



CREDIT IS TOO LONG.

A BANKER EXPRESSES HIS OPINION ON BUSINESS METHODS

In View of the Present Day—Some of the Reasons Why so Much Time is Given to the Consequences are Apt to be Bad—The Prospects for Full Business.

PROGRESS had the pleasure of having a long chat this week with a gentleman prominent in banking and business circles regarding the present condition of trade and the outlook for the future.

"There is no reason," he began, "to be discouraged as to the present condition of business or the prospects for the fall and winter. On the contrary, all things considered, the people of St. John and those of the province generally, have every reason to be thankful. Business has been dull, it is true, but we have had in no part of the province anything like a panic feeling; and I feel well assured that the worst is past, and that, with good crops all over, the fall will see a most satisfactory revival in trade. In the great majority of cases country traders have been able to pay less or more on their obligations, and the wholesalers have no reason to be dissatisfied. The present of course is not the time to pull in all sail so far as accommodations are concerned, but it is a time when business men generally, might well consider if the methods of trade all over the dominion could not be very materially changed. For some time past Ontario and Quebec houses have been extending their time of credit until at the present moment goods are being sold by them on really a credit of in many cases a whole year. In order to compete with them the St. John or other New Brunswick or Nova Scotia wholesaler has to follow suit. I regret to say that it is a fact that some business houses are selling goods now, the bills on which will not begin to date until next March or April. Then the parties will be drawn on at four months, and in some cases six months. Indeed this system has grown to such an extent that with many traders it has got to be not so much a question as to what the goods are to cost as to what the length of time the manufacturer or wholesaler is prepared to give. This system is doubly severe on the honest trader. In the first place it gives a dishonest man a chance to really buy at least two stocks in a year and dispose of the bulk of the goods at low figures and clear out—all before his first bill becomes due. As a consequence the wholesaler has to suffer by having to compete against such a person while he is in trade and against the balance of his bankrupt stock after he has quit the country. The honest man suffers in another way in consequence of the system. He does not look as sharply after his retail credit customers and when a demand is made upon him he may not be able to pay, which in many cases would mean a disaster. Of course there are scores and scores of honest failures. Whether failures are honest or otherwise, creditors in their own interest should devise some means by which the business parties in trouble should not come into competition with those of other business concerns."

"What remedy would you suggest?" "My mind is not definitely fixed upon what would be a proper remedy. One way to cure it, however, would be for the principal creditors to take back the goods or job out the bankrupt stock among those in business in the same city, town or village in which the failure occurred. I do not say that this would be the best method, but I am satisfied the business men of the dominion could agree upon a proper method if they gave the matter serious attention."

"What is the cause of the long credit system to which you have referred, and how would you cure it?" "The cause is twofold. It is due to over-production and a natural desire on the part of manufacturers to get clear of all surplus stocks; and also to the spirit of competition among the wholesale trade. Under it honest traders are liable to buy too largely. The time for payment seems so far off that they in many cases purchase much more than they require. The result is that when the day of reckoning comes more than a few of them have to draw back on the original sellers. In this way they are liable to get into deep water, and many a man who, under short credit, would be doing a safe business, would be shipwrecked under the present threatened system of long credit. Now for the remedy. Over-production can only be cured by lessening the supply and I fully agreed with the position of Progress that the over-supplied lumber market could not be cured by getting the mill men of St. John to work ten hours instead of nine. A curtailment in the hours of labor at all manufacturing work all over the dominion would do much to cure the present difficulty. I do not mean to say that five, six or seven or eight hours should constitute a day's work, but I mean to say that until the evil of over-production is cured the hours of labor should be reduced in most three-quarter day system were established for a time. I can well understand that St. John manufacturers of all kinds might naturally have a grievance in having to compete under a nine-hour system against goods from small towns where they work ten or more hours a day. Their effort, however, should be directed more towards spreading the shorter hour system all over the dominion rather than in killing out the nine-hour movement here. It requires but little logic to enable a man to reason that over-production cannot be cured by longer hours. Once the trade of the dominion is regulated in the matter of over-production, it should not be difficult for the wholesalers of Canada to come to a common understanding as to the length of credit to be allowed. It is their interest to do so, and they will be forced in self-defence to do so at no very distant day. What is to prevent a meeting among the different wholesalers in some part of the dominion every year? They might wisely say to each other something like this: 'We can afford to cut into each other on prices on some lines of goods and yet make a profit; but we cannot afford to encourage a system that really means a year's credit. If we encourage this, will it not lead to a greater evil? We believe it will, and we will therefore out of regard to our common interests put a stop to a system that may destroy the honest trader, result in great losses to ourselves and be of benefit only to the dishonest trader.'

A USEFUL THING TO KNOW.

A Person Need Not Drown—Hold Your Breath and Follow Instructions.

To keep from drowning it is not necessary to know how to swim. This may seem at first a rather strange statement, but much depends on the meaning that is attached to the word "swim." A man may be able to "tread water," yet he may not know how to swim. When a man swims it means one thing, when a dog swims it means another and somewhat different thing. In the main, the difference is one of position—of standing upright or sprawling in the water. Of course, the dog cannot swim as the man can and does, but a man may swim on first trial as a dog swims, if he will only do as the dog does.



HOW TO FLOAT.

The above figure shows the correct position for floating on the back. It is surprising how long animals and human beings are capable of sustaining themselves in water. In one well-authenticated instance a dog swam ashore with a letter in his mouth at the Cape of Good Hope, while the crew of the ship to which the dog belonged perished. The sailors never had been lost had they treaded water as the dog did. Although unable to rest by the way animals swim immense overboard during a gale off Cape Hatteras, and yet made his way safely to shore. Only a week or two ago some cattle were swept from a vessel during a storm of the Maine coast, and more than half of them were saved. If you cannot swim and should fall overboard do not scream, but try to "climb up stairs" with hands and feet. —Ez.

children the dogs met on the banks of the lake and the little spaniel began his fight for life. He adroitly managed to get the bull-dog to the edge of the water and then got him where he had better than an argument of intelligence his battle was a good deal more than half won, for his hand the bull-dog at his mercy and in a very short time had him drowned." —Ez.

"Oh, he is a born debater!" said one friend of another, the other day. "There is nothing he likes better than an argument. He won't even eat anything that agrees with him."

STRAWBERRIES and CREAM, GREEN PEAS and CUCUMBERS, WATER MELONS and PINEAPPLES, PICKLED MACKEREL and SHAD, for sale at 32 Charlotte street, by J. S. Armstrong & Bro.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. ANNOUNCEMENTS under this heading not exceeding five lines (above) will be published at the rate of five cents extra for every additional line.

TO BEAUTIFUL LARGE Photos (amounting to 100) of the most interesting scenes in the Dominion, for sale at 32 Charlotte street, by J. S. Armstrong & Bro.

FOR SALE, HALLETT, DAVIS & CO. round corners. Cost \$1000.00, only \$800.00. Best time in the Dominion. 31 and 33 King street. —C. F. FLOOD & SONS, aug 1.

STAMPS, COLLECTORS, ATTENTION! 25 varieties Foreign STAMPS, and mixed Foreign STAMPS, only 25 cents. 1000 mixed Foreign STAMPS, only \$1.00. —E. J. JAMES & CO., 38 Broad street, Halifax, N. S. Aug 15

SHORTHAND, FRED DEVINE (Court stenographer), will receive pupils in shorthand and stenography, at 221 King street east; Tuesday and Thursday evenings. —Scovil, July 18 3m

PHOTO. OF QUEEN VICTORIA, cabinet size, in color or stamps.—H. V. MORAN & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

89 LESSONS IN PENMANSHIP FOR OF NEARLY 300 separate pen-writers course consists of exercises, capitals, small letters, figures and elegant writing accompanied by a book containing full and explicit instructions. Sent post-paid to any address, on receipt of price. Address—St. John Institute of Penmanship, J. R. CURRIE, Esq., 118 King street, St. John, N. B.

FOUNTAIN PEN. SOLID RUBBER; writes beautifully; does not clog or get out of order; very simple. Sent with list of prices, in stamps or cash. Agent wanted. H. V. MORAN & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

TWEEDS, A LINE OF BROWN AND BLACK, Dark and Light Tweeds; low priced; strong and durable. Suitable for either pants or suits for every day wear.—A. GILMOUR, Tailor, 72 German street.

BLUINE THE GREAT BLEACHING Bicine. It does 24 hours' work in 10 minutes. The cheapest and best Bluline on the market. Send 1 lb. to H. PARKIN, 78 German st. for a sample. July 11

COSTUMES, WIGS, WHISKERS.—A. L. KING st., St. John. J. SPENCER, Balmoral Hotel, 10 King street, St. John. —S. S. STANLEY, Wholesale and Retail Agent for Maritime Provinces, Balmoral Hotel to King st., St. John, N. B. dec 27

LAMP BURNER.—LAMBERTSON'S safety lamp burner, which I have been selling for the last two months, and most satisfactory article for burner. Send 4c and testimonials.—L. STRECHER, Wholesale and Retail Agent for Maritime Provinces, Balmoral Hotel to King st., St. John, N. B. dec 27

FIVE LINES IN THIS COLUMN cost 25 cents month. If you have anything to sell this way, you cannot do better than say so to me.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE; situated at Rothwell, for sale, or to let for the summer, from station, to spend a summer holiday. Two minutes walk from Kennebecus; plenty of ground, in good repair; large attached.—Apply, for particulars, to Progress Office.

SEATING FOR SALE Cheap. Parties looking for seating for their public house, or for applying to TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, St. John, N. B.

LADIES' POCKET BOOKS, Note Papers, &c., MCAUSTON & Co., 90 King Street.

BOARDING, A FEW PERMANENT or commodious flats with large and pleasant rooms, in a centrally located house, 78 Sidney street.—Miss McLINCH, May 3, '91.

EVERY WEEK THERE ARE BRIGHT boys in towns and villages every week, who would not object to sell Progress. There are small places where the people would be glad to take Progress every week, if any could be found who would deliver it, and collect the money. There is enjoyment in it for them, and money for the boys.

SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUTCHOUHE, Norton, Maryville, Chipman, Salisbury, Iboro, Grand Falls, Upper Woodstock, Presque, Isle, Carleton Place, Edmeston, New Brunswick, and scores of other places should each have a boy selling Progress. Splendid profit and little work.—address for information, Circulation Dept. Progress St. John, N. B.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS who know of bright honest boys who would not object to sell Progress for themselves, or keeping that in such towns and villages in the Maritime provinces where Progress is not for sale at present, can learn of something to their advantage, by writing to Progress "Circulation Department," St. John, N. B.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, FROM BAR ISLAND. This is to certify that I have had Rheumatism and have used Scott's Cure for Rheumatism with great satisfaction, and I feel it my duty to recommend it to the world at large for great value.

SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. Is the greatest discovery of the age for the immediate relief of RHEUMATISM. Applied to a bruised surface, it will instantly relieve pain and allay inflammation. Scott's Cure is a preparation that no household should be without.

Scott's Cure is prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, King Street (West), St. John, N. B. Price 50c per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50.

Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons, and S. McDermid, St. John, N. B.; Messrs. Brown & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Forry, Sutherland & Co., Montreal, P. Q.; T. Millburn & Co., Lyman Bros. & Co., Toronto; London Drug Co., London, Ont.

CANNED Salmon, Lobsters, Oysters, Corn, Tomatoes, Peas, Beans, Peaches. 1400 Cases. In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

\$30,000.00 worth of Clothing going to be sold. The Oak Hall Clothing House have purchased the stock of Wm. J. FRASER, the Royal Clothing Store. This stock will be sold at once, at any price. It is a very fine stock, and must be sold. A heavy discount will be made on Men's Clothing to close out the entire stock. OAK HALL, SCOVIL, FRASER, & Co.

ARTISTIC MANTLE PIECES. In Wood and Slate, Open Fire Place Fixtures, Register Grates, Tile Hearths & Facings. We are showing the finest line of above goods that we have ever had, and we invite the attention of all interested to the same, as being unexcelled in Canada for variety and excellent value. EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

EARLY! PERHAPS. But winter is not far off, a very few weeks hence you will get out your COAL SCUTTLES. Our Winter Stock arrived this week, and EARLY PURCHASERS have dozens to select from. We commence to show them today. PRICES ARE REMARKABLY LOW. T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 & 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

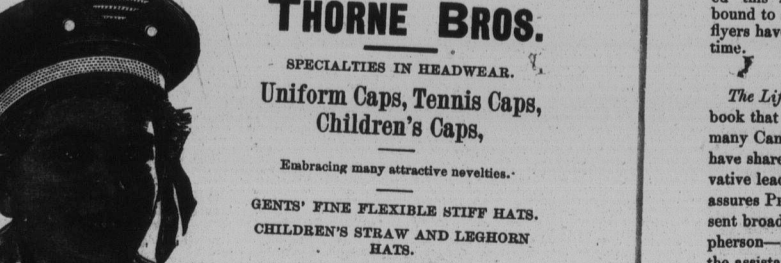
Bargains in Safety Bicycles. TO REDUCE OUR STOCK, WE OFFER THE FOLLOWING Special Prices up to Aug. 15th. BRANTFORD SAFETY—Highest grade—30in. wheels; all ball bearing.....\$125.00 for \$105.00. GIANT SAFETY, 28in. and 26in. wheels; ball bearing..... 40.00 " 40.00. LITTLE GIANT, 24in. wheel; ball bearing..... 35.00 " 35.00. ROCKET, 24in. wheel; cone bearing..... 35.00 " 35.00. JUNIOR, 24in. wheel; cone bearing..... 35.00 " 35.00. PET SAFETY, 20in. wheel; plain bearing..... 22.00 " 22.00. 2 Second-hand Brantford Safeties, list \$125.00, only been in use part of this season, will sell for \$90.00. Bicycle Sundries, such as Lanterns, Bells, Victor Wrenches, Tire and Rubber Cement, Lubricating and Lamp Oil, Cycle Brush Tools, Graphite, Etc.

THORNE BROS. SPECIALTIES IN HEADWEAR. Uniform Caps, Tennis Caps, Children's Caps, Emboscing many attractive novelties. GENTS' FINE FLEXIBLE STIFF HATS. CHILDREN'S STRAW AND LEGHORN HATS. Thorne Bros. 193 KING STREET.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY months with our guarantee sent to any address.

he use of K. D. C. is convincing proof that the for sample package send three cent stamp to the K. D. C. COMPANY, New Glasgow, N.S., Canada.

Canine Sagacity. The following story comes from Stone Lake: "A gentleman living on the banks of the lake has a small spaniel dog that is the pet of the family. A neighbor owned a vicious English bull-dog that seemed anxious to fight and kill the little spaniel at any opportunity. Strenuous efforts were made to keep the dogs apart, but through the thoughtlessness of some little



Five minutes sh... absolutely nothing... Tuesday evening... Smith gave a very... ters, formerly Mis... the city. Among... the Misses Drake... Mr. and Mrs. W... Miss Halliday, M... Ford, Mr. A. H. I... A valuable me... choir will soon be... leaving for the Uni... two years. Miss A... is leaving the Cent... church to spend som... Mr. Custance, St... church, is expected... also fill in improv... for boys. On Thu... talent was given... I shall notice next... the soloists. I... Carl Martin, of... Toronto, Ont., is... of the Toronto... France has an ill... just now. Gonod... shattered as to fut... ever, and his phys... This is the latest... audiences of the... upon the occasion... given by the Count... on concert was a... young ladies, am... daughter of the be... in England, who... of "honorable" be... orchestra was orga... attained a produc... ion.—Courier.

SPORTS Sporting circle... of this week. I... today when tur... ideas what a dif... this and last year... Have you though... a grand game eve... local hundred pe... hoarse over the... This year the... what they could... of it only as an... away.

The one topic... the week has... the female aggr... Their "stadium... accounts of their... ing from the pas... show they poss... pleasure. All th... that they have n... grounds for... the credit of the... Shamrocks that... their grounds for... an equally sure... player in the city... ever to do with...

Our last recall... as pleasant as... the are as any... good ball as Can... of 1889. We do... looking at a ga... attract not by an... but because they... to their sex.

I am not inclin... that they will... with the Social... of those member... know to believe... themselves by app... tion. Just see if... The same show... beach, and the... is the Boston... The long-heralded... ladies' base ball... in Old Orchard... populous and impo... noon train, and im... their field and... circus rig, short skirts... a sorry-looking... base ball team was... ball diamond was... seats. The accommo... quate, for people all... the spectacle, and a... at least two frisky me... and in favor of the... ground. The game... ball players were... and in favor of the... ball game was in prog... of the crowd fell in... and in favor of the... ed in "Shille, Kelly... the game was the sid... case. At every bi... sprawl. Every time... tion a piercing yell... would flourish and... duck and one poor lit... in the great national... on the ground in a... whole game, only the... ample of excitement... ballist would forcib... opponents in the... Then every once in a... a champion would plun... man's arms and implor... game was a grand f... one other.

JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

00.00

The Oak Hall... Store. This stock will... discount will be made on... the entire stock.

TLE PIECES. In Wood and Slate, Open Fire Place Fixtures, Register Grates, Tile Hearths & Facings.

We are showing the finest line of above goods that we have ever had, and we invite the attention of all interested to the same, as being unexcelled in Canada for variety and excellent value.

MEYERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

VERY! PERHAPS.

COAL SCUTTLES.

ARE REMARKABLY LOW.

McAVITY & SONS, KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

ry Bicycles.

ER THE FOLLOWING to Aug. 15th.

125.00, only been in use for \$90.00.

Victor Wrenches, Tire and Lamp Oil, Cycle Etc.

ROOMS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

HORNE BROS.

SPECIALTIES IN HEADWEAR. Form Caps, Tennis Caps, Children's Caps,

FINE FLEXIBLE STIFF HATS. MEN'S STRAW AND LEGHORN HATS.

orne Bros. 93 KING STREET.

MUSICAL & THEATRICAL

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES. Five minutes should be time enough in which to sum up matters musical for this week for there is absolutely nothing going on to speak of. Tuesday evening the Misses Smith and Mr. A. M. Smith gave a very pleasant musicale for Mrs. Masters, formerly Miss May Gregg, who is visiting in the city.

SPORTS OF THE SEASON. Sporting circles have not much to speak of this week. I could not help thinking today when turning my allayed brain for ideas what a difference there is between this and last year in the line of sport.

The one topic of interest discussed during the week has been the proposed visit of the female aggregation of ball players. Their "advance agents" have most glowing accounts of their attractiveness, and judging from the padded pictures of them they show they possess plenty of face and muscle.

Our last recollections of ball may not be as pleasant as they could have been, but they are at any rate recollections of as good ball as Canada put up in the season of 1889.

I am not inclined to credit the assertion that they will show in Halifax and play with the Socials. I have a better opinion of those members of the Socials that I know to believe that they will degrade themselves by appearing in such an exhibition. Just see if I'm not correct.

The same show was at Old Orchard beach, and this is the send off it gets from the Boston Globe:

The long-heralded and much-talked-of champion ladies' base ball team of the world made its appearance in Old Orchard today. They arrived with a pompous and important looking manager on a forenoon train, and immediately paraded the town with a brass band. They were attired in the conventional crenelated, short skirts and kinky heels. They were a sorry-looking crowd. The game with the local base ball team was advertised for 4 p. m. The base ball diamond was enclosed under canvas, and a few seats were brought in for reserved seats.

The exhibition horse races are announced this morning and the programme is bound to suit very many horsemen whose flyers have been waiting the word for some time.

The Life of Sir John A. Macdonald is a book that will be eagerly looked for by many Canadians—especially by those who have shared the fortunes of the late conservative leader. The publisher, Mr. Earle, assures Progress that the report recently sent broadcast that the author, Mr. Macpherson—a nephew of Sir John—has not the assistance of his family in his work is incorrect, and he shows autograph letters from Sir John himself written years ago which show a knowledge and appreciation of the undertaking.

Pleasant Places to Go To.

The steamer Clifton, on one of its recent Hampton excursions carried fully 250 passengers. The trip was made in three hours, and the various parties on board had a glorious time at their picnic spots. The establishment of The Willows hotel at Reed's point, by Hugh J. McCormick, has helped the patronage of the Clifton, and the hotel finds the boat an invaluable aid.

A Woman's Medical College. In these days of ladies and professions it is not strange perhaps that among the educational "ads" in PROGRESS should be found one of the Women's Medical college of Kingston, Ont. The catalogue of the institution reveals the fact that it is nine years old and affiliates with Queen's university. The catalogue is worth sending for.

A Popular Excursion. This appears to be the age of excursions and the steamboats and railways are making extraordinary efforts to accommodate the people. The latest move of the bay steamer Monticello, running Saturday ex-

A FREE HINT!

QUESTION: How Can I Furnish a House at a Low Cost?

ANSWER: To furnish a house at a low cost: The first and most important thing is to find a place, where you can purchase your materials at First Hands. When our business was established, we determined to be leaders, both in quality and price, and to this end bought all goods direct from the makers, thereby saving at least one profit to our customers.

Harold Gilbert's, 54 KING STREET.



Dom Fels zum Meer

favorable comment for such honest "specialties" as Skillings & Howard give the public.

A Maine Institution. A neat catalogue for 1891 from the East Maine conference seminary comes to Progress with the announcement of the institution which appears in the advertising columns.

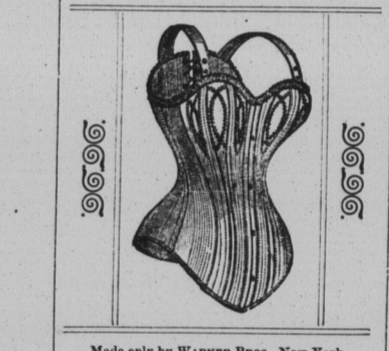
A Chance For a Picnic. The Friday half holiday, if the weather should be favorable on the 14th. inst, will afford an opportunity to a large number, to attend the picnic of St. Stephen's Church Sunday School, which is to be held at Nauwigewauk on that date.

To Strengthen the Eye. Any squint or cast in the eye can be cured without the expense of going to a physician or an oculist. It is only necessary to get a pair of spectacles with plain glass in and to color the center of one of the lenses black.

In the Fashion. The letter carriers are bound to be in line, and are advertising a moonlight excursion on the Weston, with Citizen's band and all the usual attractions for the evening of the 18th—Tuesday week. They bear much good news daily to many people, who will doubtless not forget to buy tickets.

A Joker's Personality. Eugene Field of Chicago, whose delicate humor and verses of pathos have given him a reputation not bounded by the confines of this country, is about forty-five years old. In personal appearance he is long and lank, and the hair on his head and face is not abundant.

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET



Made only by WARNER BROS., New York. A teacher of the D'Elsarte system says of this Corset: "It is the best Corset a lady can wear. It gives grace to the form; freedom in every movement of the body, and is more beneficial to the health of the wearer, than the great majority of Corsets in use."

Dr. Warner's Coraline Health Corset for sale by Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

STILL ATTRACTING ENORMOUS CROWDS AT ST. ANDREW'S RINK. PRINCE TINYMITE, The Smallest Man that walks the earth. Age, 19 years; height, 30 inches; weight, 10 pounds.



THE GREATEST SENSATION of this or any other country, the very incarnation of this male humanity, and absolutely the Smallest Natural Human Being that was ever known since the creation of the world.

HE IS PERFECTLY FORMED and the most fascinating human being ever born. He is the smallest, and in that respect the most interesting, mortal in the world.

Grain Scythes, Reaping Hooks, Potato Hacks.

J. HORNCastle & CO. INDIANTOWN.

DRUGGISTS.

AN ELEGANT LINE OF English, French, and American PERFUMES, IN BULK. All New Odors—Finest on the Market. THOMAS A. CROCKETT'S, 162 PRINCESS STREET, COR. SYDNEY, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

CHALONER'S BLACKBERRY SYRUP, FOR DIARRHOEA, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

Wholesale and Retail by S. McDIARMID, 49 KING STREET.

GROCERS.

W. ALEX. PORTER, GROCER AND FRUIT DEALER, Has for the Spring Trade a large and well-assorted Stock.

Particular Attention Given to Family Trade. Cheapest all-around Store for first-class goods.

COME AND SEE US. Cor. Union and Waterloo, and Cor. Mill and Pond Streets.

CONFECTIONERY, &c.

WHITE'S CONFECTIONERY, GANONG'S CONFECTIONERY, TESTER'S CONFECTIONERY. Myles' Syrup. Nuts, Grapes, Oranges, Dates, Figs, Etc.

BONNELL & COWAN, 200 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Oysters for the Summer Season. Having added 600 Bbls. of choice PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND OYSTERS, I am now prepared to supply Oysters, fresh-raked every morning; wholesale and retail.

ANOTHER SUPPLY OF THE POCKET ATLAS AND Gazetteer of Canada. A most useful little Book for Merchants and Manufacturers. Price, \$1.00.

For Sale by J. & A. MCMILLAN, ST. JOHN, N. B. By mail post paid upon receipt of price.

SUNDAY TRAIN.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY.

EXPRESS TRAIN will leave every SUNDAY MORNING for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate stations, West Side at 8 a. m., connecting with Ferry Boat leaving East Side at 7:30 a. m. Returning, leave St. Stephen at 6 p. m., arriving at St. John at 8:15 p. m. Standard time.

TICKETS ONE FARE, good to return Monday. F. J. McPHEE, Superintendent.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 95 Germain street, St. John, N. B.

Subscription price of Progress is Two Dollars per annum, in advance. The subscription price of Progress is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Discontinuance.—Except in very few 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 three cents per copy up to February 7, and five cents per copy after that date.

Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Unless this is done they are quite sure of being overlooked.

Advertisements.—Advertisements for the paper should be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

Advertisements.—Advertisements for the paper should be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

Advertisements.—Advertisements for the paper should be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

Advertisements.—Advertisements for the paper should be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

Advertisements.—Advertisements for the paper should be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

plan to think about these things occasionally; just to get an inkling of how little we know. Our knowledge is only as a drop in comparison with the ocean of the unknown that lies around us, and touches us at almost every point.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The boy king of Spain sat for his portrait the other day. He asked the artist to paint him "big with a long moustache."

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

CIRCULATION, - - 9,800

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, Cor. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 8.

THE SHERIFF'S RESPONSIBILITY.

PROGRESS' exposure of the fearful condition of the jail seems to have stirred up the authorities. The movement of the Board of Health was noted last week and one of the results of that movement and the confirmatory report of their inspection was the meeting of the Municipal building board.

It is no excuse for Mr. HARDING that he has a deputy who is directly in control of the building, who has his apartments in it and is supposed to look after it. He is just as responsible for the negligence of his deputy as a merchant for the fault of his clerk.

There can be but one answer—the sheriff and the municipal council should make a note of the fact.

THE REALM OF THE UNKNOWN.

There is at Hartford, Connecticut, a collection of fossils in readiness to be forwarded to the United States National Museum at Washington. One part of the collection is devoted to the fossils of the Reptile Age, to use a name which geologists have abandoned, but one which, in a popular sense, describe the period to which these remains are assigned.

There are people who do not approve of jokes of any kind—also who do not approve of singing songs. The latter sing hymns. Possibly the atrocious way in which they render hymns is pardoned by retributive justice, because of the intention of the criminals.

MEN AND THINGS.

Many persons despise a pun, or say they do. Such persons usually could not make a pun, if they were to be hanged in case of failure. To make a good pun requires quickness of thought, a discriminating ear, and not a little ready ingenuity.

An English wit was once asked if it was true that he could make a pun upon any subject. "I don't know," he said, "give me a subject." "The king," said his questioner. "The king is no subject," was his instant reply. It is not a pun, what is it? Yet it is wonderfully witty.

The young officer who told his tailor he would make a splendid dragon because "he could charge so," only made a pun, but try gentle reader and see if you can make as good a one, or as good a one as that of the divinity student, who at a church festival fished up a solitary oyster from the bottom of his stew and exclaimed "de profundis clamavi," or as that of the Englishman, who commenting upon the number of distinguished Scotchmen present on a certain occasion, said it was only natural that the people of the northern kingdom should have "A Niche in the Temple of Fame," or of the Dubliner, who sat down a glass of Irish whiskey, with this remark: "Ireland, with all her faults, I love her still," and the reply of his companion, an Englishman, "Yes, but she never is still," was not altogether bad.

There are people who do not approve of jokes of any kind—also who do not approve of singing songs. The latter sing hymns. Possibly the atrocious way in which they render hymns is pardoned by retributive justice, because of the intention of the criminals.

A SAFE STANDARD.

We like other people to be virtuous. Sin when committed by our neighbor is heinous. We ourselves rarely do more than fall into indiscreet conduct. Occasionally we admit having done wrong; but that is when we feel tolerably sure of being found out.

Ask the most dissolute man or the most abandoned woman for an explanation of their vicious careers and they will have a good excuse for every false step, and the worst of them cannot be convinced that they are nearly as bad as hundreds of others. If the wish of the Scotch bard could be granted and some power would "see us," there would be the greatest running to cover the world has ever seen.

It is sound enough law, but there is no greater fallacy for all that, than that a man must be held to intend the consequences of his acts. As people do not usually go around with a statement of their motives pinned upon their persons so that every one may read, perhaps there is no other way of getting at what a man intends than by judging from what he does; but every one of us knows that he often has done things that have had the very opposite effect from what he intended. So no matter how wrong our conduct may appear, we are often justly conscious that it is not as bad as it seems.

By an odd inconsistency we do not make this allowance for other people. They never are coerced by circumstances, or if they are, they ought never to have succumbed. We tell ourselves and perhaps tell him that there is such a thing as criminal weakness. It is said that we are more intolerant of those faults in others, that we are most prone to commit ourselves. This may be so; but it may be that we only detect them more readily. If you see a man, when he examines a horse, look for spavins the first thing, it is safe to conclude that he owns, or has lately owned a spavined horse.

Do you complain that other men are too fond of their neighbors' wives? Just look at the same direction. Do you suspect every man of falsehood? The odds are that you are out of the amateur class in lying yourself. Do you believe that every man needs watching? Doubtless the belief is correct so far as it relates to you. We are apt to judge how people will act under certain circumstances by a consciousness of how we ourselves would. The command to do unto others as we would be done by, may be paraphrased into "Be what you think others ought to be."

NEW BRUNSWICK SCENERY.

The remark is a hackneyed one, but it is none the less true, that one may search a long distance and not find a more beautiful region than that traversed by the St. John river. Whether the rugged shores near its mouth, the magnificent water stretches and picturesque hills of its lower course, the wide intervals and islands which characterize it further up, the broken scenery between Fredericton and Woodstock, the winding valley with cultivated slopes on either side which are flanked between Woodstock and Andover, the wild and rugged beauty of its course from Andover upwards, culminating in the magnificence of the Grand Falls, the quaint pastoral beauty of the Madawaska country, the forest clad shores and white capped rapids of its upper course—

Whether these are taken singly or in combination the result is the same—attractive-ness that is rare, that appeals to every taste. There are grander rivers. The magnificent sweep of the St. Lawrence or the Mississippi surpass it, but on the other hand they are too vast, for the most part for scenic effects. Art has done more for the Hudson, cultivation more for the Connecticut. The wild canons of the Columbia and the Fraser repeat for mile after mile the grandeur of the gorge at Grand Falls. But the St. John can claim a place of its own. It is a queen of rivers.

Few places surpass St. Andrews for beauty of situation. The view from Chamcook mountain is perhaps the finest water view in Canada, and the approach to the town from the bay is very beautiful. The Bay Chaleur presents a series of striking landscapes. The sail from Dalhousie down along the Bonaventure shore and out to Gaspé, though not strictly New Brunswick scenery may be treated as forming a part of what we have to offer in the way of attractions to tourists. The Lower Miramichi presents a succession of delightful spots, and its estuary is particularly fine. The same praise may be given deservedly to the North Shore. St. Martins and other points on the bay, and Sackville with its great adjacent marshes have their claims to consideration. To see the fair face of nature unadorned, one need only visit our forest streams, such as the Restigouche, the Tobique, the Nepisiguit, and others. High mountains are lacking, but the highlands of the north central part of the province form in contrast with their lower surroundings, a pleasing substitute.

Our forests, by the variety of their foliage, lend themselves in a high degree to the beautifying of the landscape. The different shades of green, from the smoke color of the fir to the bright tint of the ash and silver stem of the poplars, are a conspicuous element of beauty. Residents of the province are accustomed to this and do not notice it as strangers do. A characteristic of our soil, which reduces its dustiness to a minimum, with our frequent showers, keep the landscape always fresh, and the innumerable brooks are a feature, to be appreciated only by those who know what it is to travel for many miles without hearing the ripple of running water. We have a remarkably beautiful province, and there will be a time when it will be overrun with visitors. It ought to be better advertised.

The Friday half holiday does not appear to be as complete a success as was expected. The brief discussion in the board of trade shows that among the members of that body there are some who think that a Friday half holiday for one portion of the people and a Saturday half holiday for another portion is not as good an arrangement as might be made. The movement is young and cannot be said to have had a fair trial, and it is not surprising that there should be complaints. The advocates of a general Saturday half holiday, however, will find much to contend against before anything like success meets their efforts. To change the pay day will not be easy. There is one great objection to this which cannot be overcome at present. A certain number of the laborers will spend a portion of their wages in what they call "having a good time," a kind of time, however, that usually unfits them for work the next day. To counteract this the present liquor license law provided that the saloons should close at 7 o'clock Saturday night. But this is only one objection. There are so many others that we cannot see how with question whether the tendency to open question whether the tendency to which all business is suspended is not injurious to the trade of the city.

INSTANTANETTES.

By Myself. Mrs. Thimble—Would you kindly lend me your sleeve pattern, as I have nothing to patronize after. Of course she got it. An oarsman and a pugilist disputed regarding the proper pronunciation of row. They settled the same by having one.

When the "Brighter Days" arrive, ignorance, bigotry, intolerance and superstition will be placed away in the back rows of the museum of thought, together with a few other mummies never more to be resurrected.

There was a young man named Brown On whom a young lady did frown, On her he was smitten, Because he lived in Bug Town.

Mike—Say, Pat, did you hear the latest about Timmyson? Pat—No, because I didn't; what is it? Mike—Well, he's the poet Larry ate. Pat—Oh! the cannibal. The farmer's life in part is a harrowing one.

Tom—See here, old boy, would a serious accident attended with broken bones make you feel any older. Old boy—Now Tom, you're joking; but come to think, I believe I would feel Jam-aged.

There was an old man from Belle Isle, Who on a grass widow did smile, He smelt once too often, He's now in his coffin.

When "fishing for compliments," bait thou thy hook with flattery, in order to safely land thy fish. Unless the selfishness so noticeable in the average youngster, disappears with approaching maturity, the result is too often attended with a miserly niggardliness painfully apparent to all but the afflicted.

There was a young man from Fort Howe, Who a large tailor's bill did owe; He couldn't give ball, So he went to jail.

While thou art yet basking in the sunshine of prosperity and enjoying the luxurious atmosphere of apparent independence, keep thine eye, eye both eyes, open, lest the storm drum of adversity be hoisted as a signal for thy collapse. P. S.—When thou see'st the sign in the distance, get thee with all haste to the land of economy ere yet it be too late, thereby avoiding the consequences.

Not reflecting on the intelligence of St. John's firemen, nevertheless they are quite an ignorant set of people, inasmuch as when an alarm is sounded they know not whether they are going to a fire or a drowning accident.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

An enterprising local merchant who thinks of extending his advertising, took Rowell's advice in Printers Ink and wrote him for estimates upon writing and designing an ordinary double column "ad." The reply came and the quotation—from \$25 to \$30! He is about convinced that PROGRESS does the work as well, and much more reasonably.

There is considerable nonsense and much sound sense scattered about in the associations. One editorial talker will take advantage of the opportunity afforded him and waste no words in his condemnation of \$100,000 advertising directories and their garbled and incorrect statements of circulation, while the next speaker, "a special agent," loses no time in declaring that the general agent and his directory would be hard to beat. The average publisher made up his mind long ago that there is much truth in both statements. But one of the important discussions in the convention of the National Advertising association held recently at St. Paul was the fraud that is being practiced daily all over the country by many local dealers, druggists, etc., who make a point of substituting imitations for the genuine preparations that have won a large sale by generous advertising. Hood, Ayer, Johnson, Cuticura, Pyle's Pearlina, Pear's, etc., are names known in every household, made so by generous advertising supported by the excellence of their preparations. It is but poor satisfaction to them to find fraudulent concerns with worthless imitations reaping the benefit of the fraud business that has grown to such proportions that the trawling imitations are manufactured in large quantities for dealers whose consciences—or lack of them—will permit them to deceive the people for a song.

The trash is wholesale for a song without imitations reaping the benefit of the fraud business that has grown to such proportions that the trawling imitations are manufactured in large quantities for dealers whose consciences—or lack of them—will permit them to deceive the people for a song.

POEM WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Strong in Faith. While on the threshold of the life to come, And strong in Faith, I seek the heavenly home, Thy love, shall enter in my house of prayer, And to Thee, Lord, my grateful heart I'll raise.

She Simply Couldn't. She could sing and she could play, She could dance from night till day, She could write the hours away, So 'tis said.

She could walk eight miles a day And play tennis charmingly, She could write the hours away, So 'tis said.

She could swim and she could row, She could always have a beau, And I'm sure that we all know She was a beauty.

She could laugh and she could prance, She could play the patron saint, But she couldn't and she wouldn't Make a bed.

She could etch and write a book, She could win by book and crook, She could write the hours away, So 'tis said.

She could talk of church affairs, But knew naught of household cares; Still I'm sure that some compare With sweet Ned's.

Even if she couldn't bake, Bread and pies and angel cake, She snatched and she captured, A rich man!

Love's Forever. "Then must we really part forever!" Some rashly spoken word had chilled her, From the soft speech whose potent way Had evening after evening thrilled her.

Responsive to the plaintive plea She certified his heart's endeavor, She glanced at him disdainfully, And cold as rolls the pole ax, Her voice pronounced the word "Forever!"

A sob! A moan! With laden feet From the veranda he descended, Tread carefully the murky street, Praying to find a winding street, And whatsoever with him blended.

"This was most cruel!" he said, then laid His hand upon a dagger straightway; A gasp it shuddered through his breast, As cold as rolls the pole ax, Had marked the wounds of Love's forever.

—Boston Courier.

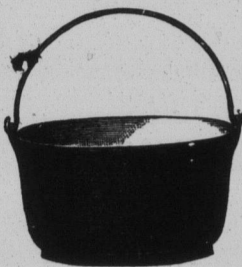
CONTINUED THE M... IDEA... It is growing in... WM. LOGAN, ENAMELLED... SHERATON... ARTHUR ST. Seamless... ESTEY & CO. (Rubber Goods)... C. INDIGESTION C... FELLOW... Dyspepsia & BITTE... Follows' Dyspepsia are highly recommended... PRICE 25 CEN

CONTINUED SUCCESS! THE MARKED SUCCESS OF IDEAL SOAP

CONTINUES.

It is growing in popular favor day by day, as is shown by increased and increasing sales. The women of Canada appreciate an article of real merit, and a trial of IDEAL SOAP convinces them of its many superior qualities.

WM. LOGAN, MANUFACTURER, ST. JOHN, N. B. ENAMELLED PRESERVING KETTLES, FROM 2 QUARTS TO 20 QUARTS.



- Enamelled Saucepans, Tinned Saucepans, Ice Cream Freezers, Pic-Nic Baskets, Curling Tongs, Call Bells.

Self-Basting Roasting Pans, IN FIVE SIZES.

THE "TRIUMPH" SELF-WRINGING MOP, AND OTHER NOVELTIES TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 KING STREET, - OPPOSITE ROYAL HOTEL.



ITS PECULIARITIES: 1 A KEY FOR EVERY LETTER, 2 NO SHIFT KEYS, 3 ADJUSTABLE TYPE-BARS, 4 EQUALIZED KEY LEVERAGE, 5 PRINTS ON FLAT SURFACE.

RESULTS: 1 EVERY KEY MEANS WHAT IT SAYS, 2 NO LOST TIME MAKING CAPITALS, 3 CORRECT ALIGNMENT, 4 UNIFORM IMPRESSION, 5 PERFECT LETTERS.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO. AGENTS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Seamless Waterproof Hats.



ESTY & CO. (Standard Rubber Goods.) Sole Selling Agents, 68 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

C. FLOOD & SONS, ST. JOHN, Keep in stock the largest variety of fine quality



Table and Floor Lamps

Prices from \$4.50 to \$35.00

INDIGESTION CURED! FELLOWS' DYSPEPSIA BITTERS



Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters are highly recommended for Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, or any disease arising from bad digestion.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Summer Complaints SPEEDY RELIEF. - FELLOWS' - SPEEDY RELIEF.

THE GREAT CURE FOR Summer Complaints, Cholera, Cramp in Stomach, Diarrhoea, Dysentery.

ONE DOSE IS USUALLY SUFFICIENT.

PRICE 25 CENTS.



St. John-South End. The party of ladies and gentlemen who went to St. Andrews on Friday last returned to St. John on Monday after spending three pleasant days at the Algonquin. Lady Tilley entertained the party at a picnic at the chalet, and a dance was given one evening at the hotel. The party included: The Misses Jones, Mr. George Jones, Mrs. Downey, Miss Adams, Mr. A. Adams, Miss McMillan, Miss Gerlie Dever, Miss Nan Burpee, Miss Troop, Mr. C. Troop, Miss King, Messrs. H. and L. Tilley, Mr. Barber, Mr. Baxter, and a few others. The Misses Bayard returned from St. Andrews with the party.

Miss Josie Troop is visiting friends at Yarmouth. Miss Alice Walker is visiting Halifax. Mrs. John Magee, Jr., and her children are the guests of Mrs. Allan Daniel, Prince Edward Island. Mrs. Charles Macdonald and family have returned home from Shediac.

Mrs. F. Harding is visiting friends at Halifax. Mr. J. Baxter, of England, has returned home to Halifax. Miss Sarah Britain has returned to New York. A small but pleasant little impromptu dance was given by the Misses Dever on Wednesday evening. It was given for their brother, Mr. James Dever, who has been visiting them, and returned yesterday to New York. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, Miss Adams, Miss Keator, Miss Katie Jones, Miss Troop, Miss Warner, Miss M. MacLaren, Mr. P. Clinch, Mr. C. J. Coster, Mr. H. DeBerry, Mr. A. C. Thomson, Mr. A. Adams, Mr. Gillis Keator, Mr. J. Warner, Messrs. K. and F. Jones.

Mrs. L. J. Almon, (Hotheav) entertains a few friends this afternoon to tennis and light refreshments. Several ladies and gentlemen from the city leave by the mid day train. Mr. Wm. Beer has been seriously ill at his residence, Wright street, for the last week with congestion of the brain. He is still confined to his bed, though somewhat improved.

Mrs. Fred Allison Sackville, is in the city, the guest of her mother, Mrs. W. B. Robinson, Broad street. Mrs. Shafroth went to Halifax this week to visit her brother. Mrs. Gabriel DeVeber, Jr., Georgetown, is spending some weeks in St. John. Mr. W. Blair, Ottawa, is in the city. He is staying with Mrs. Blair, at Mrs. R. W. Crookshanks', Sydney street.

Mrs. Hatchford left on Thursday last for Lowell, Mass., where she will visit her niece for a few weeks. I understand H. M. S. Tourmaline will visit St. John this month, and in all probability will be here for the tennis ball, which comes off on or about the 21st. Mrs. James Stratton, who was severely bitten by a dog on Saturday last at Mr. Ernest Turnbull's farm, has suffered much from a wound in the lip and ear, but is doing nicely.

Mrs. Barton Gandy and family are spending a few weeks at Waddell's landing. Mr. and Mrs. John White gave a very enjoyable party at their residence, Orange street, Monday evening. Among those present were: Judge and Mrs. R. C. Skinner, Miss Louise Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. T. Wm. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. J. Pope Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Twist, the Misses Roe and Mr. Roe, (Boston) Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Skinner, the Misses Maud and Edith Skinner, Miss E. Green, Miss Fanny Merritt, Miss Jordan, Miss Smith and Miss Graham, (St. Stephen) the Misses Grace and Gertrude Skinner, Miss Smith, (Windsor) Mr. Harry DeForest, Mr. J. Seely, Mr. Miles, (England) Mr. Edward Merritt, Mr. J. Thomas, Mr. Montgomery, Messrs. Frank and Walter White, Mr. Will Jordan, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Walter Clarke, Mr. Sherwood Skinner, Mr. Jack Fraser, and others. Dancing and other amusements were indulged in until 1:30, when the happy gathering broke up. All present expressed themselves as having a delightful time. Ice cream and light refreshments were served during the evening.

The Misses Louise, Edith, Gertrude, and Maud Skinner and Miss Smith (Windsor) left by the Shore Line railway on Tuesday for St. Stephen, where they intend spending two or three weeks. Miss Ada Troop left by steamer Monticello on Thursday for Bridgetown to spend a few weeks. Miss Blanche Beard is visiting friends in Weymouth, Nova Scotia. Miss Mosher returned from Boston and is the guest of Miss Brundage, Princess street. Miss Evelyn Laskey has returned from Boston, having completed her course of training at the Massachusetts general hospital.

READERS OF PROGRESS who are going to the country for the summer, can have this paper sent to any address they may name. Send STAMPS in payment AND ADDRESS and the order will be promptly attended to.

St. John-West End. Mr. Geo. Baskin is in town last week. Miss Adams has returned from Stanley. Mrs. Ganong returned on Monday from a visit up river. Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Clark gave a family party last Thursday evening, in honor of their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Clark. Miss Edith Peters returned from Woodstock last week. She will entertain Miss Smith, of Woodstock, for a month. Mr. J. Hunter Clark is at home for a three weeks' visit from Nova Scotia.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Alfred Clark gave a delightful "at home" on last Wednesday evening, to a large number of their lady and gentlemen friends. Mrs. I. Chp Olive spent a few days last week at Woodman's Point. Miss White spent Sunday at her uncle's, Dr. White's. The engagements I spoke of a week or two ago, have been announced, so that it will be no harm for me to give them to the readers of PROGRESS. A sea captain and the daughter of a King street merchant. The other, a sea captain also, and a widow, and a young lady residing on Winslow street. Mrs. Knight was in Sheffield a day or two last week. Miss Sadie returned with her. Mr. E. J. Sheldon was at St. Martins last week. Mrs. Fleetwood, of Moncton, was the guest of Mrs. J. K. Taylor last week. Miss Hickson and Miss Edith Hamm leave for a visit to the North shore very soon. The many friends of Capt. Saunders were pained to hear of his sudden death in England, so far from his family. Heartfelt sympathy is extended to his sorrowing widow and children. Rev. T. E. Dowling was at West End this week. Miss McLeod has returned from a short visit to the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruel of Digby are visiting Mrs. Ruel's parents, Mr. and Mrs. McLellan. Mr. David Brown left for England last week. His family will remain at the bay shore for some time yet. Miss Hunter of Fredericton was at the West End last week. Rev. Mr. Huggell is boarding with Mr. Frank Connor. Mrs. Huggell and little son will come to the West End as soon as a house can be procured near St. Jude's church. Mr. Walter A. Taylor, with other young gentlemen, went on a yachting trip last week up river. Mrs. George F. Harding and Miss Agnes Harding have returned from Woodstock. Little Miss Jean Barr spent a few days with her grandparents last week.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. 61 AND 68 KING STREET.

Are now making a Grand Display of Real Westphalian Hand-Worked Linens.

The first of the class of Fine Table Linens ever imported to St. John. Pure White decorated Linens are now the correct and accepted fashion for Dining Tables.

Table Runners, Table Cloths, Napkins, D'Oylies, Sets of Cloths and Napkins to match, 5 o'clock Table Cloths, Trays, Carvers, etc.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.



You Save Money AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET, Opposite King Square.

Rubber Sink Cleaners, only 5cts. each; Rubber Dressing Combs, best quality, from 7cts.; Seamless Dress Shields, regular price 20cts., our price, 9cts.

A 4-Row Bristle Tooth Brush, regular price 25cts., our price, 10cts.; Rubber Dolls and Toys, in great variety; Seamless Waterproof Cloth Hats, stylish and neat, 4 colors, only \$1.35 each—see them; a 50ct. Hair Brush, in two styles, only 50cts. each; a Brush and Comb, only 25cts.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

SKINNER'S CARPET: WAREROOMS, 58 KING STREET.

My Store will be Closed on FRIDAY, at 1 p. m., during July and August.

A. O. SKINNER.

"LIGHTENING" ICE CREAM FREEZERS, OIL STOVES, REFRIGERATORS, BIRD CAGES, ETC.

COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street.

Come to Hallett's Shoe Store, - AND ASK TO SEE THE - BARGAINS OFFERED THIS WEEK!

Here are a few of them:

YOUTH'S BALMORALS, 65c. up; CHILD'S BUTTON BOOTS, 25c. up. BOYS' BALMORALS, 75c. up; LADIES' BUTTON BOOTS, 85c. up. MISSES' BUTTON BOOTS, 85c. up; MEN'S FINE BUFF BALMORALS, \$1.25

G. B. HALLETT, - 108 KING STREET.

3 SPECIAL LINES FOR NEXT WEEK. 3

Striped Gossamers. Good dark colors—sizes, 56 to 62. (Were \$3.75 to \$500 Now \$3.00.)

FANCY SHAKER FLANNELS, . . . . . at 5 1-2, 8, and 10cts. Patterns 25 Light Cambrics and Prints, (Reduced to 12 1/2cts.)

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL.





SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

Canon and Mrs. De Veber, of St. John, were here last week visiting friends.

Mrs. J. M. Wiley has gone on an extended tour west, he took his little daughter as far as Toronto, where she will visit her aunt, Mrs. Atherton.

Miss Burns, who has been visiting Miss Gregory, will return to her home in Halifax on Thursday.

There are a number of American tourists in Fredericton at present.

Mr. E. S. Carter, after spending some weeks at Linden Hall, left for Kingston to spend a short time with Mrs. Carter.

Mr. T. B. Hillidge, of St. John, spent a few days with Mrs. Fenwick at Linden Hall last week.

Miss Gertrude Fenwick is visiting her aunt, Mrs. M. V. Paddock, at Linden Hall.

Readers of Progress who are going to the country for the summer, can have this paper sent to any address they may name.

MONCTON. (Progress is for sale in Moncton at the book stores of W. W. Black and W. H. Murray, Main street.)

Atu. 6.—I think the past week has been one of the very quietest in this quiet summer.

Atu. 7.—I think the past week has been one of the very quietest in this quiet summer.

Atu. 8.—I think the past week has been one of the very quietest in this quiet summer.

Atu. 9.—I think the past week has been one of the very quietest in this quiet summer.

Atu. 10.—I think the past week has been one of the very quietest in this quiet summer.

Atu. 11.—I think the past week has been one of the very quietest in this quiet summer.

Atu. 12.—I think the past week has been one of the very quietest in this quiet summer.

Atu. 13.—I think the past week has been one of the very quietest in this quiet summer.

Atu. 14.—I think the past week has been one of the very quietest in this quiet summer.

Atu. 15.—I think the past week has been one of the very quietest in this quiet summer.

Atu. 16.—I think the past week has been one of the very quietest in this quiet summer.

Atu. 17.—I think the past week has been one of the very quietest in this quiet summer.

Atu. 18.—I think the past week has been one of the very quietest in this quiet summer.

Atu. 19.—I think the past week has been one of the very quietest in this quiet summer.

Atu. 20.—I think the past week has been one of the very quietest in this quiet summer.

Mrs. F. W. Sumner is spending a few weeks with her children in Albert, Alberta county.

Mr. Arthur Busby, gen. pas. agent of the I.C.R., returned yesterday from a short vacation on the Bay Chaleur.

Mr. George Taylor of the I.C.R., and Mr. J. O. Wren returned on Saturday from their trip to Ottawa.

Among the many young Moncton matrons who are sojourning on other shores for the time being is Mrs. Alex. Pich, who is spending a few weeks with her brother, Capt. A. T. Rouse, at his summer residence, Read farm, St. John county.

Mr. Arthur Busby, gen. pas. agent of the I.C.R., returned yesterday from a short vacation on the Bay Chaleur.

Mr. George Taylor of the I.C.R., and Mr. J. O. Wren returned on Saturday from their trip to Ottawa.

Among the many young Moncton matrons who are sojourning on other shores for the time being is Mrs. Alex. Pich, who is spending a few weeks with her brother, Capt. A. T. Rouse, at his summer residence, Read farm, St. John county.

Mr. Arthur Busby, gen. pas. agent of the I.C.R., returned yesterday from a short vacation on the Bay Chaleur.

Mr. George Taylor of the I.C.R., and Mr. J. O. Wren returned on Saturday from their trip to Ottawa.

Among the many young Moncton matrons who are sojourning on other shores for the time being is Mrs. Alex. Pich, who is spending a few weeks with her brother, Capt. A. T. Rouse, at his summer residence, Read farm, St. John county.

Mr. Arthur Busby, gen. pas. agent of the I.C.R., returned yesterday from a short vacation on the Bay Chaleur.

Mr. George Taylor of the I.C.R., and Mr. J. O. Wren returned on Saturday from their trip to Ottawa.

Among the many young Moncton matrons who are sojourning on other shores for the time being is Mrs. Alex. Pich, who is spending a few weeks with her brother, Capt. A. T. Rouse, at his summer residence, Read farm, St. John county.

Mr. Arthur Busby, gen. pas. agent of the I.C.R., returned yesterday from a short vacation on the Bay Chaleur.

Mr. George Taylor of the I.C.R., and Mr. J. O. Wren returned on Saturday from their trip to Ottawa.

Among the many young Moncton matrons who are sojourning on other shores for the time being is Mrs. Alex. Pich, who is spending a few weeks with her brother, Capt. A. T. Rouse, at his summer residence, Read farm, St. John county.

Mr. Arthur Busby, gen. pas. agent of the I.C.R., returned yesterday from a short vacation on the Bay Chaleur.

Mr. George Taylor of the I.C.R., and Mr. J. O. Wren returned on Saturday from their trip to Ottawa.

Among the many young Moncton matrons who are sojourning on other shores for the time being is Mrs. Alex. Pich, who is spending a few weeks with her brother, Capt. A. T. Rouse, at his summer residence, Read farm, St. John county.

Mr. Arthur Busby, gen. pas. agent of the I.C.R., returned yesterday from a short vacation on the Bay Chaleur.

Mr. George Taylor of the I.C.R., and Mr. J. O. Wren returned on Saturday from their trip to Ottawa.

Among the many young Moncton matrons who are sojourning on other shores for the time being is Mrs. Alex. Pich, who is spending a few weeks with her brother, Capt. A. T. Rouse, at his summer residence, Read farm, St. John county.

Mr. Arthur Busby, gen. pas. agent of the I.C.R., returned yesterday from a short vacation on the Bay Chaleur.

Mr. George Taylor of the I.C.R., and Mr. J. O. Wren returned on Saturday from their trip to Ottawa.

Among the many young Moncton matrons who are sojourning on other shores for the time being is Mrs. Alex. Pich, who is spending a few weeks with her brother, Capt. A. T. Rouse, at his summer residence, Read farm, St. John county.

WELSH, HUNTER & HAMILTON.

Are now offering special values in the following Goods:

- UMBRELLAS, SUNSHADES, GOSSAMERS.

THE CELEBRATED 'ECLIPSE' HOSE.

For Ladies and Children—guaranteed not to stain.

The "Margarite" Kid Gloves, Silk and Tafetta Gloves, Ribbons, Handkerchiefs, Laces.

See our Bargain Counter.

97 - KING STREET. - 97

with a little flirtation occasionally. Three cheers and a tiger were given for the host and hostess at "Elmwood" on leaving.

Mr. J. L. Marmad, of the I. C. R., general offices, left on Monday for two weeks holidays in Nova Scotia.

Mr. R. W. Thorne, of St. John, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. J. S. Marnie, returned home on Saturday.

Mr. W. B. McKenzie and her two little daughters, returned last week from Nova Scotia, where they have been spending some weeks.

Mr. J. M. Knight left town on Monday evening for the upper provinces to spend some ten days.

Mr. Bosford Peters returned on Saturday, after spending the last four months in Boston.

Mr. J. M. Knight left town on Monday evening for the upper provinces to spend some ten days.

Mr. Bosford Peters returned on Saturday, after spending the last four months in Boston.

Mr. J. M. Knight left town on Monday evening for the upper provinces to spend some ten days.

Mr. Bosford Peters returned on Saturday, after spending the last four months in Boston.

Mr. J. M. Knight left town on Monday evening for the upper provinces to spend some ten days.

Mr. Bosford Peters returned on Saturday, after spending the last four months in Boston.

Mr. J. M. Knight left town on Monday evening for the upper provinces to spend some ten days.

Mr. Bosford Peters returned on Saturday, after spending the last four months in Boston.

Mr. J. M. Knight left town on Monday evening for the upper provinces to spend some ten days.

Mr. Bosford Peters returned on Saturday, after spending the last four months in Boston.

Mr. J. M. Knight left town on Monday evening for the upper provinces to spend some ten days.

Mr. Bosford Peters returned on Saturday, after spending the last four months in Boston.

Mr. J. M. Knight left town on Monday evening for the upper provinces to spend some ten days.

Mr. Bosford Peters returned on Saturday, after spending the last four months in Boston.

"Moonstone."

AUGUST BIRTHDAY RINGS.

"Wear Moonstones for this No congenial felicity. The August born without this stone." The said, must live and love.

A splendid assortment of the above and other gems in stock, or set to order in any style; together with a full line of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, BRACELETS, CHAINS, LOCKETS, BROOCHES, EARBORES, ETC.

All orders promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

No. 51 KING STREET, Under Victoria Hotel, W. TREMAINE GARD, Goldsmith and Jeweler.

MAKE A MEMO.

While you think of it. Your house or your furniture is not insured. If you should be protected. You owe it to yourself, your family, and your creditors.

PHENIX OF HARTFORD.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORK.

DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. St. John, N.B.

SAMPLES, & PRICES, FURNISHED, CHEERFULLY.

with its teeth, and actually tore one of his feet from the leg.

Another author writes of a soldier who mounted a half-domesticated zebra.

The creature, after making the most furious attempts to get rid of its rider, plunged over a steep bank into the river, and threw the soldier as it emerged.

While the man lay half-stunned upon the ground, the zebra quietly walked up to him and bit off one of his ears.

Zebras can never be tamed, unless the process is begun while they are still very young.

H. A. Bryden gives an instance of a tragic fate which befell one of them, captured when he was seven or eight years old.

He had joined a troop of horses belonging to one of the author's friends, and finally allowed himself to be driven with them into a kraal, or enclosure.

For this purpose he was lassoed and tied to a tree; but so ferocious was he in the presence of man that the greatest precautions had to be observed in approaching him.

All possible means were taken to induce him to feed. When captured he was in splendid condition, and his coat shone in the sun.

Herbage was brought from the mountain-tops where he had been placed to graze, and every conceivable food was placed before him, but in vain; he steadily refused to eat.

Water he drank greedily, and would dispose of three bucketsful at a time.

At length, after three weeks of vain endeavor to tame the noble creature, during which time he subsisted entirely on water, he died.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It is a concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Pileswort, Juniper Berries, Mandrake, Dandelion, and other valuable vegetable remedies.

Peculiar To Itself.

It will cure, when in the power of medicine, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Blood Poisoning, Cancerous and all other Humors, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and all difficulties with the Liver and Kidneys.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It is certified to by thousands of voluntary witnesses all over the country who it has cured of diseases more or less severe.

100 Doses One Dollar.

It is certified to by thousands of voluntary witnesses all over the country who it has cured of diseases more or less severe.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN PATENTS.

A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws showing how to Obtain Patents, Copyrights, and Trade Marks, sent free.

Address all communications and entries to J. M. JOHNSON, J. A. S. MOTT, Secretaries.

Victoria Hotel, St. John, N. B.

CHATHAM.

(Progress is for sale in Chatham at Edward Johnson's bookstore.)

Atu. 5.—Chatham is having quite a number of visitors this season.

Miss Hamilton, of Dorchester, is visiting Mrs. W. B. Howard.

Misses Sheriff, Bond and Hazen are still in town, the guests of Miss Pierce, who is making their visit a most enjoyable one.

Mrs. Ernest Hutchison and friends went down to Bay View hotel and spent a very pleasant evening on board the Sarscelle.

Mrs. Alex. Brown and the little Misses Brown are at Bay Du Vin.

Mrs. A. M. Murdoch and family and Miss Katie Allan returned from Bay Du Vin on Tuesday after spending the season at that place.

Mrs. R. B. Adams is spending a few days at Squire Williston's, Bay Du Vin.

Mrs. E. H. Whorton, of Appleton, Wis., spent a few days here last week, his first visit in this province.

Mrs. George Anderson, an ardent visitor at the Queen's Hotel, of St. John, are at the Queen's Hotel.

Dr. Colter, M. P., reached home on Friday to find a note on his table from Mrs. Sarscelle to the effect that she is looking well and happy.

Miss Jenny and Miss Lizzie Sharp came home on Friday last from a visit to St. Andrews.

There is a reception in the opera house this evening for the Foresters, who are holding their high court here.

Mr. Wm. Spry, of Brooklyn, is visiting at the Queen's Hotel.

Mr. E. H. Whorton, of Appleton, Wis., spent a few days here last week, his first visit in this province.

Mrs. George Anderson, an ardent visitor at the Queen's Hotel, of St. John, are at the Queen's Hotel.

Dr. Colter, M. P., reached home on Friday to find a note on his table from Mrs. Sarscelle to the effect that she is looking well and happy.

Miss Jenny and Miss Lizzie Sharp came home on Friday last from a visit to St. Andrews.

PARROTSBORO.

(Progress is for sale in Parrotsboro at A. C. Berryman, Parrotsboro.)

Atu. 5.—Parrotsboro half deserted today. The people have gone either by land or by water to Spencer's Island, to witness the launching of a large ship.

At a very early hour this morning the slumbering village, which was disturbed by a continual sound of carriages.

Mr. Murray gave a boating party on Friday evening. A landing was made on the beach at the lighthouse, where a bon-fire was lighted, and a jolly time spent in partaking of ices, fruits, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith and family of Amherst came down on Saturday. Mr. Smith returned to Amherst on Friday, but will remain here for several weeks at the Minas hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith and family of Amherst came down on Saturday. Mr. Smith returned to Amherst on Friday, but will remain here for several weeks at the Minas hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith and family of Amherst came down on Saturday. Mr. Smith returned to Amherst on Friday, but will remain here for several weeks at the Minas hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith and family of Amherst came down on Saturday. Mr. Smith returned to Amherst on Friday, but will remain here for several weeks at the Minas hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith and family of Amherst came down on Saturday. Mr. Smith returned to Amherst on Friday, but will remain here for several weeks at the Minas hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith and family of Amherst came down on Saturday. Mr. Smith returned to Amherst on Friday, but will remain here for several weeks at the Minas hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith and family of Amherst came down on Saturday. Mr. Smith returned to Amherst on Friday, but will remain here for several weeks at the Minas hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith and family of Amherst came down on Saturday. Mr. Smith returned to Amherst on Friday, but will remain here for several weeks at the Minas hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith and family of Amherst came down on Saturday. Mr. Smith returned to Amherst on Friday, but will remain here for several weeks at the Minas hotel.

MOOSEPATH DRIVING PARK.

ST. JOHN, N. B. (Member of National Trotting Association.)

GRAND FALL CIRCUIT MEETING.

Moosepath, Sept. 23, 24, 25, 28, & 29, '91.

ST. STEPHEN, SEPT. 9th and 10th. 3 Minute Class, 2.50 Class, 2.45 Class, Four year Old Class, and Free for All Class.

PURSES, \$3,300.

FIRST DAY—Wednesday, 23rd Sept. 3 Minute Class, Trotting, \$150. 2.50 Class, Trotting, \$150.

SECOND DAY—Thursday, 24th Sept. 2.45 Class, Trotting, \$150. 2.50 Class, Trotting, \$150.

THIRD DAY—Friday, 25th Sept. 2.50 Class Trotting, \$150. Free-for-All Stallions, Trotting, \$500.

FOURTH DAY—Monday, 28th Sept. 2.40 Class, Trotting, \$150. 2.50 Class, Trotting, \$150.

FIFTH DAY—Tuesday, 29th Sept. Free-Year-Olds, or under, Trotting, \$150. Free-for-All Class Trotting, \$300.

Entries for Moosepath Park Races close Wednesday, 10th September, 11 p.m., and must be in writing, addressed to the Secretary.

National Trotting Association Rules. All races in harness, trotting, best three in five, mile heats.

Customary dividend of money, 200 per cent, 25 per cent, 10 per cent, and 10 per cent. Entrance fee, 100 cents; 2 per cent of which must accompany each nomination, the remaining 2 per cent to be paid on the evening before the race.

Horses start each nominated, the remaining 2 per cent to be paid on the evening before the race. Horses start each nominated, the remaining 2 per cent to be paid on the evening before the race.

The right is reserved to change the order of programme if deemed desirable by the management.

Address all communications and entries to J. M. JOHNSON, J. A. S. MOTT, Secretaries.

Victoria Hotel, St. John, N. B.

WRITING MACHINE.

(Latest production of G. W. N. Yost, the inventor of the "Remington" and "Caligraph" machines.)

PROOF OF SUPERIORITY.

The Sale of the Yost note exceeds that of any other machine.

Type-cases insure perfect and permanent alignment. No annoying or expensive ribbon. Ink Pad guaranteed to last six months. Prints directly from metal type, giving clear and clean work. Unexcelled for bookbinding. Cannot be strained by heavy work. Type arms tested to stand over 20 years. Speed does not impair its beautiful work. Noiseless and portable.

General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, H. CHUBB & CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

DO NOT PARASITE.

Polson's Treated to a wholesome What to do I want to do of persons, y at this seas woods and fe plants that th In order to know it wh going into th out. The info this article sh

Fig. I.—pecially by chil observing bush bing about th easily avoid. Every one do meaning of th do know that in the leaves or br iv or, a vivid r whole leg, an whole body. A little of the rask microscope, an nifying power es seen an active liv lives in millions plant, but when they clustered i wist a score o fring clinging t be seen with th be removed by ment and put on They are rather wonderful po Supposing a chil with its hand parasites get up toly in the skin of skin of a child, 1 per cent, of a sixty pupils to small boy who b upon his wrist. school who had b

Fig. II.—HARMI had brushed throo ives. No, for all the b, I, and indeed ev goes camping, ber through the field all about the Rus the family that ha millions of this pes It may be stated of the stomach, al common in the E but only two of th namely, the Rus Rus venenata. T be" the popular is not generally co owing to its peculi is likewise know and by other lo appears in a grea varieties differing s observer would see For example on of the stomach, shrub with leaves r other twines round having a hairy bro and bole, sticking y and you will find orable bush, con or fallen trees. Th and stone walls co most after the mann Scotch and othe cling so close to th out at the top li cling around old po



stone or for these... BIRTHDAY RINGS.

Watches, Bracelets, Clocks, Brooches, Earrings, Etc.

Holds Smith and Jeweler.

HARTFORD.

BUREAU.

Building.

HOLIDAY.

for \$3.00.

Princess Edward Island.

of Indiana.

through trip from Boston.

John A. Macdonald.

Macdonald is so great.

Dr. J. M. A. D. C.

Dr. J. M. A. D. C.

Dr. J. M. A. D. C.

Dr. J. M. A. D. C.

Dr. J. M. A. D. C.

Dr. J. M. A. D. C.

Dr. J. M. A. D. C.

Dr. J. M. A. D. C.

Dr. J. M. A. D. C.

Dr. J. M. A. D. C.

Dr. J. M. A. D. C.

Dr. J. M. A. D. C.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1891.

DO NOT TOUCH THEM.

PARASITES THAT THRIVE ON HUMAN BLOOD.

Poisonous Plants That Children Should be Taught to Avoid.

I want to tell the hundreds of thousands of persons, young and old, who are abroad in this season everywhere through the woods and fields about certain poisonous plants that they should avoid.

In order to avoid a plant it is necessary to know it when you see it, and it can only be known by reading about it, and then going out into the fields and determining it. The information and the drawings in this article should be studied carefully, especially by children, and then by carefully observing bushes and shrubs when rambling about, the poisonous ones can be easily avoided.

Every one does not know what is the meaning of the term "poison ivy." They do know that in a little while after touching the leaves or branches of a poisonous tree or ivy, a vivid rash appears upon the hand, wrist or leg, and then spreads over the whole body.

These parasites are communicated even by shaking hands, though the bacillus (which it really is) will not burrow so readily in the skin of an adult as in the softer skin of a child.

Supposing a child touches a leaf or stem with its hand or wrist, five or six of the parasites get upon the skin huddling close together and remaining in the same spot for hours. The child doesn't feel them and can't see them, but the pests at once begin to burrow under the skin feeding and building nests. In a short space of time they have increased a thousand fold, after which they all move about making little settlements all over the body, turning the skin rough and red and producing a torment of itching.

These parasites are communicated even by shaking hands, though the bacillus (which it really is) will not burrow so readily in the skin of an adult as in the softer skin of a child.

Supposing a child touches a leaf or stem with its hand or wrist, five or six of the parasites get upon the skin huddling close together and remaining in the same spot for hours. The child doesn't feel them and can't see them, but the pests at once begin to burrow under the skin feeding and building nests.

These parasites are communicated even by shaking hands, though the bacillus (which it really is) will not burrow so readily in the skin of an adult as in the softer skin of a child.

Supposing a child touches a leaf or stem with its hand or wrist, five or six of the parasites get upon the skin huddling close together and remaining in the same spot for hours. The child doesn't feel them and can't see them, but the pests at once begin to burrow under the skin feeding and building nests.

These parasites are communicated even by shaking hands, though the bacillus (which it really is) will not burrow so readily in the skin of an adult as in the softer skin of a child.

Supposing a child touches a leaf or stem with its hand or wrist, five or six of the parasites get upon the skin huddling close together and remaining in the same spot for hours. The child doesn't feel them and can't see them, but the pests at once begin to burrow under the skin feeding and building nests.

These parasites are communicated even by shaking hands, though the bacillus (which it really is) will not burrow so readily in the skin of an adult as in the softer skin of a child.

Supposing a child touches a leaf or stem with its hand or wrist, five or six of the parasites get upon the skin huddling close together and remaining in the same spot for hours. The child doesn't feel them and can't see them, but the pests at once begin to burrow under the skin feeding and building nests.

These parasites are communicated even by shaking hands, though the bacillus (which it really is) will not burrow so readily in the skin of an adult as in the softer skin of a child.

into their jars and crocks; the smooth sumach is also used for a similar purpose. The little sumach a wholesome shrub has three leaves, and is, as often stated, often mistaken for the poison-ivy. Take notice that its leaves are aromatic and it fruit red. The flowers on all the wholesome sumachs grow in compact bunches, whereas on their two poisonous counterparts they grow loose and scattering as shown in the drawing of the fruit.

The malignant sumach, known as "poison dog-wood," so-called, has from seven to thirteen leaflets, with an ovate or egg-shaped leaf, with the large end uppermost, and an even or un-serrate margin; the other sumach which it closely resembles has a far greater number of leaflets, often as many as thirty in a group. I have frequently seen young ladies come from picnic parties, their hats decorated with the leaves and berries of the poison-sumach. They like the color of the berries, it is so delicate, but wise advice is to beware of all white berries except those which grow on the maiden-hair fern and a few others, or those slightly tinged with green, blue or a caruncle red.

The two poisonous sumachs are provided with a thick, viscid juice, which exudes when a branch, stem or leaf is crushed or broken. In this matter are myriads of the parasites, but, as already stated, they are communicated to the skin by the brief contact with any exposed portion of the hands, arms, face or any other part of the body. This sticky fluid will often get upon the skin and not be detected for some time, but if you have any suspicion that you have any of them upon you, wash immediately. If it is not washed off it will very soon reveal itself, becoming deep black, much like turpentine when dry; in fact, an indelible black ink may be elaborated from this substance.

When the discoloration becomes plain on the surface the best way to remove it is by applying ether, and a good wash to apply to a surface, soon after being affected, is lime water, a lead wash or oxalic acid. These are very efficacious in having a specific effect on the poison, anyone of which put thickly over the inflamed part will kill the parasite, as it does not burrow very deeply into the skin. The animals will not of their own accord colonize on different parts of the body, but if the affected parts are scratched, the matter will communicate new groups of them to any other place they touch. The creatures will sometimes take several days to develop, and they run their course on any part of the skin in a few days, dying off each day in hundreds of thousands, but members of the exiring colony when planted by the nails or through some other means on any other portion of the skin they again flourish and this may go on for months.

Figure 1 shows the poison oak or ivy. It is found in low ground or thickets and flourishes in moisture. Figure 2 represents the five-leaved ivy or Virginia creeper, so often mistaken for a poisonous plant. It is harmless. Figure 3 is a drawing of the poison sumach, otherwise known as "poison dog-wood" and "poison elder," and prefers to habitate swampy places. It is the more poisonous, but that shown by figure 1 is the more prevalent. I also show a group of ivy and sumach parasites, which, when they enter into the human tissue, should be described as bacilli. They differ very little in shape, the general form being oval. The drawings represent them magnified many hundred times.

Figure 4 is a representative of the general non-poisonous sumachs, except for the non-malignant, three-leaved sumach already described. All the harmless varieties differ very little from this general type as shown in the leaf and especially the fruit.

EMMONS COLLINS.

True Course. A pretty story is told by the Princess Louise, which has the merit of being true, and also of showing that the daughter of England's much-beloved Queen has a kind heart, and none of that spirit of snobbishness which destroys the instincts of courtesy in many people when they are brought in contact with those whom they consider their inferiors.

It was in a large store in Chicago, and an Eastern girl was shopping with an Irish lady whose home was in that city. Touching the lady's face lighted up. She touched her companion's arm and said, "There's the Princess Louise at the party-see her!" "Are you sure?" asked the American girl, who had never had such a close sight of royalty before.

"Yes, indeed," replied the other; "I have seen her in London with our Queen, and I could not possibly be mistaken." "You wait here, then," said her friend; and with the fearlessness and independence which are said to be characteristics of this nation, she walked straight up to the princess, before the Irish lady had time to remonstrate.

"I beg your pardon," said the girl, blushing a little as the pleasant eyes looked somewhat inquiringly into her own, "but are you the Princess Louise?" "Why do you ask?" said the other in a surprised, though gentle tone. "Because," replied the girl, nothing daunted, "that lady over there says she is sure you are, and she is one of your mother's subjects, and she wanted dreadfully to speak to you, but didn't dare!" "Which lady?" asked the princess, smiling kindly on the girl; and when the timid but adoring "subject" was pointed out to her, she left her purchasing, went over to the next counter, and spoke for several minutes with great cordiality and sweetness to the delighted girl, winning a subject for herself for ever after, in the person of the young American.

A Superior Artist. Long—I know an artist who painted a runaway horse. It was so natural that the beholders jumped out of the way. Down—Humph! My friend McGilp painted a portrait of a lady that was so natural that he had to sue her for his bill.—Life.

The best remedy for Summer Complaints is Feltov's Speedy Relief. Speedy in results as well as in name.

make up our estimate of a person's character, and it is the trifles of every day life by which our friends and acquaintances judge us.

Constipation and Insanity. It is now generally admitted that constipation is productive of serious disorders, that it aggravates other ailments, increases the susceptibility of the system to infectious diseases, and produces a state of general physical disturbance. The nervous system is especially affected, and it must be remembered that the nervous centres are in the brain. The deleterious effects of constipation were formerly explained by the pressure of the hardened mass on the blood vessels and nerves of the intestines. But a different view is now taken. It is believed that they are due to powerful poisons, which have been proved to be developed in the process of incipient decomposition.

There is reason to believe that extreme cases of constipation may result in insanity. A journal devoted to mental diseases, gives three marked cases which seem to confirm the view. In the first case, a woman, without any nervous tendencies, hereditary or acquired, and every way healthy, began to suffer from constipation, with loss of appetite and general debility. After a while she had attacks of fainting and vomiting. At length there were developed marked symptoms of insanity—restlessness, sleeplessness, incoherence, hallucinations, and delusions of a melancholy character. The skin was of a dirty brown and covered with branny scales. It took ten daily injections to bring away the accumulated mass of hardened feces. After this was done, the bowels began to act regularly, the mind became clear, and the patient entered on full convalescence.

The second case was that of a man with suicidal tendencies, who had refused food for months. He was restored to mental soundness, after being relieved of an immense quantity of accumulated feces. The third case was that of a young man who had become morose, suspicious and quarrelsome. He was similarly treated and restored. In some of the worst cases of constipation, there is a free passage through the compact mass, the latter adhering in thick layers to the walls of the intestines, while the patient has no suspicion of his real condition.

That grave diseases do not often result from constipation is due to the constant use of cathartics on the part of those affected. But such use is itself injurious. The true course is to establish habits that will effectually remove the tendency to constipation. The muscular vigor of the intestines needs to be increased by invigorating the muscular system generally with proper outdoor exercise.—Youth's Companion.

He Did his Best. On one occasion when John Kemble played "Hamlet" in the country, the gentleman who acted Guildenstern was so imagined himself to be a capital musician. Hamlet asked him—"Will you play upon this pipe?" "My lord, I cannot." "I do beseech you." "Well, if your lordship insists upon it, I will do as well as I can." And to the confusion of Hamlet, and the great amazement of the audience, he played "God Save the King."

Little Things Which Have Much to do With Success. A man applied to a western farmer for work. The farmer looked at the applicant, asked him a few questions, and then told him to go to the pump and fetch a picher of water. The man did as he was directed, went to the old-fashioned chain pump, filled the picher, a narrow-mouthed one, and brought it to the farmer without spilling a drop of water.

"You'll do," the farmer said, "you can begin work for me tomorrow morning." When the farmer was asked what filling the water picher had to do with it he said: "Well, it's a dry time, and if the fellow had pumped too hard he would have sent the water over the pitcher as well as into it, and if he hadn't pumped hard enough it wouldn't have been the same. But he pumped just right; and I judged that he'd slacked up afterward, and not too slow either."

The farmer was right in his estimation of the man, for he has not a better farm hand on his place. A merchant refused to hire as a clerk a young man whose pantaloons, he noticed, were worn at the knees and seat, because he judged that a good clerk would not thus wear his clothing. In another case a merchant chose from twenty applicants a boy who stopped to wipe his muddy feet before entering his office, and whose finger-nails were clean.

"It is attention to little things that makes a good clerk," the merchant said. It was a clever young man who, undecided which of two young women to choose for a wife, gave to each a skin of snarled silk. One of them threw the skin away as worthless, and the other picked out the snarl. The patience, desire to please, and prudence of the latter young woman left the young man no longer in doubt.

"How long have you been out of work?" asked a lady of a girl who came to apply for a position as chambermaid. "Ten days," was the reply. "And in that time you have not found opportunity to mend your frayed-out dress? I do not think you would suit me," the lady said.

"I was on the point of asking that lady to be my wife some twenty years ago," said one of New York's prominent lawyers, indicating a maiden lady of his acquaintance, "but she was needlessly late in keeping time to appointments with me, and I didn't ask her. The woman who makes a friend wait will be liable to try her husband's patience too sorely for happiness."

"Why! you engaged that governess for your children without a recommendation," said a lady to her friend. "Her neat, plain dress and pleasant manners were a better recommendation than any written one," the friend replied; "and then in the hour's conversation I had with her I weighed every word, every movement, and I am convinced that Miss Snow is a lady worthy to be entrusted with my children."

It is the little things which help us to Economy: "100 Does One Dollar." Merit: "Familiar to Itself." Eury: "Hood's Sarsaparilla."

Advertisement for Peptonized Ale and Beef. The only mild Stimulant, combined with a Perfect Food, known today is PEPTONIZED ALE AND BEEF! The BEEF gives Blood and Muscle; the PEPSIN aids Digestion; the ALE nourishes the system. Put up in Pint Bottles. For sale by all Druggists. Price 25cts.

NOT TRIFLES.

Little Things Which Have Much to do With Success.

A man applied to a western farmer for work. The farmer looked at the applicant, asked him a few questions, and then told him to go to the pump and fetch a picher of water.

"You'll do," the farmer said, "you can begin work for me tomorrow morning." When the farmer was asked what filling the water picher had to do with it he said: "Well, it's a dry time, and if the fellow had pumped too hard he would have sent the water over the pitcher as well as into it, and if he hadn't pumped hard enough it wouldn't have been the same. But he pumped just right; and I judged that he'd slacked up afterward, and not too slow either."

The farmer was right in his estimation of the man, for he has not a better farm hand on his place. A merchant refused to hire as a clerk a young man whose pantaloons, he noticed, were worn at the knees and seat, because he judged that a good clerk would not thus wear his clothing.

"How long have you been out of work?" asked a lady of a girl who came to apply for a position as chambermaid. "Ten days," was the reply. "And in that time you have not found opportunity to mend your frayed-out dress? I do not think you would suit me," the lady said.

"I was on the point of asking that lady to be my wife some twenty years ago," said one of New York's prominent lawyers, indicating a maiden lady of his acquaintance, "but she was needlessly late in keeping time to appointments with me, and I didn't ask her. The woman who makes a friend wait will be liable to try her husband's patience too sorely for happiness."

"Why! you engaged that governess for your children without a recommendation," said a lady to her friend. "Her neat, plain dress and pleasant manners were a better recommendation than any written one," the friend replied; "and then in the hour's conversation I had with her I weighed every word, every movement, and I am convinced that Miss Snow is a lady worthy to be entrusted with my children."

It is the little things which help us to Economy: "100 Does One Dollar." Merit: "Familiar to Itself." Eury: "Hood's Sarsaparilla."

"GOING IN SWIMMING."

It is Healthy, But Often Attended With Danger.

The liking for bathing in the open air, in water deep enough for swimming, is so universal, so natural and so conducive to cleanliness and health, and the ability to swim so useful a thing, that no boy can be blamed for a liking for it.

But the risk attending ordinary swimming is often great. Every interior town or village usually has a swimming-hole, where the boys go to swim after nightfall. Very often this place is in a mill pond, where reeds and grass grow from the muddy bottom to entangle swimmers' feet, or where there are dangerous water-wheels or race-ways near by.

Rough and disorderly boys or men, who delight in throwing small boys into the water or dragging under it, as a joke, those who cannot swim, often resort to these places. Altogether, it is not a matter for wonder that anxious parents often refuse their boys permission to learn to swim, or that boys are often drowned in trying to learn.

Certainly no other useful art is taught in such a haphazard, life-or-death way; nor is it necessary that swimming should be so taught. With a little work in odd hours, the men of each community might easily provide a proper swimming-place.

Such a place would have water of varying depths, clear of obstructions and dangers. A very little public spirit and enterprise would clear the swimming pool of each neighborhood of things dangerous to swimmers, and would surround it, in two or three years, with a thick screen of bushes and trees, so that swimming in daylight would be an offence to no one.

A little additional attention on the part of the public authorities or the older people would prevent boys who cannot swim from running any risk except when good swimmers and prudent persons, boys or men, were present.

It is always a pleasure to such persons to teach the young to swim; and under such circumstances there would be plenty of opportunity for all to learn to swim, and enjoy a bath and a plunge in cool, deep water with almost no risk at all to human life.

Feminine Tact.

In a little episode of village life we had lately another interesting instance of feminine tact. Upon the conclusion of a marriage in a village church the bridegroom signed his register with his X mark. The pretty young bride did the same, and then, turning to a young lady who had known her as the best scholar in school, whispered to her, while love and admiration shone in her eyes: "He is a dear fellow, but he cannot write. He is going to learn from me, and I would not shame him for the world."

"To be able to say the right thing at the right moment is a great art, and said only to be acquired by those who have a natural talent that way. When a careless talker, who was criticizing a young lady's father severely paused a moment to say: 'I hope he is no relation of yours, Miss B.' quick as thought she replied with the utmost nonchalance: 'Only a connection of mother's by marriage.'"



Fig. I.—POISON OAK OR IVY.



Fig. III.—POISON SUMACH AND PICTURE OF POISON IVY PARASITES MAGNIFIED NEARLY A THOUSAND TIMES.



Fig. II.—HARMLESS FIVE-LEAVED IVY.



Fig. IV.—A HARMLESS SUMACH.

# IN SKELETON POOL.

Due north is the general direction of the Brazeau River, but it takes one very sharp turn to the west, and in the angle is "The Devil's Elbow," which is so much a terror to raftsmen that none but the boldest will hire for the Brazeau drive.

Beneath the surges of its great eddy, Skeleton Pool, the bones of many drowned men are supposed to drift endlessly around, and he is a past master of river-craft who can boast truly of having safely run the Elbow twice or thrice.

It is difficult to convey in words a picture of so complicated a phenomenon as the Elbow. Unless the reader can be made to realize the configuration of the ground, the surge of the river against the precipice, the fury with which it turns to roar away on its western course, the impulse with which it hurls off the eddy toward Tower Island, and the remorselessness of that whirlpool's grasp, and assault on such timber-cribs as enter it, he will not quite understand Duncan Stewart's adventure.

Running out of a low-lying, timbered country, the Brazeau's course is intercepted by the face of a plateau some three hundred feet higher. Into this bluff, which elsewhere descends less precipitately, the torrent, by many ages, persistently, has cut such an angle as a huge carpenter's square might fit. Three pines, bunched just at the apex of this angle, and conspicuous as the only trees on the upper level, swing their long arms over the sheer cliff, there sliced straight down as a stick by a hay-knife. Almost incessantly these long arms seem to gesticulate in the current of air rushing up out of the chasm.

Opposite this, some four hundred feet distant, the face of Tower Island rises straight about one hundred feet; and on every side, but one, shoots up suddenly. It divides the Brazeau into rapids of nearly equal descent; but the north of Devil's Elbow Channel has the "draw," and takes most of the water.

The trick of running a crib of logs safely through is to gain the south channel, which, unless the crib gets into the mild eddy at the foot of Tower Island, quickly hurries the timber into the calm reach a mile below.

Here high spring wagons wait, at a tavern kept by the Widow Black, to carry the raftmen back to the head.

Sometimes, at long intervals, a wagon laden with men rattles by without a cheery song. In such a case, it is a fair inference that some gang, failing to catch the south channel, and having missed the turn at the dreadful angle, are being whirled away dead down the river, or rolled among the vexed bones in the depths of Skeleton Pool.

Not that the Elbow is certain death. Probably five cribs out of six get safely through, or lose but one or two men. I believe this to be often the result of sudden changes in the river's action, though raftsmen insist that all depends on the judgment, strength and nerve of a crew.

For this run each crib carries four men and eight sweeps—four at each end, if carried into the Elbow channel, all hands, when near the angle, take to the sweeps at the rear.

Just as the crib's front seems likely to crash against the precipice, the stern begins to wheel down, and the men assist this action of the current. If they miss here, and are borne sidewise away instead of stern down, the crib does not get close enough ashore, and the thrust from the precipice commonly carries them into the raving eddy of the whirlpool.

There the crib usually is wrenched instantly to pieces or plunged so deep that the men are swept off. In this case they are wholly beyond rescue, and are drowned. Well-made cribs have been known to wheel, tossed like corks in the pool, for ten days before breaking up; but never, perhaps, except once, did any of these sad derelicts carry a living man.

In the summer of 1868, at the beginning of my apprenticeship to a surveyor, I was sent up the Brazeau. Duncan Stewart was my chief.

"A better fellow than Stewart never lived," my master had said. "Years ago he was given to drink, but now he's quite reformed. He hasn't touched a drop for two years."

"I'm giving him this job," my master went on, "partly because he'll do it well, partly because he'll do it cheaply, and partly because I want to help a lame dog over a stile."

"But mind, you're my apprentice, and while you give due obedience to Mr. Stewart, it's your duty to let me know promptly if anything goes wrong. After all's said, it is impossible to place perfect confidence in a man who was long lost in drink."

I liked Stewart from the start. He was kind and friendly; he took pains to teach me, and often entrusted me with the transit, taking the chain himself.

"I mean to make a surveyor of you before this job's done," he would say. Everything went well until we camped at the Widow Black's. Next morning we were driven up to "the head." Some of the men, though they were not drunk, had obtained whiskey at the tavern. Stewart seemed out of sorts. No doubt he was tormented by the smell of and craving for liquor.

That afternoon, after starting the new line, Stewart left me to run it, saying that he would see the camp put in shape for the long stay which we had to make there. When I came back at night he was sleeping. He slept while I took supper, and when I turned in beside him he made no stir.

"They're going back to the widow's." "But they can't in the state they're in. It's five miles after they cross." "They're going to run down in the bateau."

"What?" I started to my feet. "The Devil's Elbow will get every man of them!" "Not if they catch the south channel. Burns knows the river well; but he's too drunk."

Hurrying out, I found the ten men grouped, with Stewart staggering among them.

"Yes, sir, I can run ye over all right, sir," Burns was saying. "What does this mean?" I asked. "It's all right," said Stewart; "you go back to bed."

"Better go yourself," I said, "and the rest of you. Come, I'm not going to stand any nonsense."

"We're taking our orders from the surveyor," said Burns, "and I'd be pleased to know who set you over us. Hi! We're going where there's whiskey, so we are. Come on, boys!"

They staggered down to the big red boat. "Shouldice, there's no stopping them. The Elbow will have them as sure as fate."

"We'll have to go with them," said brave old John. "I know the water. I've been over it fifty times. You take the bow. We'll get over all right enough. Some of them ain't too drunk to do the rowing. But for the humanity of it, I should feel a sight more like letting the brutes go than risk our skins for 'em."

Nevertheless, that was what we did. The run was a wild adventure, but we gained the south channel, left the Elbow shrieking far behind, and reached the Widow Black's at one o'clock in the morning.

When we awoke the sun was well up. Most of our men were lying about the sheds in a state of deep intoxication. Stewart was nowhere to be seen.

"He went up with the first gang at daylight," said the widow. "He's run the south channel once already, and now he's back wild to run the Elbow. Last I heard, he was offering twenty dollars to any gang that 'ud try it 'an' the boys was laughing at him. Oh, he's far gone with his liquor."

"Give me some breakfast, quick," said I. "I'll follow him. And look you woman, if you give our men another drop, there'll be trouble for you. You can depend on that."

I knew she had no license to sell liquor. "Bah!" she cried, snapping her fingers in my face. "I don't fear you, not a bit. The boys would take care of you, or any one else, that interfered with my business. But there's no more drink for that crowd. I'll tell you that to please you. Not a cent of money has one of them left."

While I hastily ate my pork and beans, I heard the noise of men coming up to the wagons. Stewart was not among them.

"We left him layin' on the raft," mumbled the gigantic foreman, Tom Benson. "None of the boys would fetch him this trip. He swears he'll go over the Elbow if he has to swim for it. But the cook'll watch him."

I leaped into a wagon, and went up to the head of the rapids. Shouldice went with us, but he was too old to render much service.

When we reached the raft, there stood the men who had preceded us, bunched together and gazing down the river.

Far away, and drifting into the Elbow channel, went a crib with one man upon it, who danced and waved his hat, then stood looking ahead into the fearful angle, then flung up his arms and leaped to and fro as if in delirium.

"It's Mr. Stewart!" said the cook. "When I wasn't thinking of him he sneaked down to the lower cribs, knocked away the bonds, and was off!"

"You've seen the last of him," said Tom Benson, now thoroughly sobered, "unless the timber goes through all right. Even then he'll surely be swept off. But there's a rope on that crib. Maybe he'll know enough to hang on."

"I'll go down with you, Tom. We must save him, somehow," said I. In a few moments our men were rowing hard to pull out of "the Devil's draw," as Tom called it.

"Look, Ned! Not you, boys! Pull—pull for your lives! Let into it. But you, Ned—look!"

then swiftly down, and around the dreadful oval again, and hurrying so close to the sheer wall below our feet that Benson dropped a pebble beyond the crib as it passed.

Sometimes the crib was carried into the centre of the pool, where it floated with little tossing, slowly turning in a small round for many minutes. Then the outer forces called for another struggle to tear asunder the crib, and drew it out and thrashed themselves upon it, and offered it to the demons of the angle, and hurried and oscillated it again.

"It's terrible with him so close, and we can't help him any more than if we were babies," said Benson.

"If we could only make him see us!" I suggested.

"What good? He'd feel all the worse. You see he's got to die. If he saw us he'd have hope, and that would keep the life in him longer, and he'd suffer more in the end."

"No! He'd feel helped; he'd die easier if he knew we were by him," I insisted.

"What good? He'd feel all the worse. You see he's got to die. If he saw us he'd have hope, and that would keep the life in him longer, and he'd suffer more in the end."

"No! He'd feel helped; he'd die easier if he knew we were by him," I insisted.

"What good? He'd feel all the worse. You see he's got to die. If he saw us he'd have hope, and that would keep the life in him longer, and he'd suffer more in the end."

"No! He'd feel helped; he'd die easier if he knew we were by him," I insisted.

"What good? He'd feel all the worse. You see he's got to die. If he saw us he'd have hope, and that would keep the life in him longer, and he'd suffer more in the end."

"No! He'd feel helped; he'd die easier if he knew we were by him," I insisted.

"What good? He'd feel all the worse. You see he's got to die. If he saw us he'd have hope, and that would keep the life in him longer, and he'd suffer more in the end."

"No! He'd feel helped; he'd die easier if he knew we were by him," I insisted.

"What good? He'd feel all the worse. You see he's got to die. If he saw us he'd have hope, and that would keep the life in him longer, and he'd suffer more in the end."

"No! He'd feel helped; he'd die easier if he knew we were by him," I insisted.

"What good? He'd feel all the worse. You see he's got to die. If he saw us he'd have hope, and that would keep the life in him longer, and he'd suffer more in the end."

"No! He'd feel helped; he'd die easier if he knew we were by him," I insisted.

"What good? He'd feel all the worse. You see he's got to die. If he saw us he'd have hope, and that would keep the life in him longer, and he'd suffer more in the end."

"No! He'd feel helped; he'd die easier if he knew we were by him," I insisted.

"What good? He'd feel all the worse. You see he's got to die. If he saw us he'd have hope, and that would keep the life in him longer, and he'd suffer more in the end."

"No! He'd feel helped; he'd die easier if he knew we were by him," I insisted.

"What good? He'd feel all the worse. You see he's got to die. If he saw us he'd have hope, and that would keep the life in him longer, and he'd suffer more in the end."

# WE ALL USE SURPRISE ON WASH DAY

St. Croix Soap Co. PICTOU, ONT. I can assure you I could not get on without your valuable soap (Surprise) in my large family. Mrs. S. HOLLINGWORTH. YARMOUTH, N. S. My wife says there could not be better laundry soap than Surprise. S. B. ALLEN.



St. Marys, Ont. We find Surprise Soap all you claim for it. MIRA PORTERFIELD. MONTREAL. I have been using your Surprise Soap for some time and find no other soap equal to it in washing, scrubbing, or any other work about the house. One pound bar does us a week, and then the perfume is so nice it is grateful as a toilet soap. Mrs. J. FRENCH.

drop Stewart from the tree after grasping him. Benson was now within the noose. Only he had eyes for Stewart and the crib. We looked; the crib was not moving where we expected to see it. We looked over the whole surface of Skeleton Pool. Neither the crib or Stewart could be seen. Tom dangled down there alone. With the oscillation of the current, its higher billows dragged at his legs. The men began to haul Benson up. We might save him, anyway. I looked down into his upturned face. It was positively gleeful! Holding to the turning rope by one hand, he pointed with the outstretched forefinger of the other, as his face turned down stream. I followed the direction. There was Stewart's crib, a quarter of a mile down the rapid. It had been quietly let go by the eddy, and we knew the surveyor would be saved at the widow's place. Benson easily lifted himself into the tree and came ashore. No one could ever persuade him that Stewart's sign or prayer for help had not been miraculously answered, though old John Shouldice declared that cribs had once or twice before gone out of the rapids in the same way. Stewart was taken ashore at the tavern, in a fainting condition. He did not throw away the chance afforded him. Solemnly he vowed, when he had recovered from the delirium in which his fearful adventure and exposure left him, that he would never touch liquor again. I have known him years now, and know how much it has cost him to keep his word. Wherever he went he ran the risk of seeing liquor, and whenever he saw it or smelled it, his craving awoke. But at the same time the remembrance of the Elbow also awoke; and though the constant temptation to drink might well have broken the resolution of a resolute man, he had undergone an experience the lasting memory of whose terrors he could call to his aid with good effect.—E. W. Thomson, in *Youth's Companion*.

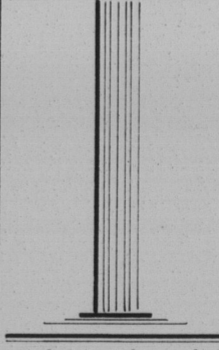
## Sisters, Tell Your Brother!



That's what'll have to be done, or else buy a new pair. Socks will wear out and must be darned. You'd wear out a good many pairs if they weren't fixed—you can't do it, you'd be a poor hand at darning socks, or anything else. You can't spend time in the evenings mending socks and underwear; little holes soon grow larger if they're not tended to, and before you know it, the garment's worn out—past repair. Try this easy method: at UNGAR'S Steam Laundry they mend stockings, piece garments; sew on buttons; make the clothes white and clean—good as new. It's a good place to send your laundry. Your flannel and negligee shirts won't be shrunk to half their size, but will come out of the wash with that fresh, cool look that they have when new.

BE SURE and send your laundry to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry, St. John (Waterloo street); Telephone 65. Or Halifax: 62 and 64 Granville street. It'll be done right, if done at UNGAR'S.

## HAS YOUR HUSBAND A SUMMER SUIT?



If not, it's about time he's getting one. You'd better see that he gets one that'll look well on him. You like to see him look nice—you've more taste than he has, and when you see our stock you'll have no trouble in getting the right goods for your man.

E. C. COLE, - MONCTON, N. B.

peated as a speech a couple of pages of a well-known author. A worse thing happened when, as Lord Dufferin relates, on the authority of the practical joker himself, a gentleman came down to the house of commons primed with a great oration; but he unfortunately dropped his MS. A mischievous colleague picked it up and brought it to Sir Thomas Wyse, who forthwith retired to a committee room and learned it by heart. Then, returning to the house, he joined in the debate. A great number of people had been let into the secret, and were watching the effect produced by the "stolen thunder" upon its rightful proprietor. At first he showed signs of being pleased with support from so unexpected a quarter, but when gradually he recognized his own well-polished periods flowing forth from alien lips, the look of surprise, indignation and confusion which passed over his countenance was extremely comical.—Ez.

An English Tom Thumb. A name quite as famous as Tom Thumb's is that of an English dwarf who lived in the last half of the seventeenth century, one Jeffrey Hudson. It is said that when he was seven or eight years old and only eighteen inches in height he was presented to the queen in a very novel manner. The queen was at dinner at Burleigh on the hill, the seat of the Duke of Buckingham. A cold pie was brought on, and on its being opened, the little fellow stepped out of it and immediately was given over to the Queen, who retained him in her service. He did not grow much until he was 30 years old. Then he shot up to three feet and nine inches. He served as captain in the royal army in the civil war, and in 1644 attended the queen into France. Here he fought a duel with pistols, and killed his opponent. After the restoration Jeffrey, returned to England, but was almost immediately thrown into prison on suspicion of conspiracy. Under this close confinement he died at the age of sixty-two.

Tom I've found a treasure! What is it Rachel? Kerr's Vegetable Soap Packet: makes 10 quarts soap: costs 15 cents: it's delicious and saves trouble.

A gray beard on a man under 50 makes him look older than he is. The best dye is color brown or black is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

Behold joy, who unto us David rejoice. This made: Christ cause He days will day He in His si

O, Go speak in and apper divine the purity an money: a interest let it make Spirit upon The kin meeting dawn, an "Lord, I depart in our guilty each secret cleaning world a fi not made with Chris

"It is from Stre While ex Mighty Still to Sorrows' Peak Honored Star, that Wain

Preached in "I, if I be mess unto My It is in a city of the turesque co flashing eye are gathere them under Messiah, the man. A ear to our car to men, and Some few of now, have r this fact; b mess unto My It is in a city of the turesque co flashing eye are gathere them under Messiah, the man. A ear to our car to men, and Some few of now, have r this fact; b

The Attraction. If I be lifted must die if I move the hea power. The remain alone in the earth—new corn that much fruit. would win Himself; and n trace the power. There was the power of the deep facts of his deep than j in human heart a more of the gaze upon the pathy, with its u through an Catholic church sensuous respect has well under pressed the resou vice. Sculptu been made The crucifix, the suffering O of the grief-pict Me bound, or the soldiers, or ing beneath its sorrowful face,

Surprise Soap all it.

IRA PORTERFIELD.

MONTREAL. have been using Surprise Soap some time and find other soap equal it in washing, lathering, or any other work about the same. One pound does us a week, then the perfume is nice it is grateful toilet soap.

Mrs. J. FRENCH.



...a new ...e darned. ...y were't ... hand at ...n't spend ...derwear; ...t tended ...WORN OUT ...NGAR'S. ...iece gar- ...white and ...to send ...won't be ...ut of the ...ey have

Laundry, St. John ...ilfax: 62 and 64

NGAR'S.

...he's getting ...see that he ...well on him. ...look nice— ...n he has, and ...k you'll have ...ng the right

CTON, N. B.

...om Thumb. ...ous as Tom Thumb's ...wart who lived in the ...teenth century, one ...s said that when he ...ears old and "my ...ght he was presen- ...d novel manner. The ...at Burleigh on the ...ke of Buckingham. ...ght on, and on its ...tle follow ...e- ...diately was given ...retained him in her ...row much until he ...hen he shot up to ...ches. He served as ...al in the civil war, ...e queen into France. ...al with pistols, and ...after the restoration ...and, but was alwa- ...y. Under this close ...the age of sixty-



# SUNDAY READING

## MORNING SERVICE.

**MORNING.**  
Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto us is born this day in the city of David a Saviour who is Christ the Lord. Rejoice in the Lord always: again I say, rejoice.  
This day in the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it. Christ is risen: He is risen indeed. Because He lives, we shall live also. After two days will the Lord revive us: in the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight.

**A Prayer.**  
O, God, who didst send Thy Word to speak in the prophets and live in Thy Son, and appoint Thy church to be witness of divine things in all the world: revive the purity and deepen the power of its testimony: and through the din of earthly interests and the storms of human passions, let it make the still small voice of Thy Spirit only felt. Nearer and nearer may Thy kingdom come from age to age: meeting the face of the young as a rising dawn, and brightening the song of the old, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servants depart in peace." Already let it abash our guilty negligence, and touch with hope each secret sorrow of the earth. By the cleansing spirit of Thy Son, make this world a fitting forecourt to that sanctuary not made with hands, where our life is hid with Christ in God. Amen.

**HYMN.**  
It is finished, Man of sorrows,  
From Thy Cross our frailty borrows  
Strength to bear and conquer thus.  
While extended there we view Thee,  
Mighty Sufferer, draw us to Thee,  
Sufferer victorious.  
Not in vain for us uplifted,  
Man of sorrows, wonder grieved,  
May that sacred emblem be.  
Lifted high amid the ages,  
Guide of heroes, saint, and sage,  
May it guide us still to Thee.  
Still to Thee, whose love unbounded,  
Sorrow's depths for us has sounded,  
Redeemed by conflict and blood.  
Honored by Thy Cross forever,  
Star, that points our high endeavor,  
Whither Thou hast gone before.  
—F. H. Hodge.

**SERMON.**  
**Humility At the Cross.**  
By REV. MARSH TILSON.  
Preached in Westminster Chapel, London, England.  
"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Myself."—John xii 32.  
It is in an Eastern land, in the capital city of the Jews. Men and women of picturesque costume, with swarthy features, flashing eyes, eager and impetuous manner, are gathered about a speaker who addresses them under the open sky. He is their Messiah, the Son of God in the form of man. A sacred mission has brought Him to our earth. He has come to reveal God to men and to effect salvation for mankind. Some few of those gathered around Him now, have received with deep gratitude this fact; but the people as a whole have rejected His testimony, and rulers are about to compass His death. This He has foreseen and accepted—accepted even as a forerunner and necessary way. Through death He will rise and live in the hearts of men; through rejection and apparent failure He will march to actual and enduring victory. Some Greeks approach and say to one of the disciples, "Sir, we would see Jesus," and the desire is communicated to Him. He answers their request, not formally, but saying, in effect, that they have come at an appropriate time, for He is about to die. They will see Him, therefore, in the very crisis of His work—dying that He may live, rejected of men that He may reign in their hearts forever. They themselves are a token of this. Greeks, not Greeks—Greek-speaking Jews, that is—but actual Gentiles, come up with the Jews who have come to worship at the feast—they link the Jew and the Gentile together. They are forerunners of nations yet to be—men who shall come from all lands and races of men, and in all times, upon this same quest, "We would see Jesus." He, indeed, if He be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Himself. The attractive power of the Cross, the nature and extent of the attraction, this is our subject—a not inappropriate one for an Easter Sunday.

**The Attractive Power of the Cross.**  
If I be lifted up, This is a condition. He must die if He is to live, and thereafter move the hearts of men with attractive power. The corn of wheat, as it is, will remain alone without increase; but dying in the earth—giving thus its life for the new corn that is to be—it bringeth forth much fruit. Thus, through dying, He would win men, would draw them unto Himself; and not a few, but all men. Let us trace the elements of this attractive power.  
There was the pity of His death. The power of the death of Christ is rooted in deep facts of human life. Sorrow is more frequent than joy—finds readier response in human hearts; death is a more solemn, a more pathetic thing, than life. We gaze upon the face of suffering, and sympathy, with its swift darts of pain, pierces us through and through. The Roman Catholic church, dwelling much upon the sensuous recollection of the Lord's sufferings, has well understood this fact when it has pressed the resources of art into its service. Sculpture and painting have been made the agents of pity. The crucifix, the carved image of the suffering Christ, the painted memorials of the grief-pictures which show the Son of Man bound, or scourged, or mocked by the soldiers, or bearing the cross, or sinking beneath its weight, the bowed form, the sorrowful face, surmounted with its crown

of thorns, the scenes of the crucifixion, the descent from the cross, the lifeless body with the nail marks in the flesh, the inhumanity and the dark and silent grave: these have told a tale which has gone straight to the hearts of millions. We do no dishonor to our theme when we say that, our greatest dramatist well understood the power of pity when he made Mark Antony turn the hearts of the people by showing the cuts in Caesar's robe where the "well-beloved Brutus" and the "envious Casca" smote; and pointing to the wounds in his body, dumb mouths which could they speak, would stir the soul to vengeance. So the "Eikon Basilike," the supposed literary image or portrait of a saintly king, moved men in the days of the commonwealth, and had its part, doubtless, in the framing of those curious petitions in the prayer book, in which men prayed concerning a worthless monarch, as if for a holy saint and martyr whose death the nation must mourn. It was a perversion of right feeling; but we see in the sentiment of pity—a sentiment native and honorable to the powers of the soul, in this is one of the powers of the soul. For never was grief like that of the Son of Man, and while the heart can feel, or sympathy has place in our nature, the sorrow of our Lord will not cease to stir the soul to pity and awaken it to love.

There was again the coarse, inhuman cruelty of the death. "I, if I be lifted up," He said; and it is added, "He spake signifying what death He should die." It was an expression used by Him more than once, and its meaning was evident. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up." And again, "When ye have lifted up the Son of Man." Here the people say—showing that they perceived His meaning—"Christ abideth ever; how sayest thou then that the Son of Man must be lifted up?" The expression was, indeed, a significant euphemism for death by crucifixion. Such death was a lifting up indeed, and the crucifixion, the horror of it have gone straight to the hearts of men wherever it has been realized. The man taken in the strength of life, stripped, bound to the cross as it lay upon the ground, rough iron spikes driven through the hands and feet, transfixed Him there; the cross then upraised, its end hurled violently into the hole in the ground dug to receive it, and so fixed there; then the slow torture of the hours, lengthening at times into days; the burning heat of the sun; the intolerable thirst; the sharp torments of fierce pain, searching through every avenue of sensibility, and driving the roots of physical being until, at last, exhaustion came; oblivion rolled upon the senses; they ceased to inflict their torments on the mind, and consciousness was being failed. Such was the death by crucifixion—an invention of demons rather than men. And ever as in painting, or sculpture; in crucifix or in altar-symbol; in sermon or in book, the Son of Man dying upon the cross, is uplifted before men, the power of that death is seen. That the cruelty of it enter men's souls; and if there be anything on earth which has power to move men in their feelings, it is this.

There was yet further, the injustice of the death. We have not to ask, Did He Who died so deserve to die? It may well be doubted whether any man by a long course of aggravated crime could deserve so to die. In the case of our Lord it was the moral elevation and beauty of His life which formed the crowning wrong of His death. The records of that life have been before the world since the day He died, and emity itself has detected no flaw in its complete and perfect goodness. The words of Sir Edwin Arnold, in his "Light of the World," are true words:  
This spotless, stainless, sinless, blameless Christ; Whom none did once convince of one small wrong From perfections, nor ever shall; so strong The elements obeyed Him; so divine The deity worshipped; so with virtue charged The dead child was death; so masterful, And needed trustful on that kind breast Which leans today on God's.

His life indeed, stands before the world today as the one imperishable type of exalted and perfect manhood. We may justly esteem ourselves as good where we in any degree approach to His standard; and ever for a man to compare himself with Jesus of Nazareth is to be convicted of grossness and sin. And in this was the utterable wrong that such a life should be terminated by such a death, and that such loss should be inflicted on our race as to quench a spark of life so divine as that. The sense of justice may be ineffectual for a time, yet even so it does but sleep. It will awake, it will arise and exert its power. You read the cablegram from New Orleans the other day the dreadful story of lynching. The act must be condemned as unregulated and leading to excess; but in the unanimity of the perpetrators and the swiftness and completeness of their deed we see the working of a moral power—crude and violent, but in essence true. Such power is within men. It will set right a wrong. If one age commit, or uphold, an injustice, subsequent ages will revise the judgment. And it has been so here. Do we say the power of the Cross is in the pity of it? Yes, and in a deeper, sterner feeling—the moral indignation of the ages against the greatest crime, the deepest wrong this earth has known.

There was, again, the sacred mystery of His person and His work. We may not attempt the barest analysis of these. We remember that He was the Son of God, and that He died to bring men to the Father. There are limits, after all, to the power and meaning of a mere martyrdom. To make the death of any mere man the object of intense, prolonged, and continuous thought were an unprofitable task. The grief of man renewed from age to age for the death of one of themselves, however great and holy, and who might not even

## WE know how to keep up Good times. The hands and purses of buyers carry the news, and bring us more HANDS and FEET to clothe.

know that they mourned his loss, would be meaningless—or worse; but in this case our sorrow becomes the tribute of our wonder and our love, and could not escape of worship. Here elements of highest deity had inviolated themselves with our humanity. Infinite power had subdued itself to work and suffer within the limits, and through the medium of a human life; and so this death of Christ upon the Cross was the death of an incarnate—the incarnation of deity in human flesh. And in this way was the marvel and the power of that death.

Nor in this alone. There was the purpose for which He died. Men have died at the hands of their fellows because they were in their power and could not escape. Some have brought themselves to their end; they have died for an idea, for pride of intellect or of will; some purpose of their own has led them to their calvary; ambition or pride has fashioned their cross; and self-will and worldly purpose, turned to its own despite, have wrought their doom; but Christ died for Him He might have lived—died for love of man, a sacrifice for the world's sin.

The immortal pity of that soul serene, honorable to its body, firm To hold it uncompromisingly, still: Close to the cross, of one mind with the nails, With the senseless wood for sake of man And great salvation of all flesh to be.  
And in this is the wonder and the power, in these things the mighty and unailing attraction of the cross.

**The Nature and Extent of the Attraction.**  
We say the nature and extent, for the meaning of this word "all," the extent, that is, to which Christ will draw men, is bound up with the question as to the nature of the attraction intended. As a fact, our Lord although lifted from the earth, has not drawn all men unto Himself. The vast mass of human race have been, and are away from Him. And the question comes: How are we to understand His words? Must we put in here some qualifying word of our own? try to mend, that is, the teaching of the Great Teacher? We think not. The words must stand as they are, with no tinkering with the Master. We ought not to dare to meddle with them. We must receive them. We must try to understand them.

Shall we say, then, that this word "to draw" has two senses? that there is a drawing which is of favor, and one which is of condemnation? Can we say, that it is, to which Christ will draw men, is bound up with the question as to the nature of the attraction intended. As a fact, our Lord although lifted from the earth, has not drawn all men unto Himself. The vast mass of human race have been, and are away from Him. And the question comes: How are we to understand His words? Must we put in here some qualifying word of our own? try to mend, that is, the teaching of the Great Teacher? We think not. The words must stand as they are, with no tinkering with the Master. We ought not to dare to meddle with them. We must receive them. We must try to understand them.

Egyptian and the Jew, the Greek and the Roman, the Tanton and the Celt, the Basque and the Slav, the Laplander and the Esquimaux, the Papuan, the negro, and the Malayans of all these races have been drawn to Christ. There is no race of men but has sent its units or its millions to swell the mighty number of those who have bowed before the cross.

All men—men of all kinds; and this both as to culture and to character. Weak Christ the energy of a steadfast purpose and a changed life. Timid souls who could never trust in themselves have trusted in Him, and become fearless and strong. Men of firm will and rough fibre and gruff-like endurance have been moulded by His Cross into that gentleness which is trust strength. And men of finer type and mould have yielded to Him the homage of their more delicately tempered natures. The vicious have been shamed into virtue, and the good have perceived through Him the type of a nobler goodness. Men dull of understanding, slow of thought and brilliant parts; the train, in intellect and the pampered offspring of society; the rude unlettered man and the man of refined speech and manners, the latest product of time—out of all these young men, drawn unto Himself. There is absolutely no style or type of man whom His Cross has not subdued. All men—men of all periods and all ages of individual life. Ere Christ came His spirit was in the world, and drew men to God. When Jerusalem was still standing, and Rome was at the height of her power, the Cross attracted men. When the ancient civilization was submerged, pious monks and others uplifted the Cross; and zealous missionaries carried it far into German forests, and to the inland homes of our English race. Later, when Europe awoke in the days of Erasmus and Luther; again, in the life of the church revival; and now, in the life of the churches of today, the Cross has had, and has its power to attract men to Christ. The little child, too, just learning to spell who has spent through the text-book of a life's experience; the young man, with his enthusiasms, and the staid man of middle age, who has burnt out the early fires of his most passionate beliefs or unbeliefs; those who have been won to Christ, drawn to Him by the attraction of His cross.

**All Men for Christ.**  
Now, what our Lord has done is a pledge of what He will do. Barriers of race, of character, of age, have not quenched the power of His cross, nor shall do. Christ has not drawn all men, do we say, unto Himself? Some of all He has drawn; and for the rest—we say it reverently—we must give Him time. The function of an insect in the economy of nature is performed in an hour; that of a man, a nation, a race needs longer scope; that of an eternal being must be eternal. Epochs and ages are of men. God has eternity. What our Lord has said, that He will do. As it is He has done, and is doing far more than we sometimes think. In the greater kindness, the gentler manner, the purer laws of our time; in the care for the poor, the slave, and for little children; in the modern conflict against ignorance, misery, and vice; in the revolt from heartless maxims of trade; in the recognition of the duties of man, Christ is fulfilling His word. He is drawing men unto Himself. And for the wider hearing, for the complete fulfilment of that word there is the lifetime of His own eternity. One said long ago there was a cross in God ere ever the wood was felled; the Calvary. It is so. Christ wrought in the world and suffered in the sufferings of men, ere He came in the weakness of our flesh, and must it not be that, if when this world is blotted from her place among the stars His word is not fulfilled, he will still working towards it? The woman sought the lost coin till she found it. The shepherd went out after the lost sheep till he found it; for as it went did he go till he overtook it, and brought it back. These are Christ's own parables, and they are in harmony with the teaching here, "I will draw all men unto Myself."

Brethren, this is the gospel of the Crucifixion. This is the gospel—may we not say?—of the resurrection, of the risen and exalted Christ. And it has most near, and personal and practical import. I will draw all men—that includes you and me. Has He drawn us to Himself? If I be lifted up will I do this? He was uplifted once by the men of hate, He must be uplifted evermore by the men of love. In our lives and our words we must uplift Him, and so shall we have a share in the result when in the far-off ages His word is fulfilled, and Christ has drawn all men unto Himself, Amen.

**Of Christ the Way, the Truth, the Life.**  
"He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him," and will make him sit together with me in My Father's kingdom.  
O Lord Jesus, as thou hast said and promised, so let it be to pass, and grant that I may not be wholly undeserving of this favor.  
I have received the cross from Thy hand; I have borne it, and will bear it even unto death, even as thou hast laid it upon me. Verily the life of a Christian is a cross, yet it is also a guide to paradise.  
I have begun, I may not go back, neither is it fitting to leave that which I have undertaken.  
Courage, then, brethren, let us go forward together; Jesus will be with us. For the sake of Jesus we have undertaken this cross, for the sake of Jesus let us persevere in the cross.  
He will be our helper, who is also our guide and forerunner.  
Behold, our king entereth in before us, and he will fight for us, we have undertaken this cross, for the sake of Jesus let us persevere in the cross.  
Let us follow manfully, let no man fear

We shall be busier still. Bring your friend or daughter; bring the best judge of quality YOU CAN FIND along with you; the more carefully you scrutinize our KID GLOVES and HOSIERY the better we are pleased. You pay but 74c. for our 1st Choice Glove, and 36c. for a seamless Cashmere Stocking—each a wonder in themselves.

FAIRALL'S, 18 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

## Grand Dry Goods Clearing Out Sale

—OF—  
**Every Article in Stock,**  
**AT 12 KING STREET.**

**TRUSTEES' SALE OF THE TURNER & FINLAY STOCK.**  
**TODAY, SATURDAY, 1st AUG, AND ON MONDAY, 8.30 A. M. SHARP,**  
a grand Clearance out Sale of every kind of Goods on the First and Second floor.  
**WE WOULD SUGGEST** to our patrons that the early morning hours of the day are far preferable to trade than the heated hours of the afternoon, and many of the choicest bargains are secured by the early purchase.

**NOTE SPECIALS** will sell offer MONDAY, Aug. 3, at 8.30 and all that week  
**DRESS GOODS CENTRE COUNTER.**  
**TAKE ADVANTAGE** of the early morning hours and secure some of the FOLLOWING BARGAINS—You will find all classes of Summer Dress Goods for warm weather evening uses; Lace, for street or evening; Silk, striped pure; Silk ganges for street, evening, or elegant window drapery; blk, plain, and brocaded Grenadines, French blk, Nun's Veiling for Dresses; all width Borders; Robe Dresses for Summer, or dark shades. You will best go and see what you will not find, and for Saturday, the 1st Aug., and all the first week of August, Monday the 3rd until Friday, at 1 o'clock, sharp, the 7th, YOU WILL FIND 33c. WILL BRING YOU ONE DOLLAR'S SPECIAL VALUE GOODS.

**FRONT COUNTER DRESS GOODS.**  
ALL PLAIN CHOICE SUMMER DRESS MATERIALS WITH ROBES, Black Cashmeres, Fancy Scotch, and French Goods, not to be equalled in the city, and trade and hand cash money all over the world. Call and see them, it cost you only the time and give us the chance to sell out the stock to our own people and customers, that have been our SUPPORTERS SINCE JAN. 1877.  
LOOK TO GLOBE this week for particulars of prices; but come and see for yourself. We want to get every thing out without delay, as the time of our young men, you all have known, ceases 1st Oct. at latest.  
No one should buy a dollar's worth of Dry Goods before visiting our "Going-out-of-business-Sale."  
The Store is let the moment we can give it up. We have never humbugged the people in the past, and now we state the truth as usual. The Store is to be closed forever.

SAMUEL C. PORTER, } Trustees.  
JAMES T. GILCHRIST, }

## WHERE ARE YOU GOING TONIGHT?

TO KERR'S! WHAT KERR'S?  
**KERR'S ICE CREAM PARLORS, ON KING STREET**  
HE MAKES DELICIOUS ICE CREAM AND ICE CREAM SODA.

**ELECTRIC LIGHT!** The **OBJECT** of this **ADVERTISEMENT** is to **IMPRESS ON YOUR mind** the **FACT** that **Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream!**  
is the best Medicine you can take. If you are troubled with a Cough or Cold. For Whooping Cough it is almost an infallible remedy. It is pleasant as milk, and for Consumption, Throat Affections, Wasting Diseases it is far more efficacious than the plain Cod Liver Oil.  
Be sure and get ESTEY'S.  
IT IS PREPARED ONLY BY  
**E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist.**  
And is sold by all Druggists for 50c. a bottle, or six bottles for \$2.50.

**FERGUSON & PAGE**  
**WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER GOODS, PLATED GOODS, CLOCKS, ETC.**  
The finest stock to be found in the Maritime Provinces at  
**43 KING STREET.**  
any terrors; let us be prepared to die valiantly in battle, nor bring shame on our glory by flying from the cross.

**OATS. OATS.**  
OUR faith in high prices led us to purchase very largely in the early part of the season. Our stock is now coming forward rapidly and can offer dealers at  
**LOWEST PRICES,**  
with the advantage of having a large number of cars to select from. We predict sixty cents per bushel, and would advise our friends to put away all they require for winter and spring.

Standard Trading and Mfg Co.  
LIMITED.  
J. D. SHATFORD,  
General Manager.

**The Cod That Helps to Cure The Cold.**  
The disagreeable taste of the **COD LIVER OIL** is dissipated in  
**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with **HYPOPHOSPHITES** OF LIME AND SODA.  
The patient suffering from **CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLIC, OR WASTING DISEASES,** takes the remedy as he would take milk. A perfect emulsion, and a wonderful fish product. Take no other. All Druggists, 2/6.  
**SCOTT & BOWNE, London.**

DOCKRELL'S DEPARTURE.

Whatever else Dockrell intended to do, it was evident that he did not mean to go. Mrs. Rashleigh began to be alarmed. She had asked him down, to be sure, without specifying the exact day he was to leave; but now the last guest had made the last pretty speech, and the dog cart containing a lingering sportsman and his belongings was disappearing down the drive, and yet, by a blazing fire in the cosy study, she knew that at that moment Willoughby Dockrell was unfolding the morning's papers and lighting a cigar, with that complacent smile which irritated her so much when she was not in the mood for it. And she was by no means in the mood for it today. It was not only that a fresh set of people were to arrive tomorrow, most of whom would by no means share her enthusiasm for the poet who was now stretched at ease in her favorite arm-chair, but that the party invited for the next few days was to include a faithful and somewhat stolid admirer, Maj. Champion. Now, Mrs. Rashleigh was not of the order of women who are unhappy if they have not a second lover to play off on the first. Under such circumstances, she opined, both were apt to be fretful and unamusing. Mrs. Rashleigh, to be sure, had been a widow for exactly five years, so that it may be inferred that she knew something of the other sex. Young, cheerful, and well off, without being pretty, she was distinctly attractive, and his social instinct, her place in Blankshire was always full. In London she was inclined to affect the "smart intellectual set," and she liked to be credited with ideas and opinions. Ideas and opinions were, perhaps, rather scarce in the circles in which Mrs. Rashleigh usually moved. It was probably this which had made her seek the society of Dockrell, for the man, at any rate, had brains. But there were questions which she could not help asking herself in her present uneasy frame of mind. Apart from a volume of poems which had made a certain stir, who and what was he? No body seemed quite to know, least of all in the rather fashionable set into which he had effected an entrance. He had a clean-cut face, plausible manners, and a pretty talent for giving the talk a neat and epigrammatic turn; while it was certain that he had lived in Paris, in Rome, and in New York, and that he knew everybody a little and nobody well. If men, too, instinctively disliked him, it was notorious that for most women he had an irresistible attraction, so that one was apt to meet Willoughby Dockrell more frequently in inner drawing rooms than in the more breezy mental atmosphere of the clubs. But though Mrs. Rashleigh was fond of having long discussions with her literary admirer, it by no means followed that she intended to continue those discussions for life, and during the last day or two Dockrell had assumed an all-conquering air which was distasteful to her. It is always awkward for a hostess to have to tell a guest to go, and Mrs. Rashleigh racked her brains for an expedient as the hall door closed on the last member of the party and she thoughtfully crossed the hall. "Well, I shall have to tell Jack all about it when he comes tomorrow," she said to herself at last, with a little sigh of relief which a woman gives when she has determined to transfer her troubles to shoulders broader than her own. And meanwhile, Willoughby Dockrell, having finished a second cigar was meditating on his plan of campaign. For nearly thirty hours he would have his charming hostess to himself, for the young sister who was there to play propriety hardly counted, and he would surely be able to get her to drive or ride alone with him that very afternoon. Thirty hours with a woman who obviously likes you, is worth thirty months of afternoon calls and dinner conversations in London. He glanced round the room. How delightful it all was; so cosy, so old-fashioned, with the air of having been always just like that. The leather bindings of the books were worn and mellowed, the gilt of the picture-frames was a little dim with age. A Romney and a Gainsborough—portraits of departed Rashleighs—gazed down on him from either side of the fireplace. A grand-nick with delicate tastes, who had made the "Grand Tour," had brought back that Canova from Rome. Generations of gentlefolks had lived, and read, and chatted in that room. At his age, and with his tastes, it was all just what appealed to him most; the sense of security, of air of long unchanging years. Willoughby Dockrell had been of late a frequent guest in English country houses, but no home that he had entered had appealed to him quite so intimately as this. A man of forty-five, who has lived in most of the capitals of civilization, generally turns at last to some such haven. At forty-five, the boulevards of Paris, the clubs of London, and the balls of New York may begin to pall. At that uncertain age when he is neither old nor young, he had begun to think that a man wanted a home, a position, and a wife. Now, all these things, he thought, were well within his reach. There were no children; the place was here for his life time, after which it would go to a distant cousin. As to that unpleasant affair in America—well, it all happened fifteen years ago, and New York is a long way from London, even if London is tolerably near New York. Only one man in England knew anything about the story of those bonds, and that man he was certain not to meet in a smart country house. And then Mrs. Rashleigh had said nothing in her note of invitation as to the length of his stay; indeed, it had been a word or two only. Dockrell took the note out of his pocket, and read it with a curiously satisfied smile. "Can't you come and see me in the country?" it ran, and the fact of their being no beginning was an important one in the eyes of such a student of femininity as Willoughby Dockrell. "I shall have some nice people staying with me at the beginning of the month. Could you come on the 3rd? We shall be able to discuss Bourget—and lots of things!" "Ever sincerely yours, "LETTY RASHLEIGH."

A FIGHT IN THE DARK.

He did find her alone. Willoughby Dockrell was too much of a diplomatist to show his hand before he saw what his adversary was likely to play; but still, the time was short, his opportunities few, while the advent of a fresh batch of visitors might spoil the game completely. At the end of a quarter of an hour's talk Mrs. Rashleigh began to feel uncomfortable, and more than ever she was resolved to tell Major Champion the whole story, directly he arrived. She got away, and shut herself up in her room until the first batch of her guests were announced. "What, in heaven's name, is that fellow doing down here?" was Champion's first question, when he found himself at first alone with his hostess before dressing. She was silent for a moment, but she did not pretend not to know what he meant. "Well, you see, he goes everywhere; he's very clever, and of a sort of celebrity in his way, and—and I wish I hadn't asked him!" "So do I," said Champion, fervently. "But it's not only his coming that's the matter," said Letty, incoherently; "but I'm sure he means to stay. He will never go." "Oh, yes, he will. He'll go tomorrow morning." "Jack, I can't have it. I won't have it in this house. Why, the newspapers will get hold of it, and—I shall never forgive you if you do anything horrid." "I'm not going to do anything horrid. I shall just mention in the smoking room tonight that Jobson, the editor of the Evening Telephone, is coming down here tomorrow for a day or two." "But, my dear Jack, Jobson isn't coming! I don't even know him. How on earth will that help us?" "Wait and see. If the thing works I'll tell you all about it. You're a ridiculous little person, you know, and utterly unfit to take care of yourself. You'd much better let—"

THE ANACONDA.

slippery scales when I threw my legs around the brute's neck and drew my knife. As I was carried off my feet and before it could throw its terrible coils about me, I had plunged my weapon three times into its squirming neck. "The anaconda let go of my arm and tried to push me off by pressing its coils against me, but I hung on, stabbing away until torrents of blood loosened my hold and I slipped off. The struggle hardly lasted ten seconds, though it takes much more time to tell. When I fell to the ground I jumped up quickly to find the door, but the writhing, flopping monster seemed to fill the room. I reached the wall, but the large body squeezed me so that I was forced to get away; then I stumbled over another part of the brute and fell against the floor. Every rib cracked as a cold snake scraped over me and I thought all was up, but I struggled to my feet and found a corner where I flattened myself into as small a space as I could. The floor was covered with blood, the heat and stench were overpowering. I had lost my knife and could see nothing. Cowering there in the dark I expected every second to be crushed. It was an awful experience. Six and faint, I hoped the end would come quickly by some sudden blow, for I was too weak to fight any longer. About to sink to the floor from exhaustion, I suddenly heard a loud crash, and fresh air rushed into the hut. By its frantic lashing and thumping the snake had burst open the door. I got out, but I never stopped running till I fell breathless among the reeds a mile from town. Next day I got a party of men, and though pretty well used up, I went with them to that hut. The anaconda had died inside. My knife thrusts had nearly severed its head off and yet it had struggled about with fearful strength for I don't know how long. We dragged it out, pulled it up to a tree limb and a man went up and slipped its hide off. It was a magnificent live brown hue, beautifully spotted with black, and measured thirty-three feet in length by six in its widest part. I shipped the skin to the old country with those orchids and it brought me a pretty penny, but I don't care to make money that way." Free Press.

MADE RICH BY A BLAST.

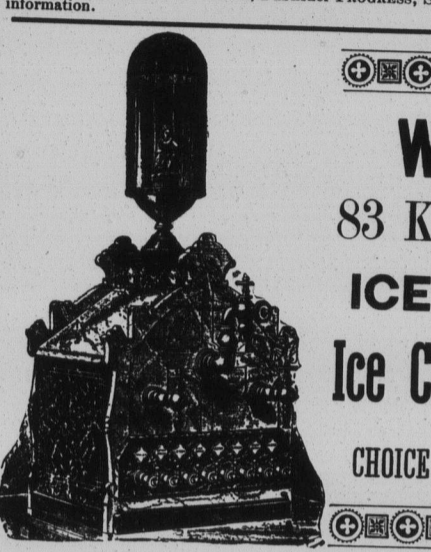
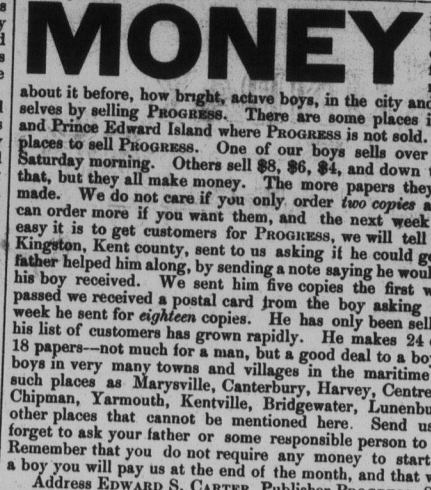
The papers have lately mentioned how many prominent mines of the country were discovered by chance. There is a scrap to be added to the history of the Cortez mines. Simeon Wenban had run the Gariston Tunnel at great expense and was left a poor man, owing his creditors \$150,000. There was not a pound of ore in sight whereby the debt might be paid. As a last resort, with a forlorn hope, after the mine had been closed, Simeon Wenban drilled a hole in the hanging wall and found a large piece of rock, which he blasted out by almost a solid block of metal and part of an immense vein which had been paralleled hundreds of feet. This fortunate last effort marked a sudden change that seldom falls to the lot of man. It was Wenban, the poor man, the laborer, before the blast was fired; it was Simeon Wenban, the millionaire, from that day thereafter. The first month's run of his little mill gave him \$80,000, and ever since he has grown more wealthy. The mine is the best paying property in the state at the present time.—Central Nevada.

MONEY

is one of the things you want boys, and one of the things you can get if you will do a little work for PROGRESS every Saturday morning. We have told you selves by selling PROGRESS. There are some places in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island where PROGRESS is not sold. We want boys in each of those Saturday morning. Others sell \$8, \$6, \$4, and down to \$1 worth, and even less than made. We do not care if you only order two copies at the start—the next week you easy it is to get customers for PROGRESS, we will tell you this story: A little boy in Kingston, Kent county, sent to us asking if he could get some PROGRESS to sell. His father helped him along, by sending a note saying he would be responsible for what papers passed we received a postal card from the boy asking for thirteen copies, and the next his list of customers has grown rapidly. He has only been selling the paper three weeks, and 18 papers—not much for a man, but a good deal to a boy. PROGRESS wants just such boys in very many towns and villages in the maritime provinces. We want them in Chipman, Yarmouth, Kentville, Bridgewater, Lunenburg, Wolfville, and other places that cannot be mentioned here. Send us a letter or a postal, and don't forget to ask your father or some responsible person to send his name as a reference. A boy you will pay us at the end of the month, and that will satisfy us. Address EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher PROGRESS, St. John, N. B., for any further information.

WHITE'S

83 King Street, ICE CREAM, Ice Cream Soda, CHOICE CONFECTIONERY.



OUT DOOR WORK NOW! Many persons who have been thinking of painting the exterior of their houses, should not think about it any longer but decide whom to give the job to, before the hot weather comes—and the flies.

NOTHING LIKE making your "Ads." catchy. Have them prominent. Make everybody look at them.

MEN who advertise and want good advertising, have original designs for their "ads."

"Progress" Engraving Bureau, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

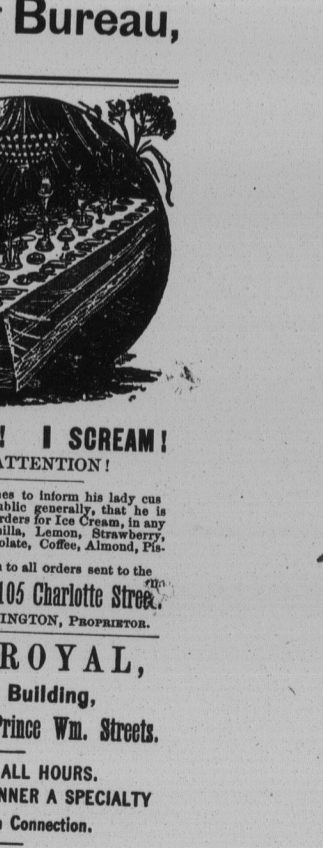
- Hotels: HOTEL STANLEY, BELMONT HOUSE, QUEEN HOTEL, VICTORIA HOTEL, ROYAL HOTEL, ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, HOTEL DUFFERIN.

ICE CREAM! I SCREAM! LADIES, ATTENTION! THE Subscriber wishes to inform his lady customers, and the public generally, that he is now ready to fill their orders for Ice Cream, in any quantity desired. Vanilla, Lemon, Strawberry, Pineapple, Ginger, Chocolate, Coffee, Almond, etc. Prompt attention given to all orders sent to the Lorne Restaurant, 105 Charlotte Street, T. C. WASHINGTON, PROPRIETOR.

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection. WILLIAM CLARK.

THE SLAY BLEND WHISKY. IS THE FINEST SIX YEAR OLD WHISKY IN THE WORLD. ALWAYS ASK FOR ISLAY BLEND. TAKE NO OTHER.

girl who swims, must be legs free and as little ble. Bare arms and feet in the water, and the suits were not only incongruous. Not girls in friendly and of long when in dripping and they emerge from the water long lines of staring spectators did not feel my sympathy to any special horror of surah, braided in blue, wearer was inconsiderate pretty to be blonde, to wear kerchiefs twisted about after the fashion of a Creole wear her back hair in braids. There was one suit in a white surah that was very brown-haired rosy mite of had it on. Under her bro



BATHING

it; the bathing suit serve and study it; save and innocent piece of apparel. The Newport bath when the tide sky was glorious; boats with white sails; boats of long black corked-soled some sort of a coat and trousers, always in any degree seaworthy, high in the reaching at least; prettiest suits, and certain piquancy to rolling collars of light blue, with perle a girdle. I have seen in pure white but gaiter of apparel, and for a couple of hours splashing and the sterner, and where shorts and yet where any individual could be comfortable. There was one fine pair of dripping blue, a red of flashing blue, an elaborate costume show to advantage a two magnificent arm stockings and blue but entirely modest blonde who couldn't was making desperate a deep red suit that tation. Her stockings oilskin cap was edged and bordered her s their fairness, and he short black sleeves. Many of the costume these, without doubt, plainly than does one but there is an excellent substitution, in that lighter than a woolen hold the water. The tennis, climbs a mountain gymnasium, is privileged and appropriate costume the girl who bathes, e

BATHING SUITS AS WORN

ARE NOT SHOCKING EVEN IN THE SMALLEST DEGREE.

Wet by the Salt Water at the Summer Resorts—About Tennis and Yachting Gowns—What is Seen at Night in the Casino.

I have interested myself to some extent in bathing suits this summer, partly because the bathing suit seems always of such interest to the general public, and partly because of a suspicion that the bathing suit had been maligned. My suspicions have been confirmed so fully that I have come to wonder how the general public conceived its interest in the bathing suit in the beginning, and how, having conceived an interest, it is able to maintain



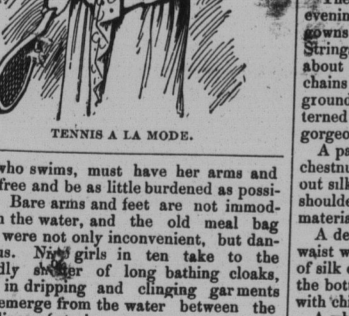
SHE WOULD A YACHTING GO.

it; the bathing suit is, when you come to observe and study it; such a mild and inoffensive and innocent and even commonplace piece of apparel.

The Newport bathing suit, as I observed it when the tide was coming in and the sky was gloriously blue and there were boats with white sails far out at sea, consists of long black stockings and little black corked-soled shoes. Above this comes some sort of a combination suit of blouse and trousers, always trimly cut, but never in any degree sensational, being dark in color, high in the neck, and with sleeves reaching at least to the elbow and provided with a skirt to the knees. The prettiest suits, and those which give a certain piquancy to the prospect, have rolling collars of scarlet or orange or light blue, with perhaps a bright blue and a girdle. I have seen one woman bathing in pure white but for light colors, or gaiter of apparel, one to try Narragansett pier, where it suited me to watch for a couple of hours the kicking and the splashing and the struggling and the chattering, and where there were low necks and short sleeves and red stockings, and yet where any reasonably pure-minded individual could be in all respects entirely comfortable.

There was one fine swimmer with dark red dripping locks, under which looked out a pair of flashing blue eyes, who wore quite an elaborate costume of white serge, cut to show to advantage a full white throat and two magnificent arms. A blue hat, blue stockings and blue girdle, heavy gold-tasseled cord went to finish a very striking but entirely modest costume. A bit of a blonde who couldn't swim at all, but who was making desperate efforts to learn, wore a deep red suit that was worth some attention. Her stockings were black, her little oilskin cap was edged with black, a black band bordered her shoulders, setting off their fairness, and her arms emerged from short black sleeves.

Many of the costumes were of silk, and these, without doubt, show the figure more plainly than does one of flannel or serge. But there is an excellent reason for the substitution, in that the silk is so much lighter than a woolen fabric and does not hold the water. The girl who rides, plays tennis, climbs a mountain or exercises in a gymnasium, is privileged to have special appropriate costumes to do it in, and the girl who bathes, especially if she is the



TENNIS A LA MODE.

girl who swims, must have her arms and legs free and be as little burdened as possible. Bare arms and feet are not inmodest in the water, and the old megal bugs were not only inconvenient, but dangerous. Many girls in ten take to the friendly drier of long bathing cloaks, when in dripping and clinging garments they emerge from the water between the long lines of staring spectators, and so I did not feel myself called upon to pretend to any special horror of a pale yellow surah, braided in blue, even though its wearer was inconsiderate enough to be pretty to be blown to wear a blue silk kerchief twisted about her curly locks after the fashion of a Creole turban, and to wear her back hair in long Marguerite braids.

There was one suit in striped black and white surah that was very pretty on the brown-haired rosy mite of a woman who had it on. Under her broad white bathing

hat with its black trimmings showed the black sailor scarf at her throat and the black ribbons knotting up her short white sleeves.

It is four or five days since I was at Long Branch, but I picked up there, no more than at Newport or the Pier, material for any bathing suit declamation. There has been little bathing at the Branch since the tragic death of young Brokaw, but when the girls go into the water it is in suits less than at Newport and less bright than at the Pier. Dark blue and black are the regulation colors, and the woman who wishes to enliven them does so with many rows of white braid. Brown and yellow, perhaps, the most striking combination worn by a girl with short tawny locks turning up in her neck in loose half curls. Her skull cap of oiled silk, and a kerchief of brown and yellow plaid twisted about it, and with a brown blouse and yellow neck scarf she wore a short full brown and yellow skirt and brown stockings. There were girls in red and white stripes and girls in white and yellow; there were girls with bare necks and no sleeves; there were girls in broad bathing hats and girls in little skull caps, but there were no girls whom it was not quite permissible to look upon.

It is a pity that girls who do not play tennis do not pay regard to one another's costumes, but persist in dressing themselves in such disastrous discords. It spoils the prettiest of lawn pictures to see a girl in a bright scarlet cap and blazer playing in the same set with one gowned in buttercup yellow. People who are to pass afterwards together ought to dress with some sense of collective accord, if we are to have any pleasure in life unspiced by pictorial blemishes.

Amelie Rives Chanler was induced to play half an hour the other afternoon, and her tennis toilet was as picturesque as might have been expected; she is even more beautiful than before she went abroad, for her face has more sensitiveness and expression. She wore a white flannel skirt with a pink silk blouse and the most bewitching of rustic hats garlanded with pink roses. She did not play well, however, for in France one gets out of practice, tennis being too active a game for the Parisians.

A gathered skirt of blue surah forms part of the tennis suit shown in the illustration. The blouse bodice of the same goods is embroidered with sweet peas in rose pink and white, and edged with a flounce forming epaulets and shirt tails. The knotted sash falls in front and long mitts of corn silk are worn. This costume was finished in New York this week to the order of Miss



IN THE THEATRE.

Sallie Hargous—about whose clothes one gets, alas! a very tired of writing—and sent to Newport for the late summer practice. Over the rail of a trim little yacht with black hull and white sails there leaned groups of girls watching the dazzling water and the maneuvers of the gulls. Gray flannels with blue shirts, and brown flannels with pink shirts, and brown flannels turned up with hems of gold braid. As a rule most of the decorative responsibility of the costume seemed to rest upon the bodice and the hat, as in case of a black serge skirt worn with a white shirt, upon which the tawny orange tie hung harmonized with a bunch of variegated roses on the black chip hat.

There was a black and white striped dress crowned with a basket work hat trimmed with powder blue velvet, which accorded wonderfully with the yellow hair that was closely spotted with marvies, and a dark blue serge with a full blouse, and sleeves of that universally used material, pinkish flowered chiffon. Another curious phenomenon was a fine white flannel trimmed with black chiffon frills and worn with a little black hat with white wings.

The costume shown in the sketch was of white serge with white silk blouse and refter of navy blue with white cuffs. A frock of red cotton, for even on the water cotton is not wholly abandoned, was printed with small white horsehoes and worn with a large black hat trimmed with red chiffon and white wings.

There are not so many new things in evening dress, and yet the summer dance gowns are picturesque in shape and color. Strings of bluebells or daisies are festooned about the muslin flounces, and flower chains fall from the waist almost to the ground. The new silk muslins are patterned with yellow grain spikes, and with gorgeous pomegranates and cactus blooms.

A pale blue muslin is figured with horse chestnut leaves. A full ruche of pinked out silk borders the skirt, and there are shoulder knots and waist fulls of the same material.

A delicate green silk is girdled at the waist with green beads. It has a flounce of silk embroidered green chiffon about the bottom of the skirt, and a low bodice with chiffon festoons.

A white corded silk embroidered with buttercups is uncommon in design. Guipure lace is arranged to form vandykes about the skirt, the points uppermost; the spaces between the points are filled with the golden flowers, while the berthe is entirely of buttercups laid over lace in bright yet delicate tracery. ELLEN OSBORN.

You are troubled with Catarrh, but in this warm, dry weather do not strongly experience its evil effects, and you neglect treatment. A mistake. When the disease is least troublesome is the best time to get rid of it, and this the use of Nasal Balm will accomplish. Sorely by letters or send post paid receipt of price (50c. or \$1 a bottle). G. T. FORD & Co., Brockville, Ont.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astria," P.O. Box 10, St. John, N. B.]

I have such a small budget of letters this week, girls, that I have unlimited opportunities for gossip, and could waste half an hour in talking about Geoffrey and the garden and all my other responsibilities; but in having the time, I believe I lack the inclination this morning. I am quizzed and just a little out of temper in consequence, so I am not as fond of Geoffrey as usual. The fact of the matter is, girls, that Geoff. is awfully conceited, there is no use in trying to blind myself to the fact, because it must be patent to everyone. And he is so fond of admiration, too, that I sometimes wish I had married a man who could not read, much less write; because you see when one is rather conceited themselves and very fond of admiration, too, they are apt to grow tired of burning incense on some one else's altar and to yearn for the smoke of the sacrifice on their own account. Why, you will hardly believe it, girls, I know, but he actually told me the other day that my work was not literature at all. It was just writing, and then he went on to say that I was a half of myself, never mind! I suppose you read yourselves, and can judge whether or not it compares favorably with my less pretentious style; but if Geoffrey is not more careful, I will trade him off for a shotgun, to keep the tramps away and settle my undivided affections upon the bird in the cat. Writing, indeed, I wish he had this column to look after, that's all, and we should soon see what he would make of it!

SOPHIA, St. John.—Thank you for saying I have a wise head, I don't know that I have, but still it is very soothing to know that some one else thinks so. I really do wonder sometimes that I don't get softening of the brain over the wide range and startling variety of the questions asked me. Perhaps it is because I haven't enough brain to melt properly. But still, I have great pleasure in answering your solitary and sensible question. The lines you quote:

That lovest to greet the early morn,  
That loves to greet the early morn,  
Are the opening ones of Robert Burns' exquisite poem, "To Mary in Heaven." You will find it in any edition of his works.

J. M., Amherst, kindly informs me for the benefit of those correspondents who have asked me where they can have their character delineated by their writing, that Mr. W. W. Bradley, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is an adept in the art, and that his fee is one dollar. Will J. M. accept my very best thanks for the trouble he took to write to me and send the address.

SUNSHINE.—Why that silly girl you are! Whoever heard of sunshine "bothering" anyone? Don't we all love it? So you are most welcome back. (1) As long as the girls will let their parents consent, they did not stay out too late, it was quite correct. (2) I do not know of anything you could possibly take to give you a permanent color in your cheeks, indeed I am sure there is nothing; but if you will try exercising for half an hour every day with either light dumb bells, or Indian clubs, you will find it beneficial. Rub your cheeks, pinch and massage them gently, night and morning, and finally go out in the open air as much as you can. These are the best remedies I can suggest. You are quite right, a good color often makes the difference between a plain girl and a beauty. I used to be intensely pale myself, but I never tried any remedy for the defect.

R. N. C., formerly "Harper Bros." St. John.—I am not a student of botany, and therefore am quite unable to give you the name of the wild flower you enclose, but of course it belongs to the genus dandelion, in some variety. I observed the peculiarity you note in the leaves, but have always imagined that the white leaves appeared in the late summer, and were one of the season's changes. I know the bird you mean, and have been can listen to its peculiar note, but have never heard of either stranger, who could tell me its correct name. As for the other matter—that of the blind toad—since you tell me in the most unequivocal manner that I am wrong, that of course, settles the question once for all, and I am not here to argue with correspondents, but to give them advice and answer their questions. You are to be congratulated on being so let us say self-sufficient—since it sounds better than self-sufficient—but you will be surprised to hear that my original opinion remains unchanged. The name of the Roman nature historian is pronounced as if spelled, P-I-I-N-N-E-Y.

Boy, St. John.—My dear "Boy" do you know that you absolutely frightened me? One part of your letter sounded murderous. You announce your unalterable determination to get rid of your rival, and ask me how you can do it easiest. Oh, this is really dreadful! What's the pup? Jock! for the sake of sweet charity, and all the forbidden bones I have given you on the sly—do not mention the gun drops, and molasses taffy, don't desert me in this crisis! I feel as if I might be massacred myself at any moment and on second thoughts I won't trade Geoffrey off at all, he is much better protector than a shotgun and the pup together. Well, Boy, if you really won't let me try strychnine and rough on rats are both effective methods, provided you take measures to prevent the patient from dying in the house. Seriously, Boy, you must not be so bloodthirsty, your rival, by all means, but do so by securing the prize yourself if possible. "Faint heart never won fair lady" you know. Of course you are in love with a girl, you absurd boy! Did you imagine for a moment that I would think it was with a boy? She may be a darling if she even remembers your description, and if I were a boy I would do my best to cut you out. I have been very successful as a match maker so far, and have already earned the undying gratitude of a young man called "Cyclops," who took my advice and went on to victory, to take courage and don't make any plans about proposing, but tell her what is in your heart at the very first opportunity. If you are too shy to do that, write to her, if your letter is anything like the one you wrote me, I think your chances of success are good.

Will Messrs. WATERBURY & RISING please mail 1 pair Ladies' fine Kid Buttoned Boots; size 3; with D, with a medium heel and toe; high instep; single sole. A lady friend got a very nice pair from you, at \$4.00. I would like the same boot, and oblige, Yours truly, MISS BLANK, 4 King Street.

How the Ladies should Order by Mail.

FREDERICTON, N. B., July 15, 1891. DEAR SIR, Please express me 2 or 3 pairs of Evening Slippers, on approval. Something in Black Kid, with a medium heel and toe; high instep; single sole. A lady friend got a very nice pair from you, at \$4.00. I would like the same boot, and oblige, Yours truly, MISS BLANK, 4 King Street.

Mail Orders will receive prompt attention, with liberty of returning if not satisfactory. WATERBURY & RISING.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

GET YOUR WEDDING INVITATIONS AND WEDDING CARDS NEATLY AND FASHIONABLY PRINTED BY E. J. ARMSTRONG, 85 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

cess will be excellent, for her heart cannot help being touched. You must have the choice of the ring entirely to the lady. It is her privilege to say what style she would prefer. Be sure you write and tell me all about it, Boy, for I am sure you will and you have my blessing. Yes, you are right, I do know all about it. I have loved very hard indeed. When I think of the amount of love I lavished on Geoffrey before we were engaged, I absolutely ache all over. Never mind the handsome rival. Girls don't like handsome men as a rule, so I hope you are not too good looking yourself.

MEN'S FASHION IN LONDON.

The Drab Frock Coat—Vests and Jewelry—Luxury in Summer Flannels. If bad weather has been responsible for our having had no spring season whatever, its antithesis is responsible for the summer quarter opening up exceedingly well. In fact, owing to both the foregoing and the peculiar features of the London summer promises to be unusually brilliant. The Prince of Wales and his hopeful heir are in town, while the young Emperor of Germany with a brilliant suite has been here and gone again. One of the most refreshing features of the current costume this summer lies in the extreme plainness of the fabrics most in vogue. "Effects" have almost entirely disappeared, and to wear a "check" is counted almost as criminal as to forge one. Studying well-dressed Londoners one perceives the prevalence of the London summer series of light gray, drabs, and slate blues which promised so well at the opening of the season. These colors in light cashmere are the hot weather wear of the upper ten. It is becoming more and more common daily to see a drab cashmere "Prince Albert," topped off by a tie hat. The craze for reds has completely subsided, its place being taken by rather more of tobacco or snuff shade of brown, which does not look half bad in a neat sack suit. Notwithstanding the prevalence of light or four button cutaways in light-weight black worsteds are to be observed, and these, in turn, worn over various descriptions of fancy waistcoats and light cashmere trousers. It is remarkable that comparatively few sack suits are to be seen in the streets this summer, and that the use of frock coats is rather on the increase. The frock coat of today, with its broad lapels, is more like that of eighteen years ago than that of five. The effect, as worn with the deep belled hat of about the same period, is not half bad, either. Revive the genius humorist, and while there, instead of enjoying a vacation from her work, she strove harder than ever to make converts of the doctors and nurses. Bolstered upright in bed, with her banjo in her hand, she played and sang Salvation army songs and marches until the attendant cheered for her dear life. But Mrs. Booth didn't die, but got well, and is now hard at work leading meetings, organizing the new companies and editing the War Cry, the organ of the Salvation army.

Mrs. Ballington Booth. Mrs. Ballington Booth is admired even by those who do not sympathize with her in her religious convictions. She is so pretty, so earnest, so clever and so good that she wins hearts to herself as well as to the Salvation army, whose creed she teaches and preaches. Not long ago Mrs. Booth was seriously ill in one of the New York city hospitals, and while there, instead of enjoying a vacation from her work, she strove harder than ever to make converts of the doctors and nurses. Bolstered upright in bed, with her banjo in her hand, she played and sang Salvation army songs and marches until the attendant cheered for her dear life. But Mrs. Booth didn't die, but got well, and is now hard at work leading meetings, organizing the new companies and editing the War Cry, the organ of the Salvation army.

A COMMON INCIDENT.

She was going down town to buy a new dress for her little daughter. But it began to rain, and she did not care to venture out. She felt lonesome for something to do. So, to pass away time, she took to looking over her children's wardrobe. She came across a dress but little worn which she thought would answer with a little fixing up if it were not so Turkish. She mixed it and boiled it and dipped in the garment which she had ripped. She took it out dried it and pressed it and dressed it up. Everybody admired it. "What a beautiful garment had cost a dollar and a half!" said a friend of hers. They were astonished, but believed, for they knew what Turkish Dyes would do. Send postal for "How to Dye Well" and Sample Card, to 401 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Sold in St. John by S. McDIARMID, and E. J. MAHONEY, Indianora.

Advertisement for White's Cream Soda and Confectionery, featuring a woman in a white dress and various product illustrations.

Advertisement for Fire Insurance, Plate Glass, and Steam Boilers, featuring a fire hydrant illustration.

Advertisement for Manchester Fire Assurance Co., featuring a building illustration.

Advertisement for Provident Savings Life Assurance Society, featuring a building illustration.

Advertisement for The Canada Sugar Refining Co., featuring a sugar refinery illustration.

Advertisement for Redpath Sugars and Syrups, featuring a sugar refinery illustration.

Advertisement for Canada Sugar Refining Co. featuring a sugar refinery illustration.

# THINGS WORTH KNOWING

London has 200,000 factory girls. The specific gravity of human blood is 1033.

The United States has 1,000,000 working children.

During exercise the breathing capacity is increased.

The heart is about the size of the fist of the subject.

There are 11,000 boilermakers in the United States.

The city of Edinburgh has a circumference of ten miles.

There are about 13 or 14 pounds of blood in the body.

Norway has one university, 46 professors, and 880 students.

Germany has 21 universities, 1020 professors, and 25,084 students.

Austria has 10 universities, 1810 professors, and 13,600 students.

In healthy adult man the heart beats about 70 or 80 times per minute.

The average amount of time that a human being is ill in a year is ten days.

A deficiency of more than ten per cent of oxygen in the air is fatal to life.

An adult laboring man wastes five ounces of muscle in the course of his daily labor.

The old abbey, or, as some call it, the cathedral of St. Alban, is the longest church in England, namely 549 feet.

The number of telephones now under rental by the Bell Telephone company is 478,725, an increase of 38,885 over the same time last year.

In the 351 towns and cities of Massachusetts 248 now have free public libraries, and the state has lately provided aid for the 103 small towns and villages which have no libraries.

The wealth of the United States amounts to \$62,500,000,000, distributed among 13,000,000 families. There are 135,000 families which have an average wealth of \$186,000.

The total strength of the Russians actually engaged at the battle of Inkerman was 71,341, with 271 guns; while the British force only numbered 7464, afterwards reinforced at the end of the action by 8219 French.

The area of the city of Liverpool is 5,210 acres, which is slightly over eight square miles.

St. Alban, the patron of freemasons, is supposed to have introduced freemasonry into Britain.

The Warrior was the first iron-plated man-of-war in the British navy, and was launched 29th December, 1860.

Denmark and Sweden have the same currency as Norway, and the money of one country will pass in the others.

New York has a Hebrew population of from 225,000 to 250,000 souls. It contains more of the Israelites than all Palestine.

The railway lines in Norway are few compared with the area of the country. Their total length is about 1525 kilometres, or 1020 English miles.

Montana is larger than the Empire of Turkey. Texas is larger than the whole Austrian Empire by 30,000 square miles, and New Mexico is larger than Great Britain and Ireland together.

A very extensive domestic industry in Russia consists of the manufacture of wooden spoons, which are made to the amount of 30,000,000 annually. They are nearly all made of birch.

St. Swithin lived in the ninth century, and, having been preceptor to King Ethelwulf, was by that eminent personage created Bishop of Winchester in 852.

Everybody, we suppose, knows the old tradition that if it rains on St. Swithin's day, which is the 15th of July, it will rain for forty days following.

An automatic machine for selling postage stamps is now being tried by the London post-office. It stands about a foot and a half high by several inches square, and can be adapted to any pillar letter-box. On dropping a penny into the slot provided, a drawer comes out, containing a memorandum book with a penny stamp on the cover.

The annual coffee crop of the world is estimated at over 11,000,000,000 pounds, worth at first hands \$135,000,000. This enormous quantity is grown in lands between the parallels of 30° north and 30° south latitude, mainly in British India and the neighboring islands, in Liberia and other parts of Africa, in the West Indies, Mexico, Central America and Brazil.

The domestic consumption of the United States amounts to 561,132,100 pounds, which is valued here at \$72,140,000, and of which 90 per cent. comes from countries geographically belonging to this continent.

The number of insane persons under official cognizance in England and Wales on the 1st of January last was 86,795 being an increase of 728 as compared with January, 1890.

The superstition that men of extraordinary valor can render themselves invulnerable, and that leaden bullets were of no use against them, but that silver was essential, is still extant, and is or was common in other countries.

The holly, or ilex, is supposed to derive its name from the season in which it particularly flourishes (Christmas) being kept as holy by all who profess the faith of Christ. Of this tree there are several species, some of which produce yellow berries, and some white.

According to the *Pedagogical Seminary*, in Russia, Serbia, Roumania, and Bulgaria, over 80 per cent of the population are illiterate, Spain 63 per cent, Italy 48 per cent, Hungary 43 per cent, Austria 39 per cent, Ireland 21 per cent, France and Belgium 15 per cent, Holland 10 per cent, United States (whites) 8 per cent, Scotland 7 per cent, Switzerland 2-5 per cent, some parts of Germany 1 per cent. In Sweden, Denmark, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Saxony only rarely a person cannot write.

Ptolemaeus Philopater, one of the ancient kings of Egypt, is said to have built a vessel 420 feet long, 56 feet broad, 72 feet high from the keel to the top of the prow, and 80 feet to the top of the poop. It had four beams of 60 feet; its largest oars were 56 feet long, with leaden handles, so as to be more easily worked; it had two prows, two sterns, and seven rostra or beaks. On both poop and prow it had figures of men and animals that were fully 18 feet high. It had 4,000 rowers, 400 cabin boys or servants, 2,820 marines to do duty on deck, besides being provided with immense stores of arms and provisions.

The French soldier has a hard life, barely provided with necessaries, and devoid of all superfluities, as may easily be believed when it is stated that each private costs the country only 394 francs a year (a little more than a franc a day) for his food, clothes, pay, and care in case of sickness. His pay represents the largest share of this magnificent sum; he receives 102 francs 50 centimes per annum! The most consumed is reckoned at 83 francs 66 centimes a year; bread, vegetables, and other articles of diet, 91 francs 31 centimes; 15 francs a year are allowed for hospital expenses, and 5 francs 33 centimes for bed and bedding.

In silver dollars Vanderbilt's money could be laid out as follows:—Lengthways, dollar after dollar, it would reach 4,762 miles, or from New York to Liverpool. Piled one above another they would reach a height of about 356 miles. In extent it would occupy 60 acres. Its weight would be 20 tons each, in freight cars, containing 20 tons each, it would take 358 cars, and would form a train 2½ miles long. On a pretty level gradient it would take 12 locomotives to pull this train, and, it on a pretty steep one, from 15 to 20. In one-dollar bills it would extend lengthwise a distance of 23,672 miles; and in extent it would occupy 746 square miles.

Strathfieldsaye was given to the Duke of Wellington after Waterloo, and is held by the ceremony of presenting a tricolor flag to the sovereign every "Waterloo day." The glory of the estate is its splendid timber.

The peereesses of the United Kingdom, in their own right, number six. Three of them go back to the third, fifth, and sixth Henries—that is, to the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries; the other three are of the present reign.

The male fern has lately been extensively employed as a remedy for tapeworm, and with good effect. The attention of modern medical practitioners was probably first directed to it in consequence of its being the ostensible remedy of Madame Norisser, of Switzerland, who sold her secret method of expelling tapeworm to Louis XVI. for 18,000 francs.

The Fiji Islands are in the South Pacific ocean, between lat. 15.30 degrees and 20.30 degrees south, and long. 176.50 degrees east and 178.20 west. The windward group is named Fiji, and the leeward one Viti. Of the 225 islands—some of them mere islets—about one hundred and forty are inhabited; the total population being estimated at 250,000, of which between four and five thousand are whites. Viti Luvu is the largest and most populous of the group, and is about sixty-four miles broad from north to south and 97 miles long from east to west.

Though collisions between the Prussian and Austrian cavalry were of frequent occurrence in 1866, no extensive use of cavalry for reconnoitring and screening was made by the Prussians. The cavalry masses, like the artillery, generally followed at the tail of the army, with the result that on the eve of Koniggratz the Prussians were absolutely ignorant of the whereabouts of Benedek's army, which was concentrated opposite to them at a distance of little over four miles. But in the case of the cavalry, as with the artillery, the lessons of 1866 were not thrown away. The Prussians realized that "the really important duties of cavalry consisted in spreading out far and wide for the purpose of gaining intelligence of the enemy, and of covering and concealing the movements of their own army." Hence we hear no more of "reserve cavalry" in 1870. Though their action in battle was limited, the untiring activity of the German cavalry divisions in keeping ahead of the armies and screening their movements, so that the infantry, "as if in the midst of peace, were able to march quietly along up to the moment when they came into action" in providing those "clear and trustworthy reports" on which "the decisive resolutions of the royal headquarters were based"—offers a sharp contrast to their performances in 1866.—*Blackwood*.

The Purest and Best Articles known to medical science are used in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every ingredient is carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. The medicine is prepared under the supervision of thoroughly competent pharmacists, and every step in the process of manufacture is carefully watched with a view to securing in Hood's Sarsaparilla the best possible result.

**INSTRUCTION.**

*Shorthand*

LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of shorthand and type-writing and an acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening course—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to

J. HARRY PEPPER,  
Conductor of Shorthand Department,  
St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute

We have a new system of shorthand (a French invention) the easiest, simplest, brief as any and most legible of all. Learned in half the time of any other. Write for primer.

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Windsor, N.S.

**East Me. Conference Seminary,**  
BUCKSPORT, ME.

REV. A. F. CHASE, Ph. D., - - Principal.  
Attendance, last year, 525.

**THE FALL TERM,**  
Of Thirteen weeks,  
OPENS AUGUST 24th.

TEN Courses and Departments of study. Military Tactics; Business College, with extensive privileges. Location unsurpassed. Expenses very low. Send for catalogue.

**THE ST. JOHN BUSINESS COLLEGE AND SHORTHAND INSTITUTE**

SAINT JOHN'S cool summer weather, and our perfect ventilating facilities, make the summer season a most favorable one for taking a course of study in either of our departments.

Many Teachers and College Students have, during recent summers, spent their vacations with us with gratifying results. Some have arranged to be with us this summer, and we hope to welcome many more.

No vacations.  
Send for circulars.

S. KERR,  
Principal

**DAVENPORT School for Boys,**  
PORTLAND MANOR,  
Saint John, New Brunswick.

A CHURCH BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

OPENS SATURDAY, SEPT. 5.

PATRON—The Most Reverend the Metropolitan of Canada.

VICAR—The Right Reverend Bishop Kingston.

The Head Master, Rev. F. F. SHERMAN, will be assisted by Classical and Mathematical Masters from England.

For Prospectus, Terms, &c., apply to the Head Master, or Treas. S. B. B. Esq., St. John, N. B.

**WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.**

FIRST OF ITS CLASS IN CANADA AND LARGEST LIST OF GRADUATES—new College building—well located—very best teaching staff—three Lady Professors—full Hospital advantages—affiliated with Queen's University—reduced fees to medical missionary students.

Row. Dr. SULLIVAN, Dean of Faculty; R. V. ROBERTS, G. C., President, Trustees Board.

Calendars for session 1890-91, on application to the DEAN or FACULTY, Kingston, Ont. Aug-4w. c.o.w.

**SAINTE JOHN Academy of Art.**

Studio Building: 65 Prince William St. ST. JOHN, N. B.

The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in

**DRAWING AND PAINTING.**

Pupils can commence at any time—week, month, or by the year.

PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A.  
ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES.

Send for circular.

**FLAGS**

FOR PUBLIC BUILDINGS, SCHOOLS, RESIDENCES, ETC., ETC.

ALL SIZES OF

Canadian, British, and St. George's Ensigns; Union and Port Jacks.

BURGEEES AND SIGNALS MADE TO ORDER

A. W. ADAMS, - 15 North Market Wharf.

**Hotel and Farm For Sale.**

THAT valuable property known as "MORTIMER ARMS," one mile from Weldford Station, I. C. B. The house is one and one-half stories, with 14, and contains 14 rooms. Large stable and convenient and ample outbuildings—all in good repair. A valuable vegetable garden on the premises. The farm contains 40 acres of land, nearly all cleared, and in a high state of cultivation, and produced last year 30 tons of hay, besides grain and vegetable crops.

Adjoining the above is a lot of 48 acres, principally woodland.


As a country hotel site, with a good farm attached, the above presents a chance rarely met. Terms easy.

For further particulars address:

Mrs. WILLIAM GRAHAM,  
Weldford, P. O.,  
Kent Co., N. B.

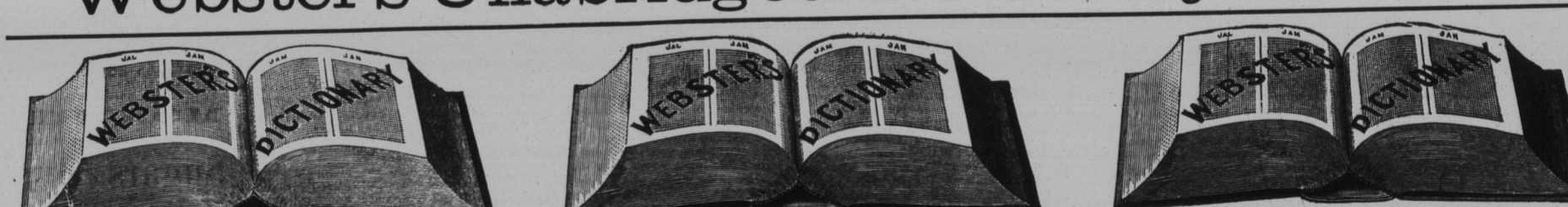
**ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS**

**HAVE YOU A GOOD DICTIONARY?**




**\$3.75. \$3.75. \$3.75.**

**You can get PROGRESS for One Year and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary for \$3.75.**



**\$3.75. \$3.75. \$3.75.**

**Hundreds have been Sold. All should have one.**



**\$3.75. \$3.75. \$3.75.**

**Send Your Post Office Order to Publisher of "Progress," St. John, N. B.**

**A GUIDE TO Cleanliness of Person Skin—The Best CHART**

Next in health importance of the air we breathe, the fluid we drink, and the food we eat.

If people could only realize the fact that the skin is the most important part of the human system, and as important as the brain, they would have these islands, fever, cholera, bronchitis, asthma, and other ailments, as a matter of course. Consider for a moment the duties of a well-acting skin.

I. The skin forms a covering for the whole body, covering the tender parts that are immediately exposed to every kind of violence. Most ignorant of its duties, they are unaware, by-the-by, that it is the organ that is the most exposed to every kind of violence. Most ignorant of its duties, they are unaware, by-the-by, that it is the organ that is the most exposed to every kind of violence.

II. It is the organ that is the most exposed to every kind of violence. Most ignorant of its duties, they are unaware, by-the-by, that it is the organ that is the most exposed to every kind of violence.

III. It is the organ that is the most exposed to every kind of violence. Most ignorant of its duties, they are unaware, by-the-by, that it is the organ that is the most exposed to every kind of violence.

IV. The skin, by its sweat glands, carries off a vast amount of matter—ugly though it is, it is the organ that is the most exposed to every kind of violence.

V. The skin to some extent is a reservoir of heat. VI. And to some extent it is a reservoir of heat.

VII. A healthy action of the skin is the most important part of the human system, and as important as the brain, they would have these islands, fever, cholera, bronchitis, asthma, and other ailments, as a matter of course.

VIII. A well-regulated action of the skin is the most important part of the human system, and as important as the brain, they would have these islands, fever, cholera, bronchitis, asthma, and other ailments, as a matter of course.

IX. There is one other thing that is the most important part of the human system, and as important as the brain, they would have these islands, fever, cholera, bronchitis, asthma, and other ailments, as a matter of course.

X. There is one other thing that is the most important part of the human system, and as important as the brain, they would have these islands, fever, cholera, bronchitis, asthma, and other ailments, as a matter of course.



LITTLE WATTS.

No matter how cold or stormy it was, Little Watts was always waiting for his papers, in front of the Daily Leader office, at half-past four in the morning. It was often stormy and always cold at that hour, in the thriving and populous Rock Mountain mining town in which the Leader was published; and Little Watts lived a mile from the office in a poor wooden house near one of the great mines. I met him one morning hurrying down the stony, deserted, unlighted street. The wind was blowing keen and cold; the air was filled with fine, sleepy snowflakes; and I thought, when I saw Little Watts, that the fates had not been kind to the boy, or he would have been warm and snug in bed at home at that hour. But the Leader was published every morning, and Little Watts had regular customers at whose doors he left his papers before he hurried away to the early morning train. He was only twelve years old, and small for his years; and he would never be much larger or stronger. A great hump between his narrow shoulders told a sorrowful story of a fall down a long flight of tenement-house stairs, when he was only two years old. It was often my duty to count out to the boys the papers as they came from the press. This is how I happened to know Little Watts. His name was Clarence, but I never heard him called by any other name than Little Watts. I remember when I saw the boy and heard his name for the first time. It was the first morning I gave the papers out to the boys. The Leader that morning contained one of the matters of important news that always increases the demand for the papers, and the moment the office door was open the newsboys came pushing and scrambling in, each eager to be first. Suddenly the largest of the boys—a low-browed, thick-lipped, stocky fellow—began to beat the other boys back. "Git back, fellows!" he shouted. "Git back, I tell ye! yer' scroggin' the life out o' Little Watts! Ye know he allus gits his papers first. Git back, now!" The other boys fell back, and out from among them came Little Watts, bearing evidence of having been pretty severely "scrogged." His hat had fallen off, and he limped as he struggled forward. The rough boy who had befriended him, in a way so surprising to me, found his hat and put it on the boy's head, while he said: "Aint hurt, are ye, Wattsy? No? Well, that's good. Git yer' papers now, and light out, for they'll go like hot cakes this morning." There stood, next to the house in which I boarded, a small house containing two or three rooms, which had not been occupied for several weeks. One evening, as I went home, I saw cheap paper stades at the window of this little tenement. Smoke was rising from the chimney, and on the step of the open door sat Little Watts, playing on a harmonica. The door was within three feet of the street, and I stopped to say, "How do you do, Little Watts? Are you going to live here?" "Yes, sir." "Then we shall be neighbors. I live next door." "I'm glad of it, sir," said Little Watts, politely. "You must come in and see me some time, I said. I have a good many books, and you may use any that you like to read." A small, thin-faced woman came to the door, and looked inquiringly from me to Little Watts. "Herose and said, 'Mother, this is Mr. Hart of the Leader. You've heard me speak about him.'" "So I have," said Mrs. Watts, quickly. "The Leader folks are real good to my boy, sir. He tells me about it, and I'm very much obliged." The window of my room looked out upon the house which the Watts family occupied. A day or two after their arrival I was sitting in my open window. The windows of the other house were also open, and through them came the sound of some one singing in a wonderfully clear and sweet voice. I laid down my book to listen. The words came distinct and beautiful: "Flow gently, Sweet Afton, among thy green braes, Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise. Could it be Little Watts singing in such a voice? While I looked and listened, I saw Little Watts coming from a well at the back of the house with a pail of water. I could not restrain my curiosity. As he came near my window I asked, "Who is that singing?" "My sister Elise," he answered, eagerly, his face beaming. "She has a wonderful voice," I said. "Hasn't she though?" exclaimed Little Watts, with more enthusiasm than I had ever before seen in him. "Did you ever hear any of those big singers?" he went on. "Yes." "Can they sing any better than she can?" "Well, they are much older than your sister, and of course they are highly trained. How old is your sister?" "Sixteen." Before many days I and others in our neighborhood sat in the scantily furnished living-room of Mrs. Watts' house, and heard Elise sing. Mrs. Watts was a widow, and Elise and Clarence were her only children. A small pension partly supplied their wants, and Mrs. Watts and Elise took in plain sewing when they could get it; but Little Watts' earnings from the sale of his papers were the chief source of income. It seemed to me that they might live a little more comfortably; but one day Little Watts confided a secret to me. "We're saving for Elise," he said. "She's going to be a big singer some day, after she's gone away and studied and had a chance. I'm saving up for that." This was the reason why Little Watts wore such shabby clothes, and this was why their home was so poor and bare, and their table so scantily supplied. This was why Little Watts walked the streets in all kinds of weather, crying his papers at an hour when other boys slept. One, two years passed. I was still in the Leader office. Little Watts still came before daylight for his papers, and was called Little Watts still, for he was not noticeably larger or stronger than when I saw

A QUEER RESULT.

him first. He still lived next door to my own home, and—Elise was going away. She had been singing in church choirs and at concerts, and some ladies who had become interested in her, but who were unable to lend her money for her study, had given her a benefit concert, which the Leader had widely advertised without charge on account of Little Watts. But most of the money that was to pay for Elise's two years of study in the East had been or would be earned by Little Watts. "But when I come back he shall work no more," Elise said to me, with the tears in her eyes. "I shall earn it then, and he shall go to New York to study drawing and engraving. He's so eager to learn it, you know, but he won't say much about it, or even think about it until I begin to earn money." Quite a little company of us went to the station to see Elise off. Of course Little Watts was there. His large, dark, curly hair shined through his tears, and his white face wreathed in smiles, though I knew his heart ached with sorrow at the thought of two years without her. But the boy cried his papers just as usual and cheerfully as ever next day—the Leader in the morning, and the Times in the afternoon, and the Times at night when the day was done. I often met him hurrying around the corners of almost deserted streets, or paying a last visit to the hotels, where he hoped to sell another paper at an hour when all other newsboys were gone. Every paper he sold counted, not for himself, but for Elise. He and his mother lived upon the pension and her sewing. Every month a draft to the amount of all of Little Watts' earnings went to New York to Elise, and every week she wrote the encouraging letters of what her teachers said about her voice, and of her hopes for the future. "I knew they'd have to say her voice wasn't anything common," Little Watts said proudly to me, when the first of her letters came. "I knew she'd astonish 'em!" Twice the mountains changed from green to white and from white to green. They were changing to white again when Elise wrote the letter that told when she could start for home. Little Watts brought me the letter to read. "I shall reach home about the last day of October," she wrote. "You need not send me any more money—I am afraid you have sent me too much now. It is time for me to begin paying it back to you. You must be here next year, and I at home working and earning money for you. If I'm not too tired, I shall sing for you and mother every night I come—I'm so anxious to show you how well your money has been spent!" She was delayed a little, and came on the third day of November. It was on the afternoon of the first day of that month that the man whose first day it now was to give out the papers said to me: "Little Watts didn't show up for his papers this morning. It's the first morning he's failed to come since I've been here. I wonder if he's sick." "Not that I know of," I replied. "It was a terribly stormy morning, you know." "The weather has never made any difference with him before. He's been on hand the first one many a morning worse than this. Poor little chap! How he's escaped pneumonia as long as he has is a wonder to me." The sun had not shone for three days. First rain and then snow had fallen early all the time. A fierce, cold wind had swept down from the mountains. The barren town had never seemed so gloomy and cheerless and desolate to me as it did now. At noon I went to see Little Watts. His mother came to the door and said, briefly and in a low tone, for Little Watts was in the next room and the door was open: "He's real sick! The doctor is afraid it's fight off the pneumonia. I've tried to keep him in the last three days, but he would go out. You see why?" Her eyes were full of tears as she pointed toward the corner of the room. There stood a shining upright piano, with a stool of crimson velvet before it. "He made the first payment on them yesterday," Mrs. Watts said. "He was so anxious to have them here for Elise." "Well, he's a perfect little hero, Mrs. Watts," I said, under my breath, but heartily. "I believe he will be able to fight off the pneumonia for the sake of Elise." "I am sure he could have done so if his bodily strength had been as great as the love that filled his faithful heart for Elise." "He'll never be any better," said the doctor in the afternoon, when I met him coming out of the shabby little house. "In the evening Little Watts said in a whisper: "She'll be here in the morning, won't she?" "At eight o'clock," I said. "Then I'll hear her sing again," he answered. The wind died away in the night. The skies cleared; all the distant ranges, the nearer hills and the streets of the town were white with snow when the sun came out next morning. Elise came at eight o'clock. Little Watts pulled himself up on his pillows to meet her and welcomed her. There was no sign in his eyes or face of sorrow in his heart at this ending of all his own hopes and plans for the future. He met Elise with a smile and with tearless eyes. For a moment she thought it must all have been a mistake about his being so ill. "Now go and sing for me," he said, after a few minutes. The rolled his bed to the door that he might see her at the new piano. Elise sat before it with streaming eyes, and sang the little ballads and the old songs he had loved so well. "There was one," he whispered, "about 'the shining shore,' and 'My Father hath many mansions'; won't you sing that Elise?" She sang it, with trembling voice; and while she was singing, Little Watts looked up with wide-open eyes, as if he were gazing at something wonderful that we could not see, and then sank back, his eyes closed forever.—J. L. Harlow.

AN ODD FACT ABOUT THE NUMERALS THREE AND SEVEN.

Mr. John W. Kirk, the white-haired veteran who was with Morse when the first working telegraph line was stretched, and who stood beside the great inventor when the first message was transmitted from Annapolis Junction to Washington, has made during his life a great many interesting calculations in numbers. The two most remarkable numbers in the world are 3 and 7. "The numeral seven," says Mr. Kirk, "the Arabians got from India, and all following have taken it from the Arabians. It is conspicuous in Biblical lore, being mentioned over 300 times in the Scriptures, either alone or compounded with other words. It seems a favorite numeral with Divine mind, outside as well as inside the Bible, as nature demonstrates in many ways, and all the other numerals bow to it. There is also another divine favorite, the number three, the trinity. This is brought out by a combination of figures that is somewhat remarkable. It is the six figures 142,857. Multiply this by 2, the answer is 285,714. Multiply this by 3, the answer is 428,571. Multiply this by 4, the answer is 571,428. Multiply this by 5, the answer is 714,285. Multiply this by 6, the answer is 857,142. Each answer contains the same figures as the original sum, and no others, and three of the figures of the sum remain together in each answer, thus showing that figures preserve the trinity. Thus 285 appears in the first and second numbers, 571 in the second and third, 428 in the third and fourth, and 142 in the fourth and fifth. "It is also interesting to note that taking out of any two of these sums the group of three common to both, the other three, read in the usual order, from left to right, will also be in the same order in both sums. "Take the first and second sums, for example. The group of 285 is common to both. Having read 285 out of the second sum, read right along and bring in the first figure of the thousands last. It will read 714. All the others will read in the same way. "Again, note that the two groups of three in the first sum are the same as the two groups of three in the fourth, reversed in order, and that the same thing is true of the second and third. The last multiplication has its groups of three the same as those of the original number, reversed again. "Examine these results again, and you will see that in these calculations all the numerals have appeared save the 9. Now multiply the original sum by the mighty 7—the divine favorite of the Bible and of creation—and behold the answer! The last of the numerals, and that one only in groups of three—again the trinity! 142,857 7 999,999 "No other combination of numbers will produce the same results. Does not this show the imperial multipotent numeral 7 and its divinity?"—Boston Transcript.

THE SORREL HADN'T FORGOTTEN.

A young Atlanta lawyer has quite a fine trotter, which he bought recently from a Kentucky drover. It happened that the drover brought the horse from a Cincinnati street car company. He had seen him trot in the car, and knew him to be fast. The young Atlanta who purchased him first tried him out at the Piedmont track, and found that he could go inside of three minutes. "There is another young man here who has a fast trotter, and naturally each claimed his horse to be the fastest. As a consequence there was a bet, and the two young men went out to Piedmont track one day last week to have a mile race for \$50 a side. The Cincinnati horse was a sorrel, the Georgia nag a bay. It happened that one of the friends of the owner of the bay knew of the past life of the sorrel, and knowing him to be the faster of the two decided to arrange a scheme to protect his friend. After two or three attempts the racers drew to a halt. The sorrel took the lead and kept it half way around. Then the bay pulled up under whip, and both horses broke. The bay lost by breaking, but the sorrel quickly got down to action again, and came up the home stretch fully three lengths in the lead. The same within forty yards of the string, and seemed a dead-open-and-shut thing for the sorrel, but suddenly a gong was heard to tap loudly right on the side of the track, and the sorrel stopped so suddenly that he almost threw his driver from the sulky. The bay won the race. While the sorrel was fast he had not forgotten his training as a street car horse, and the scheme of the friend of the bay's owner worked admirably.—Atlanta Constitution.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

"I have a weight upon my mind," I overheard him say. "I'll keep the wind from blowing it away." "This liver is awful, Maud," said Mr. Newwood. "I'm very sorry," returned the bride. "I'll tell you to speak to the liver-erman about it.—Harper's Bazar. As they stood on the beach where the wavesets played, she laid her head on his satin vest and hid her lips in a pouting way. And—she did the rest. —Cape Cod Item. Poverty-stricken Suitor.—Be mine, Amanda, and I will treat you like an angel! Amanda—I should think so! Nothing to eat, and still less to wear. Not me!—Figaro. A bachelor, upon reading that "two lovers will sit up all night with one chair in the room," said it could not be done unless one of them sat on the floor. Such ignorance is painful.—Ex. Jessie.—"Did you get the marriage license, dear?" "Yes, I did." "You won't understand it." "Yes, I will. To whom these presents may come"—yes; that is all right.—Puck. Maud—"Aunt Celia Bates says it is very wrong for girls to sit on young men's laps." Fred—"What does she know about it? She's never had any experience except in the lapse of time.—New York Herald. "John, dear, I wish you had married the cook instead of me." "Maud, dear, that's a strange thing to say." But I mean it, because then you would have had a wife who could be the boss of the house.—Philadelphia Times. Wollard—"What do you mean by telling the boys that you have had the lockjaw?" Pollard—"Just a little joke of mine. You see, I couldn't find the lock last night, and my wife gave me the jaw from the window above."—Lowell Citizen. "So you proposed to her. Accepted of course?" "Accepted! Why, she treated me like a dog." "Allow me to congratulate you, old fellow. I saw how she treated one the other day, and by jove, how I envied that dog!"—New York Sun. "John's mother lives with you now, does she not?" "Yes, and there's one nice thing about having my mother-in-law here. John never thinks of comparing my cooking with hers, for fear of having to eat one of her dinners."—Harper's Bazar. Mrs. De Work—"I have trained my eldest daughter into a thorough housekeeper. There is nothing she does not know." Miss De Flight—"What a nice, handy maiden aunt she will make for your other daughters' children."—New York Weekly. Abby (who is thirty)—How long will we have to wait for dinner? Hiram (who lacks decision)—About twenty minutes, I guess. Then I'll have a bottle of plain soda, and have it opened here. She—I should like to see some thing pop, if it's only a cork.—Life. Magistrate—"What is the charge against this old man?" Policeman—"Stealing a lot of brimstone, your honor. He was caught in the act." Magistrate (to prisoner)—My aged friend, couldn't you have waited a few years longer.—Chicago Tribune. "I do hate to hear a man grumble all the time as that man is doing over there." Said a disgusted passenger to the conductor of the train. "My dear sir," exclaimed the conductor in surprise, "you evidently do not understand the case. That man is travelling on a pass."—Somerville Journal. He looked into her loving eyes. And could he not smile with surprise, That she would be a sister. "Yes, that is what I need," he said, "and stopping, solely kissed her. Whenever I'm inclined to wed, My love I must be assisted!" "A lion broke loose in a circus at Rock Island the other day," remarked Mrs. Snaggs, who had been reading the papers. "That's not the usual way," replied her husband. "Isn't it?" "No; the lynx generally breaks loose on the posters."—Pittsburg Chronicle. "So you are in the multiplication table," asked little Joseph's father, who was in the clothing line. "How much is twice two?" "Six." "What! Why, twice two are four!" "Yes, papa, but I said six so that afterwards I could easily come down to four," replied the youth, with true business instinct.—Ex. Three tailors established themselves in the same street. The first wrote on his sign, "The best tailor in this town." The second adopted as his motto, "The best tailor in the world." But the third, who was the smartest of the lot, beat them all by putting on his sign, "The best tailor in this street."—Ex. "What has become of that crack pitcher of yours?" was asked of the manager of a country ball nine. "He has gone camping." "I should hardly suppose you could spare him for that just now." "We do need him," he replied, "but he thought he didn't know how to pitch was a tent.—Buffalo Express. During a dense fog a Mississippi steambot took landing. A traveller, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager and asked why they stopped. "Too much fog; can't see the river." "But you can see the stars overhead." "Yes," replied the urbane pilot, "but until the boiler busts we ain't going that way." The passenger went to bed.—Ex.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

ON TUESDAYS AND THURSDAYS the Steamer Clifton will make excursion trips to Hampton, leaving at 9 o'clock a.m. Returning will leave Hampton at half-past 8 o'clock p.m. same days. Steamer will call at Chilton and Boat's Point both ways, giving those who wish an opportunity to stay either way. Fare for the round trip, 80¢ cents. No excursion on rainy days. NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA. BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., LIMITED. "CITY OF MONTICELLO," ROBERT FRENKEL, Commander. WILL, on and after 22nd June, and until 10th September, sail daily, Sundays excepted, from the company's pier, St. John, at 7.30 a.m. local time, for Digby and Annapolis, connecting at the former with the Western Counties railway for Yarmouth, and points west; and at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis railway, for Halifax and points east. Returning, due at St. John, 6.30 p.m. of July and August. SPECIAL NOTICES. At the request of those who wish to spend Sunday in Nova Scotia, excursion tickets will be issued by the above steamer on Saturday, going to return Monday, at one and a third fare, during the months of July and August. HOWARD TROOP, Manager, St. John, N.B.

On the Rhine of America. STAR LINE. For FREDERICTON, Etc.

A STEAMER of this line will leave St. John, N.B., every morning (Sunday excepted) for Fredericton at 9 a.m. Returning, will leave Fredericton at 5 p.m. Fare, \$1. Steamer of this line connect with steamer Esplanade and railways for river countries. Return tickets, to return same day or by Saturday night steamer, Oak Point, 40¢; Hampton, 50¢. A steamer will leave St. John, North End, every Saturday night at 5.30 p.m. for Hampton and all way landings. Returning, due at St. John at 8.30 p.m. On the Romantic Blue. Belle Bay steamer, Springfield, will leave St. John, North End, for the above place every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12.30 p.m., calling at all way landings; returning alternate days. Steamer Soulanges, having been rebuilt and remodelled, is now the best excursion steamer on the river. Can be chartered every day at very low rates. G. F. BAIRD, J. E. PORTER.

International Steamship Co. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. DAILY LINE (Sunday excepted) FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING June 22, and continuing until Sept. 12th, the 8 steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, as follows: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY mornings, at 7.25, standard time, for Eastport and Boston; TUESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at 7.25, standard time, for Eastport and Boston. FRIDAY Morning for Eastport and Portland, making close connections at Portland with B. & M. Railroad, due in Boston at 11 a.m. FARES.—St. John to Boston, \$4.50; Portland, \$4.00. Return Tickets at reduced rates. Connections at Eastport with steamer for Saint Andrews, Calais and Saint Stephen. For further information apply to REDD'S POINT WHARF. C. E. LACELLE, Agent. New York, Maine, and New Brunswick STEAMSHIP CO. ST. JOHN AND NEW YORK. THE S.S. "WINTHROP" of this line will resume Weekly Service between St. John and New York as follows: Leave New York, Pier 40, E.R., on SATURDAYS, at 6.00 p.m. for Eastport and St. John; and Leave St. John (New York Pier, North End), on TUESDAYS, at 8.00 p.m. for Eastport and New York. The "WINTHROP" having been overhauled during the winter, now offers first-class accommodation for Passengers and Freight. For further information apply to H. D. McLEOD, TROOP & SON, Agents, 85 GERMAN STREET, ST. JOHN. F. H. SMITH & CO., Gen. Manager, 17 and 19 William Street, New York. Or at the Office in the Company's Warehouse, New York Pier, North End, St. John, N.B., March 2nd, 1891.

Photography. THE FINEST EFFECTS OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

This has ever appeared in St. John was seen at the recent exhibition, and those were produced by CLIMO. This was the verdict by all who saw these skillfully wrought portraits. COPIES, GROUPS, AND LARGE PANELS AT VERY LOW RATES. 85 GERMAN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B. 23 CARLETON STREET, ST. JOHN. SWANN & WELLDON, Artists, PHOTOGRAPHERS. SITTERS ASSURED SATISFACTION. Pictures of every kind copied and finished in EVERY Style. ANDREW PAULEY, CUSTOM TAILOR, FOR THE PAST NINETEEN YEARS CUTTER with JAS. S. MAY & SON 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 Woolen Goods, personally selected in British, Foreign, and Domestic markets. Suitable for all classes. Inspection invited. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed First-class. 70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

For ONE MONTH Only. A great reduction will be made in Hair Switches.

AT THE ST. JOHN HAIR-STORE 113 Charlotte St. Opp. Dufferin Hotel Ladies' and Gents FINE WIGS, at the AMERICAN HAIR STORE, CHARLOTTE STREET. Up one flight ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

Large assortment Picnic Prices, at wholesale prices at McArthur's Book Store King Street. Fellow's Dyspepsia Bitters is highly recommended for Indigestion, Headache, Biliousness, &c.

VOL. A GR... HOW TH... The Surv... Recond... Prison—... Usual Ex... In refer... an uninte... made by t... What was... ration was... a loaf of t... made it re... which is n... The allo... bodied Ma... best, howe... allowance... are in such... of kind... better they... jail when t... for him. I... ill he is, a... to tell him... There is... physician... Dr. James... body know... (ical) profess... his services... one, a... good value... particular d... at the pris... occasionally... know if any... the prison... they make... office, and... bad state... him. If he... each cell he... enlarge his... better than... The turn... little sickne... it to the fac... copperas as... way they bo... as much ver... blankets we... As there i... plenty of ill... Dr. Christie... It is true... the jail, and... a man who... quoted as a... This man w... vessel, who... tence. He... during the... ment gave... physician pr... have though... sary. Thre... that time th... miserable j... medical att... low-prison... was so much... be sent for... at Frederic... but, whil... late. The p... aid. At the... doctor plead... man was in... Now, while... might have... later, even m... very much m... if he had be... after in his... The keeper... seen that the... for burial. T... of clean clo... in the clothes... death. The... was the face... several razor... oners who w... form the task... The sailor's... by the whole... best of them... trousers, not... spare garment... recently, and... body has stole... Such is the... in the jail, cur... prisoners, and... lieved that it... When a pris... discharged as... opened in the... even the scanty... molasses-and-w... cent in his pool... He may not h... is willing to g... a little or nothing... There is ano... which, howeve... able. When... tence he fines... there is no men...