

THE BLAKE AT BOSTON.

SIR JOHN HOPKINS AND HIS MEN ON THE TOWN.

Feasting the British in Grand Style—Canadians at Harvard—Not as Generous as the Americans—Reporters III-Used, but They Have Retaliated.

BOSTON, May 28.—Her Majesty's ship Blake, and Her Majesty's ship Tartar, and Her Majesty's Sir John Hopkins, and his marines and tars and what not have taken Boston by storm, and Boston likes it first rate.

In fact, Boston is tickled to death. It has the biggest show of the year and knows it, and if the boat men in St. John harbor saw the crowds that line the wharves of Boston harbor, offering anything to get out to the ships they would go crazy over the fact that they could not carry them all.

The big ships could not hold the crowds that swarmed around them.

There have been American men-of-war in Boston harbor as large and modern as the Blake, wonderful ships, you bet, but Bostonians generally argue that there was none of that downright, warlike atmosphere about them which is characteristic of the Britisher, and the Britisher's well informed and good natured tar.

The sailors own the town. There is no lack of guides to pilot them around, and they are objects of interest everywhere. I have seen them floating around in all parts of the city, and every sailor had a Bostonian to show him the sights, to make him feel perfectly at home and happy.

The Good Templar lodges are doing what St. John lodges used to do—invite the tars to the meetings, and give them a rollicking good time, and the sailors are right in it, so to speak.

So with the officers. Sir John Hopkins has been visiting the mayor and the governor, and the governor and the mayor have been visiting Sir John Hopkins. The navy yard gold lace brigade has also been visited, and then towed out to the ships in return.

There was a dance at the navy yard at which the hearts of the middies were reported to have fluttered, and, goodness knows what the representatives of those two nations have not done, all of which went to show that blood is thicker than water.

Everything has been done up to time, in grand style, with an open heartedness and good fellowship really refreshing, and which I think St. John with its British-born aristocracy would hardly have been able to surpass.

The Britishers were a novelty, and a treat. The discipline on the ships was astonishing, the utter disregard of expense in regard to gun powder when the Queens birthday came around was startling, the illumination was grand, and the search light wonderful. It was St. John all over again, with the wharves lined with people, everybody on the harbor front looking into the intense darkness of a very wet or very foggy night. For the weather has been beastly, damp, foggy, drizzly, English weather the people call it, while the middies say "it isn't any such thing, you know."

But the weather hasn't had much effect upon the good nature of the people. They have made the best of it and I think I am safe in saying the visitors have had a royal time, and a celebration of the Queens birthday as royal and enthusiastic if not more so than they could have had a little further north.

I am a Canadian, but I must confess that Canadians have not that open heartedness, that geniality, that liberality and general goodwill that one finds on this side of the line. They do things up brown here, do away with formality, treat a man as a man, and only in rare cases do you run across human icebergs, or would be entertainers who do things by halves.

A company of Americans, an American club or society would do anything on earth to please a guest, and hang expense.

With Canadians it is different, and I am often surprised to find the people express the good opinions of Canadians that I sometimes hear.

Take the Queens birthday for instance. One of the events was a banquet given by the Canadian club of Harvard, at the hotel Vendome. They had the vice consul of the port present, officers from the war ships, professors from Harvard college, they took particular pains to have a brilliant gathering, and selected the most fashionable hotel in Boston for it. The menu was A 1.

It was an affair which they expected to attract some attention and show that the Canadians at Harvard really amounted to something. It was to be a display of patriotism, something to show the warm relations between America and the mother country, for the guests to make speeches.

What then? Nothing forgotten, you say. Well perhaps. The newspapers must be notified. There are three or four of them that amount to something in Boston, and the committee visited the officers requesting that reporters be sent down to the hotel about the time the speech making was to begin.

It was explained that they would like to invite them to the banquet, but that the funds of the club were low.

That was all right. It was not the Bostonian way of doing things, but the frankness of the club was appreciated. The reporter who goes to banquets for the sake of the food is not held in very high esteem, anyway. Nevertheless, if the average reporter does not hanker after banquets, he is always treated like other guests when he attends one.

What happened at the Vendome? The first reporter to arrive sent in his card, and a member of the club met him in the parlor, told him that the speaking would not begin for some time and asked him if he would stay. The reporter thought he would, but felt mad enough to eat a divan when the club member turned to a colored waiter and asked if the reporter could remain in the parlor.

The reporter waited. He had not heard of the club's financial stringency. Another reporter arrived, then another, and they all waited—waited an hour or so.

They were half asleep when a colored waiter came in to inform them that the speaking was about to begin and they could go inside.

It was just like an order to bring in another bottle of wine, or the orchestra, or some other attachment to the banquet, and the men who had been asked to come there hardly knew what to make of it.

They waited awhile, however, thinking the officials were busy and would come out in a few moments.

When an official did come, after a number of guests had spoken, it was to enquire whether the reporters preferred to take notes in the parlor.

That dinner got about two inches of space in the Boston papers next morning, and one reporter told me he had been sent there with instructions to give it a column.

The guests probably thought a few inches was all a representative meeting of Canadians was worth.

Now that sort of thing doesn't pay. It all may have been due to the thoughtlessness of one or two men, and the majority of that club were probably men who would have spent their last dollar to entertain a guest; to make the club a credit to the country from which the members came, or dispel any idea that might prevail as to the penuriousness or lack of hospitality in Canadians.

Be that as it may, they have made a reputation for themselves in Boston newspaper circles, and in future may possibly receive about the same consideration as the same number of coal heavers at a banquet of pork and beans.

The newspapers count for something in the United States, and if there are a number of cheap sensational sheets which would not be a credit to any profession—they are not recognized by the better class of papers any more than a black sheep is in any profession or community.

The great body of reporters are gentlemen, and in demanding treatment as such, the newspapers they represent stand behind them.

They meet public men on an equal footing, and make no apologies for existing. When they get a "cold frost" they usually remember it.

After hearing the story of the Canadian club dinner, however, it is some satisfaction to reveal some talks I have had with Bostonians who have been to the provinces, and been taken in tow with the good fellows down there. A number of people have told me that the most enjoyable hours they ever spent were as guests of St. John men, whom I do not think it necessary to mention positively. The list of names would be so large.

Despite this fact, however, the Canadian in Boston, as a rule, is not a bright particular star.

There are a number here who have made their mark, and are a credit to the provinces, but the great majority are much the same in Boston as they were in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, and a gathering of them is as distinctly provincial as a gathering of well-to-do German savors of Germany.

Unlike the latter, however, they seem content to take a secondary place, and present the condition of the provinces in an unfavorable light.

And this reminds me of another gathering, composed principally of Nova Scotians and at which the proceedings to an American in a strange land would have been humiliating.

It was an ordinary affair, but several of the most prominent men in Boston were there, and although they lauded the provisions and spoke as guests usually do, the place, the gathering and that which had gone before, made the words of the guests seem like sarcasm.

In all I have said I have made no reference to the provincialism as an individual. I do not think anyone would judge a country or people from any one or two persons from that country he happened to meet.

But it is fair to judge a country by what are supposed to be representative gatherings of its sons and daughters, and the only point I want to make is, that when Canadians meet as a body they should do so in such a way as to reflect credit on their country, make good impressions, and correct bad ones; meet their guests on an equal footing, and play second fiddle to none.

Let the individual do as he pleases. R. G. LARSEN.

One of Bismarck's Gifts.

The Visitor's Book of the Golden Lion Hotel, at Hartz country, for the years 1830-35, which was among Prince Bismarck's birthday presents, is an interesting souvenir of the ex-Chancellor's student days at Göttingen, when he made a foot-tour in the picturesque district in question with John Lothrop Masley and other college chums, and inscribed his name in the volume. Curiously enough, it was while on a tour in the same mountainous region, about a dozen years later, that Prince Bismarck first made the acquaintance of his wife; and he plighted his troth to her on a very famous spot. This was in a garden-house standing among the ruins of the ancient Schloss at Harzburg, which was a favourite residence of Henry the Fowler—the same who "went to Canossa" in such degrading circumstances. And when the Iron Chancellor in the Reichstag, during the heat of the Kulturkampf, uttered his famous "Nach Canossa gehen wir nicht," a monument, inscribed with those words, was erected in his honour on a very spot almost, as he afterwards confessed to a friend, where he had become engaged to his wife. The friend in question was Herr Mayer, chairman of the North German Lloyd, in whose house at Hamburg the Prince of Prussia (afterwards the German Emperor) had rosted for a night when fleeing to England, to escape the fury of the revolutionists of '48.

Mr. Fordham's Cat.

"Where did you get that cat idea, anyway?" I asked of Mr. Fordham, whose play of "Charley's Aunt" has had such a run. "Well," he replied, "it is funny how I got it, and you do not know how many people have said to me: 'Why, there's no cat in the play at all.' And there isn't. The fact is, the word cat occurs but once in the entire play, and that refers to Charley's proposal, and where he says to Jack: 'I've let the cat out of the bag.' But to answer your query, where did I get the cat idea? One day after I had secured the play I was walking along the Strand in London when my attention was attracted to a street vender displaying a cat with a cat-iron grin of self-satisfaction on its face. I said to my friend who was walking with me: 'That cat has evidently seen 'Charley's Aunt', and hasn't got over it yet. I'll put it on my lithograph and make it the trade mark of the play.' It was one of those happy thoughts which so often help a man out. Of course, the play has been phenomenally successful, but the cat has caused the curiosity, and in all my experience I have seen nothing in the way of an advertisement that has created as much talk and has caused so many funny remarks. It is actually a fact that I get letters about it in every mail, and, while many of them are ludicrous, they are all very funny."

Protecting the Police.

Bridget King, a pretty, neatly-dressed girl, stood the other day in the Tombs police-court of New York, and wept before the judge.

"You are accused," said he, "of having embraced this police-constable in the open street."

The accused blushed, glanced at the object of her affection, who stood by, and replied—

"Well, your honour, I believe I was foolish enough to do it."

The embrace took place in Mulberry street. Bridget went straight up to Lynch and threw her arms around him, pressing him once, twice, even three times, to her loving heart. But the indignation officer shook himself free and dragged his too ardent admirer to the police-court.

"I cannot apologise for existing," observed the judge, looking at policeman Lynch, the "Adonis" of district No. 10, "but I am obliged to fine you five dollars, since people like Lynch cannot defend themselves from such demonstrations of feminine tenderness. And a slight suspicion of a smile played on his lips as he spoke."

Divorced by Sale.

Among the Saxons a wife was divorced by sale. A husband, with the consent of the wife, put a halter round her neck, led her to the nearest market town and disposed of her to the highest bidder, making a speech in which he set forth her good and evil qualities.

For several thousand years preceding modern times the science of dentistry consisted in pulling teeth.

There are now seventy-four survivors of the famous Balaklava charge, so far as the British army authorities can trace.

FOR INVALIDS whose system needs toning up and whose appetites are failing, a quick and pleasant remedy will be found in CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE. Prepared only by J. CAMPBELL & CO. Beware of imitations. MONTREAL.

THE BEST ROUTE GOES EVERYWHERE WITHOUT WRECKING ANYBODY. Hires' Root Beer.

The Great Health Drink. SAFE, SURE AND RELIABLE. A pleasure and a delight. The most delicious and refreshing of all temperance beverages. A 25c. Package makes 5 Gallons, Sold Everywhere. Refuse Worthless Substitutes.

I try to find out what my scholars can do best, fit them for good positions—find them too. New system of bookkeeping and real business methods.

SNELL'S ACTUAL BUSINESS, AND SHORTHAND COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

"HOW TO MAKE PHOTOS" Our new Book on Photography, and Illustrated Catalogue, is now ready. Send 3 cent stamp for one by mail. THE ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY CO., 94 GERMAIN ST., ST. JOHN, N. B. 6-24

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS, Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Devise and fixing solutions for sale. LORAIN PHOTO STUDIO, 33 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B. 1194

STAMPS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION FOR HAND PRINTING, Merchants, Manufacturers, Banks and Railways furnished with Stamps, Seals and Stencils. Catalogue free. ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY CO., 94 GERMAIN ST., ST. JOHN, N. B. 6-24

SPRING SIGNS. Our white and enameled letters, after 12 years test, are recognized as the best, most durable and cheapest office and store signs. ROBERTSON, 94 GERMAIN ST., ST. JOHN, N. B. 6-24

WANTED We want names and post office addresses of reliable men 25 years of age and upwards, who will make good local or traveling agents for the sale of our Canadian Grown Nursery Stock. Over 700 acres under cultivation. Stock guaranteed. Our patrons are our best references. We mean business. No drones need apply. Address, SNOW & WELLSBURY, Temple Building, Montreal, P. Q. J. W. Beall, Manager. Name this paper.

THE MULTITUDE OF MARVELLOUS CURES wrought by Short's "Dyspepticure" have made its value widely known as a specific for all forms of Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Be sure to get Short's "Dyspepticure."

INTERESTING AND PROFITABLE employment can be given to a number of men and gentlemen selling the celebrated "Sole Photographs and Works of Art," throughout New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, by applying personally or by letter to A. PETERSEN, 68 King St., St. John, General Agent for Canada. 3-4-4

YOUR ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD mailed to us brings you promptly 30 samples of cloth, guaranteed self-measurement blank, whereby you can have your clothing cut to order and sent to any express or P. O. Pants \$8 to \$12. Suits from \$12 up. Agents wanted. FLEISHER PATENT CO., 35 Mill St., St. John, N. B.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS, Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Devise and fixing solutions for sale. LORAIN PHOTO STUDIO, 33 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B. 1194

RESIDENCE at Rosheay for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Rosheay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec coast. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. FENNEY Barrister-at-Law, Postoffice Building. 24-4-4

FOLDING PREMO. PRICE \$12.50 AND \$15.50 THE LATEST CAMERA OUT SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

A. E. Clarke, 34 King Street, St. John, N. B. DISSOLUTION.

THE FIRM OF J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. was this day dissolved by mutual consent. J. S. ARMSTRONG, who assumes liabilities and collects accounts due. J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. May 8, '94.

TO HELP HUMANITY! A lady in Lansdowne, Digby Co., N. S., makes use of above words in a recent letter to a St. John manufacturing house. She is greatly relieved that she can live in health after years of torture. Doctor's and other medicines could not relieve her of chronic constipation. A surgical operation was declared necessary, so severe was her distress. But a friend advised "Grosler's Syrup"—a remedy that is an acknowledged cure for stomach ills. To her complete surprise she felt better at once, after ten years of intense pain. She uses the medicine regularly, but in decreasing doses. Her letter is filled with gratitude for all that "Grosler's" has brought to her.

Above remedy is for sale at all drug stores and of general dealers, at \$1.00 per bottle or 6 bottles for \$5.—guaranteed.

FIRST CLASS Horse Shoeing DONE AT 92 BRUSSELS ST. Building formerly known as the Rowley Shop, William Ross foreman of Horse Shoeing Department. All Horseshoes with iron shoes for 50 cents. Steel Shoes \$1.00. Carriage Building, Repairing and Painting done at short notice and reasonable prices. Michael Kelly foreman Wood Work Shop.

JOHN MCCOY, - - Proprietor



The purity and excellence of Chase and Sanborn's Coffee secured the only testimonial granted by the Restaurant Commission of the World's Fair. Caution: Be sure you get Chase & Sanborn's Coffee. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

WM. HARLAND & SONS' English Varnishes

- Dark Durable Body Varnish, Medium Durable Body Varnish, Durable Body, Pale Carriage, Red Shade Carriage, One Coat Carriage, Pale Rubbing, Quick Rubbing, Gold Size, Black Japan, Black Color and Varnish, Black Enamel Japan, Pale Oak Varnish, Pale Oak Varnish, Dead Eclectic Varnish, Gilders' Gold Size, Harland's Patent Filling-up Powder.

W. H. THORNE & CO., MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN.

An Open Fire is Cheerful.



RATS. RATS. RATS. A BIG CATCH

The invariable result of using the French Rat Trap. The greatest Trap in the world. Impossible to keep Rats out of them. Record: 10 to 20 RATS each night.

PRICE \$1.50 EACH. T. McAVITY & SONS, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.



Brantford Bicycles, New Designs, We have received a shipment of the above Bicycles. They are entirely new in every particular combining all the best features of this year's patents. Elegant in Design and Perfect in Workmanship. Every wheel is Guaranteed. Call and see them or send for catalogue.

BICYCLE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY. PRICES RIGHT. COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street. G. A. OULTON, Special Agent.

FERTILIZERS.

Imperial Superphosphate, Potato Phosphate, Bone Meal. Actual test proves these Fertilizers the best in the market for raising large crops.

MANUFACTURED BY Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co., Limited. Send for pamphlet. ST. JOHN, N. B.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES. The particular musical events of last week were the concerts of the "Black Patti" company, as the combination is called. Not a little had been written of Miss Jones or Black Patti in advance of her coming and as a consequence many musical people had each set up an ideal. Whether this ideal had been properly placed could only be determined after the singer was heard. Judging however from the rather light house that met the visitors on their opening night, it might be supposed, these local lovers of music, concluded their standard had been fixed altogether too high, and, fearing disappointment, remained away. That was considerate for themselves—but I believe if these persons had attended any of these concerts they would have realized something of a delight they had not anticipated and perhaps had never before experienced. Every member of the Black Patti company is a clever performer. Some of them viz., Miss Nahar, an exceptionally talented reader and J. H. Douglas, the violinist, have previously appeared before St. John audiences, but Mr. Sydney Woodward and Miss Sissieretta Jones, the "Black Patti" were strangers. They are no longer strangers. They will be warmly welcomed whenever they again sing in this city.

Mr. Woodward comparatively little had been said in advance, but his beautiful tenor voice, clear, sweet, true and powerful, won for him instant recognition and he fairly divided the hours with the star. There is no doubt he has one of the best, and most melodious tenor voices ever heard in this city.

The Black Patti has also a wonderful voice with a timbre of very melodious quality. Singing always in perfect tune with clear articulation and a marvellous compass she doubtless well deserves the name she bears among her people. Her voice, it struck me, was not altogether even throughout its compass, but it is rich and full of melody. Her execution is generally excellent but at or as little above her middle register, it is not so well defined, so distinct, as similar work has been done in the Opera House on previous occasions. Her selections however were received with enthusiasm and the audience was almost insatiable paying her the compliment of a quadruple call. Her singing of "Comin' thro the rye" was a revelation and so was her other encore song "The Cows are in the Clover", which with her clever descending chromatic work will long live in the memories of all those who were fortunate enough to hear her.

The St. John Oratorio Society have secured the services of Messrs. Clarke and Johnson, basso and tenor, of Boston as soloists for the forthcoming concerts of the society on the 20th and 21st inst. Both these gentlemen are well known and favorably so, in musical circles generally; particularly in the "Hub." Their record is excellent and they are highly recommended to the St. John public by Mr. Tom Daniel who was instrumental in securing them. It is the present purpose of the society to give a miscellaneous concert on the 20th at which these gentlemen and Miss Tarbox will appear, and give "The Creation" the following evening. There is no doubt the management of the society will put forth every effort to make the forthcoming concerts memorable successes, and by their work justify the claim to public recognition, to which all friends of the society urge it is entitled.

The date for the production of "The Ten Virgins" under the direction of Mr. Ford has been fixed for the 12th inst. at St. John's (stone) church. Mrs. W. S. Carter, Mrs. Gilchrist, Rev. Mr. Dicker and Mr. G. C. Coster will be the soloists. Though no tickets will be sold for this occasion yet it is probable cards of admission will be issued suggesting liberality in the silver collection. The proceeds are for the organ fund.

The concerts of Durward Lely at the Opera House next week will in all probability be rare treats. Mr. and Mrs. Lely are highly spoken of in the outside press and no doubt will be abundantly patronized by all good Scotchmen in this city. There are yet among us many who listened with delight to Kennedy, the late Scotch vocalist, in his early days and now the opportunity is at hand for the enjoyment of the old time delights and for the descendants of these older persons to realize and enjoy what their ancestors enjoyed in "ye olden time."

The concert at Mechanics' Institute by the Conservatory of Music pupils on Thursday evening last, as well as the concert in the same hall on Friday evening by Herr Bernard Walther and his associates, occurred too late in the week for notice.

The 62nd Fusiliers are preparing for another concert at which Rev. J. M. Daventport will assist. The date is 7th. June.

The Folio for June has been received at this office and is well supplied with matter of interest to musical people. Among the music are three vocal pieces viz. "Cradle Song", "For the Colors" and "The Sailor's Vision" a Baritone song. A portrait of Miss Annie B. Sutherland, of operatic fame adorns the number. The

Folio is issued by the White-Smith Publishing Co. of Boston. The price is ten cents per number of one dollar per year.

Tones and Undertones. Mascagni has been invited to visit America.

Jean de Reske, the famous tenor, is said to be very fond of pie.

Theodore Thomas has abandoned the idea of giving a series of orchestral concerts in New York.

The last American performance of "Utopia United" was given at the Boston Museum last evening.

Della Fox has resigned from the DeWolfe Hopper opera company. Mrs. Hopper takes her place.

Jane Stuart once a popular member of W. H. Crane's dramatic company is singing in the Comic opera in Chicago.

Pauline Hall and her opera company are giving "Madame Favart" at the Park theatre, Philadelphia, this week.

Sir Joseph Barnaby says, the best English singing voices come from Yorkshire and the North of England and Wales.

Paderewski's hair is worn long because he has weak eyes and his physician thinks cutting his hair would tend to make them weaker.

Marie Delano, a well known Boston soprano, sails for Paris on 2nd, inst., to continue her vocal studies with Madame Marchesi.

DeKoven and Smith's new opera to be produced next fall is called "Rob Roy." Hejen Bertram has been engaged as the prima donna.

The 75th performance of "Princess Bonnie" at the Chestnut street theatre, Philadelphia, occurs on the 8th, inst. The occasion will be celebrated.

H. W. Parker, the composer of "Hors Novissima" has been engaged as professor of music at Yale College. He will be a loss to Boston musical circles.

Prof. Remeni, the famous violinist, makes his permanent home in New Jersey. He is as ardent in his studies and as youthful in his actions as a boy of sixteen.

Berlioz's Requiem mass was rendered in Philadelphia on the 26th, ult. with a chorus of 650 voices and an orchestra of 150 and four brass bands as arranged for by the composer.

The 800th anniversary of the death of Palestrina was celebrated at the Vatican recently by the performance of the composer's works. The Pope and many Cardinals were present.

The Toronto College of Music has announced a vocal competition during the Mosby Music festival this month. A prize of \$100 each is offered for the best competing soprano and tenor voice.

The choir of the Peddle Memorial church at Newark, N. Y., which under the direction of Mr. E. W. Bowman, was considered by some the finest choir in the United States, has resigned in a body. The choir numbered eighty voices.

Mme. Calve was seasick while on the ocean and refused to leave the saloon for two days. Coquelin teased her so much she lost her temper, grabbed the French comedian by the hair and boxed his ears. He ran away with Calve at his heels.

Mrs. Elene B. Eaton (Elene Bullinton Kehey) made her final English appearance in London at Queen's hall, last week. Sir Joseph Barnaby conducted the orchestra. This lady sailed for America and may be heard on this side of the water during the summer.

Edward Jakobowski, the composer of "Erminie" has composed the music for the new opera for Francis Wilson. The work is not yet named. The book has been adapted by J. Cheever Goodwin. Jakobowski recently scored a success in Vienna with "The Queen of Diamonds."

"Cavalleria Rusticana" is said to have brought its fortunate author about half a million dollars. Mascagni has written another opera, the libretto, being founded on one of Alphonse Karr's novels. It will be sung in German at Berlin, where Mascagni will superintend the rehearsals in person.

The condition of Emma Juch, the prima donna who has been seriously ill with inflammation of the stomach in Michigan, has improved so much she was able to start for her home on the 25th, ult. All her engagements have been cancelled, except one viz. that of her marriage which will take place this month.

TALK OF THE THEATRE. Lotta pays taxes on property in Boston valued at \$430,000.

Shakespeare's plays are being produced in Japan by native actors.

Sarah Bernhardt is giving "Phaedra" at Sunday matinees in Paris.

It is said a full dozen theatres will be closed in New York this week.

Professor Gleason, the horse tamer, is giving exhibitions in Philadelphia. It is said that Mrs. John Drew will be seen in this city during the summer. Marguerite Merrington will make a

short visit to England during the summer. Wilson Barrett closes his season at the Boston theatre tonight in "The Silver King."

It is said that Julia Arthur may star next season in a play founded on the life of Charlotte Corday.

The single New York survivor of the long continued comedies is "The Amazons." It will close 9th inst.

E. E. Price is writing a new three-act play for John L. Sullivan. It is to be named "The True American."

Beebolm Trees repertoire for his American season will include "Hamlet" "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "A Bunch of Violets."

Governor Greenhalge of Massachusetts, and his staff witnessed Wilson Barrett's performance of "Belshazzar" at the Boston theatre last week.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" adapted in Italian under the title "The Other One" has been successfully produced in Rome with Maggia in the dual role.

Mrs. Kendal is one of Mrs. Henry Irving's most intimate friends and has made a point of having her as a guest of honor at many of her receptions in London.

During the past season E. E. Rice has given employment to 228 actors, singers and dancers. The salary sheets of his three companies amounted to \$6,850 per week.

Corbett has refused an offer of \$2,500 per week to appear and pose in the London music halls. He will appear at the Folies Bergeres in Paris for two weeks in August.

Terriss will leave Henry Irving in the autumn, and play a new melodrama at the Adelphi. He will be supported by Miss Millward. A similar venture in the United States was not a success.

Manager John Stetson says he will give \$30,000 for a comedy as good as "The Private Secretary." He says it is the only thing in comedy he ever had a laugh over. Here is a chance for some one, rarely offered.

Scenes and tableaux of the Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau are to be given during the summer at Lincoln Park and Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. They will be under the direction of Mr. Alfred G. Lalime.

Zeffie Tilbury will start next season supported by Arthur Lewis and her mother, Lydia Thompson. Miss Tilbury will be remembered in her character of Mrs. Eastlake Chapel in "The Crucifixion" which she played last summer.

Madame Duse gave "La Locandiera" by the Queen's command at Windsor recently. Her majesty expressed great pleasure at the performance and conversed with the artist for a considerable time in Italian of which she is a perfect mistress.

R. Henri Strange, the colored tragedian is playing "The Merchant of Venice" this week at the standard theatre, Philadelphia. He is said to be very clever. His supporting company are all colored people. He is the only colored actor who has ever attempted Shakespeare.

Kuehne Beveridge, being under age, has had a guardian appointed preparatory to bringing suit for divorce from Charles Coghlan "on statutory grounds." They were married at Indianapolis, Oct. 25th 1893. Coghlan and his first wife are said to have become reconciled.

Fanny Rice, the actress, is the wife of Dr. George W. Purdy, and both she and her husband are receiving many congratulations on the arrival of a bouncing girl baby to them last week. Miss Rice as previously stated will star in "Miss Innocence Abroad," next season.

Eleanora Duse, the great actress, has refused to play "The second Mrs. Tangueray." She says she cannot understand the character of Piner's heroine and therefore cannot render it. A writer says of the play "The second Mrs. Tangueray is about as vile a play as has ever disgraced the English speaking stage."

He Knew The Lawyer. In France, as with us, it appears that lawyers have the reputation of juggling with words. A French lawyer was put in the witness-box, where he gave his testimony in a very halting and confused manner. The president of the court suddenly interrupted him. "Maitre X," said he, "forget your profession for a moment, and tell us the truth."

It is not generally known that Baltimore has become the headquarters of the Spiritualists of the United States. Believers have proposed the erection of a \$1,000,000 church in that city.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF WM. R. HALL OF ALDERSHOT.

He Was Thought to be at Death's Door, and the Medicines of a Continent had Failed—A Final Effort to Regain Health was Made, and He is Today Alive, Strong and in Good Health.

(From the Hamilton Herald.)

One of the most attractive places in the country of Wentworth is the little village of Aldershot, situated on what is known as the Plains road, about five miles from the city of Hamilton. One of the best known residents of the village and surrounding country is Captain Hall, who has represented the Township of East Flamboro in the Municipal Council for a number of years, and who, with his family, is held in the highest esteem by all who know him. Recently a reporter of the Herald visited the home of Captain Hall for the purpose of investigating a story to the effect that one of the captain's sons had been restored to health in a wonderful manner after having suffered since boyhood from apoplectic fits. On arriving at his destination the reporter found the genial captain, his wife, daughter, and three sons constituted the family. Of the three stalwart young men it was impossible to pick out the one who had for so many years been such a sufferer, but the captain settled all doubts by referring me to "Will." William R. Hall, more familiarly known as Will, presented the appearance of a hearty young man about 30 years of age. His story is briefly related as follows: He has been a sufferer from fits from his sixth birthday a childish fright being supposed to have been the original cause. For years he would fall down anywhere without being in the least able to help himself, the doctors from Hamilton and various distant points were in vain called in attendance. Medicines were procured from numerous sources in Canada, the United States and even from England, without avail. The boy became so utterly helpless that seven years ago he was compelled to keep his bed, and until a year ago was completely helpless. The fits sometimes came on him so severely that he would suffer from as many as fifteen in one day, and at such times it was so difficult for him to get his breath, that his nurses had to wash him with liquor. At this time he was so low that the neighbors who dropped in to see him expected to hear of his death almost any moment. This continued until about a year ago, when the newspaper articles relating the wonderful cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills induced Mr. Hall to give them a trial, and to the great satisfaction of himself and his friends he began to mend not long after beginning their use, and in three or four months was sufficiently recovered to be able to go out of doors. He continued taking the pills and, for the past six months has been as strong and about as well as either of his brothers, and has attended to the stock and done his share of work on his father's farm and fruit garden. Before Mr. Hall began taking the Pink Pills he was so thin and light that one of his brothers could carry him upstairs without the least difficulty, but he has since gained fifty pounds in weight. He has not taken any other medicine since he began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although a fit of a very mild nature occurred recently on his mind, he is so nearly cured that his father took great pleasure in giving the information here recorded. "It is over a month since I had a spell," said William as the reporter was leaving, "and even when I do have one now it is not nearly so hard as before I began to take the Pink Pills. The neighbors look surprised to see me drive over to Hamilton as I frequently do, they all thought I would die long ago. I am pleased at the wonderful progress I have made, and am very glad my experience is to be published, as it may be of value to some one else."

Every statement in this article may be verified by a visit to the home of Captain Hall, ex-councillor of East Flamboro, who has resided on the Plains road for the past eighteen years, and whose word is as good as his bond among those who know him. The reporter also had a conversation with several of Captain Hall's neighbors, and the story of William Hall's recovery was verified to his full satisfaction.

Such well verified cases as the above prove the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the treatment of all diseases of the nervous system, and stamp the remedy as unique in the annals of medicine. St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, chronic erysipelas, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, and all diseases depending upon a disordered condition of the blood, speedily yield to a treatment with the great medicine. By restoring the blood to a healthy condition, and rebuilding the nerves they speedily drive out disease and leave the patient in the enjoyment of vigorous health. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to women, and soon bring the rosy glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in troubles arising from over work, mental worry or excesses of any nature.

The public are cautioned against imitations and substitutes said to be "just as good." These are only offered by some unscrupulous dealers because there is a larger profit for them in the imitation.

There is no other remedy can successfully take the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and those who are in need of a medicine should insist upon getting the genuine which are always put up in boxes bearing the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for pale people." If you cannot obtain them from your dealer, they will be sent post-paid on receipt of 50 cents a box, \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ontario, Canada, N.Y.

He Knew The Lawyer. In France, as with us, it appears that lawyers have the reputation of juggling with words. A French lawyer was put in the witness-box, where he gave his testimony in a very halting and confused manner. The president of the court suddenly interrupted him. "Maitre X," said he, "forget your profession for a moment, and tell us the truth."

It is not generally known that Baltimore has become the headquarters of the Spiritualists of the United States. Believers have proposed the erection of a \$1,000,000 church in that city.

QUADRANT Road Racer, 1894 Model.



Weight 28 to 30 lbs. - - Price \$125.00 Pretty Nice Wheel, Isn't it? F. H. TIPPET, General Agent, 81 Prince Wm. St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

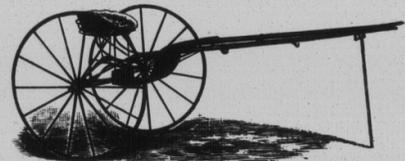
WAGONS and CARTS.

Our stock of carriages of all kinds is very complete, and we are in a position to suit the wants of the public in this respect.



The Fredericton Road Wagon.

An illustration of which is shown above, is especially popular. It is the wagon of the business man; low, easy of entrance, very handy and comfortable. The price is right.



A Good Road Cart.

In the spring of the year especially, a road cart, such as that shown above, should be owned by every man who owns horses. It saves a carriage, is convenient for exercising and the preliminary training of a speedy horse. Well built, handsome and easy to ride in.

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Columbia Model 34.

WEIGHT 30 lbs. PRICE, \$135. The high character of all Columbia Wheels is well known. Samples and catalogue free.

See our CRESCENT. Only \$90. Diamond Frame, All Ball Bearing, Pneumatic Tire. Sole agents for Columbia, Whiteworth, Crescents, Singers, Raleighs and others. 15 wheels to choose from. SAINT JOHN CYCLE CO., St John, N. B. Learners taught free when purchasing wheels.

SAINT JOHN CYCLE CO., St John, N. B.

LEARNERS TAUGHT FREE WHEN PURCHASING WHEELS.

HAVE YOU TRIED

Tetley's Tea?

TETLEY'S TEA SUITS THE FRUGAL HOUSEWIFE; THE TOTAL ABSTAINER; THE PENURIOUS; THE LUXURIOUS; THE DULL PALATE THAT WANTS STRENGTH; THE DELICATE PALATE THAT WANTS FLAVOR.

TETLEY'S TEA IS ECONOMICAL AND PURE. TETLEY'S TEA IS REFRESHING AND HEALTHY. Blended and Packed in 1lb. and 1/2lb. lead packets by JOSEPH TETLEY & CO., of London England. Can be obtained from all the leading Grocers in town and country.

GIVE IT A TRIAL. INSTRUCTION. ST. JOHN

Conservatory of Music

AND RECITATION. 158 Prince William St. Boarding and Day School. A thorough course given in Piano, Harmony, etc., Violin, Singing, Elocution, English, French and German, Orchestral Music. M. S. WHITMAN, Director.

Pianoforte Teaching.

The following letter is self-explanatory. "Miss Armstrong is one of my most talented pupils. She is an excellent pianist, and fully understands the most modern methods of Pianoforte playing and teaching. Her touch is purely legato and of the best quality, and I know her to be a most faithful teacher." Respectfully, S. B. HILLIS.

Stetway Hall, New York, Oct. 18th, 1891. Miss Armstrong receives pupils at her residence, 74 1/2 Union Street.

PRESCRIPTIONS

CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED

T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE.

TURKEYS, CHICKENS, GESE AND DUCKS.

Annapolis Co., N. S. Beef. Kings Co., N. B. Lamb, Mutton and Veal. Ontario Fresh Pork.

DEAN'S SAUSAGES.

Ham, Bacon, Clear Pork and Lard. Celery, Squash and all Vegetables.

THOS. DEAN, City Market

Lehigh Coal

NUT OR STOVE SIZE, LANDING. Very Cheap for Cash.

To arrive: Caledonia House Coal.

J. F. MORRISON.



MILLINERY.

In the latest styles. Ask to see

The S. C. Corsets.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax at the following places: Knowles' Book Store, 34 George street; Messers & Co., Barrington street; Chapman Street, 111 Hollis street; Haverly & Mylius, Morris street; Doreilly's Book Store, 6 George street; Brewster's Dress Store, Spring Garden Road; G. J. Kline, Opp. C. E. Depot; F. J. Griffin, 177 Goring street; F. J. Honneman, Spring Garden Road; W. H. H. H., 129 Hollis street; N. S. & Son, George Street; H. S. S., Dartmouth, N. S.; J. W. Ayles, Dartmouth, N. S.

AMHERST.

Progress is for sale at Amherst by Charles Hillson and at the music store of H. A. Hillson. May 30—Mr. R. C. Fuller, Dr. Bliss, Mr. F. Wilson, Mr. James Moffat and several other sportsmen went to Tishin on the 24th, to enjoy an outing. The closing exercises of Mount Allison academy and the Ladies' College, Sackville, have been a point of interest to a great many from Amherst. Mrs. C. T. Hillson went over on Saturday and returned home on Tuesday accompanied by her daughter Ella who has been attending college.

Mrs. A. D. Munro, Miss Moffat, Miss Christie, Miss Cullen and Miss Munro went to Sackville on Tuesday to see the exhibit of painting prominent among which was some very good work from the brush of Mrs. Miller, recently a teacher in Amherst. Miss Grace Tingley of Dorchester was in the town a few days last week. Among those who drove to the docks on Wednesday evening to enjoy the dance given by Miss Handford, were Mrs. C. J. Morse, Miss Morse, Miss Brown, Miss Rogers, Miss Purdy, the Misses Main, Dr. Hall, Dr. McQueen, Messrs. Borden, Lockwood, Dunlap, J. Curry, Doers and Main, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cole spent Thursday with friends at Macdon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Moran went to Dorchester on the 24th, to spend the holiday at Mr. Moran's home. The marriage of Miss Ethel Chapman and Mr. W. Moore is announced for the 6th of June. A charming home awaits the future bride.

Miss McCool, Miss Soudelle, and Miss Wood were among the visitors to Sackville on Monday. Dr. Allen delivered a very instructive lecture to the temperance society on Sunday evening in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. W. Fullerton and family in their grief for the death of Mr. W. Fullerton whose funeral took place on Thursday afternoon. The service was conducted by Rev. E. Harris in Christ church the remains were interred in the church cemetery.

Miss Wheeler of St. John is paying a visit to her friend Mrs. Ketchum of Amherst. Dr. Bliss who was called to Halifax on business returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. W. D. Maitre, J. M. Townshend and D. W. Douglas were out on a very successful fishing excursion last week.

Mr. G. A. Munro went to Springhill on Thursday for a short trip. Mrs. Lois Bishop of Halifax has engaged the Y. M. C. A. hall where she will give a course of instruction in physical culture from the most improved methods. She is very highly spoken of and will probably get a very large class.

Miss Cullen's recital on Wednesday evening was a very pleasant affair and quite largely attended, also being a former resident of Amherst, and coming after four years absence from Boston where she has been studying elocution and the Debates system of culture from the best teachers. Her recital was very pleasing and all the movements gracefully performed to an accompaniment on the piano played by Mrs. C. O. Upper. Miss Cullen also assisted with the entertainment at a sociable in the Baptist church on Tuesday evening, where her readings were applauded to an encore.

Master Charles Hillson, who has been engaged as organist in Christ church for the coming year, presided at the organ on Sunday last in a most capable way. He belongs to a very musical family and has been teacher in the boys' choir for a year or more, so his future is, musically speaking, full of promise. He is a very interesting and capable young man, and has certainly much to be pleased with in the excellent technique and proficiency of his pupil.

Senator Dickey returned home from Ottawa on Saturday evening. He proposes going to Sackville to accompany Mrs. Dickey home.

Mrs. A. F. McKinnon entertained the young friends of her daughters Frieda and Lucy on Tuesday of last week to a much enjoyed dance.

Mrs. Alice Farley has returned home after a long visit in the lower part of the province.

MARSH MALLOW. Progress is for sale at Parrsboro Book Store.] May 29—The Queen's birthday was celebrated by numerous fishing parties to rural localities. The attraction in town was the tea in St. George's hall. The ice-cream and other refreshment tables were extensively patronized all the evening. There was some excellent music too, a few numbers on the violin by Dr. Mackenzie with Mrs. Gibbons accompanist, and songs by Miss Beckman. This was only appreciated I fear by the people in the immediate vicinity of the performers, as the hall was packed with a standing, jostling crowd. A very good sum indeed was realized.

Miss Page and Miss Elderkin have returned from England. Mrs. A. H. Upham is visiting her relatives in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. O. LEB. Price and their children spent the Queen's birthday at Havelock, N. B. Miss Sutherland, of Westmorland, who has been paying a short visit to her sister, Mrs. Copp, returned home on Monday.

Rev. Mr. Barry, of Co. Meath, Ireland, is at present a guest at the rectory. He is believed to take Rev. Mr. White's place here, he having been appointed rector at New Ross. Mr. and Mrs. Parsons and little son of Springhill, spent the Queen's birthday with Dr. and Mrs. Townshend.

Rev. Mr. Whitler, conducted the Presbyterian services on Sunday before last, and gave on Monday evening a very interesting lecture the subject of which was from Aden to Etna.

Rev. C. DeWolfe, of Amherst, and Mr. Harry Woodworth went to Sackville today. The latter has accepted a position on a St. John paper.

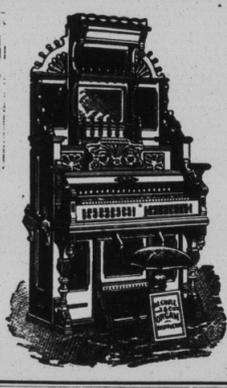
Mrs. C. B. Smith of Amherst, was here for a day or two recently, visiting her parents. Miss Agnes Allan left last week for New York, where she has been appointed to the position of superintendent of a private hospital.

Mrs. A. E. McLeod went to Wolfville for a day or two last week. Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Tucker gave a pleasant evening party to quite a number of young people not long since Mattie Woodworth has returned from a visit to Sackville.

Mrs. F. Hand spent the Queen's birthday at Amherst; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Holmes also. Dr. and Mrs. Dearborn arrived from the States on Saturday, to spend the summer at Paradise Island. Miss Annie McNamara is visiting friends at Amherst.

PICTOU. [Progress is for sale in Pictou by James McLean.] May 29—Miss Mitchell of Merigonish is the guest of Miss Aggie McKennie. Mrs. D. M. Solomon and A. O. Macrae of New Glasgow were in town on Saturday last. Rev. Mr. Ashan, of Pictou occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's church on Sabbath evening. Colonel Snow is in town at present. Mr. B. A. L. Huntman has returned to town. I have to tell this week of the death of Mrs. A. C. McDonald, while she has been for years in a invalid it was not the light that her end was so near she passed peacefully away on Wednesday evening the 24th inst. Her kindly manner and warm heartedness made Mrs. McDonald a general favorite. The society has had a very interesting and profitable next week in fact it is thought the invitations are already out. May it be the beginning of quite a number. Mr. J. W. Carmichael, of New Glasgow, was in town Saturday.

STEINWAY, CHICKERING, NORDHEIMER PIANOS. LIBERAL TERMS, REASONABLE PRICES. A lot of second hand Pianos and Organs can be obtained at low prices and terms to suit purchasers. Sole's Photograph Art Works in great variety. Agents wanted for every city in Canada. For particulars address A. PETERSEN, 68 King Street, - - - Sole Agent for Canada.



\$37.50 BETS A GOOD ORGAN. This gives you an idea of our SPECIAL WHOLESALE PRICES DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO FAMILY. For our Handsome Illustrated Catalogue Free to-day of Latest Styles and special terms of sale. Write to-day. We ship ORGANS direct to the Home on TEN DAYS TEST TRIAL, and sell on easy terms of payment as well as for spot cash. Every Instrument Fully Warranted for Six Years. Address: H. E. CHUTE & CO., YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.

DANGOR WAGONS. are the most comfortable made. Call and see our stock. PRICE & SHAW, 222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B.

NEW GLASGOW.

[Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Pritchard and H. H. Henderson.] May 30—Miss Florence Earle, of Charlottetown, who has been spending the past year in Cape Breton, was in town last week on her way home.

On Wednesday last Mrs. F. Harley entertained a number of young people with "high tea," the occasion being the birthday anniversary of her daughter, Miss Nina, who received the guests in a very pretty gown of white cashmere trimmed with gold braid. The formal decorations on the tea table were lovely, roses and other flowers being used in profusion. Miss Harley was the recipient of a number of handsome presents. Some of the guests were very pretty dresses, which I will attempt to describe.

Miss Wright, blue figured silk and gray, natural flowers. Miss Ella Wright, cream India silk. Miss Sadie Fraser, old rose crepon, black velvet trimmings. Miss Ritchie, blue and white silk. Miss Besse Sutherland, cream figured challis and blue silk.

Miss Daisy Bell, pale blue spotted muslin and lace. Miss Jett McGregor, white lawn, lace trimmings. Miss Lillie McGregor, old rose cashmere and velvet. Miss Miller, grey silk. Miss Sylvester, red, cream lace trimmings. Miss Grace Carmichael, garnet silk, cream lace. Miss Clara Smith, grey and black challis. Miss Katie McKinnon, dark green silk. Miss Blanche McKinnon, blue and cream challis. Miss Maria Carmichael, figured challis and lace. Miss Hannah Matheson, bronze silk and embroidery.

During the latter part of the evening ice was very daintily served. Aduex were said about half past nine the evening being pronounced a very delightful one.

Miss Edith Carmichael, of Pictou, is in town visiting Mrs. J. H. Sinclair, West Side. Miss Maggie McCachers, of Charlottetown, was visiting in town on the 24th.

Miss Jennie Conrod, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fulton Conrod, since last fall, leaves next week for her home in Sheet Harbor. Miss Conrod has not only made numerous friends here, but is a particular favorite and will be greatly missed in social circles.

Mr. Bob Boyd, paid a flying visit to St. John last week. Mr. W. S. Calkin and his bride (nee Miss Mary Acker) of Lunenburg arrived here on Friday evening last, for a few days' sojourn, with the former's home friends. Mrs. Calkin appeared out on Sunday last, attending church at St. Andrew's, it was a very doubtful day as to whether, and not suitable, for much bravery of attire. The bride wore a pretty toilette of rich black silk, lawn cap and hat. Mr. and Mrs. Calkin received at "Furn Hill" on Monday

and Tuesday; They expect to leave on Friday, for the future home of the bride, at Lunenburg. Mr. and Mrs. Bobbin arrived home last week, from a trip to Quebec, which though short was productive of much pleasure in visiting the many objects of interest, in and about the old city. The Bernard Walker concert, on Monday evening was not well attended and those present were invited by Dr. J. W. S. Maitre, to reside in his residence adjacent and utilize his spacious parlors for the occasion. WINDSOR, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowle Bookstore and by F. W. Dakin.] May 29—Regular Queen's weather greeted the pleasure seekers on the 24th, and the holiday was made the most of by young and old who had planned excursions, picnics etc. The town was quite deserted very few people being seen on the streets during the day. A number of gentlemen went down the river cool-bathing in McKinlay's famous boat, among them were Messrs. Woodworth, Russell, Wood, Raggles, Scott, Foster and Smith. Some others who went to Chester were unwilling to enough to have their camp and all its contents burned during a short absence from the town. Several of the Abanbia bicycle club who took in the run over, were Messrs. J. Forsythe, P. Dimock, J. Dimock, Solano, S. Thompson, Sutherland, Gelder, Shand, Curry, Wright, Smith and Murphy. Mr. S. Thompson took part in the bicycle race and won a gold medal. A number of young ladies and gentlemen had a picnic at the Avon Falls, and spent a delightful day. The girls and boys from the school were entertained in different ways by the town people. Messrs. H. McMurtry and G. Masters, of Kentville and Mrs. W. S. Maitre, of Windsor, were in town on the 24th. Mr. H. King was up from Halifax for the 24th. Miss Annie Curry and Miss Allison came home last evening from Halifax where they have been visiting friends. Dr. Halsey, Mr. W. Curry, and Mr. John Smith, returned from St. John yesterday. Mrs. Levi Curry has returned from Halifax where she has been visiting her daughter Mrs. Holland. Mr. W. H. Curry was in Halifax for some days last week. Mr. Max Murdoch of Montreal spent Sunday in Windsor. Bishop Courtney has been on the 22nd, and attended the concert given by the church school for girls on the evening of that day. The entertainment which consisted of songs, recitations and a cantata was very enjoyable and the young ladies participating themselves in a most creditable manner. The large dining hall was crowded with visitors. The Bishop of Nova Scotia and numerous friends of the girls attended. The proceeds of the concert were to be devoted to the library fund, and they reached the very respectable sum of \$72.00. Entertainments of this description taking place within the school are valuable. They show what the young ladies can do, and the object is commendable. The following programme speaks for itself. PART I. Part Song—The Fay's Song.....Smart Piano Duet—(a) Allegretto.....Grieg (b) Opus 10, No. 1.....Chopin The Misses Irvine and Barber. Song (Violin Obligato)—Sleep on, Dear Love.....Pianetti The Misses McMillan and Cowan. Vocal Trio—Night Chants on the Wave.....Leeschhorn Miss Willets. The Misses Dodd, Winslow and Nichols. Recitation—The Misses Stratton and Corbett. Song—A Winter's Lullaby.....DeKoven Violin Solo—Cavatina.....Raff Vocal Duet—The Wanderer Song.....Rubinstein The Misses McMillan and Cotton. Piano Solo—Impromptu.....Schubert Miss Jack. Song—Charmante Marguerite, An old French Song Miss Winslow. PART II. The Harvest Moon, Pastoral Cantata, By Franz Abt. Argentin. According to a fanciful legend of the Black Forest, it was the custom many centuries ago, for the peasant on Wednesday last, to go to Sackville, where she takes part in the closing exercises at the seminary. Rev. J. F. Ouston, Grove church, Richmond, was in town on Monday last, a guest at St. Paul's manse. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Loaman, Master J. J. Argent, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bigelow, Miss Helen Bigelow and Mr. Harry Bigelow were all in Halifax on Thursday last. Drs. D. H. and W. S. Muir, and Dr. McKay were in Halifax; Dr. Walker, in Wallace; Dr. Bent, I heard, was away angling for trout; so that but few of the faculty were at home, only two, Drs. Yoston and Kent—but not Dr. Kent was in Stawicks. Mr. Fred Linton returned to St. John, on Monday last. Rev. E. B. Moore was a guest at "Stoneycroft cottage" for a few days this week. Mrs. W. H. Donkin and Mrs. W. S. Donkin, returned last Saturday, from a short trip to Hants county. Mrs. W. S. Muir was in Halifax, on Thursday last, where she was joined by Master Walter Muir, from his school at Windsor, for the holiday. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Y. Smith, were in town, and a "cacha" of fine trout in Sackville, on Thursday. Mrs. M. S. Stuart arrived home on Saturday evening last, from her trip to Boston. Mr. Stuart has had the honor of being with Professor Hollaway, one of Boston's well known instructors in pipe organs and pianoforte music. Master Harry Kaulbach was home, from school at Windsor, for the holiday. Mr. McLean, Antigonish, was the guest of Professor and Mrs. McDon-ld, last week. Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. H. Loaman, Master J. J. Argent, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bigelow, Miss Helen Bigelow and Mr. Harry Bigelow were all in Halifax on Thursday last. Mrs. O'Regan, Dalhousie, N. B., is at present a guest of Mrs. M. S. Stuart. Miss Blanche MacDowell the Misses Kenzie, and Messrs. K. Stewart, of New Glasgow, and D. Hay, spent the twenty fourth very pleasantly with friends, in Acadia mines. Mr. Bob Boyd, paid a flying visit to St. John last week. Mr. W. S. Calkin and his bride (nee Miss Mary Acker) of Lunenburg arrived here on Friday evening last, for a few days' sojourn, with the former's home friends. Mrs. Calkin appeared out on Sunday last, attending church at St. Andrew's, it was a very doubtful day as to whether, and not suitable, for much bravery of attire. The bride wore a pretty toilette of rich black silk, lawn cap and hat. Mr. and Mrs. Calkin received at "Furn Hill" on Monday

Mr. James A. Fraser is home from Fifteen Mile stream. Mr. Allister Matheson left yesterday for Montreal, where he expects to spend a few months. Mrs. Forbes, of Dundas, Ont., is in town, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Maitre. Mr. John Grant was in Halifax last week, the guest of Mr. Sydney Smith. Mr. Will Ross, sacre of the bank of Nova Scotia, at Shelburne, was visiting in Halifax last week. Among the many fishing parties on the 24th was one which was particularly enjoyed—leaving on the early train for Hopewell, they then drove some ten miles to the fishing grounds, where a very pleasant as well as successful day was spent. Among the party were, The Misses McCall, the Misses Jessie Patterson, Ray Ross, J. McGregor, S. Archibald, Ross Butler, Messrs H. K. Fitzpatrick, Sirgum Robertson, E. McGregor, C. W. Fraser, H. Torry. Mr. John Young, of North Sydney, was last week the guest of Mrs. Forsythe McKay. Mrs. Thomas Cook, went to Charlottetown, yesterday to visit friends. Gray Mason Lodge of Nova Scotia meets at New Glasgow on June 12th. Rev. James Carmichael will preach for the occasion. Grand Master D. C. Fraser, M. P. will come from Ottawa to take the meeting. Fabianite preparation was being made by the local members of the fraternity to entertain visiting brethren. Among other things "river excursion" will add much to the pleasure of their visit. Mr. James Carmichael left last week for England, expects to be away about six weeks. Professor Calkin and bride, Truro, were in town today. Mrs. George Smith, of Truro, was in town this week, visiting her daughter Miss Smith. Mrs. A. McGregor, goes to Cape Breton today, to spend the summer. Miss Lena Fulton who has been the guest of her sister Mrs. Will Remne for the past year, returns to her home in Truro today. Mr. F. Brenton Sutherland, was visiting in Sherbrooke, on the 24th. Miss Jennie Smith, was visiting Truro friends last week.

TRURO, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Paulston and D. H. Smith & Co.] May 30—Miss Mabel Whiston, Halifax, was in town last week, on her way to Sackville, where she takes part in the closing exercises at the seminary. Rev. J. F. Ouston, Grove church, Richmond, was in town on Monday last, a guest at St. Paul's manse. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Loaman, Master J. J. Argent, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bigelow, Miss Helen Bigelow and Mr. Harry Bigelow were all in Halifax on Thursday last. Drs. D. H. and W. S. Muir, and Dr. McKay were in Halifax; Dr. Walker, in Wallace; Dr. Bent, I heard, was away angling for trout; so that but few of the faculty were at home, only two, Drs. Yoston and Kent—but not Dr. Kent was in Stawicks. Mr. Fred Linton returned to St. John, on Monday last. Rev. E. B. Moore was a guest at "Stoneycroft cottage" for a few days this week. Mrs. W. H. Donkin and Mrs. W. S. Donkin, returned last Saturday, from a short trip to Hants county. Mrs. W. S. Muir was in Halifax, on Thursday last, where she was joined by Master Walter Muir, from his school at Windsor, for the holiday. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Y. Smith, were in town, and a "cacha" of fine trout in Sackville, on Thursday. Mrs. M. S. Stuart arrived home on Saturday evening last, from her trip to Boston. Mr. Stuart has had the honor of being with Professor Hollaway, one of Boston's well known instructors in pipe organs and pianoforte music. Master Harry Kaulbach was home, from school at Windsor, for the holiday. Mr. McLean, Antigonish, was the guest of Professor and Mrs. McDon-ld, last week. Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. H. Loaman, Master J. J. Argent, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bigelow, Miss Helen Bigelow and Mr. Harry Bigelow were all in Halifax on Thursday last. Mrs. O'Regan, Dalhousie, N. B., is at present a guest of Mrs. M. S. Stuart. Miss Blanche MacDowell the Misses Kenzie, and Messrs. K. Stewart, of New Glasgow, and D. Hay, spent the twenty fourth very pleasantly with friends, in Acadia mines. Mr. Bob Boyd, paid a flying visit to St. John last week. Mr. W. S. Calkin and his bride (nee Miss Mary Acker) of Lunenburg arrived here on Friday evening last, for a few days' sojourn, with the former's home friends. Mrs. Calkin appeared out on Sunday last, attending church at St. Andrew's, it was a very doubtful day as to whether, and not suitable, for much bravery of attire. The bride wore a pretty toilette of rich black silk, lawn cap and hat. Mr. and Mrs. Calkin received at "Furn Hill" on Monday

and Tuesday; They expect to leave on Friday, for the future home of the bride, at Lunenburg. Mr. and Mrs. Bobbin arrived home last week, from a trip to Quebec, which though short was productive of much pleasure in visiting the many objects of interest, in and about the old city. The Bernard Walker concert, on Monday evening was not well attended and those present were invited by Dr. J. W. S. Maitre, to reside in his residence adjacent and utilize his spacious parlors for the occasion. WINDSOR, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowle Bookstore and by F. W. Dakin.] May 29—Regular Queen's weather greeted the pleasure seekers on the 24th, and the holiday was made the most of by young and old who had planned excursions, picnics etc. The town was quite deserted very few people being seen on the streets during the day. A number of gentlemen went down the river cool-bathing in McKinlay's famous boat, among them were Messrs. Woodworth, Russell, Wood, Raggles, Scott, Foster and Smith. Some others who went to Chester were unwilling to enough to have their camp and all its contents burned during a short absence from the town. Several of the Abanbia bicycle club who took in the run over, were Messrs. J. Forsythe, P. Dimock, J. Dimock, Solano, S. Thompson, Sutherland, Gelder, Shand, Curry, Wright, Smith and Murphy. Mr. S. Thompson took part in the bicycle race and won a gold medal. A number of young ladies and gentlemen had a picnic at the Avon Falls, and spent a delightful day. The girls and boys from the school were entertained in different ways by the town people. Messrs. H. McMurtry and G. Masters, of Kentville and Mrs. W. S. Maitre, of Windsor, were in town on the 24th. Mr. H. King was up from Halifax for the 24th. Miss Annie Curry and Miss Allison came home last evening from Halifax where they have been visiting friends. Dr. Halsey, Mr. W. Curry, and Mr. John Smith, returned from St. John yesterday. Mrs. Levi Curry has returned from Halifax where she has been visiting her daughter Mrs. Holland. Mr. W. H. Curry was in Halifax for some days last week. Mr. Max Murdoch of Montreal spent Sunday in Windsor. Bishop Courtney has been on the 22nd, and attended the concert given by the church school for girls on the evening of that day. The entertainment which consisted of songs, recitations and a cantata was very enjoyable and the young ladies participating themselves in a most creditable manner. The large dining hall was crowded with visitors. The Bishop of Nova Scotia and numerous friends of the girls attended. The proceeds of the concert were to be devoted to the library fund, and they reached the very respectable sum of \$72.00. Entertainments of this description taking place within the school are valuable. They show what the young ladies can do, and the object is commendable. The following programme speaks for itself. PART I. Part Song—The Fay's Song.....Smart Piano Duet—(a) Allegretto.....Grieg (b) Opus 10, No. 1.....Chopin The Misses Irvine and Barber. Song (Violin Obligato)—Sleep on, Dear Love.....Pianetti The Misses McMillan and Cowan. Vocal Trio—Night Chants on the Wave.....Leeschhorn Miss Willets. The Misses Dodd, Winslow and Nichols. Recitation—The Misses Stratton and Corbett. Song—A Winter's Lullaby.....DeKoven Violin Solo—Cavatina.....Raff Vocal Duet—The Wanderer Song.....Rubinstein The Misses McMillan and Cotton. Piano Solo—Impromptu.....Schubert Miss Jack. Song—Charmante Marguerite, An old French Song Miss Winslow. PART II. The Harvest Moon, Pastoral Cantata, By Franz Abt. Argentin. According to a fanciful legend of the Black Forest, it was the custom many centuries ago, for the peasant on Wednesday last, to go to Sackville, where she takes part in the closing exercises at the seminary. Rev. J. F. Ouston, Grove church, Richmond, was in town on Monday last, a guest at St. Paul's manse. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Loaman, Master J. J. Argent, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bigelow, Miss Helen Bigelow and Mr. Harry Bigelow were all in Halifax on Thursday last. Drs. D. H. and W. S. Muir, and Dr. McKay were in Halifax; Dr. Walker, in Wallace; Dr. Bent, I heard, was away angling for trout; so that but few of the faculty were at home, only two, Drs. Yoston and Kent—but not Dr. Kent was in Stawicks. Mr. Fred Linton returned to St. John, on Monday last. Rev. E. B. Moore was a guest at "Stoneycroft cottage" for a few days this week. Mrs. W. H. Donkin and Mrs. W. S. Donkin, returned last Saturday, from a short trip to Hants county. Mrs. W. S. Muir was in Halifax, on Thursday last, where she was joined by Master Walter Muir, from his school at Windsor, for the holiday. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Y. Smith, were in town, and a "cacha" of fine trout in Sackville, on Thursday. Mrs. M. S. Stuart arrived home on Saturday evening last, from her trip to Boston. Mr. Stuart has had the honor of being with Professor Hollaway, one of Boston's well known instructors in pipe organs and pianoforte music. Master Harry Kaulbach was home, from school at Windsor, for the holiday. Mr. McLean, Antigonish, was the guest of Professor and Mrs. McDon-ld, last week. Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. H. Loaman, Master J. J. Argent, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bigelow, Miss Helen Bigelow and Mr. Harry Bigelow were all in Halifax on Thursday last. Mrs. O'Regan, Dalhousie, N. B., is at present a guest of Mrs. M. S. Stuart. Miss Blanche MacDowell the Misses Kenzie, and Messrs. K. Stewart, of New Glasgow, and D. Hay, spent the twenty fourth very pleasantly with friends, in Acadia mines. Mr. Bob Boyd, paid a flying visit to St. John last week. Mr. W. S. Calkin and his bride (nee Miss Mary Acker) of Lunenburg arrived here on Friday evening last, for a few days' sojourn, with the former's home friends. Mrs. Calkin appeared out on Sunday last, attending church at St. Andrew's, it was a very doubtful day as to whether, and not suitable, for much bravery of attire. The bride wore a pretty toilette of rich black silk, lawn cap and hat. Mr. and Mrs. Calkin received at "Furn Hill" on Monday

and Tuesday; They expect to leave on Friday, for the future home of the bride, at Lunenburg. Mr. and Mrs. Bobbin arrived home last week, from a trip to Quebec, which though short was productive of much pleasure in visiting the many objects of interest, in and about the old city. The Bernard Walker concert, on Monday evening was not well attended and those present were invited by Dr. J. W. S. Maitre, to reside in his residence adjacent and utilize his spacious parlors for the occasion. WINDSOR, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowle Bookstore and by F. W. Dakin.] May 29—Regular Queen's weather greeted the pleasure seekers on the 24th, and the holiday was made the most of by young and old who had planned excursions, picnics etc. The town was quite deserted very few people being seen on the streets during the day. A number of gentlemen went down the river cool-bathing in McKinlay's famous boat, among them were Messrs. Woodworth, Russell, Wood, Raggles, Scott, Foster and Smith. Some others who went to Chester were unwilling to enough to have their camp and all its contents burned during a short absence from the town. Several of the Abanbia bicycle club who took in the run over, were Messrs. J. Forsythe, P. Dimock, J. Dimock, Solano, S. Thompson, Sutherland, Gelder, Shand, Curry, Wright, Smith and Murphy. Mr. S. Thompson took part in the bicycle race and won a gold medal. A number of young ladies and gentlemen had a picnic at the Avon Falls, and spent a delightful day. The girls and boys from the school were entertained in different ways by the town people. Messrs. H. McMurtry and G. Masters, of Kentville and Mrs. W. S. Maitre, of Windsor, were in town on the 24th. Mr. H. King was up from Halifax for the 24th. Miss Annie Curry and Miss Allison came home last evening from Halifax where they have been visiting friends. Dr. Halsey, Mr. W. Curry, and Mr. John Smith, returned from St. John yesterday. Mrs. Levi Curry has returned from Halifax where she has been visiting her daughter Mrs. Holland. Mr. W. H. Curry was in Halifax for some days last week. Mr. Max Murdoch of Montreal spent Sunday in Windsor. Bishop Courtney has been on the 22nd, and attended the concert given by the church school for girls on the evening of that day. The entertainment which consisted of songs, recitations and a cantata was very enjoyable and the young ladies participating themselves in a most creditable manner. The large dining hall was crowded with visitors. The Bishop of Nova Scotia and numerous friends of the girls attended. The proceeds of the concert were to be devoted to the library fund, and they reached the very respectable sum of \$72.00. Entertainments of this description taking place within the school are valuable. They show what the young ladies can do, and the object is commendable. The following programme speaks for itself. PART I. Part Song—The Fay's Song.....Smart Piano Duet—(a) Allegretto.....Grieg (b) Opus 10, No. 1.....Chopin The Misses Irvine and Barber. Song (Violin Obligato)—Sleep on, Dear Love.....Pianetti The Misses McMillan and Cowan. Vocal Trio—Night Chants on the Wave.....Leeschhorn Miss Willets. The Misses Dodd, Winslow and Nichols. Recitation—The Misses Stratton and Corbett. Song—A Winter's Lullaby.....DeKoven Violin Solo—Cavatina.....Raff Vocal Duet—The Wanderer Song.....Rubinstein The Misses McMillan and Cotton. Piano Solo—Impromptu.....Schubert Miss Jack. Song—Charmante Marguerite, An old French Song Miss Winslow. PART II. The Harvest Moon, Pastoral Cantata, By Franz Abt. Argentin. According to a fanciful legend of the Black Forest, it was the custom many centuries ago, for the peasant on Wednesday last, to go to Sackville, where she takes part in the closing exercises at the seminary. Rev. J. F. Ouston, Grove church, Richmond, was in town on Monday last, a guest at St. Paul's manse. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Loaman, Master J. J. Argent, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bigelow, Miss Helen Bigelow and Mr. Harry Bigelow were all in Halifax on Thursday last. Drs. D. H. and W. S. Muir, and Dr. McKay were in Halifax; Dr. Walker, in Wallace; Dr. Bent, I heard, was away angling for trout; so that but few of the faculty were at home, only two, Drs. Yoston and Kent—but not Dr. Kent was in Stawicks. Mr. Fred Linton returned to St. John, on Monday last. Rev. E. B. Moore was a guest at "Stoneycroft cottage" for a few days this week. Mrs. W. H. Donkin and Mrs. W. S. Donkin, returned last Saturday, from a short trip to Hants county. Mrs. W. S. Muir was in Halifax, on Thursday last, where she was joined by Master Walter Muir, from his school at Windsor, for the holiday. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Y. Smith, were in town, and a "cacha" of fine trout in Sackville, on Thursday. Mrs. M. S. Stuart arrived home on Saturday evening last, from her trip to Boston. Mr. Stuart has had the honor of being with Professor Hollaway, one of Boston's well known instructors in pipe organs and pianoforte music. Master Harry Kaulbach was home, from school at Windsor, for the holiday. Mr. McLean, Antigonish, was the guest of Professor and Mrs. McDon-ld, last week. Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. H. Loaman, Master J. J. Argent, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bigelow, Miss Helen Bigelow and Mr. Harry Bigelow were all in Halifax on Thursday last. Mrs. O'Regan, Dalhousie, N. B., is at present a guest of Mrs. M. S. Stuart. Miss Blanche MacDowell the Misses Kenzie, and Messrs. K. Stewart, of New Glasgow, and D. Hay, spent the twenty fourth very pleasantly with friends, in Acadia mines. Mr. Bob Boyd, paid a flying visit to St. John last week. Mr. W. S. Calkin and his bride (nee Miss Mary Acker) of Lunenburg arrived here on Friday evening last, for a few days' sojourn, with the former's home friends. Mrs. Calkin appeared out on Sunday last, attending church at St. Andrew's, it was a very doubtful day as to whether, and not suitable, for much bravery of attire. The bride wore a pretty toilette of rich black silk, lawn cap and hat. Mr. and Mrs. Calkin received at "Furn Hill" on Monday

and Tuesday; They expect to leave on Friday, for the future home of the bride, at Lunenburg. Mr. and Mrs. Bobbin arrived home last week, from a trip to Quebec, which though short was productive of much pleasure in visiting the many objects of interest, in and about the old city. The Bernard Walker concert, on Monday evening was not well attended and those present were invited by Dr. J. W. S. Maitre, to reside in his residence adjacent and utilize his spacious parlors for the occasion. WINDSOR, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowle Bookstore and by F. W. Dakin.] May 29—Regular Queen's weather greeted the pleasure seekers on the 24th, and the holiday was made the most of by young and old who had planned excursions, picnics etc. The town was quite deserted very few people being seen on the streets during the day. A number of gentlemen went down the river cool-bathing in McKinlay's famous boat, among them were Messrs. Woodworth, Russell, Wood, Raggles, Scott, Foster and Smith. Some others who went to Chester were unwilling to enough to have their camp and all its contents burned during a short absence from the town. Several of the Abanbia bicycle club who took in the run over, were Messrs. J. Forsythe, P. Dimock, J. Dimock, Solano, S. Thompson, Sutherland, Gelder, Shand, Curry, Wright, Smith and Murphy. Mr. S. Thompson took part in the bicycle race and won a gold medal. A number of young ladies and gentlemen had a picnic at the Avon Falls, and spent a delightful day. The girls and boys from the school were entertained in different ways by the town people. Messrs. H. McMurtry and G. Masters, of Kentville and Mrs. W. S. Maitre, of Windsor, were in town on the 24th. Mr. H. King was up from Halifax for the 24th. Miss Annie Curry and Miss Allison came home last evening from Halifax where they have been visiting friends. Dr. Halsey, Mr. W. Curry, and Mr. John Smith, returned from St. John yesterday. Mrs. Levi Curry has returned from Halifax where she has been visiting her daughter Mrs. Holland. Mr. W. H. Curry was in Halifax for some days last week. Mr. Max Murdoch of Montreal spent Sunday in Windsor. Bishop Courtney has been on the 22nd, and attended the concert given by the church school for girls on the evening of that day. The entertainment which consisted of songs, recitations and a cantata was very enjoyable and the young ladies participating themselves in a most creditable manner. The large dining hall was crowded with visitors. The Bishop of Nova Scotia and numerous friends of the girls attended. The proceeds of the concert were to be devoted to the library fund, and they reached the very respectable sum of \$72.00. Entertainments of this description taking place within the school are valuable. They show what the young ladies can do, and the object is commendable. The following programme speaks for itself. PART I. Part Song—The Fay's Song.....Smart Piano Duet—(a) Allegretto.....Grieg (b) Opus 10, No. 1.....Chopin The Misses Irvine and Barber. Song (Violin Obligato)—Sleep on, Dear Love.....Pianetti The Misses McMillan and Cowan. Vocal Trio—Night Chants on the Wave.....Leeschhorn Miss Willets. The Misses Dodd, Winslow and Nichols. Recitation—The Misses Stratton and Corbett. Song—A Winter's Lullaby.....DeKoven Violin Solo—Cavatina.....Raff Vocal Duet—The Wanderer Song.....Rubinstein The Misses McMillan and Cotton. Piano Solo—Impromptu.....Schubert Miss Jack. Song—Charmante Marguerite, An old French Song Miss Winslow. PART II. The Harvest Moon, Pastoral Cantata, By Franz Abt. Argentin. According to a fanciful legend of the Black Forest, it was the custom many centuries ago, for the peasant on Wednesday last, to go to Sackville, where she takes part in the closing exercises at the seminary. Rev. J. F. Ouston, Grove church, Richmond, was in town on Monday last, a guest at St. Paul's manse. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Loaman, Master J. J. Argent, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bigelow, Miss Helen Bigelow and Mr. Harry Bigelow were all in Halifax on Thursday last. Drs. D. H. and W. S. Muir, and Dr. McKay were in Halifax; Dr. Walker, in Wallace; Dr. Bent, I heard, was away angling for trout; so that but few of the faculty were at home, only two, Drs. Yoston and Kent—but not Dr. Kent was in Stawicks. Mr. Fred Linton returned to St. John, on Monday last. Rev. E. B. Moore was a guest at "Stoneycroft cottage" for a few days this week. Mrs. W. H. Donkin and Mrs. W. S. Donkin, returned last Saturday, from a short trip to Hants county. Mrs. W. S. Muir was in Halifax, on Thursday last, where she was joined by Master Walter Muir, from his school at Windsor, for the holiday. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Y. Smith, were in town, and a "cacha" of fine trout in Sackville, on Thursday. Mrs. M. S. Stuart arrived home on Saturday evening last, from her trip to Boston. Mr. Stuart has had the honor of being with Professor Hollaway, one of Boston's well known instructors in pipe organs and pianoforte music. Master Harry Kaulbach was home, from school at Windsor, for the holiday. Mr. McLean, Antigonish, was the guest of Professor and Mrs. McDon-ld, last week. Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. H. Loaman, Master J. J. Argent, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bigelow, Miss Helen Bigelow and Mr. Harry Bigelow were all in Halifax on Thursday last. Mrs. O'Regan, Dalhousie, N. B., is at present a guest of Mrs. M. S. Stuart. Miss Blanche MacDowell the Misses Kenzie, and Messrs. K. Stewart, of New Glasgow, and D. Hay, spent the twenty fourth very pleasantly with friends, in Acadia mines. Mr. Bob Boyd, paid a flying visit to St. John last week. Mr. W. S. Calkin and his bride (nee Miss Mary Acker) of Lunenburg arrived here on Friday evening last, for a few days' sojourn, with the former's home friends. Mrs. Calkin appeared out on Sunday last, attending church at St. Andrew's, it was a very doubtful day as to whether, and not suitable, for much bravery of attire. The bride wore a pretty toilette of rich black silk, lawn cap and hat. Mr. and Mrs. Calkin received at "Furn Hill" on Monday

and Tuesday; They expect to leave on Friday, for the future home of the bride, at Lunenburg. Mr. and Mrs. Bobbin arrived home last week, from a trip to Quebec, which though short was productive of much pleasure in visiting the many objects of interest, in and about the old city. The Bernard Walker concert, on Monday evening was not well attended and those present were invited by Dr. J. W. S. Maitre, to reside in his residence adjacent and utilize his spacious parlors for the occasion. WINDSOR, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowle Bookstore and by F. W. Dakin.] May 29—Regular Queen's weather greeted the pleasure seekers on the 24th, and the holiday was made the most of by young and old who had planned excursions, picnics etc. The town was quite deserted very few people being seen on the streets during the day. A number of gentlemen went down the river cool-bathing in McKinlay's famous boat, among them were Messrs. Woodworth, Russell, Wood, Raggles, Scott, Foster and Smith. Some others who went to Chester were unwilling to enough to have their camp and all its contents burned during a short absence from the town. Several of the Abanbia bicycle club who took in the run over, were Messrs. J. Forsythe, P. Dimock, J. Dimock, Solano, S. Thompson, Sutherland, Gelder, Shand, Curry, Wright, Smith and Murphy. Mr. S. Thompson took part in the bicycle race and won a gold medal.

ANAPOLIS.

Progress is for sale in Annapolis by Geo. K. ... Mr. Murphy, of Windsor, was in town last week.

LADIES COLLEGE NOTES.

SACKVILLE May 26.—The first entertainment of the closing exercises was a piano recital that took place on Thursday evening in Beethoven hall.

MILLETOWN, N. B.

Progress is for sale in Milletown at the Post Office. ... MAY 26.—Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Larmer, celebrated the twenty-third anniversary of their wedding on Monday evening at their pleasant home.

MAGNET SOAP. It washes without much labor. It does not injure the finest fabric. It leaves no sediment when dissolved.



J. T. LOGAN, MANUFACTURER; 20 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

CAMPBELLTON.

Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. J. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, stationery, stoneware, furniture, carriages and machinery.

CHATHAM.

Progress is for sale in Chatham by Edward Johnson. ... MAY 29.—Quite a goodly number of the fashionable contingent took advantage of the late boat on Thursday to Newcastle whither they went to attend the performance of the Moncton dramatic club.

ST. MARTIN'S, N. B.

Progress is for sale in St. Martin's at the Drug Store of Dr. Mack. ... MAY 28.—There was quite a number of strangers on our party little village to attend the holiday, among whom I noticed Mr. I. A. McKewen and sister of St. John, Messrs. Frank Charlton, Robt. Ritchie, and several from the city on their bicycles, and returned early Friday morning.

Discoveries Ancient and Modern.

There has been wonderful progress in the science of navigation since the days of the first Atlantic voyagers. The like is true in medical science. When the continents were discovered Columbus needed a purgative to keep his crew from becoming ill.

Caligraph Superiority. The first successful typewriter and the best. Easily holds its place as the most practical and most durable typewriter of the age.

A. P. Tippet & Co., St. John, GENERAL AGENTS FOR N. B. A. Milne Fraser, 161 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S. General Ag't for N. S. & P. E. I.

ST. JOHN'S.

Progress is for sale in St. John's at the store of A. J. Alexander. ... MAY 29.—The first entertainment of the closing exercises was a piano recital that took place on Thursday evening in Beethoven hall.

MILLETOWN, N. B.

Progress is for sale in Milletown at the Post Office. ... MAY 29.—Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Larmer, celebrated the twenty-third anniversary of their wedding on Monday evening at their pleasant home.

ST. MARTIN'S, N. B.

Progress is for sale in St. Martin's at the Drug Store of Dr. Mack. ... MAY 28.—There was quite a number of strangers on our party little village to attend the holiday, among whom I noticed Mr. I. A. McKewen and sister of St. John, Messrs. Frank Charlton, Robt. Ritchie, and several from the city on their bicycles, and returned early Friday morning.

A. P. Tippet & Co., St. John, GENERAL AGENTS FOR N. B. A. Milne Fraser, 161 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S. General Ag't for N. S. & P. E. I.

GENTLEMEN: YOU CAN BUY SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, UNDERWEAR, TIES, SUSPENDERS, UMBRELLAS, HANKERCHIEFS and all kinds of Men's Furnishings AT 32 KING ST. Cheaper Than Elsewhere. WHY? Because the entire stock must be disposed of before THE FIRST DAY OF MAY. Next door below Waterbury & Riving's.

J. D. TURNER, Dealer in Oysters, Clams, Pine, West, Lobster, Tongues, German Sausages, Peasants, Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish of all kinds, Wholesale and Retail at 23 KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN N. B.

ST. JOHN'S.

Progress is for sale in St. John's at the store of A. J. Alexander. ... MAY 29.—The first entertainment of the closing exercises was a piano recital that took place on Thursday evening in Beethoven hall.

MILLETOWN, N. B.

Progress is for sale in Milletown at the Post Office. ... MAY 29.—Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Larmer, celebrated the twenty-third anniversary of their wedding on Monday evening at their pleasant home.

ST. MARTIN'S, N. B.

Progress is for sale in St. Martin's at the Drug Store of Dr. Mack. ... MAY 28.—There was quite a number of strangers on our party little village to attend the holiday, among whom I noticed Mr. I. A. McKewen and sister of St. John, Messrs. Frank Charlton, Robt. Ritchie, and several from the city on their bicycles, and returned early Friday morning.

ST. JOHN'S.

Progress is for sale in St. John's at the store of A. J. Alexander. ... MAY 29.—The first entertainment of the closing exercises was a piano recital that took place on Thursday evening in Beethoven hall.

ST. JOHN'S.

Progress is for sale in St. John's at the store of A. J. Alexander. ... MAY 29.—The first entertainment of the closing exercises was a piano recital that took place on Thursday evening in Beethoven hall.

MILLETOWN, N. B.

Progress is for sale in Milletown at the Post Office. ... MAY 29.—Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Larmer, celebrated the twenty-third anniversary of their wedding on Monday evening at their pleasant home.

ST. MARTIN'S, N. B.

Progress is for sale in St. Martin's at the Drug Store of Dr. Mack. ... MAY 28.—There was quite a number of strangers on our party little village to attend the holiday, among whom I noticed Mr. I. A. McKewen and sister of St. John, Messrs. Frank Charlton, Robt. Ritchie, and several from the city on their bicycles, and returned early Friday morning.

J. D. TURNER, Dealer in Oysters, Clams, Pine, West, Lobster, Tongues, German Sausages, Peasants, Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish of all kinds, Wholesale and Retail at 23 KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN N. B.

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1894.

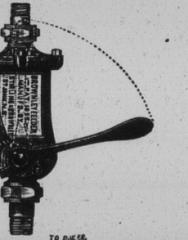
Refrigerator. WITH WOOL. at or Gold in exist- and prices. RIE, ... ST. JOHN, N. B.

ON TO GO FISHIN' ... one of our celebrated "Electric" ... cost you 50 cents, or 3 for \$1.25.

of Thanks. RIBER wishes to thank his friends ... for the assistance they have rendered to him during the past.

Restaurant. OTTE STREET. LANG, Mgr. "CEDARS." June 1st, 1894.

WM. B. CANONG, Lotg Reach, N.B. R IN MIND. Well defined? ... Hear in mind.



BOILER. BEST, send for one of Days' trial. It will ... & BROWNLEY. PANTS. make to order from \$12.00 up.

Suits, \$12, \$15. make to order from \$12.00 up. S. B. BROCK, CEALBERT, PRESS SUI T. PANTS COY., St. John, N. B.

GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

AN EX-M. P. IS INSOLVENT, BUT WORKS HIS FRIENDS. They Pay for Fuel and Notice—Invited to Tea and Then They Deal at His Store—Some of the Society of a Little New Brunswick Town.

I was introduced to New Brunswick at 2 a.m. with the snow deep on the village street. The village, or rather town, for I believe that in this country wherever two or three are gathered together with a house or two in the midst of them, there is a town, is well known. It lies within a thousand miles of Gaspe, and is reached by a branch line. In summer months it is frequented by many visitors, and at times it is patronized by magnates of the railway, who have built a nice large hotel at the entrance to the harbour, as the villagers say "nicely out of boodle." I do not want to mention the name of this little town because before I have done I may happen on something not entirely to its credit. It has a very pretty name, and is surrounded by lovely hills which purple "at evensong," and is doubtless recognized ere now by the reader. This little New Brunswick town contains several grades of society? There is for instance the lumber king, and the last relic of him whose monument stands along the road which leads to the summer hotel aforementioned. Then there is the ex-M. P. who keeps the store and runs the Sunday school. This gentleman is awfully well known among the wholesale merchants of St. John and there are sundry causes why such do not look upon him with pride. Then there is the engine driver, and so on right down to the algebraser, etc., etc. But all below the first mentioned swing round and round the charmed circle in which the lumber man and the Sunday school operator move with as much decorum and suppressed jealousy as they can pump up.

I want to say a word or two about the ex-M. P. There is a look about him which is very ex-xxx, in fact with the solitary exception of his teeth, perhaps, but even those are ex—they are false. They are, however, very pretty and the owner has a correspondingly pretty habit of smiling broadly—especially in Sunday school. But to return to his exes. He was solvent once. Of course so were the two much admired teeth, but that was a long time ago; now he runs the Sunday school, puts in a little time at his torment of a do nothing store and "keeps up a position." You can see the villa of this insolvent guardian of the village Sunday school, nestled at the foot of the hills. Like his teeth, it is elegant and inside the servant is the only individual that works. Fancy a man, especially a Sunday school superintendent, who can't pay his debts, keeping a servant, and permitting his family to lead a life of idleness. The wholesale dealers of St. John who supply the village store will please note. Would you like to know how he does it, how he keeps the business of gentleman, ex-M. P., Sunday school man, etc., etc., up? Someone once told me, probably in answer to a look of perplexity with which I regarded the elegant residence of our friend one morning. It appears that it is worked like this.

As Progress knows very well, there are always quite a lot of lesser folks—who make good wages at what "society" styles common work—eager to get into "society." They don't like to be left out in the cold. It is decidedly unpleasant to stand shivering outside the portals of society and see Mrs. St. Clair and the Misses La Bel [Savage sipping afternoon tea—five o'clock tea, I believe you call it in this country. Poor Mrs. Brown and the Misses Simpkins feel it. They would awfully like to talk five o'clock scandal with Mrs. St. Clair and the Misses La Bel Savage, but then you see they can't; not asked, you know, and all that. Of course it is awfully bad form of St. Clair and La Bel Savage to keep Brown and Simpkins at a distance, especially when they all go to the same church. It is really not christian like. Mrs. Brown's husband may be an engine driver, but they're honest and besides Brown gets \$80 a month for driving the engine. It may have been the "Christianity" that it may have been the \$80 a month, but it was noticed that the hero of this little New Brunswick town, as he got deeper into the mire of financial difficulties (of course his difficulties were kept very quiet) began to call out to Mrs. Brown's and the Misses Simpkins, "Friends, come up higher." And they went, and lo, it came to pass that they actually pierced the charmed circle and talked five o'clock scandal with Mrs. St. Clair and the Misses La Bel Savage in the villa.

Of course it was the duty of their "superiors" to teach these "green hands" how to dress, etc., etc., and was it not natural for the family to take them in hand and drill them. And what, really, what could be more natural than that they should find themselves in the ex M. P.'s store, with the ex M. P. himself smiling

over his beautiful teeth, and diligently directing his salesmen to show Mrs. Brown and the Misses Simpkins the luxuries of dress and furniture with which the store is stocked? If these little visits generally took place just after pay day when the engine driver's \$80 made fat his purse, are we to suggest or hint that the whole thing was premeditated. Hint this of a gentleman who has sat in the Legislative Halls of Ottawa, who conducts the sacred service of the afternoon school for the little ones of that beautiful New Brunswick village? It seems heartless, and, as we told the communicative resident of that place, he should be ashamed of himself to hint such a thing, but as he didn't look the least confused we deemed it reasonable to suspect that this dreadful piece of fiction was based on fact. So the world was.

"Society" in that New Brunswick village puts up a placard for the special instruction of the Browns and Simpkins of the place. "Pay at the gate" it says, and the poor things pay. The engine driver was a good source of revenue to the ex-M. P., I am told, but since then I fancy the cruelty of the Intercolonial in reducing wages as well as the engine driver's disinclination to bonus the villa of the ex-member for New Brunswick has rather interfered with the little revenue. So the hero of the sketch grows shabbier and shabbier and idle tongues are waxing bold. Of course all this may have been told me by an enemy of the ex M. P. Tares are sown in honest men's wheat, just as advertised today as they were in Scriptural days, but really the little sketch of the ex M. P.'s worldliness took a strong hold of my imagination at the time, for you see I have met him and—well, stranger things have happened. I have a little list of New Brunswick eccentrics from which I now score the name of ex M. P., as I have now unburdened myself by communicating the little episodes to the world. The subject of the next sketch lived also in the same town and—tell it not in Gath,—it was in the papers recently that some one had charged him with boodling or something of that kind at Fredericton. C. OCHILTREE MACDONALD.

AT BEECH GARTH. WRITTEN FOR PROGRESS. At Beech Garth, one may see Nature in all her moods. Sometimes she is kind; smiling sunlight until you perceive like a toiling horse, and the drills of weeds and young turnips twist and wriggle while you try to hoe them. Sometimes she is angry; shaking the trees, and calling up the white caps on the river, until one's heart sinks, and can only find relief in a pipe and good book.

Of her seasons, I like the fall of the leaf, and the time of short days, best; when the maples stand red and the beeches yellow, with here and there a spruce. When the ferns in the pasture are half yellow, half brown, and the partridges come in from the burnt lands to be shot. I like Beech Garth best at this season.

Thinking of autumn brings the corn harvest back to me, and from that my mind recalls the adventure I had with "Wild Antonio." It happened in this way. One evening I took an old bushel basket out of the shed and started for the cornfield. To get to the corn-field I had to cross the sheep pasture. In the shade of a "sour apple tree," stood "Wild Antonio." He was slowly waving his head, and looked milder than ever. All around stood beeches and maples, with here and there a white-thorn thicket. I forgot to say green readers, that Antonio is a bull, who has never been known to lower his head in wrath, against any man. But on the memorable day, the devil who had long slumbered in his deep chest, awoke and moved. I noticed him watching me as I fastened the gate through which I had just passed. I waved the basket at him, just to see if he was too lazy to move, and to my utter amazement he was not. He slowly lowered his head and with a grumbling roar, came straight for me. I dropped the basket and fled! From the right side of the fence I turned to look for "Wild Antonio."

His head was in the basket and the basket was tightly wedged in a white-thorn thicket. Suddenly his head appeared through the bottom of the basket and his red eyes met mine. The bottomless basket still sticks in the thicket but Antonio never notices it.

At Beech Garth we harvest the butter-nuts and sell them for seventy cents per barrel. We also stow them away for winter—to make butternut candy and in hopes of getting two dollars a barrel. The red squirrels pick the nuts and we gather them and carry them to the house. One squirrel got in a great rage at my audacity and while I bent over my basket he spitefully dropped a butternut from the top of the tree. It hit me on the back of the neck and made me laugh. That was because he thought they were his butternuts.

When they are ripe they look like big butterballs, they are so yellow. They are so sticky that I had to carry the basket about with me all one afternoon; and the Squire who left off picking up butternuts to feed the pigs, is still sticking to the willow pails. Butternut harvesting is a pleasant occupation, as we have lots of time for meditation while scraping the nuts from our fingers into the basket. X. Y. Z. Esq.

HAD FUN IN PUGWASH.

A YOUNG MAN IN SEARCH OF A BRIDE.

Had One Selected and Prepared for Him—A Joke That Was Not Discovered by the Sutor and Was Well Carried Out—How It Was Planned.

WRITTEN FOR PROGRESS. A practical joke which is really too good to keep—occurred here this morning. About three weeks ago Fred Olsen, a Norwegian by birth, a sailor by occupation a Salvationist in religion and for some time a resident of Pugwash had by a process of reasoning which is peculiar to humanity, arrived at that stage of proceedings when he deemed it necessary to procure for himself a wife. He had struck a job as farm hand with the Custom House Officer of the port and after expressing his matrimonial intentions to his employer requested that he would endeavour to secure him a wife. The Custom House Officer who is ever on the alert to make his brethren happy promised to do his best. He introduced Fred to a prominent boot and shoe dealer of Pugwash who promised Fred an introduction to a young widow Mrs. Shaw, childless, from Pictou who in worldly affairs was happily fixed and from a religious standpoint was perfectly orthodox—and "furthermore said the shoe dealer" this same young widow will pay a visit to Pugwash on the 24th of May and it will be a pleasure for me to introduce her to you. On the morning of the 24th Fred dressed himself in his best suit, and with an immaculate tie and the most stylish hat to be got in town he hired a stylish rig and drove down to the station in time so meet the 10:45 A.M. train.

In the meantime the Custom House Officer and the prominent shoe dealer put their heads together and concocted a scheme by which our Norwegian friend would find at least a temporary satisfaction in his marital desires. They secured the services of the son of a prominent merchant who joyfully acceded to their request and costuming himself in the garb of a stylish young woman (which character he carried out to the life) he got to the station before the Norwegian and getting in the train on the off-side he was met at the door of the car by the custom house officer and shoe dealer who immediately introduced her (?) to Fred. After the usual courtesies on both sides Fred assisted his innamorata, into the buggy and the young lady (?) expressing a desire to see the town and its surroundings, our gallant Norwegian lifted her bodily into the carriage in the most graceful manner and started to do the town thoroughly. The good residents of Pugwash to whom the scheme was made known, crowded the streets to witness the "guy."

Fred who was mightily pleased with the appearance of the young lady (?) and was more than satisfied with her amatory diversions felt his bosom swell with pride. As he drove through the principal streets of the town; and recognized that the tribute paid to his good taste by nearly every inhabitant was only a corroboration of his excellent judgment in securing such a lovely specimen of womanhood. His employment had promised him the lease of a farm house which he was building; and also the use of a farm on the event of marriage. To the farm house Fred drove his intended spouse first and after dwelling upon the happiness which would follow their occupation he brought her inside the house. Here, the bride first showed signs of dissatisfaction. It would be necessary "said she" to have the house plastered throughout and newly papered. The barn-doors would have to be newly hung, and the well would need a new bucket. As for herself she would not object so strongly only she had some new furniture which would make it necessary for him to have suitable surroundings.

After an affectionate hug with the usual accompaniments of kisses Fred promised his betrothed that he lived but to please her, and her slightest wishes would be law to him. Once more they drove through the town and again every corner was crowded with sight-seers, and on the corner of Durham and Water streets, the crowd gave vent to their feelings by an enthusiastic cheer.

By this time dinner was approaching and Fred requested his affianced to go to the American House for dinner, but the blushing damsel (?) was now affrighted and commenced to think that "the jig was up," but prudence came to the rescue and she decided, upon having dinner at the Central Hotel of which the general P. Woodcock is proprietor. The latter was onto the "joke" and tearing a disclosure he immediately on the arrival of the couple told Fred that his employer wanted him at the farm at once. After many warm embraces, buggings and protestations, Fred reluctantly left his bride, to the tender mercies of Mr. Woodcock, who assisted in transforming the bride into her original elements. But before leaving Fred made an engage-

ment with his lady-love to drive to Wallace this evening, and to enter into the state of matrimony tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. A well-directed letter to Fred this afternoon contained the sad message that his affianced was called home to Pictou to attend the mortuary services of a deceased sister. TRAVELLER. Pugwash, N. S., May 24.

TRAINING CHILDREN. Astra's Reasons for Beginning the Work Early. WRITTEN FOR PROGRESS. There is an association out in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which is called the mother's club, and which has flourished in a quiet way for the past seven years. The object of this organization is to increase the rather limited knowledge which mothers are supposed to possess, of the proper method of rearing children, by a thorough study of child culture and the habits of children. I confess that this term sounds a little odd at first and savors of the agricultural column in a country paper where much valuable space is devoted to articles on "the culture of the mangold wurtzel, and the proper rearing of young gossings." No doubt the founding of the society is a step in the right direction else it would never have held its own for seven long years; but I am a little puzzled to understand where the society finds material to work upon, as I was under the impression that American women seldom had any children to cultivate,—perhaps they hire a few from some orphan asylum to practice upon, or maybe the dismal statisticians have exaggerated the terrific falling off in the population and the American child is not becoming an extinct animal after all. However that may be, the chief aim of the society seems to be the promotion of the child's physical culture entirely, and while that is of the most vital importance considering the awful mortality amongst little children in the United States; yet it seems to me that there is almost as urgent a need for some philanthropist to found a sister society, for the mental and moral culture of children, having as its special object the discouraging of the senseless spoiling on the part of parents, which bears such bitter fruit for its helpless victims in the future. I often wonder when I see a thoroughly spoiled child if its parents can possibly realize the cruel injustice they are doing the poor little creature, and the bitter sorrow they are storing up for it in the years to come.

Everybody loves an attractive child, it seems to be part of human nature to do so, but for the small piece of humanity who has been brought up to expect everyone to bow to his sovereign will; who has made slaves of his father and mother, and regards them merely as necessary evils, accepting their foolish homage as his just due, and giving no thanks in return, for such a child there can never be anything beyond cold toleration on the part of those who are not related to him by the close ties of blood. Of course this does not matter much to him while he is young and his horizon bounded by his own family circle, but by and by, when he has to face the world, and try to make friends for himself, how is it going to be? Things will assume a very different aspect then, and the more absolute has been his life at home, the harder will be his lot once he is fairly outside his own garden gate. I say "he" but I really think a spoiled girl is worse than a spoiled boy, because the boy stands a better chance of having "the nonsense taken out of him" as his comrades would say, than a girl, and by the time he has passed through the hard mill of boarding school and college he is pretty well prepared to take his place as a respectable member of society, having learned, in the school of adversity that he is really no better than anyone else, and not halt as good as the boy who can thrash him at fisticuffs, beat him at football, or stand several marks higher in his class.

But the spoiled girl is a nightmare, a horror of great darkness who can only be saved from a womanhood of utter friendlessness by the blessed intervention of common sense which sometimes develops in her when she reaches years of discretion, and proves her salvation. It is so easy to teach a little child, even a mere baby, and a little instruction then will save them from so many hard lessons when they are grown up. I do not know much about children myself, as there have never been any in our family, strange to say, but still anyone with ordinary powers of observation is capable of forming an opinion, and I am sure that if mothers stopped to think how much harder they made their children's lives by their unintentional neglect, and how much unlearning the poor little souls would have to do before the way was made smooth for them, and hard experience has taught them a little wisdom, they would show their love more wisely than many of them do now. For instance—how many parents take the trouble of teaching little children the ordinary courtesies of life? How many children under six years of age know that it is not polite to contradict their elders; to say "I will" and "I won't"; or to refuse absolutely to do as they are told? Not many I am afraid, or the ones who do know would not stand out in such bold relief in my mind. The child under twelve who says "excuse me" when he passes before you, or who takes off his cap on entering the house, is so rare that the spectator looks upon him almost with veneration, and is really scarcely at ease in his society, feeling as if the wonderful child must either be "uncanny" or marked out as one whom the gods love and who will be sure to die young; while the little girl who stands back to allow her mother to go first, or runs to pick up a spool someone else has dropped—well, I am afraid we are so little used to such a phenomenon that we are apt to look upon her as a precious little pig.

And yet, oh mothers! if you would only believe it, when you teach the little souls confided to your care the little courtesies, and thoughtful acts which go so far to make life beautiful and sweet, you are really moulding their characters teaching them unselfishness, thoughtfulness and consideration for others, besides saving their many heartaches in the years to come. 'Poor little children! there is so much sorrow laid up for nearly everyone before his life's journey is over that it seems hard not to arm them for the battle of life as fully as possible, and make the path as easy as may be, when it can be done with so little difficulty. I know two small boys to whom courtesy comes so naturally that they never seem to think about their manners for a moment, and somehow no one else thinks about them after the first shock is over, their charming politeness is so thoroughly a part of themselves, and yet their mother scarcely knows how she taught them, she began so young that they almost seemed to teach themselves. And I know two tiny creatures who are almost infants since neither is quite four years old, but they never have to be spoken to a second time, they seem to obey for the pleasure of the thing, and their loving care of each other, and anxiety to share every pleasure; and even every punishment, is something beautiful to witness. I don't imagine for a moment that they are at all different from other children, but they have been carefully taught, and the result more than repays all the trouble taken. I really think it was the thought of these children, and the wish that there could be more like them in the world, that has inspired me—not a lover of children by any means, in the strict sense of the word—to say so much upon a subject I am not supposed to be very familiar with, and perhaps many Canadian mothers, by asserting that all children are not perfect.

In a hitherto unpublished lecture by James Russell Lowell, just presented to the college daily at Harvard, he says: "Here scholarship is as useless as the collecting of old postage stamps." For every four shillings spent in England on drink, only a halfpenny is spent on education.

Arrowanna. Palmers Patent Hammock. Prices from 90 Cents to \$3.25 EACH. In Order to more fully enjoy the summer season the luxury of a comfortable Hammock is indisputable. We are now exhibiting Hammocks with all the latest improvements. Hammocks with Pillows; Hammocks without Pillows. Hammocks with Valances; Hammocks without Valances.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

MOTHERS. Physicians will tell you that more than one-half the troubles of children are caused by worms. The following are the symptoms: The countenance pale; eyes dull and pupil dilated; picking of the nose; occasional headache, with throbbing of the ears; slimy or furred tongue; foal breath generally in the morning; appetite changeable; belly swollen and hard; a gnawing or twisting pain in the stomach, or about the navel; the bowels costive or purged, not unfrequently tinged with blood; stools slimy; urine turbid; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; starting up out of sleep; breathing occasionally difficult, generally with hiccough; temper changeable, but generally irritable. Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist DAWSON'S CHOCOLATE CREAMS may be depended upon to effect A POSITIVE CURE. Sold by All Druggists. 25c a Box.

This Adv. Will Not Appear Again. We want you to try our Pellets, and if you will enclose 2 cents to pay expenses of packing, etc., and this coupon Good for Sample Pellet. PRESTON'S HOMEOPATHIC PELLETS. We will send you a sample of any of the following kinds: Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Antrilions, Wind Colic, Influenza, Bronchitis, Worms, Neuralgia, Palpitation, Anticid, Cholera Infantum, Cold or Fever, Quinsy, Anthrax, Croup, Catarrh, Abscess, Erysipelas, Hemorrhage, Dysentery, Dropsy, Diarrhoea, Lamago, Cramp, Salt Rheum, Facial, Ophthalmia, Stye, Whooping Cough, Scrofula, Tonic, Scurvy, Kidney, Nervine, Menstruation, Urinary, Hysteria, St. Vitus' Dance, Lagrippe, Sore Throat.

PRESTON PELLET CO., Ltd. ST. JOHN, N. B. IT POPS Effervescent, too. Exhilarating, appetizing. Just the thing to build up the constitution. Snider's ROOT BEER. Wholesome and strengthening, pure blood, free from boils or carbonic acids. General good health—results from drinking Snider's Rootbeer the year round. One Bottle makes Five Gallons, 25c. Ask your druggist or grocer for it. Take No Other. TARBOX Sham Holder. This Holder is a perfect success. We are selling thousands because those who try one get many more. Why? Because it does not injure the finest bedstead; is not fastened to or touch the finished surface; does not fold the shams; allows the shams to drape naturally over the pillow, and is fitted to any style of bed. Sample complete, 25 cents. Deliveries express paid. Agents Wanted. Best selling and most satisfactory article in the market. Address: TARBOX BROS., Toronto, Ont.

OTTAWA, February 21st. MESSRS. PUTNER EMULSION CO., of Halifax, N. S., Gentlemen:—I have been troubled with weakness of the lungs and general debility during the past two years, so much so as to cause me considerable anxiety, and hearing that your EMULSION was highly recommended by the medical and other reliable authorities, I concluded to give it a trial. I have taken about seven of your fifty-cent bottles, and now find that my general health is much improved, my lungs and chest are a great deal stronger, and I have increased in weight twelve pounds, and feel pleased to be able thus to testify to the merits of your excellent EMULSION, which I can heartily recommend to all who are similarly afflicted. R. T. ALLEN, next door to MacCarty's drug store, Ottawa.

POLITICAL NOTES.

A Glance at the Leading Measures Carried in the House of Assembly of New Brunswick, from the Year 1854.

By G. E. FENNEY, Fredericton, N. B.

No. 22.

Choosing a Speaker—After Much Contention Hon. J. M. Johnson of Miramichi was elected—Employing Reporters—Bill for Making the Legislative Council Elective—Interesting Discussion on Heads of Departments—The Old System and the New—Discussion on the Great Roads—The Provincial Secretary's Financial Statement.

SESSION OF 1859.

The House was called together on the 10th February, and the first business to be done was to choose a Speaker. On assembling in the Council Chamber His Excellency directed the members to return to their room for that purpose. Perhaps never before nor since, was there so much contention in making a choice. At the present day the Government are supposed to make the nomination and strong enough to carry their man, as the strength of the Government is a test question in this case. Several gentlemen were nominated from different parts of the House, representing diverse political views. Mr. D. Hanington was nominated by one party and Mr. J. M. Johnson (a member of the Government) by another. Mr. James Steadman by another. Mr. Bliss Botsford by another. Not that a distinct line had been drawn between the respective nominees by their friends, so much as that each in himself embodied certain views which were sympathetic and cogent. So far from the Government feeling that it was incumbent upon them and their friends uniting for a Speaker, some members of the Government voted against Mr. Johnson (one of their colleagues). As it was impossible for the house to agree upon a Speaker that day, His Excellency returned to Government House without delivering his speech; and after nominating and rejecting candidates for the office, the House adjourned until next day (11th), when on re-assembling the battle was renewed and kept up until a late hour, when the Hon. J. M. Johnson finally became the choice. But it was not until the day after (12th), that the Governor delivered his speech, when the work of the Session fairly began. A lengthy debate took place upon the subject of employing Reporters, which is only referred to here, to show the apathy or ignorance of the times on Constitutional matters, or the duty of Governments. Notwithstanding the initiation of all money votes had been surrendered by the House, and the Government were held responsible for the expenditure of every dollar, members moved according to their individual ideas of compensation to Reporters various amounts—some proposed fifty pounds to each Reporter—another seventy five—and so on, as if the House still held the purse strings; and yet the Government did not protest. £150 were voted, viz: £90 between two, and £60 to the one who reported most impartially.

The following remarks will convey an idea of the treatment of Reporters. Mr. Hanington wanted to know how the Committee were to decide on the merits of the different Reports furnished to the newspapers. He would like to hear from the Chairman of the Committee. Mr. Mitchell explained that it was the intention of the Committee to keep copies of the papers, and examine them as they are published, and by thus having a check upon them, at the end of the Session the Committee would be enabled to say which Reporter or Reporters would be entitled to the whole amount or a portion of it. Mr. Wilmot in a few humorous remarks about old foxes and young bears said he was glad to find that the Committee had taken upon them the onerous duty of judging as to the merits of these reports.

The above simply signified—mind, and be good boys—you must report so as to please every member, be partial to all, and impartial to none at your risk! Reporting in those days was in its infancy, literally as well as figuratively.]

Feb. 19.—A Bill was introduced by Mr. M'Phelim for making the Legislative Council elective.

On the 22nd February a long discussion took place for the abolition of the Postmaster General as a Political officer. This office was provided for under the first Liberal Administration in 1855, but not to be filled up until the exigency of the public service demanded it. As soon as the Wilmot and Gray Administration was formed in less than a year afterwards, the "exigency" had arrived—for Mr. M'Phelim was appointed to the office. Now in 1859, a Bill was brought in for reversing the order of things, and going back to the old system. The discussion was a strictly party one. One gentleman on the Government side referred to the time when there was none of the Heads of Departments on the floors of the House, when there was no way of getting redress from the home Government but by delegation; and notwithstanding that under the present system of our constitution £300

was paid to the Provincial Secretary, who had charge of the department, an equivalent for that was obtained by the fact of there now being on the floors of the House, such an official to answer all questions—and he was sure that the work of the different departments was better done and cheaper—there was a greater desire to economize and to save the money of the country. He was in favor of having more of these departments upon the floors of the House, and would go for a measure to bring in the head of the Railway Department; for he felt satisfied that it would be beneficial to the country to have him here. He referred to the time when the Surveyor General counted his salary of thousands of pounds instead of hundreds as now. [The salaries paid to officials in the early days were enormously high, ranging from one thousand to two thousand pounds. The Surveyor General's office, it is said, virtually ate up all the revenues derivable from crown land sales—at all events there was very little left "after paying all expenses." No wonder that the old party and their hangers-on resisted Responsible Government—and that the classes disregarded the masses! If any office were abolished he would rather see that of the Solicitor General done away with than that of Postmaster General, but he would be guided more by the advice of his legal friends. He would go for having the Postmaster, Attorney General, Provincial Secretary and Chief Commissioner of Railways, above all others, upon the floors of the House, to give them an opportunity of explaining their conduct to the representatives of the people. He reiterated his belief in the principles of Constitutional Government. "The Bill received 'the three months' hoist.'" It took a long time to get the Constitution, beyond the reach of petty cavilling ere it could be reduced to practical working order, and the foregoing is an instance of it.]

On the 24th February, on motion of the Attorney General, a (Government) Bill was introduced relating to Great Roads. It provided to add 450 miles of bye roads to the great roads of the Province. This number was to be fairly portioned among the different Counties, with the exception of the two newest Counties—Restigouche and Victoria—which were to be considered more largely in the distribution. One of the members from St. John (Mr. John H. Gray) objected to the Bill because there was no information before the House justifying the passing of a measure involving an expenditure of \$50,000 (\$200,000). The Provincial Secretary said that he believed a great saving would be made to the country if all the bye roads were placed on the great road establishment. Mr. Lawrence (opposition) was opposed to proceeding or making any change this year, until the finances of the Province had been fully understood; he questioned if the condition of the Province was such that an expenditure of £50,000, or any great sum in the direction indicated, would be justifiable. It was Mr. Wilmot's (opposition) opinion that it was the introduction of a new system of log-rolling, under which the most corrupt practices were possible. Mr. Smith (Albert) waxed indignant at such an announcement. He defied any one on the floors of the House to put his finger upon any corruption or log-rolling on the part of the Government. Mr. Wilmot answered that he believed the corruption was in bringing all the roads in one Bill, instead of each coming up on its own merits. The debate was finally closed by Mr. Fisher; and on the question being taken there appeared six for Mr. Gray's amendment, and twenty eight against—so that the bill was sustained.

[NOTE.—Mr. Gray's amendment was to the effect that the road from St. John to Quaco should be included in the Government scheme. Enough is given from this debate to the reader quite sufficient for him to form a general idea of points raised.]

On the 28th, on motion of the Provincial Secretary, the House went into Supply. The mover having introduced a Revenue Bill and the Estimates for the current year, delivered quite an elaborate address. In order that the reader may have some idea of the financial condition of New Brunswick in 1859, as well as the items of indebtedness, an abstract of the hon. gentleman's statement is deemed to be worthy of the space it will here occupy. The estimated expenditures of the past year, ending 31st October, 1858, (said Mr. Tilley) were £129,319 18s. 6d., and the amount paid out £130,164 10s. 6d.; the excess of expenditure over receipts being £784 18s. 1d.; the receipts were something over £114,000 leaving a falling off of £115,000; the total liabilities of the Province at the close of the fiscal year were £264,364 15s. 9d., and the assets £737,657 3s. 10d. If this statement of the assets and liabilities was compared with that of last year, it would be found that notwithstanding the deficiency of £15,000, this amount has been made up, and there was an increase of £4,000. The Railway, of course, got the benefit of this; but he only mentioned it in rendering in the general account. Mr. Tilley referred to the great commercial depression of the past year, and said that had all the Banks in this Province suspended specie payments, the Government had made such arrangements with Messrs. Baring and Brothers, that they would have been able to pay all the demands against it in the Savings Bank, and they would, if paper money had been depreciated, paid the Railway Contractors in cash. He then referred to the position of New Brunswick debentures, and claimed credit for the exertion the Government had made to raise the character of New Brunswick debentures in the London Market. This had been done officially and semi-officially; gentlemen at home interested themselves in this; and he would mention with pleasure the name of Thos.

Daniel, Esq., a gentleman resident for many years in this Province. The presence of the Delegates at home from the different Colonies had had a good effect upon Provincial Securities; and he went on to compare the difference originally existing between Canadian and New Brunswick Debentures when Canadian were quoted at 110 and New Brunswick at 102; at the present time Canadian were quoted at 113 and New Brunswick at 111½; he entered into this detail to show that it was not the change in the money market, but rather the increased character of New Brunswick debentures that caused this. He referred to the arrangements with Messrs. Baring by which the Province obtained money at five per cent., when the Bank of England was charging 10 per cent. The estimated expenditure from the ordinary Revenue for the present year is estimated at £132,840; and the expenditure is set down at £132,337. The whole resources of the Province from every source is estimated at £156,361; and the whole expenditure, £155,940. Mr. Tilley proposed to raise a sum of £7,000 by an additional tax of 2½ per cent. on unenumerated articles. [A bill for this purpose was introduced.] £500 was asked for Emigration purposes in addition to a sum of £300 not drawn last year. He said that the Emigration Office in St. John had been put upon a good footing; and described an arrangement entered into between the Government and the Canadian News, published in England, by which a certain portion of that paper was to be devoted to furnishing the interests of this Province, its title has been changed to the 'Canadian News and New Brunswick Herald.' £2,500 was asked for Steam Navigation; £1,000 extra to go for the establishment of a weekly line of Steamers between Shediac and Restigouche and P. E. Island. In the sum for Agriculture, Mr. Tilley said that the intention of the Government to make no provision for a model farm, but every year, commencing with 1860, an additional sum of £750 was contemplated for the purpose of a public exhibition of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts—to be held alternately in different parts of the Province. It was intended to place all the public buildings under the control of the Board of Works. Mr. Tilley's statement was very clear and explicit, and occupied an hour and twenty minutes in its delivery.

Youngest Dancer in the World. A little child—an almost baby—has, within a few months, danced herself into the hearts of the New York public. Ruby came into the world with the advantage of a long New England ancestry. It is, perhaps, needless to say that none of her ancestors ever danced. But when Ruby was only a year old she began inventing little steps, and when she was two she used to twirl herself up, in her own night-gown, and untwirl herself, with all the finish of a professional premiere de ballet. Dance she would, and dance she did, on every possible and on very many impossible occasions. A strain of music set her baby feet a-dancing as surely as a lighted match sets gas aflame. After a little, common sense triumphed over puritanical prejudice. Ruby was no longer told not to dance. She was taken to New York and given the best possible training, and as thorough as her tender and soft little person made compatible with kindness. Baby Ruby is now three and a half years old. She is as talked of and as much photographed as any actress in New York—and perhaps more so. Her two pictures show what a pretty little creature she is—but give no idea of the infantile aplomb with which the mite exercises the art she loves, and for which she has an almost unprecedented talent. This baby dancer is, to-day one of the most conspicuous figures in the New York amusement world. But she is never allowed to overwork.

At a banquet recently given by the New York Press Club, Ruby was the most applauded item of the entertainment. She was seated on the table where she danced, and was pelted with bou-bons and roses as Maria Teresa and the monarchs of other days used to pelt their favorite dwarfs.

THE BIG KNIVES.

An Indian's First Impressions of Civilization.

I was scarcely old enough to know anything definite about the "Big Knives" as we called the white men, when the terrible Minnesota massacre occurred, and I was carried into British Columbia. I have already told how I was adopted into the family of my father's younger brother, when my father was betrayed and imprisoned. We all supposed that he had shared the fate of those who were executed at Mankato, Minnesota. Now, the savage philosophers looked upon vengeance in the field of battle as a lofty virtue. To avenge the death of a relative or a dear friend was considered a great deed. My uncle, accordingly, had spared no pains to instill into my young mind the obligation to avenge the death of my father and my brothers. Already I looked eagerly forward to the day when I should find an opportunity to carry out his teachings. Meanwhile, he himself went upon the war-path and returned with scalps every summer. So it may be imagined how I felt toward the Big Knives. On the other hand, I had heard wonderful things of this people. A race whose power bordered upon the supernatural, they were almost wakan (mysterious). I learned that they had made a "Fire-Boat." I could not understand how they could convert fire into a boat, and thus unite two elements which cannot exist together. I thought the water would put out the fire and the fire would consume the boat, if it had but a shadow of a chance! This was to me a preposterous thing. And it was I told that the Big Knives had created a "Fire-Boat-Walks-on-Mountains" (a train), it was too much to believe.

"Why?" said my informant "those who saw this monster move said that it flew occasionally from mountain to mountain, when it seemed to be excited. They also said that they believed it carried a thunder-bolt, for he frequently gave his usual war-whoop as he was swiftly borne along. Several warriors had seen, at a distance, one of the first trains on the Northern Pacific, and had gained too great an impression of the wonders of the pale-face. They had seen it go over a deep creek; hence they thought it jumped from one bank to the other. I confess that the story almost quenched my ardor and bravery.

Two or three young men were talking together about this fearful invention. "But," said one, "I understand that this Fire-Boat-Walks-on-Mountains cannot move except on its track."

Although a boy is not expected to join in the conversation of his elders, I ventured to ask, "Then it cannot chase us into any rough country?"

"No, it cannot," was the reply, which I heard with a great deal of relief.

Clematis, Lotus, COLD CREAM AND HONEY, Infants' Delight Toilet Soaps, Just received at W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S, CHEMIST, DRUGGIST, 35 KING ST My Dispensing Department receives particular attention.

CONSUMPTION. A valuable medicine and two bottles of medicine sent free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. SLOUGH & CO., 121 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.



See This Dress? Surprise Soap Washed It.

White goods are made whiter and colored goods brighter by the use of Surprise Soap.

Thousands use it. Why don't you? Use Surprise on washday for all kinds of goods without Boiling or Scalding.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

SURPRISE SOAP LASTS LONGEST GOES FARTHEST.

Colonial House, - Montreal.

Great Bargains in Dress Materials!!!

Large lot of the following goods have just been bought very much under regular prices, and are offered correspondingly low:

- Printed Sateens, 17c. per yard,
Printed Flannels, 40c. "
Ceylon Flannels, (unshrinkable)
Stripes and Check, 15c. "
Challies 26c, regular price 45c.
All Wool Hopsacking, 65c, regular price 90c
All Wool India Twill, 55c, regular price 80c.
All Wool Albatross Cloth 35c, regular price 60c

Samples of above sent free to any address on application and every effort made to give country customers satisfaction.

Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal.

COMING changes on Charlotte St. T. YOUNGCLAUS intends moving at 1st May to his commodious store in Union Block, Cor. Mill and Main Sts., North End. Custom Tailoring will then be carried on extensively on the premises. In the meantime, his large stock, at 51 Charlotte, is marked down to hard time prices and must be cleared out before moving. Rare bargains can be had.

City Market Clothing Hall, 51 Charlotte St. T. YOUNGCLAUS.

THE No. 4 YOST.

In presenting to the public our No. 4 Machine we feel that we have combined all the latest and best improvements of the most successful inventors and experienced mechanics.

The Carriage of this Machine contains many practical improvements, the usefulness of which will at once be apparent. Among those specially worthy of mention are the following: The new and improved Release Key, whereby the carriage can be released as well when raised as when lowered, and can be positively stopped at a given point without the allowance of a single space for momentum. This instantaneous stopping will undoubtedly be much appreciated by rapid typists.



A new arrangement for making Single, Double and Triple Spaces. A new and improved Paper Feed, which is admirable both for its simplicity and the impossibility of getting out of adjustment. A line can be written clear to the bottom of the paper. Still another feature is the new Space Key, which has a Perpendicular Drop, the same as the rest of the keys. Besides the improvements, this Machine contains all the good points of our No. 1 and No. 2. Machines.

THE SPEED OF THE YOST CAN BE LIMITED ONLY BY THE ABILITY OF THE OPERATOR TO FIND AND PROPERLY STRIKE THE KEYS. THIS WE GUARANTEE. In other words, its mechanism is contrived to respond instantly to the touch of the operator by the adoption of certain expedients, by the use of which— 1st—The touch is soft and even, and the depression slight. 2nd—The carriage feeds immediately after the type leaves the paper. 3rd—The escapement is so arranged as to be perfect and uniform. 4th—There is no ribbon movement to require attention or consume power. 5th—The arrangement of the keyboard conduces to great speed. 6th—Rapidity does not affect the alignment.

MANIFOLDING. The construction of the Yost makes it necessarily the best manifolding machine extant. Having no ribbon, there is nothing to intervene between the paper and the sharp, penetrating outlines of the type, and in accomplishing this the first copy is never sacrificed, but can, on the contrary, be pressed copied (when a copying pad is used) three or four times. The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, EASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC. Second hand Ribbon and Shift-Key Machines for sale cheap.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents: Messrs. E. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Dieppe; VanKester, Sutchey, Moncton; H. L. White, Sumer; A. H. Henry, Knowles' Book Store, Halifax; J. B. Eustace, Gloucester, N. S.; D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown; P. E. L. Dr. W. F. Black, Bathurst; N. B. C. J. Coleman 'Advocate' office of Sydney, C. B.; J. Bryerton, Amherst; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth N. S.; Chas. Burrell & Co., Weymouth, N. S.; T. Carleton Ketchum, Woodstock; Clarence E. Casey, Amherst, N. S.; E. M. Fallon, Antio, N. S.



Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures others, will cure you. M. Hammett, a well-known business man of Hillsboro, Va., writes this testimony to the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury having a sore which led to erysipelas. My sufferings were extreme, my leg, from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, before I had finished the first bottle, experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

Inspect the Brantford Bicycle. With Wood and Steel Rims. THE GOULD BICYCLE CO. LTD. Brantford, Ont. 50 YONGE STREET 363 ST. PAUL ST. TORONTO MONTREAL SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Sunday Reading.

THE COMING MAY BE SOON.
A Discussion of the Views Advanced by Dr. Herron.

A correspondent in the Montreal Witness, under the caption, "The personal reign of Christ," says: The latest apostle of socialistic teaching in Montreal has come and gone, leaving many of his audience in doubt as to what would be the actual result, if such utopian ideas as Dr. Herron has enunciated could be actually carried out to their ultimate completion. I have no wish to add further criticism of his doctrines to those which have already appeared in the public press, but I feel more inclined to ask his critics if they are not wandering somewhat from the teachings of our master. The one absorbing question of the day to all thinking people is, what are the future probabilities and possibilities of the human race. We see the drama being played out before our eyes, we see the social fabric of civilization being strained almost to its limit, and we are all strongly tempted to theorize as to what can be done to avert the apparently approaching catastrophe of a universal social revolution, possibly, (aye, probably) ending in anarchy.

When we consider the fact that the gospel of Jesus Christ (including the Sermon on the Mount) has been given to the world through preaching and reading for nineteen hundred years, with all its lessons of morality and self-denial, with its great prototype of perfect humanity and divinity uniting, and above all, with this wonderful promise of great reward, eternal life, when we consider this and look upon the world as it is today, it cannot but appear that it is not within the divine providence that the preaching of the gospel is to regenerate the world or bring about the millennium. The gospel of grace was to be preached during a certain period for the purpose of gathering together out of the world a body of believers which we call the Church of Christ. We are certainly taught that during the closing period of this dispensation, the world is to go from bad to worse, until it gets beyond its own control, and then One is to come back who will have power to take the reins of government into his own hands and govern the world in righteousness. If not only brilliant idealists, like Dr. Herron, but our more regular-going teachers would trouble themselves to study the signs of the times, as they were warned to do, if they would read the words of our Lord as they have come down to us in the gospels, and believe what he said, they could not escape the belief that we are rapidly approaching the period of the Christian dispensation when all true believers will say, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." If Christ did not mean us to believe that he is coming back to establish his literal kingdom on this earth he would not have told us so in numerous passages. If he did not wish us to expect and wish for his return he would not have so frequently reiterated the command to "Watch." If the apostles did not believe and hope that he would return they would not have referred to it over and over again. It seems wonderful that our church leaders have no words to say about Christ's return when all the world is discussing these absorbing questions of the future. We are not left in darkness as to the time of his second advent any more than Simon and Anna were at his first advent. Many signs were foretold of which one example will be sufficient to this present discussion. "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." Today Jerusalem contains nearly fifty thousand Jews, where a generation past scarcely one could be found in the holy city. They seem to be driven back by the Almighty to that land which he gave to Abraham for an everlasting inheritance, and which has been so long lying desolate. They seem to be preparing the fulfillment of the prophecy, "And the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." This is to be the solution of these terrible troubles which are coming upon the earth, and which will be increased many-fold rather than improved before the words of the angels to the apostles after the ascension shall be accomplished. This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have "seen him go into heaven."

Let me be explicit. The scriptures teach that Jesus Christ, "the King of the Jews," came the first time in humility, and that he will come the second time as a king to take the government of this earth upon himself and fulfil all the prophecies from Genesis to Revelation, that he and he alone will be able to regulate the earth and settle all these difficult problems so far as the world is concerned, but thanks be to God all his church, all those true believers who are gathered together from all nations during this dispensation of grace, have far greater prospects, a grander future than even those who are living on this earth when our king shall rule with equity, for "The dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord." So, I say to Dr. Herron's critics, those particularly who are in the position of teachers—do not be discouraged with your apparent lack of success in doing all that you think you should do. You cannot convert the world, you cannot regulate humanity by preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ, but you can do what so many grand men and women have done before you—you give the message and trust to God to give the increase. And when the number of his church is complete—not one minute sooner or later—he will return, and this poor, sin-cursed world will enjoy a Sabbath of rest. I cannot close without calling upon those who believe that we are at the very close of this dispensation, to let their voices be heard. We see every conceivable theory propounded, yet we see nothing in the press, and very rarely hear anything from the pulpit of the great hope of very many Christians, yes, of many who were "high in the councils of the various churches, yet

who seem timid in giving the warning that the bridegroom is coming. Let your voices be heard, for the time is short. "He who testifieth these things saith surely I come quickly, amen, even so, come Lord Jesus."

AT MONASTERY GATES.

No woman has ever crossed the inner threshold, or shall ever cross it, unless a queen, English or foreign, should claim her privilege. Therefore if a woman records here the slightest things visible of the monastic life, it is only because she is not admitted to see more than beautiful courtesy and friendliness were able to show her in guest-house and garden.

The Monastery is of fresh-looking Gothic, by Pagin—the first of the dynasty; it is by the white roads of a limestone country, and backed by a young plantation, and it gathers its group of buildings in a cleft high up among the hills of Wales.

Here, in North Wales, remote as the country is, with the wheat green over the blunt hill tops, and the sky vibrating with larks, a long wing of smoke lies round the horizon. The country, rather thinly and languidly cultivated above, has a valuable sub-soil, and is burrowed with mines; the breath of pit and factory, out of sight, thickens the lower sky, and lies heavily over the sands of Dee.

With large aprons tied over their brown habits, the Lay Brothers work upon their land, planting parsnips in rows, or tending a prosperous tea-farm. A young friar, who sang the high mass yesterday, is gaily hanging the washed linen in the sun. A printing press, and a machine which slices turnips are at work in an out-house, and the yard thereby is guarded by a St. Bernard, whose single evil deed was that under one of the obscure impulses of a dog's heart—stung for by long and self-conscious remorse—he bit the poet; and tried, says one of the friars, to make doggerel of him. The poet, too, lives at the monastery gates in seclusion which the tidings of his sequence of his editions hardly reaches. There is no disturbing renown to be got among the cabins of the Flintshire hills.

To the coming and going of the friars, too, the village people have become well used, and the infrequent excursionists, for lack of intelligence and of any knowledge that would refer to history, look at them without obtrusive curiosity. It was only from a Salvation Army girl that you heard the brutal word of contempt. She had come to the place with some companions, and with them was trespassing, as she would welcome to do, within the monastery grounds. She stood a figure for Bourne-mouth pier, in her grotesque bonnet, and watched the son of the Umbrian saint—the friar who walks among the Giotto frescoes at Assisi and between the cypresses of Belle Squardo, and has paced the centuries continually since the coming of the friars. One might have asked of her the kindness of a fellow-feeling. She and he alike were so habituated to show the world that their life was aloof from its "idle business." By some supposition, at least, the friar would assuredly have attempted to include her in any spiritual honours ascribed to him. Or one might have asked of her the condescension of forbearance. "Only fancy," said the Salvation Army girl, watching the friar out of sight, "only fancy making such a fool of oneself!"

Every midnight the sweet contralto bells call the community, who get up gaily to this difficult service. Of all duties this one never grows easy or familiar, and therefore never habitual. It is something to have found but one point of victory over habit. What art, what literature, or what life but would gain a secret security by such a point of perpetual freshness and perpetual initiative? It is not possible to get up at midnight without a will that it is new night by night. So should the writer's work be done, and with an intention perpetually unique, the poet's.

The contralto bells have taught these Western hills the "Angelus" of the French fields, and the hour of night—'ora di notte'—which rings with melancholy a note from the village bell-towers on the Adriatic littoral, when the latest light is passing away. It is the prayer for the dead: "Out of the depths have I called unto Thee, O Lord."

The little flocks of novices, on these peaceful evenings, are folded to the sound of that evening prayer. The care of them is the central work of the monastery, which is placed in so remote a country because it is principally a place of studies, so much elect intellect and strength of heart withdrawn from the traffic of the world! True, the friars are not doing the task which Carlyle set mankind as a refuge from despair. These "bearded counsellors of God" keep their cells, read, study, suffer, sing, hold silence; whereas they might be "operating"—beautiful word!—upon the Stock Exchange, or painting Academy pictures, or making speeches, or reluctantly jostling other men for their places. They might be the husbands of physiological novelists. They might be among the involuntary busy-bodies who are living by futile tasks, the need whereof is a discouraged fiction. There is absolutely no limit to the superfluous activities, to the art, to the literature, implicitly renounced by the dwellers within such walls as these. The output—again a beautiful word—of the age is lessened by this abstention. None the less hopes the stranger and pilgrim to pause and knock once again upon those monastery gates.

The Roman Index.

The last Roman Index is dated 1888, and additions have been made since that date, the last author to be gibbeted up to the present time being Prof. St. George Milyert, in consequence of his articles on "The Happiness in Hell" a few months ago in the Nineteenth Century magazine. He has since retracted those writings, and finds consolation in the fact that one of the half-dozen or more reasons for which books may be put on the roll of the condemned is that of inopportunities. Perhaps, therefore, his name will not appear on future

lists. But he would have found himself in good company. Using to the indiscriminate way in which the names of authors and works are mixed up, in the former case being often arranged under the Christian names—the largest number of entries occur under the letter J, because John is a common name—it is somewhat difficult to discover who are among the victims of papal censure. However, a glance will disclose many well known names. James I. and Henry VIII. appear as prohibited authors, an exception being made in favor of a tract issued by the latter king against Luther. Nearly all the English poets figure on the list, headed by Milton, Spenser and Chaucer; Dryden forming a notable exception. Dante is there for his treatise on monarchy, and Petrarch also. Addison, Swift, and Oliver Goldsmith are added by Bacon, Galileo, Robertson, and Gibbon. Philosophers are thick, from Locke downward, including Rousseau, Hume, Kant, and John Stuart Mill. Voltaire is proscribed and Victor Hugo appears thus: "Hugo, Victor, F. Dr. de Paris, an. 1804, Dec." However, it was necessary work to count up further entries; suffice it to know that prohibition has never been able to check the vital force of genius; indeed, it may be said to have the opposite effect: as Milton points out in his "Areopagitica," "the punishing of wits enhances their authority, and the more they are thought to be a certain spark of truth that flies up in the faces of them who seek to tread it out."—Cornhill Magazine.

HERESY OR NO?

Prof. Smith's Defence Before the Presbyterian Assembly.

The plea made by Dr. Smith before the presbyterian assembly at Saratoga is worthy of general perusal. Dr. Bred, for the assembly said: "The question before this assembly is not one of the appellant's attitude to the holy scriptures, whether it be reverent and sincere; nor of the spirit in which he has presented his studies and conducted his professional work, nor is the question one of his private opinions, or even of any personal sentiment which he may have expressed in private conversation; neither is the question whether the appellant may remain in the presbyterian church as a private member—his good standing in this respect not being involved."

"The question, as presented to his public utterances printed for the purpose of circulation and distribution both widely and repeatedly. Nor is the particular history of the delivery and publication of these utterances at the time of their origination germane to the question, but only their acknowledgment, or even of any personal statement which he may have made. This assembly having first ascertained that Dr. Henry Preserved Smith is the actual author of certain published theories and sentiments, and that he still adheres to them, one single question, as it seems to me, remains. Are these theories and sentiments in accord with the holy scriptures and our confession of faith? If this question be answered in the affirmative no other questions follow, but if answered in the negative then we ask, can these sentiments be approved in the ministry of the Presbyterian church, and if not, should he be permitted to continue to exercise his functions as a public teacher? As a member of this court and one of the appellant's judges, I rule out other questions. But after listening to the arguments in the case I am compelled to answer the main question in the negative and to vote not to sustain the appeal."

By the understanding adopted by the assembly Dr. Smith had an hour in which to reply to committee. He was suffering slightly with rheumatism, but was able to make himself heard with ease, without any attempt at oratory and no appeal whatever, and no peroration, he stood before his accusers and friends for an hour, exhibiting the same gentle spirit which had been such a marked characteristic of the present session. He referred pleasantly to the committee's criticism of his phrase, "analysis, sifting and cross questioning," and added:

"The member drew a dark picture of the audacity and wickedness of the creature who would cross-question the Creator. He showed the motive of the cross-questioner to be to discredit the witness, because cross-questioning is done by the opposing attorney, but I must confess to a little carelessness here. I never thought of that aspect of it. In my unfamiliarity with legal procedure, I had forgotten that cross-questioning is intended to discredit the witness."

"In my simplicity I had supposed it was intended to bring out the truth. When I look at it that seems to me at least an allowable meaning, and if you will examine the sentence in the pamphlet which has given so much offense you will see it says nothing about cross-questioning the Almighty."

Dr. Smith then took up the criticism of the committee relative to his language about the chronicle, and said:

"No one can deny that the chronicle actually omits the darker features from the account of David's life. Now, I wish to take the full responsibility for what I have said. The evidence of the pamphlet does undoubtedly show divergence from the views set forth in the charge framed by this committee. All of these inferences being correct, it is yet true that I have asserted the following points:

- "1. The chronicle has omitted from his book sundry statements of fact.
- "2. The inspiration of the scripture is consistent with error of fact in their affirmations.
- "3. The inspiration of the scripture is consistent with the idiosyncrasies of the writers which influence their utterances.
- "4. A part of the Book of Isaiah is by another prophet than Isaiah.
- "5. It is impossible, on the basis of the facts as we have seen them, to conclude that the Old Testament scriptures are free from all errors of fact."

Dr. Smith discussed these points at some length, and then called attention to the points on which all agree. He said: "When we get these before us we shall see better where we differ. The points on which we agree are these:

- "A. The Bible contains matter directly revealed by God.
- "B. It contains other material not in the strict sense revealed.
- "C. This material is of importance for its bearing on the history of revelation.
- "D. This Material was chosen by men

acting under distinct influence of the Holy Spirit, which we call inspiration.

"E. The result is a book which in its totality is the church's permanent and infallible rule of faith and life."

Dr. Smith reiterated that he had no special theory to lay undue emphasis on his special theory. It was any way of accounting for all the facts which will allow Presbyterians to hold to absolute inerrancy they should know it. The question before the assembly to-day is whether the theory of inerrancy of the autographs is fundamental to the Presbyterian system that a minister who does not hold it must be excluded from office. He would not question the right of the committee, to hold certain theories of inspiration, and he did not think that his theory was so destructive that it should debar him from his ministry. He closed with the assertion that the heart of the whole case is that the inerrancy of the original autographs is a new doctrine. It is also an unnecessary doctrine. It detaches nothing which is of value to the faith of the church. It gives no surer hold on the truth of God, and then he treated it as a dangerous doctrine and opening the door to the very fact that it is trying to shut out, substituting for the present rule of faith and life a lost and probably irrecoverable document.

But he added, that if the assembly would reinstate him until those autographs were found, he would remain in the ministry for the rest of his life without the fear of suspension hanging over him. His last point was that the doctrine itself was not formulated until last year after he had been convicted and that, therefore, it could not be retroactive in its effect. His closing sentence was a plea for toleration and forbearance.

Messages of Help for the Week.

"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! my soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord. For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. For the Lord God is a sun and a shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly." Psalm 83.

"Dost thou know the balancing of the clouds, the wondrous works of him which is perfect in knowledge? How thy garments are warm, when he quieteth the earth by the south wind?" Job 37: 16, 17.

"Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full and deny thee, and say who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." Proverbs 30: 8, 9.

"See the end of the book of the Lord and read." Isaiah 54: 16.

"In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul." Psalm 94: 19.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come up from me. Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble." Psalm 102: 1, 2.

"I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live." Psalm 117: 1, 2.

For Body and Brain.

SINCE 30 YEARS ALL EMINENT PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND

VIN MARIANI,

The original French Cocoa Wine; most popularly used tonic-stimulant in Hospitals, Public and Religious Institutions everywhere.

Nourishes, Fortifies, Refreshes. Strengthens entire system; most Agreeable, Effective and Lasting Renovator of the Vital Forces.

Every test, strictly on its own merits, will prove its exceptional reputation.

Palatable as Choicest Old Wines.

Lawrence A. Wilson & Co. MONTREAL. Sole Agents in Canada for MARIANI & CO., OF PARIS.



I have much pleasure in stating that I have used the "VIN MARIANI" for many years. I consider it a most valuable stimulant.

SIR MORRELL MACKENZIE.

BUY

CHOCOLATES

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

HAWKER'S CATARRH

PERFECT POSITIVE PAINLESS CURE SAFE SURE SIMPLE. EFFECTUALLY CURES CATARRH, COULD IN THE HEAD, CATARRH OF EAR, NOSE AND THROAT, INFLUENZA, ETC.

Sole everywhere. Price, 25 cents. M.F.M. by THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd., St. John, N.B.

THE PELLE ISLAND WINES ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

Our mission is solely to supply Nature's own pure food. Our reason for offering this product to the public, to you, is that it is pure. There is need of such an article of grape-juice. We have the testimony of hundreds of letters to prove the assertion. Nearly all the bottled juices now on the market contain an impure substance to prevent fermentation, generally salicylic acid. Why does such juice fail as a food? Simply because the antiseptic principle that preserves the juice in the bottle exerts a similar influence in the stomach, and prevents the natural action that is part of Nature's plan for assimilating food. Our concentrated juice of the grape is absolutely free from all antiseptics and is Nature's best food and strength producer for weak and defective digestive organs.

E. C. SCOVIL, Maritime Agent, 62 Union St., St. John. Telephone 52. Be sure and get the PELLE ISLAND BRAND.

Baby Carriages.

FROM \$7.00 UPWARDS. Also a full line of FURNITURE at prices very low FOR CASH. EVERETT & MILLER, 83 Charlotte St.

BONNELL'S GROCERY.

We have 150 Bbls. Potatoes, ass. kinds, viz: Snow Flakes, Kidneys, Coppers, &c. Also Turnips, Carrots, Parsnips and Beets, for sale low at Bonnell's Grocery, 200 Union St., St. John, N.B.

ESTABLISHED 1855

Jaylors' Cafes

145 & 147 FRONT ST. EAST TORONTO.

B. B. BLIZZARD, St. John N. B. Sole Agent for the Maritime Provinces.

I CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent Free in any case. Dr. HENRY'S MARVELL (164 pages), HALLOWED PRIZE. HENRY'S MARVELL CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

SHE WAS SCOTT'S FRIEND.

PASTOR FELIX WRITES OF JOANNA BAILLIE, THE POETESS.

When she first heard Marston—Her Highland Home in Lanark County—The Good and the Great Drew Near and Loved Her Home—She was a Minstrel.

Two sisters were sitting together in one room. One was engaged with some needle-work; the other was reading. The book was "Marmion,"—then newly from the press, and in the hands of its multitudes of feverishly eager readers. The reading had proceeded as far as the Introduction to Canto III, with its memorable praise of Sir Sidney Smith and Sir Ralph Abercrombie. Then the reader struck the following lines; but before she had got through her voice was tremulous, and her gentle listener in tears:

"O'er, Ho touch such chord by thine, Restore the ancient tragic line, And emulate the notes that rung From the wild harp which silent hung, By silver Avon's shore, Till twice a hundred years rolled o'er; When she, the bold Enchantress, came, With fearless hand and heart on flame! From the pale willow watched the treasure, And swept it with a kindred measure, Till Avon's swains, while rung the grove With Montfort's hate and Basil's love, Wakening at the inspiring strain, Deemed their own Shakespeare lived again."

The listener surprised by this magnificent praise was Joanna Baillie, herself, and coming to a modest, amiable woman from one of her dearest friends, it moved her greatly. Seldom has so fine a compliment been paid to one so deserving as she.

And who was she who could so be counted worthy? A sweet-tempered, beautiful-minded, large-hearted woman; a singer of Scottish lyrics, full of wit and grace; the author of powerful dramas, of a highly-intellectual cast, which, if not so well adapted for representation on the stage, are calculated to delight the solitary, appreciative reader. She loved a quiet life. Studies and friendships she coveted. If praise came to her it sounded sweeter were it like a distant murmur, as of the far-off ocean, or the soft lapping of a friendly lip, like a streamlet falling among her native Scottish hills. Through many years she lived "in her quiet retreat at Hampstead, and let the world flow past her as if she had nothing to do with it, nor cared" to be mentioned by it.

Her life was uneventful, and may be outlined in a few sentences. She came of good Scottish stock, and was by blood related to celebrated people. She was born in a Scottish manse at Bothwell, on the banks of the Clyde in 1762. Perhaps Scotland has no lovelier rustic scenery than can be found in Lanark county and in the vale of that historic river. Wilder, grander, it has; but "bonnier,"—as a Scotch praiser would say,—nowhere. The poetess loved ever to revert to the scene of her nativity, though she was only four years old when she left it. What the Annapolis valley is to our own Acadia, or the St. John valley to New Brunswick, the Clyde valley is to Scotland, for fruitfulness and rural beauty. Indeed Upper Clydesdale has been termed "Fruitland," and as you go along the street of Glasgow and other Scotch cities, you will see in the piles of apples, plums, pears, etc. on the fruit-stalls, the product of Clydesdale orchards.

She was the daughter of Rev. James Baillie who was known for his talent and good works in the parishes of Shotts, Bothwell and Hamilton, in Lanarkshire, and for his brief occupancy of the divinity professor's chair at Glasgow University. The repression of the emotions and sentiment, and even of the affections, has long been a noted feature of Scottish, and especially Presbyterian character. The finger of caution is laid on the bounding pulse, as it is to say,—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." This appeared conspicuous in the Bothwell manse, where the duty of self-restraint was constantly inculcated. In the "Memoirs of Lucy Aiken" we are informed—Agnes, Joanna's sister, having told Lucy—that notwithstanding he was an excellent parent, he avoided all demonstration of parental fondness. When his child "had once been bitten by a mad dog, or one thought to be mad, he had sucked the wound, at the hazard, as was supposed, of his own life, but that he had never given her a kiss. Joanna spoke of her yearning to be caressed as a child. She would sometimes venture to clasp her little arms about her mother's knees, who would seem to chide her, but the child knew she liked it. Indeed; would she be a woman, and a mother, otherwise?

That mother might be supposed a woman of marked intelligence and self-command, being a sister of the celebrated brothers, William and John Hunter. Dorothea Hunter was worthy of all dignity, and had the origin, in part, of that which became more conspicuous in her poet-daughter; and in her son Matthew, eminent as an anatomist and physician.

Agnes, was also a poetess, and in the fullest sympathy and almost constant companionship, with her sister Joanna; and, after

* Dr. Matthew Baillie was born at the manse of Shotts, in 1761. He succeeded Dr. Hunter as lecturer on anatomy at St. George's Hospital, being at the same time, physician in ordinary to their Majesties George III and IV. He was a most estimable man, and in high repute among members of his profession. He was the author of valuable medical and philosophical works, and the collector of a valuable museum of anatomical specimens, which he presented to the College of Physicians. He died in 1825.

A NEAT CAPTURE

The Way Transgressors Are Treated in the Far West.

The sun had sunk behind the bleak, snow-clad hills of Medicine Bow, and the stars shone dimly in the canopy of blue overhead, still radiant with streamers of red and orange. The dwellings, many of them nothing more than log cabins, were dark and silent, but presently a light flashed here and there from a window, and occasionally a door opened, revealing the interior aglow with the light of blazing logs.

A roughly clad figure sauntered up the principal thoroughfare, singing a rollicking song. Pausing in front of one of the many saloons that lined both sides of the street, he peered curiously through the dirt-begrimed window. At that very instant a half-drunken miner came out and awkwardly lurched up against him with a "Hello, partner!"

"Hello? What in blazes do you mean by falling all over me in that manner?" The miner did not answer the question, but stood off and surveyed his interrogator with owl-like gravity, in the meanwhile endeavouring to get control of his legs and balance his body firmly upon them. The other laughed good-naturedly.

"Never mind old man; it's all right. Who keeps this place?" "Why Jim Flood of course. Thought everybody in Medicine Bow knew—hic—knew Flood."

"Possibly they do, but I am a stranger. Oblige to you for the information. Come inside and let us have a drink."

The pair entered the dingy barroom, filled with loungers, some of whom were sitting at tables, others standing at the bar. The newcomer shot a quick glance around the room and walked straight up to the bar, throwing a handful of coin upon it.

The generous individual who had dispensed such lavish hospitality did not sit down with the rest, but walked to the end of the bar and engaged the barkeeper in conversation.

"Who is that party over yonder that every one seems to be afraid of?" "Oh that is One-Eyed Pete; don't know him by any other name. He comes here occasionally, and somehow or other has got the reputation of being a man-killer, but I never knew him to hurt any one."

"Well, the crowd is afraid of him, anyway." "Yes, but as I say, I don't know why. Now, there's Flood—you know Flood, who owns this place—he ain't afraid of the devil, yet I have seen him turn pale almost, every time he sees One-Eyed Pete fixed that one eye of his upon him."

The conversation at this instant was broken short by a great commotion without, a party of horsemen having ridden up to the door with a clatter of hoofs, rattling of accoutrements and wild shouting and hubbub. Before the occupants of the saloon could get to the window and ascertain the cause of the uproar the door was flung open and six of the vilest looking specimens of humanity that ever inhaled the breath of heaven rushed into the room. All were armed to the teeth, travel stained and very much under the influence of liquor.

The leader, a big strapping fellow, with a most repulsive expression of countenance that was not improved by an ugly scar on the right cheek, glanced first at the barkeeper. Before the occupants of the saloon could get to the window and ascertain the cause of the uproar the door was flung open and six of the vilest looking specimens of humanity that ever inhaled the breath of heaven rushed into the room. All were armed to the teeth, travel stained and very much under the influence of liquor.

"Where's Flood?" he fiercely demanded. "Gone to Dismal Gulch," mildly replied the dispenser of drinks, slyly reaching for his pistol under the bar.

Another oath from the leader, supplemented by a heavy blow of his fist on the bar. "To Dismal Gulch, do you say? when did he go?" "Day before yesterday."

The leader turned to his men as if to read in their faces a confirmation of some suspicious thought, running through his brain. For the space of perhaps ten seconds there was dead silence, then another string of profanity and more questioning.

"See here, barkeeper; has any one been here lately that you never before saw around this place?" A look of keen intelligence crossed the man's face, and he seemed to comprehend all at once the object of the questioning and the impudence of the questioner.

"Why yes," he stammered; "he is here, that is to food just where you are standing now before you came in."

"Who?" "I don't know who he was, but he was a stranger, and maybe he is the fellow you are after."

"Thunderation! Where is he now?" "Right here near at hand, Dave Saunders."

The words were quietly spoken, and issued from the lips of someone in the outer edge of the crowd near the door. Every eye was turned to the speaker, and there stood the man of whom the barkeeper had spoken with a revolver in each hand leveled at the crowd. By his side stood One-Eyed Pete, similarly armed.

"Throw up your hands." The command was mildly spoken, but the voice was that of a desperate and determined man, and every one in that room knew that sure death awaited him who refused to obey orders, so every hand went up.

One-Eyed Pete lowered his weapons and placed them in his belt ready for use; then, taking from his pocket a pair of handcuffs, he ordered the leader of the party of horsemen to step forward, which he did, but without much cursing and threatening. In this way the entire party of six were securely handcuffed. The gang, one by one, were then marched out of the saloon door, mounted each a powerful horse that in some mysterious manner had been provided for their use, rode away with their captives.

They, with Flood and some others who were as clearly captured, were subsequently tried on the charge of counterfeiting and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

KING THEEBAW'S TREASURE.

Opinion of a Soldier Who Stood Guard Over It.—What Became of It.

When the British troops marched into Mandalay, on October 28, 1882, James Troon was a private in the 2nd Battalion of the Hampshire regiment. He was one of the party who found the king Theebaw's palace. Troon is now a commissionaire, tall, broad, sturdy looking, and with a chest covered with medals. He does not think king Theebaw's crown will ever be recovered. "I'll tell you why," he said to a representative. "It must have been two hours after we got into Mandalay that we found the King. We found him in a small building, in the midst of trees, in the palace garden. I was put a sentry on No. 1 post over him. The following evening he was taken away from Mandalay to India. As I was one of the oldest soldiers, I was selected to go to another post—where the crown jewels were."

"Where was this?" "It was a room in the palace. It was full of mirrors and beautiful screens, and things to sit upon. It struck me as being the room where the queen used to sit. The jewels were in this room. They were placed all together in a heap. The heap was on the floor. The officer lay on one side of it. We two sentries marched up and down the other side."

"Which of the jewels do you remember?" "I only took notice of several cups. There were plates of silver and gold. The golden cradle was there. It was set with diamonds and rubies, like stars. I ought to remember it, for I had a little bit off it."

"What?" "A bit of a star. I looked for the crown, but I did not see it. There was no difficulty in getting into the place. There were a lot of men on the staff. They could go where they pleased. Need only say they were going up to the roof to signal. In fact, every soldier there was trying to get hold of what he could. I picked up a bag of rupees in knocking about, and I'm sure there was more where it came from."

"Do you remember any man of the name of White?" "There was a man named White in the 2nd Hampshire regiment, but whether he transferred to the West Surrey I don't know. The West Surrey was not engaged. The troops that were engaged were the 2nd Hampshire, 33rd Welsh Fusiliers, and the 8th King's (Liverpool) regiment."

"Do you think he will find the regalia?" "I don't, sir, and it's my belief it will never be found. When the king left, his servants and the queen's servants were loaded. All but a couple of these servants were dispersed at the time, and were not allowed to go on board with the king and queen. The orders at the palace were not to allow any men out. All night long, women kept leaving the palace just as at a fair. Many of them may have been men. It looks queer that a West Surrey man could get the crown when the native sappers and other had been all over the palace. The blue-jackets packed up all the valuable things in boxes and sent them home. This was loot. I saw more than a hundred boxes. The government had that, of course. But the crown will never be found. A golden peacock was taken by the men and smashed up. I had a piece of it, and it turned out to be a piece of brass covered with gold. The men were so disgusted they threw the remains into the water."

WITHOUT SOLICITATION.

Paine's Celery Compound is Strongly Indorsed by an Ontario Lady.

Three Bottles of the Wonderful Compound Effect a Great Change—Nervousness and Constant Sick Headache Banished—Sleep is Sweeter and Better—General Health Vastly Improved.

MRS. E. WILCOX.

Mrs. E. Wilcox, of Creemore, Ont., is one of the best known ladies in that section of country. Young and old in and around Creemore are acquainted with this worthy and honored lady, and implicitly rely on any statement she makes.

Mrs. Wilcox for some years suffered terribly and keenly from nervousness and continual sick headache. Her condition was serious and alarming at times, owing to the fact that she was unable to get sufficient sleep to rest a weary and run-down body.

For a long period money was spent for medicines and doctoring that wrought no good results. A grand and happy change was immediately effected when Mrs. Wilcox commenced to use Paine's Celery Compound. The virtues of the great medicine proved as efficacious in her case as it has in thousands of others.

Mrs. Wilcox, desirous of recommending

Paine's Celery Compound, writes as follows:— "I take this opportunity to express my gratitude for the good that I and my friends have received from your valuable discovery, Paine's Celery Compound."

"For years I have suffered from nervousness and constant sick headache; at times I have been so bad that I have been unable to sleep two hours a night for weeks. I have tried many medicines and doctoring a great deal, but never received a hundredth part of the value from them that I obtained from Paine's Celery Compound. After using three bottles I can sleep well, my headaches have ceased, and I feel healthier and fresher than I have done for years."

"Being one of the earliest settlers in this place, I am known to all the surrounding country. I feel it a duty to let others know about the medicine that has done me so much good. I send this testimonial without any solicitation."

THE AMERICAN \$8.00 Typewriter,



This is a well-made, practical machine, writing capitals, small letters, figures, and punctuation marks (71 in all) on full width paper, just like a \$100 instrument. It is the first of its kind ever offered at a popular price for which the above claim can be truthfully made. It is not a toy, but a typewriter built for and capable of REAL work. While not as rapid as the large machines sometimes become in expert hands, it is still at least as rapid as the pen and has the advantage of such simplicity that it can be understood and mastered almost at a glance. We cordially commend it to helpful parents and teachers everywhere.

Writes capitals, small letters, figures and marks—71 in all. Easy to understand—learned in 5 minutes.

Writes just like a \$100 machine. No shift keys. No Ribbon. Prints from the type direct. Compact, takes up but little room. Built solid and simple, can't get out of order.

Printing always in sight. Corrections and insertions easily made. More "margin play" for the small letters which do most of the work.

Takes any width of paper or envelope up to 8 1/2 inches. Takes good letter-press copies. Packed securely in handsome case and expressed to any address on receipt of price—\$8.00, in registered letter, money order or certified check. We guarantee every machine and are glad to answer all inquiries for further information.

IRA CORNWALL, Gen. Agent for Maritime Provinces, Board of Trade Bldg., St. John, N. B., or from the following agents: St. Ward Thorne, St. John, N. B.; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews, N. B.; T. Carleton Ketchum, Woodstock, N. B.; Van Meter, Butcher & Co., Moncton, N. B.; J. Fred. Bannon, Chatham, N. B.; N. S.; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; D. I. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

AGENTS WANTED. J. P. HANINGTON, General Agent. Montreal. ENGRAVING. "PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU, ST. JOHN, N. B.

WITHOUT SOLICITATION.

Paine's Celery Compound is Strongly Indorsed by an Ontario Lady.

Three Bottles of the Wonderful Compound Effect a Great Change—Nervousness and Constant Sick Headache Banished—Sleep is Sweeter and Better—General Health Vastly Improved.

MRS. E. WILCOX.

Mrs. E. Wilcox, of Creemore, Ont., is one of the best known ladies in that section of country. Young and old in and around Creemore are acquainted with this worthy and honored lady, and implicitly rely on any statement she makes.

Mrs. Wilcox for some years suffered terribly and keenly from nervousness and continual sick headache. Her condition was serious and alarming at times, owing to the fact that she was unable to get sufficient sleep to rest a weary and run-down body.

For a long period money was spent for medicines and doctoring that wrought no good results. A grand and happy change was immediately effected when Mrs. Wilcox commenced to use Paine's Celery Compound. The virtues of the great medicine proved as efficacious in her case as it has in thousands of others.

Mrs. Wilcox, desirous of recommending

Paine's Celery Compound, writes as follows:— "I take this opportunity to express my gratitude for the good that I and my friends have received from your valuable discovery, Paine's Celery Compound."

"For years I have suffered from nervousness and constant sick headache; at times I have been so bad that I have been unable to sleep two hours a night for weeks. I have tried many medicines and doctoring a great deal, but never received a hundredth part of the value from them that I obtained from Paine's Celery Compound. After using three bottles I can sleep well, my headaches have ceased, and I feel healthier and fresher than I have done for years."

"Being one of the earliest settlers in this place, I am known to all the surrounding country. I feel it a duty to let others know about the medicine that has done me so much good. I send this testimonial without any solicitation."

THE AMERICAN \$8.00 Typewriter,



This is a well-made, practical machine, writing capitals, small letters, figures, and punctuation marks (71 in all) on full width paper, just like a \$100 instrument. It is the first of its kind ever offered at a popular price for which the above claim can be truthfully made. It is not a toy, but a typewriter built for and capable of REAL work. While not as rapid as the large machines sometimes become in expert hands, it is still at least as rapid as the pen and has the advantage of such simplicity that it can be understood and mastered almost at a glance. We cordially commend it to helpful parents and teachers everywhere.

Writes capitals, small letters, figures and marks—71 in all. Easy to understand—learned in 5 minutes.

Writes just like a \$100 machine. No shift keys. No Ribbon. Prints from the type direct. Compact, takes up but little room. Built solid and simple, can't get out of order.

Printing always in sight. Corrections and insertions easily made. More "margin play" for the small letters which do most of the work.

Takes any width of paper or envelope up to 8 1/2 inches. Takes good letter-press copies. Packed securely in handsome case and expressed to any address on receipt of price—\$8.00, in registered letter, money order or certified check. We guarantee every machine and are glad to answer all inquiries for further information.

IRA CORNWALL, Gen. Agent for Maritime Provinces, Board of Trade Bldg., St. John, N. B., or from the following agents: St. Ward Thorne, St. John, N. B.; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews, N. B.; T. Carleton Ketchum, Woodstock, N. B.; Van Meter, Butcher & Co., Moncton, N. B.; J. Fred. Bannon, Chatham, N. B.; N. S.; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; D. I. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

AGENTS WANTED. J. P. HANINGTON, General Agent. Montreal. ENGRAVING. "PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU, ST. JOHN, N. B.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

The summer girl seems to be really here at last, though sad to say the summer itself is still absent. The fashions this week show that fluffy-lace-like-trim-muslin-with-flounces effect which means that the world of fashion is beginning to prepare for the



GOWNS FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

The figure on the left shows a diagonal serge of dark blue with bordering of light blue cloth and a blue surah loose vest. The central figure shows a pink cotton challis wrapper, trimmed with lace. The figure at the right represents a chocolate brown summer cheviot, trimmed with silver castle braid. The corsage is a shirt waist of figured silk, gray and garnet. The belt is of brown reps ribbon with a silver buckle.

summer campaign at the watering places, and the earliest hints of summer modes seem to indicate that there will be a wonderful amount of latitude given to the taste of the individual who wears the dress, so that the style can be made subservient to the woman, instead of the woman to the style, as formerly. Thus overskirts are worn, and paniers, but so are plain closely fitting tailor made skirts, and modified bell skirts, and very full flaring skirts. Dresses are trimmed at the foot, half way up the skirt, and just below the hips, while the most elaborate bodice trimmed with lace, flounces, insertions and every imaginable furbelow, is shown side by side in the fashion-plate with the plainest of tailor basques, buttoned from throat to waist, and destitute of an atom of trimming.

It would be almost safe to say that everything is worn so safe is the woman who has a little taste and good sense, in choosing

ungainly garment it once was; the great fullness is confined above the elbow in a large puff, and the rest of the sleeve is only moderately full and finished with a pretty frill at the wrist.

The very latest craze is for white tulle, which seems to have dethroned the lace, till now so popular that no garment was considered quite perfect without a touch of it somewhere. The new rage is to be seen not only in evening dresses, but in bonnet strings, huge bows for the neck, and even vests of dresses; of course it is pretty, especially when it is worn for the first time, but it is unfortunately so perishable that it is a very expensive decoration. White muslin is fashionable once more, after its long retirement, and pure white muslin is to be the accepted graduation for the "sweet girl graduate" of '94. These dresses will be made with high-necked bodices, very full sleeves and trimmed



NECKWEAR FOR WOMEN.

The illustration represents some of the newest neckwear for ladies. The right hand figure is an invaluable of black satin and white lace. That on the left is another of black moire and Russian lace. The lower center design is a jabot of point de gaze. Above is a bow of striped grenadine and lace. At the top is a collar of cherry satin with white lace stole.

what is becoming to her without, stopping to consider whether it is the very latest fashion or not. One point in which Dame Fashion is very arbitrary however, is the size of the sleeves, and if you would be "in the swim" of style you must wear gigantic sleeves; the size is really increasing instead of diminishing, and five yards of silk is the

chiefly with lace insertion; belt, collar and sash will be of white moire, or satin ribbon, and bows of the same will decorate the shoulders.

Dimity, batiste, organdie, and muslin dresses will be in the height of fashion this summer, and the always lovely black and white fabrics will be worn again. Tiny

checks of black and white are shown in silk, crepon, and grenadine, as well as in heavier materials, and they are trimmed either with jet or cream lace, and sometimes both. The fashion, which seems odd now, of making up very thin grenadines over colored silk foundations, has been revived, and I have no doubt that once we get used to the idea we shall think it very pretty.

Linen, duck, and pique are to be very much worn during the coming season, and they are shown in all the newest designs and at very moderate prices; but the trouble is that it you want them to possess the proper air which every stylish suit should have, you must have your duck or linen costume made by a first class dressmaker, and we all know how much that costs. Ready made suits of these popular goods are sold at very low prices, however, and it one is lucky enough to be "easy to fit," as the dressmakers say, it is possible to get a very satisfactory dress for a mere trifle. Paniers are charming for tall slight women, and so picturesque that they invariably suggest a Dresden china shepherdess, especially when they are developed in muslin, organdie, or lace, but of course they are out of the question for either the large stout woman or the very small one.

The old Spanish flounce which reached to a little above the knee and was sewed to the skirt without any lining underneath, is seen again on some of the handsomest spring dresses, but it now comes nearly midway between the hip and the knee and only extends across the front and side breadth, the back being sewed to the belt full, and plain. This season promises great advantages in the way of combination gowns, and the opportunities for made over dresses which such a beneficent fashion will present are almost endless; bodices and skirts rarely match and it is nothing unusual to see their different materials in one costume, while the drapery, which seems to be growing in favor, it one may judge from the fashion plates, offers still greater possibilities, for the transforming of two or three half worn dresses, into one "brand new" suit.

MOLLIE B.—Your last letter was written in such an odd manner, skipping from one page to another that I find I only answered half of it, so I am afraid you will have some difficulty in understanding the answers at this late day, unless you kept a list of your questions. (8) It is quite correct. (9) I do not know whether either of those missions exist in St. John, but I am sure you could find out by inquiring at the W. C. T. U. rooms; those ladies have thorough knowledge of the existence and workings of all such charities. (10) About your fuschia, they are strange things and sometimes hard to manage, but probably the earth is too rich, and that causes the leaves to curl, they need plenty of water and not too much sun. Here is a recipe for improving the growth, and enlarging and beautifying the flowers of fuschias. Dissolve an ounce of gelatine and an ounce of salts—I do not know what kind, but I suppose the most common—in a pint of boiling water, pour a little of the mixture on the plant every other day, and it will ensure a lovely crop of blossoms. I think I have seen the poems in book form I want to be sure, as I am always confusing him with Walt Whitman, if they are published in that form you can get them from any bookstore. Now I think I have answered all your questions.

MIGNONETTE—I am very glad to see that the play room is to be a fact, and I am quite satisfied in my own mind that we three, you, another correspondent who wrote applauding your remarks, and my humble self are largely responsible for the reform, I am glad you did not mind your letter being published, you had good reason to be proud of it. No I am in the very midst of it still, and expect to be for some time yet on account of paper hanging and whitewashing, with all their accompanying delays, it is hard while it lasts, but repays one in the end, I think. Your bright pleasant letters are very cheering, and welcome.

DAISY BELL—I was glad to know you had not forgotten me, it is always pleasant to be remembered. My dear girl, I have given my opinion on bicycle riding for girls so often that you surely must have seen it, do you know it is one of the most frequent questions I am asked, except "what do you think of my writing?" I think it is a very pleasant and healthful exercise it not practiced to excess, and I really don't see any more reason against a girl riding a bicycle than riding a horse. Your composition is good, but the writing lacks freedom, and is rather cramped, I think you must grasp your pen too tightly, I never judge character from handwriting. Tan shoes are as popular as ever this season. It depends entirely on what he said, it was objectionable you were quite right but of course I am not competent to judge, without knowing. No charge at all, simply posted.

THE LOCUSTS.—You see I made a sort of exception in your favor, and spared you the waste basket. I did not say the quotation satisfied me, merely that it was appropriate, here is a better one—"Far out of sight, while sorrows still enfold us, Lies the fair country where our hearts abound. And of bliss is naught more to desire to us Than these few words,—I shall be satisfied."

That carries a grain of comfort for the sadness of the other. Both your writing and composition are good,—beyond the average. How did I "break out?" Well, I aimed very high at first, tried the leading American magazines, which, strange to say did not jostle each other in the effort to secure the products of my gifted pen; then I came down to sketches and poems,—absolutely poems, though I can scarcely realize it now—for a country paper, and when I had learned to creep pretty well, I tried walking, and I have walked ever since, and got so used to it, that I doubt if I shall ever try to fly again. First, find out what you can do the best, then do it. Begin in a small way, and try not to be discouraged if you do not succeed just at first, but remember that all periodicals are willing to accept and pay for, good work. I must confess that I never speculate about my correspondents, at least very seldom, it would never do for me to get into such a habit, because if I did I should find it hard to treat them all alike. I am afraid it would be quite impossible to do as you suggest. I have never done so yet in all the years that I have been writing, and it would be

Our Russet Shoes

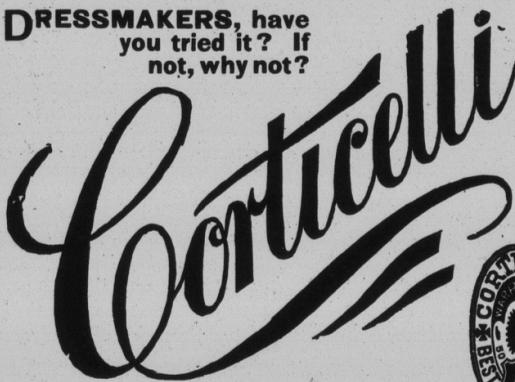
Are already selling fast. "When the warm weather comes they will go still faster."

We find it hard work to keep the lines completely sorted up in midsummer. If you wish to select when the stock is at its best why not buy **Now.**

WATERBURY & RISING

84 King and 212 Union St.

DRESSMAKERS, have you tried it? If not, why not?



Good Twist Imparts a finish to a garment not to be attained by any other means. It has an evenness, strength and lustre peculiarly its own. Try it once and you will use no other.



FOUND AT LAST.

The Latest. The Best. No More Broken Collars at the American Steam Laundry,

98 to 102 Charlotte Street. We have just placed in our new Building two machines that will **POSITIVELY IRON COLLARS** both standing and turn down,

Without Cracking the Edges.

If you want your Collars to wear longer, send them to us we promise you the best of work and prompt delivery.

Telephone 214. **GODSOE BROS.**

10c. **ADAMS' LIQUID** 10c. **ROOT BEER!** THIS BOTTLE MAKES TWO GALLONS.

Canadian Specialty Co., 38 FRONT ST. EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

INSIST Upon having Featherbone Corsets. Refuse all substitutes. See they are stamped thus: PATENTED SEPT. 3rd, 1884. No. 20110. NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS SO STAMPED.

N.B. TRADE MARK THE VARNISHED BOARD ON WHICH THE GOODS ARE WRAPPED. **Ladies Costumes** Ladies have a great deal of trouble in selecting dress goods. The variety is great. The quality is various and the merit claimed is sometimes more than the possession. When ladies are desirous of obtaining the finest grade of Black Dress Goods, they should ask to see Priestley's dress fabrics. These, as is well known, are the *me plus* of well dressed Englishwomen. The Americans prefer them to French goods. Canadian ladies can obtain them from reliable dealers. Ladies should always ask for Priestley's Dress Goods. **PRIESTLEY'S BLACK DRESS MATERIALS**

"Montserrat," If you don't know what it is, ask your grocer to give you the best **Lime Fruit Juice** that is made and you are sure to find "Montserrat" on the bottle.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Crime in any array is punished on a scale ten times more severe than anything known to civil life.

Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia is the oldest hospital in the United States. It was built in 1755.

More than four-fifths of the murders in the United States last year were by men who had no regular occupation.

The largest Sunday school library in the world is in Washington, D. C. It is the property of the Assembly Presbyterian Church.

There are 187 pounds of salt in a ton of water from the Dead Sea. In the Atlantic the amount is eighty-one pounds to every ton.

Gold, silver and copper were known to the Greeks in the time of Homer, but zinc was still the standard by which other things were estimated.

According to French divorce statistics the most unhappy period of marriage is from the fifth to the tenth year. After that the figures drop rapidly.

Rosa Young, a direct descendant of one of the Pitcairn mutineers and a woman of more than usual intelligence, is writing a history of the Pitcairn colony.

The London Stock Exchange has an orchestra, composed of members of the exchange, accounted one of the finest amateur musical organizations in that city.

It is computed that the death rate of the world is sixty-seven a minute and the birth rate seventy a minute, and this seemingly light percentage of gain is sufficient to give a net increase of population each year of almost 1,200,000 souls.

Sir J. C. Ross is authority for the statement that in the South Atlantic rain frequently falls in torrents from the clear sky, and he mentions one occasion when it rained for over an hour when the atmosphere was perfectly clear.

The latest fad in men's dress is to have the skirts of the long frock coats lined with silk that rustles. In some instances fashionable tailors are putting a certain kind of material between the silk and the cloth to supply the "swish" when the silk doesn't sufficiently rustle.

Since the Emir of Bokhara visited St. Petersburg he has quite adopted western habits, throwing open his palace to Russian ladies and giving regular balls. After European comforts he finds his palace very bare, so he has invited a French architect to build another in European style.

A new remedy for diphtheria is being tried with success in New Zealand. It is very simple. Put five drops of sulphuric acid in a tumbler, given so the child can swallow it. If the throat is obstructed give it with a teaspoon until the passage is cleared, then administer a wineglass every two hours. Burn sulphur in the room as strong as it can be borne.

Bacteriologist Herman M. Biggs, of New York, has made a report to the board of health of the results of his investigation into 268 cases of so-called "membranous croup." He says that his observations justify the conclusion that the disease is nothing more or less than laryngeal diphtheria. He recommends that membranous croup should be put on the list of contagious diseases, concerning which reports from physicians to the health board are required. It is said that the recommendation will be adopted.

The Zoothermic Institute in Rome is a "cure" place where people go to drink fresh blood for the cure of the gout, rheumatism and the great prostration and anemia caused by the malarial fevers of the Tontine marshes. The blood to be imbibed is first rapidly freed from fibrin by a carefully aseptic method, the animals from which it is derived having previously undergone inspection by a veterinary surgeon. Some patients base either a part or the whole of the body in the warm blood, and the Italian doctors think, with great benefit.

No better disinfectant than the following can be desired: Half a drachm of nitrate of lead, dissolved in a pint of boiling water two drachms of salt, in eight quarts of cold water. Mix. Wring out cloths from this, and hang up about a grayish color and is imbedded in the slabs of the foundation of St. Swin's Church, which is situated right in the heart of the city. This stone was erected by the Romans half a century before the birth of the Saviour as the central milestone or point of their possessions in Britain. From it all roads, divisions of property and distances throughout the province were measured. It has been recognized as the heart of England from which all its arteries flowed by every historian or antiquary known to English literature. A feeling has always existed among Englishmen about this stone which was not altogether superstition, that as all distances were reckoned from it so it was in a certain way the base of the stability of England.

A New York wood dealer, who handles many cargoes of cordwood annually, finding that the time consumed in unloading carts at the yard amounted to a considerable item of expense has invented a cart by which this item is eliminated entirely. The cart has a horizontal platform hung between a pair of wheels on a crank axle. The platform is held in place by a button shutting into a slot in the forward part of the frame of the cart. The driver backs up to the string piece on the wharf and his cart is loaded. Then he drives to the yard and when he is at the spot where it is desired to unload the wood he simply turns the button and releases the platform and the platform tips backward, and thus the cart unloads itself. The driver never steps at all—he just keeps right on to the wharf again. The operation is so extremely simple and so obviously economical that it is a delight to the eye of even the most casual observer.

HELIOTROPE AND NEARLY DELICIOUS TOILET SOAP JOHN TAYLOR & CO. TORONTO Sole Manufacturers

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache Purifies the Blood HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion The Ladies' Friend HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia For Biliousness Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

E. S. STEPHENSON & CO. 17 & 19 Nelson St. TELEPHONE 675. BICYCLE Repairing and Refitting with Pneumatic Tires a Specialty.

Save Money on BICYCLES A 860 cycle for \$20 other makes new and used. We sell everything repairing and nicking. Catalogue of Bicycles and Sundries. Free. T. W. BOYD & SON, MONTREAL.

SPECTACLES, EYE GLASSES, OPERA GLASSES,

CLOCKS AND BRONZES, SILVER GOODS, JEWELRY.

WATCHES AND DIAMONDS, AT 43 KING ST., FERGUSON & PAGE.

A. & J. HAY, Dealers in Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, Fancy Clocks, Optical Goods Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED. 78 KING STREET.

A Good Move and a Fine Store JAMES S. MAY & SON, Tailors, Have removed from the Domville Building to 68 PRINCE WM. STREET, store lately occupied by Estey & Co. Telephone No. 748.

DAVID CONNELL, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES, 45-47 WATERLOO STREET. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Repairs and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit Out at short notice.

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEAT SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY WILLIAM CLARK

ICE! Wholesale and Retail. Telephone 414. Office 15 Leinster Street. Mrs. R. Whetsel

HOW THE BLIND ARE TAUGHT.

Instructive Visit to the Famous Pennsylvania Institution.

A most instructive exhibition of how blind pupils work and study in their everyday courses of instruction was recently enjoyed by many visitors at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind in Philadelphia. Principal Edward E. Allen, who, with his excellent staff of teachers, has achieved great success in this line of work, gave a very interesting exposure of the ways and means by which countless little folks are taught in many instances a proficiency greater than that of pupils with perfect vision.

Of the total number of pupils taught, boarded, lodged and generally brought up at the institution, there are 34 bright little tots, the youngest of them 4 years old, the children are taught weaving skills of paper of various colors, sewing and making designs with wooden tablets, and with whole, half and quarter rings of wire.

Around the room, on the walls, and spread out on tables was the year's work. Geometrical designs on large squares of cloth arranged with thin wooden tablets, an ivy leaf of wood, a clover leaf of wire and a Virginian creeper were among the most attractive of these objects, made by a pupil totally blind and copied from nature entirely by the sense of touch. Vegetables, daisies, clovers and a series of farm implements modelled in clay are among the products of this primary branch of the school.

The system employed is to commence with very coarse and large materials, as heavy thread to sew with and thick slaps to weave with; then, as the sense of touch is developed, the materials become finer.

In the school room of the first grade writing, spelling, reading, drawing, paper cutting and pasting are taught. The American Braille system of raised letters is used. It consists of a cell containing six raised dots or points, which are made into various combinations to represent the different letters, the most used letters having few points.

The method of writing is as follows: A brass bar, of which one-half is pierced at intervals with oblong cells, and on which the other half shuts down by means of a hinge, is closed on a piece of cardboard, and the letters are then pierced into the cardboard with a stylus, which looks like a small awl. Geography is taught by requiring the pupils to copy from raised outlines on thin brass and wooden plates.

In the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth grades, were lots of bright boys ranging from twelve to eighteen years of age, engaged in recitation on subjects including arithmetic, algebra, drawing, physics, history, spelling, mechanical drawing, civil government, and, in fact, all the various branches taught in public schools. For all these subjects the most ingenious materials are used.

In the east end of the building were the seven grades of girls, doing practically the same kind of work. Wonderful exhibitions of the proficiency which may be acquired through the cultivation of the sense of touch by the blind have been seen throughout this famous institution. In all the departments, few, if any, are more interesting than the printing office in the basement, where the raised and perforated letters combine to make books. It was, indeed, an instructive exhibition from beginning to end.

Bishop Fitzgerald, of the Methodist Episcopal church who recently presided at the conference that met in Memphis, Tenn., is well known in Chicago. One of the Chicago brethren who saw him there says the bishop told him the following story as a recollection of his visit to the Rock River conference of Illinois: "My home is in New Orleans," said the bishop, "and our newspapers are not as energetic as those of Chicago. One evening I encountered a young man from a Chicago paper. It was after conference hour, and I was sitting in the office of the hotel. The young man who had rather a taking way about him addressed me in something like the following manner: 'Say, Doc, from the way you old codgers are sitting, around here to-night I believe there's a len on.' I was amused at his earnestness no less than at his manner of expressing himself. I finally learned he thought there was something in conference of which he had not heard. He told him I knew all no mystery present or to come in a news line, and told him if he would come to conference every morning like a good boy and remain all day, or during the working hours of conference, he would get all the news he wanted. He was silent a moment, then added in a very earnest manner: 'No, Doc, you don't understand me. My paper wants something besides mere reports and all that perfunctory business. We want some hot stuff, Doc, and must have it.' I had to laugh, and if I had thought of it I would have sent him to a Baptist meeting."

Canada's Monster Cheese The monster cheese which was a conspicuous feature of the Canadian section of the Chicago Exhibition last year has just been cut in London. It weighed ten tons, and was produced in September, 1892, under Government auspices, at Perth, Ontario; 207,250 pounds of milk, obtained from 12,000 cows, was used in making it. When tasted, the cheese was pronounced to be very good.

For Sickness. USE HORSBOND'S ACID PHOSPHATE. Dr. J. FOURNES-BRICE of S. S. Teutonic, says: "I have prescribed it in practice among the passengers traveling to and from Europe, in this steamer, and the result has satisfied me that if taken in time, it will, in a great many cases, prevent sickness."

The underground telephone circuits in the United States have increased from 1,225 miles in 1882 to 121,930 miles in 1894, and the number of telephones in use from 5,187 in 1887 to 266,491 in 1893.

Crime is more common in single life than in married; in the former, thirty-three in every 100,000 are guilty, while only eleven married men of the same number have been gravely broken the laws.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT FOR HOUSEHOLD USE. could not have survived for over eighty years except for the FACT that it possesses very much more than ordinary merit.

Every Mother should have JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. Positively cures RHEUMATISM and SICK HEADACHE.

PARSON'S PILLS. "Best Liver Pill Made" Make New Rich Blood. Positively cures BILIOUSNESS and SICK HEADACHE.

SHARPS BALSAM OF GUMMOLIN AND ANISEED. FOR CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS.

ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, BALLET JOHN, N. B.

COMMOR ERROR. Chocolate & Cocoa are to be one and the same, only that one is a powder, (hence more easily cooked), and the other is not.

TAKE THE Yolk from the Egg, TAKE THE Oil from the Olive, What is left? A Residue. So with COCOA.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR CHOCOLAT MENIER. Annual Sales Exceed \$8 MILLION POUNDS.

SHILOH'S CURE. THE GREAT TAKE THE BEST COUGH CURE. Cures Consumption, Croup, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.

CANCER TUMOR. A Scientific Cure without the knife, which is perfect for treatment. Send for references.

Carleton & Ferguson, Barristers at Law, Solicitors, Notaries &c. 724 Prince Wm. Street, Saint John, N. B.

REMOVAL. DR. J. H. MORRISON, (New York, London and Paris.) Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. 163 Germain Street, St. John.

GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC. Collections Made. Remittances Prompt.

BALMORAL HOTEL, 109 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B. A. L. SPENCER PROP.

CONNORS HOTEL, CORNERS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B. JOHN H. McINERNEY, Proprietor.

BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements.

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

NEW AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Sir Charles Russell, now Lord Russell, is said to be the prospective successor of Lord Coleridge, lord chief justice of England. The salary is \$40,000.

One of the most important personages at the royal wedding at Coburg was Sir John Cowell, who was governor to the Duke of Coburg during his boyhood.

The engagement is announced of M. Ernest Carnot, second son of the president of the French republic, to Mlle. Marguerite Chiris, daughter of the senator. M. Ernest Carnot is an engineer.

It is said that the czar's wife is the first love of the late Duke of Clarence. She refused him, however, because she has old-fashioned notions regarding marriage and did not love him well enough to be his wife.

Percy Sanderson, who in July will succeed Sir William Lane Boker as British consul general in New York, is now consul general at Galatz, Roumania. On Mr. Boker's retirement he will make his home in London.

Sir Howell Salmon has had an interesting career in the British navy. When 12 years old he became a cadet, was made a commander in the age of 23, a post captain when 28, and has been on the admiral list for fifteen years. He is soon to become commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, England.

Miss Julie R. Jenney, a daughter of Colonel E. S. Jenney, one of the best known lawyers of central New York, has been admitted to the bar at the general term in Syracuse. Miss Jenney was a member of a class of twelve law students, all young men except herself, who were examined at the same time.

Robert Louis Stevenson's estate in Samoa includes 400 acres of forest land, and is situated at an elevation ranging from 300 to 1,500 feet. Among the products of his plantation are bread fruit, pineapple, bananas, cocoa, india rubber, sugar cane, kava, taro, grenadillas, oranges, limes, citron, coconuts, mangoes, vanilla, coffee, cinnamon and guava.

One of the former students of the Harvard annex has been chosen dean of Barnard College, the annex of Columbia, her place being practically that of president. She is edily named Miss James Smith. She is only 30, and will control nineteen professors, all of whom but one are men, who are instructors in the college, and the 100 young women whom they instruct.

Sir Charles Russell, the new lord of appeal, may become chief justice of England before long. Lord Coleridge is 73 years old, and occasionally falls asleep on the bench. Lord Russell would certainly make an excellent successor. It is a curious fact that three of the four lords of appeal were born in Ireland and the other in Scotland. England is evidently dependent on its neighbors for great jurists.

The King of Italy has conferred upon Professor Virchow, the famous German surgeon, the grand cross of the Order of St. Maurice and Lazarus. Professor Virchow is one of those men who seem to have time for everything. He is a university professor, an editor, a contributor to numerous journals, a politician, and finds opportunity to attend the meetings of scores of societies to which he belongs.

Although nearly a year has elapsed since the death of the late Earl of Derby, his brother and successor has only just now received from England's lord chancellor the writ summoning him to take his seat in the house of lords as the sixteenth earl. The explanation of this delay is interesting. The late earl left a widow, and in cases where there is no male issue of the union at the time of a peer's death his seat in the house of lords remains vacant for nine months on the chance of the birth of a posthumous heir. This little formality was strictly adhered to, notwithstanding the widowed Countess of Derby is over 70.

Mme. Rosa Bonheur, who has just been promoted to the grade of officer in the Order of the Legion of Honor, is the first woman artist to whom that distinction has been accorded. Rosa Bonheur, who is now seventy-two years of age, lives at By, near Fontainebleau, in complete retirement, her doors being only open to a few old and tried friends. Her fancy for dressing in male attire is well known and gave rise many years ago to what she afterwards described as the most lively emotion of her life. In 1855 her reputation was made, and it was in that year that she went to live at By. It was there that the Empress Eugenie came in 1865 to fasten on the breast of the famous but modest artist the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Rosa Bonheur had only just time to take off her masculine garments and put on a dress when her Imperial Majesty was announced.

Sir George Grey, who has come back to England on a visit, still takes an active interest in Imperial politics, despite his eighty-two years. He has been an adventurous and varied career. He was trained for the Army, and before he was twenty-four he gained a captaincy in the 83rd Foot Regiment. Then he offered his services to the Colonial Office and undertook exploring work in Australia, which was not lacking in danger and hardship. Before he was thirty he had become Governor of South Australia, and four years later he was sent to New Zealand in order to cope with the Maori rising. He had his work cut out for him, but he restored peace to the island, and his governorship extended over the unusual period of eight years. For his achievements in this position he received his knighthood. In 1854 Sir George was transferred to the Cape, being appointed Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa. The native troubles were thick upon his hands, but they were overcome in the usual masterful fashion. Sir George was an enthusiastic federationist in those days, but the prejudices of Downing Street were too strong for him, and in 1859 he was virtually recalled. He had, however, another term at the Cape, and in 1861 he was again dispatched to New Zealand, where he continued to administer the country till 1867. After a period spent in England, during which Sir George unsuccessfully sought a seat in Parliament, he returned to New Zealand and created for himself his famous island home. For a time he served as Lieutenant-Governor of the colony, and later he entered Parliament and held the office of Premier.

BAD BLOOD CAUSES Boils, Pimples, Blisters, Ulcers, Sores, Scrofula, & Skin Diseases.

B.B.B. CURES BAD BLOOD



DEAR SIR:—I was covered with pimples and small boils and after obtaining no relief from a doctor tried different remedies without success until one Sunday I was given 2 of a bottle of B.B.B. Blood Bitters, by the use of which the sores were sent flying, in about one week I made up my mind never to be without B.B.B. in the house, and I can highly recommend it to all.

FRED CARTER, Hanny, B. C. I can answer for the truth of the above. T. C. CHRISTIAN, Hanny, B. C.

Do you Write for the Papers? If you do, you should have THE LADDER OF JOURNALISM, a Text-Book for Correspondents, Reporters, Editors and General Writers. PRICE, 50 CENTS.

SENT ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, BY ALLAN FORMAN, 117 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Popularity of Minard's Liniment. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.—Ship April 1st 120 Gross Minard's Liniment, value \$2,000.00, and draw as usual.

F. J. BARNES, St. John's.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed. Fits a much higher plane in the estimation of even his friends, than when thoughtlessly and indifferently clothed.

Newest Designs, Latest Patterns. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street. (1st door south of Kings.)

The Sun. The first of American Newspapers CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.

The American Constitution the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever!

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy; by mail \$2a year. Daily, by mail - \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail - \$8 a year. The Weekly, - \$1 a year. Address THE SUN New York.

A WEIRD HORSEMAN.

My shanty was situated in the Big Horn Mountains, Wyoming. With the exception of two trappers and some friendly trappers, who lived about five miles distant I had not seen a white man for nearly a year.

One day I was out hunting with Anderson Picket. We had just sighted an antelope and were occupied in stalking the animal, when suddenly we heard the neighing of a horse near us. Surprised at such an unusual sound in a neighborhood where very few human beings were to be encountered, we looked up and saw, hardly three hundred paces from us, a rider whose head was uncovered and his long hair floating in the wind that blew across the hills. He was a white-faced haggard man, mounted on a thin horse.

For a few seconds he remained motionless, and then disappeared as suddenly as he had come. "A highwayman," whispered Picket. "What should a marauder be doing here?" I replied, doubtfully. "For a distance of three or four hundred miles no one, with the exception of you, myself and the trappers upon the creek can be found. Not a single soul to hold up. Let us see who the fellow is."

Quickly mounting our horses and dropping our game for the time being, we galloped up the hill, following the stranger, who was slowly riding towards the north.

That animal hadn't had much fodder or rest lately," laughed my companion. "I'll wager he hasn't ten pounds of flesh on his bones."

"I'd like to know who the man is and what he is doing alone in these solitary hills," said I inquisitively. "Come get a gait on the horses, let's get our game and follow the fellow."

After acting upon this suggestion we returned to the pursuit, and were hardly a hundred paces behind him when I shouted "Hello my man! Where are you bound to?"

The horse turned its head toward us, but the rider did not move, and immediately started off at a breakneck gallop. Although we were well mounted and endeavored to follow him, he soon disappeared in a path thickly overgrown with brushwood. We consequently lost all scent of the fugitive, and my companion very sensibly observed that we had better not follow him, as he might easily blow out our brains, under shelter of the rocks or hidden behind the brushwood, before we were aware of his presence. We therefore retraced our steps toward our cabin, which we reached an hour later.

My second companion, who in consequence of a slight wound had remained at home, came toward us in great excitement. "I'm glad you're back, boys," he cried. "Heavens! man, what has happened?" I asked anxiously.

"He was as white as a corpse and sighed as if relieved when we reached him. "It was awful, I tell you, awful! In all my life I shall never forget what has happened to me."

"Come along, stop your quaking, and tell us what's wrong. "Seen any suckers or a ghost?" said I smilingly, while Anderson added impatiently: "You've had a visit, haven't you? A highwayman on an old grey nag."

"How do you know that?" stammered Jim, quickly interrupting him. "Someone was here, but it wasn't a roadman, it was a ghost."

While he said this he shivered from head to foot and looked around anxiously on all sides. "Don't be a fool," I laughed. "Tell us a straight story. What has happened to you?"

Meanwhile we had reached the cabin, and as I sprang from the saddle Jim pointed with a trembling hand to the ground. "Here, look at this; you can see the prints of the ghostly horse's hoofs," said he, in a voice full of excitement. "I was cleaning up the things in the cabin, when I suddenly heard a noise outside. I thought you fellows had returned, and went out o' doors to meet you. Horned, I sprang back; before me, on a horse, nothing but skin and bones, was a man without a hat, with long black hair. He sat bolt upright in the saddle; he had a thick black beard; his face was ashen gray, and two eyes, wide open, stared at me in a ghastly way as only a spectre's can. I wanted to cry out, but my tongue seemed glued to my mouth—I felt my hair standing on end. Then the ghost turned his horse—started off at a gallop—I could plainly hear the rattling of the rider's and the horse's bones."

Jim shuddered again at the remembrance of the horridly spectacle. "That was the same fellow that we followed!" cried Anderson; and I could only agree with him.

One then told Jim of our adventure and quieted him by reasoning that it could not have been a ghost; but simply a human being, possibly some lunatic. "It was my custom before going to bed to look after the horses. I left the but that evening as usual, but hardly had I taken a few steps, when suddenly I stopped as though my feet were rooted to the ground. "Directly in front of me, in the bright moonlight, stood the same ghostly rider. His long black hair hung loosely around a ghastly face. The eyes were sunk deep in their sockets. The mouth was wide open, and the glimmer of the white teeth could be seen behind the black beard; in his left hand he held the reins, while the right hung loosely by his side. He sat in the saddle as though hewn out of stone, without the slightest motion. "I had the same feeling as Jim. I wanted to cry out, but could not; only a hoarse whisper came from my throat, but instinctively my hand sought the revolver at my side. I slowly raised my six-shooter and covered the frightful apparition. Then I found my voice: "Who are you? Answer or I'll shoot," I said.

At the sound of my voice the horse, which consisted of nothing but skin and bones, jumped to one side, and both horse and rider went off at a breakneck gallop, the bullets which I sent after them taking no effect. I distinctly heard the peculiar rattle of which Jim had spoken and which gradually grew dimmer and dimmer, until nothing could be distinguished but the far-off clatter of horse hoofs on the rocky ground. My heart was beating violently as I re-entered the hut.

Not one of us closed an eye that night. I tossed to and fro, in vain speculating what was to be done if the uncanny thing reappeared. When at last morning dawned, I resolved to ride over to the trappers at the creek and get their advice.

Soon after sunrise I started, and after two hours' ride saw the shanty of my friends some little distance ahead. They came to meet me with their guns in their hands ready to shoot. "Lucky for you that our eyes are accustomed to long range and that the air is clear to-day, else either you or your horse would have a bullet between his bones now," said the elder of the two trappers, as I reached them, holding out his hand in friendly greeting.

"That's so," acquiesced the other, also shaking hands, but with a very solemn air. "Charley is right. We were ready to shoot, but luckily saw our mistake in time." "Since yesterday we have been on the watch. We've been fooled long enough, and mean to make an end of this infernal nonsense," said the first trapper. "Has a singular-looking rider also paid you a visit?" I cried eagerly.

The friends looked at each other in astonishment. "Do you know the beggar?" asked Jack quickly. "I don't know him, but it is on his account that I'm here." And I related our adventure, to which both listened attentively.

"No doubt it's the same fellow who got the best of us," said Charley, shaking his head. "Day before yesterday we saw him for the first time. He took no notice of us and seemed deaf to our shouts. About noon he and his miserable old horse stood there just opposite our shanty. 'Hallo, what do you want?' I called out. No answer. A minute afterward he was gone. In the evening he drew rein up there on the hill again. As he wouldn't answer me I lost patience and got out my shooter, but before I could raise it the fellow again disappeared. But I'm not going to be fooled to-day. I'll send a bullet through him or his horse."

I willingly accepted the trappers' invitation to stay with them during the day. Our conversation turned almost exclusively on the mysterious stranger. In the afternoon I accompanied them to their traps, and while they were setting them I walked up and down with my gun in my hand. We had resolved, as soon as the rider should reappear, to shoot his horse, and in that way get this singular creature into our hands.

The day was drawing to a close and the peaks of the mountains were dyed in the sunlight. "The fellow has a notion we're going for him," said Jack. "I shouldn't be sorry if he slipped by us now, for I'm anxious to see what sort of—"

He stopped suddenly, and the words seemed as if frozen to his lips as he stood staring at the rocks opposite the hut. There, on the top of the hills, clearly outlined against the red sky, was the ghostly rider. I also stood staring, spellbound, at the apparition. Then a shot rang out, and the horse fell forward.

"Come on, and don't let the fellow crawl from under and get out!" cried Charley, with the smoking gun still in his hand, and pulling the revolvers from our belts we all scudded over the frozen creek that ran in front of the shanty and up the declivity.

Jack was the first to reach the top. With one bound he stood next to the rider, who lay motionless on the quivering horse, of which he was still astride. "Hold him!" yelled Charley, with whom I was close on Jack's heels.

"It's not necessary," said Jack bewildered, "for you've shot the beggar dead." "Nonsense," said Charley angrily. "I know exactly where my bullet hit. I aimed at the horse's left eye," he added. "There it is!"

Meanwhile Jack was examining the rider closely. "What is this?" he cried, astonished. "The fellow is bound fast to the horse—look here—even with a chain." Horrified he sprang back. "Look! The man has a mark around his neck. Great God, he's been hanging—he's been lashed to the horse, and the poor beast has been carrying around a lifeless burden."

Filled with astonishment and horror we saw that Jack's suspicions admitted of no doubt. The rope had sunk deep into the man's muscular throat and the knot was still attached to it.

Charley then raised the dead man's head. "Why, it's Black Sam!" he exclaimed. "He was a wild fellow, but he got his deserts. His gun was always ready, and he has sent many a good fellow to pass in his checks. Who knows how long it is that he has been astride his horse? Corpses do not decompose up here in the mountains, but dry up; I've often noticed that in dead animals." Shuddering, he turned away. The dead man, with his withered face and staring eyes, had a truly horrid appearance.

"What'll we do with him?" asked Jack, after a short pause. Charley considered a moment, then answered "while unattended the hands which fastened the dead man to the dead horse. "Lend a hand here, boys. It's our duty to give him a Christian burial. Let's put him in the gully."

In a few moments the dead man was released. Charley took him by the shoulders, Jack and I by the legs, and so we carried him to the place indicated, and by our efforts soon had a grave dug, in which he was laid. After this had been filled in we rolled stones and small rocks over it to prevent the wolves from disturbing the dead.

It was night before we had finished our work. A solemn stillness reigned over all; no sound was to be heard, and with uncovered heads we uttered a short prayer. "God be merciful to this poor sinner," added Charley. Then we silently returned to the hut.

We retired that night earlier than usual, and even in my dreams the ghostly rider appeared to me. I awoke several times bathed in perspiration, disturbed by the loud howls piercing the stillness of the night. Wolves were eagerly fighting over the bones of the dead horse.

Next day I returned and related to my astonished friends the end of the ghost rider. Whenever a man falls, his wife tells the public that he was "too conscientious" to succeed. What she tells him in private is sometimes different.

THE WAYS OF CARD SHARPS.

Mechanical Contrivances Used to Trap the Unwary.

Of old it was the custom that was generally accredited responsible for the production of card-sharps; nowadays it appears that they do flourish exceedingly in large numbers to our shores. Formerly, moreover, the French Count or German Baron depended chiefly on the deft manipulation of cards or dice, whereas in these more advanced times tricks with apparatus have ousted mere slight-of-hand from all the more select circles of American card-players. The quickness of the hand of an expert may deceive the eye of a novice; but, if we are to believe Mr. Maskelyne, a skilled gambler, on the other side of the Atlantic would instantly detect any "hanky-panky" with the cards, for the chances are that he has some tests at his own fingers' ends. No doubt the Heathen Chinese immigration had much to do with the modern science of swindling with apparatus. One knows what capabilities Bret Harte's specimen had in his sleeve, though, in default of a foot note, one may still wonder whether the wax on his taper fingers served as a "hold-out," or as an attachment of the "shiner," or was merely used to hold the cards during play. The unscrupulous miner out west, who has pitted himself against the more subtle oriental, soon began to discover that, under certain circumstances, things are not what they seem; as, indeed, one of his own poets remarked about the same period. The devices which we have just referred to in their present form, as described at length in the book before us, are very probably the offspring of this intercourse between lawlessness and ingenuity. Marked cards of a sort have no doubt existed for generations of gamblers, but they had little in common with those now in use. They actually used to be capable of being detected in the course of play, whereas the clever sharp of today will gladly submit you his pack for examination at your leisure, and that even if you are an expert at such things. Mr. Maskelyne exhibits with copious illustration some of the more simple methods of marking a pack; but, marvelously ingenious as these are, a really "good man" always prefers to invent his own system. If he can "ring in" his own cards he obviously has you at his mercy; if not, he will patiently mark the pack during the course of play, and under very nice circumstances, the very elements of the science of cheating. Next in order come the reflectors, or "shiners."

These are convex mirrors of various degrees of tininess, from the shilling size which fits under the edge of the table to one which lies hid in a toothpick. Every convenient article is fixed on the top of a cork plug, which (having ostentatiously knocked out the ashes) you delicately insert into the bowl of your pipe. The price of this is five dollars, whereas the simple "shiner," which you stick with a cobler's wax in your pants, is only a dollar and a half. With the reflector you know what cards you have dealt your adversary, whether the cards be marked or not. "Hold-outs" are still more elegant "goods." They are employed to keep back cards that will be more useful later on. A "looker," for instance, you may thus gradually collect four of a kind, and reserve them until bets run high. It is curious to note that the finest hold-out of all (price 100 dollars) is a return to first principles, and works in the shirt-sleeve, which is made double. The web, invented by one Keppinger. For a time he worked all his rival sharps, until at last a party of three conspired to "set about him," and having discovered his secret, compelled him as a penalty to make similar apparatus for each of themselves. It is a most elaborate machine, there is a spring slide working in the sleeve, which protrudes to seize the cards. It is set in motion either by a slight extension of the leg or by spreading the knees. You sit with motionless arms, your cards clenched in your fist, according to the American custom which, no doubt, came into use simultaneously with the employment of marked cards. Up comes the slide with the "held-out" cards, an exchange is made, and the apparatus again retreats by the double shift sleeve.

It may be news to most honest folk that such "goods" as these are almost openly advertised for sale in America. Mr. Maskelyne reproduces several catalogues of the "sporting houses" which deal in them, and they are entertaining reading, as indeed is the whole of his book. We have by no means exhausted, though we have no space to set out at length, the many other devices for scientific cheating which he explains with absolute clearness. There are, for instance, "prepared" packs. These have no marks, but certain cards have their edges tampered with, or their tips "ground" in, or rubbed, or extra-glazed to an imperceptible but all-sufficient extent. The chapter on collusion and conspiracy reveals possibilities of the simple-minded would never dream. Nor are other gambling games neglected. We are initiated into all the latest improvements in dice, roulette-tables, dealing-boxes as used at bacarrat and laro, and many another device for benefit to the "bank." But we do not agree with the author or these "horrible revelations" that his book will be a sort of gospel—that henceforth sharps will be foiled of their victims, inasmuch as the eyes of the flats are now open. It seems far more probable that the swindler will swindle with more intelligence and adroitness than before, whereas the "flat" will merely become a "fly flat"—the "mug" who fancies himself, which last state, as Mr. Maskelyne himself admits, is far worse than his first. It is, surely, too much to hope that card-playing for money will instantly vanish from the land.

Mr. Maskelyne, with his mind set upon higher things, speaks with undimmed contempt of the average English "flat," who still allows himself to be swindled with devices that have long become impossible in America. Most elementary manipulation, he tells us, is still rife in this country: really fine work, but with absolute thoroughness, and so is scarcely worth acquiring. The sharper in an ordinary company will dare to deal second cards, keeping the top for himself, or even from the bottom of the pack. At the common or railway-train

game of "Nap," for instance, he will make the cards himself, selecting a good hand to put at the bottom of the pack, which he then presents to be cut. He does not trouble to neutralize the cut by "making the pass"; he merely picks up the original bottom half of the pack, leaving the other half on the table. Then he deals, the bottom cards going to himself or a confederate. The same thing can be done at "loo" or "poker," or any other round game where only a small portion of the pack is required. And the curious part of it is that quite a large proportion of entirely innocent players in this country do habitually deal with only the cut portion of the pack. Presumably in a friendly game in America such a dealer would be shot "at sight."

I cured a horse of the mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT. Dalhousie, CHRISTOPHER SANDERS.

I cured a horse badly torn by a pitch fork with MINARD'S LINIMENT. St. Peter's, C. B. EDWARD LINLIE.

I cured a horse of a bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT. Bathurst, N. B. THOS. W. PAYNE.

NOTHING SO NICE AS HAMILTON'S SUPREME DELICIOUS CHOCOLATES. ASK FOR THEM. TRY

Long Waist. PRICE: \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50. FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING

Dry Goods Houses. FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Canadian Express Co. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY. (Via C. P. R. Short Line) Forward Goods, Valuables and Money to all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan.

SUNLIGHT SOAP. LESS LABOUR GREATER COMFORT! DOES YOUR WIFE DO HER OWN WASHING? If she does, see that the wash is made Easy and Clean by getting her SUNLIGHT SOAP, which does away with the terrors of wash-day. Experience will convince her that it PAYS to use this soap. HARDING & SMITH, Agents.



Drop Us a Line If you cannot procure Ram Lal's and we will give you the address of a live grocer who sells the best Tea to be had. In Sealed Lead Packages Only. Rose & Lafamme, Wholesale Agents, Montreal.

EDITORS, CLERGYMEN, PHYSICIANS TESTIFY.

Men and Women in all Walks of Life Tell of the Remarkable Cures Wrought by South American Nerve Tonic.

SIX DOSES WILL CONVINCe THE MOST INCREDULOUS.



EDITOR COLWELL, OF PARIS, ONT., REVIEW.

Newspaper editors are almost as sceptical as the average physician on the subject of new remedies for sick people. Nothing short of a series of most remarkable and well authenticated cures will incline either an editor or a doctor to seriously consider the merits honestly claimed for a medicine.

Hundreds of testimonials of wonderful recoveries wrought with the Great South American Nerve Tonic were received from men and women all over the country before physicians began to prescribe this great remedy in chronic cases of dyspepsia, indigestion, nervous prostration, sick headache, and as a tonic for building up systems sapped of vitality through protracted spells of sickness.

During his experience of nearly a quarter of a century as a newspaper publisher in Paris, Ont., Editor Colwell, of The Paris Review, has published hundreds of columns of paid medicine advertisements, and, no doubt, printed many a gracefully worded puff for his patrons as a matter of business, but in only a single instance, and that one warranted by his own personal experience, has he given a testimonial over his own signature. No other remedy ever offered the public has proved such a marvellous revelation to the most sceptical as the South American Nerve Tonic. It has never failed in its purpose, and it has cured when

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 100 King St.; R. E. Coupe, 578 Main St.; E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.

BLOOD CAUSES Pimples, Blisters, Sores, and Skin Diseases. B.B. CURES BLOOD

THE TRUTH OF THE ABOVE. D. CARTER, HANEY, B. C. CHRISTIAN, HANEY, B. C.

THE PAPERS? YOU SHOULD HAVE THE BEST OF JOURNALISM, FOR CORRESPONDENTS, RECORDERS AND GENERAL WRITERS. 50 CENTS. RECEIPT OF PRICE, BY THE FORMAN, NEW YORK, N. Y.

ME MAN, Dressed, in the estimation of even the thoughtless and indifferent. Designs, Patterns.

Sun. American Newspapers Editor. Constitution the American Spirit. These first, forever! Sunday Sun by mail \$2 a year. \$6 a year. \$8 a year. \$1 a year. SUN New York.

A WRONG RIGHTED.

A Story of the New Brunswick Lumber Regions.

Lumber had gone up, and the big mill on the Aspohegan was working overtime. Through the range of square openings under the eaves the sunlight streamed in steadily upon the strident tumult, the confusion of sun and shadow, within the mill. The air was sweet with the smell of fresh sawdust and clammy with the ooze from the great logs just "yanked" up the dripping slides from the river. One had to pitch his voice with peculiar care to make it audible amid the chaotic din of the saws.

In the middle of the mill worked the "gang," a series of upright saws that rose and fell swiftly, clearing their way with a pulsating, vicious clamor through an endless and sullen procession of logs. Here and there, each with a massive table to itself, hummed the circulars, large and small; and whenever a deal or a pile of slabs, was brought in contact with one of the spinning disks, upon the first, a horrid spurt of sawdust spray began, a shrieking note, which would run the whole vibrant and intolerable gamut as the saw bit through the fibres from end to end. In the occasional brief moments of comparative silence, when several of the saws would chance to be disengaged at the instant, might be heard, far down in the lower storey of the mill, the grumbling roar of the two great turbine wheels, which, sucking in the tortured water from the sluices, gave life to all the wilderness of cranks and shafts above.

The end of the mill which looked down river stood open, to a height of about seven feet, across the whole of the upperstorey. From this opening ran a couple of long, slanting ways, each two feet wide and about a hundred feet in length, raised on trestles. The track of these slides, as they are technically termed, consisted of a series of wooden rollers, along which the deals raced in endless sequence from the saws, to drop with a plunge into a spacious basin, at the lower end of which they were gathered into rafts. Whenever there was a break in the procession of deals, the rollers would be left spinning briskly with a cheerful murmur. There was also a shorter and steeper "slide" diverging to the lumber yard, where clapboards and such light stuff were piled until they could be carted to the lumber station.

In former days it had been the easy custom to dump the sawdust into the stream, but the fish wardens had lately interposed and put a stop to the practice. Now, a tall young fellow, in top boots, gray homespun trousers and blue shirt, was busy carting the sawdust to a swampy hollow near the lower end of the main slides.

Sandy MacPherson was a new hand. Only that morning had he joined the force at the Aspohegan Mill, and every now and then he would pause, remove his battered felt from his whitish yellow curls, mop his red forehead and gaze with a hearty appreciation at the fair landscape spread out beyond the mill. With himself and with the world in general he felt on fairly good terms—an easy frame of mind which would have been much jarred had he been conscious of the fact that from a corner in the upper storey of the mill his every movement was watched with a vindictive and ominous interest.

In that corner, close by the head of one of the main slides, stood a table whose presiding genius was a little swinging circular. The circular was tended by a powerful somnolent fellow called "Lije" Vandine, whose office it was to trim square the ragged ends of the "stuff" before it went down the slide. At the very back of the table hummed the saw, like a great hornet; and whenever Vandine got two or three deals in place before him would grasp a lever which raised the table and forward through its narrow slit in the table would dart the little saw, and scream, its way in a second through the rough white spruce. Every time he let the saw swing back Vandine would drop his eyes to the blue-shirted figure below, and his name would be called with concentrated fury. These seven years he had been waiting for the day when he should meet Sandy MacPherson face to face.

Seven years before Lije Vandine had been working in one of the mills near St. John, New Brunswick, while his only daughter, Sarah, was living out at service in the city. At that time Sandy MacPherson was employed on the city wharves, and an acquaintance which he formed with the pretty housemaid resulted in a promise of marriage between the two. Vandine and his wife were satisfied with the girl's account of her lover, and the months slipped by swiftly without their making his acquaintance.

"I wonder who that was, Sandy," looked like he was going to run after the card didn't you see? His arms kind of jerked out, like that; but he didn't start, after all. There he goes, up the hill, with one pants leg in his boot. He looked kind of wild. I'm just as glad he didn't get a aboard."

"He's one of our old fellows as you've give the go-by to, I kind of suspicion 'Sis," replied the young man with a laugh, and the train roared into a cutting.

About a year after these even's Vandine's wife died, and Vandine, thereupon removed, with Sarah and her baby, to the interior of the province, settling down finally at Aspohegan Mills. Here he built himself a small cottage on a steep slope overlooking the mill, and here Sarah, by her quiet and self-sacrificing devotion to her father and her child, wiped out the memory of her error and won the warm esteem of the settlement. As for the child, he grew into a handsome, blue-eyed, sturdy boy, whose grandfater loved with a passionate tenderness intensified by a subtle strain of pity. As years by year his daughter and the boy twined themselves ever closer about his heart, Vandine's hate against the man who had wronged them both kept ever deepening into a keener anguish.

But now at last the day had come. When first he caught sight of MacPherson in the yard below the impulse to rush down and throttle him was so tremendous that as he hurried to the blood forsok his face, leaving it the color of ashe, and for a few seconds he could not tend his saw. Presently, when the vulgar little demon was again at work biting across the timbers, the foreman drew near and Vandine asked him:

"Who's the new hand down yonder?" "Oh," said the foreman, leaning a little over the bench to follow Vandine's pointing, "yon's one Sandy MacPherson, from over on the Kennebec. He's been working in Maine these seven years past, but says he kind of got a hankering after his own country, an' so he's come back. Good hand."

"The so," said all Vandine replied. "All the long forenoon, amid the wild, or menacing, or warning, or complaining creaks and diminuendos of the unresting saws, the man's brain seethed with plans of vengeance. After all these years of waiting he would be satisfied with no common retribution. To merely kill the traitor would be insufficient. He would wring his soul and quench his manhood with some strange, unheard-of horror, ere dealing the final stroke that should rid the earth of his presence.

Scheme after scheme burned through his mind, and at times his gaunt face would crease itself in a dreadful smile as he pulled the lever that drove his blade through the deals. Finding no plan altogether to his taste, however, he resolved to postpone his revenge till night, at least, that he might have the more time to think it over, and to indulge in the luxury of anticipation with realization so easily within his grasp.

At noon, Vandine, muttering to himself, climbed the steep path to the little cottage on the hillside. He ate his dinner in silence, with apparently no perception of what was being set before him. His rugged features did not break away into a smile. Even his idolized Stevie could win from him no notice, save a smile of grim triumph that frightened the child. Just as he was leaving the cottage to return to the mill he saw Sarah start back from the window and sit down suddenly, grasping at her bosom and blanching to the lips as if she had seen a ghost. Glancing downward to the black road, deep with rotten sawdust, he saw MacPherson passing.

to know what had happened. Two men sprang on the slides and checked the stream of deals. Then the great turbines ceased to grumble, and all the clamor of the saws was hushed. The unexpected silence was like a blow, and sickened the nerves.

And meanwhile—Stevie? The plank that bore his weight, clinging desperately to it, plunged deeper than his fellows and came up somewhat further from the slide, but not now with Stevie upon it. The child had lost his hold, and when he rose it was only to strike against the bottom of three or four deals that lay clustered together.

This though apparently fatal, was in reality the child's salvation, for during the hall or three-quarters of a minute that intervened before the slides could be stopped, the falling deals, kept dropping and plunging and crushing about him, and had it not been for those timbers that cut him off from the air he was choking to breathe, he would have been crushed and battered out of all human semblance in a second. As the falling deals, then ceased, just as he made a clean dive beneath that little cluster that covered Stevie. As Vandine reached the shore and was casting desperate glances over the basin in search of some clue to guide the plunge, MacPherson reappeared at the other side of the deals, and Stevie's yellow curls were floating over his shoulder. The young man clung rather faintly to the supporting planks, as if he had overstrained himself, and two or three hands, who had already shoved off a "bateau" pushed out and picked him up with his barrels.

Torn by a convulsion of fiercely antagonized feelings, Vandine sat down on the edge of the bank and waited stupidly. About the same moment Sarah looked out of the cottage door in wonder to see why the mill had stopped so suddenly, and why the mill in all his dreams Vandine had never dreamed of such chance as that his enemy should deserve his gratitude. In his nature there had grown up one thing stronger than his thirst for vengeance, and that one thing was his love for Stevie. In spite of the fiercest remorse, he had not been able to find his heart to strike the man who, at deadlier risk, had saved the life of his darling. At the same time he was conscious of a fresh sense of injury. A bitter resentment throbbed up in his bewildered bosom to think that MacPherson should thus have robbed him of the sweets of that revenge he had so long anticipated.

The first clear realization that came to him was that, though he must kill the man who had wronged the girl, he would nevertheless, be tortured with remorse for the rest of his life, and he would be scorned, he found his heart warming strangely to the man who, at deadlier risk, had saved the life of his darling. At the same time he was conscious of a fresh sense of injury. A bitter resentment throbbed up in his bewildered bosom to think that MacPherson should thus have robbed him of the sweets of that revenge he had so long anticipated.

"Stevie and the lass hez both got a good home," interrupted Vandine, roughly. "I wouldn't want a better for 'em," exclaimed MacPherson eagerly, catching the train of the old man's thought. "What I'd want, would be, of maybe you'd let me come in along with them and you."

By this time Vandine had got his new saw, and he turned away without replying. Sandy followed him a few paces, and then turned back dejectedly to attend his own circular—having been moved into the mill that morning.

All the hands looked at him in sympathy, and many were the ingenious backwoods oaths which were muttered after Vandine for his ugliness. The old man paid little heed, however, to the tide of unpopularity that was rising about him. Probably, absorbed in his own thoughts, he was utterly unaware of it. All the morning long he swung and fed his circular. And when the horn blew for 12 his mind was made up. In the sudden stillness he strode over to the place where MacPherson worked, and said in a voice of affected carelessness: "You better come along an' have a bite o' dinner with us Sandy. You'll be kinder expected, I reckon, for Stevie is powerful anxious to see you."

Sandy grabbed his coat and went along. Thoughtful.

Next to a servant who never forgets a commission is one who is always prompt to acknowledge a fault, and as far as possible, to make amends.

Next morning he was roused from a sweet sleep by a violent knocking at the door.

"Who's there?" "Are you the gentleman that was to be called for the 5-15 train?" "Yes; all right."

"Then you can go to sleep again, sir. The train's gone."

Every baby is the sweetest baby in the world. You were once considered the sweetest thing in the universe, although you may not look it now.

The musical service at St. Paul's in London, is said to be the finest in the world.

BORN. Halifax, May 23, to the wife of G. Davis, a son.

MARRIED.

Uxien, N. B., May 22, Frederick Amund to Mary A. Reid. Sumner, May 18, William Wright to Minnie Thack. Carquet, N. B., by Rev. J. S. Sells, John A. Ward to Sadie Burbridge. Hants, May 22, by Rev. J. S. Sells, John A. Ward to Sadie Burbridge.

DIED.

Kington, May 20, William Call, 72. Napan, May 11, Catherine Ross, 54. St. John, May 30, James Hayes, 60. St. John, May 28, Maggie Pierce, 26. St. John, May 27, James B. Pace, 31. Truro, May 27, William Blackmer, 54. St. John, May 25, Patrick Heffern, 45. St. John, May 29, Richard O'Neil, 70. St. John, May 29, Talbert Lambert, 19. St. John, May 24, Gilbert Murdoch, 74. Upper Kent, May 16, W. H. Scudder, 82. Arichat, C. B., May 20, Peter Boudet, 80. Woodstock, May 19, David J. Holder, 65. Albany, N. S., May 21, Handley Merry, 58. Yarmouth, N. S., May 21, Ann Davidson, 70. Dunham, N. S., May 12, Daniel Christian, 90. Truro, May 17, Marjorie of John Ertin, 54. Kington, May 19, Mrs. Thomas Dickinson, 48. Black Cape, N. B., May 18, Mrs. John Willet. Sydney, C. B., May 13, David W. Boutillier, 91. St. John, May 24, Louisa, wife of Alfred Stanton. Windsor, May 18, of paralysis, Hannah Frizzle, 72. Halifax, May 21, Minnie, wife of John Mahar, 21. Lower Canada, N. S., May 17, Edward DeWitt, 73. Campbellton, May 18, Mrs. Johnson McKenzie, 44. Salem Creek, N. B., May 16, W. James White, 74. Burton, May 19, Hannah, wife of Wesley Barber. Truro, May 20, Sarah, widow of the late John King, 82. Kentville, May 17, Murray Sewallson of F. Hanson. Moncton, May 28, Nathalia, wife of A. A. Bourgeois, 43. Halifax, May 23, Hannah, widow of the late John Ward, 81. Mount Uelieck, N. S., May 12, Mrs. Mary Shum-Ann, 48. Bathurst, May 3, Eliza, widow of the late William Barry, 82. North Sydney, May 22, Ellen, wife of Patrick Dowd, 32. Sumner, May 16, Betsey, widow of the late Patrick Grace, 73. Folle Ville, May 22, Laura, wife of W. C. D. Corbett, 61. Lewisville, May 25, Rebecca, wife of Arthur D. Russell, 65. South Richmond, N. B., May 17, Catherine Gidley, 56. Dartmouth, May 23, Bessie Blanche, wife of W. F. Stevens, 24. St. John, May 20, E. Isabella, daughter of the late John Coyne, 54. Middleton, May 17, Hannah, wife of William Murphy, 60. St. David, May 16, Mary C., daughter of William Bamford, 21. Aylesford, N. S., May 8, Angela, wife of James William Martin, 94. Apohquoy, May 24, of heart disease, Weeden J. Wetmore, 52. Lower Selma, N. S., May 23, Cassie, daughter of John Crowe. St. John, May 27, Caroline, wife of Charles F. Dykeman, 28. Lower Canada River, May 17, Andrew Herdman McKenzie, 18. Halifax, May 27, Mary A. Stevenson, wife of Theodore McKay, 18. Brookline, N. S., May 10, Martha, wife of George R. Thomson, 28. Fenwick, May 14, Anne, son of Oliver and Isabella McKay, 16. St. John, May 23, Katie, daughter of Charles E. and Amelia Percy, 6. Benton, May 18, Mrs. Florence Mullin, daughter of Mr. Leighton, 22. Kington, N. B., May 12, Helen, widow of the late Andrew Martin, 94. St. John, May 28, Robert Long, son of John S. and Rebecca C. Corbett. Chatham, May 28, George A. son of Alex. and Mary McKinnon, 11. Upper South River, N. S., May 11, Catherine, wife of George Hattie, 70. Dartmouth, May 22, Fanelow Scott, son of Edward and Eliza Forbes, 11. Moncton, May 28, Barbara, widow of the late Nor-man MacKenzie, 67. St. John, May 28, Mary, Rainbird, widow of the late Joseph Burns, 60. St. Stephen, May 22, Stella, daughter of John, and Isabella Nesbit, 11. Carleton, N. B., May 23, Daniel, son of William and Sarah J. Coyle, 2 months. Halifax, May 28, Arthur, son of Blanchard and Arlette B. Murray, 14 days. Fairview, N. S., May 23, James McKenzie, son of Alex. and Mrs. McPherson, 10 months. Halifax, May 21, Lillian, daughter of the late Samuel and Mary Warner, 14. Moncton, May 22, of consumption, Elizabeth Ann, wife of William M. Board, 39.

East Weymouth, N. S., May 12, Ruth F., daughter of James and Eliza Gumb, 16. Upper Canada, May 9, Sadie LeVine, daughter of George E. and Kasia Dickson, 2. North East Margrove, C. B., May 14, Samuel, son of Isabel and Samuel Morrison, 4. Northport, May 12, of consumption, Thomas A., son of Martin and Mary J. Gilroy, 24. Robesay, May 18, M. Lorne, son of George A. and Augusta E. Vincent, 18 months. Lorneville, May 11, of consumption, Rachel, daughter of Alex. and Emma Fields, 9 months. Upper Magueville, May 22, of scarlet fever, Josie, daughter of Charles and Della Gibson, 7. Montreal, May 23, Mary Hamm, widow of the late James McAuliffe, of Fredericton, N. B., 7. Portland, Me., May 20, Elizabeth, wife of C. F. Lombard, and daughter of William McClean, of Chatham, 43.

RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. TRANS-PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS. LEAVE VALCOUVER FOR JAPAN, CHINA, &c. On arrival of Express Trains from the East, July 16, Aug 6 and Sept 27, 1894.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains on the Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Thursday, Jan. 4th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

ST. JOHN, GRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER. All intermediate stopping places. THE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. W. BRASBY, Master, recently been the highly overhauled, her hull entirely rebuilt, strictly under Dominion inspection, will until further notice, run between St. John and Annapolis, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 5:30 o'clock, local time.

STEAMER CLIFTON will leave her wharf at Indiantown MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons at 4 o'clock for Chapel Grove, Ross Glen Kingston, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton and other points on the river, leaving Hampton Wharf the same day at 5:40 a. m., for St. John and intermediate points. M. E. FARRER, Captain.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. Winter Arrangement. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING November 15th, the steamer of this company will leave for Boston, Portland and other points on the coast, on Thursday mornings at 7:30 standard time. The steamer will leave Boston same days at 8:30 a. m., and Portland at 9 a. m., for Eastport and St. John.

COMMENCING November 15th, the steamer of this company will leave for Boston, Portland and other points on the coast, on Thursday mornings at 7:30 standard time. The steamer will leave Boston same days at 8:30 a. m., and Portland at 9 a. m., for Eastport and St. John. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Canada and St. Stephen's. Freight received daily up to 6 p. m. C. E. LAUBER, Agent.