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PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 29, 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.

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YACHTING IN HALIFAX.

SOME OF THE RACERS THAT ARE FOUND IN THE SQUADRON.

Boats that Compete for Cups and Show Splendid Qualities—Some of the Veterans—Additions to be Made to the Fleet for Next Season.

HALIFAX, July 28.—The grand sport yachting finds great favor in Halifax, with its noble harbor and magnificent opportunities for ocean as well as more sheltered racing. The Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron does not include in its fleet a very large number of racing yachts but yet it has a goodly selection. The clubhouse is beautifully situated at Freshwater, and not only is it beautifully situated but it is luxuriously and commodiously appointed. There is a large membership at \$10 per annum, and not one who goes to the club, or who uses the first-class mooring ground for either sail or steamboat, who does not more than get his full money's worth. Nearly every Saturday during the summer a race is sailed for one of the many cups in possession of the squadron.

The best of the racing fleet of the N. S. Yacht Squadron numbers from six to eight craft; while the Lorne Club, another

a cruise in New Brunswick waters this month, showed her speed at Chatham.

There are several good yachtsmen in the squadron club's membership. J. E. Butler is a veteran and the equal of the best of them. A. M. Wyde is a good sailor. James A. Fraser has recently retired but he could almost prove himself equal to an occasion. Bell, James Parker and a half score of others know how to handle a boat effectively.

The Lorne Club men devote themselves more particularly to other branches of aquatics than yachting, and the organization is a most useful one.

There is talk of additions to the racing fleet next year, and there may be some American designed boats built in Nova Scotia for the Squadron.

Will Pool to Fight the License Law.

Chief of Police O'Sullivan is fairly well pleased with his success at enforcing the liquor license law in Halifax, as regards hours of selling—notwithstanding the want of support, and even the active hostility, he says he experiences from Inspector Mackassay. Not a week passes but he has several dealers fined for selling after hours. The liquor dealers have an organization called the Licensed Victuallers Association. At a meeting last week they discussed the license law. One of the members—John Mullone—who keeps a saloon in the north end, proposed to the association that next year each of the dealers who hold licenses

SMUGGLING PAID THEN.

TIMES WHEN CUSTOMS OFFICERS WERE KEPT BUSY.

There Has Been a Great Change in Recent Years—The Officials Have Fewer Risks and Smaller Profits Now—An Incident of a Smuggler's Daring Dash.

HOULTON, Me., July 25.—Smuggling along the border, between Maine and New Brunswick, is not the business that it used to be.

About ten years ago the rustle of free traders' wagons could be heard at all hours of the night, and smuggling between Houlton and Woodstock at one time was so actively and profitably carried on that, the alertness of the custom officials could never be safely relaxed.

The United States government detectives were unable to satisfactorily cope with the methods adopted by the sturdy New Brunswick farmer who desired to market his produce in "Uncle Sam's" domain without the cost of duty, and the vigilant efforts of the New Brunswick customs officers were frequently baffled by the enterprising Yankee. Nowadays the officials find less to keep them busy.

In the days when the contraband industry was booming, a Carleton county customs officer was one day informed that a large team load of kerosene oil was to be transported from Houlton on a certain night. Now the informer received a percentage of the fine, for imparting his information regarding the smuggler's means of "getting over the line," the goods he had, the time he would cross, with other information which would insure a capture.

Armed with the information, the official procured an assistant and they stationed themselves along the side of the road leading through a stretch of woods a mile or more in length. They awaited, probably patiently, till the still dark hours of midnight, when they heard the distant slight rumble of the loaded wagon entering the woods at the upper end of the road. Then they made preparations for the attack.

They had a long pole, which they swung across the road, one holding each end. When the team was quite near, one of the officers cried "Halt." This was the driver's cue. "Get up," he shouted. A crack of the whip, a tightening of the reins and the noble animals breathed prospect of danger, and a flying speed was immediately in order. Crash went the rail across the road, and the officers were rolling in the ditch, while gayly the smuggler and his goods were in the distance going at a rapid pace.

Many times in the dead of night along some solitary road, when the officer was on duty to arrest the law breaker he was very roughly handled, and often kept at bay under danger of being shot, while the team was rapidly covering crossroads and fleeing beyond reach. On the other hand many notable captures have been achieved and the officer has been rewarded financially, as well as getting a reputation for bravery and endurance.

In these times, though more or less smuggling is and will continue to be done "on the quiet," the customs officials have fewer perils, and they have likewise fewer rewards from the proceeds of the trophies of victory.

A novelty has been introduced by a London society lady that bids fair to become the fashion in cultured society. She has a complete breakfast service of cups, saucers, and plates for her large family, on which are given, from photographs, the likeness of the members, so that the servant can properly place the china to be used.

General Booth says "women are the best rulers" and has named his daughter instead of either of his sons as his successor in command of the Salvation Army.

Welcome, Mothers of small Boys and large; welcome, Mothers, wives of large Men and little—welcome to the comforts of our store. Welcome to buy, to look, to bring back what you don't want and get your money.

You're just as welcome, whether you buy or not; you'll be a customer for someone some day. And why not ours?

Sailor Suits \$1.00 up.

Two Big Stores, Oak Hall.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO. King St., St. John.

OBJECTS TO INTONED SERVICES.

A Correspondent's Idea as to the Way Prayer Should be Said.

I have wondered lately, on the many occasions when I sat in a church, in the body of which absolute silence prevailed, and listened to a service conducted in the form of a spiritual duel between the clergyman and the choir, why some genius in ecclesiastical circles has not suggested the idea of having the sermon either intoned or chanted. Why in the world should it alone be read when the Lord's prayer, the creed, and the absolution are recited in a key which is neither singing nor speaking, but a sort of compromise between the two, and the very confession, which the prayer-book of the church of England tells us distinctly shall be "a general confession" is chanted in the same manner. While the congregation kneel and listen to a confession of their sins being made for them, with a listless air of having paid for getting this little office performed and having no further concern in the matter, that reminds one irresistibly of the Oriental setting his prayer mill, to grind out a certain number of petitions and sitting down to smoke a contemplative pipe, and listen to the performance, with a conscience clear of all religious responsibility. I don't mean to speak with unseemly levity of things sacred, far from it! I was born and brought up within the pale of the church of England, as were most of my "forebears" before me, and I hope when I die to have her beautiful burial service read over what once was myself, but I confess that I like to have an opportunity of joining in the service, of worshipping God in public and saying my prayers aloud myself, instead of having the parson do it all, and the choir deprive one of even the privilege of assenting to what has been said, by singing the amen. Of course I am fully aware, my dear critics, who will I know hasten to fall upon and rend me for expressing such sentiments, that the psalms were originally intended to be sung, and were written to be set to music; but I don't think the Lord's prayer was, and I am quite certain the prayer for the royal family was not. So when I hear either of them intoned, I am almost beset by an inclination to laugh, it does seem so utterly out of place, so forced, and so strained to hear those prayers—the one so sublime, so far beyond any other prayer written,—and the other so perfectly commonplace, chanted on the one monotonous note, without either melody or expression. This, however, is a very minor objection to a choral service; the real point where I think it fails to satisfy is the fact, that it excludes the great majority of church people from taking part in the service, and condemns them first, to a silence, and by-and-by to an indifference during the service, which is very little improvement upon the olden time dialogue

between the parson and the parish clerk. I have heard this objection frequently met by the argument that a congregation can very easily learn to intone, and after a little practice it will come as naturally to them as speaking. That is true, provided each and every adult member of the congregation is blessed with even an ordinary ear for music, but unfortunately not one in five, possess that gift and many people who would have no difficulty whatever in singing a hymn, find it impossible to keep to the one note in the manner necessary in intoning. And if the grown people find it difficult how about the children? I have seen little ones not four years old, who were of course unable to follow the entire service, but who listened to it with interest and immediately joined in as soon as either the Lord's prayer, or the Apostles Creed was read, but I do not think it would be very easy for them to do so were the service choral, and instead of eagerly watching their opportunity to chime in, and contribute their mite to the general worship they would lose their interest in the service altogether. I may be old fashioned, but I have never been considered low church in my views, and yet I believe that the prayers of the church of England were written not for the clergyman and choir exclusively, but for the entire congregation to take part in and I think there is more of the true incense of prayer and praise, in a great wave of hearty responses going up from the entire congregation, almost as one voice than in the best sacred concert any clergyman and choir ever conducted together, while the rest of the congregation occupied the position of an audience, who having paid their quarter, or their ten cents as the case may be, have nothing more to do except indulge in mild criticism and then go home, fully satisfied with themselves, and the manner in which they have discharged all their religious duties.

I am well aware that a choral service has a better effect in filling up a church until there is not standing room left, than the simpler ritual, and that, together with a corresponding increase in the size of the collection, seems to be one of the great objects aimed at now-a-days, even in churches, but somehow I feel sure God thinks more of the earnestness and sincerity of his worshippers, than of a fine service, a crowded church; or even a particularly large collection.

Miss Caroline G. Lingle and Miss Leonard, the two clever Vassar girls who ran a newspaper in a little seacoast town in New Jersey for five years and came out ahead, do the financial and editorial management now of Kate Field's Washington.

Don't take anybody that comes along and offers himself, through fear that there may not be another chance. Infinitely better a single life than a married-existence full of wretchedness and misery.

SHE IS AN ADVENTRESS.

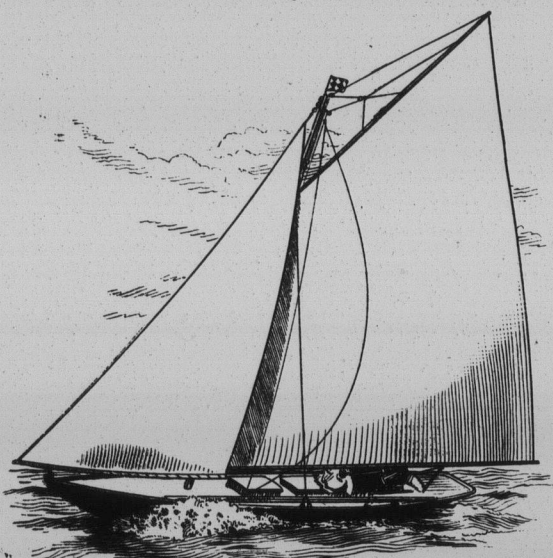
A Bold, Bad Woman Who Has Been Brought to Book at Last.

Madame Dumontier, alias Agopian, alias Palmer, has been condemned to three years' imprisonment by the Paris Correctional Chamber. According to the official report of her history, she was first married in 1883, to a Frenchman, and was speedily divorced. She then started the advertisement trick for the purpose of obtaining wealthy suitors, who were to be induced to give her handsome presents and were afterward to be shaken off. Madame Agopian, as she first called herself, said that she was the widow of a Constantinople banker, and she thus inveigled a Belgian whom she married in London six years ago, running away from him as soon as possible after the wedding, and leaving him almost penniless. Two years later she deluded another Belgian, to whom she had represented herself as the widow of a wealthy Englishman. She had an accomplice in the person of the Belgian's own brother, with whom she went to Rome, after having netted 60,000 francs by the marriage.

Having spent a great deal of her money in Rome, she again advertised for a husband, describing herself as a young Belgian lady, 26 years old, with £120,000 of fortune, and desirous of meeting a French or Belgian engineer—tall, fair-headed, and distinguished. The advertisement was answered by a gentleman another Belgian—who took the train to Rome, saw the lady, and fell in love with her at first sight. Unfortunately there was a grandmother in the way, who was represented to the Belgian young man as a most business like person, who needed ostensible and indubitable proofs of the absolute independence and substantial prosperity of the candidate for the hand of her granddaughter. The young man determined to wed the lovely widow, returned to Brussels, realized his available property and again sped to Rome, where he put nearly £5,000 in the hand of Madame Palmer, as she called herself then, and who stated that she intended to deposit the money in the Bank of England. Shortly after that Madame Palmer disappeared, but was run to earth by the detectives. The prisoner had been previously convicted as Madame Agopian, and the addition to her sentence left her apparently indifferent.

The Duchess of Teck, mother-in-law of the future King of England, is fair, fat and sixty. Twenty years ago she was said to be the best waltzer in England. Before she married the Duke she was in love with a British admiral and Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy.

In one of the leading dry goods stores recently it was proposed to reduce the wages of the women in order that those of the married men might be raised. But investigation showed that the single women were supporting more people than the married men, and the proposed change did not take place.



MR. MURRAY'S YACHT "EL CHICO."

flourishing Halifax aquatic organization, has three yachts which can make a good showing in a race. The boats of the Yacht Squadron which most frequently enter for the weekly races are the Youla, Wym, Lenore, Etienne, Hebe, Valkyrie, and Hildred. The prominent Lorne Club boat are the Daphne, Psyche and Nautilus.

Halifax has the credit of building the two fastest of the Yacht Squadron—Youla and Wym—both File boats. The Lenore was designed by H. C. McLeod, of the bank of Nova Scotia, and he frequently sailed her to victory before the days of the Youla and Wym. Mr. Murray of the Queen Hotel, sailed the Lenore last season and made a good showing, but the yacht was followed by ill luck. Something always scratched away the victory just as it seemed sure. Mr. Murray sold her to A. F. Buckley and purchased an American Herrschhoff fin-keel yacht, an engraving of which is given. But he never brought the novel craft to Halifax, nor after keeping her for some time at Boston he disposed of her to a Montreal yachtsman. The price was some \$2500, though the cost was said to be about \$1,000 more. H. M. Wyde is the enthusiastic secretary of the squadron and he with several others owns the crack Youla, which always gives a good account of herself. The Wym, on

—120 in number—should refuse to take one out, and, instead of paying for what really gives them very little protection, deposit the cost of the license with the association. The fund thus created could be used, he said, to effectually fight the law in the courts, or elsewhere, as circumstances demanded. The proposal was discussed and laid over till the next monthly meeting.

He Was an Exception. Referring to the exploits of Rev. A. A. Watson, as narrated by PROGRESS recently, the Presbyterian Witness says:

Some of our readers will remember the name of Rev. A. A. Watson who filled temporarily several of our missionary stations a few years ago. He came to Nova Scotia from Scotland and was authenticated by credentials from the United Presbyterian Church Scotland. He was kindly received, but he did not do well in any of the places where he officiated. He was not settled in any congregation. At last he went away to Colorado, and developed into a drunkard there. He has been deposed from the ministry. Mr. Watson was married in Scotland. When he went to the "Wild West" he got a divorce from his wife, and his wife has instituted proceedings in a Scottish court for lawful release from her worthless husband. We have pleasure in adding that cases of this sort are very rare indeed. Scotch students and ministers coming among us are usually men of the right stamp. A student from Glasgow came here a few years ago. A fame followed him. He was told to "go," and he went.