

# PROGRESS.

VOL. V., NO. 257.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1893.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## THEY "SAVED WISELY."

### ONE MOTIVE IN THE SPASMODIC "REFORM" BY THE COUNCIL.

Some of the Reasons Why Some Things Were Done and Others Left Undone—How the Mark Was Overcast in the Wild Hubbub of the Last Meeting.

This is All Fool's Day, and it is also the date on which the nominations for the Common Council must be filed.

Far be it from PROGRESS to insinuate that the coincidence is any reflection on the aldermen. Some of them are clever men and good representatives, and some are neither so clever as they think they are, nor so good as they would have others think them. The reflection, if any, is on the people, who are content to be represented by a body so big in proportion to its brains, and so busily useless in proportion to its opportunities of being useful.

The Tax Reduction Association was formed on the right principle, and its proclaimed platform was in most particulars such as PROGRESS has advocated ever since the union of the cities. It may again be repeated that beyond question the vote in favor of a union was due to the exposures by PROGRESS of the ring rule in Portland, and the desire of the people of that city to be emancipated from the yoke of bossism. Whether that union proved to be in the interests of the general public is not now the question. One thing is certain, that a certain amount of the levian which caused the ferment in old Portland has been incorporated into the municipal politics of St. John. It is likely to remain there until the people take the matter of reform into their own hands.

The Tax Reform Association was a move in this direction. Its inception was due to the exposure by PROGRESS of some of the features of the Moore street job, in which Alderman John Kelly was to the front. Unfortunately, the movement came too late to be of any practical use in the approaching elections, and the guidance of the affairs of the Association did not seem to be in the best hands. Either this was the case or the committees were "captured" by wire-pullers, though the absurdity of some of the names suggested for a "reform" election leads to the presumption that there was merely blundering without crafty intent, in regard to all but two or three of the names put forward. Since PROGRESS voiced public opinion and set on the proposed nominations, nothing has been heard of them. The T. R. A. has abandoned the field, for this election, and most of the old aldermen will be returned without opposition.

This is a pity, for at least two-thirds of the present members could be spared from the council with advantage to the ratepayer. Some of them have realized this fact since the cry of "less taxes" was raised. For aught they could tell, the legislature might act promptly, the elections might be postponed, and they, in an election by the people of the whole city, might be relegated to their proper sphere as private citizens. In this spirit they undertook to accomplish some reforms.

Nobody gives them credit for any higher motive. The only newspaper which bestows even faint praise on them clearly shows that it knows very little of what it is talking about. The men who are to the front in the latest deal for economy are not of the stuff of which reformers are made. They began too late, and the coincidences, they say at least, were unfortunate.

The "reformers" who became so suddenly developed last week, virtually proclaimed that they had been wrong all the time they were at the board in enacting and permitting what they then repealed and abolished. They informed the public that they had sat at the board, week after week, month after month, and some of the noisiest of them year after year, while thousands of dollars were over-expended with their consent and usually with their active cooperation. In all that time they had seized every opportunity to secure what they could for their own pocket boroughs, without the expression of a sentiment favorable to reform. Then, after this indifference, a scheme of "economy" was sprung, just after the T. R. A. began to threaten and just before the time of an election. The ratepayer who could be deceived by such clap-trap ought not to have a vote.

One of the motives which is said to have actuated the North End members was a desire to "save wisely." In the theory of the framers of the union act a director of public safety was necessary in addition to the heads of the police and fire departments. Mr. Robert Wisely was one of legacies which came from the city of Portland, and a place had to be found for him as director of public safety at \$1,200 a year. Mr. Wisely is known to everybody as a thoroughly decent, well-meaning man, and nobody who knows him has begrudged him his place. It has been a generally recognized fact, however, that \$1,200 was an extravagant salary for the position, even if there were more duties than there are, and if the situation was held by a man qualified for it. Mr. Wisely would have been well paid at

## THEY WANTED A CHANGE

### THE CITIZENS' MOVEMENT OF THIRTY YEARS AGO.

To Abolish Ward Elections as They Were Held Then and Now—Some of the Names on the old Petition—Ald. Blizard and Keegan's Petition on Record.

The idea that ward elections are pernicious and that all the electors should have a right to vote for all the aldermen, is not a new one in St. John. More than a generation ago, in October, 1859, the leading ratepayers of the city undertook to have a change in the system, and this is the petition that was circulated:

To His Worshipful The Mayor, and Corporation of the City of Saint John, in Common Council assembled.

THE PETITIONERS of the undersigned Magistrates, and other Freeholders and Freemen of the City of St. John, respectfully shew—

That your Petitioners have long been convinced that the present mode of electing the Members of the Common Council of this City, by voting in each Ward for the Alderman and Councillor of the particular Ward only, is subject to many and serious objections, and productive of much abuse and corruption.

That your Petitioners are firmly persuaded, that the only mode of securing independent voting at Civic Elections, (free from personal, party, or private influence,) and of ensuring the election of the fittest and best qualified men to represent the people in Common Council, will be, by giving every Elector a right to vote in his own Ward for the whole body of Aldermen and Councillors to be elected, for that side of the Harbor on which such Elector votes.

Your Petitioners therefore humbly pray that Your Worshipful Body will forthwith cause to be prepared, and will take the most energetic measures for securing the passing by the Legislature, at its next Session, of a Bill enacting, that at all future Civic Elections, every Elector shall vote (in the Ward in which he may be legally entitled to vote) for the whole body of Aldermen and Councillors to be elected for that side of the Harbor, in which such Elector gives his vote.

And as it is duty bound will ever pray, &c.

Saint John, N. B., October, 1859.

This petition was signed by the leading merchants of the city, the old-time solid and substantial leading citizens whose names are identified with the history of the prosperity of the city in the days when lumbering and shipbuilding were in their glory, as well as by a large number of ratepayers in various walks of life. The original petitions are now carefully treasured by Mr. Clarence Ward.

Most of the then leading men have passed away, but among the familiar names of today are those of Dr. W. Bayard, Senator Lewin, J. F. Marsters, G. E. Fenety, W. C. Godsoe, T. F. Raymond, R. Cruikshank, G. W. Whitney, W. W. Turnbull, T. A. Godsoe, Dr. B. Travers, Wm. Wedderburn, C. N. Skinner, F. Tufts, L. H. Waterhouse, R. Whiteside, Thomas Furlong, G. W. Day, A. Ballentine, Calvin Powers, C. F. Kinneer, Dr. P. R. Inches, W. P. Dole, Henry Duffell, Ald. S. G. Blizard, J. S. Boies DeVeber, Hurd Peters, W. A. Lockhart, C. H. Fairweather, S. Gardner, Charles Clarke, D. O. L. Warlock, Peter Sharkey, J. E. Barnes, Lewis J. Almon, W. J. McCordock, G. Bent, James A. Tufts, Senator Dever and others.

It will be observed that Ald. Blizard put himself on record, as he is doubtless willing to do now, and that City Engineer Peters was of the same opinion.

The petition seems never to have got very far, however. The aldermen understood then as well as they do now that an election by the people means a new council. The petition was either not received or it was referred to some such committee as has had the mayor's inaugural in hand for the last twelve months.

### They Travel in a Rut.

Three persons who held liquor licenses last year have been refused renewals for this year because three convictions for violation of the law were recorded against them. This is as the act directs, and they have no right to complain. The only question that suggests itself is if why these three have been convicted so often and so many others, commonly known as violators of the law, have escaped. The police methods seem to run in ruts in this and in other ways. Why should one person with a wholesale license be brought up time and again for selling at retail, while another well understood to be a like offender should publicly and with impunity violate the law?

It is because he is accounted more respectable, or because he has a "pull" with somebody? Then again a stranger, reading the papers would infer that only a certain three or four persons sold liquor without license, for their names appear with astonishing frequency while apparently there are few or no others who violate the law in the same way. For some reason or another the police appear reluctant to make discoveries outside of certain well worn paths. Why is it?

### Will Depart Without a Eulogy.

The presbytery of St. John held a meeting in the Carleton church on Tuesday night when the resignation of Rev. Godfrey Shore was accepted without dissent. The eulogy expected from the congregation did not materialize, and as there was a quiet whisper that the informant of PROGRESS was present, the talk was somewhat guarded. A certificate of transference was granted to Mr. Shore to the Kingston, Ont., presbytery, where it is expected he

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### ST. JOHN ALDERMEN AT FREDERICTON FORGET ECONOMY.

A Church Waiting For a Rector—Too Many Officers in Both Police and Fire Departments—A Lack of Rank and File as a Result.

When the common council proposed to send the Mayor and Ald. John Chesley to Ottawa to explain what the city wanted in the matter of the Mill street crossing, somebody naturally enquired why two men were required where every possible explanation could be given by one. Ald. Nickerson rose to the emergency by a speech in which he said that it was a good plan to send two men in case one man should die on the road. Perhaps the same thing has been followed in the case of the bill committee which was instructed to send a delegation to Fredericton to explain one or two very simple bills. The committee consists of Ald. Kelly, Chesley, Bizard, McGoldrick, Baxter, White, McKelvey and McLaughlan, and every one of the lot, with the exception of Ald. McKelvey, took a trip at the expense of the ratepayers. They were accompanied by the recorder, and the expense of their holiday will probably be a snug little sum, judging by the accounts in which some of these gentlemen have figured in the past. Just why Ald. McKelvey did not join the merry party is not stated.

### IN CAPITULAR MASONRY.

The Degrees of the Chapter to Be Fully Exemplified Next Week.

The official notices have been issued for a special convocation of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of New Brunswick, to be held in this city on Wednesday next, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. The morning session will be devoted to routine business and the afternoon and evening will be taken for the exemplification of the four degrees under the direction of the ritual committee. The following arrangements have been made:

Work in the Mark Masters' degree will begin at half-past two, with the H. P. of Union chapter, Mr. W. K. Reynolds, as R. W. M.

The Past Master degree will be taken up at four o'clock, with the H. P. of New Brunswick chapter, Mr. Hedley V. Cooper, as R. W. M.

At the conclusion of this degree, supper will be served in the Masonic building, so that there will be as little delay as possible in resuming work.

At seven o'clock the degree of Most Excellent Master will be exemplified, with Mr. H. V. Cooper, as R. W. M.

The Royal Arch degree will be taken up at half-past eight, with Mr. W. B. Wallace of Carleton chapter as H. P.

The work will be exemplified on candidates furnished by New Brunswick chapter, under the warrant of which the degrees will be conferred. As this will be the first official exemplification of the work since the formation of the Grand Chapter of New Brunswick, and as it is most desirable there should be uniformity in points of interest throughout the jurisdiction, it is probable there will be a large attendance of companions from other parts of the province. It was with the view to accommodate these that the arrangement has been made to have all the work done in one day, rather than to divide it between two evenings, as would have better suited the companions resident in St. John.

### HOUSERS WITH THE PORTS.

Only Four More Names Remain in Which to Compete for a Prize.

The name of the successful competitor for the prize of five dollars, for the best original verses published in PROGRESS during March, will be announced next week.

The following acknowledgment of the prize awarded in the February competition has been received:

E. S. CARTER, Prop. PROGRESS:—It affords me much pleasure to hereby acknowledge receipt from you of a cheque for five dollars, the prize for the best poem published in PROGRESS during the month of February last.

With best wishes for your success and the prosperity of your journal, I remain, yours,  
ALEX. HERON,  
Herald office, Fredericton.

The supply of poetry still continues to more than equal the space which can be given to it in these columns, but there is not so much of it as there was during February. Perhaps the weather continues too cold for the traditional spring poet to come to the front with his warbling, but the next four weeks are likely to be warmer and more favorable to the cultivation of the muse.

### Coppers in a Bundance

There was a great crowd at the services in St. Andrew's church last Sunday. In the evening it is estimated that there must have been 1000 people present, many of whom were strangers. When the collection was counted there were 300 coppers found among the silver and notes. This seems to bear out the theory that many interested in church work have, viz. that a big crowd is no sign of a big collection. Seven-eighths of the strangers go provided with coppers instead of silver.

### The Shareholders Will Get the Saving.

Referring to a paragraph in the last issue of PROGRESS regarding a recent meeting of the shareholders of a joint stock company, it may be stated that the reduction made in the salaries of the manager and secretary was not voted to the president. In fact that motion did not come before the meeting though it was pretty well understood that it had been previously suggested but lacked the necessary encouragement to warrant it being brought up.

### A Flourishing Scotch Society.

Cian Mackenzie is a growing society, largely because of the merits of the organization have been presented to the public in a new and more vigorous fashion. Six new members joined this week and others are looking forward to soon finding themselves on the roll.

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THE LUST FOR OFFICE.

HOW IT SHOWS ITSELF IN POLITICS IN NEW ENGLAND.

Where an Administration Changes the Age Falls—The Effect of Party Lines in Civic Affairs—St. John People who are Known in Massachusetts.

LOWELL, Mass., March 29.—St. John is having a lively time in civic politics, but it is not in it with the average Massachusetts city in the dullest season of the year. St. John people get a rest once in a while, but the Americans never let up. Here we have a nation of politicians born and bred, and that part of the population with a drop of Irish blood, is in the thickest of the fight, first, last and all the time.

The wise pulling, and unheard of schemes that are worked out in the small matters is astonishing. The only object is to get there; then, "to the victors belong the spoils." Long service and efficiency in public positions is recognized occasionally, but the politicians seldom leave office holders "bad positions," as the saying goes, and the minute an office holder becomes an "offensive partisan" his former labors, no matter how valuable and faithfully rendered they may have been, are forgotten, and the axe is suspended, ready to drop the moment a change of administration comes.

Just now the great questions before the people of almost every city is "Who is going to be postmaster?" Who is going to be collector of the port? Who is going to be this and that and the other thing, down to hog-reeve almost. President Cleveland has done little else than receive office seekers since he went to Washington and he hasn't got half through yet.

But it doesn't end at Washington. Oh, no. In civic politics it is just the same. Here in Lowell for instance. Democrats and republicans are at loggerheads all the time, and a curious state of affairs exists. The board of aldermen is republican, and the common council has a majority of democrats, but when the two bodies meet in joint session they are evenly divided.

Result: A dead lock that keeps important city business at a standstill. The aldermen won't confirm any measure passed by the council and vice versa.

But worse still, the democrats who hold office in the city hall are safe while the deadlock continues, and the republicans are devising all manner of schemes to get them out.

For, as at Washington, so in Lowell, to the victors belong the spoils, and they want them. The men who worked for party success on election day, did not do so for nothing. They don't believe in it. The democrats think republicans have no right to office under a democratic administration, and when the republicans are in power they take the same view of it. So it is that even the janitor of a city building is ousted when his party drops the reins of government.

When one thinks of the men who have become fixtures in the big stone building on Prince William street—the city hall, I mean—men who, like the brook, seem to go on and on forever, no matter who is elected to the common council, with nothing to bother them, more than once or twice in one hundred years, when the council takes hysterics and threatens to reduce salaries to a figure that would make a Massachusetts man smile,—he realizes what an easy-going old city St. John is. They have lots of work perhaps, but from long experience it has become easy. Here the work of the office is nothing, anybody could learn all about any office in city hall in a month, they say. The greatest exertion is to keep in office, to keep one's pull in the ward and swing the votes around election day.

And so the war wages month after month, but civic business goes on just the same, and is conducted in much better shape than it is in St. John.

One of the offices in the gift of the National Government, which is always looked upon as a snap is United States consul, and St. John will have a new one before very long.

The Prince Wm. street office has hitherto been looked upon as coming within the patronage dispensed by Maine party leaders, but this year it is said it will be filled by a Massachusetts man.

Col. James H. Carmichael of Lowell, was mentioned in connection with it this week. He will get a consulship in some place or other, and it is quite likely he will go to St. John. He is a good democrat, a lawyer, a soldier, and a member of Governor Russell's staff during 1891-92.

He is popular in Lowell and well known throughout the state. He is a graduate of Boston College, and has practiced law since 1880, was two years chairman of the Lowell Democratic city committee, president of the Common Council, a member of the School board, and has held a number of other offices in the city, besides being an active member of the Foresters and other bodies.

Mr. Foss, former superintendent in the Parks mills and whom I mentioned last week, as now located in Greenville, N. H., has been winning distinction as a landscape painter. He had always used the brush more or less, but while in St. John attended the Owens art school. One of his pictures sold this week for \$75.

To the list of St. John men living in Lowell, add Thomas Thompson, who has

been here nearly twenty years and is now an overseer in the Massachusetts mills.

Frank McLeod, the boss carpenter for the same corporation, was formerly a ship carpenter in Halifax.

Then there is a Frederickian lady here, Miss Marion Clewster who holds a responsible position with a big dry goods firm and gets one of the largest salaries paid to any woman in the city. She is well known in Frederickian and visits there every summer.

Thomas Gass, formerly of Rochester, now meets his friends at the Parker house, Boston. R. G. LARSEN.

The High Altitude Cure.

Dr. H. O. Dodge, in discussing the high altitude cure for consumption, which has been successful in Colorado, attributes the effects to the diminished heat and accelerated circulation and respiration causing an appetite for food; the cool nights promoting sleep, the loss of adipose tissue, and increase of muscular power; and the dry atmosphere enabling the patient to withstand, without inconvenience, those changes of temperature which in more humid regions would be detrimental and dangerous. Dr. Dodge says that 9 per cent. of those in whom the disease is arrested by the Colorado cure are able to go anywhere else and engage in any business, about 40 per cent. may live in lower and less favorable climates during certain seasons; and about 50 per cent. had better continue in the country which has proved so beneficial. This class includes those who show a strong hereditary tendency to the disease.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

What It Is?

What is that thing that men call love? No matter where you turn to rove You'll surely find it on the move; Imagination.

You'll find a type 'twixt lad and maid Devoting each word the other said: It makes of the girl a silly jade; Imagination.

With great sheep-eyes and dove-like look The girls endeavor, by hook or crook, To get the boys within their nook; Imagination.

Then the boys come up and look their best; In unpaid for clothes they're often drest; Till with sensible people they become a jest; Imagination.

If Romeo and Juliet in these days loved, By themselves, away off, they'd surely be shrewd; Imagination.

By a ruthless mob whom my answer moved; Imagination.

But when the Romeo doth the Juliet find, And the Juliet doth the Romeo mind, Then blest 'twill be for a mankind; Realization.

But if the Romeo failed the Juliet to find, As the Juliet failed the Romeo to mind; Then sad 'twill be for all mankind; Devastation.

Said Dr. Talmage in a powerful sermon: "There's surely a man for every woman"; Do they each other love? or do they only imagine? Imagination?

I say nothing disparaging of affections' bond, Nor that true love did completely abound; But with love some dabble, as a duck in a pond; Imagination.

I believe in the love that God commands, The human affection that toward it ascends; Culminating in that which the Lord intends; Sanctification. H. J. B.

Love's Jewels. Great kings wear golden crowns, while I Uncrowned am to mortal eyes; Yet one hath named me "King," and fair Soft fingers glimmer in my hair; When I am tired.

With weight of jeweled chains you knight Is rich, and heavily bedight; But round my neck some rarer charms Are twined, and formed of "circling arms"— Love's living chain.

The turquoise gleams more blue and bright, But pansy glooms and sapphire light Have met within her flower eyes That darker as the soul doth rise In tenderness.

Heart glow of rubies, warm, rose-red (I fire and flower newly wed, Is not more rich than lips, love-taught To yield such perfect joy, love-sought, Yet humbly won.

Ah, living life so fully, I Have ceased to know the world goes by; Such pure pearl thoughts of sympathy Have merged my heart in unity With that most perfect one. Dec. 29th, '92.

"The Beacon Light of Heaven." Far off on the distant ocean, Amidst the roar and strife Of the ever rolling breakers, Beams clear the Beacon Light; Sparkling through the misty gloom, Beaming through the depths of space.

Oh! fair is the Beacon Light To the weary, tired fisherman, And the sailor far off on the bay, As they near the tossing coast; And see the clear, bright ray Sparkling through the flickering mist.

Far off on the distant heavens, In the mercy seat of God, And there's still the straight and narrow path So many feet have trod; And there's still the sparkling heavens Through the dusty path of life.

Oh! fair are the distant heavens To the followers of God, And rest to the eye of a Christian Is that straight, small, narrow path; Better than the Beacon Light, For it leads to the throne of God. YOLANDE.

Spring. [Republished as corrected.] The sunbeams softly on the waters gleam, The poplars gently whisper by the stream, The still cloud-shadows in the grasses steal, The robin trills his clear and silvery peal, The soothing lull that bees are droning low, That haunts the lark's throat blossoms, white as snow, The soft winds sweep across the emerald fields, And with molliest fingers gently steal, The music from the many twining leaves, While woodland wails come on the fragrant breeze, And flowers bright the verdant sward illumine, Swinging their fairy centers of perfume, While violets blushing, hiding in the sod With bowed heads, seem to worship nature's God. St. John, N. B. March 2, 1893. R. Rows.

VALUES PRESENT BLESSINGS.

The Moral Covered by the Last Hours of a Month Past.

I was sitting by the fire today musing an incipient cold which promised to reach large dimensions, and wondering vaguely what I was going to write about this week, which would be appropriate to the season, and at the same time interesting to the iris. As I rose, and pulled myself together for the necessary effort of going down to the office, I saw something fitting on the carpet just at my feet, and stooping down I picked up a strange visitor for this time of year, a little yellow and white butterfly, all alone in his delicate beauty and pathetic fragility, struggling feebly to maintain a foothold on the carpet, which I suppose seemed like a newly ploughed field to him.

I generally bring in several chrysalis in the autumn, and store them away in a warm place to see what will happen in the spring, and once or twice I have had a butterfly for three or four days fluttering about the parlor, but never before May, and so, to my superstitious mind, this forlorn little voyager seemed a sort of Easter message, so I did what I could to give him an appropriate welcome. I laid him tenderly on a nice clean envelope, provided him with sustenance in the shape of sugar and water, placed in tempting little puddles within easy reach of his queer little proboscis with its forked end, like a miniature swallow's tail; and then placed him in the sunniest corner of the window, where I could see him as I wrote; and as I did so, I realized that he had unconsciously provided me with the text I had been looking for, and given me at the same time a practical illustration of that strange characteristic the human family seem to possess of only valuing that which is difficult of attainment.

If that butterfly had fluttered in on a July day, I would scarcely have looked at him, he was such a common little fellow, but now I prized him as we prize strawberries at Christmas, violets in January, ice in August, or any other luxury which is very much out of season. I watched him with deep interest as he unrolled his little tongue, which he seemed to keep curled up like a watch spring when he was not using it, and I was delighted, too to see him peacefully sipping the sugar and water, and making himself thoroughly at home, and I thought of him in his lovely character of a type of the soul bursting through its tenement of clay, even as he had burst through his late bonds. I fancied him a sort of omen of good, a messenger of happiness, and then my common sense began to assert itself, and I wondered if his welcome would not have been almost as warm if he had been a grasshopper, or even a bumble bee—no, not a bumble bee, anything but that—a common house fly perhaps, or anything unusual, and I began to speculate as to whether any of us are really capable of seeing the beauty which lay nearest at hand, or of prizing the dear familiar blessings which surround us every day, until alas! they were taking their flight, or whether we only appreciated things that were rare, only because, like the butterfly they were out of season? And then I turned to look at the innocent cause of so much speculation and was startled to see him, like Dinah, "All laid on his side." He moved very feebly when I tried to lift him up, and tumbled over at once when I laid him down again, and though I did everything I could to prolong his life he sank rapidly, and breathed his last just as the sun went down. I don't know whether his death was the result of exposure, or whether he succumbed to an overdose of sugar and water. But of this I am sure, that this little life has served some purpose if its short story causes one of my readers to value more highly the small blessings which "lie about her feet," while yet they are in her possession, instead of waiting until they are out of season, perhaps forever, and no reaching out of yearning hands can bring them back to her. ASTRA.

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR BLOTTER.

People Whose Letters May be Evidence Should Be Cautious.

"One of the most remarkable things that I ever saw introduced in court as evidence, said Judge Milton to a St. Louis reporter, was an ordinary white blotter. This happened in Norman, S. D., where a fellow was being tried for murder. The point that the prosecution was trying to prove was that the man had been in the Haywood Hotel at that place on a certain day. The blotter in question contained a portion of a signature, a letter and a date, that of the day in question. "It so happened that the prosecuting attorney had visited the hotel on the day the crime had been perpetrated, and that, too, shortly after its commission. In discussing the matter with the clerk the suspect man's name was mentioned, and the clerk then stated that the party referred to had just left the writing room. With detective sagacity the attorney visited the room and found this blotter, with the name and date on it. Though sadly blurred and inverted, experts were called and the writing was proved to be that of the prisoner. The effect was simply to destroy the defendant's effort to prove an alibi, which point being knocked out the prisoner was convicted."

An English Wedding Fancy.

At the wedding the eight bridesmaids, who wore Empire gowns of white silk null over slips of pink silk, and hats of white velvet with pink feathers, carried large palm leaves fan bouquets of white chrysanthemums and hydrangeas with initials in pink carnations. Four of these were the groom's initials, and their bearers ranged themselves at the right of the bridal couple,

while the other four, bearing the bride's letters, stood at the left. When the march of pair left the altar, they passed between this double quartet, whose initial bouquets were at "present arms." At another wedding the bridesmaids carried white satin shoes filled with white carnations and satin ribbons, and from their arms by violet ribbons.—London World.

Letting on Horrocks.

The ladies of Dresden have been holding a riding tournament, the honors of the just being won by a young English girl, Miss Theresa Brooks, whose spirited riding won showers of flowers and laurel leaves. Her final exploit was the driving of a pair of horses tandem while riding her own horse at full speed. A quadrille was danced very gracefully, and the time marked by the ringing of bells to the music.

Best Chances Yet to Learn to Dance.

At Prof. Spencer's Standard Dancing Academy, Market Building, Germain street (entrance South Market street). I make the following offer in prizes to all who wish to learn to dance the best style. Young and old can come. First Prize, \$40.00; Second Prize, \$20.00; Third Prize, \$10.00; Fourth Prize, \$5.00; all in gold, to be guessed for in this way: The number of stamps in a sealed jar. The first, the right number or nearest to it; the next nearest, Second Prize; the next nearest, Third Prize; the next nearest, Fourth Prize. Any one can join the classes, afternoon or evening, by paying a regular term price. Each to be given or child will get a coupon with number to correspond with number of guess deposited. All who dance in Classes, Assemblies, Balls or Parties of any description, by paying not less than \$2.00 and upwards, whether it includes one or more dances, also anyone hiring Costumes, Wigs, or Whiskers to the amount of \$2.00, will be entitled to a guess, or any one who buys \$2.00 worth of Furniture and upwards, or any articles for sale in my premises; each purchase will entitle the buyer to a guess. The prize list will be open from January 3rd to July 5th, 1893. This is an opportunity to learn to dance in proper style, and will get pay for learning the fine art. Private Pupils will be entitled to two guesses, who take a course of 12 lessons. Now is the time to start, and don't miss it. Remember the cheap Sale of Furniture is still going on, and parties will get some awfully good bargains in furniture, as well as other goods. Such as the best Lamp Burner in the world non-Explosive self-filling, filling self-extinguishing, and warranted to last ten years with reasonable care. Try one or more of these beautiful Burners. One branch of this business does not interfere with the other. Come and see and take a part in these Grand Offers. A committee of disinterested persons will count the stamps and pay the money to prize holders in Gold Coin,—positively on the date mentioned. All the dances must be held in my Academy and the amounts paid to me. Musical Instruments; last but not least, Splendid Violins and other instruments at great bargains. Don't forget the entrance, South Market St., where you will see signs.

Private classes can be formed day or evening. New classes for beginners will be formed on Thursday, Jan. 5th., Afternoon and Evening, at regular prices. Assemblies, Balls, Parties, outside of regular classes will be done by invitation. I will give a guess on every 50cts. paid for dancing, hiring costumes, wigs and whiskers, or goods mentioned as above. A. L. SPENCER, Teacher.

Miss Lenore Bennett, broke all former records writing on an average over 50 words a minute, longhand. Races in Shorthand and Typewriting. Lessons by mail. Snell's Business College, - Windsor, 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.

EGGS FOR HATCHING, from thorough-bred (Light) Bantams, Silver Laced Wyandottes and Barred Plymouth Rocks. Eggs \$1.25 per set of five, carefully packed and shipped by express. J. W. BLACK, Backville, N. B.

A SMALL SAFE for sale at a bargain. Just the thing for house or office. To see or buy call on me. It is necessary for subscriber's business. Particulars at Progress office. 14 tf

SOME PUBLISHER can secure a Muscular and furniture at 50 per cent off cost by applying at Progress office, where a rapid mail-order machine has become necessary. Address THE PUBLISHER. 14 tf

WANTED. Want good live men to handle our WANTED. Made in every town in the Dominion of Canada. Copyright secured for the Dominion of Canada. Mar 18 tf

TO LET. Part of flat-four rooms, for small family of adults; over T. J. Cochran's Drug Store, Main St., North. Inquire of Mrs. Robinson on premises. 18-2 tf

SPRING. Our Stock of suitable Cloths is now in season, and fully assorted. The latest novelties in Trousering, etc. A. GRIMMOND, Tailor, 72 Germain Street.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Develop, Toning and fixing solutions for sale. LUDWIG PROTO BRUNO, 28 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. 11 tf

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FRAZEE'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 119 Halls St., Halifax is in session day and evening. Also Stenography and Typewriting. Send for our circular. J. C. P. FRAZEE, Principal. 11 tf

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street.—Miss COLLETT. 11 tf

IMPORTANT TO FLESHY PEOPLE. We have noticed a page article in the Boston Globe on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send two cent stamp for a copy to Walker Circulating Library, 10 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

HELLO! WHEELMEN!!

The following well-known Cyclists have ordered SINGER or RALEIGH Wheels this season:

- ALEX. PATERSON, Captain St. John Bicycle Club.
F. L. TEMPLE, President
G. ARTHUR OULTON, Champion Cyclist Maritime Provinces.
ROBERT WATSON and WALTER SCOVILL, St. John.
W. H. SCHWARTZ, Captain Ramblers' Bicycle Club, Halifax, N. S.
A. M. HOARE, President
R. L. ARCHIBALD, Champion of Nova Scotia, Halifax, N. S.
L. D. MURPHY, Halifax, N. S.
WM. C. ACKER, Captain Cycling Club, Lunenburg, N. S.
HARRY SMITH, Windsor, N. S.
FRANK C. WHITMAN, Annapolis, N. S.

And a number of others, making 35 wheels to date. Would the above Gentlemen buy anything BUT THE BEST?

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and affix it to the faucet from which you take your drinking water, and you may take a drink in the dark and know that the water is pure. The usual flow is uninterrupted, so the general supply faucet may be used without inconvenience. Faucets without any screw threads on them may be fitted with adjustable thread connections designed for the purpose. Cleanse the filters by simply reversing them. Price—Nickel plated, \$1; with Glass body, \$1.75 each. Ad. Just take thread connection, 35c. each. Mailed to any Address on receipt of Price.

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MUS... Printed program for a musical performance, including names of performers and details of the event.

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O. O. SHARP.  
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HARP.

**es,**



**MUSICALS**

Printed programmes seem to be the correct thing  
now for the services in some of the Presbyterian  
churches. They are very convenient, but seem to  
be rather out of place in a sacred edifice.

St. Andrew's church was re-opened on Sunday,  
after being closed for some time for redecoration  
and the cleaning of the organ. The choir had rather  
an elaborate list of music, both at the morning and  
evening services. The organ, which competent  
judges consider the best in the city, is now in splen-  
did condition, having been thoroughly overhauled  
by one of Messrs. Hook & Hastings' experts; and  
the only regret one had was that it was not played  
by a musician, who understood the capabilities of  
the fine instrument he was presiding over.

I was intensely disappointed with the work done  
by the choir. The only pieces that went at all well  
were the hymns, and even with these there was a  
difference of opinion between the organist and the  
singers as to time.

I have never heard "Remember Thy Creator"  
sung quite so badly as it was on this occasion. I  
pitied poor Mr. Titus for what he must have suffered,  
in that Quartette and also in the extraordinary  
Te... for male voices (a double quartette.)  
which was as wretched an exhibition as I think I  
have ever heard. There was one first tenor, who at-  
tempted to sing notes several tones higher than na-  
ture has given him the necessary register for, and  
as can be imagined the result was simply unendur-  
able.

Mr. Titus sang his solo with his usual carelessness  
and it was quite a pleasure to hear his sweet tones  
ring out after the close of the chorus.

The mixed quartette sang "The Home Light"  
fairly well, though the bass was evidently not quite  
certain as to the notes of his part.

Miss Manning sang a short solo in Buck's "Oh  
Be Joyful" with much feeling. She has a charming  
voice, which is rapidly improving under good in-  
struction.

The musical committee of St. Andrew's will have  
to do some considerable weeding out, and adding to  
the choir of their church before they can give music  
acceptably, such as was attempted on Sunday night  
in spite of the laudatory opinion expressed by their  
patron.

The Easter music at the German street baptist  
church will be as follows: Easter anthem, W. F.  
Sadd; Awake, thou that sleepest, F. C. Maker;  
Easter bells are chiming, A. F. Lord, and solo,  
Saviour in Glory, by L. O. Emerson.

I am sorry that the organists of the city did not  
accept my invitation for lists of Easter music, as it  
is a subject that interests many in our community  
and I don't think would have been a matter of  
much labor.

Snowflakes speak out.  
To the Editor of Progress:—Will "Unds" be  
good enough to contradict the statement made in  
the musical notes of last week, as regards the  
"Snowflake Amateur Musical Club" being "defunct."  
Let me inform you that they are as consistent  
as ever, and consider that they gave as good an  
amateur musical performance as ever given in  
this city, which was the verdict of their receipts.

One Who Knows.

Tones and Understudies.  
The body of the violin should be, for the  
belly, of straight-grained deal; for the back  
of maple or sycamore wood. In old violins  
pear wood is used for the back.

A tenor whose name was McB. tried to  
reach up one day to high C; his voice gave  
a crack, and it never came back; now his  
neighbors are filled with high gle.

The Czar of Russia is an actual "worship-  
per" of music, and he is an accomplished  
singer. The Czarina also delights in hear-  
ing the well-known Norse ballads of her  
childhood. All the children of the Czar  
and Czarina are likewise endowed with a  
deep love of music, particularly the youth-  
ful grand-duchess, Xenia.

The London Daily Telegraph reports the  
following curious coincidence:—"At the  
Merriothshire Eisteddfod, several tenor  
soloists competed in singing "Sound an  
Alarm." They made a terrible show, and the  
adjudicator pointed out that the song should  
not have been chosen, since an Edward  
Lloyd was required to do it justice. Never-  
theless, he gave the prize to the best man,  
whose name turned out to be—Edward  
Lloyd."

Piano makers in the United States are  
shortening the list of people who can buy  
instruments at the liberal reductions offered  
35 years ago. Then everyone who was a  
music teacher, organist, singer or was in  
any way connected with the public perform-  
ance of music could buy a piano ranging  
from 25 to 50 per cent. below the adver-  
tised rates, but the artistic standing of an  
applicant for discount must be pretty well  
established now before such rates are offered.

Probably the most expensive musical in-  
strument in New York is the property of  
Thurlow Weed Barnes. It is a Stradivari  
violin, and it was purchased about three  
years ago in Paris by Mr. Barnes from the  
Duchess De Camposolice. The late Duc  
De Camposolice had a large collection of  
musical instruments. Among the number  
were the famous "Beats" and the "Jupiter"  
violins. It is the latter instrument which  
now belongs to Mr. Barnes and for which  
he paid \$10,000.

Paderewski is to appear at the Norwich  
Festival in England both as performer and  
as composer. A Polish rhapsody for piano-  
forte and orchestra by him is among the  
new works to be given, and the pianist and  
Senor Sarasate are included in the list of  
instrumental soloists engaged. Mr. F. H.  
Cowan's "Water Lily," Mr. Gault's can-  
tata, "Una;" Mr. Edward German's orches-  
tral suite and Mr. J. F. Barnett's cantata  
for female voices are the other new works  
to be performed, and "St. Paul," "Judith,"  
"The Messiah" and "The Golden Legend"  
will also be included in the programme.

The Festival of the Three Choirs, which  
is so prominent among similar gatherings  
in England, will be held this year at Wor-  
cester on Sept. 10, 12, 13, 14 and 15.  
Among the principal singers already en-  
gaged are Mme. Albani, Miss Anna  
Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Belle  
Cole, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Edwin H.  
Houghton and Mr. Flunket Green. Be-  
sides "The Messiah," "Elijah," "The Last

Judgment" and "The Hymn of Praise,"  
the programme will include Brahms's  
"Requiem," Handel's "Israel in Egypt,"  
and orchestral works by Mozart, Weber  
and Sullivan.

**TALK OF THE THEATRE.**

At the Opera House this week the Wal-  
lace Hopper Co. has been playing to light  
business. They did "Ticket of Leave  
Man" on Monday evening; "Ten Nights  
in a Bar-room" on Tuesday evening and  
went back again to their opening bill of  
"Reclaimed" on Wednesday.

On Monday, the 3rd, the Josie Mills Co.  
opens a week's engagement at the Opera  
House.

This Company is now playing in Mon-  
treal where it is reported to have been well  
received. Mr. J. C. Ashton, a St. John  
boy who was with Lanergan at the Lyceum  
in the old days, is in the cast of the "Black  
Flag" which is the principal piece in the  
Company's repertoire.

Madeline Merli is looked for the 27-28 and  
24th of May at the Opera House with the  
Arthur Rehan Comedy Co. immediately  
following. It is a pity the Rehan Co. could  
not have secured the holiday, as it is so  
well and favorably known here that business  
would be sure to be heavy.

However, perhaps Madeline may prove  
a strong card.

It seems to fall to the lot of the versatile  
H. Price Webber to open every new town  
hall in Maine and the Maritime provinces.  
A few days ago, according to the "Bangor  
Commercial" he held forth in Orono, Me.,  
"producing a spectral drama "A Sea of  
Ice" in first class style." There were over  
four hundred present; every reserved seat  
was taken and that meant that the "best  
people" were there. Mr. Webber and his  
company are coming east and today or to-  
morrow will see them in St. John. Mon-  
day, they open in Annapolis playing "A  
Sea of Ice" which, by the way, has been a  
very popular play with Mr. Webber's  
Company. The people of Annapolis and  
other Nova Scotian towns will be delighted  
to learn that the Boston Comedy Company  
will soon be with them again.

The Calhoun Opera Co. is away down in  
Phoenix, Arizona.

A cable despatch says that it is reported  
that Queen Victoria will confer the honor  
of knighthood on Henry Irving.

Sol Smith Russell begins his Chicago en-  
gagement May 1. It is to continue for 23  
weeks. Mr. Russell is now resting.

Bertoto's latest dance is entitled "The  
Belle of Seville." She also gives the fas-  
cinating espanola dance "La Paloma."

Mme. Navarro (Mary Anderson) who is  
living at Tunbridge Wells, England, is re-  
ported to be writing her reminiscences.

An estimate based on official figures  
places the receipts of Paris theatres last  
year at 22,000,000 francs more than the  
receipts of 1891.

Joseph Jefferson begins his spring tour  
April 3, in Louisville. It is to last five  
weeks, and "Rip Van Winkle" will be the  
only play presented.

Charles Coghlan, who was stricken with  
pneumonia, is reported out of danger, but  
it will be several days before he is able to  
resume his stage work.

Next Monday at Bridgeport, the first  
performance of "Under the City Lamps"  
will be given, with Hudson Liston and  
John Bunny in the cast.

W. S. Harkins, playing in the "Still  
Alarm" was compelled to retire from the  
cast on account of sickness—tonsillitis—  
and E. L. Snader is in his place.

"You played Hamlet last night. Did  
the audience call you out?" "No, they  
were too impatient for that. They rushed  
behind the scenes to find me, but I got  
away."

Julia Arthur is to be lent by A. M.  
Palmer to The Henry French, to play the  
lead in "The Proud Daughter" at the  
opening of Mr. French's new theatre at  
Eight Avenue and Forty Second street,  
about May 1.

The announcement that Mr. Charles  
Frohman is looking for a new play for  
Mary Hampton has considerably surprised  
that gentleman. He was under the impres-  
sion that he had engaged Miss Hampton to  
play in "Aristocracy" next season.

Ada Rehan, went on the stage at the  
age of sixteen, and has been seen in a  
hundred and fifty characters. She made  
her first appearance in 1873 at a small  
theatre in New Jersey, of which her  
brother-in-law was manager. Miss Rehan  
has been about thirteen years a member of  
Daly's company, and has played in France  
and Germany, as well as in England and  
America.

"The Private Secretary" with the only  
William Gillette in his original creation of  
Rev. Robert Spaulding, is doing big busi-  
ness at the Globe Theatre in Boston. Mr.  
Gillette is described as being more humor-  
ously effective than ever instead of becom-  
ing prosy in a part he has played thousands  
of times he seems to imbue as much fun in  
to the remarkable, yet laughable, charac-  
ter as when years ago he was first seen in  
Boston.

The Rymal Case.  
BRANTFORD, March 27th.—Archie Rymal  
who was discharged from the hospital  
here some time ago, as incurable, suffering

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**ELECTION CARDS.**

To the Electors of the City of  
St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:  
I beg to offer myself as a candidate for the  
office of

**MAYOR**

of the City of St. John at the coming election.  
Should I be elected I will give my best attention to  
the duties of the office and my support to all good  
measures that may be proposed for the public benefit.

I believe that it be the duty of the Common  
Council now to be elected, to practice the most rigid  
economy, and to reduce, if possible, the public bur-  
den.

I will be prepared to give due consideration to any  
plan, and to support any reform that may be pro-  
posed which will promise to yield these results.  
Respectfully soliciting your kind support,  
I am your obedient servant,  
H. LAWRENCE STURDEE.  
St. John, N. B., 13th March, 1893.

To the Electors of the City of  
St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:  
ON the second Tuesday in April next I shall be  
a Candidate for the office of

**MAYOR**

of your City, and as a former member of the old City  
Council, and member of the Legislature, covering  
thirty years experience, I am well informed in civic  
affairs, before and after the union, and, if elected,  
will endeavor to bring forward for the consideration  
of the Common Council, measures, that if adopted,  
will equalize taxation fairly to our City, reduce the  
public burdens, and promote everything in my judg-  
ment that will be of advantage to the City.

I am, Ladies and Gentlemen,  
Your most obedient  
THOS. R. JONES.

To the Electors of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:  
After due deliberation with many taxpayers I  
was induced to offer as a Candidate for the  
office of

**MAYOR**

at the coming election on the second Tuesday in  
April next. My policy is to REDUCE TAXATION by  
abolishing unnecessary offices, etc., etc., as specified  
by me through the press and from the public plat-  
form, and re-entrustment in the fullest sense of the  
term; also the reconstruction of the civic govern-  
ment on the most economical and efficient plan.  
Soliciting your support and assistance  
I am, Respectfully,  
SAMUEL TUFTS.

To the Electors of the City of  
St. John.

ON the Eleventh day of April next, I will be a  
Candidate for the office of

**MAYOR.**

Trusting that my civic record has been such as  
to entitle me to your confidence, and soliciting your  
support.  
I remain,  
Ladies and Gentlemen,  
Your Ob't Servant,  
THOMAS W. PETERS.  
St. John, N. B.,  
9th March, 1893.

**HAMS and BACON.**

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and  
BREAKFAST BACON,  
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The Easter Term begins Saturday, April 8th; ends  
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ages of ten and fourteen years may compete. All  
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the Head Master.  
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Applications for admission, terms, etc., should be  
addressed to the Head Master, Portland Manor, St.  
John, N. B.

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of Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, Commercial Law, etc.  
WM. PRINGLE, Principal of Shorthand depart-  
ment and Penmanship department, teacher of Book-  
keeping, Correspondence, etc.  
GEO. DUNFIELD, teacher of Arithmetic, Book-  
keeping, etc.  
MISS BLANCH HUNTLEY, teacher of Shorthand  
and Type Writing.  
WM. GUN, B. A., teacher of French and German.  
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up in Fine, silk or Felt articles, Screens, Pictures, etc.,  
and wishing to dispose of their work, send them to  
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**HARRY WILKES, 1896,**  
will be received at the office of the Secretary for  
Agriculture, Fredericton, up to

**THURSDAY,**  
the Sixth Day of April, next.  
The horse to be kept within the Province for stock  
purposes.  
JULIUS L. INCHES.  
HARRY WILKES can be seen at Ward's One  
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Fredericton March 16th, 1893.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 12,220.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, COR. GEORGE AND GRANVILLE STS., ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 1.

IN EASTERTIDE.

Tomorrow will be Easter Day, the great and glad festival of the Christian year, the time of rejoicing over all the earth, when the victory of life over death is celebrated, and when the exultant cry of "He is risen!" finds a joyful response in "Risen indeed!"

It may be that some clergymen find it easy to preach an Easter sermon, but for many it must be that the occasion seems beyond the reach of any language. So many thoughts crowd upon the mind that to crystallize and condense them into set forms and words seems all too great a task for the brain to plan and the tongue to carry out.

The man who preaches a model Easter sermon is likely to be one who has either exceptional ability or one whose unsympathetic nature is not moved to rise beyond the postulate of the logic of theology. A vivid realization of a fact is sometimes more a hindrance than a help to the clear and comprehensive expression of it. It is more easy to write a polished essay where one does not feel too intensely the grandeur of the task set before him.

The church catholic throughout the world has always appealed to more than one sense of man's nature in teaching the great verities of the faith. There are times and times when words of themselves are but minor aids in helping men to lit up their hearts and to realize, in an imperfect way at best, the story of the Cross and the mission of the Crucified. This is especially the case in the two great festivals of Christmas and Easter, and when, with the latter, that which has lain buried for a winter gives token of a new coming forth with the springtide, nature and man unite in showing forth the symbolism of the resurrection and the life. What need of many words in polished diction to tell all that the faithful and earnest most realize in the thought, "The Lord is risen indeed," while they voice their hearts in the cry in many tongues, "Sing ye to the Lord for He hath triumphed gloriously."

"In the beginning was the Word," "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," "He was wounded for our transgressions," "If man He that lived and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore," "And in such short and simple, yet expressive words, is the story of Easter told to the believing heart.

THE LOST "NARONIC."

There seems no room for doubt that the missing steamer "Naronic," which left Liverpool for New York on the 11th of February, has found a resting place at the bottom of the ocean. The best evidence of this is that two of her lifeboats, floating empty, were passed on the 4th of March, in the vicinity of the Banks of Newfoundland, and there is only too much reason to fear that all who were on board the steamer have gone to their death beneath the waves.

The loss of life, in numbers, is not great as compared with many losses of ocean steamers, but it is large enough, for there were ninety people on board when the vessel sailed. The "Naronic" was a freight steamer of the White Star Line, and in addition to the officers and men had a number of cattlemen and persons in charge of consignments. The loss of life, however, is sufficiently sad, but the most startling reflection on the event is that there could have been a disaster so complete with such a model steamer.

For the "Naronic" was less than a year old, having been launched on the 26th of April last, and she was the biggest freight steamer in the world. The princely sum of \$550,000 was expended on her construction and the cargo she carried when she last sailed was equal to nearly as much more. She was 470 feet long and 53 feet broad, so that if she could have been placed in one of the ordinary streets of St. John she would not only nearly fill the space between the buildings on each side, but her bow and stern would project at the ends of the block and obstruct the intersecting streets. She was specially equipped for the carriage of live stock, fresh meat and fruit,

was furnished with twin screws, had nine water-tight bulkheads and it was believed that even though a hole were knocked through her she could not sink. So far as human ingenuity could make her defiant of wind and weather she was so. At the most it was thought she might be temporarily disabled and delayed, but in all other respects she was deemed as safe as the knowledge and skill of man could make her.

There seems no reason to doubt that she was so, and yet she has disappeared as utterly as did the old fashioned steamer "President" in the early days of ocean steamers, half a century ago, or as did the "City of Boston" more than a score of years back. The lesson appears to be that though man may plan and build in the light of past experience and with the aid of all the science of this most wonderful age, his work when brought in conflict with the forces of nature is still far from complete. Four hundred years ago, the frail craft of COLUMBUS made its voyage in safety over the sea that mastered the steamer which in its construction represented a greater stride in scientific knowledge, as compared with that time, than had been made from the dawn of civilization to the date of the discovery of America.

In the face of the fury of wind and wave, it may be said that the seamen of today are as helpless as were those in the ship which bore the apostle PAUL. Man can now, no more than then, guarantee nothing in the work of his hands, that is not at best frail and imperfect beneath the touch of the hand of the ALMIGHTY.

As befits the festive season, more than the usual space is given to selected tales in this issue of PROGRESS. The chief of these, "A Boy's Love," occupies the fifteenth page, and is from the pen of Mr. WALTER L. SAWYER of whose work as one of the founders of PROGRESS it is not necessary to speak. The story is one written for the "Two Tales" series, issued weekly by Boston publishers, and has the stamp of originality which marks all Mr. SAWYER'S work. Then there is a readable Easter story on the sixteenth page, while a short sketch not less interesting than pathetic, bearing on the season, will be found on the eleventh page. In all, the readers of PROGRESS everywhere will find much to attract their attention in this issue.

Referring to the condition of the streets of New York, a leading medical authority of that city claims that filthy streets are largely responsible for the prevailing epidemics. In other words, in proportion as scavenger work is neglected the work of the doctor and undertaker increases. Yet the city of St. John, through the ignorance of its aldermen, and their desire to gain cheap notoriety as economists, has one thousand dollars less allowed for scavenger work in the whole city than was allowed in the old city alone a few years ago. In view of the possibility of cholera, this is the silliest thing that has been done by even the present board of aldermen.

The theory of giving a mayor any allowance is based on the mythical belief that he will expend it all and something additional in dispensing civic hospitalities and in the bestowal of charity. It was never supposed that he would seek the office as a man out of work looks for a job, in order to buy his bread and his boots. It is however believed that the amount of wealth any mayor squanders in the interests of the city is considerably less than some unofficial individuals annually expend for private charities. Yet the reformers touch neither their own nor the mayor's pay, but begin at the wrong end of the list by lopping off the living allowance of a few clerks in offices.

The cranks who are always trying to right the alleged grievances of this or that class, seem to have made a mistake in murdering the mayor of Moscow the other day. During the seven years that he had been chief magistrate of the ancient city he had devoted all his salary of \$6,000 a year to charity, and he was in general the friend of humanity whenever it needed help. The man who did the shooting might have done more good to the world if he had come to this side of the water and gone gunning for aldermen.

A New York paper says that one of the customs of American cities that surprises Englishmen beyond measure is the selling of church property on which edifices have been built for worship. It adds that in London this is rarely done. It might have gone still further, as regards the church of England, for so good an authority as the Church Times avers that no consecrated church can be "deconsecrated" except by special act of parliament.

When does Lent end? A good many may be under the impression that it has already passed, but it has not, for it extends from Ash Wednesday to Easter eve, both inclusive. The forty days are computed exclusive of the Sundays, which are "in" Lent but not "of" it. The last two weeks of Lent are known as Passion-Tide, and when they end Easter begins.

Manchester Robertson & Allison are showing the latest novelties in French Millinery today, April 1st, and will be glad to have the ladies inspect their new goods.

Minstrels on the Boards Again. The St. John Amateur Minstrel club makes, in the usual place in this issue, an announcement that will be of interest to our music and fun loving citizens. Performances will be given by it in the Opera House on Thursday and Friday evenings, April 13 and 14, with matinee on Saturday. The first part for Thursday evening will comprise old time minstrel songs and melodies; Friday evening it will be changed to new songs and ballads. The olio will be made up of selections by musical quartettes, by the band—not Gilmore's—and of sketches, etc. A taking afterpiece entitled, "Princess Tutti-Frutti, the Lily," written especially for the club, will conclude the entertainment. The music for this is culled from different operas, and the verses are local and will prove laughable.

The burlesque is in the nature of a skit on our local militia forces. The combatants in their mimic skirmishes and battles rally around the motto "Canada expects every man to pay his duty" and fight with great vigor and enthusiasm in the defence of Rourke's Drift at Quaco, under the command of their newly appointed Major General.

Three Bumper Houses Promised. From present appearances Gilmore's band is going to capture not only this town but all the centres of population within a radius of 150 miles. The arrangements for excursions are exceptionally complete and the rates from Fredericton, St. Stephen and other places are so favorable as to induce many people to travel to St. John even if the concert was not included in the ticket. Seats are selling as rapidly in Fredericton as here and in St. George and St. Stephen many tickets have been disposed of. The chances are that there will be three bumper houses.

Pink Tea and Tambourine Drill. The ladies of St. Stephen's church seem determined to make their sale, which opens on Thursday next in the school room, a very enjoyable one. Among the special attractions the first evening will be a pink tea, the price of which has been placed at 35 cents. A very energetic and enthusiastic committee have it in charge, and it promises to be a very pretty affair. The second evening they will have the tambourine drill. Sixteen of the girls have been practicing for four or five weeks under a very efficient director. It will be well worth seeing.

A LATER CONSIGNMENT OF TEAS. It is a further indication of how firmly established the business of the late T. William Bell was that it has run along so smoothly and with such marked success under the management of Mrs. Bell. The tea trade of the concern was always a large one and PROGRESS notes that an unusual consignment of teas has arrived by the steamer "Madura."

For Easter. In addition to the many good things necessary from the Grocer for family use at this season, are Dunn's Hams and Bacon, Cottolene, Fresh Eggs, Grape Fruit, Blood Oranges, Bananas, Breakfast Cereals, etc. for which send orders in team, mail or Telephone (212) to J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. 32 Charlotte St.

They Always Have a Good Time. A. L. Spencer is to hold his thirteenth annual reunion in his dancing academy Monday evening. It will assume the form of a basket social and a large attendance of young people is expected. The Easter Monday dance is always a pleasant one and this does not promise to be any exception to the rule.

A Steady Demand For It. The Malo Peptonized Porter company is steadily pushing its excellent preparation upon the market. Progress understands that the demand for it is greater than ever. For the first time an advertisement of the porter appears in this issue, and will be found on the sixth page.

For Moncton Candy Lovers. Moncton people will now have an opportunity of sampling some of the delicious candy manufactured in this city by the 20th Century Candy Kitchen, since Mr. Munro has established an agency there in the well known establishment of Miss Jennie McGee.

An Article Worth Reading. A recent issue of the "Amherst Press" contains a lengthy article on "defective sight" by Dr. J. R. McLean of Truro. The article is an interesting one containing a large amount of valuable information that any one would do well not to lose sight of.

Willow Pattern Plates. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—In your issue of PROGRESS, March 4, I noticed the Chinese tradition of "The Willow-pattern Plate" and have a platter, 10x12, that answers the description perfectly. Among your correspondents can you learn if the "Willow-pattern Plate" has many samples. A READER.

The practice of saying "God bless you!" when a person sneezes must be widespread when we find a similar salutation obtaining among the Fijians of the South Pacific, a race developed by the blending of the Malay-Polynesians with the Papuans, the Fiji group being a borderland between the two. It has been said that St. Gregory enjoined its use during a pestilence in which sneezing was a mortal symptom. Herein, perhaps, lies one reason for the kindly wish, and may account for the prevalent idea that it is dangerous to interrupt a person in the act of sneezing.

Minstrels on the Boards Again. The St. John Amateur Minstrel club makes, in the usual place in this issue, an announcement that will be of interest to our music and fun loving citizens. Performances will be given by it in the Opera House on Thursday and Friday evenings, April 13 and 14, with matinee on Saturday. The first part for Thursday evening will comprise old time minstrel songs and melodies; Friday evening it will be changed to new songs and ballads. The olio will be made up of selections by musical quartettes, by the band—not Gilmore's—and of sketches, etc. A taking afterpiece entitled, "Princess Tutti-Frutti, the Lily," written especially for the club, will conclude the entertainment. The music for this is culled from different operas, and the verses are local and will prove laughable.

The burlesque is in the nature of a skit on our local militia forces. The combatants in their mimic skirmishes and battles rally around the motto "Canada expects every man to pay his duty" and fight with great vigor and enthusiasm in the defence of Rourke's Drift at Quaco, under the command of their newly appointed Major General.

Three Bumper Houses Promised. From present appearances Gilmore's band is going to capture not only this town but all the centres of population within a radius of 150 miles. The arrangements for excursions are exceptionally complete and the rates from Fredericton, St. Stephen and other places are so favorable as to induce many people to travel to St. John even if the concert was not included in the ticket. Seats are selling as rapidly in Fredericton as here and in St. George and St. Stephen many tickets have been disposed of. The chances are that there will be three bumper houses.

Pink Tea and Tambourine Drill. The ladies of St. Stephen's church seem determined to make their sale, which opens on Thursday next in the school room, a very enjoyable one. Among the special attractions the first evening will be a pink tea, the price of which has been placed at 35 cents. A very energetic and enthusiastic committee have it in charge, and it promises to be a very pretty affair. The second evening they will have the tambourine drill. Sixteen of the girls have been practicing for four or five weeks under a very efficient director. It will be well worth seeing.

A LATER CONSIGNMENT OF TEAS. It is a further indication of how firmly established the business of the late T. William Bell was that it has run along so smoothly and with such marked success under the management of Mrs. Bell. The tea trade of the concern was always a large one and PROGRESS notes that an unusual consignment of teas has arrived by the steamer "Madura."

For Easter. In addition to the many good things necessary from the Grocer for family use at this season, are Dunn's Hams and Bacon, Cottolene, Fresh Eggs, Grape Fruit, Blood Oranges, Bananas, Breakfast Cereals, etc. for which send orders in team, mail or Telephone (212) to J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. 32 Charlotte St.

They Always Have a Good Time. A. L. Spencer is to hold his thirteenth annual reunion in his dancing academy Monday evening. It will assume the form of a basket social and a large attendance of young people is expected. The Easter Monday dance is always a pleasant one and this does not promise to be any exception to the rule.

A Steady Demand For It. The Malo Peptonized Porter company is steadily pushing its excellent preparation upon the market. Progress understands that the demand for it is greater than ever. For the first time an advertisement of the porter appears in this issue, and will be found on the sixth page.

For Moncton Candy Lovers. Moncton people will now have an opportunity of sampling some of the delicious candy manufactured in this city by the 20th Century Candy Kitchen, since Mr. Munro has established an agency there in the well known establishment of Miss Jennie McGee.

An Article Worth Reading. A recent issue of the "Amherst Press" contains a lengthy article on "defective sight" by Dr. J. R. McLean of Truro. The article is an interesting one containing a large amount of valuable information that any one would do well not to lose sight of.

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POES WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Cupid's Arrow. Say not "Venus, has no heart!" I chanced to love his Cupid's shaft, That could ope it to assault!

The arrow elipt from Cupid's bow, (Ditly aimed he hither, thither, Now aloft and now a low;) Sang the bowstring like a sither.

Stang the bowstring, sped the love-shaft, And he laughed in derision; Cupid shook his head and laughed, For the arrow had no mission.

But he knew (unsympathetic Cupid is without a doubt) That to be swift and energetic As was this—would surely rout.

Some poor mortal, wed, or not wed; What cared he if man, or maid, Wife or widow! well or ill-sped, It would not forget its trade.

Vonita's fate it was to meet, Debonair and fancy free— Vonita knew not how to greet it, 'Twas a novel mystery!

Yet is Vonita debonair, Yet is Vonita fancy free: Vonita's heart knows not love care, Deeply wounded was she.

Tangled with the feathery shaft, Fused the mystic bow, Music the mislaid native craft, Song implaining allegro.

Springhill Mines, N. S. T. H. B.

Farwell. The hour 'dawns near when I must bid adieu To thee, sweet village, resting in the vale By Fundy's waters; most varied hue Lends witching beauty, to each hill and dale.

The glowing sunshine, us'ring in the day, When glad birds carol forth their matin song; The cur'ing mists, which o'er thy waters lay, The beautiful mornings' glories to prolong.

The waters of thy Bay a radiance had At morn and eve, caught from the heavens' face As stooped to kiss them; like a lover glad His maiden, coy, at happy trysting-place.

Farwell to pleasant walks, which at the eventide Whist Cynthia's silv'ry beams did sweet enchantment blend, As sunset merged in twilight's glow, no more will find With me my friends, and sweet contentment send.

Farwell dear, babbling brook, that by the roadside play, Where rains meep, and pink wild roses grow; Where oft at morn and the sweet mid-day I gathered roses green and bud and blow.

Farwell to each dear spot, a sad farewell; Where you and I, my friends, were wont to meet, And mem'ries fond will cause my eyes to fill At thought of happier hours, we passed in converse sweet.

Smith's Cove, N. S., June 2, 1891. R.

April. Within the lap of winter, April 1st, As loath to leave her hoary lover's breast, And smiling sunbeams, in his dimming eyes She glances mild, as him she doth caress.

All maiden coy why doth thou linger still, Within thy aged lover's arms? Come hither kiss this frozen rill, And banish all the flowers' alarms.

The violet in the breast of mother earth, Is sighing for the gentle breath of spring, And wonders will its longed for birth E'er come to ope its leaves and fling.

Its soft white flowers, with purple ones combined Out o'er the sward and in the sheltering nook, And loveliness to its longed for birth E'er come to ope its leaves and fling.

So leave thy chilly lover virgin fair, And let the south wind nestle near thee sweet And perfumed flowers, in thy golden hair, Entwine, and lay a garland at thy snowy feet.

Ab hee how gentle doth he gaze at thee, And beckon with a cow-slip's lily eep; Come silly one, and he on bended knee, Will change thy tears to smiles and looking up.

Thou'lt see thy rugged lover weening fast, As coming by the young lover's ardent breath, Meets all the cold reserve and won't at last In sweet contentment in his arms 'till zetta.

With silken sails of ship'sy maze, And masts like a fairy's wand, And a jewelled prow—in a golden haze, Sailed my ship to far off lands— Sailed my ship to far off lands.

Out from the harbor of Today, To the Morrow's sunny shore, With my sagat her peak, she sailed away To return with treasure store— To return with treasure store.

I watched her as the red sun set Into the arms of night; And the fleecy, tremulous clouds were wet In a bath of crimson light.

On the breast of the ebbing tide My handsome vessel sailed— As the sun sank down, the night wind sighed And the trees in answer wailed— And the trees in answer wailed.

My thoughts were set o' things of air, The real I could not see; And the ship that sailed from that harbor fair, Has never come back to me.

Contrast. Hark! we hear the myriad fingers On the harpichord of time, As some one of greater passion Sings a nobler sweeter rhyme; While some wild and restless spirit Mars with discord the sublime; And the world has many players Out of harmony with time.

Mark the measure of the few, Make the good by contrast better, And the great the greater do. Life an ocean, heaving billows; Throwing up their crests on high; Man, the wavelets on its surface Speed a moment then they die. Here's a billow rushing forward Marks the greater of our kind, Towering high above its fellows. Shows the higher, nobler mind. And the smallness of the wavelets On life's many rippled sea. Make the onward rushing billow Larger than it e'ld would be.

So a man is great and noble O'ercome where his lot may rest, When 'mong those of lesser genius, He is reckoned as the best.

Fredericton, March 28, '93. C. T. B.

SUSSEX.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Sussex by R. D. Board and Geo. D. Martin.] MARCH 29.—Mr. Lewis Carvell of Charlottetown, paid a short visit to Sussex last week.

Mr. Nelson Arnold is visiting in Fredericton, the guest of his daughter, Mrs. T. Clowes Brown. Messrs. W. J. Mills, H. A. White and J. W. Hart, spent Friday in St. John.

Miss Weimore, Clifton, is visiting her friend, Miss Flewelling. Rev. A. M. McInnis, spent Friday in Sussex.

Mrs. P. C. Dawson, St. John, has been visiting Sussex, the guest of Mrs. J. Arthur Freeze. Miss Annie Kettle is home again from her long visit in St. John.

Miss Ella DeBoo spent Sunday in St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. T. White and Son have been spending a few days with friends here.

The Misses Campbell, Norton, spent last week with Miss Golding in Sussex. Mr. Alex. Baird gave an entertainment in White's Hall, Saturday evening, under the auspices of Francis Willard Division. The entertainment consisted principally of readings and recitations.

Mr. Baird is very entertaining and possesses a wonderful power of imitation. He was assisted by his daughter, who delighted the audience with her recitations, and Miss Worsley, who gave some piano solos. At the close of the entertainment little Miss Baird was presented with a sum of money by some of the gentlemen present.

Miss Annie Morrison is recovering from a very severe attack of quinsy. Mr. Ancient, Truro, spent Sunday in Sussex. Mr. Clarence Spooner was in Sussex, last week.

Mr. Spooner was formerly editor of the Record here, and has lately been editor of the Truro Guardian. He has been in the city in connection with that paper and intends removing to New Glasgow. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Warren and children have moved to Sussex. They intend living in the Hornbrook house on Main street.

Dr. Daly returned on Tuesday from Fredericton, where he was attending the house in connection with the amendment of the "Dental Act." Those by whom he is studying medicine at Bellevue Hospital, New York, has come home to spend his holidays.

Miss Creighton, Chatham, is in Sussex again. She has charge of the millinery department in J. S. Trice's store. Mr. Chas. W. Hall of St. John, and Wm. Clark, of Fredericton, were in Sussex on Tuesday.

Miss Thompson has returned from a six weeks' visit to Moncton and Salisbury. I hear that the Bank of Nova Scotia has decided not to grant the petition of the people of Sussex, to allow Mr. Anderson to remain in St. J.

Mr. Creighton and Miss Maude McLeod spent Tuesday in St. John. Mr. Stanley M. Brown, night agent of the I. C. R. here, has been appointed station agent at Athol, N. S. He and Mrs. Brown left on Tuesday for that place. It is a pity to lose so many of our townsmen, but many friends are pleased to learn of Mr. Brown's promotion.

Mr. Fred Morrison, formerly night agent at Petticoat, has been appointed to the position made vacant by Mr. Brown. Mr. P. Harris, the optician, and Mr. W. T. McLeod and daughter, of St. John, are in town to-day. Mr. Geo. Shipp and baby went to Boundary Creek on Wednesday, to visit Mrs. Shipp's former home.

HARCOURT. MARCH 29.—Mrs. Clarence Wry returned from Maryville, York Co., yesterday morning, having been summoned there in consequence of the death of her sister, Mrs. Daniel McInnis.

Mr. Edward H. Powell left by train on Friday for Boston. Mr. W. W. Pride, who has been very ill for some time, was out for a short walk on Monday.

Mr. John Folton, of Salmon River, Queens county, was at the Central on Monday and went north by the night express.

Rev. Canon Forsyth, of Chatham, and Rev. E. Bertrand Hooper, of Moncton, were here on Friday, guests of Rev. A. Silpper. Mr. Charles A. Atkinson, station master at Charlottetown, is spending a few days here among his friends.

Miss Annie Brown, of Richibucto, is spending a few days in this locality, the guest of Miss Mary Wilson. Miss Agnes Ferguson, who has been spending the winter at home, returned to Ipswich, Mass., by Monday's train.

Mr. C. J. Sayre, of Richibucto, spent yesterday among his former constituents hereabouts, and returned home today. Mr. John W. Miller, of Millerton, reached here, on Friday, from Boston, U. S., and after remaining a short time at Mortimore, proceeded homewards on Saturday.

Mr. J. Heber Haslam, who did not lecture in the Town Hall here, on Wednesday evening, as stated in the Richibucto Review, was here on Monday, giving a lecture. Mr. David D. Johnston, went to St. John, yesterday morning, on a business trip, and returned afterwards.

Mr. Henry Wry, who recently removed here from Spring Hill, N. S., died at the residence of his son, Mr. Clarence Wry, on Sunday morning, and was buried yesterday.

Mr. Andrew Dunn, returned on Saturday evening, from Fredericton, where he had been taking in the "situation"—political. Mrs. Duncan Taylor, sister of the late Capt. H. W. Craigie, arrived at the Borekas on Wednesday evening from Montreal, where she resides; and after remaining a short time with relatives, left for home on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Edward Whalen left by train Monday evening for Maryville, York county, where he proposes making his home in future. Mr. Wendell B. Goodwin left by this morning's express for Bale Vert, Westmoreland county, where he will spend his Easter holidays.

Master Houston Livingston will spend his Easter holidays in Richibucto. Mr. Alexander Murray of Main River is spending a day or two in this lively town. Mr. James Graham of Bay de Vin, Northumberland county, is here today.

Rev. H. J. Indoe of Backville occupied the pulpit of the Wesleyan Memorial church here on Sunday evening last.

HAMPTON. MARCH 29.—The weekly social in connection with the Baptist church, was held at Mrs. A. Clarke's on Thursday evening.

Mr. Lewis Carvell, Charlottetown, P. E. I., spent Thursday with Mrs. T. H. Carvell. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Wilson, entertained a number of the Hampton curiers to a very pleasant whist party on Friday evening. Mrs. Wm. Langstroth captured the ladies' prize and Mr. W. Brown the gentlemen's.

About forty of the young folks had a very enjoyable time at a pound party at the residence of Mrs. G. M. Freeze, on Friday evening. Messrs. John Galey, St. John; A. Keith, St. John; Alred H. Haines, W. Brewer, Fredericton; M. Weimore, Fredericton; John Kelly, Boston; spent Monday here.

Mrs. James E. Fairweather and Mrs. Geo. Sharp, who have been visiting friends in the city, returned home on Monday. Mr. George Flewelling spent Monday with his daughter, Mrs. W. C. Crawford.

Mrs. R. W. Gass spent Tuesday in the city. Mrs. R. G. Earle is visiting friends at Robthesy Mrs. Wm. Oly is visiting friends in the city.

Rev. W. W. Rainnie is about leaving Hampton to go to Calvin church, Charlottetown. Mr. Rainnie is one of the most clever speakers in the presbytery, for a young man. What is Hampton's loss will be Charlottetown's gain.

BUCTOUCHE. MARCH 28.—Mrs. G. W. Walls, of Backville, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. N. McLaughlin. Messrs. Harry and Thomas Hutchinson left on Monday morning for "out West."

Mrs. I. W. Carter returned from her visit to Richibucto Monday evening. Mrs. C. N. Cummings, of Folly Village, N. S., spent a few days with Mrs. J. A. Irving last week. Mr. M. P. Grace, of Backville, is in town to-day.

VERNS. MARCH 29.—A mother's meeting was held in the Baptist church on Monday evening under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. It was largely attended. Mr. F. W. Emmons went to Fredericton on Saturday to confer with the members of the local legislature.

Mr. Rev. Keith of Havlock has moved into the house lately occupied by Mr. Edward Simpson. Master Otto Price entertained a number of his young friends at his home on Friday evening last. A most enjoyable evening was spent.

Mr. Edward Simpson has removed with his family to the Mineral Springs hotel at Havlock. Mrs. B. A. Trice entertained a number of friends to tea on Saturday evening. Miss Birtie Blackney, who has been visiting friends in St. John returned home Tuesday.

Mr. T. E. Arnold of Sussex was in the village to-day. Mr. George Davidson of Annapolis is visiting her sister Mrs. Claude Price. Mr. Fred Morrison, who has acted as night operator in the I. C. R. station here for two years, has been transferred to Sussex. He will be greatly missed by his friends.

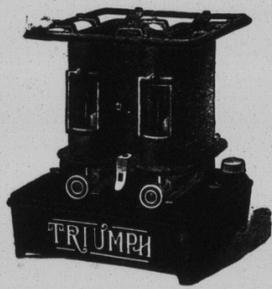
Miss Julia Smith, who has been visiting friends in St. John for the last two months, returned home Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Emmons went to Amherst last week, to attend the funeral of Mr. Emmons' grandfather, Mr. Read.

Mr. L. B. Ayer is making extensive improvements on the property he has lately purchased on Main street. Miss Moore, teacher of the intermediate department of the school here, has gone to

Cheerful
FACES,
Happy
HOMES,
Pleasant
MEMORIES

Assured by Using
STERLING SOAP
Manufactured only by
William Logan,
St. John, N. B.

Our New Line



of American Oil Stoves,
the "CHIEF" and "TRIUMPH"
made in the one and two
burner. Ovens, Extension Tops,
Kettles, Saucepans, Fry Pans,
or any utensils to suit.

Prices Low.

SHERATON & KINNEAR,
38 KING STREET. TELEPHONE 358.

CASH GROCERY.

Canned Corn, 7 1/2 Cents. Canned Pumpkin, 8 cts.
Canned Peas, 7 1/2 Cents. Canned Tomatoes, 8 cts.
Lima Beans, 10 cts.; Blueberries, 7 cts.

Evaporated Apricots, very choice, 24 cts.
Leggett's Improved Jelly, 15c. Pck.

Pettyjohn's Breakfast Food,
Wheatlett, -cooks in 5 minutes,
Granulated Corn Meal,
Dried Green Peas,
Lima Beans.

IN STOCK AMERICAN GOODS,
Rolled AVENA Oatmeal, 5 cts. lb.; Hominy (choice Southern),
4 cts. lb.; Entire Wheat Flour, 5 cts. lb.; Royal Egg Macaroni,
18 cts. lb.; Baker's Breakfast Cocoa, 30 cts. can, 1/4 lb.

HARDRESS CLARKE,
73 SYDNEY STREET.

GREAT
Clearance Sale

C. FLOOD & SONS.

ALL GOODS FRESH AND CHOICE AND
SELLING MUCH BELOW
AUCTION PRICES.
Discounts From 12 1-2 to 50 per cent.

Ask for Pelee Island Wines.

OUR BRAND IS A GUARANTEE OF PURITY.

E. G. SCOVIL, Agent Pelee Island Grape Juice:

My family have received great benefits from the use of the "Pelee Island Grape Juice" during
the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs we
have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it
in the house. Yours, etc., JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, N. B.

OUR BRANDS ARE:

Dry Catawba, case or dtl. St. Augustine, case or dtl.
Sweet, " " P. I. Port, " "
Isabella, " " P. I. Sherry, " "
P. I. Chateau, " " P. I. Cognac, " "

E. G. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant.
69 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN. TELEPHONE 523



St. John--South End.
The death occurred on Monday last of Mrs. Wm.
Armstrong, wife of Rev. Wm. B. Armstrong, rector
of Welsford. Mrs. Armstrong had been in ill health
for some time past and a few weeks ago came to
St. John to visit her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. R. Armstrong,
at whose residence, Wellington Row, she
died. Mrs. Armstrong was a Miss Wright of
Prince Edward Island, and since her marriage has
made many warm friends both in St. John and the
different parishes over which her husband has
ministered. Her early death will be heard with deep
regret. She leaves four children. The funeral took
place on Wednesday from the residence of Mr. J.
Russell Armstrong, 27 Wellington Row.

Mr. Gordon McLeod went to Nassau this week on
business.
Mrs. Frederick Allison (Sackville) is visiting
her relatives in St. John.
Mrs. Albert Gregory, Fredericton, is visiting her
mother, Mrs. Hunt Peters, Charles street.

Much sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs.
Hugh Nealis upon the late double bereavement.
Only a fortnight ago, it will be remembered, they
were called upon to part with their youngest son
and on Sunday last their second son, Basil, died at
the same place, Memramook. Mrs. Nealis and
her son, John were with him when he passed away.
Mrs. W. B. Robinson, who has been visiting her
daughter, Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith, at Fredericton, has
returned home.

Mrs. Frederick Frith, formerly of this city, now
residing at Calgary, is visiting in the city.
The ladies of the church of England Institute hold
their annual fancy sale and high tea on Thursday
next.
Miss Louise Symonds, who has spent the winter
at Bathurst has returned home.
Mrs. Clowes Carman is confined to her residence
Wright street, through illness.

The Misses Jones, accompanied by their brother,
Mr. Keith Jones, leave to-morrow night for New
York to join their father, Mr. Simeon Jones, where
they take the steamer for England on Wednesday
next.
Miss Agnes Thorne, who is attending the church
School at Windsor, came home this week for the
Easter holidays.

Mrs. R. P. Foster and Son, Sackville, are visiting
St. John.
Miss Morley and the Misses Hayden, left on
Thursday night for Boston.
Miss Celia Armstrong is home from Fredericton
for the Easter holidays.

The many friends in this city of Mr. Beddome of
the Bank of Montreal, will congratulate him on his
promotion to the position of manager of the branch
of the bank at London, Ont., for which place he
leaves in a few days.
It is rumored that a quiet wedding is soon to take
place, in which the contracting parties are to be a
bookkeeper in a well-known lumber firm, and a
young lady who is a general favorite in North End
society circles.

Rev. George M. Campbell, has been visiting
Woodstock.
Among the strangers in town lately, were, Mr.
and Mrs. James R. Ayer, of Sackville, and Mr.
Louis Carville, of P. E. I.
Mr. Furness, of the Bank of British North America,
who is to be transferred from Halifax to St. John
will be a decided acquisition to musical circles
here, being a master violinist of no small ability.
Mrs. Edgar Fairweather of Rothesay entertained
a number of her friends at a very enjoyable whist
party last week.

Mr. D. Russell Jack, has returned from his visit
to St. Stephen.
Mr. A. Whitebone left a few days ago for a trip
to New York and Boston.
The old pupils and friends here of Professor Max
Sterne, who now resides at Amherst, were pleased
to see him in St. John last week; he was on his way
to Chicago, where he will have charge of the piano
tuning department of the World's Fair.

Mr. John R. Dunn has been confined to his house,
with a severe attack of mumps.
Miss Kate Melick of Boston is making a visit to
relatives here.
Mr. Charles A. Everett, intends leaving shortly
for Baltimore, Maryland, where he will probably
remain for some weeks.
Mr. Richard F. Quigley has returned home, from
a very pleasant trip of a month's duration to the
United States, he stayed while at Washington at the
Catholic college, and saw the inauguration of
President Cleveland.

Mrs. George F. Smith has been making a visit to
her mother, Mrs. William Gordon at Pictou, N. S.
Mr. J. C. Robertson has been making a visit to
Ottawa.
Mr. R. L. Foster (of Daniel and Boyd's) left last
week for Boston, where he will make his future
home.
The wedding of Mr. David W. Saunders, formerly
of this city, but now of Lowell, Mass., to Miss
Minnie A. Magee, took place a few days ago, at the
Coburg street Christian church, the ceremony being
performed by Rev. H. W. Stewart. The bridesmaid
was Miss Banks, and the groomsmen Mr. James
McConnell. The young couple who were the recipients
of many gifts from their friends left by the
night train for Lowell, Mass., where they are to
reside.
Hon. Frank Woods, of Welsford, and Mr. J. R.
Cowan of Springhill, N. S., have been visiting St.
John.
Mr. A. Kirkpatrick returned on Sunday from a
trip to England, via New York.
Miss Sophie Bayard, of the Bay Shore, has been
for the past week the guest of Mrs. E. T. C. Knowles,
Orange street.
Mr. E. A. Smith has been making a visit to
Montreal.

Mr. W. E. Vroom has been visiting Fredericton
this week.
Mr. William Wilson, who has been confined to
the house for several weeks through illness, is now
able to be out again.
Rev. W. Camp, who has been spending a few
days in St. John, has returned to his home in Hills-
boro, Albert County.
Mr. Gordon S. McLeod, left a few days ago for
New York, where he will take the steamer Santiago
for Nassau, New Providence.

Mr. Edward D. Ferris, son of Mr. Albert W.
Ferris of Fairville, has passed a most excellent ex-
amination in the New York Medical University,
and been appointed to a position in a hospital in
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. Charles F. Spenser of the I. C. R. Moncton,
came down to St. John last week, in consequence of
the death of his father, Rev. Jas. Spenser.
Miss Ethel Moulton, who has been visiting friends
at Yarmouth and Boston, has returned home.

Mr. John Y. Ellis returned on Wednesday, from
a trip to Montreal.
Mr. J. A. Jamieson intends leaving here on Sun-
day night for Quebec and Chicago.
Mrs. E. G. Evans and her mother Mrs. Fowler of
Hampton visited St. John this week.
Dr. Lewis M. P. of Hills-boro was in town a few
days ago.
Miss H. C. Robertson of Rothesay, who has been
attending the Ladies college at Halifax has returned
home to spend the Easter holidays.

Mr. B. H. Appley left on Tuesday night for a
visit to Montreal and Ottawa.
Mr. A. Gobeil of the public works department,
Ottawa, has been in St. John this week.
I hear of a dance under the auspices of the St.
John quadrille club to be held in the Pugsley build-
ing on Easter Monday.
Mr. Will Lockhart, who has been confined to his
home through illness, is improving slowly.

Mr. F. M. Day spent a day or two of last week in
St. George.
Miss Bell Lively has returned to her home in
Maryville to spend Easter.
Mr. Dismore spent Friday at the capital.
Mrs. W. J. Stewart is in New York the guest of
her sister, Miss Emily Hanson, while there she will
meet Mr. Stewart, when they will visit the western
states.

Miss McMurray, Summer street, entertained a
number of her friends last week.
Mr. Harry Robinson has returned home from a
visit to the hub.
Mrs. A. S. Jones was greeted with a pleasant
surprise, on Thursday evening, by a number of her
young friends.
Miss Mabel DeWitt spent last Saturday in the
city with her parents.
Mr. Arthur Branscombe made a flying visit to
Fredericton last week.

Miss Grieves has returned to her home in Freder-
icton, to spend Easter.
Mr. Fred Folkins, who has been confined to the
house the past few days, is now better.
Miss Pender, St. James street, entertained a num-
ber of friends one evening last week. During the
evening the Boston male quartette rendered some
choice selections.
Mr. A. H. Campbell, who has been in New York
learning the cutting trade, has returned home.

Mr. Archibald, of North Sydney, has been making
a short stay in the city.
Mr. Herb. Barnes spent Friday in Sussex.
Mr. Sieve Palmer has been confined to the house
for several days with a severe cold.
Mr. Sam. Harris of Calais, who has been visiting
friends in the city, returned home on Monday.
Miss Phoebe Ford and Miss Kate Ford of Kent
county, have been spending a few days with their
friend, Miss Beatrice Price, Princess street.
A popular young commercial traveller will be
married in the near future to a lady who has been
for several years a very successful teacher in one
of the city schools.

Miss Sadie Gooding has returned home after a
pleasant visit to friends in Amherst and Moncton.
Mr. Dick Edgecombe went to Fredericton on
Thursday.
Rev. W. J. and Mrs. Stewart left this week for
Minneapolis, where Mr. Stewart will engage in
evangelistic work.

Miss Goddard, the efficient pianist of this city, is
in such poor health that she will be unable either to
attend the practices or the concert of the Oratorio
Society, which will take place in June. In conse-
quence of this, Mrs. Babbitt has been invited to
resume her old position as piano accompanist.
The death of Mr. N. S. Bush occurred at the Clif-
ton House last Saturday, after a tedious illness. The
remains were taken to Peterboro, Ont. He leaves
a wife and one child, to whom much sympathy is
extended.

The ladies of Centenary church held a bazaar in
the vestry of the church Tuesday afternoon and
evening, which was very successful. The ladies of
the committee were Mrs. King, Mrs. Tuck, Mrs.
Austin, Mrs. C. H. Peters, Mrs. N. H. Purdy, Mrs.
F. E. Craibe, Mrs. Fred Whitaker, Mrs. F. A.
Godsoe, Miss Pritchard, Misses Nellie Godsoe,
Mamie Bizard and Lillian Sprague.
The marriage of Miss Henrietta Holly, daughter
of Mr. James Holly, and Mr. George Fleming, of
this city, was announced this week, but the cere-
mony was performed Sept. 28, 1892, by the Rev.
W. G. Raymond, in this city.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.,
NEW PREMISES,
65 to 69 King Street,
In their greatly enlarged Cloak Department, on the Second Floor of their New
Building, are now
Exhibiting Their Spring Importation

of Ladies' Jackets, Walking Coats, Cloth Capes, Eton Jackets and Reefers in
exclusive styles and attractive prices.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO., 65 to 69 King Street.
-AMERICAN HAIR STORE,
-87 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.-
J. W. RAMSDELL, Proprietor.

Complex block for American Hair Store listing various hair goods like wigs, brushes, and perfumes.

Complex block for 'A FEW FLOWERS' featuring a floral arrangement and a small illustration.

Complex block for 'THE KITCHEN WITCH' featuring a large illustration of a kitchen range and descriptive text.

Complex block for 'LATEST IN PHOTOGRAPHY' with details about photographic services.

Complex block for 'DANIEL & ROBERTSON' featuring an illustration of a woman and text about clothing and retail services.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRAMME is for so. in Halifax at the following places: KNOWLES BOOK STORE, 24 George street; MURPHY & CO., 111 Hollis street; CLIFFORD SMITH, Morris street; HARRIS & WELLS, George street; CONNELL'S BOOK STORE, Spring Garden road; BUCKLEY'S DRUG STORE, 107 Gostingen street; DUNN'S DRUG STORE, 107 Gostingen street; G. J. KLEIN, 107 Gostingen street; F. J. GRIFFIN, 17 Jacob street; CANADA NEWS CO., Railway depot; SMITH & CO., Granville street; F. J. HOSKINS, Spring Garden road; N. GARDNER & SON, George street; H. SILVER, Dartmouth, N. S.; J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth, N. S.

Hockey has always been played in Halifax in a moderate degree, but never until this winter, has it been what was strictly called fashionable. At the games of the past two or three weeks however, a very smart assemblage of spectators has been present; and so much excitement and interest reigned among it, to judge from the intense faces of individual members of it.

The game on Friday last was a particularly good and exciting one, the opposing sides being the "Bankers" and the "Whites." The latter was captained by Mr. George Kenny, who is really in some measure responsible for the great revival of the game of hockey which has lately had. There are good many very able players in this latter team, which won very prettily a hardly contested match. On Tuesday night the "Whites" played the "66th" and the ladies' hockey match was proposed for Friday last, public opinion—privately expressed—having been instrumental in stopping it. Of course the ladies' hockey, which is played so much at Rideau Hall has formed a precedent in the matter, but it is one thing to play hockey when one knows the game well, is in practice, and properly dressed for such rough work, and quite another when all these things are conspicuous by their absence. To play one's first game of hockey (not to count a little knocking about of a block of wood with a hurley, which every girl has probably done, as playing) before a rinkful of spectators, required an amount of nerve, which I am glad to say Halifax ladies did not seem to possess. The Friday's match was by tacit consent, postponed sine die.

Last Saturday was the most exquisite spring day imaginable, and a large portion of society went up to the dockyard, in the afternoon, to see the last of the outgoing troop. The "Je-Junga" presented a scene more like an art hall than a ship, she was so alive with people going busily, and with all appearance aimlessly, about her decks. There was an air of false hilarity about the crowd of soldiers on the lower deck, which was pathetic in its way, a somewhat light one in many cases, where the sweetheart on the wharf was already thinking about consoling herself; the upper deck was full of ladies in smart bonnets, and spring raincoat, for which the warm day lent an excuse; and men in uniform—some leaving with the ship, and others merely come to bid their departing brothers in arms, farewell. The saloon, during the major part of the afternoon, looked like a club-room, or a masculine tea-party, for the Leicestershire regiment kept up their reputation for hospitality until the very last Halifax friend had left the ship.

What with the bright, warm day, and the constant coming and going of the many colored crowd, the Je-Junga looked very bright and pretty. Some people, however, probably saw no beauty in the scene, which only meant that they were leaving comparatively old friends to see the last of it. It was late in the day before the troops got finally off, and the Leicestershire regiment could really be said to have left Halifax; the great majority of them followed by good wishes of the people left behind.

Mr. White, A. D. C., Major Ferguson, were passengers on the "Je-Junga" as far as Bermuda, whence they will go to Florida.

Major Waldron, R. E., will, I believe, sail on the mail steamer this afternoon for England, on a short holiday.

Mr. G. C. Caswell, of the Bank of Montreal, leaves next week for New York, where he will probably be stationed for some time. Mr. Caswell will be greatly regretted by his Halifax friends, with whom he has been very popular. He was a prominent member of the rink committee this year, and will be missed on it during the next season. Mr. Silkeham, will, I hear, replace Mr. Caswell in the Bank.

Colonel Raymond has returned from England. On the return of Surgeon-Major Lees-Hall, which will take place at the end of April, Surgeon Major Dorman will go to England, where his marriage will take place. He and his bride will come out to Halifax in the early summer.

Among the list of departures for the other side of the water are Mrs. Prier de Saone, Mrs. Arthur Morrow and children, who leave very shortly for Germany, where Mrs. Morrow intends spending a few months. Dr. Morrow, I regret to hear, is leaving Halifax for Montana; but for an excellent and long opening has been offered him there will help to console the large circle of friends and relatives who entertain a sincere regard for the clever young physician.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ida May Mitchell, daughter of Mr. George Mitchell of this city, and Mr. Frank Hope, of Montreal.

There have of course been no entertainments during the current week, excepting the concert given by the Dalhousie Glee Club at the Academy of Music, which can hardly be called a social event, because one pays for admittance. Sir John Ross patronized this performance, of which I heard excellent prophecies which were no doubt fully realized.

There are two concerts announced for next week, and unfortunately for the same evening of it. This seems a pity as many people would gladly give both the Church of England Institute and the Academy Cadets their patronage, if only some other arrangement could be made as regards dates. Both concerts have a very fair programme, that for the benefit of the Academy Cadets perhaps a little more "drawing" than the other.

I hear of a large tea to be given in Easter week, invitations for which are not yet issued. There will be a small luncheon party on Easter Monday, and in all probability a couple of dinners during the week, given to welcome the Liverpool regiment.

On Wednesday evening the officers of the R. A. and R. E. entertained at dinner Colonel Hamilton and the officers of the Liverpool regiment, who are as yet hardly settled in Wellington barracks. It is I think, over fifty years since this regiment was in Halifax, but I believe there are several old inhabitants who remember it as such.

It is a painful thing to be obliged to admit that the purple veil has arrived in Halifax, and that women who ought to know better are wearing it. The very smart contingent have the knowledge and the sense to avoid it, but the average woman has surrounded with it her old winter hat, and goes out rejoicing. It is hard to say whether this fashion is more ugly or more vulgar.

To the ladies interested in the S. P. C., I would like to make a humble suggestion. Why not get up such a League of Pity as has recently been instituted among Scotch children. Lady Clementina Hay, aged fourteen is the president, and the Duchess of Plev's tiny daughter was the first member. It would be quite easy to get information as to this.

Hecknomore Cures Coughs and Colds.

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Write for prices and particulars if you want anything. We can make it to your advantage if you will let us know your requirements.

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Bonnets & Hats

Millinery Novelties,

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, March 23rd, 24th, 25th.

Le Bon Marche, HALIFAX, N. S.

leagues, and form a similar one; as every one knows it is the rising generation who need to be interested in the prevention of cruelty. Mrs. George MacLeod of Charlottetown is making a short visit to Halifax. Mayor Crookenden N. A. has returned from England, where Mrs. Crookenden has remained for some months longer. Mrs. Norman Lee, who has been spending the winter in the south of France, will come out very shortly to join her husband, the Rev. F. Norman Lee. Her health I am glad to say, has greatly improved.

Regarding certain paragraphs which have lately gone the rounds of the papers concerning the dress worn by a certain gallant officer of this regiment while on his travels in Canada, it does not seem to me that I have ever heard that checked tweed was a costume out of place in a hotel smoking room, though it seems that Montreal people think so. Of course it must be admitted that Halifax regulations as to men's dress are very lax, only on Sundays does one ever see a black coat and top and then it is the exception. At all times and afternoons while here, men wear ordinary tweed. In Canada the reverse is usually the case, which explains the stir made over a very little matter.

Mr. Munro, black silk with jet, velvet hat with ostrich tips. The bride, who is a great favorite, was the recipient of a number of very handsome presents.

The travelling costume worn by Mrs. Fergie, was very blue serge, light checked vest, large blue felt hat with wings, and lawn cloak. They left by the afternoon train, for a trip through the interior.

Mr. Campbell, and Mrs. A. Campbell, of Truro, spent Wednesday in town. Miss Carmichael, Mrs. Sinclair, and Mrs. Matheson, of New Glasgow, were in town last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Primrose, returned to Tatamagouche on Friday. Mrs. McKean and little daughter, of Cape Breton, spent a day in town on their way south; they were the guests of Mr. W. Curran.

Mr. W. Gordon, and Miss Davies were "at home," to a number of their married friends on Thursday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. McLeod, of St. John.

Mr. I. Johnston, Mr. Robson, Mr. DeVeber and a number of others from New Glasgow, spent Saturday in town.

Mr. Munro, entertained a few friends quietly, but very pleasantly at cards on Friday evening. Mr. Grant, of New Glasgow, spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. McLeod, returned to their homes, last Friday. On Thursday evening a very nice concert was given in the Masonic hall, by the Pictou band, Orchestra, and Ladies Glee Club, for the benefit of Mr. Henderson, (bandmaster). It is just within the last two months that we have been able to get up an orchestra here, and I am delighted to think that their first appearance before a large audience was such a success. Some of the vocal soloists were very good, Miss Janie McKenzie's song, "Tell me Maiden" was quite the gem of the evening. Miss Millie McDonald is also worthy of mention. The accompanists of the evening were Miss McDonald and Miss Katie Thompson.

The many friends of the Hon. Algonzo Spencer late American Consul, here, regret to hear of his sudden death while on a visit home. Much sympathy is felt for his wife and little son.

Miss Grassie, who has been the guest of Mrs. H. G. Ives for some time, returned to Halifax on Monday.

Monday afternoon the ice being perfect on the harbour, a friendly game was arranged between New Glasgow and Pictou Carriers, to be played at Abercrombie Point. A good game was played, resulting in a victory for the former.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. McDonald are spending a few days with Mrs. John Yorston. Rev. T. D. and Mrs. Stewart of Westville were in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. McDonald are receiving congratulations, on the recent arrival of a little daughter, in their household.

Mr. H. McMillan Jr., is home again after quite a long trip to the States. Rev. W. Atkinson has received a call to Berlin, Ont. It is to be hoped his many friends will be sorry to lose such an eloquent preacher. DAQMAL.

BRIDGETOWN.

March 28th.—Mrs. John Lockett entertained about twenty-five of her friends at tea on Thursday. Among those who were present were Dr. and Mrs. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. W. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Nelly, Mr. and Mrs. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bath, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rumsey, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Healy, Mr. and Mrs. H. McMillan Jr., and Mrs. W. H. Warren of Sackville was in town a few days last week.

Mr. Horace Bailey arrived from England last week. He is soon to be married to one of Bridgetown's young ladies. Mrs. S. Mack was summoned to Digby on Tuesday, by the sudden illness of her sister, Mrs. Munroe. Doctor Leslie went to Boston on Monday accompanied by his little daughter Ethel. Mrs. Nelly and Mr. Alburn Nelly went to Boston on Wednesday. Mrs. Nelly will spend the summer there. Mr. F. Fitz Randolph spent a couple of days in town last week, the guest of Mrs. George Hyatt. Miss Jessie Stewart, Digby, is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. J. McCormick. Miss Ella Chesley returned from a visit to the States, on Saturday. Mr. A. Young, American Consul at Windsor, was the guest of Mr. J. W. Fisher, over Sunday. Miss Edith Quirk went to Wolfville, on Monday. Mr. George Higgins was the guest of Mrs. J. H. Healy, over Sunday. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Whidden on the arrival of a little stranger. Mr. J. W. Fisher has returned from Maine, after a long absence. S. S.

ANNAPOLIS.

[PROGRAMME is for sale in Annapolis by Geo. K. Dinning & Co.] PROGRAMME is for sale in Annapolis by Geo. K. Dinning & Co. March 29.—Mr. Louis Whitman is at home for the Easter holidays. Miss Ritchie returned to Halifax last week. Mrs. Jamieson leaves tomorrow for a few weeks visit to Boston. Miss Dakin returned to Digby last week. Mr. George Ritchie is home from Robesay. Mr. Ned Hall has resigned his situation in the Post Office. His place will be filled by Mr. George Hughes. Mr. F. C. Whitman was in Halifax last week. B.

NORTH SYDNEY.

[PROGRAMME is for sale in North Sydney by Messrs. Copeland & Co.] March 27.—The Savannah Minstrels in the hall Wednesday and Friday nights, were very good indeed, and as they were well received by the audience they deserve. Of course, just now, all the people who keep Lent were conspicuous by their absence. The Rev. H. Pittman of Baddeck preached in St. John's church, Tuesday night. Miss Ella Bonnell returned Monday from Brooklyn, New York. Baby's Croup is cured by Hecknomore.

AMHERST.

[PROGRAMME is for sale at Amherst by George Douglas.] MARCH 29.—The native African singers have been the great sensation of the week. Tickets for their concert being at a premium nearly a week previous to their arrival. A large number who could not be accommodated in Music hall went to Sackville on Tuesday evening.

Sociality is quite properly confined to the churches this week. The members of the Baptist congregation giving a very pleasant affair in that way on Tuesday evening, which was largely attended. This evening an egg social takes place in the Methodist church and bids fair to be an event of great interest. Easter eggs of untold varieties have been prepared and the display will be quite unique. The raffle proceeds will be awarded a prize.

Prof. Sterne left on Thursday last for Chicago, where he will represent a German piano company. Mrs. Sterne will make her home at River Herbert with her mother during his absence, a move which will be much regretted by her friends, particularly the members of the Baptist choir, where she is the leading soprano. Miss Bonnyman will preside in Mr. Sterne's place in St. Stephen church until his return.

Miss Mabel Hillson, of Moncton, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. C. T. Hillson, Havelock street. Mrs. Bonnell is paying a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Courtney Binyon. Miss Myra Black has returned from a short visit to Sackville.

Mr. C. A. Tilden, of St. Catharines, Ont., is spending a few days in town to the pleasure of old acquaintances. Dr. J. C. McDougal, of Parrboro, was in town on Tuesday.

Miss Hattie Black entertained her schoolmates on Wednesday evening at her home on Havelock street. A very pleasant time was spent playing "Lost Hearts." Miss Bostwick was the first player. A reception will be held at Hotel Cottage, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main, on Thursday evening.

Mrs. James Brown and her daughter, Miss May Brown, spent a few days in Springhill visiting friends and attending to business on Wednesday.

A very nice afternoon tea was given at Mrs. Jodrey on Saturday at her pretty home on Laplace street. The merry evening was for Miss Lena, a bright little Miss who helped matters along in a charming way. About forty small guests were present, who enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. Mrs. Jodrey never withholds her hand as far as good things are concerned, and little parties are a special feature in her household, that are always most satisfactorily given and pleasantly hoped for.

Mr. D. F. Quigley gave a pleasant little five o'clock tea for her daughter Nellie on Wednesday evening that afforded great pleasure to the young guests assembled, as it was somewhat lengthened into a party by games and general merry-making. Bishop Courtenay is expected in town next week, to be present at the Easter meeting in Christ church. MARIUS MALLOW.

FOLLY VILLAGE, N. S.

MARCH 29.—The fancy dress ball at Mrs. Reuben Fulton's on Thursday evening last was a very brilliant affair. At about nine o'clock the guests began to arrive, and at ten the spacious rooms were well filled with as varied an assemblage as has ever gathered in our little village. Mrs. Fulton, to say the least, a perfect hostess and looked charming as a Venetian lady. Miss Fulton, in Turkish costume, received her guests in her usual pleasant manner, while Miss Maggie Fulton in Hungarian dress looked simply lovely, and Master Fulton, as page, did his share of the honors in good style.

Among the guests, Miss Fletcher in Grecian costume was very much admired, and Miss Cumming, as Goddess of Liberty, almost caused the Queen's officers to desert their flag and country.

Although dancing had been indulged in for some time before the arrival of the Truro young people, everything seemed to have new life as if to welcome them. Mr. Harry McDonald was perfectly irresistible as a 16th century gentleman. Mr. H. C. Yall acted the courier to perfection, and won all hearts with his gallant bearing. Mr. C. R. Coleman danced his usual number of waltzes and acted the courtier exceedingly well. Mr. A. W. Cumming, as country squire, was true to life, his portly figure, suiting the character well. Mr. Doherty was a perfect juggler, and Mr. W. E. Spencer made a good cavalier.

Among those present were: Capt. Wm. Urquhart, D. M. Doherty, W. E. Spencer, G. Corbett, A. W. Cumming, Herbert Fletcher, H. C. Yall, F. H. Whelan, Capt. McMillan, Henry McDougall, C. R. Coleman, C. C. Yall, Miss McDougall, representing Spanglers. Miss Smith, "Flower Girl." Miss Smith, "Marguerite." Miss Lillian Fletcher, "Grecian Lady." Miss Cumming, "Goddess of Liberty." Mr. E. Fulton, "Spring." Mrs. H. C. Yall, "Italian Lady." Miss McNeil, "Teller." Miss Emma Fleming, "Luna." Miss Jean McDonald, "Gypsy Fortune-teller." Miss Geddes, "Red Riding Hood." Miss Kibel Fulton, "Music Girl." Mrs. G. Yall, "Venice." Mrs. G. W. Blake, "Butterfly."

ANTIGONISH.

[PROGRAMME is for sale at the Antigonish Book Store.] MARCH 29.—About fifty of the Antigonish people went up to New Glasgow last Friday evening to see and hear the African choir. Through the efforts of Mr. Hale a special train was procured for the occasion. The Savannah Minstrels returned last Saturday after a pleasant and profitable trip of about a fortnight in Cape Breton.

Misses Clara and Annie Cunningham returned from Halifax, where they had been spending some days, on Monday.

Mrs. H. Henry is visiting friends in Halifax. Several parties have been down at the harbor goose-shooting lately. They have mostly been very successful, one gentleman shooting seven geese in one day and another party of seven securing in all seventeen geese.

There has been a great deal of sickness in town this last month. Mrs. McEless and little Ethel Cunningham were both very low with pneumonia but are out of danger now.

Miss Besse Foster is spending a few weeks with friends in Halifax and New Glasgow. Mrs. Borden, Pagnash, was in town last week, the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. D. MacMillan. Mr. and Mrs. Harris spent last week in town the guests of their son Mr. C. E. Harris.

Miss Ella Bonnell returned Monday from Brooklyn, New York. Baby's Croup is cured by Hecknomore.

WOLFVILLE.

[PROGRAMME is for sale in Wolfville by Messrs. Pratt & Collins.] MARCH 28.—Mr. George Masters and Mr. Fowler, of Kentville, were in town last Wednesday. Miss Maggie Donell, of Halifax, who has been very ill for the past two weeks at the seminary, is recovering. She is now at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. James Morse.

Miss Besse Elderkin, after making a short visit at her home, has returned to Bridgetown. Mrs. George Wilcox and Miss Marion Wilcox spent Wednesday here returning in the evening to Windsor.

Mrs. Frank Donell is the guest of her mother Mrs. J. S. Morse, Main street. Mrs. Burpee Winter spent a few days of last week in Halifax.

Mr. Robert Starr and Mr. Frank Dixon went to Halifax last Tuesday, returning Friday. Mrs. Nelly who for many years made her home in Wolfville, was married on March 2nd at the home of her sister Mrs. Walton, Toronto, to Mr. Gilbert Fowler of Winnipeg. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Fowler wish them every happiness in their distant home. B.

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All kinds of old SILVERWARE repaired and replated and made to look as good as new.

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MON'S CHOCOLATES

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ST. JOHN HEARD FROM!

A Commercial Traveller receives a new lease of life by the use of M. P. P.

"During last summer from the effects of la grippe, I contracted a severe attack of lumbago, for which I tried several remedies. My constitution was run down—being a constant traveller and finding my weight gradually reducing, I became alarmed. My customers continually asked me what was the matter, and as a rule being lively, they attributed it to other causes. I left Amherst and went to Oxford, and feeling that life was a burden, I was advised to call upon the leading physician there, Dr. J. H. McDonald, who gave me two powders and instructed me to take Mallo Peptonized Food. I followed his instructions and obtained immediate relief, and my brother Kenneth of the grippe can testify to my improved appearance. Thanks to M. P. P.

M. C. McROBBIE, Representing JAMES ROBERTSON & Co., St. John, N. B.



PUTNERS IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER EMULSION

Miss Brittain, who arrived from New York last week, will remain some time with her father and mother.

J. D. Copeland of Antigonish was a passenger by Tuesday's train and returned home Thursday morning.

Mr. Blowers Archibald Jr., is in St. John. To open the rink for skating at the end of March seems indeed a late experiment but there were two band-nights last week with a small attendance of skaters. Then Tuesday night we were treated to a carnival but most of us refused to be entertained that way. We seem to be tired of carnivals and any one who has energy and hopefulness enough to start one finds out in due time that Hope's "universal humbug."

PARROBO. Mrs. T. D. Dickson, of Halifax, is in Parrboro for a short time, staying at Mrs. Fullerton's.

Miss Lodge, A. F. and A. M. was visited officially on Saturday evening by Mr. J. Medley Townsend, D. D. G. M. of Amherst. Mr. Townsend was the guest of Dr. Townsend while here. Dr. Eaton has lately returned from Toronto where he has been for some months, taking a further course dentistry and has now associated with him in business Dr. Wilkinson, of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Holmes left this morning for New York, having received word that their son who is attending a medical college there is ill. Mr. Fred Corbett has returned home from McGill college and will remain here until next autumn.

Mr. Knight of Halifax, has been at the Minas hotel for a day or two. A social is to be held at Mr. O. LeB. Price's this evening. The programme of music, recitations, "The Peake Family," (whoever they may be) refreshments, &c. will all no doubt be found to be very enjoyable.

Dr. Atkinson was in Amherst for a day or two last week. Mrs. N. C. Corbett has lately returned from a visit to Springhill. Mr. A. W. Cumming, Mr. W. Alloway, of Springhill, spent Sunday the 18th here at Mr. Aikman's. Miss Agnes McCabe is visiting friends in Truro. CHOCOLATES.

"BOSTON DRUG"

THE GREAT CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS. A lady writes I have cured my husband of the liquor habit by using Boston Drug. I bought it seven months ago, and he has not drunk a drop since. Boston Drug is sold in boxes, \$1.00, or six boxes for \$5.00. Agent for the Maritime Provinces, J. GORDON SMITH, Dispensing Chemist, Proprietor London Drug Store, 147 Hollis St., Halifax. Agency for E. Lorraine's Axis-Cut, Fettle Spectacles and Eye Glasses.

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VERY SMALL BOTTLES. 4 AND 8 CENTS. Sent on receipt of price, per PRICE 25 CTS. paid, by HATTIE & NYLUS HALIFAX, N. S. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MON'S CHOCOLATES

MON'S CHOCOLATES. MON'S CHOCOLATES. MON'S CHOCOLATES.

HECKNOMORE

Miss Perkins, Mrs. Harry, for the Easter, Miss Kichen, A. V. Wade for Monday, M. Digby and it is repeated.

Miss Allen of Miss Hand's pleasant visit in Mrs. J. R. K. parents Mr. and Mr. Charlton Saturday.

Digby on Monday intends to leave apolls to study been but little many friends with Mrs. Lynch on Wednesday, Mr. J. F. Men, Miss Ruby C. remain for some Miss Goucher Mrs. Lynch on Wednesday, Mr. Chas. Sw few days in Digby. Miss Helen B. the holidays. Mrs. Moore entertained for the Hecknomore

MARCH 29.—A musical recital was given, especially the violin and the piano. Miss Jessie Stron in a pleasing manner always a favorite. Hugenotes, in a Miss Robens H. sion "The dinner Bianca Wotton of their closing net Ladies of Athens Nantippe, wife of ters being splendid Nantippe, wife of Aspasia, wife of Sappho, Ptoetoes, Philia, wife of X. Prithis, wife of A. Cleobula, sister of Damophilus, wife Nicotrate, wife of Dytas," (Attenda Ntwa)

Great credit is of the evening. Mr. McEwen Wednesday. Mrs. J. L. Black tleton. Miss Evans of Mrs. Chas. Moore Mrs. I. W. Winn was in town on Park town.

Hecknomore MARCH 28.—Rev. Mr. Cuthbert spending a month in Bridgetown on Monday. Mrs. Young, who Mrs. Abraham Yoder home in Carleton Rev. H. E. S. M. drove to St. Andrew of Dr. Maloney returned home this week to spend the Easter. Mr. George Hill, town on Monday. Miss Alice Ray of There seems to be our little town. Set it and presbyterially returned and Lente land and R. C. church near.

MARCH 27.—Mrs. of St. Stephen, paid Mr. J. W. Carpen the island a visit. Miss Wealthy Rich Mrs. S. Desbros, has Island. Miss Alberta Pa Taunton, Mass. Miss Blanche Reer in Boston, has re Mr. P. T. McEwen the village. Miss Alice Batson in Boston, has returned Miss Madeline Cal she intends to remain

MARCH 28.—Mr. and Leprave were the week. Mrs. Bedell is able about illness. Mr. H. P. F. is Miss last week. Miss Minnie Parkie The ladies of St. A. "Willows." Mr. Arthur Anden

Hecknomore Cures Coughs and Colds.

Hecknomore Cures Coughs and C

DIGBY, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.] Miss Perkins of Annapolis is visiting the Misses Turnbull. Master Harry Daley and Thomas Ellis are home for the Easter holidays. Miss Kitchen of Pictou who has been visiting Mrs. A. V. Wade for some weeks, returned to her home on Monday. Miss Kitchen made many friends in Digby and it is to be hoped her visit will soon be repeated. Miss Allen of St. John is visiting Miss Annie Short. Miss Maud Mumford has returned from a very pleasant visit in Halifax. Mrs. J. R. Kinney of Yarmouth is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. Dakin. Mr. Charles Burrill of Weymouth was in town Saturday. Digby can ill afford to lose a young gentleman as popular in society circles as Mr. J. D. Pihlado, who intends to leave about the first of May for Minneapolis to study surgery. Thought Mr. Pihlado has been but little over a year with us he has made many friends who will deeply regret his departure. Miss Lowman, of Amherst, was in town Wednesday on her way to Yarmouth. Mr. J. F. Merritt, of St. John, is in town. Miss Ruby Chisholm has returned to Digby, to remain for some time. Miss Goucher of Annapolis is visiting in town. Mrs. Lynch and Mr. T. Lynch went to Annapolis, on Wednesday, to attend the funeral of Miss Walker. Mr. Chas. Sweeney of Yarmouth, is spending a few days in Digby. Miss Helen Browne is home from Windsor, for the holidays. Mrs. Moore is still quite ill though every hope is entertained for her recovery. PAUL.

Backmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

SPRINGHILL.

MARCH 29.—Mr. R. O. Christie has returned from his trip to Boston, having enjoyed his brief sojourn in that city very much. While there Mr. Christie met many former Springhill people all of whom he reports in excellent health. Miss Browne, of Amherst, daughter of Mr. J. Brown, C. E., spent a part of last week with Mrs. and Miss Alloway, but returned to Amherst on Monday when Mrs. Brown came down for a few days and is also staying with Mrs. Alloway. Miss Mitchell, Mrs. Petrie's guest, left this week for Truro to visit friends. Mr. McEwaine, of Montreal, is at the Niagara hotel this week. Miss Le Etta Peppard has gone home to Great Village, N. S., for the Easter holidays. Most of the other teachers will remain in town. Misses Kathleen and Lillie Leahy returned to their home in Halifax last Saturday. Rev. P. Egan went to Halifax on Wednesday to attend the holy week services at the cathedral. The whist club has, I understand, grown beyond its original limit and the fortnightly meetings include numbers of specially invited guests, so that the evenings are looked forward to with a great deal of interest. MANS.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's Bookstore.] MARCH 29.—A highly creditable elocution and musical recital was given in Beethoven hall on Friday evening. The different numbers were well given, especially the piano solo by Miss Caldwell, and the violin solo by Mr. Raymond Archibald. Miss Jessie Strong sang "Flower Song" from Faust in a pleasing manner, and Miss Edith Troy, who is always a favorite, sang "Pages Song" from the Huguenots, in a true artistic way. Miss Robena Hay read with a great deal of expression "The dinner party," Miss Annie Read and Miss Blanche Wotton acquitted themselves admirably in their different selections. The closing number of the program was "The Ladies of Athens." Scene, room in the houses of Xanthippe, wife of Socrates. The different characters being splendidly portrayed as follows: Xanthippe, wife of Socrates..... Miss Wotton Anaxippa, wife of Pericles..... Miss Hay Sappho, Poetess..... Miss Weddall Philenia, wife of Xenophon..... Miss Mellicham Phyllis, wife of Aristippus..... Miss Gibson Cleobula, sister of Demosthenes..... Miss White Damophilis, wife of Demophilus..... Miss Smith Nicotras, wife of Sophocles..... Miss Atkins Dyras. (Attendants)..... Miss Cole N'ras. (Attendants)..... Miss Read Great credit is due Miss Landers for the success of the evening. Mr. McSweeney of Moncton, was in town on Wednesday. Mr. J. L. Black spent part of last week in Fredericton. Miss Evans of Sheldiac, is the guest of her sister Mrs. Chas. Moore. Mrs. I. W. Binney of Moncton, (nee Miss Milner,) was in town on Thursday. Mr. Frank Parlee of Sussex, spent Friday in town. 1893.

Backmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

ST. GEORGE.

MARCH 28.—Rev. Mr. Hawley was in town last week. Mrs. Cuthbert (nee Miss Van) who has been spending a month with her parents left for her home in Bridgetown on Thursday. Mrs. Young, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Young for some time, returned to her home in Carleton on Saturday. Rev. H. E. S. Maider and Mr. George Campbell, drove to St. Andrews on Saturday. Dr. Maloney returned to St. Andrews on Sunday. Miss Winnie Dick and Miss Edith Baldwin are expected home this week from St. Martin's seminary to spend the Easter holidays. Mr. George Hill, Milltown, St. Stephen, was in town on Monday. Miss Alice Ray returned to St. Stephen this week. There seems to be a spiritual wave passing over our little town. Services are being held in the Baptist and Presbyterian houses every evening alternately and Lenten services in the church of England and R. C. church, so there is very little society news. MAX.

CAMPOBELLO.

MARCH 27.—Messrs. J. E. Alger and R. D. Ross, of St. Stephen, paid the island a visit on Monday. Mr. J. W. Carpenter, of St. John, recently paid the island a visit. Miss Wealthy Richardson, who has been visiting Mrs. S. Desha, has returned to her home at Deer Island. Miss Alberta Parker left on Monday last for Taunton, Mass. Miss Blanche Ezer, who has been visiting her sister in Boston, has returned home. Mr. P. T. McReady, of St. John, spent Sunday in the village. Miss Alice Batson, who has been visiting friends in Boston, has returned home. Miss Madeline Calder has gone to Eastport where she intends to remain for some time. GUYSE.

MUSQUABE.

Mar. 28.—Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Thomas of Point Lepreau were the guest of Mrs. J. C. Knight last week. Mrs. Bedell is able to be out again after her recent illness. Mr. H. P. and Miss Carrie Knight were in the city last week. Miss Minnie Parkin visited St. John Monday. The ladies of St. Ann's Guild met this week at the "Willows." Mr. Arthur Anderson went to the city Tuesday. VVSE.

Backmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

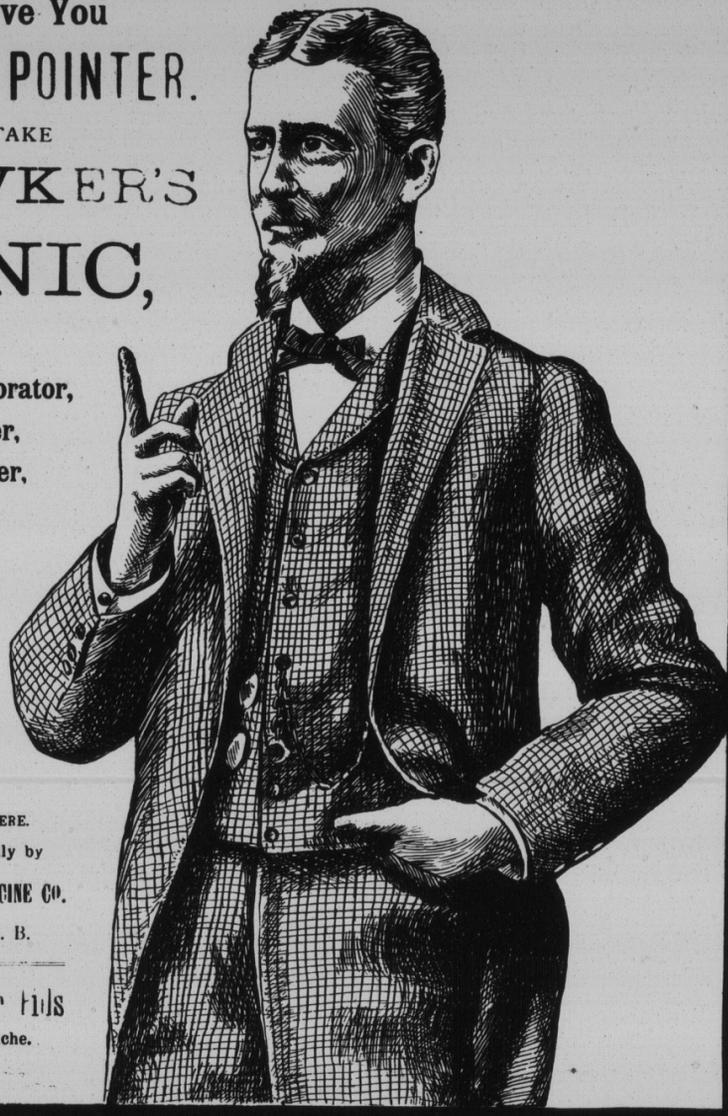
ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trudner and at the book store of G. S. Wall in Calais at G. S. Trudner.] MARCH 29.—Mrs. Henry Graham gave a very dainty five o'clock tea on Thursday afternoon for the entertainment of her daughter Miss Alice Graham and her young lady friends. The guests who were present were: Mrs. Ned Marchie, Miss Lillie Eaton, Miss Nellie Smith, Miss Noe Clarke, Miss Cora Alger, Miss Rose Bradner, Miss Ida McKenzie, Miss Margaret Todd, Miss Kate Washburne, Miss Alice Boardman, Miss Berta Smith, and Mrs. Ralph Wood. Miss Graham was assisted in pouring and serving tea by Miss Berta Smith, who looked very lovely in a gown of green plush with vest of pale pink crepe. Miss Graham wore a very pretty costume of ecru cashmere, profusely trimmed with ribbon which was most becoming and stylish. This tea was much enjoyed by the young ladies, who hope they will become more fashionable and popular here. "The Cedars," the beautiful home of Mrs. Chipman was bright with lights last evening it being the occasion of a tea party given by Mrs. Chipman to a number of friends. "High tea" was served at seven o'clock, afterwards the rest of the evening was spent in conversation. Among those who were invited were: Mr. and Mrs. John Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Graham, Mr. and Mrs. James Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bradner, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Clerke, Dr. and Mrs. R. K. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd, Captain and Mrs. McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Ganong, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill, Mr. and Mrs. John Black, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Vroom, Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Grimmer, Mrs. Jackson, Miss Whitlock, Miss Kate Bradner, Mr. J. T. Whitlock and Mr. J. E. Ganong. Invitations have been given by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dexter, of Milltown, to a Japanese whist party, at their residence on Thursday evening. The invitations were novel and pretty and were written on Japanese paper. The whist favors used are to be Japanese, and every thing about the party will be a Japanese. I hope next week to be able to describe it as it is something new in the way of drive whist parties, and the first of the kind ever given on the St. Croix. The music loving public will have a musical treat in the way of a concert, which will be given in the St. Croix hall on the sixth of April. The best talent has been secured for the occasion and several new singers will appear for the first time. Mr. and Mrs. John B. Robinson on Thursday evening last gave a very delightful whist party at their residence. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd, Dr. and Mrs. Deinstadt, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Vroom, Mr. and Mrs. John Black, Mr. and Mrs. David Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Ganong, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Chipman, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Smith, Miss Bridges, Miss Hattie Grant and Mr. W. H. Edwards. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cole entertained the International whist club last evening. There was a full attendance of those who comprise the club and also a number of ladies and gentlemen invited as guests. It was a very merry meeting, one of the best the club had yet enjoyed. Miss Alice Boardman gave a "commerce" party to her friends last evening. It was a very jolly affair. Mrs. Duncan Myhrall, gave a pleasant card party, at her residence, one evening during this week, for the amusement of her son, Master Frank Myhrall, and his young friends. Miss Stella Hamilton's birthday party on Saturday, the 18th, was greatly enjoyed by the young people who were there. Mrs. Bolton, and Miss Bolton, returned from Boston, on Monday, after a visit of a fortnight in that city. Mrs. Henry Todd, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Margaret Todd, left on Monday for an extended visit in Boston and vicinity. Miss Todd will be greatly missed during her absence. Mrs. Deinstadt went to St. John on Saturday, to visit her mother, Mrs. Graham. Messrs. J. L. Thompson, J., Fred Padelford, Ross Verill, and Frank Padelford, returned to Colby College, Waterville, Maine, on Tuesday. Miss Atherton, of Woodstock, is spending a few days with friends here. Mr. R. W. Grimmer, returned from Boston on Friday, after a visit of a week in that city. Miss Mabel Clerke, who is a pupil at the Allen School, West Newton, Mass., arrived home yesterday, to spend her Easter holidays. Miss Clerk's friends most gladly welcome her among them again. Mr. Charles King, has returned to St. John. Rev. Mr. Goucher is visiting Bangor. He will also spend a week in Boston before he returns. Mr. G. W. Ganong has gone West for a brief visit. Mr. A. L. Black, of St. John, has been visiting Rev. F. S. Todd, in Milltown. Mrs. C. M. Govt, of St. Andrews, has been spending several days here with her daughter, Mrs. Hazen Grimmer. Miss Alice Nichols, who has been visiting in Calais, has returned to her home in St. John. Miss Mary Melick has gone to Montreal to visit her cousin, Mrs. Otto Thorning. Dr. Frank Moore is this week visiting Boston. Mr. Fred Waterson went to Fredericton on Monday, for a brief visit. Mr. John Bryden, of Amherst, New Hampshire, has been in Calais spending a few days with his sister, Mrs. Geo. H. Eaton. Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Woods are now occupying the pretty cottage owned by Mrs. Downes. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Vroom on the birth of a son. Dr. and Mrs. Beth Whitney have gone to Boston to enjoy the pleasures of that city for a few weeks. Miss Louise Hill has gone to New York city to visit relatives. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Kierstead are enjoying a visit in Boston. Miss Annie Boness has returned home, after spending the winter in New York city. Mr. Russell Jack of St. John has been visiting friends here during the past week. Miss Alice Haley, of Forest City is the guest of her friend Miss Mary Yose. Miss Mattie Harris is spending a few days in New York city. Miss Gibson of Woodstock is visiting her friend Miss Ada McWha. Mrs. C. H. Newton has gone for a visit to Boston and vicinity. Miss Lou Adams, who has been visiting friends in Calais has returned to her home in Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. George Curran has arrived home from a visit among friends in Portland and Boston. Mrs. McGregor and Miss Whitney have gone to St. John for a brief visit. Mr. Harold Stickney of St. Andrews was in town on Monday. Rev. Mr. Isley of Bangor, preached in the Baptist church on Sunday. Mr. Louis Reilly has been in town during this week, the guest of his sister Mrs. Goucher. Miss Josephine Moore is visiting friends in Portland, Maine. Miss Alva Moore of Moore's Mills was the guest of Mrs. John K. McKenzie on Monday. Mrs. G. W. Ganong is spending this week during the absence of Mr. Ganong with her mother Mrs. John B. Robinson. Mrs. George J. Clarke is spending a few days in St. Andrews with Mrs. Nelson Clarke. On Sunday afternoon the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Alger, was discovered to be on fire. The fire did not get much headway and with the exception of a large hole burned in the roof, and the ceiling being deluged with water, the building escaped serious damage. Miss Mildred Maxwell gave a very pleasant party at her home on Friday evening last, it being the occasion of her twentieth birthday. The popular game of "Animal" occupied the first part of the evening. Miss May Simpson was the fortunate winner of the first prize, while the "booby" prize fell to the lot of Mr. Haycock. Supper was served

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The Great  
Nerve Invigorator,  
Blood Builder,  
And Appetizer.

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THAT  
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FEELING!

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Manufactured Only by  
THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO.  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
Hawker's Tonic  
Cure Sick Headache.



at twelve o'clock, and afterwards an hour of waltzing ended a most merry happy evening. Miss Gibson, who has been visiting here left for her home in Woodstock, yesterday morning. The young ladies interested in the Y. M. C. A., are preparing an entertainment for the amusement of the young men. Miss Charlotte Young has gone to Waterville, Maine, where she will attend Colby University. Miss Young will be greatly missed in Calais during her absence. Miss Annie Prescott has returned from Eastport, after a pleasant visit in that city.

DORCHESTER.

MARCH 28.—The last fortnight has been more than usually dull, owing partly to the season and partly to the absence of so many out of town. Warden Foster of the penitentiary, is in Florida, attending to his interest in an orange grove which he owns there. Judge Landry and Mrs. Landry returned on Saturday after a week's visit to Fredericton. Miss Edith Hutchinson is home from Boston, visiting her father whose condition is still low. Mrs. H. W. Masters spent last week in St. John. Mr. W. D. Wilbur was confined to the house last week but is now around again. Mr. J. P. McGee went to Woodstock last week. Miss Mary Robinson is visiting her aunt, Mrs. A. E. Oulton. Mr. J. W. Revere, of Sydney, C. B., formerly connected with the Dorchester copper mine, was here last week. Hon. H. R. Emmons was home on Friday on his way to attend the funeral of his grandmother, Mrs. Joseph Read, who died at Amherst on Thursday, the 23rd. Mrs. A. R. Emmons, who attended on her mother in her last illness, returned here on Saturday. Mrs. W. H. Chapman and children were in Amherst last week visiting Mrs. Chapman's sister, Mrs. Bent. Mr. Alpheus Palmer arrived home on Saturday, after spending the winter in Boston. Mr. Wm. Cochrane made a short visit to Fredericton last week. Messrs. W. W. Wells, Moncton, and W. C. Milner, Sackville, were here on Monday. Mr. Geo. Smith, School Inspector, was in Dorchester on Tuesday. Judge Hanington went North, Monday evening to hold the Circuit Court at Dalhousie. Mrs. G. P. Wallace left on Tuesday on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Fred J. King in Boston. Mr. M. G. Teed is convalescent, after the severe attack of illness he experienced. A number of our lovers of good music went to Sackville to hear the African singers on Tuesday evening.

KINGSTON.

MARCH 28.—A most successful farmers' supper was held in the public hall last Friday evening. About two hundred persons partook of the repast prepared by the ladies of the place and after ample justice had been done to baked beans, etc., several speakers occupied the platform and the farmers received some useful hints concerning dairying. Some music excellently rendered was given by the young people and a collection was taken toward repairing the hall. The pleasant evening closed with a small but enjoyable dance. Master Eddie Cosman, who broke his arm some weeks ago, is recovering. Miss M. Lyon, who is visiting friends in Westfield, has not returned home. Mr. Wellley Nutter and Miss Winnie Flewelling, spent last Sunday at Bay View. Mr. Burt Lyon skated to Hatfield's Point on Tuesday and reports the ice very bad in some places. Mr. Flewelling, Bridgeport, who has been visiting his brother, has returned home taking with him two

of the most promising of our youths in this locality, one his nephew Mr. Harrison Flewelling, and the other Mr. George Bruce. Mr. John Hoyt has left on his annual visit to Bridgetown, N. S. The members of the choir are very sorry to part with one of their valuable members, Miss Emma Northrup, who has gone to St. John and intends becoming a trained nurse. Mr. Will Nutter having about finished his studies in Boston, is expected home and report says that he is to bring a "share" of his joys and sorrows. Miss Agnes Urquhart, of Belleisle, has gone to Boston to visit her brothers.



Sunlight Soap has the LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD Because it is THE BEST IN THE WORLD And also because Those who use it Find it will do what no other Soap can do. For Laundry and Household, it is a positive comfort. HARDING & SMITH, St. John, Agents for New Brunswick.

SELECT LOT OF Hair (AND) Clothes Brushes AT THOS. A. CROCKETT'S, 162 Princess St., - - - - - Cor. Sydney.

DR. CRAWFORD, L.R.C.P., LONDON, ENG. Oculist and Aurist To St. John General Public Hospital, may also be consulted in DISEASES OF THROAT AND NOSE. Letters of inquiry from the country promptly responded to. 62 OUBURG STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.



are of the highest quality. A selection is simply a matter of individual taste.

NOW FOR CARRIAGES.



A Serviceable Concord. Strong and Durable. Just the thing for Street Driving and the country roads.

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ENGRAVING. "PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU, ST. JOHN, N. B.

TELEPHONE 788. ERS. COCK. AMERICAN. PHINES. SEWING. to give Large. FAX, N. S. Exhibition. FROM! by the use of M. P. P. re attack of lumbago, for a constant traveler and were constantly asked me. I left Amherst to call upon the leading and instructed me to take immediate relief, and my thanks to M. P. P. M. C. McROBBIE. .OTHER. ion. MINERY, , ETC., S. "Labrador." NOVELTIES IN. QUILLS, BANDEAUX, IDERIES, FLOWERS, IES, VEILINGS, VEILS, and Colored) RIBBONS, NS, TARTAN SUBRAHS, ESS GOODS, DRESS VET BINDINGS. Also. ER UNDERWEAR, HIRTS. k of a Mill at less than. BROTHERS, Goods and Millinery, Streets., Halifax, N. S. ON DRUG," TURE FOR ENNESS. cured my husband of the Boston Drug. I bought it has not drunk a drop since. THE MARITIME PROVINCES, penning Chemist, Proprietor Hollis St., Halifax. e's Axis-Cut, Pebble Spec. CURES PIMPLES BOLLIS, UOLES, ECZEMA, BARBERS' TROUS, STS ON THE EYES, KINGWORMS, SEINGLES, SCROFULA, ERYSIPELAS, and ALL SKIN DISEASES. ARISING FROM IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD. Senton receipt (price, prepaid, by HATTIE & WYLIUS HALIFAX, N. S. ALL DRUGGISTS.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. Frank Hall is home from New York on a short visit.

Dr. McAvaney went to Fredericton this week. The sad intelligence of the death of Mr. Fred C. Olive reached here this week. The deceased was a brother of Messrs. Isaac and Chipman Olive, of this city and went to New York, three years ago, where his death occurred at the age of 37. His remains were brought here for interment. He leaves a wife and family.

Mr. Henry Donville, of Rothesay, lately graduated at the veterinary college in Ontario.

Mr. James Gibbons and family of this city left for Wisconsin Monday evening. His friends presented him with many souvenirs on the eve of his departure, among which was a handsome diamond breast-pin.

The funeral of Rev. J. Spencer took place Monday afternoon from Brussels street baptist church, Rev. G. O. Gates conducting the services. The floral tributes were many from relatives and friends, including a large crescent of cream and white roses from the Ladies' Association of Brussels street baptist church, also a bouquet of pink and white roses from the Ladies' Committee of the Marine hospital. The pall bearers were all clergymen, Rev. Messrs. Baker, Black, Manning, Martell, Hickson, Saunders.

Miss Alice C. Reade is visiting New York.

A very enjoyable evening was spent on Monday at the residence of Mrs. John Bennet, Queen street, when a number of their friends gathered to celebrate the tenth anniversary of their marriage. Parlor games were indulged in the first part of the evening, and later on a musical programme was carried out, the Leinster street church quartette furnishing excellent music. Mr. Bennet warmly thanked his friends for their good wishes, and after singing "Auld Lang Syne" the party broke up.

Miss Bertha Logan, of Paradise row, has returned from the Normal School on her Easter vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser of Halifax were here this week.

The concert and bazaar in aid of some blind men of the city succeeded beyond the hopes of any of the committee who were in charge. Misses Dora Kirkpatrick, Magie Ross, Edna Gilmore, Jenny Graham, Ethel Golding, Bessie Blair, Mabel Robinson, George Foster, Margaret Black, Edith Youngclaus, Pauline Baird and Clara Gerow. Those who took part in the concert were Mrs. R. T. Worden, Mrs. Currie, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Jones, Misses Shepton, Ogden, Alexander, and Messrs. Titus and Diabart.

The ladies of St. Andrew's church held a fancy sale and tea Monday in the lecture room of the church, which was quite successful, the proceeds amounting to over \$100.

Miss K. Melick, of Cambridge, Mass., who has been the guest, the last few months of her aunt, Mrs. C. H. Clerke, of St. Stephen, arrived in the city on Friday last, and is the guest of Mrs. Hatfield, German street. She leaves for home the first of the week.

Miss Belle Hay, Paddock street, has been confined to the house the past week, with an attack of quinsy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Thompson, gave a surprise party, last week, in honor of their niece, Miss Mamie Coleman, of Fredericton, who is visiting her uncle, Mr. A. N. Shaw, North end.

Choice Spruce Gum at Moore's Drug store.

St. John.—North End.

Mr. William Roberts returned last week from Bellevue Medical College, after passing his second year successfully.

Ald. and Mrs. J. Connor, are enjoying a pleasant trip in Ontario.

Dr. William Christie, Jr., is expected home this week. He graduated at the Bellevue Medical College, New York, last week.

Mr. Thomas Hilliard spent a few days in Fredericton, this week.

Mr. James Smith and family of Mount Pleasant, leave on next Thursday for Boston, where they will reside in future.

Mr. M. J. McLaughlin left on Monday evening for Boston, on his way to the West, where he will make his home.

Miss Blanche Wisely returned from Fredericton last week.

Mr. Wm. Brown is confined to the house this week.

The whist party had its final meeting on Monday evening at the residence of Mrs. Pidgeon. Miss Jordan, Mrs. Z. Vanwart, Messrs. W. Myles and Z. Vanwart, were the prize winners for the winter's series.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.]

The afternoon "at home" given by Mrs. T. W. Whitehead, on Thursday last, was a delightful affair. The house had been darkened and was lighted with artificial light. The dining-room where a dainty collation was spread, was presided over by seven young ladies.

Miss Hyde, of Halifax, is visiting Mrs. Robert F. Randolph, at "Frogmore."

Mrs. James Robinson, of Millerton, who has been a guest at the Barker during the session, has returned home.

The "at home" given by Lady Tilley, on Saturday afternoon was a most enjoyable affair. Hanson's orchestra was in attendance, and solos were also sung by several ladies. Mrs. C. F. B. Fisher was charming in her solo "Home Dearie Home," Mrs. Bridges gave an "English Song," Mrs. Black sang "Good bye," and Mrs. Green was as usual almost irresistible. Mrs. McNutt played the accompaniment.

At the reception given at Dr. Coulthard's, on Saturday evening, in honor of Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. Coulthard was assisted by the Misses Logan, the Misses Johnston, Miss Hunter, Miss Lemont and Miss Nellie.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Jennie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brad Winslow to Mr. W. E. Smith for Wednesday, April 5th, at Christ church Cathedral.

Hon. H. B. and Mrs. Emmerson, who were called to Amherst on Friday last, on account of the death of Mrs. Reed, grandmother of Mr. Emmerson, have returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Armstrong, who have been visiting friends in the city, have returned to St. John.

Mrs. J. P. Burchill, wife of the speaker, is at the Queen.

Mr. J. D. Phinney, M. P. P., has gone to Richibucto to attend the funeral of his sister Mrs. Carter.

Miss Farlow of Moncton was the guest of Mrs. T. W. Whitehead.

Mrs. A. J. Gregory is visiting her old home in St. John.

Mrs. Geo. E. Fenety went to St. John yesterday to visit her daughter Mrs. E. S. Carter.

Mr. Fred Emmerson of Pettoicadie was in town this week.

Mrs. John Spurdan has issued invitations for a musical at her residence tomorrow evening.

Miss Moore of St. John is visiting Mrs. Geo. Thompson, Brunswick street.

Messrs. Tilley Tupper and Allen Sterling have returned home from McGill.

Miss Mary Rainsford of Grand Falls, has returned from St. John, and is the guest of Mrs. E. Byron Winslow.

Among the entertainments for Easter Monday evening is the social and fancy sale, of the I. C. L., Mission Band, of the Methodist church, which will be held in the church school-room.

Baby's Croup is Cured by Hacknomore.

NEW WOOL DRESS MATERIALS

In an Elegant Assortment of Plain, Colors and Mixtures, in shades designed for Spring wear.

Samples mailed to any address.

S. C. PORTER,



Our carefully selected stock of COTTON DRESS FABRICS stands unequalled. Customers will find it to their advantage to examine our stock before making their selections.

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EASTER and EATING.

Good BEEF, Choice PORK, Choice TURKEYS, Fresh EGGS, HAMS—Sliced and Whole. Very Choice LETTUCE and RADISHES.

JOHN HOPKINS.

TELEPHONE 133

Mrs. Landry, of St. John, was called to this city, on account of the very serious illness of her brother-in-law, Mr. Thos. Everitt, who is still in a very critical condition.

Miss McNally, gave a large party at her home, on Brunswick street, on Thursday evening.

Miss Bessie Jack, leaves tomorrow for St. Stephen, to visit friends, after which she will return to her home in St. Andrews.

Intelligence has been received here, of the death, in New Zealand, of Captain Spencer, Mansel Medley third son of the late Bishop Medley, Metropolitan of Canada.

Mrs. F. Richards, entertained a number of friends on Monday evening, to a whist party.

A very large number of excursionists are going to the Gilmore Band Concert from this city. The Fredericton arrangements are in the hands of Mr. W. T. H. Fenety, and he has secured two hundred of the best seats in the Opera House for the opening night for Fredericton people. The seats are on sale and I believe are being taken up very quickly. The fare from Fredericton and return, including a dollar seat, has been placed at only \$2.25. The intention is to run a special, leaving the city at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and returning after the concert in the evening, with the option of those who wish to, remaining over until the next day.

Miss Hopper, who has been the guest of Mrs. James McNally for the past month, returns home on Friday.

Miss Eva Yerxa entertained a number of her friends to a delightful party on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Fred Waterson, of St. Stephen, paid a flying visit to the city this week.

Mrs. Arthur Edgecombe, and baby, are here for Easter.

The friends of Mr. Pembroke Nason, formerly of this city, will be sorry to hear of the death of his wife, which occurred on the 13th inst.

CRICKET.

Hacknomore Cures Coughs and Colic.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Book Store, Main street, A. H. Jones, and by J. E. McCoy.]

MARCH 29.—In reading over my society notes from week to week, I cannot help being struck with the sad character of my news, and I am sometimes tempted to wonder if other correspondents have so many sudden deaths, sad occurrences, and regrettable departures, in proportion to the size of their town or village.

This week I have to announce the sudden death of one of Moncton's best known, and most esteemed citizens, Mr. Samuel McKean, Inspector of bridges for the I. C. R., which took place early on Saturday morning from paralysis of the heart. It would be difficult to describe the shock felt by those who had seen Mr. McKean on Thursday moving about, apparently in excellent health and his usual good spirits, when they heard at breakfast time on Saturday, that he was no more. It seemed impossible that his familiar figure and kindly face has passed out of their lives forever, so far as this world was concerned. Mr. McKean was quite well, up to Thursday afternoon, when he came home from the office complaining of a very severe pain in his chest. Dr. Church was sent for, and advised his keeping quiet for a day or two, but he was not considered seriously ill, and was so much better on Friday that he was able to walk about his room. Towards three o'clock on Saturday morning, he felt restless and awoke from his bed, intending to move about a little, but almost instantly fell to the floor in a faint, and expired before anything could be done for him. Mr. McKean was scarcely past the prime of life, being only 58 years of age, and he was a man whose generous nature and genial, kind disposition had made him popular amongst all classes. He had been a resident of Moncton for over seventeen years, and to say that his death will be universally regretted will scarcely express the popular sentiment.

Mr. McKean left a widow, five daughters and one son. Mrs. T. M. Williamson, of New Jersey, Mr. John McKean of Chicago, and Miss Adelaide McKean, who was visiting relatives in St. John, were absent at the time of their father's death. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, the Masons, of which body Mr. McKean was a prominent member, attending in a body. The pallbearers were Messrs. H. A. Whitney, D. Pottinger, F. S. Archibald, J. R. Bruce, C. T. Hillson, and F. W. Sumner. Mr. McKean was a brother of Mr. John McKean, architect, St. John.

Mr. C. W. Spencer, of the I. C. R., received news last week of the sudden death of his father, Rev. Mr. Spencer, of St. John, and left town on Wednesday to attend the funeral.

A short time ago I noted the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Beddome had moved into the residence recently purchased for them by the Bank of Montreal, and now comes the news of their almost immediate removal. Mr. Beddome's place will be filled by Mr. F. J. Hunter, of Montreal, who was stationed at Moncton some years ago as accountant. Mr. Hunter made numerous friends during his residence in this city, who will doubtless be glad to hear of his intended return. The changes take effect on the 15th of April.

Another bank change is the departure of Mr. L. Arnold, accountant of the Moncton branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia, who goes to Oxford, N. S., as manager. Mr. Arnold has been in Moncton for nearly six years and is so universally popular that the

members of the Baptist church on Tuesday evening.

At a meeting held on Monday it was unanimously decided that the Presbyterian Sunday school would hold their annual convention in Campbellton next July.

Miss Mina Farrer is having a short visit with friends in Dorchester and Sackville.

Mrs. Jellet spent several days in Dalhousie last week, the guest of the Misses Stewart, at "the Glen." The many friends, in Campbellton, of Miss Galt, will be pleased to hear of her engagement to a wealthy gentleman of Montreal. It is rumored that the marriage will take place shortly.

Miss Cameron of Springhill, N. S., is staying at Mr. D. O'Keefe's.

The carnival on Thursday evening did not come up to the expectations of those who were looking forward to it, for several reasons which I forbear giving to Fredericton's readers.

The rink however was brilliantly illuminated (why is it not so every other night) and really looked well although there was a scarcity of skaters. It would have been more correctly named had it been called a juvenile carnival.

The most interesting part of the two mile race between local flyers, Master H. Gallan being the victor, was the sally of the contracting parties were present. After the ceremony was performed and congratulations were extended to Mr. and Mrs. Dunfield, all sat down to a sumptuous collation, after which the bridal party left for their future home at Portage.

Messrs. Hort Price and Mont. Trimble of Pettoicadie, spent Friday in town.

Mrs. George Davidson has returned home from Pettoicadie, where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Claude Price.

Messrs. Bertie Davidson and Ellen Stewart, spent Thursday last in Sussex.

Miss Walton of Alma, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Jas. Hyslop.

Rev. W. A. Thompson of Pettoicadie, spent Monday last with Mr. and Mrs. McNaughton at their residence, "The Lilacs," Mosquero.

ANAGANSE.

MARCH 29.—Mr. and Mrs. C. Smith's residence on Pine avenue, was the scene of a very interesting event last Wednesday evening, when their eldest daughter, Hilda, was united in holy wedlock to Willis Dunfield of Portage. Rev. T. J. Delinestadt of Moncton, tied the nuptial knot. Only the immediate relatives and friends of the contracting parties were present. After the ceremony was performed and congratulations were extended to Mr. and Mrs. Dunfield, all sat down to a sumptuous collation, after which the bridal party left for their future home at Portage.

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By Hood's Sarsaparilla—Blood Poisoned by Canker.

Read the following from a grateful mother: "My little boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, and it left him very weak with blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became so inflamed that his sufferings were intense, and for seven weeks he

could not open his eyes. I took him twice during that time to the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Charles street, but their remedies failed to do him the faintest shadow of good. I commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon cured him. I have never doubted that it saved his sight, even if not his very life. You may use this testimonial in any way you choose. I am always ready to sound the praise of

Hood's Sarsaparilla because of the wonderful good it did my son. ABIE F. BLACKMAN, 2885 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Get HOOD'S.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, non-toxic and agreeable.

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SKINNER'S CARPET WAREHOUSES.

Bargains, Bargains! Odd Pairs Lace Curtains at Half Price. WINDOW POLES 35c. each.

A. O. SKINNER.



FOOD FOR FLOWERS.

Everyone who cultivates Flowers and Plants will find FLORAL LIFE of grand value. All plant life thrives on it. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MAUGERVILLE.

MAR. 28.—Miss Magee left last week on a prolonged visit to Moncton.

Mrs. McFaden is visiting her brother at Fredericton.

Mrs. F. W. Miles is visiting in Kingsclear.

Mr. Harvey Perley, who spent the winter away, has returned home.

Mr. A. H. Miles, government scaler, is home.

Miss Helen Ferguson is visiting Miss Belle Miles, Fredericton Division, Sons of Temperance, paid Maugerville Division a fraternal visit on Tuesday evening last. The visitors were well received, and after a lengthy programme was carried out, they enjoyed luncheon, and a very pleasant evening came to a close.

LITTLE LEAF.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS

in connection with the Great Concerts to be given in the Opera House, St. John, on April 20, 21 and 22 by

Gilmore's Famous Band.

FREDERICTON Excursion 20th April.

Train leaves at 4 p. m., returning same night after Concert.

Tickets good to return by regular trains until Saturday night.

Return Tickets, including reserved seat, \$2.25.

Plan of Opera House and Tickets at W. T. H. Fenety's Book Store.

ST. STEPHEN Excursion 21st April.

Train leaves at 1.30 p. m., returning same night after Concert.

Tickets good to return by regular trains Saturday or Monday.

Return Tickets, including reserved seat, \$2.00.

Plan of Opera House and Tickets at J. T. Whitlock's Office, Windsor Hotel.

ST. GEORGE Excursion as above.

Tickets for sale by James Bogue, Jr., Station Master.

MONCTON, HAMPTON, SUSSEX Special Excursion

from all Stations on I. C. R. Particulars may be learned from Station Masters.

SPECIAL RATES by Boat and Rail on all Lines running to St. John.

OUTSIDE TICKETS must be bought by 10th April. Any unsold after that time will be recalled.

St. John Prices \$1.50, \$1.00 and 75 cents. Tickets at Murphy's Shop.

OPERA HOUSE,

THURSDAY and FRIDAY, April 13th and 14th.

ST. JOHN Amateur Minstrel Club.

Third appearance of the above Club in its Elaborate Presentations of REFINED MINSTRELSY.

EVERYTHING NEW; Faces, Songs and Jokes.

All the Features Light and Sparkling.

GRAND MUSICAL OLIO,

To Conclude with the Burlesque, Princess "Tutti-Frutti, the Lily."

MATINEE SATURDAY 15th.

Usual Prices.



Clifford Blackman

A Boston Boy's Eyesight Saved—Perhaps His Life

By Hood's Sarsaparilla—Blood Poisoned by Canker.

Read the following from a grateful mother: "My little boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, and it left him very weak with blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became so inflamed that his sufferings were intense, and for seven weeks he

could not open his eyes. I took him twice during that time to the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Charles street, but their remedies failed to do him the faintest shadow of good. I commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon cured him. I have never doubted that it saved his sight, even if not his very life. You may use this testimonial in any way you choose. I am always ready to sound the praise of

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THE SATURDAY MAIL (Toronto)

will contain two beautiful groups of ST. JOHN GIRLS

as they recently appeared in the opera for the benefit of the Home for Trained Nurses, under the patronage of Lady Tilley. We are taking orders for it now. Price 25 cts.

J. & A. McMillan, Booksellers and Stationers, ST. JOHN, N. B.

BRITISH

MEN AND WOMEN AND PA

Pictures of Engl

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1893.

BRITISH FISHER FOLK.

MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE HARD AND PERILOUS LIVES.

Pictures of English, Scotch and Irish Tollerers of the Sea—The Fisher Women—Strange Superstitions as to What Makes Good or Bad Luck.

LONDON, MARCH 20.—Strange, quiet, God-fearing souls are the fishermen of the Solway shores, whether they live on the Scottish side, where every stream and brack and vale has a reminder of the immortal poet of the lowly who rests within the ægæid of Solway's tide-thunderings, or on the English side, in rock-girt Cumberland in the brave old houses built from Roman walls. Giant frames have these folk, and wondrous height, wide fair brows, great blue or hazel eyes and leonine heads of flaxen hair. I always remember them with their apparent alertness of attention, an unconscious habit and attitude of listening. For it is said these folk can hear the on-coming sweeps of the great tide-bore from the Irish sea—which brings the harvest of fish and often terror and death—for twenty miles away!

Long before this, if you are standing on the cliff-edge above ancient Bowness, you will see the fishers, waist deep in water, hurrying on the tightening of their upright nets, which for ten miles below seem like tiny fences of rush; and away sea-ward with your glass you can see them scurrying up from the ebb-slime and sands towards safety and the shore. Then to your unpracticed ears come the faint reverberations of a hoarse roar; and soon, like a pillar of flame in the play of the sunlight, the great mist-banner of the advancing waters is flung from Scotland to England, almost from Criffell to Silloth, and moves toward you like a lurid cloud above a running battle. In a few moments more the brilliancy of the phenomenon is greatest.

Preceding the advancing cloud along the seething front of a wall of water five miles wide, glitter, foams and hisses a bank of spume and spray, zoned, rimmed and interlaced with tiny rainbows. The roaring of the following water-hosts becomes deafening. For an instant you are enveloped by the cloud. That passed, while you thrill with the mystery and awful grandeur of the spectacle, the great tide-head is abreast of you, a true tide-bore, such as breaks majestically into Minas and other estuaries of the Bay of Fundy, cylindrical and straight as an arrow across the Firth, and from six to eight feet in height, which sweeps past with a bellow and shriek like that of an hundred thousand fog-horns howling in unison; while close in its wake is a billowy, tempestuous mass of waves brilliantly gorgeous in fitfully-swept prismatic colors—and the Solway tide is in.

This is the picture that comes to me from Ireland's craggy North. The eastern shore of wild Lough Swilly is a succession of ruins, dainty villages, like Bunrana and Fahan, and of pilgrim-haunted shrines. Over to the west are wilder shores, huts, round-towers, fishers' cabins; and here and there the patched sails of the herring-fishers' smacks lie white against the background of the headlands and hills. Here the sweetest herring ground to man are taken. The brown herring fishers of the north are here in greatest numbers. They are sullen, hopeless, hard. But they are brave and as strong as iron. They have tremendous frames; are brown as bronze; and form groupings of startling impressiveness. They are simple and peaceable, I am told. But were pirates wanted; were fleets to be fitted out with men for work giving one a shudder to contemplate; these sea-giants would furnish incomparable human, heartless flint. But if they are flint, their wives are steel.

Above six feet in height, broad and strong as their burly mates, with legs corded like a man's, and bare to the knees; with arms long, crooked, and fleecy as wood; with flat, hairy breasts often bare against the neck to the waist, and tanned by salt, sun and wind to the color of the mottled alder bark; with wide jaws, half toothless mouths, sunken cheeks, eyes blue-black and flashing from deep, yellow sockets, and brows bushy and ragged with bristling hairs; with narrow, creased foreheads, and great, wide, saffron-colored ears, set straight out from behind like dirty "wing-and-wing" sails; and their square heads crowned by once black hair, faded into snuff-brown like an ill-kept animal's, which is matted and knotted upon the shoulders, and frequently to the waist;—and you have but the faintest picture of this half-animal who subsists upon kelp, dulse, black out-cake, and half-raw fish that the buyers, who come to the beaches in their carts from Londonderry, refuse as even unworthy of sale to mendicant and crouching man-beast of the town.

And the children of these? They drag out the same horrible lives; help make the British navy; or turn traitor to the brood of half-pirates behind, becoming the most remorseless of coast-guard, or mountain pot-smoking officers. And yet how the old blood occasionally blossoms through this limitless degradation. A daughter of just such an one as I have pictured was the most perfect type of wild and simple human beauty I ever beheld. Bare-legged and bare-breasted as her mother; brown as a hazel nut; ignorantly innocent of fear; for four copper coins she rowed me across Lough Swilly to where her father's work lay mending the seines, like an Amazonian man-of-war's-man; while I sat speechless, contemplating her marvellous beauty and majestic proportions, hating myself because I was not altogether an artist.

Standing upon the huge headland above ancient St. Ives another remarkable picture is yours. It is one of the most interesting fishing ports in Europe. The bay itself faces the north. At your feet are purple heather and waving ferns parted from the crystalline water by glistening sands. To the right and east the green hillocks of the Eastern Shore. Then the broad yellow beach of Porth-cocking, or the Foressand Dominating this is the great headland of Pednolva. Beyond, gleaming like a field of gold, are the magnificent sands of Porthminster; and further still, the highland and rocky islet of Godrevy, with the latter's white lighthouse setting cameo-like between the purple of the sea-walls and the tremulous blue of the ocean.

Aside from these, and half a hundred more picturesque spots that cannot even be named, there are the sleepy hamlets and sand shores of orange from Blackpool to Whitehaven, along the Irish sea; the mites or villages specking the sides of the winsome sea-combs of Somerset and Devon; the quaint scenes among the fleets and homes of the fishermen of Penzance, Falmouth, Plymouth and Torquay; the countless fisher haunts in the seething chimes of the winsome Isle of Wight; the drearier reaches of the English east shore where the battle with the storms and tides are ever fierce and strong; the wild, wailing woe! cry from Yarmouth to Whitby, which has seemed fated to be the scene of the ocean's saddest tragedies; the red roofs, the breezy shores, the gleaming sands and the teasing spray of Goldingham and North Berwick, around to the south of the mouth of the Forth; the snug town and harbor, the quaint old streets, the luscious fish-dinners and the screaming fishwives of Newhaven; the almost somber silence ever brooding above the piers of Buck Haven; the rocky walls, the steely blue of the German Ocean, the awful storms and the great dingy, cheerless fishing-towns of the east coast, from Aberdeen to Thurso; the brown crags, the emerald sloppings and the shadowy, moanful fissures of the Shetland and Orkney shores, with their Dutch and Norse color in faces and ways; and the drear, gray rocks and puffin-haunted crags of the misty Hebrides, where the brave, half-starved crofter-fisher battles all his life for mere existence.

The customs, folk-lore and superstitions which have been the natural outgrowth of their vocation have been practically unchanged for half a thousand years; and their portents and omens are countless. In Skye a woman crosses the water where fishing is in progress, and among the Newhaven men it the name of "Brounger"—that of an old Newhaven reprobate who was the impersonation of bad luck and once lived among them—be mentioned, fishing will be at once discontinued. Skye and Harris fishermen have been known to beat their wives dreadfully, not from any ill feeling but to propitiate and attract the fish.

All British fishermen note carefully the first person upon whom their eyes alight in the morning. Their luck for the day will depend on whether the person is well or ill favored. A clergyman, a pig, or a cat are the most dreaded of all objects as fleets are sailing out of the harbor. The sight of either, or the discovery of the footprint of a flat-footed person in the sand bodes all manner of ill luck; and to utter the name of a clergyman or any four-footed beast on board a fishing-boat would render the offender subject to bodily peril, and at least destroy all hopes of success on that day.

All along the west coast of Cornwall, Scotland and Ireland, they make better use of the dredged cat. They secure favoring winds by burying it alive in the sands of the seashore with its head opposite the desired course of the wind. Up in the Shetlands and Orkneys fishermen wear a lucky belt containing dried offal of three different herrings; and a perfect child's caul, which wards off evil influences and brings good fortune, hanging in the cabin of a fishing boat, is worth from five to eight guineas in any prosperous fishing village.

Among many fanciful superstitions and curious weather omens which I have found to be universal with British fishermen are the following: They never point with the finger to another smack. If the mistake occurs, both hands are instantly upraised and spread in the attitude of blessing. The idle strokes of a stick in the sand, making a figure resembling a coffin, portend death. It is unlucky to meet a barking dog in the morning. If porpoises tumble about in unusual numbers, or if sealsgulls leave the open sea and gather noisily along-shore, storms will surely come. Whistling at sea is the worst of all ill portents; and nothing is so much dreaded as a whistling woman ashore. If a mop or water-bucket is lost overboard from a smack, the unfortunate craft instantly sets sail for port. Dreaming of anchors is a good omen. A broken looking-glass on board will create a veritable panic. To count fishermen as they march to and from the boats puts them in deadly peril. If blood be drawn during a quarrel on the beach, all fish will leave the locality. Nothing is more unpropitious than the presence of women wherever fishing is in progress; and no fishermen will go to sea when the dead body of one of their number, or family, lies unburied.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

ROYALTY AND THE LIKE.

MUSINGS BY MIKE ON PHASES OF HUMAN NATURE.

The Idea of People in Regard to Kings and Queens and Their Appurtenances. An Anecdote Illustrative of the Way Some Folks View Matters.

The fictitious greatness of eminence is kept afloat on the ocean of life, by subtler forces more or less apparent to the ordinary observer, but the student who closely scans the book of human characteristics, finds that few persons play natural parts in the drama of existence; that accident or chance has somewhat to do with fixing the position or shaping the destiny of what is called greatness; and that there are few things more deceptive than men's outward actions, which like the bubbles on the surface of a stream, seldom or never reveal the true nature of the sediment at the bottom.

Crowned heads have for ages past been considered necessities, and are supposed to have monopolies of what are known as "divine rights." This does not prove that monarchs as a rule are overburdened with divine attributes, overwhelmed with sense, or overcharged with intellect, but it demonstrates that greatness is only comparatively so; that heads of one kind or another are requisite for the conduct of affairs of state, or baseball, or gilt lottery enterprises; that any aggregation of humanity must be governed for the general weal; that numerous patriots are willing to be assessed, provided the rest of their fellow subjects are taxed for their personal benefit, and so crowned heads are maintained by general taxation, defended by great armies and navies, and advised by intriguing diplomats, who are supposed to furnish brains for said crowned craniums.

Some very worthy ladies and gentlemen do wear, and have worn crowns, but judging by the historic records at hand, crowns have graced the heads of persons who were no better than they should have been. Some crowned heads were responsible for "baptisms of fire," whatever they mean, and for rivers of human gore shed on that royal shambles, the battle field; their thrones and crowns seemed to have depended on slaughter and unless historical slander is rampant, some of them were eminently fitted to preside over realms of masochism, republics of robbery, or colonies of jobbery. To be sure this was in the unenlightened past, in the dim "lang syne." No such conditions could obtain, or would be tolerated for a single day in this era of advancement, culture, and political probity. Monarchs generally now let their cabinet ministers do the dirty work of the state, and well some of them do it.

We of this great Dominion while having little or no direct communication with royalty, are notwithstanding a people intensely loyal, and we meekly submit to the sway of a monarch in proxy, who to the carpenter that still remain in the country, seems to be as useful for the guidance of public affairs, as a second tail would be to a cat. Our little king, against whom nothing unusually derogatory can be said, has a costly little court where the fashions, the frivolities, and the follies of the real article are followed as closely as the circumscribed limits of the colonial exchequer admit of. Strange to say, no native of this expansive territory can hope to reach the dignity of grasping our sceptre, the principal qualification demanding, that a potentate of foreign birth only is eligible to fill the position, which is used as a peg on which the secretary for the colonies at Downing street, can, so to say, hang a deserving follower, as the legend on notes of hand mentions, "for value received."

We are however permitted to furnish the salary, for which the carpenter already alluded to are not truly grateful, because they know that there is an unlimited supply of domestic royalty in the raw available, having the requisite nerve, and the native ability to grapple with, and to perform the arduous duties incident to the office; because it is thought that the scope of our peerage is not broad enough to satisfy our reasonable aspirations for rank and titles, and that a scattering knightship, off and on, is not compensation sufficient for the excessive loyalty shown on divers occasions by Canada's gifted and ambitious sons; and because if a native occupied our throne, he would best know whom to recommend for honors, and we might fairly expect in a short time, that knights would be as useful, and as plentiful, as patriots who wave the "old flag" at election times, and in these diggings.

Why the air of the American continent has not thus far in its history proved wholesome to resident royalty, is not a question that can be answered off hand; but perhaps it is, that many of the inhabitants are imbued with the idea that they are fully qualified to rule; that some of them are "krankey" on the subject of equality, and the dignity of manhood; that more are tarried with contempt for divine rights, or tainted with the philosophy of the Milesian simpleton whose portrait is feebly portrayed in the following sketch:

The Record Beaten!

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON'S Immense Spring Stock, 5,052 Packages, Being an increase of nearly One Thousand Packages on any previous season.

Table with columns: CANADIAN MANUFACTURES, FROM UNITED STATES, and GRAND TOTAL. Lists various goods like Bales Gray Cottons, Cases Bleached Cottons, etc., with quantities and values.

WHOLESALE BUYERS Will find the above one of the Largest and Best Assorted Stocks of Dry Goods in the Dominion of Canada. New Goods constantly coming forward. OUR MOTTO: Small Profits and Small Losses.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

The first store clothes; he wears—Kilt suits. One button, loose, sack jacket, vest front, plaited skirt,—in fancy tweeds. Just like New York—buying Ties of us. Our New York Ties now in—finest we can find; wide bows for turndown Collars—the latest. And bear in mind we have everything you want and of the right sort too.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., Cor. King and Germain Streets.

ONE BIG STORE, OAK HALL.

Among the residents of the beautiful city of Cork, who did not contribute large sums to the civic exchequer, was a "natural" who answered to the expressive title, "Paudeen Gow." His wardrobe was not so extensive as that of some of our local dukes, nor was his name as important a factor among the book debts of any merchant tailor, as some of theirs are said to be. His costume usually consisted of an apology for a "caubeen;" a checked shirt; an undefinable waistcoat; stockings made of the same material as the shanks of the full dressed Highlander; and nature supplied his sole leather.

He wore besides what once might have been a pair of courdery trousers, having a slit in each side, where, in the full freshness of the garment's youth, pockets probably held tenure. Said courderys, as seen by the naked eye, seemed to be a lot of holes stitched together, and were, like the pockets, finish, and gloss of the cloth, memorials of departed usefulness, beauty and style.

On that important occasion when His Majesty George IV visited Ireland, the loyal people of rebel Cork were preparing to dress their city in holiday attire, and a number of merchants who did business on "Patrick's street" joined in the erection of a grand triumphal arch as their contribution toward the general decorations.

Two gentlemen, who had charge of the work, were making a final examination early on the morning of the celebration, and they found "Mr. Gow" with his hands in the slits of his unmentionables where the pockets once did duty, and his head thrown back critically surveying the imposing structure.

THE INTELLECTUAL FLIRT. She is the Least Common but One of the Worst of All. In one of "Bab's" letters to the N. Y. Press, after disposing of the common, everyday flirt, the writer proceeds to deal with another type. She says: One morning you wake and you realize the only side of you that this woman has pleased is the physical one; that she is as greedy as a parrot and about as senseless; that she knows how charming are the curves of her figure, and she knows perfectly well how to display them to you. You swear a little bit at yourself and then you say "goodby." But you are not much hurt. That sort of a woman has made scratches, not heart wounds, and for that reason one ought to be thankful that her number is many.

Then you meet the other woman—the intellectual flirt. You lunch one day with an awfully pretty woman, and she has with her a pleasant faced girl who is her dearest friend. You enjoy eating the luncheon and looking at the pretty woman. In a vague way you remember the other girl as a pleasant one; but, of course, you know such a lot of pleasant women. The next day the pretty woman tells you that after you went away her friend said: "I can't tell why that man attracts me, but I am sure he is a man who thinks." And you think you do. Poor moth! You make up your mind that's a sensible girl and you want to meet her again. You do, and you find, curiously enough, that she thoroughly understands you; that she appreciates your great cleverness; understands your ambitions and comprehends just what you ought to be. In a word she is absolutely sympathetic. She has your history at the tips of her fingers, and she understands you weak- nesses as a doctor does the diseases of his patients, and she caters to each one of them.

Both Operative and Speculative. The Masonic home in Utica, N. Y., which was dedicated last fall and is now ready for occupancy, in addition to being an asylum for decrepit Masons and widows, is also to be a school for the orphan children of Masons, where they may be taught to earn their living. This feature is not a new one among the Masonic fraternity, for in England the masons have had two such schools for half a century, one for boys and the other for girls. In this country Kentucky Masons have had a home and school in Louisville for many years and the brethren take great delight in visiting it annually. It is largely supported by voluntary contribution. Several similar establishments are springing up in the various States of the Union, and Masonic schools will soon be among the recognized institutions of the Western world.

The Emperor of Russia possesses forty-four uniforms, one of which he has never worn, viz., that of a Russian Field-Marshal. Although he is Commander-in-Chief of the Army, His Majesty has vowed never to wear the insignia of a Field-Marshal until his grade shall have been conferred upon him by his brother Field-Marshal after a victorious war.

IN VERY HOT QUARTERS.

THE EXPERIENCE OF STOKERS ON THE AILANIC LINERS.

Hard Work Which Sometimes Kills the Men—Not Stokers Are Always the Heat-Tracks by Which the Tollers Are Stimulated to Great Exertions.

No man, I think, works harder than a firer on one of the crack Atlantic liners, is the statement of "one who has tried it," and who tells his experience in an English paper. He has under his charge three fires, one of which is cleared out every watch. On these he throws coal—Welsh on the outward journey and "Yankee slack" on the homeward. As soon as he has filled the third furnace he has to begin "slicing" or breaking up the fire, so that it will burn freely, at the first furnace; and as soon as he has done slicing he has to rake the fires. After which he throws on coal as before. Thus he is kept continually going for four hours, when he is relieved and rests eight.

On paper it does not seem a difficult job, but in reality it is. I have seen dozens of men come down to work, and go back again in less than ten minutes. I have seen thirty-six men at the doctor's door a morning, waiting to get a certificate. Some of these were skulkers—fellows who signed on, not to work but to get a good feed. But no man with any respect for himself is likely to sham illness. If a stoker is off from one watch, and the surgeon does not certify that he is ill, he is "logged," which means that he loses two days' pay for that four hours' idleness.

Many men leave their ship at New York, these being mostly those who have taken a "pier-head jump" at Liverpool. When a boat gets into the Mersey she may be short of stokers; sometimes thirty or forty of those who have signed on do not turn up. Then men are taken on as they stand at the Landing-stage, and it is customary for the ship to allow these soup and to lend them a bed and two blankets.

They can also, like the more regular stokers, buy a jacket, a pair of pants, a pair of boots, and 1lb. of tobacco, for which 11s. is debited against them. If they walk off at New York they of course take with them the clothes and whatever tobacco they may not have used, and that is all they get for their work. When a coal trimmer is promoted to a position thus vacated he gets the aboardee's wages, less the amount advanced in kind.

But there are, unfortunately, yet sadder facts which illustrate the history of life in a stoke-hole. The heat is so intense, the air so impure, that men sometimes become ill, and not infrequently "go clean off it," as the saying goes.

One man that I worked with got overheated, and in his madness tried to put himself in one of the roaring furnaces. He did burn his back, and was then knocked down by one of his mates, and afterwards taken to the hospital. Then I have known many men, unused to the work, attempt to jump overboard. I have even stopped some myself. I caught hold of one man just as he was about to plunge into the sea.

That firemen and stokers are in taking their lives is well known; and it is said—but for this I do not vouch—that some reported as having left ships at New York really made a grave for themselves in the Atlantic when they were returning home. I remember, too, that a coal trimmer died through being overheated, and a short time back a stoker came to a similar end. He was going to the boat when the second engineer stopped him and said—"No skulking here!"

"I am overheated," the man replied, "and I can't work."

"Well, you shan't go up," said the second chief.

I don't know whether he honestly thought the stoker was shamming; but the poor fellow died in the stoke-hole.

Bad as our work is as a general thing, it is much worse when the captain of the ship is making a dash for the record. I was on board one crack boat the first good trip she made. At one stage of the voyage every man in the vessel that could be spared was crammed in the stoke-hole to help us make steam.

On another occasion this same ship took on what they called "fire bobbies"—men who did nothing but clear fires. Three of them were allotted to each watch, and all that we did was to throw on coal and treat it as I have described. All this trip it was nothing but, "Now then, my lads, shake her up!" and we went at it like demons. I was more pleased than I usually am when that voyage came to an end.

I think no landsman can form an idea—and I am sure I cannot convey one—of the great strain put upon everybody in the engine-room and stoke-hole when an attempt is being made to lower the record, to beat the best time hitherto made in a journey across the Atlantic.

Keeping to my own work, I know that everything possible is done to urge us on. The usual pay is £5 a month, and you get that in any case. If a fast passage is made you get a bonus and grog in addition. The extras depend on whether your watch can get above a certain number of revolutions per minute out of the engine. When you are working about as hard as men ever did work, one of the engineers comes round.

"Now then, lads, shake her up!" Grog and a bonus!" is his cry, and it stimulates the stokers to superhuman exertion. They throw coal on and slice and rake until the ship shakes beneath them; and when their time is up the whole thirty-six of the watch crowd round the engine-room door to have a peep at the indicator, feeling sure that they have gained the prize. To imagine the chagrin of the men when they find they have just failed—failed, perhaps, by only three points of a single revolution! Then there is no grog.

When you go on again you are naturally a little sulky and will not work, and as any slackening of effort is soon seen in the engine-room, the second junior comes round and encourages you with: "Now, boys, you are three points ahead over the last watch!"

This is often only a trick; but the cry urges you on once more, and when you stagger away you feel a certain amount of success that you take your case with you. A glance at the indicator is enough. Bold again!

Fog brings no respite to the stokers when an attempt is being made to break the record. It is true that, as soon as the ship is enveloped, the order goes down to the engine-room: "Half speed!" But that is

done only to allay the fear of passengers. Many times the engines do not make three revolutions less a minute at "half speed" in clear weather.

I was on one boat when an emigrant was buried at sea. Time was so precious that the captain would not stop the ship while the young woman was cast beneath the waters; all that he did was to slow her. Such being the case, it is obvious that only something very serious is allowed to justify the taking of speed off an Atlantic greyhound.

I remember that I was once leaning over the side smoking my pipe, when we were tearing through the fog, and it sent a shiver through me to see us rush within three yards of a barque, while the crew looked up at us in horror.

The life of a stoker is, however, worst of all in bad weather. Shovels, rakes, axes, and coal are thrown about and tossed from side to side, until one sometimes feels that a spell at the galleys would be an agreeable change.

Apart from the work, a stoker on one of the liners has nothing to complain of. He gets plenty of good food—as much, in fact, as he cares to eat. The only thing which is really scarce, according to my experience, is water. When I have come out of the stoke-hole covered with coal dust, I have sometimes had to wait a couple of hours before I could get enough to wash myself.

The companies, too, do all they can to encourage strong, steady men to remain with them. On the Inman and the White Star lines if a stoker makes ten trips in a year, he is given a present of £5, on production of his discharge notes. This seems a liberal arrangement; but not many men can avail themselves of it, though I know some who have done nothing but stoke ships for over twenty years.

HINTS ABOUT EATING.

The Stomach is an Organ That Must be Treated Extensively.

The time at which the principal meal is taken is not, within limits of such great importance, if certain essential conditions are complied with. The selected hour should be adhered to; for the stomach acquires the habit of getting ready at the usual time—if it is disappointed, either the appetite fails or indigestion follows, says the Commercial Advertiser.

The food last taken should not have been too recent, nor should there have been too long a fast. The diner should not be overtired otherwise the stomach will share in the general exhaustion. If the stomach has been fatigued by efforts to digest too recent a meal, or by too long abstinence, or partake of the general exhaustion of its proprietor, it will be unable to form the juices necessary for digestion.

To his principal meal a man should bring his body fresh and vigorous and a stomach refreshed by rest after having done work within a reasonably short period. Dinner should never be bolted and hurried over. The food should be well masticated. The material should be the best obtainable, the meat good and the vegetables fresh. The cooking should be carefully and properly done. Indigestible things, or those which disagree with the individual, should be eschewed.

After the meal the diner should rest or have some light occupation for an hour, or still better, two. He should neither undertake active physical exercise—not even moderately rapid walking—nor should he study, think over business, or occupy his mind seriously in any way. It is well to remember that a piece of beef remains in and engages the stomach for about three hours, a piece of salt beef or pork four and three-quarters hours. Nor is it right to sleep for some time after a meal. During sleep digestion is suspended, and the food remains in the stomach and undergoes no proper changes; digestion is deferred till the sleeper awakens, and then takes place imperfectly. Indigestion and nightmare are the consequences.

Finally, do not eat too much. It is better to eat too little. The rule to get up with an appetite, though hardly an exact one, is not without reason. Habitual repulsion is much to be deprecated. If people would or could always attend to these simple directions the benefit to health would be enormous. The gain in economy, too, would be greater than many of us think. It is astonishing how little food a man requires to do hard work and remain in health, if that food is proper in quality and properly taken. Improper food ingested properly taken is not only a great extent wasted, but will, in the end, lead to serious disaster.

The Lemon in History.

Who ever thought of connecting such a commonplace article of diet as the lemon with the romantic history of ill-fated Anne Bolyn? Yes, indirectly she was the cause of its first introduction into England, and so into popular notice. Henry the Eighth—who, if he rid himself of his wives like a brute, certainly won them like a prince, says "Kate Field's Washington" gave such splendid feasts and pageants in honour of the coronation of Anne and of their previous nuptials as had seldom been accorded to queens of the blood royal. These kingly entertainments were in turn followed by the great civic feasts of London, for which the whole world was searched for delicacies to add to the splendor. At one such banquet, graced by the presence of the royal pair, a lemon was introduced as an elegant novelty. To an epicure such as Henry the acquisition of a castle in France would have proved less acceptable, and such was the importance attached to the discovery—so says an old biographer—that a special record was made of the fact that the cost of this precious lemon was six silver pennies!

A British Soldier's Outfit.

Besides rifle, knapsack, waistbelt, gaiters, great-coat, and shako, the British soldier receives a serge tunic (renewed every year), a cloth tunic (every two years), one pair of cloth trousers (with an extra pair alternate years), two pairs of boots, a pair of worsted gloves, Glengarry cap, comb, razor and shaving brush, knife, fork, spoon, brass button-stick, polishing brush for badges, box of blacking, two boot brushes, clothes brush, sponge, tin canteen, rough canvas bag, Bible and Prayer-book, bound up with Hymns Ancient and Modern.

A Healthy and Delicious Beverage.

Menier Chocolate. Learn to make a real cup of Chocolate by addressing C. Alfred Chouillou, Montreal, and get free samples with directions.

NEW YORK STATE MIRACLE.

A YOUNG LADY'S GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF A TIMELY RESCUE.

Miss Lillian Sparks Restored to Health and Strength after Medical Aid had Failed—Her Condition that of Thousands of Other Ladies who may take Hope from Her Story.

From the Hornellville, N. Y. Times.

Painted Post is the name of a pretty little village of one thousand inhabitants, situated on one line of the Erie Railroad, in Steuben County, two miles from Corning, N. Y. The name seems an odd one until one learns the circumstances from which it was derived. When the first settlers came here from Pennsylvania, all this beautiful valley was heavily wooded, and abounded in many kinds of game, and was a favorite hunting ground for the Indians, who then claimed exclusive right to the territory. An object which attracted the attention of the first settlers and excited their curiosity, was a painted post which stood prominently in a small clearing skirted by great spreading trees. It was stained red, and some supposed with blood, and evidently commemorated some notable event in Indian life. And so from this incident the place naturally took its name. The city of Baton Rouge (which means "painted post"), La., also took its name from a similar circumstance.

But the main purpose for which your correspondent came here, was to learn particulars of a notable, indeed miraculous, cure of a young lady, and her rescue from death by the efficacious use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Your correspondent only knew that the name of the young lady was Lillian Sparks, daughter of Mr. James W. Sparks. On enquiring at the post-office for her father's residence, we learned that he lived on the road to Hornby, five miles from Painted Post village.

"And," said a young man who overheard the conversation with the postmaster, "it is his daughter who was so sick that the doctor gave her up, and she was cured by Pink Pills." And the young man volunteered to guide me to Mr. Sparks' home. The courteous young man was Mr. Willie Covert, a resident of the place, organist in the Methodist church, and formerly organist for the Young Men's Christian association of Rochester. So, getting a horse we started in the storm, with the mercury ranging at zero, for a five-mile drive over the snow-dusted roads of Hornby Hills.

When we reached our destination we found a very comfortably housed family consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Sparks, one son and five daughters. The oldest of the daughters, Miss Lillian, twenty-two years old, is the one whose reported wonderful cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, your correspondent had gone out there expressly to verify by actual knowledge. This is the story told by Miss Sparks to your correspondent in presence of her grateful and approving father and mother, and is given in her own language.

"Yes, sir, it is with pleasure that I give my testimony to the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was ill for four years, doctoring nearly all the time, but without any benefit. I had six different doctors: Dr. Heddon, Dr. Purdy and Dr. Hoar, of Corning; Dr. Butler, of Hornby; Dr. Remington, of Painted Post, and Dr. Bell, of Monterey. They said my blood had all turned to water.

I was as pale as a corpse, weak and short of breath. I could hardly walk. I was so dizzy, and there was a ringing noise in my head. My hands and feet were cold all the time. My limbs were swollen, my feet so much so that I could not wear my shoes. My appetite was very poor. I had lost all hope of ever getting well, but still I kept doctoring or taking patent medicines, but grew worse all the time. Last September I read in the Elmira Gazette of a wonderful cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I thought I would try them. I did so, giving up all other medicines and following the directions closely. By the time I had taken the first box I was feeling better than I had been in a long time and I continued their use until now, as you can see, and as my father and mother know, and as I know, I am perfectly well. I don't look the same person, and I now can enjoy myself with other young people. Indeed I can't say too much for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I am sure they saved my life. I have recommended them to others who are using them with much benefit, and I earnestly recommend them to any one who may be sick, for I am sure there is no medicine like them. I am perfectly willing you should make any proper use of this statement of my sickness and cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In further conversation Miss Sparks said she felt away during her sickness so much that she only weighed 80 pounds, while now she weighs 107.

"I suppose," said her father, "that it was overwork that made her sick. You see we have 400 acres of land, keep 35 cows, and there is a great deal to be done, and very ambitious, until she overdid it and was taken down."

The facts narrated in the above statement were corroborated by a number of neighbors, who all express their astonishment at the great improvement Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have worked in Miss Sparks. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' Dance, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale sallow complexion and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system and in the case of men they effect a radical cure, in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville, Ont. and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealers for Dr. Williams'

Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

THINGS OF VALUE.

The 300th anniversary of Isaac Walton's birth occurs on August 9 this year, and Dr. A. Henschell, in charge of the United States Fishery Commission's exhibit at the World's Fair, proposes that the day be especially commemorated with a fly-casting tournament, for the winners in which gold and silver medals shall be provided.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria. Riverdale. Mrs. RICHMOND BAKER.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will promote growth of hair. Mrs. CHAS. ANDERSON. Stanley, P. E. I.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth. Oil City, Ont. MATTHIAS FOLEY.

Assimilable Phosphorus is the brain and nerve food, par excellence. One bottle of Putnam's Emulsion contains more of this invaluable element than a gallon of the most vaunted stimulants, Liquid Beets, etc., of the day.

Good Queen Bertha.

The picturesque little village of Payerne, in Switzerland, not far from Lake Neuchâtel, possesses a unique curiosity in the shape of a saddle which belonged to Queen Bertha, the founder of the Benedictine abbey, which has since been transformed into one of the best educational institutes of Europe. This saddle, which is more than 900 years old is of peculiar antique shape, having an aperture for the knee in the pommel. Queen Bertha was noted for her zeal and industry, and in order to set a good example to her subjects she always rode from one place to another to gain time.

Dun, Wiman & Co.

NOTICE is hereby given that by mutual consent, the connection of Mr. Erastus Wiman with the business of Dun, Wiman & Co., has been terminated. The style hereafter will be

R. G. DUN & CO.

New York, February 20th, 1893. R. G. DUN & CO.

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over thirty years. It soothes the inflamed gums, relieves all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. PREPARED BY DR. WINSLOW & CO., BOSTON.

SEGEE'S OINTMENT IS A CERTAIN CURE FOR—Piles, Fever Sores, Sores of any kind, Ringworms, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Scalds and Burns, Frost Bites, Warts, Corns, etc. For sale at Drug Stores, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50 cts. per Pot), by addressing JOHN A. SEGEE, Manuf., DURHAM STREET—North St. John, N. B. Wholesale by T. B. Barker & Sons, and S. McDiarmid, KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

SEGEE'S OINTMENT

The following have been selected from the vast number of persons who have been cured by the use of SEGEE'S OINTMENT:

- FROM ST. JOHN, N. B. MESSRS. I. DAY, Surveyor; JAS. WOOD, Shoe Maker; Mrs. S. STORMS, J. GILLIS, WILLIAM PETERS, Tanner; Capt. D. JOHNSON, WM. ALLINGHAM, P. THOMPSON, G. A. HARTLEY, F. C. BAPTIST Minister, Carleton, N. B. JOHN; JABOB GUNTER, F. C. Baptist Minister, Fredericton, N. B. ROBERT MCGUEN, St. John, N. B., writes:

This will certify that for two years and four months I was afflicted with Fever Sores. Had seven holes in my leg, running sore in my breast, back, shoulder and under my arm. I tried several physicians but got no relief. After being several months in the Hospital, I returned home and heard of SEGEE'S OINTMENT. I immediately procured a pot. After using it a short time I began to get better; and in a few weeks was completely cured. I can highly recommend it to all persons who may be suffering with sores.

Full of Steam.



It's the usual way on wash day—a big fire—a house full of steam—the heavy lifting—the hard work.



A TEAKETTLE of HOT WATER and

SURPRISE SOAP

used according to the directions on the wrapper does away with all this muss and confusion. The clothes are sweeter, whiter and cleaner than when washed the ordinary way.

Thousands use Surprise Soap this way, with perfect satisfaction. Why don't you?

**SURPRISE** is good for all uses. Every cake is stamped **Surprise**.

A LINE TO YOU!!



Have you started house cleaning? Spring is coming, and coming fast. Those curtains, though new last year, look faded and grimy. Now is the time, before the rush comes, to send them to UNGAR. He does them up as good as new.

Same with clothing. Everybody wants their clothes cleaned or dyed in the Spring. So do you. Look over your wardrobe now. No sensible man or woman leaves a thing to be done at the last moment.

ARE YOU SENSIBLE?

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 51. Or Halifax: 60 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at UNGAR'S.

Bisquit Dubouché & Co. COGNAC. THE SECOND LARGEST SHIPPERS OF BRANDY FROM FRANCE. THEIR BRANDIES ARE UNSURPASSED IN AGE AND QUALITY. Ask your Wine Merchant for them.

Thackeray's Complete Works—10 vols. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.

Thackeray's works, 10 volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, Library edition, with 177 illustrations for \$2.90 is an unequalled offer. We do not think it will last long because our supply is limited, and we may not be able to duplicate our orders at the same figure. The retail bargain price is usually \$6.00. The set is listed at \$10.00. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.

AN EA In Wente there is a long... A brackish... the road. So... over it. This... became the... now, and in... shrubs grow... wandering... praising God... to repent. D... shall see God... Under this... they struggle... Then she came... It was late... she went down... stone bridge... never been in... been in Cent... when she was... had almost for... the shade of... children and... stopped for h... their shoes an... After seeing... violets and d... before seen a... were prettier... the Grand str... smelled so sw... here, and th... It is not far... bridge to dow... that's all if y... will live a l... buried in a c... fore when she... Court the flo... as they were... A cracked... place and on... side of the... when they co... yard and see... they could see... ten years. In stormy... and on cold... room, where... But they we... lots of thing... try-bred flow... the drunken... court yard un... urate went to... the wife of M... er, jump out... room and fall... black heap th... was picked up... They saw th... that he had S... get mated to... had seen such... and they knew... That is the... late in May o... ter had gone a... Up town the... rich and beau... upon the mar... gold, and som... the figure of... stained window... to go to the... welcomed the... church. Good Friday... passed, and th... were being tal... Easter flowers... hyacinths, violet... were wreathes... mon flowers, ... massed togeth... and that in t... found a place... rose from the... and it was sim... of roses. Only one pe... women who se... labor for love... Easter and for... son who saw i... mon black such... when their chi... her one who... had brought it... bridge and ha... Easter altar w... It was a gr... great church a... From the oute... every seat was... in the aisles... Back of them... The chimes t... their song and... last of its thr... in the choir r... Onward, t... air, and the... heard it sung... Then came the... air, richer and... The choir r... ters; robed in... The great org... the air and th... black saw the... and this is wh... First the tro... seat in the fr... and high. Th... and made a se... them came the... marched the... men in long w... to lift with the...

# SUNDAY READING



## AN EASTER FLOWER.

In Westchester County, down Rye way, there is a long, winding road which takes you over the low hills to the sandy beach of the Sound.

A brackish creek of tide-water crosses the road. Some one built a stone bridge over it. This was many years ago, though, because the bridge is cracked with age now, and in the crevices grass, flowers and shrubs grow. On some of the stones a wandering missionary has painted signs praising God and calling upon the wicked to repent. Directly over the largest crevice the sign is painted:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Under this sign violets were born, and they struggled for life in their stony bed. Then she came.

It was late in May or early in June when she went down Rye way, over the cracked stone bridge, to the Sound. She had never been in the country before. She had been in Central Park once, but that was when she was a very small girl, and she had almost forgotten how it looked. Under the shade of the bridge she and the other children and the Fresh Air Fund folks stopped for luncheon. The girls took off their shoes and paddled in the creek.

After sandwiches and cake she found the violets and dug them out. She had never before seen anything so beautiful. They were prettier than the Easter flowers in the Grand street show windows, and they smelled so sweet. Besides, she found them herself, and they were her own.

It is not far from down Rye way at the bridge to down Battery way. Two hours; that's all if you take a fast train, and violets will live a long time when the roots are buried in a clod of moistened earth. Therefore when she reached her home in Battle Court the flowers were as fresh and as sweet as they were in the crevice in the bridge.

A cracked pitcher was their dwelling place and on pleasant days they stood outside of the kitchen on the window-sill, when they could look down in the court yard and see more life in a single day than they could see in the old stone bridge in ten years.

In stormy weather she took them inside and on cold nights they stood in the front room, where the lamp burned all night.

But they were outside long enough to see lots of things that do not fall to rootery-bred flowers. They saw blind Flaherty, the drunken beggar, beat his boy in the court yard until the police came in, and the boys went to prison for a year. They saw the wife of Mike Donohoe, the prize fighter, jump out of the four-story window of her room and fall on the pavement a red and black heap that did not even moan as it was picked up.

They saw Paddy McKeever the night that he and Sally agreed to run away and get married. They liked this, because they had seen such things at the old stone bridge and they knew what it meant.

That is the way the flowers lived from late in May or early in June until the winter had gone and Easter had almost come.

Up town there is a great church. It is rich and beautiful. The light that falls upon the marble altar is purple, violet and gold, and sometimes on the chancel floor the figure of a saint in color falls from the stained windows. She, of the violets, used to go to this great church, and she was welcomed there, because it is a great church.

Good Friday, with its seven services, had passed, and the Lenten trappings of gloom were being taken away to make place for Easter flowers. There were lilies, roses, hyacinths, violets, palms and shrubs. There were wreaths of greens. Rare and common flowers, hot-house and wild, were massed together. All were love offerings, and that is the reason this spray of violets found a place in one corner of the bank that rose from this Easter altar—in one corner and it was almost hid by a splendid bunch of roses.

Only one person saw it except the young women who belong to the Altar Guild, who labor for love and arrange the flowers for Easter and for other feast days. The person who saw it was dressed in black—common black such as other washerwomen wear when their children die. She saw it and her one wish was that the little girl who had brought it to town from the old stone bridge and had saved it all year for this Easter altar were only there to see it, too.

It was a great congregation befitting a great church and a still greater feast day. From the outer doors to the chancel rail every seat was filled. Other seats were put in the aisles, and they, too, were filled. Back of them men and women stood.

The chimes in the belfry had finished their song and the big A bell had ended the last of its three taps, and the sub-organist in the choir room took up his note from it.

"Onward, Christian soldiers," was the air, and the great congregation outside heard it sung behind the closed doors. Then came the "Amen," louder than the air, richer and fuller.

The choir room opened and the choristers, robed in white and black, trooped out. The great organ in the chancel caught up the air and led the singers. The woman in black saw them come in and she heard them and this is what she heard:

First the troubles, as they trailed by her seat in the front pew—first the troubles sweet and high. Then the altos, they came next and made a second in the harmony. After them came the tenors, and behind them marched the basses. Last came the big men in long white surplices, that they had to lift with their hands as they stepped up

the chancel stairs, then the harmony was completed.

Christian soldiers, marching as to war, With the Cross of Jesus, going on before."

That was the refrain. That is what the whole choir sang as they faced the great congregation, and its mighty strains rang through the church like the strains of a band marching at the head of an army into battle.

After the service came the sermon. It was preached from a high pulpit, covered with so many flowers that you could not see whether it was made of wood or of marble. The preacher was an old man, with silken, white hair. You have seen a skein of fine silk on a cold day. The threads stand out, one away from the other. That is the way his fine white hair stood out from his head. It was like a nimbus frosted. His voice was low and soft and sweet. He had sung as a troubadour in that choir fifty years before, then he was a tenor, and for more than thirty years he has been the pastor.

"I am going to say to you something that I have said to you every Easter day for more than thirty years."

That is the way his sermon began.

"I am preaching the Gospel of Him who rose today, to strong men and women and to children, who will not be alive to hear this blessed word on Easter day next year."

Even the choir listened to this. The boys stopped singing, and the men sat very still. The woman in black, who had listened very still to everything, looked at a little spray of violets and tears fell upon her gloves.

That was what he said, although he used more words than I do and took more time to say it, and after he had led the psalm, and joined the other ministers back of the chancel rail there were more wet eyes than the washerwomen's in that great church, and there were some promises made for the coming year that the makers will not live to keep.

Early Easter Monday the Altar Guild were again at work. Flowers that have been lent for the festival were returned. The great church was crowded near the chancel steps by men and maids waiting to carry them home. Other flowers—the cut stalks from the florist's, from the hot houses and the little spray of violets—they were carted away in a big wagon to a hospital. The sick have their Easter on Monday.

It was in a long white-floored ward. Near the lower end of it an iron cot stood near a window. On this cot there lay a boy. His name was Jim, and he had sold newspapers before the street car cut off his leg. They carried down the ward these fine flowers from the Easter altar—roses, orchids, lilies and morning glories still. Their fragrance made the air heavy, and the new-boy turned his face toward the window.

After all had been distributed a nurse brought to the new-boy a spray of faded violets. It was all that was left. He took it in his hands, placed it to his lips and said something about the country that the nurse didn't catch, and then he went to sleep. Benjamin Northrop, in Mail and Express.

**THE CRUCIFIXION IN ART.**

How the Transition from the Symbolic to Historic Stages Took Place.

There is no representation of Christ crucified in his human form, either in the catacomb paintings of the first four centuries or in the mosaics of the early Italian churches, until the year A. D. 706, when Pope John VII. introduced the subject in to the mosaic decorations of the chapel dedicated to the Virgin, in the Basilica of St. Peter at Rome. The reason of this appears to have been partly on account of the feeling of repugnance with which so shameful a mode of death was looked upon by the converts to the new religion, and partly because all early Christian art is symbolical and not historical or pictorial.

The changes in the way of treating the crucifixion may be made divided into three stages—(1) the symbolical stage (up to A. D. 600), where the Saviour is shown as the Lamb of God combined with the cross; (2) the historical stage (A. D. 600 to 1100) where the Saviour is shown in his human form attached to the cross, alive; (3) the devotional stage (after A. D. 1100), where the Saviour is shown in his human form attached to the cross, but dead, the details being intended to cause the mind to dwell upon the sufferings of our Lord.

The transition from the symbolical to the historical stage seems to have taken place in the following manner. Towards the end of the fourth century the Agnus Dei bears the Chi-Rho monogram of Christ upon its forehead, which in the fifth century is replaced by a plain Latin cross; and the mosaics in the Church of St. Cosmas and Damian at Rome (A. D. 580) illustrating the fifth chapter of the Apocalypse, the Lamb of God is represented on a throne, as if it were slain, with the cross behind it instead of on the forehead. The famous Vatican cross, which bears an inscription showing that it was given to Rome in the sixth century by Justin II., has a circular medallion in the centre enclosing the Agnus Dei carrying the cross. The substitution of the crucified Saviour upon the cross for the Agnus Dei took place about the time of the Quiniscent Council, held at Constantinople in A. D. 553, which decreed "that the form of him who took away the sin of the world, the Lamb of Christ our Lord, we set up in human shape on images henceforth, instead of the Lamb, formerly used."

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Finally she decided that when the cross was found bonfires should be built and lighted upon every prominent point and headland from the Holy City to Constantinople.

The Empress found the cross, so the story goes, and her plan was carried out. The anniversary of the occasion is still celebrated in Syria. It falls in September. On the evening of the day the slopes of the Lebanon twinkle with ten thousand fires, and the people shout and blow horns.

From the seashore the sight is a beautiful one. The high mountains are ablaze with light from the base almost to the summit. Yet it is only the form—the spirit of the cross is not there.—Ex.

**THE LILY THE EASTER FLOWER.**

Easter flowers are inseparably connected with Easter gladness. In Palestine, where Easter became a fact, the delicate cyclamen, the world, the flowers are in their glory at Easter-tide, blooming in luxuriance in the valleys and on the hills around the Holy City and symbolizing the joy of the season.

The passion flower, which fancy has made a perfect emblem of the season, hangs gracefully over trellises, the delicate cyclamen, the world, the flowers are in their glory at Easter-tide, blooming in luxuriance in the valleys and on the hills around the Holy City and symbolizing the joy of the season.

The passion flower, which fancy has made a perfect emblem of the season, hangs gracefully over trellises, the delicate cyclamen, the world, the flowers are in their glory at Easter-tide, blooming in luxuriance in the valleys and on the hills around the Holy City and symbolizing the joy of the season.

**AN ANCIENT AND CURIOUS CUSTOM.**

There is a lively discussion of the ancient custom of "hitting" and "heaving" now going on among British antiquarians, and it comes to light that women were hit by the men and men lifted by the women on Monday and Tuesday after Easter Sunday. The practice is supposed to have been a rude memorial of the resurrection. Women met in the street or elsewhere on Easter Monday were seized and tossed in air. Kissing sometimes accompanied the lifting, and sometimes the penalty of exemption. Next day the women treated the men in like fashion, and exacted a fine of sixpence for each man spared. Edward I. was caught in his bed about 800 years ago by seven ladies of the court, and made to pay a fine of £14 before the ladies promised to desist from having the royal person. There seems to be a trace of his old custom in the schoolboy game of "carrying out the teacher" upon one day of the year. This custom prevails in certain parts of the United States, and the master who resists is likely to have a rude encounter with his pupil.

**THE EMPLOYMENT OF EGG-SHELLS FOR ORNAMENTAL PURPOSES IS EXTREMELY ANCIENT.**

A MS. in the Harleian collection represents a number of egg-shells ornamented in the most elegant and costly manner. Miniatures were often painted upon egg-shells with extreme care, and shells thus curiously decorated became valuable and highly-esteemed presents. In Venice young noblemen frequently lavished large sums of money upon portraits painted within egg-shells intended as presents.

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SEEN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Notable Specimens of Architecture on the Grounds at the Great Columbian Exposition at Chicago.

Among a great number of sketches submitted in competition for this building by women from all over the land, the president of the board of lady managers quickly discovered in the sketch submitted by Miss Sophia G. Hayden that harmony of grouping and gracefulness of details which indicate the architectural scholar, and to her was awarded the first prize of a thousand dollars, and also the execution of the design.

Directly in front of the building the lagoon takes the form of a bay, about 400 feet in width. From the centre of this

is surrounded by a two-story open arcade, as delicate and chaste in design as the exterior, the whole having a thoroughly Italian courtyard effect, admitting abundance of light to all rooms facing this interior space. On the first floor are located, on the left hand, a model hospital; on the right, a model kindergarten; each occupying 80x60 feet.

The whole floor of the south pavilion is devoted to the retrospective exhibit; the one on the north to reform work and charity organization. Each of these floors is 80x200 feet. The curtain opposite the

therefore in three divisions. The middle one rises much higher than the others, and its walls are pierced to form a beautiful arched cloistery. The cupola, placed exactly in the center of the building and rising 165 feet above the ground, is reached by eight elevators. These elevators of themselves naturally form a part of the Transportation exhibit, and as they also carry passengers to galleries at various stages of height, a fine view of the interior of the building may easily be obtained.

The main building of the Transportation exhibit measures 960 feet front by 250 feet



THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.

bay a grand landing and staircase leads to a staircase six feet above the water. Crossing this terrace other staircases give access to the ground four feet above, on which, about 100 feet back, the building is situated. The first terrace is designed in artistic flower beds and low shrubs. The principal facade has an extreme length of 400 feet, the depth of the building being half this distance. Italian renaissance is the style selected.

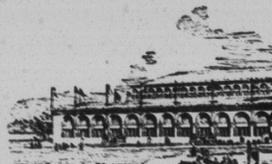
The first story is raised about ten feet from the ground line, and a wide staircase

main front contains the Library, Bureau of Information, records, etc.

In the second story are located ladies' parlors, committee-rooms, all leading to the open balcony in front. The whole second floor of the north pavilion incloses the great assembly-room and club-room. The first of these is provided with an elevated stage for the accommodation of speakers. The south pavilion contains the model kitchen, refreshment rooms, reception rooms, etc.

The women of New York State will

deep. From this extends westward to Stony Island avenue an enormous annex, covering about nine acres. This is one story only in height. In it may be seen the more bulky exhibits. Along the central avenue or nave the visitor may see facing each other scores of locomotive engines, highly polished, and rendering the perspective effect of the nave both exceedingly novel and striking. Add to the effect of the exhibits the architectural impression given by a long vista of richly ornamented colonnade, and it may easily be seen that



THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

leads to the centre-pavilion. This pavilion, forming the main triple-arched entrance, with an open colonnade in the second story, is finished with a low pediment enriched with a highly elaborate bas-relief. The corner pavilions have each an open colonnade added above the main cornice. Here are located the Hanging Gardens.

A lobby 40 feet wide leads into the open rotunda, 70x65 feet, reaching through the height of the building, and protected by a richly ornamented skylight. This rotunda

furnish the library room, and it will contain a collection of works written by women.

The main entrance to the Transportation Building consists of an immense single arch enriched to an extraordinary degree with carvings, bas-reliefs and mural paintings, the entire feature forming a rich and beautiful, yet quiet, color climax, for it is treated in leaf and is called the Golden Door.

The interior of the building is treated much after the manner of a Roman basilica, with broad nave and aisles. The roof is

the interior of the Transportation Building is one of the most impressive of the Exposition.

The Transportation exhibits naturally include everything, of whatsoever name or sort, devoted to the purpose of transportation, and range from a baby carriage to a mogul engine, from a cash conveyor to a balloon or carrier pigeon. The Transportation Building cost about \$300,000, Adler & Sullivan, of Chicago, are the architects.

IMPROVING ON NATURE.

Some of the Beautifiers Used by the Women in All Ages.

From the very earliest ages and remotest periods of which any records have been handed down to us, evidence exists in profusion to show that at all times in her history, woman's toilet has been one of her most engrossing cares; and very peculiar and interesting, not to say amusing, are some of the methods that have been adopted by Beauty at various times, either for adding to her natural charms, or for preserving them from the unwelcome encroachments of growing age.

Poppaea, the wife of the Emperor Nero, used regularly to bathe in asses' milk that had been mixed with the juice of crushed strawberries; but even this eccentricity was exceeded by the great ladies of the eighteenth century, who sometimes performed their ablutions in water mixed with honey and crushed rose leaves, milk of almonds, and *essence de chris*, which was really weak veal broth.

Marie Antoinette used a decoction of laurel leaves, wild thyme, sea salt, and marjoram. Fantastic as these appear, a bath of lime-flowers, or of a decoction of spinach, is even now strongly recommended by eminent physicians. On the other hand, history tells us that Diane de Poitiers bathed every morning in a simple bath of rainwater, and some writers of the period attribute the longevity of her charms to the habit she had of walking unprotected in the rain.

Anne Boleyn, also, used pure water, and the story is well known of how certain of her courtiers, by way of flattery, drank her health in part of the water in which she had bathed.

The ancient Gauls, famed amongst the Romans for the roses on their cheeks, used to wash in chalk dissolved in vinegar, or in the froth of beer, which is still employed in some parts of Northern Europe. The Chinese, to obtain the same effect, use a harmless rouge made from beetroot. The blood of a hare was a very popular cosmetic amongst the Roman ladies. Many of the recipes and remedies in vogue in the Middle Ages, some of which have survived to the present day, were brought back from Palestine by the Crusaders.

Although it is popularly supposed that fair women are less energetic and impressive than dark ones, it is curious to note what a number of the most famous women in history have been blondes. In a list of such, a modern writer includes Helen of Troy, Lucretia Borgia, Lady Macbeth, Queen Mary, Catherine and Marie de Medicis, Madame de Sevigne, Marie Antoinette, Madame Girardin and the Empress Eugenie. Queen Elizabeth had red hair.

The ancient Greek, after washing their hair in soap and water, rubbed into it the fat of goats mixed with beech ashes; whilst

the Germans washed their fair tresses in beer and lime. With the Venetians the trick of staining the hair copper color, or "Titten's red," was quite an art. The Arabians and Persians dye their black hair darker with henna, afterwards washing it in water tinged with indigo.

Concerning false hair, it is a curious fact that hair cut from the head of dead persons is, luckily, of little use, as it cannot be curled or waved without great difficulty. A harmless hair dye, recommended by a modern authority as being extremely efficacious, consists of nothing but tea in which iron nails have been steeped for a fortnight or so. Walnut juice is also advocated.

Perfumes of all sorts are of course, of great antiquity. The Athenian nobles at their banquets let loose doves, which had been bathed in different scents, which rained down on the guests from their wings; and so much addicted were the Egyptians to the use of scents, that not content with deluging themselves and their apparel, at great festivals the very gutters in the streets were filled with perfumed waters.

The haughty dames of Rome and Athens wore earrings of large hollow pearls, which were filled with scent, and had a small orifice at the lower point, through which, as the wearer moved, a tiny drop of perfume fell on her shoulders. Salammbo, the heroine of Flaubert's masterpiece, is described as wearing these costly ornaments.

No Wonder He Died.

Christian Heinecker was born at Lubek on the 6th of February, 1721. When only 10 months old he could repeat every word spoken to him; at twelve months of age he had memorized all the principal events mentioned in the Pentateuch. Before he had finished his second year of existence he had learned all the historical parts of both the Old and New Testament. At the age of 3 he could reply correctly to all questions put to him regarding universal history and geography, and in the same year he learned to speak both Latin and French. In his fourth year he employed his time in studying religions, especially the history of the Christian Church. He was not only able to glibly repeat all that he had read, but was also able to reason with considerable ability of judgement and to give his own opinion of things in general. The King of Denmark wished to see this wonderful child, so he was taken to Copenhagen. After his return to Lubek he learned to write, and was beginning on the study of music and mathematics, but his constitution being very weak, he took down and died on June 27, 1726, aged 4 years, 4 months and 21 days. What a wonderful record for such a short life!

Mrs. Newbridge—Why! You are in second mourning, and your husband has not been dead a week! Mrs. Weed—But he was my second husband, you know!

WASTED BY WAR.

The World is More Peaceful than it has Been for a Century.

Just now the world is at peace, or at least the civilized world is more quiet than for 100 years, says the Louisville Courier and Journal.

From 1793 to 1815 the Napoleonic wars prevailed.

In 1828 there was war between Russia and Turkey.

In 1830-1840 civil war prevailed in Spain and Portugal.

From 1830 to 1847 war was carried on between France and Algeria.

From 1854 to 1856 there was war between England and France and Russia.

From 1861 to 1865 civil war prevailed in America.

In 1866 Prussia and Austria were in conflict.

In 1866 France was at war with Mexico.

In 1870-71 France and Germany were at war.

In 1876 and 1877 Russia and Turkey were at war.

In this century of conflict the loss in men is estimated at 4,140,000, not counting the almost unending conflicts in South America.

In the Franco-German war Mulhall estimates the losses of both nations in killed, died of wounds, died of sickness, and disabled at 371,751; German, 133,751; French, 238,000.

Of these numbers, 107,000 were killed or died of wounds, 60,000 died of sickness, 205,000 were disabled.

The same authority thus estimates the losses in killed and wounded at the different periods of the conflict:

Table with columns: Battles, French, German, Total. Rows include Worth, Mare la Tour, Grevelotte, Paris, Orleans, etc.

The improvement in war weapons is thus stated: The Germans in the war of 1870-71 fired 400 shots to every person killed, whereas in the American war it took 740 shots to kill a man.

War costs more in life; peace costs more in expense. The German army is not killing anybody now, but it cost in 1869 to maintain it £18,840,000, or \$95,000,000.

The appropriation for the army of the United States is one-fourth of this sum, or \$24,000,000. But it is to be remembered that our army is only a shadow, comprising the Indians over the plains.

A young Englishman tried, just for fun, crossing at Sixth avenue and twenty-third street New York, recently. He says he was much better treated by the men than the women, the latter in response to his appeals for "A penny, please," said crossly that they "Would give him something when they came back," or that they "Hated" any change. The young fellow received only twenty-six cents for five hours work.

How To Make Friends.

If friends we wish to find In our journey through life, We must be true and kind, Through difficulty and strife.

As we with others deal, Wherever we them meet, They will to us feel Just as we them greet.

If we to them are kind As man to man should be, We will in them find Reflected what in us they see.

If God has made us thus How essential to our good, With purpose true in us That we right to others do.

Then friends we will surely find When in difficulty or strife, Real, honest, true and kind, Who will us aid in life.

Oh! If men were truly wise, Then others would them prize And honored be where ere they go.

In life to this attention give; If you an upright course pursue 'Till be good you did live, Leaving the world better of you.

Shediac, N. B., March 1883.

HE LOVED good bread, pie, and pastry, but his stomach was delicate.

SHE LOVED to cook, but was tired and sick of the taste and smell of lard.

She bought Cottolene, (the new shortening) and THEY LOVED

more than ever, because she made better food, and he could eat it without any unpleasant

after effect. Now THEY ARE HAPPY in having found the BEST, and most healthful shortening ever made - COTTOLENE.

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is really great—one masterpiece—emanates from an author's pen, and though his future efforts may be trivial in comparison, his name will live and his works be read long after the author has passed away.

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# WOMAN and HER WORK.

By the time you read this week's installment of "Woman and her Work," girls, Lent will be almost over, and you will all be thinking about Easter, with special reference, I fear to the new hat, or gown with which you intend to dazzle all beholders on Easter Sunday. The feeling that it is due to one's own self respect, and a sort of duty to society to wear something new in the shape of raiment on Easter Sunday morning seems to be inherent in the female breast and yet I suppose few of us are aware that the custom had its origin in a very old superstition, according to which it was very unlucky not to wear some new article of attire, however small on Easter morning. The tradition is so old that its beginning seems to be lost in the mists of antiquity, but its prestige remains and every right thinking girl, or woman makes it almost part of her religion to wear at least a new necktie or a new pair of gloves at Easter; something to celebrate the day and so contribute in a small way to the festivity of the church's great feast. I don't know whether it is imagination or not, but I have always fancied that there was a different feeling in the air on Easter Monday from any other day in the year, a feeling that seems to come with the day, moveable festival as it is; and I have an idea that I should recognize that feeling, and know when Easter Monday came, even if I were rusticated on a desert island, and had lost the run of the days. It is different from the Christmas feeling, the peculiar calm and peace which seem to belong to Christmas, but yet it is quite as distinct, and, I think, a much happier feeling.

Many of the pretty old Easter customs seem to be dying out lately, and a great pity it is! Why ten years ago we used to be busy for a whole week before Easter dyeing eggs in wondrous shades of blue, yellow, and pink, in painting faces, on them, in outlining tiny etching of kittens rolling miniature eggs about, of wee chickens contemplating the broken egg shells from which they had recently emerged; and in the more delicate and difficult task of writing a short text appropriate for Easter on one side of the egg, and the name of the friend for whom it was intended, on the other, both of which were made to stand out in bold relief, by using a pen dipped in melted tallow, and then immersing the egg in strong vinegar for a night when a deep layer would have been eaten off the shell except where the letters were protected from the action of the acid, by their covering of tallow so that they stood out very distinctly above the surrounding landscape.

But although we no longer daily dye and daub our fingers, and frequently our face, with pigment which proved indelible on our flesh, and too evanescent on the egg shells, we can still make delightful little Easter gifts for our friends out of egg shells, from which some skilful person has "blown" the entire interior economy. These shells can then be covered with glue, or mucilage, rolled in rice, and when quite dry gilded, or else rolled in some of the bright colored tinsel powder sold for the purpose and which comes in red, green, blue, pink, gold and silver. They can then be either filled with some of the tiny bon bon sold for filling bonbonieres, closed at each end with a little star, or heart, cut out of gold or silver paper, and given as Easter favor; or they can be strung on baby ribbon, grouped into a sort of brilliant bouquet with all the ends of the ribbon tied together, and used as an ornament to pin on the curtains, or hang over a picture. Another very pretty Easter souvenir, which is also emblematic of the season, is a butterfly lamp shade, one of those pretty dainty things so easily made at home, out of crepe tissue paper, wire, a touch of gold paint, and a reasonable amount of artistic taste. The butterfly is the emblem of resurrection and therefore especially suitable for an Easter gift. The small ones for candles are quite as pretty as the larger ones, and a pair would make a very pretty Easter offering from one friend to another. Remember, any of these little gifts are appropriate during the whole of Easter week so I am not by any means too late with my suggestions.

I do not think many of us will indulge in a new outfit for Easter this year as the great festival falls so early that anything gay and frivolous in the shape of attire would savor of forcing the season, and even a spring hat would look very chilly during these cold days when the sun and the east wind seem to be having a perpetual struggle for supremacy and spend all the day in trying to decide which is the better, leaving the argument still unfinished when the sun's setting comes; and he is forced to leave his enemy in possession of the field. No one wants to look singular, and comfort is so much more to be desired than style that I fancy we shall stick contentedly to our winter garments and only smarten ourselves up a bit in the way of gloves, and huge bright ties in butterfly bows. March is really too early to have a spring dress made, as all the new goods are scarcely unpacked yet, and the April fashion books are really the ones to be depended upon for the spring styles. It is just as well,

however, to make up our minds what we intend to have, and to select our materials in good time before all the prettiest patterns are gone. I am really afraid that those amongst us who wish to be fashionable will have to begin our arrangements by deciding what kind of cape we will have with our spring suit, for cape it must be unless it is a garment which is called a coat and looks like a very negligé lounging robe. It is made of cloth, either fawn or dark green is most fashionable, and is made with yoke and sides of velvet, in a darker shade, and back and front breadths of cloth! It absolutely falls perfectly straight and smooth from the yoke to the foot to the foot of the dress, and has sleeves which are pretty full, gathered slightly at the shoulders and drawn in at the wrists in a sort of frill. It sounds hideous, I know, but the coat itself is said to be very stylish.

Costs of all descriptions are only side issues, though merely put in the fashion books, I verily believe, for the sake of variety; it is the cape which is the real ruler in fashion's world, and it bids fair to be such a despot that we shall soon grow tired of its rule. It was all very well as long as the cape remained an expensive and exclusive garment, but it will very soon become common, and once it appears in common materials and inferior cut its popularity amongst the ultra fashionable, the gilded upper classes, will be at an end, and the classes referred to will have to fall back on some other garment, probably the long cloak before mentioned, since I feel sure it can never become popular, it is too unbecoming, and too indefinite in its lines to give the least advantage to the most shapely figure over the clumsiest one in the world, and of course we all like to think we belong to the first mentioned class.

The capes worn by fashionable matrons and maids in New York are so very costly and so very elegant that they are out of reach for all who have not long purses, and therein lies one of their charms. Hence is a beauty which is to be worn after Easter. It is of velvet, in the startling bright shade of green which is so fashionable now, and it is much shorter than the winter capes, but of a fullness which almost takes one's breath away; it is attached to the yoke in pleats, and a double satin ruffle, the outside green, the lining cream color, outlines the yoke. The collar first stands up and then rolls over like the petals of a flower; the fronts turn back in a sort of reverse, and they and the collar are covered with rich lace of a creamy white. The lining is of cream colored satin.

Another New York cape was of delicate fawn brown cloth, falling slightly full, just below the hips. The neck was fitted with a very high collar, of brown velvet in a much deeper tint than the garment itself; the collar lengthened into a sort of collar-ette plaited very full over the shoulders, and around the edge of the standing collar was a broad band of fine jet from which fell all around loose pendants of jet, reaching nearly half way down the cape, and finished in narrow points and fringes; the effect was very odd and pretty. Some of the new materials show very odd designs, and one of the most popular is, a curious combination of navy lines, for all the world like the crimped hair people wore ten years ago. In gray and black, this design is called "sea and shore" but somehow it always contains a vague suggestion of thunder and lightning to me. Emerald green is a favorite color with those who can wear it, and in many of the new spring fabrics threads of this bright color are to be found, almost invisible at first, but there all the same. Indeed in almost all the newest goods threads of a foreign color may be detected, so universal is the inclination towards shot effects. Green is so popular especially green velvet that it is used for the trimming of dresses which seem utterly out of harmony with it. Imagine a dress of gray and black in the many lines I have described, trimmed with bands of emerald green velvet, and huge sleeve puffs of the velvet adorning the sleeves! It sounds almost too bizarre for anyone to venture upon, and yet such a costume is actually worn. To give an idea of the extraordinary variety of shades into which one color can be divided, I will conclude with a list of a few of the new greens. Bistache, cactus, springtime, velesquez, artichoke, prairie, chicory, emerald and serpolet. All green, but oh how different.

One of the girls asked me some time ago for a new recipe for chocolate caramels, and also for the reason that she had failed with the recipe I gave before, as the caramels had failed to harden. The only reason I could give for the failure is, that they were not boiled enough; they should be boiled until they are as thick as cold porridge. Here is another recipe which I have never tried, but which sounds well:

**Chocolate Caramels.**  
Two cups of sugar, one cup of warm water, one-half cup of Mott's chocolate grated, three-quarters of a cup of butter; let boil without stirring until it snaps in water; pour on buttered tins and mark in squares.

I have still another caramel recipe which comes very highly recommended, and should be almost perfection, though I find it very hard to reconcile myself to the idea of caramels without a liberal allowance of butter.

For caramels, light, clean, brown sugar that has no woody or strong taste and the best Porto Rico molasses are necessary. Take one cup of molasses and one heaping cup of brown sugar. Put the mixture to boil on the back of the stove, where it will not burn, and boil briskly till it is stringy as it falls from the spoon. From fifteen to twenty minutes of boiling brings it to the right point for adding the chocolate. For the quantity named, two ounce squares of plain chocolate should be grated or scraped, more giving the bitter flavor sometimes noticed in confections and blanco manges. After stirring in the dry chocolate, simmer for five minutes, but do not boil briskly,

than take off the fire and add one tablespoonful of very thick cream, which gives the softness of flavor to fine caramels. No milk if you want anything worth eating. If cream is not to be had use a dessert spoonful of sweet butter, no more. The reason why caramels run and fail to harden is because the usual recipes add half a cupful of milk, which is certain to burn or dilute the syrup too much for candying. Cream or butter and favoring must always be added after the candy is taken off the fire and ceases to bubble, else the richness is partially lost. Vanilla is the favorite Viennese, Paris and American flavor for chocolate, but to have this fine the bean must invariably be used instead of favoring extract, no matter how high priced or of what make.

Try it girls and then let me know how you succeed.  
Should any of you wish to celebrate Easter by making a fruit cake—I don't think goodness, as we have a whole uncut cake left over from Christmas, you can give your choice of two recipes which it would be hard to excel. One is a celebrated southern plantation recipe and I think we have all heard what noted cooks the black "mammas" were; while the other is the one used by a chef of Delmonico's.

**Delmonico Fruit Cake.**  
One pound of butter, two-pound of dark brown sugar, three quarters of a pound of flour, one cup of dark molasses, ten eggs, three pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants, one pound of citron one pound of almonds after they are blanched, one pound of figs, four tablespoons cinnamon, three tablespoons ground mace, three tablespoons ground cloves, one gill of brandy, one gill of sherry wine. Stone the raisins, wash and dry thoroughly the currants, shred the citron, cut up the figs in small pieces and put all together in a wooden bowl and chop fine, chop and add the almonds, then sprinkle and rub thoroughly with an extra half pound of flour which has been browned. The cake is lightly put together in the usual way and the fruit put in last. Line the pans with thick buttered paper and bake slowly in a moderate oven.

We always steam ours for four hours and then bake one hour. ASTRA.

**HOW TO PICK FISH.**  
Essentials That Should be Understood by Good Housekeepers.

In selecting fish be sure that it is fresh and sweet. After some experience one can tell a good deal by the smell, but to the novice the peculiar odor that belongs to the fish is often mistaken for an indication of staleness. Nothing but experience can teach the distinction between the two. The eye must be trained to note the different appearances of the flesh under varying conditions. When but recently killed the flesh will be firm though not rigid, but as soon as rigor mortis sets in the flesh will become rigid. After a while the scales will become rigid. Nothing but experience can teach the distinction between the two. The eye must be trained to note the different appearances of the flesh under varying conditions. When but recently killed the flesh will be firm though not rigid, but as soon as rigor mortis sets in the flesh will become rigid. After a while the scales will become rigid. Nothing but experience can teach the distinction between the two. 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**THINGS WORTH KNOWING.**

Seventy million people in Europe wear wooden shoes.

There are many stone bridges in China dating from 1,000 B. C.

Men with gray and blue eyes are usually better marksmen than those with dark eyes.

There is said to be invested in American breweries about \$91,000,000 of English capital.

In olden times deformed people were frequently thrown into prison to be kept out of sight.

Amoy, in China, bears the doubtful distinction of being the most dirty and unhealthy city in the world.

Incandescent lamps are cheap in Sweden, the price of those with all voltages up to 125 being about 20 cents.

Wolves in Russia destroy annually upward of 800,000 head of domestic animals, valued at 8,000,000 rubles.

The distillation of alcoholic liquors in Great Britain was extensively practised as early as the sixteenth century.

The oldest tree on earth is said to be the Bo tree in the sacred city of Amarapura, Burmah. It was planted in the year 228 B. C.

A copy of the first edition of "Tom Jones" has just been sold in London for \$345. It was uncut and in the original boards.

It is said that swimming affords a cure for lameness in horses. The same muscles are exercised in swimming as in trotting, but with no injury to feet or legs.

St. Helena, Napoleon's prison place, is not prospering. The revenue of the island decreased £15,000 in 1892, and immigration has fallen off while emigration has increased.

The largest book ever known is owned by Queen Victoria. It is 18 inches thick, weighs 65 pounds, and contains the addresses of congratulation on the occasion of her Jubilee.

The Victoria Railroad bridge over the St. Lawrence River at Montreal is two miles in length. It cost about \$5,000,000, and contains 10,500 tons of iron and 3,000,000 cubic feet of masonry.

The native proverb says, "A cocoon tree is a bride's dowry," and the many uses to which the palm and its products are put are wonderful. They provide a family with food, shelter, fuel, house utensils, and, if need be, clothes.

For Imperial and local purposes combined, London yearly pays in taxation, approximately, £17,000,000. The total incomes earned in London amount to £123,513,000, so that the burden of taxation amounts to about 14 per cent.

Violets are not confined to any locality; they may be found over nearly the whole of Europe, Asia and America, on the mountain and in the valley. They are plentiful in Persia and Arabia, and from the root the Syrians make a sugar with which they perfume their shербет.

Returns just presented to the British Parliament show that at the end of 1892 there were 225,423 officers and men on the rolls of the volunteer force. This force, of course, is distinct from the militia and yeomanry cavalry, the former numbering some 127,000 officers and men and the latter about 14,000. The percentage of efficient in the volunteer force was 96.40.

Fire is an essential in some wedding celebrations. In Persia the service is read in front of a fire. In Nicaragua the priest, taking the couple each by the little fingers, leads them to an apartment where a fire is lighted, and there instructs the bride in her duties, extinguishing it by way of conclusion. In Japan the woman kindles a torch, and the bridegroom lights one from it, the playthings of the wife being burnt then and there.

Neither a turtle, a tortoise, nor a toad is provided with teeth. There is a general superstition that a turtle can bite off a man's finger, but the turtle can do nothing of the kind. Its jaws are very strong, and the horny membrane that runs round the jaw, where, in other animals, teeth are found, is so hard and tough that the turtle can crush the bones of the hand to pulp, but as for biting off even a finger, the feat is, to the turtle, an impossibility.

M. Wild, director of the Physical Observatory at St. Petersburg, says the coldest spot on earth inhabited by man is the village of Verkhnoiansk, in Siberia. It is in longitude 130, latitude 67 deg. 34 min. north. Observations show that the mean temperature for the year in this place is 13 degrees above zero Fahrenheit. The lowest temperature registered was 23 degrees below zero, which would seem to show that it is consistently cold there the year round.

The bracelet became a distinctive piece of ornament among French ladies from about the middle of the fifteenth century. At the time of the "Directoire" the women, who had adopted the fashion of wearing a robe a la Romaine, ornamented their arms with six bracelets; three on each arm—one high up, another above the elbow, the third at the wrist. This is not all, however; they also wore rings on all their fingers, including the thumb, encircled their waists with a large sash, as a belt, and wore large hoops in their ears.

The experiments made at Cornell University, and in France, to ascertain the effects of the electric light upon vegetation have demonstrated its wonderful property of stimulating almost every variety of vegetable life. The colors of flowers are intensified, and an increased yield of fruits and vegetables of nearly 100 per cent. has been obtained without diminishing the odor of the former, or the flavor of the latter. The parts of the soil are more actively dissolved by the action of the light and are thus brought within reach of the roots.

During the last twenty years the area of land in England under the plough has diminished by very nearly 2,000,000 acres, or over 14 per cent. The amount of arable land in Wales has diminished 31 per cent. in the same period. In Scotland, on the contrary, it has increased by 78,000 acres. This difference is partly explained by the relatively large areas of land in Scotland retained under clover and rotation grasses, more than one-third of the whole cultivated area. In England the proportion of cultivated land so occupied is little more than one-tenth of the whole.

### PEOPLE FIND

That it is not wise to experiment with cheap compounds purporting to be blood-purifiers, but which have no real medicinal value. To make use of any other than the old standard AYER'S Sarsaparilla—the Superior Blood-purifier—is simply to invite loss of time, money and health. If you are afflicted with Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Running Sores, Tumors, or any other blood disease, be assured that

### It Pays to Use

AYER'S Sarsaparilla, and AYER'S only. AYER'S Sarsaparilla can always be depended upon. It does not vary. It is always the same in quality, quantity, and effect. It is superior in combination, proportion, appearance, and in all that goes to build up the system weakened by disease and pain. It searches out all impurities in the blood and expels them by the natural channel.

### AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢; six bottles, \$1.50. Cures others, will cure you!

### ARE YOU WEAK AND NERVOUS?

**HAWKERS' NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC**

WILL MAKE YOU STRONG

Price 50 cts. a Bottle. Sold by all Drug-gists and general dealers. Manufactured by the HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Limited, St. John, N. B.

You will be better able to do it, instead of allowing your system to run down to the breaking point, by taking a timely course of Hawker's Liver Pills and Tonic. And then the Doctor's bill will not be on the list of those to be paid.

Children Love Them. A. L. Brackett, of Boston, writes that Hawker's Liver Pills are the only medicine his children will ever use. He says, also, that these Pills are the best he has ever used.

### OVERWORKED BRAINS.

Ministers, students and others suffering from Nervous Debility, Mental Worry, Sleeplessness, Lack of Energy and Loss of Nerve Power, positively cured, by HAWKER'S VITALIZER. J. E. HAWKES, Graduated Pharmacist, 508 Yonge Street, Toronto. July 11, 1892.

### TURKISH DYES

**EASY TO USE.**

They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant. SOAP WON'T FADE THEM.

Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced.

One Package equal to two of any other make.

Canada Branch: 431 St. Paul Street, Montreal. Send postal for Sample Card and Book of Instructions. Sold in St. John by S. McDIARMID, and E. J. MAHONEY, Indiantown.

### HUMPHREY'S

This PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine. Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with it as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used over 40 years, and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

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

### WITCH HAZEL OIL

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

For Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Chafing or Scald Head. It is Infallible.

For Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples. It is Invaluable.

Price, 50 Cents. Trial size, 25 Cents. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREY'S MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

### CURES PILES.

### "PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

Lotus—What sort of a dog is that you have—a pointer? Spotty—No; a dispointer.

He—Miss Sharpgirl, do you look favorably upon my suit?—She—Certainly; it fits you beautifully.

Mrs. Plankington—Here is my new dress all right, but where is the bill?—Boy—I couldn't carry both.

Charlie—Why did they bury poor Gilder too much?—Archibald—He had no decent clothes but a dress suit.

Hazel—What made Spangson go into business for himself?—Nattie—Had to. Couldn't get a job anywhere.

Bride—Here is a telegram from papa. Green—What does he say?—Bride (reads)—Do not return and all will be forgiven.

He—Tell me, Kate, do you believe in long courtships?—She—Decidedly. It is the best way to retain a man's affections.

Letitia—Why do you always go out between the acts?—Von Bulow—It makes too much disturbance to go while the act is in progress.

A Close Sticker—Oh, well, now, I think Wood is a very fair fellow as far as he goes. Miss Smith—That's just the trouble; he never goes at all.

Editor Cross Roads Chronicle—We don't pay for poetry. Poet—I'm glad to hear it; for if you do, you have been getting cheated outrageously.

Yabaley—Did you ever tackle any of those "missing word" contests?—Mudge—Yes. The missing word was "yes," but I could not get her to say it.

Chollie—What would you do if a brutal fellow were to kick you well hard?—Chappie—Call a policeman, of course. Chollie—But this fellow was a policeman.

Mrs. Dash—Oh, Doctor, your sermons are so lovely!—Dr. Slash—But, my dear madam, I always note that you go to sleep, Mrs. Dash—Yes; but I have such lovely dreams!

Jacobs—Ve laid der gormer stone of der synagoge der oder day, Solomons. Solomons—Oh! Vat you put in it—coins?—Jacobs—Not us! Ve put in cheques instead of coins!

Little Willie—Mamma, can I have some more pie?—Mother (flustered before the company)—Oh, hold your peace! Little Willie—(Sobbing)—Well, I ain't got no piece; I ate mine.

Arabella, dear, I'm sorry to tell you that Freddy and Algernon didn't like the frock you wore last night.—"Araminta, dearest, I don't dress to please the men, but to worry the girls."

"Parker writes a great many bright children's sayings, doesn't he?"—"Yes; he does first rate in that line. He sits down and tries to fancy the things his boy would say if he wasn't so dull."

Figg—They tell me that Blumley is a man of high principles. Fogg—You may well say that. His principles are so high that he has never been able to come within a thousand miles of them himself.

"I think Tom ought to consider what we owe to society before asking that vulgar tradesman to our dance."—"Yes; I told that to Tom, and he said: 'My dear, just think what we owe the tradesman!'"

Customer (to head waiter)—Here, sir, this clumsy fellow has spilled over half of my cup of tea down my back. Head waiter (to clumsy waiter, sternly)—Bring this gentleman a full cup of tea instantly.

Mr. Legal Gabby—If your neighbor's dog injures one of your chickens you can collect damages, but if he injures one of your children you cannot. What is the moral of that?—Friend—Raise chickens.

"Jones is bound to be famous before long. I expect to see his picture in the papers any day."—"Why, I don't know he was specially talented."—"He isn't, but he's a regular fiend for taking patent medicines."

Mabel—What made you get so red and embarrassed just before you went out of the room just now?—Marie—If I tell you don't breathe it to a soul. You know the clock on my stocking?—"Yes."—"Well, it had run down."

"Gentlemen," said the candidate for office, as he squirted a stream of tobacco juice on the pavement below, "my character is spotless."—"Then it's a pity," said some one in the crowd, "that you can't wear it for a shirt."

Hare—Why are you letting your beard grow, Bruah?—Bruah—For two reasons. First, because I can't afford to spend the money necessary for shaves, and second, because I can't afford to lose the blood spilled in shaving myself.

Florence—That Miss Howard must be very popular. She said she had three proposals in one evening. Bertha—That's just one of her tricks. I expect it was that stuttering Tom Burton, and he always says everything over three times.

Mr. Crossbear—I must congratulate you Mrs. Chin, on your part in the tableaux. I really didn't think you could do it. Mrs. Chin—Thank you; you didn't think I could do it, eh?—Crossbear—No; I did not think you could keep your mouth shut that long.

"That's a fine looking dog of yours," said the passing traveller, stopping a moment to look at it.—"Pretty expensive animal, isn't he?"—"Why, that's what the fellow on the next ranch thinks," slowly replied Farmer Gruff, picking a cockle burr out of his whiskers.—"He raises sheep."

"Papa, dear," said the old man's testy daughter, as she bent fondly over him during his last illness, "forgive me for asking you, but what are you going to leave your darling daughter when you die?"—"Fatherless!" cried the irascible old gentleman, as he rolled over with his face to the wall and kicked so hard that he almost fractured the footboard.

Visitor—I am taking up a collection for the benefit of a starving family. Mr. Churchly—My dear sir, at any other time nothing would afford me so much pleasure as to assist the starving family. My great pleasure is to help the poor, but as this Lent, the penitential season when we must deprive ourselves of those things that are pleasant, hence I have shut down on being charitable.

### BEECHAM'S PILLS

Dislodge Bile, Stir up the Liver, Cure Sick-Headache, Female Ailments, Remove Disease and Promote Good Health.

Famous the world over. Ask for Beecham's and take no others. Wholesale and Retail Agents, Montreal, For sale by all druggists.

### OYSTERS!

FOR THE WINTER SEASON. Choice Prince Edward Island and North Shore OYSTERS.

For sale by PINT QUART, or GALLON. Large orders for Parties on Church Fairs at a reduced rate. 19 to 23, N. B., King Square.

### HACKNOMORE

Cures COLDS, COUGHS, CROUP.

25c. and 50c. a bottle.

T. B. BARKER & SONS, St. John. Wholesale Agents. S. McDIARMID, BROWN & WEBB, Halifax. SIMON BROS. & Co., Montreal.

### G. A. MOORE, St. John.

### JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors,

DOMVILLE BUILDING, PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

This Season's Goods are all Personally Selected in the Foreign Markets.

### First-Class Materials!

Equitable Prices!

### ANDREW PAULEY, CUSTOM TAILOR,

FOR THE PAST NINETEEN YEARS CUTTING with JAS. S. MAY & SON, begs leave to inform the citizens of Saint John, and the public generally, that he may now be found at his new store,

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

### DR. H. D. FRITZ, Specialist,

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

66 Sydney St., Cor. Princess, St. John, N. B. Hours—10 to 12, a.m.; 2 to 5 p.m. Evenings—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 7.30 to 9.30.

### DR. J. R. McLEAN,

Grad. University Penn., Phila., 1873, gives exclusive attention to Eye, Ear, Throat and all forms of Catarrhal disease. TUESDAY, Wednesday and Friday; AMHERST: Tuesday and Saturday; NEW GLASGOW: Thursday; of each week.

### HENRY B. ESMOND, M. D.

(NEW YORK AND LONDON.) CHRONIC DISEASES SUCCESSFULLY TREATED. No. 14 MARKET SQUARE, HOULTON, MAINE.

### CONSUMPTION AND CANCERS

can be cured by the New Treatment. Seventy per cent. of the patients treated the past year were cured. Cured without the use of the knife. Write for particulars.

### DR. J. H. MORRISON,

(New York, London and Paris.) Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat.

171 Charlotte Street, St. John.

### HARRIS G. FENETY, L.L.B.,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office: Fugate's Building, St. John, N. B. Money to loan on Real Estate.

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Office: Ritchie's Building, Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

### MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Sir Edwin Arnold has bought the English Illustrated Magazine from the Macmillans and begins its publication with the next number.

Teda, the electrician, whose researches have lately attracted so much attention was employed for a year or more in the Westinghouse works in Pittsburg.

Mrs. U. S. Grant has engaged two suites of rooms for herself and daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, and Col. Fred Grant at the Hyde Park Hotel for a month during the World's Fair.

Asabel Thornburg, who died at Muncie, Ind., recently, within fifty days of being a centenarian, left 111 great-grandchildren and seventeen great-grandchildren to mourn his loss.

M. Taine's seat in the French Academy will probably be sought by Paul Bourget with a good prospect of success, as he is a favorite with the Immortals. Zola will renew his candidature.

Sir George Richard Dibbs, K. C. M. G., Premier and Colonial Secretary of New South Wales, has given up his estate to satisfy creditors. He has resigned his seat in Parliament, although he still retains the Premiership.

After dinner, which at Windsor Castle is nominally served at half-past eight p. m., although the actual hour is ten minutes to nine o'clock, the Queen takes a small glass of Tokay. Prince Albert was particularly fond of this wine.

It is not often that English ladies are entertained by the Sultan of Turkey. The Duchess of Cleveland was so honored not long back, and the party included the leading Court functionaries and a number of English gentlemen who hold high office in the Sultan's country.

The late Xavier Marmier, the French Academician, lived for fifty years in a dark, unfurnished Paris house, with but little furniture in it, but with every wall and partition lined with books. He was kind to the rats and used to have food placed where they could easily reach it.

Admiral Gherardi, who will command the Columbian naval parade, has aged perceptibly since he was a commodore and the commander of the Brooklyn Navy Yard five years ago. He is slender, gray and short in height. As an executive officer he is without a superior in the service.

The basis of the recent alarming reports concerning Robert Louis Stevenson's health had their origin in a slight attack of influenza, from which he suffered in Samoa early this year, and from which he quickly recovered. He was in excellent health at latest reports. Influenza has been very prevalent in Samoa.

Gen. Benjamin Harrison, ex-President of the United States, is regarded as the ablest lawyer of the Indiana Bar. He is not only a great office lawyer, but he is a great advocate. In talking to a jury he stands near the box and addresses the jurors as if he would intimate friends. He seldom failed to win a jury case when he was in active practice.

Considering how many royal and imperial patrons of the turf there are in Europe, it is not remarkable to find at least one of them the chief prize winner in his own country. The German Emperor has attained that honour in Germany through the winnings of the Grodzitz stud, in which he takes a keen personal interest. This stud, the property of the emperor, netted \$55,000 in prizes during 1892.

M. Dimit, a Russian diplomat in Paris, whose fame was chiefly acquired by his marvellous capacity for drinking champagne, in gratitude to the bottles out of which had come the chief enjoyment of his life, collected the lead-papers with which the corks of champagne-bottles are covered, and out of those which he and his friends had consumed a lead coffin was made, in which the Russian was carried to his grave.

The late M. Renan had the odd fashion in working of piling round him every imaginable book of reference before he began to write. He would sit with hundreds of huge volumes open near him, volumes destined to remain open for weeks, the servants being forbidden to touch them with hand or duster. He rarely visited a public library, Madame Renan being accustomed to go to the Bibliotheque Nationale in order to copy out any passage he might be in need of.

Among the possessions of the ex-Empress Eugenie, at Farnborough, are six boxes, which contain the names of 3,834 children to whom the ex-Empress is the god-mother. They are the names of those children that were born in France on 16th March, 1856; and on the preceding day, the Emperor and Empress having declared that their wish to be considered the sponsors of all those French citizens who first saw the light upon the same day as the Prince Imperial.

The N. Y. Sun says that a branch of those Carman for whom the ancient village near Washington Heights was named were Tories during the War of Independence, and as such they fled to Canada. They still live there, and one of them recently on a visit to New York proved to be an intensely British person, with an odd fondness of proclaiming himself an American, and of disputing that title with the people of the United States, in behalf of all native Canadians.

Lady Henry Somerset has become editor, with Mr. Edwin H. Stone, of the Woman's Herald, according to its prospectus "the independent exponent of the great body of conviction and sentiment that is represented by the various associations of progressive women pledged to religious, social, and political reform." The paper will be the authorized organ of the World's Temperance Union, and its policy is strongly for woman's equality in civil, educational, and political privileges.

When Lord Roseberry was about to marry Miss Hannah de Rothschild, only daughter of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild, and the first Rothschild to wed outside the Jewish faith, someone offered his congratulations to the Duke of Cleveland, the stepfather of the bridegroom. "Yes," said the late lord—"yes, she's a very good girl I am told—yes, a very good girl; and I am informed, quite rich, quite rich." It is said that the duke hardly knew how rich the Rothschilds really were; in fact, owing to his extreme exclusiveness, he had hardly heard of them.

### At the Bank.

This is to notify you that your account at the bank of health is overdrawn; at this rate you will soon be bankrupt, unless you take

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites to build you up.

It will STOP A COUGH, CURE A COLD, and CHECK CONSUMPTION, in all forms of WASTING DISEASES. Almost as palatable as Milk. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. For sale by all druggists.

### SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists as a Guarantee.

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Outside centred and Clippie the score stood 23 to 1 inside the attention of the U'acle Caltrict, and some of the added a d picture in smaller be on a slate the room f abbrevot 5/4 was dis- sion's long- lesson with his feet in to scholars close and the children d watchful by start, when across her ber. The c fashion, an "Gagno you" Th her shere, sided. M with suspic class in gr form, a mo again. E marians — "Paradise stole glan- doors. B quiet disor of "Wilkie had just be body want "Wilkie had grown port gram that they w self. Wh his story, His Doom, sheet of fo in anger, p it was b splendif he was gra the Atlan no more postage-st he could b Tracy ca second we write just feruled him he was gra realized the larly. Th school, as where, and die, and th could writ the plaine and anybo petuous, th blot rathe then scrate in detail. in desirab Wilkins w ston and a temptatio Wilkins co Tracy dec pile and bl Such a c was bounc Wilkins w muscle, an edited "Novel," was peccati on which turn, but loved his thrilling t Captive M He had ind it, and ab a striking that page, was a strok But as th element of ceived it in traced the desks. A st heart s Alice Popo his head a was busied had Engli between th sound ven tears, tho Wilkins' s son was in side of the gress of "fr, thest de "Tue. Th tried to t Dora was know her v her opinio That was e For twe the most u or—the co to share w such an ex oped unc looked fi went elec is a specu years after maturity, and dress From mom as he saw Keyport, o writing po function se trying, in between th down with fell. "Dora! Wilkins glance acro had his no picture! T the dazle, he streded

# A BOY'S LOVE.

BY WALTER LEON SAWYER.

Outside the school house, interest was centered and intense. The Dreadsnaughts and Clippers were playing base-ball, and the score at the end of the fifth inning stood 23 to 21.

Inside the school-house, the objects of attention were various, not so absorbing. Uncle Cale Bradley, "agent" of the district, sat on the master's platform, and some of the pupils studied him. Others added a deeper black to the moustaches they had bestowed on Queen Elizabeth's picture in the geography. Two of the smaller boys, seat-mates, played tic-tac-toe on a slate. A callow girl at the back of the room furtively nibbled chalk and cast abrogant glances at a boy across the aisle who was dismembering a fly. The minister's long-faced son coned his spelling-lesson with gabbling iteration, swinging his feet in a conscious frenzy of devotion to scholarship. At intervals, through the close and chilly air, the smallest children dozed. One of them amused the watchful by sneezing and waking with a start, when the western sun fell suddenly across her face. A heartless snicker saluted her. The child stared around in bewildered fashion, and began to cry.

"Give me!" ordered the master's awful voice. The small girl wiped her nose on her sleeve, choked once or twice, and subsided. Most of the scholars began to study with suspicious earnestness; but when the class in grammar shuffled out to the platform, a moment later, reminiscence reigned again. Even among the wretched grammarians—who were picking flaws in "Paradise Lost"—there were some who stole glances at the ball-players out of doors. Back in the centre row of seats, quiet disorder ruled. The fourth number of "Wilkins & Tracy's Standard Novels" had just been put in circulation, and everybody wanted it at once.

"Wilkins & Tracy's Standard Novels" had grown to be an institution in the Keyport grammar-school. Wilkins always felt that they would. He wrote the first himself. When the Atlantic Monthly rejected his story, "Dick Dare-devil, or, Driven to His Doom," he copied it out on another sheet of foolscap and, more in sorrow than in anger, passed it around. The boys said it was bulky; the girls pronounced it splendid. From that day Wilkins felt that the Atlantic ed was his. He sent it no more manuscripts. For one reason, postage-stamps were scarce; but, anyway, he could buy fame for less than six cents.

Tracy came into partnership during the second week. Wilkins was unable to write just then, because the teacher had ferried him for chewing gum. At the time, he was grateful for the help, and he soon realized that it meant increase of popularity. There were critics in the grammar-school, as there always have been, everywhere, since man was turned out of Paradise, and they agreed that, though Wilkins could write the better story, Tracy wrote the plainer hand. It was big and round and anybody could read it. He was impetuous, to be sure, and would lick up a blot rather than wait for the ink to dry and then scratch it out; but this was a matter of detail. He complemented the other boy in desirable ways. For instance, while Wilkins was slender and shy, Tracy was stout and assertive. When a big boy courted temptuously the more rosy of the two, Wilkins could only pale and tremble; but Tracy decyded the vandal behind the wood-pile and blacked his eye.

Such a combination of brains and force was bound to win success. For it was Wilkins who had ideas to match Tracy's muscle, and who planned the "features" and edited the contributions. This fourth "Novel," now moving from hand to hand, was peculiarly his. He supplied the paper on which it was written (it was Tracy's turn, but Tracy had inadvertently swallowed his cent.) He was the author of the thrilling tale, which bore the title, "The Captive Maiden; or, The Outlaw's Retreat." He had induced May Stevens to illustrate it, and she had adorned the first page with a striking sketch. Wilkins was proud of that page. It pictured the school-teacher as the chief outlaw, which, Wilkins felt, was a stroke of genius.

But as there is in all great enterprise an element of special risk, so Wilkins perceived it in this. He anxiously, happily, traced the course of his novel along the desks. As a boy or girl grinned or shivered, his heart swelled with delight. True, when Alice Pope giggled ecstatically, he ducked his head as if from a blow; but the teacher was busied in explaining how Milton wrote bad English in that he placed the adverb between the infinitive and the verb, and the sound went unremarked. So did Alice's tears, though she wept profusely when Wilkins's heroine at last was rescued. The sun was in the boy's eyes as he faced that side of the house, but he followed the progress of "The Captive Maiden" to the fire-chest desk and into the hands of Dora. Then he turned, half-blinded, and tried to think of his arithmetic lesson. Dora was a stranger in town. He didn't know her very well, and he didn't care about her opinion. He knew he was a genius. That was enough.

For twenty minutes Wilkins had tasted the most unselfish joy that falls to an author—the consciousness that he moves others to share willingly his own emotions. After such an experience, vulgar fractions developed uncommon coarseness. Whilst he looked fixedly at the book, his thoughts went elsewhere. The sense of proportion is a special sense, which awakens twenty years after the other five have reached maturity, and therefore Wilkins had it not so dreamed the more rosy for the lack. From moment to moment the scene changed, as he saw himself publishing a paper in Keyport, or managing a Boston daily, or writing poems like Mr. Byron's. Either function seemed equally glorious. He was trying, in a dim, uncertain way, to decide between them, when the master's rule came down with a thump and the gorgeous fabric fell.

"Dora!" the teacher cried sharply. Wilkins faced about and cast a scared glance across the desks. It was Dora who had his novel! If the teacher found that picture! The boy peered blinking through the daze, intent on the catastrophe which he dreaded. He saw little. At the instant

the teacher spoke, Dora had dropped her geography. She picked it up and fumbled its stuffing of loose papers, affecting not to hear. The sun lay lovingly on her yellow hair. It occurred to Wilkins, even in that awful moment, that were seated about her somewhat of the unconsciously sweet and astutely. Perhaps the teacher thought so. His voice grew milder.

"Dora!" he said again. "What have you there?" The scholars held their breaths. They knew.

"My geography," the girl answered. "Were you studying it?" "I was—reading it." "What were you reading in it?" the teacher pursued acutely. The blue eyes roved the room for a moment, rested on Wilkins, sought the floor. Their owner was silent. The scholars gazed in absorbed apprehension. The rear of "Tally one!" from the tall ground caused no palmy shock in the back seats, and a wandering butterfly settled safely on the desk of the fly-killing boy. Uncle Cale Bradley put his hand to his ear and leaned forward as the teacher stepped from his platform to confront the offender.

"Give it to me," he commanded. She silently handed him a scrap of paper. Wilkins started, and gave a gasp of thankfulness. He saw that Dora had torn off the obnoxious illustration. "Wilkins and Tracy's Standard Novels," the teacher read in a perplexed and magisterial tone. "Published every week by Wilkins & Tracy, Keyport, Maine. Subscription, I cent a month, in advance. No. 4. The Captive Maiden; or, The Outlaw's Retreat. By Edward M. Wilkins. Read this and give it back to us." Him—"!" The teacher paused and eyed the paper doubtfully. But the agent chuckled.

"That's the idea!" Uncle Cale Bradley cried. "That's the way to farm these young folks how to save their money, 't'ed 't' was 't' in readin'! I know a woman 't' pays two dollars a piece 't' r' novils—'t' she c'd git novils 't' ten cents, too! I see lots of 'em over to town. Scand'lous! That's what it is! When taxes is so high, 't' we can't git money to paint the meetin'-house! I think Nedly 't' ought to hev a prize. 't' Nedly done it! Don't you? Hey?"

The other evaded the question, but he did so in respectful, even complimentary terms. Just at present, the school-agent was a greater man—to him—than the president. The matter and the school were dismissed together. Tracy went out whooping, his spirits enlarged by the fact of escape. Wilkins was silent, thoughtful. He stood a long moment at the steps, buttoning and unbuttoning his jacket with nervous fingers. Then all at once he beckoned his comrade and led the way to the girls' side. Dora was there, and Wilkins faced her desperately.

"Say!" he began. "I like you!" Dora smiled demurely. "Well, I do!" he affirmed. "We think you're bully!" Tracy put in. The girl smiled again, but made no answer. Her eyes, fixed on Wilkins, were full of thoughtful inquiry. In their light he saw his own embarrassment in maddening shape, and he backed to the corner of the house, his head averted. He was twitching with the desire to run. But he had the last word before he disappeared: "Say!" he cried explosively. "I wish you'd be my girl!"

The world has agreed that constancy is peculiarly a feminine virtue, but that is a mistake; it is a more especially to dogs and small boys. Being a little older, Wilkins was capable of generous enthusiasms, and his love for Dora abided and grew. He had never been in love before—except with Joan of Arc and Lady Jane Grey. He promptly dowered Dora with his virtues, and gave her the reverent affection due to three.

When love is a virtue, which it sometimes is, virtue is its own reward. Dora shone superior in arithmetic, and, thanks to her cleverness, Wilkins presently got on speaking terms with decimals. To him, on the other hand, (he had the gift of credulity,) history had always been alive; and Dora's recitations began to show a force and pungency which they had lacked. In short, these two exchanged fancy and practicality, and each profited by the transfer. Wilkins's imagination had frequently gotten him into trouble. For instance, there was an annual revival at the Methodist meeting-house, and he used to go to every service and wonder, with anguish, whether he ought to be converted. After Dora's balance-wheel was applied to his intellect, so to say, he sat up straight in his seat and wondered, with the calm, impersonal emotion that she felt, why all the wicked people didn't get converted.

Engagements are movable festivals, nowadays, and marriages are made in Chicago, though love still survives amongst children—who know no better. When Wilkins loved Dora, twenty years ago, the process of degeneration had begun, but it had not extended to the country towns. Keyport people were not in society. Wilkins and Dora were little fools, of course, but they were not told of it. The old longshore men and ship-carpenters, the young fishermen and the dragged women who went back and forward to work in the city shoe-factories, seemed to appreciate these idyllic juveniles—perhaps because the children were unselfish and pure-minded. Such virtues appeal with irresistible force to the poverty-stricken New Englander, since, in the last analysis, it costs nothing to practise them. When Wilkins and Dora sat on the school house steps and discussed the next day's examples, or the battle of Bunker Hill, or the expenses of housekeeping, no body laughed.

Nobody, that is to say, except the master, and the boy found it easy to punish him; the last analysis, it costs nothing to practise them. When Wilkins and Dora sat on the school house steps and discussed the next day's examples, or the battle of Bunker Hill, or the expenses of housekeeping, no body laughed. Nobody, that is to say, except the master, and the boy found it easy to punish him; the last analysis, it costs nothing to practise them. When Wilkins and Dora sat on the school house steps and discussed the next day's examples, or the battle of Bunker Hill, or the expenses of housekeeping, no body laughed. Nobody, that is to say, except the master, and the boy found it easy to punish him; the last analysis, it costs nothing to practise them. When Wilkins and Dora sat on the school house steps and discussed the next day's examples, or the battle of Bunker Hill, or the expenses of housekeeping, no body laughed.

ed and sold in Scotland for sixpence, and its contents quite obscured his concept of his own powers. Dickens and Scott he had known for long; the milk-and-water of Mrs. Hemans, and the gin-and-sugar of Byron were familiar to him; and he had always felt that when he would, he could surpass them all. But Shakespeare smote him to the earth and held him down. He passed the winter in a dream. Sometimes it was "brothered with gold and purple— and then it was Shakespeare's. Again it was a sombre gray—and then it figured his own future. Every night was glorious with the immortal man's transmitted fantasies, and every morning overcast by the boy's new comprehension of himself.

He had cherished ambitions, and he paid the penalty, which was a sense of their futility. He was convinced, now, that by and by he would have to go winter fishing to the Banks, and in summer time dig clams. Dora loved him, but she did not understand. When he mourned his vanished visions, she pointed out that her big brother got ten dollars a week in the shoe-shop. Ten dollars a week was pretty good wages. Jim and Mary had just bought a house. Wilkins might have replied to this if it had been an argument; but it was a fact, and therefore unanswerable. He could do no more than look at Dora with a grieved expression, and say, "Oh, well!"

By such experiences, however, the boy learned the valuable lesson of the idealist's dependence upon realities. (Even a Goethe could not help loving a woman who held herself as a goddess, and the person of a countess from the country.) She was a buxom little girl, and a jolly, and quite as pretty as Dora, though of a darker type. Wilkins felt that when, wearing his blue necktie and his paper cuffs with the shiny brass buttons, he marshalled Sadie to a seat at the Pan-Diorama, Dora would be struck to the heart.

This was all very foolish, and wrong, and boyish. Grown people, of course, never would have reasoned in any such way, but Wilkins was a small boy and small affairs looked large to him. It was quite in the spirit of a conquerer that he went into Union Hall—passed the pennine urchins who loomed in the entry and admitted the door-keeper, past the men who gathered around the tall, sheet-iron stove to talk politics and chew tobacco and spit, and up to a settee near the front. Heretofore his mother had led the way at any social function. Wilkins's precedence helped him to appreciate his novel dignity. He waved his women-talk to the father and the settee and lifted invisible coats-tails before he placed himself at their head. He blew his nose, man-fashion, put his feet on the settee in front and twirled his cuffs to show the brass buttons. Then he crossed his arms on his breast and bent a severe but patronizing gaze upon the green

embroidered curtain, someone came in beside him, and he directed his cold, superior eyes upon the new-comer—who was Dora. "Hello!" said Wilkins, gruffly. "How do you do, Nedly?" the girl made timid answer. "My name ain't Nedly; it's Edward!" "Oh!"

The girl straightened herself and turned to speak to her mother. Wilkins started again at the green curtain, but he did not see it. He felt as bad, sad, mad and glad as Mr. Swingbourne's Villon. It struck him all at once that chance had thrown in his way an evening of happiness, and he had thrown away the chance. A moment ago he might have "made up" his mind, and he had directed his cold, superior eyes upon the new-comer—who was Dora.

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Wilkins was dumb. "Hello, Carrie!" Johnny trumpeted. "Ned wants to see Dora. He's got a valentine for her." "Come in!" said Carrie, with a broader smile. Wilkins' feet dragged a weight of fallen hopes, but he felt forced to trail them after Johnny, through the kitchen. Mrs. True was darning stockings at the table, and looked over her spectacles in mild surprise. Mr. True paused in a belated remark to Uncle Cale Bradley, who sat smoking by the stove, and winked massively. "Well, I swan!" they heard the old man say, by way of comment.

There was murder in Wilkins' heart, when he stumbled into the sitting-room, and even the sight of Dora did not remove it. She pushed away her book and sat twisting her fingers, casting at him glances that oddly compounded friendliness, embarrassment and curiosity. Wilkins gloomed at her defiantly. He fumbled his cap with one hand, and with the other held fast to his chair. Carrie was manufacturing "tattings." Johnny began to talk about it. From that he passed to oysters, then to beer, then to the dog, then to his grandmother's false teeth. Johnny was a picturesque and volucrant talker, and at other times Wilkins would have enjoyed his merry gabble—but not at this time. Now he loathed it. And all at once, when Wilkins was at his worst, Johnny broke out in a new place: "Say, Ned!" he demanded. "Thought you'd go to see Dora that valentine."

Wilkins gazed up at the ceiling and down at the floor. Then he extracted the mass of crumpled paper from his pocket and held it before him, without a word, no change appearing in his fiercely melancholy face. The girl came forward and took it. "Thank you!" she said. "I think it's awfully pretty!" "I'm going to send a comic one to Monkey Parsons," Wilkins muttered hoarsely. He had a sudden resolution to be talkative and cheerful. But Johnny snickered and Dora stared. Carrie dropped her tattings and sniffed at him. Wilkins looked from one to the other and clutched his cap more tightly.

"Mr. Parsons is Carrie's new beau," Dora explained, primly. "Oh, I must have told you, Ned Wilkins! Didn't I, now?" Wilkins, as usual, said nothing. "Well, I guess we'll have to go in," Johnny declared. "Good-night, all kinds!" He rose and Wilkins shuffled, like a lame man, like one in a trance. Carrie let them out. "Good-night, children!" she said, with benevolent forbearance, as she closed the door.

Wilkins was sensible of not much that followed, except that Johnny was whistling. He heard sounds other than the whistle—Uncle Cale Bradley's words, and Carrie's, and Dora's. He knew that Johnny meant to be kind, but his heart was too sore to benefit by the balm that his comrade tried to pour into it when they reached the parting of their ways. "But you shall brag about that valentine to the girls, to-morrow!" Johnny chirruped. "Oh, cuss!" said Wilkins, intensely, as he turned off towards home.

they seize the first opportunity to (figuratively) chain him; and the last state of that man is worse than the first, since he has more cause to suffer.

By way of showing Dora that he could be firm and self-possessed, Wilkins resolved to neglect her. He stayed away from her desk at recess-time. He sent no more notes across the school-room to ask the ecstatic meaning of his "sums— and she, being proud, ceased to question him for new light on the history-lesson. Some little irreligious consolation centred in the meeting-house. He could look heartily at her there, for hers was a side pew and fronted his own, at an angle. But even thus he met her with an impassive stare when she chanced to turn; or, worse, bent absorbed eyes on Alice Pope, whom Dora thought a mean thing. Wilkins used to go home and sit down on the chopping-block and wonder how he could be so brave. There was masonry in being brave, and yet the thought of his new courage filled him with a shamed, uncertain joy. He felt that, if it were all to do over again, he would be strong enough to send Dora a comic valentine.

Such reflections inspired him to deal her a severer blow, and in public, when Morley's Scriptural Parables came to town. If Wilkins had forsaken Dora, so also had he ignored other girls—saved that he looked at Alice Pope, in meeting. Dora could bring no charge of enmity against him. It occurred to him that he might make her jealous and thereby deepen her conviction of his manly desirability; and the means came opportunely to hand in the person of a countess from the country." She was a buxom little girl, and a jolly, and quite as pretty as Dora, though of a darker type. Wilkins felt that when, wearing his blue necktie and his paper cuffs with the shiny brass buttons, he marshalled Sadie to a seat at the Pan-Diorama, Dora would be struck to the heart.

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The sensitive boy or man suffers untold agonies because of his weakness. He feels that it is a weakness, and he employs every expedient that seems to promise temporary relief. Hence, Lamb's liquor and DeQuincy's opium; hence, also, the brutality of assumption which self-offending friends of yours occasionally manifest. He dearly values the good opinion of his fellows, but he sees that when acting his nature, he makes room for others, people and he turns and tramples on the mob. If he did this thing persistently in cold blood, the mob would send him to Congress, or make him manager of a railroad company. Since he acts in madness and at long intervals,

elves and worshipped him—all but Dora. Yet Dora also had been impressed, as the event proved. It was on a certain Thursday in June when she made submission for his fault. Wilkins always remembered the day—the room, the clear brilliance of the sunlight over Mariner's Hill; the waveless and glittering mirror of Carter's Pond; the tremulous shadows that fell dritingly from the great elm fronting the school-house. Nor did he ever forget how Dora looked—her blue eyes dark with earnest and pitiful ecstasy, her lips quivering, her arms half outstretched when she met him, then dropped despairingly.

"He is Monkey Parsons, Ned!" she burst out as she saw the boy. I'm going to call him so tomorrow! Truly I will! And I'm sorry!" The boy stared at her, fascinated into showing his remorse—almost. "Don't you believe I'm sorry, Ned?" Surely he was musing in being brave, and yet the thought of his new courage filled him with a shamed, uncertain joy. He felt that, if it were all to do over again, he would be strong enough to send Dora a comic valentine.

There are those who maintain that time passes swiftly when a man has money to spend. Certain it is that when a man is trying to make and save money, living in exile and dangerous exile at that, the years drag on interminably. When Wilkins came back from the West coast, he was old—at twenty-one. Two years before, his uncle had died, and the cares attendant upon the closing of the business had rested upon him; but previous to that, as a mere boy, he had had some harassing experiences. The fever had scorched him; he had been bitten by snakes and shot at by savages, had known hunger and thirst, exposure and desolation. Money seemed inadequate return for all that he had suffered. And yet, perhaps, it might make some one happy!

Heretofore, Wilkins admitted to himself, exile held other compensations. At home he might have learned to make a joke of debauchery; of the neglect of God and abuse of man; he might have grown to doubt the grace of truth and honesty; but seeing crime, great or petty, in its original nakedness of savagery, it had bred in him a deep contempt of the sordid and lifted invisible coats-tails before he placed himself at their head. He blew his nose, man-fashion, put his feet on the settee in front and twirled his cuffs to show the brass buttons. Then he crossed his arms on his breast and bent a severe but patronizing gaze upon the green

embroidered curtain, someone came in beside him, and he directed his cold, superior eyes upon the new-comer—who was Dora. "Hello!" said Wilkins, gruffly. "How do you do, Nedly?" the girl made timid answer. "My name ain't Nedly; it's Edward!" "Oh!"

The girl straightened herself and turned to speak to her mother. Wilkins started again at the green curtain, but he did not see it. He felt as bad, sad, mad and glad as Mr. Swingbourne's Villon. It struck him all at once that chance had thrown in his way an evening of happiness, and he had thrown away the chance. A moment ago he might have "made up" his mind, and he had directed his cold, superior eyes upon the new-comer—who was Dora.

Wilkins was dumb. "Hello, Carrie!" Johnny trumpeted. "Ned wants to see Dora. He's got a valentine for her." "Come in!" said Carrie, with a broader smile. Wilkins' feet dragged a weight of fallen hopes, but he felt forced to trail them after Johnny, through the kitchen. Mrs. True was darning stockings at the table, and looked over her spectacles in mild surprise. Mr. True paused in a belated remark to Uncle Cale Bradley, who sat smoking by the stove, and winked massively. "Well, I swan!" they heard the old man say, by way of comment.

There was murder in Wilkins' heart, when he stumbled into the sitting-room, and even the sight of Dora did not remove it. She pushed away her book and sat twisting her fingers, casting at him glances that oddly compounded friendliness, embarrassment and curiosity. Wilkins gloomed at her defiantly. He fumbled his cap with one hand, and with the other held fast to his chair. Carrie was manufacturing "tattings." Johnny began to talk about it. From that he passed to oysters, then to beer, then to the dog, then to his grandmother's false teeth. Johnny was a picturesque and volucrant talker, and at other times Wilkins would have enjoyed his merry gabble—but not at this time. Now he loathed it. And all at once, when Wilkins was at his worst, Johnny broke out in a new place: "Say, Ned!" he demanded. "Thought you'd go to see Dora that valentine."

Wilkins gazed up at the ceiling and down at the floor. Then he extracted the mass of crumpled paper from his pocket and held it before him, without a word, no change appearing in his fiercely melancholy face. The girl came forward and took it. "Thank you!" she said. "I think it's awfully pretty!" "I'm going to send a comic one to Monkey Parsons," Wilkins muttered hoarsely. He had a sudden resolution to be talkative and cheerful. But Johnny snickered and Dora stared. Carrie dropped her tattings and sniffed at him. Wilkins looked from one to the other and clutched his cap more tightly.

"Mr. Parsons is Carrie's new beau," Dora explained, primly. "Oh, I must have told you, Ned Wilkins! Didn't I, now?" Wilkins, as usual, said nothing. "Well, I guess we'll have to go in," Johnny declared. "Good-night, all kinds!" He rose and Wilkins shuffled, like a lame man, like one in a trance. Carrie let them out. "Good-night, children!" she said, with benevolent forbearance, as she closed the door.

Wilkins was sensible of not much that followed, except that Johnny was whistling. He heard sounds other than the whistle—Uncle Cale Bradley's words, and Carrie's, and Dora's. He knew that Johnny meant to be kind, but his heart was too sore to benefit by the balm that his comrade tried to pour into it when they reached the parting of their ways. "But you shall brag about that valentine to the girls, to-morrow!" Johnny chirruped. "Oh, cuss!" said Wilkins, intensely, as he turned off towards home.

The sensitive boy or man suffers untold agonies because of his weakness. He feels that it is a weakness, and he employs every expedient that seems to promise temporary relief. Hence, Lamb's liquor and DeQuincy's opium; hence, also, the brutality of assumption which self-offending friends of yours occasionally manifest. He dearly values the good opinion of his fellows, but he sees that when acting his nature, he makes room for others, people and he turns and tramples on the mob. If he did this thing persistently in cold blood, the mob would send him to Congress, or make him manager of a railroad company. Since he acts in madness and at long intervals,

advance to cordiality. "How you been makin' it?"

"Oh, well enough." They stood and looked at each other a moment, in a tongue-tied helplessness that followed the first greeting after long absence. Neither spoke. Then Wilkins told into step with Tracy and they climbed the plank sidewalk exchanging critical but stealthy glances. "I saw Uncle Cale Bradley, just now," Wilkins ventured, at length.

"Yes. Gone down hill, ain't he?—while we've been goin' up. Had to fire him out of the school-house, at last. There's another old settler that's settled: Bill Higgins. Died last week. Remember the time we got licked for breakin' his glass? Poor as a— as a Methodist minister, he was, when he died."

"But you've prospered, John?" Wilkins tried to feel and show interest, and perhaps succeeded too well; for Tracy answered in a moderate manner, though he warned to his theme as he proceeded. "Oh, pretty fair!" he said, with a side-long look. "I went in with father—fish and lobsters, you know. Good thing it was for him, if I do say it. We struck it on lobsters, last year. Didn't do much on the fish side of the house; one of our cap'n run his best fare into Glo'ster, and cleared out with the cash. Oh, 't wasn't a dead loss! I calculate a man 't skin me if he gets the chance, and I generally take it out of him as I go along. Ain't that business?"

"I see that I can't teach you anything about business, John," Wilkins made reply. Tracy laughed in a pleased cunning way. "Well," he said with immense significance, "I wasn't born yesterday, sure as you live!"

There was a question that Wilkins wished to ask—but how to put it naturally? He shrank from evasion, yet he could not bear to reveal his heart. "I suppose you're married?" he hazarded, after some thought. "No. Not much! What for? My wife has got to be able to give me a lift. No, I'm hanging on with the old folks, like a good boy. Say, come up to supper?"

"Thank you, John. I'm afraid I can't stay. I thought I'd—just walk around here and look at the school-house—for the sake of old times, you know." "Oh, all right. Rotten old coop, ain't it? Some day it'll fall in and split Parson's head open. You remember Wilkins & Tracy's Standard Novels? Great fun, wasn't it? What say if we do now?" Tracy walked towards the battered steps but the other almost fiercely restrained him.

"No! Not there!" Wilkins cried. "I—that is," his companion was staring amazedly "it's pleasanter under the elm." "Just as you say, not as I care," Tracy quoted. "By George, Ned, you are business!" he added, admiringly, with the accent of conviction. "When you want to see a thing, the idea is to stand where you can see the whole of it, eh? I didn't think of that! You got ahead of me that time, sure you're born!"

Wilkins assented absently. Memories were flocking in upon him, and for a moment he closed his eyes and drifted back into his boyhood. There were once two children—

He roused himself, almost with a shock of pain, to meet Tracy's flow of words. "Ain't much changed, is it?" "No. Not much changed."

"It's the fellows and girls that do the changing," Tracy pursued. "Our smart boy, Walt Nelson, 's keepin' books for me ten dollars a week. And I don't remember Burns?—wanted to be a missionary?"

"Yes."

"Over in the county jail. Brought up in a prohibition State, you know—felt as though he had to learn to drink rum, I suppose. Zainby's dead; so's Alice Pope; oh, yes, and Adamson."

"By the way, what became of the True girls?" Wilkins's voice was not quite firm, though he did his best to control it. "Where's Dora?" "Oh, Dora? You used to be sweet on her, didn't you? What fools kids are, ain't they?" Tracy laughed. "She married Parson's Monkey Parsons, you know—let me see, last New Year's Day."

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DIED.

Hall, J. W., James, 15 months. Briggsville, N. S., Eliza Bears, 56. St. John, March 12, George Haggard, 45.

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BORN.

Trotter, March 23, to the wife of R. T. Crater, a son. Poirer, March 16, to the wife of George Pringle, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Annapolis, Feb. 16, Joseph Lane to Lillie Mullen. Annapolis, Feb. 17, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Alexander to Hattie West.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

[These lines are dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Alexander on the death of their daughter, Maud, who died at her parents' home on Jan. 29, 1893, aged 10 years.

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