind of business. His jags—there were several jags in his name—is said to have an income of \$25,000,000, which shows that the prince business in India is about as good as running a bar-room in Boston. The prince had attendants enough for all purposes, also one of his wives. Nearly every paper in the county has predicted that she will be torn to pieces by the Prince's other wives when they get home. His jags, although coming from India, was no slouch in America. He stayed out late at nights and no one in the Vendome could get him out of bed in the morning. He had a cook who made pancakes for him and was boss of the Vendome kitchen, although he had to point to everything he wanted; and a doctor whose chief duty it was to keep the prince in good humor and form a wall between him and the newspaper men. But the newspapers got there all right. They interviewed Mrs. Rajah though she couldn't speak a word of English, and the Rajah himself wrote a signed editorial for one of the Sunday papers.

When the party went out juvenile Boston was in its glory, and followed the procession. It didn't cut half the figure that the Salvation army did with the Hindoos, when they marched out in St. John some time ago. Each member of the Rajah's party had about thirty yards of silk around his head and that was all. They wore United States coats and vests and Plymouth Rock pants.

At a time when money is tight a man with \$25,000,000 a year income deserves all the notoriety the press can give him.

R. G. LARSEN.

Drank to Lord Howe.

At one time the officers of Lord Howe refused to drink his health at their mess, for, though a splendid admiral, he was not popular in the navy on account of a certain shyness and want of tact with those about him.

The chaplain, who was a protege of his lordship was mortified at this, and determined that the officers should drink to Lord Howe.

When called upon for a toast, he said: "Well, gentlemen, I can think of nothing better at this moment than to ask you to drink to the first two words of the third Psalm; for a scriptural toast for once may be taken from one of my cloth."

The toast was drunk. Not one of the officers indicated by word or look that he was ignorant of the words alluded to. On referring to the Bible, it was found that the Third Psalm begins:

"Lord, how are they increased?" After the glorious first of June the above was the favorite toast throughout the navy, and the chaplain triumphed more widely than he anticipated.

## THE COLONEL IS THERE.

AND HE CAN STAY THERE AS LONG AS HE CHOOSES TO DO SO.

Why Some of the Officers of the Sixty-third are Not Happy—Their Regiment is Second to None, but They Want a Change in the Command.

HALIFAX, August 3.—The 63rd Halifax Rifles is one of the best known and most honorable corps in the militia of Canada. It had the reputation, for years, of containing as great a proportion of good marksmen as any battalion in Canada. The 63rd. shots have over and over again won honor at Ottawa and at Wimbeldon, in competition with the best marksmen of the empire. They stand well in the esteem of comrades all over the Dominion.

But in some respects the 63rd. has reached troublous times. The battalion is passing through trials which would wreck any corps, except one in which its members take so much interest, and which they love so well. There is now no peace among the family of 63rd. officers—at least there is a bitter feeling between the commanding officer and his subordinates. Colonel Egan, it is no exaggeration to say,



COLONEL THOMAS J. EGAN.

is cordially disliked, it is not hated by all the officers who serve under him, with one exception, perhaps, that exception being a nephew of the colonel.

How can a battalion prosper when such a state of affairs exists? And yet the 63rd. Rifles do flourish. They are prospering in spite of the domestic feud which rages between commanding and inferior officers. The reason the battalion survives and even grows, is the love for it entertained by its members from the privates to the adjutant, and the love for it of Colonel Egan himself, for no matter what the mutual dislike he and his officers have for each other, all love the old 63rd. As a member of the old "Halifax Rifles," and still in the force, I know whereof I speak.

Militiamen all over the country will be interested in learning something of the troubles which have recently rent the 63rd. Colonel Egan is an unwelcome commanding officer. He is where he is contrary to the wishes of the officers and they take no trouble to conceal their feelings of disrespect and dislike for him. Colonel Egan, on the other hand openly defies his officers, ignores their sentiments towards him, challenges them to do their worst, and calmly retains his position, as if for very spite. Those who know the facts cannot but admire his courage and determination.

The late Colonel Mackintosh held the post of commanding officer for many years, but finally other pressing duties made it impossible for him to attend to his military work, and he retired from the command largely because of quiet pressure brought

to bear upon him by his officers, who in delicate terms asked for his resignation. Colonel Walsh followed in the command, which he held ably for two years and then retired, retaining rank.

Major Egan was next in seniority, and everything else being equal he was the man to receive promotion. But the officers to a man almost said "No." They opposed his appointment on various grounds. He was objected to because of lack of social standing, and stress was laid on alleged incompetence. His want of ability to handle the battalion was openly stated on the parade ground. Like true soldiers, however, none of these matters were ever taken into point. Soon it began to look as if Major Egan would receive the appointment, notwithstanding the formal protest of the officers sent to headquarters at Ottawa.

Colonel Egan is a Roman catholic. T. E. Kenny, M. P., who is a catholic, was asked to intervene to prevent the appointment. He refused. Archbishop O'Brien was strongly in favor of Egan. Last of all General Herbert, who might have set his fiat down against the appointment, is a catholic. Egan's chances thus were good. The officers sent in the name of Colonel C. J. Macdonald, who is on the active list without command, as the man they wished to receive the colonelcy. The question hung fire for a short time only and Major Egan was made colonel of the 63rd. It was a bitter disappointment to the officers and mutterings were deep if not loud.

There was talk of wholesale resignations by officers and men. The dissatisfaction was especially strong in the first and second Scottish companies. By the bye-laws of those companies, none but protestants can enlist though most of the other companies of the battalion, are open to protestant and catholic alike.

Colonel Egan soon after assuming control, began to think matters had reached a crisis, and for the first time he took the offensive. He wanted to know whether or not he had a regiment at his command. He had heard the threats that the two companies spoken off would never parade under him. Perhaps they would not, had it not been for news that reached their ears. It came to be whispered round that 100 members of St. Mary's Y. M. T. A. & B. society were ready to take the oath of allegiance, supply officers and men, step into the old Scottish companies and maintain them up to full force. It was said that Archbishop O'Brien, with his accustomed promptness had written a letter to the president of St. Mary's, John E. Burns, instructing him to have his 100 men at the drill shed prepared to put on the uniform if the expected wholesale resignation took place. The men were on hand. But the knowledge that they thus would be sufficient to bring every man of the old companies to the mark. To a man they again took the oath, and enlisted for another term of three years. They had felt like resigning but they preferred to serve under Egan, and hope for some change, to seeing their places taken by men whom their bye-laws forbade receiving into the ranks along with themselves.

Colonel Egan was thus sure of a battalion, but he had not gained the hearts, nor the confidence of anything like a majority of his men, and the officers were all against him.

It is a year since those events took place and no new feelings of love or respect have yet been engendered. Officers do not hesitate to say they are only waiting and watching for the colonel's resignation. He lays himself open in no way for a charge against him. What they are now hoping for is that Colonel Egan will be satisfied after he has served two years, and thus earn the right to active retaining rank and that then he will go. He may do so. But



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He's large of his age or he's small of his age, straight or slim—our suits will fit him. The stout boy's suit won't fit the slim boy. The slim boy's suit won't fit the stout boy—but our suits for all sizes of boys, broad or narrow, fit. And we keep all the sizes.

Two price suits for little lads, \$2 to \$6.

Three price suits for bigger boys, \$3.50 to \$8.50.

then he may continue to hold on to his command for years.

Meanwhile the 63rd is up to its full strength. The band is not as efficient, nor as popular as once it was; that may be because the officers have not the same interest in it as before the trouble, but the company drill of the men and the general effectiveness of the battalion, is as great as ever. This has been attested by Dominion impeding officers who place the 63rd second to none in Canada's militia forces. The officers are strong in their dislike of the C. O., whether justly or unjustly may be gathered from the foregoing statements, but they are equally strong in their attachments to the 63rd, and determined in their efforts to maintain its effectiveness, and to wait for "something to turn up" which will give them a new colonel.

HE WANTED A WASH.

A Strange But True Story of Real Life in Which a Tramp Figured.

I really don't like to tell the little story I am about to relate because so many of our most cherished traditions have been rudely destroyed in the last few years that I hesitate to shatter one more ideal, but probably I shall not be believed so I may proceed without fear of the possible consequences.

A tramp came to our door, the other morning and politely, but firmly, requested his breakfast; we have a tremendous respect for tramps in our household, and always treat them so politely that we have gained a reputation for philanthropy not altogether deserved, unless it be the philanthropy that rigidly enforces the first law of nature—self preservation. Well, breakfast had been over for some time, but that made no difference. One member of the family replaced the teapot on the fire, first ascertaining that our guest preferred tea to coffee, and another hid herself to the cellar in search of cold corned beef, with apertunances thereof in the shape of bread and butter. The kitchen table was hastily set and his trampship provided with a "square meal." He ate with the hearty appetite born of youth, health, and an empty stomach, and when the pleasures of the table were ended for the time being, the subject of the wood pile was broached delicately, coupled with an incidental reference to fair remuneration in current coin of the realm. Our visitor sighed, sought vainly for a reasonable excuse for declining to enter into negotiations of a business nature, hesitated, and was lost.

In other words he coquetted with the wood pile for four mortal hours, or until dinner was served, during which time he sawed a little less than a quarter of a cord of wood, partook with keen relish of the dinner we felt constrained to offer him, pocketed his fee of 25 cents, with accessories in the shape of an excellent pair of boots with socks to match, and then parted as "bad friends" because we declined to present him with an entire suit of cast off clothing. He left his old shoes, and decidedly unpleasant socks on our back doorstep, as a sort of souvenir of his visit. Nothing remarkable about that, I know; the striking part of the narrative is coming. Yesterday, our friend appeared once more, and showed an amiable disposition to let bygones be bygones, and extend the right of fellowship to us once more, and he opened the conversation by giving very peculiar and undoubted evidence of friendliness and good will. He said, "Mornin' Misses! Could ye let a feller come in an' get a good wash?"

Unfortunately my mother had opened the door. She is very nervous and easily taken by surprise, so by the time the rest of us had reached the scene and succeeded in restoring her to consciousness, by means of cold water and hot ammonia, our visitor had fled, alarmed at the commotion his simple request had raised.

I confess I was not very sorry for mother because from the very first she has rightly set her face against our washing the pup in the bath tub, and I consider the tramp's request a direct judgment upon her for being so disobliging as to compel us to give him his weekly bath in the old publicity of the back yard.

And yet, in spite of direct evidence like this, there are newspapers which will doubtless continue to publish paragraphs about tramps in whom the mere sight of a piece of soap, a basin of water, or the mention of the word "wash" produced strong convulsions!

ASTRA.

What Delft is Like.

Delftware is a kind of a pottery which was manufactured in Delft, Holland, from the sixteenth to eighteenth century. The industry is now practically extinct in Holland. It resembles porcelain in appearance. It was brought to this country by the early Dutch and English settlers. In those days it was not considered particularly valuable. Descendants of the colonial families prize the rare specimens of the ware which still remain in their hands very highly, and it is difficult to purchase any genuine specimens.