

PROGRESS.

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NOT CONTENT!

The Police Committee Dissatisfied.

THEY WANT NO "COURTESY"

A Warm Meeting of the Board of Public Safety.

WHEN THE WHOLE MATTER IS REFERRED TO THE COUNCIL.

The gist of the evidence against Covay—Rawlings on his vacation and not suspended though committed for trial charged with perjury.

The compliments of the season to you "Mr. Chief" and to you "Boss" Kelly. So there is liable to be an investigation on oath after all into the Covay charges? That is what PROGRESS has been fighting for, the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

There is a chance now that the people may read some sworn testimony about the matter; there is a chance that, if the investigation is carried out in a proper fashion the evidence may be confined in some degree to the charges under consideration and not include the past and present conduct of all the officers who are and have been on the force.

When PROGRESS appeared last Saturday the one man who was aroused to a sense of his duty was Boss Kelly. He was under the impression that Chief Clarke had disposed of the matter since Covay was on duty as usual. Other aldermen were of the same opinion and it was a surprise to them to learn how the affair was being quietly hushed up. Kelly began to shout for an immediate investigation and called a meeting of the board of public safety for Wednesday. Ald. Tufts was alive to the situation and called a meeting of the police committee just half an hour before the safety board met and greeted that body with a report that threatened the peace for a time.

Chief Clarke should make a few notes of that report. He will find that the police committee do not consider that his investigation amounted to much, and that they are of opinion—along with PROGRESS—that there should be an inquiry under oath. If he is acute he will read something else between the lines. The committee have no actual authority over Chief Clarke, but representing the taxpayers who pay his salary, they resent his sending them a report "as a matter of courtesy."

PROGRESS came in for a liberal share of the attention of the committee while in session, and one alderman was accused by another with giving this paper information. His reply was that the information he gave could have been obtained by any taxpayer. Ald. Kelly wanted Sergt. Covay's name and part of the paragraph relating to him struck out of the report, but the board couldn't see why it should be changed. The meeting broke up after a three-hour session, and the matter will come before the council.

In the meantime Capt. Rawlings is out on bail, committed for trial on a criminal charge, and enjoying a vacation at the expense of the city.

His vacation began last Saturday morning, and bright and early he called at PROGRESS office for a nice clean copy for his file. He got it, and remarked as he paid for it, "I see that you give me credit for paying for my paper." Then he continued, "Do you know what I am saving these papers for—so that my children can read about their father's rascality when they grow up."

Another caller was Chief Clarke, who came later, and stayed longer. He denied having told Mrs. Covay that PROGRESS was a scandalous paper, etc., but he did not deny having called upon her the morning PROGRESS published Mrs. Woodburn's charges.

Throughout the whole business Chief Clarke has shown a singular lack of discretion. Before he knew anything about the charges in regard to their truth, or falsity, he hastens to the wife of the officer accused and assures her that, in his opinion, there was nothing in them. Even when handing the charges to the sitting magistrate, he volunteered the opinion that it would take more than the evidence of "that woman" to take off Covay's uniform. Surely this was entirely gratuitous and uncalled for. Even when conducting the so-called investigation, as this paper has stated before, his main object appears to have been to fasten suspicion upon other

officers and avoid the real subject under inquiry. The conduct of Captain John Weatherhead, and even of the ex-chief, was dragged into the inquiry. Was this necessary? Is it any part of Chief Clarke's duty to mention any predecessor's name when that gentleman has retired from the service.

The "investigation" reminds one of the man who was looking for work and praying that he would not find it. Chief Clarke was looking for facts and apparently evading them. Even under such unfavorable circumstances, he did learn from officer Baxter that he saw Mrs. Woodburn give Covay the knife in exchange for a cent; he did learn that Covay had possession of the woman's purse for a time; he did learn that there was conversation about previous gifts, and if he had examined Mrs. Woodburn closely, he would have found out all about those gifts. He might even have had a detailed account of how Covay, while sitting in the woman's house drinking her liquor admired a moustache cup and saucer, how he stated that he did have one, but it was broken, and how Mrs. Woodburn, while he was in the place, went out to Mrs. McKelvie's store, on the same street, and bought the cup and saucer and gave it to him. If he had wanted to surround it by details, he might also have learned that Covay did not want to carry it away then, and it was arranged that he should come later and get it.

Though it is against the law for any policeman to accept gifts, yet the mere fact alone of his taking these articles would be a terrible crime, had he not also received money at different times, and in return given Mrs. Woodburn notice when any raid was contemplated. The woman is prepared to swear, PROGRESS understands, that Covay even came from another beat and told her of a proposed raid. The raids were made, but of course nothing was found.

The charges of drinking are also serious. Those who defend Covay, say that he is not a drinking man. Those who know him laugh at the statement. If Covay is not a drinking man he would not have ordered liquor from a teamster who delivers ale, who, by the way, had not up to a few days ago been paid for the same.

THE CHIEF IN DISGUISE.

How He Propose to Begin where Capt. Rawlings Left Off.

Chief Clarke resumed his lectures at the police court Saturday evening. The efficiency of Capt. Rawlings as a police officer was dealt with at some length, to an "appreciative audience." It was quite evident that the Chief is a great admirer of Capt. Rawlings' work in making the men feel and act like a lot of criminals who were in constant danger of being brought to account for something or other, they knew not what.

This is what Capt. Rawlings and some others in high authority on the force have accomplished. They haunted the men in civilian clothes, dogged their every action, and hunted up their past careers, in a way that would make a much better man than most policemen are feel far from comfortable.

They wrote out long reports about the doings of the men and were backed up by the Chief. Men were suspended and discharged on account of them. They have succeeded in making the men lose all heart in their duty; in making them feel that they were not trusted, but regarded with suspicion. Instead of the police being treated as trustworthy and capable to look after the interests of the citizens, they seem to be looked upon by their superiors as men who needed watching more than the worst criminals in the province.

That Chief Clarke has this opinion of his men seems evident. Saturday evening he informed them that he was going to take a walk around himself occasionally to see how everything was. He said further, that "sometimes they would know him and sometimes they would not." From this it would be inferred that the chief will assume disguises on some of his tours of inspection. The men will, therefore, have to be careful about what they do. It would be remarkable if they took the chief on his rambles for a dangerous character and arrested him on suspicion.

What is the matter with the men that they have to be watched so closely? Is a question that has been asked more than once since the doings of the heads of the department have been placed before the public. So far it has been the officers, who were detailed to watch their subordinates, that have had the gravest charges made against them. Yet the chief seems determined to catch the men doing something wrong. It may be that he does not have to assume disguises to learn of the wrong-doing of his advisers.

Which says a great deal for the ordinary policeman.

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MAKING UP MORE CHARGES.

Efforts Being Made to Keep up the Disreputable Record of the Force.

One would naturally imagine that the members of the police force had had enough squabbling among themselves; that they would be tired of the disordered and unsatisfactory condition in which the department is at present. The citizens, at least, are heartily tired of it.

Not so, with some of the police. On the contrary, they seem more than anxious to keep the pot boiling. All sorts of rumors are heard, and some of them have pretty good foundation. They apparently keep Chief Clarke pretty busy, trying to settle things to his own and other people's satisfaction.

Capt. Rawlings appears to be enjoying his vacation immensely, and Detective King is helping him to do it. They are apparently trying to work up another investigation or so.

This was their object when they called on a woman who keeps a questionable place at the east end of Duke Street. They have made her pay something like \$270 into the city treasury since May last, and perhaps imagined that she would be very anxious to keep on the "good side" of them.

Capt. Rawlings and Detective King wanted to know if officer William Weatherhead was not a frequenter of her house; if he had not been drinking there when he was supposed to be doing duty on the Lower Cove beat.

They were told that this was not the case. But the statement did not satisfy them. Capt. Rawlings was willing to give the woman his "word of honor" for some reason or other, but this failed to bring forth any statement other than that given at first. No amount of questioning would make her say anything that would satisfy them. They did not appear glad to hear that rumors decidedly unfavorable to a brother police officer had been proven false and that the force was not in danger of being brought into further disrepute. They seemed slightly disappointed.

The story of their visit and its object became pretty generally known around town, and as it travelled it grew. Chief Clarke heard it after it had grown into quite a scandal. He paid a visit to Duke street, and found that it had no foundation. The chief must have felt greatly relieved.

If such work as this is to continue, there is very little prospect of harmony on the force for some time to come. And as long as the chief shirks the responsibility placed upon him, and allows such disturbing elements to remain on the force, it is likely to continue.

A Great Day for Sales.

Last Saturday was another great day for PROGRESS. It was expected that it would be and preparations were made for it. The newsboys were around long before daylight, and they increased their orders to such an extent that by eight o'clock there was not a paper left in the office. And the boys wanted more. The edition was larger than that of the previous week, and yet some of the little hustlers arrived too late to get their share of it. Others who had taken out large armloads early in the morning, came back for more. They would not go away without them, and orders were taken for several hundred.

So the press was started again. As soon as the papers were printed the boys had them on the streets. After they were supplied, enough papers were printed, as was thought, to meet the demands of the newsdealers for their evening trade. But they fell short by several hundred. There was not a paper in the office at noon Saturday, except those laid aside for files.

The sale was very brisk in the morning. People who had put off buying the paper until late at night on the Saturday before, and found that they could not buy one in town, made sure of it last Saturday and bought early.

They should always do so, in order to make sure of getting PROGRESS.

Sam Small Coming.

The people of St. John will have an opportunity next Tuesday evening of hearing that celebrated preacher, of the Rev. Sam Small, who has divided public attention during the last few years with the Rev. Sam Jones, in his vigorous denunciations of the wicked, in both high and low places, as well as in cheering up the truly good.

Mr. Small will lecture in the Mechanics' Institute under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

Here's a Suggestion.

The Bank of New Brunswick had charge of some \$1,200 of the Young fund, Thursday noon, while the total paid subscriptions to the daily newspapers were over \$2,000. The Globe has deposited nearly \$800; the Telegraph all that it had collected, and the Sun has also deposited. PROGRESS suggestion is that those in charge of the fund should see to it that the whole amount is deposited at once.

Rainbow Hotel. See advt.

NOT A WORD!

Birchall Dies Without Confessing.

COMPOSED TO THE LAST.

His Parting With His Wife and Sister.

THREE MINUTES STRUGGLE AND ALL WAS OVER.

Doctors Say He Had No Pain—No Sleep the Last Night, but Full of Nerve in the Morning—His Wife Sleeping While the Execution Was Going On.

WOODSTOCK, ONT., Nov. 14.—John Reginald Birchall was hanged this morning.

He retained his jaunty callous air to the end, apparently unaffected by the advice of Rev. Mr. Wade, the clergyman who has been in his cell day after day exhorting him to prepare for death.

The past night has been a terrible one for all who, through family ties, held the condemned man dear. Various reports have been sent broadcast through the press concerning the final interview between the murderer and his unhappy wife. These accounts in no way represent what really occurred in the condemned cell. This morning, however, officials and friends talk freely about it. Mrs. Birchall went to the jail at 7 o'clock, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. West-Jones, and a college friend of Birchall's, named Arthur Leatham, now in Montreal. At that time Birchall had but just parted company with Deputy Sheriff Perry who was there to see that things were all right, and that no hitch would occur to balk justice at the last moment. The deputy sheriff had not talked to the prisoner many moments when he found that suicide was the most remote possibility. Instead of being dejected Birchall was resorting to every device which his vivid fancy might suggest to sustain his spirits at an elevated pitch. He had worked himself up to a degree not far removed from insane merriment. He made jokes about the gallows, and railed at the cooks who had sent him a venison steak for supper that had not been kept long enough after killing, but he had his calm moments also, and in one of these, he presented the deputy sheriff with a signed and dated photograph of himself.

Soon after Mr. Perry had left, Mrs. Birchall and Mrs. West-Jones were ushered into the cell. The latter remained only 15 minutes. Her farewell was a sad one, but she kept perfect control of herself. The wife was then practically alone with her doomed husband for the guards stood at the other side of the cell with averted faces, while the clergyman withdrew from the scene. The woman wept piteously though she tried to confine her tears for a while. Then she wept aloud in her abandonment of misery. The man kept cool for a time then adopted a caressing disposition.

Mrs. Birchall did not faint and help had not to be called in at any time. It would be charitable to draw a veil over the agonizing scene. After an hour had passed Mrs. West-Jones returned in a cab but she had to wait. The spiritual adviser declared that Birchall needed the brief remaining hours of his life for preparation. This was at 1.30 a. m. The effect of the prolonged interview had somewhat unnerved the prisoner but he smiled coldly as he parted with his wife forever.

For a time, after she had gone, he was as a child in the hands of the clergyman. Then he lay down and in his exhausted condition tried to sleep, but sleep was impossible. He arose and declared he would sit it out, laughed and joked at the guards again, but after awhile began to pay attention to the administrations of Mr. Wade.

At 6 o'clock the prisoner, who had again lain down for a few minutes, rose and robed himself in a dark suit of clothes, a white shirt with cuffs and collar, black corded tie, white gloves, and silk socks. Mr. Wade prayed earnestly, and was thus engaged, when the hangman entered the cell.

He was the executioner, "Ratley" of Toronto, who has hanged Kane, Smith and Davis. Radcliffe is the man's real name.

Birchall who had seen him previously during the day, nodded to him as he entered. The hangman essayed to open a conversation, but it was a failure. At this

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time, half a hundred newspaper men had been admitted to the jail yard, for it was then half past seven, and hundreds of people lined all the streets around.

THE STORY OF THE CRIME.

The Criminal Birchall's Career While on Canadian Soil.

On the line of the Grand Trunk Railroad, as you go from Niagara Falls to Detroit, is the Canadian township of Woodstock. Half a century ago it was the centre of a social life resembling no other in America. Swarms of families of gentle birth came over from England to settle there. Fine carriages with liveried coachmen drove along its roads. Admiral Vansittart built a house which Mrs. Jameson

old English families had passed with their liveried coachmen into nothingness.

As for pretty Alice Smith, the belle of the town, she lost her heart on the spot.

Drawing up at the O'Neill House, his lordship threw the reins to a groom; helped her ladyship to alight; took her to the parlor of the hotel; and then, returning to the bar, invited all good citizens and true to drink. The invitation was so democratically tendered that the frequenters of the hostelry stood dumb with amazement. One of them, however, who went about in a Scotch cap and plaid, and was currently reported to be descended from the Laird of Cockaleekie, saw that it devolved on him to place the matter on a proper footing. He advanced and said:



BIRCHALL TALKING TO HIS WIFE.

said reminded her of an African village, "a sort of Timbuctoo set down in the woods." It was composed of a number of log-huts, built one after the other, full of seaman's contrivances, odd galleries, passages, porticos, corridors, saloons, cabins, and cupboards; chimneys in which twenty oak logs were piled at once; drawing-rooms laden with views of Rome and Naples, tazzi and marbles, sculpture in lava and alabaster. The postmaster of Toronto makes his country-seat today.

But of all these English gentry hardly a survivor remains. Most of them lost their wealth, and their families have long since been scattered. While they money lasted they spent it freely, and in days when money was extremely scarce they did much good to the district. All that is left of them now is their money and their influence. Vansittarts, Drews, Fauquier, Grahams, Cottles, Farmers, Lights, Crawfords—they are all gone. Their names dwell only in local history.

Woodstock to-day is a quiet country town. Its citizens do everything in a leisurely way. Its newspaper, the Sentinel-Review—an excellent newspaper it is—contains the usual flaming announcements of "bankrupt sales" and "unparalleled offers of dry-goods," but the people seem in no hurry to avail themselves of these opportunities. When the housewife gets

"Pardon me, Lord—ahem—Lord—ahem. . . ."

"Somerset," said the gentleman in the knee-breeches.

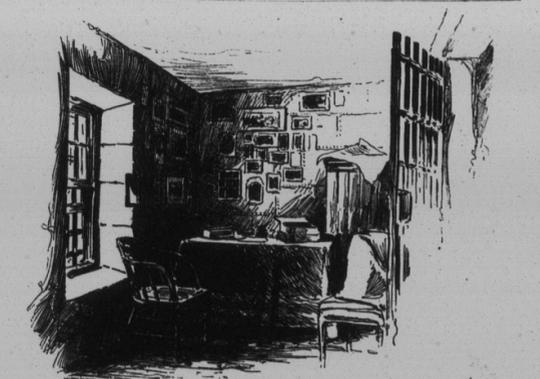
"Just so, Lord Somerset," replied the gentleman in the Highland plaid.

"I said plain Somerset," observed the gentleman in the knee-breeches.

"Ah, precisely," rejoined the gentleman in the Highland plaid, winking at his followers. "Incognito; we understand; just so. Well, Lord—that is to say, plain Somerset, we shall be delighted to accept your hospitality."

And that is how Woodstock came to know that it had a lord in its midst, and that his name was Somerset. The gentleman in the plaid was warmly congratulated for his skill in ascertaining who the stranger was.

Far from showing aristocratic pride, Lord Somerset hired two small rooms for his wife and himself—"rooms," say the inhabitants to-day, "that a well-to-do mechanic would have refused to live in." When he was not driving his horse-drawn steeds, or riding a prancing charger through the streets, he was usually playing billiards or drinking at the bar. So thoroughly democratic a lord seemed a freak of nature to minds that viewed the nobility of England through the lens of the "Duchess's" novels. But there were



BIRCHALL'S CELL IN WOODSTOCK JAIL.

ready, she goes out to shop. Before she gets ready no flamboyant advertisement can hasten her.

From this universal state of quietude Woodstock was roused in the month of December, 1888, by the announcement that a real, live English lord was in town. The gossips at the O'Neill House had hardly time to digest the morsel when the blowing of a horn awoke the tranquil streets, and, handling the ribbons of a four-in-hand, his lordship appeared. He was the first English lord that most of the Woodstockians had seen. The young ladies declared him as handsome as Apollo and particularly admired his jet-black mustache. His horses were tied up with gay little ribbons; he had a blond lady of distinguished appearance beside him; and his knee-breeches, flowered waistcoat, and velvet coat, with a hat perched jauntily on the side of his head, completed the most remarkable spectacle that had been seen in Woodstock since the

people in Woodstock who did not study the "Duchess" or her novels. And these people shook their heads as his lordship went dashing by.

"He's a regular 'cad,'" said one of them.

"He looks like a counter-jumper," said others.

"He rides like a tailor," said others. "Pretty Alice Smith's grandfather should keep an eye on her," said others.

For pretty Alice Smith used to visit her grandfather in his cottage at Eastwood, about ten miles from Woodstock, and there Lord Somerset used to come and pay compliments to the budding girl, which made her cast down her eyes and blush.

"But why," she once ventured to ask him, "do you always bring a gun when you come to see me?"

"Because, after you send me away," said he, "I always go shooting in the Blenheim Swamp."

"Br-r-r," shivered pretty Alice Smith.

The Blenheim Swamp was a name of fear, especially to ingenious girls of sixteen. In the heart of it was the Bottomless Lake, the depths of which no plummet had sounded.

The lake was guarded by a tangle of trees and undergrowth. In summer time the birds and game had it all to themselves. On winter nights, when the moon was up, the whitened trees stood with outstretched boughs, like a convention of ghosts, or of shrouded witches.

A place to frighten children with, this Blenheim Swamp. "Hush," said the mothers, when the children are refractory, "hush, or I will take you to the Swamp, and lose you."

The place had a fascination for Lord Somerset. It could not have been pretty there; for Alice knew that he was married, and she was as good as she was pretty. He would spend hours talking with old Rabb, the German, who lived just outside the swamp, and whose habit was to "holler"

as he said—when strangers were lost in its mazes; and then, if they didn't hear him "holler," to take down his ancient fowling-piece and fire it. Rabb knew all about the lake and its terrors. He had heard of dozens of people who had drowned themselves in its muddy waters. Did he know of any murders committed in the swamp? Well, no; but all he could say was that if he, Rabb, were ever tempted to commit murder, here is the place where he would commit it.

Lady Somerset had no desire to visit the swamp. Her husband, indeed, had never mentioned its name to her. But she had longed to pay a good long visit to the Falls ever since she came to the neighborhood of Niagara. And one day, to her surprise, his lordship determined to gratify her.

"Reginald," she said to him softly, as they walked along the trees on Goat Island. "I wish to leave you, Reginald," he said, impatiently.

"We are far away from Woodstock," she replied, "and I am so tired of masquerading."

"You can't be more tired than I," said his lordship. "Why don't you go home, persuade your father to make it up with us, and send me money enough to keep up the style befitting my rank in the British aristocracy?"

And Mr. Reginald Birchall laughed, but not as he used to laugh in those by-gone days—before he was metamorphosed into Lord Somerset.

"Reginald, dear," she said, as they came nearer to the torrent, "I know from my sister that papa will not forgive us. He has heard so many things against you. Why can't we go to New York, resume your own name, and get something to do? I would do anything, anything, rather than live this life of deception; and you, with your education, and your drawing, and your knowledge of Greek, could easily get a clerkship somewhere."

"Fine use a clerk would have of Greek," sneered his lordship. "And a fine clerk Lord Somerset would make."

"But we must do something," pleaded the wife. "The little money which has come from your family through the agents will soon be finished. How can we get along then?"

"Sin does," said her husband, gruffly, and if the roar of this confounded water

And she hardly asked the question when she uttered a scream. She had been pushed from behind and felt herself falling into the torrent. Her husband caught her.

"Oh, Reginald, Reginald!" she sobbed, "who did that?"

"I did it, my dear Florence," said his lordship, sardonically. "And I did it just to show you how easily, in this convenient locality, a person who asks inconvenient questions may disappear. There, there, I'm only jesting. But my scheme is serious, horribly serious. And if your nerves are getting calmer, we'll take a carriage and drive to the Rapids, and on the way I'll tell you how I can maintain you in comfort, and live as a gentleman should live, until your pig-headed governor chooses to do the proper thing."

Only half understanding, this poor wife allowed herself to be placed in a carriage. Still only half understanding, she listened to her husband's plans as they drove to the Rapids. He told her of the farm-pupil

who was to dance there, led, of course, by Alice Smith, so engaged the attention of the three young men that they forgot the two shots altogether.

As for everybody else who lived in the neighborhood of the swamp, there was a function known as a "cheese-meeting" to be attended in the day, to say nothing of the dance at night. These two observances so exhausted the energies of the good people of Eastwood that nobody went into the swamp for four days after the hearing of the shots.

From that Monday, which was the seventeenth of February last, until the following Friday the snow and sleet fell upon the dismal swamp. Its desolation was complete. No sound was audible but the wind moaning among the trees. No signs of life were visible save a huge raven which flapped its wings and ominously croaked over an object that lay among the stumps.

Two young farmers, brothers, George and John Elveridge by name, had come into the swamp to chop wood. The croaking of the raven attracted their attention. They slowly advanced through the wood.

"There's something lying on a pile of saplings," said John.

"Stop!" cried George, sharply, peremptorily. "Don't stir a foot, John. Do you see what it is?"

And John Elveridge, frightened by his brother's earnestness, peered eagerly through the branches.

"It's a man," he whispered.

"Yes," said his elder, "it's a man. There's been murder done."

Though the farmers stood so near the corpse, the raven had not flown away. It fluttered from tree to tree, on either side of the body, like a sentinel mounting guard over the dead.

"Shall we look at it, George?" asked the younger of the brothers.

"No, siree," said George, "we'll get out of here as fast as we can. When murder's committed that's the time to look for a magistrate. Who knows that we mayn't be suspected ourselves?"

And with the croaking of the raven still in their ears, the men made for the road. Not far away they found Constable Watson, of Princeton, and with this official to represent the law, they returned to the spot where the body lay. It was the body of a young man, cleanly shaven and of dark complexion. The raven rested on a sapling. The left foot was frozen into the ground, and the ice had to be cut to move it. The face was frozen, too.

"Why, what is this?" cried the constable, pointing in astonishment to the clothing.

"Somebody has been at work with the scissors," said George. "Every mark on trousers, shirt, and vest has been cut away."

"And the lining's torn out of the hat," said John. "If we ever discover the fellow who did it, it won't be for lack of smartness on his part."

"Hello, look here!" cried the constable at this moment. And from under the dead man's head he picked up a pair of eye-glasses and a cigar-holder. There were no marks on either. The men abandoned hopes of identifying the body, and set about removing it. They procured a sleigh in haste, laid the corpse inside it, and with their burden drove to the undertaker's at Princeton. There two doctors held an autopsy upon it, and ordered its burial in the Potter's Field.

The brothers Elveridge were not satisfied to leave the mystery unsolved. At dawn next day they were in the swamp again. They searched all around the spot where the body was found, and once more were about to relinquish the search when George, drawing his axe along the ground, suddenly found a cigar case.

He raised it to the light.

On it was inscribed the name: "F. C. Benwell."

Next morning there was a pleasant little breakfast party at Mr. Baldwin's boarding-house in the village of Niagara Falls. Mr.

never did not exist no such person as Mrs. "Arrie."

"Good heavens! man," the landlord broke in, "can you sit joking there while your murdered man's being shovelled into a pauper's grave?"

"I accept the amendment," said Mr. Birchall. "Poor Benwell! I was really very fond of him. I will run down to Princeton and identify the body. Good-by, Florence."

Mrs. Birchall still sat rigid, white as death, and not a word she took her to her room, hardly conscious. When Pelly was left alone with her, he whispered: "I know what is in your mind, Mrs. Birchall; but before Heaven, I believe him innocent; indeed I do."

And with this word of comfort, revealing that the same thought was in the minds of both, the kind-hearted young fellow set off for New York to see if Benwell could be there, as a telegram had led him to suppose.

Mr. Reginald Birchall returned from Princeton, having fully identified the body. He had shown such emotion when it was exhumed that a constable had to support him.

He went straight to his wife's bedroom. She shrank from his touch.

"Assassin!" she cried.

"You're a fool," he said, repeating the phrase that he uttered when he looked down into the Rapids.

"Reginald," said she, "I have been a true and faithful wife to you. I will be true and faithful to the end. Only let there be no deception between us. Tell me the whole truth."

He muttered, murmured, made two or three vain efforts to speak. Then, turning to see that the poor wife looked on her as she sat at the foot of the bed, and walking up and down the little room, he told her the story of his journey with Benwell through Blenheim Swamp.

"Florence," said he, with a trace of unwonted tenderness in his voice, "it had to be done. I was in the debt of a noble. My only chance was to get money from Benwell's father; my only hope was to put Benwell out of the way."

Mrs. Birchall covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

"I planned it on the *Britannic*, coming over," she continued. "I thought that Reginald might go over the Falls, and that the swamp would do for Benwell. When Benwell and I started out, a sort of exultation seemed to fill me. Some cruel devil possessed me; and as I went along in the train to Eastwood I could almost hear myself saying: 'Your time has come, friend Benwell; take a last look at the earth.'"

"Oh, horrible, horrible!" moaned the wife.

Birchall appeared to find some strange satisfaction in recounting his crime.

"As soon as we left the road and struck into the swamp," he said, "I took every precaution to see that we were alone. Not a living being was in sight. When we came near the lake, Benwell sat on a log, saying that he was fagged to death. I just made one step to the rear, put my pistol to his forehead, and fired. The body wheeled half round before it fell, and the eyes met mine. For an instant I thought that the bullet had missed him. I nerved myself and fired again. He tumbled like a log at my feet. And as he laid on his back I looked at him again; and once more those gasty eyes gleamed into mine."

The wife sobbed convulsively.

"However," continued Birchall, as though describing an event of no particular moment, "it was now done. I borrowed those scissors of yours before starting. With them I cut all the marks from his clothing. There was nothing to identify him, nothing, nothing—that is," he added, clenching his fist, "but that accursed cigar-case."

"It will convict you," moaned his wife.

"Convict me? Pahaw!" said Birchall. "I have not laid plans so lightly as killing Benwell; take a last look at the earth."

"What motive can I have had for killing him? Who saw me enter the swamp with

him? Who saw me come out? It is preposterous. They dare not even arrest me."

And now—

As he spoke the door was burst open. Chief Young of the Niagara Falls police, entered the room.

"Reginald Birchall," he said, "I arrest you for the murder of Frederick Cornwall Benwell."

III. FLY-LEAVES FROM A DIARY.

In prison, Monday, September 22, 1890, a. m. The trial begins today. For the space of nine hours I, John Reginald Birchall, am to quit this art-gallery, decorated with Titianesque fancies and Rembrandtesque conceits, and receive the homage of Woodstock and the attention of the world.

What a magnificent thing it is to be a celebrity! I hear they have arranged telephones round the courtroom, so that everybody in the neighborhood may hear all that is going on. The *London Times* is to take a column of cabled matter every day; and the *Paris Figure* the same. My looks, my gestures, the fit of my trousers, the color of my tie, will be dis-

cussed tomorrow in St. Petersburg, in Calcutta, in Peking. Let me take down my looking-glass and adorn myself for the occasion.

"The culprit was worthy of that great presence," says Macarley of Warren Hastings. I, too, will be worthy of this great presence—not the herd of Woodstock farmers, but the innumerable spectators whose gaze is fixed on me all over the universe.

Florence! I suppose, will be in court. What a nuisance these women are! They sit whispering, blubbering, appealing for sympathy, when their proper attitude should be one of dignity. Still, Blackstock thinks my wife should be there; and I suppose he knows best. But I do hope she will be well-dressed. There is nothing so distressing as a slovenly woman.

As for myself, Blackstock says that my safety is assured. There were so many suspicious characters in the swamp during the days Benwell lay there that no chain of circumstances can bind the crime around me. The jury will disagree; shall have six months more to decorate my cell with cuts of ballet-girls; then they will turn me loose to wrestle once more with fate.

My reception was hardly as warm as I expected. The jurors merely stared. The ladies were visibly fluttered on my entrance. But, after all, my audience is not at Woodstock; it is everywhere.

Florence was there with her sister; she did not speak to me; didn't even look at me. She is miserable and pale. I wonder whether I ever loved her. I wonder whether, in my whole life, I ever had one unselfish thought or feeling. How that woman trusted me! How blindly she followed me through all the tortuous movements of my life; and the more I abused her the more she clung to me! I suppose I ought to give her some affection in return. How can I? I need all my affection for myself, and have needed it all my life.

This is a depression. Osler, Crown Counsel, opened the case against me. Osler is bald. Osler has a thin, metallic voice. Osler has a lank figure

which he points at me unceasingly. But what puzzles me is how on earth Osler knows so much about me.

I was a fool to keep Benwell's gold pencil-case. I was a fool to wear that Astrakhan cape at Eastwood. I was utterly stupid when I overlooked the cigar-case, and left it in the swamp to damn me.

And Pelly, too—how I hate him, with his good-looking, insipid face, and his drawl, and his blonde mustache. Why didn't I notice his presence when Benwell and I were imitating each other's signatures? Why did I mention the presence to him on the boat, coming over? It is easy enough to ask these questions now; but if the case goes against me, and people think me a dot for not taking proper precautions, will I reach England long before my lawyer shall be able to write. By the next mail I will send a desperate letter with Benwell's name attached, saying all is well. The old gentleman will reply with the draft; I can cash it at the Niagara Falls bank, where I'll enjoy a small account immediately, and if trouble is made about it later, I can disappear.

That was the scheme. All I needed was Benwell's signature and Benwell's absence. But Ben-

well refused to go. Hence our journey to the swamp. Up to the last moment, I am ready solemnly to swear I was willing to spare him if he had shown the least inclination to further my plans.

Supposing Osler can prove all he says? I wonder if the jury would think it convincing? They look like a lot of pig-headed farmers, narrow and provincial, and the mere fact that blood has been spilled in this county seems to have made them against me. But they can't hang me—they dare not. To be hanged by the neck until you are dead, that's a horrible thought; it is to be strangled, choked, cut off in a minute!

But! I'm crazy. Blackstock will get me off, and if he can't, Florence will help me.

There are easier modes of death than hanging.

Tuesday, September 23d, evening.—Another day's agony is done. I must confess that the notoriety of the thing irritates me. People are coming from all over the country just to catch a glimpse of me. I wish I could wear the magnificent wig in which I used to drive my four-in-hand. As it is, in these cheap clothes I look positively insignificant. And then the sides of the prisoners' box are so confidentially high that nothing but the top of my head can be seen. It is base as imposing when one can only show the top of his head.

It was Pelly all day, as usual, then, Charles Benwell, looking frightfully like his brother; then a

surveyor who measured the distance from Eastwood to the swamp—the witness are working like demons to convict me; then the men who found the body, and then the men who buried it.

When they first began to go into details about—well, about what they found in the swamp—I confess I felt a kind of sickening, just the feeling that came over me when they exhumed the body. It isn't half so hard to kill a man as to look at him when he is dead; and if I get clear of this charge, those eyes that glared at me as he lay on his back amongst the tamaracs and cedars will haunt me till I die. One doesn't think of these things at the time. They are the penalty of murder after it is committed.

Be that as it may, everything seems to be going smoothly. Blackstock says that the jury can't convict on evidence so loose as this.

The shadow of the gallows is yet a long way off.

Wednesday, September 24th, evening.—I'm beginning to get despondent. All day long they have been keeping up a fusillade of incriminating facts. The doctors, boarding house keeper, pay-telegraph operator, postmaster, meteorological expert, and a shoal of people who talked to me at Princeton poured in their evidence. It looks black, black as thunder. Why did I spin so many different yarns about Benwell's whereabouts? If I had kept my mouth closed, they would never have suspected me.

If it all goes against me, Florence won't help me. She knows where to get just what I want.

But have I the courage to run for it? It's easy, in court, with a multitude of eyes looking on, to show the courage to die. But here, in this solitude, with no company but the ballet-girls on the walls, that's different, different altogether.

Thursday, September 25th, evening.—The farmers have had their sayings. They all remember the day of the murder by the holding of Duke's ball. I ought to have heard of that ball before. Were not for a solemnity like that, I should so resemble another in the mind of those yokels that they couldn't possibly fix it in their memory.

The hand of destiny would, indeed, be shown if I were condemned to death because Mr. Jerry Duke, an innkeeper, chose to give a dance on a certain night to the lady and ladies of Princeton.

Florence has been compelled by them? I suppose I ought to give her some affection in return. How can I? I need all my affection for myself, and have needed it all my life.

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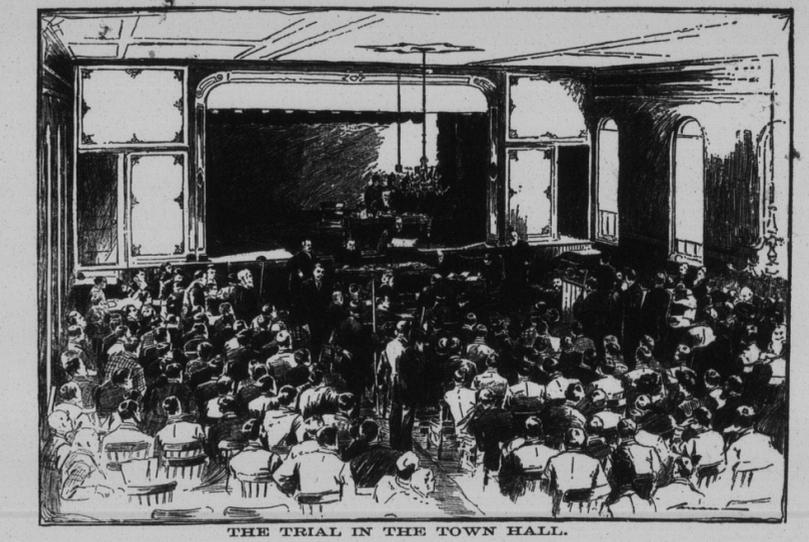
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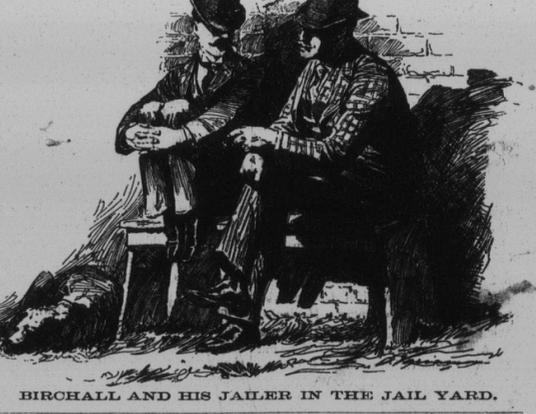
ENTERING THE SWAMP.



THE TRIAL IN THE TOWN HALL.



WHERE THE MURDERED BENWELL WAS FOUND.



BIRCHALL AND HIS JAILER IN THE JAIL YARD.

doesn't deafen you, I'll show you how we will get along."

Whereupon, the submissive wife having seated herself, his lordship produced the draft of an advertisement setting forth that a young University man, having a farm in Canada, wished to enter into partnership with a young Englishman of means.

"If that bait doesn't catch a gudgeon," said Mr. Reginald Birchall, "I have studied my countrymen in vain."

"But where is your farm?" asked the wife.

"In my mind's eye, Horatio," replied his lordship.

"But supposing you had persuaded some young man to come, what would you do with him when he was here?"

The thought of the dance that was to take place that night at Jerry Duke's Hotel, in Princeton, and of the pretty girls who

coating of muddy ice lay on the surface of the Bottomless Lake. Three farmers were trudging among the charred stumps, and pushing the tanglewood aside.

"Who fired?" cried George Fredenburg, suddenly, as two shots, in quick succession, rang out among the trees.

"Not I," cried John Higginson, following the trail just ahead of him.

"Nor I," shouted George Macdonald, from a distance.

"Guess it's John Rabb," said Fredenburg, listening a moment longer. "The old fool thinks we are lost. As though we were going to lose ourselves on the day of Duke's ball, eh, John?"

"The thought of the dance that was to take place that night at Jerry Duke's Hotel, in Princeton, and of the pretty girls who

Reginald Birchall, Mrs. Reginald Birchall, Mr. Douglas Pelly, a blond young Englishman whom they had brought from Liverpool, were discussing trivialities, while Mr. Baldwin was reading the morning paper.

"Well," said Mrs. Baldwin, suddenly, "the body found in Blenheim Swamp has been identified."

Mr. Reginald Birchall, who was raising a teaspoon to his mouth, let it drop with a clatter into his cup.

"What—a—was the poor devil's name?" asked Mr. Pelly, languidly.

"F. C. Benwell," said Mr. Baldwin.

BUTTERCUP, POPPY, FORGET ME NOT.

Hence our journey to the swamp... Buttercup, poppy, forget me not... Buttercup gabbled all day long...

THE DOWNWARD STEP.

Some miles from the center of the busy manufacturing town of B— there is a row of small cottages... But each house has a little garden attached to it...

On this day he went from bush to bush of his rarest flowers... But on this day he went from bush to bush of his rarest flowers...

It was in September that for the first time she, too, crossed the boundary of his garden... "You were never out of our prayers, Cyril."

Lady Godiva must have had exceptionally long hair since it completely concealed her lovely person... "What did you call the boy?" he asked, sharply.

Special Value in Jacket and Ulster Cloths. Manchester, Robertson, and Allison.

Manchester, Robertson, and Allison.

"Cyril, Oh, you have only heard his pet name, 'Birdie.' Birdie, come here and tell Mr. Bates your name..."

"I knew a man of that name once." Every shadow of color left the widow's face, and she looked for a moment as if she would faint... "You knew him?"

"I knew a man of that name once." Every shadow of color left the widow's face, and she looked for a moment as if she would faint... "You knew him?"

"I have no excuse for my sin, Anna, save that I meant to replace the money... "You were never out of our prayers, Cyril."

How to save money is a problem that interests everybody... "What did you call the boy?" he asked, sharply.

because I thought I could invent? I think, even now, if father had let me have my dearest wish and study machinery, I might never have fallen... "I am almost sorry you are rich, Cyril."

"You will go with me, Anna, to my own home... "I know, dear; but Lena was proud..."

"I know, dear; but Lena was proud..." "She was right to forget me. I sinned and was justly punished..."

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Blood and Iron Somewhat Surprised.

It was a witty answer by which a hero whom Bismarck was commissioned by the Emperor to decorate with the Iron Cross of the First Class discomfited the Chancellor's attempt to chaff him...

"I know, dear; but Lena was proud..." "She was right to forget me. I sinned and was justly punished..."

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ANY LADY WHO

wears Undervests will be interested in hearing of the new "Health" brand, which over one hundred of the principal doctors in the Dominion have seen and most highly recommend...

ONE THOUSAND REWARD

to any live person who will discover a merchant prepared to lower our price record... POPULAR 20th CENTURY STORE, 12 CHARLOTTE STREET.

YES, On Market Square, No. 5.

DO YOUR CLOTHES FIT YOU? IF NOT,

JAS. KELLY can make you a suit that will. Try him, while here.

ESTABLISHED 1864. FIRE BRANCH.

CITIZENS' INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.

Head Office, MONTREAL. FUND AVAILABLE FOR PROTECTION OF POLICY HOLDERS Exceed \$1,187,157.

The Glasgow and London Insurance Co. having reinsured its entire Canadian business in the Citizens, all policy holders are hereby notified...

SAINT JOHN Academy of Art.

STUDIO BUILDING: 74 GERMAIN ST. ST. JOHN, N. B.

The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in DRAWING AND PAINTING.

Principal—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A. Assistant—FRED H. C. MILES.

Send for circular.

THOSE REQUIRING SPECTACLES

Consult D. HARRIS, ENGLISH OPTICIAN, 53 Harmain St., St. John, N. B.

J. E. HETHERINGTON, M. D., Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon, 72 SYDNEY STREET, COR. PRINCESS STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

GERARD G. RUEL, (LL. B. Harvard), BARRISTER, ETC., 3 Pugsley's Building, - - St. John, N. B.

C. W. C. TABOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, & CO., 14 PUGSLEY'S BUILDINGS, ST. JOHN.

REMOVAL. JOHN L. CARLETON HAS REMOVED HIS LAW OFFICE TO NO. 72 1/2 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET (over office of D. C. CLARKE, Broker), ST. JOHN, N. B.

DR. H. P. TRAVERS, DENTIST, Cor. Princess and Sydney Sts.

J. M. LEMONT, PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER, FREDERICTON, N. B.

LADIES' SEAL ASTRACHAN SACQUES.

THORNE BROS. KING STREET. CITY OF ST. JOHN, N. B. WATER RATES, 1890

ALL PERSONS assessed for Water Rates for the current year are hereby notified that unless the said rates are paid immediately into Chamberlain's Office, City Hall, Prince William Street...

EXECUTIONS.

Distrain or Sequestration Warrants will be issued to recover the same, according to Acts of Assembly. FRED. SANDALL, Chamberlain.

Half a Dollar a Week.

Lounges, Tables, Chairs, Rockers, Winged, Clocks, Pictures, Mirrors, Hanging Lamps.

F. A. JONES, :: 34 Dock Street.

ISAAC ERB, Photographer,

13 CHARLOTTE STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

23 CARLETON STREET, ST. JOHN.

SWANN & WELLDON, Artists, PHOTOGRAPHERS.

SITTEES ASSURED SATISFACTION. Pictures of every kind copied and finished in EVERY Style. 11-1-4

Photography.

THE FINEST EFFECTS OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

That has ever appeared in St. John was seen at the recent exhibition, and those were produced by CLIMO.

This was the verdict by all who saw these skillfully wrought portraits.

COPIES, GROUPS, AND LARGE PANELS AT VERY LOW RATES.

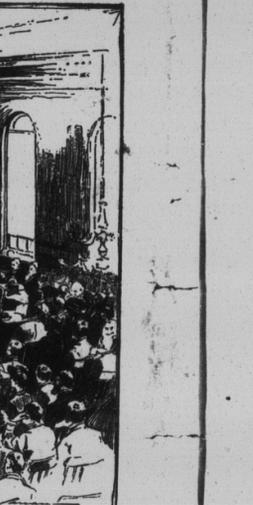
85 GERMAN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Rubber Goods!

- OPENING TODAY! - Rubber Gloves and Mitts, Rubber Boots and Shoes, Weather Strips, Hats, Umbrellas, and Rubber Clocks and Coils.

- LIGHT HARDWARE! - Also, Urinals, Water Bottles, Finger Coats, Springs, Air Goods, Diapers, Razors, and Combs.

- LIGHT HARDWARE! - FRANK S. ALLWOOD, 115 UNION STREET, P. O. - Grandview Street, in all cities.



THE JAIL YARD.

On the 25th, evening—Thank heaven, again, Blackstock was set free before the jury. Those two fellows were laughing about the drunk. Why shouldn't they be? They were laughing about the drunk. Why shouldn't they be?

Florence; not a line; not a witness; great they are me day of the murder. I doubt if I...

On the 28th, evening—Day of rest no day of rest for me. Every witness me of the importance of the case. Whenever one of them direction, there's a fixed and...

Lady Godiva must have had exceptionally long hair since it completely concealed her lovely person. Since Ayr's Hair Vigor came into use such examples are not so rare as formerly. It not only promotes the growth of the hair, but gives it a rich, silken texture.—Advt.

Every Drugget and General Dealer in Canada should have a supply of this medicine. It is a standard remedy. The following Wholesale and Retail Dealers are: P. B. Bader & Sons, and S. McDermid, St. John; Brown & Webb, St. John; Brea & Co., Halifax; Kerry, Watson & Co., Montreal.

PROGRESS.

Subscriptions, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail.

NET ADVERTISING RATES. One Inch, One Year, \$15.00; One Inch, Six Months, \$8.00; One Inch, Three Months, \$5.00; One Inch, Two Months, \$4.00; One Inch, One Month, \$2.00.

The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on Thursday, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor and Proprietor, Office: Masonic Building, German Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 15.

CIRCULATION, 9,000.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

AN INVESTIGATION WANTED.

It was considerable satisfaction to all lovers of justice and fair play, and to this paper, to read the announcement Thursday morning that the representatives of the citizens had supported our demand for a strict investigation into the charges preferred against certain members of the police force.

While the assertion is often made—and there are some arguments in favor of it—that appointments of this nature should not be in the hands of the representatives of the people, and subject to change with them, still we must admit that the people should have some power to restrain and advise those officers whom they are compelled to pay.

We trust that the chief of police will have no difficulty in refuting the rumors and semi-charges that would reflect upon his conduct as a public officer. Those who give currency to them should either be prepared to substantiate them or cease talking. It is bad enough to have subordinate officers under suspicion—to go further and higher would indicate that police affairs are in a deplorable condition.

A NOBLE WOMAN'S LIFE.

When Mrs. Booth, "Mother of the Salvation Army," died recently, the earthly career of a very famous woman, and a earnest christian worker, ended. Mrs. Booth was perhaps one of the best known women of the nineteenth century and her life and work serve as apt illustrations of the extent to which the spirit may triumph over the flesh.

The future great preacher was of a most timid and nervous disposition, shrinking from observation as a sensitive plant shrinks from the touch. The mere request that she should pray aloud at class meeting filled her with terror, but her strong will triumphed over the shrinking heart, and she became in a short time teacher of the largest girls' bible class connected with the church.

It was just at this time that she first met her future husband, then known as the "boy preacher." Shortly after they were married, Mr. Booth being at the time an evangelist, who was preaching with great success. Thus began a life of self-sacrifice and self-devotion, for the noble minded pair, which was to end only with their death.

The church to which they were attached, was the New Methodist Connexion, and Mr. Booth was appointed to the charge of Bethesda Chapel, Gateshead. It was in this town that Mrs. Booth's first public

address was delivered, sometime in the year 1860, and she gives a touching description of the influences which led her—the most timid of women—to address an audience of some thousands. From this time forth, she became a regular preacher.

The first step towards the formation of the Salvation Army was taken when Mr. and Mrs. Booth severed their connection with the church to which they had been attached, with the idea that they could do more work as evangelists. Until the year 1865 they travelled about, conducting revival services in different parts of the country. In that year they came to London and organized a settled mission, which in time developed into the Salvation Army.

During the thirteen years, between 1865 and 1878, when the name "Salvation Army" was first used, Mrs. Booth was in the habit of preaching three times every Sunday, and conducting numerous meetings during the week. Her whole life was one of work and prayer, of self-sacrifice and consecration to the welfare of others.

Even on her death bed her constant prayer was that she might not linger long, lest she should take up too much of her nurses time and so impede the work.

The manner in which this mother in Israel brought up her eight children will well be an example for other mothers, when one remembers how those children all turned out. They saw practised in the home what they heard preached in public.

She had such a hatred of all that was false or mean, of all shams, that there was no fear of her children ever hearing her say she was delighted to see anyone who called, and then remark afterwards that she wished they had not called. In speaking on this very subject she expressed herself thus:

No mother will succeed in begetting in her child a greater antipathy towards any sin than she feels for it herself. Children are the quickest of all analysts, and instinctively detect in a moment all affectation of goodness. They judge not so much from what we say as how we feel. They are not influenced so much by our teaching as by our spirit and example.

For instance, a mother teaches her child to be truthful, and on no account to tell a lie; but what effect will such teaching have if he hears her tell one, or sees her act one, the next day? Parents teach their children to be sincere, and take occasion to point out examples of the meanest and wickedest of deception, but by their own example they very frequently train them in the grossest insincerity. Take an illustration.

A person calls to see you whose society your child knows that you neither esteem nor desire, but she comes again, and assuming that her visit has given you very great pleasure, what more effectual lesson could you give your wondering little one in deception and double-dealing than this?

And yet how common is this kind of thing in many households? I once stayed in the house of a lady who had a son, promising boy of about eighteen months old. He used to kick and scream violently when he found she was going out of the house. This, of course, was the result of previous bad training. But what did she do? Instead of facing the difficulty, and in a calm, firm and affectionate manner cutting her little son of this habit, she used to promise every time that she would bring him a pony that he could ride on, and the little fellow believed and believed until he got tired and then put down his mother, in his baby mind, as a liar. Of course, he would not understand such a definition, but the deception would be burned into his soul never to be eradicated.

A child hurts himself against the table; the mother strikes it, and says, "Oh naughty table, you have hurt baby; but the child soon learns that the table was not to blame, and at the same time learns to distrust his mother, who said it was.

Such was the woman whose death was mourned, not only in England but all over the world, whose funeral procession blocked the streets of London, and whose title of "Mother" was not a mere empty word, but a love-title conferred upon her by the thousands to whom she had been in veriest truth a mother in the highest sense of the word.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Oratorio society has monopolized every evening of the week, and I am compelled to say that the active members have devoted all their spare time to its service. I am sorry that the concert given last night in the week for me to say as much as I would like about them in this letter. The only other attraction was Miss Sharp's concert, Monday evening, which I did not attend.

Miss Sharp took rather a poor time for her entertainment, just before the Oratorio concert, and besides I think all our citizens have done what they can afford to honor Fred. Young's memory. It must be unpleasant to the poor lady's friends to see the pharisee who are exhibited about our streets, using his name to draw people to what are in some cases performances which would be much better omitted. Not that I wish to include Miss Sharp's concert in that class. I believe it was enjoyed very much by those present.

Truly this is an age of musical progress. Now comes an entirely new key board for our pianos, invented by Paul de Janko, which is going to revolutionize piano playing as well as piano making, if it is adopted, and as it has attracted a great deal of attention, and also approved from the greatest musical authorities in Europe, I fancy that we will have to accept it in time. I have seen some engravings of the "Janko key board" in the American Musician, and a fanner looking object for playing on, I never beheld. It looks something like a roof-top of the old fashioned slanting kind, with the keys for keys, slanted bank, each row being elevated a little above the one in front of it. The main thing about the "Janko key board" seems to be the facility with which you can strike any sharp or flat notes at once. I advise him to invest in copies of the American Musician for Oct. 25th and Nov. 1st, and satisfy himself.

ON COURTNEY BAY.

In Memoriam, Frederic Young. O'er and strong the mighty winds that lashed, Those raging waters, roaring, tempest-tossed, To foaming billows, mountains high, that crashed, In rolling thunder, all along the coast!

And ships at anchor, near the harbor bar, Like cradles rocked, upon their angry swells; While borne upon the breath of winds afar, Chimed the sweet echo—of unheeded Belle! As, through storm threatening clouds, the otherday, The sun rose redly, upon Courtney Bay.



DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY MR. J. H. KAYE—Engraved by "Progress" Engraving Bureau.

Many a heart beat wild with dread and fear, Dreaming of loved ones on that stormy sea! For O, it was an awful sound to hear, The wind, that blew that day, so bitterly! Full of youth's brightest hopes, and bounding joy, That fateful noon—a mother's darling boy, Upon the bank beside that maddened flood, Till one fierce blast outbore him far away Into the treacherous deeps of Courtney Bay.

God help his mother now! for who will dare To risk her life in such a cruel sea, To save her little lad! Yet, one was there (And braver, never trod his shoulders strong, Who plunged into the angry churning tide, While on the shore, a horror-stricken throng, Watched the lifeline slip down, the bank's steep side! While far, far out, the swimmer fought his way Through the mad breakers—upon Courtney Bay.

nately, I was somewhat early, and had the doubtful pleasure of hearing the selections to be performed rehearsed in an adjacent room. The apartment I was in was intensely warm and crowded, and I was in anything but a pleasant mood by the time the entertainment commenced. A lady played one of Mozart's sonatas in a most uninteresting manner, and with a goodly number of mistakes, which she endeavored to conceal by much use of the loud pedal. Then came some recitations, in which I have nothing to do. Miss Hitchens, with two pupils, sang a trio, "The Fairies," fairly well, although the parts were not always together, and the tempo might have been improved upon. I cannot say that I like Miss Hitchens' way of enunciating certain consonants; for instance words ending in R. I noticed it particularly in the solo sung by one of her pupils. The latter R is, I grant, very useful, but we don't want too much of it. It does not sound one bit fetching to hear from a maiden, that she has been thinking of her Leased Clovers, and the sentence, May as it together, does not sound pretty, either. However, as Miss Hitchens announced, that "some of the pupils had taken lessons for a quarter," we will hope for better results later on. I forgot to say that two young ladies performed a piano duet at the closing of the recital. They would have been better employed in playing scales for another term before being brought before the public. But if they must be exhibited, they should be confined to something very simple. I quite allow that school recitals are beneficial to pupils, after they are advanced to a certain extent, but for mercy sake, let them know their "little piece" thoroughly, before inflicting it upon suffering relations and friends.

Miss Zionie Bowden, who played with the Philharmonic at the Oratorio concert, was to leave for Boston at the end of this week. She will receive her musical studies at the New England conservatory. Master Fred Blair has accepted the position of organist for St. Andrew's church for six months. Master Blair is now visiting his home in Chatham. Mr. A. H. Lindsay is expected to join the Stone church choir about the first of December. I happened to strike some new songs the other day, "Cupid's Reign," by J. L. Roscoe, is spoken of in the Queen as "a pleasing and very elegant song," and is published by G. Ricordi, London. "An Evening Melody," by A. Barnby, and published by W. Motley, London. The reviewer of the same paper says, "We have naught to say but praise of this charming and well-written song, 'Margaret,' by Col. John Hay, is said to be 'pretty and very dainty.' It is published by Goddard & Co.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Rest thee, Rest thee, Blest spirit! Still on death's river the turbulent foam; Thou hast arrived at the permanent home; Thou dost inherit The house Whose foundation Securely is laid; Thy scope Is the scope— The splendid and infinite dome.

Rest thee, Blest spirit! Sadness and Sorrow can never invade The heart's habitation; No moorings that wake Shall have power to break The peace whose calm rapture hath blest thee; And the peace Shall ne'er cease, That like a soft hand hath caressed thee; And thy heart hath forgotten to ache.

Rest thee, Blest spirit! Thy brows Have the garland of merit; Thy song is the song of salvation; Thou seest thy Savior and markest the work Of His love and His passion—and hark! there resounds, Hosannah! Hosannah! From tongues of a glorified nation. With the antheum throng Thou art there, place, With the light on thy face, And lo! the song, And the garment of white doth invest thee. Rest thee! Rest thee! Rest thee! Rest! Pure, beautiful, soul of delight, Enter thy rest! PASTOR FLENN.

The Task (A Villanelle). We strolled with hearts brimmed o'er with glee And, 'neath the pale stars' silver light, A sonnet, dear, you asked of me. The crimson leaf fell from the tree, And whirled about the path, that night We strolled with hearts brimmed o'er with glee. And as our lips spake mirthfully, With sweet accord, in love-tones light, A sonnet, dear, you asked of me. Then, as these lips stole tremblingly Upon your own like roses bright, We strolled with hearts brimmed o'er with glee. The stars danced on the rippling sea, And as our souls thrilled with the sight A sonnet, dear, you asked of me. Ah, dear! your image, now, I see With fear! 'fear' heart, as when that night We strolled with hearts brimmed o'er with glee! A sonnet, dear, you asked of me!

Dark Jewels. The cost of coal is now a burning question, Which often makes the thrifty housewife scowl, It only needs a little cool reflection To show, if coal was subject to inspection, The parties buying it might not,—"be sold." There are scores of innocents who will applaud A clever trading dodge, and there are some, Who say that coal inspection is but a fraud, As-side by side, they journeyed to the grave, And sold—"like hot cakes"—in short tons abroad,—"Soul!"

The "long ton" and the "short ton" operation, Just "split the difference," that we all admit, And furnishes a simple illustration Of what's supposed to be a fair equation, Which leaves the difference one side of the split. You think you buy your coal by weight or measure, The price is often more, 'tis seldom less, Than should be paid, 'en for the dusty treasure; When thus, it gives an honest trader pleasure, To weigh your coal, or measure it—by guess. St. John, Nov., 1890. CASNEY TAP.

NEWELLES FRANCAISES. La Tour Babel. Il y en a qui croient que la Tour Babel n'a jamais existé, que l'histoire de cette tour n'est qu'une légende. Mais nous pouvons leur assurer qu'une telle tour n'a pas seulement existé au passé, mais qu'elle existe encore aujourd'hui, et parmi nous. Pour en dire certains il ne faut que monter un certain escalier dans les des principales rues de la ville et l'on y trouvera le fait vérifié; on y entendra un mois auant de langues que dans la tour originale, par exemple c'est tout le français, l'allemand, l'espagnol et même l'anglais que l'on y entend. Il y a la une telle confusion de langues qu'il n'est plus difficile de croire l'ancienne légende. La Reunion. Beaucoup de monde assiste a la reunion chez M. Jarvis, samedi soir. M. Prat a continue sa causerie sur le canal de Panama. M. Mason a recité la deuxième scene du "Maire de Forze," la scene on l'avocat arrive pour annoncer a la Marquise que son proces est perdu et par consequent la plus grande partie de sa fortune. De cette maniere on a passe une soiree tres agreable et tres instructive. USE ELVIV.

MARRIED. MURRAY-RAINNIE—At St. Andrew's church, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. L. G. Macneil, William W. Murray to Eliza M., daughter of Francis Rainnie.

TO LET. FLAT TO LET, on Queen Street—Inquire of Mrs. H. M. Dixon, 115 Sydney Street. 11-15-1

Young Men's Christian Association. REV. SAM SMALL lectures at the Mechanics' Institute, TUESDAY EVENING, November 12th. Subject: "From Bar Room to Pulpit." DONT FAIL TO HEAR HIM. Reserved seats, 30c.; general admission 25c. Tickets for sale at A. C. SERRA's, Charlotte street, on and after Thursday, the 13th inst.

THE STORY OF THE CRIME.

(Continued from Second Page.) Monday, September 29th, 8 p. m.—The moment one day has passed. Blackstock made his speech on my behalf; Oler made his speech in reply. The judge summed up. I know that it's all over. They testified that Benwell and I carried a gun-case from the train at Eastwood. "What became of the gun-case?" asked Blackstock. "Thrown into the Notionless Lake," replied Oler.

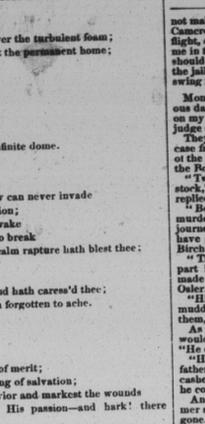
"Two reputable men saw the prisoner at Woodstock," said Blackstock. "They were mistaken," replied Oler. "Benwell had eaten nothing on the day of his murder; so he could not have been killed during his journey with Birchall," said Blackstock. "We have given evidence against the prisoner and with Oler," answered Oler. "The bruises on his body show that he had taken part in a brawl," said Blackstock. "They were made in falling when Birchall killed him," replied Oler. "His boots were clean, while Birchall's were muddy," said Blackstock. "The sleet had washed them," replied Oler.

As there were other people in the swamp, Birchall would have been afraid to shoot," said Blackstock. "He didn't know they were there," replied Oler. "He had no motive for murder; for, if Benwell's father had sent the draft, Birchall could not have called it," said Blackstock. "You are mistaken; he could," replied Oler. "And thus my counsel's points vanished like summer snow. When Oler sat down my defence was gone. The game is up. I must face the crime, face it like a man; and then—then—I must trust to Florence." Same day, 11 P. M.—The case has been given to the jury. My only hope is a disagreement, and somebody else. What I made a half confession, and implicated this Neville Birchall, on whose farm I lived—why should I not say that he helped me? Why not boldly assert that I merely decoyed the bird, and that Birchall killed him? "After all, what should I gain? A few days of life. They would, they might have done me for a week, and during that week Florence would find chances to hand me the poison, or to pass it to me in her mouth when she kissed me." Kissed me? "How odd the two words look, written under this struggling light. What memories they bring of the days when we wandered, hand in hand, in those Newwood lanes! The judge found me out and forbidden me to speak to Birchall again. "And we saw, she said, they had been in the Crystal Palace, and watched the same, and 'spooned.' "Florence," said I, "you seek or nothing you. You must choose your own words." "And she said to me, as Bush said—I wonder if I remember my Bible well enough for quotation?—"Where there is will, there is a way. I will lodge I will lodge. Where they do not will die, and more also, if caught but death pass them and me. Heicho! Here comes Entwisshy my grand, to take me back to court. The jury have found a verdict. "Hello, Enwistle." "No answer. I read the verdict in his face."

Tuesday, September 29th, 1 A. M.—I am sentenced to be hanged. The judge was perfectly cold; I was perfectly cool. He piled my relatives; I thanked him. He spoke about my wife, and I bowed. Poor Florence! I couldn't cry if I tried. If I could, I think I would cry for her. It will be an awful disgrace for her to carry through the streets of London, a convict's wife. He said, "The wife of the man who was hanged." And at least she is as innocent as a child. All that she did for me. Really as I treated her, she followed me like a dog. I thought she was my wife, she might have done me. Yet here she has remained, week after week, month after month, loyal to the end. Poor Florence! Bah! I'll try to get a little sleep.

Tuesday, September 29th, 4 o'clock. I had only hours' sleep. There's a light coming in. Why? What shall I write? Why, write of my despair? There are figures moving in the court-yard. What are they doing with that tape? Ah, I understand. They are measuring the ground for the gallows. Oh, Florence, my wife, come to me, come to me, you are all that is left to me on earth.—Illustrated American. New Christmas Books, and Fungy Goods of all kinds—lowest prices, at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King Street.

ANTI-DY FROM HOT A SHERATON



Anti-Dy from HOT A SHERATON. BURROW STEWART HAMILTON, ON. SHERATON. Send for Latest Circular.

MRS. DIN. DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, BILIOUS. Laboratory: 17 R. GR. BO. 73 SY. FAN. For the FANCY ART. C. E. 10. CLARK. 60 P. Kindly remember We have a v FANCY G. We invite you to call and DID the best EN GORBELL A. This Machine will do the This will HELP GORBI.

AND ALL THE POPULAR SACHET POWDERS! FOR SALE BY F. E. CRAIBE & CO., Druggists and Apothecaries, 35 KING STREET. SABBATH HOURS—9.30 to 10.45 a. m.; 2 to 4, and 7 to 9 p. m. SINCE LAST SEPTEMBER I have not spent one day without intense suffering, until I obtained a bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. I have used part of my second bottle, and consider it the Greatest Cure for Rheumatism ever discovered. I would recommend anyone to try it who suffers as I did. I was unable to work, or even walk, and now enjoy better health than I have for years. Yours truly, E. B. GREEN. Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50. For sale by all Druggists. Prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, King Street (West), St. John, N. B. Wholesale by T. B. BARKER & SONS, and S. McDIARMID.

COATS, Hats, Napkins, Linens, Corsets, etc. Various advertisements for clothing and accessories.

W. ALEX. PORTER, Grocer and Fruit Dealer. BONNELL & COWAN, Fine Groceries. R. & F. S. FINLEY, Flour and Grain Store. THOMAS A. CROCKETT, Dispensing Chemist. PARKER BROS. PADDOCK'S. THE UP JOHN PILLS!

RECEIVED INTO STOCK: Ex S.S. Gothenburg City. Col'd. and Blk. Plushes. New Birds. " " Velvets. Fancy Feathers. Col'd. Osprey. Colored Satins. Col'd. Osprey. Fancy & Plain Ribbons. Millinery Ornaments. Felt Hats. Frillings.

S.S. "Halifax" AMERICAN Hat and Bonnet Frames and Felt Hats. Smith Bros. Granville and Duke Streets, HALIFAX, N. S.

DELICATE PALE FACED WOMEN. Can restore the bloom of youth to the sallow cheek, replace melancholy with vivaciousness of youth, and renovate the whole system, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE. TURKISH DYES. Unequaled for Richness and Beauty of Color. They are the ONLY DYES that WILL NOT WASH OUT!

MOORE'S Almond and Cucumber Cream. SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN. It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips.

INSURANCE. FIRE INSURANCE. ACCIDENT INSURANCE. THE PHOENIX INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD, ESTABLISHED 1854.

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.

CHATTS WITH CORRESPONDENTS. EDITH—Wearing the engagement ring on the fore finger is a distinctly American custom, and one which I think is dying out.

ANXIOUS ONE.—You will never make pot pourri by using only rose leaves and alcohol, you want spices, essences, oils, perfumes, andorris root. I have mislaid my recipe just now, but it is an excellent one, and I will try to hunt it up.

MYRA.—No! Pluto was the god of wealth. Ceres was only a Greek king of fabulous wealth. Midas was a king of Phrygia, who once entertained Bacchus, god of wine, and was given the power of turning everything he touched into gold ever after.

PHILIPPA.—The Venus of Milo is the armless Venus, and she derives her name not from the sculptor who created her, but from the fact that the statue was found in the island of Milo, dug up by some workmen who were making excavations. The statue is supposed to have been stolen from some temple and buried for security.

MAUDE C.—Heliotrope is still one of the most fashionable colors, but of course during the winter months it will only be worn in the evening.

QUEST.—The quotation is from Jean Ingelow's most celebrated poem, "Divided." It is the very first line.

MARY and MARTHA—Massage is the new process of healing, which consists of rubbing, patting, and general treatment of the muscles, called passive exercise. It consists of peculiar motions, and is a profession by itself. It is given the French pronunciation, with the accent on the last syllable, and the g soft, something like la—leaving out the r.

E. M. H.—Clip the end of your hair once a month, taking off very little at a time; it is said to promote the growth and prevent splitting at the ends. Sage tea is an excellent thing for the hair; make it like ordinary tea, a handful of dried sage, with a little more than a pint of boiling water poured over it, and left to steep for a little while.

A. R.—Platonic affection is that which was advocated by the great Greek philosopher Plato, who believed in the possibility of a perfectly pure and lasting affection existing between people of opposite sexes without any thought or intention of marriage or falling in love. I differ with Plato myself on that point, but as he was a disciple of Socrates, I suppose his opinion ought to rank somewhat above that of mine.

H. F.—Galileo was a gifted Florentine, who first discovered that the earth was round and revolved around the sun instead of being a flat disk, like a pancake, fixed in space, around which the sun and moon circled. He was imprisoned by one of the popes for promulgating this doctrine, and compelled to deny his theory. He also invented the telescope and the pendulum, having discovered the value of the latter by watching the swaying of the great chandelier in the cathedral at Pisa, which had been set in motion by a sudden jolt.

Tom, Frederick.—A gentleman always takes the right side of the lady in either walking or driving. He is always supposed to offer her his left arm, in order to leave the right free to defend her, in case of accident. It does not matter whether she happens to be on the inner or outer side of the sidewalk.

A. R. T.—The "Angelus" is the call to prayer which is rung in all Roman Catholic countries at sundown around the sun instead of a moment and say a good prayer for aid and protection during the coming darkness. This is what Millet's celebrated picture represents.

PUZLED ONE.—No wonder the gentleman cut you as you say, if you waited for him to bow first. It is the lady's place always to recognise a male acquaintance first, and no man accustomed to the usages of society, would ever dream of lifting his hat to a lady on the street unless he was quite sure she had bowed to him. You can easily explain the matter to your friend when next you meet, otherwise, he may think you intended to slight him.

ETIQUETTE.—To leave a card at the house of a friend, with the upper left hand corner turned down, indicates that the visit is intended for the whole family. It is a convenient device to adopt at the end of a round of calls, when one's card case is nearly empty, but, of course, it is better to leave a card for each member of the family, especially if you are not particularly intimate terms with them. The letters P. C. should be placed in the lower left hand corner, and indicate a visit of farewell, from the French words "prendre congé," for taking leave. The old fashioned custom was, put "T. T. L." to take leave, but the French fashion has been universally adopted.

Notes Among Insurance People. Announcements in other columns of this paper show that there has been a considerable change in the city insurance world.

Another announcement in this line this morning is that of Mr. D. R. Jack, who represents the Manchester Fire Insurance Company, an English corporation that has grown in strength and popularity with its years. Mr. Jack is well known in the local insurance world as any of his conferees and never forgets to look after a desirable "line."

How They Manage It. "We use pearlina." Well, we don't at our house! We have a better way, which saves our hands more than even pearlina. We have no washing day; no cold dinner, without the aesthetic and comforting influence of pie. No smell of soap suds, and no general sloppiness in the domestic circle; Monday is just as good as any other day with us.

"Why, how do you manage it? Don't you ever get any washing done?" "Oh, yes, we do; but we send our clothes to Ungar's Steam Laundry, and they come home all ready for ironing; you know he makes a specialty now of family washing, sent home rough-dried, to be ironed at home."—A.

"A Really Pretty Girl." Don't imagine when you see the "Health" Brand advertised opposite the figure of a pretty girl that it alludes to a new vintage of champagne, because it doesn't. This time it's a luxury for ladies, and refers to the newly-introduced undervests by that name, which embody the greatest amount of comfort for the wearer, and are a sure safeguard against any such thing as rheumatism or cold. The first time you are out into any first-class dry goods house, and ask them to show you these goods, and you will realize the truth of what we say.—A.

No Use for Sosp. In the family song "Pull for the Shore" there is a line, "Cling to self no more," which, as sung by the colored children in one of the schools, sounded strangely, and on having it said slowly it was discovered that they were singing, "Clean yourself no more."—American Missionary.

A more delicious and strengthening drink cannot be taken than half teaspoonful of LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF BEEF dissolved in a cup of boiling water seasoned with salt and pepper. It is carefully prepared and highly recommended by physicians everywhere. For sale by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 CHARLOTTE STREET.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. UNLIKE ANY OTHER. For INTERNAL or EXTERNAL USE. Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1810. GENERALLY USED AND BLESSED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Could a Remedy WITHOUT REAL MERIT Have Survived for Eighty Years? Dropped on Sugar, Children Love It. Every Traveler should have a bottle of it in his satchel.

EVERY MOTHER ANODYNE LINIMENT. Every mother should have a bottle of it in her satchel. It is a sure remedy for all the ailments of children.

A SUCCESS! MCCANN'S LYCEUM THEATRE! EVERY NIGHT! COME AND SEE US! We Try to Please. We Will Please You.

HUGHES & FARRON, Sketch Team and Dancers. Advertise in Progress.

STMR. "CLIFTON" WILL leave HAMPTON, on her regular trips, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at 5.30 a. m., and Indiantown at 3 p. m.

STMR. "BELLISLE" FOR HATFIELD'S POINT, and Intermediate Stops, for about 30 miles on St. John River and 12 miles on BELLAIR Bay. Leaving INDIANTOWN TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 12.30. Returning alternate days, starting at 7 a. m. Tickets SATURDAY, good to return MONDAY, AT ONE FARE.

St. John, GRAND LAKE, SALMON RIVER. And all Intermediate Stopping Places. THE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. W. SHANNON, Master, will, on and after WEDNESDAY, 12th October, instead, run between the above-named places, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY mornings, returning will leave Salmon River on Monday and THURSDAY mornings, touching at Gagetown wharf each way.

International Steamship Co. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. ON and after NOV. 3, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY, and THURSDAY mornings, 7.25, standard. Leaving Boston same days at 8.00 a. m., and Portland at 5.00 p. m. for Eastport and Saint John.

WEYMOUTH S. S. COMPANY. S. S. "WEYMOUTH," Capt. Chas. Leary. STEAMER "Weymouth" leaves WEYMOUTH every Tuesday, for St. John. Returns, LEAVES (New York S. S. Co.'s Wharf), every Wednesday, at 4 p. m. for Weymouth. Leaves Weymouth every Friday, at 2 p. m. Will call at Westport and Methegan, when passengers or freight offer.

ELECTRIC LIGHT! THE CALKIN ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. ARE now prepared to enter into Contracts with their Customers for either the ARC or INCANDESCENT, at Rates as low as it is possible to produce the same with satisfactory results.

A. R. BLISS, Electrical Expert, Contractor and Manufacturer. Complete Electric Lighting Plants; Motors of all sizes; Incandescent Wiring.

JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors, DOMVILLE BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B. Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade.

S. R. FOSTER & SON, WIRE, STEEL NAILS, AND IRON-CUT NAILS, AND SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, ETC. ST. JOHN, N. B.

SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS, 84 PRINCESS STREET. Ladies' and Gents' Ware Cleaned or Dyed at short notice. Feather Dyeing a Specialty.

DEAFNESS, ITS CAUSES AND CURE. Scientifically treated by a series of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured, of from 20 to 30 years' standing, after all other treatments have failed.

BALMORAL HOTEL, NO. 10 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Is now open to the Public. NO better location in the city, only 4 minutes' walk from the L. C. R. Depot and International Steamboat Landing, Facing Market Square.

ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. Terms, \$1.50. J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Victoria Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C. The most famous and well-known Hotel in the City. Special rates by the month. The cuisine equaled by none. Homelike and convenient to all public buildings.

ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 28 to 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. TERMS, \$1.00 per day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts.

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY (New Brunswick Division). "ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c. Commencing Oct. 12, 1890.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE SAINT JOHN STATION, at 16.30 a. m.—Flying Yankee for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points North.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, at 15.45 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor, at 15.45 a. m. Parlor Car attached; 7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached.

Intercolonial Railway. 1890--Summer Arrangement--1890. ON and after MONDAY, 9th JUNE, 1890, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7.00 Accommodation for Point du Chene..... 11.00 Day Express for Halifax..... 12.50 Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 12.55 Express for Halifax..... 12.55

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)..... 6.10 Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 8.30 Accommodation from Point du Chene..... 12.55 Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 12.55 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave..... 12.55

Shore Line Railway. ST. JOHN, ST. GEORGE and ST. STEPHEN. Used further notice Trains will leave St. John, (East) at 2 p. m. West Side, 2.20 p. m. Arriving in St. Stephen at 6.50 p. m. Leave St. Stephen at 7.45 a. m. Arriving in St. John at 12.10 p. m. Freight received and delivered at Moulson's, Water street. Eastern Standard Time.

HOTEL STANLEY, ST. JOHN, N. B. Terms, \$1.50. J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor.

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

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Victoria Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

VICTORIA HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. D. W. MCCORMICK, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 28 to 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. TERMS, \$1.00 per day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts.

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WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C. The most famous and well-known Hotel in the City. Special rates by the month. The cuisine equaled by none. Homelike and convenient to all public buildings.

SEASONABLE GOODS



FOR WINTER

Blankets, Quilts, Comfortables.

ENGLISH, GERMAN, AND CANADIAN

Flannels.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WINTER UNDERWEAR

Hosiery.

Ulster and Mantle Cloths,

FANCY AND STAPLE GOODS,

GOSSAMERS and UMBRELLAS.

Our Prices are most reasonable.

97 King Street.

EVERY LADY

who desires to have a GOOD COMPLEXION and NICE SOFT WHITE HANDS, should use Estey's Fragrant Philoderma.

It positively removes TAN, SUNBURN and FRECKLES. Sold by all Druggists.

NOTICE.

MR. R. W. W. FRANK having resigned the Agency of the BARNETT & AGENTS ASSURANCE Co., Messrs. MACDONALD & KNOWLTON have been appointed General Agents, and all Policyholders are requested to renew their policies through E. L. PHILIPS, Special Agent for Maritime Provinces.

JOHN MORISON, Governor.

CARD.

British America Assurance Co'y, ESTABLISHED A. D. 1853.

Cash Capital, \$500,000.00 Assets, \$1,250,000.00

We solicit for this old, reliable Home Company a share of your Fire Insurance.

MACDONALD & KNOWLTON, GENERAL AGENTS, 132 PRINCE WM. STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

11-15-90.

MANCHESTER FIRE ASSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND.

CAPITAL, \$7,500,000.

ESTABLISHED 1824.

D. R. JACK, GENERAL AGENT, 70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

HAIR PREPARATIONS: Damschinsky's Liquid Hair Dye, Mrs. Allan's Hair Restorer, Ayer's Hair Vigor, Luby's Hair Restorer, McDiarmid's Glycerine and Lime Cream.

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

WILL NOT PUT MONEY IN BOXES.

MRS. L. B. CARROLL Invites her customers, and the public generally, to the inspection of her large stock of FUR, FELT, HATS, and received. All prices; all styles; to suit all customers. We have also marked down our imported Hats and Bonnets at 140 Union Street. Also cheap sale of Trimmed Millinery at Branch Store, Indiantown.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mrs. Kerr left on Thursday to spend the winter in Sussex. Miss DeBrisay, of Bathurst, has been in Dorchester since last Wednesday. Miss Hamilton, who has been visiting Mrs. Hanington for the past three weeks, returned to her home in Fredericton.

Mr. Barron Chandler went to Moncton on Wednesday to spend Thanksgiving with his sister, Mrs. R. W. Hewson. He returned home on Friday.

Invitations have been distributed here for a grand ball in Sackville on Thursday, given by a number of young men of the place. The names of the committee are sufficient guarantee that everything possible will be done for the enjoyment of strangers, though I am sorry to say the indications at present point to only a very small attendance from Dorchester. However, Sackville must not be angry with us on that account, for several reasons. In the first place, this is our off season in every respect, and not a very favourable time for attending places, for the roads are dreadful, and the night dark and cold, and uninviting to such expeditions. In the second place, there are almost no party goers left in Dorchester now, so greatly is our population diminished. We're it July, when our summer visitors are here, would doubtless be troubled or quadrupled. Sackville people have always turned out nobly at our balls, and deserve the same treatment here. But they will understand how it is, and not blame Dorchester people for what they cannot well help or prevent, but rather pity us on Thursday in being deprived of the enjoyment which would otherwise be ours.

Mr. Dalziel, who for years was accountant in the in the Merchants' bank here, but who now occupies a similar position in the Moncton branch, spent Thanksgiving day with friends in Dorchester.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Percival Kinder was christened on Thursday morning at Trinity church, receiving the name of Stanley Godfrey.

Miss Edith Wilbur, who has been spending some months with friends in Woodstock and Fredericton, has returned to her home in Dorchester.

Miss Nealie Robinson went to Sackville on Monday to visit her sister Mrs. J. F. Allison.

Dorchester friends of Mr. Thos. Henry Gilbert, now of Gagetown, were pleased to hear of his marriage last week to Miss Curry, of Gagetown. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert passed through Dorchester on Friday on their way to Halifax, and it is said they will spend a few days at Mr. Gilbert's old home here on their way back to Gagetown.

Miss McKenzie, of Truro, is in Dorchester, visiting her friend, Miss Edith Wilbur.

Miss Hay is in Amherst, making a short visit to friends there.

Mr. and Mrs. George Chandler went to Moncton on Saturday, to spend a few days with their daughter, Mrs. R. W. Hewson, returning to Dorchester today.

I am glad to say that Miss Georgie Godfrey, who has been so very ill with typhoid fever, is now so much improved that she is able to sit up for a few minutes, and Dr. Teed, who has been attending her, looks for her complete recovery within a short time.

Dr. Church's familiar face was seen in Dorchester on Tuesday, and was as welcome a sight as anything in response to calls from his former patients, who are loath to give him up.

Mrs. Dixon, of Sackville, spent Sunday in Dorchester, visiting Mrs. Hickman.

Mr. George McKim formerly of Dorchester, but now of Boston, has been spending a few days here, together with his friend Colonel Woodcut, on their way back from a shooting trip to the North Shore. They were banqueted last night at the Dorchester House by a number of Mr. McKim's old friends. About twenty guests were present, and spent a merry evening together, as in former days.

Mr. J. H. Hickman went to Amherst on Monday to spend a few days with his sister, Mrs. Douglas.

Mrs. Wm. Weidon, of Moncton, spent Sunday in Dorchester, returning to Moncton on Monday.

ST. STEPHEN.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstores of C. H. Smith & Co., and G. S. Wall and H. M. Webster.]

Nov. 12.—Miss Mary Gore, of St. Andrews, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Hazen Grimmer, during the past week.

Judge Stevens has recovered from his recent illness, and is able to be out again.

Rev. W. C. Goucher, who has been away on a short vacation, returned home last week.

Mr. Colin McNeil has gone to Eastport, where he has taken an office, and will practice law.

Miss Alice Topping has gone South to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Nislan Hannah, with their family, have gone to Calais to reside during the winter months, with Mrs. Topping, Mrs. Hannah's mother.

Mr. E. B. Harvey, of Calais, is travelling in the Southern States with a party of gentlemen friends.

The latest "mail" in parties here, is a "pig" party. There was one given a few evenings ago at the residence of one of our prominent citizens. I hear it was intensely amusing, and there is to be another very shortly, to which dozens are longing for an invitation.

A number of Dr. and Mrs. Edmund Brown's friends from here gave them a genuine surprise party at their residence, German street, Calais, on Thursday evening. About 25 guests were present. There has been a perfect outbreak of engagements during the past month, and there are several fashionable weddings to take place early in December.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Porter and Miss Sara Porter left this morning to spend several weeks in Boston.

Mrs. S. B. Thompson left on Thursday for Barnstead, N. H., where she will spend several weeks, the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. Wainwright.

Mrs. J. A. Gimmer and Mrs. Gentry have returned home after a fortnight pleasantly spent in St. Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Young, of Calais, have gone to Florida, and will spend the winter in Jacksonville.

Mr. Allan Barbour, of St. John, spent several days in town last week, the guest of his cousin, Mr. Frank E. Grimmer.

Miss True Wood, of Canning, N. S., is visiting for a few weeks here, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Rev. O. S. Newham on Saturday with his bride, and have taken up their residence in Calais.

The five whist party which meets every Thursday evening, was postponed this week because of the illness of the club steward, the concert given by Miss Sharp, in the St. Croix hall, Calais, last evening. I believe the club will meet next week at the residence of Mrs. Henry Todd.

Speaking of Miss Sharp's concert, it was very enjoyable and deserved a better notice. The audience, I regret to say, was small, and composed chiefly of St. Stephen people, friends of Miss Sharp, who is a great favorite in musical circles, her fine voice being much admired. She has several times most kindly sung for charitable and church entertainments here. I do not think there were more than a dozen of the elite of Calais at the concert. I hear it was not generally known, and much regret has been expressed that it happened, so many would have liked to have heard Mr. Neville's violin playing, and the sweet music of Miss Sharp and Miss Ganning, "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast."

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock at Everett's Bookstore.]

Nov. 12.—Probably one of the most successful social events of the season, thus far, was the reception at the new and cosy residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wendell P. Jones. Beauty and fashion, in no far as Woodstock could demonstrate, were in full array. All the costumes were very fine, while some were said to be marvels in their line. Although the large number present made the dancing somewhat crowded, everyone thoroughly enjoyed the occasion. All voted Mr. and Mrs. Jones model entertainers, and wish them long years of happiness in their new home.

A whist club, of only "who select," has been formed, and meets Tuesday evenings.

The X. L. club, composed of young ladies and gentlemen, has very pleasant evenings every Tuesday. Dancing, snowshoeing, and such like are to be the programme for the winter.

Woodstock's "four hundred" has lately been quite convulsed, the throes evidently emanating from some trivial misunderstanding between the solidest leaders. "War to the knife" has been proclaimed, and the air is thick with mutual recriminations. Upon this the new whist club has been formed, and "who select" has not made known whether to organize something counter or enjoy "total" and dignified by the comfortable home fireside, letting others follow their leadership, or the record is consonant with their tastes.

A number of events are on the cards for the coming season, with propitious weather, will make the winter here quite enjoyable; but of all which more.

SHELDIA.

[Progress is for sale in Sheldiac at A. Stone's Store.]

Nov. 12.—We are all awaiting with anxious expectancy for several parties which will come off in the near future, and it is also expected that the matrimonial epidemic will strike this sea-board town ere 1890 has run its course.

Mr. and Mrs. David Dixon took their departure

Ferguson & Page



ARE RIGHT TO THE FRONT WITH THEIR FINE ASSORTMENT of Holiday Goods

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silver Ware, Canes, Spectacles, Opera Glasses,

And everything pertaining to the legal Jewelry business

If we have not the article in Jewelry to suit you, we are in a position to manufacture it for you.

Come and See the Stock.

43 King Street.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS!



PRESTOLINE!

THE MOST EFFECTIVE POLISHER YET INTRODUCED.

BRILLIANT POLISH! FREE FROM ACID OR GRIT! NO LABOR!

JUST TRY IT ONCE on Brass Faucets, Copper Boilers, Brass Signs, Fire Irons, Fenders, Candlesticks, Lamps, Stair Rods, Door Hinges and Knobs, Gong Bells, Name Plates, Military Trappings, Harness and Carriage Trimmings, Musical Instruments, Bicycles, Brass Furniture, and you will be surprised and more than satisfied with the result.

A Liquid Polisher for all uses. Sample Cans, 15c. each.

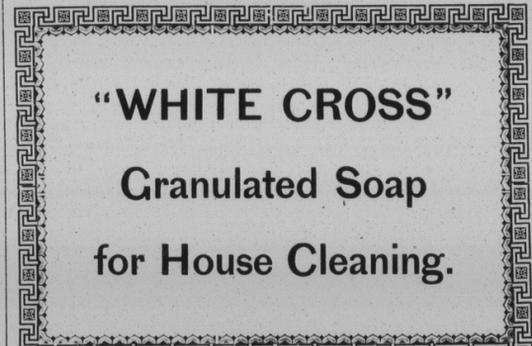
T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 and 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

"DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS"

Are all very well in their way, but for THIS COUNTRY at this season of the year there is nothing equal to

GRANBY RUBBERS.

THEY FIT WELL. THEY WEAR WELL. THEY SELL WELL. THEY KEEP YOU WELL IN HEALTH. THEY ARE WELL WORTH A TRIAL.—



"WHITE CROSS"

Granulated Soap for House Cleaning.

Golden Eagle Flour.

last week, and Mr. and Mrs. Kinnear bade adieu to Sheldiac on Monday of this week.

We are glad to welcome Mr. E. J. Cochran back again, after a long illness at his home in New Port.

Mr. Charles Parry was visiting in town this week. He is another one of our young men who have been laid up through sickness.

Mrs. S. Kerr departed for St. John on Thursday. Mrs. Robert Jardine, of St. John, is still in town, at her father's residence.

Mr. J. Arlington Cooke will deliver two lectures, (illustrated), next week, in "Zet's" hall, one is entitled, "To and Fro in the Sunny South."

Mr. Clayton K. Dickie, who has been suffering with an attack of fever, is now recovering.

One of our promising and young professional men and one of our young ladies are going to join the order of Benedictines some time next month, if rumor tells truth. It is said they have selected their residence, and active preparations are being made for the event.

Miss Mabel Smith is still away, but I believe she is on her way home at present.

A highly successful party was given by Mrs. Albert Smith, at the residence of Mrs. Newman, on Sackville street. The guests numbered about 25, and under the careful thoughtfulness of their genial host, they enjoyed themselves thoroughly. It was with the most jovial feelings that the happy party separated at 2 o'clock, a. m. Among the guests I noticed Mrs. Robt. Jardine, of St. John, and the following: H. H. and Mrs. Schaffner, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. D. B. White, Mrs. Bourgeois, Miss Hattie Deason, Miss May Harper, Miss Winona Harper, Miss Jennie Webster, Miss Carrie Smith, Mrs. J. D. Weidon, Messrs. A. G. Lawton, G. W. Smith, A. J. Webster, James Irving, Wm. Henderson, Dr. E. A. Smith, E. Hamilton, A. A. McFarlane, E. Roberts, and Wm. Outhill.

BATHURST.

Nov. 12.—Pity the sorrows of the society correspondent for Bathurst, somebody, and take the lead in commencing a winter series of those pleasant little dancing parties for which our town is noted. I never saw such a dearth of amusements at this season. There is not even a "tea wedding" celebration to report, and even "old ladies social evening parties" are deplorably on the decrease.

A remarkably jolly shooting party, consisting of Messrs. Haycock Johnston, Jack Russell, Lyman Hartley, Richard Park, and a couple of other Newcastle gentlemen, were registered at the Keary House on Tuesday. They had driven from Newcastle over the old post road, and returned by the same route. They had good success going and coming and report a capture of some 86 partridges a large number of which were brought down by the thirty gun of Mr. H. Johnston the crack shot of the party.

Mr. K. F. Burns and Mr. W. H. Chisholm and Hon. E. G. Ryan are in Fredericton.

Master Arthur Cooperwater leaves this week to enter a course of study preparatory for the Episcopal ministry. Tom Brown.

NEWCASTLE.

Nov. 12.—Miss Jessie Fish left here Monday night for Billings, Montana. She will be greatly missed. Miss Wheeler gave a whist party last Friday night in her honor.

Miss Ethel Young, of Carleton, is visiting Miss Aggie Adams.

His many friends are delighted to welcome Mr. Will Mitchell back to his old home, where he intends to remain a few weeks.

Miss Wheeler, assisted by Miss Sargeant, is trying to organize a whist club for the long winter months. Such a laudable undertaking ought to be encouraged.

I tender my congratulations to Mr. Howard Whittton and bride, who arrived in Newcastle last night.

Mr. Caldwell, of Moncton, spent Saturday in town.

Mr. W. Harriman left Newcastle for Boston a few days ago. Dame Honor has it that it is for the purpose of joining the benedictines.

Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

Just opened, a large lot of

SMYRNA RUGS,

ALL SIZES.

A fine Rug for \$3.00, former price \$4.00.

A large Rug, only \$4.00, " " \$5.00.

A. O. SKINNER.

W. J. FRASER,

BARE FACTS! Everybody who has not a Cape Overcoat, wants one, or ought to have one. How warm they are for driving; how stylish they look; how cheap they are, if you buy from us. Not that we can give you a coat holus bolus, but we almost do it. We bought our goods very cheap, and we are selling them cheap. We know when we get a good thing, so do you. Have you ever seen FRASER'S stock? See it if not. Buy if you want to.

ROYAL CLOTHING STORE,

Only One Door above Royal Hotel.



OUR NEW FRANKLIN! THE CORONET, THREE SIZES. A POWERFUL HEATER! VERY HANDSOME! MODERATE IN PRICE! SEE IT!

EMERSON & FISHER

75 to 79 Prince William Street.

JUST RECEIVED

A FURTHER SUPPLY OF—

READY-MADE SUITS and SUMMER OVERCOATS,

— IN —

Mens, Youths', and Boys' Sizes, in new and fashionable designs.

Which will be sold at our usual low prices.

1000 Pairs of Pants, at cost; Great Reduction in Gent's fine Summer Underwear.

SPECIAL BARGAINS in TRUNKS and VALISES.

Clothing made to order in our usual first-class style.

CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL, 51 Charlotte Street.

T. YOUNGCLAUS, Proprietor.

GO TO KERR'S COOL

ICE-CREAM PARLORS

— AND GET A —

DELICIOUS ICE CREAM.

ALSO CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF

FIRST-CLASS CONFECTIONERY. Cream Chips! Cream Chips still in great demand.

70 KING STREET, - - Opposite Victoria Hotel.

Telephone Connection.

VOL III. MONEY

Police Prot Be Pa

THE CHIEF SE

Made Out in t Corporation

TWO CITIZENS THE GOVERN

The Veracity of the a Sussex Seat - A Reported - Totten His Chief.

And now Chief Clerk in an investigation. It is strange how another, how silent bolder than them has ready every one of the denance to the rest.

The public safety police committee have information this week clues as long as Main

The absence of Dr. wedding excursion of good work which is quietly.

Many persons the crazy who made the committee room that ceived money from the men which had not b the city. Even the ironclad and redoubt and in thunderous ton such a charge could b one of the first to as remove the head of th

Is the charge true? Some time ago the known citizen and a one of the principals i money. The affair was able events of the day, likely to be such that or four officers was a police in order to prev

The chief complied detailed some officer church door and keep crowd. It must be d that the men detailed duty: that they were in paid by the city. N fact, and that every t the service of policemen upon such occasion as who requested their a bill made out at the o police, in the name of for the sum of six doll

Inquiry of the prop the fact that this mon name of the city corpor into the funds of the ci

Where then, did it g Chief Clarke says th men who were detail

And yet those men the city at that very m

It would seem that t ting means that the not only of the present past. Shortly after Cl the post office depart fact that some thief certain letter box. W

commission fresh up started for the scene s as one officer phrased i dog applied to the rev

Capt. Rawlings is not y were there. They wat few nights, then became and "Detective" McGr the work. This is wh the streets in daylight distinguished title of "d

It is hardly necessa thief was not captured, fact, a good sized accented, it is said, to the ment for services.

This statement may b but Progress has the b thinking it to be a fac presented it was m name of the city corpor

Chief Clarke has tak himself when he issue name of the city. So f learn he has not a title o a course, but is proceed own responsibility.

In order to make su