

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE BIG HOSPITAL ROW.

FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS OF AN INTERESTING CHARACTER.

The Young Women Objected to Doing Work Which, They Claimed, Should be Done by Male—But Dr. Reid Do Wrong in Catechizing the Nurse?

HALIFAX, Jan. 17.—The row in the Victoria general hospital between the nurses on the one side and the lady superintendent and Dr. Reid on the other has temporarily calmed down. It is a drawn battle with the advantage in favor of the nurses over Miss Elliott. The trouble, it will be remembered, originated in a rule introduced by Miss Elliott, under which the lady nurses were asked to do objectionable work—work which they contended should be done only by the male nurses of the hospital. One day it came the turn of a nurse to perform this operation which had been objected to. She refused to do it and was suspended. The house surgeon had been a party to the refusal and he, too, was suspended. An investigation was held by the government inspector, Dr. Page of Truro. As a result of it the house surgeon was reinstated, on his signing an agreement to abide by the rules of the hospital. Seventeen out of the twenty nurses employed in the hospital resolved to refuse to do the same operation as had the suspended nurse. This made the situation rather alarming. Dr. Page wrote to various hospitals on the continent asking whether there the objectionable duty was required. Some replied that it was and some that it was not, generally the latter. Then finally Dr. Page reported that he saw no reason why the nurse should not be reinstated on signing an agreement to obey the rules of the hospital, as the house surgeon had done.

But the hospital authorities, so it seems, were bent on the lady's destruction as a nurse, and she re-held her position but for a brief period. She was called up by Dr. Reid and put through a renewed catechizing—questions which it was known how she would answer. She answered; and forthwith was dismissed, notwithstanding her reinstatement a few hours before. A technical advantage was taken of the nurse, and she was told to go. But this dismissal was of short duration, for the local government, in deference to both influence and argument, quickly reversed the hospital mandate and sent the nurse back to full duty.

Yet though this is victory for the nurses, the advantage is not all with them, for Miss Elliott has also made her mark. She insists that if the young women will not do all that is required of them in the male wards they shall keep clear of that part of the hospital altogether, and that new nurses, as they join the hospital, shall come with the understanding that, unlike those now on the staff, they shall obey every order to go anywhere or do anything demanded of them.

The old nurses remonstrate against this, and ask that their sphere of usefulness be not so definitely circumscribed. They don't want to go out of the hospital with only a partial certificate of competency. The government has yet to decide fully upon this point.

Why is it that there is almost constant trouble, of one kind or another, in the Victoria hospital? Peace is the exception and war in some quarter or other is the rule. Despite it all, the hospital is a well conducted institution. The secret probably is in the fact that it is supported by the government, whom many people think they will be able to bulldoze; and also that medically and surgically, it is "run" by physicians who are volunteer workers. The medical board receive no pay. There is a divided authority in the management of the institution.

The medical superintendent of the hospital, Dr. Reid, will soon have to meet Dr. McKay, one of the medical board, in an investigation before the government, which the latter has demanded. Dr. McKay charges the superintendent with having attempted to place Mrs. Chipman, of Middleton, a patient who came to the hospital, on the medical side rather than on the surgical, in order to deprive Dr. McKay of the opportunity of performing the operation which her case required. The doctor alleges that Dr. Reid in this doing knew he was acting wrongfully, and that his motive simply was while depriving Dr. McKay of a patient, to put one in the way of other members of the medical board who are greater favorites with Dr. Reid than Dr. McKay is. Dr. McKay believes himself well fortified with proofs in support of his charges, and he is pushing the government to order the investigation.

Was it a Money Vote?
HALIFAX, Jan. 17.—The city council on Tuesday night spent a session of two hours in a wrangle with Mayor Keele. Nothing was done that night but fight, and the time was clearly wasted. The issue was whether resolution of the council to ask the legislature to give it power, a year hence, to increase the city's assessment from \$110,000 to \$120,000, was a "money vote."

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

WILL HON. W. S. FIELDING GO TO THE GOVERNMENT?

The Vacant Probate Judgeship—Mr. Fielding's Personal Friend Not as Sure as Was Last Week—Hon. A. G. Jones Willing His Son Appointed.

HALIFAX, Jan. 17.—If ever a man regretted he had power, that man is Premier Fielding this week. Life for him the last few days must have been miserable on account of the vacant probate judgeship, and the necessity of filling the office. The fight for the place is extremely interesting if not exciting. As told in PROGRESS last week, Frank H. Bell thought he had a sure thing for the succession. He relied on his personal friendship with Hon. W. S. Fielding, and he smiled serenely at the very idea of a rival. Now he finds he has indeed a competitor, and he who is making him fight like a griffin. And the opponent is not P. T. Congdon, whose claims on the liberal party were outlined last week, but he is none other than Hon. H. T. Jones, who was mentioned as a third candidate. Congdon is out of the race by this time.

Nearly half a dozen liberal lawyers besides those named last week, asked for the position. Among them were W. B. Wallace and M. U. Lenoir. At this date Ald. Wallace stands a good chance for the place as a compromise between Jones and Bell.

Jones' only recommendation is that he is the son of that old tried and trusted political war-horse Hon. A. G. Jones, and that recommendation should certainly go a very long way to secure the same man success. The liberal party, and Mr. Fielding personally, are under tremendous obligation to Mr. Jones. He has worked hard and never before asked ought but easy favors. Now he has set his foot down and said, "My son must get the probate judgeship." It is that dictum which makes the appointment a very serious matter for Premier Fielding, who was once Mr. Jones' protegee, in fact Mr. Jones gave him the start which placed him where he is.

The fact that on Monday twenty or more liberal lawyers of Halifax, headed by such men as W. B. Ross, E. Russell and Arthur Drysdale signed a memorial to Mr. Fielding protesting against H. T. Jones' proposed appointment, lends a very interesting feature to the fight. That was a pretty rough proceeding, and good party laymen, when they find out what was done, will sympathize with their old leader in a score of hard fought political battles.

Hon. Mr. Jones met Premier Fielding on the street early this week. Unfortunately the premier's companion just then was Frank H. Bell. The scene that followed was lively. Mr. Jones told Mr. Fielding in the plainest kind of language what he would think of him if he ventured to appoint the friend who had done practically nothing for the party, and pass over his son, ignoring the first request of any consequence he (Mr. Jones) had ever made. The premier seemed to lose control of his fluent tongue, and Mr. Jones took full advantage of the opportunity to express his mind. Bell came in for a good share of Mr. Jones' catechizing, and he was not at all prompt in his answers.

Thus the matter stands, Premier Fielding weighing the consequences of Hon. Mr. Jones' displeasure on the one hand, and the request of the liberal lawyers of the city and his regard for his personal friend, Mr. Bell, on the other.

Mr. Lenoir's "coherent and convincing" arguments on his own behalf will certainly avail him nothing; but it is said that if Premier Fielding does not appoint either Jones or Bell, he may, as a compromise, make Alderman W. B. Wallace the judge of probate. Or again, it is said he will promote John T. Ross from the position of taxing master, worth \$800 per year, to that of judge of probate, worth \$1,200, and give the taxing mastership to H. T. Jones.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." Mr. Fielding is finding just now that the possession of power is less desirable than utter weakness. He is bound to offend somebody. To night he is weighing the present and prospective wrath of a grand political fighter like Hon. A. G. Jones, who has spent his money and his time for the party, and the claims of Frank H. Bell backed by twenty liberal lawyers.

There's no doubt it's interesting. Megawhile cases are filing up for adjudication in the probate court.

An Express Agent's Fitting.
Superintendent Creighton of the Canadian express company has appointed another agent in Amherst. The former official of the company was Amos Purdy and he went away upon a sudden journey without telling his friends about it. He also neglected to tell his auditor and they perhaps mourn his absence more sincerely. One of them happens to hold a bill of sale upon his furniture, his horses, and turnout. Perhaps the people who have a right to feel more aggrieved than others over his

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In both these cases the suffering ones have the balm of sympathy and the hope of appeal. Rev. Mr. Mullin proposes to appeal to the courts of the country. Both cases have been long before the public and both are what may be termed celebrated cases and their whole history is told they may become still more celebrated.

There are many points in which there is a parallel in the matter of these two cases. Besides those mentioned another point consists in the fact that both disputes have been productive of much discussion and have hurt very much the interests of the churches where these divines labored. When such troubles arise the cause for which churches are built and ministers are trained does not prosper.

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This started the breach between Rev. Mr. Mullin and some members of his communion and congregation. He did not appear to have as much tact as he might, and remarks such as the above was apt to make enemies. Some found fault with him on political grounds and said that he made himself too conspicuous in politics, that at a public meeting he would interrupt speakers, call upon them to prove their statements, tell them that they were wrong and make himself too prominent generally. Of course those who were opposed to him politically did not like this and some of those who were on his side did not like it either.

The St. John presbytery have been trying for some years to get him to resign but he has refused to do so and though many have left his church and those who remain are indifferent, he has held on and put up with a diminutive salary. At length extreme measures were decided upon. A committee was appointed to make a presbyterial visit to Stanley. They did so and this week reported to the presbytery in session at St. John recommending the dismissal of the reverend gentleman from the field.

Rev. Mr. Mullin was present and made an eloquent defense. His bearing and gestures were dramatic and would do credit to an old Athenian senator. But his enunciation was not excellent, his tact in speech was not pronounced and his argument was weak. The recommendation therefore carried, though the ballot was close and was only decided by the casting vote of the moderator.

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ANTIC RY.

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LABOR AND COMMERCE.

MARITIME PROVINCES PROGRESS IN INDUSTRIES.

A Summary of the Advances That are Being Made in the Maritime Provinces in the Arts of Peace—A Department of Interest to all Provincialists.

It is doubtful if there is to be found in the world a territory of equal extent rich in natural resources, so filled with the latent wealth that under development minister, most largely to the wants of civilized man—as capable of supporting a numerous population and at the same time supplying the material needs of whole countries outside, as the section comprising the maritime provinces of Canada.

That much has been done to develop and utilize this wealth, that much has been accomplished toward making these provinces the home of a happy and prosperous people, and building up an extensive and profitable trade with outlying sections and the great markets of the world, the flourishing cities, thriving towns and prosperous farming communities, the numerous manufacturing industries in active operation and the records of commerce sufficiently show. But only a beginning has been made. Agriculture, manufactures and commerce are yet in their infancy compared with what is in store for future generations, or with what may even be seen in the present day if only some intelligent and united effort on the part of the people be put forth to foster and encourage such meritorious industries and worthy enterprises as they already have, and to stimulate and promote the establishment of new ones wherever and whenever the opportunities are available and the time is ripe.

Agriculture, lumbering, mining, fishing—these are the chief productive industries of the maritime provinces to-day. They are each and all capable of indefinite expansion, and are practically inexhaustible—there are rich farming sections yet to be opened up, many millions of timber to be cut away and sawn into lumber and shipped, minerals in plenty to be dug from the soil, and countless fish in the sea yet to be caught. But these industries, widespread, extensive and useful though they be, are but the foundation stones for a higher industrial development. The raw materials of the forest, field and mine must be worked up into higher forms of products before they are accorded their greatest value, and in this work, in its myriad forms, lies the profitable employment which has built up the largest and most prosperous of empires and communities of the old and new worlds. The success of the cheese factories, creameries and canning industries scattered throughout the provinces, and their strikingly apparent benefits to the respective communities in which they are established, show what has already been accomplished in working up the products of the farm. But there is urgent need of more general manufactures, woodworking, ironworking, textile working, etc., to transform other native products of the soil into finished forms, and to produce at home, as far as is possible, the multitude of things now used at home but purchased abroad.

Manufactures are the life of a community, and every town which is alive to its interests will do well to extend a friendly hand to the legitimate promoter of such enterprises large or small. All forms and departments of manufacturing industry are inter-dependent, stimulative to each other, and every new enterprise started, or any new life and energy infused into an existing establishment, gives a quickening impulse to an almost endless train of trades and occupations, adding to the general prosperity and increasing the common wealth.

The Moncton sugar refinery is working to its full capacity, turning out more sugar than ever. Twenty millions of spruce will be the approximate lumber output of the Tobique and its tributaries this winter.

George W. Wilson's machine shop at Hampton Station is one of the busy places of that vicinity, according to the News.

A company of New York capitalists are talking of extending the Central Railway through to Fredericton, according to a current report.

A. Bigelow & Son, Lower Stewiacke, are employing fifty men in the woods and at their mill, and will get out over a million feet of deal this winter.

Hake fishing on the Kennebecasis is better this winter than it has been for years. Nearly every day people from the city go out and spend a few hours fishing through the ice.

Another strike of oil is reported from Gaspe. The capacity of the well is unknown to outsiders, as the company are conducting their operations as quietly as possible.

The Intercolonial shops at Moncton have lately received a new boiler-plate roller, a superior machine of the latest pattern, manufactured by John Bertram & Son, Du. da, Ontario.

Alex. Gibson will cut about 25,000,000 feet of lumber along the Nashwaak this winter, a larger amount than last winter. He has a big crew of men and horses at work, and so far the season has been favorable.

Lumbering operations in the vicinity of Masquash are on a larger scale this winter than for years. The Masquash Lumber Company will cut about a million feet, and the Messrs. Knight will get out from two and a half to three millions.

Provincial lumber exports to the United Kingdom during the past year amounted to \$9,512,339, an increase of \$1,512,339 over the year 1893.

This was carried in forty vessels, aggregating 43,496 tons register. Messrs. George McKean and W. M. McKay were the shippers.

Hunter Baird, of Wickham, Queens county, claims to have killed 403 rabbits during the fall and winter. A good number of them were shot, the remainder snared. Some of the rabbits were disposed of in Fredericton, but the greater number were sold in St. John.

The Temiscouata Railway company has given notice of its intention to make application to the next session of Parliament for power to extend their line from the point to which they are now authorized to build, to Berry's mills on the Intercolonial, or Moncton, or some intervening point.

John McIntosh, of Glassville, contemplates building a cheese factory at that place, to be ready for work in early summer. It is thought there will be no difficulty in obtaining a sufficient quantity of milk, and if properly managed it will prove a great boon to the farmers in that locality.

G. G. King of Chipman reports that a larger amount of lumber will be cut in that locality than last year. Mr. King says that he cannot remember a better fall for yarding than the past fall. There was just about a sufficient quantity of snow for good hauling and the weather conditions were just right.

A new industry at Moncton is the making of barrel staves and heads for the Halifax sugar refineries. Ten or a dozen carloads have thus far been shipped, and new men are being taken on at the barrel factory. Hitherto the staves for the Halifax refineries have been brought down from the upper provinces.

The Truro News suggests that unless the citizens of Baddeck get a "hustle on" and put up a new hotel, the tourist travel to that now historic place will be somewhat curtailed next summer. One hotel is not sufficient to afford the necessary accommodation, yet there appears to be no practical efforts made to build a new one.

Messrs. Allan Brothers & Co., Liverpool, have issued their "Allan Line Handbook" for 1895, replete with practical information for intending emigrants, telling where to emigrate, how to get there, how to take up lands, get work, etc., and containing a useful array of facts and statistics relating to the Dominion of Canada, its resources and opportunities.

A. R. Alexander's new shingle mill on the Tobique has started up with three machines day and night. This mill is one of F. T. Sprains' best. The old mill was burned December 22, and the burned material was cleared off, the new frame put up and the building finished January 3, only five and a half working days, as there were two holidays and a stormy day intervening.

Close time on moose, caribou and deer, commenced on the 15th of this month. Legitimate sportsmen have found big game fairly plenty during the past season, but owing to the light fall of snow and absence of crust, very few deer have been killed as compared with last season, when the animals were dogged and butchered by the score in all the river and border counties.

Perpetual vigilance is the price of immunity from fire. Every town in Canada should examine its fire appliances once a month; should test the cylinders; see that the fire bell can be got at and will ring; take the engine out and set it working; inspect the hose and play through it; strengthen the chain of fire defence at its weakest link. Only by such precautions can a community be ready to fight fire when it comes—as come it will.—[Monetary Times.

Building operations in Sussex have been exceedingly active the past year, and the outlook for next summer is encouraging. Many of the buildings erected are of a character and pretentious appearance that make them a credit to the place. It is stated that during last season there was not a carpenter or mason out of employment for a single day from spring till fall, neither was there a vacant house in the village.

Small & Fisher, the Woodstock machinists, are gaining a worldwide reputation for their shingle machines, says the Sentinel. Last week they shipped two of these machines, built to order, for a firm in British Columbia. The machines are larger than the ordinary size, being made to cut shingles 20 inches wide. They are made of the very best material, handsomely finished and painted, and reflect credit on the enterprising manufacturers.

The shingle industry in New Brunswick seems to have been considerably stimulated by the new United States tariff act, under the provisions of which shingles are upon the free list. A. G. Wallace of Dalhousie has two shingle mills on the Eel River, running day and night. William P. Gray has one on Dundee and W. H. Miller one on Christopher brook, J. P. Mowat one at Flat Lands, and they all find a ready sale for the product in the Boston market.

The fortunate ones in Hopewell just now are the owners of timber lands, according to reports from that locality, the price of standing timber being unusually high owing to the competition among the numerous operators and mill owners. Anyone who owns a stick can readily dispose of the same at a good figure. The aggregate cut in Hopewell this season will be very large. The largest operators are C. & I. Prescott & Co., Turner & McClellan and A. H. McLean.

According to the board of trade returns for 1894, British imports from Canada increased during the year \$489,000, or nearly five per cent, as compared with 1893. The increases include sheep, \$280,000; cheese, \$100,000; eggs, \$17,000; fish, \$290,000; and wool, \$260,000. The

decreases include butter, \$100,000; wheat, \$270,000, and metals, \$4,000. Exports from Great Britain to Canada during the same period, compared with 1893, declined \$1,300,000, or nearly 28 per cent.

Nova Scotia's export trade for the past year in fish, which is the chief product of the province, was the largest in its history. The aggregate amount of fish shipped from Halifax alone was 300,000 quintals dry fish, and 65,124 barrels pickled, representing a value of about \$1,400,000. It is noticeable that the trade is not confined to the British West India islands, but that Cuba, Porto Rico and Brazil, and the Guiana settlement on the South American continent are included in the countries of shipment.

Thos. J. Dillon, Dominion government superintendent of cheese factories, of Prince Edward Island, has gathered returns of the season's operations in the eighteen cheese factories and two creameries on the Island. The total product is 802,000 pounds of cheese and 47,000 pounds of butter. The largest product of a single factory, that at Vernon, was 67 tons. Mr. Dillon thinks that the Island produces the best cheese in Canada, and says the prices realized this year are higher than was obtained for Ontario. Since June, 1894, \$150,000 has been paid out in 10,000 different checks to farmers supplying factories.

Halifax imports of sugar exhibit a marked increase, especially in the quantity brought in bags, the importations for 1894 being 353,026 bags, as compared with 240,276 bags in 1893, and 276,735 in 1892. Hogheads imported last year numbered 7,294, as against an average of 5,318 in the previous three years. Included in the list of imports is 34,000 barrels beet sugar, presumably German or French. Reviewing the immense quantity of sugar and molasses that has entered Canada by this door within the past six years, it may be safely stated that Halifax is one of the sweetest ports in the Dominion.

The output of the Nova Scotia collieries for 1894, as appears from the annual statement published in the Trades Journal, aggregated 2,055,114 tons, as compared with 1,968,813 tons in 1893, an increase of 86,500 tons. There was sent to United States ports by the Dominion Coal Company 50,000 tons direct from Cape Breton, and 30,000 tons found their way there via Montreal. Spring Hill mines sent 35,947 tons, the General Mining Association sent 2,677 tons, and the Joggins 2,400, or a total of 120,000 tons. In addition to coal shipped, the Albiop mines shipped 16,288 tons of coke. The light stocks in Montreal at the present time encourages the belief that 1895 will witness brisk shipments.

The Dominion Coal Company's railway was formally opened to Louisburg on Saturday, January 12, when the first train arrived at the terminus from Sydney, bearing President H. M. Whitney, Manager David MacKen, Treasurer John S. McLennan, Chief Engineer F. S. Pearson and other officials of the Whitney syndicate. Every available flag was hoisted, guns were fired, and rousing cheers were given by the citizens for President Whitney and the Dominion Coal Company. The completion of the Dominion Coal Company's railway to the historic port of Louisburg marks a new era in the Cape Breton coal trade. The Cape Breton coal fields have hitherto been frozen up six months of the year, and trade was confined to the other six months. Now, however, the Dominion company will be able to ship all the winter to Boston from Louisburg and thus keep their mines in operation all the year round. The road is splendidly built and equipped for carrying heavy traffic. An immense pier is being constructed at Louisburg and operations in the shipping of coal on a large scale will be commenced at an early day.

A Practical Medical Work. The revision of a medical work which has been before the public for over forty years, and has an annual circulation of over three million copies, is well worthy of remark. Its author, in his eightieth year, gives the result of a half century of professional experience, and over forty years of constant perfecting of his now famous homeopathic specifics. It will readily be guessed that the work is the Specific Manual of Frederick Humphreys, M. D. As a guide to those who use his wisely known specifics, this manual is admirably systematized for the needs of the sick room. A professional practitioner desirous of the interests of one of the largest medicine houses of the world, the doctor never forgets his professional responsibility for the "issues of life and death" involved in the use of his specifics. A copy of the work will be sent postpaid on request by Humphreys' Medicine Co., William and John Sts., New York.

THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE's report to the government on the 31st ult. shows the largest new business for 1894 ever written by that company. Applications for over \$3,000,000 have been received. The Company also shows the largest increase in cash receipts. The North American Life during 1894 made the largest additions to its cash assets, being nearly fifty per cent. of the total income for the year. The Company has also made the largest additions to net surplus of any previous year, after adding nearly a quarter of a million dollars to the reserve fund. The death claims for the year were considerably within the expectation. The Company is represented here by Mr. T. W. Lavers, the Principal Manager, C. S. Everett Esq., City Agent and Messrs. Vroom & Arnold, Local Agent.

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ONE MILLION CUSTOMERS wanted for beautiful doll parcel. We will send you post free for only 25 cents, 50 cents, or \$1.00, a beautiful doll parcel, guaranteed to be the best ever made. Address: Gorb's Art Store, 207 Union Street, St. John, N. B. 11-17.

\$3 A DAY SURE. Send us your address how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure in the morning when you have your work. We will explain the business fully, remember our name and clear profit for every day's work. Address: IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 13, Windsor, Ont.

NO GOOD HOUSEKEEPER. Will be without one of our New Patent Kettle Stoves. Good for 10 minutes. Wonderful seller and money maker for Agents from now till after Christmas. Sample sent by mail, 2 for 25c. Terms, Cash and Circulars free. Albert O. Specialty Co., 84 Bleecker St., Toronto, Ont.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., Editor of "Health."

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

90 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

"A Good Fact." TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Newspaper correspondence or criticism with me I must say is not in my line, nevertheless I would first say, being an old St. John boy, your paper, which I always make it a point to obtain, is read by me with much interest. In the issue under date of the 5th inst., which is before me, my attention is attracted to an item "He Still Smoked The Cigar," which I beg to refer you to. This is very good as far as it goes, but why do you not add, it was one of the "Bachelor" Cigars, as manufactured by our friend A. Isaacs, which is the "standard" and a "joy" to all lovers of the weed? The intoxicated man knew no doubt, what a good thing was, and held on.

Boston, Mass. MYRTLE NAVY. Taken While You Wait. A stout old lady, seeing at one of the railway stations an automatic machine from which by dropping a penny in the slot you receive the portrait of a celebrity, carefully reconnoitred it. She dropped the coin in, and posed herself in front of the machine for a few seconds' opened the door, and drew out the portrait. Adjusting her spectacles and looking at it, what should meet her astonished gaze but a portrait of lady a scro'at in costume! "Well!" she ejaculated, "so this is me, eh? If I don't speak to the authorities about this, my name's not Maria Jenkins!"

Spring Millinery on the Road. Smith Bros. of Halifax note in the advertisement to-day that their representatives are showing spring millinery and the interesting fact as well that flowers will be in greater demand than ever. This firm carries a splendid and varied stock and buyers of millinery will find it to their advantage to look at their samples.

Kipling as a Linguist. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has discovered that some of his varied information may not be practically useful in the everyday walks of life. The other day, in America he stopped a Chinaman and addressed him in Chinese. The Celestial looked at him stoically for an instant, and then, saying, "Me no speake Inglis," walked on.

Send This No. 1 and 10 cents for 2 lessons in Simple Short-hand - new system; children learn it. I will draw one name from whole number and this person shall have a full \$10 course entirely free. Write today. SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S.

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RESIDENCE at Bathurst for sale or rent. Pleasantly situated home known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Westmount. Sixty acres and within two minutes walk of the Kennecott. Terms reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fossy, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Faculty Building. 12-14.

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Amateur musical talent in some circles is just now somewhat busily engaged in rehearsal and in preparation for coming public appearances. The Bicycle Club Minstrels are hard at work and they are determined to make their next concert something, in excellence, quite beyond their past most ambitious effort. Every satisfaction was given to their hosts of patrons when they last appeared but it is serious attention to business and hard work can do it they will beat their own record.

Another entertainment is being prepared for the early spring somewhat different from minstrelsy but such as minstrels have attempted in burlesque and such as has been given before in this city. I refer to a production of "Pinafore." Some years have elapsed since this opera was done here by quite young people, but the "girls of the operetta," as they are musically known, and the St. Peter's junior cadets are rehearsing for a production of Pinafore to be given in Easter week. These young folks are now being tutored by Mrs. Alex. McMullin, jr., who is known to be so efficient and the opera will be given under her management.

Our sister city of Halifax has been enjoying a musical treat in the organ recital and sacred concert given in St. Paul's church in that city on the 10th inst. The organist on the occasion was Professor W. J. Hutchins, organist of the church and conductor of the Choral society, of Halifax. Mr. Hutchins was assisted by Mrs. Hagarty and Mrs. Taylor, soloists, as well as by the choir of St. Paul's and the Harmonic quartette. The work of all has been most highly commended by the critics and press of that city. It is more than probable that Professor Hutchins will be heard in this city in the near future and, as he has filled the important position, among others, of private organist to the Marquis and Marchioness of Breadalbane, Taymouth Castle, Scotland, there is little doubt our musical public will flock to hear him whenever he gives a recital here.

Tones and Undertones.

The Fisk Jubilee singers sang in Music hall, Boston, last Monday evening.

"Rob Roy" has been sung over a hundred times at the Herald Square (N. Y.) theatre.

Wakins Mills, the English basso, will remain in America until March in order to fulfil engagements.

William Wolfe, a basso, made a distinct hit as the Baron in the new opera "The Dragoon's Daughter."

"Westward Ho!" has caught musical Boston. This is its third week at the museum in that city and its popularity continues unabated.

Lillian Russell has two new operas in preparation. One of them is by DeKoven and Smith, and the story of the other is taken from Rider Haggard's "Cleopatra."

Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker sang the soprano solos in "The Creation" which was given at the First Baptist church, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, last Sunday evening.

Signorina Rosina Fenco, the great singer for whom Verdi wrote "Il Trovatore," died at Porretta, a bathing place near Bologna, Italy, a few days ago. She was 71 years old.

The Globe (London) critic, speaking of the young Hoffman's ability says, "At present he lacks breadth and dignity, but in other respects he may challenge comparison with the most finished artists in Europe."

Bemberg, the composer of "Elaine" is at work on a two-act opera for Calve. The libretto is "extraordinarily modern," rumor says, and it is also whispered that Calve has invented for it "an absolutely original stage death."

Louise Beaudet's new opera "The Dragon's daughter" was given its first production on any stage at the Castle Square theatre last week. The music is vigorous and bright, it is said, and the ensembles particularly effective.

Madame Materna has announced her retirement from the Vienna opera next month, and a grand farewell performance has been arranged for her. She has acquired much wealth since 1876 when her reputation as a Wagner singer was established at Bayreuth.

Eugene Riab, harper, in Munich, has invented a new kind of harp, which he claims is more beautiful in form and of more musical effect, as "there is a more intimate association of melody with accompaniment." He calls the instrument "the poetic harp."

Another important musical enterprise filed articles of incorporation in San Francisco, Cal., in the early part of December last under the title of the American Concert Company, with a capital stock of \$10,000, of which \$8,400 had been paid up. The object of the organization is to establish a magnificent concert band of 100 pieces under the leadership of Alfred Rogovizari for a series of thirty-five grand promenade concerts at the Mechanics' Pavilion, commencing March 2nd and continuing to

March 31st inclusive. The concerts will present the best works of modern composers as well as the standard classics, and a vein of popular productions will be judiciously worked. It is proposed to present additional attractions in the way of novelties not strictly musical, making, in all, an entertainment lasting three hours. Admission, with reserved seats, will be 25 cents, and a most admirable feature is the setting aside of two evenings in the week when the proceeds will be devoted to some deserving charity, and the free admission of the pupils of the public schools Saturday afternoons.

The following is the programme for the Symphony concerts in Boston, last evening and this evening. The selections are Wagnerian:

- Rienzi.....Overture
- Tannhauser.....Act II. Elisabeth's Aria
- Act III. Prelude
- The Flying Dutchman.....Overture
- Lohengrin.....Act II. Balcony Scene
- Act III. Prelude
- Die Meistersinger.....Act III. Prelude
- Rheingold.....Act I. Walkers' Preamble
-Procession of the Gods
- Die Walkure.....Spring Song
- Siegfried.....Waldweben
- Die Gotterdammerung.....Siegfried's
- Passage to Brunnhilde's Rock, Morning Dawn, and Balne Journey (Richard arrangement).

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Ellen Terry's health has been fully restored.

Lillian Lawrence, who is leading lady with tragedian Thomas W. Keene, is a California girl.

W. H. Crane will produce a new play shortly, entitled "Father versus Son." It is written by Miss Martha Morton.

Henry James' new play, "Guy Dormville" was received with jeers and howls in London. The gallery called it "rotten."

Charles Macklin, author of "Love a La Mode," and other plays, was born in Ireland, May 4th, 1690, and died July 11th, 1797, aged 107 years.

W. D. Blakemore, well known in this city, is a member of T. D. Frawley's company still playing to good business at the Grand Opera House, Salt Lake City.

The famous theatre known as "The Prince of Wales" on Tottenham street, London, but commonly called the "Dust hole" will probably be reopened.

Joseph Haworth will begin an engagement at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, next Monday evening (21st inst.) during which he will make his first appearance on any stage as "Richard III." in "The Bells" and "Hamlet."

The author of "Richard, the Lion-hearted" the play which Robert Downing the tragedian has been giving in San Francisco lately, is a newspaper man living in Washington. His name is A. D. Hall.

Anna Boyd, Frankie M. Raymond, Allene Cater and Irene Verona are said by San Francisco music and drama to be "the four handsomest and cleverest actresses and singers engaged in extravaganza work in this country."

C. W. Couldock, who years ago played a star engagement in the old Lyceum under the management of the late J. W. Laegergan, and who made a speciality of the character of Dunstan Kirke, is now about 80 years of age. It is said he will shortly enter the Forrest home.

Sarah Bernhardt's bed is like no other seen in France or elsewhere. It is nearly fifteen feet broad, and when the fascinating Sarah is indisposed and receives her intimate friends reposing on a couch, she looks like a red-plumaged bird floating on a great sea of white satin. Sarah has room to tuck in it.

Cecil Clay, the husband of Rosina Vokes, has brought out a volume with this inscription: "Some tributes to the Memory of Rosina Vokes, collected by her sorrowing husband, to commemorate a life of infinite love and patience, of rare unselfishness, industry and genius, dedicated to her friends—that is, to all that knew her!"

"Slaves of the Ring," a new play by Sydney Grundy, produced at the Garrick theatre, London, on 30th ult., is said to end "without result of any kind. It shows poverty of treatment and is altogether feeble." The play is an old one but was only produced after being rewritten. Miss Calhoun, an American actress, however, who appeared in it, is credited with a success.

Miss Florence Girard, a young actress, said to possess abundant means, was caught stealing a diamond ring in a Broadway, N. Y., jewelry store and arrested. She was filled with shame and fright when brought into the Jefferson market police court. She pleaded earnestly for dismissal, claiming she must have been out of her mind. She never did such a thing before and never would again. She was allowed to go.

Oscar Wilde's new play "An Ideal Husband" was put on at the Haymarket theatre, London, on the 6th inst. A notice of the production says "the plot must be classified as of the tawdriest character, unworthy of a playwright claiming originality. The action takes place in London, but the story is told by unreal characters who excite no sympathy. The play is distinctly feebler than "Lady Windermere's Fan" and the leading critics condemn it."

["Local Theatre Talk" will be found on 4th page.]

AN ACTIVE LEADER GONE.

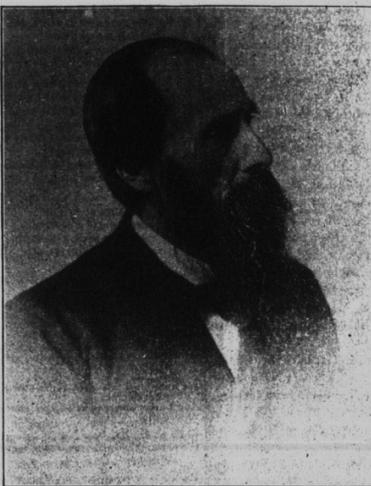
The Baptist denomination's Great Loss in the Death of Dr. Hopper.

This week the chief protestant denomination of the maritime provinces lost a man who was described as having been its leader in the days of its greatest activity. When that veteran in the ranks of the ministry, Rev. Dr. Bill, retired to a well earned rest after his years of faithful service then Dr. Hopper stood forth as the man to take his place and for years he was a sturdy exponent of baptist principles and a leader of baptist thought in the pulpit, in the press and in educational bills.

He was a man of great versatility. He showed high talents as minister, teacher, editor and author, and was able to stand among the first in the provinces in all these lines. His spoken and written styles were marked by culture and refinement. He was a student, and the subtleties of his thought were clothed with the beauties of

him and his classmates. It does not take long to decide. He is started on his term's work, but one day he consults the catalogue of Madison University of New York state and the next day he is off for there with his chum, Charles E. Harris, who by the way, studied medicine in New York, but died the same year he received his degree. At this institution he and his chum upheld the honor of Acadia well for they were chosen for parts at the commencement exercises in the spring, Harris as valedictorian and Hopper as one of the speakers. Next year the late Professor DeMille was appointed to the English chair at Acadia and Dr. Hopper returned and took his senior year then.

After leaving college the man of affairs has little time to devote to his diary and there are big gaps of many years. The entries now tell the pathetic story of many vicissitudes due to his sickness, the frequent changes of residence and occupation. And



the litterateur and the grace of the rhetorician.

But his chief characteristic was his wonderful activity, and for years it has been the remark of every one that knew him that he kept up so long and battled so successfully with that dread sickness which had its grip upon him. He was an exemplification of the strong mind that is able by pure force of will to make the weak body do its bidding. Whilst mind supported body he lived, but at length, his work ended, his last words written, he ceased to exert himself and the indomitable spirit left its weak house.

Perhaps the thing dear to the heart of the dead worker was the Union Baptist Seminary. With this seminary he had been identified for years. In the first period of its existence, when it was at Fredericton, he was at school there, and later he was vice-principal and then principal. Then when it was re-organized at St. John and was later removed to St. Martins he gave much of his energies to its interests, and its difficulties caused him much anxiety and worry. One of the last acts of his declining strength was the raising of a \$15,000 subscription to pay off its debts. But now the school doors are closed and with the closing of those doors closed the book of the life of Dr. Hopper. The school and he who was its watchful guardian had careers of trouble, but now they are ended.

Right up to his last days Dr. Hopper was active. During the last year, though he had much suffering to endure, he wrote three books which will live after him and preserve his memory. "Life in the Hereafter World" and "1492-1892" were able little works, bearing the impress of his scholarship and spirituality. The last time he went out of the house it was to attend the Monday morning conference of his Baptist brethren when plans were being discussed for the educational conference held at Christmas time. The last article which he wrote appeared in the Messenger and Visitor, the paper which he once so ably edited. It called upon baptists to take a deep concern in matters of state and not to hold themselves aloof from those things which concerned their country's welfare. His versatile pen could be seen in it and his principle of taking a healthy interest in the concerns of the day. And then one of his last things was an historical sketch which he wrote for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the St. Stephen baptist church, which was celebrated this month. This church is one of the many monuments to his memory that remain, for he built it and started it on its prosperous career. The writer had the privilege of looking through a small manuscript book, entitled "Res Mei", in which Dr. Hopper told of the concerns of his life. It was opened in the fall of 1859 when he entered Acadia college as a sophomore. At first it was used as a daily diary and the entries told of the student and preacher. The week days were filled with study and the Sabbaths with preaching; at the mission stations about Wolfville.

He was a man of firm convictions and ready decision, facts that are suggested strongly in one or two of the entries made in the fall of 1860. A thing happens which he does not like. A man is appointed to the English department who does not suit

him and his classmates. It does not take long to decide. He is started on his term's work, but one day he consults the catalogue of Madison University of New York state and the next day he is off for there with his chum, Charles E. Harris, who by the way, studied medicine in New York, but died the same year he received his degree. At this institution he and his chum upheld the honor of Acadia well for they were chosen for parts at the commencement exercises in the spring, Harris as valedictorian and Hopper as one of the speakers. Next year the late Professor DeMille was appointed to the English chair at Acadia and Dr. Hopper returned and took his senior year then.

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A STEALTHY FOE.

Bright's Disease may Exist a Long While before it is Suspected.

DROMORE, Jan. 14.—Bright's disease has no symptoms of its own, and may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or practitioner, as no pain may be felt in the kidneys or their vicinity. There may be no albumen in the water and no tube-casts, yet Bright's disease may be present. It often develops suddenly and may run a fatal course before it is recognized. Bright's disease is thus recognized as a mysterious, every day malady, which is increasing at an alarming rate. Before Dodd's kidney pills were placed within reach of the public, these diseases were considered by medical men and the public to be incurable. Thanks to this popular remedy, thousands are enjoying perfect health who, without it, would today be laid away in their graves.

Four Generations of Royalty. "Four generations of the House of England" is the title and subject of the illustration on the cover page of a new book issued by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., who will send a copy free of charge to any address. Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the baby Prince Edward of Wales are represented on the cover, together with the royal arms. The interior of the book sets forth the merits of the various medicines manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

Fine Toilet Preparations. We try to call the attention of our readers, especially ladies, to the advertisement in another column of "Complexion Purifier" manufactured and for sale at the Gervaise Graham Institute, Toronto. All the preparations manufactured or for sale at this institute are unequalled in purity, and the lady proprietress has a reputation throughout Canada for conscientious and reliable dealing. A stamp to this address will give you many particulars.



MOURNING
MILLINERY A SPECIALTY.
CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

Johnson's ANODYNE LINIMENT

ORIGINATED 1810.

It was invented in 1810 by the late Dr. A. Johnson, an old-fashioned, noble hearted Family Physician. It is recommended by physicians everywhere. All who use it are amazed at its power and praise it forever after. It is used and endorsed by all athletes. It is the best, the oldest, the original. It is unlike any other. It is superior to all others. It is not merely a Liniment, it is the Universal Household Remedy from infancy to old age. There is not a medicine to-day which possesses the confidence of the public to so great an extent. Every Mother should have it in the house, dropped on sugar suffering children love to take it. It produces an increase of vital activity in the system. Its electric energy overmastering cruetaceous inflammation without irritation. Generation after Generation Have Used and Blessed It.

For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL Use.

Cures Croup, Colds, Coughs, Sore-Throat, Cramps and Pains.

It is marvelous how many complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly, soothing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises. Relieves all Bowel Complaints. Taken in water or dropped on sugar, it positively Cures Catarrh, LaGrippe, Asthma, Bronchitis, Lameness of Muscles, Stiff Joints, Strains and Nervous Headache. Retail price, 25 cents, six 50c. express prepaid. If you can't get it near home, ask first. Sold by all druggists. Full information sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

Colonial House, MONTREAL.

Great Annual Sale.

During the month of January we will offer our **ENTIRE STOCK** at discounts ranging from 10 to 50 per cent.

5 per cent. extra for cash.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., MONTREAL.

SCHOOLS.

The Ideal School Desk.

Perfect Shape, Purely Automatic, Pretty Design. Simple, Strong, Durable.

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PROGRESS.

HOWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the new quarters, 20 to 21 Canterbury Street, St. John, N.B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamp for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

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

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 55 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Bankers' Cheque, and in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

The Circulation of this paper is over 15,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Foreign Branch Office, Knowles' Building, Cor. George and Grandville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

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

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT.

The opportunities of the maritime provinces for industrial growth and development are many and great. In geographical position, in natural resources, in soil, scenery and climatic conditions, and in advantages for diversified industries, this northeastern section of habitable America is favored above almost any other territory in the new world.

Possessing within itself the inherent wealth that needs but adequate development to make it populous, powerful and prosperous in the highest degree, yet its increase in population and commercial importance has been comparatively slow. While much of its area remains unclaimed from its virgin state, and while many of its most valuable resources are yet wholly undeveloped or have been barely touched by the hand of industry and enterprise, its sons in large numbers have been going out to seek occupations and satisfy the desires of their ambitions in the neighboring states, and a steady stream of old world emigration has been passing through its portals into the much-heralded but less-favored interior country beyond.

One thing more than any other, perhaps more than all else, has contributed to these unsatisfactory conditions, and that is the comparative meagreness of the information made public respecting the resources, advantages and opportunities of this section, their character, extent and location, and the means by which they may be availed of. Other sections have had their attractions for home-seekers, business men, capitalists, tourists and seekers of summer homes set forth in most seductive forms, and spread broadcast over the civilized world. But very little has been done in this line to show up the maritime provinces in the true light of their magnificent possibilities, and the few efforts that have been made to exhibit them to the world have been disconnected, unsystematic and unsatisfactory in results.

There is need of an awakening to this subject, and it must come through a greater knowledge of the business opportunities and possibilities at hand on the part of the people at home, and a keener realization of the advantages to be derived from spreading this intelligence abroad. There needs to be gathered, written up and set before the people continuously the facts concerning the resources of soil, timber, waterpowers, minerals, resort localities, in a style to attract the attention and stimulate the interest of the general public. Few even among the citizens of these provinces have an adequate conception of the value of the material resources by which they are surrounded, and their possibilities for contributing to the world's wealth. A more widespread knowledge of the industries already established and the opportunities open for starting others of equal or greater promise is greatly to be desired.

More and more in recent years have these provinces been sought as a summer resort for the pleasure-seekers and overworked business men of the great cities of America, and they are destined, with proper effort on the part of their citizens, owing to the beauty of the scenery and the delightful and health-renewing atmosphere of their summer climate, to become the great natural sanitarium for the populous cities of Canada and the eastern United States. Wherever these resorts are established, new local markets have been created for all kinds of farm and garden products, and the agriculture of whole towns has been completely transformed, improved and put upon a business system, simply through the new demands of the summer "watering-place" population. This has had a good influence upon the general farming of whole districts, and a new development is to be seen in this direction in the future all over this section of the maritime northeast.

In another column of this week's PROGRESS will be found a new department. It will be the aim to present before the readers of PROGRESS in this department a weekly resume and record of business matters covering the field of the mari-

time provinces, supplemented by descriptive sketches from time to time of successful business firms and industrial establishments, and by articles relating to the varied resources of this section which are awaiting development. It is hoped that by a perusal of these pages, intended to be replete with information carefully gleaned from the most reliable channels, business men at home and abroad may gain a better knowledge of the industries, business and resources of this favored country; that young men who wish to find employment in any particular branch of business, or learn what kinds of industries are successfully prosecuted here, may be aided in the selection of an occupation; that those who are desirous of engaging in some new enterprise, but cannot tell where to go or what to find, may learn what is being done, who are doing it, and what chances and resources are open for new industries not yet taken up or improved; and that the general reader may gain a bigger and better idea than he has hitherto had of the great business laboratory existing here at home, and of the busy, industrious and intelligent multitude who operate it.

CREDIT WHERE IT IS DUE.

The Portland Transcript, speaking of the ballot system at present in vogue in France, gives this description:

The president is a poll-winner, who slips a ballot out of his sleeve or palm and puts it into the box instead of the one the voter hands him; the tissues ballot, plunged in three handed in a bunch; the expert compiler of returns, who transfers a score or two of votes from one column to another in a twinkling; the voter who spells his name four different ways and votes each way—all have been unearthed in Toulouse, and all have shown their kin with sharpeners across the sea by protesting their innocence and declaring that the proof of their guilt was "all a mistake."

The Transcript then remarks: "It seems that France politicians have adopted at Toulouse and probably other cities of France, ballot frauds of the same kind as those we have done away with in America by our general adoption of the Australian ballot. It seems like our own 'old times' to read the above."

PROGRESS of June 16, 1891, contained the following editorial paragraph:

The Boston Herald, speaking of the utilization of a Yankee notion by Canadians, says: "The Canadians know a good thing when the Yanks have pointed it out to them." The people of the United States knew a good thing when they adopted the Canadian system of voting, but their jealousy of Canada led them to name it "the Australian ballot system." Canada does not begrudge them the idea, however, and, as a friendly neighbor, will be delighted when they adopt the Canadian banking system, and so relieve themselves from some of their present financial embarrassment, but she would like them to have courtesy enough not to name it after a country in the region of the antipodes.

The Portland Transcript is one of the few United States journals that are favorably disposed towards Canada. But it seems as if the falacy concerning the Canadian ballot system will never die. What is practically the Canadian banking system has, since the above editorial was written, been adopted in the United States. It is not named "after some country in the region of the antipodes." The United States have evolved a trick worth two of that. The credit is given to Baltimore.

The Educational Review says that "the Fredericton grammar school scholars have procured a handsome human skeleton." The following are the definitions which Webster's Dictionary gives of "handsome." The most of them, and the most commonly used of them, do not seem to apply with particular happiness to the ordinary grade of human skeleton, but others might be appropriate, if unusual, in that connection: "Dexterous; skilful; handy; ready; agreeable to the eye or to correct taste; having a pleasing experience or expression; attractive; having symmetry and dignity; comely;—expressing more than 'pretty,' and less than 'beautiful,' suitable or fit in action; marked in propriety and ease; graceful; becoming; ample; moderately large; liberal; generous; evincing a becoming generosity and nobleness of character; appropriate."

Now that the agitation for good roads is becoming so widespread, a little bit of English history concerning a bad roads agitation is of interest. In the last century London is partly situated, petitioned parliament against improving the abominable roads of England. They frankly claimed that as long as the roads were bad they had a monopoly of the London markets for the sale of their vegetables, fruit and grain, and that if the roads were improved the farmers of other countries would be able to bring their produce to the London markets, which would be disastrous to the "industry" of Middlesex.

Under a recent decision of the United States treasury department, salmon and smelts, which spend a part of the year in fresh water, are caught in such, condensed fresh water fish, and if frozen or packed in ice at the time of importation are to be admitted free of duty. This places the St. John salmon on a nearly equal plane with the salmon of the Penobscot.

All journalists rejoice and are glad that Mr. ALEXANDER LAWSON's having lived for eighty years, fifty-nine of which have

been spent in journalism. The genial editor of the Yarmouth Herald must have a constitution of what is technically known in newspaper offices as "boiler-plate."

The New York World's London correspondent says the prolonged stay of the Princess of Wales in Russia is raising comment in Britain. Anything that a member of the royal family does raises comment in Britain.

It is a somewhat amusing circumstance that the Shelburne Budget, in copying an article which received some adverse criticism in a late issue of this paper, credits the extract to "St. John Progress."

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

January's Review of Reviews has portraits of Sir John Thompson and Sir Mackenzie Bowell. There is an important article on the American crisis by an American who has recently returned to the United States from America, and whose statements are based on accurate information furnished by persons neither Armenian nor Turkish. John Burns receives such attention. Robert Donald says, in his character sketch that what John Bright was to the commercial classes of London forty years ago, John Burns is to the working people today.

The magazines of the United States have not yet done with Lincoln. Col. A. K. McClure, in McClure's Magazine for February, will show, by anecdotes and letters, that during the first part of it, Lincoln was commander-in-chief of the army not in name only but in fact, and personally planned and directed movements and campaigns, and in his comprehension of military affairs disclosed the qualities of a general.

Macaulay Bros. & Co. have the thanks of PROGRESS for the February Delineator—the "Midwinter Number." In the department "Employment for Women," "Laundry Work" is treated. The most reasonable article in the number—or that it will be—the "A Valentine Masquerade," which describes a social entertainment which, according to the Delineator, gives every girl present a chance to capture somebody's heart.

PEN AND PRESS.

The January number of Our Dumb Animals, a paper which is sent to every editor in the United States and Canada, has a picture of Miss Marshall Saunders, of Halifax, the author of "Beautiful Joe," which gained the \$200 prize offered by the American Education Society for the best story in the promotion of kindness to animals. Miss Saunders refused the \$200 prize, preferring to publish the book here. The extraordinary success of the book shows that Miss Saunders is as good at business as at literature.

The January Butler's Journal is a memorial number. Mr. Butler announces: "The Journal comes out tribute that in mourning, the last loving mother—the only one on earth who ever really and truly loved us, or whom we really and truly loved."

"FILO-SOPHY AND FOLLY."

By "Jay Bee." A conspicuous nose is indicative of 'spirit' as well as character betimes. S ubbornness is the fact of being firm when one is in the wrong, while firmness, in the right, is not one of necessity stubbornness. Shortcomings are generally discussed at length. Would that age were dumb, as it would not 'tell' so readily. Orphan are a exempt from honoring their fathers and mothers. "Sermons in stones," are hard and flinty as any other kind if not needed. Man is a candle, like the wick, and death the snuffer. The little vowels I, O, U, destroy the beauties of the alphabet. Crocodile tears are made to order. When made a cat's paw of, do as the cat, show your claws, there may then be a pause. When one "gives left" by doing right, he can look right and let without regret. Don't build "castles in the air" until you don wings; the castles may then be provided for you. He knew how to handle a plough. Milk the cows, or feed the sough. But to make him believe, I vouch. The pea wasn't here, even though. Would result in a doubtful bough. So the best thing to do you know, is to let the poor fellow go. Till he learns better sense. Or serves up his sense. For the buffer who gives the next bench. The sea of indignation cannot be extinguished by the water of contempt, or sarcasm.

Knight and Stone-Mason.

In early life Sir Robert Rawlinson was a stone-mason, and he has never forgotten it. On one occasion, while passing through Chorley, he pointed to a step and said, "That step is well set." His friend, a well-known lawyer, laughed and said, "How should I know?" "I do," was Sir Robert's reply, "for I set it myself."

Curious Medical Customs.

In Beloochistan, when the physician gives a dose, he is expected to partake of a similar one himself, as a guarantee of his good faith. Should the patient die under his hands, the relatives, though they rarely exercise it, have the right of putting him to death, unless a special agreement has been made freeing him from all responsibility as to consequences; while, if he should die upon immolating him, he is fully expected to take his fate like a man.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Madison in Winter.

On dear old Dixie's dotted snows, And peep through the night, The moon creeps where the billow flows, Sparkling in splendid light. Pale features of the silent years, Whose pure white vestments gleam; And looks of snow wet with tears, Walk past us in a dream. Sleeping beneath the white veiled ground, The pines call love's name; The sweet accents, jewel-crowned, Looks at us still the same. And from the cold lips of the bay, A cry of new born sorrow Wakes with the winter of the day, To cease not with the morrow.

For one the deep blue sea ken well, Breaks forth a voice of pain; Uplifted in its solemn swell, A broken hearted strain. And straight to reach the old home door, A coming footstep moves; Retaining ever from the shore, Seeking the spot it loves.

The sky shines on the radiant scene, By deep Chalen's flood tide; And stay where loving hearts have been, That here so more abide. For him the generous noble soul, This holy memory lives; Though broken in the golden bow, He blessed is who gives.

The farewell word in silence gone, Flits o'er the ice bound sea; The whisper of a vanished tone, Seeks faith's eternity, And where the blue eyed surges fall, Like music from above; For ever here their thoughts recall, The image of our love.

The seaward wind fills out the sails, Of our dreams in white; The angel hand that never fails, Guides them beyond the night. Love sets its star still rise afar, O'er the wintry waves; Far well, sweet soul, these pages foretold, For ever yours as truly gave.

Pansy Porch, Jan., 1895. CYRUS GOLDEN.

The Betrothed. For the old clear box, get me a Cuba stout, For though I'm running crowsays, and Maggie and I are out. We quarrelled about Havana—we fought o'er a good chess, and I know she's exacting, and she says I'm a brute. Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a space; In the soft blue veil of the vapor, musing on Maggie's face.

Maggie is pretty to look at—Maggie's a lovely lass, But the prettiest checks must wrinkle, the truest of loves must pass. There's peace in a Larazaga, there's calm in a Henry Clay, But the best cigar in an hour is finished and thrown away.

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe and brown, But I could not throw away Maggie, for less of the talk of the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty—gray and sour and old— With never another thought to purchase for love or gold! And the lights of the days that have been, the dark of the days that are, And the heart's sickening and stale, like the butt of a dead cigar.

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep in your pocket, With never a new one to light the' its charred and black to the socket.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a while— Here is a mild Manila, there is a wispy smile. Which is the better portion—bondage bought with a fine, Or a harem of du-ky beauties, fifty tied in a string?

Consoilers cunning and silent—consoilers true and true, And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival bride. Thought in the early morning, solace in time of need, Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere my eyelids close.

This will the fifty give me—a-king solace in return, With only a better's passion—to do us dirt and burn. This will the fifty give me, when they are spent and dead, Five times their fifty shall be my servants in need.

The frowns of far-off Java, the smiles of the Spanish Main, When they hear my harem is empty, will send me no more to the again.

I will take no hell to their raiment, nor food for their mouths withal, So long as the guins are nesting, so long as the snows fall.

I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea will I scatter their hides, And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who read of the tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my choice between it I burned to friendship and pleasure and work and fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie and I must prove, But the only light on the marshes is the Will-o'-the-wisp of love.

Will it be me safe through my journey, or leave me bogged in the mire? Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I follow the final fire?

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider anew— Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should abandon you?

A million surpluses Maggie is willing to bear the yoke; And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.

Light me another Cuba; I hold to my first-sworn vows, If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Maggie too spouse.

RUPERT KIRKTON.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

SIN EPIPHANY, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. Under the wide and starry sky Dig the grave and let me lie; Glad did I live, and gladly die, And I'll greet my friends and you; This be the verse, ye grave for me; Here he lies, where he longed to be; Home is the sailor, home from the sea, And the hunter home from the hill.

THE LAST POEM HE WROTE.

Blows the wind today, and the sun and the rain are flying, Blows the wind on the moors today, and now, Where about the graves of the martyrs, the wharves are crying. My heart remembers how! Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places, Blowing stones, the vacant, wind-swept moor. Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished race, And winds, austere and pure. Be it granted me to behold you again in dying, Hills of homes, and to hear again the call. Hear about the graves of the martyrs the possessors of living, And hear no more at all.

SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.

However that day it came o'er me, Out of the heat and the strife, To pass by my own little dwelling, Though torn to the battle of life.

"Get out of my way, I must run there, The conflict is awful in town," And my poor little love's "Shake-a-day-day," Was only received with a frown.

A year had completed its cycle, Since silently, saintly and sweet, Her mother lay dead in the room, Her mother lay dead in the room.

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THEY LOOKED ALIKE.

An Excellent Idea. Arrested Instead of Another Nameless Man.

A Kentville correspondent says that one of that town's most exemplary young men was arrested on the train on his way home a few days ago. He was very much surprised at his arrest, which was due to his remarkable resemblance to a Yarmouth man, who, it is said, is probably as innocent of any grave wrong-doing as is the Kentville man.

This Annapolis firm sent some of their wares to Yarmouth in charge of an agent. The agent sold the goods to a commission merchant who has just gone into business at Yarmouth. When he returned to Annapolis he did not give a very satisfactory account of the proceeds of the sale, saying that the Yarmouth merchant was the person who was "short."

And so it was that when the Yarmouth merchant's double, the virtuous Kentville gentleman, was seen on the train, that a capias and a constable were secured, and the Kentvillian arrested.

What would people do who get into trouble along the line of the Windsor and Annapolis if it was not for the ever popular ex-conductor, "Joe" Edwards? He is every body's mutual friend, Joe is, and so the Kentville man was made happy when Mr. Edwards affirmed that the Kentville man was not a resident of Yarmouth.

The agent who seems to have been responsible for all the trouble was not as well treated by the brotherhood of railway conductors. He had thought it advisable to make another trip to Yarmouth—for his health, of course,—and from there, anywhere, but he was put off the train at Digby by Conductor McNutt while trying to beat his way.

WAS ABERDEEN CONSISTENT?

A Dinner that He Attended During Funeral Week.

HALIFAX, Jan. 17.—Lord Aberdeen is having a hard time of it from the Ottawa newspapers on account of the withdrawal of his patronage from the winter carnival at the capital. His excellency claims that the carnival should be postponed because of the recent death and burial of the R. Hon. Sir John Thompson. The Ottawa papers also profess to see inconsistency in the conduct of the governor general at Montreal, where it seems he can afford to go in for some pretty good entertainments at the present time.

This calls to mind what happened while his excellency was here at the state funeral. It is said that the police confiscated the horns with which the small boy on the street utters in the New Year, charging that while the city was in such mourning those sounds were too inharmonious to be permitted. Yet at Government house, about the same time, a dinner was in progress in honor of the governor general, and in which he hesitated not to participate. Mayor Keefe was one of the guests, and in consequence of the function was compelled to absent himself from an important meeting of the city council. None objected to the dinner; "Consistency, thou art a jewel." But perhaps this was quite consistent. Was it?

A COMPANION OF TAXES.

An Interesting Table for Citizens and Aldermen to Study.

Ald O'Donnell of Halifax sends a letter to the Recorder of that city that he wishes PROGRESS to copy. The valuable part of the letter is the table of figures showing what taxes on real estate and personal property the men who govern the sister city pay. PROGRESS publishes the table as an interesting bit of information for St. John's aldermen and citizens:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Real, Personal, Total. Mayor Keefe, J. M. Keefe, W. J. Stewart, G. W. Murray, W. B. Wallace, A. W. Wallace, F. M. Wallace, J. F. Wallace, E. W. Wallace, J. W. Wallace, J. H. Wallace, J. K. Wallace, J. L. Wallace, J. M. Wallace, J. N. Wallace, J. O. Wallace, J. P. Wallace, J. Q. Wallace, J. R. Wallace, J. S. Wallace, J. T. Wallace, J. U. Wallace, J. V. Wallace, J. W. Wallace, J. X. Wallace, J. Y. Wallace, J. Z. Wallace.

Fortunate indeed are the people of New Brunswick in getting such an able man. He is known throughout our state as "the right man in the right place," a friend to those who are in trouble—especially those who need the Keeley treatment—kind and generous, competent to take charge of any number of responsibilities. And that is not all. He is a fine speaker, an able lawyer, a keen observer, a social and agreeable gentleman. Fredericton Keeley Institute has a man they may well be proud of in their general manager.

All success to this grand institution, for like many others of its name it is doing the grandest work alongside with the Women's Christian Temperance Union, that the world has ever seen. It is men like Mr. Robinson that restore to broken-hearted mothers and wives their loved ones, rebuild the home, make men, restore them to mankind and citizenship again. Society, home and the church, are all blessed by their restorative.

But the "power behind the throne" is the love of helping others, and Mr. Robinson has very much in all temperance work, we congratulate Fredericton Keeley Institute in having such a desirable man to look after its interests.

I remain, very truly yours, MARGARET F. DYER, A. Secy., W. C. T. U., Waldboro, Maine.

January 14, 1895.

Cruel Parents. Mr. Waugh, in the December number of the London Children's Guardian, mentions a startling fact. Since the society of which he is chief director was established, no fewer than 7,000 fathers and mothers have been convicted of crimes to their own children, and have been sent to goal for periods amounting in the aggregate to 1,900 years.

THE ON... HOT... CO... WA... T... \$... Sp... AME... TOILET WATERS... RA... CALY... sale at... S... FE... 10... A... 11 C...

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP. THE ORIGINAL. TRY IT. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

HOT or COLD, WHICH?

If you want to keep warm this winter, come to our store and buy a HEATING STOVE, and your home will be warm. We have a great variety. Hard or Soft Coal or Wood; all sizes, all prices. It is worth your while to see our stock of RANGES and HEATING STOVES.

COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street

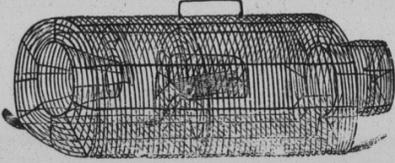
WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS

To Re-dye and Finish Gents, you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape. See Specimen Samples at our office and be convinced.

American Dye Works Co., Works: Elm Street, South Side King Square, North End.

PERFUMES. HAIR GOODS. Hand Mirrors, Brushes and Combs, Hair Pin Boxes, Solid Silver and Shell Hair Pins, Cut Glass and Fancy Bottles, Various other Toilet Articles. American Hair Store, 87 Charlotte Street, 22 Prince Street, Halifax, N.S.

RATS. RATS. RATS.



Are you troubled with rats? If so call and get one of our celebrated

MARTY TRAPS.

Always set and ready for use. These Traps are GALVANIZED and will not rust in damp places. For sale at lowest prices. Wholesale and retail.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER, 38 KING STREET, Telephone 355.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

\$1.00 FOR 90C.

10 per cent. Discount off all Cash Purchases. A Golden Opportunity to Secure Bargains.

REMEMBER. Have you profited by our GREAT 10 PER CENT. SALE. This week again proving unmistakably that the public continued that they can save money by purchasing from us during the sale. We are holding no goods back but are offering the choice of our entire stock at a 10 per cent. Discount off all Cash Purchases. During this month the Discount is taken off the face of the Bill.

S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

Social and Personal.

John-North End. Mrs. Barton Gandy spent part of this week with friends at Moncton. Miss Jean D. Sibley left on Monday for Halifax, whence she called for Janice in the S. S. Alpha. She will spend the winter with friends there. Miss Waldron, of Moore's Mills, was in the city this week en route for Moncton, where she will take charge of one of the schools. His Lordship Bishop Courtney, Mrs. Courtney and Miss Courtney were in the city this week en route for Boston. On Tuesday evening a reception was given by the members of the Carlton Baptist church to their new pastor, Rev. Mr. Schurman. The evening passed pleasantly. Short speeches were made by Rev. J. A. Jordan, Rev. Dr. Carey, Rev. E. E. Daley, Rev. Mr. Ganson, and Rev. Mr. Manning. Refreshments were served after which a literary and musical programme was carried out. The church was prettily decorated for the occasion. Dr. Gillo and Mrs. Gillo, of St. Martin's, were among the visitors to the city this week. Miss Hobson, of Fredericton, spent a few days this week with friends in the city. The marriage will take place on Wednesday next of a prominent young barrister in this city to Miss Mary Walker, daughter of Mr. Joseph Walker, of Marysville, and sister to Mr. Joseph Walker, Jr., of Fredericton. Mr. and Mrs. George K. McLeod are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little son. On Thursday evening the members of the Episcopalian church gave a reception to the new pastor and his wife, Rev. Ernest and Mrs. Daly. Mr. Joseph E. Lant, formerly a well known citizen of this city, died in New York on Saturday last. The body was brought to this city for interment, and the funeral took place from the Episcopalian church on Tuesday morning. He was largely known by many of the old friends of the deceased. Miss Clara Lant, daughter of the deceased, and Mr. Philip E. Stames, accompanied the remains. Mr. J. W. Y. Smith, M. P., Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. W. C. Milner, of Sackville, intend leaving for the month for a trip through the Southern States. Miss May Blair left this week for a visit to friends in New York. She was accompanied as far as Boston by her father, Hon. A. G. Blair. The Polla Wells Quadrille Assembly was entertained on Wednesday evening the 15th inst., by Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Sweeney, at their residence, Main street. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all. Music was furnished by McAfee's orchestra. Mr. R. B. Patterson entertained a number of his friends at a slight drive on Friday evening of last week. The party drove as far as Woodman's Point, where a few hours were spent in a picnic. A most enjoyable night drive was given by Mr. Oscar Logan and Mr. William Gaskin on Monday evening to the residence of Mr. Henry Gaskin, Kingsclear, where the evening was spent in dancing. Among those present were, Miss C. Logan, Miss Bella McJunkin, Miss Beale Irvine, Miss May Walters, Miss Lena Brayley, Miss Emma Bradley, Miss Lena Rubin, Miss Amy Corbett, Miss Katie Cole, Miss M. McKel, Miss V. Cole, Miss Avie Corbett, Miss Maud McArthur, Miss May Burton, the Misses Downey, Miss Lilia White, Miss Maggie Bradley, Miss Annie Nelson, Miss McAllister, Miss Myrtle Corb and Logan, Miss Allie Kemp, Miss L. M. McLeod, Miss McKel, Miss J. McKel, Miss Katie Goddard, Miss Anne Cunningham, Miss Agnes Burton, Miss Lizzie Bradley, Miss L. Logan, F. Secord, R. W. Caron, W. Turner, H. Brown, R. Cunningham, H. Hodson, R. Huey, R. Richards, E. A. Carr, A. Best, J. Whippley, A. Melville, G. Truog, F. Hammond, G. McMulkin, A. Gaskin, Charles Gaskin. Mr. Fred W. Murray, who has been confined to his house for the past few weeks, passed quietly away on Sunday last. He leaves a widow, a daughter of Mr. William Rainnie. The funeral took place from his late residence, Sydney street, on Wednesday afternoon, and was largely attended. The service was conducted by Rev. L. G. MacNeill. Four of the male friends of the deceased formed a quartette and sang the hymns "Abide with Me" and "Till He Come." Mr. Alex. Wilson, William Robinson, W. J. Starr, E. A. Smith, Andrew Blair and H. W. DeForest were the pall bearers. The members of the St. Andrew's society attended the funeral in a body. The floral tributes were very beautiful, including among them a wreath of white roses, carnations, hyacinths and ferns tied with a white ribbon, on which the words "In loving remembrance of Fred W. Murray" was inscribed. This was from the Y. P. A. of St. Andrew's church. Wreaths of white roses, carnations, hyacinths and ferns, Mr. J. Pope Barnes and the employees of Messrs. Barnes & Murray; star of pink and white roses, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Finlay; bouquet of roses and hyacinths, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. McArthur; Mr. J. S. McEwen; wreath of English ivy red roses, carnations and asparagus, Mr. and Mrs. J. Pope Barnes; cross of cream and white roses, Lily of the valley, carnations, azaleas, frezias, smilax and ferns, Mr. J. A. Wilson; bouquet of lilies, roses, hyacinths, smilax and ferns, Mr. and Mrs. H. McLean; bouquet of white roses, Lily of the valley and ferns, Miss Dunlop; bouquet of white roses, narcissus and silver ferns, Mrs. G. Cushing; bouquet of calla lily, white roses and maiden hair ferns, Mrs. Dunlop; bouquet of pink and white roses, narcissus, frezias, smilax and ferns, Mr. W. L. Rainnie. The "Hersman's Progress" quadrille assembly met at the residence of Miss M. Roach on Friday evening last. Miss Sarah Love, of St. Stephen, is the guest of Miss Nellie McCormick. Mr. and Mrs. George D. Bain left this week for Jensen, Florida, where they will spend a couple of months. St. Paul's church was the scene of an interesting event on Thursday evening, it being the marriage of Miss Edith Robertson, daughter of Mr. James G. Robertson, to Mr. Charles Mackenzie, of Sarnia, Ontario. The marriage took place at eight o'clock, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Canon DeVeber. The bride wore a handsome travelling costume of navy blue serge, with hat to match. Miss Madeline R. Mann, as bridesmaid, was similarly attired. They both carried pretty bouquets of pink and white roses. Mr. Mackenzie, brother of the groom, was best man. Immediately after the ceremony the bride and groom left on the evening train for their honeymoon, part of which they will spend in Texas. Miss Nellie Patterson has been spending some months with her sister, Mrs. J. H. Ferguson, Philadelphia, has returned home. AGENTS. Girls, do you wish to be beautiful. And to have people your friends will know? The world is full of girls who make their friends and the class & so on this way do. 54 Princess Street. Opposite Savings Bank. Telephone 455.

Mack's Double Starch. Ready for Immediate Use. Contains Rice, Starch, Borax, Gum, Wax, &c., as well as the STARCH GLOSS. Requires no other addition and no preparation. By using Mack's Double Starch the iron glides smoothly and rapidly over the linen, converting a temper-souring and irksome task into a positive pleasure. Magnificent Gloss and an extraordinary degree of Stiffness and Elasticity obtained by using Mack's Double Starch. The operation of ironing, usually so tedious and difficult, is rendered so simple and easy that any inexperienced person can do it. Mack's Double Starch saves much valuable time and labor. The process: Simplicity itself. No sticking of irons! The result: Absolute Perfection! By the peculiar action of the ingredients in this starch upon the fibre of linen, &c., all articles regularly starched with it will last for years without tearing.

Dearborn & Co., Agents, St. John, N. B.

WINDOW SHADES, GLASS FIXTURES, POLES, TRIMMINGS, ROOM MOULDINGS, &C. WE ARE THE PEOPLE.

MENZIE, TURNER & CO., Office, Ware House and Factory, 8, 10 and 12 Liberty Street, Late the Maritime Shade Co.

VISIT J. H. Connolly's Modern Studio when in want of anything in Artistic Portraiture. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Don't Forget the Address, 75 Charlotte St. (over N.B. Co.)

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. DRY CATAWBA, SWEET CATAWBA, ISABELLA, FINE ADELPHINE (Registered), CLARET. E. C. SCOVIL, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces, 62 Union Street, St. John, Telephone 923.

E. C. SCOVIL, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces, 62 Union Street, St. John, Telephone 923.

DO YOU KNOW THAT THE "DAILY RECORD" SENDS MORE PAPERS TO THE HOMES OF ST. JOHN PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER CITY DAILY - NOT ONE EXCEPTED? DO YOU KNOW THAT IT HAS A CIRCULATION NOW OF FOUR THOUSAND COPIES? DO YOU KNOW THAT SMALL ADS., SUCH AS TO LETS, FOR SALE, WANTED, FOUND, &c., &c., COST BUT 10 CENTS EACH INSERTION, OR 50 CENTS A WEEK? IF YOU ARE OUT OF EMPLOYMENT - "THE RECORD" WILL INSERT YOUR ADVERTISEMENT FOR A SITUATION ONE WEEK WITHOUT CHARGE. AFTER THAT THE USUAL RATE OF TEN CENTS FOR EACH INSERTION OR FIFTY CENTS A WEEK WILL BE CHARGED. THESE ARE "CASH WITH ORDER" PRICES. ANSWERS ADDRESSED TO THE "RECORD" OFFICE WILL BE PROMPTLY DELIVERED TO THE ADVERTISERS.

FOR EVENING WEAR WE ARE SHOWING SOME BEAUTIFUL SILK CREPE MATERIALS IN NEWEST TINTS. SILK GLOVES TO MATCH. FEATHER FANS, &c. IF YOU LIVE OUT OF TOWN WRITE TO US FOR SAMPLES. DANIEL & ROBERTSON, ST. JOHN. Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets

Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine

The most palatable, the safest and most effective for young and old.

CURES Croup, Whooping-Cough, Catarrh, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Grippe, Comp. Croup, etc.

Read what these who have used it say: Mrs. John B. ...

YOUR DRUGGIST CAN PREPARE IT FOR YOU AT HALF PRICE.

J. GUSTAVE LAVOLETTE, M. D.

235-236 St. Paul St., Montreal.

ST. ANDREWS.

(PROGRAMS in for sale in St. Andrews by T. R. ...)

JAN. 14.—St. Andrews is very gay at present and we've had some very jolly times.

Mrs. G. H. Lamb issued invitations for a progressive whist party on Thursday last.

Woodstock and Miss A. O'Neil.

Mr. William Richardson, the popular principal of our school, entertained his scholars with a sleigh drive and supper out at the log-cabin, at Chamcook Lake, on Monday.

What may be considered one of the most pleasant parties of the season was given at Kennedy's hotel Jan. 2nd, by four of our popular young ladies.

Mrs. A. Kennedy, black satin, pink chiffon trimmings; Miss Mims Cornish, green velvet.

The music which was furnished by home orchestra was excellent. Refreshments were served at twelve o'clock and the party broke up at two a.m.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Thompson spent a few days in St. Stephen last week.

Invitations are out for a card party at Mrs. Stikney's.

Dr. Maloney will soon leave for Grand Manan, where he has an extensive practice.

Miss Sarah Maloney is visiting her friend, Miss B. Burton.

Another engagement is announced, but the date of wedding is indefinite.

Miss Jennie Kennedy expects to visit Ottawa during carnival week.

Miss Alice P. will spend some months in Montreal this winter.

I am glad to hear Mr. Robinson has recovered from his severe illness.

The young people are taking advantage of the moon-light, splendid skating and coasting and are happy.

BILLY.

Monday last the children of the Presbyterian Sunday school had an entertainment in Memorial hall. A nice programme was carried out consisting of singing, dialogues, and recitations, which were well received.

Mr. R. W. Hamilton, of St. John, was in St. Andrews Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

It almost seems as if I had to chronicle more sickness than fun this week, but hope that none of the illness will be very serious, and try to console ourselves as best we can.

Among those who are alling are Mr. Will Burton, his son Vere and Mr. Durell Grimmer's little daughter Annie.

Mrs. T. Williams is slowly improving in health. Miss Jessie Whitlock spent a few hours with friends here last Tuesday.

On Wednesday of last week, Mrs. Neville G. D. Parker entertained a merry party of little folks in celebration of the home-coming of her daughters, Bess and Daisy.

Miss Morrill has taken a school at the Lodge. Mr. W. B. Morris came from St. Stephen on the Arbutus Thursday.

Miss L. L. Coates is teaching at Masquesne. Mrs. G. Herbert Lamb held an at home last Thursday evening. The guests were all ladies.

Messrs. A. H. Gilmer, M. P., Dan Gilmer, of Montreal, and John O'Brien, of St. George, have been making a flying visit to St. Andrews.

The many friends of Mrs. E. Andrews, Minister's Island, are glad to learn of her recovery from a severe illness.

Capt. and Mrs. Simpson have gone to Calais to live, much to the regret of their friends here.

Mr. J. Newton Bred, who has been the guest of Geo. F. Hibbard, Esq., leaves for Togo, Me., in search of health and to have his eyes which were injured in an explosion, treated by a specialist. Mr. Bred will be accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Hibbard, who will go on to Boston and pay a visit to friends there.

Miss Balkan, of Eastport, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Burton.

For the last few weeks eight of our young folks have been visiting occasionally at each other's houses and with the help of some older members of the different families, in the way of prompting and playing for them, have been learning to dance, the dancing leaves considerable to be desired, but

they never miss having a good evening's amusement.

Rev. Canon Ketchum, D. D., has been suffering with neuritis since last Friday. The service in All Saints church on Sunday was read morning and evening by Mrs. G. Sydney MacMaster, in a very clear, pleasant voice.

Yesterday, Mr. J. W. Richardson gave a number of young people a sleigh drive to Chamcook Lake, where they alighted at the "log cabin in the dell" and partook of refreshments, provided by the young ladies of the party, enjoyed stories and games by the light of a blazing wood fire, and came home delighted with their entertainment.

Rev. Mr. Dewar of Nova Scotia, preached in the Kirk at both services on Sunday last.

Miss Bessie Richardson spent Sunday in St. Andrews.

Mr. William Conroy arrived from Calais to-day. He is the guest of Mr. John Pyle.

I was much interested in Astra's article on crying, in last week's Progress, and when I came to think of the matter, I believe one of the jolliest, freshest looking women my acquaintance is the very one who cries most readily.

To complete our regular correspondence from all the towns in New Brunswick we invite applications from Bathurst, Chatham, Newcastle, Kingston, Kent, Sussex, Petticoat, Hampton Station.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

(PROGRAMS in for sale in St. Stephen by Master ...)

JAN. 16.—Collector and Mrs. Graham most pleasantly entertained at tea on Friday evening last, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Beard and several other friends.

A party of ladies took a sleigh ride to the Lodge on Tuesday and enjoyed a most pleasant party and supper at R. C. McKay cottage, Mayor Clarke's summer residence. The ladies had a jolly outing and did not arrive home until quite late in the evening.

Mrs. T. J. Smith entertained a small party of young friends on Monday evening at her residence. Whist and fortune telling were the amusements provided and made a very merry evening.

Miss Alice Graham will entertain the L. T. Y. T. whist club at her home tomorrow evening.

Mrs. E. C. Young invited the Ladies' Art club to visit her on Saturday afternoon last, which they accepted and enjoyed a most charming time.

Rev. O. S. and Mrs. Newham entertained at the rectory on Monday evening, a large party of young ladies. It was a most pleasant affair and thoroughly enjoyed by all who were there.

Misses Annie and Bessie Birby gave a very pleasant tea party at their home, on Monday evening, for the pleasure of the Misses Stevens and their young niece, Miss Isa Orchard.

Mr. J. M. Scoville, of St. John, is in town this week on a business trip.

The Baptist congregation and Sunday school enjoyed a treat and musicale at their vestry on Tuesday evening. I hear it was a most delightful and satisfactory affair both to pastor, Rev. W. C. Goucher, and people.

Miss Minnie Haycock gave a very enjoyable whist party last evening at her home to a number of her young friends.

Mr. Lewis Dexter has gone to Boston to spend a fortnight with his mother, Mrs. C. F. Todd, who will soon leave that city for Baltimore, where she will spend the rest of the winter.

The Current News club met at Hawthorne hall, the residence of Judge Stevens last evening. There was a large attendance and several interesting and instructive subjects were vigorously discussed.

A "smooth and glorious time," was the careful and guarded answer given to Progress correspondent when asking for a description of the German tea party given on Friday evening last.

Miss Emma Marks spent last week in Truro with her mother, Mrs. L. A. Wright.

One of our popular M. D.'s will next take up himself a bride in the person of one of the fair daughters of the North Shore. She will no doubt prove a very acceptable acquisition to Moncton society.

Mr. E. O. Hastings, of Montreal, is in the city. His friends are pleased to see him fully recovered from his recent illness.

Mayor Sumner was in St. John for a day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Girvan returned on Monday from a pleasant holiday trip to Boston and New York.

Mr. W. W. McLean, I. C. R. track master at Newcastle, was in town for a day last week.

Dr. Weldos, M. P. for Albert, spent Friday last in the city.

Miss Emma Marks spent last week in Truro with her mother, Mrs. L. A. Wright.

"Mr. C. E. A. Simonds, barrister of Fredericton, is in the city.

Mrs. S. S. Thorne, of St. John, was in the city for a day this week on her way home from a visit to friends in Amherst. While here Mrs. Thorne was the guest of Mrs. W. H. Watta, Alma street.

Mr. J. E. Bigelow, an enterprising merchant of Truro, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. D. L. Triton, of Petticoat, was in town on Friday.

Mr. Fred B. Cole, of Montreal, was in the city last week on a business trip. Mr. Cole is being congratulated by his many friends, on his recent marriage.

Miss Georgie Cole returned to Sackville on Monday to resume her studies at the ladies' college.

Miss Temple, of Bedford, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. Watta, Alma street, was sent for to go home on Monday owing to the illness of her mother.

Miss Maud Fleming, of Newcastle, was in town for a few days last week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Fleming, Alma street.

Mr. W. W. Lewis, of Fredericton, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. L. M. Miller, Main street, returned to her home on Monday afternoon.

Mr. J. D. Phoney, M. P. P., of Richibucto, was in the city on Monday.

Rev. Father Carson, of Albert, spent Monday in town.

Mr. J. M. Lyons returned on Monday from Hallifax.

The great question here now is whether we are going to have a hospital or not? The King's Daughters are working hard for it and they are certainly deserving of great credit for it is some thing Moncton is badly in need of.

The younger girls and boys seem to be having the best of it this winter, for the greater number of the parties given lately have been for them, and to add to their number. Mrs. C. J. Butcher gave a delightful dance last evening, at which those present enjoyed themselves immensely.

To-morrow afternoon Mrs. J. W. Smith will give an at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith leave the last of this month on an extended trip to the Southern States.

Dr. C. T. Parry, who has been in Albert, attending his uncle, returned home on Monday evening.

Mr. P. S. Archibald, chief engineer of the J. C. R., left on Monday afternoon for Winnipeg on business.

Rev. N. U. Weeks was in St. John on Tuesday attending the funeral of the late Rev. Dr. Hopner.

Mr. E. S. Outhouse has gone to Boston, he will be absent about a month.

Mr. J. L. Harris returned on Tuesday from Halifax.

A very sad event occurred here on Monday morning. Mr. Arthur L. Campbell, a promising young man of 24 years of age, committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart, during a fit of temporary insanity. Mr. Campbell's parents are of the most respectable families of Moncton, and they have the sympathy of the entire community in their grief and sorrow. Deceased has been anxiously for some time.

Mr. Fred B. White, representing James Johnson and Co., Montreal, is in town. He has many friends in Moncton who are pleased to see him on the road again. During his residence in Boston Mr. White was a regular purchaser of Progress, as the new stand on Tremont street.

Printers' Conventions are really the only satisfactory grounds for holding summer gatherings. They come in heavy, bright, brown, grey, black, and blue. The convention will be held at the manufacturer of high grade dress buttons, and they have the sympathy of the entire community in their grief and sorrow. Deceased has been anxiously for some time.

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Mrs. A. E. Nell left on Tuesday for Boston, Mrs. Nell will visit in New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, before she returns.

Mrs. Phillips, after a visit of several weeks with her mother, Mrs. F. W. Phillips, in New York, has returned to her home in St. John.

Master Godfrey Newham has recovered from his illness and will soon be able to return to St. John to the Davenport school.

Mrs. Sumner's parties are always a success but this was more enjoyable than usual. The guests being the younger girls and boys friends of Miss Ebel, and I think we would all acknowledge our first parties to be the best. The floors were in excellent condition and the music good and dancing was kept up until a late hour.

Among those present were, Miss Georgia Cole, Miss Winnie Williams, Miss Hattie Whitney, Miss Maudie Cooke, Miss Blanchard, Windsor, Miss Blair, Chatham, Miss Bruce, Miss Williams, the Misses Peters, Miss Whitney, Miss Alice McKewen, Miss Maud Hamilton, Douchester, Miss McKewen, Miss Nicholson, Miss Margaret Holstead, Miss Tricie Hanington, Messrs. J. McD. Cooke, S. Palmer, H. E. Simonds, A. E. Wilkinson, A. Gilpin, L. B. Read, J. H. Harris, B. V. Robinson, St. John, C. Cumming, W. Ross, H. Simpson, F. Blair, A. C. Grant, L. H. Harris, F. Beasly, S. Williams. I will not attempt to describe all of the ladies' dresses, but following are a few:

Mrs. Sumner received her guests in a handsome black silk gown with trimmings of lace and jet.

Miss Ebel Sumner wore grey silk.

Miss Alice McKewen, cream and green chaille, green silk trimmings.

Miss Maudie Cooke looked very pretty in a gown of robin's egg blue cashmere, with white ribbon trimmings.

Miss Georgie Cole was becomingly dressed in cream serge, yellow trimmings.

Rev. O. S. and Mrs. Newham looked well in a butterscup yellow silk.

Miss Beulah Archibald's dress of white silk was most becoming.

Miss Tricie Hanington, cream chaille, green silk trimmings.

Miss Blair, pale pink silk, with trimmings of ribbon.

Miss Bruce, white silk.

Miss Williams, pale blue silk.

Miss Peters, geranium red crepon.

Miss Nicholson, pale blue silk and lace.

Miss W. H. Watta, cream and green chaille.

Miss Margaret Holstead, cream silk trimmed with ribbon.

Miss Greta Peters, pale blue silk.

Mr. J. J. Taylor has gone to the upper provinces on a trip. He will be away about two weeks.

Mrs. D. D. D. who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. E. H. Hooper, at the rectory, returned to her home in Maugerville on Monday. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Foster, who will spend the remainder of the winter there.

Miss Bessie Holstead is in Salisbury spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. L. A. Wright.

One of our popular M. D.'s will next take up himself a bride in the person of one of the fair daughters of the North Shore. She will no doubt prove a very acceptable acquisition to Moncton society.

Mr. E. O. Hastings, of Montreal, is in the city. His friends are pleased to see him fully recovered from his recent illness.

Mayor Sumner was in St. John for a day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Girvan returned on Monday from a pleasant holiday trip to Boston and New York.

Mr. W. W. McLean, I. C. R. track master at Newcastle, was in town for a day last week.

Dr. Weldos, M. P. for Albert, spent Friday last in the city.

Miss Emma Marks spent last week in Truro with her mother, Mrs. L. A. Wright.

"Mr. C. E. A. Simonds, barrister of Fredericton, is in the city.

Mrs. S. S. Thorne, of St. John, was in the city for a day this week on her way home from a visit to friends in Amherst. While here Mrs. Thorne was the guest of Mrs. W. H. Watta, Alma street.

Mr. J. E. Bigelow, an enterprising merchant of Truro, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. D. L. Triton, of Petticoat, was in town on Friday.

Mr. Fred B. Cole, of Montreal, was in the city last week on a business trip. Mr. Cole is being congratulated by his many friends, on his recent marriage.

Miss Georgie Cole returned to Sackville on Monday to resume her studies at the ladies' college.

Miss Temple, of Bedford, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. Watta, Alma street, was sent for to go home on Monday owing to the illness of her mother.

Miss Maud Fleming, of Newcastle, was in town for a few days last week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Fleming, Alma street.

Mr. W. W. Lewis, of Fredericton, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. L. M. Miller, Main street, returned to her home on Monday afternoon.

Mr. J. D. Phoney, M. P. P., of Richibucto, was in the city on Monday.

Rev. Father Carson, of Albert, spent Monday in town.

Mr. J. M. Lyons returned on Monday from Hallifax.

The great question here now is whether we are going to have a hospital or not? The King's Daughters are working hard for it and they are certainly deserving of great credit for it is some thing Moncton is badly in need of.

The younger girls and boys seem to be having the best of it this winter, for the greater number of the parties given lately have been for them, and to add to their number. Mrs. C. J. Butcher gave a delightful dance last evening, at which those present enjoyed themselves immensely.

To-morrow afternoon Mrs. J. W. Smith will give an at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith leave the last of this month on an extended trip to the Southern States.

Dr. C. T. Parry, who has been in Albert, attending his uncle, returned home on Monday evening.

Mr. P. S. Archibald, chief engineer of the J. C. R., left on Monday afternoon for Winnipeg on business.

Rev. N. U. Weeks was in St. John on Tuesday attending the funeral of the late Rev. Dr. Hopner.

Mr. E. S. Outhouse has gone to Boston, he will be absent about a month.

Mr

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Page 1.)

CARROLLTON.

(Proceedings for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. S. ...)

Jan. 16.—W. A. Mett, M. P. F., spent a few days in ...

Mr. Frank Blair returned on Wednesday last from a ...

Mr. Ernest Sumner, of Montreal, is in town.

Mr. William Murray spent yesterday in the ...

Mr. Frank Blair's friends are glad to see him in town.

Rev. Father Barry, of Bathurst, was the guest of Rev. Father Wallace, at the presbytery, for a day or two this week.

Mr. William Mainie was called to St. John on Monday on account of the death of his son in law, Mr. Fred Murray.

Mr. W. S. Smith, of Dalhousie, was in Campbellton last Thursday.

Miss Amy Fice returned last week from a delightful trip to St. John, Springfield and Moncton.

Mr. J. C. Barberie, of Dalhousie, registered at the Waverly one day last week.

The friends of Captain J. H. Lunt are grieved to hear of his death, which occurred at New York on Saturday last.

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The delightful moonlight drive across the river was much enjoyed by the merry crowd who completely filled the several saloons.

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NORTH SYDNEY.

(Proceedings for sale in North Sydney at the store of ...)

Jan. 15.—Messrs. J. and G. ...

Today the month has tried its magic wand and ...

The Thistle curling and hockey club was organized last week and the following officers elected: S. D. ...

Mr. H. B. Ross and Mr. Howard Ross returned from Halifax Tuesday evening.

Mr. Chas. Righty of Sydney spent several days last week with Mrs. Blowers Archibald at "Arlie."

Mr. Chas. Abbott of Halifax preached in Trinity church, Sydney Mines, on Sunday morning and in St. John's church, N. Sydney, Sunday evening.

During his stay here Mr. Abbott was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Tait, and of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Brown at Sydney Mines.

The Literary society, which has been holding its meetings in the Academy building, will meet on Tuesday evening.

Miss Alice Treva gave a very pleasant little dance on Tuesday evening. The following guests were present: Mrs. R. H. Bridge, Mrs. E. J. Christie, Miss Voight, Miss May McPherson, Miss Annie Moore, Miss Annie McKinnis, Miss Maggie Thompson, Miss Bedwin, Miss Annie McEugene, Mrs. Brown, Miss Bella M. Lellan, Miss Phoebe, Messrs. Creelman, Boak, E. Christie, Boreham, H. W. Christie, L. P. Christie, Davison, Stanley Earle, C. D. Ross, E. M. Kay, H. E. Robertson, R. T. Campbell, L. Robertson, F. Robertson, H. Cann, J. D. Howatson.

Mr. Bridge wore a gown of black velvet with vest of pale yellow silk.

Mrs. Treva, gray flowered chaille.

Mrs. E. Christie, red bezalette.

Miss Moore, old rose with black velvet and black lace.

Miss MacLennan, black with pale blue blouse.

Miss Voight, black serge and velvet.

Miss MacKinnis, pale blue silk veiling.

Miss Thompson, cream with yellow silk sleeves and trim.

Miss Treva, black with very becoming blouse of pale blue flowered chaille and white lace.

Miss McLellan, mauve with silk sleeves and trim.

Miss Phoebe, black skirt with black satin blouse.

Miss McEugene, black with blouse of pale pink and cream lace.

Miss Brown, black with ecrus lace.

Miss Bedwin, black lace and black silk.

Miss Purves left on Monday for Philadelphia where she will spend the winter with her aunt, Mrs. Tenick.

DALLAS.

WOODSTOCK.

(Proceedings for sale in Woodstock by Mr. Loane & Co.)

Jan. 16.—Mrs. J. G. Griffith gave a candy party on Saturday evening for the entertainment of her daughters' friends.

A very lively evening was spent ending up with a dance. Supper was served about half past ten and the party broke up in time to permit of the guests getting home before Sunday morning.

The present were Miss Dora Dibblee, Miss Ann Griffith, Miss Jessie Peabody, Miss Lily Jordan, Miss Edith Jordan, Miss Bull, Miss Nan Bull, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Blanche Dibblee, Miss Hilda Bourne, Miss Nellie Bardsley, Messrs. Reg. Dibblee, R. Wetmore, C. Peck, J. N. Graham, Irvine Dibblee, Burton Dibblee, L. Neales, L. B. Dibblee, D. Peabody, M. Everitt, H. Dibblee.

The captain kept his word. He wrote the navy department about the excellent work of his navigator, and the latter was promptly promoted.

Mr. Stanley Neales returned to Boston dental college on Monday.

Miss Minnie Connel, left for Boston, Wednesday, to visit friends.

Rev. Scovill Nales of Andover spent part of this week in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Ketchum are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. Bert Bourne returned from the west last week. I will reserve till next week the account of the ball to be given on Wednesday evening of this week.

ELAINE.

HARBOUR.

Jan. 16.—His Honor Judge Wedderburn was here on Monday en route to Richibucto to preside over the County court.

Mr. J. C. Finlay arrived here Monday evening and drove to Richibucto by the small stage yesterday morning.

Mr. Charles Fawcett, of Sackville, arrived here Monday evening and went north yesterday.

Councillors Atkinson and Waiton returned on Saturday from attending to their duties at the municipal council.

Mr. C. R. McLellan and Mr. Wm. Ferguson, who spent last week in Kingston and Richibucto, returned here on Sunday evening.

The Harcourt dramatic club will repeat the play "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" in the Orange hall at Bass River on Saturday evening and are desiring of a full house.

Mr. G. E. Raven, of St. John, was here yesterday going north.

Mr. C. W. Hall, of St. John, was here to day en route to Richibucto.

Mrs. Benj. McLeod still continues quite poorly.

Mr. W. H. P. Smith, of Grandville, has not improved as his friend's would wish, still he is in a fair way for recovery under the treatment of Dr. Keith.

Mrs. Melvin Colpitts, of Grandville, who has been ill for some time, lies in a critical state.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

(Proceedings for sale in Charlottetown, by Mr. Gray, Messrs. Co., and Carter's Bookstore.)

Jan. 15.—Mrs. Benjamin Rogers left on Sunday evening for Rochester, New York, where she was summoned because of the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Richard Tunman.

Senator Ferguson has returned home from Ottawa.

Mr. F. Parker Carvell spent a few days of last week in Summerside.

Mr. and Mrs. James Unsworth have returned from Moncton, where they were visiting friends during the holiday season.

Miss Gertrude Davies leaves on Wednesday evening for Boston where she intends to remain for the winter and pursue her studies in elocution. Miss Davies is talented in that direction and I am sure will make a success of her work.

Miss Ethel Davies and Master Tom Davies are returning to Windsor to school.

Miss Bertie Jenkins gave a small party at Upton on Thursday evening. It was a beautiful moonlight night and the drive there and back was in itself a pleasure.

Mr. Lewis Carvell has returned home.

Miss Lily David who spent the Xmas holidays with her parents has returned to "Edgemoor."

Miss Minnie Longworth entertained a number of her friends on Friday evening.

All are looking forward to the "Living White" and "May Pole" which entertainments come off on Thursday, that it will be a great success vs says dire for the arrangements are

IN THE HANDS OF MISS MINNIE PALMER, whom we have to thank for many novel entertainments.

Mr. Fritz Moore has gone to Boston on a business trip.

Mrs. F. De C. Davies is spending the winter in St. John.

Major Longworth is receiving congratulations upon his promotion to lieutenant-colonel.

I regret to have to chronicle this week the death of Mrs. Mrs. Strickland.

She had a long and trying illness, being confined to bed for the past two or three months. She has many friends in Charlottetown and will be much missed.

To complete our regular correspondence from all the towns in New Brunswick we invite applications from Bathurst, Chatham, Newcastle, Kingston, Kent, Sussex, Pictouville, Hampton Station.

A WONDERFUL NAVIGATOR.

He Calculated to the Minute When They Would Sight Barbados.

One of the most distinguished navigating officers in the United States navy was engaged, some years ago, as navigator on a certain old-fashioned sailing-ship belonging to the navy, and as it was his first billet, he was very desirous of making a good impression. For the first few days he took his reckonings with the greatest care. But when the ship had been out several days he forgot to wind the chronometers which kept the Washington time. It was impossible to make any calculations as to the ship's position. He did not dare to tell the commander of his mishap, and so he continued to take the altitude of the sun every day in the most serious manner and reported the ship's position. He was only able to estimate his position by dead reckoning—a very uncertain operation. Early one morning, when he thought they must be near Barbados, he first destination, he called a young sailor to him and said: "My man, I want you to go up to the masthead and keep a look out for land; and when you see it do not call out 'Land ho!' in the usual manner, but just come down quietly and tell me about it."

The sailor ran up aloft, and when at about seven o'clock he saw a thin streak to the southward, he ran down from aloft and reported it to the navigator, as he had been instructed.

"Go aloft and report land in the usual manner at eight bells," said the navigator, as he had been instructed.

"Hardly had the sailor reached his perch when the captain came on deck, and addressing the navigator, said—

"About what time shall we sight Barbados, sir?"

"At precisely eight bells, sir," was the answer.

"What!" cried the captain, "do you pretend to be able to figure to the minute the time we will sight land? Why, I never saw a navigator who could figure within two hours, and I have seen some good ones."

"At that time the bell struck eight times. The cry of 'land!' rang out from the masthead. The captain took his navigator's hand and shook it warmly.

"Sir," he exclaimed, "you are the finest navigator afloat, and I shall report your splendid work to the department."

The captain kept his word. He wrote the navy department about the excellent work of his navigator, and the latter was promptly promoted.

HIGH AND LOW TIDE IN CONGRESS.

Fluctuations in the Representation of the Two Great Parties.

The republicans will have in the next congress 244 members of the house of representatives. In no previous house have there been as many as 200 republicans, though after the tidal wave of 1872 the forty-third congress, elected at that time, contained 194 republicans. Besides breaking the record numerically the republicans will also be stronger than ever before as regards the total membership. After the tidal wave of 1872 the democrats had 92 members to 194 republicans, while now with the increased representation they have only 104 members. While the next congress will contain more republicans than any previous one in the history of the party, the fifty-second congress, elected in 1892, contained the smallest number of republican congressmen—88.

The democrats achieved their high-water mark of representation in the fifty-second congress—236—and had a majority over their republican adversaries of 148. The republican majority in the next congress over the democratic representatives will be only 140. The low-water mark of democratic representation was reached in the Thirty-ninth congress, elected in 1864. There were in that congress only forty democrats, and onesomeness was the most marked characteristic of the democratic caucus. The next house of representatives will consist of 355 members. The first congress of the United States consisted of only seventy-three members.

YERKES AND HIS GLOVES.

Cable Magnate Polishes Off a Guest in His Gymnasium.

Charles T. Yerkes, the cable magnate of Chicago, is acknowledged by those who know him to be what is known in the "vernacular of the world" as an "all round man."

It is generally admitted that as a money-maker, an organizer, a promoter, a lover of art, and a tunnel grabber, he has no equal in Chicago. But it is not generally known that Mr. Yerkes is an athlete and a lover of many sports, whether it be boxing, gymnastics, baseball or football. He has on one of the floors of his mansion on Michigan avenue a gymnasium which is fitted up with all the appliances of an athletic club. He spends an hour in this room every day.

A few nights ago one of Mr. Yerkes' friends was at the home of the magnate and the talk drifted to many sports. The visitor was frank to say he liked them all and that occasionally he put on the gloves for exercise and that up to that time he had never met his match. Mr. Yerkes "allowed" that he was occasionally addicted to sport himself and that he had some boxing gloves in the loft. He invited his caller to go aloft with him, and the two

AN ECCEBTRIC SCULPTOR.

A Story Somewhat Similar to One Told of Hogarth.

The eccentricity of genius probably never had a better representative than the sculptor Carpeaux, who died not very long ago.

An exhibition of his posthumous works in Paris has precipitated a shower of anecdotes about him in the Parisian press.

Carpeaux was always a Bohemian, and generally absent-minded.

Invited once to the Tuileries by the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie, he pulled out his pipe after dinner and discovered that he had no matches, he took a scrap of paper, climbed upon a chair, and lighted the pipe from the great chandelier above the table.

"You don't mind smoking, do you, my man?" he said to the empress.

He once accepted from a rich patron an order to make a sculptured group representing the Cyclops Polyphemus crushing the youth Acis under a rock. Carpeaux had no sooner accepted the commission than he regretted it, for the subject had no fascination whatever for him. He put the matter off again and again, and was urgently pressed to begin it by his patron.

At last one day Carpeaux took the impatient patron to his studio, and showed him a great rough block of unformed clay.

"There is your group," said the sculptor. "My group? Where?"

"Why, this is the rock."

"That's all very well; but where is Acis?"

"Under the rock—crushed quite out of sight, of course."

"But where is Polyphemus?"

"Oh, he? Why, do you think he would remain anywhere about after he had done a thing like that?"

This was as far as the classical "group" ever got, but Carpeaux, it is needless to say, had to forego his fee by reason of his disinclination for the subject.

WANTED HER PHOTOGRAPH.

Some time ago a young woman was arrested by the English local police on a charge of theft. It was thought that she was not a novice at the game, and so her photograph was taken and distributed about the country. Nothing was known of her, however, and the justice of the case was met with a month's imprisonment.

One day she presented herself at the lock-up, and said:

"Please I'm the young woman as 'ad the month. Would you be so good as to give me one o' my photos? Mother says 'er'll have a frame for it if you'll give us one."

The applicant must have possessed plenty of assurance to call at the police-station and make such a request, but the wish was granted, and the recipient departed with delight on her face.

An Odd School-Girl Punishment.

Miss Frances

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1895.

LETTERS FROM NANNARY.

No. 2.

Old and almost too familiar scenes flash their beauties or their dislikes upon us on either bank as the flying train glides swiftly on and every turn upon the road has many a time and oft before sheltered us in our wanderings, and the information given to us by the ten-dollar-a-week brakeman, in that muffled sound which all, or at least nearly all, brakemen try to cultivate, is not appreciated perhaps as it should be. He is conscientiously earning his salary, but when the gathering shades of night hide all and gentle sleep is trying "to knit up the ruffled sleeve of ease," it is neither pleasant or enjoyable to be told, in a very loud and discordant voice, many things that perhaps you already know. And when the conductors down south, approaches you with a lordly air, the traces of good living and a nice soft time of it mantle upon his cheek, sparkle in his eye and give a nice curve to his rotundity, from which flash the glittering watch chain and the diamonds of Alaska or some other chilly atmosphere. He punches one first in the midst of a pleasant dream and then punches another hole in your hitherto well punched passport to a land that is fairer than this, and then wanders on, with a look of triumph in his eye, to the next victim, who is snoring soundly, unconscious of the holes affliction has bored in his socks; and so we go away into the darkness and the gloom, with the rushing waters of the Susquehanna mingling its roaring music with the snores of the sleeping travellers, who are not now so chipper-looking as when they embarked, only a few short hours before, a few hundred miles away.

The Erie road is slightly picturesque and winds through a section of New York state that is not as fruitful or as rich as other portions of Governor Flower's domain. There is considerable scenery, however, and some bright looking towns that one may digest as he moves along, with a good deal of enjoyment. There is Binghamton, where they make a great many cigars and cigarettes and good records for themselves, and one of the largest insane asylums in the Empire state. Then, Oswego, where they told me once there were thirteen or fourteen millionaires among a population of ten thousand; but that was some years ago, ere 'times got hard and so called "industrial armies" had not swarmed over the land. Then Elmira, where Senator David B. Hill was wont to speak in youthful glee on the banks of the raging Chemung, where Mark Twain got his wife, while Hill is still bald-headed and without one. There is also a big reformatory there when Brockway used "the paddle" on some of the refractory boys, and hastened, in cases it is said, their exit out of this world of care and sorrow. Then we came to Corning, where the old clock in Erastus Corning's gift to the town strikes one from the unsightly and flinty looking monument he bequeathed to the town. He wandered away from where he was young and made his mark in the commercial and political world of New York.

We cruised rapidly along during the darkness through the northern part of the Empire state, leaping through a small strip of Pennsylvania and then through Ohio, where the cornstalks were lying low and neglected-looking and big pumpkins that we saw lying around loose a few months before had all rolled away from there. The country was becoming so flat, stale and unprofitable looking, as we forged along over territory that we had often been compelled to look on before, that it really became tiresome and dreadfully monotonous. The darkness came on swiftly and the gloaming turned to night as we crawled carefully toward Chicago. Presently were seen "the many colored lights of red and green and blue and yellow that were gleaming brightly above and around the myriad-ribbed avenue of steel that lead into the wonderful city of Chicago. There was the roaring and rushing of flying railway trains, going and coming in every direction, the puffing smoke and hissing steam of the iron horse echoing back their noisy carnival from, towering walls of busy commercial life and stately homes that fringed our line of march, while the gentle murmur of Lake Michigan was making its aquatic music felt amid the din and clatter that went down to the very shores of that great un-walled sea and seemingly hushed their wailing discord on the bosom of its mighty waters.

Peering into the darkness we thought we might catch a glimpse of what was left of the greatest show the world has ever seen, but even that is denied us as we stole quietly in through the far stretching suburbs that are lending their aid and population to swell the head of this little giant of the west to such immense proportions. After a ride of about twenty-seven hours we are in Chicago, with two hours to spare as we resume our westward journey. One of

Frank Parmalce's numerous "buses" transfer us through a portion of the town across the muddy beauties and unpleasant scents of the Chicago river to the Union depot, where the long trains are drawn up with their glaring headlights flashing their bright gleams to any point of the compass. They are going north and south, to the east and west, with a serious or careless throng, the restless and busy actors on the stage of life, "who fret and strut their last hours upon the stage" until life's impenetrable curtain is run down upon them and their brazen lights go out in darkness on the fearful brink of an everlasting and eternal shore.

At 10.30 p. m. of our second day out we leave Chicago behind as we stretched our weary form upon the luxurious embraces of a nicely upholstered chair built upon the lines of our barbers in many lands, and which the C. B. & Q. gives you for nothing, or a nice white downy pillow for which the smiling avaricious colored porter lessens your pile of glittering coin only twenty-five cents less than when you placed yourself under his protecting wing. It was dark, of course, and we only knew we were clattering along in our dreams through Illinois and then into the rolling prairies and fruitful looking plains of Iowa.

In the early morn when the sun is climbing the hills and "the morn in russet mantle clad" is stealing over the eastern hills, we creep stealthily down to the banks of the giant Mississippi and across the rushing stream over iron and wooden span and halt beneath the bluffs in the pretty town of Burlington, where "the Hawk-eye man" lived and moved and had his being, when he was not away from home telling lots of other good people in other places how it all happened. We buy his paper and we glide away once more through a pastoral looking country just beginning to bud into vernal bloom and blossom, past little towns and hamlets that have some of the frontier simplicity clinging to them yet; where general merchandise and general apathy are still "in it" with their false fronts trying to make a couple of stores out of what is really one-and-a-half; here there is a good deal of "bluff" otherwise, and the big bearded men let their whiskers grow long enough to disguise their shifty fronts and are aiming a deadly blow at the fair city girl who is engaged making scarfs and neckties which they discard altogether as the wind blows through their palpable deception and whiskers at the same time.

It was just forty-eight hours from the time we pulled out of Jersey City until we reached the banks of the muddy Missouri and rattled over the bridge into Jefferson City, nestling on the western bank of the muddy stream in the great State of Nebraska. We halted at Omaha for a few minutes, sitting in queenly beauty overlooking the rushing waters that were bounding along with Montana and Dakota, or just a little bit of either, in its clutch, to pay tribute, as it were, to the giant stream it was rushing to catch and pollute hundreds of miles below where it joined it and the Ohio in their wild rush to the sunlit waters of the Gulf of Mexico over a thousand miles away. We halt at Lincoln, the capital of the state, and dash away from there as the rosy sun was making a golden set in the west beckoning us on, as it were, over their tireless, wind-swept plains, where the adventurous and hardy pioneer of only a quarter of a century before, chalking up his canvas-covered wagon the traditional motto of "Pike's Peak or bust."

In the early Sabbath morn, that was quietly usurping the gloom of the preceding night, we saw a lonely habitation here and there on the cheerless looking prairie, where the lonely sheep herder was tending his flocks and the wild horses were tugging away at the short brown withery looking buffalo grass which was springing up in little clumps from the dry sandy plain; and there, in hazy distance, the grand Rockies, rough and jagged and snow-covered, were soaring up among the clouds. Nearer and clearer and more beautiful these towering and everlasting hills seemed to grow as we rolled into beautiful Denver, lying peacefully almost at the base and in the shadow of the lofty and wild grandeur of those dizzy heights. The great big Union depot at this Queen city of the Plains had been a short time before gutted by fire and water, and was now roofless and cheerless looking around which the hackmen and other pests of a traveller's life were trying to keep warm and comfortable beneath the charred and blackened walls. Just one hour was spent in Denver, where we bade good bye to our colored porter and our white conductor; the former getting his pillow back again, and the latter giving our ticket his last punch as we left the comforts of the C. B. & Q., and made the acquaintance of the controlling spirit on the Denver and Rio Grande, the scenic route par excellence of the world.

"THE UGLY DUCKLING"

SEE HAY SOME DAY IN A GRACEFUL SWAN.

A Young Lady who Thinks She is Ugly Writes to "Astra," who Comforts Her with Comparisons, etc.—Plain Girls who are Extremely Popular.

"I am such an ugly girl, Astra," writes a correspondent, "that I feel certain no man will ever love me, or want to marry me, and when I see other girls who are pretty and attractive, receiving so much attention, and having so many lovers, I cannot help feeling envious of them and utterly dissatisfied with my own fate. I am sure you will tell me I ought to be ashamed of myself for being so weak, and that beauty does not matter in the least; I have heard all that so often, that I am tired of it, and I do not believe it either!"

Neither do I, my dear, so you need not be afraid of hearing it once more. Beauty does matter very much, almost more, to us women, than anything else, and the lack of it is a serious deprivation, in fact it sometimes makes all the difference between happiness and misery to its possessor. But still I think I can give you some better comfort than those foolish and untruthful old sayings "Handsome is that handsome does," or "Beauty is only skin deep." The last is a most flagrant fallacy, since no woman could possibly be beautiful who had a huge nose high cheek bones, and a long chin, no matter how perfect her skin was. Beauty means feature, contour, coloring, and expression, and all these are much more than skin deep. Beauty is a gift of the gods, and something to be most grateful for, but still it is not everything, and those of us who are not as well favored as our most fortunate sisters should derive solid comfort from the fact that while the world is full of lovely roses slowly fading on the stem—scores and scores of plain girls marry early, every year, just look around amongst your own circle of acquaintances, my dear "Ugly Girl" and tell me how many men you know have beautiful, or even very pretty wives; and then, when you have counted them, begin again and count those who have ordinary, plain and even ugly wives. I really believe the result will be most encouraging to you, especially when you observe that the plain ones are quite as dearly loved, and as much admired by their husbands as the beauties are by theirs.

Unfortunately for us all beauty is so largely a matter of taste that it seems almost impossible to establish any fixed rule on the subject, and there have been diversities of opinion even on Mrs. Langtry's claims to beauty, some of her admirers declaring that if Helen of Troy could come back to earth and be contrasted with the Jersey Lily the cause of the Trojan war would find her charas so to speak, nowhere—while others who were quite as well qualified to give an opinion have confessed that they were bitterly disappointed, on seeing the English beauty for the first time.

Now if there is room for doubt in Mrs. Langtry's case, why not in others, and why may not some men consider one girl pretty in whom others fail to discover any charm whatever. I think it well established fact that the plain girl who is jolly and lively, has a pleasant manner and plenty to say, generally receives far more attention than the spoiled and conceited beauty who is too conscious of her own attractions, and too determined to rely upon her personal charms, to take the trouble of being agreeable to anyone. Men are conceited beings, my dear, and too fond of admiration themselves, not to get tired of continual incense before another shrine; and turn their attention to some other source, where they will come in for some little meed of admiration too.

Some time ago, a young lady from a distant western city came to visit in St. John, and though for a long time I did not meet her, I formed the opinion that she must be a remarkably pretty girl, from the amount of attention she received; wherever I went I heard of her, and always through some young man, he was going to walk, or drive with her, he was hurrying to a party in order to be early on the scene and secure a dance or two before her programme was filled, or he had just found that his bosom friend intended calling upon her that evening, and was rushing wildly to the scene of action in order to be first on the ground. All young men, I knew, seemed to vie with each other as to which should pay her the most attention, and obtain the most of her society. "Lucky girl!" I thought, "What a beauty she must be!"

One evening we were both at a reception at the same house, and after looking in vain for some one who answered to my idea of what the lovely Miss Smith ought to be like, I asked to have her pointed out to me. She was one of the most hopelessly plain girls I ever saw. And strange to say she was destined ever of that nameless charm called style, which stands some

SIX CORSETS THAT GIVE SATISFACTION.

Advertisement for six different styles of corsets (Style 442, 443, 510) with descriptions and prices. Includes images of the corsets and text: 'P. N. Drab, 18 to 30 inches, \$1.00. Extra Sizes, 30 to 36 inches, \$1.25.' 'P. N. Fast Black, 18 to 26 inches, \$1.00.' 'White, 18 to 26 inches, Drab, 18 to 30 inches, \$1.20.' 'P. N. Drab, 18 to 26 inches, \$1.25. Same in Extra Quality, Fast Black, \$1.50.' 'P. N. Drab and White, 18 to 30 inches, \$1.25. Extra Sizes, \$1.50. In Drab, \$1.75.' 'P. N. Fine Sateen, White and Drab, 18 to 30 inches, \$1.75.'

Manchester Robertson & Allison, S. John

HALIFAX PUBLIC SCHOOLS. They Cost the Taxpayers a Good Deal of Money. HALIFAX, Jan. 17.—The public schools of Halifax cost the tax-payers of the city about \$100,000 annually. Doubtless the citizens get pretty good value for their money, but that does not prevent them from feeling the burden of taxation. More than one retrenchment committee has been appointed during the past few years, but with little or no result. Commissioners have come on the board determined to cut down expense in every direction, but so far they have accomplished nothing, except perhaps, the negative good of preventing further increases in expenditure. The latest retrenchment committee was appointed at the last meeting of the board. It was moved for by Alderman Hubley, who never looks at any service whatever without wondering what it would cost. An illustration of Alderman Hubley's sometimes cheese-paring policy was seen at the same meeting. The alderman advocated the discontinuance by the board of its subscription to the two Halifax morning papers, on the ground that they were unnecessary, and that the \$12 per year might be saved if the papers were stopped. The board discussed the subject ten minutes ere the alderman was voted down. So Mr. Hubley's credit it should be said that after the vote was taken he looked ashamed of his attempted work. The papers are to be continued and not only that, they are to be filed and bound for future use. The retrenchment committee consists of Commissioners Stewart, Goudge, Hubley, Hills and Doyle. The committee may accomplish good results. Commissioner Stewart, who will be chairman, is an able man, and Commissioners Goudge and Hills are both level-headed and practical. Commissioner Hubley will be very active in keeping his fellow committee-men up to the mark, and Captain Doyle will assist in the good work. It is worthy of note that the very first thing this retrenchment committee did, before it organized, and almost before one of them had agreed to serve, was to make sure that they would be paid for their work. Commissioners Doyle and Hubley asked the board if attendance at the meetings of the committee should not count for a share of \$1,000 annually divided by themselves among the commissioners. When they were informed that the dollars would be forthcoming these two retrenchment men looked relieved and more than ever ready for their patriotic work. Whether they succeed in cutting down expenditure or not is a question for the future, but that they will draw their allowance for time spent in the attempt is already assured the members of the committee, thanks to Captain Doyle—and his ally from Ward IV., the retrenchment men.

Advice: Don't buy clothes from force of habit—unthinkingly, without a reason. True, you may need new clothes; but that's no reason. Your old suit or overcoat may look worn and faded, but take our advice and consider that UNGAR MAKES THE OLD NEW. Have your old clothes made new by him. ONE TRIAL CONVINCES.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS. St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S. WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

FORTIFY YOUR SYSTEM against PNEUMONIA and LA CRIPPE by using ROYAL EMULSION. For Chest, Lung and Bronchial Troubles it has never been equaled. A WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN PHYSICIAN STATES: I cheerfully recommend the Royal Emulsion; I have suffered from a yearly attack of Bronchitis but this year, for the first time, I have escaped and I attribute it to the use of ROYAL EMULSION. Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00. Wallace Dawson, CHEMIST, Montreal.

"NIAGARA" INJECTOR. If you require a boiler feeder try the "Niagara." Life is too short to waste time on worthless machines. No satisfaction, no pay, is my motto. Will send you one on 30 days trial. Write for price. W. H. STIRLING, Waring, White & Co's Works, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Why, Jimmy, my darling boy, you've got the medal for good behavior this week! said the fond mother, noting the little silver medal on her son's vest. "Yesum," said Jimmy. "Tommy Roberts won it, but I told him I'd knock the head off him if he didn't give it to me."

WHO WAS THE THIEF?

My brain was on fire. I felt choking as I walked away from the office. Dismissed as a thief! I, the son of a man whose very name was still held sacred for his honor and integrity; oh, it was too much.

For three years I had been in an office in Edinburgh, and prided myself I was getting on fairly well. I did my work honestly and faithfully, and all seemed going smoothly when Mr. Heron, my employer, took a strange uncontrollable dislike to me.

Things went on like this for about three months, till one day I was called into my principal's sanctum and dismissed. Of course, I demanded an immediate explanation.

Mr. Heron sneered, and my blood began to boil. I felt as if I could have killed him as he said— "No heroics, if you please, Blair, but thank your stars I am not to prosecute; for your widowed mother's sake I refrain, but not another day do you stay here."

"Mr. Heron," I began, as calmly as my indignation would permit me, "I demand to know what you dismiss me for?" "For theft," he answered curly. "For months it has been going on. Everything pointed to you as the culprit, but I was loth to believe that the son of William Blair could have fallen so low, but this day has proved it."

"In what way?" I enquired, sarcastically. Mr. Heron's face flushed angrily—more at my tone than my words, I think. "You have overreached yourself this time," he said. "The cheque you so cleverly forged my name to was suspected."

As a rule one uses his cheque straight-forward, and it would have answered your purpose better had you not clumsily supposed it would avert suspicion, and used the last in the book."

In vain I protested—threatened—demanded a clear explanation. Mr. Heron simply ignored my request, and sternly pointed to the door. "Go," he said, "and never darken my door again. Once your father befriended me, and for the memory of that I let you go free."

Mr. Heron's stern face is the last thing I distinctly remember. I have a hazy recollection of putting on my coat and hat, walking through the inner office amongst the clerks, who eyed me curiously, and of walking the whole of Princess street. I could not realise what had happened; it came upon me with such a shock that I felt dazed and stupid.

Suddenly I thought of Murdoch. Murdoch was a lawyer in Glasgow. We had been fast friends since the day we both entered the same office—raw country lads we were, too. From the very first we drew together. We shared the same rooms for three years, then Murdoch left for Glasgow, and I remained with Mr. Heron. I resolved at once to go to Murdoch, tell him the whole story, and get his advice.

I could not go home; my mother would have broken her heart to know her only son was suspected of being a thief. I turned my steps to the Waverley Station and took train for Glasgow, via Polmont. By this time my head was aching, and I was thankful to lean back on the cushions and shut my eyes. My fellow-passengers were an old lady, with a curious black bonnet—something like the ones worn by the Sisters of Mercy; an old, foreign-looking gentleman; a young mother with two children; and plain-looking, quietly-dressed girl, who was seated in the corner opposite me. My head was throbbing frightfully, and I lay back in ending to sleep if possible.

But just as we emerged from the first tunnel I was roused from my lethargy by a curious change that had taken place. I could have sworn that when I entered the train at Edinburgh the carriage contained but two children—now there were three. I puzzled over the third child till my brain ached. I rubbed my eyes, shut them, looked again, but no, there sat the third child grinning at me in an idiotic fashion.

When I regained consciousness I was in a strange room. It was dark, and everything had a dim-like look, but gradually my eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, and I saw a girl seated in an arm-chair, gazing into the fire. I had seen her before, but where I could not remember.

"Where am I?" I asked her, as she glanced across to the bed. As I spoke she started violently, and came across to the bedside. "You are with friends," she said, "but you must not speak, you will know all about it when you are a little better."

"Have I been ill?" I enquired. "Yes," she replied; "very ill, but you are now out of danger." Just then the door opened, and the doctor entered. "Well, young man," he said, grimly, "so we are to pull you through after all."

"Doctor," I begged eagerly, "tell me how all this happened. Where am I? Who brought me here?" "Just you let all these questions rest for the present," replied the doctor. "Try and sleep, and rest with the assurance that all is well—tomorrow, if you are strong enough, you shall be enlightened."

I was too weak to protest. A feeling of rest and peace gradually stole over me, and I fell asleep. Next morning I felt very much stronger, and gradually memory returned. I remembered perfectly my cruel dismissal, my leaving for Glasgow, the blood-curdling episodes of the journey, then a blank till my awakening in my present position—what was in between was a mystery to me, and by the time the doctor arrived I was in a perfect fever of impatience. At last he entered the room, and I began at once.

"Doctor," I said, "now you must tell me what has happened. I shall never get well till I know the meaning of this." For answer the doctor seated himself by the bedside and took my hand. "Young man," he began, "didn't I tell you not to trouble yourself about anything?"

"Yes, doctor," I answered, "but I can't help troubling myself. If you only knew—" "I know all about it," interrupted he, "and just you lie quiet till I tell you. You left Mr. Heron's office on the 21st of June, exactly seven weeks ago."

"Seven weeks!" I shouted, in redoubt, sitting up in sheer amazement. "Lie down at once," said the doctor, sharply, "or you will hear no more. You left the office, as I said, seven weeks ago, took train for Glasgow, fainted in the carriage, and here you are."

"And what about the old man that was murdered?" I enquired. The doctor started. "What old man?" he asked, in surprise. Then I related the experiences of that awful journey to him. The doctor listened patiently till I had finished, then said— "My dear fellow, you have had a very severe attack of brain fever—it must have been begun even then. There was certainly no murder. Miss Arneston was travelling from Edinburgh to Glasgow, and in the last tunnel you brushed past her, intending, she thought, to throw yourself from the window. By a superhuman effort she pulled you back, and on arriving at Buchanan street, you being in a dead faint, she called a cab, and, like a sensible girl, brought you direct to her mother's house."

"They knew nothing about you for over a week, then I noticed a paragraph in the papers about the mysterious disappearance of a young man. As the description given answered exactly to you, I communicated with Mr. Heron, who was advertising in all the papers for you, and also with a Mr. Murdoch, who has been here every day. Now, Mr. Heron can explain the rest himself."

"Mr. Heron," I repeated, in amazement at the doctor's rose. "I promised to telegraph whenever you were well enough to see him. I did so this morning, and he arrived an hour ago, accompanied by your mother, who has also been ill."

The doctor left the room, and in a few minutes returned with Mr. Heron and my mother. Mother burst into tears, and Mr. Heron seemed deeply moved. "John Blair," he said huskily, "I have come to beg your forgiveness. I shall explain shortly how it all happened, meantime it is enough to know that all is cleared up, and I shall strive to atone to you for what you have suffered."

I was about to speak, when the doctor coolly ordered me to hold my tongue and try and go to sleep. I mended rapidly after this. Mother and Miss Arneston nursed me, and in another week I was sitting at the fireside. One afternoon Mr. Heron appeared. Mother rose and left the room—evidently knowing he had come for a talk.

Mr. Heron had a painful story to tell me. For a long time his only son had been living a very fast life. Again and again Mr. Heron paid his debts, but at length he refused him everything save his allowance, which was a handsome one. By dint of careful planning John Heron had got access to his father's room and by means of a false key had opened his desk, and, of course,

in a very short time everything was in confusion. But his last act was the most atrocious. Not only had he forged his father's name, but by cleverly laid plans he fixed the blame on me. By means of scraps of paper purposely torn up in my room, a blotting-pad with his father's name many times there, and many other trivial ways, suspicion could hardly fail to rest on me.

But John Heron's reckless life had had a sad ending. Only the day after my dismissal he had been out driving with a party of young fellows as wild and reckless as himself. The horse bolted—one young man was killed on the spot, John living long enough to tell his father of his cowardly crime, and obtain his forgiveness.

Mr. Heron finished his tale with bowed head and husky voice, and my heart ached for the old man in his trouble. Nothing more was said, and in a few weeks I was back in the office. But some- how business seemed to take me pretty often to Glasgow. Murdoch gave me many a sly hit; he had guessed my secret at once, for Margaret Arneston's plain face was the one face in the world to me.

By and by Mr. Heron saw how matters stood, and soon I had a snug little home to offer Margaret. The object of the cheque was never again mentioned between us, but I was repaid over and over again for the agony I had endured in the three tunnels.

A FAMOUS BLACK LIST. The "Index Expurgatorius," That Included the Works of Hugo and Balzac. Many people must often have wondered what the "Index Expurgatorius," really is—that famous "black list," which has numbered among its names those of Balzac, Renan, Victor Hugo, Voltaire, and more recently M. Zola.

The "Index" is a committee of priests who report to a body of cardinals chosen by the Pope, and has been in existence for three hundred and fifty years. Its function is to read all new books which bear, directly or indirectly, on faith, or morals, or ecclesiastical discipline, or civil society.

Its sentences are of three kinds. Either the book is prohibited absolutely, in which case he who reads or sells it may be disciplined by the church; or it is allowed to be read only by priests, who are supposed to be contagion-proof; or the judgment of the "Index" is suspended, in order to afford the author an opportunity of amending the offensive passages.

The object of the institution was to suppress the publication of protestant or anti-romanist doctrines; and as, at the time of its establishment, it was a doctrine of the church that the earth did not move, there were a good many books which fell under the ban of the "Index."

At the beginning of this century, when liberal views penetrated the church and Vatican, the office of clerical expurgator became a sinecure. But when Pius VII. returned to Rome after his captivity, he was embittered against liberalism, and he revived the "Index" in full vigor. Under his direction, a complete list of books which were under the ban was compiled and published; and ever since then an annual supplement has appeared.

"MISS S. S. S." The Young Man Had "a Sweetheart's Name Upon His Arm." Apropos of the song "A Sweetheart's Name Tattooed upon the Arm," which has been so much applauded by St. John audiences lately, the following anecdote is of interest: He was young and debonnaire, and wore a pink shirt, and a well bred air, and was seen about the docks looking for an old sailor. "Any old sailor will do," he remarked confidentially to a big man, who abstracted his confidence and the object of his quest in the same breath, "because all I want is to have some tattoo marks taken out of my arm."

When the tugman informed him that those India ink punctures would stick closer to him than a blood relation, and would be filed, the masher was aghast. "What in the world am I going to do?" he said, in despair. "There's a heart and two arrows and a girl's initials on my arm, and I want to get them off. I've got to get rid of these letters anyway." The girl ran away last week with another fellow, and they're enjoying the honeymoon now. I must get another girl, and I don't want to sleep with a married woman's monogram just above my elbow."

The case was truly a pitiable one, and the generous heart of the tugman was touched. "I'll tell you what you've got to do," he exclaimed; "you must find another girl to suit those initials."

When last seen the tattooed man was in search of a damsel who would answer to the initials "S. S. S."

A New Forest. The beneficial effects of a judicious system of tree planting have been very marked in the case of desolate Yorkshire moor near the large manufacturing city, Leeds England. Ten years ago, according to the London Timber Trades Journal, this moor was a bleak, wind-swept tract of ground, as barren and useless as could well be conceived. The place was shunned by all, and was of absolutely no value in any way. Now however trees have been planted, and this cheerless waste has been converted into a place of pleasure, with charming sylvan scenery, and it is known as Woodhouse Moor Forest.

The Child and the Man. Once upon a time it chanced that a child accosted a man, saying: "Papa, may we play in the street?" The man replied and spoke: "I should say not. To-day is Sunday." And the child came back at the man presently, and quoth: "But papa, we will call it a sacred concert." And the man said nothing, since there was nothing to say.

A JAPANESE STORY. Told by a Native of Japan to an Audience in Rochester.

At Y. M. C. A. hall, Rochester, on Sunday afternoon, Yatsuo Okano, a Japanese, told the following story to a large audience: "Once upon a time there lived in a little hamlet in Japan a young couple. They had one child, a beautiful little girl, whom both loved very dearly. It came to pass while the child was still a baby girl that the father was obliged to take a long journey to the far-distant city. It was too far for him to take his wife and child, so he left them at home and travelled alone."

"In that great city he saw many new things, which, having lived in the peaceful little hamlet up among the mountains all his life, he had never seen before. He desired to take home to his wife some of these new things which seemed to him so wonderful. And the most wonderful gift he could take, it seemed to him, was a mirror. He wished to take home to his wife the pleasure and surprise he had experienced when he first looked into a mirror. So he took one home to his wife."

"When he arrived home he gave the present to his wife, and for the first time she looked into a mirror. 'What do you see?' her husband asked. She replied: 'I declare! I see a very pretty woman. She wears her hair just as I do mine, and she smiles and moves her lips as if she were talking to me.' Her husband told her that the mirror was a present for her and he hoped she would use it every day. But the wife thought it far too beautiful and rare and costly a gift to use every day; so she put it carefully away and never spoke about it to the little daughter, who grew more beautiful and more like her mother every day."

"By-and-by a great misfortune fell upon that little household. The wife and mother fell sick and it was soon evident that she must die. As she lay upon her death bed she called her little daughter to her and told her that she was going to lose her mother forever. She could point to no future life after death, in which they should be reunited. But the love and simplicity of her heart she did the best she could; she told her little daughter about the wonderful mirror. 'After I am dead,' she said, 'take down that box and look into the mirror that it contains. There you will see my face. And I want you to look into the mirror every day, that you may never forget your mother and that you may grow like me, more and more, every day.'

"So the mother died. The little girl did as she had been told, and in the wonderful mirror she thought she saw her mother's face, young and beautiful, not as she had seen her, pale and ill as she lay dying, but fair and fresh as she had looked before the fatal illness. And the little girl looked into the mirror every day, and thought of her mother and her many lovely ways, and so it came about that she grew to be more and more like her mother as the years went on."

Statistics. 'My good man,' said the severe lady, 'have you ever stopped to think how much money is wasted each year for tobacco and rum?'

'No, mum, I ain't,' answered the object. 'It's takin' all my time just now to figger out how many poor families could be supported off the price of the extra cloth women puts in their sleeves.'

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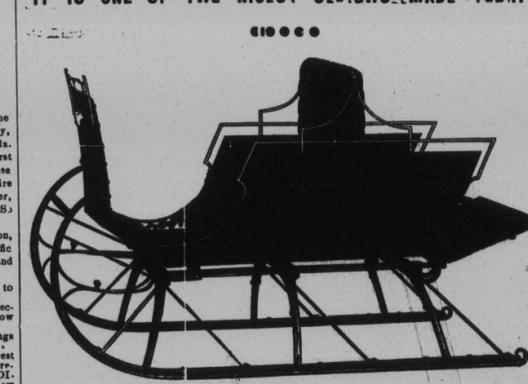
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Sunday Reading.

PLAY AS A MEANS OF EDUCATION.

It is gratifying to know that men interested in education are devoting their attention to an animal with an individual nature and with inherited capacities and tendencies that cannot be stifled, and that no one should attempt to mould into uniformity all tendencies and capacities of the other members of the race. There was a time when the Chinese used to amuse themselves by putting infants into jars and allowing them to remain there till they had grown up to fill every curve and corner of the vessel. Then the jar was broken and the poor little distorted creature was released and taught to walk. He was a perfect reproduction of the form of the jar. He was a success as a monstrosity, but a miserable failure as a man. The Chinese jar method has been too common in our schools. The recent demand for larger play grounds attached to schools of Brooklyn and for a play ground for all the children in the city indicates the growth of a feeling that it is important that some attention shall be given to the development of the bodies of the children, and they should be allowed to develop in the way that Nature intended and not in some way that some man has ordered. The value of play in the system of modern education has attracted the attention of a writer in number of the Educational Review New York. He calls attention to the fact that play is the real work of childhood and that each child seeks expression of itself in the form of play which it selects. Education should foster this desire in the child and should strive to assist in all its effort of self-expression.

The play movement in Germany has attracted the attention of teachers. There was a time when the German schools made no allowance for the desire of the children to amuse themselves and there were prominent men connected with the school system who said that conditions of life were such in Germany that the time would never come when time would be allowed for play. This prophecy has proved false, for to-day the Germans are teaching the children through their games. When the nation concluded that it should change its methods of government appointed a committee to go to England where sport was popular and to watch the games of the people and select those which should be best adapted to Germany. As result of the work of the committee more than four hundred cities and towns of Germany have opened public play grounds in which games are provided for people of all ages. There are sand heaps in which the children shovel and grounds marked out for ball for the older boys and quieter games for the girls.

It is important that America should follow the example of the Germans. We devote too little time to play. We are nervous and spend all our energies in serious business. As children we did not play enough and as men we have forgotten how to play. Football may be brutal, but it is better that the young men in college should break one another's bones in that game than that they should spend their youth boring their eyes out over books. The race needs relaxation. It will last longer and be stronger and happier for it. If we teach the children how to play and if we encourage them in their sports by preparing grounds for them instead of shutting them in badly ventilated basements in the schoolhouses the next generation will be more joyous and healthier than the present one.

PSEUDO-SCIENTIFIC LECTURES.

The Athletic Hanger-on of Science who Give Popular Lectures.

Of the many pests of the times, one of the worst is the atheistic hanger-on of science who gives popular lectures. Ignorant of first principles, unscrupulous in his assertions, he will lose no time in attacking religion. He does not know whether there is a God or not; but he does know that man, body and soul, came from an ape. There is no certainty that our senses tell us the truth, yet there is no knowledge but from observation. The processes of life are but the action of mechanical forces. An idea is nothing but a glorified sensation. Idiocy is a reversion; free-will a delusion; crime, a disease; religion, an emotion.

Glib, brilliant, convincing, he speaks with the authority of a philosopher, the fire of the patriot, the constancy of the martyr. The average lecture-goer does not suspect that he is getting stones for bread. He sees the man petted and flattered. The plain fact that the hero is but a quack does not occur to him.

What are the logical consequences of this teaching? If there be neither God nor free-will why waste our time in canting about the nobility of self-restraint? "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." Let us deny ourselves nothing (for what is law but a tyranny?) and if society in self-defence rises against us, it is easy to put ourselves beyond its reach. There is no law in this argument if the premises be sound. The ghostly record of suicides shows how many already practice this doctrine in part. The time is

at hand when we shall have the whole programme carried out on a grand scale with logical cynicism.

CHURCH NEWS.

Episcopalians.
At the last meeting of the Clerical Association of this city a paper on theological study was read by Rev. George Schofield, upon which there was a very interesting discussion.

The ancient custom of evening communion was re-established in St. John's church in this city on the last Sunday of 1894, at the request of a large number of the parishioners. 68 communicants were present.

At Holbrook, England, on a recent Sabbath, the Wesleyans in a body went to the parish church, and their minister, Rev. Mr. Faraday, read the lessons for the day, the sermon being preached by the rector, Rev. Mr. Carruthers.

Roman Catholic.

It is said that the decorations of St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, in connection with the funeral of the late Sir John Thomson cost \$10,000.

A silver headed cane and a gold watch furnished practical proof to the Rev. A. D. Cormier that his services were appreciated by his Dorchester friends.

While France is regarded as a Roman Catholic country, nearly 8,000,000 of the people at the last census "declined to make any declaration of religious belief."

Madame Regan, of Cole de Lac, province of Quebec, has recently abjured protestantism and been received into the church at that place. At midnight mass the new convert received her first communion.

The vacancy in the staff of St. Joseph's college, Memramcook, caused by the departure of Rev. Mr. Chabot has been filled by Rev. Mr. Dumas of Sherbrooke. The number of students has largely increased since the holiday vacation.

According to a Roman Catholic layman writing from England the members of his church are, in the United Kingdom, 1,500,000 fewer than they were fifty years ago. From twenty-six per cent. of the population they have fallen to sixteen.

The Pope's Encyclical about to be published will order the transference of all matters of internal interest in the United States from the control of the Propaganda in an American Ecclesiastical Council of which Mgr. Satolli is to be the head. The document speaks very kindly of American institutions and of the form of government established in that country.

Presbyterians.

The presbyterians of Fairville and vicinity have Sabbath service in the Orange hall.

The Rev. Dr. Mathews, secretary of the presbyterian alliance, England, has succeeded in bringing the scattered churches of South Africa into one synod.

It is proposed to establish a fire insurance company in connection with the Irish General Assembly with a guarantee fund of \$50,000, the profits to be devoted to church purposes.

The induction of the Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick as pastor of the church at Kincaidine took place on the 9th inst. in the presence of a large congregation. Rev. Messrs. Pringle, Fiske and Whiteside took part in the exercises.

Rev. Dr. Talmage does not propose to be idle. He began with the New Year to hold services in the Academy of music on Fourteenth st., New York, and will continue to preach there on Sunday afternoons at four o'clock. He does not propose to organize a church but simply to preach at an hour that will not interfere with the regular services held in the neighborhood.

Baptist.

An address and a handsome fur coat were presented to the Rev. Mr. Addison, by his Salisbury friends a few days ago.

Reveries are in progress at Weldon, Havelock, New Canaan, and sundry other places, and quite a number of persons have professed faith in Jesus.

Rev. A. Freeman is much pleased with the people of Sheffield and Mangerville, and among their many kindnesses to himself and family were recent donations which amounted to \$100.

On the 6th inst., the new church at Salmon Creek, Queen's county, was dedicated. The sermon was preached by the Rev. A. B. Macdonald, and Revs. Messrs. S. D. Ervin, Worden, Coombs, and Wiggins were also in attendance. The congregation was very large.

At the annual meeting of the Pastor's college connected with the church of which Rev. C. H. Sprague was so long the pastor, it was stated that since the college was started thirty-eight years ago, 787 men had been sent out and were now at work, of who 656 were now baptist pastors, missionaries and evangelists.

The Baptist Boys' brigade is assuming large proportions in Brooklyn, New York. In the Greenwood church battalion about 50 of the boys have been baptized, and

about 100 are in attendance at church on Sunday morning—and as they march to seats reserved for them they sing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

The annual report of the Main St. baptist church, of which the Rev. Mr. Gordon is pastor, shows the affairs of the church to be in a very satisfactory condition. Over \$2,500 had been raised during the year and \$2,459 had been expended. The membership is 500, of whom 180 had been added during the year. The pastor had made 2000 pastoral calls and had spoken at 500 meetings. Arrangements have been made for the erection of a new church.

In the death of the Rev. Dr. Hopper, which occurred in this city on the evening of the 12th inst., the denomination has lost one of its ablest and most highly respected ministers. He has filled some of the most important positions in the gift of the church, and as editor of the Visitor, principal of the St. Martins seminary and pastor of some of the leading churches commanded respect and confidence. He is thus spoken of by one of the daily papers: "He was an able writer, a good thinker, a logical speaker, a powerful and eloquent preacher, a kind friend, a dutiful husband and father and a model christian in every respect. He was in the 54th year of his age, and leaves a widow and three sons and four daughters to mourn their loss."

Methodist.

The Methodist year book gives the number of ministers as 43,503, and members as 6,456,902.

Rev. Mr. Mathews, of Peteticodiac, has been presented by his friends with a handsome gold watch.

Rev. Dr. Kelly, of the M. E. church, south, recently delivered a thanksgiving address in the Hebrew temple in Nashville. This is said to be the first time that a Methodist minister has officiated in a Hebrew place of worship.

The mission fund of the Methodist Episcopal church has a falling off for the past year of over \$58,000. The committee however at its last meeting decided to make no deduction from the grants of the previous year, having faith in the ability and willingness of the people to raise the needed amount.

The English Wesleyans have a foreign missionary club room at Highbury, London, for foreign missionaries on furlough and their families. A large and well furnished room is set apart for the children, and at present there are nearly forty missionaries making the establishment their temporary home.

The new church at Fairville was dedicated on Sabbath last, and the day was one long to be remembered by the Methodists of the town. The officiating clergymen were the Rev. Mr. Chapman, D. D., of Woodstock, and Rev. Messrs. Corey and Marshall. The services were of a highly interesting character, and the sermons preached in the above order were excellent and appropriate. The church is 54 feet by 33, with a recess for the choir 18x15. The basement is 38x40 with five large class rooms, and the whole is heated with hot air furnaces. The pews are of white wood, run circularly and are of neat design, and the church is lighted with electric incandescents.

General Religions.

Prayer meetings by the Stundists are forbidden under penalty by the Russian government.

The British museum has no less than 700 theological books written concerning the creation of the world.

The chief justice of the court of Japan is a christian, and is president of the Y. M. C. association of Tokio.

Rev. Hudson Taylor, of the China inland mission, estimates that more than 100,000,000 of the Chinese are addicted to the use of opium.

The first book printed from movable types was a Latin copy of the bible, issued from the press of Faust and Gutenberg, at Mentz, between 1450 and 1455.

The Gilbert Islands, recently annexed to Great Britain, are the scene of a prosperous mission. Conversions are numerous and old heathen cruelties are being vigorously prevented.

The American Board of Foreign Missions has received from the Spanish government the sum of some \$18,000 for the loss of property inflicted upon it by the authorities of the island of Pong, some years ago.

The directors of the London Missionary society have 19 men and four women ready for mission work, but have no funds available for their support, and have issued an appeal to the friends of the society to help them out of this embarrassing position.

The late Dr. Goodell, son of a missionary to Turkey, left to the American Board of Foreign Missions the sum of \$50,000; the same amount to the Medical department of the university of Pennsylvania and \$10,000 to the College of Physicians, Philadelphia.

The 75th anniversary of the N. B. Branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society was held in St. David's presbyterian church on the evening of the 10th inst. The chair was occupied by John E. Irvine, Esq., and the speakers were Revs. Dickey,

Bruce, Gordon and Marshall. From the report it was learned that about 4,000,000 copies of the bible had been circulated in over 300 languages. The addresses were brief, earnest and telling. The music was of a high order and the audience a very large and attentive one.

Messages of Help for the Week.

"And they stood up in their place, and read in the book of the law of the Lord their God one fourth part of the day; and another fourth part they confessed, and worshipped the Lord their God." Nehemiah 9: 3.

"O God, be not far from me. O my God, make haste for my help." Psalm 71: 12.

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." Psalm 103: 12.

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined." Isaiah 9: 2.

"O Lord, thou art my God; I will exalt thee, I will praise thy name; for thou hast done wonderful things thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat." Isaiah 25: 1-4.

"The grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee: they that go down into the pit cannot hope for thy truth. The living, the living, he shall praise thee." Isaiah 38: 18: 19.

"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who only doeth wonderful things, and blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory, amen, amen." Psalm 73: 18: 19.

A Story of Mr. Gladstone.

This story of Mr. Gladstone and the crossing-sweeper was told to Dr. Hall by Francis Crossley who had it from the vicar of St. Martins in the Fields, to which church Mr. Gladstone used to go when living in Carleton terrace. The incident occurred when Mr. Gladstone was chancellor of the Exchequer:

The vicar had recently been to see a crossing-sweeper in his parish who was ill. Asking him if anyone had been to see him the sweeper replied: "Yes, Mr. Gladstone." "Which Mr. Gladstone?" asked the vicar. "Mr. Gladstone," replied the poor invalid. "But how came he to see you?" enquired the vicar. "Well," answered the crossing-sweeper, "he always had a nice word for me when he passed my crossing, and when I was not there he missed me. He asked my mate who has taken my place, where I was, and when he heard I was ill he asked for my address, and when they told him he put it down on paper. So he called to see me." "And what did he do?" asked the vicar. "Why he read some Bible to me and prayed," was the reply.

AM DYEING.

I am dyeing, Edith, dyeing,
Tints of crimson, bright and fast;
Shades, too, dark as Pluto's regions,
And they cannot help but last.
Let me tell you how I do it,
Let me whisper in your ear,
Diamond Dyes is all my secret;
You can do the same, my dear.

Though my clothes get worn and dingy
And with stains are spotted o'er,
Though they look as fit for nothing,
I can make them good once more.
Though I have not many dollars
To expend on garments new,
I can dress as well as any,
And I know that you can, too.

Let not fashion's servile minions
Scorn the garments thus made o'er;
'Twas no dyer's hand that made them,
I have done the same before.
I, who took my last year's dresses,
Washed and dyed, and pressed and turned,
Made them o'er for this year's wearing—
Gowns for which the heart had yearned.

Yes, I'm dyeing, Edith, dyeing;
No, you do not need to go;
You're not hindered me a moment;
'Tis not hard to do, you know.
Now, so more one needs to wonder
How to make their dresses do;
When with such a little trouble,
'Diamond' makes them good as new.

Coughing Yet?
BEWARE! Take heed before too late.
CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE has cured many. Why not try it? It is recommended by doctors as a modern scientific combination of several powerful curatives. A trial bottle will soothe, a regular treatment will cure your cough.
AT ALL DRUGGISTS.
K. CAMPBELL & CO., Montreal.

Turkeys,
CHICKENS, GOOSE AND DUCKS.

Dean's Sausages.
Ham, Bacon, Cured Pork and Lard, Canned, Spiced and all Vegetables.
Annapolis Co., N. B. Beef, King's Co., N. B., Lamb, Ontario Fresh Pork.
THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

BUY
CHOCOLATES
G.B. MARK
See that
G.B. MARK
Stamped on every G. B. Chocolate.

"Time Saved is Money Earned."
YOU CAN SAVE TIME BY USING THE
DUPLOGRAPHER,
...THE RAPID PRINTER...

A Duplographer having the following points of excellence:—
Never requires washing or re-milling and is used without rollers or stencils.
Gives 100 to 150 copies from one writing with our SPECIAL Duplographing Ink, and 75 to 100 copies with our ordinary ink.
50 to 75 copies from the typewriter using the common copying ribbon or pad. To save delay each printer has two (2) or more plates for copying. The simplicity and ease with which copies of Letters, Circulars, Price Lists, Reports, Plans, Drawings, Specifications, Music, etc., can be reproduced in various colors at one operation should recommend its general use and adoption.
The only Copying device having an ink-absorbing pad. After using the case is closed and ink will settle through the plate and is absorbed by the pad beneath.

THE CHEAPEST! THE HANDIEST! THE BEST!
Good Agents wanted at once. Address all orders to
IRA CORNWALL,
General Agent for the Dominion of Canada,
Board of Trade Building, St. John, N. B.

WORDS OF WEIGHT AND WISDOM.

Canada's Well-known Railroad Contractor, Mr.
J. W. Dinwoodie, III.

Treated By Several Doctors and Tried Nearly Every Proprietary Medicine—Got Very Little Benefit—Was Influenced to Use South American Nerveine—Found Immediate Relief—
"The Nervousness Has Entirely Left My System."
"I Will Never Be Without It In My Home."



Men of affairs usually weigh their words. They are not of that class of people who carry their hearts upon their sleeves. One of the best known men of affairs in Canada is Mr. J. W. Dinwoodie, the large railroad contractor, evidence of whose work is to be found in all parts of the Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to chain one section of our vast Dominion with another and bring its people into easy touch with each other through the medium of the iron horse, as Mr. Dinwoodie has in a short lifetime done, is a work of which any man may be proud. Hard and brainy labor, however, is necessary to success in this character, and the strongest constitutions are in danger of breaking down under the strain. It has been so with Mr. Dinwoodie. The great thought that he has had to give to his work, and the care and responsibility that it has carried with it finally told on his constitution, and he became a victim of nervous troubles, his liver and kidneys becoming seriously diseased.

Naturally he consulted a medical man. Comparatively no relief was obtained. He changed his doctor, and did not stop with one, two or three physicians, but he got no better. Various proprietary medicines were recommended, and, as he says himself, "I tried them all, but got very little benefit. Last fall I was camping out, and I was feeling very ill. I happened to pick up a paper with the advertisement for South American Nerveine. I determined to give it a trial, and procured a bottle from the local druggist. After having taken but a few doses I found very great relief. The severe pain that I had been suffering in the small of my back left me and the nervousness that had rendered me, in a large measure, unfit for work, has as a result of the continued use of Nerveine, become banished from my system. I am now able to enjoy refreshing sleep the night through. I keep South American Nerveine always in the house, and I do not hesitate to say that it is the very best medicine I have ever taken, and most confidently recommend it to anyone troubled with nervousness of whatever form and the attendant diseases of the liver and stomach that follow this weakness."

The important fact can not be too often emphasized that South American Nerveine cures all the nerve centers, from which emanate all diseases. This being an undoubted scientific truth, fully and perfectly demonstrated by science, it is never an experiment to use Nerveine, but in this remedy is always found a certain cure.

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Hasen J. Dick, 148 Charlotte St.; Clinton Brown & Co., Cor. Sidney and Union; E. J. Mahoney, 28 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

It seems strange that fashion should dictate to us even in our grief, and prescribe just the duration and extent of our mourning, but I am afraid it is true that from the cradle to the grave fashions have a hand in all our doings. Even on the subject of death is done away with. The clergyman is often robed in his surplice, the barrister in his silk gown, while others wear their ordinary costume, and though many old-fashioned people object to this very strongly and prefer white garments even for a man

one must have observed the heavy glue-like smell of crepe which is so sickening in hot weather, and must be so injurious when inhaled constantly and yet that martyr to a somewhat-unknown has set unmoved through the service, and not appeared to suffer as much from the heat as others, who were breathing pure air instead of atmosphere strained through crepe, and sickly with dye, and glue. Surely it must be true, that one can get accustomed to anything in time! I know that crepe is a most becoming material and very beautiful besides, but then it is both expensive and perishable, as well as unhealthy, so it is a blessing in every way that a substitute has been found for it in the last three or four years, and an especial blessing that the substitute is too opaque to be worn over the face, so that the long veil of closely woven silk tissue which has replaced the crepe one, is now thrown back, and draped artistically over the bonnet, while the face veil is of plain net trimmed with crepe.



NEW STREET COSTUMES.

The gown on the right is of brown covert cloth with bands of passementerie-braid down the front and trimming the waist. The central figure is in a gown of brown v. latus, trimmed with a rich passementerie bordered on both sides with a wide lace. The costume in the background is a gray cloth richly braided with soutache. The cape is trimmed in the same way.

ject of preparing us for our last resting place, the prevailing mode has to be observed, and due attention paid to the rules which govern such occasions.

Some of these customs have become most happily modified of late years, and much of the repulsiveness of death has passed away with the change. For instance, instead of the ghastly and harrowing shroud, or grave clothes, the body of the departed one is prepared for the grave in a manner which is as little suggestive of the charnel house and as much like the ordinary appearance presented in life, as possible. The body of a woman is often prepared for burial clad in a pretty nightdress, and with a soft, fleecy shawl folded gracefully and naturally about the shoulders, almost as if the wearer had dropped into a gentle sleep, lying upon her own bed. A long soft wrapper of white cashmere, really made and put on, not merely tucked in at

to take his long last sleep in, I think the change a blessed one.

This is a dismal subject I know, but then I very seldom choose dreary subjects, and since we must all die some time and be—hope-mourning for, I should scarcely be doing my duty as a fashion writer if I did not occasionally give my readers a little information concerning mourning and mourning customs.

To begin with the deepest mourning of all, the widow's, it is a matter of congratulation that common sense and a due regard for the laws of health combined have succeeded in banishing the long dreadful crepe veil hanging from the bonnet to the foot of the dress, over the face, which was once considered an essential part of a widow's costume. If there was a relic of barbarism permitted to exist in civilized times, I think it was the widow's veil! I have sat in church on a broiling Sunday



WALKING COSTUME AND EVENING GOWN.

The pretty evening gown on the right is of pale pink Fayette silk with gasfacing in three rows on the skirt. There is a moire belt and ribbons on the shoulder, over the lace bertha. The costume on the left is of two toned chevrot. The cape is of black moire with velvet figures applique. The collar is entirely of ostrich plumes and there is a bordering of the same.

the back, and extending a little below the waist in the terrible sham fashion of old, is another sensible innovation.

Formerly, a man was swathed in dismal ornaments, which were almost as ghastly as the traditional winding sheet, but now his friends see him as he appeared in life, and half the repulsiveness of the idea of

in July clad in the coolest of gowns and suffering from the heat in spite of cool clothing and vigorous use of a fan while near me has been a young widow weighed down with tight heavy garments of Henrietta cloth and crepe and literally suffocating beneath the folds of unhealthy, close-smelling crepe which shrouded her face like a pall. Every-

one must have observed the heavy glue-like smell of crepe which is so sickening in hot weather, and must be so injurious when inhaled constantly and yet that martyr to a somewhat-unknown has set unmoved through the service, and not appeared to suffer as much from the heat as others, who were breathing pure air instead of atmosphere strained through crepe, and sickly with dye, and glue. Surely it must be true, that one can get accustomed to anything in time! I know that crepe is a most becoming material and very beautiful besides, but then it is both expensive and perishable, as well as unhealthy, so it is a blessing in every way that a substitute has been found for it in the last three or four years, and an especial blessing that the substitute is too opaque to be worn over the face, so that the long veil of closely woven silk tissue which has replaced the crepe one, is now thrown back, and draped artistically over the bonnet, while the face veil is of plain net trimmed with crepe.

Simple as the arrangement of these silk veils may look, it is by no means an easy matter to put them properly on a bonnet, indeed it takes a skilled milliner to adjust them. The bonnet itself should be as



THE LATEST IN WAISTS.

The figure on the right shows a dark blue velvet corsage with an Eton jacket and a dark skirt with ermine. The belt and collar are of pale blue. The figure on the left shows a dinner costume, the waist being curiously draped and trimmed with lace. The skirt is heavily draped.

small as possible and fit closely to the head, the folds of the veil being all that is required in the shape of trimming, though some of this winter's newest mourning bonnets show ugly little wings of stiffly wired crepe at the sides, and even bows and loops of the same, but they have found very little favor with people of good taste.

The little hat, for everyday wear, which is always included in the mourning outfit, is of felt, or dull straw, according to the season, and is trimmed with crepe, or mourning silk, but jet, or even the so-called mourning flowers are never in good taste, until the wearer has laid aside her crepe, and lightened her mourning decidedly.

Certain materials are set apart almost exclusively as mourning dress goods, and of course Henrietta cloth heads the list for best, and also for summer wear, but there are other fabrics quite as suitable and less expensive. Dead black serge is very much used for street costumes, as crepe trimmed dresses are not considered out of place on the street, and for lighter wear nun's veiling is very popular. For the house, crepe still reigns without a rival and crepe bodies with huge sleeves are worn with perfectly plain skirts of Henrietta cloth. Another style of bodice which is very popular is made of French jilet bengaline, or some of the other dead black silks, and trimmed with pipings and narrow folds of crepe.

This bodice is very convenient, and can be worn appropriately with either a cloth, or crepe skirt, or even, when the mourning is lightened, with a skirt of plain silk, slightly trimmed with crepe.

Dinner dresses made entirely of crepe, are spoken of in the latest fashion reports, and the fact of their being out quite de-colleto is mentioned, but I confess I cannot understand what business any woman who was in sufficiently deep mourning to wear a crepe dress, had at a dinner party, the fact of her attending any such festivity was an insult to the dress she wore.

It is a good thing to remember that certain materials even though the color may be black, never have been, and never will be mourning, even though lavishly trimmed with crepe. Thus a velvet dress trimmed to the knee with crepe, is merely a grotesque combination of two opposing elements, and a gown of lustre, alpaca, or any broad material, is no more mourning-

ing than a green, or navy blue cloth would be.

In furs, the choice for mourning is very limited. Persian lamb, dogskin, black fox, and lynx are the only furs which can really be called mourning in the strictest sense, and though seal has been included, by courtesy, as it were, the very decided tone of brown which even the blackest seal skin

work his head would swim round, and he would have these attacks two or three times a day.

"I felt so low-spirited and miserable," he says, "that I didn't know what to do," which we can easily believe. "I consulted a doctor," he tells us, "who said I had congestion of the liver, and he gave me a medicine that helped me for a time. I also took liver pills, but felt none the better for it.

"In this state I continued for four years, trying forwards and backwards after some medicine adapted to my case, but without coming upon it. In January of this year (1892) it was that I first heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and began to use it. After I had taken two bottles, the bad symptoms abated, my appetite began to come back, the dizzy spells returned no more, and now I can eat any thing and am well as ever. You may make my letter public if you think it would do good, and I will gladly answer inquiries. Yours truly (Signed) EDWARD JAMES GRANT (milk dealer), 43, Vestry Road, Camberwell, London, S. E., December 6th, 1892."

The trouble began in this way: The stomach being first overloaded and overworked, struck part of its business and sent a lot of half-digested stuff on to the liver. The latter organ resented this, and refused to handle it, for you must remember that all food must first pass through it. So the liver, having taken a "day off," as we say, stopped gathering bile from the blood to help the bowels. The bile, consequently, stayed in the blood, and set on foot all the mischief which made our good friend so miserable he didn't know what to do.

Luckily for him, and for all of us, Mother Seigel knew what to do, and put her knowledge in the form of the wonderful remedy which has immortalized her name. He heard of it, used it, and was cured of his dyspepsia and his liver complaint at the same time. And inasmuch as most of our unhappiness arises from unhealthiness, Mr. Grant's spirits soon became what every well man's spirits ought to be—light and buoyant. On this result he will please accept our sincere congratulations.

ANCIENT DANCES.

The Greeks Were Perhaps the Greatest Dancers Ever Seen.

The earliest description of dancing which we can make anything out of—for vagueness are particularly useless in the present subject—is the account of the dance on the shield of Achilles. Youths and maidens danced in a ring there, holding one another by the hand. They spun round and round like a potter's wheel; the effect of this might be represented by loosening the top of a round table and setting it twirling round. Evidently this primitive dance was nothing more nor less than the "jiggering" of children at the present day, who keep up the tradition of this most ancient form of dance when they take one another's hands and caper round in a ring.

The antiquity of the "jiggering" dance must not be limited at the early days of the Greeks. In the time of Achilles it was a dance for kings' daughters to indulge in. But with our Aryan ancestors it constituted one of the ceremonies of religion; thus do things descend from the unexpected altitudes, till they find refuge in the nurseries of children. In the Vedic times in India, which constitute the morning twilight of our existence as a race, the priest and people were used to assemble round the altar every morning to perform the accustomed sacrifice to the dawn. They sang a hymn, and when the first streak of gray illuminated the eastern sky they began the religious dance, which consisted in their all joining hands and dancing in a ring around the altar, first in one direction, then in another. This form survived till Homer's time, when it became secularized.

The "jiggering" had now a peculiar experience in its history. It became the dance of Bacchus and attained a very enviable reputation as the dihyram. The Greeks who were perhaps the greatest dancers that the world had ever seen, soon rose above this most elementary form of dancing. They learned to divide dances into round and square, the word round being used in the significance already alluded to, and not by any means as equivalent to our "round." Their square dances were military and spectacular, their round dances were the dances of pleasure and revelry. The distinction is natural, for the former required some art, the latter nothing more than the capacity for movement.

THE QUEEN WAS SKETCHING.

One day when Her Majesty (Victoria) was standing on the public road near Balmoral, sketching the cattle from a particular point, a flock of sheep approached. Her Majesty being intent on her work, took little notice of the flock, and merely moved a little nearer to the side of the road. A boy in charge of the sheep shouted at the top of a stentorian voice: "Stan' out o' the road, 'oman, an' let the sheep pass!" Her Majesty not moving out of the way quite so fast as the shepherd wished, he again shouted: "Fat are ye stan' in there for? Gang out o' Balmoral let the sheep pass!" One of Her Majesty's attendants, who had been at a distance, on hearing his Royal mistress thus rudely assailed, went up to the shepherd, and thus addressed him: "Do you know who it is you have been speaking so rudely to, boy?" "Na, I neither ken nor care; but, be she be the like she ought to be if the sheep's

BOUND UP TOGETHER.

In some way, too mysterious for us to understand, the mind is bound up with the body; woven into it, so to speak, like the pictures into a piece of tapestry. And that is why Mr. Edward James Grant felt so low-spirited and miserable he didn't know what to do. His doctor said he had congestion of the liver, and it looks as though the doctor was right. The trouble began away back in December, 1887. Before that Mr. Grant enjoyed as good health as anybody. Then he became suddenly aware that his energy was all ebbing out of him; he felt tired, relaxed, unstrung, and drowsy. Holding out his tongue in front of the glass he noted that it was brown and thickly coated. Food in plenty was on the table at meal times, but he didn't want it. Appetite, that king of sauces, was lacking. When he did force down something on the principle that one must eat to live, the result wasn't satisfactory. After every effort of that kind he felt a weight and pain in the chest and sides, and what he speaks of as "a kind of lump" between the chest and throat.

He often spat up fluid bitter as gall and yellow as a guinea. As time went on he had frequent attacks of dizziness. Sometimes they would take him in the street and he feared he should fall. As he went about his

THEY MUST GO.

Note these Reductions in Misses' and Children's High Leggings.

Misses' High Leggings.	Former Price \$2.50	now	\$1.50
Misses' "	" " 1.50	"	1.10
Children's "	" " 2.00	"	1.25
Children's "	" " 1.75	"	1.10
Children's "	" " 1.15	"	.80
Small Boys' Russett Leather Leggings	" " 2.50	"	1.60

We wish to close out all the above this month, and to that end we make these prices much less than cost.

WATERBURY & RISING,

61 King St., - 212 Union St.

road." "That's the Queen," said the official. The boy looked astonished, and after recovering his senses, said with great simplicity: "The Queen! Oh, fat way disna she pit on claes that fouk can ken her?"

LIFE WITHOUT INDIA RUBBER.

It would be a Dreary Waste, Through Few People Realize the Fact.

In our own day it really seems as if we couldn't possibly get on without India rubber and gutta percha, says Longman's Magazine. Though both are of comparatively recent introduction, the number of purposes to which they are applied is so immense that our civilization without them would at last be very different from the form in which we actually know it. To lump a few miscellaneous examples in a single paragraph—without those two submarine cables would be almost impossible, telegraphy would assume many unlike modifications, goloshes would not exist, waterproofs and mackintoshes would be a beautiful dream and a rubberless world a hideous reality. Elastic, in the sense in which the ladies use the word, for ying hats or making garters, would never have been evolved; tobacco pouches would still be of silk or leather, our combs would be of horn, and our buttons, paper knives, penholders and pipes murely, where would we be without india rubber cinctures and tubes and cups and valves and buffers? Where would engineering be without the endless minute applications of the elastic gum? Where would surgery be without the innumerable devices, the syringes and sqirts, the belts and bandages, of which india rubber forms the sole, and, as it seems to us now, indispensable basis? Fancy putting out fires without the invaluable hose; fancy whirring manufactory without the inevitable gearing. The bicyclist would miss his pneumatic tires; the artist would miss his ever-ready eraser. When we go to the dentist, which is always in itself a delightful excursion, a happy hour is made happier for us by the India rubber sheet with which he dexterously contrives to check undue loquacity. When we go to the gymnasium, half the apparatus we employ is based on it. And what would life be at the present day without India rubber hot water bottles?

He Would Limp.

Lecturer (to medical students)—This subject's right leg is longer than his left, which causes him to limp. Now what would you do in such a case? Student Limp, too I guess.

A lock of Byron's hair was sold at auction in London the other day. It was accompanied by a letter from the poet's sister in which she said: "I enclose what my poor, dear brother would have termed one of his best-behaved curls."

"She took for perfume the rhydes of olive rosemary, and burned them."

Sir T. Elliot, Castle of Health.

Undoubtedly, it she lived to-day she would have gone to her druggist and purchased one of the new English perfumes prepared by Piesse & Lubin, which retain all the delicate fragrance of the flowers in bloom.

Effluvia from every flower that breathes a fragrance

"77" FOR GRIP

DR. HUMPHREYS' FAME.

Dr. Humphreys' fame for curing disease is world-wide, extending to the four quarters of the globe, so that when he announced the discovery of a specific for GRIPPE and COLETS, he received the immediate attention and confidence of the public and the profession, and the demand for "77" became as great as for any other of his wonderful Specifics.

It has been said by an eminent medical writer that more colic is caused by stuffing, over-eating, than exposure. That there is truth in the statement, you can easily verify by noticing the effect of over-indulgence in rich foods, particularly if you are subject to Catarrh or Stomach Throat. The mucous membrane is disturbed, the stomach rebels, and the effect is quickly felt in the throat or head. Our Specific is over-indulgence a specific remedy for COLDS, GRIPPE, INFLUENZA, CATARRH, PAINS and SORENESS in the THROAT and HEAD, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, PHARYNGITIS and FEVERS, and in various other colds, such as Pneumonia, Diphtheria and a ten words off consumption.

"77" will "break up" a stubborn cold that "won't" go.

A small bottle of pleasant pills fits your waist pocket. Sold by druggists or sent on receipt of price, 25c, or 5 for \$1. HUMPHREYS' MEDICAL CHEMICAL CO., corner Williams and John sts., New York.

CONSUMPTION.

Consumption is a disease that is often fatal, but it can be cured by the use of Dr. Humphreys' Specific. It is a powerful medicine that will cure all forms of consumption, whether it be in the lungs or in the throat. It is a most valuable remedy for all who are afflicted with this disease, and it is sold by all druggists and chemists.

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AN INDIAN MYSTIC VISION.

Old Hunter Lyford's Special Trap Was Not Strong Enough to Detain Him.

"Trotting for black bears at the lower end of Lacbe Lake in Maine last July," said a sportsman, "my guide pointed to a little opening in the woods on the left shore, fringed by a narrow strip of sand beach. In the opening was the run of a camp.

"There's Hunter's Spring," he said. "If you want a drink of first-rate water we'll land there."

"He pulled our skiff to the beach, and we landed. The little clearing was growing up to bushes, the walls of the camp had crumbled, and the fallen roof lay upon them, but the charred black log of what had been a fire-place still remained. A path led amid birches and evergreens to the spring, walled up into a cup-shaped hollow among mossy rocks and overflowing a little rivulet that rippled down to the lake. A birch bark dipper hung from a forked limb above the spring whose waters I found to be deliciously pure and cold.

"This was old Hunter Lyford's home camp," said my guide. "He hunted bears about the shores of Lacbe Lake for a good many years. He had traps set all around the lake, and other camps to stop at when he went his rounds to visit them, but this camp was always his headquarters. Nearly 400 bears he killed in his lifetime—one for every day in the year and some to spare. He had got up to his two-hundredth bear when the Indian devil came round to this very camp. Lyford was sitting by the fire in front of his camp one night when he saw the creature pass, and afterward heard it give some terrible screeches. He'd never seen or heard anything like it in all his goings and comings in the woods, and it made a great impression on him. Next morning he came down to the village, and went to his home. He was something of a blacksmith—used to make his own traps—and now he set about making one a good deal bigger and stronger than a common bear trap to catch that Indian devil.

"An Indian devil? It's what some people call a catamount or a panther. The Indians were mighty afraid of them; they called them devils in their tongue, and that, I suppose, is what made white folks give them the name. They're mighty scarce in Maine now, if there are any left. It was the only one old Lyford ever saw in all his hunting. Well, he made his trap, and came back to the woods and set it, and next morning the trap was gone. The tracks were plain, showing the direction the beast had taken, and Lyford with a party of men from Lacbe village, followed them up. They said it was a night to see the way the creature had broken and bent down bushes and saplings as he tore through the woods. There was a tree still standing a few years ago, with the deep scratches high up on its trunk where the beast had tried to climb out of the trap. At last the party came to the trap smashed to pieces, and then they reckoned it was time to go home. This was the last Indian devil that ever troubled this part of the country."

A Great Disappointment.

Charley Hoyt, the successful play-wright, in speaking of his "A Milk White Fag" and funerals in general, said the other day that he knew two maiden aunts in New Hampshire that would sooner attend a funeral than a picnic. During last summer they had learned of the illness of Farmer Wilson that lived about nine miles from their house. Later they heard that he had died on a Friday, and assuming that the funeral would be on Sunday they hitched up the old horse and started for the abode of the deceased. When within a mile of their destination they met Mr. Wilson's hired man.

"How'd' do, John?" said Miss Carrie, the elder. "Ain't it terrible about Mr. Wilson! What time is the funeral?"

"What funeral?" asked John.

"Why, Mr. Wilson's funeral," answered the old lady.

"Mr. Wilson ain't dead," said the astonished John; "he'll be up'n out in a few days."

A look of disappointment was on the face of the elderly lady, who said—

"What a pity! Why, John, do you know where there is a funeral around here we could go to?"

An Insultation.

The dude drummer from the metropolitan city of New York was making his first trip west, and out in Missouri he began to get quite flip. He had a fair chance on a train to take the seat next a bright-faced Missouri girl, and, of course, he took it, and it was not long before he was doing his best to be entertaining to the young woman. She couldn't help herself very well, and took it good-naturedly.

"Did you know," he said after some time, "that this is my first trip and I am fresh from the east?"

"Well, no," she replied, so the people around could hear. "I didn't know that; that is to say, I didn't know you were from the east."

Business is Business.

Two passengers on a western train became involved in a controversy, which waxed so hot that one of them called the other a liar.

"What's that, a liar?" and he was on his feet in an instant.

"Yes a liar," was the emphatic response, "or my name ain't John Smith."

"The same."

"Mr. Smith, I am delighted to meet you. I represent Mr. Sharpe & Co., of New York, and can show you a line of samples that will make your hair curl."

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SEMI-BARBARIC LAW.

A Story Which Shows How Much More Civilized Than That of More Civilized Countries.

Semi-barbaric law is sometimes more just than that of more civilized countries. A story is told of an aged man who once appeared before the Cadi at Damascus. He was in distress.

"What can I do for you this morning?" asked the Cadi.

"Hassan, the rich merchant, has done my daughter Fatima, a grievous injury. She was engaged to be married to a young man whom she loved. She was as lovely as the rose, and he who was to have married her abandoned her in consequence of these false reports. She is now broken in health and spirits, and longs for death. Justice! oh, Cadi! let justice prevail!"

The Cadi wrote out a capias, placed it in the hands of the deputy, and in a short time Hassan was brought into court. He pleaded guilty. He admitted that he had spread the injurious reports, and that he knew they were false. He signed a complete retraction, in which he confessed that he was a liar and a slanderer.

The court took the case under advisement. Next day the decision was rendered.

"Hassan, stand up," said the Cadi. "You have done this unfortunate girl a great injury. You have robbed her of her good name, which was all she had. The executioner will cut off your ears, to remind you that you must not cut off the reputation of others."

At the given signal the public executioner lopped off both of Hassan's ears.

"I am not done with you yet, Hassan," said the Cadi.

"Mercy! mercy!" pleaded the unfortunate man; "have I not restored the girl's reputation by my public retractions?"

"Yes, you have restored her reputation, after a fashion, and now I propose to restore your ears, after a fashion. The executioner will proceed to sew on your ears again." And it was done.

Advantages of Education.

Little Brother—"What you studyin' so hard?"

Little Sister—"Synonyms."

"What's them?"

"All sorts o' words that mean the same thing."

"What good is they? One word ought to be enough of itself."

"Hub! Wait till you get into society. Yesterday Mrs. Newcomb showed me a picture of a baby, and I said it was sweet and lovely, and cunning, and cute, and I don't know what all. After that she said that wasn't her baby, but somebody else's. Then she showed me another picture of her own baby. And then I had to think up a lot more nice words so she wouldn't feel 'fended. If I hadn't studied synonyms I'd a' jus' died."

She Came Home.

It is related that a certain man was recently very sad because his wife had gone on a visit, which she would not shorten in spite of his appeals to come home. He finally hit upon a plan to induce her to return. He sent her a copy of each of the local papers with one item clipped out, and when she wrote to find out what it was he had clipped from the papers, he refused to tell her. The scheme worked admirably. In less than a week she was home to find out what it was that had been going on that her husband did not want her to know about.

Will Wheat Turn to Cheat?

Some who read this headline will say "yes" and swear to it, while others, equally well acquainted with the mysteries in agricultural lore, will declare that "like produces like" and that one species of grain never sprung from another. There is but one instance on record in all the annals of agriculture where a spike of cheat has been found in a head of wheat. This curiosity is or was quite recently at least, preserved in the Agricultural museum at Springfield, Ill.

Mr. Balfour at Golf.

A very good story is told of Mr. Balfour's recent golf-starring tour. He had made an iron shot in which he had sent the ball almost half as far as the ball. "What did I hit?" he asked his caddy, as he looked round to discover a hidden boulder or a decapitated stump. The only reply was that it was that as crushing as could have been compressed into a single word—"Scotland."

Sympathy.

Sympathetic plain friend to inconsolable young widow—"The last time I met your dear husband he stopped and spoke to me with such a sunny greeting, that I was the happier for it all day long." Young widow, still oblivious to everything except her loss—"Yes, that was just the dear David. There was no woman so humble, or honest, or unattractive, or dull, but that he could find something pleasant to say to a b'r, and would take pains to say it."

An Ague Cure.

"Well, Jim, how's the ague?"

"Didn't I tell you about that? Why, I went into old man Sharp's field on night about a week ago, and he old man got up and loaded his gun in the dark and cuse me if he didn't blow me full of two grain quinine pills. 'I ain't had an ache nor shake since.'"

Daily Work of a Young Mother.

Mr. Alexander Graham Bell calculates that a mother, in talking to her infant speaks 35,000 words a day—equal to about four hours of continuous talking and this notwithstanding the fact that the baby does not know what any single one of the 35,000 words means.

The Correct Tip.

Young Gent (attending his first ball, & id stager): "Whatever am I to talk about to my partner?"

"About her beauty."

"But suppose she is not good looking?"

"Then talk about the plain looks of the other ladies."

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ONE OCCUPATION FOR WORKERS.

Painting of the Interior of Houses and Paper-Hanging.

As a new occupation for young women I suggest paper-hanging and the painting of the interior of houses. Many a girl has thought while papering and painting her mother's kitchen or some back room of the house, "My, I believe I could be a paper-hanger and painter if I tried! A little practice and I would do it just as well as the regular men of the trade!"

And it is true that she could. There is no heavy manual labor in this occupation. The only difficult thing would be the ladder climbing in the papering of high ceilings, and this is no easier for men than for women. Once accustomed to it, one does not mind it.

It requires some endurance to wield a paint brush over wainscot or mouldings hour after hour, or to cut, match and hang wall paper all day but women have endurance, and the work is not so heavy as many a house-maid has to do.

I do not suggest this occupation to the fastidious girl, but I can see no reason why an untrammelled young woman, who must work for her living, could not be a successful paper hanger and painter.

She would find more or less difficulty in getting work at first. But let two girls learn the trade together, and then seek patronage first among neighbors and acquaintances. If their work here is promptly and faithfully done, they will be recommended to others, and soon gain a foothold in the business.

Saved by Two Girls.

It happened upon my last visit to the Sandwich Islands. I am a very expert swimmer, and nothing pleases me better than a plunge into the salt water. The temperature of the islands is delightful, and I could not resist the temptation to take a swim. I prepared myself and plunged in. After I had been in the water for half an hour, I pushed out over and beyond one of the reefs which surround the islands. All at once I realized that something was going on on the shore. There were quite a number of natives there, and they appeared to be greatly excited. Suddenly two native girls swam out behind me with long knives between their teeth. I looked round, and to my horror I saw a shark making for me with terrific speed. An instant later the girls had dived, and the shark had stopped. The water round him was red with blood. The girls came to the surface again, and again they dived and plunged their long knives into the monster. At last he lay still on 'top of the water, quite dead. The natives dragged him ashore, and found that he was one of the largest of his species.

Why Trousers Bag at the Knees.

Wives who are accustomed to iron their husbands' trousers, after they have retired, in order to remedy that unightly bagging at the knee, will rejoice with the dude who requires a half hour every night, before going to bed, to get his trousers in the stretcher or smoothly laid out under the mattress, over the latest discovery. An ingenious tailor has discovered that the reason why trousers bag at the knee is because the threads of the cloth run straight up and down and across the leg. He also claims to have discovered that the ironers are made so that the threads run diagonally the strain is distributed indirectly and the cloth falls back into its proper shape when the strain is removed.

In Memory of a Pig.

Until within the last few months no monument has ever been erected to the memory of a pig. The town of Lunenburg, Hanover, wishes to fill up the blank, and at the Hotel de Ville in that town there is to be seen a kind of mausoleum to the memory of a member of the porcine race. In the interior of the commemorative structure is a costly glass case, inclosing a ham still in good preservation. A slab of black marble attracts the eyes of the visitor, who finds thereon the following inscription in Latin, engraved in letters of gold: "Passers-by, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Lunenburg."

Evenly Matched.

Magistrate (to witness)—And where were you when this assault occurred?

Witness—Just across the street, your honor.

Magistrate—Then why did you not go to the plaintiff's assistance when you saw him attacked?

Witness—Faith I wasn't sure then he wouldn't be the defendant, your Honor.

Wanted His Commission.

Two newsboys were fighting on a Chicago corner. Billy, having got the worst of it, went away crying, when a benevolent gentleman came forward and gave him a dime, comforted him and told him to be quiet. When the gentleman left, Jimmy ran up and said: "Here, Billy, give me half of that, for if I hadn't tumbled over, yes wouldn't 'a' got it at all."

Women as Silver Miners

Two women in Baker County, Oregon, own silver mines and are running them in person. They do not actually handle shovels and work the dirt, but they superintend the working of their property, and while they admit the business has rough sides for a woman, they are making money and propose to hold on.

Passive.

Magistrate, to witness—"I understand that you overheard the quarrel between this defendant and his wife?" Witness—"Yes, sir." Magistrate—"Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing."

Witness—"He seemed to be doin' the listenin'."

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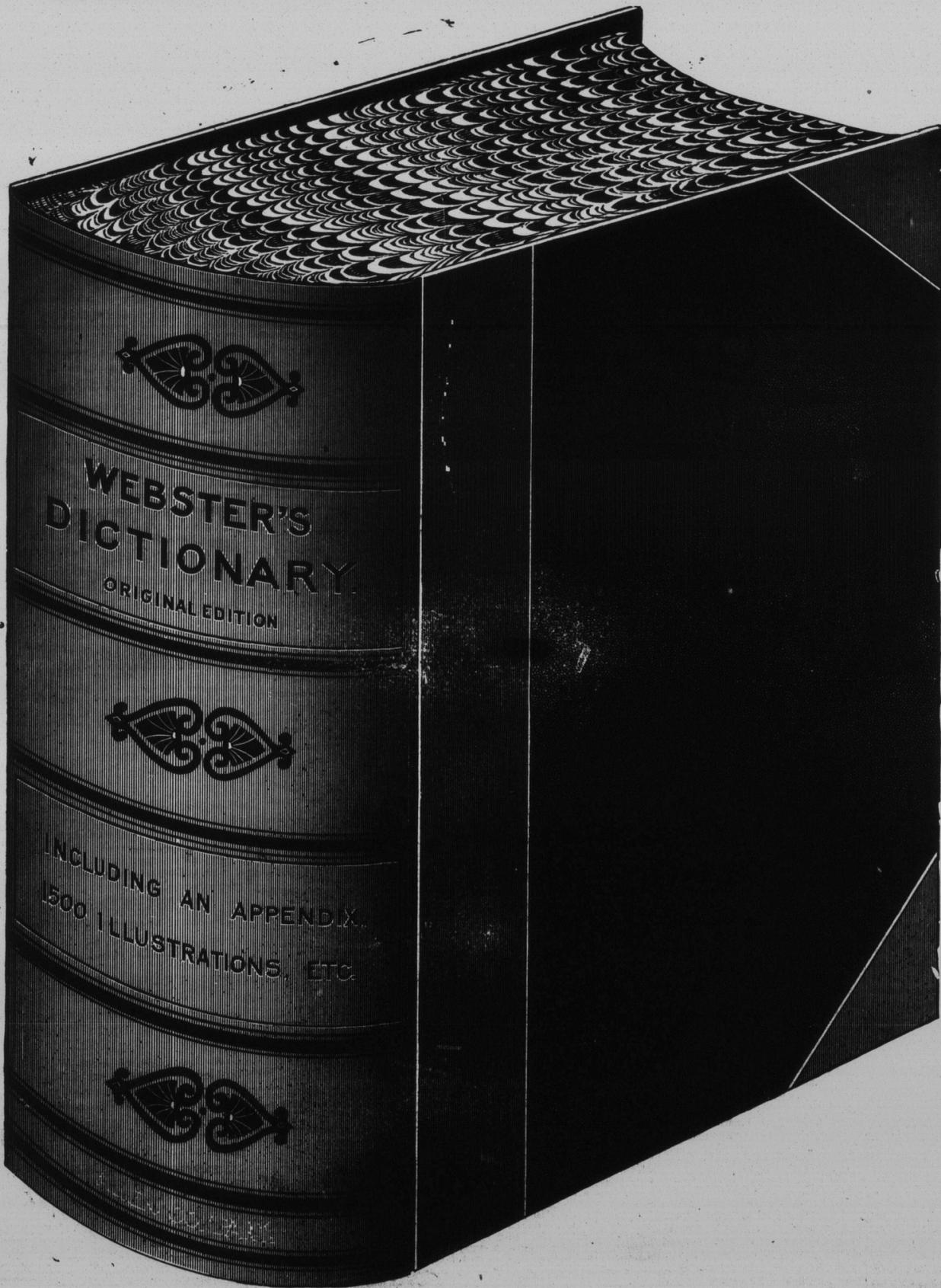
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A "SHERLOCK HOLMES."

On a Saturday morning in November, 1895, the village of Kildiggin, in the County Tealow, in "that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland," was greatly disturbed. One subject only was discussed among the inhabitants, from Mr. Dennis O'Connor, the miller and general store-keeper, down to old Barty Magee, who broke stones on the road. Old Mrs. Betsy McBride had been found murdered in the little cottage in which she had lived for more years than almost anyone could remember.

"Who did it?" was the question on everybody's lips, but "who did it" no one could say. The murdered woman was the widow of Patrick McBride, who had, years before, made a tidy living from working a small stone-quarry on the mountain side. He had built himself the cottage in which the dreadful deed had now been done, and at his death he had left it to his widow, with enough savings inherited in Great Southern and Western Railway stock to bring her in an income sufficient for her modest requirements.

Old Mrs. McBride was a strange old lady—she "feared nobody nor nothin'," as the villagers said—and lived alone in her cottage without companionship or protection of any kind; nor, indeed, in that quiet, secluded spot would anyone have imagined that any danger of a deed such as this could have existed.

There was only one conclusion to be come to as to the reason for the crime, and that was robbery. The poor old lady was, in fact, a miser. Although her income was small, she lived on a scale very much smaller, and it had always been a matter of faith with the Kildigginites that she had a large sum of money hidden away in some secret place in the cottage, known only to herself.

The only relative she had was an unfortunate nephew, who came to see her at long intervals, and although she was known to help him a little, it was generally accompanied with a large helping of her tongue, which was none of the softest, so his visits were like angels are reputed to be, "few and far between" and he had not been seen in the neighborhood for some months. If he had chanced to have called recently, suspicion would at once have pointed to Tom Donohoe; even as it was, his name was the only one mentioned in the surmises that were made by the villagers, but all agreed that "it couldn't be him."

Mrs. McBride had always retired to rest very early, to avoid the expense of a lamp or candles, and it was evident she had gone to bed as usual, as her body was found stretched on the floor by her bedside with a piece of cord tied tightly round her neck, by which means she had been strangled to death. The cottage was in great confusion: everything was turned topsy-turvy, the drawers were open and their contents scattered on the floor, and a cupboard, which had been locked, had been broken open, apparently with the kitchen poker, which lay on the ground at the spot.

The news was carried to Ballygracken, where the small-barracks of a district were situated, in quick time, and the sergeant in charge and a couple of constables were soon on the scene.

Sergeant McQuade was a quiet, shrewd-looking man, who had been in the Royal Irish Constabulary for a good many years, but who had failed to rise above his present position, owing partly to his unobtrusive ways and partly to want of interest. He, however, was a good officer, and thought perhaps he would, in this case, be able to distinguish himself. He was a scientific sort of a man, was McQuade, and had, from the first, read the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," and though a good many of his brother officers had regarded that as being visionary and unpractical, he had always stuck out that there was great reason in Holmes's methods, and that, as a detective, he was a standing lesson to the police. He had never had an opportunity of applying his ideas to any extent, but he hoped now the time had come, and, as the sequel will show, he was right.

McQuade made a careful examination of the cottage and the body, but could find nothing pointing to any clue to the murderer, until, looking under the bed, he saw a walking-stick, which he guessed might have belonged to the assassin, and been kicked there during the struggle, and so lost to his view, and left behind in his hurried escape. It was a common oak-rapling, about an inch in diameter at its thickest part by the handle, which was an ordinary straight handle—an "I"-shaped handle. The stick was very dirty, and had evidently been used for a long time by its owner, but who that owner was nobody knew. No one recognized the stick or could give the slightest suggestion as to whom it might have belonged. One thing only was certain: Mrs. McBride never used a stick, and therefore the inference was that it belonged to the murderer.

Sergeant McQuade was engaged on a scientific study of this stick—so deeply engaged that he appeared lost to all else around him—when Inspector Flarney, from Tealow, the county town, arrived. Flarney was the very opposite to McQuade. He was a big, blustering, know-all sort of fellow, who took everything by storm, and had a special ha-

the gallery," whispered a comrade as the constable set down.

"That's jolly handy himself, till he was going to be printed when we were coming down to the House after dinner!"

"Have you received an invitation to the bachelors' ball?"

"Yes, indeed. I'm to be the only girl there."

"What?"

"Yes, really. You know the bachelors only had an invitation apiece to send out, and I've received one from each."

"I'll get along all right."

"I've got the man," he said to himself, as he got into his trap, which he had left at the end of the Mill Lane; and sure enough he had. He drove back to Ballygracken, swore an information before the nearest magistrate, got a warrant, and drove back with a constable, to Bagarstown.

They arrested old Brodie Flanagan just as he was returning home, and he was so flabbergasted that he didn't even deny the crime, but told McQuade at once where the money he had stolen from Mrs. McBride was hid in the old mill. He said he was tempted to rob the old woman by seeing her counting a lot of sovereigns one day when he called at her cottage on his rounds; but that never meant hurting her, but she called him by name when he had broken in on the Friday night—although he had disguised himself—and he had such a fear of punishment that he fell on her and killed her.

All this time Inspector Flarney had been dogging poor Tom Donohoe. He had been to Dublin, where he traced him as having got work at Cork. Then he rubbed off to Cork, only to find Tom had gone to Belfast, and when Flarney found him at Belfast, Tom proved conclusively that he had not been out of that place for a month, so Flarney had reluctantly to admit that he could not have been the murderer, and he left Tom at liberty. He was "mighty wild" as one of his sergeants said, when he got back to Tealow. He was more "mighty wild" still when he heard that McQuade, the despised sergeant, had tracked the right man and arrested him.

"The late of Brodie Flanagan is no concern of this narrative. Suffice it to say he was found guilty."

Sergeant McQuade was complimented from the Bench and readily got promotion. Inspector Flarney sadly wanted McQuade to tell him how he got the clue to Brodie Flanagan's guilt, but McQuade resisted all inquiries until the trial, when it was explained.

McQuade, in giving his evidence, said: "I have made it a practice to study the smallest details, and when I found the stick which had been left in the murdered woman's cottage, I very carefully examined it. I noticed that the stick, which was oak, was dirty and nearly black up its whole length, except at the top, where the constant rubbing of the hand and fingers had worn it smooth and kept it cleaner. I also noticed that the marks of the fingers showed slightly lower down the stem of the stick on the left-hand side than on the right. This showed me that the man who had used the stick was left-handed. You will see directly if you take hold of a cross-handled stick that the index finger of the right hand works down the right side of it, and in the case of a left-handed man the corresponding mark would be on the left-hand side of the stick."

"I carefully measured the stick, and calculated that the man would be about 5ft. 7in. high. The stick was somewhat bent out of the straight, and I, therefore, concluded the man was rather heavy and leaped on it to some extent."

"Lastly, from a smooth space on the back of the stick, about half-way down, I judged it had been frequently used over the shoulder to carry a bundle, and this was confirmed by a well-worn place just in the angle of the crossed-handle, where the knot or string of a bundle would rub the stick in carrying it."

"I set myself to work to find a left-handed man, rather heavy, about 5ft. 7in. high, and who was addicted to carrying a bundle over his shoulder with a stick. I made careful inquiries, and the only left-handed man in the district who answered the description was Brodie Flanagan, the prisoner. I further ascertained that he had been seen going towards Kildiggin on the night of the murder, and that he had recently lost a stick, and my case was complete."

McQuade is now chief inspector of a large district. He says that his promotion was entirely owing to his having studied "Sherlock Holmes," and he urges every man under him to go and do likewise.

On Good Authority. The House of Commons is at times the scene of some very heated debates, when personalities are freely exchanged; but few of the honorable gentlemen, we think, have ever equalled in vituperation the members of the much lamented vanished Irish Parliament on College Green. Some of them contrived to keep on friendly private terms, while treating one another to most picturesque abuse. On one occasion a member, pointing a quivering finger across the house at his opponent, one Thaddeus Burke, concluded with these words— "And every member of the honorable gentleman's families is beneath contempt—from the white-livered hound that is snivering on the floor to the painted hag that is grinning in the gallery."

"About half at seven, I think, Mr. McQuade," said she. "He's gone to Dun-

"By the way," said McQuade, "have you an old stick you could lend me? I've sprained my foot a bit, I think, and it would help me along."

"Faith, now," replied Bridget, "that I haven't; for father had two sticks, but he lost one the last week and he's taken the other instead, so there's none left."

"Thanks; never mind," said McQuade, and he hobbled off as if in a little pain.

"I'll get along all right."

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They arrested old Brodie Flanagan just as he was returning home, and he was so flabbergasted that he didn't even deny the crime, but told McQuade at once where the money he had stolen from Mrs. McBride was hid in the old mill. He said he was tempted to rob the old woman by seeing her counting a lot of sovereigns one day when he called at her cottage on his rounds; but that never meant hurting her, but she called him by name when he had broken in on the Friday night—although he had disguised himself—and he had such a fear of punishment that he fell on her and killed her.

All this time Inspector Flarney had been dogging poor Tom Donohoe. He had been to Dublin, where he traced him as having got work at Cork. Then he rubbed off to Cork, only to find Tom had gone to Belfast, and when Flarney found him at Belfast, Tom proved conclusively that he had not been out of that place for a month, so Flarney had reluctantly to admit that he could not have been the murderer, and he left Tom at liberty. He was "mighty wild" as one of his sergeants said, when he got back to Tealow. He was more "mighty wild" still when he heard that McQuade, the despised sergeant, had tracked the right man and arrested him.

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Sergeant McQuade was complimented from the Bench and readily got promotion. Inspector Flarney sadly wanted McQuade to tell him how he got the clue to Brodie Flanagan's guilt, but McQuade resisted all inquiries until the trial, when it was explained.

McQuade, in giving his evidence, said: "I have made it a practice to study the smallest details, and when I found the stick which had been left in the murdered woman's cottage, I very carefully examined it. I noticed that the stick, which was oak, was dirty and nearly black up its whole length, except at the top, where the constant rubbing of the hand and fingers had worn it smooth and kept it cleaner. I also noticed that the marks of the fingers showed slightly lower down the stem of the stick on the left-hand side than on the right. This showed me that the man who had used the stick was left-handed. You will see directly if you take hold of a cross-handled stick that the index finger of the right hand works down the right side of it, and in the case of a left-handed man the corresponding mark would be on the left-hand side of the stick."

"I carefully measured the stick, and calculated that the man would be about 5ft. 7in. high. The stick was somewhat bent out of the straight, and I, therefore, concluded the man was rather heavy and leaped on it to some extent."

"Lastly, from a smooth space on the back of the stick, about half-way down, I judged it had been frequently used over the shoulder to carry a bundle, and this was confirmed by a well-worn place just in the angle of the crossed-handle, where the knot or string of a bundle would rub the stick in carrying it."

"I set myself to work to find a left-handed man, rather heavy, about 5ft. 7in. high, and who was addicted to carrying a bundle over his shoulder with a stick. I made careful inquiries, and the only left-handed man in the district who answered the description was Brodie Flanagan, the prisoner. I further ascertained that he had been seen going towards Kildiggin on the night of the murder, and that he had recently lost a stick, and my case was complete."

McQuade is now chief inspector of a large district. He says that his promotion was entirely owing to his having studied "Sherlock Holmes," and he urges every man under him to go and do likewise.

On Good Authority. The House of Commons is at times the scene of some very heated debates, when personalities are freely exchanged; but few of the honorable gentlemen, we think, have ever equalled in vituperation the members of the much lamented vanished Irish Parliament on College Green. Some of them contrived to keep on friendly private terms, while treating one another to most picturesque abuse. On one occasion a member, pointing a quivering finger across the house at his opponent, one Thaddeus Burke, concluded with these words— "And every member of the honorable gentleman's families is beneath contempt—from the white-livered hound that is snivering on the floor to the painted hag that is grinning in the gallery."

"About half at seven, I think, Mr. McQuade," said she. "He's gone to Dun-

"By the way," said McQuade, "have you an old stick you could lend me? I've sprained my foot a bit, I think, and it would help me along."

"Faith, now," replied Bridget, "that I haven't; for father had two sticks, but he lost one the last week and he's taken the other instead, so there's none left."

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