

PROGRESS.

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THERE IS AN OPPOSITION.

MEN WHO WANT TO DEFEAT TAX REDUCTION CANDIDATES.

The Anti-Reform Ticket Has no Head but John Kelly—Mayor Peters Not In It—The Candidates and Their Claims to Consideration by the People.

The anti-reform ticket, or what there is of it, materialized last Monday. It contains the names of fourteen men who are anxious to be aldermen, the party leaving Wellington ward without a candidate, and being unable to secure Mayor Peters for the top end of the combination.

There was an effort to get the mayor to trust his fortunes with the crowd, but his wary appearance has thought he would prefer as a single sculler, than in acting coxswain of a crew where so many different kinds of strokes were pulled. He declined to be bound by the platform, and as no other man was available the ticket was made up without him.

This has not helped the chances of Mayor Peters. By his bringing himself out in opposition to the T. R. A. candidate, he has lost the support of a good many of his former friends, while by refusing to ally himself with the Robinson-Kelly ticket he has mortally offended the anti-reform combination, some of whom have been talking pretty loudly against him during the week. It is tolerably certain that he does not enjoy the favor of John Kelly, and of course the followers of the latter will not venture to encourage a man who has not the approval of their chief.

The anti-reform ticket is a curious combination. The aldermen at large are T. Barclay Robinson, an excellent citizen who is wholly new to civic politics, and Israel E. Smith, who has been a very respectable member of the council, having no record for doing anything bad nor nothing particularly good. Nothing in Mr. Smith's public life can be quoted for or against him.

Mr. Smith was a member of the Tax Reduction association, and in point of fact he is a member yet, though he is out in opposition to that ticket. His name is the third on the list of signers, and it would seem that he joined too late to be taken into consideration as a candidate. Mr. James O. Stackhouse, the anti-reform candidate for Brooks ward, is another member of the association, but as his name is fifth on the list, it will be seen that he was early to the front, and indeed he received more than a reasonable amount of consideration and was very anxious to be a candidate. Why and how he was not has already been told. The story of the \$5,000 likely to be paid for the lots at Sand Point created some doubt as to his status as an economist and reformer, and he was rejected by a large majority. Mr. Stackhouse is now running in opposition to the association in which, a week or two ago, he was a member of the executive and a member of the nominating committee which submitted his own name as a candidate.

In addition to Mr. Robinson, the new men on the ticket are Bernard McDermott of Sidney and Frederick Thompson of Lorne ward. Neither of these gentlemen are known to the public outside of a limited circle, and where they are known it has probably never occurred to anybody that they have any special qualifications to be civic rulers.

As Ald. Barnes has been protesting for the last year or two that he did not want to run for King's ward, it seems a pity that he could not have been allowed to resign peaceably this year, rather than run the risk of defeat in the company he is in on this occasion.

Samuel Tufts has been before the public so often and been so often defeated, that it is needless to make special mention of him. If his past record is to be taken as a guarantee of his future, he will be largely in the minority at the close of the poll.

It may be that the great body of citizens will come in line with the heblers of Prince ward and consider that John S. Nickerson is just that kind of a man who ought to be an alderman, but the chances are largely against it.

James Knox has more than a hard fight ahead of him if he expects to crowd out Ald. Bizard in Dukes ward.

Enoch Colwell will probably cease to represent Guys after the 17th instant. He has considerable strength in that ward, but "Bern" Lockhart is also strong there, and his besides a record at the council which made him recognized from the outset as a reform candidate. Mr. Lockhart is likely, at the least, to divide Guys with his opponent, while on the east side his chances of a fine majority are more than good.

A. L. Law is making a very vigorous canvass for Victoria ward, and so far as heard from it is chiefly in the line of running down Mr. Seaton, the reform candidate. Mr. Law is a particular favorite of John Kelly, and his position is pretty well understood by the people.

John Kelly, the candidate for Dufferin,

NO HIGH CHURCH THERE.

RETRIBUTION VISITED ON TWO VESTRYMEN WHO STOOD CEREMONIOUSLY—AN ALARMING DISCOVERY IN REGARD TO THE STEVENS HYMNAL—RECTOR SIBBALD IS GETTING TIRED.

Before the Easter election in St. Luke's church, the rector, Rev. E. Sibbald, asked for a six months' leave of absence, on account of ill-health. Since the election he has stated that he may not return to resume his charge at the expiration of his vacation. It is inferred that he prefers a parish where there is less fighting among leading members of the congregation.

It will be remembered that the construction of a pastebord cross eighteen inches high, as a part of the decorations at Christmas, led Vestry Clerk Farmer and others to apprehend grave consequences from such dangerously high church innovations, and that some time was required to restore peace in the flock. Since then, it would appear, a jealous watch has been kept upon certain members of the vestry who are suspected of high church proclivities, and for some time previous to Easter Mr. Farmer and his party had made a brisk canvass against certain of the "suspects," namely Messrs. William H. Smith and R. E. Coupe, the former of whom is not only a zealous member of the church but a licensed lay reader, while the latter has been both an earnest worker and a liberal contributor for many years.

If either of these gentlemen were to be judged by the Mission church standard they would be considered low churchmen, but from the evangelical view as prevalent at St. Luke's, they have been treading dangerously near the limits of ritual in the episcopal church. One—and it is believed the only one—particularly objectionable act on their part, was standing "ceremoniously" after taking up the collection. According to the decision in the Bishop of Lincoln's case, on another point of ritual, a man who takes up a collection ought to be allowed to stand in a private way, provided he does not do so ceremoniously, as it is to be feared Messrs. Smith and Coupe desired to do.

In order that the situation may be more clearly understood, it must be stated that customs vary as to the method of depositing the offertory after the plates have been passed around in episcopal churches. In one city church, for instance, the sexton used to walk up to the communion table and lay the collection thereon in an easy-going way, while at the Mission one of the collectors walks up to the mission chest, hands the bags to a chorister, who in turn hands them to the clergyman, who puts them on the altar and then on the credence table. The chorister, at least always stands facing eastward until the ceremony is over, and on certain occasions one or two others stand in the same ceremonial fashion. In St. Luke's the custom used to be for the collector to simply walk up to the clergyman, hand him the proceeds and walk away without waiting to see what happened.

In an evil hour for their own prospects of office for another year, Messrs. Coupe and Smith took a notion to stand ceremoniously. Mr. Coupe, bearing the collection from the congregation, walked up and handed it to the rector, Mr. Smith intercepting him with the offerings collected from the choir. Then both of these hankers after ritual stood quietly and respectfully until the collection was laid on the communion table.

This seems to have been considered a dangerous innovation, and some of the evangelical churchmen spoke to the innovators about it. Both Messrs. Smith and Coupe were quite willing to abandon the practice, and did so, though it did not appear to either of them that their actions had a distinctly Romanizing tendency.

This apparently did occur to the Farmer party, however, and so it was that the two offenders, despite their amendment, were marked to be voted out at the Easter meeting. It was an ominous feature of the evangelical movement that one of Mr. Farmer's able coadjutors was an undertaker.

At the Easter meeting the Farmer party was obviously in the majority, and included some voters who, on ordinary occasions, would have been conspicuous by their absence. Mr. W. B. Wallace was appointed scrutineer, and started to retire to a small room to count the ballots. Mr. Wallace was prominent in the pastebord cross unpleasantness at Christmas, and the evangelicals have a suspicion that he is too high a hanker after moderately florid ritual. It was therefore objected that he should not retire, but count the votes in the presence of the voters and in a loud voice. Mr. Wallace thereupon entered the pulpit of the schoolroom, and made a speech in which he expressed his willingness to do as desired, but protested against any imputation on his fairness. Then he proceeded with the count, and the result was that vestryman Smith was found to be defeated by one vote, while vestryman

COUPE WAS LEFT STILL FURTHER IN THE REAR.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE ENGLISH REFORMATION HAD TRIUMPHED.

Since then a very alarming discovery has been made, which, if it were possible, would almost cast a doubt on the evangelical principles of Mr. Farmer and his party. About two years ago the Sunday school adopted a collection of hymns and carols compiled by Rev. L. G. Stevens, who was then rector. Mr. Farmer and several others who have been aggressively to the front in fighting alleged high church innovations were of the committee by whom the book was accepted, and they stamped it with their approval as being thoroughly orthodox. It is now found that quite a number of the hymns contain distinct mention of "Mary," "the Virgin" and "Joseph and Mary." In twenty-five consecutive pages of the book there are thirteen such references, and when it is remembered that these hymns are likely to be impressed on the susceptible minds of youth, the full effect of this apparent oversight of the committee can only be a matter for conjecture. It is understood that the matter will be a topic for consideration at a meeting to be held very soon, and that there is more than a possibility that the use of the Stevens hymnal will be discontinued.

Some of the congregation think that "Hymns Ancient and Modern," would be an excellent substitute, even though that collection is by no means an ideal low church hymnal.

In the meantime outside of all that is matter for publication, there has been a vast amount of hot discussion going on in parlors and at tea tables. Rector Sibbald finds St. Luke's far from a bed of roses. So he intends to take a vacation, and perhaps he will never come back.

WHEN HE FELL OFF THE BANK.

MR. EMERSON PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO THE RECORD OF DR. SILAS ALWARD.

The present session of the legislature has been a rather trying one for the junior member for St. John (Dr. Alward). Closely following the rib-rending retort of Mr. Tweedie, Mr. Emerson paid his respects to that gentleman as well as to the Alphabetical Alford in a very effective fashion. As I listened to the mellifluous tones of these honorable gentlemen I could not but conclude that, fond as they were of the public weal, they were still more fond of the sound of their own voices. They reminded me of the words of the poet:

"I love to hear his stately gurgle,
I love to hear his fluent flow,
I love to wind my mouth up,
I love to hear it go." (Laughter.)

The honorable member for Hawkesville has charged me with inconsistency because I am a member of the government of Mr. Blair, whom I once called a Rip Van Winkle. What I really said was that Mr. Blair's attitude on the question of woman suffrage was an exhibition of Rip Van Winkleism. I think it is a poor compliment to these gentlemen opposite to call the leader of the government a Rip Van Winkle. For it he was able while asleep to brush them off like flies from the sweets of office for which they longed, what would have been their fate had he been awake? (Laughter.)

"I should think the honorable member for Hawkesville would be the last to charge me with inconsistency, in view of his own shift in politics."
Hon. Mr. Tweedie—"He has shifted his religion too."
Hon. Mr. Emerson—"I believe he has."

The honorable member who stood by me so firmly not only in the liberal ranks but also in the hardshell ranks is now neither liberal nor hardshell, but has become a bright and shining light in the more aristocratic field of ritualism and conservatism. The honorable member professed to quote from my speech at the Ottawa convention. I am of the opinion that he was not quoting from my speech at all but from that celebrated pamphlet of his called "Twenty Years of Tory Rule." (Laughter.)

"No doubt the honorable member still recalls with pride the eagerness with which he was embraced by the Anti-Catholic party in 1890. Well, that reminds me of the story of an old negro down in Georgia who went fishing. As he sat on the bank he had a boy with him who sat nodding and waiting for the bite that never came. He kept nodding and nodding until he fell over into the river. A benevolent old gentleman who was present saw the fisherman fling down his pole, plunge into the river, rescue the boy and place him again on the bank. The old gentleman said to the fisherman: 'That was a noble act of yours to save that boy's life. Is he a son of yours?' O, no, said the fisherman, he ain't no 'shile of mine, that pesky little varmint. Why then did you take such an interest in saving the boy's life? Well, the fact is, said the fisherman, 'dat boy carried the bait.'" (Laughter.)

"So I think the honorable member for Hawkesville carried the bait when he fell off the bank in 1890. No Catholic need apply was the bait the honorable member carried when the conservative party fished him out of the river and placed him on the bank." (Great Laughter.)

TROUBLES OF AN HOTEL.

INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE "QUEEN" OF HALIFAX.

Men Who Have Put Their Money Into the Enterprise—How They Want to Get Some Money Out of It—The Bondsmen and Where They Come Into the Affair.

HALIFAX, April 5.—The Queen hotel has been an unfortunate enterprise, not merely to the creditors of the company who are now awaiting the report of the liquidator into whose hands it has fallen but it has become an equal source of loss to most of the promoters and shareholders of the concern. Here are the names of some of the men who put money into it as members of the syndicate that started it, S. M. Brockfield, C. W. Anderson, D. S. M. Black, H. A. Bauld, \$5,000 each; W. B. Christian, Wm. Curry, S. S. Forest, J. R. Seaton, C. Annand, J. Fraser, 2,500 each.

That money has largely vanished into thin air, and besides creditors' claims for about \$20,000 will probably never be met by a single cent. Latterly things have been going from bad to worse.

Soon after the property was secured it was mortgaged for \$12,000 to E. P. Archibald. On Saturday the mortgage was foreclosed and the hotel building was sold by the sheriff. It was bought in by Donald Keith, on behalf of the men whose names were on the mortgage, who are C. W. Anderson, D. Keith, S. M. Brockfield, H. G. Bauld, W. A. Black, S. S. Forrest and C. Cunard. The other shareholders are "out of it" altogether; they have nothing to show for their money. Probably they are so sick of the whole business that they don't care what happens now. Many creditors who have from time to time, took stock in the hotel, as they fondly hoped, to secure their accounts will never receive a cent. On Saturday the building sold for less than the mortgage and nothing is left but the furniture, which is covered by bill of sale. All the creditors, with their \$20,000 of claims, can do is to try and profit by their experience, so dear-bought.

There was an interesting little episode at the sheriff's sale which it would have reconciled some of the smaller creditors to their loss to have seen. Before the sale the bondsmen met and signed a document agreeing on the figure, far below the mortgage, at which they would have the hotel knocked down to Donald Keith on their behalf. That amount is said to be \$25,000. It didn't matter to the bondsmen how low the hotel went, for they would have to make up the mortgage and in case the building went at a small price, and they had to retain possession of it, they would be able to save something in city taxes. Annand, one of the bondsmen is dead, and in case the price ran up to the mortgage "\$12,000 his estate would not be called upon to make up its share of the deficiency, as it would otherwise be compelled to do.

John Dunn, of the Chronicle is executor of the Annand estate, but he has a rival in its management in the person of D. M. Dickie, father-in-law of F. W. Annand, one of the heirs, who is "agent" of the Annand boys and has their power of attorney. Mr. Dunn manfully refused to sign the agreement between the bondsmen to abide by the purchase of D. Keith on their behalf at the sheriff's court. Dickie, on the other hand, agreed to the proposed contract, after a hard fight against it.

The hour of the sale arrived and all the bondsmen including Mr. Dickie, were at the court house. The hotel was put up at auction and Donald Keith promptly offered \$25,000 for it, the amount agreed on. This was where the fun began Silas Townsend, a well known junk speculator, was on the outskirts of the grant, and standing opposite him, across the room, was Mr. Dickie. There was a little surprise when Townsend made a bid advancing the price \$500, Keith had to go \$500 better. The operation was repeated several times till the price had gone away past \$30,000. At last Mr. Brookfield called Mr. Black's attention to Dickie's appearance and whispered to him that he believed Townsend was bidding under the direction of Dickie. Black agreed that was Dickie's game, to make the price up to as near as possible to the mortgage, despite the contrary agreement in which he had coincided. Black went over towards Dickie and gave him such a look that he will never forget it, and which made him change color like a chameleon. Townsend's bidding ceased for that instant, but Keith had to make another offer which made the price of the hotel \$37,600 before it was knocked down to him. Quite a difference between that and \$25,000.

Immediately after the sale Mr. Black accused Dickie of double-dealing, and was met by a flat denial. Dickie said he was not signalling to Townsend, but that a nervous twitch in his eye may have made him look as though he were winking at Townsend. The bondsmen laughed at the excuse, and Mr. Black characterized it in very plain language. Black is the conser-

WATIVE ELECTED WITH FIELDING AND ROCHE TO THE LOCAL LEGISLATURE.

IT DICKIE'S GAME WAS TO WORK UP THE PRICE, SO THAT THE ANNAND ESTATE MIGHT NOT BE CALLED UPON TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE DEFICIENCY WITH THE BONDSMEN, HE SUCCEEDED FAIRLY WELL. WHAT THE BONDSMEN COMPLAIN OF IS HIS ATTEMPT TO RUN WITH THE HARE AND HUNT WITH THE HOUNDS.

How the bondsmen will dispose of their property remains to be seen. They will doubtless sell out to the purchaser who will give the most money and wash their hands clean of the hotel business for the future. It is said they already have some offers.

TOOK UP A COLLECTION.

RECTOR LITTLE CONSTITUTES HIMSELF A COMMITTEE OF WAYS AND MEANS.

Rector Little continues to hold his own at Trinity church, Sussex, and last Sunday evening he held a collection box as well. After a pretty torrid sermon, he that said owing to an "accident" he had been deprived of his salary last year, and that another "accident" would deprive him of it this year. He appealed to his friends to support him, and even if some of them could not read or write they had quite as much right as the best educated ones to govern the church.

After securing the offertory from the warden he placed it on a side shelf instead of the communion table, and after announcing the hymn he stated that "as there was nothing in those plates for the rector, he would take a stand at the door after the benediction, with a box and receive the offerings of the faithful in person." This he did immediately after the benediction, before the amen was finished, with a large paper box in his hands and a pious expression on his countenance.

At the Easter meeting some of Mr. Little's supporters stated that they would put their money for the rector in the offertory in the usual way and if it were not handed to him they would know the reason why, but they eventually thought better of it and at their council meeting hit upon this original idea. One of his supporters who had been nominated as warden at the Easter meeting and had been defeated, also wrote to the warden that he had been duly elected and intended to take his place as warden on Sunday evening, but probably thought discretion was the better part of valor as he did not turn up in time.

A BICYCLE FOR A HUSTLER.

THE "RECORD'S" OFFER TO THE ENTERPRISING YOUTH OF THE CITY.

The announcement of the Daily Record in another column shows that the new daily is bound to still further increase a circulation which has already exceeded the most sanguine hopes of its proprietors. The Record has bought one of the latest and best bicycles in the market and offers it to the hustler who will succeed in inducing the greatest number of his friends and acquaintances to become regular customers of its carrier boys. The boys, or young men, who enter this contest will not ask for anything but the signature of his friends to an order blank agreeing to take the Record regularly from a carrier boy and pay ten cents for it every week. The idea is new to this city but it should work well.

There are enough young men eager to ride a first-class bicycle this season to make the contest an interesting one and it should not be difficult for anyone with even a moderate list of acquaintances to get a large number of signatures to his order blanks. The full particulars of this somewhat novel contest will be found on the fourth page.

The contest closes May 23 and the lucky winner will ride his silent steed on the Queen's birthday.

A PLACARD BUT NO FEVER.

A well-known citizen has a remembrance from the board of health tacked on to his house in the shape of a placard with the somewhat significant words "scarlet fever" printed on it. Sometime ago one of his children was taken sick and for a day or two the physician was in doubt as to what ailed the child. In some manner the information was conveyed to the board of health that there was scarlet fever in the house, and straightway an officer of that body proceeded to the doctor and enquired quired why it was that he had not reported the case. "Because I was not exactly sure that it was scarlet fever," slowly replied the physician, "and for that reason I did not think that it was my place to report it, I am not sure yet what is the matter with the child." In spite of this the energetic agents of the board of health proceeded directly and placed the obnoxious placard upon the citizen's house. A day or two afterwards it turned out that the child had no fever at all, and within a week was among her playfellows as usual on the street. Still the placard remained, and was there yesterday. The usual forbearance of the citizen in question is about at an end; and he is considering whether or not under the circumstances he has not an opportunity for an action for damages against the Board of Health.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 7.

THEY SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

The Aldermanic tickets now before the electors of St. John speak for themselves. That which comes from the Tax Reduction Association is by no means perfect, but it is at least a ticket for which every man who is in favor of civic reform can vote.

Its platform is clear and frank, and shows an intention to work in the best interests of the people. It has a good head, and such of the candidates for aldermen as have served in the council have clean records while the new men are beyond the average of most of the candidates in the civic scrub races in the past.

As such cannot be said for the opposition ticket, or apology for a ticket as it would be more correctly termed. It has no head, nor could it muster up a full representation of the wards. Its platform is a parody in the Association ticket and when the records of some of the candidates are considered can be properly termed a travesty on it.

To associate some of these gentlemen with anything in the nature of civic reform would require a more vivid imagination than can be found among the matter-of-fact citizens of St. John. That there are redeeming features in [the way of two or three men on the list who have not had political records, only brings into greater prominence the others whose records are most assuredly not good. It is a queer mixture, altogether. Some of the old aldermen are members of the Tax Reduction Association and would have been glad to be on its ticket.

Failing to get nominated, they now come out in opposition to that association, showing very clearly they are not particular whom they serve if they can advance their own interests by getting into the council. In comparison with these, the aldermen who have been opposed to reform from first to last—and are so opposed to it still that their ostensible platform seems like a huge joke—are by all odds to be preferred for their greater sincerity.

Only three new men are on the anti-reform ticket, and of these only one is known to the public outside of the limited ground of his daily work. The others appear to have been taken on through a pecuniary of more available material. Of the old aldermen on this anti-reform ticket, about five might be entitled to support on their individual merits—on the ground that they had, at least, done no harm. Of the remainder, it is not necessary to speak. They speak for themselves, or rather, their records speak for them.

The crying necessity for reform and tax-reduction has been made apparent by the fact that just such men as some of those on the anti-reform ticket have been sent to the council in the past as instances of what ward heeling and boodie methods in elections can accomplish. So far as these methods can be made available under the new law, there is no doubt they will be used. The heeled men can be counted on the side of the anti-reform ticket.

Happily, however, the citizens as a body will have something to say this time, and some of the wards which have been manipulated by street corner politicians for years past are likely to be redeemed. There is a general desire that the reform candidates should be elected and given a fair chance to show what they can do. There is some ground for hope in voting for them, whereas every man who votes for the anti-reform ticket says plainly that he wants things to remain as they are, or more likely get even worse than they have been.

New York is such a wicked place that though earnest evangelists have been hard at work for eight weeks trying to bring about a religious revival, the results are disappointing. Beside this, the treasury is bankrupt and at none of these meetings have the contributions equalled the cost of the hall. At one big meeting there were 1,320 copper cents in the collection, which might indicate that the audience was composed of the very poor, did the evidence not show it was largely made up of the very stingy. The New Yorkers who patronize free entertainments are apt to reserve their nickels and dimes for beer.

Rev. H. W. LITTLE, of Sussex, is a sufficiently advanced churchman to believe that he has received orders by virtue of the Apostolic succession. Does it ever occur to him how PAUL would have figured in a church row, and if the departed saint would have stood at the door to grab a collection for himself? The Sussex trouble plainly shows the necessity for amendment to the laws of the church of England in this part of the world.

In Germany, the other day, an army doctor discovered that a conscript's body was tattooed with phrases insulting to the Emperor. The man was a living libel, but they tried not see him for that. He would be tried for treason. The idea of expressing sentiments of contempt in this way is ingenious, and in this country the risk of discovery is so comparatively small that the possibilities in tattooing are enormous.

It seems pretty certain that one result of the disgraceful POLLARD-BRECKENRIDGE trial will be that the disolute bawd who is defendant in the case will hereafter be ostracized from decent society. If every

to Washington with the motley collection of cranks and tramps, organized into what he terms the "Army of the Common weal of CHRIST. Just how this mob is expected to effect legislative action is not stated, and nobody seems to know. The Army started on Easter Sunday, COXEY's birthday, bearing a banner inscribed, "Peace on earth, but death to interest on bonds." At last accounts, the army was still marching, much to the apprehension of the people with bayonets along the line laid out for the route.

The two measures Mr. COXEY wants passed by congress are believed by him to be remedies for the abolition of poverty. One of these provides for the issue by the government of non-interest bearing loans to states, towns and villages, and the other provides for a country road fund of five hundred million dollars to be issued at the rate of twenty millions a month, the roads to be repaired by days' labor at the rate of not less than \$1.50 a day for each man employed at the work. These schemes it will be seen, promise much to cranks of the socialistic persuasion, and Mr. COXEY has had a good many letters of encouragement. His army is composed very largely of men who would rather tramp than work, of idle sons of rest of all descriptions and classes.

In no other country in the world could so many professional idlers and enthusiasts be got together at such short notice and set out on such an extraordinary expedition. It was a great day for the tramps and cranks when COXEY hit upon his scheme.

MIGHT IMITATE THE CHIEF.

It would seem that Mr. BETTLER, director of public safety in Philadelphia, is a very different style of a man, from our own Director WISELEY. He has recently given orders that every policeman he meets shall salute him in military style, under the penalty of forfeiture of a day's pay for each omission. As he declines to wear a uniform the policemen are likely to get into trouble through not knowing him. Commenting on this the N. Y. Sun has these suggestions:

He might put on a brass helmet or a leather habergeon or wear a scythe when he goes out of doors. Or he might appear in an or cart with a flag over him and a bell under the yoke. It may be too much to expect that he will wear a red dress coat with frogs and brass buttons, blue small clothes, and Hessian boots, but he certainly owes it to the public to answer all salutes with a brass cannon.

As a happy compromise, PROGRESS suggests that Mr. BETTLER get some pointers from Chief CLARK, who without wearing a regulation police uniform shows a decided tendency to approach the Sun's ideal of what is strikingly distinctive when worn by an official of his magnitude and importance.

There is a natural repugnance to hanging a woman, even when there is no doubt she has committed willful murder, but it must be conceded that MARGARET WALKER, who was executed in Liverpool, Eng., last Monday got no more than her deserts. Mrs WALKER, who was past fifty, was of masculine build and had a husband who seems to have been a weak enough sort of a creature. His wife found that he was more devoted to another woman than to her, so in some way she managed to get him chained hard and fast to a bedpost in the attic, and gave him a beating every day for four months, when she completed operations by beating out his alleged brains with a heavy chain. There was no false sentiment wasted in the resulting arrest, trial and execution, all of which were carried out very promptly. When a manish woman takes a notion to be ugly she shows the devil in her in very unmistakable shape.

New York is such a wicked place that though earnest evangelists have been hard at work for eight weeks trying to bring about a religious revival, the results are disappointing. Beside this, the treasury is bankrupt and at none of these meetings have the contributions equalled the cost of the hall. At one big meeting there were 1,320 copper cents in the collection, which might indicate that the audience was composed of the very poor, did the evidence not show it was largely made up of the very stingy. The New Yorkers who patronize free entertainments are apt to reserve their nickels and dimes for beer.

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other background of his kind were treated the same way the world would be better, even though some lights should disappear from the firmament of "society at home and abroad."

Proceedings for contempt of court in South Dakota are more summary and less expensive than in this part of the world. In Sioux City, the other day, somebody called a judge a liar, whereupon his honor came down from the bench with a cane and raised all kinds of lumps on the offender's head. The lawyers don't get much of a plum out of this method of procedure.

In his card Mayor PETERS says that he is "in hearty accord with most of the principles contained in the different election cards." This may mean either that he is in favor of both parties or else the ROBINSON-KELLY ticket or such a bare-faced plagiarism of the ROBERTSON-SHAW ticket that he recognizes the fact. His worship should be more definite.

The most obvious way of treating bomb throwers is to inflict condign punishment, by blowing them up in due process of law. Hanging on the guillotine is entirely too good for such villains. They are much less entitled to consideration than were the Sepoys who were fired to the mouths of cannons in the Indian mutiny.

The British home secretary, ASQUITH, is engaged to be married to a girl of 27, of whom it is said that she "can ride, row, box, fence, steer a cycle and do a skirt dance." With that kind of a wife it may be assumed in advance that the home secretary will not be a home ruler.

Among the deaths of this week is that of Dr. BROWN SQUARD, the man who, a few years ago, thought he had discovered the elixir of life. Despite of the fact that he was wrong in that instance he was one of the most eminent scientists of the age.

The fact that BESMARK was born on All Fools' Day is enough to dispel any superstition in regard to that date. He was 81 last Sunday, and the accounts of his health lead to the belief that he will see many happy returns of the anniversary.

Mayor PETERS asks that his past record be taken as a guarantee of his future course. His past record is of seeking the office for just one more year, and if that is a guarantee of his future course he evidently wants to be mayor forever.

If the votes given to the anti-reform ticket in the civil elections are as much in the minority as are the redeeming features in the personnel of that ticket, it has not even the ghost of a chance.

Recent sales of city property at prices far below their cost give emphasis to the fact that the average landlord gets a good deal more than a fair rent from the average tenant.

The man who does not pay his taxes in time to vote at the civic elections will have no right to grumble if the wrong men are elected.

The glad season of Easter seems to have been marked by an unusual number of church fights this year.

IN THE LETTER COMPETITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—Having a tendency to write, perhaps this letter may be acceptable. Skating is a current topic, and I greatly enjoy it as a cheerful and recreative exercise.

Gliding away on a winter day, over the ice of our frozen lakes, with music's flow and my heart aglow farwells to care and sighing.

Skating commends itself to everyone, what is winter without it? How exhilarating it is to have good skates well fitted on, and in gay carnival costumes take a place in the ring with the freedom of a wild winged bird. How bright and cheerful is the scene presented, even to the lookers on. Come away PROGRESS out of your sanctum, and join our merry throng. Leave all your typal and shavers behind you and share the real pleasure of life for an hour. What brighter picture can you find than a rink at night, well filled with skaters and friends. The electric lights, the crowd of promenaders, the listeners at the band stand, and the happy faces of all present are well worth seeing. Father, mother and children come peering in, to say nothing of cousins and lovers, and the music so full of life. Here also are the skaters themselves, students of the science of skating. Dancing at least cannot be compared to a dance on skates, for here is the real poetry of motion. Here is a set of skates for a quadrille. Listen to the true time strains of the brass band, which the regular gilding and turning, and the graceful salutations. Look also there at the gleeful grace of that accomplished female skater, and give her the palm of victory and healthful enjoyment. Skating is a beneficial exercise.

WANTS ECONOMICS TAUGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—The problem before every true citizen is the advancement of the welfare of our country. Examples of national distress from which we ourselves are comparatively free, are almost daily before us. If we are liable to any danger in the future it is to that which may come to us from financial and industrial troubles of the same general character as those at present afflicting the neighboring republic. The discipline of our Canadian banking system has so far done much to obviate any such crisis; but we are unfortunately free from elements of weakness. The Republic is in the midst of a financial crisis, and it is to that which may come to us from financial and industrial troubles of the same general character as those at present afflicting the neighboring republic. The discipline of our Canadian banking system has so far done much to obviate any such crisis; but we are unfortunately free from elements of weakness. 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Social and Personal.

Sterling Soap

Rubber Door Mats.

Now is the time to buy one. We have a nice assortment of the Latest Styles, also the following new goods.

Ask to see our 25 Cent Hair Brush, the best value ever offered for the money.

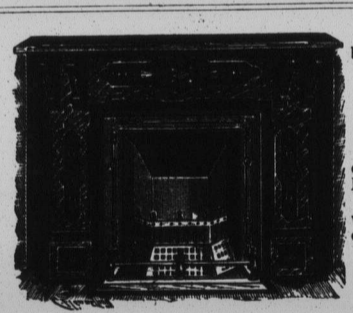
American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte St.

Prices For Today. Evaporated Peaches, 11 cents a pound. Evaporated Pears, 11 cents a pound. Evaporated Plums, 11 cents a pound. Evaporated Apples, 11 cents a pound.

PRICES AS USUAL MONDAY ON ALL THE ABOVE. So Come Today.

HARDRESS CLARKE, Cash Grocery, 73 and 77 Sydney Street. (near Princes)

SLATE AND WOODEN MANTELS



We are prepared to furnish SLATE AND WOODEN Mantels of any design. Persons wishing to purchase would do well to call at our store, 38 KING ST., before purchasing elsewhere.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER. JOSEPH I. NOBLE, Jr., FINE CUSTOM SHOES, 78 GERMAIN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Table Damasks, Bleached and Unbleached. 5-8 and 3-4 LINEN NAPKINS. TOWELLINGS, TICKINGS, STAMPED LINENS.

Linen Towels. PLAIN AND FANCY BORDERS. All Prices and Kinds.

We are offering the above Goods at Prices much less than the same class of goods can be purchased elsewhere. S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Mr. G. Fred Snow, of Bangor, was in the city this week, visiting his friends and acquaintances. Mr. H. L. Francis left this week for a trip through the upper provinces.

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Macaulay Brothers & Co's.

We have received this week our first importation of HIGH CLASS Dress Goods for Spring and Summer.

FOR EARLY SPRING. We are displaying a handsome lot of Novelty Scotch Tweed Suitings, Scotch Cheviots, Cheviot and Whipcord Serges, and Plain Broadcloths in all the new shades for spring, 42 in., at 85c. a yard. An inspection solicited. Write for samples.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO., 65 TO 69 KING ST.

PERFUMES.

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

TOILET WATERS. HAIR GOODS. VARIOUS OTHER ARTICLES SUITABLE FOR THE HOLIDAY TRADE.

AMERICAN HAIR STORE, 87 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B. 22 PRINCE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

CONDENSED MILK, "JERSEY" BRAND.

Mother who weanily use Condensed Milk for INFANTS always buy "Jersey." There is none Superior. It is full cream, and only the purest and specially refined sugar used in its condensing.

MR. ROBT. JARDINE, - ST. JOHN. Manufactured by FORREST CANNING CO. of HALIFAX, N. S. in their Works at KINGSTON, ANNAPOLIS VALLEY, N. S.

The "DURER" Window Decoration

This is a composition giving all the appearance of STAINED GLASS at a very small cost. It is very suitable for Hall Doors or Church Windows, or to hide an unpleasant view, while admitting the light.

MORLEY & HAYDON, - - 108 King St.

EXAMINE MY SHOW CASES AND DECIDE. J. H. CONNOLLEY, Modern Photographer -75- CHARLOTTE ST., -OVER- WARLOCK'S.

If you can get Expression, Pose and Finish for less than I am charging, Quality, not quantity, my motto is good work and moderate prices.

A Beautiful Gown.

It is a frequent experience with ladies that when the dress is bought with care, and made with taste, some indefinable thing is lacking to give it the perfect touch of beauty. It is the supplying of this that has made PRIESTLEY'S DRESS FABRICS universally esteemed.

OUR OPENING DAYS

of Imported Hats and Bonnets are Monday, Tuesday and Wed. 9th, 10th and 11th.

Charlotte St. Entrance. DANIEL & ROBERTSON.

Why not have long selected cases in your choice? Perfectly clean, elegant, durable, 19 Waterloo St.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(For ANNUAL REPORT NEWS AND FEELS AND SPORTS PAGE.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

Processions for sale in Halifax at the following places: Knowles' Book Store, 24 George street; Brown & Co., 111 Hollis street; Harvey & Mylles, Morris street; Connolly's Book Store, 111 Hollis street; Bouchette's Dress Store, Spring Garden Road; F. J. GIBBS, Opp. I. C. E. Depot; G. J. KILBY, 17 Gaither street; F. J. GIBBS, 17 Jacob street; Canada News Co., Railway depot; KEMBY & Co., Granville street; F. J. HOBBS, Spring Garden Road; W. E. HESS, 129 1/2 St. John street; N. BAKER & SON, George Street; H. BROWN, Dartmouth, N.S.; J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth, N.S.

Every one will be glad to hear that Mrs. Montgomery Moore is almost, if not quite recovered from the bad attack of influenza from which she has been suffering. Mrs. Montgomery Moore was well enough to give a small tea on Wednesday, which was very cheery and social.

The Women's Work Exchange held a five o'clock tea and sale at their rooms on Barrington street, on Monday and Tuesday. Some charming work was sold off at reduced prices, as the management wish to begin the year with an entirely new stock. Beautiful things in drawn work, went very cheaply, while better priced were realized for common articles, a very noticeable thing at sales. Very good tea and cake were to be obtained on both afternoons, and a large number of ladies were present.

The sharp weather has been very favorable to the ladies' hockey matches, which have been the great excitement. At one match between two teams of ladies, which was played at the Exhibition rink, admission was charged, and a respectable sum realized. The ladies of the garrison were to have got up a team, but the intention fell through. Many people think hockey too rough a game for ladies, but it is the fashion with smart Canadian women, who do not seem to mind knocks—or comments—any more than Halifax ladies do.

Things are still very quiet in the social world and there is very little going on—No dances of any kind and only a few quiet little dinners and card parties. Invitations will be issued this week, for a dance to be given at a well known house, as a coming out dance for one of the daughters. It is being looked for with great interest and will be highly enjoyed.

A large card party at a house in the South end on Monday night was one of the events of the week. I am told that the progressive Euchre prizes were very handsome.

There is always one English steamer in the spring that takes a large contingent of fashionable people away. The steamer leaving next week will have a large list of passengers all well known.

Halifax will lose Mr. Binney and Mr. Lancaster, who depart to settle in England. The late Bishop's house has been advertised for sale, but as yet has not found a purchaser. Mr. Binney will be much missed amongst all classes and Halifax will feel the loss.

It has always been one of the great misfortunes of Halifax, that the tendency of the people has been to go away and settle in England. One by one the old families have disappeared by emigration to England. But who can wonder that people want to get away from a country where we have winter in April. Miss Anna Stairs, also leaves on the Parisian for a visit to England.

Among the constantly increasing list of people who will leave Halifax on the Parisian next week, are Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Kenny and Colonel Raymond, the latter going home permanently, his time on the garrison having expired. Many people will be extremely sorry to hear of his departure, as he has been much liked by his circle of friends here. Colonel Raymond will join his wife and family, who have been in England for the past year.

There is some rumour to the effect that the R. A. and R. E. officers intend taking the Theological hall for a summer residence. It is one of the largest houses on the Arm, and would really be better adapted for the residence of the Governor General and Lady Aberdeen, apropos of whom I was amused at a certain correspondent of an evening paper, who announced that he was sorry to hear of the society writers "in giving out that the Aberdeens would spend some time here this summer. He was only twelve hours later than Proulx's despised "society writer" in doing so.

Lady Aberdeen goes to England in the end of May, and will bring the dowager Lady Aberdeen out with her on her return, meeting Lord Aberdeen here if a residence can be found for them.

Colonel Anstruther, R.A., gave a very pleasant rink party on Monday afternoon; quite an innovation for Halifax, where such things always take place in the evening.

A statement was made in one of the Saturday evening papers that there would be no polo this year. I believe it is not true. The polo club is flourishing and will be as strong as ever. Some of the old players are gone, but new ones have come on the Garrison. Capt. Campbell of the Liverpool Regt., is said to be a keen player and is now investing in the polo club this season. The social event of this month will be the marriage of Capt. Duffin, R.A., Miss Corbett. It will take place at St. Luke's and although it will be not so large as was originally intended still it will be a large wedding. The bridesmaid's dresses are to be particularly pretty and suitable. Capt. Duffin takes his residence in Inglis street, and has a five year appointment here.

AMHERST. [Procession is for sale at Amherst by Charlie Hillcoat and at the music store of H. A. Hillcoat.] APRIL 4.—On Wednesday last an interesting event took place at the residence of Mr. J. Q. Reid which brought together a large number of the elite of Amherst to witness the marriage of Miss Minnie Reed and Mr. Thomas O. Dowling of St. John. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. A. Steele, pastor of the Baptist church. The bride looked very pretty in a gown of cream silk very stylishly arranged and tastefully trimmed, the conventional veil and orange blossoms enhancing the effect which was completed by an exquisite bouquet of cream tea roses. Miss Maud Reid, a younger sister was maid of honor wearing a sweetly pretty robe of cream cashmere with court front of cream satin with decoration of painted passes arranged conventionally. She carried a bouquet of pink roses. The groom was the admiration point being a stranger so also his best man Mr. D. K. Moillon. Both looked a credit to the city by the sea and might have been taken as representatives of the houses of York and Lancaster, the groom donning a white rose and the groomsmen a red.

Among the guests were Mrs. E. C. Elkin and Mrs. B. J. Dowling, St. John, and Mrs. E. W. Dowling, Toronto. The presents were of quality and quantity that fully showed the esteem held for the bride, the groom adding a handsome piano and lamp to the number. The bridal party gathered at the depot to take the evening train, the crush being so great and the rice falling in such frequent showers it was almost impossible to get a good look at the bride in her going away gown which appeared to be composed of cloth of a dark shade of rose shades stylishly trimmed with bands of beaver and a very becoming hat of same shades. The greetings of their best friends went with them on their tour through Upper Canada. An event of importance in the musical life an-

THE SOULE Photograph and Art Comp'y Boston. The goods of this celebrated house are for sale by the undersigned, who is about to appoint representatives in every town in Canada. All photographs handsomely mounted ready for framing, they are first copies of the leading pictures of Europe and America. Any merchant desirous of adding an excellent selling article to his regular tra. e. will please apply to the undersigned. A. PETERSEN, 68 King St., St. John, General Agent for Canada. STEINWAY, CHICKERING AND NORDHEIMER PIANOS.

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Price & Shaw. This Carriage has improvements in suspension and construction; giving INCREASED advantages over all similar vehicles. It is a roomy, comfortable, two or four passenger carriage of the highest grade. Unobstructed entrance, lots of bundle room. Stylish and serviceable. Write us for cuts and price.

PRICE & SHAW, 222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B.

grossed the attention of the admirers of the band on Wednesday evening in Music hall, where the best local talent assisted the A. B. Band in giving an excellent concert. Every number was rendered in a most appreciative manner. Miss Miles, who is an established favorite, receiving her accustomed encore, and Miss Campbell's solo was deserving of the hearty recall to which she always pleasantly responds. Mrs. C. O. Tupper and Professor Max Sterne were the pianists and added much by their excellent work to the pleasure of the evening.

Rev. Mr. Dill of Parraboo, spent a few days of last week, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cole. Judge Morse was in Halifax a few days and returned home on Monday.

Mrs. F. S. Archibald, of Moncton, paid a visit to Amherst last week. Mrs. W. J. Moran is visiting her parents in Redbank, and is expected to return home late in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Trueman who have been on west returned on Thursday to Toronto and Niagara. Among the visitors of Thursday last was Dr. and Mrs. Borden of Mount Allison, Sackville.

Mr. J. H. Hillcoat has gone to Chicago to take a course in the veterinary college. Miss Tuttle, of Fugwash, is the guest of Mrs. M. D. Priddle.

Miss Alice Crane left on Tuesday to visit her sister in Boston. Mrs. E. Green, has returned from Boston and is heartily welcomed by her numerous friends.

Mrs. J. M. Townshend and Mr. E. Biden, were clerical wardens at the Easter meeting of Christ church.

Mr. H. H. Hetherington, of Lunenburg, who has been in town for several months was announced home on Monday evening by a telegram announcing the illness of her brother.

The ball at Dorchester on Tuesday evening was attended by quite a number of Xanthippean admirers who responded to the generous invitations of the managers Mr. and Mrs. E. Biden, Misses Mary, Fanny, Lawrence, Moore and Brown and Messrs. Rogers, Anderson and Hall were in a most satisfactory way. About all that could be in an evening's programme in the line of tea and toothsome refreshments and all sorts of sweet drinks and ice cream is in abundance, an elaborate display of fancy goods &c., all to the time of good music promises success for the managers who are Mrs. James Purdy, Mrs. A. D. Munro, Mrs. E. Biden, Mrs. Geo. Hillcoat, Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. A. McKinnon and a staff of charming young assistants who will no doubt make a very bright evening for those who will favor them with a call.

Mr. Lay and his staff of assistants have been displaying the acquired ability of the pupils of the academy this week and should feel justly proud of the great improvement, for praise is profusely given by visitors who attended the examinations.

In making up my notes of last week I overlooked a most important part of my week's contribution. I contained the sad report of the death of Mr. Courtney Bliss, a lady so greatly esteemed in society and highly respected by all who knew her that it seemed lacking due respect to withhold sympathy from the bereaved family and to overlook an occurrence that saddened the community. Outside her home, her loss will be felt greatest in Christ-church, of which she was a devoted member as a zealous and energetic worker and that trusted to promote charity, and the numerous floral tributes gave evidence of the great esteem held for the deceased.

R. V. J. E. Donkin, of Arcadia, N. S., and brother, Mr. Clinton Donkin, of Yarmouth, came to Amherst on Tuesday to attend the funeral of Mr. C. G. Donkin, who is seriously ill at his home on Spring street; latest reports give little hope of recovery. M. M.

TURO, N. B. [Procession is for sale in Turro by Mr. G. O. Fulton and D. H. Smith & Co.] APRIL 4.—The dance last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. J. W. McCurdy, Onslow, was one of the pleasantest of this winter's reunions. Miss Howe was a guest of Miss Jessie Ross for a few days returned home to Dartmouth, yesterday.

YARMOUTH, N. B.

[Procession is for sale in Yarmouth at the store of E. J. Vickery, Thomson & Co., and J. A. Craig.] APRIL 3.—Milton seems to have held the reins of entertainment this past week, as three or four parties have taken place in that end of the town. On Wednesday evening, Miss Nellie Gardner entertained a number of her friends; the amusement was chiefly dancing, and very pretty dresses were worn, and about 7 o'clock the party broke up. Among those present were: Mrs. Moten, (Shelburne), Miss Katie Byrd, (Shelburne), Miss F. Hardwick, (Bear River), Mr. and Mrs. B. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. W. Kompton, Miss Mabel Cass, Miss Ethel Carr, Miss Alice Eakins, Miss Dora Munroe, Miss Kate Barrill, Miss Putnam, Miss Susie Brown, Miss Marion Barrill, Miss Alice Allen, Miss Lenie Wyman, Miss Kate Christie, Miss Georgie Brown, Miss Mary Gardner, Miss May Crowell; Messrs. Harold Crowell, Charles Brown, D. Putnam, Charles Barrill, Harry Munroe, Charles Munroe, Carl Dennis, Lindsay Gardner, F. Ferguson, Bake Barrill, Edgar Lewis, Fred Porter, George Cain.

On Thursday evening Messrs. Ethel and Mable Cain gave a o'clock party in honor of their guests, Miss Hardwick. A great number of their friends were present, and an exceptionally pleasant evening was spent. The music was something entirely new; at every table there was a first-rate card, and the guests progressed from one table to another.

Several parties and five o'clocks were held in town during the past week, also small card parties. Mrs. Morton and son, and Miss Boyd, of Shelburne, are guests at the house in Yarmouth. Mr. Walter Holly left for St. John this week, after a brief stay in town.

Dr. A. Haley, of E. P. left on steamer Yarmouth on Saturday evening en route for Florida. Mr. G. W. Green, of Annapolis, spent a few days in town last week.

Mr. B. G. Taylor, of St. John, was in town last week and left on Saturday's steamer for Boston. Mr. J. F. Shaford, of Halifax, was in town last week.

Mr. Cliff Allen returned from Worcester college this week, on a short vacation. Mr. G. W. Clark, of Kentville, passed through Yarmouth on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. and family have moved away from Yarmouth and intend residing in Kentville. Mr. Frank Hibbert remains in Yarmouth.

Mr. F. G. W. Clark, of Kentville, was in Yarmouth last week, and took the steamer to the States. Mr. Law, M. P. F., arrived home on Saturday last.

Mr. Chas. Godfrey and daughter Susie, left on Monday for Annapolis. Mr. H. Bush, of New York, was in town this week. Mr. Chas. Spurr, of Round Hill, spent Saturday in town.

Mrs. Owen, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Spencey left for home in Annapolis on Monday. Mr. Newcombe, of New York, has been in town this week.

Mr. J. W. Moody arrived home on Saturday from Boston. Mr. S. F. Benjamin, of Wolfville, was in town Saturday.

Mr. Wells, of New York, arrived in town this week. Mr. C. Webster arrived home from Boston this week. Mr. Geo. McEwen arrived home this week from Boston.

Mr. F. H. Wilson, left for Halifax, on Monday morning. Mrs. J. K. Kinney arrived home from the States last week.

Mr. Hester McLean, of Bridgetown, was in town on Wednesday. Mrs. Hester McLean, was in town this week.

Mr. W. Mansfield, of Boston, arrived here Wednesday. Mr. W. Barrill, arrived home from Boston, on Wednesday.

Blotch club has been formed in town, Mr. A. W. Eakins being a voted president. Mr. W. A. Saunders, arrived in town from Calloway last week.

Miss Kerr, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. H. H. Hetherington, left for home on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Killam, are out of town for a short stay.

Mr. Robert Cair, has gone to St. John on a business trip. Mr. C. H. Bishop, of Boston, was in town this week. Mr. G. Zivcher, from Lunenburg was in town Wednesday.

NEWGLASGOW.

[Procession is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Proulx and H. Henderson.] APRIL 4.—Among the special receptions of last week was a particularly delightful one, on Friday afternoon, from four to six o'clock, given by Mrs. James Eastwood. The rooms were prettily decorated with potted plants and cut flowers. Among the large number of people present were: Mrs. James Eastwood, Mrs. Keith, Mrs. John Underwood, Mrs. Matheson, Mrs. McColl, Mrs. D. C. Foster, Mrs. R. Dand, Mrs. James Carmichael, Mrs. Fisher Grant, Mrs. S. Keith, Mrs. J. C. McGregor, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Forest McKay, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Keith, Mrs. J. H. Grant, Mrs. J. Fred McDonald, The Misses Margaret McMichael, Edith Carmichael, (Picton), Lottie McGregor, Eva Grant, Maggie Smith, Annie C. McKay, Sadie Paterson.

Mrs. T. Ross entertained a number of her friends on Saturday evening, the affair being a "leisure party," followed by a dance. On Monday Miss Ross left for Turro, to attend Normal School.

The numerous friends of Mr. Don. Fraser are delighted to have him home again. Mrs. T. Canty, who has been visiting in Montreal for the past two months, is expected home next Saturday.

Mr. Graham Fraser, "Riverbank," who, while in Toronto last week, became seriously ill, is, according to latest accounts, convalescent. Fraser left on Friday last for Toronto, to remain until Mr. Fraser is well enough to return home.

Last Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Thompson entertained the friends of their son, Mr. Charles Thompson. Dancing, followed by a delicious collation, was the programme. Among the invited guests were, the Misses Bessie Conroy, Florence Halliday, Isabel McKay, Jessie McMillan, Rachel Alexander, Bessie McDonald, Jessie Douglas, Stella McKinnis, Mary Eastwood, Lydia Kennedy, Frances McGregor, Lillie Munroe, Annie D. C. Fraser, Bessie Carruthers, Ella Polson, Hester, Sadie Bell, Stuart Carruthers, Will Kerr, Will Cameron, Harry Grant, Rabbie McGregor, George McKay, James Mickle, Will McDougall, Joseph Moore, John McKinnis, Norman Fisher, and Vernon Kerr, and many others.

Mr. G. A. Fraser, of Paris, France, spent the week in town, and left on Monday for Charlotte, to take part in a very interesting event. That one of Charlotte's handsomest and most accomplished young ladies will be the bride. On Friday 12.15th inst., concert will be given in the hall connected with the Methodist church.

Just as Good. Perhaps, but if just as good as Putnam's, is that not a very high recommendation for the original and best corn cure? Putnam's Painless Corn Extract. Refuse to accept any of the cheap, more or less protecting substitutes offered by greedy dealers who make large profits and disregard the interests of consumers. Safe, pleasant, certain.

Putnam's Painless Corn Extract. 400 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL, or 36 FRONT ST., TORONTO.

HANINGTON'S HOLLINER WINE TONIC

THE GREAT TONIC. Purifies the Blood, Improves the Appetite, Prevents the attacks of Fever and Diphtheria, Removes Pimples and gives Tone and Strength to the whole system. Imitations of this popular medicine are in the market, but always insist on getting Hanington's—the Original and Genuine. Do not be deceived by traders on its reputation, but always insist on getting Hanington's—the Original and Genuine. Druggists in the Maritime Provinces and Montreal supply the trade. All Retail Druggists sell it. Price 50 cts. per bottle. Six bottles for \$2.50.

J. P. HANINGTON, General Agent, Montreal.

Advanced Novelties

HATS, BONNETS, SHAPES, VEILINGS, LACES, TRIMMINGS, KID GLOVES. Received ex SS. Stockholm City.

SMITH BROS. HALIFAX.

Granville & Duke Sts., HALIFAX. BICYCLES. A safe cycle for others to see. Putnam's Painless Corn Extract. Refuse to accept any of the cheap, more or less protecting substitutes offered by greedy dealers who make large profits and disregard the interests of consumers. Safe, pleasant, certain.

Murphy Gold Cure INSTITUTE

Is now open for the treatment of Alcoholism, the Morphine and Tobacco Habits. Correspondence confidential.

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MAIDS MADE PLUMP AND ROSY.

Putner's EMULSION

Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly, and ailing children strong and healthy.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS

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CONTEST FOR A RECTOR. DARTMOUTH CHURCHMEN HAVE A LITTLE EXCITEMENT.

The Wilkinson Party Had a Majority of the Votes, and Their Men Accepts the Call—The Question of High or Low to the Front as Usual.

HALIFAX, APRIL 3.—The excitement of the provincial elections was more widespread, but it was not so intense as an ecclesiastical contest, in a more limited arena, which has just been "brought to a finish" in Dartmouth, the smaller half of the city, across the water. Christ Episcopal church has been without a rector since the resignation of Rev. T. C. Mellor, two months ago. Mr. Mellor was an earnest, successful minister of the congregation, and his departure was a matter of great regret, especially as it has caused so much turbulence on the hitherto placid waters of parish life in Dartmouth. The late rector goes to Guyabaro to engage in what amounts to missionary work among the religiously benighted people of that isolated country.

The trouble and consequent soreness of feeling in Christ church has arisen over the selection of a successor to Rev. Mr. Mellor. Two names were mentioned for the rectorship, and instead of the people uniting on one or other of them, the congregation divided into opposing parties, each favoring the clergyman of its choice. The candidates were Rev. Frederick Wilkinson, of Toronto; and Rev. Henry Ward Cunningham, of Springfield, Illinois, a native of Newfoundland.

Mr. Cunningham was supposed to be rather "high" in his ecclesiastical proclivities, though his friends denied it. Mr. Wilkinson was accepted as a "low" churchman, and yet his opponents held strenuously that he was, quite possibly, as advanced in ritualism as their nominee. Wycliff college of Toronto, was the source of Mr. Wilkinson's theological knowledge and that was taken as pretty good evidence that he was about as ecclesiastically "low" as a minister could be. And yet it came out that he claimed to be a "prayer-book churchman," which was all that Mr. Cunningham had ever called himself. So it began to be agreed that there might not be so much difference after all between the two in doctrine or church practice. Mr. Cunningham's supporters vehemently urged that nothing acceptable came from Wycliff, the only exception being Rev. Dyson Hague, of Halifax. The standard of judgment by Wycliff students and graduates was almost beneath the contempt of the Cunningham party. They laid stress upon all this without taking Mr. Wilkinson personally into consideration, for, they freely admitted, he, like Mr. Hague, might be an exception. They didn't believe he was, however. Appearances were against him, they said, and it was only on the recommendation of one or two ministers that his name had come up as a candidate.

On the other hand Mr. Cunningham's friends advocated him for one thing, as a graduate of St. Augustine's College, England, a college which had sent forth able men, in large numbers. In addition to his collegiate training and the recommendation of several ministers and laymen in Halifax, the friends of Mr. Cunningham had another advantage in being able to say that their man was comparatively well known in Halifax, for he was a classmate of Rev. N. LeMaine, of St. Mark's church, and he had spent several weeks in this city, and became acquainted with many. It looked as though Mr. Cunningham's supporters had a "sure thing" of electing their man.

As time went on another element entered into the contest, for such it soon became. The church-wardens are A. C. Johnstone and E. M. Walker, both work-

ers for Mr. Wilkinson. The advocates of Mr. Cunningham were the wealthier members of the church, the men who had long been interested in it, and who were always ready to put their hands in their pockets when the finances demanded they should do so. The new canvass made by the Wilkinson adherents was that a man should be elected who would be one of the "masses" rather than the friend and nominee of the "classes" in Christ church. They worked for Mr. Wilkinson as "the poor man's minister," in opposition to his rival, who was the rich member's candidate. The alleged ritualistic difference was not lost sight of, but what determined the election was the respective numerical strength of "the classes" and "the masses."

The Wilkinson party won at the recent parish meeting, by a vote of 53 to 33. The history of that meeting will not soon be forgotten. The vote was the largest in the memory of "the oldest parishioner." The minority are not slow to state that men came to the meeting to vote for the successful aspirant for the rectorship who had not been in church for years, and who would not likely be there for years again, unless another election came off; their vote was needed, and they were brought there to deposit their ballots.

If what the defeated party say is true, the Wilkinson men deserve some credit for the mastery they worked, and "brought out the vote." But they get none. "The opposition" who gained their victory are far from being praised by the Cunningham people, who were in a minority of eighteen. The contest was so keen that it is not to be wondered at if there is some little hard feeling, but while there is a slight disposition to stand aside and see how the majority will get along with the man of their choice, even the warmest supporters of Mr. Cunningham magnanimously say they wish the new rector well, and while they cannot for a while at least, take the same interest in the church as they did, they will do nothing to hinder its success. They will, they say, to a certain extent, lay back and see what time brings forth.

Mr. Wilkinson has signified his acceptance of the "call," and he will probably assume his duties about the middle of May. Christ church has the largest protestant denomination in that town.

RAMBLER IN CAPE BRETON.

Further Glimpses of Quaint Places and Odd Specimens of Humanity.

Taking up the pen again to discuss Cape Breton, I feel that a little sketch of experiences in which I, the letter "R," may appear pretty frequently,—will be excused after such rambling conjectures on the genealogy of the people, or on the narration of the vicissitudes of a sinful bible agent. The difficulty in discussing Cape Breton is not to assemble material, but to condense it, and to lay it all out in readable shape. Cape Breton is prolific of incident. For her size and population I am ready to assert that there is no corner of the wide inhabited earth, so full of "wonderful" "discoveries" interesting "problems," dark and fearful "designs," fears, tremblings, and gigantic ambition; "might have been;" "might be;" "once was;" "if we had only known etc.," etc" as shaggy "le lloyale." The gravest and most unpardonable error I committed up there on the island was that of minding my own business. This, in Cape Breton, is a transgression; unless it is the signal for municipal or clerical enquiry. If you will be jolly and smoke with our friends of Sidney or whistle sticks with the "boys" on the bridge at Cow Bay, you are a first-class fellow. If you don't hoary heads begin to wag and you find people looking at you askance, until one more courageous than his fellows, will call you a tramp, and soon the W.C.T.U. women will caution the community of you.

I will pen a line or two about the photo-man. His van is on the village street, and you cannot fail to see it. Frequently he is not. The intervals between his presence and his absence are taken up by tempting shocking pictures of really lovely Cape Breton scenery on the sensitive plates of his camera. He is also poetic, and his

verse is not at all discreditable. He is tall, with limbs like the pillars of Hercules, arms like uprooted pines, a noble head, a mournful Charles the I (Vandyke) expression rests over his features and his throat is adorned by a magnificent beard. Answering the invitation of an acquaintance I entered the "studio," glanced over his work and retired. He stood in the doorway with the sinking sun to gild his classic features, and following my retreating figure, with a disdainful eye, solemnly ejaculated "that man's a tramp." It makes all the difference in the world whether you buy a photo from the walking artist or not up there in Cape Breton.

Now this unique photographer, he it said, bears a praiseworthy reputation and sings loud at meeting. Years ago he built a house, which yet adorns—and here I do not jest—the shores of Cape Breton, but he delayed long ere he paid his bills for lumber supplied. He did not shorten his prayers at meeting tho' I am told they increased in fervency as the bill increased in length, but this is I trust a little rustic exaggeration. Still it was rather scandalous, and in private it was commented upon. Now they went to the photoman's house a man with a wooden leg, since deceased. Our friend, it is true, had no claim upon the photographer, but his honest nature revolted at last at his multitude of prayers. Like the others he nursed his indignation in silence for awhile, but at length it burst bounds, and every time that man who took pictures as well as other peepers, lumber, got into the middle of his prayers, our friend stamped out of church, the clatter of his wooden leg re-echoing through the sacred edifice. This went on until it became unbearable, and the minister was deputed to wait on the uproarious pedestrian. He did. "Why do you persist in going out of church in the middle of Mr. So-and-So's prayers?" he inquired.

Our friend banged down his wooden leg upon the floor, as he answered "Because I can't bear to think of that lumber, and until he pays for it I'm going to get out of church every time he prays." The upshot of it was, at least so it is said—that the poor minister had to come to the rescue of the photographer, and pay for that lumber simply to keep the peace of his church. I have it on credible authority that if you see that "artist" one dollar, a very little time over the due date, he will almost take you by the throat and hiss between his teeth, "Pay me what thou owest," but I never saw him do it, and of course it may not be true. I would like to deal with the W. C. T. U. woman next, but I feel it ungracious to do so, for as a whole the W. C. T. U. is a noble and christian body. It is beyond the power of my pen and I excuse it.

I may now introduce another side of the picture of Cape Breton incidents. One pitch dark night I strayed from the road between Cow Bay and Glace Bay, and floundering about brought up against a gate in the rear of which I discovered a neat frame house, with a light in the window. This was to "Lead kindly light," a very practical sense, so I went and hammered at the door. They heard me in a hall of the wind and opened. "What is this place?" I shouted through the gate. "Big Glace Bay" a soft voice replied.

"Where are you going to?" I said I wanted to make Little Glace Bay that night. The girl shook her head. "The bridge is down," she said, "and Glace Bay Brook is deep and wide." A silence ensued, broken only by the rolling of the Atlantic surf and it occurred to me that this was a distinct nuisance. I also remembered the day when we used to stand up, with very stiff backs, and repeat that glorious poem "Excelsior." One line began—I remembered as I stood there—"Oh stay the maiden said, and rest thy weary head"—but that didn't seem appropriate, for she had neither asked me to stay, nor wanted me, as that single hearted Alpine maiden seems to have done, to lay my weary head, etc. "Try not to pass, the old man said" was scarcely more appropriate, for the man who now appeared on the scene was young and nothing more or less than a giant. "The roaring torrent is deep and wide" seemed to fit to my case exactly, so I inquired what it was to do with the unabridged Glace Brook?

SOUNDS LIKE A FAIRY TALE.

A Morphine Eater and Whisky Drinker Cured.

THEY TELL THE STORY.

Two Physicians of This City Take the Bellingr Cure and are Happy Men Today—What They Told the "Record" Reporter.

Two of the greatest foes of mankind are the morphine and alcoholic habits and the greatest feats of this fin de siecle period are to be the mastery of these deadly enemies by the investigation of scientists. P. Roe and Dr. Quincy give some idea of what the sufferings of an opium slave are and to day a reporter had his impressions drawn from these books, revived by a talk with one who has been addicted to the habit to such an extent that he was completely in its power. Now the desire has been taken from him and he has to thank the patient toil lasting through many years of a medical scientist for his release from the bondage of the drug.

He is a physician himself, and has resided and practised in this city for years. About thirteen years ago he became addicted to the use of morphine, and has continued to use it until a week or two since, his dose sometimes reaching sixty grains a day. About six months after he commenced the use of the drug he first attempted to leave it off but without success. He commenced by diminishing the dose until it reached one-sixteenth of a grain. Below that he could not get. It appears to be a rule among morphine eaters that they find it comparatively easy to get down to a certain dose, say a quarter or a sixteenth, but beyond that it is impossible to go.

One day he determined to take his last dose. It was on Saturday, and he describes the horrible sufferings of the night as a result of his abstinence. He was seized with cramps that griped every muscle and gave him a feeling as though his intestines were being torn out. He arose from his bed and when he attempted to go back he fell on the floor. His nervous and muscular system were under a terrible strain and had his whole system loudly calling for the soothing drug. But he held out and the night passed away. When morning came he was still suffering intense agony and might have perished under it had not his mother prevailed upon him to take the drug again to stop his sufferings. He did so and continued its use for a dozen years.

During the last four or five years he has been taking about ten grains a day at regular intervals. If he did not take it at the regular hour, he would be crazy for it in half an hour and in an hour he must have it and would do anything to get it. Without it he would be useless, could not work, his nerves would be completely unstrung. After a few years, too, the pleasant effect produced at first by the drug was gone, and all the effect it had was to bring him up to a sufficient level of nervous strength to engage in the business of his profession. At length a remedy came and in three weeks he is cured. The Bellingr remedy came to this city, he tried it and found it effective. This what a physician says, what a victim of the habit says and his testimony will carry weight. Two weeks

ago last Monday, he began to take the cure from Dr. Adams, who has charge of the Bellingr company here. On Monday he took his last dose, and he here showed the reporter his purse containing three other powders which he had prepared ready to take that day and which he had carried about ever since.

And here prominence should be given to a peculiarity of this remedy which differentiates it from the Keely cure and every other remedy for the opium or alcoholic habit which has been tried. When patients are undergoing the other treatments they have to be confined to an institute, they have to be watched lest they should obtain surreptitiously the opiate, they pass through intense suffering and when discharged are weak physically and prone to fall before temptation. With the Bellingr remedy it is different. Their treatment takes away all desire for the drug, it provides something which strengthens the nerves so that they do not become weak, they can engage in their regular business while taking the treatment, and they can have the temptation right before them without feeling tempted.

The patient physician has known true happiness for the first time in thirteen years. He has not felt the excruciating headaches which used to be his lot. He sleeps like a child, ruddy color has returned to his face, previously sallow, and he is not subject to the fits of gloom which he used to experience. He sometimes finds himself wondering how it can be. The usual duration of treatment is about eight weeks, Dr. Adams said, but this patient would be cured in less time. The latter three or four of these eight weeks is merely for treating with a nerve tonic to strengthen the nerves. Next week the patient will commence to take the tonic, the desire for the drug being now about eliminated from his system.

Another physician of this city was interviewed. He has been addicted to the use of alcoholic drinks. About two weeks ago he commenced to take the Bellingr remedy. He diminished the quantity of whiskey used daily and for three or four days has not used any at all and in fact feels a repugnance for it. He has attended to his business right along and his treatment has not interfered with his work in the least.

These are remarkable stories and yet they are true, told by two prominent physicians of this city. Their names are not mentioned here but they will be furnished by Dr. Adams to any one who is interested in the matter.

The Bellingr Remedy was discovered by Dr. Bellingr a surgeon in the German army, and was perfected by his son, about thirty years having been spent in experimenting. The medicine was first introduced into the west, and about six months ago it was brought east and companies have been formed in all the Eastern States. A strong local company has been formed here for the Maritime provinces. The office was opened about a week ago at 78 Sydney street, with Dr. Adams in charge. They invite physicians particularly to examine into their methods, treatment and results.

They Object to Chaperons.

The rumor that young women in England are rebelling against chaperonage is confirmed by the testimony of a young English woman of rank, Lady Kathleen Cuffe, who airs her discontent, and I do not know that of how many other young women, in the current Nineteenth Century. What the young woman wants first of all, we are told, is the abolition of the chaperon on all possible occasions. She considers it hard that she cannot walk the length of two, three or even five or six streets to visit a friend without first having provided herself with an unhappy maid or an attendant of some description, presumably to prevent her from losing herself or getting run over. Or if the friend she wishes to visit lives at a greater distance, she is not considered



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capable, without the aforesaid chaperon, of driving quietly in a hansom as far as that abode. The other hindrances are that she cannot go alone to plays, matinees and concerts.—N. Y. Paper.

ROUEN'S GREAT CLOCK. It is Perfect in Construction and Wonderful in Many Ways.

The great clock, the pride of the people of Rouen, can not perhaps claim to be the most ancient in France; that of the Palais de Justice and the great clock of Caen may justly claim to dispute with it the honor of antiquity; but it is certainly true that none other can compete with it in perfection of construction. A clock which has practically been going regularly and striking the hours and quarters for over 500 years may fairly be regarded as a valuable piece of mechanism. Finished in September, 1389, by Jehan de Felains, it has been running without interruption from that day to this, requiring nothing except cleaning, and a few trifling repairs of its accessory parts. It was certainly not with this clock that the famous proverb originated: "This is the palace clock which goes when its pleases." On the contrary, the great clock of Rouen had so accustomed the citizens to look upon its exactitude as a matter of course that when, in 1572, the breaking of a wire prevented its sounding 5 o'clock one morning, the population was in a state of consternation. The magistrate summoned the custodian, Guillaume Petit, and remonstrated gravely with him. This unparalleled course from century to century is all the more remarkable from the fact that until 1712 the great clock had no pendulum. For 325 years it had no other regulator than a "foliot," an apparatus of which the majority of modern clockmakers hardly know the name. The case of the clock occupies a space 6 feet 8 inches long, 5 feet 4 inches broad and 4 feet 10 inches high. When one thinks of the size and of the labor of construction by hand of the great wheels of this admirable piece of mechanism, it may easily be inferred that the maker, Jehan de Felains, had ample time to eat up all the little sum he was paid.

The pendulum was introduced into clock-work in 1659, but so well were the good people of Rouen satisfied with the time-keeping of their famous old clock, and such was their veneration for this masterpiece of mechanism, that fifty-three years were allowed to pass before the pendulum was substituted for the "foliot." Equipped with this new apparatus, it has continued to this day to strike the hours and chime the quarters.

In 1809 the commission of historical monuments decided on the restoration of the dial and of the two accessory movements of the great clock, which show the days of the week and the phases of the moon.

There are three important times in a man's life—when he is born, when he marries, and when he dies. And even then his own importance is overshadowed by the curiosity to know if he is a boy or girl, what the bride wore, and what he left in his will.

POLITICAL NOTES.

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

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

No. 14.

The Elections Told Against the Liberal Party—Fickleness of Public Opinion—Special Session Called—The Question of the Hour—The Government Safe—The "Dogs of War" let Loose—Mr. Boyd of Charlotte Hard Upon the Temperance Party—Mr. Fisher's Attack Upon the Governor's Arbitrary Conduct—The Governor's Prerogative a Farce, a Mere Fiction—The Speaker Interferes and Mr. Fisher is Called to Order—But Mr. Fisher is Not to be Put Down.

THE RUM ELECTIONS.

The elections for St. John County and City took place respectively on the 24th and 25 of June. The following were the names of the candidates:—

Government—Messrs. Simonds, Wilmot, Gray, Godard, Harding, Lawer c.—(first four for the County, the two latter for the City.)

Opposition—Messrs. Cudlip, Wright, Jardine, Vaughan for the County and Messrs. Tilley and Robert Reed for the City. (The latter gentleman was the late well known Robert Reed—a most worthy citizen, a man of great pith and enterprise, who spent two fortunes in St. John in beautifying the once bleak hills of Portland, thus employing and benefiting the poor as no single person had done before or has done since.)

The speeches which were delivered on the day of nomination—the 20th—were lengthy, crisp and percolative—in fact a fierce stump wrangle between the leaders of the two parties, and the Governor's name was freely handled, his conduct bitterly denounced, and as warmly defended by his friends. The returns resulted adversely to the hopes and wishes of the opposition (the old responsible Government) party; and were as follows:—

For the County—Messrs. Wilmot, Gray, Simonds, Godard—large majorities. For the City—Messrs. Lawrence and Harding (the late Sheriff.)

Perhaps the fickleness of public opinion, and in proof of what a hard jade she is to serve, was never more manifest than on this occasion. A couple of years before this, Mr. Tilley, as a Retormer, was elected by a large majority, as one of the idols of the Liberal party; and notwithstanding the Government with which he was associated had done great things for the country during their administration, he as a leading member of it, is thrown high and dry upon his back, in consequence of having made a single unfortunate miscalculation. It was like reversing the adage, by appealing to Philip drunk from Philip sober.

The returns for the whole Province, which will be found presently, were largely in favour of the new Government, or rather in favour of the "Repeal of the Liquor Law." There were 21 of the old and 17 new members returned.

SPECIAL SESSION.—1856.

A special Session of the Legislature was called by his Excellency on the 17th July, for the purpose of repealing the Liquor Law. Hon. Charles Simonds, on motion of Mr. Macpherson, was chosen Speaker, without opposition.



HON. CHAS. SIMONDS.

In the opening Speech the Lieutenant Governor remarked—"The Law which prohibits the importation and manufacture of the traffic in intoxicating Liquors, forms a subject for earnest deliberation, and I trust that a measure on this subject, which will be submitted to you without delay by the Government, will receive at your hands the consideration which its importance essentially demands."

"I do not doubt that your decision on this question, which so deeply affects the social and financial interests of the community, will be satisfactory to the people, and it will afford me the most sincere pleasure to find that the exercise of a power entrusted to me by the Constitution has been productive of consequences so beneficial to the Province."

On motion of Mr. Gilmor [the present M. P. for Charlotte] to introduce a Bill, a discussion followed as to the right of dealing with any other business except that for which the special Session had been called. The friends of the Government were for

repealing the Liquor Law and doing nothing more, while the opposition contended that the House had a right to deal with all business matters that might be submitted, in as much as the Proclamation in the Gazette set forth that they were called together "for the despatch of business," without specifying the nature of the business. It was very evident, that the liberal spirit that had been aroused in the former House was active in the new. The country had by this time been educated pretty fully into the principles of the Conservatives and Reform parties, and the weight of argument was on the side of the latter; but as yet had not shown a thorough appreciation of their Constitutional rights and advantages—without which, they were still subject to the caprices of an overbearing partizan, whether he be Governor or Executive Councillor. Unforeseen Constitutional difficulties had not been anticipated. Liberals no more than Conservatives could be prepared for a stretch of power, which had never entered into their calculations, and for which they did not know where to look for precedents. It was one thing to have a new Constitution in the abstract. It was another to be prepared to master its details and make it work in a particular groove, upon a sudden emergency. It required experience as well as practice—both of which our Politicians were as yet but novices. It was broadly asserted out of doors, by those whose wishes got the mastery of them, that the new Government would be found in a minority upon all questions except the question of the day, and when that was once disposed of, another crash would follow. The Government on the other hand had found strength in their own strength and future. If they could breast the surges of the short Session they knew they had a lease of power for at least six months longer; and, enjoying this chance, the chances were altogether favourable to a much longer continuance. It was therefore their safest policy to allow nothing of an extraneous character to interfere with the actual business for which the House had been called together. The repeal of the Liquor Law was that business, for which a majority of the House had pledged themselves to their constituents. Thus the government were safe for this Session, provided they could confine the House to the Liquor question. In this will be seen presently, they were successful.

July 19th Shortly after the reading of the Journals, the Address in reply to his Excellency's Speech was taken up, when the "dogs of war" were let loose. Mr. Boyd (of Charlotte) as the mover, spoke at considerable length in defence of his Excellency's proceeding and justified it on the ground of impious necessity. A large amount of revenue, exceeding £40,000, had been sacrificed, without any good accruing to the Province. Had blood been stirred up and evil passions were fomented through the workings of a law which was not only un-English as anything possibly could be. He said the late Executive Council and not the Governor, should be blamed for all the mischief and confusion into which the country had been thrown. When in power they were strong, knew their strength, and exercised their authority at the bidding of an organization, as recklessly as if they thought that they had a lease of office for life. They made a miscalculation in supposing that Temperance men could control this Province, and that all others must submit to their whims. In bringing in this Liquor Law the Government ought to have known that it could not be successfully carried out. Whoever such laws had been tried they had been evaded. In no country under the British flag had a sumptuary law been enacted; and the base attempt at copying a spurious American crocheted, devolved upon the superior wisdom of a New Brunswick Statesman to formulate.

Mr. Boyd seemed to give utterance to all that could be said against the law. The Attorney General (Mr. Gray) and the Provincial Secretary (Mr. Wilmot) defended his Excellency's proceeding. It devolved on Mr. Fisher (as the late Attorney General—father of the lady of our present Lieut. Governor Fraser) to lead the attack not only upon the Government, but upon the Governor. The ground taken by Mr. Fisher was not in defence of the law, but in what he called the unconstitutional manner by which the arbitrary stretch was made for its repeal. He would vote against the second and fifth paragraphs in the address, because to vote for them involved an admission that the Governor had the sole power to exercise the prerogative as he pleased—a most dangerous doctrine, which that House had repudiated by their acts when Mr. Reed was appointed to office by Sir Wm. Colebrooke in 1842. Neither the decision of the country against the Liquor Law—nor the vote of that House, would settle the abstract question of right or wrong as regards what his Excellency had done. He was satisfied, however, that after the excitement had subsided, people would begin to realize the broad fact that concerned so seriously their political liberties and welfare. Mr. Fisher pointed out several cases, where, within a few years, people had reserved their judgment in respect to particular acts of their Representatives,—as, for example, in the case of the appointment of the Chief Justice by Sir Edmund Head (the late Sir James Carter). He had seen minorities grown into majorities in that House; and the British Government had decided the minority to have been right throughout in the former Government were (as a Government) responsible for the passage of the Liquor Bill through the Legislature. After the Bill had passed the Govern-

ment could not ask his Excellency to withhold his assent to it—when the two branches of the Legislature had called for such a measure. The Governor, he thought, had abandoned his high position, by identifying himself with this exciting question. At the recent Elections the cry everywhere was—"Vote for the Governor." He thought it degradation that his Excellency's name, which should be a tower of strength, should be dandled about from poll to poll. The use in this way of the name of the Queen's Representative, was hereby; but such a cry, Mr. Fisher said, met him everywhere in his canvass through his County. His Excellency, therefore, was now in the humiliating position which no Constitutional Governor, should occupy. (Here Mr. Speaker called Mr. Fisher to order, as it was un-Parliamentary, he said, to introduce his Excellency's name into debate. The honorable gentleman admitted that the proceeding was unusual and out of order. He said he had never referred to his Excellency in his canvass, and although it could not now very well be helped, he would refrain as much as possible from doing so in the future.)

[NOTE.—In England it is considered to be out of order to introduce the Queen's name or animadversion upon her conduct. Why? Because, "we can do no wrong" that is, her Ministry are supposed to be guilty of any political wrong that may be committed. The Lieutenant Governor of a Province when he identifies himself with a party, or a question, renders inapplicable this axiom or rule in a Parliamentary sense, if not held amenable for his own individual acts upon the floors of the House,—if he is allowed to say everything and do anything as he likes, and this privilege is denied those whose character is likely to suffer from the assault, it would be sheer despotism. The rule of the House of Commons in such cases is, the writer conceives, inapplicable in a Colony under such peculiar circumstances.]

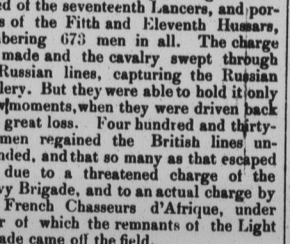
He (Mr. F.) denied that his Excellency had even an abstract right to dissolve the House without the advice of his Council. The real object of the Governor was to get rid of his Council, and he took his own method to accomplish it. [Speaker again ruled the honorable gentleman to be out of order.] The arguments employed to that effect did not alter the material facts of the case. It was the will of one man used to overcome the wishes of those who alone were accountable to the Legislature and the country. The calling in of this gentleman, or the driving out of that one, was irrelevant to the main question. Mr. Fisher spoke for two hours and discussed Constitutional points in all their bearings, quoted largely from works on the Constitution and Parliamentary practices extending far back into English history.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Particulars of the Troops that Took Part in the Engagements.

The Charge of the Light Brigade," was made at Balaklava, a small town in a Crimea, about ten miles from Sebastopol. The siege of Sebastopol had begun on Sept. 20, 1854, and on Oct. 25, 1854, the Russian general, Liprandi, to make a diversion, attacked some redoubts near Balaklava, held by some Turkish troops. These he took, and then, with about 12,000 men, he attacked the British. The attack, repulsed and the Russians were driven back, mainly by the charge of the Heavy Brigade, commanded by Col. Scarlett. The brigade consisted of the Second Dragoons (the Scots Greys) and the Sixth (Inniskilling) Dragoons, in the first line, and the First (Royal) Dragoons, the Fourth (Royal Irish) and the Fifth (Princess Charlotte of Wales) Dragon Guards, in the second line. Some time after the battle was over Capt. Nolan brought Gen. Lord Raglan's order to Gen. Lord Lucan, who forthwith ordered Lord Cardigan, commanding the Light Brigade, to charge on the Russians, who had reformed line at a distance of a mile or more. The light Brigade consisted of the seventeenth Lancers, and portions of the Fifth and Eleventh Hussars, numbering 673 men in all. The charge was made and the cavalry swept through the Russian lines, capturing the Russian artillery. But they were able to hold it only a few moments, when they were driven back with great loss. Four hundred and thirty-six men regained the British lines unwounded, and that so many as that escaped was due to a threatened charge of the Heavy Brigade, and to an actual charge by the French Chasseurs d'Afrique, under the command of Gen. Canrobert, who, with the remnants of the Light Brigade came off the field.

All the members of Lord Dufferin's family and they are not a few, are most excellent and graceful skaters. They acquired the accomplishment in Canada.



A FRIEND

Speaks through the Boothby (Me.) Register, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely ingested that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."

For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, take

AYER'S PILLS Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Every Dose Effective.

Some Gigantic Leaves. What trees bear the largest leaves? An English botanist tells us that it is those that belong to the palm family. First must be mentioned the Inaja palm of the banks of the Amazon, the leaves of which are no less than 50 feet in length by 10 to 12 in width. Certain leaves of the Ceylon palm attain a length of 20 feet and the remarkable width of 16. The natives use them for making tents. Afterward comes the cocoon palm, the usual length of whose leaves is about 30 feet. The umbrella magnolia of Ceylon bears leaves that are so large that a single one may sometimes serve as a shelter for fifteen or twenty persons. One of these leaves carried to England as a specimen was nearly 30 feet in length and 10 feet in width. The plant whose leaves attain the greatest dimensions in our temperate climate is the Victoria regia. A specimen of this truly magnificent plant exists in the garden of the Royal Botanical Society of Edinburgh. Its leaf, which is about seven feet in diameter, is capable of supporting a weight of 305 pounds.

MRS. PARKER'S STATEMENT. An English Lady Interviewed—Her Remarks Will Interest Canadians.

Mrs. Parker, an English lady, living in St. Clerans, near Southport, England, recently interviewed, said she had not been well for twenty years as then, having just taken a course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills. Mrs. Parker had been a great sufferer from flatulence and indigestion, complicated with bronchial asthma, and what the doctors termed heart trouble. Every remedy that her family physician could suggest was tried but without success, and her condition became so serious that it was thought the only chance for her recovery it was thought was a change of climate. She could not lie down at night, but had to be bolstered up in a sitting posture and then could only breathe with difficulty. But after taking six bottles of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic in conjunction with Hawker's liver pills she was completely restored to health. Her symptoms will be recognized at once by thousands of sufferers, in whose case they are present in perhaps a milder form, and to them also Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic comes as a deliverer from the tortures of sickness and disease. In Mrs. Parker's case as in thousands of others, the wonderful results obtained are due solely to the remarkable nerve restoring, ingenerating and blood building properties of this great tonic, combined with the regulating qualities of the pills on the stomach, liver and bowels. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is especially adapted to the diseases peculiar to women giving tone to the nerves and stomach, vigor to the mind and body, and strength to the blood, restoring the blood to the pale and delicate. It is a perfect nerve restorer and invigorator, and blood and flesh builder, as well as a valuable stomach tonic and aid to digestion. It is a certain cure when faithfully used for all diseases arising from nerve exhaustion, weakened or impaired digestion, or an impoverished or impure condition of the blood, such as nervousness, weakness, nervous headache, sleeplessness, neuralgia, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, hysteria, and the prostrating effects of influenza or any other acute disease. It is a perfect nerve restorer and invigorator, and blood and flesh builder, as well as a valuable stomach tonic and aid to digestion. It is a certain cure when faithfully used for all diseases arising from nerve exhaustion, weakened or impaired digestion, or an impoverished or impure condition of the blood, such as nervousness, weakness, nervous headache, sleeplessness, neuralgia, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, hysteria, and the prostrating effects of influenza or any other acute disease. It is a perfect nerve restorer and invigorator, and blood and flesh builder, as well as a valuable stomach tonic and aid to digestion. It is a certain cure when faithfully used for all diseases arising from nerve exhaustion, weakened or impaired digestion, or an impoverished or impure condition of the blood, such as nervousness, weakness, nervous headache, sleeplessness, neuralgia, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, hysteria, and the prostrating effects of influenza or any other acute disease.

TOMORROW IS SUNDAY. And if your home is chilly come to our store on Monday and see our heating stoves. New Silver Moon, Vendome, Peri, Horicon, Tropic, Faultless, are only a few of the heating stoves we have. Come and see us. COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street.

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WHAT MUST GO: BAD ALIGNMENT, ILLEGIBLE WORK, FOUL INK RIBBONS, BOTHERSOME SHIFT KEYS, DOUBLE SCALES, ETC., are no longer to be tolerated or pardoned. THE NEW YOST has abolished them and no other machine can retain them and live. Second hand ribbon and shift key machines for sale cheap. IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents: Messrs. B. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; John L. Stevens; Moncton; Clifford W. Robinson, Moncton; E. A. White, Sussex; A. M. Hesse; Knowles' Book-Super-Bazaar; J. B. Dinning, Chatham; N. S. D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Dr. W. P. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman 'Advocate' office of Sydney, C. B.; J. Bryson, Amherst; W. P. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; C. S. Burrill & Co., Weymouth, N. B.; T. Charlton Ketchum, Woodstock; Clarence E. Casey, Amherst, N. B.; E. M. Fallon, Truro, N. S.



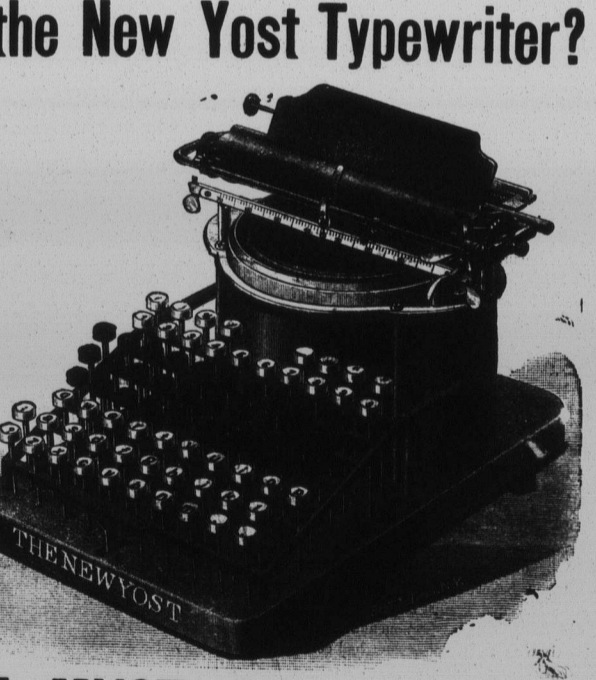
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Sunday Reading.

IT IS NOW USED AS A BETHEL. The Good Work Now Carried on in a Once Infamous Chicago Resort.

It is probable that no place in or about Chicago was devoted to so deep a sink of iniquity as was the bumbost of Black Jack Yattaw in the palmy days of that remarkable man. Yattaw himself was naturally an outlaw. He could not bind himself within the restraints of the rules by which other men's conduct were guided. He must do as he pleased. He found a delight in a species of vice that few other men would dare attempt. In other days and other localities he would have made the typical pirate of the rankest story books. With a strength of character, however depraved that character might be; with a shrewdness in the management of men; with a courage and a physical equipment known to a few of his kind, he was a veritable terror wherever he chose to range.

He was a sailor trained and as rough as the roughest of that hard employment. Naturally turned away from the virtues to vice, naturally thrown in with the vice, he came to be known as one who could do anything. Naturally hater of hypocrites, naturally scornful of those who wanted a thing but had not the courage or the strength to get it, he came to be known in the wilder days of Chicago as one who could be relied on to achieve ends wherein the lower and rougher classes were concerned that could be achieved by few if any others. By a strange choice he was made a deputy United States marshal when military was stronger in America than it is now. And, when he met a man that could not do as he wished at the polls one day, he shot him. That was the only way to execute the plan he had in mind. And if it were the only way, that fact was reason and defence enough for him. So he became an outlaw.

Later he became proprietor of the bumbost, a low, clumsy craft with a keel below and a roof overhead, which he tied up at the government pier and filled with all the attractions of the vicious. It was an eyecore to all that was respectable in the city. It was a place where the toughest men and the most abandoned women could go daily and nightly for orgies that could not be tolerated on shore. The place was filled often every hour of the twenty-four with a gang of rioters that would have been dispersed or arrested had their place of meeting been anywhere within the city. Local authorities tried to disperse him, but he defied them. He resisted arrest. He would not go away. He laughed at every attempt on the part of the city to punish or stop him. Then the government was appealed to, and time and again the whole force of the naval vessels anchored here was ready to descend upon him. But with the luck of a daring man and the shrewdness of a clever man, he escaped a collision every time.

For years the bumbost laid out there at the pier, in plain sight from the shore, and received and entertained the lawless crowd to go there. In a certain way the place was always orderly, that is to say, there was a fight Jack must be in it. No bruiser from ashore would be allowed to abuse the visitors or those whose temporary homes were in the boat. No man could be robbed there. No murders were done—so far as is known. But the great room in the middle of the boat was filled with a constant succession of crowds of mingled men and women who could play cards, and drink all sorts of liquors. No one of his associates could take his place. Surrender to the law was inevitable. The bumbost business was doomed. Black Jack had invested some of his winnings from the outlaw business in a handsome yacht, and had become involved. Had he lived a few years he would have paid out. But his death and the settlement of the estate threw his belongings on the market. One of his creditors was a ship chandler, who had a tender heart for the needs of the sailors. He took the old bumbost on account and turned it over to the local managers of the Western Seaman's Friend Society and the place became a Bethel.

There was a transformation not often seen in these prosaic days. The place which had resounded to the songs of bacchanals now echoed to the hymns of religion. The windows which had looked on orgies where dissolute women and desperate men mingled in shameless confusion now stared in wonderment at trim-clad figures kneeling in prayer. The tables where cards were played are now loaded with good books, and men sit about and read them. In place of the fiery liquors served by the waiters in Black Jack's time pure water and cheering coffee are tendered to the thirsty. And the sacred names of Deity, which once were used in anathemas, now rise to the ceiling of Jach's great drinking room from the fervent lips of those whose souls have been redeemed. Rev. E. R. Pierce, chaplain of the society, is in charge of the work, and is devoting his days and his nights to building up here a place which shall be to the sailors of this city what similar institutions are to the sailors in other ports. John Hamilton, who was a shipmate of Yattaw on the Seneca Chief many years ago, is now shipkeeper on the Bethel, and, with his good wife, makes the place comfortable for all those who care to share its blessings. E. J. Franklin, son of the general manager of the society in the west, is Chaplain Pierce's assistant, and all hands are busy ministering to the wants of those for whom they labour and in the manual work of still further preparing the place for the service that is to come. Shortly after the fire the New York branch of the work sent some \$17,000 to the society at Chicago, which sum provided a place for the sailors in the building at the corner of Lake and Desplains streets. It will be well remembered by those familiar with that corner in all the years that followed the great fire. But a few years ago the lease of the place expired. There was no management that could take the initiative, and the headquarters of the Star brewery are now located where the refuge used to be. The lease of the New York brethren was to be paid in meals and lodgings to the needy sailors who should come with cards from the secretary of the Relief and Aid Society, so that long before the expiration of the lease the sum advanced had been liquidated. But there

was no foundation for work. The Bethel had to be begun at the beginning. Sailors are of a peculiar class. They do not "mix" well with men whose avocations are upon the land, excepting in those cases where the latter have associated interests—like lumber shovers and those of that kind. They are not overwell paid. In winter, when they are idle, there is no place where they can gather to spend an hour or an evening unless it be in a saloon. There is no place where they can be found if an employer should want to hire them unless it be in the employment offices, which are in some respects unfitted for a waiting place. There is no place where they can be paid so convenient as the saloons, in which each one is expected to spend a portion of his pay as a recompense for the privilege of being paid there. And in all these lines the Bethel will be of service to the men.

But there are other things. If there is anything in religion, the sailor is entitled to some of its beneficent influences. Yet they are quite beyond the reach of the influences now at work in that field. They do not go to the churches. They do not feel at home in the missions provided for landsmen. They need the services of those familiar with their craft and in sympathy with their experiences. They are naturally exposed to a good many temptations even in the busy season. In the winter they are absolutely defenceless. Yet all that is human within them is capable of help from Christian precept, sacred counsel and the songs that touch the heart of man.

Many of the sailors are married. There are many children in their families. Their wives are of the humblest in the whole laboring class of Chicago. They are the "sick" for whom the good physician declared his services and the services of those who should be his were divinely intended. These women need teaching, many of them in the common lines of needlework. In other cities they are gathered in weekly classes by good women, many of these latter wives of rich and influential men, and taught the simpler tasks of needlework.

And once a week men, women and children are gathered in the great room of the Bethels and they are entertained with religious talk, quite informal, by the chaplain, by music from singers whose voices at other times have cheered and elevated many who need their labors less, by quiet talks from women whose hearts are big enough to receive these humble toilers in the grand sisterhood of the race. Picture if you can one evening in the cabin of that old bumbost, turned Bethel. We will say there are a hundred of them men and women and children. There are half a dozen men and women from the churches. The chaplain opens the meeting with a prayer. One of the ladies plays on the organ and the rest lead in singing a hymn that some of the sailors know and can join in singing.

But aside from the good that might be done for the men and those who are dear to them by the establishment of a Bethel, there are so many of them who in midwinter need a place where a cup of coffee in His name is as blessed as that cup of cold water which "one of the least of these" was by his necessities entitled to. There are so many to whom a bit of breakfast, comfortable place of refuge during enforced idleness, a bed when no other resting place offered, who could be helped in a material way.

And in the accomplishment of these good things the perfection of that transition from a bumbost to a Bethel will be confessed.

Messages of Help for the Week. "I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy day."—Psalm 42: 4. "The Lord is on my side: I will not fear: what can man do unto me?"—Psalm 118: 6. "Turn ye * * * turn unto the Lord your God: for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger and of great kindness."—Joel 2: 12, 18. "Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision. For the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision."—Joel, 3, 14. "Seek ye the Lord and ye shall live: lest he break out like fire in the house of Joseph, and devour it, and there be none to quench it."—Amos 5: 6. "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord."—Amos 8: 11. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

Beginnings of Backsliding. It can hardly be said too often or in too many ways that the beginnings of backsliding are in remissness about little things, and especially in unfaithfulness as to what are called closet duties. He who steadily reads the bible and bows quietly before God for self-examination and earnest supplication twice or thrice a day is not likely to go astray. He cannot keep up that custom without being brought back. He cannot omit that duty without great loss. May we not ask that they whose eyes fall on this brief reminder question themselves for a moment seriously as to whether they personally are getting out of the "still hour" what it holds or them, whether they ought not to institute an immediate reform at this point?

A Wonderful Octogenarian. Dr. James Martineau, the English Unitarian divine, is perhaps the most wonderful of the eminent octogenarians living. He is four years the senior of Gladstone and ten years of Bismarck. Yet, although he has not withdrawn from ministerial and professional life, not long back he delivered a long, closely-reasoned speech without the aid of a note, and he is still writing in the reviews on such abstruse questions as the origin of the newly discovered gospel of St. Peter.

WAS THERE A FLOOD.

Discussion of the Subject from a Purely Scientific Standpoint.

One of the largest meetings ever held by the Victoria Institute of London, England, took place in the third week of March, to hear that well-known "Nestor among Geologists," Prof. Prestwich, F. R. S., read a paper on "A Possible Cause for the Origin of the Tradition of the Flood," in which he proposed to treat the subject "from a purely scientific standpoint." The chair was taken by the ex-president of the Royal Society, Sir George Stokes, Bart., F. R. S., the present occupant of that professional chair at Cambridge University once occupied by Sir Isaac Newton, and also the President of the Victoria Institute, whose aim is to investigate all scientific questions bearing on the truth of the Bible, and to associate all scientific men, and people generally, in the colonies and America, in aid of this work. The great hall was packed in every part, as those who arrived late found. The business was commenced by Captain F. Petrie, the Honorary Secretary, reading a letter from the Duke of Argyll, who was unable to be present; after which Prof. T. Rupert Jones F. R. S., read the paper prepared by Prof. Prestwich, he not being sufficiently recovered from a severe cold to do so himself. In it the author described at considerable length the various phenomena which had come under his observation during long years of geological research in Europe and the coasts of the Mediterranean. Among the things he specially referred to having found the flints of the drift to be of two classes, one with bones of animals, carved, and interspersed with the remains of man, and the other, which he termed the "Bubble-drift," containing bones of animals of all ages and kinds in vast heaps. He cited the confirmatory opinions on this point of Prof. Geikie, F. R. S., a member of the Institute, and drew special attention to the geological surroundings of these strange depositions, and the manner in which the bones were found. He then referred to phenomena in regard to Raised Sea Beaches, and the constant occurrence of "Head," the large masses of transported rock, loam and loess, covering the high plains in Hungary and Southern Russia, and the Ossiferous Breccias in various localities. From the circumstances attending these and their surroundings he said he had been forced to the conclusion that all their phenomena were "only explicable upon the hypothesis of a widespread and short submergence followed by early re-elevation and this hypothesis satisfied all the important conditions of the problem which forced one to recognize that there had been a submergence of continental dimensions. The age of a man was held to be divided into Palaeolithic and Neolithic and he considered rightly so. He concluded by suggesting that thus there seemed cause for the origin of a tradition of a flood.

The paper was followed by reference to a communication from Sir W. Dawson, F. R. S., who welcomed the paper as confirming his conclusion come to on geological and paleontological grounds of the high break in the anthropic age. The evidence for this was afforded by the cave remains and from a vast quantity of other sources. The discussion which ensued was commenced by Sir George Stokes, Bart., F. R. S., referring to the great value of the author's contribution to our knowledge and right understanding of the phenomena he had so long studied. Among those present were Mr. Huddleston, F. R. S., the present President. The latter proposed a cordial vote of thanks to his friend and teacher, Dr. Prestwich, "the Nestor among Geologists," whose contributions to our knowledge of that science were recognized by all as greater, more far-reaching, and more valuable than those of any other in the present century. After sundry other remarks Sir Henry Howarth, Bart., F. R. S., spoke, urging the great importance of recognizing the value of the arguments in the paper and many others which had come under his own observation in Asia. Prof. McK. Hughes, F. R. S., of Cambridge University, followed with some criticisms, and bore witness to the value of the paper, after which Professor Hull, F. R. S., late director of the Geological Survey of Ireland, spoke strongly in favour of the scientific nature of the author's arguments. Professor Rupert Jones, F. R. S., in a few sentences replied to the speakers, and the brilliant gathering dispersed.

THE HANGING OF HAMAN.

Commemoration by New York Hebrews of the Triumph of Esther and Mordecai. A good many thousand executions occurred on the east side last week, and more gallows were erected in a single day than would suffice for several reigns of terror says the N. York Sunday Sun. The fact is that the trial occupied many, many centuries ago. It was the trial of Haman, the wicked councillor of Ahasuerus, the great king, which has been responsible for the executions. Ever since the lovely Esther and the wise Mordecai prevailed against Haman, and had him hanged on the 50-cubit gallows he had erected for Mordecai, the Jews all over the world have celebrated the anniversary of Haman's execution by feasting and merrymaking. On that anniversary the Jewish housewives give their children cakes representing Haman swinging from a gallows. Usually Haman has eyes and nose and mouth made of raisins or piece of sweetened citron, and as the children pick these tidbits out of the figure they hear the story of how Esther and Mordecai averted the destruction of all the Jews living within the domains of Ahasuerus. In this city the children of the reformed Jews, who are supposed to be more enlightened than the orthodox, do not get any Hamans swinging from a gallows. Their parents think it indelicate and unwise, probably, to foster any revengeful emotions. Instead they turn their thoughts to the great Purim ball, the proceeds of which are devoted to charity, and endeavor to make their offspring understand that gratitude is holier and better than vengeance.

But the children of the orthodox have a great deal of pleasure out of their Hamans, and watch their mothers eagerly as they would them out of the dough, and beg them to make the features large, so that they may have plenty of raisins and citron. And as a matter of fact, very few of them think of revenge, although their pride is flattered by hearing the story of the wisdom

of their ancestor. A good many legends which do not appear in the biblical story of Esther appear in the writings of the rabbis and learned men, and every well-trained orthodox Jew knows most of these. They are usually told to the children on the evening preceding Purim, after the services in the synagogue.

Italics in the Bible. The idiomatic construction of the English language differs considerably from that of Hebrew and Greek, in which the bible was first written. A literal translation very often makes clumsy reading, and the English translators wisely determined to make the English version of the bible a model of literary style as well as linguistic accuracy. The words in italics in the bible, therefore, have no corresponding words in the original, but the translators have themselves supplied these words to render the sense of the passage in which they occur, in their opinion, more full and clear. The authorized version was prepared in the reign of James I. Fifty-four scholars most distinguished for learning, were selected for the work, and finally forty-seven undertook it. They were divided into six companies, to each of which a certain portion of scripture was assigned. Each person of a company was to prepare a translation of the whole portion committed to that company. When a company had in this way agreed upon their version, it was to be transmitted to each of the other companies, so that no part was to be without the sanction of the whole body. Two companies sat at Westminster, two at Oxford and two at Cambridge. The final revision of the whole was conducted in London by two delegates from each company. The work of translation and revision occupied from 1607 to 1610, and it came from the press of Robert Barker in 1611. The first book printed with italics was an edition of "Virgil," issued at Venice, by Aldo, in 1501; a copy of this book is preserved in the British Museum.

God Not Responsible. There is a great deal of cowardice under the words "It was the Lord's doing." Without meaning to be irreverent would any one dare blame everything on his fellow-man as the majority of people do on God? If, for instance, I go out in the rain, catch cold, am ill, loose my business, and am a care and expense to my friends, have I any right to say to those who sympathize with me that I am submitting patiently to God's will? Had I not better say, "I was imprudent and am taking the consequences?" God makes certain rules and leaves it to ourselves to decide whether we will keep them. If He were here, ready to contradict us, we would not make so many statements about His will—Donoboe's Magazine.

Jerusalem for the Jews. Jerusalem is likely again to become the city of the Jews. Fifty years ago the whole of the population of the place numbered less than 11,000 persons of Jewish descent, and about the same number of Gentiles.

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

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE. Mantle Department. NEW SPRING MANTLES. On Thursday morning the 15th, and following days we will show our New Spring Mantles. Henry Morgan & Co., - Montreal.

ESTABLISHED 1855 Taylor's Safes 145 & 147 FRONT ST. EAST TORONTO. B. B. BLIZARD, St. John N. B., Sole Agent for the Maritime Provinces.

Long Waist, Correct Shape, Best Material, Combined with the best filling in the world, makes the "Featherbone Corset" unequalled. TRY A PAIR.

THE AMERICAN \$8.00 Typewriter.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla. Cures others, will cure you. HUMPFREYS' SPECIFICS. This is a well-made, practical machine, writing capitals, small letters, figures, and punctuation marks (71 in all) on full width paper, just like a \$100 instrument.

IRA CORNWALL. Agents Wanted. Gen. Agent for Maritime Provinces, Board of Trade Bldg., St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for soap and other products. Includes images of soap boxes and a person washing. Text includes 'wash-day', 'S', 'PURE JUICE THE GRAPE', 'writer?', 'abolished', 'Selling Agents'.

SHE WAS VERY BONNIE.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON AS SHE IS PICTURED.

A Second Paper by Pastor Felix On the Poetess and Her Surroundings—Much of Her Writing Was Professional—Her Life Was All Too Brief.

The places poets choose, or that are forced upon them as a habitation, are not always such as we would suppose congenial. A girl's school to her must have been such; for it is with this place of the Misses Lance, and afterward Mrs. Sheldon, that her literary life is associated. Dear London, and, in its midst, dear Hans Place, and within No. 12, that dear bedroom, were more dear to her than all the world beside. There she sat and wrote and wrote, just as though she sat in some romantic garden bower, or the most poetical haunt the singer ever seeks. And there was a garden behind the house, whither she went, but not for musing. When she took her pen, she was shut in this little bedroom. A literary caller gives a reminiscence of her in this storied garden. He says, "I recollect there was a little garden, which, I remember right, you saw through a glass door from the hall. At all events a person full of poetic admiration once calling upon her saw a little girl skipping very actively in this court or garden, and was no little astonished to see the servant go up to her, and announce the caller, whereupon the little girl left off her skipping, and turned out to be no other than Miss London herself.

Mr. Laman Blanchard, who wrote a biography of her, gives some interesting accounts of her, describing her person and the place which, above all others, she regarded as home. Of the house, and its most noteworthy occupant, he reports: "Genius hallows every place where it pours forth its inspirations. Yet how strongly contrasted, sometimes, is the outward reality around the poet with the visions of his inward being. Is it not D'Israeli, in his Curiosities of Literature, referring to this frequent incongruity, who mentions, among other facts, that Moore composed his 'Lalla Rookh in a large barn? L. E. L., remarks on this subject. 'A history of the how and where works of imagination have been produced, would often be more extraordinary than the works themselves. Her own case is in some degree, an illustration of independence of mind over all external circumstances. Perhaps to the L. E. L., of whom so many nonsensical things have been said—as that she should write with a crystal pen, dipped in dew, upon silver paper, and use for pounce the butterfly's wing; a dilettante of literature would assign, for the scene of her authorship, a fairy like boudoir, with rose colored and silver hangings, fitted with all the luxuries of a fastidious taste. How did the reality agree with this fairy sketch? Miss London's drawing-room, indeed, was prettily furnished, but it was her invariable habit to write in her bedroom. I see it now, that homely-looking almost uncomfortable room, fronting the street, and barely furnished with a simple white bed, at the foot of which was a small, oblong-shaped sort of dressing-table, quite covered with a common, worn writing desk, heaped with papers, while some strewed the ground, the table being too small for sight beside the desk; a high-backed cane chair, which gave you an idea rather than that of comfort. A few books scattered about completed the author's paraphernalia.

"Nobody who might happen to see her for the first time, enjoying the little quiet dance of which she was fond, or the snug corner of the room where the little lively discussion, which she liked still better, was going on, could possibly have traced in her one feature of the sentimentalist which popular error reported her to be. The listener might only hear her running on from subject to subject, and lighting up each with a wit never ill-natured and often brilliant; scattering quotations as thick as hail, opinions as wild as the winds; defying fair argument to keep pace with her, and fairly talking herself out of breath. He would most probably hear from her lips many a pointed and sparkling aphorism, the wittiest things of the night, let who might be around her,—he would be surprised, pleased; but his heroine of song, as painted by anticipation, he would be unable to discover. He would see her looking younger than she really was; and perhaps, struck by her animated air, her expressive face, her slight but elegant figure, his impression would at once find utterance in the exclamation which escaped from the lips of the Ettrick Shepherd, on being presented to her, whose romantic fancies had often charmed him in the wild mountains,—'Ho! but I did not think ye'd bin sae bonnie!'

"Without attempting an elaborate description of the person L. E. L., we cite this expression of surprise as some indication that she was far prettier than report allowed her to be, at the period we are speaking of. Her easy carriage and easy movements would seem to imply an insensibility to the feminine passion for dress; yet she had a proper sense of it, and never disdained the foreign aid of ornament, always provided it was simple, quiet, and becoming. Her hair was darkly brown, very soft and beautiful, and always tastefully arranged; her figure, as before remarked, slight, but well formed and graceful; her feet small, but her hands especially so, and faultlessly white, and finely shaped; her fingers were fairy fingers; her ears also were observably little. Her face though not regular in any feature, became beautiful by expression; every flash of thought,

every change and colour of feeling, lightened over it as she spoke, when she spoke, earnestly. The forehead was not high, but broad and full; the eyes had no overpowering brilliancy, but their clear intellectual light penetrated by its exquisite softness; her mouth not less marked by character; and, besides the glorious faculty of uttering the pearls and diamonds of wit, knew how to express scorn, or anger, or pride, as well as to pour forth those short, quick, ringing laughs, which, not even excepting her bon-mots and apophorisms, were the most delightful things that issued from it.

"A singularly engaging portrait this, of one gifted with a certain genius of youth,—'a light, simple, merry-looking girl.' To the superficial eye she might have appeared to be no other; but, without genius or talent, to be agreeable, ingenious, bright, obliging, joyous, devoted to such as have a right to look for affection,—these are something. She was a housewife who was upon the heart, and by her native goodness and kind-heartedness conquered the most critical observer. 'You feel, said one who knew, 'that you could not be long with her without loving her. There was a frankness and a generosity about her that won extremely upon you. On the other hand, in mixed companies, witty and conversant as she was, you had a feeling that she was playing an assumed part. Her manner and conversation were the reverse of the tone and sentiment of her poems, but she seemed to say things for the sake of astonishing you with the very contrast. You felt not only no confidence in what she was asserting, but a strong assurance that it was said merely for the sake of saying what her hearers would least expect to hear her say. You recollect once meeting her in company, at a time when there was a strong report that she was actually, though secretly married. Mrs. Holland, on her entering the room, went up to her, in her plain, straightforward way, and said,—'My dear, what shall I call you?—Miss London, or who?' After a well-feigned surprise at the question, Miss London began to talk in a topsy-turvy manner of the report, and ended by declaring that as to love and marriage, they were things that she never thought of.

"What, then, have you been doing with yourself this last month?" "Oh, I have been puzzling my brain to invent a new sleeve; pray how do you like it? Showing her arm, she said,—'My dear, you never think of such a thing as love,' exclaimed a young sentimental man, 'you, who have written so many volumes of poetry upon it?' "Oh! that's all professional, you know," exclaimed she, with an air of merry scorn. "Professional!" exclaimed a grave Quaker, who stood near—'Why dost thou make difference between what is professional and what is real? Dost thou write one thing and think another? Does that not look very much like hypocrisy?' "To this the astonished poetess made no reply, but by a look of genuine amazement, it was a mode of putting the matter to which she had evidently never been accustomed.

"And, in fact there can be no question that much of her writing was professional. She had to win a golden harvest for the comfort of others as dear to her as herself; and she felt, like all authors who have to cater for the public, that she must provide, not so much what she would of her free will and choice, but what they expected of her. Still, working for profit, and for the age, the peculiar idiosyncrasy of her mind showed itself through all.

"One egg for ten guests is the allowance at a California ostrich farm, as I found when I visited it. 'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten,' said our host, counting the guests he had invited to spend the day at the ostrich farm with him. 'I guess that one egg will be enough.'

Having given utterance to this expression, he went to the paddock, and soon brought to the house an ostrich egg. For a whole hour it was boiled, and though there was then some misgiving as to its being cooked, the shell was broken, for curiosity could be no longer restrained, and a three-penn hard-boiled egg laid upon the table.

But apart from its size there was nothing peculiar about it. The white had the bluish tinge seen in the duck's egg, and the yolk was of the usual color. It tasted as it looked like a duck's egg, and had no flavor peculiar to itself. But it was immense! And it takes twenty-eight hens' eggs to equal in weight the ostrich egg which was cooked.

It was evident that the host knew what he was about in cooking only one. There was enough and to spare, and before leaving the table the party unanimously agreed that ostrich egg was good.

HE OBEYED HIS ORDERS.

The Result was a Big Surprise to the Officer and His Guest.

Frederick the Great, whose brilliant victories elevated Prussia from an inferior to a superior position among European nations, was noted for the strictness of his military discipline. He trained his army to move like a machine. His soldiers were disciplined so to obey orders that they had no will of their own.

The discipline which the great Frederick stamped upon the Prussian army remains to-day in all the clearness of the original impression. Not long ago a little event took place at Poodowak, a military station near Berlin, which shows what the German soldier's idea of obeying orders is.

The officer in command one morning posted a veteran in front of his own residence, with orders to pace up and down a certain distance, and on no account lower his gun from the "carry." The officer a pompous, self-important man, was expecting visitors that day, and he wished to impress them with his military style. Calling the soldier before him he gave his orders.

"You are to pace the distance assigned, with your gun at the 'carry.' Do you understand?" "Yes, Commander."

"And on no account are you to deviate from your walk, or remove your weapon from its position. You understand?" "Yes, Commander."

You will observe strict silence. On no account are you to speak with any one on your beat. You understand?" "Yes, Commander."

"Very well; go and obey." An hour after the officer's guests were ushered into his presence. They entered, each with a broad grin on his countenance. "My friend," asked one of them of the host, "what is this procession in front of your house?" "Procession! Procession! There is no procession!" blurted out the host, growing red in the face.

"But look for yourself." The commander rushed to the window. There was the soldier, as stiff and erect as his own weapon, with eyes stolidly staring right ahead, marching solemnly up and down his beat, while following him was a mob of young street loafers armed with old brooms, sticks, pitchforks and other improvised weapons. Seeing that the soldier was apparently oblivious to all around him, one bold scamp had affixed to the sentinel's coat-tail a string, at whose end dangled a rusty tin can. And this unique procession had been going on for half an hour, to the intense delight of the guests as they arrived at the commander's house.

Out rushed the irate officer. The mob seeing him, dispersed, and he began to vent his anger on the sentinel. "What! Blockhead! Why did you not disperse them?" "The commander forgets. I had orders not to remove my gun from position." "True! But you might have ordered them off."

"The commander, pardon me, forgets again. I had orders not to speak." "It is true, but—"

"There is no bit. You ordered. I obeyed. What more can be said?" Indeed, nothing could be said. The officer swallowed his wrath as best he could. It would be altogether unilitary to punish a soldier for obeying orders.

Among the men of international reputation in America no one is better known than Hon. John M. Francis, ex-minister to Austria.

The highest political honors have come to him unsought. Pres. Grant appointed him minister of Greece. Pres. Garfield had chosen him for the mission to Belgium. Pres. Arthur appointed him minister to Portugal, and in 1884 he was promoted to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Austria-Hungary, with a residence at Vienna.

At the last New York State election Mr. Francis was chosen one of the 15 delegates-at-large to the constitutional convention, which is to sit in Albany next summer, and his majority was the largest on the state ticket.

Mr. Francis is conspicuous among the really great editors of today as the founder, editor and proprietor of the Troy Times, which he has made a live, enterprising, clean and popular paper, and one of the ablest and most influential exponents of republicanism in the country. The life and labors of Mr. Francis present one of the most attractive and instructive objects which one can contemplate. Industry, conscientiousness, absolute fidelity to duty, and preference for a high plane of moral conduct, have been conspicuous traits of his character. They were the adequate guarantee of the eminent success that has crowned his efforts, and of the tribute of esteem that is paid to him.

EX-MINISTER TO AUSTRIA. Hon. John M. Francis, One of the Thousands Whom Paine's Celery Compound Has Benefitted.



They could not keep house without it, and never allow their supply to become exhausted. I shall always stand ready to say a good word for Paine's Celery Compound, for I honestly believe that it will do all that is claimed for it.

Among the thousands of testimonials that come to the proprietors of Paine's Celery Compound every year, are letters from grateful men and women in every station in life. Little did the Dartmouth's great professor realize the greatness of his benefit to mankind when he first prescribed this remedy that makes people well, and in the spring months is as much superior to all the ordinary tonics, nervines and sarsaparillas as the diamond is more brilliant than a piece of glass. It is the best spring medicine in the world. It makes people well.

It is the true specific for diseases arising from a debilitated nervous system and impure blood. It is a positive cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, liver complaint, neuralgia, rheumatism, all nervous diseases and kidney troubles. For the latter Paine's Celery Compound has succeeded again and again where everything else has failed.

BONNELL'S GROCERY. A LIST OF DONT'S

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

PLAC A CAKE of Baby's Own Soap in your linen drawer and it will impart to your clothes the delicate aroma of fine French Pot Pourri, in a modified degree. The longer you keep the Soap before using it the better. Beware of Imitations. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Montreal, Sole Manufacturers.

ORLANDO V. D. JONES, DRUGGIST, Cor. Waterloo and Peters Sts. TURKEYS, CHICKENS, GEESSE AND DUCKS. DEAN'S SAUSAGES. THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

wo Not much op Easter finery this Winter came back that the very thou with flowers and give on a cold in hat which had never looked more on Easter Sunday, day, but too cold in many parts of lay deep upon the scape was more li The oos outtake was in black and red velvet rib de size trimm pass ment

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Not much opportunity of displaying Easter finery this year, was there girls? Winter came back so suddenly, and fiercely that the very thought of an Easter bonnet with flowers and ribbons was enough to give one a cold in the head, and the velvet hat which had been our best all winter never looked more attractive, than it did on Easter Sunday. True, it was a lovely day, but too cold for spring garments, and in many parts of New Brunswick the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the landscape was more like Christmas than Easter.

transparent fabrics, are to take the place of our dearly loved serges, and military braids; puffed sleeves will disappear, and "flowing draperies" will be worn instead of flounces, and flaring skirts. I am sure I hope the fashion of wearing low necked dresses at the breakfast table and on the street, will not accompany the revival of old fashions because pneumonia is not only more prevalent now-a-days than it was in the days of the Restoration, but funerals are more expensive, and doctors bills higher. At the same time the careful student of the

or of a merely social nature—a pleasure instead of an ordeal to their hostesses; and now perhaps it may be in order to read in turn a short homily on the duties of the hostess to her visitors. In the first place, it is well to remember that the making of formal calls is not always an unmixed pleasure, since it is scarcely possible that anyone's visiting list can be made up entirely of agreeable and entertaining people. Neither is it possible for the most cheerful and sweet tempered person in the world to make a pleasure trip out of a long round of calls, when her circle of acquaintances includes people who keep either a savage dog, who sits on the doorstep and guards every approach to the family residence with a faithfulness as beautiful as it is inconvenient; a dog with an affectionate disposition and a habit of wiping his muddy feet on the visitor's best dress, or, worst of all, people who neglect to strew sand or ashes on their icy doorsteps in winter and then blame their visitors for clumsiness if they fall and sprain their ankles. Such trifles as these render the path of the "caller" anything but smooth, and as they are only a few of the discomforts attending a round of visits, perhaps it might be a good idea for some of us to put ourselves in the visitor's place for a little while and "see how we should like it ourselves."

One of the greatest trials which the pilgrim on the highway of social conventionalities has to encounter, is the discourteous and selfish habit some people have of keeping their visitors waiting an almost unlimited time, not only before they are admitted at all, but also in the drawing-room, when they have sent up their names, and have a right to expect a speedy audience.

Who does not cherish bitter memories of dreary moments spent on the doorsteps of their friends' exposed to the blazing sun of summer, and the icy blasts of winter, waiting for some response to their ring? I can feel the sensation of fretful impatience that used to possess me once more, as I think of that period of uncertainty and fatigue, when I stood at someone's door, after a long round of calls, and listened to the leisurely steps of the servant, as she responded to the perfectly audible tinkle of a bell from upstairs, and then came deliberately down stairs to open the door, and show me in, or receive my card. In fancy I could hear the colloquy between mistress and maid,—"Did you ring ma'am?" "Yes Jane, will you go to the door, if you please?" How my tired feet have ached, and how I did want to silently steal away, and let Jane be confronted by nothingness when she finally reached the door!



OUT THEY GO AT \$3.00.

36 Pairs of Ladies' Fine Kid Button Boots, Best French and American Makes. Formerly sold at \$6.00. We will close them out at

\$3.00 Per Pair.

Note the sizes: 2 1/2, 3, 3 1/2.

WATERBURY & RISING

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

Corticelli

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



EVENING AND STREET GOWNS.

The costume in the center is dark green armure wool, trimmed with black soutache wrought in fine patterns, and with an inset vest of white cloth embroidered in black and gold. The figure at the right is a tan nette trimmed with brown velvet and velvet ribbon. The figure on the left shows an evening gown of pink mousseline de soie trimmed with rows of pink ribbon. Over the shoulders are straps of gold passementerie on pink ribbon.

But still Easter always brings out a wonderful display of spring fashions, especially in hats and bonnets, and the "openings" of the different millinery establishments have shown an unusual variety both in styles, and shapes. The tendency seems to be very decidedly towards the larger bonnet which droops more towards the ears than we have been accustomed to lately, and which shows an unpleasant inclination to develop into the cottage bonnet of olden times, which was at once so dowdy, and so trying, even to the most beautiful face. But still there is an endless variety and if one does not call for one style there are plenty of others to choose from. Immense wide spreading bows, which make the wearer look like an Alastian peasant, form a prominent feature of spring millinery, while the French bonnets have wide strings which tie in a large stiff bow immediately under the chin. One of the prettiest, and most becoming shapes, is the English toque, which has no strings at all, and is trimmed with a wreath of flowers, and an erect bow which is placed either directly in front, or at the back, and sometimes at both back and front.

One popular little French shape has a close-fitting top piece of half circular shape which is really the bonnet proper, and is bordered with jet or iridescent beads sewed on very closely. At the back is another circular piece which stands up like an old fashioned "back comb," and is covered with small flowers in such a fashion that it almost resembles a miniature peacock's tail fully spread out. Directly in front of this odd structure is a velvet bow, with a rhinestone buckle in the centre. Odd, as it seems, and indeed looks, when held in the hand, or gazed at in a milliner's window, the queer little bonnet is very becoming when worn on the right head.

Black, is seen on almost every hat or bonnet, this season either in jet trimming, feathers, velvet, or ribbon, even black violets and black mignonette being shown in conjunction with pink roses. The hats are perfect marvels; some of them being almost covered with feathers and plumes, and others are flower gardens in which the most wonderful blossoms run riot, and ribbons and laces abound in a profusion which is absolutely reckless.

The sailor hat is still seen with a broader brim than it had last year, and a good deal of trimming.

Of course there is the usual prophesy of a complete change in the styles of dress, which we expect now every spring, and the latest announcement made by the authorities in the world of fashion, is that the one and only Worth, has decided to do away with tailor-made dresses, and everything sensible and convenient, and go back to the fashions affected by Madame de Pompadour, and the belles of the court of Louis the XV. Lace, gauze, light colors, and

fashion magazines cannot discover any alarmingly marked change in the spring styles, the tailor made skirt, with its trim coat, also tailor made, and the plain double breasted vest, or soft silk blouse, still seems to hold its own in spite of all predictions to the contrary, and none of the best dressed women consider their wardrobes complete without such a costume. The coat may be either long, and full skirted, with small trim rolling collar and very wide revers; or it may be short and basque-like, with skirt so full that they

And which of us fails to recall the arid quarter of an hour in a darkened and often chilly drawing room waiting for the hostess to appear, and the feeling of indignation which possessed us as the moments went by, and still she came not? I am not exaggerating when I say that I have waited twenty minutes in the parlor of an intimate friend, hearing her voice meanwhile in cheerful conversation with someone else; and just as the last remnant of my patience

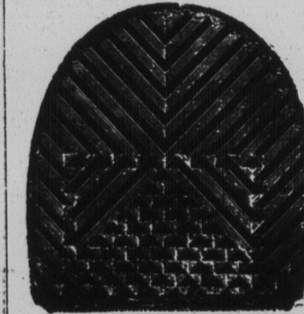
of rather constrained conversation, she looked distinctly surprised and hurt, never considering, I am quite sure, that almost the entire time I had to spend with her, had been wasted in solitary confinement in the parlor. I am not speaking from my own experience alone, but from that of many of my friends, some of whom have asked me to make it the subject of an article in my department, and see if some good result might not follow.

Now, my friends, let us examine ourselves carefully and avoid this error in the

message through the maid that "Mrs. Blank is very much engaged and begs to be excused" will absolve her from all inconvenience, and set the visitor free to continue her round of calls without wasting a moment of her time. And if an intimate friend should arrive at a moment when the mistress of the house is engaged in the nursery, the pantry or the sewing room, it is equally easy and much more hospitable to tell the maid to "ask Miss if she would mind coming upstairs." In these busy,

DO You Recognize It?

This is the heel of the



GRANBY RUBBER.

Look for this pattern on the heel when you buy a Rubber to Oversole. It guarantees a perfect article.

Granby Rubbers Wear Like Iron.

Ask your dealer for them.



NEW MOURNING COSTUMES.

The figure on the right shows a home mourning gown of silk warp henrietta and courtail crepe, with a narrow line of jet passementerie down the front. That on the left is of endora cloth and courtail crepe, with the under skirt crepe and the upper one endora. The sleeves and waist draperies are of crepe.



ELEGANT SPRING GOWNS.

The gown on the right is of pale heliotrop bengaline, bordered by brocaded trimming. It has a draped double skirt and Worth yoke and collar. The center dress is of chocolate cloth with wide collar and bertha of white cloth. The same trim the waist and front. The gown on the left is of stone gray camel's hair, trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon.

ripple below the waist, and very broad double revers. Such coats do not button at all, but open over a double breasted waist coat of white and cream colored cloth, cut low enough to show a white linen shirt front and collar, with a four-in-hand tie. They are trimmed either with fancy braid, or rows of stitching.

Not very long ago I ventured to offer my readers a few suggestions on the subject of making calls—what! of ceremony,

had disappeared, and I had risen to slip quietly out, my friend had tripped into the room smiling sweetly, and making ample amends for the delay by saying—"I know you would not mind waiting a minute dear, and you know mama was just helping me to cut out a cloak for Baby, so I could not very well come before."

Now I don't suppose it crossed my friend's mind for one moment, that she had been either rude, or inconsiderate, and when I rose to go, after five minutes

future," as the clergymen say. I am quite aware that in a place where the custom prevails of each lady having a reception day on which her friends are certain of finding her at home, such annoyance is out of the question, but this custom is not by any means universal, many conservative people preferring to be at home at all times to their acquaintances, rather than confine them to one day in the week, and in such cases visitors must take their chance in more ways than one. Therefore, I think that if the hostess applied the golden rule of doing as she would be done by, the making of formal calls would not be dreaded so much as it undoubtedly is now.

A visit is always a compliment paid to the person receiving it, and surely there could scarcely be a more ungracious return for such a courtesy than to make the visitor wait like a servant until it suits the convenience of the hostess to see her.

Of course there are times when a visit from a friend is inconvenient, but in that case there is always a choice of at

least two remedies. Should the visitor be aware that in a place where the custom prevails of each lady having a reception day on which her friends are certain of finding her at home, such annoyance is out of the question, but this custom is not by any means universal, many conservative people preferring to be at home at all times to their acquaintances, rather than confine them to one day in the week, and in such cases visitors must take their chance in more ways than one. Therefore, I think that if the hostess applied the golden rule of doing as she would be done by, the making of formal calls would not be dreaded so much as it undoubtedly is now.

We are fairly considerate of strangers, because we still have their good opinion to gain but when it comes to old friends—"Oh I knew you would not mind dear! Of course if it had been a stranger I would have hurried, but you are like one of the family, and I make you perfectly at home." And I once heard a witty old gentleman say, that when your friends once took to making you quite at home, it was high time to stop going to their house.

ASTRA.

Delinquent for April. The Delinquent for April with its pages full of the newest and neatest things in spring fashions is at hand. Perhaps at this season more than any other this is valuable in the household. Sold at the usual places at 15 cents per copy. Subscription \$1. per year.



UNBREAKABLE OVER THE HIP. PRICE \$1.50.

MOTHERS!

WHEN YOUR CHILD SUFFERS and cries with pain DO NOT Dose it with injurious syrups or Narcotics. It may be troubled with worms; and wants

DAWSON'S CHOCOLATE CREAMS.

The Great Worm Remedy.

Approvable in Diet: Pure in Effect. Purely Vegetable in Composition. REQUIRES NO AFTER MEDICINE. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. a Box.

THE Dawson Medicine Co., MONTREAL.

WONDERS OF THE WORLD

MANY OF THEM ARE TO BE FOUND ON THIS CONTINENT.

Strange sights and great achievements in various quarters of the world—Numerous Natural and Artificial Marvels of Both the East and the West.

America holds the record in many natural wonders and artificial triumphs. The largest lake in the world (Superior), the longest river (Missouri), the largest park (Yellowstone), the finest cave (the Mammoth), the greatest waterfall (Niagara) and the only natural bridge (in Virginia) are all to be found within the borders of the United States, says the Washington Star.

Two famous workhouses for scientific purposes are also here—the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, California, containing the largest telescope in the world, with its lens of thirty-six inches and focal length of fifty-six feet, and the laboratory of Thomas A. Edison at Orange, N. J., which was completed in 1887, is the largest private laboratory in the world.

The longest telephone line is between Chicago and New York, while the longest telegraph span (5,000 feet) is across the Kristian River in India. China owns the largest canal in the world, which may be traced to a distance of 1,000 miles. The longest wall is also here, extending 1,500 miles, and the longest stone bridge near Sangang, known as the Lion Bridge.

The longest tunnel is at Chemnitz, in Austria, and the deepest artesian well ever bored is at Perth, in Hungary, 8,140 feet below the surface of the earth, where the temperature of the water is 158 degrees Fahrenheit.

The largest fortress is Fortress Monroe, Va., though the rocky Gibraltar is stronger than any other in the world. The czar of Russia possesses an estate of 100,000,000 acres, which fact proclaims him the greatest landowner of all countries.

The largest diamond in the world is the Cullinan, which was found in the Transvaal, South Africa, and weighed 3,106 carats. It was cut into nine stones, the largest of which is the Cullinan I, which weighs 530 carats.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A WELL-KNOWN BRANTFORD LADY.

Suffered for Two Years With Sick Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia—How She Found Relief—What Well-Known Chemists Say. (From the Brantford Express.)

Mrs. S. W. Avery lives on Pleasant Ridge, about four miles out of the city of Brantford, that being her nearest post-office and where all her trading is done. Mr. and Mrs. Avery have always lived in that neighborhood, and he is the owner of two splendid farms, the one where he lives consisting of 160 acres and the other lying near Brantford comprising 100 acres.

They are highly respected residents of the community in which they reside, and every person for miles around knows them. Having heard that Mrs. Avery had been cured of chronic dyspepsia and indigestion, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he called there recently and asked if she was willing to make public the facts concerning the cure.

Mrs. Avery replied that she had been afflicted with Pink Pills, and was perfectly willing to give her experience to the benefit of those who might be similarly suffering. "For two years," she said, "I have been greatly troubled with a very sick headache, dizziness, and a cough which I believe were the symptoms of dyspepsia and indigestion, and I could find nothing to relieve me although I tried several different medicines. I could not even find anything which would relieve my cough, which at times would be very severe.

Early last winter I read in the Express of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I was somewhat similar to mine. I was thus induced to try them. I procured a supply from Messrs. McGregor & Merrill, druggists of Brantford. Before I had used two boxes of the Pink Pills I felt so much better, and I believed I had another supply and used them with the result that I have been totally relieved.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were recommended to me by a friend, and I accordingly got another supply and used them with the result that I have been totally relieved. I have not once since had the severe headache which formerly entirely disappeared, and my cough has entirely disappeared. I strongly recommend Pink Pills to anyone who suffers similarly to what I did, from dizziness, headache, indigestion, etc., and I believe they will derive great benefit from their use.

Mrs. Avery's statement was corroborated by her husband, who was present during the interview, and who said that without a shadow of a doubt Pink Pills had accomplished more for his wife than had any other medicine which she had taken. Messrs. McGregor & Merrill were interviewed, and in reply to a query as to the sale of these pills, Mr. McGregor said: "We have sold in the neighborhood of 5,000 boxes during the past twelve months and there is no remedy we handle gives better satisfaction to our customers than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I have every confidence that Pink Pills are the best on the market and something the people can depend upon."

Mr. Merrill, the other member of this well-known firm, said: "I have more pleasure in selling Pink Pills than any other medicine we handle, because it is rarely there is any disappointment in them, and the people who purchase them unanimously express themselves as well satisfied. I am acquainted with Mrs. Avery, and I know that all her statements are reliable. I have watched the improvement Pink Pills have made in her case and have seen a great change for the better. Many other druggists recommend some preparations, sometimes their own, to be equally as good as Pink Pills, but we cannot conscientiously say so, knowing that as a system tonic Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand unrivalled."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and tired feeling, therefrom, and the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on failure of the system, such as chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for all cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, and troubles peculiar to the female system, such as the case of men of failing mental energy, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink). Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you. The public are also cautioned against other so-called blood purifiers and nerve tonics, put up in similar form and intended to deceive. They are imitations of the original, and they are a pecuniary advantage from the wrong reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies—Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa made with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more nourishing, and is a delicious, nourishing, and EARLY DIGESTED. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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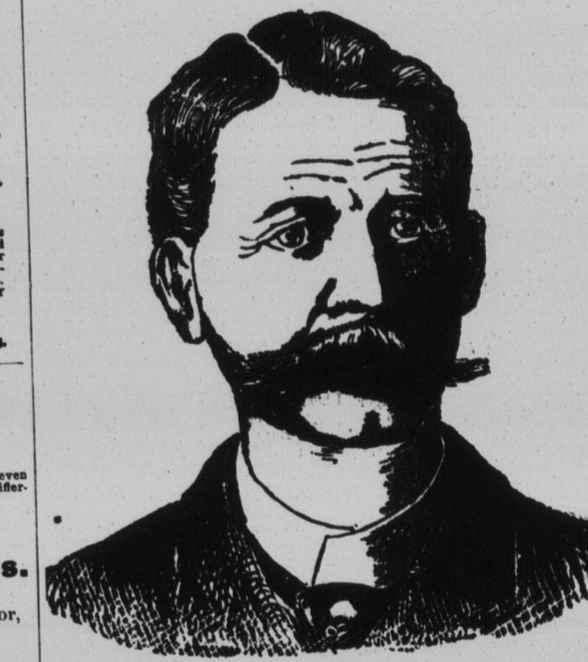
SUNLIGHT SOAP

Does Your Wife Do Her Own Washing? If she does, see that the wash is made Easy and Clean by getting her SUNLIGHT SOAP, which does away with the terrors of wash-day. Experience will convince her that it PAYS to use this soap.

Nixey's Black Lead. Quick, Lasting Polish for Stoves & Grates. Easy to apply. Always bright and beautiful. W. G. NIXEY, LONDON, ENG., is the oldest and largest manufacturer of Black Lead in the world. An article which has been popular everywhere for NEARLY A CENTURY, must of necessity, be the BEST of ITS KIND. CHAS. GYDE, Agent, Montreal. Sold by Grocers and Hardware dealers.

Hamilton's Soda Biscuits. CHALLENGE COMPARISON WITH ANY MADE. THEY ARE SOLD ON THEIR MERITS. TAKE NO OTHER.

EX-MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT REUBEN E. TRUAX



Hon. Reuben E. Truax, one of Canada's ablest thinkers and statesmen, a man so highly esteemed by the people of his district that he was honored with a seat in Parliament, kindly furnishes us for publication the following statement, which will be most welcome to the public, inasmuch as it is one in which all will place implicit confidence. Mr. Truax says:

"I have been for about ten years very much troubled with Indigestion and Dyspepsia, have tried a great many different kinds of patent medicines, and have been treated by a number of physicians and found no benefit from them. I was recommended to try the Great South American Nerve Tonic. I obtained a bottle, and I must say I found very great relief, and have since taken two more bottles, and now feel that I am entirely free from Indigestion, and would strongly recommend all my fellow-sufferers from the disease to give South American Nerve Tonic an immediate trial. It will cure you. "REUBEN E. TRUAX, "Walkerton, Ont."

It has lately been discovered that certain Nerve Centres, located near the base of the brain, control and supply the stomach with the necessary nerve force to properly digest the food. When these Nerve Centres are diseased, the food is not properly digested, and the result is Indigestion and Dyspepsia. South American Nerve Tonic is a specific for these Nerve Centres, and it restores them to their normal condition, and thus cures the disease. It is a most valuable medicine, and is sold by all druggists and grocers. For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.

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THE OLD NORTH CREEK.

In the good old prosperous days of Aberdeenshire a pier was built 100 yards or so out into the river, affording a harbor along the city's front. On its stony area great buildings were constructed, warehouses and granaries, the precursors of modern elevators. For a time that haven was crowded to overflowing with all the various crafts of traffic. For a time those mighty structures were stored to overflowing, and deemed most reliable and valuable possessions by opulent owners. But the railways came and carried the distributing point into the West; from a terminus, Aberdeen dwindled into a way station.

Gradually the basin, as it was called, was silted by even canal boats, and suffered to fill with silt and sewage. Gradually the property on the pier became more the subject of tax sales than the object of taxation. Business had no further use for it, for naught else was of any use. The huge fabric stood empty and deserted, with weather-stained sides and broken windows, cared for only by neglect. Lucky the present merchant who had gathered and retired and kept. Well could he censure his foolish brethren who had failed to read the evident signs of the commercial skies.

Probably no one suffered more from this decay or received less sympathy than old Norman Bruce, who had built the largest warehouse on the pier. He had been a hard man in his prosperity; in his adversity men and things were hard towards him. He was too obstinate to yield and sacrifice much for a little. He persisted and kept looting until that little seemed great; until all that remained of his wealth was that monument of his ruin, which no one would buy, and which he could not even give away. Then he died and left the vast barracks and a slender insurance to his son Norman, his only child, a child born amid the depression foreboding disaster and of a mother who gave her life for his birth.

The care of the boy and of his sparse patrimony old Norman confided to Chauncey Maine, the one friend who had proved staunch against circumstances. A prosperous, sweet-natured man was this friend, one who undertook the charge as he did every duty—with a smile. Not even the doubts of his wife perturbed him, although his thought had ever been her reason. "Such a strange, sullen lad," she pleaded. "His great black eyes haunt me. I don't really think it will be good for Adele."

"Pooh, pooh," had laughed her husband. "She will be good for him. Remember the poor boy has been bred in the shadow of misfortune. The sunshine of our home will transform his nature, you may be sure."

And little Adele had clasped her arms protectingly around young Norman's neck. And truly that gentle home, with its hearty master, its kindly faced mistress, its bright little girl, did sit and quicken the boy's heart most preciously. He loved it all, he loved them all, fervently, intensely, with the devotion of one who had been snatched from the tempest and brought into the very glow of the hearth. "A strange, sullen lad," he was indeed—dark, slight, with a touch of anticipatory suffering in his eyes and a melancholy shadow in his brows. But when he smiled, as he did at the call of one of those home voices, then his spirit shone forth and it was all gratitude, all tenderness. And so, against appearances and predispositions, he became a part of a simple joyous family.

Norman was not companionable. When he was not with Adele, and through her with Rufus Knowles, her playfellow, who lived next door, he was alone. Often, too, he left these two, because he felt loneliness in the knowledge that he did not share their mutual affection. Then he would wander out into the country, and in the gloom of the woodland and the seclusion of the thicket find the consolation of solitude for his thoughts. More often, though, he would stroll down to the pier and linger in the great vacant building which was his inheritance. It had voices, had that huge structure, and foreboded his own. In the dusty shadows he saw pictures, ghosts of events unrecorded on his brain, had been yet there was comfort in the knowledge of common misfortune, for from its community came sympathy.

Sometimes, too, he would go aboard the squab schooners that lay along the wharf and climb up to the cross-trees and there on dream hours away tranquilly, it not happily, watching the flow of the magic river. There were voices in its glitter—uninterpretable, indeed, yet yielding the impression of rest. A magic river truly it seemed to him, connecting the unknown with the known, leading from ice to heat, from cloud into glow. As he followed its course until it bent around the island and in a shining sweep disappeared, each little wave grew brighter as if that curve were the gate into a fairer world.

Thoughtful Norman continued as he advanced into manhood thoughtful, yet not sad. His temper, which had been unruly, he disciplined and controlled. His disposition, too, introspective, grew broad and unselfish. He ceased not from dreaming, yet his dreams were never gloomy. He would serve his benefactors. He would bring into their feet all the wonders of the world. He would lay down his life for their sake! Ah how he loved them all, and Adele in the highest! Passion gave to his youth the maturity of full manhood. Yet never in his brightest visions did this love smite with success. He was always doing something to aid her, and then going away, away forever beyond the bend of the river into silence and peace. And in this reassurance he discovered a melancholy content compatible to his nature, until the thought obtruded that he must leave her to Rufus Knowles. Then mild, poetical fancy would flee before black, sullen rage, and he would hate the one who called him "friend," hate him because he realized how unworthy he was of the girl's pure affection.

And yet Norman continued and urged an intimacy which was so distasteful to himself? He felt how impotent he was to ward off the inevitable. Might he not at least clear away two blemishes from his path? Poor fellow! Much as he condemned himself, he still appreciated that he did possess some noble attributes. These would not have existed in vain if from the unconscious imitation of association Rufus Knowles, too, should acquire such traits.

But Rufus Knowles felt no need of either imitation or emulation. His lines had fallen in pleasant places; let them remain where they lay. From a handsome, careless boy, the rest all old women, he had leisurely advanced to a handsome, careless man, endowed to all the maids.

He was well satisfied with his position and possibilities. Whatever he did did well; whatever he couldn't do he was sure would not be good for him to do. He was acutely sensible to the love which Adele felt for him. When the proper time came he proposed to cast toward her the handkerchief of his favor, for where could he find a sweeter wife? But that time depended on his leisure, and that leisure still had plenty of other matters with to divert itself.

A young girl's love is apt to be a sickly growth when cherished before the family hearth. It requires the storm the sunshine, the change of season, and the open air. From another view it thrives on difference and interference, and not on evidence. Opportunity is more prolific than constant occasion; the imagination not reason, is the more successful gardener. Rufus Knowles bore his comings with a certain gracious and dashing impudence. When he was present he was over-obliging and gallant; when absent these attributes enlarged into true nobility. This selfishness served him in place of design, and spathely kept him before the larger end of the opera glass. Before marriage love argues from the particular to the general, and is satisfied; after marriage, alas, it may argue from the general to the particular, and doubt. Such however, is the common lot; only by ceasing to be man can man realize his anticipations.

Now, Adele loved Norman too sincerely to ever love him passionately, for there is not heat enough in "sincerity" or any of its derivatives to ever set free a tear. Like her father and mother he was one of the larger blessings. Are these the blessings that one prays for? She was used to seeing him around; but so was she accustomed to the family furniture and the family cat. Romance requires a glimpse and then darkness for dreaming; when open scrutiny notices such little things as a mole on the face or a spoon left in a cup. An idol, when examined, is a senseless thing of wood and stone, but the true worshiper approaches with downcast eyes.

It happened one winter when Norman was beginning to show that skill in business which his father had at one time possessed that he was absent in the West for several weeks. On his return to his guardian's house his monotonous melancholy was of a sudden displaced by fervor, ecstatic joy. Adele was so unexpectantly glad to see him and yet so strangely shy. When he had left her he had borne away with him the image of a pale penitentiary maid; now this same maid was blithe and winsome, with eyes full of light and cheeks fragrant of life. And she was so unexpectantly glad! What could it mean, save that absence had made that dear heart tender; what could it mean, save that she knew herself and thus at last knew him? For once Norman's thoughts strode on the sunny side of life, a small hope whispered, a great hope asserted, that he was beloved. He left the path of resignation and he wandered. He ceased to plod and he walked on air. Alas, poor Norman! When one wanders one is apt to be lost in the dark. Alas, poor Norman! He was the one who treats the air needs a solid footing, then that one fails!

It was the day after his return that Norman met his friend Rufus Knowles, that friend often so repugnant, but now so amiable. He greeted him with the stolidity of a cool, collected man, which, because unwonted always seemed exaggerated and wild.

"What, Norman, my boy," cried Rufus; how fine your feeling, to be sure! Well! I am glad of it, for I have a proposition to propose. Mason wants us to come over to-night for what. What do you say? A jolly evening sandwiched between two enlivening trips on skates."

Norman looked up to the soft, heavy sky and shook his head. "Adele had skates he repeated. 'I don't think it safe. I hear the old North Creek broke up last night. Of course, its ice is jammed at the dam. But then, the wind is from the south; there is a thaw in the very air.'"

"Nonsense," protested Rufus. "The ice is like glass and thick enough to touch bottom. I haven't been on my skates for a year, and I feel the need of my tonic. You have always badgered me, winter and summer, to go on the river. And now, Norman, do you afraid? Well, I am surprised."

"I'm afraid," said Norman, "but I'll go. I like Mason and his cosy house on the heights, and what with the companions of cigars and punch. I am afraid, but I will go."

"Of course you will. I guess if teams can cross, we can. I'll meet you—let me see? Why at your old rookery on the pier at 7 o'clock. There's an easy descent there."

Norman hastened that night to his appointment with a light heart. His steps seemed blessed by Adele's parting words; how could they go astray? So you and Rufus are going together," she had said; "oh, I'm so glad; then I know you'll be safe." Poor Norman! He who translates a young girl's words literally loses not only the poetry, but also the intent of the text.

The evening was calm, the sky translucent; the ice, as Rufus had predicted, like glass. Only to the north there hung a mist above it, as if nature were preparing a drama behind the curtain; only along the tracks the teams had made was there water. Already in the eastern heavens the full moon rose high, giving splendor to heights they were approaching and an unreal beauty to the city they had left. An enlivening trip surely was their swift, certain glide side by side. Yet, once and again Norman broke this harmony by stopping short. His face glimmered so strangely white that Rufus said angrily enough:

"What's the matter? Are you dat?" "I thought I heard something," Norman replied, "from underfoot. Listen; now don't you hear?"

"Hear, exclaimed Rufus, contemptuously. "Of course I hear. The ice cracks and groans as all old ice does. Come on." But the sounds which Norman seemed to hear were the voices of the river, those familiar voices of his boyhood, repeating their sad, yet tranquil messages.

The evening at Mason's passed as pleasantly as Norman had anticipated, and it was late when the twin stepped out from the comfort of his home into the obscurity of the night. A heavy murkiness prevailed, arising from the river, and veiling the moon. A strong wind was blowing, a soft wind, filled with moisture and redolent with spring. From below came heavy booming, the sign of alarm; Norman, realizing the enormity of his fears, tried

to hasten his companion's steps, but in vain. Rufus had been approached at a generous hospitality, and was not quite himself. The some on else that he was with discursive, boastful, and, oh, so deliberate!

Ere they reached the bank Norman's patience was exhausted, and his temper aroused from the restraint of years. Even through the gloom he could detect signs of disintegration. The joy expanse was apparently unbroken from shore to shore, but a thin sheet of water was creeping over it. It quivered, too, and throbbed in regular pulsations, as if the monster below were breathing heavily. And yet, when they ventured the icy surface it seemed as solid as an island's foundation. At least, so it seemed to Rufus, for he laughed to scorn his comrade's expostulations, and found delight in disregarding them. He skated, oh, yes and rapidly, but not so he should have. He was a frightened bird.

So, gentlemen have admired the signature, proceeded to write above it as follows: "On demand I promise to pay for the benefit of the poor man the sum of 5,000 marks."

They sawed out the block of ice, and, having called a cab, proceeded to the bank and carried the frozen note of hand-foot, we mean—to the cashier's counter. The cold temperature happily prevented the melting of the icy draft, and the banker, having been appealed to, ordered it to be paid.

It is perhaps best to be overrated in this world. We may possibly slip through without being detected, and there is always enough to take a back seat when we are actually obliged to.

I asked her two days ago. You shall be our John. The tempter raged, the waters surged, the old walls cracked and settled and fell. But above the hideous din arose the voices of his boyhood and these sung a requiem.

Norman returned to his father's house. The great fabric encompassed him with its shadow. The tempter raged, the waters surged, the old walls cracked and settled and fell. But above the hideous din arose the voices of his boyhood and these sung a requiem.

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MELISSA For either Men or Women. All acknowledge that for Style, Health, Comfort and Economy, no waterproof in existence is equal to a

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. TRANS-PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS LEAVE VANCOUVER FOR JAPAN, CHINA, & C. HAWAII AND AUSTRALIA

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

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

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. WINTER ARRANGEMENTS. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING November 13th, the steamers of this company will leave St. John every Wednesday and Saturday at Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

SEEDS CATALOGUE 1894. Illustrated catalogue now ready and mailed free to all who send to the office a complete assortment of newly selected seeds and plants, and are pleased at all times to give special quotations for large quantities. W.W. EWING & CO., 142 BRIDGE ST.

VOL. PROS. TAX RE. First by... The... wards, w... with the p... reduction... of the T... ple. Ab... side for t... not idle b... are work... McGoldir... vote lever... position h... "Vote for... put on my... do not ca... do not ca... between t... of Dufferin... aldermen... opponen... choice me... effort to... names un... everywher... and scan... those who... hand them... So far t... assistance... is expecte... to carry o... vote and w... well know... to Mr. Pe... term and... Wellington... vote thro... and earnest... contest. The associ... do not lose... leaders in... the electio... they exper... and will w... They hav... against the... to realize... take too... and few in... of Chamb... Of course... official ex... who like... ferences to... a peculiar... the politi... offices and... the prunin... not be forg... Prochn... engineers... that there... the depart... the office o... do away o... officials no... These m... as those o... the people... as well as... of the T... are pledge... have supp... them exp... for their p... So far a... stain with... sure within... scratching... with the le... the worst... civic refer... that if do... every do... the anti-r... priced if t... The Ke... ticket, and... ing, that... dicates, on... for the wh... once betw... themselves... principle... There w... office of m... the "peopl... fact that he