

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

SPIKE ON DECK

Still Hustling After "Progress."

MR. GOLDING'S ARREST.

One of "Progress" Hustling Young Men Jailed

FOR FEAR HE WOULD LEAVE TOWN IN A HURRY.

His Bail Fixed at \$2,000—Mr. Spike and the Newsboys—An Interesting Affidavit—What an Insurance Inspector Has to Say About the Matter—He Did Not Hesitate to Speak Freely.

When Mr. John N. Golding, one of the hustling young men of Progress, started for Halifax last week he was upon such a peaceful business mission that he did not anticipate for a moment that he would be involved with. Like all newspaper men he had no objection to a new and rare experience, but he was not looking for or expecting that which found him quite early one morning during his sojourn in that city by the sea, made him acquainted with two or three excellent and good natured officials, and gave him an insight, as well, into the mysteries of the sheriff's office of the county of Halifax.

In other words Mr. Golding was served with that exceedingly common article of daily use in Halifax now—a libel writ—and the performance was extended and varied by the presentation of a capias that asked him in a polite, yet forcible way, to miss a train before he left the city.

But this is ahead of the story. It is necessary, to understand the affair, to make a note of the fact that Mr. Clarence J. Spike, a citizen of Halifax, was still in that city last Saturday. Perhaps this will be news to many of the readers of Progress but it was a fact nevertheless at that particular time. Whether the same fact still obtains this morning Progress is not able to state but there was no reason to doubt his presence last Saturday. Perhaps it is of equal consequence to note that Progress newspaper was in town also. From Mr. Spike's actions against the newsdealers the week before the inference could fairly be drawn that some people thought there would not be room enough in that city for both Progress and him but there was and Mr. Spike soon found it out.

The newsdealers were not in it. The majority of them considered discretion the better part of valor and stood aside, watching and enjoying the fun. And there was plenty of it.

Mr. Golding found out Friday that if Progress was to reach its patrons in Halifax Saturday that he must make arrangements to sell it. He had a telegram in his pocket that there were a couple of thousand extra copies on the train and it did not take him long to make up his mind that he and the newsboys would have a regular field day of it.

The boys soon grasped the situation and when the day broke Saturday morning, they were on hand. But though Golding had the papers he had no place to sell them. The street would have answered, upon a pinch, but he hit upon a better plan than that. Taking a number of the best boys with him he carried the papers from the post office to his hotel and stored them in his room. Then he filled his orders and before the clock struck six Saturday morning scores of newsboys were shouting "Progress" "Progress" upon the streets.

This was a surprise to many people, knowing of the action against the newsdealers, could not imagine how the papers were distributed. In less than half an hour the boys had exhausted the supply. Bundles of 50 each went out and were sold before the lad had gone a block. By this time the dealers' supply began to go in to Mr. Golding and thus he was able to keep the ball rolling, but at nine o'clock he wired Progress: "Not a paper left. Are any more coming?"

To this the answer was, "Another thousand on the second train."

But in the meantime what was Mr. Spike doing? He was not idle by any means. Whether he is an early riser or not regularly, Progress is not prepared to state but this morning he was around before the dew was off—figuratively speaking. He met the newsboys and the newsboys met him, but he made an airline for the book store on the corner of George and Granville streets where the

boys usually obtain their supply and he entered in a bit of a rush.

"Ab, Mr. Hoare, got a paper this morning?"

"Not this morning, Mr. Spike," was the courteous reply, "the boys have them though."

A little fellow of perhaps eight years was standing near with a number of Progresses under his arm, and Mr. Spike hastened to invest to the extent of five cents. Then, eyeing the boy with a stony glance he drew forth a pencil from his pocket and demanded, "What is your name?"

The boy looked somewhat alarmed and hesitated.

"Don't yer tell him," was the terse advice given by a bigger lad.

Still Mr. Spike was anxious for his name, and the boy, being of an obliging disposition, was about to comply when a gentleman standing near said, "No need to tell him, Johnny."

But Mr. Spike succeeded in getting the boy's name, and, flushed with victory, he started out after more papers and more names. He had no difficulty in getting the papers, but the terse replies he received



JOHN N. GOLDING, JR.

when he demanded names were so vigorous that they would not look well in ink.

The lads had a great time selling the papers. Never in the history of Progress in Halifax had there been such a demand. They made the most of it but the supply ran short long before the arrival of the Quebec express, upon which the second supply was.

But that came at two o'clock and then there was some fun about the post office. The mail driver did not look for such a reception. The mob of small boys thronged about him at the post office and would hardly give him time to take the bags off in the usual way. But finally he did and the lads obtained the second supply.

It was about this time that Mr. Lear put in an appearance. He was anxious to know who was selling Progress and a boy who purchased five came in with him and pointed out the young man whom he supposed was doing the selling. That satisfied Mr. Lear and he departed. Another thousand copies disposed of and Mr. Golding's work was done. He then attended to his other business and spent the Sunday as a good young man should.

But Mr. Spike was not idle and, Saturday afternoon, he had a writ made out for the young man, because that he made such an affidavit that a judge was persuaded that Mr. Golding was not a permanent resident of Halifax and he secured a capias and placed it in the hands of the sheriff. The affidavit is an interesting document—interesting enough to publish. Here it is:

A. N. 692.
IN THE SUPREME COURT,
Between
CLARENCE J. SPIKE, P'ty
and
J. N. GOLDING, De'ft.

I, Clarence J. Spike, of Halifax, in the county of Halifax, Insurance agent, make oath and say as follows:

1. That on the 16th day of November, 1894, there was published in a certain newspaper called Progress, purporting to be printed in St. John, in the province of New Brunswick, and which was sold by a large number of newsdealers in the city of Halifax to various purchasers, a libel on this defendant in which it was stated that this defendant had been guilty of wrongfully obtaining money from a Mr. Short, also from Doctor Walker, and further alleged that "rents had not been remitted, and since premiums not paid, mortgage returns not made, alleged making of post office keys, wrongful opening of letters, and over-drawing of account."

2. The said article further stated that the latter (referring to an accountant) disclosed a whole series of transactions which were calculated to prove financially profitable to Mr. Spike (meaning this defendant), all sorts of sorts of juggling had been performed with insurance premiums, rents, mortgages, bank accounts, etc. Mr. Short reported the matter to the head office at Montreal, and correspondence bore on the parties followed.

3. That correspondence was seen by a St. John insurance man, and in a letter of Mr. Spike's (meaning defendant) written last week to the head office, he confessed his guilt, but even then he did not stop his speculations (peculations). He seemed to be afflicted with a mania, for shortly after that it was found that he had performed another crooked piece of work which brought a couple of hundred dollars to his coffers."

The said article further stated that "The company, it is stated, hoped to be able to get back through the efforts of Mr. Spike (meaning this defendant) and his friends, some of the money which they had lost."

The said article alleged further libellous state-

ments concerning this defendant. "That this defendant on the 13th day of November, instant, commenced action for libel against a number of newsdealers in the city of Halifax, and caused the same to be served with process at this defendant's suit."

4. That the issue of said Progress, bearing date the 17th day of November instant, contains the following statements among others, referring to this defendant and his conduct, and the said article previously published in said Progress:

"In the meantime, gaining a hint of what was likely to happen, Progress wrote to each of the newsdealers asking that the matter referred to in this report and which was prepared to prove all the publisher had stated and a good deal more."

5. That the defendant falsely and maliciously published said Progress of the date of 17th November, 1894, in the city of Halifax, on the said 17th November, which said paper contained the late and malicious statements set out in the next preceding paragraph of this affidavit and the said defendant falsely and maliciously published and concerning the defendant that the publisher of Progress was "preparing to prove all that the paper had stated and a good deal more."

6. That I am informed and do verily believe the said defendant, J. N. Golding, junior, was aware of the libellous character of the articles contained in the edition of Progress on the 10th day of November, instant, and of the 17th day of November, instant, before and during the time of his publication of the libel set out above.

7. That I do not know the proper name of the said J. N. Golding, junior, and I asked a man whom I verily believe to be the said J. N. Golding, junior, what his name was, and he refused to give me the same, and I have made further diligent enquiry and could not get his name other than is here set out.

8. That for eighteen years last past I have been engaged as an insurance agent in the city of Halifax, and, have held many positions of trust in the said city, and have also been engaged as a real estate agent in connection therewith, and have been in receipt of a large income therefrom annually; that I have no other means of making a livelihood for myself and family, except through my said business. I say that the publication of the said libellous article, has greatly injured my credit, reputation, character and business standing, and prevented me from carrying on my said business and supporting myself and family.

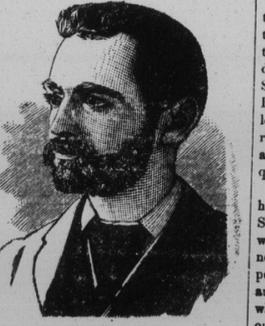
9. That I have a good cause of action against said defendant to the amount of two thousand dollars in respect of the publication of the libel herein set forth and complained of.

10. I have probable cause for believing and do believe that the said defendant, J. N. Golding, junior, is about to leave the province of Nova Scotia, unless he is arrested, and I believe the said debt will be lost unless said defendant be forthwith arrested.

11. That I have caused a writ of summons to be sued out of the Honorable court in this action against the above named defendant at my suit endorsed for the sum of two thousand dollars damages.

CLARENCE J. SPIKE,
Sworn to at Halifax, in the County of Halifax, the 17th day of November, A. D. 1894, before me,
A Commissioner of the Supreme Court in and for the County of Halifax.

Mr. Golding was informed by those who appeared to know what was going on that he would be arrested before he left town. Still he was not worried over the matter and did not hasten. It would have been a simple matter, for him to have left town Sunday, but he did not. Therefore, Monday morning, at an early hour, when deputy Archibald, the son of the sheriff, rapped at his door in the hotel, he had a pretty good idea what such an early call meant. So while he dressed, the deputy told him what his errand was. The libel writ was followed by the capias based on the affidavit printed above. It is a funny document, though it reads nicely and has an apparent frankness about it that is refreshing.



CLARENCE J. SPIKE.

Progress has much pleasure in adding to the interest of this article by printing engravings of the plaintiff and defendant.

Deputy Archibald found that he had a willing companion. He showed his confidence in him in many ways and allowed Mr. Golding every courtesy that was possible.

The C. P. R. telegraph wires were soon set at work and the publisher of Progress gained an idea of the situation and began to arrange for bail. This would have been easier in St. John than in Halifax but even the natural difficulties surrounding that were overcome. Mr. C. Sydney Harrington was retained to look after Mr. Golding's interest and when the conditions of the bail bond of \$2,000, were known in this city, the necessary security to Halifax bondsmen was telegraphed at once by one of the most prominent merchants in this city with large business connections in Halifax, and Mr. W. G. Scovill and Mr. George Flawn presented themselves as security for the appearance, etc., of Mr. Golding.

In the meantime that gentleman had many offers of assistance. He had no idea Progress had so many friends in Halifax. Newspaper men called to chat a while, and many others, learning the exact situation,

dropped into the sheriff's office and congratulated him upon the distinction shown him by Mr. Spike. St. John men in Halifax came and offered to go bail, but the sheriff, while not doubting their ability, could not take non-residents as security. This it was that the kind offers of D. McLellan were declined. But Mr. Golding was released in time for supper and to finish the business that took him to Halifax. The next morning he started for home.

AN INSURANCE OFFICIAL TALKS.

He says "Progress" Statements Were Undoubtedly True.

Despite Mr. Spike's protestations and despite his suit for libel Progress asserts that everything it has said about that erring gentleman is correct. It is prepared to back up the statements with positive proof, and men who know all about Mr. Spike state that this paper did not go a whit too far in what was written.

What better authority could there be than that of a man who has investigated the whole affair and knows the facts from first to last? There was a gentleman engaged in this task for the last couple of weeks. On Thursday he passed through this city on his way home. He was seen at the Royal Hotel by a representative of Progress and the information which he gave corroborates even to the details the story which this paper told. From such a source who can doubt the reliability of the facts as previously furnished?

The staff of this paper did not need the words of this gentleman to assure them that the facts which they gave were correct. The sources from whence they had already received them were sufficiently authentic to render their publication justifiable and if Mr. Spike continues his prosecution it will be a surprise to all who have inside information.

The gentleman interviewed thinks that Spike will drop his suits against the newsdealers and against Progress' representative. He said there was no doubt about this and everyone who knew the facts believed that he was merely working a bluff.

He did not make any objection to giving his interview for the benefit of his endorsement, merely stipulating that he did not want to appear too prominently in the matter. He said that the story in Progress two weeks ago was in the main correct. There were only one or two errors, and they were mistakes of a trifling order.

Messrs. Short and Spike, he said, were partners in the agency of the Standard Life until two years ago. Mr. Short was agent for the fire companies and Mr. Spike was his clerk. Two years ago Mr. Spike received a set back. He lost his position as associate agent for the life company and became a clerk under Mr. Short, but all along Mr. Short had really been the head man in the partnership and he was the one to whom the companies looked and whom they held responsible. When the partnership was concluded Mr. Short took in as partner, Mr. Magee, a stranger to Halifax.

Mr. Spike pursued his way as clerk in the office of Mr. Short until the incident of the mortgage came out and along with it the other developments. Then he was discharged and his connection with Mr. Short has been dissolved now some time. But he still held the fort. He had the lease of the office, which was owned by a relative, and he remained there. Mr. Short at length had to move out and seek new quarters.

The companies have not lost anything, he said, on account of the fact that Mr. Short is responsible to them and his loss would not be their loss. The trouble as it now stands is that Mr. Spike has lost his position and that legal complications have arisen between him and Mr. Short. There will likely be two or three law cases arising out of the difficulties and Mr. Spike appears to be in for blood. He is summoning to his aid a regular battalion of writs, and besides those that he has issued against the newsdealers and Progress' representative, he has also issued a writ against Mr. Short for defamation of character.

Where Mr. Spike spent the money no one can conjecture. He had no vices, would not drink a drop of liquor and was considered a good fellow. He was a prominent Mason and in many ways was a smart, hustling fellow.

The publication of the story in Progress two weeks ago made Mr. Spike wild with rage and he started on the war path early in the day to buy up the Halifax edition. He, however, found that he had on a heavy contract to do this. The Halifax edition was a big one and besides there was a large and early demand for the paper that Saturday. He got all he could, however, and stored them away in his office. The result of his exertions and the big run for papers by readers was such that there was not a copy to be had by ten o'clock in the morning.

The extent of the resentment which Mr. Spike feels may be judged from the fact that he holds responsible all who gave papers to friends, and considers that they are participants in the libel.

EVENTS OF CITY LIFE.

WHO IS THE REAL TENDERER FOR HAY AND OATS?

Death of a Promising Young Man, Walter C. Fairweather—A Traveler Talks of an Unknown Pugilist—"Progress" is Still Moving into Its New Quarters.

A good citizen makes the assertion to Progress that the gentleman to whom the city tender was awarded to supply the corporation with hay, oats and straw is nothing more or less than an obliging go-between. In other words he means to say that the name of the real tenderer does not appear. This is something that the common council committees would do well to look into. If any alderman wishes to tender to supply the city with hay, and oats he should be open about it and not allow any man a chance to make a statement that he is working through a third party.

A Promising Young Man's Death.

Though ill for so long a time, the death of Walter C. Fairweather was a shock to his numerous friends and acquaintances. He was well known in this, his native city, and as popular as any young man could wish to be. Courteous and kind in manner, he made friends without seeking to do so. He was talented in various ways apart from his business ability, which was marked and characterized by that method and thoroughness that distinguishes a young man of affairs. It may not be generally known that a natural poetical gift belonged to Mr. Fairweather. He did not take time to cultivate it but Progress has printed poems of his that were very creditable indeed. One of them is reprinted upon the fourth page of this issue. Mr. Fairweather was a remarkably gifted penman and much of the handsome engraving was his work. He was a son of Mr. Geo. E. Fairweather whose friends will extend cordial sympathy both to him and the other members of the sorrowing family.

Miss Todd Was Right.

Readers of Progress will remember an incident that appeared amusing at the time in which Miss Todd and the conductor of the Fredericton train figured. Miss Todd presented a ticket that had been partly used and the conductor refused it. He had some difficulty in persuading her that she would have to pay. Since then Miss Todd has brought the matter to the attention of the railway company and has received a rebate for that portion of the ticket that was unused. This of itself is no doubt of small importance to the lady compared with the tacit acknowledgement thus given that she was right after all.

They Had a "Prejudosity."

The wife of an episcopal minister in a Nova Scotia town answered a ring at the doorbell of her house a few days ago and found a gentleman with the voice of a debater.

"Is your husband in, ma'am?"

"No, he is not."

"Well, do you know," asked the man with the debater's voice, "if he has a book on the consecration of burying-grounds that he could lend me?"

"I don't know," said the minister's wife, "but I'll ask him."

"You see," said the man, who seemed to think that an explanation was necessary, "there are a lot of baptists at my boarding-house and they don't believe in the consecration of burial-grounds. In fact, they have a prejudosity against it," he added, with the air of a pedant. "Yes," he continued, "they have an extreme prejudosity against it. But you lend me the book, and I'll study it up, and in about a week I'll give it hot to those baptists."

The man with the prejudosity against the baptists was asked to call when the minister was at home.

A PUGILIST SURPRISED.

A Story of Bob Fitzsimmons and His Practice with an "Unknown."

A Progress representative met Mr. W. E. Simpson, a well-known Toronto commercial traveller, on the train last Tuesday evening. Mr. Simpson keeps himself and his acquaintances well posted as to matters pugilistic, and it was not long before the conversation drifted into remarks concerning the death of Riordan after his sparring practice with Bob Fitzsimmons. "Riordan seems to have been a far weaker man than an 'unknown' that Fitz tackled in Toronto a few years ago," said the general traveller, "or else Fitz's most playful taps are more terrible than his heaviest lunges were then."

"Why, did Fitzsimmons ever fight in Toronto? It must have been a strictly private mill, such as Oppenheimer tried to get with John L.?" queried the newspaper representative.

"It was a private mill," said Mr. Simpson, "and Fitzsimmons was the most anxious man you ever saw to keep it strictly private. It was at the time he was the guest of the Toronto Rowing Club about four years ago, and by special request of one of the members—I think, but am not positive, that it was Hanlan himself—he was

to box with several of the club members.

Fitz fell in with the agreement very readily and requested the fighting members to hit him as hard as they liked, and that he would use them as gingerly as he could.

"He tried five or six fellows, allowing them to hit him occasionally, and at other times warding off their blows with the greatest ease. At last a good-sized fellow stood up before Fitz. He was big, but he seemed afraid."

"Now don't you go to getting scared," Fitz said, "but let that big fist of your sail into me just as tight as you can make it. Don't be a bit scared."

"Well, now, the fellow cheered up wonderfully when Fitzsimmons told him that and more than obeyed him. Fitz got a whack side of the head that made him see all the stars that have been discovered in the last five hundred years. Fitz forgot his promise not to hit hard and made a desperate drive at the other fellow. The other fellow knocked it off, and landed a good square clout on Fitz's nose, which drew the claret as nice as you please. Fitz didn't attempt to hit back, but dodged the next blow of the unknown and walked off the stage. He was an awfully surprised man, and he plagued Hanlan all the next day to tell him who the puncher was, but Hanlan persisted that he didn't know."

"Do you know yourself?" asked the scribe.

"Well, I think I do; but a good many other Toronto people think they do, too, and the most of them think differently. Some say it was one of the greatest pugilists of the United States, but of course that's nonsense. It was an unknown Canadian, all right."

"Was it you, Mr. Simpson?" queried the scribe, with a glance at that gentleman's eminently respectable build.

"No, it wasn't," said the traveller.

"Why, I'm one of the best known men in Canada."

"THE JUDGE'S" BID.

How a Parrishboro Man got an Invitation to His Own Wedding.

A judicial authority who was married over a year ago, and who took his bride to the town of Parrishboro, was opening his mail at the post-office there a few days ago when a square envelope with a United States stamp called for his attention.

"This is carelessness," remarked the judicial authority. "Here's a letter from the States, and the envelope's never been sealed."

"Probably it's an invitation," said a friend of "the Judge." "They don't always seal invitations."

"I guess you're right," said the legal authority to the social authority, after taking the enclosure from the envelope. "It's an invitation to a wedding. Greet Scott," he continued, turning all colors, "it's to my own wedding."

The other people in the post-office were at first under the impression that "the Judge" was joking, but, seeing the look of utter mystification on his face, and also catching a glimpse of the invitation, they, also, were completely puzzled. There was an invitation to "the Judge's" own wedding, which took place over a year before. There was also a card saying, "At Home, November, 1894." This, to the minds of some, added to the mystery; but this it was which enabled a newspaper man who had been studying the methods of Sherlock Holmes to answer the question to his own satisfaction, at least.

"The invitation," said the disciple of one of the great Holmeses that have died this year, "was one which a friend of yours who lives in the town mentioned in the postmark got from your relations. When your Yankee friend decided to send you an invitation to a wedding that he or she was more nearly concerned in than yours, the old invitation was brought out for reference, and was put in this envelope with the at home card by mistake."

"Progress" is Still Moving.

Progress is not able to say that it is in its new building altogether yet. Carpenters, plumbers and steam fitters take their time or seem to and this is no exception to the rule. Still the greater part of the building is in use and is proving just as acceptable as the publisher anticipated. Perhaps it is not too much to say that when completed no newspaper office in the city will be so attractive and handsome. This will be fitting, for the handsomest newspapers should have the best looking offices. The business offices of Progress and the Daily Record will be upon the same floor—in fact in the same large office—but the staffs will be, as they have always been, separate and distinct. The business of one has nothing to do with the business of the other.

Where It Can Be Had.

The advertisement of Barbour's linen thread on the second page of Progress is especially interesting to ladies, since it tells them where they can obtain the treatise on prize needlework. Progress has received this complete and beautiful little book and proposes to give it a more extended notice next week. In the meantime those who wish to secure it promptly can do so by reading the announcement and writing to Thomas Samuel & Son, Montreal.

A HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT.

A WHITE MAN AND AN INDIAN FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES.

A Wreath Between Giants Which Lasted Nearly an Hour—Big Joe Logston was Victorious, But Came Near Being Shot by Another Indian.

One of the noted characters of pioneer days in Indiana was Joe Logston, a gigantic Kentuckian, who settled on the banks of the Ohio River, not many miles below Cincinnati. He was a powerful fellow, six feet four inches in his moccasins, and proportionately stout and muscular, with the agility of a cat and the courage of a lion. He excelled in many of the feats of strength and skill that made men conspicuous in those days, when such accomplishments were requisite and a necessity in the fierce struggle for supremacy over savage man and snarling beast. Logston was a great hunter, but had achieved some distinction as an Indian fighter, and often boasted that it gave him more pleasure to pursue the red man than it did to follow the trail of the wild game that infested the almost unbroken wilderness.

On one occasion the intrepid hunter was carelessly riding along an established trail through the dense woods on the back of a fine horse that he had captured from an Indian chief when the unexpected crack of a couple of rifles roused him to a realization of danger. One of the bullets scraped his breastbone, making a slight flesh wound. The other bullet struck his horse in the loins, and it sank to the ground with its rider. As he struggled to release himself from the floundering beast two Indians rushed from their concealment and dashed toward him with uplifted tomahawks and exultant shouts. But, although pinned to the ground, with one leg beneath the dying horse, he managed to bring his trusty rifle to bear upon the approaching savages, and they, well knowing its merriment, halted, and then sought safety behind adjacent trees. One of the Indians, however, was not quick enough to place himself entirely behind the protecting tree before the bullet of the expectant white man had pierced his back, and he fell with a fractured spine. Disengaging himself from his horse, the wary white man regained his feet, and, seeing the other savage reloading his rifle, sprang toward him with his gun raised to strike. The Indian dropped his tomahawk he hurled it with ferocious force at his enemy. Logston dodged the flying weapon, and dashing forward with uplifted rifle, struck at his foe. The Indian leaped aside, and the gun struck a sapling and was shivered to pieces.

The disappointed white man then clinched with his adversary, who was his equal in strength, but his inferior in the science of wrestling, this enabled the hunter to throw his antagonist to the ground. But the Indian being naked, with his body well oiled, was able to slip from the clutches of the exasperated white man and regained his feet. For nearly an hour these two giants—each a Goliath—fought like gladiators in the desperate struggle to conquer or die.

The terrific contest caused an increased flow of blood from the wound in the breast of the white man made by the bullet of the Indian, and he began to feel that his strength was giving out. But he determined to end the combat, if possible, before his antagonist should secure a greater advantage over him. And when the Indian had again crawled from his grasp, after being flung to the ground, he jumped to his feet and as his assailant rose up he dealt him a blow with his fist that would have done credit to a Corbett. The surprised savage fell, and as he staggered to his feet he received a second blow from the strong arm of the pugilistic pioneer that stretched him half unconscious on the ground. Before he could rise Logston leaped upon his prostrate form with both feet and attempted to stamp the breath from his body. The Indian caught him by the legs and tripped him to the ground, and again the combatant engaged in a terrible tussle for victory. The red man was almost exhausted from the blows and stamping he had been subjected to, and his adversary succeeded in seizing him by the throat with a clutch that closed his breathing and rendered his resistance weaker and weaker until he lapsed into unconsciousness. As soon as the Indian became insensible, Logston released his hold upon his throat, and running to where the tomahawk lay, he picked it up and returning to the side of the savage, who had partly regained his senses, he clove his skull with the weapon, then turned his attention to the crippled warrior, whose cry of despair as he witnessed the death of his companion had reached the ear of the victorious hunter and recalled his presence. The unfortunate savage had crawled to a log, against which he had rested and reloaded his gun, but his broken back would not permit him to rise, and as he would raise his weapon to shoot he would topple forward on his face, and could only raise himself again by pushing the gun to the ground, and pressing himself against it. Seeing that the wounded savage was almost helpless and unable to escape, and not caring to run any risk of being shot by a cripple, the warrior hunter hastened back to the log and told his story. Covered with blood and dirt, his appearance gave some indication of the severe contest he

had passed through. The following morning a posse of men rode by to the scene of his battle. The corpse of the Indian giant lay where he had succumbed to his fate. But the crippled Indian was nowhere to be seen. A trail was discovered made by the broken-backed savage, who had dragged himself some distance through the woods, and, following its course, the white men came to where he lay dead, with his knife sticking up to his hilt in the breast.

The unfortunate warrior, finding that the nature of his wound rendered it impossible for him to reach his own people had, after enduring untold agony in crawling several miles over a rough and uneven route, concluded to end his misery by plunging his knife into his own heart. He had first cut with his keen point into the bark of the tree, beneath which he had determined to die, in rude characters the story of his late fight, so as to inform passing members of his tribe that he had taken his own life in preference to surrendering to the hated enemy, when hope had gone out in the darkness of despair, suicide under such circumstances being regarded by some Indians as a triumph over their foes and an act of daring heroism. The tree was ever afterward known as the "Old Indian Tree."

The long distance travelled by the desperate savage in his despairing and crippled condition disclosed the wonderful powers of physical endurance possessed by him, and his breaking the gun of his own hand, as well as his own for the purpose of rendering them useless to their enemies should they return and find them, showed the hate that filled his heart at the moment when he checked its pulsations with the keen point of his piercing knife.

COLEMAN'S UPPER CRUST.

What a Few Punctures by One of Its Dudes Discloses.

This is the time of year when the society writer makes up his list of coming debutantes and dwells feelingly on their youth, beauty and wealth, as if he—poor fellow—would like to get at them himself. I believe there are no 'aving beauties about to be launched this year, but there are plenty of money and a lot of young women of whom it may be said, "They are such nice girls!" Little Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, who is dainty and entirely sweet, is, of course, the heiress par excellence of the season, and the scramble after her will be something awful. Indeed nearly all the New York families of note have something in the way of a daughter to contribute to society. I fear that most of these pretty little girls must be content with the introduction of a tea, a cruel and barbarous ceremony, to be sure, but inexpensive and easily managed. None of the debutantes, with the exception of Miss Vanderbilt, has any chance of a coming out ball simply because none of them lives in a big enough house, and times are not propitious for hiring halls.

Mrs. Coleman Drayton's legal answer to her husband's complaint is rather unsatisfactory to society. She simply says she didn't and leaves it an open question between her own and her husband's veracity. People rather hoped for something with more spice in it, more boiling oil, so to speak. When people who lead society come to grief in divorce courts, people have a right to expect a great sensation. To simply say: "You are all wrong. I never was there in my life," is not what we have been expecting. Society holds that Mrs. Drayton should have named some haunts said to have been frequented by her husband and made matters generally unpleasant for him. In its present shape it doesn't look as if the case would ever be brought to trial, and therefore society, which once fawned upon Mrs. Drayton, is disappointed. It actually feels as if Mrs. Drayton had in some way done it a grievous injustice.

Well, chappies, what are we coming to anyhow? Here is young Stevie Thorn, who married the concert hall singer, Mile. Di Dio, taking his bride to the Midway pleasure of the Waldorf—right into the heart of the Four Hundred, as it were—and dining there, while society cranes its neck to see the new Mrs. Thorn and wonders whether she will burst forth in song while at table. Oh, dear! but it was most devilishly exciting, don't you know, and naughty Stevie had the audacity to seem to actually enjoy it all—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

A CORNER IN ELK TEETH.

Lockport has over 800 of them located in its safety vaults. Mr. John D. Lockamp of Billings, Mont., practically holds the elk tooth stock of the entire country, and to his already enormous supply he is constantly adding, the Indians and hunters bringing teeth to him from all over the country. Not every one knows that the elk teeth, or rather the tusks, of which two only are found in the mouth of the adult elk, have a practical commercial value. The teeth are used as jewelry, mostly as pendants on watch guards or as insignia of the secret society known as the Elks. The value of a tooth ranges from 50 cents to \$2.50, according to its size, color and marking.

Mr. Lockamp has now over \$6,000 elk teeth deposited in safety vaults. Many of the old Indian dresses were highly ornamented with elk teeth, some of them being fairly covered with the teeth. Mr. Lockamp has lived on the frontier all his mature life and understands Indian trading perfectly, yet he has sometimes paid over \$100 for a single garment thus ornamented, caring, of course, for nothing but the teeth. The Indians bring the teeth to fasten them on their dresses, and this does not injure the value of the tooth, but they have a much worse habit of sometimes staining the teeth a bright red. This dye cannot be extracted and depreciates the value of the elk teeth for a white customer. The Indians do not dye the teeth so much now since they have learned they can sell them for more in their natural state.—Frankfort, Ky. News.

\$15,000 FOR TRANSPARENCIES.

A Single Item of the Cost of the Political Campaign in New York City.

During the two weeks preceding an election in New York city those sign painters who make a specialty of political transparencies have something of a harvest. There are only a few of them, and they divide about \$15,000 paid for printing on canvas the names of the candidates and affixing the canvas, to a plain wooden frame which serves as a screen for the election. The average cost of the campaign transparency stretched in front of a party headquarters is \$15. There were about 1,000 such transparencies in New York city this year, averaging about \$5 in each assembly district.

Tammany had a headquarters in every assembly district. The Republicans had two headquarters in every assembly district—those of the regulars and the Milhollandites. Then there were the State Democracy, the Anti-Tammany Democracy, the Independent county organization, the Good Government clubs, the German Reform union, the New York or Voorhis Democracy and the Socialists, Populists and Prohibitionists. Next came the business men's associations, the young men's clubs, the social clubs which made political nominations, and such independent organizations as the Italian-American Republicans, the Hungarian Democrats and the Swedish anti-Tammanyites. Each congress candidate usually had a separate headquarters, and some of the assembly and aldermanic candidates also opened rooms of their own.

The most elaborate of the campaign transparencies was, of course, to be found in front of Tammany hall. This year two changes of candidates—judges of the court of appeals and mayor—had been made upon it, which is unusual in one election. After the battle of the ballots was over the canvas on the transparencies was torn to shreds, and the wooden framework was split up. There was nothing left to show for the expenditure of about \$15,000.—New York Sun.

A GALLERY PICTURE.

Artist Watts Has a Word to Say About His "Love and Life."

Mr. George M. Watts, R. A., the eminent English artist, sends the following letter to the New York Herald regarding the dispute between the Washington authorities and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in regard to the possession of his painting, "Love and Life": "In regard to the picture I presumed to present to the government of the United States it may not be out of place for me, in the first place, to point out that the painting represents in the simplest manner that naked humanity is aided to ascend from the depths of base animalism by love, meaning sympathy, generosity and aspiration, signified by the broad wings. The figures are purely symbolical, having, I hope, no tinge of sensuality in the character of their form.

"My idea was that the great American nation would in time gather together a splendid collection of works of art, which will represent the mind of the English speaking races, but that awaiting this time my offering should find a home in some such place as the Metropolitan museum of New York, though I may add that after some correspondence with the American embassy here I accepted the arrangement that a temporary resting place should be found in some public room or gallery of the White House.

"I can't, however, presume to offer any voice in the matter beyond saying that the painting is essentially a gallery picture and was never contemplated by me as hanging in any dwelling house whatever."

THE ACTOR KICKED.

And His Nerve Was Rewarded With Liberal Shower of Wealth.

Here is a good story from the London Figaro: "I happened the other night to be one of the smaller theaters in the city and witnessed toward the last of the principal play a very amusing incident.

"A slight impatience was shown among the audience at the delay in raising the curtain, and shortly the manager appeared to announce that one of the actors had been taken ill, which necessitated his role being taken by a substitute.

"Then the act commenced, but suddenly every one was startled by the appearance of another character on the stage, who immediately began to explain himself as follows: 'I am no ill, but they have not paid me, and as I have not done I was of course unable to fulfill my role.'

"The public was at first stupefied, but very soon reclaimed the actor, and money literally rained on the stage. Finally at the end of several minutes the actor, who probably had received satisfaction, entered the stage and played his part, much to the delight of the spectators."

Flowers Dear In New York.

Violas cost only 50 cents a bunch, but the bunches are very small. For 25 cents the Broadway florists make up little bunches for the buttonhole of men's coats, but they contain only one-third of the original bunch. When a man makes that kind of purchase, he is likely to conclude that there is a violet trust or else that enough people are not engaged in the cultivation of violets. The best chrysanthemums sell on Broadway for \$1 each. As cultivators would grow rich selling them at 5 cents each, some one must be making good for the late hard times.—New York Correspondent.

"The Italians have a proverb which says that where the sun does not enter the doctor does."

"Progress" is for sale in "Patrolle Daniel Brophy's grocery."

Particular Provision in Will.

One of the most peculiar wills ever drawn up in Suffolk England, has recently been filed. The property involved is on Longwood avenue, at Longwood. By the terms of the document the widow is to receive the use and income of the real estate during her life. At her death the property is to go to the three children under the most carefully drawn provisions. The whole property is to be divided into three equal parts by imaginary lines drawn from the front to the back boundary. One daughter is to receive the westerly third of the cellar and the attic, and the three rooms on that end of the house. The second daughter is to have the centre third and the middle and cellar and the middle and easterly thirds of the first floor. The son will draw the easterly third of the basement and lot and the middle and easterly third of the second floor. He is to be allowed the use of the steps inside the house until reasonable time has elapsed for him to build steps on the outside of the house. The expenses of keeping the house and yard in repair must be equally divided among the three. This seems to be a very pretty and exact way of regulating family affairs. These imaginary lines can be made to perform the same office as meridians and parallels. When the brothers and sisters wish to locate their belongings they can take out a sextant and find out their latitude and longitude.

One of God's Jokes. "I am not unduly proud of my children," said Mr. Buppum, "but I honestly believe that they are about as bright as any children can be. One other day the elder—he is named after me, by the way—heard the story of Daniel for the first time. Naturally, he was interested, especially in the lion's den episode. When the story was ended, he turned to his grandmother, who had told it. 'Grandma,' said he, 'I guess that was merely one of God's jokes.'"

An Irish Speech.

Colonel O'Donoghue has been making a great speech again. His concluding words were even more remarkable than usual. "And I have come here," the colonel is reported to have said, raising his voice like a tornado—"I have come here, my friends, to utter a silent protest against that treatment." "As which," remarked the Irish Sun, "an inaudible titter might have been heard."

WEDDING BULLETIN.

Probabilities Next 24 Hours. Saturday, November 24—A light sitting of snow may be expected, changing to sleet in the afternoon. A Rigby Coat in this variable weather will be the most suitable garment to wear.

A Cremation Note.

A Wilkesbarre, Pa., man overcome by the craving for drink and having exhausted his resources for procuring more rum, emptied the ashes of his wife's first husband out of a silver urn and sold that.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each in advance. Five cents extra for every additional line.

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WEDDING PRESENTS.

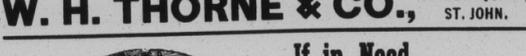
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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The offer of Brussels street Baptist church for the purposes of the Oratorio Society in their forthcoming concert and for which "Samson" is the work selected, is another instance of the generosity of the different denominations towards this central musical society. Among the members of this society may be found members of every church, there is a sort of cosmopolitan character about it in a religious or denominational sense, that tends to the removal of prejudices and misconceptions and develops a liberality in its own direction to which, but a comparative few years ago, it was a stranger. The arrangements for giving "Samson" are about completed now I understand, and as the price of tickets is reduced for this occasion to a degree never known in Oratorio work before, and the place of the concert in the direct line of the street railway every available seat in the large church should be filled. This production of "Samson" will be interesting for the further reason that the sole work will be entrusted to home talent altogether. There are very many persons who think this ought always to be the practice. It is not necessary to discuss this view now, but I have no doubt that the soloists being Miss Louise Skinner, Miss Nettie Pidgeon, Rev. Mr. Davenport and Mr. G. S. Mayes, more than ample satisfaction will be given. Mr. C. H. Fisher, the conductor of the society, will direct, and Mr. R. Percy Strand will preside at the organ.

I was unavoidably prevented from attending the recent Dairymaids' Festival concert in the Institute in aid of the Seaman's Mission, but I have heard it well spoken of. Especial favorable comment has been bestowed upon the work of Miss Louise Taylor of St. Stephen as a violinist. I noticed also in the programme the name of a Mr. Kelly, who, in private mention, is spoken of favorably as a tenor singer. As yet I have not heard this young man and therefore cannot express an opinion. I learn he is a pupil of Mr. Ford.

The efforts of the Opera House management to secure an attraction for Thanksgiving Day evidently failed, as the house was dark on that occasion. Of this more anon.

Tones and Undertones.

The opera season in New York which opened last Monday will last for thirteen weeks.

The opera season in New York opened with "Romeo et Juliette" with Madame Melba as Juliette.

Sonssa's great Band gave a concert in the Boston theatre last Sunday evening. Who will bring them to St. John?

This is the last week but one of "Prince Pro Tem" at the Boston museum. It has passed its 150th performance.

Engelbert Hempel, the new German composer, has created quite a sensation. His music is said to be "worthy of Wagner."

It is said that Mr. Charles Mole of Boston is without a superior in the United States as a flute player. He is playing at the Symphony Concerts in that city.

A one act opera by Joseph Haydn has been discovered recently. It was found among the archives in the castle of Prince Paul Esterhazy, at Eisenstadt, in Hungary.

About a dozen years ago Gerster was the idol of the opera-going public. She is giving lessons in singing at Baltimore. It is said "her once magnificent voice is a wreck."

"Prince Ananias," the new comic opera by Messrs. Victor Herbert and Francis Neilson, was produced by "The Bostonians" last Tuesday evening at the Broadway (N. Y.) theatre.

Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Mr. C. A. Clarke and Mr. Emil Fischer are the soloists who will sing at the Oratorio society production of Haydn's "Creation" in Carnegie hall, (N. Y.) on 30th. inst.

"The Queen of Brilliants."—Lillian Russell's opera was not a success in New York either. It had previously been a failure in London. Miss Russell will revive the "The Grand Duchess."

Herr Bernhard Stavenhagen, a pupil of Liszt and a pianist who is credited with marvellous technical powers, will make a tour in the United States beginning Dec. 12th. He will be accompanied by young Jean Gerardy the violinist.

An invitation concert was given in the Mendelssohn Glee Club's hall, (N. Y.) last week to introduce to the New York public Juanito Manlio, a young violinist and pupil of Sarasate. This young violinist was born in Barcelona in 1884. He already has an extensive repertoire.

The New American opera chorus, which has been working the past two months under Chorus Master Saar, are now familiar with "Faust," "William Tell," "Otello," "Il Trovatore," "Carmen," "Falstaff," "Romeo et Juliette," "Aida," "Semiramide" and several others.

Miss Sissieretta Jones (Black Patti) is giving concerts with her own company. The other members of the company are Fraulein Mathilde Walter, contralto; Signer Vincenzo Biondetti, tenor; Mr.

Orme Darwall, bass; Miss Ida Brant, violinist, and Mr. Felix Heink, pianist.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Ellen Terry's son is playing Hamlet. William Gillette has adapted a French farce which he calls "Too much Johnson." Most actresses never essay the part of "Camillo" until they are about forty two. A Boston paper of recent date says that Mrs. Kendall still raves against the press, public and Americans as well. Marion Manola Mason, has almost entirely regained her health and will soon be ready for an engagement again. Miss Annie Russell had a most cordial reception when she made her re-appearance on the stage last week in "The New Woman" at Palmer's theatre.

Miss Mary Saunders, who is the new ingenue of the Crane company, is spoken of as "quite a pretty and vivacious young woman." In private life she is Mrs. Percy Winter.

The new play "Robbery under Arms" which was recently produced in the Princess theatre, London is an Australian drama. It is based upon a novel by Rolf Boldrewood.

"Behind the Scenes" is the name given by Felix Morris to his version of "La Debutante." In his production of this piece Mr. Morris has made a hit in the role of Achille Talma Deedard.

John H. Russell, the manager of "Russell's Comedians" has broken down in health and was recently removed to a New Jersey sanitarium. A monster benefit will shortly be given for him in New York.

Mrs. McKee Rankin who was seen here this summer with the Drew Company is now a member of Richard Mansfield's company. Miss Rolinda Bainbridge and Miss Dot Clarendon are also members of this company.

Miss Georgia Busby, who is well remembered in this city as the pretty ingenue member of Mr. Harkins company a couple of seasons ago is a member of "The New Woman company" at Palmer's theatre (N. Y.) this season.

In a recent performance of Hazel Kirke by the Dailey Company at Honolulu, a local paper in a notice of the play speaks of a well known St. John actor thus: "P. A. Nannery, the grand old man, was as good an Aaron Rodney as the author of the story could have wished to see."

Robert Downing, the tragedian, has recently been playing "Richard, the Lion-hearted" at the California theatre, San Francisco. The play was written by A. D. Hall, a newspaper man living in Washington. The play had been previously acted but a few times during 1893.

Stuart Robson has secured from the French dramatist Adrian Barbusse, an original comedy called "The Interloper, or the Heel of Venus." He has been for some time rehearsing this play and it was produced for the first time on any stage at Indianapolis on the 15th inst.

The "Gaiety Girl" company which closes its engagement at Daly's theatre this week with the chorus, numbers more than sixty five people. They will visit Boston. After a trip to Australia they will return to England in September 1895 and open at Daly's theatre in London, with a new play.

Augustin Daly will begin his regular season on the 27th. inst., with "Twelfth Night" in which Miss Ada Rehan will appear as Viola and this is the character in which Miss Rehan won especial favor at Daly's theatre in London. In London the critics were unanimous in praising her work in this role.

Eugene Fellenz's play "Don Carlos De Seville" which was produced at the Grand Opera House, Boston, last week was not by any means a success. It is in blank verse, and while it is good reading it is not good for acting purposes. Besides this the majority of the company producing it, "neither acted nor read their lines as if they knew what they were trying to do."

A Big Window Shade Deal. There has just been completed the largest deal in window shades that has ever taken place in Canada, by which the young enterprising, powerful firm of Menzie, Turner & Co. of Toronto, have become possessed of the good will, plant and stock in trade of the Macfarlane Shade Co., Ltd., which purchase places them as one of the heaviest manufacturers of window shades on the continent, and by far the largest in Canada.

Co-operation in England. Co-operative societies are not numerous in America, nor do we often hear of their great prosperity. The approaching semi-centennial of the establishment of the first in England, at Rochdale, December, 1844, has brought out some stupendous figures of the growth and importance of these societies in that country. There are now more than 1700 co-operative societies, with 1,300,000 members. Their aggregate capital amounts to £18,000,000, their annual turnover to about £50,000,000, and the profits to nearly £4,700,000 a year. In

1844 the Rochdale weavers were able to carry the purchases for their store in a wheelbarrow. Last year the Co-operative Wholesale society had a fleet of seven ocean-going steamers of its own exclusively used in bringing home its purchases from abroad. The society's agents are established in every country which has produce to sell; and in the case of dried fruits and similar goods it often buys up the produce of an island or of an entire fruit-growing district. Among British buyers it does the largest trade of all in the produce of the world.

Pumas in Deadly Conflict. Great Cats that Make a Rattling Fight When Evenly Matched. "On our return trip to the coast I saw a thrilling incident of life in the South American forest, a fight to the death between two big pumas. Those great beasts are fierce, hard fighters at all times against a common enemy, but it is only during the mating season, and when they do the contest means death to one or both of them. For strength and courage they are the equals of the African lions or the tigers of the Indian jungles.

"We were making our way down a narrow wooded ravine in the foothills of the Andes, and had stopped for our midday meal on the bank of a small mountain stream of clear water. After we had finished the meal I lay down for a short rest, but in less than five minutes I was aroused by the most terrific roaring, snapping and snarling of wild beasts I had ever heard.

"Pumas, and there's going to be a fight," said our guide in a whisper. It was not difficult to locate the animals. They were not more than 100 yards away, and by creeping through the brush as quietly as possible we were able to get near enough to see the fight without disturbing them. When we caught sight of the two animals they were crouching close to the ground, facing each other in a small space under some large trees. They were the finest specimens of the puma I ever saw.

"They were probably thirty feet apart, and as they crouched there glaring at each other they looked like giant cats about to spring on their prey. Pugilists never sparred with greater caution than did those big brutes. Their tails were switching back and forth, and their eyes were like balls of fire. Slowly they moved around in a circle, all the time cautiously getting closer and closer together. It was evident that each was waiting for the other to make the first lead. For more than ten minutes they watched and waited. The roaring and snarling we had heard when they first met had ceased. They made no sound now as they watched for a chance to spring.

"Our own nerves were trembling under the strain when at last the two great beasts rose in the air at the same instant, and, like catapults, came together with a thud that could have been heard 200 yards away. They dropped to the ground and for almost ten minutes all we could make out was two great brown bodies rolling over and over in the death struggle.

"They made no outcry of any kind, but every few seconds we could hear their powerful jaws come together with a snap like the closing of a well-oiled steel door.

"Finally they began to weaken, and as their struggles grew less violent we could see that both of them were covered with blood, while their flesh was torn to shreds. In five minutes more the fight was over and the two giants of the forest were stretched out at full length on the ground, clasped in each other's limbs, just as two playful kittens sometimes lie down together. They struggled feebly a little and then both of them lay perfectly still. Both were dead when we got to them, and I never saw animals so torn to pieces. The entrails of both were torn out and scattered over the ground where they had fought, and in their necks were great ragged holes, from which the blood had flowed in streams while they were still fighting. They each had a score of wounds that would have killed any animal with less tenacity of life."

Spontaneous Combustion. As it is known that spontaneous combustion sometimes takes place in cargoes of coal, it has been suggested that under certain conditions enormous coal-fields may ignite and in time produce volcanoes. Occasional and violent eruptions may be caused by the burning away of barriers and the inflow of water suddenly producing an enormous bulk of steam, which must find an outlet. The idea that clean cotton may take fire spontaneously is scouted by many experts. They claim that what is called by this name is the result of some spark that may smother unobserved for weeks and then may break out in some unsuspected fashion. Tobacco, linen, jute and oily cotton, however, ignite spontaneously on what would seem, to a scientific mind, insufficient provocation.

Between You and the Weather. This is the season when Jack Frost spreads his mantle over nature; the season of pneumonia germs begins when the leaves fall. Don't wait for the sneeze, or the cough, to warn you that you owe yourself a new overcoat. Don't allow the noontday warmth to lead you into the evening chill without proper clothing. It's economy on your part to buy an overcoat before you start to pay the doctor to repair nature's breaks. You had better come in and choose the cloth. We will guarantee fit, and style, and finish—Right price, too. GILMOUR, Tailor.

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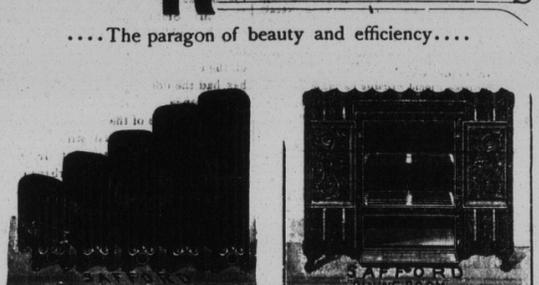
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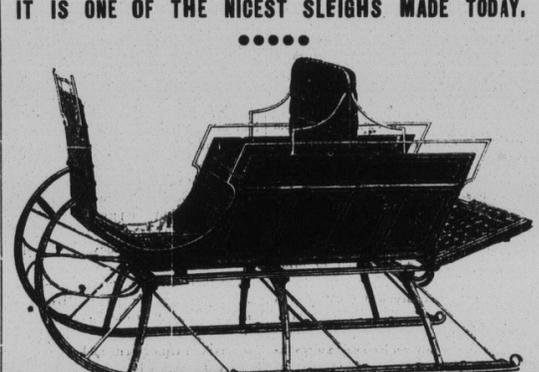


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PROGRESS.
HOWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.
Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 St. John Street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price a Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

SIXTEEN PAGES.
AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.
HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE:
KNOWLES BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS.
ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 24.

WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE?
The city corporation has been called upon to pay about \$6,000 for damages to citizens within the past few weeks. The case of SILVER settled in the courts so recently, is fresh in the minds of the people; and now we are informed that another citizen has received \$300 and costs in settlement of his claim for damages sustained on the ferry flats. We have nothing to say against the claims of these people. They were, no doubt, good and proper ones. In one case a jury recognized the justice of Mr. SILVER'S claim and awarded him heavy damages; in the case of Mr. BEATTY the city council thought his claim so good as not to permit it to come into court. It was settled by the payment of \$800 and costs.

The question is not, are the claims just, but who is responsible for the negligence that resulted in the injuries in the first place? Who was responsible for the trap door in the public building being open into which Mr. SILVER fell? Was it a proper place for a trap door, in front of the entrance to the office of the building inspector? Surely it was a curious coincidence that such an accident should happen at this place, which was directly under the eye of building inspector MAHER. It seems to us that an explanation is in order from that gentleman. If a business man placed a trap door directly in front of the entrance to his establishment and it was left open by an employe, he would surely be held responsible in case of an accident. He, in turn, would demand an explanation from his employe and if it was not satisfactory the result might be disagreeable to the employe. We understand that there are many facts surrounding the presence of this trap door that might be brought out by a diligent inquiry. They should be ascertained beyond a doubt and it is the duty of the mayor and council to bring them to light.

Why the ferry accident occurred will doubtless transpire. There is a superintendent of ferries and he should be held accountable for any negligence that resulted in such expense to the city. Let us have all the facts at any rate and try and guard against such expensive accidents in the future.

NEWSPAPERS AND LIBEL SUITS.
The experience of PROGRESS and the news agents in Halifax, while somewhat unusual, is not so extraordinary that it might not happen to any fearlessly conducted journal and those who handle it. Libel suits appear to be a necessary part of every widely circulated, enterprising and independent newspaper. For the most part they are set in motion by persons who, smarming under the lash of criticism, endeavor to justify their course by beginning a process at law. Such a proceeding in this country is comparatively inexpensive. Any one who comes under the notice of a newspaper and is handled without gloves can create an impression that he has been too severely criticized by issuing a writ for libel. The publisher of the newspaper replies, and in many cases that ends the matter. The anxiety of the plaintiff to parade the published facts in the courts fades when he sees that the newspaper is prepared to back up its case.

But this is not always so. Newspapers are liable to err and liable to make mis-statements and when they persist in those mis-statements and refuse to retract them, then they are fairly liable. No well conducted journal will, however, knowingly place itself in this position. Facts are what it is after in the first place and once they are presented in a readable form and without malice the publisher is bound to stand by them. More than that, he should emphasize and add to them and strengthen his case in the eyes of the people. For the people look to the press to protect them more than anything else—even more than the police whose duties lie in another direction. It is the duty of newspapers to expose fraud, to speak of men as they are,

not as they seem, to condemn rascality wherever it is found, and to warn the people when a man is not worthy of confidence. Men of business depend to a great degree upon the newspaper for such information as this. If interested they take the hint and inquire for themselves; they leave no stone unturned to prove or disprove the statements made by the newspaper. Thus it is that the fearless outspoken press is the terror of evil doers. Let us, for example, take the case of Mr. SPIKE in Halifax who is so aggrieved at what has appeared in PROGRESS about him that he has begun libel suits in all directions. Does Mr. SPIKE imagine for one moment that the publisher of PROGRESS has any malice against him? Does he not know, on the contrary, that no one in this office has had the doubtful honor of his personal acquaintance. Certain statements came under the notice of the editor and a careful inquiry was instituted with the result that an article was written that Mr. SPIKE thinks reflected upon him. Perhaps it did, but that was the fault of the facts and not of PROGRESS. It is the duty of this newspaper to present matters as its editor finds them, and to reflect the truth. If the truth is obnoxious the fault does not lie with PROGRESS but with the people who made such truth possible.

Mr. SPIKE did not relish the statements and he created a sensation by suing a lot of people. As a matter of fact it is had faith in his case he could have sued the publisher, though in another city, but such a course as that would have made it necessary for him to give security for cost. Therefore it was more convenient to adopt the unusual policy of bringing newsmen into the case. Any one who thinks for a moment can readily see that it is part of the business of newsmen to sell papers and that it would be a matter of impossibility for them to carry on a successful business and, at the same time, verify the truth of every paragraph that appeared in the newspapers they handled.

News dealers should not be called upon to bear the brunt of these cases and this is why the publisher of PROGRESS has retained counsel to defend them.

The most common excuse for lynch-law, a practice which newspaper readers were recently greatly surprised at seeing a clear-headed and sensible New Brunswick journalist advocate, is the tardiness of the court in dealing with culprits. That the law's delay is not always responsible for the decisions of Judge LYXON, and that some communities have become demoralized by permitting lynching to go unpunished, is evident from an outbreak of this species of lawlessness which occurred in Jasper county, Georgia, last week. A negro who assaulted a woman less than a month ago had been sentenced in the supreme court to be hanged on the 20th of November. Surely no sensible person could complain of lack of promptness in this respect, especially as Georgia differs from many of the states in generally hanging her murderers on schedule time. But the neighbors of the injured woman overpowered the officers of the law, hanged the negro, and riddled his body with bullets.

Now that "RILEY'S got a new book-out," containing the poem "Leopanic," which Mr. RILEY wrote in imitation of Poe, and signed "E. A. P.," interest in the verses of RILEY that fooled the critics is revived. It has been widely published that EDMUND CLARENCE STREIMAN "unhesitatingly pronounced the poem to be the work of EDGAR ALLEN POE." If Mr. STREIMAN pronounced the poem to be one of Poe's, he must certainly have done so unhesitatingly. He could not have hesitated even long enough to read the poem through. The chief thing that would show a critic that that the poem was not Poe's is the part where the writer, in order to get a rhyme for "gloomy" and "to me," makes LEONANIE'S eyes of "bloomy moonshine." "Bloomy moonshine" is blooming nonsense. POE would certainly have never made use of such a pun and unpoetical expression.

The Indian editors of the Indian Helper, a paper printed at the Indian industrial school at Carlisle, Pa., gives this sensible advice concerning writing, viz., "It is the little, easy words, correctly used, that are the most forcible and show the best mind." The Indians of New Brunswick did not put this theory into practise when they were naming the country's rivers and lakes.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY
In November.
The rain falls where the red leaves lie
Together so rudely down;
When dark eddies march down the sky,
And walk in the woods and moan—
The dead lie in their weary sleep,
All waiting the coming day;
And o'er my heart the night storms sweep
That never will pass away.

Along the wild and dreary sea,
Swardward the wild swans cry;
And faces lifted up to me,
Despairing there pass me by.
For ever on the longing shore,
November now poods her hair;
For those who to the old home door,
Will never return again.

November leads her rain guests wild,
Where flowers in winter grew;
When last they turned to me and smiled,
In language so fond and true;
Their green leaves now no longer wave,
Nor whispers when I appear;
But like one sleeping in her grave,
They seem to my soul still near.

The bare boughs reach the gable old,
And a lonely leaf remains;
Twirling round in the bleak breath cold,
And it rains, and rains, and rains.
Slow footsteps on the gateway wind,
My life has a vacant place;
But ever more in my heart's hand,
A picture of one sweet face.

Chiquita.
[The following forcible poem was written by Capt. Jack Crawford, "the poet scout," who won fame by his description of a Western editor:]
Yes, sir, I married an Injun wife—
What is it to you? If you cast a slur
Towards Chiquita, my little red-skinned wife,
You'll wish you'd never laid eyes on her!
Her skin is brown, but heart's as white
As the snow on the peaks of the Rockies;
An' I'm all ready to strip an' fight
When anybody ag'in't her speaks.

She ain't no beauty, as beauty goes,
An' she wears red leggings an' Injun clothes;
But she saps an' really bears my name—
An' I've seen here in't a madder man
Be he prince or pauper, this side the line
O' the New Jerusalem, down by my door.
Think more o' his wife than I do o' mine.

Spring.
How beautiful, O spring, thou art,
When as the ice and snow depart,
Thou comest on.
When winter with its frost and cold
Is over, thou the gifts unfold
The heart to warm.

Thou givest now the length'ning days,
And stronger grow the sun's bright rays,
When thou art here.
The rivers onward flow again,
The seaman ventures o'er the main,
Without a fear.

The flowers will be blooming soon,
An' breakers from his wintry tomb
Beneath the snow.
The blades shoot forth, the fields grow green,
And the wild May-flower is seen,
Along the row.

To God, who gives these blessings dear
We lift our hearts in thankful prayer,
For His great love.
And ask that we may dwell with Him
In the Everlasting Spring,
O' Heaven above.

Some Remarks on Various Current Topics
By "JAY BEE."
"By their works ye shall know them" was not written of the "Waterbury" yet the application is most applicable, as the unfortunate possessor who may have become entangled in the main-spring thereof can testify.

"Out of sight"—The writing on a slate after a bath.
Canine dogs enter the Pugilistic arena?
Mirandy—Say, Joshua how do you suppose they ever made that ere 'ootloolene?
Joshua—Well! I never saw such ignorance. Why they "caught a lean" pig and rendered the lard in the same manner we do ours.

Hold an interior person up as an example for people to follow and they will object. Hold a superior one up and the exactions are too great to be generally adopted.

As two is to one so is quadruplets to twins.
He came home singing "Heaven is my home" when a night-capped voice met him at the head of the stairs with—"I wish it was. I could then lock the front door earlier."

Solitude is often good company.
Solitude is not necessarily a state of loneliness, it depends chiefly upon circumstances.
That is not magnanimity which enlarges the heart through the mouth, and does not extend to the pocket.

Hold thy face before the mirror of thy conscience, and the less distortions thou there behold, the more numerous will they appear in the faces of thy neighbors.
Fault finding is not one of the lost arts, and if it was, 't would not take a Columbus to re-discover it.

Two men cannot be at enmity with each other and exhibit the exact equal proportion or ratio of hatred.
Women can display their hatred for each other with more flattery than can men.
Tom—Hello! old fellow how are you?
Old fellow—Oh! half dead. Tom—Well, cheer up, old boy, you're not half as sick as Bilkins. I hear he is dead.

An observer may, by noting the different styles of hand-shaking, become quite an expert in animated thermometers.
Because one is possessed of a "cool head" is no excuse for a "cold nod of recognition."

A warm heart dispels the cold atmosphere of unkindness.
Crape may not cover a multitude of sins, but it sometimes forms a garb of hypocrisy.
JAY BEE.

TALE OF A COCKSCREW.
How One was Concealed about the Person of a St. John Man.
It was a bevy of jovial spirits that were waiting for the train at Amherst station last Monday. These jovial spirits felt that the one thing necessary to complete their happiness was a corkscrew. Such an instrument would be the key to the situation, so to speak.

"Do you see that happy-looking man sitting over there?" said one of the party.
The rest of the hampered disciples of Bacchus admitted that they saw the happy-looking man.
"His travels for a hardware house," said the first speaker.
"Of what that?" interrupted others. "Do you suppose he'll go clear out to the baggage room and unpack his trunk, just in order to get us, who never saw him before, a corkscrew?"

"It is not the fact that he travels for a hardware house that I wish to impress upon you," said the first speaker. "That hardware house is in St. John."

"Say no more," said the others. "Is it not written in the Talmud concerning the St. John men—let alone the St. John drummers—that by their corkscrews ye shall know them?"
"Rather is it that by themselves ye shall know them to be possessed of such," remarked a rather dense philosopher. "But why tarry? We are dry. Let us inter-view him of St. John."

Over to the St. John man went the party. "I beg your pardon," said the spokesman

day he could be seen sitting at the table with his knees pressed against it, or resting his elbow upon it. He was literally feeling the messages as they were ticked off over the wire. Being naturally quick, it was but a short time until he was able to correctly read any message coming into the office. Sending came just as easy, and to-day, after sixteen years' service at the key and soulder he is just as fine an operator as there is in the country. Of late years his hearing has improved to such an extent that he can easily hear the sounds, but the old habit of listening with his knee or elbows still clings to him, and that is the way all messages are read.

A CANADIAN GIRL.
Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley closes a long article concerning the Canadian girl with the following: To her honor be it said, that the ultra-fashionable, frivolous, good-for-nothing-but pleasure-seeking class is in a very small minority. However fond of amusement she may seem to be, the average young woman of Canada is in reality a shrewd, sound-hearted, matter-of-fact person, thoroughly qualified to undertake the duties of a wife and the responsibilities of a mother.
As a proper consequence, happy homes abound through the land, and scandals are rare, and divorce rarer still. The social situations which furnish the up-to-date novelists with the bulk of their material are notably scant. Family life is sedulously cultivated, and large families are the rule rather than the exception.
The care of motherhood are not evaded as they are elsewhere and unremitting attention is devoted to the physical and intellectual development of the boys and girls, so that the future prospects of the race leave small chance for the pessimist.
On the other hand for the girl whose fate does not lead her toward the hymenial altar, there is no need of predicting a decline into useless, unamiable, old-maidhood, because of the propriety of independence on the part of the girls as well as the boys being more and more recognized. It is quite a common thing now for the daughters of well-to-do men to fit themselves for the earning of their own living if necessary. Indeed many of them are already paying their own millinery bills by acting as governesses, or by giving lessons in music and painting. In fact the emancipation of women from the traditional state of protection and dependence, and the placing of her feet upon the same ground as the men occupy. Nor need the men fear any evil consequences therefrom. No matter how many women may achieve independence there will never be a lack of good wives and mothers, who will be all the better because of latent or developed possibilities for paddling their own canoes on the stream of life.

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 THE ORIGINAL TRY IT.
 TRADE MARK.
SOAP.
 FOR FAMILY USE.
 FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

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Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

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 DEAR SIR, My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs we have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house.
 Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Laundry, King St.

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 J. S. HAMILTON & CO'S Communion Wine, guaranteed pure Juice of the Grape. Registered at Ottawa.

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Ladies' Jackets and Coats.

LADIES' JACKETS, Includes the Newest Styles and Best Values we have ever shown. FROM \$3.75 UP.	New Braids and Gimps.	New FRENCH FLANNELS, In Neat, Stylish Spots and Figures, for Ladies' Dressing Jackets, etc.
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Social and Personal.

St. John—South End.
 Miss Ada and Mrs. Geo. A. Troop entertained about thirty of their friends Thursday evening, the 15th inst., at their residence, 174 Westworth street. Miss Troop received in a dress of cream and yellow and looked most charming. Dancing was the order of the evening the orchestra furnishing first class music. Refreshments were passed at eleven and a sumptuous supper served at twelve. The guests departed about three expressing themselves delighted with the very enjoyable evening they had spent.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Niles, Douglas avenue, the scene of a brilliant gathering on Tuesday evening, it being the marriage of their eldest daughter, Miss Cecilia O. to Mr. Herbert Swain, of Annapolis, N.S. The house was handsomely decorated with flowers and the supper table presented a most pleasing appearance, the decorations being entirely novel. Precisely at seven o'clock the bride entered the reception room, attended by her cousin, Miss Nettie E. Niles, of Gibson, N.B. The bride was attired in a handsome gown of lawn silk, with trimmings of lace, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. The maid of honor wore a dress of pink cashmere trimmed with lace, and had a bouquet of pink chrysanthemums. The groom was supported by Mr. Ernest Robertson, of this city. Rev. L. J. Halse performed the ceremony. Music was furnished by Professor Atkins. After partaking of the wedding supper Mr. and Mrs. Swain left on the evening train for a trip to Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. The bride's travelling suit was of navy blue with hat to match. Very many handsome and valuable presents were received by the bride, among them being a check from the bride's mother, diamond brooch from the groom, a handsome rug, pair of silver oak dining room set, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Niles, parlor clock, Mr. Harry Niles, French china tea set, Miss Christie Niles, silver knives and forks, Mr. Allison Niles, dozen solid silver spoons, Master Freeman Niles, silver sugar bowl, Miss Jennie Niles, bronze pitcher, and silver footstool, Mr. Edna Niles, berry set and china ornaments, Miss Nettie Niles, hand-painted demijohn and silver, salt cellar, Mr. and Mrs. William Dunbar, Fredericton; brass parlor table, Mr. and Mrs. George Fraser, Fredericton; bronze pitcher, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Moore, Fredericton; parlor lamp, Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard Niles, Gibson; silver castors, Miss Lillian Niles, Gibson; silver cake basket, Miss Nettie Niles, Gibson; silver card receiver, Miss May Niles, Gibson; berry set, Miss Lizzie Niles, Fredericton; silver sugar bowl, Miss Jennie Niles, Fredericton; silver berry spoon, Master Earl Niles, dozen silver spoons, the Misses Fraser, Fredericton; table mats, Master Eddie Fraser, Fredericton; silver salters, Mr. and Mrs. James Fraser, Fredericton; parlor lamp, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cochran, Fredericton; five o'clock tea set, Miss Edna Cochran, Fredericton; silver berry spoon lined with gold, Mr. John Cochran, Fredericton; fruit dish, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Armstrong, fruit knives, Mr. Fred Armstrong, silver perfume bottle, Mr. Robert R. Winters, fancy chair back, Miss Eva Winters, painted table cover, Mrs. Bessie Hammond, silver fruit dish, Miss Lillian Reid, ironstone set, Mr. and Mrs. John King, pickle dish, Mr. W. King silver napkin ring, Mr. George Chase, silver castor, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Treacartin, silver sugar spoon, Miss Bessie Long, silk sofa pillow, Mr. Ernest Robertson, ironstone set, Mr. Fred L. Hays, silver fork, Miss C. A. Hays, silver tea set, Miss Margaret Bailey, of Fredericton, is anticipating a visit to England.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac J. Olive left on Wednesday morning for a three weeks' visit to Boston.

Miss May Rose, of this city, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Miller, at Annapolis.

Mr. H. H. Colpitts, of Boston, was in the city this week, the guest of Dr. George A. Hetherington, Union Street.

The funeral of the late Mr. Walter C. Fairweather took place from St. John's (Stone) church on Wednesday afternoon, the 22nd inst., at 10 o'clock, officiating, Rev. J. D. Soyres. The funeral was largely attended by the friends of the deceased. The floral tributes were many and beautiful. The Misses Robertson sent a beautiful bunch of loose flowers. There was a cross from Messrs. Arthur P. Hason and Charles Hare, now in Montreal, but formerly intimate friends of the deceased; crescent, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Whitaker; bouquet, Mrs. G. A. Schofield; wreath, Mr. J. G. Keator; bouquet of chrysanthemums from the members of the St. John church; bouquets, Miss Ethel Butt, Mr. and Miss Dale, and Mr. F. R. Fairweather. Messrs. L. P. D. Diley, Harry Pedington, W. F. Star, J. G. Keator, W. M. McLaughlin and George O. Pheasant were the pall-bearers.

Mrs. Mary E. McLeod, of Chicago, is visiting relatives in the city.

Mrs. Hatfield and Master Wynne Hatfield have been visiting friends in Moncton recently.

Miss E. M. Goodwin, who has been spending the last two months with friends in Boston, New York and Princeton, N. J., has returned home.

Miss Jennie Patchell is visiting friends at Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Taraball and Miss Taraball intend leaving next week for the Pacific coast to spend the winter.

Mrs. J. H. Baird and Miss E. I. Baird have returned from New York where they have been spending the past few months with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Allen, of Fredericton, spent part of this week with friends in the city.

On Tuesday evening Cian Mackenzie presented Mr. R. Kettle Jones with an add. eeg, congratulating him upon the recent happy event in which he was one of the principals. Mr. Jones responded in his own words.

My photos are so truthful, so pretty and so telling. My pocket-book quite empty. By calls for them bewildering.
 Large Photos for Christmas should be set for now. Clinton & Son, 54 Princess St.

WITH— CARLE'S HANDY FIRE LIGHTER



the cost of lighting one fire each day is about 1 1/2 cents per month. No prudent housekeeper should be without one.

John R. Carle,
 169 Main Street, St. John,
 Agents wanted everywhere.

Mack's Double Starch.
 Ready for Immediate Use.
 Contains Rice, Starch, Borax, Gum, Wax, &c., as well as the STARCH GLOSS

Requires no other addition and no preparation

By using Mack's Double Starch the iron glides smoothly and rapidly over the linen, converting a temper-soaring and irksome task into a positive pleasure.

Magnificent Gloss

and an extraordinary degree of Stiffness and Elasticity obtained by using Mack's Double Starch.

The operation of ironing, usually so tedious and difficult, is rendered so simple and easy that any inexperienced person can do it.

Mack's Double Starch saves much valuable time and labor. The process: Simplicity itself. No sticking of irons!

The result: Absolute Perfection!

By the peculiar action of the ingredients in this starch upon the fibre of linen, &c., all articles regularly starched with it will wear for years without tearing.

Dearborn & Co., - - Agents for Canada.

PERFUMES.

Hand Mirrors, Brushes and Combs, Hair Pin Boxes, Solid Silver and Shell Hair Pins, Cut Glass and Fancy Bottles, Various other Toilet Articles.

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Don't Forget the Address, 75 Charlotte Street, 1253-1254 Water Street.

A USEFUL PRESENT

"Little Helpmate,"

By E. M. Tree, steward of the Union Club, St. John, N. B.; and of St. John's Club, Montreal. It contains a great deal of household information. NO OTHER HELPMATE KNOWN. Also the whole method of the wonderful GENERAL CLEANING AGENT known as "The Little Helpmate" by Charles W. Weldon, Esq., Q. C., says of it: "The Little Helpmate is an indispensable household and heavy that it cannot be handled or shaken as an ordinary soap, but it is so prepared that it has been thoroughly cleaned to the foundation and the color renewed, bright and clear."

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By N. W. J. HAYDON, 84 Princess St.

Do you live out of town and find it inconvenient to come to the city to shop?

That's where our mail-sample system will help you. No trouble to make selections from the samples we send out.

They're more than mere clippings. Write to us for samples from Dress Goods or any other department.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON,
 Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts. St. John.

usual sprightly manner, and then invited the elements to supper at Washington's cafe. Songs and speeches were the happy ending to a pleasant evening.

The friends in this city of Miss Helen Craigie will be interested to learn that she has recently been appointed as soloist in Christ's church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. H. D. Blackadar, of Halifax, is the guest of Mr. C. A. Knodell, Elliot Row.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Wade, of Bear River, N. S., were in the city on Thursday en route for Boston.

Miss Nettie Edgson is visiting friends at St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Lee Babbitt, of Fredericton, were in the city this week, the guests of Alderman McLaughlin.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Gardner, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., were in the city on their way to San Diego, California, where they will spend the winter.

The engagement is announced of Mr. C. F. Sanford to Miss Irene V. Strong of Boston, Mass.

Word has been received of the death of Mr. I. Conrad Clinch, of this city, which occurred recently at Sacramento, California. Mr. Clinch removed to Calais, Maine, early in life, where he lived for some years before going to California. In Calais he married Miss Elizabeth Lawrence, sister of Mr. Dwight Lawrence, mayor of that city. Mr. I. Conrad Clinch was sixty-nine years of age, and leaves a bereaved brother and sister, Mrs. F. Rankin, of Newton, Mass., and Mr. C. F. Clinch, of Clinch's Mills.

Mrs. J. R. Sons, who has been spending some weeks in Boston, has returned home.

The marriage of Mr. C. Frank McManus, of this city, to Miss Ethel Agnes Godson, of Dorchester, took place in that town on Wednesday afternoon, Rev. A. D. Corvair officiating. The bride wore a handsome gown of white cashmere, veil and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. The bridesmaid, Miss Estella Godson, wore a costume of cream cloth, with trimmings of brown. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents. Many handsome presents were received by the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. McManus will reside in this city.

Mrs. Thomas Everett has returned from Halifax where she has been spending some weeks with friends.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Irwin Kelly, of Boston, to Miss Essie Clyde Duley, of Chelsea, took place at the residence of the bride's mother, 48 Grove street, on Wednesday, the 14th, at four o'clock in the afternoon. The bride wore a hand some gown of heliotrop and yellow, and carried a large bouquet of bride's roses. Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Swampscott, performed the ceremony, at the close of which a collation was served by caterer Heron.

The decorations were palms, ferns, and chrysanthemums. The bride received numerous presents. The groom's present was a handsome watch in a case. Among the others was an oak brass piano lamp, a silver service, tableware and Royal Worcester china. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly left at six o'clock on a taur. They will visit New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Niagara Falls.

Despite the inclemency of the weather the dance held in the Institute Assembly room under the auspices of the Music Club on last Wednesday was a decided success. About thirty couples tripped the light fantastic to the excellent music of Harrison's orchestra. Too much credit cannot be given the floor managers, Messrs. Dooly and Barry for the excellent manner in which they carried out a programme of sixteen dances. Many pretty dresses were worn by the ladies including the following:

Mrs. J. Deedy, white silk, natural flowers.

Mrs. P. J. Lane, black silk, jet ornaments.

Mrs. J. F. Gleason, mahogany dress velvet trimming.

Mrs. J. E. Hogan, black lace, cream roses.

Mrs. G. M. Murphy, black and white silk.

Mrs. J. D. Turner, black dress, pale blue trimmings.

Mrs. McEvoy, yellow cashmere.

Miss Burke, cream silk crepon, lavender and silver trimmings.

Miss Kitty Burke, handsome dress of cream cashmere, black lace and pink silk trimmings.

Miss Hayes, pretty dress of white silk, natural flowers.

Miss Murphy, yellow silk waist, velvet skirt.

Miss Dooly, pink crepon.

Miss McCann, pink velveteen, cream lace.

Miss K. McCann, cream cashmere, flowers.

Miss McDermott, pink silk and velvet.

Miss Orens, black lace.

Miss S. Orens, pink velvet, jet and velvet trimmings—(very pretty).

Miss Bradley, lawn silk and green velvet.

Miss L. Welsh, pink village, silk trimmings.

Miss Doherty, black and white dress.

Miss Smith, handsome dress of grey cashmere with electric blue; and several others.

Among the gentlemen were Messrs. Dooly, Gleason, Turner, Murphy, Kane, Broderick, Burns, Dr. D. Travers, T. O'Brien, Reynolds, C. Owen, Lawlor, E. Owen, Nash, Bradley, Wall, Corbett, T. Lantalam, J. V. Lantalam, R. O'Brien, Finnegan, Quirk, Mahony, Brothers, McEvoy, McWilliams, Justice, Barry Warlock and a few others.

Miss Jeanie Northrup, who has been spending the summer at Kingston, Kings Co., returned to the city last week somewhat improved in health.

ANOUS.

ST. ANDREWS.

[PROMISES IS FOR SALE IN ST. ANDREWS BY T. R. WREN.]

Nov. 15.—Mrs. E. Lorimer has returned to St. John, where she will spend the winter.

The programme of the St. Andrews Division, Sons of Temperance, for last Wednesday evening, included a cam stew, which was much relished by those present.

Mrs. D. A. Wetmore has returned to Truro. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. E. R. Stevenson.

Sheriff Stuart spent Monday and Tuesday in St. George.

Miss McGee entertained a number of her friends Thursday evening of last week, in honor of Mrs. Wetmore.

Rev. Canon Ketchum, D. D. is attending the Church Conference in Boston. Rev. Mr. Street of Campbellton conducted the services in All Saints church a week ago, and Rev. Mr. Raymond last Sunday.

Mr. F. H. Grimmer gave a very pleasant card party last week.

Rev. Mr. Malder is in town.

Mr. B. F. DeWolf gave a card party last Wednesday evening which was much enjoyed by his friends.

Mr. Melville Jack is in Campbellton visiting his son, Dr. Jack.

The many friends of Mrs. G. Harold Stickney are pleased to hear that she is recovering from a serious illness.

The marriages of two of our most popular young ladies are talked of as the events of the near future.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Falgout and D. H. Smith & Co.]

Nov. 21.—Miss Laura Farnsworth, who has been visiting Mrs. Jno. Robbins, left on Monday last for Halifax en route to her home in Truro, Kings Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Kempton Stewart, New Glasgow, were guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. James McDowell over Sunday last.

The event of so much interest and discussion in Truro, was the initial presentation here on Monday night. Despite the inclement weather, there was a goodly audience to witness the curtain rise on "The Fairies' Drill, of fairies, Cupids, birds, butterflies, frogs and grasshoppers. These all did most excellently from the Queen, Miss Ethel Walsh, to the latest lot of all, little Miss Minnie Tait.

Nov. 22.—Miss Laura Farnsworth, who has been visiting Mrs. Jno. Robbins, left on Monday last for Halifax en route to her home in Truro, Kings Co.

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ANNAPOLIS.

[Progress is for sale in Annapolis by Geo. E. Thompson & Co. and by A. E. Atter, at the Royal Drug Store.]

Nov. 21.—Mr. and Mrs. Spincey of Yarmouth spent Sunday with Mrs. Owen.

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ST. STEPHEN AND CAVALS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Taylor, at the book store of G. S. Wall & Co., and by A. E. Atter, at the Royal Drug Store.]

Nov. 21.—There will be a ball in the G. A. E. hall on Thanksgiving night in which all the young society people on both sides of the river will attend.

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PHOTOGRAPHY.

SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP. REFINED FINISH. and moderate prices, combine to make these PHOTOS the most satisfactory in St. John today.

HAROLD CLINO, 85 GERMALN STREET.

Wedding bells pealed joyfully this morning in celebration of an event of much interest which took place in the church of Our Lady of So Rows at nine o'clock.

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MAGNET SOAP. This SOAP contains no adulteration or excesses of alkali to irritate the most delicate of skins. For this reason it is also best for Clothes, Linens, Fine Lawns, Cambrics, Laces and Embroideries. For sale by grocers everywhere. J. T. LOGAN, MANUFACTURER, 20 GERMALN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

OLD SILVER WARE. Do you want it Plated? Do you want it Whittened and Cleared? If you do, take it to HILLMAN, the PLATER, who has removed from Union to Germaln Street, where he has every facility for Replating and Re-polishing Silverware of all kinds.

BEAUTIFUL Xmas Perfumes. In the following odors: LILY OF THE VALLEY, SWEET PEACH, JOCKEY CLUB, SPECIAL WHITE ROSE, LILAC BLOSSOM, WHITE HELIOTROPE, DOUBLE PINK VIOLET.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, 35 KING STREET. Physician's Prescriptions receive every attention. Allan's Compound Balsam of TOLU, HOREHOUND & WILD CHERRY.

Lorimer's Pepsin Sauce. For use with Chops, Steaks, Fish Cutlets, Gravies, &c., &c. In addition to the usual ingredients of a first-class sauce this one contains pure Pepsin, which is nature's remedy for Indigestion.

"NIAGARA" INJECTOR. Quoth the king of Korea: "No laws should be placed in my conduct, because I wouldn't be right. Should I turn in and fight. I am here to provide the applause."

W. H. STIRLING, Waring, White & Co's Works, ST. JOHN, N. B. T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE.

THAT LOST APPETITE, LOST ENERGY, LOST HEALTH, REGAINED By the Use of K.D.C. CO., Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., and 127 State Street, Boston, Mass.

BRIDGETOWN. [Progress is for sale in Bridgetown by Miss B. Elderkin.] Nov. 21.—Mr. Harry Cole, of Montreal, was in town last week.

CAMPBELLTON. [Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of E. A. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, etc.]

SAKVILLE. [Progress is for sale in Sackville at Wm. J. Goodwin's Bookstore.]

THE NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION, LIMITED. OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK. CAPITAL STOCK: \$150,000. Incorporated to Promote Art.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, 35 KING STREET. Physician's Prescriptions receive every attention. Allan's Compound Balsam of TOLU, HOREHOUND & WILD CHERRY.

DOMINION BREWERY COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO. THE CELEBRATED WHITE LABEL ALE and XXX PORTER, which are now taking the place of the Best Imported.

Lorimer's Pepsin Sauce. For use with Chops, Steaks, Fish Cutlets, Gravies, &c., &c. In addition to the usual ingredients of a first-class sauce this one contains pure Pepsin, which is nature's remedy for Indigestion.

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PROGRESS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1894.

GIFTS OF THE FAIRIES.

BLESSED ARE THOSE WHO LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

The Fairy Godmothers Content and Cheerfulness are Better than Any of Those We Read About in the Fairy Tales—A Charming Girl That "Astra" Knows.

In the good old days, when fairies roamed the earth and obligingly stood up at christenings as self-appointed godmothers to certain favored infants, it was their custom to hang some special gift on the cradle of their young charge. Sometimes they conferred great beauty on the child, sometimes riches, luck, or it might be courage, the gift of winning love, or of seeing clearly through all falsehood. Whatever the boon might be, it was sure to be of great use to its possessor throughout life, and give him constant cause to shower blessings on his favored godmamma as long as he lived. She had a kindly way of watching over him too, and appearing suddenly before him with offers of help and counsel, in any great crisis of his life when he was particularly in want of assistance. And she was altogether quite the most delightful character in fiction, so charmingly original and so thoroughly untrue to nature, because, unlike real guardians and friends, she was always sure to pop up before her charges just when they needed a friend, and so far as history has informed us on the subject, she never wasted her time in upbraiding them for getting into the scrape, as real people do, but saved all her energy for getting them out of it as soon as possible.

There are no fairy godmothers to look after us now, alack! But yet the wonderful gifts are not absent from our cradles, though they take a different form, and no longer come to us from fairy hands. We accept them as our natural characteristics now, that is all, and if we are wise we make the most of them and give the credit where it is due, to a wise providence.

Of all the blessings ever granted to poor humanity, I think a cheerful disposition, and the habit of looking on the bright, instead of the dark, side of life is the most to be desired! It is not a common gift, and those who possess it scarcely realize its value. It is the unfortunate who are always stirring away at life's cup, in order to find the dregs, and see what they are going to taste like, who appreciate a sunny nature in others, and regard it with a hopeless envy, just as we regard great beauty, or great genius, or anything else unattainable.

Did you ever see a child who had a nauseous draught of medicine to take, and who insisted on being allowed to taste it first, and see how bad it was! Well, some people in this world are just like the child; they must anticipate the evil, and therefore go through it twice, once in imagination and once in reality.

"What a glorious day it is," says the cheerful man. "The sky is like an arch of turquoise, and the air like wine!"

"Yes, so it is, just now," replies the other man, who is always on the lookout for something disagreeable. "But just look over in the east and see if that low bank of clouds does not predict a storm inside of twelve hours. These fine days are always weather breeders."

"Mrs. Blank is a most charming woman," says Mrs. Optimist. "I really don't know when I have met anyone I took such a fancy to!"

"So she seems at first sight," responds Mrs. Pessimist, "but I cannot get over a feeling that somehow she is too sweet to be wholesome."

I believe there are people in this world who are good-hearted in their own way, and well meaning enough, but who are constitutionally unable to see the best side of anything, they must look for the thorns before smelling the rose, or admiring its beauty, and they honestly find it impossible to see the good qualities of those around them, because to their distorted vision the faults stand out so plainly that the virtues are utterly obscured, or else they are absorbed in looking for the fact, that they deliberately overlook the good. There is an awful amount of evil in human nature I know; so much that the best of us cannot slip but see it, and feel discouraged, but still I often think what mines of health we might discover if we only took so much trouble to find out the best, as we do to unearth the worst, in our friends. We are none of us perfect, and I really think the thought of what our friends might say of us, if they were so minded, should have the effect of keeping the most concealed of us humble. We criticize them on their hearts' content, and often do them cruel injustice, quite undisturbed by any consideration of the glorious time they might have at our expense, if they chose. And I am afraid the reason is that we have such tremendously good opinions of ourselves, that we don't believe these anything to criticize about us.

I believe with all my heart that there is no surer way to lose a health than to expect defeat, and to be always anticipating the worst goes a long way towards bringing it to pass. If it be true, as some wise men believe, that our lives are largely what we make them, what a terrible amount of suffering we often bring upon ourselves by our foolish determination to look upon the dark side of life; and worse than that, what a burden we are to our friends, and how much needless gloom we often bring into their lives by our selfishness! So much for those who expect the worst, and richly deserve to get it, I think; unless bitter experience has ground all the hope and the cheer out of their lives in its cruel mill, and taught them to anticipate in the future only what they have known in the past, for these I have only the deepest sympathy. It is with the cheerful ones we have to deal now, and the mere thought of them is like a gleam of sunshine, or the summer breeze which has passed over a bed of mignonette.

I know a girl who is blessed with the happiest nature I ever encountered, or imagined possible, and who serves as the best illustration of the good effect of cheerfulness that could be found. I believe if she were going to be hanged for some crime she never committed she would manage to find an excuse for those who condemned her, and take consolation from the fact that her early death might spare her from a good deal of future suffering, and therefore was quite a blessing in disguise. I have yet to meet the person who was so utterly disagreeable that she could not find something to commend in him, and I cannot imagine any circumstances under which she would not make the best of things, and take what was sent just as it came without a murmur, in the fullest confidence that it was right, or else it could not be. With her the weather is always just as it should be, and even if it happens to spoil her plan she does not complain because the whole universe cannot be put out of gear, to suit her. I know of no one for whom it is such a pleasure to do any little service, because her appreciation of it is so genuine. Just to be with her is to give one a better and purer view of life, and of human nature, and I think it is partly because she only looks for good in people that she finds so much; those who know her well unconsciously try to live up to her estimate of them, and be what she thinks them.

Of course she has puffers of friends and is welcome as spring flowers wherever she goes, since her happy disposition not only makes her the pleasantest of companions, but is so contagious that it spreads an atmosphere of serenity around her, and brightens up the gloomiest natures, like a sudden burst of sunshine making its way into a darkened room. I wish there were more like her in the world, but alas!—"If wishes were horses, beggars would ride," and I think one of the first to set up a coach-and-four would be a modest "literary woman," as Mr. Wegg would say, called

A GAY MILITARY CITY.

HALIFAX, ITS OFFICERS AND ITS SOLDIERS.

The Different Regiments and Their Commanders Discussed—List of the Officers—The Connection of the Various Companies With "Society."

HALIFAX, Nov. 27.—Socially speaking, Halifax without its military element would hardly know itself—that is, the self-constituted upper society circles would be partially obliterated. The standard for the aspiration of "climbers" and others would be gone if the military were taken away. Whether there is any real benefit to a city in having such a social set as is constituted by the garrison certainly may be a question, but Halifax certainly reaps commercial advantages from the large amount expended in the maintenance of a British force here. The imperial soldiers in this garrison number 1400 men. There are eight companies of 100 men in the 8th King's Liverpool regiment. The two companies of royal artillery have each 100 men,

and the royal engineers are represented by two companies, each also with 100 men, one of sub-marine miners and the other of fortress engineers. The army medical staff corps; ordnance store corps; army pay department, with general's staff, bring the total number of imperial troops here close up to 1400 men. In a town where the regular officers hold such a commanding position, and where the rank and file have so good models to copy, one would naturally expect to find an ambitious, enthusiastic and effective volunteer force,—a condition which indeed prevails. There are in Halifax three battalions of Canadian militia, aggregating 1,000 "officers and men." The senior force is the 63rd Halifax Rifles, a battalion which comes down from pre-confederation times, and including six companies of 42 officers and men, has a regimental strength of 250.

The 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers, organized in 1869, with its eight companies and 668 men, is the purely infantry regiment of the militia. The Halifax garrison artillery has four companies of 100 men each. This makes a militia force of 1318 men. The desire of our young men to become citizen-soldiers is commendable. The training they receive is beneficial to themselves and may be of value to the country, even though the sole motive of many of the officers is to attempt to secure for themselves a common social standing ground with their brethren of the garrison, for undoubtedly, were it not for that desire, many a young swell in Halifax would never don the queen's uniform. The three militia battalions in Halifax have very distinctive characteristics, affording ample opportunities to officer or man to select the corps which best suits his tastes.

matter what happens. They make no boast of their intelligence or worth, but they are the "bone and sinew" of the city's industry. While there is not the same comradeship between officers and men that prevails in the 63rd Rifles, there is not as a rule anything like the same ever-present sense of social difference, imaginary as it is, that prevails in the society battalion of fusiliers. Colonel Curren is the most influential society man in the militia force, but some of the officers who serve him care not a fig for society, and they have not the slightest desire to be considered in the so-called "upper" set. Some of the best officers in the H. G. A. are men who belong to neither of the clubs, whose names are never mentioned by the society writers, and who doubtless are very well pleased at the immunity thus granted them. An officer in the H. G. A. is made to feel comfortable by the "society man" or not. A glance at the officers of each battalion in detail is interesting. Colonel Egan, of the 63rd Rifles, in business is a gun-maker dealer. He has far more enemies than any other commanding officer in the force. There is an unfortunate feeling of opposition to him among the officers. With but one or two exceptions the officers of the 63rd have done, are doing and will do, their very best to drive Egan out of the regiment. He is objected to on various grounds, Progress readers, having previously been made partially familiar with the story. His officers argue that now that he can retire retaining rank he should

go. No other regiment than the 63rd could stand such a conflict among the officers. The 63rd stands it and prospers. The majors are J. Noble Crane, bookkeeper, and A. A. Cunningham, buyer for Lawson & Harrington.

The captains are H. Hockler, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian war and a tobacco dealer; T. C. James, civil service official; J. T. Twining, insurance agent; W. J. Butler, merchant and capitalist; S. J. R. Sircom, post office official; C. W. Gunning, paper merchant. The lieutenants are: L. Dixon, clerk; E. J. Egan, gun-maker; H. S. Jacques, physician; G. Downey, shoe merchant; W. Taylor, confidential bookkeeper; J. W. Vidito, clerk. The second lieutenants are: S. Y. Wilson, fish dealer; W. E. Thompson, lawyer; W. C. H. Moore, clerk; W. J. Forbes, of Forbes Mig. Co.; L. M. B. Bullock, insurance clerk. C. de W. Macdonald is the adjutant, and though his enemies say he does not know the new drill, he defies them to prove it. He is Colonel Egan's mainstay. The quarter-master is Major Bishop, a stone cutter and a magnificent rifle shot. Capt. Corbin, of Bedford, is the paymaster. D. A. Campbell, M. D., is surgeon and A. W. Cogswell, M. D., assistant.

Colonel W. M. Humphrey, of the 66th, is the superintendent of Bradstreet's in this city. Col. Humphrey is the most popular colonel in Halifax and a commanding officer. He keeps the battalion together better than could any other man in the regiment. The utmost harmony prevails. He is a strict disciplinarian, and when he gives an order has it carried out implicitly. He knows his drill and never gives an order which is not correct. Outside his business there is nothing in which he is so interested as the 66th. That is his hobby. He leaves nothing to his subordinate officers that he can do himself, and possibly would please some of them better if he gave them more to do. Personally he is popular with his officers, and the men like him. He is hospitable and entertains well at his down house, whilst no man could take more pleasure than Colonel Humphrey in making friends, of the battalion feel at home in the regimental mess hut at Bedford.

Major B. A. Weston, "Barney," as his fellow officers call him, is the next in succession, but if he should be called upon, good and efficient as he is, Weston would find it hard to fill Colonel Humphrey's shoes. "Barney" is suave, liked by his fellow officers, and knows his drill, and does a little more than he is compelled by duty to do. Major Mewer, A. D. C., is a dapper little fellow, one of the best-known society men of the regiment. Major Kenny, the adjutant, is a most capable officer, who knows his drill perfectly. For some time he had the distinction of being the only Roman catholic officer in the battalion.

Captain Brown, of the post office, and Captain Chipman, agent of the Canada Atlantic steamship line, have charge of the veteran companies, largely composed of British soldiers well decorated with medals. Captain J. D. Ritchie, a gentleman-at-large, well known in St. John, has one of the smallest companies. Captain King is traveller for James Fraser. He commands the "dude's company," and by his severity makes his men afraid of him, but they also respect him. This company is the great recruiting ground for officers for the battalion. Captain Whitman is a lawyer, Captain C. C. Hale an insurance clerk; Captain T. E. Davison is in the post office, and Captain Lithgow is in the Dominion Savings bank. Captain Nagle, a son of the late town mayor Nagle, has just been promoted from a lieutenancy.

Surgeon major Currie is a good looking and popular physician, as also is Surgeon Kirkpatrick. Rev. Canon Partridge, D. D., and Rev. Canon Carmody are the honorary chaplains. The lieutenants are: Guy Mait, student; H. Stairs, lawyer; J. G. Harrington, clerk; F. D. Henderson, bank clerk; G. P. Lee, student; W. Doull, student; H. Johnston,

bookkeeper; J. Bauld, clerk; Mr. Ritchie, student; Mr. Sawyer, student; Mr. Stewart, student; Mr. Farran. The majority of the subalterns are students with a view to admission into the imperial army. R. Humphrey, brother of the colonel, is paymaster, and W. H. Stevens, Dartmouth, is quarter-master.

The H. G. A. is commanded by Colonel A. E. Curren of the milling firm of Cunningham & Curren. He was formerly adjutant of the 66th P. L. F. and had been remained he would now have been senior major. When he accepted the invitation of the officers of the H. G. A. he took a step which gave him a good rise, and was at the same time a fine thing for the artillery. He has brought the battalion up to a first-rate state of efficiency. He is a big society man and he is also big physically, standing about 6 feet 4. His officers like him and say he is the best commanding officer in the militia of Halifax.

The majors are: W. A. Garrison, of the customs; James Maxwell, merchant tailor; F. H. Oxley, of Bauld and Gibson; A. G. Hesselin, proprietor of the Halifax hotel; W. J. Stewart (adjutant), of M. S. Brown and Co. The captains—F. W. Parker, post office; Harry Flowers, with Cunningham and Curren; Guy Hart, bookkeeper; J. S. Dimock, carriage builder; C. S. Reynolds, groceries and ships' stores; E. D. Adams (paymaster), commissary merchant, and H. J. Harris (quarter-master), customs. Lieutenants—F. E. Kelly, bank clerk; H. M. Wyld, of Acadia Powder Co.; J. E. G. Boulton, of Gordon and Keith; J. A. C. Mowbray, clerk; R. W. Crown, lawyer; J. H. Marshall, book-keeper; B. Courtney, insurance clerk; John Parker, jr., insurance clerk. Dr. T. R. Almon is the veteran surgeon. Such is the militia force of Halifax. Together with the imperial troops they number 2,728 officers and men. Some day they may again be called upon to repeat the good service rendered at the time of the northwest rebellion by the Halifax provisional battalion.

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HALIFAX, ITS OFFICERS AND ITS SOLDIERS.

The Different Regiments and Their Commanders Discussed—List of the Officers—The Connection of the Various Companies With "Society."

HALIFAX, Nov. 27.—Socially speaking, Halifax without its military element would hardly know itself—that is, the self-constituted upper society circles would be partially obliterated. The standard for the aspiration of "climbers" and others would be gone if the military were taken away. Whether there is any real benefit to a city in having such a social set as is constituted by the garrison certainly may be a question, but Halifax certainly reaps commercial advantages from the large amount expended in the maintenance of a British force here. The imperial soldiers in this garrison number 1400 men. There are eight companies of 100 men in the 8th King's Liverpool regiment. The two companies of royal artillery have each 100 men,



Col. T. J. EGAN, 63rd Rifles.

and the royal engineers are represented by two companies, each also with 100 men, one of sub-marine miners and the other of fortress engineers. The army medical staff corps; ordnance store corps; army pay department, with general's staff, bring the total number of imperial troops here close up to 1400 men. In a town where the regular officers hold such a commanding position, and where the rank and file have so good models to copy, one would naturally expect to find an ambitious, enthusiastic and effective volunteer force,—a condition which indeed prevails. There are in Halifax three battalions of Canadian militia, aggregating 1,000 "officers and men." The senior force is the 63rd Halifax Rifles, a battalion which comes down from pre-confederation times, and including six companies of 42 officers and men, has a regimental strength of 250.

The 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers, organized in 1869, with its eight companies and 668 men, is the purely infantry regiment of the militia. The Halifax garrison artillery has four companies of 100 men each. This makes a militia force of 1318 men. The desire of our young men to become citizen-soldiers is commendable. The training they receive is beneficial to themselves and may be of value to the country, even though the sole motive of many of the officers is to attempt to secure for themselves a common social standing ground with their brethren of the garrison, for undoubtedly, were it not for that desire, many a young swell in Halifax would never don the queen's uniform. The three militia battalions in Halifax have very distinctive characteristics, affording ample opportunities to officer or man to select the corps which best suits his tastes.

matter what happens. They make no boast of their intelligence or worth, but they are the "bone and sinew" of the city's industry. While there is not the same comradeship between officers and men that prevails in the 63rd Rifles, there is not as a rule anything like the same ever-present sense of social difference, imaginary as it is, that prevails in the society battalion of fusiliers. Colonel Curren is the most influential society man in the militia force, but some of the officers who serve him care not a fig for society, and they have not the slightest desire to be considered in the so-called "upper" set. Some of the best officers in the H. G. A. are men who belong to neither of the clubs, whose names are never mentioned by the society writers, and who doubtless are very well pleased at the immunity thus granted them. An officer in the H. G. A. is made to feel comfortable by the "society man" or not. A glance at the officers of each battalion in detail is interesting. Colonel Egan, of the 63rd Rifles, in business is a gun-maker dealer. He has far more enemies than any other commanding officer in the force. There is an unfortunate feeling of opposition to him among the officers. With but one or two exceptions the officers of the 63rd have done, are doing and will do, their very best to drive Egan out of the regiment. He is objected to on various grounds, Progress readers, having previously been made partially familiar with the story. His officers argue that now that he can retire retaining rank he should

go. No other regiment than the 63rd could stand such a conflict among the officers. The 63rd stands it and prospers. The majors are J. Noble Crane, bookkeeper, and A. A. Cunningham, buyer for Lawson & Harrington.

The captains are H. Hockler, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian war and a tobacco dealer; T. C. James, civil service official; J. T. Twining, insurance agent; W. J. Butler, merchant and capitalist; S. J. R. Sircom, post office official; C. W. Gunning, paper merchant. The lieutenants are: L. Dixon, clerk; E. J. Egan, gun-maker; H. S. Jacques, physician; G. Downey, shoe merchant; W. Taylor, confidential bookkeeper; J. W. Vidito, clerk. The second lieutenants are: S. Y. Wilson, fish dealer; W. E. Thompson, lawyer; W. C. H. Moore, clerk; W. J. Forbes, of Forbes Mig. Co.; L. M. B. Bullock, insurance clerk. C. de W. Macdonald is the adjutant, and though his enemies say he does not know the new drill, he defies them to prove it. He is Colonel Egan's mainstay. The quarter-master is Major Bishop, a stone cutter and a magnificent rifle shot. Capt. Corbin, of Bedford, is the paymaster. D. A. Campbell, M. D., is surgeon and A. W. Cogswell, M. D., assistant.

Colonel W. M. Humphrey, of the 66th, is the superintendent of Bradstreet's in this city. Col. Humphrey is the most popular colonel in Halifax and a commanding officer. He keeps the battalion together better than could any other man in the regiment. The utmost harmony prevails. He is a strict disciplinarian, and when he gives an order has it carried out implicitly. He knows his drill and never gives an order which is not correct. Outside his business there is nothing in which he is so interested as the 66th. That is his hobby. He leaves nothing to his subordinate officers that he can do himself, and possibly would please some of them better if he gave them more to do. Personally he is popular with his officers, and the men like him. He is hospitable and entertains well at his down house, whilst no man could take more pleasure than Colonel Humphrey in making friends, of the battalion feel at home in the regimental mess hut at Bedford.

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CATCHING A GUERRILLA.

On the night of June 30, 1864, Colonel Flaisted with his brigade led the advance of Butler's descent upon the north bank of the James river at Deep Bottom, and fortified that position. The picket line was established about one mile distant from the landing, beyond which, it was deemed necessary to send small scouting parties to determine the strength and locate the position of the enemy and his works. Captain McGinnis of the Connecticut Regiment, who was a daring officer twenty-four years of age, and had previously gained renown among the officers as a successful scout, by entering Charleston on various occasions, and frequenting its hotels and forts in the disguise of a rebel major, while stationed at Morris Island the previous year, was selected as leader to perform this hazardous duty. McGinnis received frequent orders with instructions from the general in command, specifying the nature and probable location of the work which he was expected to undertake, which was always hazardous, and frequently required sudden and fierce dashes at the enemy in the darkness, or the exercise of great caution and silent and stealthy movements to gain a knowledge of important and desirable secrets beyond the established lines of the rebels. The particular business in hand usually required the undivided attention of McGinnis and his band; but at times when his orders were indefinite and the time for his return unlimited, he originated and executed his own plans, which sometimes resulted in the capture of a lone vidette from some advanced and exposed post, or a call upon some isolated planter to purchase a few luxuries, which usually consisted of poultry, bacon and eggs, or hard cider and "apple-jack," which was very stimulating, and to secure which was considered by the average soldier worthy of running unusual risks.

On one occasion, when returning from an expedition in the early part of the evening, at the close of a day spent near the border of a forest through which his men had been skulking and crawling in various directions to gain sightly positions to ascertain the strength and location of the enemy, the forts and lines of gun thereon, and various other matters of importance, that Captain McGinnis resolved to visit a thrifty and aristocratic-looking residence situated upon an eminence overlooking the James river which had thus far escaped his personal attention. Accordingly, while at a safe distance, he halted his men, and after informing them of his intention he gave them instructions how to act in an emergency and deployed them in a circuit around the premises, after which he advanced through a labyrinth of trailing vines with which the place was surrounded, and rapped with the hilt of his sword upon the oaken door of the mansion. After a few moments' delay, a chamber window was raised, at which a beautiful maiden of perhaps eighteen summers and in a soft sweet voice inquired who was there and what was wanted.

The Captain replied that he was not a free forager, as might be deduced, but was a Union soldier in quest of something to eat, for which he was prepared to pay in Confederate or Yankee money as preferred. The lady replied that she would be pleased to render aid to soldiers of the Union without remuneration, but the Confederates had stripped the premises of nearly everything edible, but if he would be pleased to enter he would be welcome to such as she had prepared, which was nothing better than corn bread and milk. An old negro, who proved to be the only occupant of the place, save the young lady, was sent to open the door and admit the visitor, who was ushered into the parlor where he found the young lady in position, who gave him a gracious and patriotic reception by gently waving a small Union flag, upon which she cast devotional glances which let no doubt of the sentiment entertained by the fair bearer, had she not also given expression in words by stating that she loved and cherished the little emblem that for many a day had been the only visible link to remind her of a once united country which she had ever been taught to cherish above all else and love with a devotion for which life itself, to perpetuate, would be considered but a small offering; and her daily prayer was raised for the success of the cause for which he had enlisted.

McGinnis had met with southern ladies while performing his detached duties, whose eyes flashed defiance and whose lips hurled vituperative epithets at Union soldiers and their cause; but here was one among the many who stood aloof from the living and devoted witness for the principles which she had sworn to defend; and to say that he was filled with admiration and entertained profound respect for this beautiful being who seemed to be loyalty itself, would be using inadequate language to express fully the feelings of his heart as he bowed an acceptance of the seat which she so kindly offered him. In compliance with orders from his young mistress, the bread and milk was brought in and presented by the old servant by whom McGinnis had been admitted, after which he retired from the room, and while it was being eaten, the young lady voluntarily related a chapter of family history which greatly added to the material to strengthen the growing interest momentarily experienced by Captain McGinnis in the future welfare of his captivating hostess.

Among the sad hardships experienced during the past few months through war's stern decree, she said the one relating to her father and only brother was the hardest to bear, for they both loved the old Union with unyielding devotion, and after her father had been repeatedly offered high positions to espouse the rebel cause, all of which he had rejected with indignation, which served to immediately bring his case to a crisis, he was conscripted and impressed into the forces then gathering for the defence of Richmond, where he was placed in a menial position and held until the battle of Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, when he was ordered to the front, and fell, while advancing upon Casey's division, and expired in a uniform while breathing a prayer for the Union. And her young brother who was then but thirteen years of age had recently passed "over the line" and enlisted as a drummer in a Pennsylvania regiment, since which time she had been suspected of imparting information concerning the Confederate army to Union officers, and had been constantly watched by one James Leroy, who was a lieutenant in the

Confederate service and commanded a small scouting party which was then encamped but a couple of miles from her residence. She had also stated that she had that day visited a friend who lived near his encampment and becoming cognizant of the fact, he improved the opportunity to call upon her, at which time he insolently pressed his suit, which she refused to consider, as she had done on two previous occasions. This excited his wrath beyond endurance, and he therefore made no concealment of his intentions to force a union upon her, however obnoxious it might be. He drew a vivid and startling picture of her dangerous position by informing her that a part of his business had been to observe her movements for several weeks past during which time he had gleaned positive proof from various sources that she had been making visits into the interior upon a forged or falsified pass, for the purpose of gleaming military secrets to impart to Union officers; and he demanded consent to his proposals or he should take steps for her apprehension, which doubtless would result in her conviction as a spy. To impress upon her the depth of affliction he entertained and the lenity he could show, he would bear the secret of her great crime within his own breast for the space of one week; at the expiration of that time he would visit her residence for a final answer. The maiden said she had fully considered the matter while on her way home, and thoroughly realized the peril in which she found herself placed by reason of the Union sentiments of herself and brother, which had been openly expressed on all occasions. Knowing the unprincipled character and vindictive disposition borne by Leroy, she had resolved to apply to officers of the Union army for aid, previous to his visit, and she welcomed this opportunity for a personal consultation and begged McGinnis to give her friendly counsel in the matter which appeared dark indeed to her.

After considering the matter a few moments, Captain McGinnis inquired of the strength of the force commanded by Leroy, and was informed that his band numbered about thirty men who were maintaining a guerrilla warfare which was conducted by Leroy without much restraint by his superiors, consequently many of his acts were barbarous and brutish in the extreme, and fears of possible retaliation made him shrewd and wary, and he never ventured near the Union lines without a portion of his command; and the lady expressed the opinion that his visit to her would not be alone, as he never entered a house even within his own lines without first posting sentinels.

After hearing her statement, McGinnis informed her that he considered her situation precarious, and that he saw but two ways by which she could hope for protection and security. One of which was for her to leave her home and seek refuge in the Union lines, which seemed the most reasonable course to pursue, except as she must be to the fire of both armies; should a general action occur; and the other was for her to attempt to capture or destroy Leroy and band on the night which he had appointed to make her a visit.

The congenial feeling experienced by our young friends had banished the thought of the propriety of personal acquaintance the time being, but each recognizing a duty to the other, a formal introduction followed, the name given by the young lady being Lucy Lantaler, who continued to say on the reception of the news of her father's untimely death, her mother received a shock from which she never recovered, and her brother in the Union army was her only living relative, to whom she had promised to remain and care for the home which was about all which remained of a large property formerly owned by the family. This promise she desired to fulfill if possible.

Upon hearing Miss Lantaler's decision to remain in her home, or preference to do so, Captain McGinnis informed her that he would attempt to perform what he had already intimated, when Leroy should make his contemplated visit if the status of the two armies continued to remain the same until the appointed time. Tears filled the eyes of Miss Lantaler as she feelingly expressed regret of the existence of circumstances which necessitated the imperiling of his life for her sake, but was assured that the protection of loyal citizens of the Union, and her approval in case was a sufficient reward to stimulate him to perform that duty.

The Lantaler plantation being situated on a bluff overlooking the James river, which could be easily covered by Union gunboats, no attempt had been made by the enemy to extend his pickets in that direction; consequently the risk of detection being slight, Miss Lantaler was advised to send her trusty old servant at ten o'clock on a certain night during the week to a piece of heavy oak timber adjoining the Union lines, which was the rendezvous of McGinnis and his band, should she by chance gain any information which might be contemplated by Leroy, which might tend to hasten his capture. A glance at his watch and an exclamation of surprise at the lateness of the hour, by McGinnis, reminded Miss Lantaler that the time had indeed passed swiftly and pleasantly away, and a regretful expression came to her lips, that duty compelled him so soon to go, and a gentle pressure of the extended hand with a whispered good-night, and the swinging to and fro of the oaken door, and Miss Lantaler stood alone, her heart pulsating with feelings never before experienced, contrasting in her mind the drive and gentlemanly bearing of Captain McGinnis and the swaggering, profane and unprincipled conduct of Leroy.

After leaving the presence of Miss Lantaler, McGinnis quietly assembled his men and marched to camp within the Union lines where they were dismissed for the night, after which he spread his blanket, and while meditating upon the probable result of events which had accidentally entered his life during the past few hours, he fell asleep.

During the next week, or on July 21st, a sharp fight commenced at Strawberry Plains which lasted until the 23rd, and the regiment to which McGinnis belonged being engaged thereon, he promptly responded to the order to "report to his colonel for duty," and the fight being protracted by reason of the loss of an important position by a brigade of the 19th corps, which had been left to hold the works, necessitated a return to the "Bluff" recapture. This caused McGinnis to be absent considerably for fear that accumu-

lating duties would deprive him of the privilege of fulfilling his promise to Miss Lantaler, but the return of his regiment to Deep Bottom on the very night of his appointed interview with her old servant scintillated his hope of success, and he hastened to the appointed rendezvous in the oaks, where he tarried until midnight, but nothing was seen or heard of the negro. This caused forebodings and some uneasiness in his mind in regard to what might have transpired at the Lantaler mansion, and when the night arrived for the fulfillment of Leroy's appointed interview with Miss Lantaler, with many apprehensions as to the result, he ordered the assembly of his men by the order of the sergeant of his little band, and they moved from camp with the guards who were forming and marching out to relieve those who had been on duty during the past twenty-four hours.

Upon their arrival at the picket line, after the new guards had been posted, the officer in command was informed by McGinnis that he had scouting duties to perform, and should return to a certain post sometime during the night, and after acquiescing in his return signal which was made in imitation of the hoot of an owl, he communicated the counter-sign to the sentinel, and forming in Indian file, they marched into the dense darkness of the forest through which they were guided by the barking of a dog within the rebel lines, and the steady flap, flap, flap of the paddle wheel of a propeller upon the James river.

Upon emerging from the forest a line was formed at the border of the plantation, and a cautious forward movement towards the residence commenced, a plainer view of which revealed the presence of mounted men surrounding the same. During a halt near a field of corn, which had been ordered for consultation and the perfecting of plans of action, McGinnis and his band were somewhat startled by the sudden and mysterious appearance of Miss Lantaler's old servant, who, with hat in hand, saluted the commander and in a suppressed voice gave vent to his feelings by excitedly delivering the following expressive speech in true plantation style:

"Well, capin, dey is dar, sir, dey is dar!" "Who is there?" demanded the captain. "Why! de seh 'tenant is dar, an' de pen'n is dar, who say de missus mus' wed de 'tenant, sar, or dey'll turn her ober to de sogers to put in de prison, sar. An' de sogers is dare all 'roun' de house, and de missus she cry an' make belebe get ready for de weddin', sar, but 'crep' in de back room, an' tole me belo' God, massar, to call roo do corn an' 'fine Cap'n Ginnis, an' tell him all 'bout it, sar, to 'hare I is, sar!" The information derived from the delivery of the above speech by the faithful old negro stimulated Captain McGinnis to immediate action, and his trusty little band of fifteen men were ordered forward with instructions to shoot the nearest sentinel as it became evident that they were discovered, and to charge with a shout and din to give the impression that a large force were in pursuit, and immediately close around the house and prevent the escape of any of those who were within. According to plans previously arranged, the men were not deployed, but were kept well in hand for the purpose of making an advanced, the quick swinging to and fro of the mounted horsemen denoted that they were observed, and the sharp report of their carbines followed by the whistling of bullets overhead, was a signal for a volley from the boys in blue, which emptied two saddles rushing out, and hastily mounted the echo was still resounding in the valley, when a charge was made, accompanied by a wild and terrifying yell, which sent the rebel horsemen in a scattered and demoralized race across the plantation.

As the little band approached and swung around the house, Leroy and his chaplain came rushing out, and hastily mounted the horses which had been left hitched by the gateway, and deep into the flanks they pressed the spurs. At the first bound horses and riders were sent headlong to the earth. This catastrophe brought an oath from Leroy who quickly drew a pistol and fired at the boys in blue, as a response to his command to surrender, and as the weapon was raised a second time with deadly intent, a gleaming blade wielded by McGinnis struck and shattered the arm which held it, and the bold guerrilla was a prisoner at the mercy of his captor.

An instant after receiving the blow which disabled him, Leroy found himself looking into the muzzle of half a dozen muskets, and seeing the folly of farther resistance, readily expressed his willingness to surrender, at which a satisfied chuckle was heard, which from the old dorker who appeared so significantly pointed at the prostrate orcs, whose feet were trampled under the hoofs of the steady file, littered with thongs, which prevented a step but a few inches, to which the sudden overthrow was now plainly apparent. The continued chuckling of the old dorker excited the suspicion of Leroy, whom he accused of being false, and to use the dorker's own expression, "I cuss words was de wip' cord, dis nig would be shouting wid de angels belo' an un, sar!"

The disabled and humiliating position of the guerrilla chief was fully comprehended and his venomous tirade was received with silent contempt by the heroic son of Africa, as he was now styled, and his eyes glistened with pleasure as he witnessed the grimaces of the enemy of his young mistress whose true gratitude he had been since the death of her parents. While the scenes which are above related were being enacted in the yard, others of the band had taken position beyond the house and were maintaining a steady fire in the direction taken by the routed guerrillas, and those who were present, were ordered to assist the chaplain to his feet, who had been stunned by the fall, and to cut the thongs from the entangled horses. A few more hurried orders were given by Captain McGinnis in relation to the disposal of the prisoners, and he hurriedly entered the mansion to look after the welfare of Miss Lantaler, who was found in tears and trembling with fearful anticipation of the result of the engagement.

What passed within that mansion during the next few hours is not positively known, but when the maiden came to the door to bid the captain good-night her smiling countenance and trusting manner was indicative of a heart made happy by the mystic power of love. During the interview with Miss Lantaler, the next bodies in a not positively known, and the few slight wounds temporarily caused for which had been received during the fracas,

and McGinnis immediately sounded the assembly and marched to camp within the Union lines. Early the next morning McGinnis held an interview with the general which resulted in the advancement of the picket line beyond the Lantaler plantation, and the posting of guards upon the property which insured permanent protection until the surrender at Appomattox, when they were personally relieved by Captain McGinnis, whose name in due time Miss Lantaler legally adopted and during the intervening years in the happy home has borne many loving children, and upon the grave of the faithful old dorker, who has long since passed away, they annually plant flowers as a token of remembrance and mark of esteem for the successful part he performed in the capture of a rebel guerrilla.

OSCAR F. LEWIS' AIR SHIP.

It is a Bicycle and a Balloon Combined and he Thinks he can Fly in It. Oscar F. Lewis of Saratoga is going to swoop down on Brooklyn one of these bright days with a brand-new air ship on which he thinks he can fly along at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Mr. Lewis will go to Brooklyn by rail, and if he has luck he will fly away from it. He says he has tested his new machine enough to prove its merits. He has flitted around Saratoga in it on calm days.

Mr. Lewis is a market gardener and something of an amateur machinist. He is a strongly built young man, with muscles sufficiently developed to push an air ship along if it has any go in it. Several years ago he became interested in the subject of air ships and flying machines. He made several models that were unsatisfactory. He finally hit on his present model, and constructed an air ship rather than a flying machine. It is to be made to rise by means of a silk balloon of a peculiar shape and designed to hold 3,000 cubic feet of gas. The balloon is about fifty feet long. Suspended from it is an aluminum frame in which is set a bicycle. The wheels of the machine are worked by pedals, and are connected by belts with two propellers, one in front and the other behind. The steering apparatus consists of a sail stretched on a frame fifteen feet long and four feet wide. It is moved by the handle bar of the bicycle, and may be turned to an angle of forty-five degrees. Mr. Lewis claims that he can turn his machine around in a space of 100 feet square. There is a regulator on the balloon by which he can grade his elevation. Judging from the size of the balloon the machine ought to go up in the air after the gas is once in it. Mr. Lewis says that on a calm day he can drive it about at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, which remains to be seen.

Ladies Smoking in Japan.

In Japan smoking is so common that all men and most ladies smoke, the girls beginning when they are about ten years of age. The ladies have pipes with longer stems than the men and it is one of their wishes to show a gentleman a special mark of favour she lights her pipe, takes a whiff, hands it to him, and lets him smoke.

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Strong testimony is pouring in every day in favor of Paine's Celery Compound. A letter has just come from Mrs. E. Hankin, of Courville, Lambton Co., Ont., from it we give the following extracts: "With great pleasure I beg to inform you of the good I have received from the use of Paine's Celery Compound. For a number of years I have been in very poor health owing to various causes, and lately I was advised to try your medicine. I used three bottles, and have received a world of good. My severe headaches are completely banished, and heart disease, from which I suffered for thirty years, has already disappeared, and all through I am vastly improved. I am fully convinced that Paine's Celery Compound is all it is recommended to be."

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INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston, every Monday and Thursday morning at 7.00 (standard). Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m. for Eastport and St. John.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN, GRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER. THE reliable steamer "MAJ. QUINCY" C. W. BARNBER, Master, having recently been thoroughly overhauled, and will be strictly under Dominion inspection, will sail for notice, run between the above-named places, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 7 o'clock, local time.

STAR LINE STEAMERS. For Fredericton and Woodstock. MAIL STEAMERS, David Weston and Oliveette, leave St. John, every day, (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for St. John. Steamer "Ardmore" will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 8 a. m. for Woodstock and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 8 a. m. with navigation permits.

Sunday Reading.

MRS. MOUNTFORD INTERVIEWED.
The Lady Lecturer Talks of Her Bishop-places and Many Other Things.

Many St. John people have heard Mrs. Mountford, the lecturer on Bible themes and have been particularly charmed by her cordiality. A newspaper correspondent interviewed her in Montreal last week. He received a cordial reception.

"I am very glad to meet you," she said, "and shall be glad to tell you anything I can. But would you mind coming to the dining room with me? The morning is the only time I can get for rest, and I am afraid the dining room will be closed. I am very glad you enjoyed my lecture last night. Was it not a splendid audience? So appreciative."

"A good many women, Mrs. Mountford, appreciate what you said in regard to the importance of educating women and making them politically the equal of men."

"I am glad to hear you say that, for I feel very strongly on the subject. The need of it is very easily seen. Woman has a very strong influence, but how have men forced her to use it? Not in a straightforward, honest manner, but in all the underhand, deceitful ways that can possibly be contrived. She, perhaps, ventures to express an opinion about a certain matter, but is met with the usual rebuff. 'My dear, what can a woman know about such matters?' What is there left for her but to say: 'No, my dear, of course, I do not know anything about it. It must be as you say.' Now she says that, but she feels something else. Does she give up? No! It simply becomes a question of her wit against his authority and power. She seems to give in, but simply changes her tactics. Now, what is the result of all this? She is systematically trained in deceit, and that deceit of her character she transmits to her children."

"Is it so in your observation that a son inherits especially the characteristics of his mother, or is it only a fact of a few?"

"Certainly, it is so. And that is why you see so many cowardly men. Their mothers have never dared to have an opinion of their own and how can their sons. You hear of a man becoming a defaulter. Society raises it hands in horror, and exclaims, 'How is it possible! He comes of one of our finest families, and the mother was such a sweet woman!' True—his mother was sweet, but she had learned that the best way to obtain what she wanted was by underhand means, and that deceitful character she transmitted to her son. He was not necessarily one whit more deceitful than she, but being a man he had larger opportunities of working it out."

"Do you not think that women have enough to do already without troubling about political matters?"

"No, I don't. The wealthy classes spend much time over novels and so-called social duties that might very much better be spent in the interests of their country. They would then be much truer helpmeets for their husbands, and much wiser mothers for their sons."

"But what about those who have not so much money; my sympathies go more largely to them."

"So do mine, and of them I say the same. A knowledge of the world outside makes a woman twice as able to cope with her work indoors. Where some women waste time in parties and novel reading others spend it in being over-particular housekeepers."

"Yes, I know the question of household help is a tremendous one, but it is one that cannot be settled by women alone. Schools of housekeeping should be established by the state just as science, medical and other schools are kept for men. The course should be just as strict and the diploma just as much prized."

"Some people object to your lectures, Mrs. Mountford, because they say you treat the bible irreverently."

"Ah, that is because they do not understand. They glorify the Jews of old till they quite forget that they were flesh and blood like ourselves. They forget that God does not create special people to work with, but works with people as they are. Now, some people object to what I say of Rebecca. They say how modest it is of her to cover her face when she slighted off her camel to greet Isaac. It was nothing of the sort; it was the most natural, most innocent coquetry, and the same may be seen now in the east any day. They wear veils there, to be sure, but while a plain woman wears a heavy veil a pretty woman wears a very thin one. Then if some one passes on whom they wish to create a favorable impression they draw the veil across the lower part of their faces, but use their eyes with excellent effect. Rebecca was a true daughter of the east. She was coming to marry Isaac, but he had never seen her. Was it not the most natural thing possible for her to wish to make him fall in love with her on the spot. Would he not just as naturally think, if he sees her so lovely what must the rest of her face be?"

"What about unmarried women in the east, are there many of them?"

"Yes, of late years there are a great many. Largely because war has killed off so many

of the men. But they are not looked down upon as they are by many here. In the west they are called 'old maids,' there they are called 'holy women.' They are considered set apart especially for God's service. Eastern people say anyone can get married but not every one is fitted to be a holy woman. It is the maidens young and old who visit the poor, watch by the sick and do all the fine embroideries we sport from there. The idea of the nun is imported from the east."

"This reminds me of the case of Leah's marriage with Jacob. Many blame Laban and pity Leah, but according to the customs of the country the fault was Leah's. She really forced herself on Jacob when he wanted her sister. It would have been a great disgrace to Leah to have Rachel married before her, against her will, but had she given her consent it would have been all right. As it was, Laban was forced by her to do as he did. It is quite evident that she was determined to have Jacob for herself. During Jacob's seven years of service for Rachel there was quite time for her to have other suitors, but either no other would have her, or she would have none else. Her jealousy of Rachel was shown very early all through her life, and in the way her sons treated Joseph you can easily see how she transmitted her character to them."

"Is Solomon's picture of the excellent woman a type of the woman of the east today?"

"Yes, in a large measure, among the wealthy classes. Supposing there are ten or fifteen sons, when these marry they all bring their wives to live under the paternal roof. But the sons are still under the control of the father or grandfather as the case may be, and the woman under the charge of the mother. Each separate family has its own suite of rooms, but all are members of one household and under one control. The chief woman of the harem you can see has a tremendous amount on her hands when she superintends such an establishment. Christ had such a household in his mind when he said, 'In my fathers house, are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you.' That has a significance to the eastern mind that the western man who insists on having an establishment of his own cannot imagine."

"Many people, Mrs. Mountford, think you are a Jewess."

"Yes, (with a laugh), I know, and that in spite of my explaining over and over again that I am a Slav. You wish to know something of my family? Well, for centuries back my family have been great soldiers and great religious enthusiasts. They were large landed proprietors and owned many serfs. Many people give the Czar, Alexander I, great credit for freeing the serfs, but the measure was really forced on him. My great-grandfather, along with many others had freed his long before. He lived much the life that Count Tolstoi does now, working for and with his people. Although freed, the serfs refused to leave these men and still worked on their estates. My father and mother are distantly related. My father was a great religious enthusiast, had strong radical tendencies and was a powerful orator. Naturally, these qualities made him a marked man and about that time he was forced to leave the country. His chief object in life, as had been said of his forefathers, was to search for truth. In Jerusalem, if any where, he thought he would find it. There he went and there I was born, and there he continued to live because he loved the country."

"Why did I take up the work of lecturing? It was after my first visit to the States. There I heard men like Robert Ingersoll denouncing the bible, railing at its accuracies and absurdities, and I could not help seeing that a great deal of it was done through pure ignorance. They knew nothing of the life and customs of the people about whom it was written and judged everything in it from the standpoint of men who knew no life but that of the west."

Christian Scientist on the Flood.

A very noteworthy contribution has lately been made by Prof. Prestwich, an English geologist, to the literature drawn forth by the long-mooted question as to a possible cause for the flood or its origin. Dr. Prestwich describes at much length the various phenomena which came under his observation during many years of geological research to Europe and the coasts of the Mediterranean, among these special reference being made to finding the flints of the drift to be of two classes, viz., one with bones of animals carved and interspersed with the remains of man, and the other, termed by him the "rubble-drift," containing bones of animals of all ages and kinds in vast heaps. Reference is likewise made to raised sea beaches, and the constant occurrence of "heads," the large masses of transported rock, loam and lias, covering the high plains in Hungary and southern Russia, and the ossiferous breccias in various localities. From the circumstances attending these and their surroundings, Dr. Prestwich comes to the conclusion that such phenomena are only explicable upon the hypothesis of a widespread and short submergence of continental di-

mensions. The age of man he considers rightly divided into paleolithic and neolithic, and there thus seems cause for the origin of the account of the flood. Sir W. Dawson's opinion is emphatic, based on geological and paleontological grounds, of a physical break in the anthropic age, evidence of this being afforded by the cave remains, etc.

Why not be Happy now?

Many people pass through life in constant anticipation of a happiness that is never realized, whereas if their hearts were right, they might be happy now. It is well to remember, says a Christian writer, that the time never will come, in this world, when we shall have everything we want, just where and when we want it. The only way to be happy is to enjoy all we have to the utmost as we go along. It is right to lay up for old age in youth; it is right to bend all our energies to this end, and put off until the future the happiness we might enjoy every day. It is far too common to see people working and saving, denying themselves all recreation and many comforts to lay up money to buy more land, to build a larger and finer house, or to save for their children, thinking that when they have accomplished this they will be happy, and begin to take comfort. The hoped-for point may be attained; or, if it is, sickness or death may have come first, and the dear ones whom we expected to be happy with may be gone forever. How much better to use some of the good things of life as we go along; to make our humble homes as cheery and bright as possible now, instead of waiting for a better house! Don't starve today, either body, mind or soul, thinking that you will riot to-morrow. Don't hoard and scrimp through all the best years of your life, that you may be generous in your wills. Life is uncertain, and it is better to make your children happy while they are under the home roof; to call to that home every agency which will make their lives sweeter and better, than to deny them these that you may leave them a large bank account when you are gone. We must be grateful and patiently bear our trials, believing that all, if rightly used, will fit us for the enjoyment of perfect happiness hereafter.

Who Made the Lord's Prayer.

The prevalent belief is that in whatever exact words it was originally spoken, it was wholly the creation of Jesus Himself, and therefore of Divine origin. The facts seem to show that this is not the case. In Conway's "Sacred Anthology," which is a selection from the sacred books of all religions, will be found the ancient Jewish morning and evening prayers, with which Jesus was, of course, familiar, and of which the Lord's Prayer is evidently largely a condensation: "Our Father who art in heaven, proclaim the unity of Thy name, and establish Thy kingdom perpetually and reign over us to all eternity. Our father who art in heaven, Thy will be done on high; vouchsafe to bestow a peaceful and tranquil mind to those who honor Thee on earth, but do, O Lord, what seems good in Thy sight. Give me only bread to eat and raiment to put on. Forgive, O Lord, those who have this day offended me. Let us, O Lord, not fall into the power of sin, transgression, or iniquity, and lead us not into temptation. Subdue our inclinations that they may be subservient to thee. Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, power, glory, and majesty."

He Preached to the Scullery-Maid.

The Bishop of Ripon is a court preacher and sets before the Queen of Great Britain the way of life. The story is told that when the bishop was asked how he managed to address so exalted a personage as the sovereign and yet maintain his composure, he replied that he never addressed her at all. He knew there would be present the Queen, the princess, the household, the servants, down to the scullery-maid. And, said the bishop, I preach to the scullery-maid, and the Queen understands me. Blessed be the bishop that makes the gospel to be understood to the common people. There should be a scullery-maid in every congregation and she should be the supreme subject of the preacher's solicitude when he selects his language and his metaphors and illustrations. We fear the preaching that goes wide of the scullery-maid.

Cromwell's "Soldiers' Bible."

Lord Wolsey's preface to the neat facsimile reprint of "Cromwell's Soldiers' Bible," just issued by Elliot Stock, is short and to the point. It runs as follows:—"In my humble opinion the soldier who carries this bible in his pack possesses what is of far higher value to him than the proverbial marshal's baton, for if he carries it teaching in his head, and lets it rule his heart and conduct, he will certainly be happy, and most probably eminently successful." The history of the little book is interesting. It used to be asserted that every soldier in Cromwell's army was provided with a pocket bible, but Mr. George Livermore, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, in 1854, pointed out that if Cromwell's soldiers carried the Bible in their knapsacks it was not the whole Bible, but the "Soldiers' Pocket Bible," which consisted of appropriate quotations from the Scriptures, printed in pocket form, and which was generally but-

toned between the coat and the waistcoat, next to the heart. Only two copies of the original work are now known to be in existence. One of them is in the collection of pamphlets formed during the progress of the civil war by George Thomason, a bookseller in London, and subsequently purchased and presented to the British Museum by King George III. The other copy is still in the United States of America. It is a small octavo of sixteen pages, inclusive of the title-page; it bears the "imprimatur" of Edmund Calamy, who is said by Echard to have acted as an army chaplain. The passages, with two exceptions only, are taken out of the old Testament.

The Prayer of Gethsemane.

What a mighty—that an almighty prayer must have then gone up before the Eternal One! embracing not merely the chosen few who on the morrow's dawn were to become the near companions of their Lord, but for those also who should follow them throughout all time. It is no vain presumption to believe that not the humblest messenger who has ever since been sent to preach on earth peace and good will to men but found a place in that most solemn intercession, and that for him were sought during that hallowed night the grace and strength and wisdom which of himself he could not have. What an encouragement and strength to every burdened minister and toiler in the vineyard is the thought that the omniscient mind of Jesus embraced with the petitions of that prayer every individual in every age who should thereafter be called to proclaim the unsearchable riches of the Gospel of grace.

Joe Howard's Idea.

Joe Howard, the famous newspaper correspondent, arises and sits down upon Dr. McGlynn, and a large class holding similar views, in this very emphatic manner: "I see father McGlynn is to speak Sunday next on 'What Shall Be the Relationship of Catholics and Protestants in America?' That's nonsense. Common sense emphatically declares that that relationship shall be precisely such as exists between methodists and baptists, episcopalians and universalists. There is altogether too much of this ember fanning business. Catholics and protestants alike have the right to their own faith, and there is no necessity of any 'relationship' between these two any more than between any other two. Let every man worship his own God in his own way and attend to his own affairs."

Messages of Help for the Week.

"I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry." Psalm 40: 1.

"Dost thou believe on the son of God?" John 9: 35.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Acts 9: 6.

"Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works," Hebrews 10: 24.

"Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." John 11: 21.

"Have fervent charity among yourselves," I Peter 4: 8.

"God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble." I Peter 5: 5.

The Great Requirement.

"I am persuaded," says an English pastor, "that everywhere in Christ's church the requirement is not more meetings, more organizations, more active work, but first more leisure to look into His face. For extensivity of work you need intensity of life. For much labor you need much life. Is He our life? If we are too busy to walk with Christ we are only idly busy. We are impressed with these words, for they are applicable to the spirit of the time, which in Christian work is one of much aggressiveness. The Laodicean church was an active, busy organization, yet the love for Christ was lukewarm and he stood without the door. It is evident that he was not the centre and mainspring of that church's activity."

The Just Fear of God.

"If we work upon marble, it will perish if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."

Little Sins.

It is not the great dragon sins that come out against us and slay us as we go marching happily on our way toward God, but the little insignificant and contemptible vices that stand upon us while we sleep and poison us with their sting. Mosquitoes drink more blood than lions.

Luther's House.

The house in which Martin Luther died at Eisleben, Germany, bore no mark to indicate this fact until a few weeks ago. The famous house, however, has been repaired and restored in a worthy fashion. It contains many relics of the great reformer.

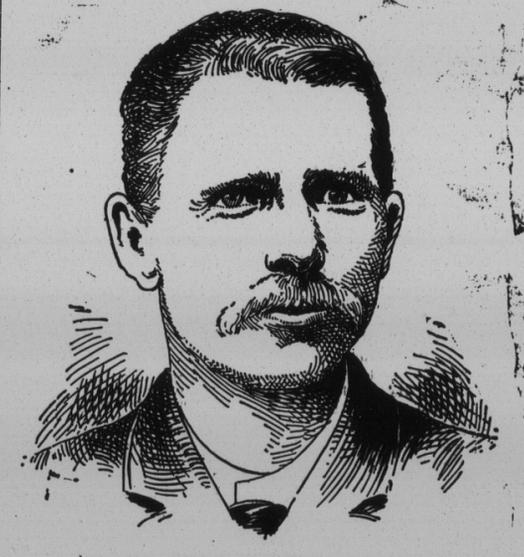
The Improved KNITTER
A Family Favorite
WILL knit 12 pairs of socks a day. Will do all Knitting required in a family, homestead or factory. Write for full particulars. Address: KNITTER on the Market.
This is the one to use. A child can operate it. We guarantee every machine, to do good work. We can furnish clothing, stockings, hosiery, etc. Write for particulars.
DUNDAS KNITTING MACHINE CO., DUNDAS, ONT.

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

Genuine Jenkins' Valves,
Common Globe Valves.
GUARANTEED TIGHT.
Wrought Iron Pipe and Fittings. Packings of all kinds; Waste and Oils.
GET MY PRICES.
J. S. CURRIE,
Mill, Steamboat and Railway Supplies.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

BONNELL'S GROCERY
Have just received **50 BBLs. NO. 1 GRAVENSTEIN APPLES.**
For Sale at Bonnell's Grocery,
McLean's Block, 200 Union St., St. John, N. B.

A POPULAR LIBERAL SPEAKS
Unqualified Testimony from Mr. Reuben E. Truax, M. P. P.
—Ten Years a Victim of Aggravated Indigestion—
Physicians Failed to Bring Relief—Three Bottles of South American Nervine Entirely Cured
Mr. Truax—This Remedy Will Positively Cure Every Case of Indigestion and Nervousness.



MR. REUBEN E. TRUAX, M. P. P.

The man who faithfully discharges his duties as a legislator has no leisure. And when is added to these public duties one's own personal business, one's hands are in truth full. An iron constitution may in such a case resist the invasions of disease for a time, but even with physical advantages in one's favor the strain will eventually tell. The case of Mr. Reuben E. Truax, ex-M. P., of Walkerton, Ont., and the present member-elect in the Local Legislature for Bruce, is an illustration in point.

The popularity of this gentleman has been such that public honors have been crowded upon him. At the recent election of members for the House of Assembly in Ontario Mr. Truax was the choice of his fellow-Liberals for Parliamentary honors and, as has ever been his wont, he came out successfully. But these honors on behalf of his country have been at serious cost to the health of Mr. Truax. He became a victim of indigestion in some of its most aggravated forms. "For ten years," he says, "I was much troubled with indigestion." In conversation with friends, he has just the case much stranger, saying "I was nearly a dead man." "I tried," said he, "a number of different patent medicines, and have been treated by several physicians, but found no benefit from them. South American Nervine was recommended as a medicine likely to do me good. I obtained a bottle from the local druggist, and I must say I found quick relief. The first bottle I had followed up by taking two more bottles, with the result that I am entirely free from indigestion, of which I had been a victim for fully a decade. Freely, and indeed with pleasure, I strongly recommend to all sufferers from indigestion this medicine which has worked so wonderful a cure in my case."

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Hazen J. Dick, 148 Charlotte St.; Clinton Brown & Co., Cor. Sidney and Union; Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.

KING OF STAGE ROBBERS.

BILL THE ELDER OF THE KEELER BROTHERS.

Jack the Younger Died Last Week—The Elder Brother was Deeply Pained at Hearing that Jack was a Bandit, but he Himself Became a Greater One.

The death of Jack Keeler in his shanty away up in the Harqui Hala Mountains, Arizona, last week has set the old-timers in the Territory to relating stories of the careers of crime of the Keeler boys, and especially of the truly wonderful method in which the elder brother, Bill, conducted highway robberies in southern Arizona twelve or fifteen years ago.

The Keelers came from the neighborhood of Sag Harbor, Long Island, in the summer of 1873, when Jack was 20 and Bill 23 years old. They were great, strapping fellows, good natured and companionable among the cowboys. They soon became among the best cow punchers in Arizona, and Bill was a champion pistol shot.

Those were the days of the opening of the Tombstone gold mines, and men had begun to flock into the Territory from California and Nevada in wagons, on horseback, and on muleback.

Heard that there was good reason to believe his younger brother had become an outlaw, and he wept at the disgrace that had been brought upon him.

The general population in Arizona at that time was very sparse, and many a man made thousands of dollars from a few hundreds in a month. That is why Bill Keeler was not hunted day and night when the first of his robberies took place.

Then the sheriff made up his mind that Bill had an accomplice and that he made his headquarters at the Mexican's. Suspicion fell upon a Sonora Mexican named Vejar as the bandit's associate.

The strangest part of the story of the Keelers is that when Bill Keeler was about thirty years old he suddenly turned a professional stage robber himself.

But there were soon telltale circumstances about some of the holdups that made it

certain they were the work of the ex-cow-puncher.

People in the southern part of Arizona will never get through talking about Bill Keeler's manner of stage robbing. Indeed it may be said that he reflected credit upon his profession.

About 1880 Keeler robbed a train containing seven passengers, all of whom were prepared for him. They knew of him and had started out from Tucson thoroughly armed.

Keeler seemed to care less for money after he became a highway robber than he did while a cowboy. He cared nothing for money for its own sake, and spent little, as he never drank or gambled.

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The pictures were in great demand all over the Territory for a year or so. They are still to be seen in many a miner's cabin or ranchman's home, and a more fierce, tiger-like expression is seldom seen than that of Bill Keeler's face in death.

FAINTED IN CHURCH.

THE DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF A YOUNG LADY IN BROCKVILLE.

A Case That Created Much Interest—Weak, Almost Bloodless and Frequently Complained to her Bed—Again Enjoying Complete Health.

Readers of the Recorder have no doubt followed with interest the many instances related in these columns of recoveries, sometimes of a very remarkable nature, of persons affected with diseases of different kinds.

Mr. Wm. Birks, a well known merchant tailor, who on one occasion assisted in removing Miss Humble, who was attacked with a fit of extreme weakness while attending service in the George street Methodist church.

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day exclaimed in the house of commons: "Mr. Speaker, when we enter her majesty's naval service and face the chances of war, we go prepared to be hacked in pieces by cutlasses, to be riddled with bullets or to be blown to bits by shot and shell; but, Mr. Speaker, we do not go prepared to be boiled alive!"

The Vision of Bird.

Birds have very acute vision, perhaps the most acute of any creatures, and the sense is almost more widely diffused over the retina than in the case with man; consequently a bird can see sideways as well as objects in front of it.

Two poor down-trodden peasants are behind a hedge by the roadside, waiting for their landlord, guns loaded, and everything ready to have a "pop" at the "tyrant."

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King, Poet and Financier.

The Emperor of Germany is a shrewd man of business. As everybody knows, a song written and composed by him is about to be produced, and the profits of it are to be given to a charity.

In the Cyclone Belt.

Sir William—Aw, I say, is there no wing shooting around here? "Say, partner, if you'll just run over cyclone pit and keep your eye peeled, you'll have a shot at most everything in the country, from a killyow bird to a house and lot, in about a minute."

Freedom of Thought.

Prisoner (sentenced for ten days)—What would ye do if Oi said ye was an outliffe? Judge—You would get ten days more for contempt.

Nothing to do but Blow.

"Blooman has retired from the prize ring." "Indeed? What is he doing now?" "He has got a job that just suits him."

The Russian peasant never touches food or drink without making the sign of the cross.

A single oyster in one season will produce 1,000,000 young oysters.



DOES YOUR WIFE DO HER OWN WASHING? If she does, see that the wash is made Easy and Clean by getting her SUNLIGHT SOAP, which does away with the terrors of wash-day.



YES.

I Tell you Children will grow up to have a clear and healthy skin if they use

BABY'S OWN SOAP, and don't you forget it and get some cheap substitute.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

Manufacturers.

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS' SQUARE, Montreal.

A Few of Our Christmas Novelties.

Skates, Sleighs, Hockey Sticks, etc. Toys, Christmas Cards and Calendars.

The Mexican B. poster, a toy repeating pistol for peas.

Dolls, Animals, Piano, Pyramid Blocks, Picture Books, Sets of Soldiers.

Knives of Steel, Police Suits, Fireman's Suits.

Mechanical Toys, Rubber Toys, Games of all kinds, including Bagatelle, Crokinole and Fort.

BASKETS. BASKETS.

Fancy Baskets, Waste Paper Baskets, Bonbonniere Baskets, Glove Baskets, Handkerchief Baskets, Japanese Travelling Bag, Knitting Baskets.

Special—Christmas Tree Baskets, 10 Baskets for \$50.

Own Knives in Pearl and Ivory handles, Scissors in all sizes, Scissor Cases, Trimbles in Pinch Cases, from \$2.50.

Knives, in all possible shapes, designs and decorations. Bread Plates, Fruit Plates, etc., etc.

All these goods and many others that will be found enumerated in our catalogue, are suitable for Christmas and New Year's presents.

Christmas catalogue mailed free to any address on application.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., - Montreal.

"THE NEW YOST" NOW TAKES THE LEAD.

THE No. 4 Machine is acknowledged to possess all the features of a perfect WRITING MACHINE. See what some of the users of the OLD STYLE "YOST" machines say of them.

these are but samples of many other equally strong endorsements.

ST. JOHN, N. B., 3rd July, 1894.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq., Agent "YOST" TYPEWRITING MACHINE, Saint John, N. B.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been using the old style "YOST," which I purchased from you in August, 1891, constantly ever since that time.

During a portion of that time the machine was required to do heavy work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists of the Saint John districts, under the Dominion Franchise Acts, and for the rest of the time has been used for the ordinary work of a law office.

Up to the present moment the machine has not cost me one cent for repairs, and seems to be still in perfectly good condition.

The writers who have worked on my "YOST" have been unqualified in their approval. My own personal use of it leads me to regard it with the highest favor.

The valuable features of the "YOST" are lightness, strength, durability, simplicity, quick and direct action of the type-bar, perfect alignment and absolute economy.

I have not examined the later editions of the "YOST" but although I am informed they have many improvements on the old style machine, and as a law writer I understand how they can be very much better for ordinary practical purposes.

Yours very truly, E. T. C. BARRETT, Barrister.

The New "YOST" far surpasses the machines referred to above, and the No. 4 has many entirely new features.

The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, EASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC.

Second hand Ribbons and Shift-Key Machines for sale cheap.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents:

Messrs. E. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham.

W. B. Morris, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham.

D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown; E. B. L. Dr. W. P. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman, "Advocate" office of Sydney, C. B.; G. B. Brydson, Amherst; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. B.; Chas. Burrows & Co., Weymouth, N. S.; T. Carleton Ketchum, Woodstock.

Gloucester & Cassin, Antigonish, N. S.; E. M. Fallon, Yarmouth, N. S.

ST. JOHN, N. B., July 3rd, 1894.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq., Agent "YOST" TYPEWRITING MACHINE, Saint John, N. B.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been using the "YOST" typewriter in my office daily for about four years, and it has given me every satisfaction.

Yours truly, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

YARMOUTH, N. S., July 3rd, 1894.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have used the "YOST" typewriter for over 30 months, and the longer I use it the more I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines.

I consider the pad a great improvement over the ribbon account of its cleanliness, and the great saving of expense. I find the pointer a great convenience for locating position. The type-gauge I consider invaluable, as it overcomes the greatest weakness in other typewriters, viz., imperfect alignment. I would recommend any intending purchaser to investigate the "YOST" before buying a typewriter.

E. K. SIVENER, Hardware Merchant, General Insurance Agt. & Co., Ac.

The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, EASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC.

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WOMAN and HER WORK.

What do you think is the very latest fad, in the highest circles of Parisian society, girls, the very most fashionable yet? I am afraid you won't believe me if I tell you, but it is to do without stockings! I don't mean to imply that the upper class

Those who have introduced the fashion certainly chose a very bad time for the innovation, though I don't suppose it matters so much in Paris where the winters are comparatively mild, but just picture the results if the new fashion made its way



IMPORTED STREET GOWNS.

The gown on the right is of drab covert cloth, cut en princess, the front seamless and gathered in under fancy clasps. Around the bottom and on the sleeves are embroidered dots in clusters of three, done in cherry floss. The gown on the left has a jacket and skirt, a combination of apple green and fawn cloth.

Parisians are setting a fashion of putting one's bare feet into their shoes without any comforting tissue of silk, cashmere, or wool, to break the shock, but the best French authorities in the world of fashion have announced that the run of the long stockings has set, and its glory departed, so the rotaries of fashion who accept all her edicts, however absurd, are actually walking about in the short socks we have grown accustomed to seeing children wear of late years. I always thought they looked bad enough on small boys and girls, and used to pity the poor little creatures and think that if they had the least idea how they looked with the wretched, little limp frill of down-trodden sock hanging over the tops of their shoes, and a dreary wilderness of poor little bare leg which was generally covered with half-healed scratches and mosquito bites, stretching out between the rest of their garments, and

into Canada during the winter months! Picture the sensations of the modest maid who first donned her abbreviated stockings and went skating, and try to fancy how she would feel when her escort knelt at her feet to fasten on her skates! Imagine "if you can" the effect of those socks hanging over the upper edge of a mocasin when the wearer went on a snowshoe tramp with a party of friends, and her fierce determination to put on her own shoes, contrary to all custom, and precedent! I suppose for walking and many out-door exercises that gaiters might supply the place of stockings pretty well, but then I fancy the scratchy feeling would be most unpleasant, not to mention the probability of the sock slipping down below the garter at the back. But even the transient support of a garter would not be possible at a dance, or even in the seclusion of one's own home, and the im-

we all know, no matter what precautions are taken for keeping them in place, and the position of the high born dame who is entertaining visitors in her own drawing room, and thoughtless thrusts her dainty feet out toward the fire, thereby displaying a flapping bordery of sock hanging down over her instep, will not be an amiable one.

Seriously speaking the fashion is too utterly ridiculous to last, I should think, and I cannot imagine what possible reason those who originated it can urge in its favor. Not health surely, since, even in a very temperate climate, it could not help being productive of colds, and lung troubles, as all physicians tell us that the extremities are far more in need of protection than the body itself. Not cleanliness, because the custom would be anything but a dainty one; and assuredly there is nothing either beautiful, or graceful in the fashion; so the only conclusion to arrive at is that these Parisian dames of high degree are simply seeking after the unusual, and trying to introduce a fashion which the masses will not be likely to follow, and in pursuit of this landab's object they are willing to endure cold and



TAFETTA HOME DRESS AND COLD WEATHER COATS.

The figure on the right shows a slate cheviot coat, double breasted, with triple cape ornamented with astrakhan and fancy braid. The central figure shows a light gray cloth coat with a braided cape done in black soutache. The costume on the left is brown hair line taffeta, braided with gold soutache. There is an Eton jacket, also braided, and a full waist of maize sarah.

discomfort, and all the other disadvantages the new fashion entails. **THE COPIE** I believe the feminine sock does its very best to make up in ornament what it lacks in length, and those shown in Paris are of silk or lisle thread, black as to the ground-work, but almost covered with embroidery in bright colored silks. Sometimes they are entirely covered with polka dots of pale blue, pale yellow, pink and red, and again they have circles of Nile green, apple green, gold, pale blue or pink, while others show elaborate embroideries of small flowers, rose buds, tiny buttercups, and forget-me-nots. And yet what is the use of all this finery, seeing that the wearer will always be afraid to show the least glimpse of it, lest she should unwittingly display the fact that the gorgeous array was as brief as it was beautiful.

Speaking of silks and embroideries reminds me that Christmas is approaching and we shall soon have our minds and our fingers alike tangled up in a maze of silks while we rack our brains for new ideas in the construction of presents which shall be pretty, useful, and at the same time not too expensive, since so very few of us are overburdened with wealth now-a-days. **J.T.S.**

ROB ROY, Moncton.—(1) There may be reasons of which you are ignorant for the seeming irreverence, though many people who should know better behave very badly or at least very indifferently in church. (2) I am sure I have not the slightest idea and as I do not know the young man I cannot form an estimate of his powers, nor the cause he would be likely to give others for jealousy. (3) I fancy he came, as you suggest, because his chum brought him. If the absent one was a very great friend of yours, the other may think that it would be more honorable for him to stay away. (4) Yes, quite right, it is the only way one can snub some people when they deserve it.

Here are a few ideas for Christmas trifles which I thought rather good, and next week I will try to hunt up some more, so that we may all get to work in time, and be what our American cousins call "fore-handed" for once:

An oblong photo holder made of an ordinary split bamboo splasher, lined with cambric, eaten or china silk, and edged with silk fringe, is very odd and pretty. This should be decorated with narcissus blossoms and leaves and green taffeta ribbon bows, the loop being of green silk cord.

HOW ABOUT THAT PAIR OF

CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS?

Our stock just now is complete. Men's Slippers sell principally about Christmas time. We advise customers to make their selections now and have them laid away, to be sent home when required.

New Store, 61 King St., and 212 Union St.

WATERBURY & RISING.

A charming chamois penwiper can be easily made. Cover a small doll's head with a silk hood ornamented with tiny bells and tied beneath the chin with narrow satin ribbon. Then cover a diamond-shaped card board foundation with silk of a prettily contrasting shade, sew flatly beneath it several leaves of chamois, and

other clouds dispel" would be a suggestive line to work in silk upon this pouch.

The defects of old and worn book bindings may be hidden or the beauty of new ones embellished by lovely little covers made of odd pieces of velvet, satin, silk, plush or brocade. Very attractive book covers may be made of coarse gray canvas, hand painted with red poppies, forget-me-nots, wild roses, violets, etc. These are especially neat when finished with a binding of grey or red taffeta ribbon, such as is sold for binding the inside seams of dress waists.

To make a pretty engagement calendar take a panel of Chinese matting, and place in rotation down the calendar little pockets, the size of a large envelope, writing on them in India ink, soap or oils the day of the week. Sew the lower edges of these securely to the back, thus giving plenty of room for letters, cards, etc. Ornament at the upper left-hand corner with a bow of satin ribbon, suspend by a loop of the same, and decorate, if you wish, with flowers, vines or geometrical designs, painted in oils or worked in rope silks.

Corn and Rice Muffins.

Ingredients.—One pint of Indian meal, one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of cold boiled rice, one scant teaspoonful of soda, one pint of sour milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of melted butter. Half fill muffin pans, and bake about twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Sally Lunas.

Ingredients.—One cupful of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of yeast, or one-quarter of a yeast cake dissolved in one-fourth cupful of water, one egg, flour enough to make a drop batter, one tablespoonful of butter. Mix late in the forenoon for tea. The dough will rise in five or six hours, add then the butter, melted, mix well, and fill muffin pans two-thirds full. Let them rise fifteen or twenty minutes, and bake in a hot oven. Serve hot.

Corn Cake.

Ingredients.—One cupful Indian meal, a tablespoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt, one cupful of flour, two spoonfuls of baking powder, one egg, one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter. Bake in two jelly-cake tins, leaving the mixture to half fill the pan. Serve hot.

Brown Bread.

Three cups of flour, three cups of yellow cornmeal, three cups of sweet milk, one cup of molasses, one tablespoonful of salt, two spoonfuls of baking powder. Bake three hours in a moderate oven. This is excellent.

Rubies of the true pigeon-blood colour are so rare that it is estimated they are worth ten times their weight in diamonds.

fasten under the dolls' head. This looks very dainty on a light-wood writing-desk. A pretty photo holder may be made of Chinese matting. Make openings in this its size of a cabinet photograph, having them placed apart at regular intervals. Line with cambric, decorate with chrysa-



FASHIONS FOR YOUNG AMERICA.

The boy is dressed in a dark blue tuxedo, trimmed with black bone buttons and braid. The figure at the right shows a narrow taffeta frock with a velvet yoke and polka of the same shade. A moire sash ties in the back. The figure on the left shows a Mother Hubbard cloak of russet green cashmere lined with canton flannel. The yoke is of chestnut velvet with a narrow band of gray Persian fur. The sleeves are also of velvet.

their shoes, they would certainly have rebelled and utterly refused to be made guys of any more. But now in case the pernicious fashion spreads, we are to be treated to the sight of half grown girls and full grown women risking a display of un-veiled skin which would be very shocking to people with old-fashioned ideas.

agnation shrivel from trying to portray the feelings of the society dame who is anxious to dance gracefully but whose whole soul is so intent on keeping her skirts from swaying in the least, or more than the tip of her slipper, from being seen, that she can scarcely keep them. Socks will slip down,



NEW HATS AND BONNETS.

At the bottom of the picture is a soft felt Alpine hat, with light brown feather, and a plumed black velvet bonnet with four black plumes. At the upper right is a black felt plateau with bronze green wings and velvet. At the left is a small jet and velvet capote with black plumes and blue ribbon. That in the center is a black velvet capote with enormous poppies in shaded blue velvet. Above all is a white aigrette.

them made of rope embroidery silk, and finish with a loop of satin ribbon, coming into a butterfly bow on the outside of the panel, at the upper left-hand corner.

Melon-shaped sections of chamois skin overlapped and leather-stitched together form an attractive tobacco pouch. This should be lined with brown taffeta silk, finished in a deep frill, being formed by the silk cord drawing-string. "They clouds all

The County of London embraces about seven-eighths of Middlesex, two-thirds of Surrey, and nearly one-third of Kent.

No fewer than 7,000 people in Paris are employed in the preparation of human hair for the market.

Football was a crime in England during the reign of Henry VIII.

DELICATE FEMALES

WHO ARE SUFFERING FROM General Debility, Anemia, And all diseases of their sex.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION,

It improves the DIGESTION, purifies the BLOOD, and repairs the waste that is constantly going on, and completely removes that weary, languid and worn out feeling that women complain of, particularly at this season of the year. All Druggists keep it. Price 50 cts. per bottle.



SILVER TRUSS

RETAINS SEVEREST HERNIA WITH COMFORT. EASY TO WEAR. NO PRESSURE ON HIPS OR BACK. NO UNDERSTRAPS. NEVER MOVES.

FOR SALE AT The Montreal Silver Truss Co., 180 St. James Street, Room 8, 1st floor. MONTREAL, QUE.

Worth A Trial.

Hundreds of business men in this city read PROGRESS who do not advertise in any paper. They do a certain amount of business and doubt the power of printer's ink to increase it.

Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to PROGRESS. We will give you a handsome, well written advt., a splendid circulation, and if the people want your goods there should be no doubt about the result. Try it.

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY,

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HOW THE Czar TRAVELS.

He is the Most Uncomfortable Traveller in the World. Of all terror-haunted people in the world, the Czar of All the Russias has been probably the chief.

Unhappily, a terrible reason existed which made unusual precautions a grim necessity. The memory of March 13th, 1881, still lives, when Alexander II., the Czar's immediate predecessor, was killed by a bomb on the Catherine Canal.

A fact not generally known outside Russia is that the Imperial victim might possibly have saved his life on that occasion. There were two missiles thrown. The first wounded a child in the street. Had the Emperor driven on at once, it is thought that he would have escaped.

Now when the Czar travels over the line it is properly inspected previously, and days before the expected journey, the time being kept a strict secret, soldiers are posted all along the route, each within speaking distance of his neighbour, in order to prevent anyone from approaching the track.

Arrived at his destination on the railway the Czar drives to the place of his visit. Soldiers are stationed every yard of the way. The people turn out in crowds to see him, if possible; but as often as not the route actually taken is some back way, through roads and streets out of which the people have been attracted by the display of soldiery.

At a chemical factory at Mulhouse, in Alsace, an accident recently occurred which would be too gruesome to relate had it not been of scientific interest. An explosion of nitro-benzine took place in a building in which a workman was known to have been. A fire ensued, and when it was found under it was found that three feet of boiling liquid was on the floor of the building.

Stopping A Train For The Toothache. Fleury, an artisan, was travelling from Corbeil to Paris the other day, and pulled the alarm bell as the train was leaving a wayside station. There was at once a stoppage, and the guard was naturally eager to know from Fleury what was wrong.

The "canniness" of the Scottish people, and of the juvenile especially, is aptly illustrated in the following true incident. Two boys of about ten or eleven years of age had quarrelled, and finished by coming to blows. In the tussle one of the combatants got knocked down, and while still on the ground he queried—

"Wad ye hit a fellow when he's doon?" "Na," gallantly responded the victor. "Ab, weel," quoth the vanquished yet cautious youngster, "I'll be here till ye gang awa'."

According to the report of a Royal Commission early marriages are most common in the cotton districts of Lancashire, where more youths and girls often enter the marriage state without even consulting their parents.

Several years ago a West Virginia negro was made totally blind by a lightning flash. Recently he received a shock from an electric battery, when his sight was instantaneously restored.

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AN ECCENTRIC PHYSICIAN.

More Strange Stories of the Late Czar's Doctor. An account of the strange doings of Dr. Zacharin, the late Czar's physician, in connection with the Czar's last moments, has already appeared in PROGRESS.

Zacharin's face was a study. "Did I predict it?" he asked. "Yes, right here, in this office." "How long is it since you were here?" "Just eleven months."

Zacharin is a man of wit, and always fertile in expedients. A few years ago he was appointed investigating physician in one of the lunatic asylums in the vicinity of Moscow. While making his rounds he was approached by one convalescent patient who complained of the quality of the food, especially the soup, which, he said, was unfit for gentlemen.

As he started to leave the kitchen the patient, a giant in stature and strength, bent over the doctor and whispered teasingly in his ear: "You know, doctor, you are such a wise looking fellow that you would make a delicious broth, besides improving its nourishing qualities; don't you think so yourself?"

The Dean of York, preaching at Sewer by, near Bellingham, on the evening of the 20th inst., mentioned that no battle had been fought in England for the last 200 years. The statement is accurate enough, if we take England (as perhaps it should strictly be taken) for the country south of the Tweed.

The little town of Orb, in Spessart, is much to be envied. The population, about 2,000 in number, have no municipal or district taxes, with the exception of a dog-tax. Yet, in spite of this fact, at the end of every year there is a large balance in the hands of the municipal authorities.

The law of Denmark now gives to every Danish subject, man or woman, the right to a pension at sixty years of age, except in case of convicted criminals, or those who have fraudulently made over their property to relatives, or those who have brought themselves to distress by extravagance, or who have, during the preceding ten years, received relief from the parish, or who have been convicted of mendacity.

Paris' Idea of Double Weddings. One of the pleasures of being married in Paris is that you have two ceremonies, two wedding dresses, two sets of guests and congratulations all done over again, and, although there is an interval between the two ceremonies, you know that you are not really married until you have gone through both. It is almost like being married twice.

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CHINESE CARTS AND ROADS.

The Highways of the Empire Would Be a Terror to an Invading Army. If Japan really intends to push on to Peking, it is fortunate for her that there is a fairly good road from Mukden to the capital.

The Chinese theory is that all the roads belong to the Emperor, and it anything is to be done to them it is his business to order the work performed and pay for it. As the Emperor does not improve his privileges in this respect, the highways remain just as they happen to be.

How Microbes Multiply. The only line of pseudo scientists, the superstitious, self-styled "scholars" of the eighteenth century, believed that filth would breed microbes, but, as the absurd idea of "spontaneous generation" has since been exploded, it will not be discussed in this "note," which is solely intended to explain the manner in which microbes multiply.

Where He Learnt to Shoot. One of the latest anecdotes of the new French president relates to a rather amusing experience of the war of '70. M. Casimir-Perier was in command of a company of Mobilis at the action of Bagnoux, in which he recognized a young peasant who came from a village adjoining his estate distinguishing himself by his coolness and excellent shooting. Accordingly he accosted him.

On the subject of hens a boy writes: "Hens is curious animals. They don't have no nose, nor no teeth, nor no ears. They swallow their whistles whole and chew it up in their crops inside of 'em. The outside of a hen is generally put into pillars and inter-feather clusters. The inside of a hen is sometimes filled with marbles and shirt buttons and such. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they'll dig up more cabbage plants than anything that ain't a hen. Hens is very useful to lay eggs for plum puddings. Skinny Bates eat so much plum pudding once that it sent him inter the colliery. Hens has got wings and can fly when they get scart. I cut Uncle William's hen's head off with a hatchet, and it scart her to death. Hens sometimes make very fine spring chickens."

Merit Its Own Reward. Merit, like virtue, has its own reward. At Lyttelton, in New Zealand, the other day, a schoolmaster set out before two hundred boys the names of six famous men—Livingstone, Stonewall Jackson, Gladstone, Howard, the philanthropist; Searle, the champion sculler, and John L. Sullivan, the pugilist. The boys were asked then to vote as to which was the greatest man of the lot, and out of the 200 votes Sullivan got nearly 140, most of the balance being cast for Searle.

One Sure Method. There is a story of a medical student before a board of examiners to whom the question was put again and again of how he would produce perspiration in a patient. He proposed all sorts of things, to which one impertunate examiner always replied: "Well, and that would not do?" At last the poor young man, driven to his wits' end, exclaimed, "I would send him before this board to be examined, and I warrant that would make him perspire."

The New Zealand House of Representatives has just abolished liquor selling in the Parliamentary "refreshment-room."

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Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with Humphreys' Witch Hazel Oil as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction. It Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS, External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding—Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures and Fistulas. Relief immediate—cure certain.

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HE KILLED HIS FRIEND.

FATAL DUEL BETWEEN TWO YOUNG CHARLESTON MEN.

A Sad Story of the Old Duelling Days—'Oh, Hammie, Hammie!'—The Prayer of the Bereaved Mother—How She Carried the Body Away From the Coroner.

In the year 1828 there was in the South Carolina College a beautiful, brave, noble, youth from Edgely, of barely 18 years. His name was Hampden Wigfall. The Wigfall family had then lived in Edgely only four years. They were rich Huguenot people of the parish of St. Thomas and St. Denis, in Charleston district, where they built an Episcopal church of brick which is still standing, and around which they are buried. In 1820 old Durand Wigfall bought a summer home in Edgely, where he died in 1825. His widow, a gentle, shrinking, and devotedly pious woman, was left with three sons and one daughter, Hampden being the eldest. This lady was the paternal grandmother of my sister.

At college a misunderstanding arose between Hampden Wigfall and his intimate friend, young Cogdale, of Charleston, another very noble young man, only 19 years of age. The misunderstanding turned out to be absolutely trivial, but the lie was passed, and in those days of extremely strained civility and honor no reconciliation could be effected. The code duello then reigned in its most absolute and pitiless power. The man who was challenged to fight a duel and even wavered one second in accepting it was forever socially damned, branded, ostracized for ever and ever. Young Wigfall challenged young Cogdale to meet him in mortal combat. The boy of 18 challenged the boy of 19, whom he loved and who loved him.

They met with all the formalities—the seconds, the doctors and the inevitable no attendant—at San Bar Ferry near Augusta, before that and since the most noted duelling ground in America. Mrs. Wigfall, the widowed mother, and my old grandmother, who had also been a widow for two years went to Augusta in Mrs. Wigfall's carriage to be near the scene and wait the result. The mother was more dead than alive and bordered on actual lunacy.

The duel was to take place at sundown of a summer day. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, having sent their carriage on before to prevent suspicion, my grandmother and Mrs. Wigfall crept out of Gen. Glascock's house in Augusta, travelled down the South Carolina shore of the river on foot, and hid themselves in a thick wood not 200 yards from the scene of the duel. They could hear the sounds, but could see nothing. The carriage had been driven by my grandmother's old coachman, "Uncle Watt," and by his side, on the lofty old-fashioned dicky seat, sat Matilda, the negro waiting maid. The carriage could not enter the wood, it waited on the outskirts, 100 yards off.

"Hampden Wigfall fell at the first fire, killed instantly. The mother rushed frantically to the scene. The seconds and doctors were terribly surprised. Such a thing was unheard of as a woman near a duel. And when the mother threw herself upon the body of her child she threw herself also upon the body of his unhappy slayer, for young Cogdale, breaking away from his seconds, had rushed to the body, thrown himself prostrate upon the earth by it, wound his arms around it, and was sobbing out like a little child, and in tones of unutterable anguish "O, Hammie, Hammie, Hammie!" as if trying to awake the dead boy.

"My grandfather has often told me that the cry of the slayer was ten thousand times more heartrending than even the cry of the mother. And then followed a scene of christian fortitude and christian spirit perhaps unexampled in all history. The hitherto mild mother calmly unwound the arms of young Cogdale, and lifting him up, kissed him tenderly on the forehead and said, with commingled pity and fervor: "God be with you, my child! God be with you! I will soon be with Him. I will soon be with my God and with my child." And the seconds led the weeping boy away she cried out to him, wringing her hands: "God be with you, my child. In heaven Hammie and I will pray for you." It was now quite nightfall, and the twilight lingered upon the saddest picture that was ever seen on sea or shore.

In the meantime the wretched mother had overheard the words. "We must wait for the coroner." Creeping up to my grandmother, she whispered in tones of terrible agony, "No coroner must touch the body of my child," and then, with what was seen afterwards to be a woman's and a mother's cunning, she went twenty paces away, whither the seconds, the doctors, Gen. Glascock and the negroes had all withdrawn, to leave her somewhat alone with her dead, and begged them all to retire for one hour to the ferry, a half mile away, that she might pray beside the body of her child. Knowing her to be a woman of deepest and purest pity, they quickly departed, every one of them to the ferry.

As soon as they were fairly out of sight, although a frail and slender woman, she lifted the body of her dead boy in her arms and bore it without shaking or staggering or resting a moment to the carriage at the skirt of the wood. The carriage was an immense old-fashioned round-bodied coach. My grandmother and Matilda followed her closely, pressing up, in fact, to her very shoulders to catch her if she should fall. But she did not waver for a moment, and as the carriage came in view she ran vigorously toward it. Thus was a mother bearing her dead child away from what she considered the profaning touch of the coroner.

Delivering the dead body into the arms of Matilda and the coachman, she entered the carriage and seated herself in a corner of the back seat. My grandmother followed her and took the oblique front corner. Then Uncle Watt and Matilda lifted in the dead body. The mother received the head upon her bosom, while the legs rested upon my grandmother's lap, and through the fifteen miles home in the warm, black summer night thus they travelled. Home was reached at midnight, and the bereaved

mother laid herself upon her bed, and with her dead boy on her bosom.

"On the morrow the coroner did comply with the legal formalities, but the mother never knew it. She buried her boy, standing at his grave without uttering a cry, and then she went back to her bed, only to leave it, as she had said on the fatal field, to go home to her God and her boy. Young Cogdale, 19 years of age, left college and left the state. In his thirtieth year, unmarried, with snow white hair, he died in Newark, N. J., never, it is said, having smiled since the hour of the duel."

"DRUGS IN THE MARKET."

Such were Peanuts and Popcorn at the Paris Exposition.

Americans eat a good many things unknown to Europeans and others which the people on the other side would not eat even if they had a chance. Bananas, potatoes, popcorn and peanuts are almost unknown in Europe. A young Chicagoan did not know this, and it cost him several thousand dollars to find it out. He returned from the Antwerp Exposition last week, where he experimented with the sale of popcorn and peanuts, and the stories he tells of his experience are amusing.

"I knew the concessionaires at the World's Fair, in Chicago, earned money out of nickel bags of popcorn and peanuts," he said. "The firm who had the concession here made something like \$100,000. I had \$4,000 or \$5,000 saved up for a good investment, and so when the Fair closed here I made application for the sole concession of the sale of peanuts and popcorn at Antwerp. There were no competitors and I got the concession. Now I wish I had not. I bought up all the popcorn and peanut roasters left over from the Fair and went down South and purchased a carload of peanuts and made contracts for several other carloads to be shipped later on. But I did not need them. The paraphernalia together with several hundred bags of old corn and peanuts, went over and I followed it. After weeks of hard work I was ready for business. But there was none. Money is less plentiful in Europe than in the United States. Those people over there thought as much of five centimes as an American thinks of half a dollar. I saw I had to make a low price for my stuff, so I put the popcorn and peanuts on sale at 15 centimes a bag, which is equal to three cents in United States money. Well, I had my hopes built up and before I started to sell I dreamt of bagsful of 20 franc gold pieces and what I would do with them when I got back to Chicago. You can imagine my surprise when I saw what the first woman did who had induced her companion to buy a bag of popcorn. She bit a piece in two, looking scared, and then exclaimed in French: "Why, it is cork. The Americans want to poison us."

"Her companion tasted the cork and jabbered something in French, and then took the whole bag and threw it away. When I saw this I was ready to faint. One after another the popcorn bags found their way to the floor. My hopes shattered. I still had confidence in the peanuts. But they did not like them either. They broke the shells, took out the nuts, hull and all, munched them, and then cried, 'B-r-r-r!' and the peanuts went the way of the popcorn. How did I come out? I came out, and that is about all. I stayed there six weeks, and after I lost my money started to see some of the Continent. Now I am glad that I am in Chicago, and I don't want anything to do with peanuts or popcorn in Europe hereafter. It has been a lesson to me, and I paid \$5,000 for it; still, I guess it is worth its price."

Brief but Expressive.

Perhaps the shortest epistolary correspondence ever penned was that conducted by Victor Hugo and his firm of publishers. The eminent writer had just launched his "Des Miserables" upon the world, and was extremely anxious to know how his book had struck the critics and the reading public generally.

On a large sheet of foolscap he wrote the single sign—
and enclosed his visiting card. His publishers evidently knew their man, for their answer, written on a printed memorandum, ran thus—
!!!

Exclusive.

It is a Scotsman who tells the following, at the expense of the Scottish settlers in Australia. Near Stowell or Pleasant Creek, a mining town, is a small Scottish community, which, some years ago, was very exclusive. An Irishman, it is said, came one day to settle in the place, and next morning a deputation of indignant Scots waited on him, demanding he should either put Mac to his name or leave the district. He chose the former alternative, and was afterwards known as MacFlaherty.

He Was Social.

The Rochester Post-Express tells of a clergyman whose sermons were of the best, but who was reserved and bashful. "You must be more social," the deacons hinted. To his Sunday school came the children of an orphan asylum. The next Sunday the pastor stalked across the room, and grasping the first hand he came to, which happened to belong to one of the smallest orphans, cried out loudly: "Good morning, my dear sir. How are your father and mother?"

A Census of Worms.

In old pastures in England the worms are estimated at 22,000 to the acre; and as many as 54,000 in richly-cultivated gardens. Mr. Urquhart estimated the number of worms in rich pasture lands near Auckland, New Zealand, at from 600,000 to 800,000 the acre. Were it not for the earthworms soils would become barren, and half the world would die of starvation.

Carlyle on American Humorists.

In one of Carlyle's letters recently printed, a statement which should appeal to the pride of the American humorist is to the effect that some bits of extravagant American fun quoted to him "show a great deal of intellect floating about in America and not knowing what form to put itself into."

SAVED BY A PITY BEAR.

A Catamount was Killing Berger When his Wife's Favorite Appeared.

Jacob Berger is a mountaineer who is known to almost every man, woman, and child in Sullivan and Columbia counties, Pennsylvania. For fifteen years he has vacillated between Bloomsbury and Laporte and by his peculiar dress and mountain habits has become a familiar figure in the different towns and villages. He was known to have a family living somewhere near Hell's Kitchen, but very little was heard of Mrs. Berger until a discovery made a few days ago by an engineering party.

The surveyors' corps was in charge of Charles Baker of Hazelton, and was locating a line for a railroad across the mountain. This brought the party near Hell's Kitchen. Here one of the engineers strayed away through the brush, and made a discovery which made his hair stand on end. A short distance from him, on the bank of a small stream, he saw a large black bear, smeared with blood and chewing at something, while beside the brute he could distinguish the body of a man to all appearance lifeless.

The engineer was unarmed and for a moment he was at a loss how to act. He could not cope with the bear single-handed and so he ran back to where his companions were at work. When he reached them he was almost breathless from excitement, but managed to inform the party of what he had found. All the guns, axes and other weapons available were secured, and the surveyors started off in hot haste to kill the bear. After a run up the mountain side, the bank of the stream was again reached and the party approached cautiously. To their surprise the man was sitting partly erect and endeavoring to support himself with one hand, while the bear, close beside him, was still busy tearing what seemed to be human flesh.

The surveyors stood spellbound. They could not grasp the situation. The bear, as it appeared, was as savage as any in the mountains, and was covered with blood. One of the party finally broke the ice by shouting at the top of his voice and attracted the attention of both the man and bear. The man signalled to the surveyors to come to him. The party crossed the stream and found that the man was Jacob Berger, and that he was severely wounded about the head and body. One arm was broken and his back was badly sprained. He could not rise. The bear in the mean time watched the strangers closely, but offered no objections to their advances after being cautioned by Berger. After the surveyors had taken Berger to home, to which they were followed by the bear, he told his story.

Berger first explained that Davy, the bear, was perfectly domesticated and was his wife's particular pet. She had a peculiar fondness for mountain animals, and in a stockade near the cabin she has a sort of domestic menagerie. Davy has long been her favorite, and that of her daughters. This is accounted for by the fact that the bear has acted as sentinel at the house and stood guard in the absence of the woodsman. He had never been very familiar with Berger himself, and how he happened to accompany him that morning could not be explained. Berger left home that morning to inspect some timber land. He had gone some distance into the woods when he noticed that the bear was following him. The bear kept a respectful distance in the rear and evinced no desire to cultivate terms of intimacy. In this way the pair crept through the woods until the creek was reached. Berger stopped here for a moment, partly to find a safe place to ford the stream and partly to view the timber. He was so engrossed that he did not hear or notice a large catamount creeping along the limb of a tree above his head. He was about to move away when suddenly the catamount leaped upon him.

The animal struck Berger square between the shoulders and knocked him violently to the ground. The teeth and claws of the catamount tore his flesh; his arm was broken by the fall, and he was unable to offer resistance. Just when he had made up his mind that he was done for he heard a loud grunt, the brush was swept aside, and old Davy came upon the scene. The bear leaped savagely upon the catamount, and a terrible battle between the two beasts followed.

The cat was a large one, and fought viciously, and tore Bruin badly in his efforts to release himself. It was without avail. Davy had suffered several severe scratches, and he was greatly aroused. He tore the cat to pieces, and showed the carcass into fragments. He was still engaged tearing at the remains of the catamount when the surveyors came along.

LIKE SHERLOCK HOLMES.

A Famous Surgeon Who Had the Detective Instinct.

The marvelous qualities of detection and analysis, with which Dr. A. Colan Doyle invests his mythical character, Sherlock Holmes, are manifested at times by individuals in real life. Probably it is due to the possibilities of the occurrences that make Dr. Doyle's stories so attractive.

An actual case of accurate analysis and judgment is reported in an old-time medical journal of Sir Astley Cooper, the famous London surgeon of 50 years ago, between whom and our own Dr. Valentine Mott there existed a warm personal friendship and some slight personal rivalry, each having performed for his time wonders in surgery.

It is related of Sir Astley that he was once called to perform an almost hopeless operation upon a Mr. Blight, who had been shot by an unknown assassin. The promise of the man and the mystery surrounding the shooting rendered the case celebrated at the time of the occurrence. Mr. Blight was unconscious at the time of the examination and nothing could be obtained from him. The moment Sir Astley examined the wound he turned to his assistant and said: "A pistol has been fired at him with the left hand." Then he explained the reasons for his conclusions. While he was still engaged in this Mr. Blight's partner, a Mr. Patch, a man esteemed as reputable, entered the house and was shown to the room. Something about his manner and his countenance attracted

the attention of Sir Astley, and he whispered to his colleague: "If that gentleman were left-handed I should suspect him of the crime."

The next instant he turned to Patch and said: "Will you kindly hand me that lint?" Patch did so, utilizing his left hand. Mr. Blight died. Patch was accused of the murder, and upon being tried and condemned on circumstantial evidence confessed his guilt. He was duly executed.

"Jimmie McCosh, by Gosh!"

Probably no college president in the country was ever more sincerely loved by the students under his charge than the late Dr. McCosh. Whenever, in the course of a psychology lesson, he would speak the names of several philosophers—"and Kant, and Hume, and Hamilton"—the boys would raise a great shout, "and McCosh! Don't forget Jimmie!" and the simple old man, too busy about serious matters to care for hiding his vanity, would say, half laughing, half in earnest, "Thank you, young gentleman." It was good to see these exhibitions of the love of the boys for him and his appreciation of it, and they were always happening. And as the boys would shout "Hey! Hey! Hey! Jimmie!" "Grand old man!" the light always came into his eyes and the bright red into his colorless cheeks. The old president never laughed so heartily in his life as when told that the counterpane of one of the Princeton societies was "Jimmie McCosh, by gosh!"

Told of Dr. Maurier's Base.

A story is told of a certain collector of etchings who wrote two letters to a printer-seller about Whistler's works, an interval of five years elapsing between the first and second letter. The first letter says: "I do not want etchings by Whistler. They impress me as if they had fallen in an ink-well had walked on old paper." The second letter says: "Send me every etching by Whistler the price of which is not less than \$100."

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME.

In a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, Dr. B. W. Richardson says that the sleep of health is dreamless. "Dreams," says Shakespeare, "are children of an idle brain." If both the doctor and the poet are right it follows that idle brains are unhealthy brains. No doubt there might be truth in the inference, but that is not quite the point. Are all dreams signs of a diseased condition? To this the doctor says: "No." He divides dreams into two classes; those started by noises or other causes outside the sleeper, and those produced by pain, fever, or indigestion.

Here we inject a fact. We receive multitudes of letters containing this affirmation, almost in identical words: *I was worse tired in the morning than when I went to bed.* To this the doctor has an answer. He says, "When we feel wearied in the morning very likely it results from dreams that we have forgotten." Quite so. In other words there is a bodily condition which may prevent a person from working by day at his usual calling, but obliges him to labour all night under a mental stimulus of which he knows nothing save by its resulting exhaustion. These unhappy wretches toil harder, therefore, for no compensation, when they are ill, than they would do to earn a living when they are well. What an infernal and frightful fact! And this too without taking into account their physical suffering at all times. "Night," said Coleridge, is my bell."

From one of the letters referred to we quote what a woman says of her daughter: "She was so tired in the morning that when she went to bed." Poor girl. Those "forgotten dreams" had tossed her about as a ship is tossed in a tempest. Night was her day of labour. The mother's simple tale is this: "In June, 1890, my daughter Ann Elizabeth became low, and fretful, and complained of pain in the chest after eating. Next her stomach was so irritable that she vomited all the food she took. It was awful to see her heave and strain. For three weeks nothing passed through her stomach except a little soda water and lime water. Later on her feet and legs began to swell and puff from dropsy. She was now as pale as death and looked as though she had not a drop of blood in her body, and was always cold. Month after month dragged by and she got weaker every day. She could not walk without support, for she had lost the proper use of her legs, and her body swayed from side to side as she moved.

"A doctor attended her for twelve months, and finally said it was no use giving her any more medicine as it would do no good. In May, 1891, I took her to the Dewbury Infirmary. She got no better there, and I thought surely I was going to lose her. She was then thirteen years of age."

"One day a lady (Mrs. Lightoller) called at my shop, and seeing how bad my daughter was, spoke of a medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and persuaded us to try it. I got a bottle from the Thornhill Lees Co-operative Stores, and she began taking it. In two days she found a little relief; the sickness was not so frequent. Soon she was strong as ever, and has since been in the best of health and can take any kind of food. After she had taken the Syrup only two weeks the neighbours were surprised at her improved appearance and I told them what had brought it about—that Seigel's Syrup had done what the doctors could not do, it saved her life. You're truly, (Signed), (Mrs.) SARAH ANNE SHIRARD, 19, Brewery Lane, Thornhill Lees, near Dewbury, October 11th, 1892."

The exciting cause of all this young girl's pitiful suffering was indigestion and dyspepsia, dropsy being one of its most dangerous symptoms. It attacks both youth and aged, its fearful and often fatal results being due to the fact that physicians usually treat the symptoms instead of the disease itself.

"A child's dreams," says Dr. Richardson, "are signs of disturbed health and should be regarded with anxiety." The same is true of the dreams of older people. They mean poison in the stomach and point to the immediate use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

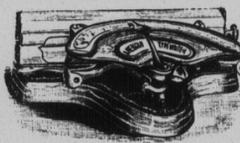
Drums made of aluminum are used in the German army. They are lighter, and give a louder and more musical sound than those made of any other metal.

The heaviest bicycle rider in the world is Dr. Meldon, of Dublin, who weighs 378lb.

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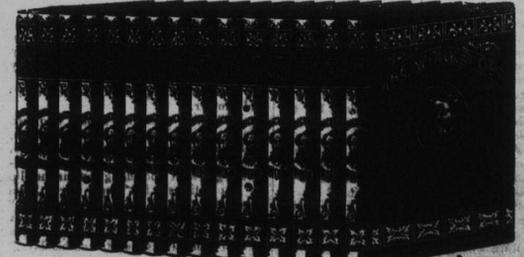
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