

# PROGRESS.

VOL. IV., NO. 203.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## NOW IT IS FRED BREEN.

HE COMES TO THE FRONT AMID DRAFFING CHEERS.

Regular Hugh McCormick beats his record, but the New Man Goes One Better, and Will Represent St. John in the Future.

It is passing strange that the one man destined to prove himself the superior of Hugh McCormick on the ice should have been born and bred in the same county, near the same river—the Kennebecasis—and within an hour's sail, or an hour's skate of his opponent. It may be remembered that several other skaters of more than local repute have hailed from that section of King's county which lies between the St. John and the Kennebecasis rivers. Among them was the long distance skater Norval Braun, who did good work in the Victoria in his day. Then there was Lamb, who could hold his own among the boys, to say nothing of the famous "Pitta" who were always in the race for fun or wind.

Fred Breen comes from a skating country where boys learn to glide over the ice almost as soon as they can walk, and where the tests of endurance and speed are as frequent as they are severe in winter time. It is not an unusual thing to find hundreds of skaters on the river when the ice is in glare. Then there is the speediest does not always come in ahead, for his slow neighbor who has the strength, muscle and wind, who can face the north blast without any sensible diminution of speed often proves his superior in the race.

When Sunday is fine and the ice is good every pair of skates in the country is out. Men and women go the river for fun and exercise and get plenty of both. The prowess of the skaters is talked about, and the day is more than complete if a race can be arranged and carried out. This is not always possible, for there are always "fast" ones who hesitate to show what they can do for fear of finding their superiors.

No wonder then that Breen and McCormick can skate. And yet, strange to relate, Breen tells PROGRESS that he can only remember one occasion meeting McCormick on the river, and that was when they both skated homeward in a storm from Rothesay. The home of the victorious skater is on Kennebecasis island, which lies off Moss Glen. His father is a farmer—but for the past two or three years Breen has not followed that occupation, but, instead, has worked in the city at the Wiggins' orphan asylum. He is in his 23rd year, and when not in training weighs between 160 and 170 pounds. At present he is under 160, and as hard and muscular as he needs to be to get around the Victoria rink 28 times in 6 minutes and 14 seconds. His trainer, Arthur McHugh, thinks he has bundles of tickets, and disposed of them at a quarter a piece, as if they were handbills. Hundreds of those who besieged the rink had bought them, but saw no chance getting in. They grew desperate and tried the windows.

And they were responsible for the crash on the outside. They forced the windows in and gained an entrance, and when officials came around tickets were taken at the windows until the rush could be stopped. Then a small gang of rink men with hammers and nails went to work to make the windows more secure.

It was a continual battle for position all evening. At every opportunity daring ones rushed across the ice and climbed up into the spiral, to the annoyance of the band. But this was not all that the musicians had to contend with. A number of their instruments were on the outside of the building and it was a question of time when they would get in.

The throng on the ice grew to alarming proportions, and finally the question arose as to whether there would be room enough to skate. Referee Bell settled the matter by announcing that the men would not come on until the ice was cleared. Then the police had their hands full, and worked well. The big crowd was forced behind the ropes, but not before several blows were struck, and wrangling was loud and bitter. Nevertheless the crowd was good natured, and when ladies were forced through to the spiral, they had no reason to complain.

But the crowd grew impatient, but happy withal. It whistled "the British Grenadiers," and sang "God save the Queen," and when the amateurs were started off for a mile race, gave some idea of what it had in store for the professionals in the way of shouting. Young Breen won, and the noise subsided. Then there was a wait, as usual, for the great race.

When Fred Breen emerged from the crowd and glided over the ice, there were a few cheers of recognition—but that was all. He was almost unknown. Everyone in that vast crowd had heard of him; they

and prayed for deliverance. For it was an awful crowd. St. John has seldom seen anything like it, and few hanker after a second experience. The man who thought of taking lady friends was thankful that he went alone, and said as much between breaths; while the sufferer at his elbow said "God help a woman in this crowd." But there were women there, and the men wondered at their courage. They forced into the crowd with the rest and were carried along, but at what cost only the man, whose circumference was reduced, knew. They were given all the consideration possible in such a crush. Some gasped, some screamed, and one woman fainted. There was no false modesty then. Lifted above the heads of the crowd, she was passed along to the street, much the same as a log would have been, and was thankful for it.

Meanwhile the crowd surged on—toward the door, which opened at two minute intervals, let enough in to crowd the hall and was closed again with a

## GOVERNOR AND JUDGE.

ONE OF EACH MUST BE NAMED FOR THIS PROVINCE.

There May Be Two New Judges and a Chief Justice—How the Probabilities and Possibilities as to the Men who Will Fill the Positions.

Does anybody know who is to be the next governor of New Brunswick, and who is to be elevated to the bench of the supreme court?

These have been the leading questions around town during the past week, and a good many widely varying opinions have been advanced among those who are on both the right and the wrong sides of the fence. It is not likely that anybody can give a positive answer as yet, for though the slate may have been arranged, there is no certainty that it will remain as it is. The general impression is that nothing will be done until the end of the session of parliament.

Sir Leonard Tilley has held his office for sixteen months beyond the end of his term, and is therefore merely a tenant-at-will until a successor is appointed. There are two men whose respective friends consider them entitled to the office, and one of them at least appears to be after it with considerable vigor. One of the men is Sir John C. Allen, chief justice, and the other is Hon. Peter Mitchell. The friends of the latter claim that while he has done much for the country, the country has done nothing for him. It has been pointed out, indeed, that he is the only one of the fathers of confederation who has not had a substantial reward, and that it is high time some provision were made for him.

The appointment is one that rests with the New Brunswick members, and it is enough of them, and the conservative bosses in St. John, unite on Mr. Mitchell, Frederick will be ennobled by his official presence for the next five years. It is said that Premier Abbott favors him, and it is also announced that "Mike Adams is working for him," whatever significance the latter fact may have.

Should Mr. Mitchell be appointed, there will be but one vacancy on the supreme court bench to be filled—that caused by the death of Judge Wetmore. Dr. F. E. Barker is spoken of for this, but there are several others mentioned as anxious for the position. Chief among them is Mr. C. N. Skinner, who is admittedly a good lawyer and who, if judged by his past politics, would not be bigoted in his views on one side or the other in suits brought before him. Hon. D. L. Hanington is another man mentioned, and while his elevation would be the legislature's right, it would be his undoubted gain. He has never made anything out of politics.

The suggestion that Judge Landry of the Kent court be transferred to the supreme bench raises a question of precedent. It has never been the policy of the government to appoint to the supreme court from the lower one, but it is claimed that Judge Landry has Sir John Macdonald's promise that an exception should be made in his case. The north shore has a candidate in the person of Mr. R. A. Lawlor, who already holds a government office as inspector of inland revenue at Chatham. If Judge Landry were appointed it would be a compliment to the Acadians, while Mr. Lawlor, though not an Acadian, is a Roman Catholic.

Should Sir John Allen be made governor, there will be two vacancies on the bench, and one of the old judges will be made chief justice. Judge King is in line for the latter, on the ground of seniority, though the friends of Judge Fraser think that he is the right man for the place.

If Mr. Skinner goes on the bench, there will be a vacancy in St. John, but in the light of the last two elections and the present condition of things at Ottawa, the government is not likely to worry about the result. The liberal party is said to have a candidate all ready. He will be a young man this time and not a lawyer.

Mr. A. H. Gillmor is the lone liberal from New Brunswick in the present house. There has been a petition hanging over his head, too, for many months, but the trial of it has been postponed. The idea seems to be to give him a place in the senate. So long as he runs for Charlotte county, he is likely to be elected, but if he is out of the way the conservatives think they have money enough to elect Sir Leonard Tilley's brother-in-law, John D. Chipman. Mr. Chipman is a popular man, and has means to put into a fight. He came within 80 votes or so of beating Mr. Gillmor in 1887, but did not think the prospects favored his coming to the front in the last election. It is pretty well known that Mr. Gillmor would have been got out of the way by an appointment as post office inspector, before Mr. King was appointed, had not the St. John friends of the latter gentlemen had too much of a pull with the government.

It will be seen there are several moves on the political chess board, which are likely to interest the public in the not far distant future.

Continued on Fourth Page.



FRED BREEN.

## AN UNWORTHY ACT.

The Attempt of a Pressman to Injure "Progress" Machinery.

The St. John Typographical union had a report before it at its last regular meeting, which PROGRESS is glad to say, is seldom brought to the attention of organized labor.

The competent pressman and printer who has been in the employ of PROGRESS since it moved into its present quarters in 1889, so far forgot what was due to himself, his craft and his employer, as to desert his post with his assistant at the busiest hour of last week, and emphasized his going by acts unworthy of any workman, skilled or unskilled.

Rum was at the bottom of it all. More attention to a concealed flask than to his machinery brought a reprimand from the gentleman in charge during the illness of the publisher. This reproof, in his unusual condition was thought sufficient by both the pressman and his assistant to warrant them in leaving the office. Before they did so, it appears that they threw the "delivery" out of gear—at least so they boasted afterwards. That it was intentional was not suspected by the new pressman, who kindly responded when called upon, though he had great difficulty repairing the act.

The next evening, when the machinery was running more regularly and the usual edition of PROGRESS was being printed, the old pressman returned, and, under the plea of friendship, promised to show one of the employes a "hitch" in the folder. Securing a wrench, he quickly tampered with the most delicate portion of the machine, and rising exclaimed, with exaltation, "You have the pressman of Geo. W. Day and the Globe here, but I defy all St. John to make that folder work now."

And the fellow had done his treacherous work too well, for the machine was so damaged that the manufacturers have had to be called upon to renew a portion of the folder.

These are the main facts of the case that has never had a parallel in this city. In the absence of the publisher from the office no action was taken against the pressman, but the Typographical union has appointed a committee to inquire into the matter.

It is one of the boasts of organized labor that it protects employer as well as employed. PROGRESS trusts that it will prove true in this case.

## A Horrible Threat.

The following is a little episode at the session of the common council held on Friday of last week. In the course of the debate on the Rodney wharf scheme, Ald. Kelly made a somewhat pointed reference to Ald. Seaton, whereupon the latter rose to a point of order.

His worship—You must not speak of any man in that way, Ald. Kelly. If you do, I will leave the chair or you will leave the chamber.

Ald. Kelly—You have said that before, your worship.

His worship—I have said it before and I mean it; I am bound to preserve order.

Ald. Kelly—You always are when I am on the floor.

His worship—That is because others are gentlemen.

Ald. Kelly—Thank you for the compliment.

There is a story of the speaker of a legislature who once threatened a member that he would "name him" if he did not keep order. "And what would happen if he did name him?" asked a person from the rural districts of a fellow member. "I don't exactly know," was the reply, "but I suppose it would be something very dreadful." What would happen if his worship should leave the chair some day in a matter for vague and horrible conjecture.

## Who Were the Trustees?

The county court has been having some difficulty recently in trying to find out who are the trustees of the Portland free christian baptist church. When Mr. Segee undertook to do some work on the church building and parsonage some time ago he had no doubts in the matter; but before the courts it was different. Members of the congregation gave contracts and said they were trustees. Some of the contractors were paid and others were not. Mr. Segee was one of the latter. The same men who engaged him had hired others, and paid them. This was shown in court; but Mr. Segee had given the names of the wrong men, as trustees.

The judge had some remarks to make on the subject, and his opinion of those representing the church in the case was not a very exalted one. Mr. Segee had done the work contracted for, and the judge thought he should have been paid. The evidence had shown this, but the wrong men had been named and his only course was to submit to a non-suit. The case will again be brought up for trial, however, and will probably prove more interesting.

## A Woman Fugitive.

There was a little excitement at the depot Sunday evening. It only lasted a minute, but that was enough for one of the news agents. He had said something that he brought up for trial, however, and will probably prove more interesting.

## BEFORE THE ELECTIONS.

THE COMMON COUNCIL IS TAKING THINGS VERY EASY.

Little Opposition to the Present Members—How the Aldermen Lose Time by Talking—A Resurrection of the Harbor Commission Scheme.

The civic contest mill is not in full operation yet, but in such places as the machinery has started there is a decidedly lively hum. The chief buzz up to date has been in Brooks ward. Ald. Lockhart has retired, but Ald. Stackhouse and Messrs. Wright, Baxter and Davis, are in hot pursuit of the electors, all being tolerably sure of success. Mr. Wright has the advantage of being a professional canvasser, having had most valuable experience as a life insurance agent. The others have the advantage of having been over the ground in previous contests, and of knowing how the people voted the last time.

On the east side new men are slow in coming to the front. So far, there seems a prospect of a triangular contest in King's ward, with R. O'Brien as the new candidate. In Prince, A. H. Bell is to the front, and so are Alds. Nickerson and McKevey. The latter is somewhat incensed at the opinion of PROGRESS that "there are a good many intelligent electors in Prince ward, but most of them seem to be away on their vacation at election times."

There will not be a new council for next year, save in the contemplation of the law. There will be only a few fresh patches on the old garment, which may or may not improve its appearance.

Thursday's session was marked by a vast amount of talk about this and that thing on which this or that member had failed to inform himself before coming to the meeting. The aldermen mean well, no doubt, but it gets a little tiresome when half an hour is taken up because this man or that wholly misunderstands the purport of some simple matter upon which a committee has reported. Then, too, there is a great deal of time taken up in arguments which must come up before committees and can do no possible good at the board.

Ald. McCarthy seems to be the watchdog of the council in detecting constitutional points which others are apt to overlook. On Thursday, for instance, an apparently innocent bill was read providing for the construction of winter roads in Stanley ward and the marking out of the ice on the river. Ald. McCarthy thought he saw a chance for a good deal of trouble to the city in case the bill became law, as to the municipal jurisdiction over the Kennebecasis. Ald. Kelly explained that the bushing was intended to apply to the lakes in Stanley ward, but as the bill distinctly said the "river" the matter was sent back to be reconsidered in the light of the recorder's opinion. The information that Stanley ward had lakes which needed winter roads brushed out on them was a genuine piece of news to the board.

Thursday was St. Patrick's day, and there was a long discussion on a recommendation that \$100 be paid to Patrick Gleason for extra services in connection with the Lancaster lands. This was one of the things which some of the members failed to grasp the idea of, and the consequence was a long and tiresome wrangling, which might have been avoided by a very little inquiry at the outset. Mr. Gleason will get the money.

The West side members had the floor a good deal of the time, which prompted Ald. Connor to suggest that they wanted to despatch all the public business without leaving anything for the future. The memorial from the West End better terms delegation was a sensible presentation of the case. Little time was taken up with it, but there was enough without it.

The most interesting event was the presentation of Ald. Baskin's harbor commission resolution. It did not appear to have many supporters outside of the mover and seconder, and the former, having had several verbal encounters with the mayor on points of order, did not seem as cheerful as he might have been. His worship called him to order several times, but he submitted that he knew just as much about order as his worship did. Just as he was rising to put his resolution, Ald. Barnes jumped up and gave notice of a resurrection of the Rodney wharf scheme, amid a general ripple of laughter. Ald. Baskin really had the floor, but the mayor happened to see the alderman for King's first, perhaps because he was nearer and bigger than the alderman from Guy's. Ald. McCarthy defied all precedent by reading a speech against harbor commission, but it was both an able and witty document, and the board appeared to appreciate it. Then Ald. Allen put a resolution which was intended to bring the matter to a popular vote again. In the end, after a good deal of sensible talk, Ald. Baskin's resolution was withdrawn and Ald. Allen's—to have the whole subject reconsidered by a committee—was passed.

## "What do you think of our bear garden?"

asked one of the aldermen after the board adjourned. He was wrong. It is not nearly so bad as that. As compared with some old time councils, it is a very orderly body, but there might be a good deal less time wasted in needless discussion.

## BEQUESTS BY THOMAS CHUBB.

The Home for Aged Females the Realizability Lessened under the Will.

The Home for Aged Females has had a legacy left to it, amounting to at least \$9,000 and probably more. Just what the sum is cannot be known definitely until further information is had in regard to some of the securities of which the estate consists.

The will donating this generous gift was proved in St. John on April 6th, 1891, but singular to say, no mention of the matter has been made by the daily papers, and the directorate of the Home appear to have been equally reticent about it. When PROGRESS asked the secretary about it, the other day, he appeared to think it was a matter on which he was not at liberty to talk without consulting the board, and intimated that it would be advisable to have no mention made of it just yet, until there was a more accurate knowledge of just what the amount would be. The will is on record, however, and as a good many people feel an interest in the Home, it is quite time for facts to be given.

The donor was the late Thomas Chubb, brother of G. J. Chubb, and son of the late Henry Chubb. He died in New York about a year ago. His will, dated April 1st, 1890, begins as follows:

The last will and testament of Thomas Chubb, born in St. John, N. B., 1826. I, Thomas Chubb, retired publisher and stationer, at present residing at No. 33 East 10th street, in the city of New York, being of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament, all others being destroyed.

First—If I should suddenly pass away, I desire that my body be placed in an air-tight coffin with glass lid, and conveyed to the city of St. John, in the province of New Brunswick, in Canada, there to be buried beside that of my mother in our family burial lot in our rural cemetery; and being a master mason, formerly of Union Lodge, of Portland, in New Brunswick, I desire the services of freemasons generally, wherever I may be, to see that my desire is carried out.

Then follow the private bequests: To G. J. Chubb, \$2,000; to G. J. Chubb, in trust, \$1,000, to be divided equally among the sons and daughters, if any, of his cousin, James Watson, deceased, formerly of Fredericton; to his cousin, George S. White, of Boston, \$500; to the children of his last named cousin, Lizzie Partelow, \$100; Hannah Lugin, \$100, George William \$100, Ida Jane \$100, William Henry \$100, Nathan Alexander \$100; to his cousin, Fred A. Lugin, \$2,000 and two valises and contents; to his cousin Elizabeth Lugin, \$1,000; to Simeon Phillips, \$500.

The last clause of the will reads: Lastly, after the payment of burial expenses, legacies and just debts, which cannot possibly be more than \$50, it is my will and wish and I do hereby devise and bequeath the remainder of my real and personal estate in trust to the trustees of the home for aged people now established in the city of St. John, called I believe the "Home for Aged Women," toward the support of that institution, and for this purpose and for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of this will, I do hereby appoint, without receiving bonds, Edward Sears, Jr., of St. John, N. B., to be the executor of this my last will and testament.

Admitting the estimate of the last bequest to be something over \$9,000, the total value of the estate will be less than was generally supposed.

Mr. Chubb was a man of singularly quiet life. He was a thorough printer, and was with Chubb & Co. until the suspension of the old Courrier in 1865, after which he went to the United States. He was unfortunate in some of his publishing ventures, and lost a good deal of the money he originally possessed as an heir of the Henry Chubb estate. His death, as may be remembered, was very sudden, he expiring in his room while in the act of brushing his hair. The remains were brought to St. John and interred as he had requested.

## Another New Store.

Mill street is fast becoming a business centre. A few years ago one side of the street monopolized all the trade, but lately new buildings have been erected, and the stores in them give promise of being "lucky." One of the newest comers is W. H. McInnis who has opened a tailoring establishment in the Segee building. He has a new stock, the latest styles and good workmen, and business is brisk.

## Indications of a Contest.

Is there to be any opposition to the present aldermen in your ward? was asked of a voter this week. "I have not heard the names of any new candidates," was the reply, "but there must be a prospect of a contest. I saw Ald. — at our church last Sunday, and it is the first time he has been there for a year."

## Keeping Up With the Times.

Hallett's shoe store, King street, will hardly be recognized by its patrons when the changes contemplated are finished. The counter will be dispensed with, which will give more room, while much more will be done to make the store convenient and attractive.

Authors!  
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the ten great nov-  
els, comprising the  
of two new yearly  
of but 50 cents  
of this offer whose  
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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 and 90 Germain street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Discontinuance.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 19.

THE HARBOR QUESTION.

Two and a half years ago, the people of St. John decided by a popular vote that they did not want the harbor put in commission. The subject was pretty well ventilated at the time, and while the total vote was not large it represented those who felt an interest in the matter as much as any subsequent vote could do. The common council felt that this expression of opinion was sufficient to preclude it from any further action on the matter, and has since acted accordingly. The present members of the board were chosen without the slightest reference to their views on the subject.

The recent move of Ald. BASKIN looking to a decision of the council in favor of harbor commission was, therefore, so extraordinary that a good many people were inclined to regard it as a joke. The members of the council took a rational view of it when Ald. BASKIN made his motion on Thursday—that it would be most improper to vote for it in the last days of a council not elected on such an issue. Whether there would have been any affirmative votes apart from those of the mover and seconder is rather doubtful, but by a consolidation of the amendments of Aids. MCCARTHY and ALLEN, the harbor commission scheme has now come to the front in another form. The former gentleman does not believe in it, but the latter does, and it is probable that a majority of the board would favor it were it permissible to vote for its adoption without reference to the wishes of the people, as expressed in September, 1889.

As the matter now stands, a committee has been appointed to find out what further information can be obtained and what new terms can be made with the government. Nothing can be done, however, without another vote by the people, and it is very possible the whole matter will end before that trouble and expense is again incurred. It may be, as Ald. BASKIN says, that a majority of the people would now favor it, but that is only his opinion on the subject. Men with quite as much knowledge of the public pulse as he has, had equally sanguine views before the taking of the vote by which the scheme was rejected. There is nothing to show that a larger proportion of the people would go to the polls now than went there before. In such a case, another vote would be simply a waste of time and money.

In the meantime there are live issues as to harbor improvements to be dealt with by the council. The Rodney wharf scheme was rejected last week, and the Sand Point site is next to be considered. With the idea that it too will be defeated, the Rodney wharf men are preparing to come to the front again. The indications as to any scheme carrying, or anything further than talk being the result are not of the most assuring character.

The point for the council and the public to keep in view is that, supposing it is necessary for the city to proceed with harbor improvements, the site which will furnish the best accommodation at the smallest cost is the site to be chosen. Personal prejudices should be subordinated to this end. It may be very satisfactory to some aldermen to refuse to buy land from this man or that, but does it suit the citizens as well to pay more than there is any need of paying to secure another and poorer site? Common sense as to what is really best for the people should override all personal feeling. If the Sand Point site is the best and cheapest, as it seems to be, why should it not be chosen?

SHOULD SHE ENCOURAGE HIM?

An important question, which suggests much more than is expressed by the words, has been asked by a New York paper, with a view to evoking bright letters from the public. It is, "Should women find out, during leap year, the intentions of bashful lovers in regard to matrimony?"

The query, as will be readily seen, is not to be answered by a mere yes or no. The reply must be made in the light of certain conditions precedent, but in most instances it is likely to be in the affirmative.

The question as put, seems too restricted in its scope. There is no good reason why it should be limited to leap-year. On the contrary, the subject is one that is always timely, and which is continually coming to the front in the feminine mind. Put in its proper form it would read, "How far should a woman encourage a lover to declare his true feelings—how far is it her duty to let him know that his attentions have more than a temporary pleasure for her and if he is willing she is willing also?"

Bashful lovers, in the true sense of the term, are not numerous in these days. It is, doubtless, a good point in a young man to be a little diffident in such matters, but the young people of these days are not troubled with such an old-fashioned peculiarity. The rising generation is more apt to be distinguished by pertness and forwardness, and especially does this hold good in city life. The average girl is not apt to appreciate a really bashful lover, but in very few cases is bashfulness the real reason why a youth does not reveal his intentions so soon as he might and often ought to do. He may, perhaps, be of a sensitive nature and dread refusal, because he is unable to guess how a sincere avowal would be received by the object of his affections. In most cases the happy hour is only delayed. If they are fitted for each other, all will be explained in time, and perhaps it will be for the better that they have learned the more of each other's nature.

Immemorial usage dictates that the advances shall come from the man. Some men are ready enough to declare themselves and take the chances of failure. Others, and it may be they have the truest of hearts, want to be sure of their steps as they advance. One may feel such a profound admiration for a woman that he believes himself unworthy of her; he may reverence her and hope for the day when he can open his heart to her, and receive her confession of love in return. In the meantime, he may be wholly unable to guess from her treatment of him whether she simply likes him as a friend, or whether she is merely letting him find out for himself, resolved that it shall never be said she sought him or made advances. Many a man has waited and waited in vain for an encouragement that never came, and has lived and died a bachelor. To the end of his days his heart has had a deep love for one who might have been his wife had he spoken the word. Yet it was not bashfulness that kept him back. It was that two natures were too much alike in being over reserved in the subject most vitally important to both.

It may be said, on a different state of facts, that there are many instances where a woman should not try too plainly to find out how far a supposed lover has matrimonial intentions. He may not be sure about them himself. A wise man should be pretty well acquainted with a woman before he takes what may be the irrevocable step of a lifetime. In few cases will it improve her chances if she plainly shows that she is trying to hurry him along. If she lets him alone, he will come of his own accord in most cases—that is, if he really wants a wife and has begun to feel, as he believes, a deep and sincere affection for this particular companion.

A wise maiden must act according to the circumstances of her particular case. It is not womanly for her to try to entrap a husband, and one who is likely to be the best of wives would shrink from the thought of playing such a part. Yet, it is not well to go to the opposite extreme and convey the impression that she is absolutely indifferent, in her heart she is not. No rule can be laid down, but the subject is worthy of thought in order that, in some cases, the course of true love may run fairly smooth where otherwise it might be turned aside and lost.

LEGISLATION ON LITTLE THINGS.

With a large portion of the people of the old world, the idea prevails that America is the ideal land of liberty. The oppressed of all nations seek its shores under the impression that a man can do pretty much as he pleases here. So he can, if he is on the right side of politics and goes about it in the right way, but there are a great many things which in the presumption of law he cannot do. It is, in fact, very easy for a foreigner to make himself a criminal here by doing many things which he was at perfect liberty to do in a land where he felt himself to be oppressed.

It matters little whether one looks to Canada or the United States for examples of this. There is more restriction in the latter because there are more bodies with the power of making laws, and there are more cranks who are anxious to have things run to suit their own ideas of what is right in the world. To say nothing of the various kinds of liquor laws, the business license laws and such like—some of which may be good and some not so good—there is a continual cropping out of special legislation or special official regulations under some general powers given by law. The inland revenue department of

Canada is prolific in such things. Most people know by this time that it is a crime to keep a cigar box which is not mutilated so as to be useless for holding anything, but everybody does not know that it is also a crime to own a tobacco cutter without having a permit, and that it is a more serious offence to have in one's possession a common spring steelyard than to have a package of dynamite. There are a host of such petty little prohibitions which seem to have been made, in most cases, for the purposes of giving unnecessary officials an excuse for eating the bread of semi-idleness at the expense of the public.

At the present time there is a good deal of agitation on the subject of tobacco. Certain well meaning people have long been trying to abolish the use of the article by moral suasion, but so far from producing any perceptible effect, the trade appears to have grown in its dimensions. Most of us are willing to admit that smoking is an unnecessary habit, and that the stinking cigarette represents the worst form of it. Few, however, have been prepared to hear that the Massachusetts house of representatives has passed a law making it a crime to expose for sale cigarettes or cigarette paper.

There is already an old law on the books making smoking on the streets of Boston a misdemeanor punishable by a fine, if PROGRESS remembers aright, of five dollars. There is also a law by which a man can be made to pay a fine for every oath he utters on the street in the same moral city. These regulations are founded on common sense, because street smoking and swearing are unquestionable nuisances, to all decent people, but unfortunately nobody ever hears of anybody being fined in Boston for either offence. It seems a little absurd, however, to say that a man who has the bad taste to use cigarettes cannot be allowed to buy them to poison the air of his own room where the public do not have access.

Still worse, in the line of restrictive legislation, is a bill now before the New York legislature to prohibit the disposition of human remains in any way rather than by burial. The object of the well meaning cranks who have originated the measure is to put a stop to the ancient and cleanly method of cremation, and in crowded districts, to make sure that the soil, air and water, are tainted by decomposing humanity. So long as no moral or sanitary reasons can be urged against cremation, it really does not seem to be anybody's business to what extent his neighbor adopts it. From a sanitary point of view, indeed, everything is in its favor. It is purely a matter of taste.

Many other instances might be adduced of restrictive legislation in little things. It may not amount to much as yet, but it shows a bad tendency to needlessly multiply laws, and to encourage the increasingly large class of people who are unhappy unless they are interfering with the affairs of other people. There are a good many folks who would like to see the world run in their own groove, and such folks are never tired of making themselves heard.

The people who are wont to say the climate is changing and becoming so mild that it is unhealthy, have not been heard from this week. Four days of biting, penetrating cold in the middle of March have shown that the average keeps about the same from one generation to another. A text book for intending immigrants, published many years ago, asserted that the farmers of New Brunswick were frequently found ploughing their fields on St. Patrick's day. They are not reported as doing so this year, and it may be that the biggest snow storm of the season is yet to come. The more people talk about the weather and the climate, the more they find they do not know, as a rule.

If the fool-killer is not too busy around New York, for the next few days, he will find an opportunity for the exercise of his talents on a certain WILLIAM DAVIS, of Australia, who is reported as having taken passage on a steamer from England. Mr. DAVIS is coming to this country with the intention of trying to swim the Niagara rapids with better success than the late Capt. WEBB. If he is a good swimmer, it is a pity he cannot put his abilities to better use. He might come to St. John, for instance, and show the people of Carleton how to get along in case the ferry is not made free.

The Eastern Chronicle says that New Glasgow has been given the reputation of not being a hospitable place. PROGRESS was under the impression that this was merely the jaundiced opinion of occasional commercial travellers who happened to go to the wrong hotel, and that it was not the fault of the people. Is there any connection between the Chronicle's statement and the recorded fact that nearly a hundred million gallons of water—unpotable cold water—were consumed in the town last year?

The latest aspirant to fame on the lecture platform is Mr. BERRY, the English hangman, who has resigned his position and is talking to the London people in favor of the abolition of capital punishment. In due time, no doubt, he may come to the front as an author with a book entitled, "People that I have hanged." There are said to be 140 whose exit has been accomplished by Mr. BERRY's hands.

NOW IT IS FRED BREEN.

(Continued from first page.)

know that thousands of dollars were staked on him; that he was a new skater with a probable future. But few knew him. That night would tell the tale.

But when McCormick was lifted over the heads of the crowd onto the ice! Then the cheering! Everybody knew him, and everybody cheered. Friends and opponents alike greeted him, for no matter how a man placed his money, he knew McCormick was there to win—if possible. His record in the past flashed across every mind—an honorable record, none could dispute. Once the pride of St. John, the crowd consoled itself with the thought that if he were beaten, it would be by a man from the same place.

So Huggie had to make his bow. Skating around the outer edge he doffed his bun again and again, and made the circuit a second time munching an apple. As he glided easily over the ice his long, graceful, sweeping stroke made his admirers confident, but the champion himself seemed an anxious look and a smile seemed almost impossible.

Meanwhile Breen skated round—an unknown man. Solidly built and muscular, he excited admiration. Unlike McCormick, his skates seemed to sink into the ice, but no one could fail to see that he was not exerting himself, and that a wonderful amount of speed and endurance was at his command. Breen looked indifferent—the indifference of a man confident of winning, but when he looked toward the crowd and smiled, it was not the expression of a man who underrated his opponent from conceit in his own ability.

At last the men took their positions at opposite sides of the rink. Each waited anxiously for the first to go; then off they started. From the first it was evident that both men were determined to skate for all they were worth. They began to do from the moment the word was given. McCormick seemed unduly anxious to get up speed, and started off on a run. In doing so he lost that long sweeping stroke that has helped him so often. Breen, however, went off gracefully with long powerful strokes, and his skates hardly seemed to leave the ice. But he looked and skated like a winner.

The crowd took all this in during the first lap, then set up a shout that lasted for fifteen minutes, while the ratters rung as the cheers grew louder and louder. McCormick seemed to gain a little, and the crowd said so with one breath. But it was only for a moment. Breen was getting down to work, and soon it began to tell.

"He's gaining; he's gaining," came from every throat; and the champion's admirers shouted "Go it, Huggie!" Still there seemed some doubt, and men excitedly argued about it; but not for long. The new man was gaining slowly but surely. It took McCormick longer to appear from behind the spiral every time; and Breen was gradually bringing him into view. Then there was no doubt about it. The spectators on the outside circle could see both men at once, and Breen had done the work.

Still the cheers rang out; and words of encouragement were shouted into the ears of both men as they passed groups of admirers. But it was no use. McCormick was going for all he was worth—as fast as he had gone in the first mile—and his friends knew it. His abilities as a skater were all on the surface. Breen was still hard at work, but nobody could tell how much faster he could go. He was fresh and graceful, and gradually increased his speed. It could hardly be said that he spurred. Slowly he closed up the gap; then, with one grand burst of speed, passed the champion and the race was his.

The race was finished. Flukes, mistakes, or squabbles—Breen won. He was the better man. All had to admit it.

The race last night was too late in the week for PROGRESS to deal with, but the scene and race at the rink Monday night, when McCormick was completely outskated for the first time in St. John, is an event in local history. Two miles: time 6.14 1/2.

The Banks Have Too Much Tea.

Some of the Halifax banks are wondering what they will do with the large lots of tea they have on hand just now, owing to Mr. Temple's peculiar way of doing business.

Mr. Temple had been importing large quantities of tea lately, and customers being slow in buying, he hypothesized it with the banks, with the result that they have it on their hands, the tea houses have Temple's accepted drafts, but where is the money? It is known that Mr. Temple had bought \$10,000 worth of land in Puebla, Col., and Chicago, during the past year, on which he had paid about \$4,000, but it is very likely these are only a part of his transactions. A number of country merchants are losers by Mr. Temple's unique methods of doing business. Having every confidence in Mr. Temple's integrity, they would send him money to take up their notes, but he coolly pocketed the money and left the notes in the banks for the merchants to pay again. A bank manager said that they would spend \$500, if there was any way to bring Temple back and punish him as an example to any that might be tempted to follow his footsteps, but as yet they had not found any criminal act by him much as they would like to.

FROM SCOTIA'S CAPITAL.

LIVE TOPICS THAT PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT.

Relics in St. Paul's, and a Nervous Bride—O'Connell Church Too Many—A Further Gossip Left, and a Bank Director—"Throws Us the Job."

HALIFAX, March 16.—There is in the library of St. Paul's church, this city, a most interesting relic of the early history of this venerable church, which may be called the Westminster Abbey of Nova Scotia; as under its sacred roof lie the dead of the first generation that worshipped there. The relic I refer to is a prayer-book—a well used one—and bears this inscription: "Richard Small, 1768." I took new No. 25 in 1756." This book was entered at Kensington, Dec. 3rd, 1696. Richard Small was a clerk in the adjutant's office, Halifax, and was succeeded by the father of the present sexton of St. Paul's church. In another part of the book was the record of the formidable journey to Boston, where Mr. Small was sent on duty.

It may interest some to hear the story of one of the first weddings that took place in St. Paul's. It is told by a descendant of the bride. Just after the services the groom, an Englishman, who, for some reason, had not taken his own name during his residence here, suddenly remembered that he must sign his proper name or serious trouble might arise in after years. He therefore wrote his proper name. His bride, nervous as women generally are upon such trying occasions, when stepping forward to sign her name, read what was written and to the dismay of groom and friends fainted away. The scene that followed "beggared" description." (The bright reporter wasn't in it in those early days.) When consciousness was restored an explanation was made by the groom. The couple lived happily together, the lady being thoroughly satisfied with the reasons given by her husband for his conduct.

In the extreme south end of the city there are two presbyterian churches. It is pretty generally admitted that this is one too many for the locality, although both congregations, while not large, are well do financially. There are those in either church who are of opinion that amalgamation of the two would be a good thing. One of the churches—Fort Massey—is at present without a pastor, Rev. Dr. Burns, who has ministered to the flock for quite a long period, having recently been attacked with paralysis, which rendered him unfit for duty. The other—St. Andrews—boasts one of the most attractive of Canadian pulpits orators and an ideal pastor, Rev. D. M. Gordon. The question of amalgamation has recently been whispered, but it is known that while many in both congregations would favor such a proposition, there are others who have very decided objections to such a course. Will there be one less presbyterian church in the south end? is a question which I don't believe can be answered positively just at present, either in the affirmative or negative.

It is possible an interesting case may come before the courts here within the next few weeks. The defendant, should the matter come to trial, will be the wife of a well known merchant who recently assigned, the plaintiff being a furrier of the city. The lady in question, a few days before her husband's assignment, called on the furrier and selected a seal jacket—price about two hundred dollars. It was to have been a cash transaction, the bill being figured with that important factor in view. The jacket was delivered to the purchaser, but up to date no settlement has been made. The merchant will likely pay a small fraction of a dollar on the hundred and the furrier will be out a considerable amount. Of course he is mad and has an idea that he has not been used right in the matter. A demand for the return of the jacket, has failed to secure it, and the dealer in furs has been consulting a lawyer with a view of making out a case of fraud.

The annual civic elections are coming on, and names of aspirants for mayoralty and aldermanic honors are very plenty. About this time every year we hear much talk about the necessity of influential men, men having some business stake in the community, and who know something about conducting business on business principles, taking a hand in the running of the city's affairs. But the men in whom the citizens at large would have most confidence are the men who are not offering for election and who do not intend to offer. So that there is little hope that the next council will be any improvement on the present one. The contest for the mayoralty promises to be an interesting and exciting one. There are several names mentioned as prospective candidates, but in all likelihood the fight will be narrowed down to two—Alex. Stephen and Michael Keefe. Which of the two will be the lucky man, and I may venture to guess later on, at present it looks as if they might have even chances. Both men have had considerable experience in civic matters. Mr. Keefe is a liberal in politics; Mr. Stephen was all his life a liberal until the general election of 1891, when, with many others of the same faith, he joined the conservative ranks and worked hard for the return of Messrs. Kenny and Stairs. Naturally he expects the conservatives to rally to his support when he makes his appeal in April. He is also of the opinion that very many liberals will vote for him—that is it politics cannot be kept out of the election. We shall see what we shall see.

One of the banks of Halifax wants a director, the board being one man short. A week or so ago one of the directors asked for a loan of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars on his own name. For some reason the board wasn't unanimously in favor of accommodating said director. He didn't wait to argue the point, but walked over to a neighboring banking institution, and got what he wanted without any question. He then sent in his resignation as a director. Hence it is that the board is one man short, and the neighboring bank has a new and good customer.

AN ALDERMANIC JOB.

How Civic Politics are Shaping—Candidates For Votes.

HALIFAX, March 16.—Candidates for mayor are bobbing up here in all directions. The most likely ones so far are ex-Ald. Stephen, Ald. Lyons and Ald. Keefe. Ald. Lyons, however, has just left for Colorado, to be gone six weeks for his health, so the race may narrow down to Messrs. Stephen and Keefe.

Ald. Keefe is one of the men who recently voted to expend one quarter of a million of dollars (the estimate is \$150,000, but you are always safe in doubling on a city job) on a new pipe line in the north end of the city. No doubt, this will make him popular with some of the working men who are looking for employment, but very unpopular with the right-thinking taxpayers of the city. This job was carried through the council after much opposition, and in the face of an adverse report by Mr. Doane, the City Engineer. Mr. Doane, in his report, stated that the water supply of Halifax was sufficient for the next twenty years at least, if the city officials would only take steps to stop the great waste. But, instead of following the recommendations of the city engineer, a number of these aldermen have saddled this huge job on the already overburdened taxpayers—a job which a great many citizens claim will not give any better water service to the north end people, for the reason that the contemplated pipe line will tap the same lakes from which the city now draws its supply.

Ald. Keefe, before he is elected mayor, will have a good deal of explaining to do as to why he voted to saddle this load on the city.

The tax rate is about the same here as in St. John. The main reason why we do not have good streets and sidewalks seems to be that there is too much patching done here and there.

The council is composed of eighteen aldermen, six being elected every year for a term of three years, and the board of works is made up every year of outgoing aldermen, which gives these gentlemen a chance to have work done in places best suited to re-elect them. This is a very bad feature of the system.

Another bad feature in the civic government is the fact that certain gentlemen after buying large blocks of land in the outskirts of the city get elected to the council and then the improvements begin around this newly acquired real estate. Sewer and water pipes are laid, new streets are opened, and one beholds sidewalks through pasture fields.

Of course this doubles and triples the value of property in these sections, so that although the city pays nothing directly for the services of these gentlemen at the council board yet indirectly it does pay large amounts every year. Of course it is very commendable in these aldermen to make improvements on the outskirts, but the people would think more of them if they devoted some of this money to improving the sidewalks and streets in the heart of the city. Talk about the pleasant streets for instance, the principal thoroughfares; the sidewalks are a disgrace to any civilized community. The bricks are standing on edge and it is absolutely painful to walk on them with an ordinary soled boot. A person would have about as much comfort walking through a frozen ploughed field. But they intend laying an asphalt sidewalk on the west side of the street where there is not one hundredth part of the traffic there is on the east side. It looks like another case of the favored few. It is time the people woke up and sent some men to the common council who would represent them.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

What a Correspondent Thinks About "Progress."

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: PROGRESS justly boasts of being the handsomest weekly paper in the dominion. And not only is it a handsome one but it is a very instructive and interesting one as well. But to my mind the greatest merit of PROGRESS is not the news it contains, although its usefulness in that way is proverbial on Saturday morning. How many interested readers peruse the exposition of some question of the day or the account of some event of the week; and how many eager eyes scan the society columns for the mention of distant friends and other items of interest. But its usefulness will last long after the events there chronicled are forgotten and the people who now figure in them have joined the silent majority. And it is to the writers not the readers that the most lasting benefit comes. Take, for instance, the correspondents for the different towns and villages; there we find forty bright, intelligent scribes, mostly ladies, if one may judge from the letters.

Think for one moment what a benefit it must be for them to have some stated literary work for every week. It would do some good if it did nothing but keep up their spelling and composition, but it leads to higher things than that. It improves their style and creates a taste for literary pursuits, and who knows but in the future some of these dilettants may blossom out into professionals. Could not PROGRESS already tell of some who are on a fair way to success in literature who owe their start to its help and encouragement?

Who can tell how many famous writers may arise from the ranks of contributors to PROGRESS? Certainly such a prediction might easily become a true prophecy after the display of literary talent shown in those bright and clever letters of the children of St. John, published by this paper a few weeks ago. Now, this simple little start may prove of inestimable benefit to some of those children, and they may continue to cultivate their talent. With them and the future rests their success or failure.

MICKY FRYS.

Make the Faded Goods Bright. The announcement of the American dye works on another page will be interesting to those who are preparing for spring and want to make faded goods do service again. The American dye works use the French process, are well known, and have only to be mentioned to be remembered.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1892.

SOCIETY IN HALIFAX

AND HOW IT REGARDS SCRIBES WHO WRITE ABOUT IT.

What the Editor Would do "If They Only Knew"—The Consequences of Carrying a Note-book—How Things Might be Different.

"Society journalism in Halifax," says a man who reads the papers, "has grown in the last few years from an exotic possibility to a tangible intrusive fact."

Every week we are inundated with society news. Paragraphs pertinent and drivelling, kindly or spiteful, long maundering (when news is scarce) on the turn of mind of the writer, abound; with the addition now and again of a pointed thing happily said, or a well delivered blow at a local celebrity.

The public while they buy the Saturday papers, profess to regard them as a scourge second only to the influenza. As to the second poured out on the "society correspondent" by the very people who are most eager to read his articles, it is as curious hearing as the various opinions which run riot concerning him.

One set of people are frankly amused by reading about themselves and their neighbors, and will contentedly chuckle over the feeblest of articles wherein grammar is meagre and style a thing unknown, but which gives their dearest friend three doors off a rap over the fingers.

Another set of people are frankly amused by reading about themselves and their neighbors, and will contentedly chuckle over the feeblest of articles wherein grammar is meagre and style a thing unknown, but which gives their dearest friend three doors off a rap over the fingers.

supposed to "write for the papers," a fact which leads to a great proportion of the ill natured things written. A woman will turn why not a newspaper correspondent?

Whereas given a little knowledge of the great world; a little tolerance; a little kindly feeling, (de haec en bas, if you like) and the magnates and dames of degree would go down to posterity none the worse for it.

It is impossible to sign the frothy articles demanded by the public, till the leaders of society learn liberality. "Society" buys society journals, sends them abroad to its friends, and yet would willingly allow the writer of a single paragraph in them to enter its gates on a footing of equality.

In print and out the battle rages. When the town is dull, people fall back on it; when the town is gay, it adds fuel to the flames.

And yet to know of what the public care to read is the great desire of every one who cares for them in social subjects. They would only too gladly obtain praise in place of blame. It is society itself which makes their paragraphs objectionable.

There are a few of the readers of Progress who have not heard of the famous Caraquez Shore oration. So far as I am aware, however, it has never appeared in print.

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A LEAP YEAR AUCTION.

THE GIRLS HAVE A CHANCE AT WEST BROOK MILLS.

The Successor of Post Fulton Explains the Scheme: Verse—The Eventful Day is the Thirty-First of May—All Ages Will be Accommodated.

"Poets are born, not made," said a born poet many years ago; but although Horace was born with a silver tongue between his toothless gums, his life on a Sabine farm added much to the beauty of his poetry.

There places even in his world of song, where a born poet will have his birthright taken away from him by surroundings that do much to quench the poetic fires kindled in his bosom.

The Lake Country of England has helped the born poets who dwell along its shores; the beauties of the Scottish lowlands have affected the songs of Burns; and the breezes of the Tantramr marshes have blown into fire the fancies of our own Robert.

And surely any man with a spark of poetry in his composition, who has visited picturesque West Brook, in the county of Cumberland, Nova Scotia, must have exclaimed, "What a place for a born poet!"

In this pretty little village is a stream that resembles the god-serpents that crushed the life from Laocoon. A stone oven, which evidently belonged to some relation of the Cyclops, is one of the wonders of this marvellous spot.

The poet then draws a striking picture of the happiness to be in this happy spot, so near the happy land of Canaan:

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New and Pretty Silk Bows, Light Tints in Chiffon Bows. ATTRACTIVE SHADES IN CHIFFON TIES.—Narrow and Wide Chiffon by the yard, in plain Colors. A full assortment of Shades and widths, in embroidered Chiffon.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

The poet then draws a striking picture of the happiness to be in this happy spot, so near the happy land of Canaan:

"Our boys are good, none of them bad, And seldom do we see three mad, Lovers of flowers and daisies are they, That bloom and sing in month of May."

The soldiers' bear is getting to be an unbearable animal. He handled a troop of the I. S. C. the other day, and it will take a regiment of such men as that body is composed of to keep him in bounds.

Scattered over the western part of the Kalahari Desert in South Africa are the famous Bushmen, who welcome the discovery of a spacious cave as one of the greatest of earthly blessings.

Charles Graybell, a New York dog fancier, told a peculiar thing about dogs to a party of friends at the Southern yesterday.

Advertisements and notices at the bottom of the page.



RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

JOSEPH HOWE AND HIS TIMES.

And Incidental References to Some of His Prominent Public Contemporaries.

By "Historicus," Fredericton, N. B.

NO. 20.

Daddy Chalker and the Girls' Ages, and Old Beverages.

About sixty years ago there resided in Halifax an old gentleman of respectability and good standing who went by the name of "Daddy Chalker." He was one of the characters of the time, and possessed what is called strong "individuality." His principal characteristic was in the knowledge he possessed of the ages of everybody in the town, from infancy to old age; and in this respect he was what might be called a walking chronologist. How he came by this wonderful gift of conjuration, was a puzzle to many, and he seldom made a mistake in singling out his victim. Now, to know the individual ages of every member of a population (then) of fifteen thousand, either required a strong memory or a system of mental arithmetic not easily to account for; but "Daddy Chalker" seemed to understand his business it nobody else did and seldom made a mistake. Of course, there were different theories advanced to account for the man's phenomenal information. But the fact is incontrovertible that the girls of Halifax knew their own ages, and that Chalker knew as much as they did. On the occasion of the anniversary of a birthday in any household, daddy would call to compliment the individual, and his reward was a glass of wine. Now, as it is very likely that in a population of fifteen thousand souls there must necessarily be several birthdays, taking one house with another, for every day in the year, our old peripatetic philosopher must have inhaled considerable wine in the course of his rounds—at all events quite enough to keep him going from one house to another; and as the wine in those days was pure he always managed to carry his head straight between his shoulders. We will suppose that Sarah Ann's birthday is at hand—tomorrow or next day—"Now, ma, don't let Chalker in the nuisance." "But, my dear, he knows your age all the same, and you are aware of the penalty for closing the door against him?" Susan Ann begins to think, and then withdraws her objections. She knows better than to hold out—for the penalty is, if Chalker is not properly received, he feels himself at liberty to tell Sarah Ann's age to all the boys. He is thus bought off with a glass of wine, which is the black mail he levies, especially after the girls have attained a certain age, and don't want to be classified among post-mortem female bipeds. When Chalker died the prayers of all the girls in town followed him to the grave.

Old Beverages. But how could the man drink so much wine and not become intoxicated? Easily enough—then "the pure juice of the grape" was the fascinating tonic—a bucket full would not intoxicate, the stomach suffered worse than the head. Those were anti-temperance days, and dealers in wines had no temptation to spury their wares to make money.

But then if a person was fond of the real stingo sixty years ago, Halifax supplied any quantity of "Old Jamaica," also pure, but telling at times. Then there was the old Schiedan, known as Holland's gin, white as water and purity itself especially when it began to bite. The old doctors used to dilute their "Jamaica" with spruce beer and this they called calibogus. At evening parties the flowing bowl went the rounds among the ladies in the shape of peppermint, shrab, clove water, aniseed, and such other innocent decoctions. The manufacture of all those things has gone out with the lost arts—or I only know of them now as historical reminders. The fine arts, however, have brought in something to take their places, (but these things too are destined to give way ere long to something less spoon-rivful) such as Old Key, Tom-and-Jerry, Fig-in-the-whistle, mint julep, hazel beer, and so forth. For which scientific beverages we are indebted to our uncle Jonathan, who in his progress of civilization takes care to provide means of irrigation, so that the land may not become parched, or suffer from undue thirst, and Canada is not far behind; for further information inquire at the north-west.

Preaching and Plagiarism. Some fifty years ago there was a young minister suddenly appeared in St. Paul's church, Halifax, and soon became the idol of the town for his eloquent sermons, his elevation, and oratorical powers generally. He held his audience spell-bound, as though he possessed a magic, magnetic influence over every soul present. His sermons were delivered extempore, the only effective method of holding an audience whether religious or secular. Long before the hour of service the church doors were crowded outside, by persons desirous of getting in after the pew owners had taken their places. The appearance of this young preacher in the pulpit was very fine, and his graceful gestures were not surpassable. During the height of his popularity he paid a visit to St. John, and preached in Trinity church; and as his fame had preceded him, and his coming known to many of the congregation, the church was filled to overflowing. Everybody was delighted, and his praises were upon everybody's lips. In the evening he preached in St. Luke's church, Portland, the Rev. Mr. Harrison being rector at the time. Here the young minister's reception was equally imposing. The church was crammed to the doors. Here and bye it looked out that this highly popular minister was preaching other people's sermons. In other words he was a plagiarist, and the sermons not of his own composition. A reaction set in, and this famous young divine disappeared from the arena as suddenly as he came forward. From that time to this I have been unable to trace or fix him anywhere, and he may be dead for aught I know.

The above facts are brought to my recollection from reading in the newspapers of late that a certain excellent speech delivered in the U. States by Hon. Mr. Mercier of Quebec, was the production of a certain gentleman, whose name is given, and that the hon. gentleman was merely the mouth-piece of another man's ideas!

"Vell, vot of it," as Jimmy Twitcher says in the play. To merely write a speech or sermon (I here desire to include the St. Paul Preacher) is a small matter. It is the delivery of either that tells. A delivery writer is nobody compared with the speaker whose art is "listening Senates to command." Suppose the rev. gentleman in St. Paul's used other people's property in his sermon, so long as he was doing good, and no harm to the real author, is not such a man in the pupil of far greater use than a dull prosy preacher tiring everybody out even though his sermon may be full of brains? The answer will be dishonestly by appropriating the work of another as if it were your own, and not letting on to the congregation what you are doing. There may be something in this, but the point I make is, as far as the people themselves are concerned, so long as good sound doctrine is preached in an attractive and telling manner, is it not better to ask no questions so long as you are receiving good from the preaching? But even taking the view of plagiarism, it is history to be relied on I have read of sermons having been written by laymen back writers as they were called, for the use of high dignitaries of the church, and for which they were poorly compensated. If my memory serves me, or Johnstone the great Lexicographer, earned many a pound by writing sermons. Nor did the ministers announce from the pulpit the names of their authors this would be *infidelity*. But we come back to the starting point. It is the preacher or speaker who is entitled to all the credit for making good use of the material within his reach. In fact there is much more labour in memorizing a sermon or speech than in writing it or delivering it.

The reader may say, what has all this to do with recollections of Mr. Howe? It has to do with his "Times," however, and I will come to Mr. Howe himself shortly.

Funerals in the Olden Time. Meeting Mr. Howe in the street one day, a gentleman visitor remarked to him—how very dull Halifax appeared to be—few people to be met with, while the stores and business places were quite full. (No doubt the person so remarking had just come from some large bustling city, and noticed the great difference.) "O," replied Mr. Howe, "it may be dull just now—but you wouldn't say that if you saw some of our big funerals—then our streets are full as they are." But how changed now is everything in regard to burials compared with the olden time. Sixty-five or seventy years ago a hearse was unknown in Halifax and I suppose St. John. The dead were carried to the burial ground, sometimes a mile distant, upon litters, four men having it upon their shoulders—no matter how heavy the weight, or warm or cold the weather it was work that had to be done, and the labor was immense. Over the coffin a black velvet pall was thrown, with corals attached which were held by the pall bearers; the ministers and physicians preceded the coffin. On one occasion I was present at the funeral of a person who had lived a long distance up town, and whose weight was not less than 300 lbs.; on this occasion the coffin was placed upon three bars or long sticks, and carried by twelve men—not upon the shoulders, but held directly in front of them at arm's length. It was a long wearisome, solemn journey, and the day was hot withal. When the church yard was reached the difficulty of lowering the coffin into the grave presented itself for the first time. The usual means in such cases were here impracticable. The lower end of the grave had to be dug out and a long incline was made which extended some feet outside—so that by this slanting process and several rollers put down the coffin was finally rolled into its last resting place. Outside coffins or shrouds were seldom or never used—so that the body found its level without any obstruction in its passage.

The pall bearers in those days—six in number—wore long crape scarfs looped up on one shoulder, and tied with a bow on the opposite side nearly touching the ground, while the hat band of the same material was fastened in the same way just back of the hat and hung a foot or so down the back. For young persons the scarfs and hat bands were of white material. The mourners were also supplied with the friends of deceased with hat bands worn in the same way, the ends falling upon the back. It was customary for all the known friends to be invited—sometimes perhaps numbering 20, 30 and 40, and more. So that the more friends one had the more costly the funeral, as everyone invited was provided with the emblems of mourning including kid gloves. All this is now dispensed with; and even pall bearers are not considered in most places as essential adjuncts to funerals, although the custom is still observed in St. John—but in Fredericton, as everyone invited was provided with the emblems of mourning including kid gloves. All this is now dispensed with; and even pall bearers are not considered in most places as essential adjuncts to funerals, although the custom is still observed in St. John—but in Fredericton, as everyone invited was provided with the emblems of mourning including kid gloves.

The horse in his development and use in every age been a fit index of the degree of civilization of a people. The Arab and Mahomedan used the horse only for chase and war. A people like the English needed horses for bearing burdens and tilling lands, as well as for ceremony, for sport and for use as a monarch. The tastes and fashions of a monarch influenced the style and use of horses. Charles I. and II. imported the royal mares of the stud-book James II. continued importations. William the Conqueror

sometimes to overflowing, were provided each with a glass of wine and a biscuit, which were always considered to be very acceptable, and perhaps in some cases this custom caused more mourners than were desirable. There were no flowers used on such occasions. This is a modern innovation. The presence of death, according to my judgment, was marked in a more becoming manner. At the present day we feel that we have not done our duty to the memory of our dearly beloved lost ones unless we mother their bodies in flowers, and vie with one another in producing the most exquisite designs. Flowers may be considered when used in this way by the pious and well meaning as symbols of the resurrection, and I have no doubts it is all right enough—but it always seemed to me as a perversion of these beauties of nature, and I prefer to see death in its deathly form, according to the old ways, in sombre hue, in plain simplicity.

When the hearse was introduced, say 65 years ago, it was under great protest. Indeed it was considered by many well meaning people, a sacrifice to drag the bodies of their friends to the grave by horses. The clergymen, some of them at all events, went so far in their objections as to say that they for their part, never walked before a horse at a funeral. It was, therefore, a long time before the town got reconciled to the hearse. Nor was it the custom for coaches to attend funerals, which nowadays add considerably to the expense. But when the cemeteries were all in the towns and there was no need of them. Nor did the people place large elaborate monuments, or obelisks, and such like meretricious tokens over the bodies of their friends, as now, but contented themselves with plain headstones which told their grief just as well, and were as well accepted. Now there is rivalry in these things as in every other worldly thing no matter what the expense, or rather in my opinion the waste of money. Everybody wishes to be up to his neighbor's eye, we do not look in vain although it is all vain, when in our cemeteries for fashionable observances. All right, however, to those who think it so.

THE HORSE IN HISTORY.

From the Time of Moses Down to the Present Day. Moses seems not to have considered the horse a factor worth mentioning among the live stock in the day of Adam, says Hon. L. H. Bonham, of Ohio. Egyptian civilization, however, honored him with places on monuments and works of art five hundred years before he was referred to in the writings of the Israelites. Though they wandered in Arabia the home of the noted Arab horse, they took no interest in his kind. Six hundred years later they had advanced out of the nomad state, and Solomon took to horses and mounted cavalry from Egypt, after which Israel dwelt safely from Dan to Beersheba.

The Mohammedan conquests were made on the horse and by the horse. The Indians of America were unable to resist or invade so long as they had only dogs as their beasts of burden. After they began to draw horses from Mexico they were metamorphosed into horsemen whose power led the history of our frontier states. From the horse to the high civilization the horse has been made the power for developing the resources of the land, or for defense or invasion. The Greeks in their highest civilization improved the blood drawn from Egypt. To develop the endurance, speed, style and docility demanded in the horse which was to be the pride of kings and men of wealth races were instituted which superseded the athletes and boxers at the famous Grecian games. Kings and men of wealth expended fortunes in breeding and fitting horses for these games. Herodotus and Xenophon and Alcibiades were proud to train and show their horses. Alcibiades sent seven chariots at one time and won first, second and third prizes.

From the Greeks the Romans derived their best blood and ideal of a perfect horse. The Arab took his Arabian blood, the stables of Solomon. Their superstitious devotion to the horse as of divine origin, coupled with their singular fidelity to pedigree, along with the salubrious climate and rich grasses and herbage, and training, evolved the wonderful Arabian horse. To him the best blood of Spain, then of England, and finally of America traces. The student can trace this blood into Barbary and along the coast of the Mediterranean sea into Normandy and Flanders, thence into England, and see how the habits of the people, the climate, soil and use made of the horse developed the warhorse, the ponderous draft, the fleet thoroughbred, and the coacher.

The wars, crusades and invasions led to mingling bloods, evolving different breeds. The Arab crossed his Arabian blood with the stables of Solomon. Their superstitious devotion to the horse as of divine origin, coupled with their singular fidelity to pedigree, along with the salubrious climate and rich grasses and herbage, and training, evolved the wonderful Arabian horse. To him the best blood of Spain, then of England, and finally of America traces. The student can trace this blood into Barbary and along the coast of the Mediterranean sea into Normandy and Flanders, thence into England, and see how the habits of the people, the climate, soil and use made of the horse developed the warhorse, the ponderous draft, the fleet thoroughbred, and the coacher.

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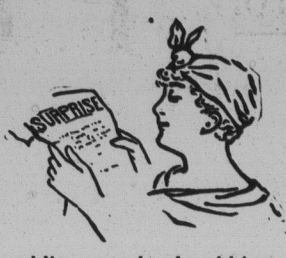
wanted heavier horses for war and agriculture. He imported from Normandy and Flanders. Henry VIII. was so eager to improve the horses for cavalry and agriculture that he caused horses under size to be destroyed. His reign of thirty-eight years was marked by an increase in number and value of powerful horses and in a like improvement in agriculture and wealth of the nation.

Two hundred years of improvement led to the establishing of the stud-book in 1791. The "tight little a" has evolved the wonder of ages by intelligent and persistent breeding, selection and development, the blood-horses to which directly traces the American trotter. The trotting horse is sui generis. He has been evolved under different conditions of climate, feed, fashion and business. For centuries horses were used only for war and ceremony. The trotter is the product of necessities of business, and has been developed in the fashion of sport and pleasure. Heavy and steel springs have made light vehicles possible, and driving to light vehicles has become a fashion which is fast evolving the horse which trots instead of cantering, paces or ambles, as did the horse of earlier ages. The trotter has been evolved from the necessities of business or sport. The horse of old was the horse of war and waste. The American horse is the offspring of peace and thrift.

Browning's Photograph. A friend of mine wandering through the streets of London one day, stopped to look in at a window where photographs were displayed to catch the eyes of passers-by. While staring at the photographs of crowned heads and professional beauties, it occurred to him that he would like to have a picture of Browning, of whom he was a great admirer. "Have you any photographs of Browning?" he asked the urbane salesman. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. Wondering why the man made no show of getting them, the customer said, "I should like to buy one; let me see them, please." "They are not for sale," said the young man. "Not for sale! Then what have you got them for?" "To give to 'is friend's, sir—not to sell to strangers," the clerk replied, showing some annoyance at my friend's persistence. "This is most extraordinary," said the American, getting angry. "You sell photographs and I want one of Browning, which you say you have, but you won't sell to me. I should like to see the proprietor and ask him what it means." The clerk stepped up to a fat, little, bald-headed man sitting at a high desk, and said: "Mr. Browning, sir, there's a gentleman as insists upon having your photograph, and won't take 'No' for answer, sir." And at the same moment my friend noticed the name on the door, "Browning, Artists' Materials, etc."—The Critic.

THINGS OF VALUE. God's work is all done by people who have received their pay in advance. For Cholera Fellows' Spewly Relief stands ahead of all other Preparations. Nothing but religion can keep a gifted man from falling in love with his own head. Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters is not a new remedy. It has been known in this country for over fifty years. On the very day that the first church was started the devil produced a hypocrite. "Mother, what shall I do for this dreadful cough?" "Take Putnam's Emulsion, my dear, it always helps our family. When you need a friend don't pick out the man whose dog never wants to follow him. The presence of dandruff indicates a diseased scalp, and if not cured, blotching of the hair and baldness will result. Hall's Hair Renewer will cure it. There are people who pray for showers of blessing who want them to come without any clouds. Here surely is something like a miracle! John A. Dawson, Esq., Ex-M. P. of Picot N. S., writes:—"I was troubled with Dyspepsia of the very worst kind for twenty years. K. D. C. cured me completely. It is worth its weight in gold. Will give information to anyone who will write me." Ask your druggist for it. The man who loves his neighbor as himself is not the one who smokes on a street car platform. Great Oaks from Little Acorns Grow. A now celebrated chemist once heard a man say:—"I hate a rubber coat or McIntosh; I would as soon get wet to the skin as be obliged to wear one. I always have a nasty, clammy feeling after wearing one any length of time, and generally take cold as a consequence." This was the circumstance which led Mr. John S. Rigby, F. C. S., to experiment upon the waterproofing of textile fabrics and a porous, odorless, pliable, and yet waterproof cloth, was the result. In fact the Rigby cloth.

A Dangerous Joke. A few months ago a person hardly dared say they had La Grippe for fear of ridicule. And now that one half of our population have had it, the other half are in mortal fear for fear they too will have it. We cannot wonder, for no epidemic scourge has ever visited this country and left such a trail of death and sorrow behind. The best level members of families of state droives down to the humblest station in life have gone. It has been the relapses and after dangers from La Grippe that have been so appalling. The death rate is most largely that of the aged, and the young are the least affected. The epidemic has been the epidemic itself, the serious and fatal extension of the inflammation downward to the throat and bronchial tubes causing croup and catarrh of the larynx, true sequences of the malady; which serious results have been most successful with the use of the medicine. The medicine most relied upon have been Quinine, Antipyrine, Salicylate of Soda, and Aspirin. A prominent Boston paper announced in January last that some persons had successfully used the last named medicine than all the others combined. That seems reasonable for the effects of La Grippe can never induce and successfully used the last named medicine than all the others combined. That seems reasonable for the effects of La Grippe can never induce and successfully used the last named medicine than all the others combined. That seems reasonable for the effects of La Grippe can never induce and successfully used the last named medicine than all the others combined.



READ the directions on the wrapper.

You will find out then how to do away with the muss—the steam—that hard work of wash day; how to do away with boiling or scalding, or hard rubbing of the clothes.

Surprise Soap does it, and the directions tell you how. 'Tis very simple. Thousands wash this way.

READ the directions on the wrapper.



He can't Use the Telephone.

But the majority of St. John people can. Ring up 58 when you get your laundry ready. Don't forget to give the street address, and one of Ungar's delivery wagons will be promptly on hand.

It is the popular thing now-a-days for the women folk to send the washing to Ungar's every week and have it Rough Dried; but they should also remember that he can do up the Lace Curtains, and save the housekeeper considerable bother. Send them to Ungar's when you decide to put them up for the Summer. A ray of sunshine brightens a lonely cell; but it takes nice, clean curtains to make your best rooms look as cheerful as you would like to see them.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to Ungar's Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 68. Or Halifax: 62 and 64 Granville street. It'll be done right, it done at UNGAR'S.

Advertisement for German Electric Belt Agency. Features 'FREE!' and 'GERMAN ELECTRIC BELT AGENCY'. Lists ailments like Rheumatism, Lame Back, Kidney Diseases, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Lumbago, etc.

They Are Here! Our Spring Goods have arrived. They are the best qualities and latest patterns and have been bought right. Our Cutter is first-class. Our facilities for making up are good. Our prices are moderate. We solicit your patronage and guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

Great Cut in Ready-made Clothing. Entire Stock will be sold under cost. Full line of Gents' Furnishings at a sacrifice. Melissa Coats—all grades. T. YOUNGCLAUS, CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL, 51 Charlotte St. and BLUE STORE, cor. Mill and Main Sts., North End.

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SUNDAY READING



SERMON.

The Prospects of the Age. BY REV. JAMES ORR, D. D., Professor of Church History, United Presbyterian College, Edinburgh.

"We see not our signs: there is no more any prophet: neither is there among us any that knoweth how long."—Ps. LXXIV, 9.

The tone of this psalm is desponding. In default of any external evidence as to when it was written, we are driven back upon the psalm itself, and we find that it belongs to a time when the land was in possession of its enemies—when the sanctuary was being broken down with hammer and axe—when the synagogues were being burned—when the standards of the foe were planted in the most holy places, and the people were being slaughtered without mercy. It was as if the sea, with its roaring waves, had come up over the land, and was threatening the submergence of everything which held dear.

But one special circumstance which the psalmist bemoans is the absence from among them of anyone fitted to give them guidance. No more was there among them the signs of God's interposition with which they had been honored in the past. The voices of the past were silent; they had no prophets; there seemed to be no one having the vision and faculty Divine to show them what to do.

If it were suggested that there could be any parallel between our own prosperous, progressive, enlightening age, and those melancholy days to which the psalm relates, the supposition might at once be scouted as absurdity. Yet I am not so sure but that in respect to the one particular referred to in the text—the death of the greater order of men—some degree of parallel might not very fairly be argued. I shall ask at any rate in this discourse whether it is not so, and whether, if it be so, the causes are such as to lead to a hope that the existing condition may not be permanent, and what are the remedies on which we may rely.

I. First, then, as to the fact—how far this description of the text answers to anything that exists in our own times. I do not wish to dispute anything that may be justly said of the material, or mental, or moral, or social progress of our time. I believe that in many respects we are far ahead of any past age, and have blessings to be thankful for no other nation enjoys. There is more wealth, and a more general diffusion of it; more education, and a more general enlightenment; more liberty, civil and religious; an enormous advance in science, and in the means and appliances of material comfort; means of intercommunication which almost annihilate time and space, and practically make the world a great commonwealth. There is plenty of cheap literature; a multiplication of charities and churches; moral and religious agencies such as have never been seen before. I remember, too, that it is always difficult for an observer to take a right estimate of his own age, and of the events in which he himself takes part. We are too near to our age to do justice to it. How few people, for example, in Milton's age recognized Paradise Lost as one of the books which would go down to after centuries as one of the classics of our language. But, granting all this, the question is yet a very pertinent one whether, alongside of it, there is not to be observed another very ominous phenomenon—a falling off in original creative power, which, if it were continued, would mean that we are going back—that our past, glorious as it is, will not be the measure of our future. I have in view chiefly the bearings of this subject on religion, but it is not only in religion, but in all the spheres of our thought and life that I think this falling off of the greater order of minds can be detected.

We had a series of great poets in the early part and middle of this century, one or two of whom still survive. Where is the poet of the present day whose works are likely to live like theirs? We have had a succession of great writers of fiction—their books are on every one's shelves—but where is the writer of today whose books we would put in the same rank? We have had great musicians—Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, Haydn, and the like, and their compositions live. Who are producing pieces of the same grandeur? We have had a century of great statesmen. It is no disparagement of the men of the younger generation to say that they are not of the calibre of those who have led the country for the last fifty or eighty years. We had a generation or two of great preachers—men like Chalmers, Guthrie, MacLeod, Anderson, and many others whose names are familiar. I think the general average of preaching is as good, or better; but among the younger men in any of our churches, how few can fill the places of those who have gone, or are rapidly going, from us? Take even the sphere of science, which is the strong point of our age. We have had a series of master minds in this department—great discoverers, men of original, intuitive, generalising minds. Among the scientific men of the present time, are there many showing evidences of a like greatness? It is the same in philosophy and theology—the epoch-making men and systems lie already half a century behind. We are content today to study, appropriate, criticise, and use what they have given us. Once more the piety and teaching of the past generation gave us Christians, whose weight of religious character it was a pleasure to acknowledge—men fervent, sober-minded, deeply instructed in God's Word, massive in Christian substance, matured and real in Christian experience; is the new type of religious character—brighter and more attractive as it is in some of its aspects—characterised by anything like the same depth, solidity, and durability? While, therefore, I am not disposed to underestimate, I think there is reason

for the question whether there is not a dying out amongst us of the highest order of minds? It is not of the general average has risen—that I admit is true—but the peaks have disappeared; there is a tendency to a mediocre level—an apparent arrestment of original power, which, if not checked, will soon pass over into degeneracy. For societies, any more than individuals, cannot live merely on the impulse of the past, however great or noble these may be—there is needed at every step new, fresh, vigorous creative life, from which, as from a perennial spring, its energies may be renewed. I do think, therefore, that our age is one to which in some measure the words of our text may be applied: "We see not our signs: there is no more any prophet: neither is there among us any that knoweth how long." The next question which concerns us is: Is this state of things likely to be permanent? Or is this but a passing phase in our history, arising from temporary causes—and may we hope that it will soon disappear, and start us off again on a career of moral and spiritual progress, with new leaders at our head? The answer to this question will obviously depend on the view we take of the causes of this state of things we have described; and to this second point I accordingly now proceed.

II. We have then to consider the cause of this apparent absence, in all spheres of life, of the greater order of men in our midst, and what are the possible remedies. One thing, then, which should give us hope is the fact that every great and creative epoch in history, there comes necessarily a period of pause. The human mind cannot always be at its highest stretch. In Bible history, the period of the Exodus, and the occupation of Canaan, was followed by a time of rest, when history flowed on with little that was eventful; and, similarly, the great creative outburst at the introduction of christianity was followed by a period of no great distinction. Secular history shows the same law. History does not flow on evenly, but in great ebbs and flows—in grand creative epochs, followed by long breathing spaces, in times when the strongest call is made for great men, and they are drawn out and developed by the very magnitude of the crisis that calls for them, and quieter times, when people rejoice in the possessions they have won, and do not feel impelled to great efforts. Had Moses, for example, lived at another time than he did, or living even at the same time, had the call of God not come to him in the desert, he might have moved through an uneventful life, and with all his great powers, never have been heard of; or had Cromwell lived at another time, he might never have been heard of as great commander. No man on earth knows all that is in him; in new circumstances he often develops quite unexpected powers. The reason, therefore, why minds of the greater order seem at the present scarce, may be, not that such minds do not exist, but that the present is not a time well fitted to call them forth.

Again, it is to be remembered that after every great creative period which men live through, there comes a time when the results of that creative activity have to be gathered up; and this very process puts of necessity a check, for the time being, on further production. This, indeed, is how history proceeds—there is first a great burst of creative genius under the influence of some new idea or impulse; then, when the wealth of that new movement has been poured into the lap of the age, men have the new task laid upon them of sifting down and looking carefully into the nature of their treasure, taking stock of it, as it were; seeing what it really amounts to; getting to understand it, and working it out to its practical results. This is the labor of industry more than of creation, but it is equally essential to the world's progress. There is another part of this task which is of great importance. With every great advance of thought or discovery—with every burst of new truth into the world—there is laid on those who receive it, the duty of adjusting it to the truth they already possess. Advance of kind can be made without a great shaking of old ideas, a disturbance of old habits of thought; it takes time before the full bearings of new truth can be perceived, and before it is perceived how the old can be safely adjusted to the new, without anything valuable being lost. But while this process is going on, there is necessarily a period of doubt, of suspense, of uncertainty, of hesitation. I think we are passing through a period of this kind just now, and it largely accounts for the absence of minds of the most creative order. In religion—e. g., there is no doubt that the progress both of thought and of science, the rapid development of new social conditions, the keen criticism that has been bestowed on the Bible and on religious institutions, the new ideas which have become the current property of the time, the increasing knowledge we are obtaining of the religions of antiquity and of the east—I say there is no doubt that all these things have exercised a disturbing influence on the old traditional views of Divine truth; they have had an unsettling, disquieting influence; people did not know at first what to make of them; it was feared that the Gospel itself was going to be overturned by them. And certainly anyone who supposes that our view of everything will come out of this conflict just as they went in, is greatly mistaken. But there comes by-and-by an adjustment of truth with them. It is found on the one side that while much human wood and hay and stubble has perished in the fire of trial, the pure gold of the revelation of God in Christ, with all that this pre-supposes, comes out surer and more refined and better verified than ever; and on the other hand, that extreme views which seemed to conflict with the essentials of religion react themselves, and are brought within proper limits.

There are, however, special causes which do belong to the character of the present age which tend, I think, to explain more particularly the dearth of the greatest type of minds in our midst. Of these I next mention, and do little more than mention, the following:

1. It is obvious that from the very multiplicity of its possessions our age tends to diffusion rather than to concentration. I mean by this, that whereas formerly a man could devote himself with all the strength of his mind to one subject, or one branch of a subject, there are now so many things to know about, that the mind has to spread itself over a much greater area, and is apt to lose in depth what it gains in breadth. Instead of knowing a great deal about one subject, people are tempted now to be content to know less about a great many subjects. There is a wider diffusion of knowledge—more books, more schools, more lectures and speeches—but there is less thorough knowledge. In religion this tendency shows itself as much as anywhere. There are far more books about the Bible; but the Bible itself is less studied; there is more religious discussion, but perhaps less attention to life; there is more running to religious meetings, but less real desire for edification.

2. Our age is critical rather than constructive. This, as I have shown, is an inevitable result of the position we occupy in relation to the inheritance of the past. There is no thing in this world but must go through the fires of exhaustive criticism—it must be sifted, tried, its foundations examined, its premises and conclusions subjected alike to the narrowest scrutiny. We may not like the process; but it is one which, in spite of ourselves, we must submit to. All the same the work of criticism is not done by no means the highest intellects, it takes to pieces, it analyses, but there is no power of life in that process. It is poor fare for a human soul nourish itself upon. Therefore, an age which, like our own, is before anything else, a shifting, testing, critical age, is not fitted to develop minds of the highest order. Ever that can be done, we must have advanced from the stage of criticism to that of positive construction—not seeking to pull down, but desiring rather to build up. There has, indeed, been a building up in this age—the building of new science—but neither does that touch the heart or life, or show us how the higher wants of the spirit are to be met.

3. The bent of the present age has been to material ends rather than spiritual. It is perhaps inevitable that this should be the case, where so much attention has been given to the acquisition of material wealth. The marvellous strides made in scientific invention and discovery; the constant bending of the mind to the study of laws of nature; and the rapid increase of every kind of material wealth and luxury throughout the land, have undoubtedly had the effect of giving the mind a certain material bent, foreign to its proper nature, and have drawn it away from the due realization of the importance of the spiritual life. This is a mistake, so far as the production of minds of the highest class is concerned. The human mind never acts at its highest and best save where it acts under the idea of the Divine. It is the thought of God which lifts a man out of himself, and puts all things in their true light—the world, our fellow-men, our duty, our end, our destiny. In the absence of this thought lowers the pulse of human endeavor, and dries up the springs of noblest inspiration, and lowers existence generally to the level of materialism. There is need for vision of something above and beyond this world—an eternal amidst the hard realities of the finite. And it is needful, too, that that spiritual world should be believed in, and that we should live in it—that, as an apostle says, we should set our affections on the things that are above—that it should become a reality to us in our daily experience. We must live in communion with God, and be conscious of His presence as touching us, His spirit as sustaining and upholding us. His living word as speaking to our souls. In this falling away from the sense of the spiritual into the material and materialism which, I believe, is doing more than anything else to dry up the sources of the highest life in our time; and the remedy for it is only to be looked for in a genuine revival of religion—a revival which does not confine itself to evangelical doctrines, but is marked by a general re-awakening to the sense of the spiritual—the highest life in things eternal and divine—to belief in God, and His all pervading presence, and power, and providence in every region of existence.

Our hope, then, for the future is based on these three things—that, once a little time has been given for the human mind to appropriate and adjust itself to the new truth that has poured in on it in such marvellous abundance during the last century or so, it will be ready for a new start on a career of fresh development; that once the critical movement has exhausted itself, there will be felt the desire and need for new efforts at construction, and for the reunion of all the truths we have gained into a grander and more satisfying whole; and third, and above all, that the present tendency to materialism will be checked by a new revival of faith in the spiritual, the unseen, the divine, could not hope for more in this last, I could not hope for more in the present recovery from the lower level to which meanwhile, I think, we are tending to sink; but I have faith enough in the truth of God, in the needs of the human soul, in the power of God's revelation in Christ to satisfy those needs, in the personal worth and vitality of that gospel which is the power of God unto salvation. I have faith enough in God Himself, who rules all, to believe that such a revival will surely come.

CHURCH WORKERS. What They are Doing and Saying Everywhere. Mr. Spurgeon was so fond of making jokes in the pulpit that he used to say he would rather keep his congregation awake by telling them humorous stories than put them asleep by more doctrinal but less interesting preaching.

The Marchale Booth-Chibborn writes to the Salvation Army's War Cry that she "spent a whole morning visiting New York millionaires and that, though sometimes she did not meet with the common politeness, they were generally gushing and ready with any amount of sympathetic talk." As for cash, she didn't collect her car-fare, she says.

Transatlantic preachers are popular in London, where quite a number of ministers from Canada now occupy pulpits. The British Weekly says: "Dr. Fraser's death adds another to the already long list of vacant metropolitan churches. London has hardly ever been so poor in preachers who

have the popular ear, and the burden on those who are left is very great. For all reasons, it is a mistake to keep pulpits long empty. Each month without a pastor means an increasing drain on the fidelity of the congregation, and nothing paralyzes energy more than the weekly sight of a half-empty building. Our churches might do worse than turn to America for their pastors. The experiment has already succeeded beyond expectation. The best American preachers have a warmth and heartiness that take well here, and they are free from the despondency so apt to become the normal mood of a man who has given the best of his life to London."

Eggs in the Nest. A charming story is told of Corliss, the great engine builder. A short time before his death Corliss found it necessary to enlarge his large machine shops, and set a squad of men to work to prepare the material for building.

While the masons were arranging to blast a huge rock, a workman pointing to a bird hovering over a ledge high up in the rock, said: "That bird will have to change its nesting in short order if it wants to save its neck." "Are there eggs in the nest?" inquired Mr. Corliss, with evident interest. "Yes, four little speckled fellows, over which the mother bird has been tussling ever since we began to work," replied the man. "The young birds will soon be peeping through their delicate shells." "Then let the work stop until the birdlings are ready to fly," was the great-hearted man's command.

Mothers Nestle's Milk Food. Nestle's Milk Food for infants has, during 25 years, been grown in favor with both doctors and mothers throughout the world, and is now unquestionably not only the best substitute for mother's milk, but the best food which agrees with the largest percentage of infants. It gives strength and stamina to resist the weakening effects of bad weather, and has saved the lives of thousands of infants. To any mother sending her address and name to the publisher, we will send samples and description of Nestle's Food. Theo. Leeming & Co., Sole Agents, Montreal.

KOFF NO MORE WATSON'S COUGH DROPS WILL GIVE POSITIVE AND INSTANT RELIEF TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., AND ARE UNVALUABLE TO ORATORS AND VOCALISTS. R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP. TRY THEM.

Notice of Dissolution. THE undersigned hereby give notice and certify that a certain Partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, conducted under the firm name of "W. C. PITFIELD & Co.," for the buying and selling of wholesale dry goods and other merchandise, and generally a commission business, which by the certificate of Limited Partnership registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds of the City and County of Saint John in the said Province, was to commence the Twenty-eighth day of December, A. D. 1889, and terminate the First day of January, A. D. 1892, did terminate and is and was dissolved the said First day of January, A. D. 1892. (Signed) WARD C. PITFIELD, S. HAYWARD.

Partnership Notice. THE undersigned, desirous of forming a Limited Partnership under the Laws of the Province of New Brunswick, hereby certify: 1. That the name of the firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is "W. C. PITFIELD & Co." 2. That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the buying and selling at wholesale of dry goods and other merchandise, and generally a wholesale dry goods and general jobbing and commission business. 3. That the names of all the general and special partners interested in said partnership are as follows: WARD C. PITFIELD, who resides at the City of Saint John in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, is the general partner, and SAMUEL HAYWARD, who resides at the Parish of Hampton in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, is the special partner. 4. That the said SAMUEL HAYWARD has contributed the sum of forty thousand dollars as capital to common stock. 5. That the period at which the said partnership is to commence is the Second day of January, A. D. 1892, and the period at which the said partnership is to terminate is the Second day of January, A. D. 1892. Dated this Thirtieth day of December, A. D. 1891. (Signed) WARD C. PITFIELD, S. HAYWARD.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK. CITY AND COUNTY OF SAINT JOHN, SS. Be it remembered that on this Thirtieth day of December, A. D. 1891, at the City of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, before me, JAMES A. BELTRA, a Notary Public in and for the said Province, by lawful authority duly commissioned and sworn, residing and practising in the said City of Saint John, personally came and appeared, WARD C. PITFIELD and SAMUEL HAYWARD, parties to the said certificate mentioned and severally acknowledged, the said WARD C. PITFIELD that he signed the said certificate, and the said SAMUEL HAYWARD that he signed the said certificate. In witness whereof, I the said Notary have hereunto set my hand and Notarial Seal at the said City and County of Saint John, the said Thirtieth day of December, A. D. 1891. (Signed) JAMES A. BELTRA, Notary Public.

ST. JACOBS OIL The Great Remedy for Pain. Nearly Two Million Bottles sold in the Dominion in Ten years. IT CONQUERS PAIN. A CURE IN EVERY BOTTLE. RHEUMATISM. A SAFE, SPEEDY, SURE CURE FOR NEURALGIA. REMEMBER THE PAIN MILLER. Ask your Druggist for it and take nothing else.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR The Celebrated CHOCOLAT MENIER Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION LBS. For Samples sent Free, write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLON, MONTREAL.

Children's Clothing Department. Our high reputation for Juvenile Garments is well established, and this season we have excelled all previous efforts. In ordering, state chest measure and age of boy, and we will Ship Goods for Selection, subject to being returned at our expense. E. C. COLE, - - Moncton.

COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, Windsor, N. S. Founded A. D. 1788. HEAD MASTER: REV. ARNOLDUS MILLER, M. A.—Classics and Science. Tutors and Victoria Universities, Ont. RESIDENT ASSISTANT MASTER: MR. JAMES C. SIMPSON—Mathematics, German, Provincial Certificate, Province of Ont. Late of the Engineering Staff, Canadian Pacific R. R. RESIDENT ASSISTANT MASTER: MR. ROBERT SIMPSON—English and Classics. University of Toronto. FRENCH: CHARLES G. ABBOTT, Esq., B. A., Kings College. TRINITY TERM COMMENCES APRIL 6. Circulars giving full information, will be sent on application to THE HEAD MASTER.

IMPERIAL SUPERPHOSPHATE. - POTATO PHOSPHATE. THE FINEST CROPS. 1st Prize for Potatoes, \$60.00, taken by C. Pickard, Sackville. This is to certify that the undersigned, assisted Mr. Lund to measure one acre of Potato Land, and assisted Mr. Bowyer in checking and weighing the Potatoes taken from said acre, on which we used 500 lbs. of your Special Potato Phosphate only, and find the crop four hundred and thirty-one bushels, 27 1/2 lbs., (431, 27 1/2). About three-quarters of the Potatoes were Beauty of Hebron, the remainder Black Montana. The Hebron grew at the rate of about 400 bushels to the acre, and Montana full 600 bushels to the acre. Affirmed before me this 13th day of Nov. 1891, at Sackville. (Signed) CHARLES E. LUND, J.P. This is to certify that I have this day parted off one acre from Mr. Charles Pickard's potato field, and marked the bounds of the same for a prize competition. Dated at Sackville, 26th Sept. 1891. (Signed) C. E. LUND, D. L. Surveyor.

Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co., 89 Water St., St. John, N. B. THE GLYDE STEAMSHIP COMPANY. New York, Charleston, S. C., and Jacksonville, Fla., Service. Tri-Weekly departures between NEW YORK and CHARLESTON, S. C., the South and Southwest, JACKSONVILLE, FLA., and all Florida Points. The fleet is composed of the following elegant steamers: "ALBION" (new), "INDEPENDENCE", "SUNNOL", "CHEROKEE", "YAMASSEE" and "DELAWARE", one of which is appointed to sail from Pier 39, N. B. (foot of Roosevelt Street), New York, MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS (and FRIDAYS), at 9 p. m. This is the only line between New York and Jacksonville, Fla., without change. Making close connections at Jacksonville with F. C. & P. R. R., J. T. & K. W. R. Y., & J. S. A. & H. R. R. R. CLYDE'S ST. JOHN'S RIVER LINE, comprising the elegant steamers "CITY OF JACKSONVILLE", "FRED DEBART", "EVELYN", and "WELAKA", leaving Jacksonville daily at 3 p. m., except Saturdays, for Sanford, Fla., and intermediate landings, making connections with all rail lines at Palatka, Astor, Blue Springs and Sanford for all points in Florida. Passenger accommodations unsurpassed, steamers being supplied with all modern improvements, etc. dining gear, electric lights, electric bells, baths, etc. The cuisine on the steamers of the "CLYDE LINE" is unequalled by any other line, the table being supplied with the best the Northern and Southern markets afford. For further information apply to WM. P. CLYDE & CO., Gen'l Agts., 5 Bowling Green, New York. 12 So. Wharves, Philadelphia, Pa. THEO. G. EGGER, T. M., & Boatmen, Green, New York. R. F. ARMSTRONG, Halifax, N. S. C. E. F. JARVIS, St. John, N. B.



SCENES IN A BUSY CITY.

ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE FOUND IN VALETTA.

The Great Church of St. John Which All Strangers Visit—Men who Make the Cheapest and Best Cigars in the World—People Met on the Streets.

The street scenes of Valletta may be briefly described in the statement that it one could combine Waterport street and the Alameda of Gibraltar, the Toledo of Palermo, the Eolus of Athens and the modern Boulevard de la Republique of Algiers, and then remove from this conglomerate some of its Berber and oriental aspects, you would secure an excellent likeness to the impression you gain from the colorful scenes of every-day life and its activities in the chief city of Malta.

The constant presence of the British soldiery, the splendid, luxuriant and sometimes wondrously extravagant displays of the government officials and garrison officers, with endless parades and reviews, alone give the place extraordinary life and activity. As every native inhabitant of the islands is an adherent of the Roman Catholic faith, priests and students clad in priestly garb are never absent from sight; while the processions are of an extraordinary number and frequently characterized by the greatest splendor.

Every day, and often many times a day, the huge passenger steamers of the Mediterranean discharge hosts of tourists here. Thousands during the winter months are on their way to and from Egypt, Australia or India. Thousands more are merely Mediterranean travellers. Nearly all are here but for a day, but the accessions are ceaseless, and their members comprise people of every nationality. These are anxious to see much in little time, and with their chatter in all tongues, craning heads and enthusiastic faces, brighten and brighten the gay scenes of the handsome thoroughfares.

Then in all this singular and unique medley there are odd trifles for interest and study ceaselessly passing before you, or forming distinct bits of color and antique in the strange and curious settings. Barefooted sellers of delicious Maltese oranges, which hide no less than nectar beneath their thin red skins, dart through the streets with their melodious cries and their endless "Sa-has!" or "Good mornings!" whatever the time of day, the most agile and alert human beings you ever behold.

Groups of watermen straggling to their homes beyond Floriana, redolent of harbor-side toil and traffic, gaily nod and smile and chant as they move within the throng. Here a heavy of bright faced middle-aged men, with the roll and swagger of old sea salts, but with the gravest decorum, look in this shop and that with respectful curiosity, always forming picturesque groupings, and now and then touching a sympathetic chord in your heart, as members of the hand struggle behind to peer into the faces of tourists with an eager, hungry look, as if with a faint hope of recognizing friends or relatives from the far away home. Officers from men-of-war, smileless and critical, and interested chiefly in the great fortifications pass and repass constantly. They have a tolerant sort of bearing, and the look in their faces plainly tells the wonders their battle ships might accomplish even against Malta should they ever chance to attempt a breach in its walls.

Solemn Turkish travelers and merchants, viewing everything askance, as though they remembered the Turkish heads La Valette once blew back from cannons' mouths into the ranks of the besiegers, as reprisal, suddenly appear, whisk along for a moment, and as suddenly are missing. Algerian Jews, often with their beautiful wives and daughters, rich in robes and splendid jewels, sweep past with a truly regal bearing. Well they may, for with the French in Algeria they are gaining great wealth from the vast tobacco plantations of Mascara, and they bring their finest cargoes to Malta, where the cheapest and best cigars in the world are made by the delf Maltese who feel that they are rolling in wealth if they receive for one year's labor what would sustain the American cigar maker for only one month.

With all these will be half naked Greek and Sicilian sailors chattering and gesticulating wildly. Cowled monks move noiselessly along. Shopmen rush from place to place to secure what their customers desire without losing them while in the purchasing mood. Hawkers of lava bijouterie and lace plead and wrangle with tourists. Military bands are going and coming filing the air with English, Scottish and Irish melodies. While adding to the exhilarating clamor of the town are heard all the tongues of all nations, and above these the clanging of church bells. These are never rung. They are always hammered with countless staccato, as though each bell-man were envious of outshouting all others. The bells are never silent from matins to the angelus hour of evening. Even after that time they often break out as though they had got loose from restraint and were determined to enjoy a night of it;—as all humans seem to do here in the soft and languorous air.

Indeed Valletta is never silent save in the early morning hours. Then it is like a city of the dead; but always sweet and cool and winsome. At that time if you are abroad alone, the silent churches, the huge subtergives, the tremendous ramparts, the vast archways, the dim porticoes and the shadowy balconies seem to whisper anew their tales of romance old, their mysteries of chivalrous and knightly days.

But soon from this patio, from that narrow thoroughfare, another silent archway, from huge barred doors that open and close with a startling click, come funeral forms, clad in sombre black. They glide along with bowed heads. Their countenances are so sad and their number is so on so great that you are filled with surprise and dismay. But these do not remain. For a soft and delicate hand, as if by accident, with a swift motion changes the folds of the

foldetta, and the pretty faces of half a thousand Maltese maids and matrons are one by one for a moment turned roguishly or kindly to yours. Then you realize that the faithful fair of Valletta are on their way to early mass, and you stand there, hat in hand, yourself a reverent worshipper, mentally blessing one and all for their piety and pretty gracious ways.

These Maltese women are among the pleasantest of their sex, both as to the physical attractiveness and winsomeness of manner and character. They are as a rule more petite than those of Italy and Spain, but are very perfect as models of proportion and natural grace. Their carriage is superb. They possess an assurance which is never boldness, with a modesty untinged with prudery. Their feet, hands and heads are very small; their faces round rather than oval; their eyes and mouth are large and expressive; and there is an upward, confiding and expectant look in their faces that is very winsome—at least to men.

They are not generally intellectual, but, better still, they are contented homemakers, and are like birds of song in all the homestead joys. They mate early, being mothers at fourteen, and grandmothers at thirty, when they are still youthful and charming. During the reign of the Knights quite an aristocracy of wealth and nobility for so small an area and population sprang up in the islands, which continues to this day; and the Maltese women of this class are types of the greatest beauty and elegance. As the men of the lower or middle classes are noted for their docility, thrift, frugality and many other excellent virtues, virtue itself is the crowning glory of Maltese maids and matrons; and to know this and their affectionate, true-hearted and unassuming lives and ways is to find in every expression of Maltese female loveliness an added and lasting charm.

The shops of Valletta are peculiar in their character. Of late years Malta has become such an important winter resort for English and continental visitors, and such great numbers of sightseers for a day are now certain to be deposited by the dozen or more steamers making daily arrivals, that the shops of Strada Reale and Grand Rue have gradually taken on the character of a grand bazaar of the more fragile and costly products of all Mediterranean and Levantine countries.

Merchants from Tangier, merchants from Fez, merchants from Algiers and Tunis, merchants from Cairo, Alexandria and Constantinople, Persian and Arabian merchants, Italian merchants and Spaniards, even the thrifty Swiss with their curios from the mountains, and the ubiquitous Japanese, all with their most tempting gewgaws are here living together in mutual good will; and with tailors from Paris and craftiers from Greece, furnish a more bewildering display and variety of costly wares and luxuries than could be found save by the amateur in Paris, London or New York.

Every stranger in Malta will visit the great Church of St. John. It stands today as it left the Grand Master's hands, save in what it was deprived of by Bonaparte's looting. It is not perfect in architectural grace, its exterior, which is surmounted by the Mass Cross, is massive and stately, while the interior with its historic associations ever in mind is wonderfully impressive. It is gorgeous with every species of decoration. The high altar is resplendent with silver, gold and precious gems. It occupies the centre of the choir and at either side are low, dark crimson canopies, with a solitary chair on each; one for the Catholic Bishop of Malta, and the other dedicated to the Protestant ruler of England. Above the latter are royal arms.

Not the least interesting in features of the Church of St. John are the chapels of language and the memorial vaults of departed knights. The nave is long and wide, and the walls are fretted in curious devices, gilt with sequin gold. Approaching the aisles on either side the eye rests, as through golden arches, upon a range of small domes-crowned chapels, the altarpieces of which are curious old paintings. These were the chapels of the different languages or nations, as of France, Italy, Provence, Auvergne, etc., and these are extraordinarily rich in noble monuments in marble and bronze.

The Virgin chapel, hidden from the body of the church by the choir, possesses a balustrade of massive silver; and here are to be seen the keys of three cities of strength, over which the Knights of St. John once ruled Jerusalem, Acre and Rhodes. Standing out from the dark paneling of the choir immediately behind the altar, sculptured in white marble, is a representation of the "Baptism of Christ." It is the work of Maltese artists of the seventeenth century; and I have not seen its superior in any of the famous churches of Europe. The high, holly-arched tabernacle of the roof is entirely covered with paintings representing scenes and incidents in the life of St. John, and the tapestries that hang below, which are said to have cost \$30,000, are of wonderful proportions and beauty.

Between the pillars separating the nave and the aisles, are many monuments, some encrusted with jasper and agate and all of unrivalled richness and grandeur. It is said that at least every surface square foot of the vast structure covers the body of a once valiant knight; the monuments to Grand Masters, and architects and painters engaged in the embellishment of the edifice are bewildering in their frequency and magnificence; and the entire structure stands today a grand, yet pathetic, mausoleum and reminder of the power and glory of those christian warriors of a heroic and chivalrous past.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A House of Many Mansions.

O house of many mansions,  
Thy doors are open wide,  
And dear are all the faces  
Upon the other side  
The portals they are golden,  
And those who enter in  
Shall know no more of sorrow,  
Of weakness, or of sin.  
O house of many mansions,  
My weary spirit waits  
And longs to be welcomed  
Who enter through thy gates;  
Who enter through thy portals,  
The mansion of the blessed;  
Who come to thee awary,  
And find in thee their rest.

Thy walls are not of marble,  
Thy floor is not of gold;  
I sigh for the white walling  
Within the border lands,  
I know that but in dying  
The threshold is crossed o'er,  
There shall be no more sorrow  
In thy forever more.

—S. N. Ountton.

AT THE SHRINE OF LOURDES.

The Pilgrims who seek Miraculous Healing in the Water.

At Lourdes is the famous Grotto de la Vierge, which has become a place of pilgrimage since 1858, in consequence of the declaration of Marie Bernadette Soubirous, that the Virgin had several times appeared to her. The spring, which was said to have burst forth out of the rock at the first apparition, is accounted to have miraculous healing powers.

This story is well shown in a cleverly painted panorama. The young girl is depicted in her simple peasant's dress, kneeling in prayer, a lighted bougie in her hand, burned down to the stub, and yet by some miraculous intervention of Providence her hand was not even scorched. When the apparition of the Virgin appeared to her and said, "Allez boire a la fontaine et vous y laez"—at these words water gushed from the rock which she held. The story goes that the girl replied, "I cannot drink; it is muddy," when it instantly became of a crystal clearness. Eighteen times the apparition of the Virgin appeared to her and said, "Build churches to me, and let the sick and the weary come and pray to me, and walk in single file, proceeding together, and I will intercede for them—to God the Father to heal them." &c.

In a recess of the Grotto there is a life-size figure of the Virgin in white drapery, the beautiful face uplifted, the hands clasped in prayer. This statue is surrounded by hundreds of crutches and artificial supports, cork legs, surgical boots, irons for the legs, &c., which have been cast off from time to time by the pilgrims who are said to have regained the use of their limbs and been restored to health. In another recess of the Grotto is a communion table with the usual rich appointments, at the back of which, in a huge metal stand, are hundreds of wax candles arranged in tiers, and further back some of the height of an average English woman. These leviathan candles are all gifts to and from pilgrims, and are kept alight day and night.

The pilgrims arrive in countless numbers from the beginning of May till the end of October, from all parts of the world. The helpless are brought from the hospital in wheel chairs, or on stretchers, and placed in front of the Grotto, where every one kneeling supplicates the intercession of the Virgin with God the Father, to heal and bring comfort to the suffering, the sorrowful and the afflicted. Here people congregate day and night, prostrating themselves on the ground. As soon as one set of pilgrims depart, another arrives, and the miraculous cure mostly take place on emerging from the baths, or episcopes of holy water, which are free, and built in well and neatly constructed stone buildings near to the Grotto, arranged on one side for men and the other for women.

The diseased and healthy alike enter one small room to undress. A curtain separates this cabinet de toilette from the bath, which is partly filled with holy water that is carried in pipes from the rock whence it flows, and is rarely changed in the day. The floor is of stone, without rugs or carpet. When disrobed two women attendants put a coarse kind of linen wrap upon me; each took a hand and conducted me to the bath, into which I descended by steps, while my attendants said a prayer asking the Virgin to have pity upon me, and grant my prayer, &c. Owing to the efficacy of the water, a minute's immersion is all that is necessary, and contagion has never been known to take place. On emerging (I had happily the first dip) I noticed that the wrap I had worn was wringing out for the next bath, and so on, one doing duty, I suppose, for the whole morning, the first cooler only having a dry one. Towels were an unknown luxury; it would seem people were expected to have their pocket handkerchiefs convenient.

I regret to say that I had not the satisfaction of seeing a cure de mes propres yeux, although I heard on several occasions cries of "Un guerison, un guerison!" and saw a woman borne along the crowd, being beset with questions as to her malady and recovery, but I never found it possible to approach her, owing to the crowd. There I heard more cures of nervous disorders—taid is the one thing needful—but I was told the percentage of those who are cured is small—thirty in a thousand—it even so many. I certainly read through an immense number of papers which kept in a small building facing the Basilisk Church, under strict medical surveillance, which gives accounts of recoveries from ailments that for years had baffled medical skill.—London Society.

Odd Advertising that Failed.

Among the many schemes adopted for advertising some one several years ago conceived the idea of using an imitation of telegraph blanks with envelopes to match. The firm which took the matter up prepared to work it to the limit. They got the regulation yellow paper, and used type which could not be told from that on the genuine blanks. They printed the rules in small type, and in every way made the blank look like a genuine one, except that the head-line read "Union Telegraph Company."

The advertisement itself was also a part of the take, for it was written for all the world as we see them every day coming from the telegraph office. But after all, good as the scheme looked, it did not pan out well. Not but what it might have done so well brought the advertiser good returns, but for a certain reason it was very early in the game nipped in the bud.

This was how it happened. A lot of these blanks were filled out, advertising a certain line of goods. A boy was hired, and he too was fixed up in proper shape; he had on the regulation uniform of the regular messenger. Bright and early one morning the lad started out on his mission. He would ring the door-bells and people would come and receive the message in astonishment, while the lad would skip away before they could recover one. One day, of course, explained everything. At one place, however, the messenger had an experience he did not like. He rang the door-bell and in a moment or two a lady appeared and opened it. The instant she saw the messenger-boy she cried out, "Mary's dead!" and with one long, wailing, piercing, frenzied shriek, she fell upon the floor in a dead faint.

The lad, almost as frightened as she, threw his envelope in the door, turned and ran back to the office. Reaching there, he pulled off his coat and hat and donned his old clothes. He told his employers the circumstances and flatly declared he was

through. "I ain't going around killing no more people," he said, and he went home. Looking into the matter, the firm learned that the woman had been rather expecting bad news concerning a sick sister and seeing the boy she thought the worst had come. The firm concluded that such results would not pay and they at once discontinued their plan of advertising.—Chicago Press.

HUMPHREYS'

THIS PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine. Nothing has ever been produced equal or compare with it as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. The effects of WITCH HAZEL, when combined and applied in the formula of an oil, is marvelous. It has been used over forty years, and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

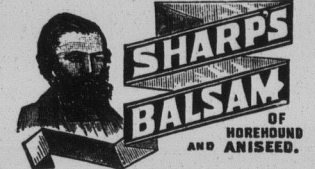
For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fistula in Ano; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

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For Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.—Price, 50 Cents.

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A Talk About Printing.

Job Printing is a comparatively new department with PROGRESS.

We have always had a certain amount of job printing plant and used it in making our newspaper as handsome and attractive as possible, but a complete outfit was not ours until recently.

We have a new and complete plant now, suitable for all kinds of printing, and are open for orders.

We believe in doing work as well as it can be done and our aim will be: First, to turn out good printing—nothing that we will have cause to be ashamed of so far as the mechanical work is concerned. The reputation won by PROGRESS as a handsome, well-printed newspaper will also be the reputation of "PROGRESS Print," for that will be the name of the job department.

If you are in business, it goes without saying that you must have printing—little or much of it.

We would like to do some of it for you. If you want it well done we will give you satisfaction. We don't ask for it on the plea of cheapness—our prices will be reasonable, but we are not in the business to cut rates. Quotations will be given cheerfully, but don't expect that they will always be lower than those of other printers.

Our Stock is new, varied and good—bought at the lowest figures and all suitable for the times.

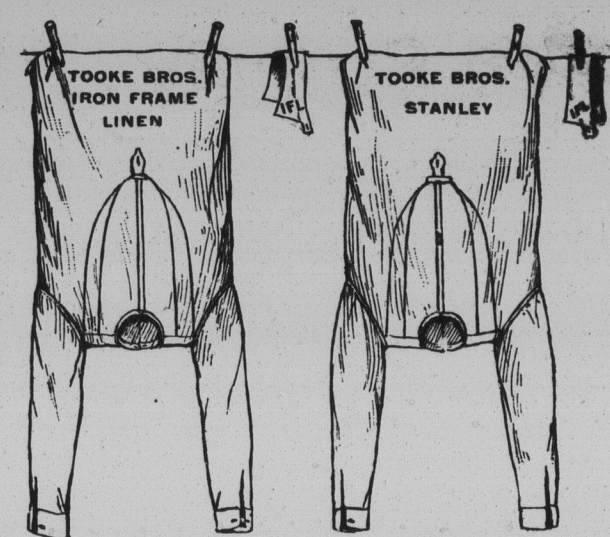
Our Type is new, the latest style of letter and the handsomest assortment we could select.

Our Presses are new and the best.

Our Workmen are acknowledged the equal of any in the Province—and that is saying a good deal.

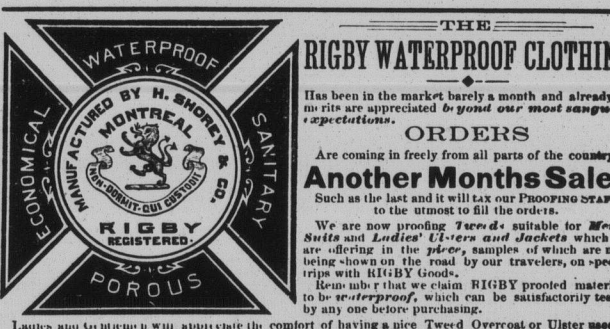
We cannot fail then to do good printing. Have you any to do? Write to us, or call. We will be glad to hear from you or see you.

PROGRESS PRINT.



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For perfect fit, reliable material, and general excellence of make and finish "IRON FRAME LINEN" Shirts, Collars and Cuffs are undoubtedly "Chief in the Line." For sale by the leading Wholesale and Retail houses in the Dominion.



H. SHOREY & CO., - - Montreal.

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Is the time to have your Furniture Repaired and Re-upholstered. We are selling Lounges Cheaper than ever—good ones from \$5.00 upwards.

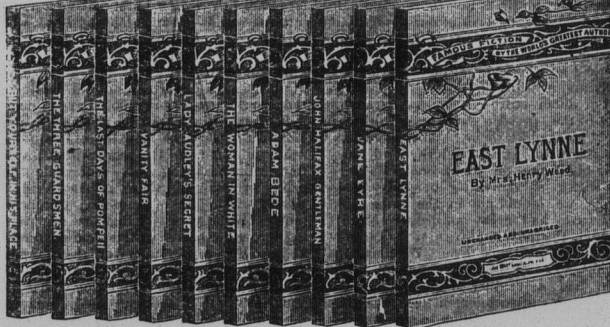
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If you will study the biographies of the great authors of our day, you will observe that in most instances their reputations were made by the production of a single book. Let but one work that



is really great—one masterpiece—emanate from an author's pen, and though his future efforts may be trivial in comparison, his name will live and his works be read long after the author has passed away. A well known New York publishing house has issued in uniform and handsome style ten of the greatest and most famous novels in the English language, and we have perfected arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer this handsome and valuable set of books as a premium to our subscribers upon terms which make them almost a free gift. Each one of these famous novels was the author's greatest work—his masterpiece—the great production that made his name and fame. The works comprised in this valuable set of books, which are published under the general title of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," are as follows:

- EAST LYNN, By Miss M. E. Braddon.
LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET, By Mrs. H. E. Braddon.
VANITY FAIR, By W. M. Thackeray.
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Our Liberal Premium Offer! We will send the ten great novels above named, comprising the splendid complete set of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," also PROGRESS for one year, upon receipt of only \$2.50, which is an advance of but 50 cents over our regular subscription price, so that you practically get this beautiful set of books for only 50 cents. Subscribers desiring to take advantage of this offer whose terms of subscription have not yet expired, by renewing now will receive the books at once, and their subscriptions will be extended one year from date of expiration. We will give the complete set of books free to anyone sending us a club of two new yearly subscribers. This is a great premium offer—a great chance for our readers. Do not miss it. Perfect satisfaction is guaranteed. Address all orders.

EDWARD S. CARTER.



"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," Passmore, St. John.

I begin to feel that I am really catching up with my correspondents now. Two weeks of rather lighter correspondence than usual have helped me wonderfully, and if all be well, and I can get two columns of space to myself this week, I shall actually be up to date for the first time for many weeks, and everybody to whom I am owing a letter will have the satisfaction of seeing their long-expected answers in print. Won't it be joyful?

TWO LITTLE PANISERS, Fredericton.—Lots of room! You know our columns are like a street car, they always can make room for one more; but don't you think it is terribly cold weather for panis? You must be very timid blossoms indeed if you encourage needed so much screwing up to enable you to apply for admission into our garden. You were more than kind to hold back, and feel very sorry for me because you thought I was very busy, but you are mistaken on that point; you did wait till I had more time, because of an especially easy week for me, and I don't think you will have to wait for my answer at all. I wish everyone would be as considerate as you are. You are very kind to say so many nice things about this column and its editor, such words of appreciation help one along wonderfully. Come into the office some time, and you will see for yourself. (1) I am afraid you are very bad little panis, indeed, but yet I have agreed with you, they do need getting "even with" so very badly, and yet you know two wrongs never yet made a right, and all we can do is to set those wicked creatures a good example. So on the whole I would advise you to be content with being engaged to one at a time, and you know you can make him as miserable as you like, for the time being. Besides, I can assure you that there are numbers of the other sex who do not require any punishment at all. (2) I scarcely know how to answer you; if he "gets the chance" and flirts, why punish him with his own weapons if you like but don't punish him before he commits the crime; after all you may misjudge him. (3) I would much prefer the fascination, because beauty will fade in spite of all one's efforts to preserve it, and fascination lasts almost as long as life itself. Madame Recamier had numbers of lovers at 60, and though we know she was a wonderful old lady, yet even she must have been slightly faded by that time, so it must have been her powers of fascination which held them. Many thanks for the love and also for Geoffrey's and the pup's share. Write again some time.

LAUGHING WATER—I do not think you "refreshingly ignorant" at all, it is kind of you to take the trouble of even "trying" as you modestly say, to answer "Housewife's" letter, and offer her a suggestion. But still, I really don't think many over-worked mothers of families spend any time in making "yards of accusing embroidery" now-a-days. You see it is so much cheaper to buy it ready made. I used to spend a lot of time in that way myself, but I have long given it up. But I agree with you perfectly that we each have a sort of mania for something that takes up a great deal of valuable time. With some people it is house-keeping, and with others it is fancy work. Geoffrey says my special mania is for loafing, and perhaps it is. I think I have long enough I shall print your sensible, thoughtful little letter next week. I believe the literal meaning of Mizpah is Watchtower, but its usually accepted meaning is, "The Lord watch between us in absence," or again, "The Lord watch between you and me, while we are absent, one from another." Both very pretty significations, are they not?

RAUL, St. John.—What a charming name you have chosen, but you are unmistakably genuine, and don't deny it. Who were you before, as this is your second letter? I often feel as you say, about some of them, but bless your heart the waste basket would be running over all the time if I yielded to the feeling. What a pretty name he has too, and what a happy young couple you must be. Why be must be a good deal like Geoffrey, so far as looks go, only I should be frightened to death of Geoff. if he was as tall as that. I think you must be a very sensible girl indeed, did my heart good to read what you said about being thankful for the blessings nature has bestowed upon you, and glad they made you more desirable in the eyes of the man you love. I think you ought to be as happy as the day is long, in spite of going so far away from your friends. My dear I never even heard of capnut oil, so I cannot tell you anything about it. I liked your letter very much indeed.

MOSES, Sackville.—So you are a boy! Well, you are none the worse for that. In fact you are all the better, provided you are a nice boy. I used to know some Mount Allison boys once, but I am afraid I have none "upon my invitation list" now. Thanks for your appreciative letter; I think they might almost be called "Talks with girls and boys" now, I have so many boys amongst my correspondents, and I am always glad to hear from them. Well, Moses, you only asked me one question, and that one is deep, dark, and mysterious. Why do you want to know, and do you mean as a lady love, or a "bivied girl"? If the latter, give me an English girl by all means. But if, as a lady love, I am afraid my native modesty will prevent my answering you frankly, because you know I am English myself, and it might sound conceited if I said, "An English girl always." Seriously, I do not feel competent to give an opinion because I think we know so little of the French character, that we instinctively turn to something we are more familiar with, and, therefore, I should be inclined to prefer an English damsel. I am afraid I have given you very little satisfaction, but I hope the next time you write, I will be able to give you a more positive opinion. Never mind if she is a nice girl

her nationality does not matter in the least, and you know there are lots of nice girls right across the way.

ANGEL, St. John.—You have seen your answer in last week's PROGRESS by this time, and understand that the delay was unavoidable. In fact you fared very well, because there were answers in the same column which had been awaiting publication for at least three weeks. (1) I am sorry to say that I cannot give you a list of the meanings attached to precious stones, I had one but I have lost it. I remember that diamonds are the emblems of purity and that the turquoise means constancy, and brings good luck to its possessor; it is also supposed to warn its owner of approaching danger by turning pale, and to fade when its owner is ill, but I cannot remember any other stones, and I do not know where to get another list. Perhaps some correspondent can supply the deficiency. You did not trouble me at all, and I am only sorry that I cannot give you the information you ask for.

BLUENOSE, Halifax.—St. Valentine was a Christian bishop, beheaded at Rome on the 14th of February, A.D. 270. The Christians in Rome long observed the anniversary of his martyrdom, and as the years passed on, and they grew more numerous and powerful, the Roman authorities endeavored to change the observance into a sort of festival, thinking the constant revival of their martyred bishop's memory in the minds of the Christians dangerous. So the character of St. Valentine's day was gradually changed, and instead of a time of fasting and mourning, it became a merry-making, when young men chose their sweethearts for the coming year, and birds were supposed to choose their mates. Your writing is scarcely formed yet, I think. The hair is very pretty and of an unusual color. If you could see the accumulation of unanswered letters, patiently awaiting space to like their appearance in print, you would understand how impossible it is for me to answer at any particular time; I am very sorry you have to wait so long, but everyone has to wait their turn. I wish I had twice as much space at my disposal, but you see there are many more important things in the paper I am afraid, than our "talks."

PRUE, Boston.—Of course I do, I am very fond of nice "Yankee girls." I was one myself once, at least I lived amongst them when I was a child, but never so far north as Boston. Do you know I have some friends in East Medford? I wonder if it is far from West Medford? (1) What a funny question. They could not all be my dear child, or the poor queen would have to buy about a bottle a year from each one. The meaning of the label you quote is that the pickles, sauces, etc., for her majesty's household are really purchased from the firm mentioned, and many a tradesman who never sold one cent's worth to any member of the Royal household, there are certain tradesmen appointed to supply their special wares to the household. It is the same with photographers and milliners, but there is often a great deal of humbug about it, and many a tradesman who never sold one cent's worth to any member of the Royal household, puts Her Majesty's name over his door. It was quite impossible that the photographer you mention could ever have been "photographer to Her Majesty," but I believe he had the honor of photographing the Princess Louise when she was here, and straightway assumed the title. I think any photographer who takes a portrait of one of the Royal family is entitled to call himself one of the photographers—"To Her Majesty." (2) No; the electric street cars are still but a dream of the future with us. (3) The pup is a very fine specimen of a cocker spaniel; he is brown and speckled white, and his name is Jock, a good Scotch name. What a dear girl you must be, to be so fond of dogs and horses. I hope that ship will soon come in, and that you will have a nice captain. (4) I do not think the quotation exists in that form, though it is so frequently used that it has become almost a classic. I fancy it is a sort of compilation or adaptation of the sayings of two authors. "Virtue alone is happiness below," by Crabbe, and "There is no happiness without virtue," by Madame de Staël. At least I never could find the other form, in any book of reference. (5) I really do not know, but from what I have heard Halifax people say, I think Halifax must, I never was in the latter city long enough to form any comparison. I do hope you will see your answers. Thank you for your kind and appreciative letter, you know a Boston girl's opinion is valuable, because they have such a reputation for wisdom.

WILD ROSE.—I am glad you made up your mind at last, and also that you admire my style of writing so much, you really paid me a great compliment in saying you think it "easy." One has to cultivate a patience sometimes, and good nature also, but I never was blessed with much of the former. I think, from your letter, that you must be very good natured indeed, and I do not wonder you have plenty of friends. How do you know you are not good looking? I do not remember reading the article you mention, but I do not think it could possibly do any harm, if carefully applied, and washed off before going to bed, unless it were belladonna, in which case have nothing to do with it, as the slightest particle too much will destroy your sight forever. I know actresses always use either antimony or lead pencil, scraped; I have used the latter myself when on the stage and it certainly has a wonderful effect in increasing one's good looks. Use a little pencil made of rolled paper, instead of the bodkin, cut a strip of paper and roll it between your finger and thumb till you have it long enough. I will give you my message to Geoffrey and the pup, with pleasure. Your letter was not dated, so I do not know when you wrote it, but I am afraid you will be disappointed at not seeing it sooner, as everyone has to wait their turn lately, and sometimes it seems a long time in coming. Write to me again whenever you like.

ASTRA.

SEASONABLE RECIPTS.

Specially Prepared from Practical Tests for the Lady Readers of "Progress." A Bit of History.

In the eighth and ninth centuries women, even those of highest station, took part in the preparation of food, and though such cares were included in the duties of hospitality. From the care bestowed by the ladies of France upon the art of cooking, we must conclude that to them is due the indisputable pre-eminence which French gastronomy has always enjoyed. It is now looked upon as a bias or liking which need not be ashamed of, as a social quality agreeable to the host, useful to the guest, and advantageous to science. In short the gastronomie is ranked with the connoisseurs or lovers of the fine arts.—History of Cookery, Medical and Modern.

Soup Stock—What It Is. It is easier to learn principles from the wholesale preparation of any article than from the preparation of small quantities that often little apparently unimportant matters of detail are omitted. It is obvious that the method of preparing stock for the Grand hotel, and for the family consisting of two, must be widely different, but as I have said before, the principle is the thing to grasp, so we will therefore first describe how to make stock in large quantities.

Hotel Stock. A really good cook does not know how to get along without a stock pot or boiler. It is such a help toward good cooking, and makes the work easier. The pot should be larger than the ordinary stove-pot. Into it are put, bones of beef, veal and fowl, rabbits or game, and during the day all the trimmings and tough, gristly ends of meat such as would sure to be left untouched if cooked and sent in to guests. Then if there is a chicken or leg of mutton to be boiled, why boil it in the stock pot, and it makes the stock so much richer. All the available meat and bones being in, next throw in a little vegetable seasoning, such as an onion stuck with cloves, a turnip cut up, a carrot, a head of celery, and a "bouquet" (bunch) of herbs, consisting of two sprigs of parsley, one of sweet marjoram, one of savory, one of thyme, and a bay leaf; add also a very little salt, and a few pepper corns. Fill in enough cold water to cover the contents and let the boiler heat slowly, and when at last it boils, skim carefully two or three times, put the lid on again and let simmer four or five hours. The result will be a rich stock ready when strained to be used in making soup, gravies or sauces. It should be strained through a large cloth or sieve into a jar or basins, and put by for use, all the fat being easily removed when cold. The stock in great hotels on a large scale, and the common stock, made from any bones, scraps and pieces of cooked or uncooked meat left over, should be put on with some gray beef and a knuckle of veal, the best part of the meat of the veal being cut off to use in transforming the common stock into good soup.

Stock on a Small Scale. In small houses cooks should endeavor to do on a small scale what we have shown is done in great hotels on a large scale. The common stock, made from any bones, scraps and pieces of cooked or uncooked meat left over, should be put on with some gray beef and a knuckle of veal, the best part of the meat of the veal being cut off to use in transforming the common stock into good soup.

Method of Clearing Stock. Suppose the quantity of stock required to be cleared to be two quarts. Take the whites of two eggs separated from the yolks, and be careful that no tinge even of yolk be with them. Place these two whites in a basin, breaking up and adding the shells and add nearly a tumblerful of cold water, and mix it well up till the whole froths on the top, then pour this into the saucepan or vessel in which the stock is, which ought not, however, to be boiling at the time. Mix it well up, and place the saucepan on the fire to boil. While it gently boils, skim it thoroughly, then stir it all up again, let it stand a short time, and then strain it through a fine cloth, or better still, a thick flannel jilly-bag. This will render it as bright as sherry, only bear in mind that every particle of fat should first be removed from the stock.

Soup. Having briefly described how to make good strong stock and how to clear it, we now come to consider soups in general, and will divide them into three classes—Clear soups are, of course, as the English word that conveys exactly the same idea as the French word puree. A puree owes its consistency to the fact that the ingredients have been rubbed through a wire-sieve, while a thick soup's consistency is due to the addition of some artificial thickening, such as flour or arrowroot etc. Clear soups are, of course, as the English word that conveys exactly the same idea as the French word puree. A puree owes its consistency to the fact that the ingredients have been rubbed through a wire-sieve, while a thick soup's consistency is due to the addition of some artificial thickening, such as flour or arrowroot etc. Clear soups are, of course, as the English word that conveys exactly the same idea as the French word puree. A puree owes its consistency to the fact that the ingredients have been rubbed through a wire-sieve, while a thick soup's consistency is due to the addition of some artificial thickening, such as flour or arrowroot etc.

Consomme—What It Is. We have no word in English for consomme but broth, or clear soup, and that is not an equivalent, but only a substitute. It is something more than can be obtained by letting the soup-stock get cold in a jar and after taking off the fat, pouring it off without disturbing the sediment; strained through a napkin, made hot and a spoonful of coloring added; French cooks understand by consomme, a clear soup as rich as melted jelly and the color of pale brandy. It is made as follows: To Make Consomme. Simmer a large fowl and two or more shanks of veal in a gallon of water for three or four hours, and while it is cooking add the seasonings. These should be the

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For Latest New York Styles our assortment consists of Ladies' Red Morocco Duchess Tie Slippers. Ladies' Grey Suade Theo Tie Slippers. Ladies' Grey Suade Adonis Bkle. Slippers. Ladies' Black Kid Windsor Tie Slippers. Ladies' Black Kid Beatrice Slippers. Ladies' Black Kid low cut Opera Slippers.

We also have a few Pairs of SATIN SLIPPERS that we are closing out at \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

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usual soup bunch (without parsnips or green onion tops, however), together with a stalk of celery, half a bay leaf, a teaspoonful of bruised pepper corns, a sprig of green thyme or marjoram and a carrot. When it has boiled long enough—about four hours, slowly, strain the broth into a saucepan. Chop a pound of lean beef fine, mix it with two whites of eggs and a cup of cold water. Then pour the broth to the beef, stir up and boil again. Strain through a napkin or jilly-bag, season with salt, color with a teaspoonful of dissolved burnt saffron, and remove every particle of grease. It is then ready to serve, either plain or with any of various floating garnishes. The reason why I have explained the method of making soup stock at length, is because nearly all receipts of soups all for so much "stock." It is not always necessary, but it is always better than water for that purpose, and it is, moreover, a very useful article to have on hand in the kitchen.

Scotch Barley Soup. 3 or 3 1/2 pints of soup stock. 2 table-spoonfuls of pearl barley. Turnip, carrot, onion, parsley. A piece of boiled meat, remains of joint of mutton. Salt and pepper.

Wash the barley in two waters and boil it in plenty of water for about two hours, then strain in cold water and have the barley ready to put into the soup at last. Cut two slices of turnip and half as much of carrot and onion in small dice, all of a size, and boil them in the stock about 1/2 hour. Add as much of turnip, and all lean—the same way, and throw in with the cooked barley and chopped parsley. Season slightly. No thickening. This is a cheap soup, of good appearance in the plates, and is a favorite with most people.

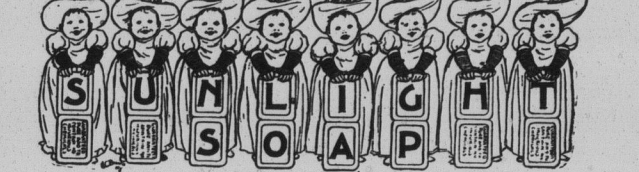
A Wedding Breakfast—What It Cost. "Violet" writes, "will you give a sketch of menu for a wedding breakfast for twenty persons and the probable cost; also any suggestions as to service that you may be able to offer." Lent will soon be over and the coming of the time when we may expect to hear of many of these "happy events" and the question "what shall we give our guests," will be asked by others than "Violet." It is possible I may be able to give some useful hints to the inexperienced, but in this article I shall only have space for a description of one wedding breakfast, which may be a guide to "violet." It was a very simple, but good breakfast, the price being \$2.50 per head, including a pint of wine for each person. The following is the menu:

- Consomme a la Nelson. Macarons of salmon. Lobster Patties. Lamb Cutlets aux petits pois. Filet of Veal a la Reine. Gataine (Vival. Game Pie). Italian Salad. Wine Jellies. Velvet Cream. Charlotte a la Parisienne. Chocoate and Strawberries. Dessert and Bonbons. Tea, Coffee, Chocolate.

The table was a long one. The cake, a very high one, was sent by the bride's friends. The bridegroom, being a naval officer, we decorated the table with little satin flags, suggestive of a ship on some great holiday. From the cake (forming the centre or highest mast) depended twenty-four silk ropes, on which were threaded tiny flags. These were terminated by a large china figure of a sailor boy holding the menu to each guest. The menu was very pale blue, printed in a deeper shade. The table napkins were folded like boats, and the most beautiful seaweeds were mixed in with the flowers. The effect was charming. The service was of white china. The waiters wore white gloves. Crimson cloth was laid on the front steps and down to the carriages. A large drawing room was set apart for the guests to assemble in before breakfast, and bed rooms allotted for ladies and gentlemen to leave their hats, cloaks, etc. A good supply of extra cutlery, glass, cloths and everything else that may be wanted and having everything ready before the time appointed was perhaps the reason why this entertainment passed off so successfully as it did.—The Caterer.

"J. H." asks, "are wines necessary in cooking?" There is much good cooking done without the use of wines; they are, however, in certain soups, entrees and jellies is so common that their absence would be greatly missed, or would render such dishes obsolete.

Suggestions. Cease the music's merry strain, It is Lent! Present date will come again After Lent. Sufferers are not at all correct During Lent. Now the time to reflect. All wrongs are done, and the only Even the skies will fall down. And the rain will wash them down, And we one umbrella's gone, It is Lent!



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is undoubtedly SUNLIGHT SOAP with its wonderful Cleansing, Purifying and Labor-Saving qualities. Millions of Women throughout the World can testify to this fact. Don't be another day without "SUNLIGHT" in your Home.

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Intercolonial Railway. After Oct. 19, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Comptonville, 7:00; for Point du Chene, 9:30; for Halifax, 11:40; for Sussex, 12:30; for Quebec and Montreal, 16:55. Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8:30; from Quebec and Montreal (excepted Monday), 9:30; from Point du Chene, 12:30; from Halifax, 19:30; from Halifax, 22:20.

THE CANADA Sugar Refining Co. MONTREAL. Offer For Sale all Grades of Refined Sugars and Syrups. Of the Well-known Brand of Redpath.

Certificate of Strength and Purity: CHEMICAL LABORATORY, Medical Faculty, McGill University. To the Canada Sugar Refining Company. (ENTIRELY) I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.88 per cent of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured. Yours truly, G. E. GIRDWOOD.

For ONE MONTH Only. A great reduction will be made in Hair Switches AT THE ST. JOHN HAIR STORE 113 Charlotte St. Opp. Dalziel Hotel

WINTER SAILINGS. BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO'Y. (Limited). S. S. "City of Monticello."

WILL, on and after MONDAY, the 2nd day of November, sail from the Company's pier, Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 7:30 local time, for Digby, and Annapolis, returning same days sailing from Annapolis upon arrival of the morning Express from Halifax, calling at Digby. These sailings will continue until further notice. HOWARD D. THOMP, President.

City Auction Rooms. LESTER & CO. Auctioneers and Commission Merchants. Sale of Real and Personal Property of all kinds personally attended to, Household Furniture a specialty. Business Solicited. Returns Prompt. 83 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N.B., Canada.

PLAYED AND ENDORSED BY The World's Most Eminent Musicians and Pronounced by Them THE MOST PERFECT PIANO MADE. G. FROB & SONS; St. John, N. B. Agents for the Maritime Provinces.



Line.

General excellence of "N" Shirts, Collars, etc. For sale by the Dominion.

PROOF CLOTHING

Overcoat or Ulster made in Montreal.

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Repaired Lounges \$5.00

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Ever Written EVER LIVED!



ADLEY'S SECRETS by M. E. Braden. NITTY FALS by M. Thackeray. DAYS OF POMPEII by E. Bulwer Lytton. BLUE GUARDSMEN, Alexander Dumas. BELLY IN HIS PLACE, Charles Reade.

read in every civilized tone. They are published by various publishers and are of excellent quality. Altogether we afford our subscribers as good a value as any other publisher. We send the ten great novels named, comprising the "Greatest Authors," also an advance of but 50 cents for this beautiful set of books. If you are one of those who will receive the books at date of expiration. We have a club of two new yearly or our readers. Do not

HARD S. CARTER,





# THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Canada possesses forty per cent. of the area of the whole British empire.

The area of Australia is estimated at 3,030,234 square miles. In 1890 the population was 3,017,686.

An orphan is a child bereft of one parent or both parents. Children who have lost but one parent are colloquially termed half-orphans.

To give "a Roland for an Oliver" means to offset one incredible tale with another. The expression grew out of the superhuman exploits credited to Charlemagne's Paladins by the early romancers.

Girls over twelve can make valid wills under the laws of Scotland. There are exceptions, however, as to the class of property they can devise, while minors with curators are subject to further limitations on their testamentary capacity.

New York contains an average of 37,675 inhabitants to the square mile, or 36 to the acre. The population varies from 3 to the acre in ward 24 to 474 in ward 10. This last, which is at the rate of 303,360 to the square mile, is the densest in the world.

The aborigines of Australia are black, with curly hair, but not crisp wool like the Negro. Their weapons are the spear, club and boomerang. They number 242,000, but are rapidly decreasing in number, and in a few decades will probably be almost extinct.

The United States have three cities of over a million inhabitants each; seven of over 400,000; twenty-eight over 100,000; fifty-eight over 50,000; 124 over 25,000; 216 over 15,000; 354 over 10,000; 713 over 5,000; and 3,715 over 1,000. No other country has anything like so many populous towns.

It was customary for the Indians, long before they became Christians, to have a great feast at the beginning of the New Year. In the old times, the principal article of food at these feasts was dogs, the eating of which was accompanied by many revolting ceremonies. The missionaries, instead of abolishing the feast, turned it into a religious festival.

In Aboukir, Egypt, there are three colossal statues in rose-colored granite, each about ten feet high. The first two represent King Rameses II. and Queen Hentematis, sitting on their thrones, a unique group, the like of which has not yet been discovered in Egypt. The third statue represents Rameses standing in military garment and position, with sword and sceptre. The statues are covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions.

Here is an easy means of determining whether a supposed diamond is genuine or not. Pierce a hole in a card with a needle and then look at the hole through the stone. If false you will see two holes, but if you have a real diamond only a single hole will appear. You may also make the test in another way: Put your finger behind the stone and look at it through the diamond as through a magnifying glass. If the stone is genuine you will be unable to distinguish the grain of the stone, but with a false stone this will be plainly visible. Furthermore, looking through a real diamond the setting is never visible, whereas it is with a false stone.

In some parts of Africa a man's children do not belong to him, but to their maternal uncle. They are practically his slaves. If a lad offends his uncle, his uncle sells him, and if his father is fond of him and does not want to lose him, he must redeem him, and then he becomes his father's slave. It is because of this state of affairs that a young man rarely trades with his father's goods. If he does, and should lose any of them, there would surely be trouble. If the father is fond of the lad it will be all right so long as he lives, but if he dies with that debt unsettled his next heir is sure to demand the payment, not of the principal only but of the accumulated interest as well. Even if the second heir should not push the matter the third might, even if it should be thirty years afterwards."

Elephants live 100 years and upwards; rhinoceros, 20; camel, 100; lion, 25 to 50; tigers, leopards, jaguars, and hyenas (in confinement), about 25; beaver, 50; deer, 20; wolf, 20; fox, 14 to 16; llama, 15; chamois, 25; monkeys and baboons, 16 to 19; hare, 8; squirrel, 7; rabbit, 7; swine, 25; stag, under 50; horse, 30; ass, 30; sheep, under 10; cow, 20; ox, 30; swans, parrots and ravens, 200; eagle, 100; geese, 80; hen and pigeons, 10 to 16; larks, 30 to 40; crane, 24; blackbird, 10 to 12; peacock 20; pelican, 40 to 50; thrush, 1 to 10; wren, 2 to 3; nightingale, 15; black-cap, 15; linnet, 14 to 23; gold-finch, 20 to 24; redbreast, 10 to 12; skylark, 10 to 30; titlark, 5 to 6; chaffinch, 20 to 24; starling 10 to 12; carp, 70 to 150; pike, 30 to 40; salmon, 16; cod-fish, 14 to 17; eel, 10; crocodile, 100; tortoise, 100 to 200; whale estimated, 1,000; queen bees live 4 years; drones, 4 months; worker bees, 6 months.

It is said that the light given by the fireflies of Cuba is the "cheapest" in the world produced, that is to say, with the least heat and the smallest expenditure of energy; and he believes that a successful imitation of it would prove a most profitable substitute for gas and electricity. The insects are beetles two inches long and belong to the family of "snapping bugs," so called because when one of them is laid on its back it snaps itself into the air with a clicking sound. The secret of the light this firefly gives is as yet undiscovered. Apparently it is connected in some way with the mysterious phenomena of life, and chemists and physicists have sought in vain to explain its origin. On each side of the animal's thorax is a luminous membranous spot, and these flash at intervals, so that the Cubans put a dozen of the insects in a cage together, and so obtain a continuous illumination bright enough to read by. This

light is accompanied by no perceptible heat, and is seemingly produced with almost no expenditure of energy. How great an improvement it represents upon all known artificial lights can be imagined when it is stated that in candlelight, lamp-light, or gaslight the waste is more than 99 per cent. In other words, if they could be so obtained as not to throw anything away, they would give nearly 100 times the illumination which they do afford. Even the electric light is mostly waste.

**"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.**

Up to Date.—She—The bride's father gives her away I suppose? He—No. He sold her privately.

Friend—Do you permit your wife to have her own way? Husband, (positively)—No, sir. She has it without my permission.

Countess Russell has a host of friends at Walton-on-Thames, and she has received a letter, signed by over three hundred people, offering hearty sympathy for all the trouble that she has had brought upon her. The letter observes that had the judge who tried the case brought by the young countess against her husband for judicial separation known her—"they had"—since her childhood, he might not have summed up in the way he did.

When the "professional beauty" first broke upon London society, Mrs. Langtry had a rival in Mrs. Cornwallis-West, the wife of Colonel Cornwallis-West of Rathin Castle, Wales, Lord Lieutenant of Denbighshire. She was of Irish descent, a grand daughter of Lord Handford, and until she dyed her hair a golden hue, was a typical Irish beauty. There was no fairer sight in all London than that of Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis-West walking down Rotten Row of a morning with fair Adelaide Neilson between them.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was first published forty years ago, and sold more largely than any other novel of the century. Since that time it has been alluded to as "an old book," and out of date; yet when, two or three months ago, the publishers announced a new edition, the orders quickly ran up to 150,000 copies—more than have been sold in the year's six most popular novels combined! All of which goes to show that the old story, like an old joke, is as good as new to the generation which never saw it before.

Mme. Tessardier, the leading lady of the Comedie Francaise in Paris, where she fills the place once occupied by Bernhardt, and fills it most worthily, is a woman of attractive beauty, with flashing black eyes that are described as "glorious." Her youth was not entirely creditable, but as she was born in poverty there was some excuse for that, for she was a laborer's daughter, very meekly reared in the slums of the "faubourg." Her resolution to become an actress, however, makes many.

The death of the Duke of Clarence, has directed public attention in England very forcibly to the danger often incurred by mourners at funerals, a fact sufficiently well known before to have originated the expression, "On funeral makes many." There seems to be little doubt that the luckless prince caught his original cold at the burial of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, and a general protest has arisen against the custom which demands that mourners shall stand beheaded at the grave in all sorts of weather. The doctor says that many deaths can be traced directly to this practice, and point out that the dead cannot be benefited by the sufferings of the living.

Attention has been called to the fact that England's Queens Regnant have hitherto run in pairs—Mary I. and Elizabeth, Mary II. and Anne—so that when this country gets the first it may naturally look out for the second. There is, however, though, that the spell may break this time, as the analogy is not complete. The Tudor Queens finished up their line, dying childless, and a successor had to be invited from another kingdom. The Stuart Queens also died leaving no living children, and their legitimate heir, their own brother, was rejected by the sovereign will of people who had determined to stand no more nonsense from a royal line that was pretty well played out and required replacing.

Considering the illustrious part which Arthur Stanley Wilson played in the almost tragic game of baccaut wherein Sir William Gordon-Cumming wagered his honor and lost and the Prince of Wales made a world-wide reputation as a professional gambler, it is singular that so little notice has been taken of the young man's marriage to Miss Grace Filmer last week. It is singular, too, that this respectable ship-builder's son, who testified during the trial that he had been at Cambridge University for a year when he left it "because his father thought it a waste of time to remain there," has married a descendant of the redoubtable old royalist whose name is mentioned above, Sir Robert Filmer.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the Norwegian polar voyager who is the latest aspirant for honor, is now making arrangements in London for his departure, which is timed to take place in January or February next year. Dr. Nansen has already achieved fame as an explorer in the arctic region, and his feat of crossing the mysterious ice-coated continent of Greenland still stands unparalleled. He proposes to get to the North Pole by a new route. He assumes that there is a current across the polar region running from the north coast of Siberia to the east coast of Greenland, and of this current he will try to take advantage. The expedition will pass through the Behring Straits and proceed north as long as there is open water, trusting to strike simultaneously the ice and current that beat back and buffet the ill-fated *Jannette*. Dr. Nansen depends upon the current to pull him through to the open sea between Spitzbergen and Greenland.

## MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Sir Morell McKenzie's household expenses were very great. He kept sixteen servants, besides a private coach for himself and another for his wife, and spent every cent of his \$60,000 yearly income.

The eldest daughter of Boulanger is engaged to be married soon. She lives with her mother in Versailles. The youngest daughter has been the wife of Capt. Briant for several years, and is with her husband in Tunis.

Christine Nilsson's return to her native country of Sweden as wife of the Spanish Ambassador, the Count de la Casa Miranda, rounds out well her romance of real life. She was a farmer's child on the hills when her gift of song was discovered, and after a most fortunate life as queen of song on two continents she returns as a member of the Swedish court.

It is related that at the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Soule, of Freeport, Me., recently, the minister, in the course of a long prayer, said: "O, Lord, give grace to some poor soul who has been cast away and was known familiarly as 'Sum' Soule, and as his bride's first name was Grace, the prayer was answered satisfactorily, although the clergyman was unconscious of having said anything so well fitting the occasion.

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This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, balder-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask: "What is August Flower for?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this trifling. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia.

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"Thank Who?"  
"Why the inventor of  
**SCOTT'S  
EMULSION**  
Which cured me of CONSUMPTION."  
Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it.

Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil.

Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer.

Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colds.

Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and 1.00.

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SPECIALIST. DISEASES OF WOMEN.  
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**FIRE**  
PLATE GLASS  
INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE  
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CUSTOM TAILOR,  
FOR THE PAST NINETEEN YEARS CUT-TER with JAS. S. HAY & SON, begs leave to inform the citizens of Saint John, and the public generally, that he may now be found at his new store,

**No 70 Prince Wm. Street,**  
with a NEW AND FRESH STOCK of Woollen Goods, personally selected in British, Foreign, and Domestic makes. Suitable for all classes. Inspection invited. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed First-class, at

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**S. R. FOSTER & SON,**  
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Prices low as any and on easy payment if desired.

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Most beautifully situated in the centre of the city, large, light, cheerful Sample Rooms, and a first-class Livery and Hack stable in connection with the house. Coaches are in attendance upon arrival of all trains.

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The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot. All trains of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day.

**QUEEN HOTEL,**  
FREDERICTON, N. B.  
J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

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25 to 27 GERMAN STREET,  
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Modern Improvements. Terms, \$1.00 per day Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts.

**W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.**

**HOTEL DUFFERIN,**  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

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# Guilty or Not Guilty?

We want every reader of PROGRESS who knows of people or has friends suffering from wasting diseases to apply to him or herself the above question. If they do not know of any one who is suffering from any of the following diseases.

## Consumption, Paralysis, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration.

They are Not Guilty; but if they know of any one who is afflicted with any of these fatal diseases and has not recommended

# PHOSPHOLEINE

(Pronounced Fos-Fo-LEEN)

To them after reading such an array of evidence as is given below, then we can and must say that they must return against themselves a verdict of **GUILTY** of neglect in bringing before the sufferers a notice of this wonderful remedy, and thus enable them to regain health and strength. This much attention is due to your fellow beings who are either ailing or on their sure road to the grave. You must acknowledge that you have never before heard or seen a report of so many cures of people **who are known to you** either personally or by reputation, and any Physician who has used **PHOSPHOLEINE** will guarantee everything that has been said of its value. **LA GRIPPE** cannot get hold of those who take **PHOSPHOLEINE**, and those who have had the Grip are soon restored to strength and health by this source of life, or as cured consumptives style it "BOTTLED LIFE." Be useful in this world commencing by finding out who is sick in your neighbourhood, then be a **neighbour unto them** by seeing that they have a bottle of **PHOSPHOLEINE** at once, and you will enjoy the happiness of seeing your neighbour get well.

**Mr. F. Eagar.** WYMOUTH, N. S.  
Dear Sir,—I have used your Phospholeine in many cases for which it is recommended, and am well pleased with the way in which it acts. In a case of the most obstinate Chronic Bronchitis (the disease had baffled the usual treatment in such cases) your Phospholeine acted like a charm and I ascribe the recovery entirely to the use of it. From my experience of it I feel justified in saying that it is an important remedial agent in all cases of Wasting Diseases, and I can heartily recommend it to the notice of the profession and public as a remedy of real merit.  
HENRY D. RUGGLES, M. D.

**Mr. Eagar.** PLYMOUTH, MAINE.  
Dear Sir,—At the time I first sent you for the Phospholeine in June, 1882, I had a cold that I contracted in March. I coughed considerably and was reduced in weight. I tried several cough medicines without much benefit, my cough had become chronic. I commenced taking the Phospholeine and received immediate relief and soon commenced to gain in flesh. After taking four (4) bottles I felt like a new man, had gained 20 lbs. in weight and have not lost so well for several years, and have enjoyed very good health since. One thing more I wish to mention, for several years past I have been troubled with a numbness in the two middle fingers of each hand, sometimes the pain was quite severe, extending to the elbow. I consulted a physician who gave me some medicine that afforded only temporary relief. I am happy to say since taking the Phospholeine I have not had a recurrence of the trouble.  
CLARENDON BUTMAN.  
[Copy.]

**M. F. Eagar, Esq., 157 Hollis street, Halifax.** YARMOUTH, N. S., July 30th, 1882.  
Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to state that I have been prescribing your "Phospholeine" or "Cod Liver Cream" during the last two years, and the longer I use it the more gratified I am with the results.  
H. L. KELLY, M. D.

**M. F. Eagar, Esq., Halifax, N. S.**  
Dear Sir,—I am very highly pleased with the action of your Phospholeine. It has been used in this Hospital in Pulmonary and other wasting Diseases with success, and being so palatable, is a splendid substitute for the Crude Cod Liver Oil. Will you kindly let me know the lowest wholesale rate for a quantity for Hospital use?  
Toronto. Yours truly, (Signed) C. O'REILLY, M. D., C. M., Supt.

I have often prescribed Eagar's Phospholeine, and as it has been invariably beneficial in the cases under my observation, I have great pleasure in recording my testimony in its favor. Being a perfect emulsion it is easy of digestion, without producing nausea, which is of the very greatest importance in the class of Wasting Diseases it is especially designed to benefit. I have frequently seen it retained by the stomach when almost every other similar preparation has been tried and rejected.  
R. ADLINGTON, M. D. (Edin.), M. R. C. S., England.  
Bedford, N. S. Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario, &c.

Established, 1819. (Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)  
**PRICE 50 cts. per Bottle**  
**CONTAINING 60 DOSES.**

Medical Electro Therapeutic Institute, Corner Jarvis and Gerrard Streets, Toronto, Ontario.  
**Mr. M. F. Eagar, Halifax, N. S.**  
Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure that I can recommend your Phospholeine. In every case it has met my expectations, and is the **FINEST PREPARATION OF THE KIND THAT HAS EVER BEEN USED.** Some of my patients come to like the taste, and none call it unpleasant, which is very greatly in its favor. Enclosed, please find Post Office Order for \$36.00, to balance my account to date, and oblige me by sending another gross.  
Yours very truly, E. A. TEFFT, M. D.

**SECOND CERTIFICATE FROM DR. SLAYTER.**  
Since giving you my last certificate I have had many opportunities of further testing your Phospholeine, and of comparing its action with the Emulsions and preparations of oil in the market. I may state that I BELIEVE IT TO BE THE BEST PREPARATION NOW OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC, the drugs and oils used being of the finest quality, while the facilities and machinery used for mixing them are of the most perfect kind. I have no hesitation in stating that where oil is indicated, Eagar's Cream (Phospholeine) will be found to be EVERYTHING THAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT BY ITS PROPRIETOR.  
Halifax. W. B. SLAYTER, M. D., &c., &c.

**M. F. Eagar, Esq.** BATHURST VILLAGE, N. B.  
Dear Sir,—Your Phospholeine has given me entire satisfaction, my patients too like it better than any other Emulsion. Its results are sometimes surprising, especially in Wasting Diseases of children. Forward me, per I. C. R., two doz. Phospholeine, and two doz. Wine of Rennet, enclosed find \$36.00, and oblige.  
Yours truly, G. M. DUNCAN, M. D.

Dr. Purdy, of Moncton, N. B., writes:—"I have tried Eagar's Phospholeine in many cases for which it is recommended with satisfactory results. I had a patient whose stomach absolutely refused to retain any preparation of Cod Liver Oil which I could devise, but so soon as **EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE** was administered no further trouble was experienced. I feel justified in saying that it is an important remedial agent in all cases of Wasting Diseases where nerve element and vital force requires nutrition."  
FROM REV. DR. HILL.

**M. F. Eagar, Esq.** HALIFAX, N. S.  
Dear Sir,—I feel it is duty to you that I should say publicly what I have said privately very many times, namely, that I firmly believe your **PHOSPHOLEINE** was the means of restoring a near relative of mine to ordinary health. The patient was apparently in the last stages of Consumption, but with the concurrence of skilled physicians your **PHOSPHOLEINE** was tried, and, I am happy to say, with results that I certainly did not anticipate. My friend is today in the enjoyment of excellent health.  
Believe me, yours very truly,  
GEORGE W. HILL, D. C. L., Rector St. Paul's.

**TUBERCULOUS DEGENERATION OF THE LUNG.**  
Dear Sir,—Last summer I was troubled with a cough, and my physician says unmistakable symptoms of consumption, including debility and loss of flesh. I lost 30 pounds in weight in a few weeks. My physician, who examined me, advised me to use your Phospholeine, and I am happy to be able to inform you that it has produced a complete cure, and I have regained from 124 to 154 pounds in weight, and am now enjoying good health. I drove 65 miles at night across Cape Breton during a snow storm, in December without suffering from it in the least.  
I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,  
E. R. HARRINGTON.

**For Sale by the following Wholesale Druggists:**  
Campbellton, N. B., A. McE. McDONALD.  
Moncton, " CHAS. T. NEVENS.  
St. Stephen, " W. H. CLARK.  
Woodstock, " H. FAYTON BAIRD.  
St. John, " A. CRIP SMITH.  
" " C. F. CLARK.  
" " C. McGRIGOR.  
" " GEO. C. HUNT.  
Halifax, N. S., W. E. THISTLE.  
" " H. FAWCETT.  
" " E. C. FULLER.  
" " E. M. LOCKWOOD.  
" " AND ALL DRUGGISTS.  
" " A. B. CUNNINGHAM.  
" " G. R. THOMPSON & Co.  
" " C. T. G. TAYLOR.  
" " AND ALL DRUGGISTS.

**Mr. M. F. Eagar.** PLYMOUTH, PENOBSCOT, MAINE, C.  
Dear Sir,—While away from home hauling bark last winter I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs. I was a stout, rugged man, never was sick hardly a day in my life, but this cold got the better of me; I could not get rid of it under the usual treatment. I began to grow worse, coughed a great deal and became very weak, so that I had to give up work. I was so hoarse I could not speak aloud. I consulted several physicians. I took their medicine but received no benefit, but gradually grew worse. The last physician consulted said I could not live. About this time my attention was called to the Phospholeine by your agent in this place, who induced me to try a bottle, which I did with marked results. To tell the truth, I had but little faith in it. I have tried so many medicines without relief. Before I had finished taking one bottle I began to feel better and to gain in health and strength. After taking a few bottles I was able to work in the hayfield, and have since been steadily improving; my hoarseness is nearly all gone and I have gained nearly 25 lbs. in weight.  
Please accept this as a grateful testimonial from one who has received great benefit from your valuable medicine.  
Very truly yours, PARKER HOLT.

**Mr. Eagar.** HALIFAX.  
Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellency of your "Phospholeine." It has been most beneficial to me at different times when suffering from debility, etc. I may add that it is pleasant to the taste, which, of course, is a great advantage. I can confidently recommend it as a really good preparation for building up the system.  
Yours very truly,  
Rector of St. Mark's and St. John's Parish.  
HALIFAX, N. S., July 30th, 1882.

**M. F. Eagar, Halifax, N. S.** COW BAY.  
Dear Sir,—During the fall of 1876 I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my chest, causing inflammation of the lungs. For the next two years I used many different preparations, including two different Emulsions, and also Churchill's Compound Syrup, from neither of which I derived any benefit. Meantime, hearing of your Cod Liver Oil Cream (Phospholeine), I gave it a trial, and am happy to state that it has very materially benefited me, and would strongly recommend it to one and all who may be similarly affected, being convinced that the ingredients contained in your Cream (Phospholeine) are what is necessary for re-building of either weak or diseased lungs.  
Yours gratefully, ISAAC ARCHIBALD.

**FROM AN EX-MAYOR OF HALIFAX.**  
I have on several occasions used Eagar's Cod Liver Oil Cream (Phospholeine) in my household, and believe it to be a very valuable reliable remedy for building up and strengthening the system in adults as well as children. It is pleasant to the taste.  
Halifax. GEO. FRASER.

Dr. Weeks of Brooklyn, sends the following report of a few of the cases in which he ordered EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE:  
W. D., aged 5, a delicate boy, of marked strumous habit, had whooping cough which ran a very protracted course and rendered him very weak; a slight exposure to cold was followed by a chill, violent cough and consolidation of the right lung. After the acute symptoms subsided he was put on Eagar's Phospholeine, and made a rapid and complete recovery—gained flesh and strength, and was soon in much better health than before he took the whooping cough.  
E. L., girl, aged 7, had morbidly complicated with bronchitis, very severe cough and profuse puriform expectoration, night sweats, etc. Took Phospholeine with marked benefit, all the symptoms subsiding rapidly, and leaving the lungs in a healthy state.  
A. W., girl, aged 15, family history good; contracted a severe cold which resulted in general bronchitis, both lungs being extensively involved, convalescence tedious, and showing a marked tendency to consumption. Under the use of Phospholeine the symptoms gradually yielded, and she regained her ordinary health. About one year after, took whooping cough, during which all the threatening lung symptoms returned, accompanied by hectic, night sweats, etc., the expectoration being occasionally bloody; she lost flesh and strength rapidly, she again took Phospholeine and though for three months she was confined to the house, she is now entirely free from all symptoms of consumption, and the respiratory sound of the lungs quite normal.

**Dear Mr. Eagar:** HALIFAX, N. S.  
I gave your Cod Liver Oil Cream to one of my children who had lost her appetite and who was rapidly losing flesh, and I am pleased to be able to inform you that before the first bottle was finished she had regained her appetite, and is now fat and well. I have also seen it used in other cases with good results.  
I am, etc., yours very truly,  
GEO. RENT.

**M. F. Eagar, Esq., Chemist, Halifax, N. S.** LIVERPOOL.  
I have used your Phospholeine for Chronic Bronchitis, and find it a good remedial agent, superior to other remedies of similar character. Use this to benefit others if you please.  
Truly yours, C. A. FOSTER.

A druggist in New York writes as follows: "You have probably forgotten having kindly given me a bottle of your Phospholeine when in your city last summer. It has benefited my wife so much that I beg you will send me two bottles. Let me know the expense."  
Dear Sir,—Having been cured of Consumption of the Lungs by your "Phospholeine," I think it nothing but fair to make it known, that those who are suffering from the same trouble may be cured. There is no doubt about my case having been consumption. I do not depend on my own idea of it, but the opinion of the doctor who examined my lungs. I did not expect to live three months. I commenced getting stronger, eating better and feeling more like myself after the first dose of your Phospholeine. I have now taken over one dozen bottles, and am as well as ever I was in my life.  
I am, etc., yours faithfully,  
MRS. J. S. HOLSTEAD.

**THREATENED CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.**  
**Dear Mr. Eagar:** HALIFAX, N. S.  
Your Cod Liver Oil Cream (Phospholeine) cured that cough and oppression on the chest which had troubled me so long, and which no other medicine could ever relieve. I think it an excellent preparation.  
Yours truly, ALEX. MCKAY.

**LOW SPIRITS.—DYSPEPSIA.** HALIFAX.  
**Dear Mr. Eagar:**  
I had a violent pain in my side, which caused loss of appetite, and very much depressed in spirits, being very weak, and suffering from indigestion for anything, either work or pleasure, and could get no relief. I tried your (Phospholeine) Emulsion, and after using three bottles, happy to say quite a new man.  
Yours very truly, JOHN PALMER.

**NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL PROSTRATION**  
Eagar's Cod Liver Oil Cream, with Hypophosphites Phospholeine.—Mr. Blum, who lives on the Rosebank Farm, says: "You can publish the fact that Eagar's Phospholeine has effected a complete cure of my wife. Her cough is gone, distress in the chest removed, and health, strength and flesh is regained, and she has not yet finished the fourth bottle." He says it is the best medicine that he has ever seen.  
Yours truly, ALEX. S. BAYFR.

**BRONCHITIS.** HALIFAX, N. S.  
Dear Sir,—I was so bad with a cough and tightness in the chest, and weakness, that when a fit of coughing came on I had to hold on to a fence, or anything else which was near, and the stuff which came from my lungs was very bad. I cannot tell you how much I suffered; I could hardly breathe, and I could get nothing to do me any good until I tried your Cod Liver Oil Cream (Phospholeine), and I now want to tell you that although I have taken only one bottle, I am cured. I can draw a full breath, feel quite strong, and the cough and expectorating are gone. It is the best medicine I have ever heard of, and I would like others to know of such a good preparation.  
JOHN REARDON.

**WASTING DEBILITY.** HALIFAX, N. S.  
Dear Sir,—I caught a cold last summer, and could not get rid of it. During fall and early part of winter, I became very weak, and coughed a good deal. I also lost weight. After many things had failed, I tried Eagar's Cod Liver Oil Cream with Hypophosphites (Phospholeine), and commenced getting better after the first dose. I have now taken three bottles, and feel like a new man. I have proved it to be a great remedy, and as I think it ought to be well known that such valuable medicine can be had, I send you this for you to publish it if you wish. I am, yours truly, JAS. JACKSON.

**TRAIN DESPATCHER AT VANCEBOIRO.**  
**M. F. Eagar, Esq.**  
Dear Sir,—My wife, Laura A. Finson, was taken ill early this year and suffered severely with a bad cough, accompanied by expectoration of mucus containing blood and great weakness of the chest, general prostration and clammy night sweats, and continued to grow worse until I was recommended to procure for her some bottles of your Phospholeine, and Wine of Rennet. This I did, and after using about five bottles of the Phospholeine, and taking a teaspoonful at a time in a wine glass of milk, increased afterwards to a tablespoonful, and shortly after each dose a teaspoonful of your Wine of Rennet, she became thoroughly well, her improvement commencing after the first half bottle had been taken. She can now superintend her household duties without any inconvenience, eats and sleeps well, and every symptom of consumption has vanished. I have to thank your medicine for her restoration to health.  
WALTER B. FINSON,  
Vanceboro, Maine, U. S.

The statement of facts contained in the above certificate is in all respects accurate. I feel assured that I owe my cure to your medicines.  
LAURA A. FINSON.  
**RIGHT LUNG CONSOLIDATED, ONLY SIX YEARS OLD.**  
**Mr. M. F. Eagar, Halifax, N. S.** ASHDALE, HANTS CO.  
Dear Sir,—Last winter my son, aged six years, caught the whooping cough. The disease settled on his lungs, and for some time we almost despaired of his life. Our doctor advised me to give him your Phospholeine, and under its use he completely recovered.  
Yours truly, LEWIS DIMOCK.

**PRICE 50 cts. per Bottle**  
**CONTAINING 60 DOSES.**

**HEALTH INSTITUTE, 272 Jarvis Street, Toronto.**  
**Mr. M. F. Eagar.**  
Dear Sir,—Enclosed find P. O. order for amount due for last gross of your (Phospholeine); it was not received for a month after being shipped by you. I find it all and EVEN MORE THAN YOU RECOMMEND IT TO BE.  
E. A. TEFFT, M. D.  
**Mr. M. F. Eagar.**  
Dear Sir,—Nearly out of your Phospholeine. Please send another gross as soon as possible.  
E. A. TEFFT, M. D.

**SCROFULA AND SALT RHEUM.**  
**Dear Mr. Eagar:**—I have much pleasure in giving you a record of the effect produced by the use of your Cod Liver Oil Cream. The following cases have come under my particular attention while visiting the sick and poor: A Case of Hereditary Scrofula.—The patient had tried most of the blood purifying remedies and Sarsaparilla in use. For the past 19 years obtained no relief. After taking three bottles of your Cream (Phospholeine) his flesh became smooth and healthy, and he is now completely cured. A case of severe cough in the last stages of Consumption.—The cough was eased, and patient regained flesh and strength. This case is past curing, and the patient was pronounced so by the physicians; but had she obtained of your medicine sooner, would no doubt have been cured. A case in which the patient had given up the use of alcohol.—The craving was cured, and the patient was regaining health and strength. A case of loss of flesh, great weakness, and indisposition for exertion of any kind, has been restored to health and strength by using your Cream (Phospholeine). I have also recommended it to many who have been suffering from Dyspepsia, loss of strength and flesh, and in every case it has effected a cure. I have derived much benefit from the use of it myself.  
I remain, yours &c., E. C. NEWBERRY.

**CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.**  
Dear Mr. Eagar,—I caught a severe cold the first of this winter, and having suffered from Congestion of the Lungs, I became somewhat alarmed. I tried the usual remedies, but they did not seem to relieve me, and not being able to take Cod Liver Oil, I thought I would try your Phospholeine, which I found very pleasant to take, and with good results, as in a few days my cold and cough left me, and I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to any person whose lungs are affected in any way.  
Halifax. I remain, yours respectfully, S. H. SUGATT.

**COLD IN THE CHEST.** HALIFAX, March 16, 1890.  
**M. F. Eagar, Esq., Chemist, &c.**  
Dear Sir,—Having been attacked by a bad cold, which settled on my chest as no other cold had ever done with me before, I was induced from the many favorable reports I had heard of it, to try Eagar's Phospholeine, and am glad to say that it has completely cured me. I may say that it is a remarkably pleasant medicine to take.  
Yours truly, ALEX. S. BAYFR.

Also by all dealers. Don't be induced to take substitutes, and if any reader should not be able to secure it in their district write to 181 and 183 Lower Water St., Halifax, N. S.



