

PROGRESS.

VOL. VI., NO. 280.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1893.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

RAILWAYS.
SMOOTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.

At after Monday, June 20th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

THE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 10.15 a. m.; passengers and freight Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 3.45 p. m.; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.25 p. m.

THE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.25 p. m.; passengers and freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.50 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 8.10 a. m.

THE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and freight Monday, Wednesday, Friday at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 9.30 a. m.

SECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains at 10.15 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. At Yarmouth with trains at 4.25 p. m. and 8.10 a. m.

At Annapolis with City of Montreal for St. John on Sunday excepted. At Yarmouth with steamers, Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evening and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday morning. With Stage daily excepted to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

High tickets may be obtained at 120 Hollis St., St. John, and the principal stations on the Weymouth Steamship Railway.

J. B. BAKER, General Superintendent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS—1893.

At after Monday, the 26th June, 1893, trains of this Railway will run daily excepted—as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

For Campbellton, Piquash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00

For Point du Chene..... 8.10

For Halifax..... 9.10

For Quebec, Montreal and Chicago..... 10.30

For Halifax..... 12.30

For Car. runs each way on Express trains St. John at 1.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 a. m.

Trains from St. John for Quebec and Montreal through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 10.30 a. m.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

From Halifax (Monday excepted)..... 6.00

From Chicago, Montreal, and Quebec, (Monday excepted)..... 8.30

From Montreal (Friday)..... 8.30

From Point du Chene..... 12.45

From Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 12.30

From Halifax and Sydney..... 12.35

Trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated from the locomotive, and those between Montreal and St. John, via Lévis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FOTTEGER, General Manager.

Office, 21st June, 1893.

STEAMERS.

THE

mouth Steamship Co.

(LIMITED).

Shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

The Quickest Time!

St. John to Boston, 15 to 17 hours.

Four Trips a Week

mouth to Boston, (steamers Yarmouth on in commission).

The above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after arrival of Express from Halifax. Return will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon.

"City of St. John" will leave Yarmouth every Friday at 7 a. m. for Halifax, calling at Annapolis (when clear) Shelburne, Lockport, etc. Returning will leave Halifax every 4 p. m. for Yarmouth and intermediate ports connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston every Tuesday.

Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth.

L. E. BAKER, Managing Agent, 1893.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Daily Line

(Sunday excepted)

connections to all parts of the United States.

COMMENCING July 3rd and continuing to Sept. 2nd, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Liverpool, London and Southampton as follows: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY mornings at 7.25 standard for Liverpool and Southampton, making close connections with B. & S. Railroads, due in Liverpool and Southampton at 10.40 a. m. Connections at Liverpool with steamers for the Continent and St. Stephen.

For further information apply to C. E. LAECHLE, Agent, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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McMILLAN St. John N. B.

NOW VOTE FOR ECONOMY.

THE SCHEME OF THE TAX REDUCTION ASSOCIATION.

To Be Voted Upon by All the People next Thursday—A Chance to Cast Your Ballot for Reform and Economy—Let Everyone do so.

An election next Thursday!

An election without the excitement of a contest, without the enthusiasm of partisans without the fervor of party speeches! What are things coming to?

The very absence of all the usual wind and bluster, and all the other accompaniments of a political contest marks the election of next Thursday as one of greater importance to the residents of the city than any that has taken place here for years.

It is more important than a Dominion election, more important than a Provincial election, more important than the choice of a mayor or the selection of an alderman because it particularly concerns the taxpayers of the city, whether they are to keep along in the same old rut as they have been moving in for years or whether they propose to start a new furrow in civic government and keep it straight.

In other words the scheme of the Tax Reduction Association comes before all the people for their approval or disapproval next Thursday. Not before a part of the people, not before those who have been able to pay their taxes before a certain date, not before the property owners or any particular class but before all the people in the city who have been honored with a tax bill and whose age and earning capacity entitles them to be called citizens.

That scheme has been printed in all the newspapers again and again and has been circulated from door to door in leaflet form. The people should be well acquainted with it by this time. It means so much for them and their descendants that it should be known by heart. Not that it is perfection—no law ever placed upon the statute book could be called perfect at first—but it is the first step in the direction of civic reform—it is more than a step, it is a great stride towards a system of civic government that cannot fail to be more satisfactory than that we have had.

Today the city of St. John is governed by factions, by thirteen of them, composed of two aldermen from each ward in the thirteen aldermanic districts. Sometimes they are chosen by the people of the wards and sometimes they are not. Sometimes there is an election but more frequently there is none. Cliques, rings, factions, set up two men to represent them and the people of the ward take so little interest in the matter that the people who want to run matters do so. No matter how incapable a man may be gets his seat if he is the candidate of the proper ward heeler. He has the same voting power as the representative who is chosen by the people in another ward, he has the same power to vote money, the same power to help along schemes and oppose the wishes of economical representatives.

Elected by a deal he continues in the business in the council. Wishing to get some useless or unnecessary expenditure in his own ward, he simply lays his plans and waits his opportunity until something is proposed in another part of the city which may be supposed to be useful and necessary. Unless he gets what he wants in his own particular ward he opposes it, gets his colleague to add his influence and other aldermen who, perhaps, have their own axes to grind in the future, to join them. In many cases the result is that he gets what he wants, and something like the present Brussels street curbing or the preparatory stages of Moore street swallow the money of the people.

That is what the gentlemen of the tax reduction association term "back scratching" and it is only one of the many evils of the present system that they wish to sink out of sight forever. Their aim and their plan is not to permit any alderman to be elected solely by his ward. He may be nominated there but the taxpayers of all the other wards in the city must approve of and vote for him before he can sit at the council board and vote away the money of the people. That is their plan—a man must be a representative of the whole city before he can say what the city shall do.

There are too many alderman at present—twenty-six men could govern a city four times the size of St. John, and then not make so much fuss about it as there is today in looking after the affairs of this city. Another feature of the tax reduction association scheme is to reduce this number to 15, to have 13 of this number nominated by the people of the respective wards in which they live or do business—and that is an essential point—and to have the other two alderman making up the whole number selected from any part of the city in which they may happen to live. This ensures a council taken from every corner of the city and they must be elected by all the voters. Here is where the importance of the plan comes in; a voter in Stanley ward votes for the candidate nominated by

CITIZENS WHO CAN SLUG.

A NUMBER OF HALIFAX MEN HAVE A FRIENDLY BOUT.

A Fire Department that Has Some Evils Connected With It—There are Two Chiefs—The Tenants at Maplewood Are Not Oblivious.

HALIFAX, September 7.—The past year or two has witnessed considerable improvement in some directions in Halifax. An evidence of progress is the condition of the city's fire department. It has been made more effective in its apparatus, and the management, at least, is as good as it has been for years. But Halifax conservatism is seen in the fact that efforts to secure paid permanent fire service have been successfully resisted, year after year. The rank and file of the firemen in Halifax are volunteers, and yet advances have been made towards a paid department. A large number of engineers and drivers are paid to devote their whole time to the city. Still there is a great gulf between the present volunteer system and a properly equipped and disciplined paid department. Captain Brodyerick is elected captain of the department by the active members. He happens to be a good man for the place, but he may do something during his term to render himself unpopular with the men and out he will go at the end of the year. A man, the chances are equal, may be made captain in his place, whose only qualification is, not that he is the best man, but that he has been able to make himself popular with the volunteer firemen. The command of the fire department of Halifax rests absolutely in the hands of a hundred or so men totally irresponsible to the city, and who, as a rule, have but a small stake in its material interests. They are split into rival parties between whom there is no love lost.

There is another feature of the Halifax fire department which still further weakens its usefulness. The chairman of the board of fire wardens, appointed by the city, is clothed with some authority as a fire. He may be just as inexperienced as some of the captains who quite possibly may have control. But even if both are good men, their authority is likely to clash, and it does clash, and has clashed. At a recent Water street fire the orders given by chairman Ryan were inexecutable. They were unaccountable except on one supposition, which will be given if the occasion to do so again occurs. The firemen are considering what will be their proper course if chairman Ryan is not more intelligible at the next big fire.

There was good natured fun at the exhibition building one evening last week. It was after the sparring matches had been concluded and the crowds of spectators had dispersed. A dozen jovial members of city council and ward politicians remained behind in the exhibition building to drink one another's health, and talk over the merits of the show, and try to find out whether, after all, Lamson could knock out Artilleryman White. Then the dozen organized a sparring competition on their own account. The first bout was between ex-alderman Pickering and Academy of Music Manager H. B. Clarke. There was not much science on either side, and honors were not unequally divided. The slight injuries received were also shared somewhat equally. The bout between alderman W. J. Stewart and caretaker J. D. Irons was too one-sided for very much excitement to be aroused. The alderman handled the gloves in such a way as to knock out the Wanderers' efficient caretaker again and again, in quick succession. A blow from the aldermanic right and another from the left were both very effective. Yes, Alderman Stewart is certainly a nice boxer. There was a third contest, and that was the one in which Alderman Hamilton, whom PROGRESS has more than once noticed in a somewhat similar connection, was pitted against A. W. Redden, a well-to-do shoe-dealer on Barrington street. There was no blood spilt and no bruises were apparent but Redden was proved to be by far the better man of the two, and the alderman was awfully glad when time was called. The programme ended with the three events.

When it was over there was some more liquid refreshments and handshaking all round. The pairs have themselves pretty well sized up now. If two of them were to advertise a public sparring competition it would gather in a great gang of blood-thirsty spectators. They were only in fun!

Human nature is selfish. One of the city papers has already vaguely referred to the latest instance of it. A church picnic took place at Maplewood, a large estate on the North-west arm. Ex-Alderman Pickering is manager of the company owning the estate. Three or four tenants occupy part of the Maplewood house and one or two cottages. Their rights are restricted to that, and they have no claim to the wide grounds as a whole. Efforts to eject the Sunday school picnicers were frustrated by Mr. Pickering. Then when the delicate

In the Heart of the City.

All those who have been accustomed to pass along Princess street cannot fail to note the very agreeable change in the appearance of those buildings selected by the Ladies Morley & Haydon for the Morley Ladies College and Conservatory of Music, as well as the Kindergarten school. So many alterations and improvements have been made in the front of the building that it does not appear to be the same structure. The carpenters and masons, who have been busily at work there for the past few weeks, have now departed, and the schools are ready for their occupants. The Misses Morley & Haydon have selected an admirable staff to assist them in their work of teaching, and with premises that are so centrally and so healthfully situated there should not be the least difficulty in procuring a satisfactory attendance almost as soon as they are opened. The Misses Morley & Haydon are English ladies and will conduct their school as such schools are conducted in the old country.

Economical in Small Things.

Considerable time was taken up at a recent meeting of the Treasury Board discussing whether or not the two inch advertisement announcing the tax discount should be inserted in the newspapers of the city or posted about on the dead walls. It was proposed to use the newspapers and do away with the old method of the quarter sheet bill and bill poster, but this met with a storm of objections, as also did the proposition to insert the advertisement in the city newspapers. It was finally agreed that the announcement should appear in four dailies once or twice a week each, with special emphasis on the once or twice. The weeklies are out of it.

They Cost \$6.50 Each.

It came out at a recent meeting of the common council committee that the suits ordered by Mayor Peters from Mr. Campbell, to be supplied to the oarsmen of the official boat that carried his worship back and forwards from the Blake, cost \$6.50 a piece, and this included two hats to match. Some of the North End aldermen grew facetious over the bill and proposed that those members of the council who had been honored with an invitation to board the Blake should chip in and help his worship to pay for the suits.

TROTTED AGAINST ORDER.

SPECULATION MEETS BRAZILIAN AT THE ST. STEPHEN PARK.

Mr. Carvill Ordered His Horse not to be Trotted by Telegraph and the Driving Park Ordered Him to Trot—What will Come of it?

When secretary Thompson of the St. Stephen driving park telegraphed to George Carvill at Bangor that they would have to start Speculation in the free for all race, the owner of the gray stallion gave him an answer to think over. It did not contain more than the regulation number of words but there was no doubt as to its meaning. He absolutely forbid the track people from touching his horse.

In spite of that and in spite of the fact that Mr. Frank Carvill who had charge of the horse forbid the track people from touching him, the judges ordered him from his stall and gave him to the well known driver Peter Carroll to drive in the free for all race with Brazilian, Helena and Minnie Grey.

Everybody knows the result of that race now, how Brazilian took the first two heats and Speculation the third, how darkness and other causes postponed the race until the morning when Speculation was found to be very lame and had to be drawn.

The audience of 1000 people that assembled at the park were worked up to a pitch of enthusiasm over the fact that the speediest horses in the maritime provinces were going to start in the free for all. Among the entries were Brazilian and Speculation, representative horses of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the mare Helena that had made such desperate finishes with Arclight at Moosepath and the well known and handsome Minnie Grey that has always been a favorite with the racing audiences.

With such a field in the free for all and half a dozen or more in the 2-40 class, a good day sport was promised, and it was good. Lady Jane C. opened the ball in the '40 class by leading the party and winning the heat. But then she was done, not having been fitted or driven properly. Mr. Johnston was driving Rose L. and he showed them what the mare could do. She had trotted hard races in Bangor but three days before, carried from there to St. Stephen, won second money in the 2-32 class on Wednesday, though that was away out of her class, and Wednesday went in to win against a tough field in the '40 class. One would have thought Helena B. and Thordale Echo her strongest rivals for first money, yet Helena B. was off that day and Thordale could not get near Rose L. except in the last heat when he finished a neck ahead but was set back for running.

Speculation had a new driver Wednesday for the first time since he was three years old. He appeared on the St. Stephen park after trotting in Bangor the week before without having been worked or even jogged, save a little Peter Carroll gave him on the day of the race. With a sore mouth and a strange driver, without preparation for a hard race he went in to compete with Brazilian, the speediest horse in the Maritime provinces. The conditions were not equal and yet Speculation did some wonderful work. He was not as steady as Brazilian; this wonderful four-year-old in the hands of that veteran driver, Slipp, never made a skip in all the heats.

Slipp was lucky at the start and drew the pole. As the horses scored down there was no doubt who was the favorite with the people. The cheers and shouts for the gallant appearing of Speculation as he jogged past the grand stand showed where the sympathies of the crowd were. Helena too, was looking fit but never after the start appeared to be in it for first place with the leaders.

In the first two heats Brazilian was not headed. He had the pole and took the lead and kept it, with Speculation so close to him however, that any mistake on the part of Slipp, would have been fatal. Speculation surprised those who knew him best by his ability to score as rapidly and as well as any horse there. In fact, he was very rank both at Bangor and in this race in this respect. In the former place, with his own driver, he could hardly rein him, but this was caused by a cut mouth. Having been handled entirely by his own driver and only used to him, it is little wonder that the grey was not so steady as he usually is, but every one conceded that Carroll did remarkably well with a horse that has so many peculiarities.

In the third heat he appeared to wake up to the occasion and show what he could do. It was as pretty a contest as was ever seen in St. Stephen. Speculation and Brazilian coming nose and nose down the home stretch. Carroll had slowly gained upon Slipp until the time came to finish and then the staying qualities of Speculation came to the front and he went under the wire a winner by a neck. He made two breaks while Brazilian trotted squarely but evidently the judges considered that he gained nothing for they awarded him the heat.

Brazilian appeared to be tired. He has done a good amount of hard racing this

FOSTER AN UNBIDDEN GUEST.

How the Finance Minister Was Entertained at a Banquet in the Barker House.

FREDERICTON, Sept. 6.—When the Hon. George Elias Foster, minister of finance, was in this city, he was closely guarded by many of the leading conservative lest a crumb should fall from his table and be gathered in by the Mugwump liberals.

On the same date the Rev. Father O'Neill of Memramcook, was doing the celestial, drinking in his rural beauties so to speak, and as this city is celebrated for its hospitality the worthy father was accorded a full share. He was banquetted at the Barker House by host Colman and Father Savage with a dozen or more friends, prominent among which was T. A. Sharkey, the sociable down town dry-goods merchant.

After Mr. Foster's arrival in the city he was escorted by friends to the Barker and went to his room to prepare for dinner and the serious time which would follow when a deputation more or less dissatisfied with the tariff would bear him at the city hall.

Completing his toilet, he asked a waiter when dinner would be served, being hungry as a man just from St. John always is.

The waiter replied, "about half-past one."

At half-past one, Father O'Neill's private banquet party had just got nicely to work at the delicacies of the season in room No. 4.

No doubt the rattle of the plates guided Mr. Foster in his quest for food and he entered the private banquet hall to the surprise, if not consternation, of all within.

What wanderer from the dim and misty regions of the hitherto had come to their feast? Father Savage did not know, neither did Father O'Neill, while T. A. Sharkey remembered something about a page in old Jewish history where something was said about "satan appeared also."

At this critical moment Host Colman came into the room, showed the tariff manipulator to a seat and whispered to one of the guests, "It is a mistake."

The hint was taken and Mr. Foster was right royally entertained and did not know but what he was a looked for guest. It goes without saying that he was cordially welcomed. The least of reason and the flow of soul, as well as the consumption of more substantial viands went on with a rush in the banquet hall, but there was woe and lamentation downstairs.

Several of the civic officials with one or two conservatives were looking for Foster to escort him to the city hall as he was an hour late, but he came not.

They visited the regular dining room but he was not there; they sent a waiter to his room, that also was vacant.

Wild thoughts filled their minds at once. "The finance minister has been killed by the greys." "He has been drugged with Mr. Kelley's beer and hanged on Temple's flag pole." "He has got in the way of the water-in; and it has fallen on him."

These and other equally reasonable suggestions might have been heard. It was at length decided to call out the infantry school to search the whole town, the fire bells were to ring and the four hundred factory whistles would unite in the music.

Before the scheme could be put to practice the genial minister appeared, hale and hearty, declaring that "it was the most delightful banquet he had ever attended."

TWO PORTLY ALDERMAN.

Notwithstanding PROGRESS' good advice the genial junior alderman from Stanley gave the council one of his eloquent perorations at the meeting Thursday.

There was an excuse for it, however, in the presence of two visiting aldermen from Boston, whom he had introduced to the board and who sat in seats of honor. The Boston aldermen were good specimens of the portly species. They evidently don't worry themselves thin over the business of Boston.

The September Issue Exhausted.

An extract from a letter PROGRESS received a day or two ago from the Cosmopolitan Magazine, says "The success so far attending the Cosmopolitan at its new price is best illustrated by the fact that, although our edition for September was over one hundred and fifty thousand, yet today we have no more copies to supply to the trade."

THE RULL CHASED THE PAINTERS.

Two Objections to the Decoration of the "Ministers Face."

In some parts of England and even in the United States there are societies for preventing the desecration of beautiful scenery by the glaring poster. Perhaps there is reason for it in those crowded countries where there is so much spread advertising and so little natural scenery in proportion to population. But only the other day two energetic painters who proposed to paint the "Ministers Face" in the Kennebecasis at the instance of the Hawker Medicine Company of this city found that they had two quite serious objections to overcome, either one of which was sufficient to make them hesitate.

Perhaps the most pressing objection—or rather, what promised to be the most pressing, was found on the soil that overhangs the bluffs, the peculiar formation of which have given their face the name of the "Ministers Face." There, a bull that was at once grazed peacefully and undisturbed when the decorators arrived. They had not proceeded to take many observations, however, before the monarch of the pasture was inclined to view them more closely. Not being accustomed to make acquaintance in that fashion, the painters, after a very hasty consultation, concluded to evacuate and succeeded in doing so without losing any of their apparatus.

Another objection came from a different source—the ladies of Rothesay. They knew all about the remedies of the Hawker Medicine Company and many of them were prepared to endorse them if need be from a personal experience of their virtues, but they objected to the grim visage of the dear old "minister" being treated with such a permanent cosmetic. It would seem something like sacrilege to adorn that sad and sober stone countenance with a suggestive sentence in praise of Hawker's Tonic, Pills or Catarrh Cure and so they added their protest to which the company gracefully yielded. While the "minister's face" therefore will not enlighten the public as to the remarkable invigorating properties of Hawker's Tonic, Pills, Cough Balsam or Catarrh Cure.

Mr. Brown Has a Soft Snop.

When Mr. Thomas Green made his application to the common council on Thursday for the appointment of caretaker of the wharves at Carleton it was discovered that since the wharves had been completed Mr. Brown, who inspected their construction, and Engineer McLeod, of the steam dredge, had had the rather soft job of keeping them clean. As usual nobody appeared to be especially responsible for their retention after the completion of the work. One would have thought that as Mr. Brown was overseer of the building of the wharves that when the work was completed his services could have been dispensed with. It appears not, however, and it remains to be seen whether the job is to be a yearly one or simply something that will give him the appearance of being busy until more work can be found for him to do.

Bills Every Three Years.

Some merchants render their accounts every month, some every quarter and others half-yearly, but a recent account against the city by Mr. D. Connell covered a period of three years. There was some discussion in the council about it and some wonder expressed at the ability of a business man to permit his bills to go for that period before bothering his customers with them. The trouble with it is that no one appeared to be able to check the items, though when the safety director was asked for information he pointed out that the Chief of Police had affixed his certificate of correctness! Mr. Connell will be paid.

TRACING AN OLD FAMILY.

THE GENERATIONS OF PADDOCK FROM THE MAYFLOWER.

The Part They Have Played in St. John And New Brunswick History—The Last Physician of the Family and His Death—An Honorable Record.

The death of Adino Paddock M. D. which occurred at Kingston, N. B. not long ago recalls the fact that the name of Paddock for more than half a century was as familiar to the citizens of St. John as a household word.

In the ranks of the loyalists of 1783 there were a number of eminent physicians from various parts of the old colonies, the great majority of whom not only attained some degree of reputation in their own proper profession but proved useful and influential citizens in the community in which their

city of the loyalists is not favorable to the growth either of trees or shrubbery, or can it be, that in the case of these trees, republican principles are more deeply rooted than they were in the old loyalist who planted them, and in consequence they decline to exist in a land still loyal to the House of Brunswick.

Colonel Paddock had a family of thirteen children but of these only three were living when he embarked with the British army for Halifax at the time of the evacuation of Boston March 1776. Adino Paddock, the younger, went to England in 1779 where he pursued the study of medicine and surgery. Returning to America near the close of the war he was appointed surgeon in the Kings American dragoons, a loyalist corps just organized and of which the commander was Lt. Col Benjamin Thompson (afterwards better known as Count Rumford). At the

his heirs in settlement of a medical bill against the estate of Hon. William Hazen for £144 received a block of land in the city containing 5 acres and 3 roods, long known as "Paddock's field" and bounded on the north by Coburg street, on the east by Cliff street, on the south by Waterloo street, on the west by Peters street. The street which now runs through the centre naturally received the name of Paddock street. The brook which formerly ran from springs in the vicinity of Hazen's Castle diagonally across the field has given place to a main sewer and the pond beside Waterloo between Paddock and Peters streets, where frogs at night held high carnival and bullrushes and water lilies grew, has long since disappeared. The field doubtless proved a nugget such as does not often fall to a doctor in the settlement of an old account. In 1837 the late John V.



lives were passed. Such men as William Paine, John Caleff, Peter Huggesford, Samuel Moore, David Browne, Joseph Clarke, Ambrose Sherman, Azor Betts, Thomas Emerson, Charles Earle, Nathan Smith and Adino Paddock not only practised their profession with success but in many instances filled important positions of public trust.

The Paddock family is one of the oldest New England families having existed in Massachusetts for at least nine successive generations during which time it has had an honorable record. The founder of the family, Zachariah Paddock, came over in the May Flower in the year 1620.

The father of the first Doctor Adino Paddock was Colonel Adino Paddock of Boston. His memory is preserved in that city by the famous Paddock elms which were planted by him on Tremont street in the year 1762. The trees planted were scions of old English elms brought to Boston from Brompton Park in 1734, and planted at Brush Hill, Milton, Mass. The trees planted by Col. Adino on Tremont street were for years the object of his special care. It is related that on one occasion he offered a guinea for the detection of the person who hacked one or more of them. The elms on Tremont street have now attained a large size and are doubtless amongst the oldest in America known to have been planted by human hands. Nevertheless the Paddock elms are but in their infancy compared with some of the majestic elms of our own St. John river. The writer a few days since examined the stump of a venerable tree lately cut down near Woodstock and found it to be four feet in diameter and almost perfectly sound. The concentric rings could be readily counted and were in number about 325. This venerable tree grew in the primeval forest and was a sapling in the days of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh. It was apparently good for one or two more centuries had it not been cut. Scions from the Paddock elms were planted in the old graveyard at St. John and on Queen Square during the Centennial commemoration of the founding of the province ten years ago, but the planting has been attended with very indifferent success. The bracing sea air of

close of the war the regiment was disbanded at Prince William on the river St. John. The principal officers however did not take kindly to lie in the back woods of New Brunswick. Lt. Col. Thompson returned to England where he was knighted and soon after entered upon the romantic career at Munich which brought him fame and fortune. Major Joshua Upham of the same corps became a judge of the supreme court of New Brunswick. Dr. Adino Paddock came to St. John where he drew two lots at Carleton and one at Parr. Three years later he bought from Major Studholme a lot on Prince William street directly opposite the Bank of New Brunswick for five shillings. The building which stood on this spot at the time of the fire of 1877 and in which the "Daily Telegraph" was then published was built by Dr. Paddock.

At the incorporation of the city of St. John he was appointed (and named in the charter) as assistant alderman for Guy's ward. For thirty years Dr. Paddock had an extensive and successful practice amongst the first families of St. John. He also filled the post of Surgeon to the Ordinance in the Province. In the spring of 1817 he was stricken with paralysis from the effects of which he never recovered. His death ensued the 21st of October following, at the residence of his son-in-law, Frederick P. Robinson, St. Mary's, York county. Taken away in the full vigor of manhood, Dr. Paddock's loss was keenly felt. A newspaper of the day speaks of him as a man "endeared to his numerous friends by his mild, cheerful disposition and amiable manners, esteemed by the public for his skillful exertions in his profession, and beloved by the poor for his benevolent heart, and readiness at all times to render them professional, as well as other relief; his loss will be long and severely felt by all classes of the community."

Dr. Paddock left ten children of whom his three sons, namely, Adino, Thomas and John were educated physicians.

One of his daughters married George Pidgeon, Esq., of the parish of Douglas, York County. Their son Edward Pidgeon a much esteemed magistrate, resides on his father's property at the present time.

The year after Dr. Paddock's decease,

Thurgar, who had married a daughter of Dr. Paddock's built the residence which still stands at the corner of Coburg and Paddock streets. Mrs. Thurgar, a most estimable lady, who died very recently, was Dr. Paddock's last surviving child.

The oldest son of Dr. Paddock inherited both the name and profession of his father. He commenced practice in 1808, at Kingston, N. B., and for more than forty years was familiarly known by all the country side. His son, a third Doctor Adino Paddock, whose recent decease suggested to the writer the compilation of this brief sketch, succeeded his father, and during his lifetime was an equally familiar figure in the homes of the good people at Kingston. Many are the tales told in connection with the long and laborious country practice which father and son carried on in the same field in sunshine and in storm for more than eighty years. Of each it might as truly be said as of their loyalist ancestor "esteemed by the public for skill in his profession and beloved by the poor for his benevolent heart and readiness at all time to respond to the call of duty."

The house in which the late Doctor Adino Paddock ended his days, though a commodious dwelling was one of the oldest in Kingston, being that formerly owned and occupied by Walter Bates, sometime sheriff of Kings county, but equally famous as the author of the "History of Henry More Smith." It may be mentioned in passing that in 1826 Walter Bates took to wife Lucy, the widow of Dr. Nathan Smith, of St. John. She was his second wife, but the sheriff was her third husband. Mrs. Bates outlived her husband more than twenty years and died in St. John in 1864 at the great age of 95 years. She was the grandmother of George F. Smith, merchant of this city.

Dr. Thomas Paddock was the second son of Dr. Adino, the elder. Like his father he had an extensive and successful practice. He married in 1816 Mary, daughter of Arthur McLellan, Esq., of Portland, Maine. Their family included two sons and three daughters, one of the latter being the wife of Rev. Canon DeVaber of this city. The brick building, now the Dufferin hotel, was erected in 1821 by Dr. Thomas Paddock and was

then considered one of the most elegant private residences in the city.

There are some interesting associations connected with lot No. 500 on which this residence was built which may be here referred to. The lot was drawn by Samuel Mallard and sold by him to Thomas Horsfield for £6.5. It had a frontage of 100 feet on Charlotte St. and of 40 feet on King Square. Until the year 1841 there was no street on its northern side as the rock which is a continuation of the elevated ground on which the Dufferin flag staff stands jutted out over 100 feet on the square. At its base was one of the public wells with a pump. It will be remembered that a few years ago the covering of this old well collapsed leaving an abominable hole to be filled up by the corporation brigade.

Thomas Horsfield sold the lot for £5 to "The mechanic's Association" which erected on top of the rock the so called "city windmill" for grinding corn. The enterprise was a failure and in 1800 the mill with its running gear, excellent burr stones, bolt, reel and chest and other appliances was advertised for sale. Thenceforth the old wind mill had a chequered career. For about 8 years it was used as a poor house. In 1809 it served as a barrack for a battalion of Kings County militia during what was facetiously termed "the Wetmore war." The building was again used as a poor-house until its destruction by fire in the early morning of the 15th day of February, 1819. The lofty situation and height of the building greatly endangered the surrounding buildings, but by the alacrity of the citizens, aided by the military from Fort Howe, they were preserved. Two years later, as has been already stated, Dr. Thomas Paddock purchased the site and built his substantial residence thereon. Finding his health impaired he, in the year 1832, sold his house and three lots of land adjoining it on the south side of King Square to Robert F. Hazen for £2,200, and removed to Portland, Maine. Returning to St. John three years afterwards, he resumed practice until his death in 1838 at the age of 47 years. His son Arthur was a physician who practiced his profession in Prince Edward Island. Dr. John Paddock, the youngest son of the elder Dr. Adino, was also the youngest medical man in the city at the close of its first half century. When the celebrated Dr. Patterson took charge of the St. John Grammar School in December 1818, among his scholars were such boys as John Paddock, John M. Robinson, John Black, Wm. Black, George Partelow, R. F. Hazen and R. L. Hazen who afterwards made their influence felt in the community.

After his brother's removal to Portland in 1831, Dr. John Paddock fell into a fair share of his practice. Two years later he married a sister of John V. Thurgar, his brother-in-law. One of their sons Frederick was a physician who practiced medicine in the southern State and his brother Morris V. Paddock, is today engaged in the drug business in St. John.

In the autumn of 1834 Asiatic cholera, for the second time visited the city, but soon disappeared, and the deaths happily were few. On the 15th. of October, Dr. Paddock acknowledged through the press, the receipt of a letter with no signature, enclosing a £5 note "for the poor cholera patients," which charity he promises to apply according to the benevolent intention of the donor. The incident speaks well for the doctor's fidelity to the post of duty and also shows the confidence placed in him by the public. In manner Doctor John Paddock was kind and affable. By his death, in the year 1853 at the early age of 44 years there closed a continuous practice of father and two sons in St. John of seventy years.

By the death of the late Dr. Paddock at Kingston, there closed a continuous medical practice by the three Adino Paddocks, father, son and grandson, extending from the formation of the province to the present time, a period of one hundred and ten years. Although theirs the healing art, to each the inextinguishable message came, "Go then thy way till the end be for thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."

W. O. RAYMOND.
St. John, N. B., Aug. 30th, 1893.

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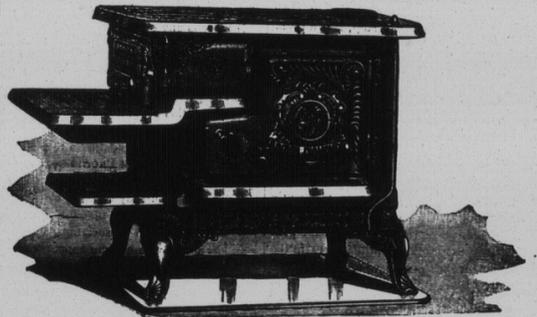
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TALK OF THE THEATRE.

PROGRESS has a new theatrical correspondent this week—a voluntary one, Mr. C. H. Haystead, who being doubtless in good spirits owing the contract he has signed as advance agent of Edwin R. Marlow's great American war play, "A Fair Rebel" writes to let his acquaintance know what he is doing. The Opera company he booked with failed to materialize. He adds:—Miss Josie Mills has received several very flattering offers for the season but will not go on the road until late in October; Harkins is with the Still Alarm; Tom Wise goes with the Frohmans; Julia Arthur is on a vacation to the World's Fair; Clarence Handysides plays leading basses to Katherine Clemens; Geo. Staley says he's going to pay your town a visit in the spring. If so he will make a big hit, for he is very good, and last but not least, I see our old friend Pat Nannery on the Rialto every day.

A CHAT WITH MADAME ALBANI.

How the Great Canadian Singer Keeps Her Voice.

It was Madame Albani's performance of the part of Elizabeth in Wagner's "Tannhauser" at the Convent Garden Theatre which suggested the subject of my conversation with her, when, two days later I found myself in the prima donna's drawing-room at South Kensington. In the Italian version of the opera an immense burden is cast on the singer of the part of Elizabeth, and it was marvelous to observe how, for nearly four hours, Madame Albani's voice was sustained without the least trace of fatigue—how, as a matter of absolute fact, her last solo was sung with the power and freshness shown in her first. In what way was she able to husband her vocal resources?

"The Boltons," where Madame Albani and her husband, Mr. Ernest Gyde, reside, is one of those havens of quietude and verdure which are happily so numerous amid a large part of London's bricks and mortar. It was for many years, likewise, the home of Jenny Lind, her intimate friend as well as near neighbor.

"Yes, Elizabeth is a heavy part," Madame Albani agrees, when she appears in the drawing-room, reflecting in her face the bright morning sunshine I have just left. "But then I am so much in love with the character. Elizabeth's is such a noble nature, is it not?"

"Yes, your sympathy with the part was quite evident. But tell me, how do you fortify the voice to successfully pass through such severe ordeals?"

"Oh, I'm obliged to be very careful all day before going to the theatre. I hardly speak a word, even to my husband, and then only in whispers. I sit alone, reading quietly, except of course, when I am practicing a song. Perhaps I may take a drive in the afternoon, but even then I go alone. I dine at three, and resolutely refuse to see anyone till I go to the theatre. As you may suppose, such self-restraint is sometimes vexatious. Just now, for instance, my boy is at home, and on Wednesday it was quite annoying not to be able to talk to him. But a singer must be prepared to make sacrifices. There is scarcely a pleasure as to which I have not sometimes to exercise self-denial. I have found it necessary to lay down certain rules and rigidly adhere to them. The first is never to sing two nights in succession."

"You mean an opera?"

"No, in concerts or operas. When I am on a tour there is the fatigue of railway travelling."

"And the encores—"

"Yes," Madame Albani assents, with a smile. "The voice, in my opinion, should not be put to the same exertion every twenty-four hours. On some tours, concerts are given every evening, and then artists who, during the greater part of the year, are singing somewhere or other every day. There is a mercenary motive, of course, but even from that point of view it is, I am sure, a mistaken policy. I will not mention any names, but I have known several most promising singers whose voices have prematurely broken down in consequence of the excessive strain imposed on them. Even when I was quite young in the profession I refused many and many an engagement because I was so convinced of the care that ought to be taken in protecting one's greatest treasure, and Madame Albani playfully touched her throat.

"Then I have another rule—never to sing to my friends," the prima donna continued.

"Is that," I inquired, "because you have so many friends that to disappoint none you have to refuse all?"

"Oh, I found this necessary when I hadn't nearly so many friends as I have now. Many young artists make the mistake of going here, there, and everywhere, singing in hot crowded rooms at all hours of the night. My rule is now so well-known among my friends that when I go to a party I am never put to the unpleasant trouble of refusing."

"Do you use any specific, any astringent, for the voice?"

"Well, whenever anything is given with my throat I use prescriptions similar to me by the late Sir Morell Mackenzie. My voice, I ought to say, is greatly indebted to Morell Mackenzie. Once or twice, when I went to him, he wanted a kind of powder down my throat, which seemed to have a magical effect. I often say that I don't know what I shall do if there is anything seriously the matter with my throat, for I don't know the secret of that powder. It was Sir Morell Mackenzie who urged me to go to Modane, where my stay proved most beneficial to my voice. He was a charming man, who had the great physician's art of reassuring the patient as soon as one was in his presence."

"Are there other rules, Madame Albani?"

"Well, the most important is to study every day. No matter how often I have sung a song, an oratorio, or an opera, I always practise it at home before singing it

in public. I should go through the music even of "Home, Sweet Home," if I knew that I was to give it in the evening. The cultivation of the voice is never really ended. Too many singers, I fear, as soon as they make a success and engagements come pouring in, think that the hard work is over, and give up their study, imagining that all they have now to do is to keep their engagements. They will go on to the stage or platform with scarcely a glance at the music they are to sing. As the result, their success is generally short-lived."

In the dining-room of 16, "The Boltons" there hangs a fine picture of the valley of the Dee at Breinar, painted by Tucker. A reference to it reminds the singer of another important means by which the splendid power of her voice has been preserved through so many years of professional service.

"I make it a rule," she says, "to have two months' holiday—August and September—at our cottage in the Highlands. I like to have my stay uninterrupted by a single professional engagement, but this year I shall have to come to Worcester in the early part of September for the Festival. Unless you have been there, you can have no idea of the wonderful amount of good I get out of my holiday at Breinar. The beauty of the scenery is so refreshing and the air so exhilarating. Whenever I feel tired towards the end of the season, I always have a good look at the picture, and I am buoyed up again by hope."

It is during this annual holiday, by the way, that Madame Albani has won the great friendship of the Queen. Balmoral is just within driving distance. Madame Albani's cottage—which has the Duke of Fife's shooting box in sight—and there is consequently a frequent interchange of visits between the singer and her sovereign. Madame Albani sometimes sings before her Majesty at Balmoral, or with even less formality, the Queen will take tea in the cottage and afterwards enjoy some favorite air.

"I am singing at three of the provincial Festivals this year," Madame Albani tells me in conclusion—"at Worcester, Bristol, and Gloucester. Singing in oratorio makes a very pleasant change after opera work, and is, of course, much less arduous, as you can understand. It is only in oratorio that I ever make an exception to my rule as to singing on successive days."—Cassell's Journal.

The Elliott Case.

BRANTFORD, Sept. 4. Many citizens of this city are willing to vouch the truth of Frank Elliott's statement that he was cured of kidney disease of six years standing by the use of Dods' kidney pills. Everyone is astonished at the rapidity and thoroughness with which these pills do their work. As one who had tried them says: "A man never, after using them, as though he had never enjoyed life before." The Rymal case, in which a paralytic was cured by Dods' kidney pills, opened the eyes of the people in this vicinity to the virtues of this remedy.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

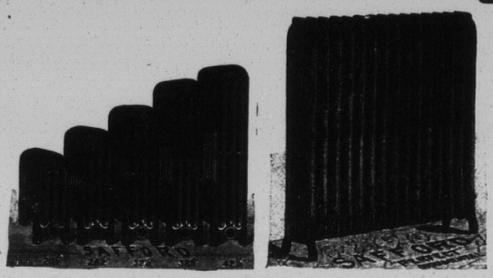
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[Progress is for sale in Sheddia at R. W. Abernethy and Fred Inglis.]

Sept. 5.—Mr. and Mrs. Chambers of Woodstock, Ont., with their little son, are the guests of Mr. Atkinson, Mrs. Chambers' mother.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 9.

EXPLAIN THE SYSTEM.

If the newspaper correspondence concerning the assessors office and the assessment law is considered in connection with the many rumors afloat relating to this department of the city service it would seem as both the law and the officials must undergo a very careful scrutiny. But, after all, these matters come up for periodical discussion of which there is no apparent result. Still this very discussion repeated again and again must have some effect in the end. Where there is so much dissatisfaction with a law there is plenty of reason to look into it. No doubt it would be a difficult matter to frame an assessment law that would suit all parties but it might be possible for the representatives of income and real estate taxation to arrive at some basis that would seem equitable to both.

The claim of real estate and personal property that the brunt of the taxation falls upon them and is out of all proportion to that borne by income would seem to be well made when the system of St. John is compared with that of Fredericton where \$5,000 worth of real estate pays the same taxes as \$1,000 of income. But in Fredericton the income men say the burden of taxation falls upon them and real estate does not bear its proportion. Surely there is some middle ground that would be suitable to both parties.

What seems to us of equal importance, however, is the manner in which the St. John law is carried out. One newspaper suggests that the office may have got in a groove. Our idea is that is more than a groove—it is a very deep rut. A glance at the assessment list is only necessary to prove to the satisfaction of any citizen, well informed on local matters, and well acquainted with the people, that the gentlemen composing the board of assessors either are ignorant of the facts necessary to guide them to a moderately correct valuation or that they are very poor guessers.

We have a board of assessors with a well salaried chairman and they in turn have clerks to look after the detail work yet the burden of giving information is wholly laid upon the people. This may, in a measure, be proper but should a taxpayer neglect to give the assessors the required information within the specified time does that warrant them in making him a target for their guesses?

One example within the writer's knowledge may be cited: A citizen paid some \$14 in taxes for 1891-2. This year his tax bill is above \$32. He made no change in his business. He acquired no more property—he in fact was not worth quite as much as when he paid the \$14,—and yet without notice of any kind, without being served with one of the "forms" supposed to be sent to all those the assessors have marked for increase, this citizen's taxes were more than doubled.

There is something wrong in a system that permits such mistakes as this to be made. The fault in this case is not with the law but with the office and it might be well if the treasury board when making any investigation of the assessors department should call upon them at the same time for some explanation of their alleged system of arriving at the valuation of citizens property.

In answer to a correspondent the New York Sun says that the discount on American currency in Canada is about 4 per cent and on American silver about 12 1/2 per cent. This information is not as reliable as that usually found in the columns of the Sun. American currency—even silver certificates—are not discounted more than one half per cent. at the banks and were frequently taken at par until the recent financial scare while silver nickels and coppers are always taken at par by the majority of the merchants.

In her clever letter on the woman's page of this paper "ASTRA" refers to the shopkeeper who makes a practice of keeping clerks waiting after usual hours to wait upon them.

Perhaps the merchants themselves are somewhat to blame, since not to seem discourteous they make no objection to any such liberties taken by a customer, but in the main it is nothing more or less than an annoying and thoughtless habit of certain shoppers who forget that a clerk has rights and privileges to be respected.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS"

The Versatile Post. Have you met the chap who's yearning To display the stack of learning With which he thinks he's furnished, in an ostentatious way; And upon whose home-built science You can have entire reliance, Provided you've made your mind up to credit half he'll say?

The prodigious fund of knowledge, He has gleaned in nature's college, Of art, and law, and trade and such, would experts put to shame; And he keeps forever showing That he's full to overflowing With genius, still, some people think he isn't, at all.

He thinks he wields great influence In party politics, and hence On M. P.'s and crown ministers he claims to have "the pull"; No opportunity he'll miss To brag how by did that, or this, And of that party process he's absolutely full. There is not an avocation On this had microbe station, He cannot speak or write of and "knows all about for years"; And he squanders hours in telling All he knows of beings dwelling Round craters and canals, and slams, in Mars and other spheres.

He seems anxious to advise you, To correct, or to apprise you, That whatsoever you're doing could be done in better style; Till you'd dearly love to tell him, Or to cut or kick, and quell him, Yet don't, altho' you're mad enough to chasten him awhile. Well, if you've ever met him You won't readily forget him; And you've a martyr's patience if he doesn't make you cross; But, if you've not heard his chatter Do not worry of the matter For those who've missed his vapourings have met with no great loss.

St. John, Sept. 1893.

Their Lesson. They sat at a table, three men gay With the girl who never had learned to play. And their easy smiles were a sight to see As she said "This is dreadfully new to me."

"It is wicked to gamble, but then it is better than talk to amuse you men." And her look was blank as a virgin page, As she said "Now what is it edge or age?"

And her face was green as a vacant lot As she softly murmured "What's a jack pot?" "What is a flush and a straight? Oh dear, I'm stupid, I know, but it's not quite clear."

And every man of the courteous crew Instructed her idlyship what to do. And she drew one card to a hob-nail flush With a merry laugh and a pretty blush.

And of course she filled, for that is the way, Of girls who have never learned to play. Till she raised them back with a charming pout Till every man in the game was out;

And she kept it up till they all went broke, And laughed and said "What a splendid joke!" Then with faces sad and with hearts of lead Quickly away to their homes they sped;

And with one accord each player swore That never again, no more, no more, no more, His hard-earned wealth would he fritter away On a girl who never had learned to play. T. M.

When My Ship Comes In. Uncle often tells us stories Of a ship he has at sea, And he wonders at the glories, If we're good, for Tom and me, And I dream that somewhere sailing Is a gallant bark of mine, With the soft wind never falling, And the weather never fine.

Oh! the bells will all be ringing With a merry, tuneful din, The birds will all be singing, When my ship comes in! She is bringing gifts for mother, And for father and the boys, And my little baby brother Shall be smothered deep in toys; Her hold is full of treasure From the islands of the Main, And her fairy crew at leisure Are sailing home again.

Oh! the pleasure past all rhyming, And the joy that will begin, When all the bells are chiming, And my ship comes in! There are storms and sudden dangers Hiding cruelly around, When such such ocean rangers As my fairy bark are found, Blow, breath of heaven, behind her, And guide her safely home, And some day I shall find her— My ship from o'er the foam!

Oh! the birds will all be singing, When her crew the haven win, The bells will all be ringing, When my ship comes in! —August St. Nicholas.

Better Than Ever. What a wonderful magazine the Cosmopolitan is! The September number comes to us brighter, fresher, more attractive, entertaining and instructive than any that has preceded it. How a magazine like this with its beautiful illustrations, costly letter press and admirable workmanship can be published at less than half the cost of any other great monthly is a wonder. But it is done and done well—let all enjoy it who can—and if you take it in connection with PROGRESS the cost is only 85 cents a year.

Philip Phillips and His Son. The correspondents of PROGRESS all over the provinces have been talking about and praising the illustrated entertainment given by Philip Phillips and his son. The Y. M. C. A. announce their appearance here next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday under their auspices. The entertainment is certainly worth seeing.

They Arrived Too Late. Letters from correspondents in Richibucto, Cow Bay, Sutton, Memramook, Springhill, New Glasgow and Anagance arrived too late for insertion in this issue. Correspondents should bear in mind that their letters must reach the office Wednesday or not later than Thursday morning to make insertion sure.

PELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

"This day be bread and peace my lot, All else beneath the sun Thou know'st if best bestowed or not: And let Thy will be done." —Pope.

"Give us this day our daily bread" is a petition which unceasingly ascends to Heaven from millions of the human race. It is the only petition in the Lord's Prayer which has direct reference to man's physical needs. "Daily bread" is the one indispensable requisite for the whole race of humans. Yet how many, especially at this time, find the struggle for bread a hard one. There are many who would alter the prayer and say, "Give us this day a day's work to earn our daily bread." In the midst of the present commercial depression there are people crying for food right in the hearts of the richest cities of the richest countries on earth, and something very much like bread-riots is taking place. The rich may have their luxuries but the poor must have their daily bread, and can they be blamed for attempting to take it where there is, in reality, abundance for all? This crushing problem of the rich and the poor is ever with us and, instead of approaching a solution, the question grows constantly more serious. In the adjoining United States, the land of supposed liberty and equality, there is an aristocracy whose escutcheon is "the almighty dollar"; the bulk of the wealth of the country is in the hands of a few millionaire people and families who are adding to their vast hoards while the common people suffer. The wrong is apparent. The disease is festering. But how go about to apply a remedy? There is the difficulty. Some day there may come a rebellion of "members" against the "money power" and then it will be a bad day for the millionaires.

There seems to be something not quite right about the price of bread in St. John. Flour is abnormally low and the price of it has fallen materially since the first of this year. But the two pound loaf has not fallen at all. It holds its own bravely and sells just the same as ever, at six cents retail. The bakers must be making more than their share of profit at present, out of the barrel of flour.

Another thing, in the price of which a great many people are interested, is gas. Ever since the fiat went forth "let there be light" and the darkness and light were separated from each other, there has been more or less trouble about lighting the darkness. One of the modern problems of cities and towns is to get the right kind of light, of the right quality and at the right price. The price of artificial light has decreased very much of late years, especially since the advent of electricity as a lighting power. The price of gas appears to be reaching about a dollar figure. In Montreal they are talking about having ninety-four cent gas. In St. John, New Brunswick, the rate charged by the gas company is one dollar and ninety-two cents, net, in quantities of less than ten thousand cubic feet, and a dollar and eighty cents when over that quantity. The St. John Gas Light Company is not now such a "grinding monopoly" as it once was but it looks as if this corporation still gets too much for its gas.

A nautical man remarked the other day after taking a ride in our electric cars that he liked them first rate; that he felt at home in them, there was such a heavy sea on all the time. The rolling and pitching are certainly something terrible to a land-lubber. It is a wonder the cars do not bounce off the rails much oftener than they do and fire themselves through shop-fronts or elsewhere. I never get in them when I can avoid it and when they pass me on the street I never feel quite sure that they are not going to bound off the track and land on top of me. The present light rails are evidently not fit for use even with these small electric cars.

Man is a gregarious animal. As a rule he goes in droves and follows his leader as implicitly as other animals. His habits are peculiar. Among other things he delights to parade the streets and like a "child of a larger growth," play at soldier, with cocked hat, drawn sword and varied and wondrous other war-like trappings, which vary according to the "society" or "order" represented. He believes in "love," "charity," "fraternity," "cheap life insurance" and a whole lot of other good things—including some to eat and to drink. When he pays his fee and enters his "order" as a simple "brother" he fondly looks forward to the day when he can reach high degrees and have A. B. C. or I. O. U. attached to his name or perhaps even in time, fill the post of Grand Omnipotent Panjandrum itself and lead his cohorts up King street in proud array. "Lives there a man" etc. who has not yet felt his bosom swell with pride when watching these many miniature armies parading our streets this summer and recognizing in each individual of them, a man and a brother uncompromisingly devoted to "fraternity" and to—having a good time.

To CORRESPONDENTS: "Pelham" cares of P. O. Box No. 84, St. John will find me.

PELHAM.

Left a Good Impression.

The opening as well as the closing exercises of the Rothery Collegiate School took place on Wednesday of this week. Owing to an untimely visit of the mumps in June, the school term ended somewhat suddenly, and without the usual closing exercises and presentation of prizes. This pleasant ceremony was gone through with on Wednesday in the presence of a large number of ladies and gentlemen from the city, Rothery, and the surrounding towns, who feel a keen interest in the school and its success. Perhaps there was some advantage in having such a satisfactory audience at the opening of another year's work, for all of those who were present could not fail to note in what a prosperous condition the school appeared to be; the attendance greater than ever, the staff more efficient and doubled in number, leaving such an impression on the minds of the visitors as is not easily gotten rid of.

Finished For This Year.

The repairs to the marsh road are completed so far as this year is concerned. Contractor Connell says that the work will be gone on with next spring. Some \$2,700 have been spent thus far, or, at least will be spent, when Mr. Jordan makes up his mind to certify to the account. At present there is some hitch. The supervisor contends that the brush should have been used and won't certify that the work has been done according to agreement until he is satisfied that the specifications were changed by permission of the board of works. When Mr. Jordan makes up his mind it seems to be about as hard as his road bottom.

Zera Zemon Next Week.

Zera Zemon with his wonderful variety show, his champion dancers, his great artist in the juggling line, his youthful magician, his Irish character, his musical and comedy actors, and his harp and violin toup, will bring nothing of his attractive presents, to say with the people of St. John at the Mechanic's Institute next Thursday evening, September 14th. Zera calls himself a magician, a ventriloquist, a wonder-maker and the king of mysteries. He gives a good show at a very popular price, and will no doubt fill his houses as usual.

A Credit to the Street.

The Bostwick block, which some time ago was purchased by Mr. Thos. Young-claus, has had a great many alterations and improvements made in it since it was transferred, and now with its plate glass windows, its handsome stores, it will be a credit, not only to the street but to the city. It is situated on one of the greatest thoroughfares in the town, and as a business stand cannot be excelled.

Smith Bros. Millinery Opening.

A change of advertisement from Smith Bros. Halifax, announcing the fall opening of their millinery department for Sept. 20th, came to hand too late for this issue of PROGRESS. Their stock is a very large and varied one and the reliability and confidence reposed in the firm make it one of the satisfactory concerns to deal with.

His Practical Thriftiness.

A well-known English banker, hoping to encourage his son in ways of thrift, promised to give him two per cent. a month interest upon any money that he might save out of his allowance and deposit in the pattern bank. The young man was getting an allowance of £5 a week for pocket money, promised to show his appreciation of his father's offer. He began to make small deposits without delay and kept the practice up with remarkable regularity. The old gentleman presently noticed that the deposits exceeded the whole of the boy's allowance, but accounted for this by supposing that he had saved some money previously and that he received presents frequently from his mother. So the fond parent rejoiced in the provident disposition his son was displaying. This continued until the boy's deposit assumption. It then turned out that the boy was qualifying himself to take his father's position—some day, and that most of the money he had been depositing was borrowed. Inasmuch as he was drawing interest on his deposits at two per cent. per month, and was paying only ten per cent. per year for them, he had found the business decidedly attractive and profitable.

A Curious Competition.

A washing competition is the very latest in connection with an athletic meeting, such an event figured on the programme of a small northern meeting, and the conditions were as follows: "Competitors are each supplied with a pail, some cold water, and half a bar of soap; also two pegs and a dirty tea-cloth. On the word 'Go' all wash the cloths. Prize to the competitor who shows the cleanest cloth in the space of three minutes, the same being correctly pegged on the line. Points deducted for overtime and incorrect detail. A competent lady will judge." In some cases it would be as well to substitute competitors themselves for the tea-cloth.

Refreshments of Racing Men.

The Prince of Wales has been furnished, by desire, with some figures relating to Eclipse Stakes day at Sandown Park. The people who paid numbered 22,826, representing a sum of £19,500. The kitchen returns include such items as 1,680 lobsters, 1,248 lb. salmon, half a ton of ham, 300 Surrey fowls, and a little more than three tons of beef, mutton, and lamb. Teetotal drinkers will regret to learn that the great drink bill was made up of 1,366 bottles of champagne, 4,000 bottles of ale and stout, 240 gallons of spirits, and 750 gallons of draught beer. But the 7,000 bottles of mineral waters may help to correct the bad impression.

The Lost Chord.

The above song which everybody knows was composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan is one of the world-famous songs of modern times. Its author had just been appointed as principal of the National Training School for Music, when he received notice of the fatal illness of his brother, the well-known actor, Frederick Sullivan, and by whose bedside he afterwards watched day and night for three weeks. One evening, when the end was rapidly approaching, the attendant was sitting as usual by the bedside, it chanced that he took up some verses of the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, with much impression. Now in the stillness of the night, he read them over again, and almost as he did so he conceived their "musical equivalent." A sheet of music paper was at hand, and he began to write. Slowly the music grew and took shape, it being absorbed in it, he determined to finish the song, thinking that even in the cold light of day it should appear worthless it would at least have helped to pass the weary hours, and so he went on till the last bar was added. This was composed a song, of which the sale up to now has exceeded a quarter of a million of copies.

Aids to Royal Eyesight.

The only crowned head in Europe who uses the single eye-glass is the King of Wurtemberg. The Prince of Wales has never worn an eye-glass. Several of the reigning monarchs indulge in the use of spectacles and double eye-glasses, notably Queen Victoria when she is reading, the Queen Regent of Denmark, the Czar, the Queen Regent of Holland and also the young King of Serbia, whose sight is extremely defective. The Queen Regent of Spain is very short-sighted, and makes use of her double eye-glass. So, too, does the Archduchess Maria Theresa, several members of the House of Hapsburg; The King of the Belgians invariably has his pince-nez stuck on the bridge of his nose when reading; nor do the Emperor of Austria and the King of Sweden disdain the assistance of glasses of this kind when they are writing.

An Abrupt Ending to his Discourse.

"After all," said the man who married for love, "I don't know but that system of marriage that obtains in France, where the couple learn to love each other afterward, is not just as productive of happiness as our haphazard way. Love is largely a matter of contiguity and identity of interests. "Take, for instance, the case of a man buying a dog. He goes to some dealer and chooses a pup that seems likely to turn out well; takes the beast home and cares for it, and before he is aware of it his sense of possession and companionship has ripened into an affection deeper than he dreamed of. "He is ready to fight for his dog; he goes about and makes all his friends weary with stories of the animal's wonderful intelligence. "And it seems to me that if a man had a wife chosen in pretty much the same way, the results would be about the same. He would—" But here his wife made a dive for him, and shook and tumbled his hair until he solemnly decanted every word, and admitted that he was only enjoying the sound of his own voice.

Not What He Expected.

He was calling on a young lady, and had been talking against time for several hours, not noticing that she was, to say least, slightly worried. "Do you know," he said after completing a monologue of several thousand words, and thinking a little flattery would be appreciated, "while talking tonight, I have felt as if I were inspired by one of the Muses. And which one do you think it is?" He looked searchingly into her beautiful face. The modest blush for which he was watching proved to be a wide yawn, which grew wider as she answered—"I guess the Muse that inspires you tonight must be Enterpe." He didn't really know anything about mythology, so he couldn't tell just what she meant. But when he got home he took down a dictionary, and there, staring him in the face, he saw—"Enterpe—the Muse who presided over wind instruments."

For Every Day.

Sweet Cream and all the fruits in season, Ginger Ale and Mineral Waters, Choice Butters, Cheeses and fresh Eggs, Canned Meats, Vegetables and soups at 32 Charlotte St. from J. S. ARMSTRONG and BRO. Grocers.

AMHERST.

[PROGRESS is for sale at Amherst by Charles Hillcoat and at the music store of H. A. Hillcoat.] Mrs. W. J. Moran returned last week from their wedding trip, and appeared in Church on Sunday, the bride wearing a very handsome costume of black satin and hat of cream straw, with trimmings in same shade. Her receiving toilette is a most becoming combination of cream cashmere and silk, and the weather so far this week being most favorable for paying visits. An unusually large number have called on Mrs. Moran, who is assisted by Mrs. Rufus Best, attired in a gown of black satin, with lace garniture. The A. M. B. Band made the evening air merry with a musical welcome to the happy pair on Tuesday, at their residence on Lawrence street, and were served right royally for their delightful serenade.

Mrs. Fred Best who has been spending the summer with her friends in Amherst and other parts of the county left for her home in Clifton on Monday evening accompanied by Miss Beattie Harding en route for Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Fride have joined the throng of visitors at the World's fair and intend to spend a month in Chicago.

Mrs. and Miss Brown have gone to spend a week at Parrsboro with Mr. Brown C. E.

Mr. Arthur Queley returned on Monday from Vancouver after two years absence but can only indulge in a short stay.

Mr. D. W. Douglas a few days last week.

Mr. R. Robinson, of Annapolis, made a short trip to Amherst this week in the interest of the Rothery school for boys. He was entertained by Mr. E. Lay, on Wednesday and left by evening train for St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Winchester, left on Friday for their home in Boston via St. John. Miss Hinton went with them and expects to be their guest until Christmas. Miss Helen Phipps, went to Windsor N. S. on Friday to begin her studies at Edgell. Major J. A. Black, editor of the Gazette, donned his uniform on Monday and marched his company of red coats off to Aldershot. Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Dunlap have taken Master

Henry to Horton Landing to attend Mr. Patterson's school.

Miss Nelson, of Truro, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. R. C. Fuller. Miss Minnie Robb, of Oxford, was in town on Wednesday. Mrs. H. J. Logan has returned from Wallace. Her and Mrs. N. E. Roberts and son, Oscar, and Miss Beattie Curry, left on Friday for Chicago, and other American cities. Mrs. G. Ketchum gave a large afternoon tea on Saturday, in honor of her friend, Mrs. Hansen, of St. John, who has been visiting here for several weeks. It was quite the largest tea of the season, and in the way of games was particularly smart, the hostess looking especially well in a suit of black silk. On Monday afternoon she gave another tea for her mother, Mrs. Miller, of Moncton, which was enjoyed by a large number of our sister metropolitans. Mrs. Miller returned to her home on Tuesday. Mrs. C. J. Stuart of Halifax, is the guest of Mrs. Arthur Dickson. On Wednesday Miss Ethel Chapman gave a large tea at her home in Lawrence street, for Miss May Dicks of Backville; about all our young folks were among the guests, so it was a particularly pretty tea.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Feeney and J. H. Hawthorne.] Sept. 6.—So many of our summer visitors are leaving us that we are only consoled by the returning of our own absentees. Mrs. T. G. Zoegle and children have returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. Loggie's mother Mrs. McKelvey at Pictou. Miss Joe Wood of Boston, who has been spending the summer with Miss Frankie Tibbits, left for home on Monday. Miss Tibbits accompanied her as far as Boston.

Mrs. G. H. Coburn and children have gone to Philadelphia to visit Mrs. Coburn's mother. Miss Clara Jordan of Calais is visiting her friend Mrs. Chas. Murchie.

On dit that we are anticipating a ball which is shortly to be given at Frogmore the residence of Hon. A. Campbell.

Mrs. and Mrs. F. I. Morrison have returned from St. Andrews. Miss Davidson is here from Ontario visiting Madeline Fisher.

Mrs. W. F. Mitchell and family have returned from their visit to St. Andrews. Mrs. C. G. D. Roberts and children of Wolfville, N. S. arrived here Saturday evening and are visiting Mrs. Roberts parents Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Feeney at Linden hall.

Mrs. Brecken, mother of the Rev. Mr. Brecken is here visiting her son at the Gables. Mrs. Luke Stewart and Miss Cunningham returned from Westfield on Saturday.

Mrs. Geo. F. Gregory and Mrs. E. Chestnut are visiting at Gagetown. Miss Collier who has been visiting friends in the city left this morning for her home in St. Stephen.

Miss Nora McKay who has been visiting Miss Bessie Logan, has returned to her home at Dartmouth, N. S.

Mr. A. G. Edgcombe left on Monday for Chicago to visit the World's Fair. On his return he is accompanied by Mrs. Edgcombe and children who have been spending the summer at Toronto. The Misses Beverly have returned from their summer outing at Westfield Beach.

Mrs. A. S. Murray and children have returned home from their visit to St. John. Mrs. F. W. Pit has been the guest of Mrs. E. Byron Windsor, has returned to her home in Halifax. The many friends of Mrs. Logan and Miss Wood will be pleased to hear that word has been received of their safe arrival at Queenstown.

Miss Annie Louisa Legris has gone to St. John to enter upon her duties at the Morley Conservatory of Music, her many friends here will regretting her departure will be pleased to know of her future success.

Miss McLaughlin of St. John is in the city visiting her sister Mrs. Lee Babbit. Miss Allen and her sister, Mrs. Burns of Woodstock are the guests of Mrs. Isaac Peabody. Miss Flossie Robertson and Miss Mamie Fowler of St. John are visiting the Misses McKelvey on King street.

Miss Laura Wood formerly of this city, but now of Boston, has been the guest during the week of her uncle Mr. Geo. T. Whipple. Mr. Hedley V. Edgcombe is doing the World's Fair at Chicago.

Miss Nellie Fleeming who spent the summer here, a guest at the Queen, is now making her home in Boston at the Quincy Hotel.

Miss Annie Burchell is enjoying a trip to New York. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and family of Chatham are being welcomed as future residents of Fredericton, they having gone to house-sweeping in the cottage lately vacated by Mr. Williams, on George St.

Mr. Worsnip the Mayor of Fredericton will left yesterday for Montreal where Mr. Beck with has gone to consult a specialist in nervous troubles. CHUCKET.

CAMPBELLTON.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Campbellton at the store of J. A. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, hats, stationery, books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.] Sept. 6.—John McAlister M. P. spent Monday in the Shiretown. Miss Cahill of St. John is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. Cahill. Mr. Frank Parlee of Sussex was in town on Friday last.

Mrs. David Ritchie and her son Allison of Dalhousie were the guests of Mrs. W. W. Doherty last week. Mrs. Cyr and Miss Ida Cyr of Maria P. Q., visited friends here on last Friday.

Mr. John Dunlop of St. John spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Balsam. The Misses Cassie Thompson, Jennie Andrew, and Albert Andrew had a delightful picnic up the river on Saturday last.

Mr. John A. Clapperton of Maria, was a welcome visitor in our midst last Friday. While in town he was the guest of Mrs. Henry McIntyre. Mrs. K. S. Simes, has returned from a pleasant trip to St. John.

Miss Alpha La Roche, who has been the guest of the Misses Verner for a month, left Tuesday for her home in Quebec.

Mr. W. A. Fitch's friends were glad to see him in town for a few days this week. He returned to Truro, N. S., on Tuesday. Mrs. Thomas W. West of Bird Island, Minn., is spending a day or two with friends at Tide Head and Metapedia.

Mrs. Henry McIntyre pleasantly entertained a few friends on Friday last. Mr. Fred Tennant, of Moncton, registered at the Royal hotel on last Thursday.

Miss Annie Smith, left on Monday evening for Sea Side, where she is visiting the Misses Dickie. Mr. McAndrews, of St. John, was in Campbellton on Thursday. Mr. Richard O'Leary, formerly of Campbellton, now of Hutchinson, paid his numerous friends here a short visit last week. Mr. William Balsam and family, accompanied by Mr. Dunlop, of St. John, drove to Dalhousie on Friday last. Miss Mamie Barberie, has returned to Edgell, Windsor, N. S. to resume her studies. Mr. Harry Patterson, of the bank of Nova Scotia, has gone to Montreal on a new week's vacation. Bishop Kintion of Fredericton, was in town on Sunday and officiated in the Episcopal Church. Miss Laura Guellet of Nouvelle, P. Q. made a brief visit to our town, this week. Miss Mabel Hillson of Moncton, has taken a music class for the winter, and is staying at the Lansdowne. Master Joe. Price returned on Saturday from Montreal, where he spent his holidays. Hon. C. H. LaBilious of Dalhousie, spent Monday in Campbellton. Miss Minnie Martin, of Charlott, was the guest of Mrs. Henry McIntyre last week. Dame Rupert says that Mrs. Martin is to be married to a Mr. Pidgeon, of Maine, U. S. Miss Alice Mowat gave a card party to a few friends on last Thursday. Mr. Dave Cook has gone on a short visit to Quebec. Mr. W. A. Mook is in King's Mountain, N. S., to be present at the marriage of Mr. Albert Stewart, of Bathurst, to Miss Bella Morrison, which takes place this evening. The Misses Bellie intend leaving tomorrow for St. John, P. E. Island, where they will attend the Congregation concert. Master Leon Lacasse leaves tonight for college. We regret to record the death of Mrs. J. Chamberlain which occurred last Wednesday and also the death of Miss Margaret of Glenora on last Friday. Both funerals were largely attended. Rev. J. L. McDonald's funeral was held on Wednesday and he is confined to his room through illness. Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Langley were out to Kings-ton, Kent county this morning. FRED.

Two Thousand... CHILDREN'S AND MISSES... READY MADE... Hats, Capes and Ulsters, NOW IN STOCK.

Fall and Winter... THE NEWEST FASHIONS IN... Black and Colors... \$4.25 to \$45.00... Sizes, 30 to 46 inch Bust.

Children's and Maids Jackets... Ulsters, from 4 to 18 years.

McLellan & Allison, N. B. MAKE NO OTHER.

PSIA... STION... PORTLAND, SAINT JOHN CO.

I have suffered everything but... MARY GULLIS.

"You'll Feel Better" if you're all run down and out of sorts if you take a few bottles of MALTO PEPTONIZED PORTER.

It is a food. Beneficial alike to young and old. It strengthens the body, creates an appetite, aids digestion, invigorates the system. Ask your doctor about it. It's good for every one. TRY IT.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS... Free sample mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, Limited, New Glasgow, N. S., Canada, or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

DIGBY, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.] Sept. 6.—Judge Savary is in town holding county court.

Mr. and Mrs. Digby Bonnell arrived home Tuesday from a pleasant week's sojourn in New Brunswick.

Mrs. Clinton has returned from a visit in St. John. Mrs. M. E. Brown has been visiting in Yarmouth.

Mr. S. F. Haskell of the Cape Ann Brezer, Gloucester, Mass., is spending a few days in Digby.

Mr. Chas. Barrill of Weymouth was in town Tuesday. Miss Emile Gates left last week for Wolfville.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Holt have returned to their home in Chelsea, Mass.

Judge Cowling of Annapolis and Mr. T. Cowling spent part of Monday in town, way to Yarmouth.

The Hamblers, some 15 in number, arrived in town Tuesday evening on wheels, and Wednesday morning left for Yarmouth.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor and at the book store of G. S. Wall in Calais at O. P. Treat's.]

Sept. 6.—The marriage of Miss Edith B. Hannah and Mr. Herbert Dow, on Wednesday evening last, was one of the happy events of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dow, on Wednesday evening last, were one of the happy events of the week.

Mr. W. A. Mills, piano lamp. Mr. and Mrs. D. Stewart, silver ornament.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Stewart, silver ornament. Mr. Howard Dow, banquet lamp.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Stewart, silver ornament. Mr. Howard Dow, banquet lamp.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Stewart, silver ornament. Mr. Howard Dow, banquet lamp.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Stewart, silver ornament. Mr. Howard Dow, banquet lamp.

MAITLAND.

[Progress is for sale in Maitland by James Uppin.]

Sept. 4.—In my last letter I neglected telling of the Bachelors' club ball, which took place in the town hall on Monday evening.

The ladies were all charmingly dressed and special mention must be made of Miss McCumber, who was in pale blue, her brocaded bodice being

Miss Abbie Roy gave a very pleasant party on Thursday the 31st inst. The evening was devoted to cards and dancing and was most enjoyable.

Among the present were, Misses Uppin, White, Abbie Eaton, Agnes Putnam, Louise Putnam, Be Roy, Annie Roy, Dr. and Mrs. F. T. Crulman, Miss

Christie, Miss Dillio, Lizette Putnam, Miss Eaton, Miss Smith and Messrs. John Roy, Dan Miller, New Murphy, S. C. Johnson, A. B. McCarthy, Waver Putnam, Frank Putnam, Dr. O. F. McCallum, James Putnam, Frank McQuinn, and

Many pretty gowns were worn and the guests did not separate until a late hour.

Owing to the illness of Mrs. Ruth Dart Sanderson, the concert which was to have been given on Wednesday last and for which Mr. Stuart came from Truro has been indefinitely postponed.

PICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Picton by James McLean.]

Sept. 4.—Mrs. Fergie of Westville was in town on Monday last.

Miss Annie Macdonald left for Boston on Tuesday to spend two months studying in the conservatory there.

Mr. Alex. Dawson is spending a few days at home before resuming his studies at McGill College.

Mr. Louis Yonson left for Montreal on Wednesday last where he intends entering college for the winter.

Mrs. Dennis is visiting friends in Annapolis. Mr. A. O. Macrae spent Sunday in town.

Mr. A. C. McDonald has returned from his trip to Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Macdonald are rusticated in Cape Breton.



WE are offering SPECIAL TERMS ON THE FEW PNEUMATICS WE HAVE LEFT. ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., General Agents, ST. JOHN, N. B. TORONTO, ONT.

JOE NOBLE, Jr., THE SHOEMAKER, MAKES SHOES TO FIT THE FOOT. 78 GERMAIN ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Sausage Season opens To-Day, Saturday. Ours will be found all over the city. Wholesale and Retail at 186 Union St. Telephone 123. JOHN HOPKINS.



Extension Top Buggy. Write for Catalogue, Information and prices to JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton. Charles Dickens' Complete Works—15 vols Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$4.50 additional.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I. [Progress is for sale in Charlottetown by S. Grey and by the Bazar Co.]

Sept. 6.—Many of our summer tourists are leaving for their homes, as the weather grows cooler. Many of our citizens are returning to their homes after spending their holiday season abroad.

Ant-Cholera DISINFECTANT. The Best Disinfectant Made. Price 25c. CROCKETT, GUN, & SYDNEY.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Tally-Ho to McCrackens Lake and spent a very pleasant day.

On Wednesday next the marriage of a popular young lady of City Road and a gentleman who holds a leading position in the Quebec C. P. Telegraph Co. will be united in marriage.

Miss Jones Harrison St. returned on Saturday from a visit to Boston.

Miss Ada Cowan left on Monday to attend school in Fredericton.

Miss Thompson and Miss Laura Miller and Miss Nelson of Campbellton (who have been visiting Miss Ethel Dalton of North End) left for Moncton on Tuesday.

Miss Thompson and Miss Nelson intend spending a fortnight between Moncton and Bathurst and Newcastle and Harcourt on their way.

Miss Florie Brown has returned from a pleasant visit to Charlottetown.

Miss Annie Purdy of Boston is here visiting her mother.

The Misses Belyea who have been the guests of their aunt Mrs. W. Belyea returned to their home in Boston on Saturday.

MONCTON.

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

Ferr. 6.—The last few days has been so cold it makes one think of winter, and a leading dry goods merchant displaying in his window a large assortment of fur caps certainly does not add to the comfort of one's feelings on these chilly autumn evenings.

Moncton in the summer months may not possess many attractions for the tourist; but I am sure any one visiting the "hub" in September could not help but enjoy themselves; we are now having cool and delightful weather.

Miss Minnie Charters, who is attending the Philadelphia Medical College is home on a vacation. She will graduate next spring, and although she may not practise her profession here, Moncton may still claim the honor of producing one female physician.

Mr. Peter McSweeney, one of our leading dry goods merchants, who went to England in July to purchase goods, is now on his way home in the new Canadian steamer "Lucania," which is making her maiden voyage.

Mr. Jack Ferguson of Newcastle, was in town a few days on business last week.

Mr. Robt. Chandler, who has been spending the summer with his brother, Mr. E. B. Chandler, left for his home in New York last Thursday.

Miss Winchester, who has been visiting Miss Mabel Hillson, left for her home in Boston on Friday.

Mr. H. M. Fairweather has returned from his visit to Summerside, P. E. I.

Dr. Weldon, M. P. for Albert, was in town last week.

Miss Annie Harley of Newcastle, is the guest of the Misses McKean, Main street.

Mrs. Bliss Ward, returned last week from her visit to Chicago.

Mrs. A. L. Wright, Salisbury, is visiting her mother, Mrs. William Elliot, Botsford street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Mahone, of Truro, were in town last week visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. H. T. Sumner.

Rev. A. J. Cresswell, and Mrs. Cresswell, of Springfield, Kings County, who were visiting Mr. and Mrs. George C. Peters, Alma street, returned home on Wednesday.

The Misses Dot and Sadie Borden, left on Saturday for Sackville, to attend the Mount Allison Ladies' College.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Blair, who have been visiting Mr. Blair's home in Chatham, returned home last week.

Mrs. James Sayre, returned on Thursday from St. Andrews, where she has been visiting friends.

Miss Roach, of St. John, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. K. A. Borden, Botsford street.

Miss Sinclair, of Newcastle, spent a few days in town last week, the guest of Miss Margaret McKean.

Mr. James McD. Cooke, who has been spending a few weeks holidays in Dorchester, Dalhousie and Newcastle, returned home on Saturday.

Mrs. and Miss Barnes, accompanied by Mrs. F. H. Risteen of Fredericton, returned on Thursday from East Mines, N. S., where they have been visiting friends.

Mr. Grant Hall returned on Friday from Montreal, where she has been spending the summer at her old home.

Mr. Murdoch of Chatham, is spending a few days in town, the guest of his friend, Mr. Fred Blair.

The Misses Madge and May Brown, daughters of Mr. F. R. Brown, mechanical superintendent of the L. C. R., went to Windsor to attend the Church school for girls on Saturday.

Miss Alice Rippey, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. David Lindsay of River du Loup, returned last week.

Miss Florence Crossdale is spending a few weeks with friends in Truro.

Mr. Winchester, who has been visiting Mr. Hillson, left Friday for his home in Boston.

Mrs. E. Knight is visiting her mother, Mrs. Robert Leeves.

Miss Bruce left on Wednesday for Montreal to visit friends.

Mrs. Carrithy, of Spokane, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. McSweeney, returned to Sackville, last week, where she has been spending the summer.

Miss Mamie Fleming of Newcastle, left for her home on Friday, after a three weeks' visit with friends in Truro and Moncton.

Miss Bethal, who has been spending the summer in Windsor to attend the school.

Mrs. H. C. Green and two daughters of Fitchburg Mass., are the guests of Mr. A. McLaughlin, I. C. R. Auditor, St. George street.

OPENED.

This Week, ENGLISH Navy Blue and Black ALL-WOOL DRESS SERGES.

S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Which hold their color, withstand the Rain or Fog and make up a most Stylish and Durable Costume.

Samples Mailed to any Address.



I Have Never Tasted Cocoa That I Like So Well.

Sir C. A. CAMERON, M. D., Pres. of Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

IT PAYS TO SELL THE BEST

The Highest Grade of Pure Cocoa Manufactured.

For sale by all leading dealers.

66 PRIZE MEDALS.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at Chas. Moore's Bookstore, in Middle Sackville by E. M. Merrill.]

Sept. 5.—Our streets are beginning to assume their old appearance, now that teachers and students are getting back, many familiar faces are to be seen.

Dr. and Mrs. Allison left last week for Chicago, they expect to be absent about three weeks.

Mr. Smith inspector of schools was in town several days last week, we understand Mr. Smith intends building and making his home in Sackville in the near future.

The many friends of Mr. Thos. Kirkpatrick were pleased to see him in town last week.

Sheriff McQueen was in Sackville on Friday.

Miss Black gave a very enjoyable house party to a number of her friends on Tuesday last week.

Mr. Robert King, editor of the "Post" has been visiting friends in Dorchester.

Miss Ethel Smith and Miss Emma Ayer have returned from a week's visit at the Capri on Monday.

Miss Gretta Ogden has also returned from the seaside.

Mr. McDonald the popular assistant at the I. C. R. station has been transferred to Oxford Junction.

Mr. McDonald will be much missed by the public generally.

Capt. and Mrs. Wells have been the guests of the Capt's sister, Mrs. Alex. Ford for the past week.

Master Willie Rogers, has returned to his home in Hopedale.

Mr. Charles Eckard, has returned from Montreal.

Miss Flora Anderson, went to Wolfville on Monday to attend school.

Miss Carrie Atkinson, has returned from St. John, where she has been spending the summer.

Miss Lattie Touse, left for Boston on Friday, Miss Gouge intends to enter the Boston General Hospital to study for a nurse, a profession chosen by several of our young ladies lately.

Mrs. Webster and daughter, paid a short visit last week to Mrs. Webster's sister, Mrs. Dr. Thorne.

The numerous friends of Mrs. F. Allison and Miss Minnie Cogswell, will be pleased to learn that they are recovering from their recent attack of fever.

Capt. David Taylor of New York, was in town on Tuesday, the guest of Capt. Anderson.

Mr. D. F. Merritt has quite recovered from his illness, and resumed his position in the Customs Department.

Mr. Henry Phillip C. F. R., is spending a few days up river.

Mr. W. B. Belyea is visiting in St. Stephen.

SHEDDIAU CAPE.

[Progress is for sale at Sheddiau Cape by George E. Mill.]

Sept. 6.—The ladies of the congregation of St. Martin's Church met on Monday evening at the rectory and organized themselves into a society for the furtherance of the best interests of the church.

Rev. A. F. Burtlett his invaluable assistance. He also presided over the meeting. Mrs. C. F. Hanington acted as secretary. Ways and means of liquidating a standing indebtedness and of bringing about certain needed improvements, including the painting of the interior of the church were discussed at length.

The organization will be permanent, and regular meetings will be held.

On Tuesday evening of last week half a hundred persons participated in a surprise party, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Welling. The affair was a success throughout. Dancing continued until 2 a. m.

Miss Price and the Misses W. of St. Steven who have been visiting Capt. W. and Mrs. Sprague returned home on Friday.

Mrs. Geo. Kincaid has been absent several weeks visiting friends in Kingston.

Mr. Lloyd, Master Lloyd and Master Warren Bicknell, of Boston, Mass., who have been summering at Mr. and Mrs. Bell's left for home last week.

Mr. Harry F. Bell returned to Boston on Friday.

Mrs. Horatio Smith of Buctouche, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Scovill, and Miss Smith.

Mr. Percy Wilbur of Moncton spent last week at his home, returning to Moncton on Monday.

Miss Clara Stetson left on Thursday to a tent camp on the Sheddiau river where a very pleasant time was spent. Most of the party will spend a few days visiting here.

BATHURST.

[Progress is for sale in Bathurst at McGeheey's Grocery store.]

Sept. 6.—Mrs. D. G. McLaughlin, who for some time has been a most patient sufferer, died on Thursday last. The funeral took place on Sunday and was very largely attended. Her son Mr. Harrie who came from Boston was present. The family have the sympathy of the whole community.

Mr. Robert Ramsey, an old and respected citizen of our town passed away on Tuesday night after a lingering illness. Mrs. Ramsey and the members of the family have much sympathy in their affliction.

Miss Dwyer, delighted her friends with a visit to Bathurst this week, we only regret that her stay was so brief.

Mrs. F. J. Gansag, spent a few days in St. John, last week in Newcastle lately.

Misses Lizzie and Gerie Elhatton, spent a short time in Newcastle lately.

Miss B. Lusk, has been for some days the guest of her sister, Mrs. T. Edwin Carter.

Mr. Harry Gordon, of British Columbia, is visiting his Bathurst friends.

Mr. W. J. Draper, has returned from a visit to Boston.

Mrs. S. Adams, accompanied by her sons, Tom Charles and Herbie, returned last week to New York after spending a pleasant summer here with friends.

APPOHAUG, N. B.

Sept. 5.—Miss Beattie Burgess is spending a few days of this week in St. John.

Dr. and Mrs. Pearson went on Friday to Sussex where the doctor will practise his profession. Miss Ida Pearson is with them for a short time.

MILITARY BRAIDS.

Fancy Trimming Braids.

HEAVY NETTED LACE, 4 to 10 inches wide, for Skirt and Waist Trimming.

NEW KID GLOVES.

&c., &c.

SKINNER'S CARPET WAREHOUSES.

Look at this Offer!

HALF PRICE.

Call early and don't get disappointed as stock is limited.

Stock in all Departments Complete.

A. O. Skinner.

We are making great improvements on our "Block," (there is no doubt about that,) and we are going to have large first-class new Stores, by and by.

In the meantime we are selling Clothing cheaper than ever before. We don't pretend to offer all our Goods at "Manufacturer's Prices," because that would be worse than foolish on our part, but some Lines we have marked down at cost price, and others below.

We offer you those bargains not only one day but any and every day alike.

BLUE STORE, Cor. Mill and Main Sts., North End.

GIVEN AWAY.

At the 20TH CENTURY KANDY KITCHEN, an elegant Bed Room Set of Seven Pieces. Contest closes on Oct 7th. Every 5 CENT PURCHASE entitled to a GUESS.

at the Business College, St. John, returned home last week.

Miss Agnes Wilnot, returned home last week, after an extended visit to Quebec.

Dr. Park, Miss Park and Miss Scott (Quebec), are visiting Mrs. R. D. Wilnot.

The annual picnic of the Maugerville Division, is to be held on the 13th inst. on the shores of the beautiful Grand Lake.

The members of Maugerville Division held a concert on the 20th inst. They were assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Haveland and Mr. Parker, of Fredericton, who sang the hymn "Widening Hope" which was most inspiring to the audience.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

Sept. 6.—Miss Lulu Robb who for the past few months has been visiting friends in Sheddiau returned home on the excursion train Wednesday evening.

Miss Nellie of Woodstock, is visiting friends here. Walter Ramsay of Moncton, spent Wednesday in town.

Miss Ella Tait returned home from St. John last week.

Robert King, editor of the Sackville Post, was in town Friday.

Capt. Alfred Bishop and his two daughters left on the Halifax express Tuesday evening for the Chicago Fair.

Mrs. Aird and Miss Nichols of Halifax after spending the summer months with friends here left for Boston on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Howe Dixon and family of Albert county spent Sunday in town.

Mr. B. B. Teed of Sackville spent Sunday at his home here.

Miss Ellen Johnson of Sackville, spent last week with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. John Eagles of St. John are spending a few days with Mrs. Eagles' father, W. D. Wilbur of this place.

Mr. F. J. Shere who has been spending a short time in Yarmouth, arrived home last evening.

Mr. Fleetwood of Moncton spent Sunday and Monday in town.

G. Baron Chandler C. P. R. agent at Sackville was in town Thursday evening.

H. C. Hanington of Moncton spent Sunday in town.

Miss Phiney spent Sunday at her home in Sackville.

Wm. Milner of Sackville was in town on Monday.

Mr. H. J. McGrath inspector of Woodstock bridge is home for a few days.

Mrs. Burns and daughter of Boston are visiting Mrs. P. A. Landry.

Mrs. J. W. Smith.

The many friends of Mr. Percy Kinder will be pleased to learn that he is recovering from his severe attack of typhoid fever.

Mrs. Clarence Fairweather of Moncton, is visiting her sister Mrs. James McNaughton of this place.

Dputy-warden Ross and John A. Gray of Dorchester Penitentiary left on Monday for the Chicago Fair.

A few of the prominent young ladies and gentlemen of this place are spending a day at Pink Rock. The Church of England excursion to Point De Chené last week was largely attended and everybody spent an enjoyable day at the sea shore.

Mr. Frank Gillis of the Penitentiary staff who has been sick for the last few days is slowly recovering.

ST. GEORGE.

[Progress is for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien.]

Sept. 6.—A very pretty wedding took place in the B. C. church on Wednesday morning, when Miss Jennie Lyonn and Mr. C. Hennessey were united in marriage. The bride and maid of honor were attired in white. The groom was supported by Mr. Murray.

Miss J. Ward, Milltown, St. Stephen, is the guest of Miss Epps.

George E. Chipman, B. A., vice-principal of St. Martins primary, was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Johnson drove to St. Andrews on Thursday.

Miss George Watson, Boston, is visiting her friend, Mrs. Henry Goss.

Dr. and the Misses Maloney, St. Andrews, spent several days in town last week.

Mr. John Mans, (Windsor Mass.) Dr. Dick, Mr. Milliken and Mr. Kelman returned on Saturday from a successful fishing trip to Lakes Umbagog.

The friends of Miss Bella Vans heard with regret of her serious illness of typhoid fever. Miss Vans arrived from Bridgewater, N. B., on Monday.

Mr. A. Dunlap, Minas, is the guest of Mr. Gillman Stewart, this week.

A very enjoyable dance was given in Lyonn Hall on Monday evening.



Mrs. H. D. West of Cornwallis, Nova Scotia.

\$200 Worth

Of Other Medicines Failed

But 4 Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

"It is with pleasure that I tell of the great benefit I derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla. For 5 years I have been badly afflicted with Erysipelas breaking out with running sores during hot summer months. I have sometimes not been able to use my limbs for two months at a time. Being induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, I got one bottle last spring, commenced using it; felt so much better, got two bottles more; took them during the summer, was able to do my housework."

Walk Two Miles

which I had not done for six years. Think I am cured of erysipelas, and recommend any person so afflicted to use

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Four bottles has done more for me than \$200 worth of other medicine. I think it the best blood purifier known." Mrs. H. D. West, Church street, Cornwallis, N. S.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, etc.

COMING.

Mechanics' Institute,

For a Limited Season COMMENCING

THURSDAY, Sept. 14th.

The People's Favorite,

The King of Mystery.

ZERA SEMON,

and his Wonderful Magic Show.

200 Useful Presents Given Away Nightly.

Prices to suit the times.

General Admission, --- 15c.

Reserved Seats, --- 25c.

Seats on sale night of Show.

Doors Open 7.30 p. m.

Wonders 8 p. m.

"Around the World in a Chariot of Song."

A Peerless Pilgrimage, illustrated from nature, and varied by the sweetest songs,

PHILLIP PHILLIPS,

the "Singing Pilgrim."

Mechanics' Institute,

MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11th, 12th and 13th.

under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

Tickets, 25 cents. Reserved Seats, 30 cents. Reserved Seats, Course, 75 cents.

Tickets are now on sale at A. C. Smith & Co's., Charlotte street.

The Morley Ladies' College

and Conservatory of Music.

(In union with the London College of Music.)

84 PRINCESS ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Under the patronage of the Hon. Sir Leonard Tilley, C.B., K. C. M. G., LL. D., Lieut. Governor of the province of New Brunswick; Lady Dillie of the Ven. Arch. Deacon Brigstocke; Rev. Donald MacLellan, D. D.; T. W. Fether, Esq., Mayor of St. John; Simon Jones, Esq.; James F. Robertson, Esq.; J. Morris Robinson, Esq.; J. Allison, Esq.

MRS. MORLEY, A. M. S., L. C. M. (Representative of the London College of Music), and Mr. Haydon, will open the above institution on September 14th.

College Staff.

Mrs. Farkins, the Misses Haydon, Miss Ada M. Godson, Miss Dorothy Armstrong, and Charles Haydon, Esq., (from Epson Medical College and Matriculation Graduate of the London University, England).

Conservatory Staff.

FEANOFORTE—Miss Morley, A. M. S., L. C. M.; VOICE COLLIER—Miss A. L. Lagrin.

VIOLIN—Miss M. O'Keefe.

ORGAN—Miss Collinson, Esq.

HARMONY—Miss Morley, A. M. S., L. C. M.; GEN. COLLISON, Esq.

Parents who are desirous of sending their children to the college may depend upon a thorough English education in all its branches.

A Kindergarten in connection with the college, which opens September 4th.

Prospectus on application.

For Private Address, MISS MORLEY, 100 King Street, East, St. John, N. B.

MASS.

MASS.

MASS.

MASS.

MASS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1893.

A GREAT DAY IN BOSTON.

THE MASSES HAVE A HOLIDAY AND CELEBRATE IT.

Sixteen thousand of the Wage-earners Walk in Procession And Then Enjoyed Themselves—Other Incidents of Interest in a Great City.

Boston, Sept. 5. Once upon a time the fourth of July used to be the big day of the year. It was celebrated in honor of the signing of the declaration of independence of the United States.

Now-a-days, the first Monday in September is a day which is every bit as big and if the same advance is made every year promises to be several sizes larger before very long.

It is celebrated in honor of the declaration of independence of the workmen of the United States. I do not remember ever having heard of anybody saying so in just these words, but that is what it seems to amount to. It is labor day.

Here in Boston they whoop her up in great style. Yesterday no less than 16,000 men and a large number of women appeared in the parade, and Boston was as badly worked up as Alderman Forrest was at a meeting of the Portland city council some years ago when he understood another member of the board to intimate that he was not telling the truth.

The streets were crowded, the bands played, the men marched, and Boston was one big moving mass of excited humanity; then thousands floated off, to regattas, to sports, to ball games, to band concerts, and what not, until a great big holiday, a rouser, came to a close and the city laborers felt more tired, uniforms and all, than they ever did digging sewers or hustling garbage barrels.

The parade was a big affair, but all the unions did not turn out to their full strength, by any means. There was enough of them however, to demonstrate what a mighty power the laboring man of election time addresses might be for his own interests, if he only had the grit to show his labor day enthusiasm on election day.

The Boston unions are not the power they might be. They have accomplished much, but in not all they have attempted, and thus, in many instances, because they have endeavored to be tyrannical; have failed to recognize the necessities of 19th century industrial pursuits, and have tried to fight the advancement of civilization, instead of falling in with it, or getting on the car before the seats are filled. But they have had and brains and will get there by and by.

A Boston woman went to an employment office the other day and engaged a young woman to look after her 7 year old child. That evening the child and its new companion went to bed together; but before resting, the new girl blew out the gas, and the two were found dead in the morning.

The hired girl's name was Martha, but what her other name was, who she was, where she came from or where she ever expected to go, the woman who engaged her did not think worth while to find out.

A local paper in its report of the affair said the girl was "well thought of at the intelligence office where she was engaged," but as the lady only wanted a girl to help look after the children she did not inquire into her knowledge and experience as much as she would have done had she wanted her for another place in the household.

From which it would naturally be inferred that while a kitchen girl must present a list of recommendations as long as an applicant for political office, before she is engaged, it doesn't matter much what kind of a girl one gets to look after the children.

A few days before, some Boston paper printed a dispatch from a city not many miles away. It told the story of a dog, that had been taken out into the woods, a collar put on him, one end of a piece of wire fastened to it, and the other to a tree. The wire was so short that the dog could not lie down if he wanted to, without being suspended by the collar. He was left in that position and when found about 10 days after, was a pitiable sight. His ribs were visible through a once sleek and glossy coat, his neck was cut and bleeding, the tree had been worn almost through, the dog having gone round and round it repeatedly, the wire wearing the wood. He had eaten all the grass and shrubby within the circle made by the wire. When released the poor brute could not stand up, could not eat nor drink, and the man who found him, put him out of pain.

The local Humane Society was notified and offered a reward of \$50 for the conviction of the person who had tied the dog to the tree.

The day after this dispatch was printed, enough letters and promises were received from Boston people to bring the reward up to \$100.

Without making any comments on these little stories, let me tell another.

One day not long ago I was in a police court and happened to go into a little room which is greatly used as a waiting room for

witnesses who do not want to spend any more time than possible exposed to the view of sight seers in the court.

This day a woman and two little girls, perhaps three or four years of age were there, the children romping about in clean white dresses. They were apparently happy, but they had had a rough experience.

Both were covered with black and blue marks about the body, and beneath their curls their heads were swollen and cut.

Their parents were working people and the woman with whom the children had been left during the day, had beaten them.

When the officers of the Humane Society went to look for her she was gone. It was many days before she was found, but during that time there was no thought of offering a reward; no letters were received by the agent of the Humane Society from people who had read the story of the cruelty to the children, and the disappearance of the woman.

Why? It cannot be thought for an instant, that the sufferings of children do not appeal to all mankind; that when these stories of cruelty appear, people do not give them some thought and wonder "how anybody could do such a thing." But in how many instances do all expressions of sympathy for cruelly treated children stop right there?

Why is it that while so much is done to protect dumb animals; that while a story of their suffering will touch the heart and the pocket of a man or woman; so little is done to protect children from cruel treatment.

Even the law discriminates, and I heard a judge not many weeks ago express amazement that while dogs and cats were protected by law from cruel treatment, there was absolutely no provision made for cruelty to children, and the case had to be disposed of, the same as one of assault upon a man the size and weight of his assailant.

When we read those funny little jokes about the woman who wouldn't let her pet dog out in the rain for fear it would get cold but who readily gives her consent when the children want to play in the wet grass, we think them too ridiculous for anything; read them to our friends and all laugh together.

Rediculous! Yes, but how near do they come to the truth?

Very much nearer than thousands of parents on this big continent will admit, when they come down to the point, and consider how careless they have been in regard to the welfare of the children.

Here in Boston the rising generation receives considerable attention, and the little members of it are at times discussed with as much interest as political candidates, but out in the world, among that vast multitude, as it were, from which the newspapers get the stories over which people wonder, children are poor much abused creatures, unprotected.

And nobody sympathizes with them? Oh, yes they do. It often happens however, that their abusers are the ones who should protect them against everybody; it is hard to come between children and their parents, no matter what the circumstances, and no one but the officer of the law is expected to take action.

A dog, on the other hand, is a poor friendless creature unable to make known his sufferings, left to the mercy of a superior being. If his master is cruel, he has not that feeling for him which the parent has, or is supposed to have for a child, even when abusive. The dog is friendless, helpless, with no claim on the sympathies of the man who tortures it.

It is this helplessness, this silent suffering which appears to the human heart; the part that a dumb animal, alone, unprotected, is being abused, makes one feel that it is his duty to interfere.

But it is expected that a child must have some one of its own flesh and blood who should protect it.

So the law looks after the dogs.

R. G. LARSEN.

A Political Paradise.

The little sub-Alpine principality of Lichtenstein, which is separated from Switzerland by the Rhine, is subject to the overlordship of the Austrian Emperor; but it enjoys a degree of independence and self-government which is more Swiss than Austrian.

The inhabitants are free from the Austrian military conscription, and they have no military burdens to pay. They are also freed from all Imperial taxation.

Their local parliament, the Lichtenstein Landtag meets once a year, and in the course of a week it gets through all the necessary legislation, and sends its report to the prince. This year's report, which has just been passed by the unanimous vote of the Landtag, exhibits Lichtenstein, as a veritable political paradise.

"The favorable situation of the finances of the fatherland," says this parliamentary report, renders it both a duty and a satisfaction to recommend a considerable lowering of the existing taxes on the soil." The Prince gave his sanction to the project, and a law was passed which has made the very small local self-taxation smaller than ever.

"Progress" in Boston.

Progress is for sale in Boston at the Kings Chapel News Stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

LAND OF BOBBIE BURNS.

WAKEMAN WRITES OF SCOTLAND AND HER BARD.

Some of the Scenes and Places Connected With His Famous Poems—Much that Will Prove Interesting About the Poet and His Life.

Ayr, Scotland, Sept. 2.—In that broad and measureless sense in which a poet of the people knits his personality adorably into the hearts of an entire nation, all of grand old Scotia is truly the "land of Burns." In a closer geographical respect, where both personality and genius have been all-pervading, and have left on every hand some memory of association and enduring reminder of the bard's actual presence, there are, provincially, distinctively two "Burns' Lands" in Bonnie Scotland.

These are Ayrshire, on the Firth of Clyde, and Dumfriesshire, on the Solway Firth, adjoining counties of southwestern Scotland.

From the top of Merrick Mountain in the northern part of Kirkcudbrightshire, which wedges a strip of glorious hill country to the north between the two former shires, to which I had tramped to wander down the Doon from its very source, the sight can traverse the entire breadth of both the Ayrshire Land of Burns and the Land of Burns of Dumfriesshire. There is not another scene in all the world more fraught with glowing natural beauty; not another one more mournfully sweet and tender in gentle and pathetic memories.

To the eye the panorama of all the lovely land in which the brief life of the bard was passed is practically complete. To the mind all the vast host of his poetic creations; the joy and sadness of the man in their doing; the penury, struggle, glory and despair, from birth to death, are here massed with overwhelming impressiveness. To the west is Ayrshire, at first, by the birth-spot near pleasant Ayr, sunny and low beside the sea.

Then, following the vale of the Doon, it comes all the way to your feet, in gentle uplands, then in rugged hills and shadowy burns, and finally in huge mountains and savage glens. Passing over into Dumfriesshire, the mountains spread into broad, luxuriant vales. One, where the murmuring Nith winds to the Solway, is a dream of opulence and rest. Then as the spires of old Dumfries town blend with the ragged solway edge, "hoary Criffell" looms threateningly.

At last a glint of blue shows where is Brown Well, from which the poet, close to death, was carried back to the little Dumfries cottage and his loyal Jean; and like a tiny dazzling cone of white is seen the dome of the huge mausoleum which Burns' dearest bard is at rest in eternal peace.

The two abries and their very topography—the western sea and its soft shores, the vales, the uplands, the midshire rugged heights, the sweet valley where the bard's most fondly loved and most beloved wife passed at Ellisland beside the Nith, the lowering mountain again, the glint of the sea and a nation's grave—powerfully suggest the two epochs of Burns' eventful life.

Ayrshire saw his youth; his leverish, fervent early struggles; Dumfriesshire his later life, his calm, his peace, his sad and desperate later days; and set it was in Dumfriesshire that the great heart broke still. Ayrshire glories in his birthplace, the scene of his youth, the unfolding of his genius, the first acknowledgement of his fame. Dumfriesshire is glorified by his ripening years, the spirit of ineffable pathos and tenderness belong to the second epoch of his life, and lie along the Nith instead of clustering about "the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." True, from where you may stand here with me on Merrick's heights the Ayrshire shires, almost within the limits of vision, are rich and countess.

You may not discern each one with the naked eye, but you can plainly see where all may be found in a short day's journey. The spires of Ayr seem almost beneath your feet. Just outside the rim of verdure shutting in the city, where a faint curling line of misty purple outlines the sinuous course of the Doon as it nears the sea, are the low-roofed thatched cottages where Burns was born, beside the splendid seat of Roselle, on the little farm of seven acres which was rented by the poet's father, and the spot where the Gipsy gae foretold, as the father was riding in haste for the doctor, that

"We'll a' be proud of Robin.

Not a half mile distant can be described the rotting bell-tower of "Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk." All about are the scenes of "Tam o' Shanter," and near lies a slight eminence can be seen the white, colonnaded shafts of the great Burns monument. But a few miles to the north-east in a pleasant champagne country, now dotted by thriving villages and threaded with emerald lines of hedge, coppice and plantations, are "Tarbolton and Mauchline," but near lies apart.

At the former was laid the scene of "Death and Dr. Hornbrook," and it was here that the pathetic parting of Burns and his Highland Mary occurred. You can see the square tower of Mauchline Castle, whose owner, Gavin Hamilton, became Burns' patron, and will know that at this village was "Johnnie Dow's" house, and still remains unaltered the public house of "Poozie Nannie," scene of the "Jolly Beg-

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gare." while over there but a mile and a half west of Mauchline is the noted farm of Mossiel, once conducted with such ruinous heronism by the poet and his brother Gilbert. It was here that the "Cotter's Saturday Night" and others of Burns' greatest poems were written, and where the poet, after preparing to fly to Jamaica and suddenly being called by Dr. Blacklock to Edinburgh, first had returned in triumph, and greatest triumph, to his dear old home, embracing while her ecstatic lips could only utter the cry, "Oh, Robert! Robert!"

These and countless other interesting with many tender identifications of bard and place or object are yours when wandering in or near the vale of the Doon. They are the greatest joy and worth coming a long way to enjoy, but I do not know of any other scene which takes hold of the heart as does the spell which broods on the other side of these mountains in the Dumfriesshire land of Burns. Perhaps it is your own attitude and sentiment. Perhaps in the Doon most fondly loved and most beloved wife, that to save his wife and children from the actual want, he was forced to accept the government position of exciseman at the beggarly pittance of £50 per year. The five remaining years of his life, after the poet, his Jean and their three children, Robert, Francis Wallace and William Nicol, moved to the humble lodgings, and then their cottage home in Dumfries, checked, sad, pathetic beyond comprehension, are known to all.

It is because you see along the witching valley's ways the Burns of reality—manly, sturdy, weak as you or I in like plight, generous, magnanimous, pitiful, great, that you linger and still linger here. You can see him singing at his toil by day, or by the ingle-neuk with Jean and the bairns at night, or still, by the little south window, working away at the tiny deal table when the inspiration came. You see him guest of lairds or companion of cottages, and beloved of all. There is not in all this fair domain a castle, a gentleman's seat, a cabin, or an old roadside inn, that existed in Burns' time, which does not preserve some relic of the poet, or some revered memory of his one-time presence. The eyes of your consciousness may know, all through Dumfriesshire and Kirkcudbrightshire, at this farmhouse of some unrecorded kindness; at the next of some pleasant incident; at another, of an odd adventure; now of perhaps a forgivable roistering; then, of some blessed help in time of need; again, of festivity of which he was the life and again of prayer. Prayer from Burns? Yes, prayer with the living and at the couch of the dead, among those so lowly that somehow those "spiritual excisemen" who delighted to league the poet exciseman with "Auld Hornie" had no time from their "higher" parochial duties to minister there. You see him riding about the country on his two horses, "Pegasus" and "Peg Nicholson," not as exciseman rapacious with the scourging instruments of law, but keen with friendly warnings instead; ever leaning to the side of mercy; saving, not ruining, the ignorant and lowly. You see him, as the bitter days come on, with a curse in your heart on the curse which cursed his life, when the hand of poverty crushed him, and there was no helping one to save. You see him at Brown Well with the never spoken misshapen word to the most lovely of men, and alone with his Bible there. You see him carried back to the little cottage to die, and you hear then from the lips of loyal Jean the mighty disproof of all slanderous tongues in the one sentence, ever glorifying the husband and man, "He never spoke misshapen word to me in a' his life!" And you know that tender husband and loyal wife rest together beside the songful Nith.

Two tiny streams, hardly more than brooks at some seasons of the year, and having their sources in respective lochs like little mountain tarns are the real source of the Doon. These little lochs lie at the eastern and northern edges

of Marick Mountain. They have the curious appellation of Eagton Lane and Gallo, or Gala, Lane. They flow north and empty into a greater loch called Loch Doon, an expanse of water perhaps seven miles in length and nearly a mile in width. This in turn discharges its waters into the now real river Doon through most picturesque gorges and tunnels forming many beautiful, if not majestic, torrents, forces and cascades. Thence the course of the Doon is northwesterly to where it reaches the sea about two miles below the city of Ayr, and its entire length, exclusive of the expanse of Loch Doon, cannot be upwards of forty miles.

The scenery about Loch Doon is wild and picturesque. Its northern horizon is a lofty mountain fringe of heathery heights, broken here and there by rugged, rocky escarpments of purple and blue. From this loch, for a distance of about twenty miles, the Doon winds prettily enough between the Ayrshire hills through valley reaches and past quaint old villages, but without that exquisite variety of bank and brae for which the pen of Burns has so famously, perhaps the loveliest village in the loveliest vale in Scotland. It seems in an endless slumber in its nest-like vale, hushed by the murmurous lullabies of the Doon. A little beyond is ancient Cassilis Castle a noble old mansion on the left bank of the Doon, famous in song and story for the elopement of Lady Jane Hamilton, first wife of John, sixth earl of Cassilis, "the grave solemn earl," with the noted "Gipsy Laddie" chief, John Faa.

From Cassilis Castle to the sea of the distance is about twelve miles. Here there is not a straight reach of the loch a fourth of a mile in length. It twists and turns, forming every conceivable fanciful contour of shore; is hid between verdure covered cliffs to leap again into sunny openings; breaks into broad shallows with lawn-like edges; then with a rush scampers to covert beneath overhanging trees whose branches, dipping to its surface, sob and sough minor refrains to its own melodious music. Fair indeed is the Doon, as Burns knew it, as it now is, past the Old Bridge, past the New Bridge, past Old Alloway Kirk, past the cottage where he was born, past a myriad of thrilling witcheries of leaf and blade and bloom and bank and brae, to the very spot where it is hushed in the vast blue sea. To wander lovingly beside it is to feel anew, and marvelously close to the personality of him who made its melodies beloved strains to the ear and heart in utmost lands.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

What She Hooped.

Not long ago a certain clergyman in a New England town was called from his study in the evening to marry a young couple who were waiting in his parlour, bent upon matrimony. The young people appeared to be from a humble walk in life, but were beaming with happiness. At the conclusion of the ceremony there was a pause of some length. The bride looked inquiringly at the groom, and he gazed back at her with a happy, but somewhat vague, expression of countenance. At last the bride stepped forward in a hesitating manner, and, dropping an elaborate curtsy, said—"We—we are very much obliged to you, sir, and we hope that at some time we shall be able to retaliate!" Her husband looked at her with undisguised pride in her ability to cope with a word of such length and elegance, and the minister bowed the couple out with as grave a face as he could call up with that remarkable wish ringing in his ears.

STORY OF A LOST WILL.

DISAPPEARANCE AND RECOVERY OF JACOB BEESON'S WILL.

The Lawyer Who Drew it was the Finance of the Heir—The Son and Natural Heir was a Convict—Where and How the Paper was Found.

At 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st day of January, 187-, old Jacob Beeson entered the law office of Henry Platt, in the town of Little Falls and said to the lawyer:

"See here, Henry, we'd better fix up that will this afternoon. You get all ready, and I'll be back in half an hour."

Jacob Beeson was a farmer and worth about \$70,000, while I was studying law with Mr. Platt. Twice during the last six months he had dropped in to talk about a will, and his visits were of peculiar interest to me. The old man was a widower, and Mary Thompson, his niece, had lived with him for several years and was likely to be handsomely remembered in the will. I was 20 years old and Mary was a year younger, and we were engaged, though the old man knew nothing about it. One of his sisters was his housekeeper, and his only child had grown to manhood and left home long ago. Bill Beeson, as this son was familiarly called, had made the father no end of trouble and was even then serving out a sentence in State prison. A draft of a will was ready against the old man's return, and as he removed his overcoat, comforter, and yarn mittens he said:

Bill has been a dreadful bad boy, as you know, Henry, but I can't forget that he is my own flesh and blood. Nobody would blame me if I cut him off with a shilling, but I've made up my mind to leave him 'nuff to start on when he comes out of prison. I want it fixed about this way: Say \$30,000 to my niece Mary; \$20,000 to my sister Polly; \$10,000 to Bill; \$5,000 to build a Baptist meeting house, and the rest, if it should be any, to fix'n up the town graveyard and building a free bridge across Cedar Creek. I calculate I'm worth between \$70,000 and \$75,000, but we can't tell how much of a shrinkage that may be."

The will was drawn as he dictated, and I went out and got witnesses to sign it. Mr. Platt had been the old man's lawyer for years and had kept all his papers in the office safe. This will, when duly signed, was placed in a strong box by my own hands, and I felt like shouting when I realized how generously May had been remembered. When all was over the old man, the lawyer, and the witnesses went out to have a drink together, while I remained to care for the office. They had not been gone two minutes when I got a call from a tramp. He had an unusually pathetic story to tell, and as I had no change I stepped out to get a bill broken. He was not left alone over three or four minutes, and I knew that the money drawer of the safe was locked. He went away blessing me, and the incident soon passed out of mind.

On the 18th day of March, almost two months later, Jacob Beeson was killed by his team running away as he was driving into town. Within an hour of the calamity his son, Bill, arrived home, having served his time. The funeral was to be held on the 21st, and the will was to be read after the ceremonies. Mr. Platt asked me to go out with him, and it was noon of the 21st before he went to the safe for the will.

We had half a dozen wills in a certain pigeon hole, and Jacob Beeson's had been placed on top of the pile. We were not at all upset when we failed to find it there, but fifteen minutes later, when every piece of paper had been overhauled and the will was still missing, we were in despair. Burglars had never touched the safe, nor was any other paper missing. The lawyer remembered seeing me deposit the will, and when I ran out and brought in the witnesses they also remembered the fact. Mr. Beeson had not been in the office since, and there had been no occasion to look at the will. We hunted high and low, but it could not be found. We couldn't believe that it had been abstracted from the safe, for no opportunity had offered, and no one outside the four of us knew that a will had been made. Beeson had not said a word to his sister or niece, and Mr. Platt, who knew of my love affair with the latter, had cautioned me to drop no hint. We concluded that the paper had somehow been mislaid, and this was the explanation made after the funeral.

Bill Beeson had come home to tell his father that he had returned and was resolved to be a better man. The father might have believed in him, but no one else would. He was regarded by the public as a thorough-paced scoundrel, and no one was deceived by his hypocritical demeanor at the funeral. He was no doubt secretly glad at the death of his father. He was probably hoping that no will had been made, for a look of surprise and disappointment was noticed when the announcement was made. Later on he wanted to know how the property had been left, but, of course, we gave him no satisfaction. We returned straight to the office and began a search which lasted the night through. Everything was investigated and inspected, but when daylight came the will had not been found. We were certain then that it had been abstracted from the safe. But by whom, and at what time? Bill Beeson was in prison at the time, and could not have known of the making of the will.

We sat down to recall the past day by day, and neither of us could remember of any stranger visiting the office since the will was made. Three men were positive of seeing me take the paper from the lawyer's hands and step over to the safe with it. I was positive that I placed it on top of the other wills in a pigeonhole. It had disappeared. Figure and theorize as we might, and as we did, we could come to no satisfactory conclusion. I was sent to the prison where Bill Beeson was serving his sentence, but no letter from his father had been received for a year previous to his discharge. Therefore he could not have known of the will. Had he suspected its existence and conspired with some convict about to be discharged to steal it? Only three men left the prison during two weeks ago, and then I hung it up for a scarecrow."

"Did you know it?" "I never thought to ask." "But the coat was never called for?" "No it lay on the ground till two weeks ago, and then I hung it up for a scarecrow."

"No, sir—e! I ain't handling coats tramps have lived in for two or three years."

I told him I'd like to go down and have a look at it, and he laughingly replied that he had no objection to its being placed in possession. There was no getting around the fact that he was the legal heir,

and after a time the law declared him such. He was told of the provisions of the will, of course, but he refused to make any sort of division, and settled down to the enjoyment of the entire estate. The lawyer realized that his reputation had suffered, and, aside from feeling out up that Mary had been done out of her fortune, I felt in a sense responsible for the disappearance of that valuable document. I spent hours and hours in trying to figure out the mystery, and one night as I sat thinking over it I got the first glimpse of light. For the first time I remembered the visit of a tramp. He had been left alone in the office for three or four minutes.

The idea that he would go to the safe and select that one paper from all others was far fetched, but in spite of Mr. Platt's arguments to the contrary I felt certain that he did it. He would go to the safe in search of money. Not finding any he would snatch at a paper, hoping it would be valuable enough to bring a reward. Standing by itself the theory was all right, but when I asked myself why, it was the will, he hadn't communicated with us, I could make no answer. I he got it, he would be just as likely to negotiate with Bill Beeson as with us, even more so. I began an inquiry, however, and soon discovered several people who remembered my caller. He had been hanging around town for a couple of days before I saw him, and after a bit I settled the fact that he left the day after. No one knew which way he went, and my investigation had to cease there.

July has come, and Bill Beeson was in full swing, and we had given up the will as lost for ever when I happened in the Mayor's office one day. He was looking through his mail, and as he opened a cheap and badly soiled envelope containing a half sheet of note paper written over in pencil, he laughingly observed that he had a large correspondence with tramps. He glanced at the letter, uttered a "humph!" and was about to throw it away when I reached for it and remarked that I would take the trouble to answer it in his name. It had been written with a hard pencil, and the chirography was scrawly and the spelling a regular puzzle. I took it to the office and went over it word by word, and when I had finished I startled Mr. Platt by uttering a cheer. The Mayor's name was William Beeson. The letter was directed to Wm. Beeson. The superscription was so poor, however, that no name could be attached to the distributing clerk. When translated into decent English, it read: "Was Jacob Beeson your father? Did he make a will? Is the will worth anything to you? How much?" The writer was in the St. Claire county jail and anxious for a trade.

Now we had a clue for sure, and that night I started for the county seat of the county mentioned, which was 100 miles away. The date of the letter was ten days' old, and it had probably been given to some prisoner to post when discharged. I made sure of getting possession of the will, but was doomed to disappointment. The letter had been signed "J. White." A prisoner of that name, and no doubt the writer of the epistle, had died the day before of consumption, and the body was in the coffin and ready for burial when I arrived. I could not identify it as the face of my tramp, but believing that it was he I exhibited the letter and asked for a search of his effects. He had been sent up about the middle of May on a three month's sentence, and arrived at the jail without a coat. The search was brief and fruitless. It was about a month after this episode when I set out on what the lawyer called a wild goose chase. It was a conversation with Mary Thompson which caused me to make the trip.

"This J. White probably took the will from the safe," she said, as we talked it over. "Where he kept himself from Jan. 21 to the middle of May we do not know, but ought to find out. He probably put in the time between the safe and St. Claire county. You should learn the circumstances of his arrest. If he had the will, he carried it in his coat. How did it happen he had no coat when arrested. You must take a horse and buggy and drive over the highway and try to locate him."

I drove to the west for two days, without hearing anything of J. White. "Plenty of tramps had passed over the great highway during the winter, but if he was among them he could not be identified. On the morning of the third day I crossed the line into St. Claire county. About 11 o'clock in the morning, as I came to a crossroads, a farmer hailed me and told me to drive into his yard for safety. He was the owner of a bad tempered bull which had escaped from the field into the highway and was menacing all travellers on the road to the west. Half a dozen men were then trying to drive the animal back into the field.

"I expect I'll have to shoot the critter or see him kill some one," observed the farmer as we sat on the fence and watched the movements of the furious animal.

"He'd keep the road clear of tramps if allowed his liberty," I replied.

"Sartin he would. Ha! ha! ha! I was thinkin of sartin how the property had been left, but, of course, we gave him no satisfaction. We returned straight to the office and began a search which lasted the night through. Everything was investigated and inspected, but when daylight came the will had not been found. We were certain then that it had been abstracted from the safe. But by whom, and at what time? Bill Beeson was in prison at the time, and could not have known of the making of the will."

"I do."

"See a scarecrow on a lower branch?"

"Yes, I see an old coat swinging there."

"Waal, the teller made fur that tree as he run, but the bull was so close after him that he didn't stop to climb. He peeled off his coat and flung it down, and that's what I saw."

"But the coat was never called for?"

"No it lay on the ground till two weeks ago, and then I hung it up for a scarecrow."

"Did you know it?"

"I never thought to ask."

"But the coat was never called for?"

"No it lay on the ground till two weeks ago, and then I hung it up for a scarecrow."

"Did you know it?"

"I never thought to ask."

"But the coat was never called for?"

had got it on a stick ready to hang it up again. When I decided on a more thorough investigation. Stretched between the lining and the cloth in the back of his coat I found Jacob Beeson's will, much the worse for long exposure, but still in condition. If my surprise was great, that of the farmer when he came to hear the whole story was far greater. All he could say was: "Waal, by gosh! Just think of a scarecrow worth \$60,000!"

Bill Beeson had to step down and out, and Mary Thompson got her \$30,000, I got Mary, and according to the best of my knowledge and belief every thing turned out for the best, and everybody ought to have been happy.—N. Y. Sun.

THE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE.

AN INTERESTING CHAT WITH THE SECRETARY OF ST. MARY'S.

She Explains Why the Sisters and Their Pupils are so Healthy—Due to Strict Rules of Hygiene and the Medicine used in the Home—Information of Value to Everybody.

(From the Terre Haute, Ind., Express.)

Four miles to the northwest of Terre Haute, lies the beautiful and picturesque village of St. Mary's. This is a Roman Catholic Institution which has attained something more than national celebrity. Fifty years ago it was established by the Sisters of Providence, who came from the shores of France to lay the foundation for this great charitable order. It now consists of the home of the Sisters of Providence, known as the Providence house; a large female seminary, one of the finest in the United States, and a rectory in which the priests make their home.

A reporter of the Express while being shown through the establishment recently asked Sister Mary Ambrose if there was any apparent reason for the good health with which the sisters and their pupils are blessed.

"The answer was that particular attention is paid by the sisters in charge to the health and happiness of the students. 'Bodily ailment,' she said, 'cannot help but have its effect on the mind. In order to keep the mind bright and active and perfectly clear at all times, the student's condition must be as nearly perfect as possible. Some times ago there was more or less ailment noticeable among the students, which was probably due to atmospheric causes, though of course I do not know just what its origin really was. Shortly after this became noticeable a friend of mine, a physician, recommended to me a certain medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and so urged upon me to give them a trial that I ordered some of them and they have been used in the institution ever since. A few days ago the manufacturers wrote me for an opinion of Pink Pills and my reply was as follows: 'I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in answer to your kind request for our opinion of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and am pleased to say that these pills were so highly recommended to us that we were induced to try them, and we think our repeated orders for them are sufficient evidence that we find them all they are represented, a good blood builder and an excellent nerve tonic.'

Years very respectfully, SISTER M. AMBROS, Secretary for Sisters of Providence." Medical scientists concede that weak blood and shattered nerves are the fruitful cause of nearly every disease to which human flesh is subject. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as Sister Ambrose says they have found it, "a good blood builder and an excellent nerve tonic," the source of good health at St. Mary's is easily traced.

Sister Ambrose says they are never without Pink Pills, and that now they order a gross at a time.

"This is certainly a very high recommendation for the medicine, for there is probably no class of people that gives more attention to the physical health and welfare of its members than the Sisters of Providence, and they would not use anything in which they did not have unbounded faith."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are truly one of the greatest medical discoveries of the age. They are the beginning of a more healthful era. Every day brings reports of remarkable cures that have resulted from the use of this wonderful medicine. In many cases the good work has been accomplished after eminent physicians had failed and pronounced the patient beyond the hope of human aid. An analysis proves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as depressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

His Cherished Cockade.

A memorable instance of presence of mind was the adventure of certain Desaugiers at the time of a popular uprising in Paris, when the people took possession of the Tuileries. The hero of the incident sagely acted upon the theory that a poor excuse is a better excuse, and sometimes better than a better one would be.

He was an inquisitive person, and regardless of danger he hastened to the Tuileries at midnight to see what was going on. At the gate he was stopped by two revolutionists of ominous appearance.

"Why do you not wear a cockade, citizen?" "Where is your cockade?" they asked.

A mob gathered about him and demand-

ed fiercely, "Citizen, where is your cockade?"

Desaugiers took off his hat, turned it round and round, looked at it on all sides, and then said, in a tone of mild surprise: "Citizens, it is strange, very strange! I must have left it on my nightcap."

THINGS OF VALUE.

The last census shows that there are no fewer than 3,000,000 men over thirty years of age in America who have never been married.

I was cured of lame back after suffering 15 years by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Two Rivers, N. S. ROBERT ROSS

I was cured of diphtheria after doctors failed by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Antigonish. JOHN A. FOREY.

I was cured of contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Dalhousie. MISS RACHEL SAUNDERS.

It is claimed that this is a lighthouse to every fourteen miles of coast in England, to every thirty-four miles in Ireland, and to every thirty-nine miles in Scotland.

Hale and hearty. The Englishman says he "drinks hail and it makes him all." The Canadian drinks Puttner's Emulsion and it makes him hearty.

Louisa letter carriers find a good many empty purses in letter boxes. Pickpockets think it safer to drop them there than on the pavements.



SHARPS BALM OF FOREHEAD AND ANISEED. CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS, OVER 40 YEARS IN USE, 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

ALWAYS Ask for Islay Blend.



IMPORT ORDERS SOLICITED. T. WILLIAM BELL, - ST. JOHN, N. B. SOLE AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

EQUITY SALE.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, ON SATURDAY, THE SEVENTH DAY OF OCTOBER NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday, the 25th day of July last past, in a cause in said Court pending wherein J. Douglas Hazen and George F. Smith, Trustees of the Estate of Francis E. and Ellen Murray, under the last Will and Testament of the Honorable William Bostford, deceased, are Plaintiffs, and James C. Lawton and Annie E. Lawton, his wife, are Defendants, with the approval of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises in the Plaintiffs' Bill, and in said Decree Order mentioned and described as:

"ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR PARCEL of land, situate in the City of Saint John, being known and distinguished as all that part of Lot No. 20, Class M, in the partition of the Estate of the late Honorable William Hazen as lies on the Northern Side of the Straight Shore Road (so called)."

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, heretofore sold and conveyed by Charles Edward Stoddard and Anne Maria, his wife to Benjamin Lawton, by Deed recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the City and County of Saint John, in Book F, No. 6 of Records, pages 44 and 45, and therein described as situate lying and being in the Town (now City) of Portland, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province aforesaid, known and distinguished as Lot number eighteen (18) on a plan of division of land between the late William Hazen, Esquire, and the late James White, Esquire, having a frontage on the Straight Shore (so called) of one hundred (100) feet or thereabouts commencing at low water mark and extending back, preserving the same breadth, until it meets the line of lands owned by the heirs of the said William Hazen, Esquire, and further referred to and described in a certain Indenture of Release or Partition, dated the eighth day of February, A. D., 1860, registered in Book G, No. 1 of Records, pages 295, 296, 297 and 298, for the City and County of Saint John, and made between John Howe, of the City aforesaid, Secutors, and Mary, his wife, of the one part, and Georgiana Wilson of the other part, as the land and premises recently in the custody of Messrs. Shert and Estey, and afterwards occupied by Nathan S. Demill."

For terms of Sale and other particulars apply to Plaintiff's Solicitor, or to the undersigned Referee. Dated the 4th day of August, A. D., 1893.

CHARLES DOBERRY, Referee in Equity.

J. TWING HART, Plaintiff's Solicitor.



SURPRISE SOAP

DID IT.

That snowy whiteness so sought for in linen can be had by washing it with Surprise Soap. You can't get it with common cheap soap no matter how hard you try.

The peculiar qualities of Surprise Soap gives the cleanliness, the whiteness and sweetness, without boiling or scalding the clothes. The directions on the wrapper tell you how it's done. Read them, they are short. You will find out then how thousands wash their clothes with perfect satisfaction—you can too.

Surprise is stamped on every cake.

Beauty is Skin-Deep.

The best way to realize this is to take a suit, old, shabby and faded, and let Ungar dye it. Your old suit will get a new skin, and one which cannot fail to meet with your approval. UNGAR MAKES THE OLD NEW. Feathers, Gloves, Dresses, Suits and Curtains when cleansed and dyed by Ungar are bound to give satisfaction.

One Trial Convinces.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at UNGAR'S.

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ALWAYS INSURE your property in the PHOENIX Insurance Company of HARTFORD, CONN.

WHY? Because of its STRENGTH, LOSS-PAYING POWER, and RECORD FOR FAIR AND HONORABLE DEALING.

Statement January 1st, 1891. Cash Capital, \$2,000,000.00. Reserve for Unadjusted Losses, 293,831.17. Reserve for Re-insurance, 1,513,000.88. NET SURPLUS, 1,617,079.88. TOTAL ASSETS, \$5,624,914.73.

D. W. C. SKILLTON, President. J. H. MITCHELL, Vice-President. CHAS. E. GALACAR, 2nd Vice-President. CANADIAN BRANCH HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL. GENERAL E. HART, General Manager. Full Deposit with the Dominion Government. 132 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

HAROLD PERLEY, - GEO. F. GALKIN,

General Sole Agents for the New Beacon Lamps. Electric Light AND Incandescent (Railway Supplies).

Estimates Furnished for Complete Plants. All Goods Guaranteed.

H. CHUBB & CO., (Chubb's Corner), St. John, N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1855

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145 & 147 FRONT STREET EAST TORONTO

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

Sunday Reading.

A Strange Indian Belief.

"The common people in Western India," writes the Rev. R. A. Hume, Abbot of the (as quoted by Mr. Lowe in his book on Medicine Mission), "think that cholera is a punishment sent on men by an evil goddess. As they suppose that it would offend her to call her a bad name, she is called 'Murree Ali,' that is, Cholera Mother. They also think that giving and taking medicine for the disease only excites the Mother still more, and that the only proper way to get rid of the pestilence is to honor the mother, and so induce her to go elsewhere. In all the villages, there are one or two small temples dedicated to the Cholera Mother in which there are a few shapeless statues painted red. These temples are built near the extreme limits of the town, so that the goddess may stay far from the houses of the people. At the time of an epidemic these are repaired. In most towns there are a few men and women of the lowest caste who are devotees of this goddess, and when cholera is prevalent they get much attention and much profit. Even intelligent men come and ask these ignorant devotees, 'What is the Mother's pleasure? How long does she intend to favour the town with her presence, and what can we do for her?' Then the devotee pretends to go into a kind of trance, and, after a shaking fit, replies that the Mother says that she intends to remain so many days, and would like such and such attentions. These attentions the people gladly show. "Among the millions of devil-worshippers in Southern India, the following legendary tale accounts for the existence of disease, and indicates the source of deliverance. On a certain day, when celestial food was ordained to Siva by some of the inferior gods, the giant Tarbhan overpowered them, and seizing the repast devoured it. Siva became very angry at the loss of his meal, and determined to punish the offender. He created the sacred Vedas for the assistance of Pattee-Kalee and Vessampatman, and delivered them into their hands along with a trident, Siva's emblem and instrument of destruction, directing them to make war with Tarbhan. They executed their commissions so promptly and effectually, that Siva's enemy was destroyed, to Siva's great delight. Siva was so pleased with their success that he endowed them with unlimited power to inflict all manner of disease, and to kill all on earth who opposed them, or neglected to offer sacrifices at their altar. The consequence was, that many were killed, or grievously afflicted with terrible diseases. This produced great consternation, and led the people to enquire of the priests as to the origin, and the means to be adopted for the removal of these calamities, and they informed them, that although Siva had given the demons the dreadful power which they were exercising, still they might be propitiated if they would offer sacrifices at their shrines; rituals were accordingly established at which blood sacrifices of sheep, goats, and tawls, with plantains, flowers, incense, were to be offered, and those who joined in these and similar ceremonies, were promised protection or deliverance it afflicted with disease.

Preaching has still one of two effects. The hearer is either softened and yields himself to the sweet influences of the gospel, or he is hardened and resists them. It is a very suggestive thought that even three months' preaching by the great Apostle led some of his hearers in the latter condition. "They believed not but spake evil of that way." Christ himself referred to hearers of this kind, likening them to a much-trodden path. The seed which the sower sowed, fell on the wayside and was carried off by the birds. It did not penetrate and so it took no root. There are many influences which harden a man. A distaste for the Gospel will do it. If the belief gets into the mind that a good moral life is sufficient for salvation, the declaration that no man can save himself, but must admit his helplessness and plead for mercy through Christ, will be humiliating; and the man hardens himself against the Saviour. An indisposition to make the sacrifice demanded by the Gospel will do it. Nothing hardens a man so thoroughly and hopelessly as the knowledge of what is right combined with persistence in doing what is wrong. Conscience is silenced, the wrongdoer is ashamed and silent, and he becomes less and less sensitive to the voice of truth. He becomes less able to surrender evil habits, to sever injurious connections, and to give up his own way. And the love of money or pleasure will harden a man. He turns all the faculties of his being in one direction, gradually concentrates them on one object, gradually monopolizing the entire man. Men hardened in some one of these ways may be found in every community and sometimes they are found in the Christian church. Who has not seen men whom the most pathetic story of want and distress fails to melt? Or men so hardened by educational prejudices as to be impervious to the presentation of some new aspect of truth? From such a condition every one should pray to be delivered. The docility, the child-likeness of the man whom the Holy Spirit is changing day by day into the image of Christ is the condition of being most desirable in the Christian. It is only by the yielding to the divine nature mysteriously imparted to him that he can become what God desires him to be. The wish to fulfill that aim should be ever present in the Christian's mind and heart, accompanied by a dread of any influence within him or around him that is liable to harden him.

Christ and the Soul.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, gets my breakfast and sends me off," said a bright youth to a writer in the Household. "Then she gets my father up and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them to school, and then she and the baby have their breakfast." "How old is the baby?" was asked. "Oh, she is 'most two, but she can talk an walk as well as any of us." "Are you well paid?" "I get two dollars a week, and father gets two dollars a day." "How much does your mother get?" "With a bewildered look the boy said, "Mother, why she don't work for anybody." "I thought you said she worked for all of you." "Oh, yes, for us, she does; but there ain't no money in it."

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"When thou turnest away from ill, Christ is in the way of thy will." "When thou turnest toward good, Christ is walking in thy wood." "When thy heart says 'Father pardon!' Then the Lord is in thy garden." "When stern duty wakes to watch, Then his hand is on the latch." "But when Hope thy song doth raise, Then the Lord is in thy house." "When to love is all thy wish, Christ doth at thy table sit." "When God's will is thy heart's pole, Then is Christ thy very soul."

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A Little Way Down Street.

My boy, you came in late last night, and this morning, when your mother asked where you were, you said, 'down street,' writes Robert H. Burdette. Then when she asked whereabouts, you said, 'Oh, just a little ways.' Here is your home, this bright little spot like a star on the map. The sweetest, purest, safest place this side of heaven; the home where, from father to baby, they love you better than all the rest of the big, wide world. Now, when you start from here and go down street, somehow the street always has a down grade from home when you sneak out after night. See how far you get from respectability and self-respect, when you reach this corner, 'just a little ways down,' where you loitered last night. You had to meet them here, because you could never meet them in your home, for two reasons. In the first place, your father wouldn't permit one of them to come into his house, and in the second place you would be ashamed to invite them there, as a long way from your respectable home, from your mother's friends, and your father's guests, to this corner down street, isn't it.

Then—look on the map, my boy—see how far it is from manliness? Don't you and innocent as it was before you went 'just a little way down street' last night? While you were listening to stories, punctuated with profanity, the dear ones at home gathered in the sitting-room, your father opened the Book, and read. They knelt at the family altar and commended themselves to the keeping of the heavenly Father, and tenderly remembered the boy who was 'just a little way down street.' Then the lights went out one by one, the house was still, and only the loving mother waited anxiously and sleeplessly for the boy who was down street. It was more than ten miles away from the sweet old chapter that you heard, my boy, and what a steep grade all the way down! Keep off the street after night, my boy. Other people will think better of you, and what is a far more important thing, you will think much better of yourself.

Hannington's Grave.

Although the story of the murder of Bishop Hannington was told five years ago, it is only recently that the place of his burial was disclosed. It was pointed out to his successor, Bishop Tucker, by a young man of Uganda who had seen the body buried under the floor of a house. He said it was in an iron box. The following narrative of the discovery as told by Dr. Tucker is printed in the current number of the Mission Herald: At 6.30 this morning, with six men, I commenced the search. In half an hour our efforts were successful, and the top of the box was discovered. But it had evidently been disturbed since it was placed there. Instead of lying flat, it was at a considerable angle. The lid also had been broken. The people had evidently suspected that something was buried under the floor of the house, and my idea is that, believing it to be ivory, they had made an attempt to get at it. There was no doubt whatever as to identification. Mr. Fisher kindly gave me a long tin-lined box it was quite impossible to see the remains in the old one. Dr. Baxter and I put in a lining of sweetly scented grass and then we two alone in my tent laid all that was left of the dear bishop in the new case. The next day, we had a very solemn service of communion, and in prayer for the Church militant specially thanked and praised God so many different deities as to produce a grotesque effect. The top of the box, with all the rest of the building is a specimen of mixed architecture, not unlike that seen in some old German and Dutch cities. This house, which is shown in the illustration, is said to have received its peculiar name from the fact that at that point, the plague which was then devastating England, was stayed, and in commemoration of this event the legend, "God's Providence is mine inheritance" was inscribed on the front wall above the roomy balcony. The "God's Providence House," which is a favorite resort of visitors, was reconstructed in 1892, and presents today the same appearance it had three hundred years ago.

A Song in the Night.

"One night," says Mr. Proudfoot, "on a sailing vessel was becalmed. On board was a sailor lad who had run away from home and had fallen into great sin. During his night watch his thoughts went back to his old home in the far-off highlands of Scotland. He could, in his fancy, see his father and mother and the younger children at family worship. He could hear the chapter read: 'All we like sheep have gone astray.' That was the favorite chapter of his father. And how true it was in his case. The Bible his mother had given him lay unopened in his bundle somewhere. He had never looked at it. Now they were singing a Psalm. Surely that was not imagination! He heard the sweet words come tunefully over the waves. Was he dreaming or in a trance? There it came, verse after verse, until the whole Psalm was ended, then there was silence. The lad felt as if the influence of the home was upon him again. As soon as his watch was over, he went to his berth, and fishing out his Bible, read that familiar chapter in Isaiah. Then falling upon his knees, he implored forgiveness on his backsliding, and help to stand firm in the future. What morning broke, a ship was in sight; she had been near the whole night, and on board were a number of pious emigrants, who the night before had sung that song which had so affected the sailor lad."

The Poor Mother-Drudge.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, gets my breakfast and sends me off," said a bright youth to a writer in the Household. "Then she gets my father up and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them to school, and then she and the baby have their breakfast." "How old is the baby?" was asked. "Oh, she is 'most two, but she can talk an walk as well as any of us." "Are you well paid?" "I get two dollars a week, and father gets two dollars a day." "How much does your mother get?" "With a bewildered look the boy said, "Mother, why she don't work for anybody." "I thought you said she worked for all of you." "Oh, yes, for us, she does; but there ain't no money in it."

A Bond of White and Red.

The King's Daughters are ever finding spheres, in which the bond of sisterhood in Christ is exerting its power. Miss Francis C. Spawhawk who has charge of the Indian Department writes to the Silver Cross of one King's daughter who, once a student at Hampton, and now a wife in the Indian Territory, has found a sister in a King's daughter in Virginia from whom she has received much kindness. Letters of interest and cheer have gone from the wife in the more favored home to the wife on the reservation and have been very helpful to her as she is surrounded by Indians whom she wishes to help, and yet who are jealous of the better living which she and her husband have arrived at. Not these only;

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Folded Up.

Your task is ended for the day. You have finished your book, or your dress-making or your work at the shop or factory. It is well done, and you say: "There: that's finished and folded up." Still you have folded up something more important—a me thing that will not be unfolded again for ages, perhaps; and yet you will see it again with every line and fold. Your day's history is done and gone from your keeping. You may do the work over again, re-read the book, or remodel the dress if it does not please you; but you cannot change one jot or tittle of the day's record. What has the record been? Do you feel disposed to say in your heart: "I wish I had spoken pleasantly to brother when he wished me to help him with his flag? It would only have taken me a minute or two, and he was first and then vexed with my crossness. It is too bad! I left mother to do all her baking alone, and did not even prepare for my dress." A sight of a little Bible, whose clasps have been closed all day, suggested still more reproachful thoughts. "No wonder I have such a poor day's record, when I began it in too much haste for prayer, or reading a verse, even a day will not remain 'folded up,' no matter how hard we try.

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Use Minard's Liniment

For Rheumatism

Use Minard's Liniment

For Coughs and Colds

Use Minard's Liniment

For Burns and Scalds

Use Minard's Liniment

For Aches and Pains

Use Minard's Liniment

For Falling out of Hair

Use Minard's Liniment

For Distemper in Horses

Use Minard's Liniment

For Corns and Warts

Use Minard's Liniment

Prepared by C. C. Richards & Co., Vermont, N. S.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

ARE YOU WEAK AND NERVOUS? HAWKERS NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC WILL MAKE YOU STRONG. Price 50 cts. a Bottle. Sold by all Drug Gists and General Dealers. Manufactured by the HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Limited, Folly Village, N. S.

THOMAS J. EGAN, GUNMAKER and importer of Guns, Fishing and Tackle and Sporting Goods. Agent Peterborough, Canada. Halifax, Nova Scotia P. O. Box 145.

HARNESSES. A nice assortment of Light Driving in stock from \$10.00 upwards, and all kinds made to order at lowest prices at WM. ROBB'S, 304 Weston Street.

EXCURSION. STEAMER CLIFTON will, after July 1st, commence her usual Summer Excursions. She will leave here about an Indian every Thursday at 9 a. m. for Hampton, calling at Clifton, Beed's Point and other wharves on her way. Retaining will leave Hampton at 3.30 p. m. No excursion on rainy days.

CHOCOLATES G.B. G.B. THE MOST DELICIOUS CHOCOLATES. GANONG BROS., Ltd. MARK. THE FINEST IN THE LAND. St. Stephen, N. B.

ADVERTISING PAYS. Dear Sirs: I have seen your advertisement in a Saint John paper for your medicine of Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup. I would like to know how you sell it, and how much would it cost to send it to Brooklyn, United States. My mother is sick something like that lady whose photo you had in the paper and it cured. Yours truly, LOUIS SNELL, 290 Columbia St. South Brooklyn, United States.

REFRIGERATORS From \$8.00 up. A Splendid Line. We have a Few Second-Hand Ranges in Good Order, To Sell Cheap. Coles & Sharp, - 90 Charlotte St.

I. O. F. THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS is far and away the BEST Fraternal Benefit Society in the world. It is founded in New York, New Jersey, on the 17th July, 1874, and has spread all over the United States and Canada, and is now being extended to Great Britain, New Zealand and Australia. Unexcelled Progress and Prosperity of the Independent Order of Foresters, as shown by the following figures:

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

RISE SOAP. Surprise Soap. Soap gives the cleanest boiling or scalding. Tell you how it's. Find out then how satisfaction—you can. Soap. Your old. Cannot fail. Suits and. Ungar are. UNCARS. Montreal. F. GALKIN. Lamps. Toronto. Maritime Provinces.

Did You Ever

Consider how great were the reductions in the prices of our **COLORED DRESS GOODS**. Perhaps plain figures would force the immensity of these reductions more forcibly upon the minds of those who have not as yet considered them. For instance:

Regular Price,

6 yds. @ 75c. - - - - \$4.50.

Reduced Price,

6 yds. @ 25c. - - - - \$1.50.

This shows a gain of \$3.00. We would say, therefore to those who advocate hard times and scarceness of money,

Remember, Choice of

Colored Dress Goods
(Navy excepted) **25c.**

We Are Anxious

To sell more Buttons than we have been doing. Indeed we are so excited about it that we are offering

Any Button in Stock **HALF PRICE.**

Dress

Trimming,

Remainder of Stock, on **5c. BARGAIN COUNTER,**
(up stairs.)

Cotton Hosiery, 17c.

or two pairs for **30c.**

Ladies and Children's Sizes,
PLAIN ONLY

Ladies' Gloves,
10c.

SPEAKING OF GLOVES,
We have a large lot of

Ladies'

KID GLOVES, Black and Colored,

Which we are selling for **75c. A PAIR.**

Some are as high as **\$1.35.**

We Have Reason

To believe that Corsets are still being worn, that belief being based on the fact that the sale this year has been unusually large. Large sales leave odd lots. On a counter up stairs you will find the

Lot of Lots,
Choice, \$1.25 pair,
Sizes 18 to 29.

Black Paris Net,
10c.

Ladies' Silk Plaited Hose,
62c. PAIR,

Cotton Dress Goods,

Light Prints, 6½
Dark " 7½

Curtain Ties,

These were two-fifty a pair. Wonder if they would sell at **40c. pair.**

TAPESTRY,

Double Fold (was 65) **36c.**

The day of the small-sized Lady has arrived. Our

Ladies' Waterproofs,

now include nothing but small sizes.

Choice of Lot, **\$1.75.**

Some good ones among them.

Men's Waterproofs,
\$3.50,
Black only, with sleeves.

Damask

Tabling.

Choice of our Stock

Cream, - - 49c.

White, - - 66c.

Some were ninety cents.

Pillow :

: Shams,

32c. pair.

Stair Linen,
7c. Was 16c.

Napkins.

Choice of stock,

\$1.58

per dozen,

FINE LINEN,
27c.

Cloths

From the lot advertised only a few light colors remain. These we are clearing out at

\$1.00 per yd.

It Would Be

Worth your time examining a few **Remnants of Black and Navy Cloth** that we have left.

TWEEDS.

Choice of the stock,

40c.

HOMESPUN

25c.

For Boy's Wear,

Serge, Navy Blue,

Best : 45c.
Cheapest 25c.

Ladies' Silk

-- Umbrellas

Choice of the stock,

\$2.20

DAMASK

TABLECLOTHS,

\$1.25.

(They were One seventy-five.)
(One or two left. - - - -)

Ladies' Cotton Skirts,

The Best, 95c.
Only five left.

Bath Towels,

Now as Low as

30c. Each.

Some 65c. ones in the Lot.

Ladies' Undervests,

Best, - - - 30c.

Ladies' Cotton Vests, :-

10c. Each.

Ladies' Belts.
25c.

Something that **Has been asked for,**
Black Double Width Veiling.

50c. yd.
With Spot.

Choice of

Scarf Silks.

(Loie Fuller. Black)
(- and Tints. -)

38c.

Black Lace

Scarfs,

We Have Four Left, you can have your choice for \$1.22. Some were \$3.00.

Collars

and

Cuffs:

25c. Set.

White and Colored. Fluted Edge

FLOUNCINGS, WHITE AND BLACK

BLACK DRESS NET, 46c.

FANCY and Plain SILKS. 20c.

Argentine,

One yard and a half wide,

12c.

PLUSHES.

Don't think we have said anything about that special line of

Colored Plushes, at 75c.

that have arrived. They are good value and should sell.

MEN'S

DEPARTMENT.

This was a crowded section of our store last Spring. Now it is in good condition for the arrival of new goods.

Unlaundered

SHIRTS,
(Choice of best,) **90c.**

Silk

Umbrellas.

\$2.75.

Some \$3.00 ones in the lot.

Bows,

3 FOR 25c.

Worth that price each.

ANY COLORED

SHIRT

76c.

Also white with colored bosoms.

The Best Cotton

SOCKS,

11c.

GEORGE H. MCKAY, 61 King Street.

I had working any case "Rachel with my it a sing which wi an accus will see matter o Well, maker I vocation write a c interesti no right of cuttin clever b click! of be earni but with little aket -of the no other mission i sensible a But, cl it lacked and that As soon a to take la August 2 first, and find one w change of wrong lig and hand think you is mention ally in the began my working light butth possible, h ing woman ed for year -not to toes and natural th ranged on capital, th with capita vails betw lisher of I while I upl read my a you saw th ning. If this w superiority only to point two sexes to clothes for the dear man is has not the e dealing with the transactio the same th pies as exist and yet yo plea that - ladies should ing, to be p know what the straight-few carried out. will take plac who wear p sisters who m Now, Ra ally dull, as my argume in a most i point which yourself, th adopted by her dressm in an unfav employer n all the sewi I showed t for an illu ridicule as a was the lad, lieve me, I judge of the approach th me than yo know her, a to be con without the topics' bef case would at once, and cause I was had not been bared that s know nothin ments, I nev neice, and I slightly ill w all serious a had a hard t they came o Mrs. Jones' mealies. "stand cond that you and to let your store me to kindly and p ron saint." I well kno must be filli ships becau to deal with each other. traordinar in selectin ing the resul have met me

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I had intended writing on the subject of working girls and their trials this week in any case, and now the clever letter signed "Rachel," which appeared side by side with my own column last week, will make it a singularly appropriate theme and one which will help me to vindicate myself from an accusation of which I am sure "Rachel" will see the injustice, when she thinks the matter over a little.

Well, "Rachel," if you really are a dressmaker I think you have mistaken your vocation in life, because any girl who can write a column and a half of such bright, interesting and well expressed matter has no right to tie herself down to the drudgery of cutting, fitting and wearing out her clever brain with the monotonous click! click! of the sewing machine; she should be earning her bread not with the needle but with the pen, and I consider that if my little sketch—which was drawn from nature by the dressmaker and her customer, did no other good, it has fulfilled quite a useful mission in calling forth so spirited and sensible a response.

But, clever as your letter was, Rachel, it lacked one essential element—accuracy, and that one fault spoiled your argument. As soon as you have read this, I want you to take last week's PROGRESS and that of August 26th, read my dressmaker story first, and then your own letter, and if you find one word in the former to justify your charge of showing sewing girls up in a wrong light, I will forfeit a month's salary, and hand it cheerfully over to you. I think you will discover that the sewing girl is mentioned but once, and then very casually in the last paragraph. Never, since I began my literary work, have I given the working girl cause to regard me in any light but that of her warmest friend, and when possible, her earnest helper. I am a working woman myself, and have been accustomed for years to earn my own bread and butter—not to mention roast lamb, new potatoes and pudding, so I think it is only natural that I should always be found ranged on the side of labor, instead of capital, though I have no personal quarrel with capital, and a very good feeling prevails between us, if we consider the publisher of PROGRESS to represent capital, while I uphold the labor interest. If you read my article with anything like care, you saw this sentence almost at the beginning.

If this wicked biped is anxious to give the superiority of his own sex above the other, he has only to point to the different policy pursued by the two sexes towards those who manufacture their clothes for them. But the trouble is that the poor dear man is not aware of any difference because he has not the slightest idea of his wife's method of dealing with her dressmaker, and he fancies that the transactions between the two are based upon the same thoroughly understood business principles as exist between himself and his tailor, and yet you closed your letter with a plea that—

ladies should learn, as I believe they are fast learning, to be practical and business-like. Let them know what they want, give their orders in a plain, straight-forward way, and be satisfied when they are carried out. This done, a most astonishing change will take place in the relations between the woman who wears pretty dresses and their less fortunate sisters who make them.

Now, Rachel, either my pen was unusually dull, and failed to make the point of my argument plain, or else you managed in a most ingenious manner to miss that point which was the very one you urged yourself, the very unbusiness like methods adopted by the average woman towards her dressmaker. If I showed anyone up in an unfavorable light, surely it was the employer not the dressmaker, and least of all the sewing girl. And I must say I think I showed true generosity in using myself for an illustration, holding myself up to ridicule as a terrible example; because I was the lady who got so snubbed, and believe me, I am much better qualified to judge of the proper manner in which to approach the majestic lady who snubbed me than you can possibly be, because I know her, and you don't. If I had failed to be conciliatory and approached her without the proper introduction of outside topics before proceeding to business my case would have been pronounced hopeless at once, and I asked for the little girl because I was really interested in her; if I had not been I should never have remembered that she was ill, but unfortunately I know nothing about children, or their ailments, I never had even a small nephew or niece, and I only knew that the child was slightly ill with something which was not at all serious as long as it "came out." I had a hard time with measles myself, until they came out, and I naturally concluded Mrs. Jones' little girl was suffering from measles. So I hope I have ceased to "stand condemned by my own action" and that you and "the other girls" will consent to let your indignation be appeased and restore me to my position of—as you so kindly and prettily express it, your "patron saint."

I well know that the life of a dressmaker must be filled with annoyances, and hardships because women are proverbially hard to deal with, and very exacting towards each other. I have often observed the extraordinary and taste some women shown, in selecting their dresses, and then blaming the result upon the dressmaker, and I have met mean women who will take up a

busy woman's time in finding out the secrets of the profession, and then go calmly away and make practical use of the information themselves; but are not such cases comparatively rare, and, taking the whole subject together, is there not a good deal to be said on the side of the customer, if you can put yourself in her place for a moment, and look at the matter dispassionately? I daresay that "Miss Knox" is an exception; but can you honestly say that you have never noticed the "freezing hauteur" adopted by some dressmakers—not "sewing girls"—towards an innocent person whose only offence is that she is a new customer, and quite unknown to the dressmaker in question, who seems to regard the stranger's wish to enter the charmed circle of her clients, as a sort of impertinence? If you have not, I have, and even though I am willing to admit it is all our own fault, and that we have brought it upon ourselves by our foolish policy towards those who work for us, our notorious lack of punctuality in settling bills, for one thing, and our habit of bowing down before our dressmaker, and almost forcing her to tyrannize over us, for another: yet you must confess that whatever the cause, the result is not pleasant, and we shall all have cause to rejoice when a change does take place in our relations.

Now "Rachel" I hope we are friends again; all dressmakers have cause to thank you for your warm and ample defence of them, and I only wish every class of working girls had as eloquent an advocate to uphold their cause. Unfortunately they have not though, and so I must bid you adieu, and attend to the claims of some others, whom I have already kept waiting too long.

If one can place any dependence upon predictions, even when they emanate from high authorities in the world of fashion, several cherished fashions, which have endeared themselves to us not only by long custom but by their utility and convenience will vanish in a short time. One of these is the dear, trim, jaunty, tailor made gown which has been with us for nearly five years, and the many good and serviceable qualities of which should ensure its popularity for an indefinite length of time, with all sensible women. Following in the wake of the tailor made costume the plain and heavy fabrics which have accompanied it, during its entire career, and most dire loss of all, the tailor made girl, the dear, robust athletic dame who rows and fishes, skates and snow-shoes and even shoots, not to mention playing tennis in the summer from blush of morn till dewy eve; this choicest product of the century is to leave us also, "so the folks say." And in return—such a poor return—we are to give such welcome as we can to such relics of the dark ages as the Elizabethan ruff, the too fascinating patch, the reticelle, the shawl, the ancient sprigged muslin beloved by our grandmothers, and the chignon of later and giddier days. Just fancy such a combination, girls! Try to picture yourselves arrayed in a gown of sprigged muslin, a white crepe shawl, a reticelle hanging from one arm, black lace mitts on your hands, a huge stiff ruff around your neck, a chignon on the top of your head, patches on your cheeks, and sandalled shoes of russet leather on your feet, because black shoes are another fashion, the doom of which has been pronounced, and to complete the picture you must have flounces, and an overskirt on your dress; since overskirts will soon set in with great violence according to the oracle quoted above! Verily, the girl who dresses in the height of fashion, when all these modes prevail, will be a sort of composite picture representing the prevailing fashions of the last three centuries.

But what a blessed reflection it is, that one cannot place the least dependence upon the advance agents of madame La Mode's great show, they are just as liable to be mistaken as the rest of us: Witness the crinoline scare in the early spring, and the wide skirt mania which followed it, and—"Where are those dreamers now?" they seem to have retired from the fray, and are heard of no more.

The most dire prediction of all is the return of the languishing fragile maiden of the early nineteenth century who languished all the time, fainted at the very slightest provocation and only came too to go into violent hysterics. This is really terrible, just the one strain more than we can bear, give us all the other fashions of past ages, even to the mits, but let the Jane Austen, and Miss Berry heroine remain dead as long as possible.

Meanwhile, accordion plaited crepons, and trim Eton mits continue to be worn by the summer girl, who acts in the living present, and troubles herself not about the possible monstrosities of tomorrow's fashion. Accordion plaited fabrics seem to be growing in popularity, and I think one reason is that they fit so closely, adapting themselves to every figure, and never showing a wrinkle. Sometimes these crepons are very oddly trimmed, both pale mauve, and dark green being trimmed with black satin, or jet, and sometimes with both. A very delicate shade of lettuce green trimmed with jet sounds very strange, but is really lovely; while mauve, with jet trimmings on yoke, and skirt is prettier still.

Here is a lovely dress, worn at an American seaside resort. It was of pale mauve crepon accordion plaited, and the skirt was made with three plaited flounces, which reached to the waist; each flounce was cut out in small points at the edge. The bodice was of taffeta in the same shade, and gathered in at the waist under a belt of jewelled passementerie, the "jewels" being amethysts. Two accordion plaited ruffles fell over the sleeves and a bertha of the same,

gave the desired triple effect. Bonnet, gloves, even the parasol, were of mauve, and the costume was a most fresh and dainty one.

Green, in every shade is most popular! Indeed you need not aspire to the title of a fashionable woman, unless you have at least one green gown in your wardrobe. Of course it need not be all green, and it may be either the color of a tender young lettuce leaf, or the darkest bottle that ever concocted a choice brand of Holland's gin, so long as it is undeniably green. Imagine a white batiste closely striped with brightest lily green, trimmed on the skirt with three full ruffles of white lace in graduated widths, placed their own width apart, and each headed with a full roll of silk muslin, in the bright green, caught down every few inches with a fine pearl buckle. The bodice was plain and fitted closely, while from under the arms a wide belt of the green, slanted down to a point in front and was drawn together with a large pearl buckle. Over the full batiste sleeves which were made in the upper part of a deep ruffle of the lace, headed at the shoulder with roll and buckles, precisely the same as the skirt only on a smaller scale. With this dress was worn a small toque of green silk muslin with standing loops and butterfly wings of white lace, and tan colored gloves.

The inventive powers of the fashion makers must be taxed to their utmost in order to devise new designs in skirt trimming, because people will get tired of horizontal bands and the everlasting flounce and ubiquitous ruche; but the latest variation in trimming is certainly original, if not exactly pretty. It consists of a ruche which first traverses the foot of the skirt, going entirely around and after it meets at the left side, it begins to wind around the skirt, and continue in spiral coils, until it reaches the waist, where it ends beneath the belt. The dress in which it was shown was of green crepon, and as the ruche was of green in a darker shade shot with red, the effect was, to say the least, very snake-like.

The skirt trimming is slowly but surely creeping upward, and so marked is the movement, that while the foot of the dress is sometimes destitute of trimming, the upper part is lavishly decorated just below the hips. On some of the newest Paris dresses paniers have appeared, and pretty as they are, they would almost seem to herald the return of the chignon, which seems as natural an accompaniment to a panier, as green peas are to spring lamb.

A correspondent, whose name I find it impossible to make out, asks my advice about a slight red mark just across the bridge of her nose, left from wearing spectacles, and I am sorry I cannot help her much. The only thing I can recommend is vaseline cold cream gently rubbed on the spot every night. The blotch was probably settled in the spot where the pressure from the bridge of the glasses came, and gentle massage will be more likely to disperse it than anything else. Bathing with quite hot water would also tend to relieve the small blood vessels, which may have become clogged. I hope this advice may be of some service to my correspondent, and at least it cannot do any harm. I am glad she enjoys our columns so much.

In giving the recipes for home-made wines last week the following were accidentally omitted:

Ginger Wine.

To each gallon of cold water add two pounds of loaf sugar and two ounces of bruised ginger; boil them for an hour, put the liquor into a jar or crock, to cool. When tepid add the peel and juice of six lemons, and a slice of toast covered with yeast. Cover it closely, and when it begins to ferment put it into a small cask. Let it ferment two or three weeks. Before putting in bung, put in half a pound of raisins.

Parsnip Wine.

It does not sound as if it would be very nice, but I believe it really is, and I know that both parsnip and cowslip wines are standard beverages with old English housewives. Take fifteen pounds of parsnips, pare, slice, and boil them until quite soft in five gallons of water; drain thoroughly, and press the pulp through a fine sieve; add three pounds of lump sugar to each gallon. Boil the whole for forty minutes, and when it is tepid, cover a slice of toast with yeast and lay into it; keep the mixture in a warm place and when it begins to ferment put it into a cask taking out the toast; it should be racked or drained off into another cask in the autumn, and bottled six months after.

I think these will all be found excellent substitutes for the genuine article, with the added advantage of being much cheaper, and free from the stigma of alcohol, which is such a drawback to many people.

ASTRA.

A BARGAIN IN LADIES' AMERICAN WAUKENPHASTS.

We ordered this Boot to sell at \$5.00, BUT

as it did not come up to sample we got them at a great discount. The manufacturer not wishing them returned made it possible for us to sell them at

\$3.50 per pair.

Widths, B. C. D. All sizes.

WATERBURY & RISING.

FOR ladies' tailoring, dressmaking and general domestic use.

Silk and Twist is superior to any other thread, being stronger, smoother, more elastic and lustrous. Try it once and you will use no other.



Changing the Shape of the Nose.

Julia Marlow is said to have changed the shape of her nose, it being originally of a cast only suited to a comedy actress, to a size and shape eminently fitted to the tragic parts she so well portrays. Whether she accomplished the act by constant stroking and pinching, as some sanguine persons declare can be done, or whether she resorted to the mechanical aids now used by physiognomists is unknown. The nose shaper is a great boon to the possessor of hopelessly flat, snubbed, or upturned nose, which may to a degree at least, be trained in the way it should go. Whatever the shape of the nose, it can never be beautiful if there is any hint of redness about it. This is often caused by ligatures about the body, or tight shoes, when it can of course be easily remedied by the woman who is sensible enough to realize that she will be far more beautiful with a normal waist and a clear complexion whose nose tints are in their proper place. The folly of tight shoes is beyond words, since size smaller or larger is practically imperceptible to the observer, while to the wearer it means the difference between comfort and torture, to say nothing of the permanent ruin of the symmetry and sightliness of the feet.

Chicago's Police Board of Women.

Again has Chicago distinguished herself by taking the lead in a reform greatly needed in every large city—namely, the establishment of a "Woman's Advisory Board of Police," consisting of ten women who have charge of all quarters for women and children, as well as of all the station-house matrons. The recognition of the need of police matrons was in itself a seven-leagued stride in the right direction, and the appointment of this advisory board is better yet. A pathetic and haunting story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps gives an unforgettable glimpse of women of all stages of abandonment, wretchedness and physical suffering in a police station without the ministrations of one of their own sex. The woman of whom the story is told leaves the station for another world, but many an unhappy creature leaves such a place, her coarse nature made coarser, and what little instinct for good she may have had lessened by the harsh treatment of the "guying" she received at the hands of men who are totally unfit for such a position.

"Progress" in Boston. PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at the Kings Chapel News Stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

No woman can be a good housekeeper who does not hate dirt.

Would you Like to go Shopping in MONTREAL.

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILIPS SQUARE, MONTREAL.

Special attention given to Mail Orders. Dry Goods, Carpets, Curtains, Furniture, China and Glassware, Kitchen Utensils, Silverware, Lamps, Japanese Goods, Ladies, and Children's Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

MANTLES and MILLINERY.

Full Stock in each Department. Trial Orders Solicited.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., Montreal.

FAMOUS FICTION BY THE WORLD'S GREAT AUTHORS. A CHARMING SET OF BOOKS, EMBRACING

Ten of the Greatest Novels Ever Written BY TEN OF THE GREATEST AUTHORS WHO EVER LIVED!

If you will study the biographies of the great authors of our day, you will observe that in most instances their reputations were made by the production of a single book. Let but one work that

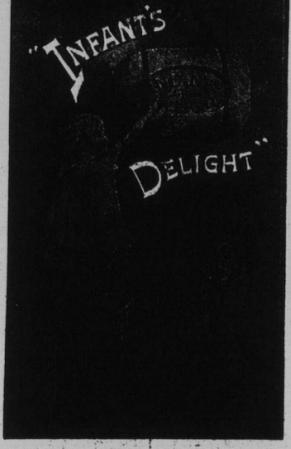


is really great—one masterpiece—emanates from an author's pen, and though his future efforts may be trivial in comparison, his name will live and his works be read long after the author has passed away. A well-known New York publishing house has issued in uniform and handsome style ten of the greatest and most famous novels in the English language, and we have perfected arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer this handsome and valuable set of books as a premium to our subscribers upon terms which make them almost a free gift. Each one of these famous novels was its author's greatest work—his masterpiece—the great production that made his name and fame. The works comprised in this valuable set of books, which are published under the general title of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," are as follows:

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- JANE EYRE.** By Charlotte Brontë.
- JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.** By Miss Mallock.
- ADAM EDEE.** By George Elliot.
- THE WOMAN IN WHITE.** By Wilkie Collins.
- LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.** By Miss M. E. Braddon.
- VANITY FAIR.** By W. M. Thackeray.
- THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.** By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.
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Each of these great and powerful works is known the world over and read in every civilized land. Each is intensely interesting, yet pure and elevating in moral tone. They are published complete, unchanged and unbridged, in the appropriate volumes, with very handsome and artistic covers, all uniform, thus making a charming set of books which will be an ornament to the home. They are printed from new type, clear, bold and readable, upon paper of excellent quality. Altogether it is a delightful set of books, and we are most happy to be enabled to afford our subscribers an opportunity of obtaining such splendid books upon such terms as we can give.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

One third of the human race speak the Chinese language.

The Queen has been photographed 634 times since her accession.

It would require 12,000 cholera microbes to form a procession an inch long.

Twelve years ago one sailor in every 106 who went to sea lost his life; now only one in 256, it is said is lost.

Pope Leo has never set foot outside the precincts of the Vatican during the whole thirteen years since his accession to the Papal throne.

The average quantity of beer brewed out of Europe is 830,668,815 gallons in the United States, 36,258,940 in Australia, and 4,306,020 in Japan.

Lightning is zig-zag because, as it condenses the air in the immediate advance of its path, it flies from side to side in order to pass where there is the least resistance to its progress.

Impartial writers say that the gold contained in the medals, vessels, chains, and other objects preserved in the Vatican would make more gold coins than the whole of the present European circulation.

Professor Henry Drummond, the noted scientist, presents a curious idea in evolution, to the effect that man was originally amphibious, and that his ears are a survival of the remote period when he had gills and could breathe under water.

There are 110 women lawyers in the United States, and eight of this number have earned the right to practice before the Supreme Court. To acquire this it is necessary to have practiced for three years at the bar, without a flaw in that career.

Accidents to sleep-walkers can be easily prevented by laying upon the carpet, by the side of the sleep-walker's bed, a strip of sheet-metal—iron, zinc, or copper—so wide and long that when he puts his feet out of bed they will rest upon the metal.

The hottest region on the earth's surface is on the south-western coast of Persia, on the border of the Persian Gulf. For forty consecutive days in the months of July and August the mercury has been known to stand above 100 degrees in the shade night and day, and to run up as high as 130 degrees in the middle of the afternoon.

Cats have for some time been known to be the means of conveying the infection of diphtheria, and now they stand arraigned on another charge of a similar nature. A surgeon has just distinctly traced an outbreak of scarlet fever in a house to the intrusion of a cat from an infected household.

It is even said that a case has come under the notice of a medical officer in health in which small-pox was so conveyed.

Women who want to marry should turn their eyes toward Johannesburg, in South Africa. There are at least ten men to one woman there. Every moderately attractive woman marries inside of a few months after landing. It is impossible to keep servants or feminine employees of any sort. Typewriters, nurses, cooks, maids, gardeners all melt quickly away before the warmth of South African wooing.

Through cholera and other diseases, the Mohammedan pilgrimage to Mecca this year cost the lives of more than thirty thousand people in the space of twelve days. Medieval pilgrimages to Jerusalem were probably the cause of not a few plague epidemics. It is a healthy sign to find a Mussulman doctor and employe of the Egyptian Government, in a treatise on the pilgrimage, demanding, if not its total suppression, at least a considerable modification.

There is a large factory in a small town near Chicago, employing about 100 workers, which is given over to the manufacture of articles from wasted animal blood. At certain seasons of the year this unique factory uses quite 10,000 gallons of fresh blood per day. It is first converted into thin sheets by evaporation and certain chemical processes, and afterwards worked up into a variety of articles, such as combs, buttons, ear-rings, belt-clasps, bracelets, etc. Tons of these articles are sent to all parts of the world every year.

One of the most useful additions that have recently been made to the equipment of some of the Newcastle (Eng.) policemen is the pocket telephone. It is handy and light, consisting of a combined mouth-piece and ear-piece, with about a foot or more of wire attached, an affixing pin, and a small key. This apparatus is to be used by the officers in connection with the fire alarm placed at various parts of the city. Instead of breaking the pane of glass in case of a fire occurring in the neighborhood—as an ordinary individual would have to do—the policeman opens the door with his key, places the affixing pin in a socket provided for it in the lamp, and is in direct communication with the fire brigade.

The quantity of rain falling at any place is estimated by means of a very simple piece of apparatus known as a rain-gauge. The most common form of rain-gauge consists of a copper funnel, the area of the mouth of which is accurately known. The rain collected in this funnel flows into a graduated measure, which can very easily be constructed by anyone out of a small glass tumbler or beaker by pasting on its side a narrow strip of paper, carefully marked off into inches, half-inches, quarters, eighths and sixteenths, or into inches, tenths and twentieths. Supposing that the area of the mouth of the receiving funnel is five times that of the graduated measure, then a depth of five in. in the measure would represent a depth of in. on area equal to that of the aperture of the funnel.

Tea drinking is an injurious habit, and nervous people should be careful in the use of it. It is not a food, it is not a tonic, and it drunk strong it may be as baneful in its effects as brandy would be. Anyone who feels as if they were a bundle of nerves should give up both tea and tobacco, and use Henry's Kidney and Liver Cure, which will help them to exist in comfort without them.

Progress is for sale in Boston at the Kings Chapel News Stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

SOME FACTS ABOUT MONEY.

Gold does change in value, but less than any other commodity or material.

Gold and silver and their relation in value to one another. Gold does change in value, but less than any other commodity or material. Gold and silver are not like other commodities in responding to the law of supply and demand, for there is very little loss of gold amounting. The work they lay down one year they can do a second and a third year, and almost indefinitely. So an increased demand for gold finds always practically as much gold on hand as there was before the demand began, plus any increase of stock from the mines. So, too, a decreased demand has practically no effect on the stock of gold, which cannot be destroyed or sold at "bargain rates." There is some change in the value of gold. It decreased after the discovery of America, when the Spaniards captured Mexico and Peru; it decreased again after the discovery of gold in California and in Australia. But, compared with a day's work of an unskilled laborer, the value of gold has changed less than that of any other commodity.

By free coinage is meant the coinage of silver at the mints without charge to the owner of the silver bullion. At present the United States buys a lot of gold bullion each month which it does not coin. The "silver man" want coinage to be free to their metal. By a ratio of "16 to 1" is meant a ratio established by law by which 16 ounces of silver shall be equal to one ounce of gold; "18 to 1, 20 to 1, 25 to 1" mean ratios of 18, 20, 25 ounces of silver to one ounce of gold. Since the ratio is one to the ratio in the United States 28 to 1 is about the market ratio.

There are no pound notes in England now, though they have them in Scotland and Ireland. The smallest bank note in England is for \$25, a five-pound note. All amounts less than \$25 are settled in gold and silver coin. In France the smallest bank note is for five francs, though a note of that denomination is seen very seldom; the smallest not in current use is for 50 francs. \$10. Amounts under 50 francs are settled in gold and silver coin.

Convict Life in Brazil. Two hundred miles from the north-east coast of Brazil, and in a depression south of the equator is the island of Fernando Noronha, which is used as a penal settlement by Brazil. It is five and a half miles long by a mile and a quarter broad. There are eighteen hundred convicts in the settlement, guarded by only sixty soldiers. Of these, one thousand are divided into ten companies of a hundred each; the teachers of the command of a sergeant, himself a convict. They live in out-lying villages, and are employed at work in the fields and plantations, and tend the sheep and cattle. The rest live in the town, and are engaged at different handicrafts in the workshop, or in the cantonments, where they are allowed to keep private stores, where their fellows may purchase any little extra they require beyond bare necessities. Convicts of good behaviour are allowed to have their wives on the island, should they be willing to do so. There are two schools, one for the children of convicts, and one for the children of the convicts, in both cases are convicts. At the age of twelve the sons of convicts are sent to a military school at Pernambuco. The girls are allowed to stay on the island with their parents if they wish to do so. Little difficulty experienced in the management of a hundred convicts, under the command of a sergeant, himself a convict, in the penitentiary, flogging, or, in extreme cases, banishment to Rat Island, a small uninhabited island about a mile long at the north-east of Ferdinand, where its occupants would have to keep himself alive by fishing.

Professor Blackie's Amende. A delightful story is told of the grand old professor of whom Edinburgh is so proud. Professor Blackie was lecturing to a new class with whose personnel he was very imperfectly acquainted, in answer to some direction given by the lecturer, a student rose to read a paragraph, his book in his left hand. "Sir!" thundered Blackie, "hold your book in your right hand!"—and as the student would have spoken—"No words, sir! Your right hand, I say!"

The student held up his right arm, ending piteously at the stump of the wrist. "Sir, I have no right hand!" he said, and his voice was unsteady. Before Blackie could open his lips, there arose from the class such a terrific storm of hisses as one perhaps must go to Paris to hear; and by it his voice was overborne as by a wild sea. Then the professor left his place and went down to the student he had unwittingly so hurt; and he put an arm about the lad's shoulders and drew him close; and the lad leaned against his breast and looked up at him as though Divinity itself had stooped in compassion. "My boy," said Blackie—he spoke very softly yet not so softly but that every word was audible in the bush that had fallen on the class-room—"My boy, you'll forgive me that I was over rough? I did not know—I did not know!"

He turned to the students, and with a look and tone that came straight from his great heart, he said—"And, let me say to you all, I am rejoiced to be shown I am teaching a class of gentlemen!"

Scottish lads can cheer as well as his and that Blackie learned abundantly, then and many a time thereafter.

For Dyspepsia. USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. Dr. O. M. BROWN, Cornish, Me., says: "I have used it in my practice during the last few years, and can, with all candor say, that in cases of dyspepsia brought about through abuse of the stomach by the aid of an improper diet, I have failed to find any remedy that would remove the trouble so quickly or prove so grateful to the stomach or patient. I consider it a boon to suffering humanity."

There is something wrong somewhere, if you feel spiteful and envious whenever you see another woman wearing a better bonnet than you can afford.

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Among the notables at Lucerne this summer is Mary Anderson-Navarro, with a devoted husband in attendance. Miss Amy Reade, a niece of the novelist, Charles Reade, has followed in the footsteps of her uncle to the extent of writing two novels, "Rudy" and "Zerma."

Lady Tryon has declined to accept the pension of £600 a year to which she is entitled. She had intended to place it at the disposal of the trustees of the Victoria fund, but as the sum collected for that purpose was ample, she has simply declined the pension.

Herr Pollak, who claims to be the fastest talker in the world, is on exhibition at the World's Fair. He has a meaningless list of 20,000 words, which he says he can repeat in forty minutes, and he offers a prize of 40,000 florins to any stenographer who will take him down.

Another of Queen Victoria's oldest servants has just died. This time it is Mr. W. H. Gower, who was 'yeoman of the silver pantry' at Windsor Castle. Yeoman Gower had been in the Queen's service for over half a century and was much esteemed by his mistress.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria lately built, at an enormous cost, a magnificent marble villa at Corfu and christened it "L'Achilleon." Her majesty will be the following codicil to her will: "I wish to be interred at Corfu, near the river, so that the waves can continually break on my tomb."

Adelina Patti is coming over for another "farewell tour of America." She has arranged to sail Oct. 28, on the Lucania. She has undertaken to appear at forty concerts, for which it is said, she is to receive the sum of £40,000. Her first appearance will be on Nov. 9 in New York.

It is to be feared that the Infanta has been spoiled by her taste of the land of the free, for she is reported as having a little lark in London. She has been living "in-cog" in a furnished house, riding in the park on a hired horse, and shopping on foot. Her too small boys, Princes Louis and Alfonso, have been with her.

In connection with the Kaiser's recent visit to England and his frequent absence from home, there is a good story told of his little son, Prince Eitel Fritz, who has just reached the mature age of ten. "Papa," once remarked the little fellow, "is always away from home. It is a good thing mamma remains with us, else there would be nobody here when the babies are born!"

Edison prefers to employ women to carry out the details of his electrical inventions, and credits them with more quickness and insight about the mysteries of machinery than men have. He is credited with saying that women "have more sense about machinery in one minute than men have in a whole lifetime," and proves the sincerity of his faith by keeping 200 women on his payroll.

The Woman's Library at Chicago contains 7,000 volumes in sixteen languages and represents twenty-three countries. It is to be placed in the permanent Woman's Memorial Building, which is to be erected in Chicago, and will form a nucleus for the collection of the literary work of women in the future, as well as, through its catalogue soon to be issued, a complete bibliography of woman's writings up to the present time.

The wife and little daughter of M. Paul Bounetain, the French explorer, journeyed with him to Senegal and as far as the Niger on his recent trip. The youthful travelers intend to spend the summer in Algeria, and both husband and wife will set to work on a book. Mme. Bounetain's account of her travels—"Une Parisienne au Soudan"—promises to be an interesting story of a decidedly unconventional and daring expedition.

Miss Emma Willard is the author of that favorite song, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." As she was returning from Europe to America in 1832 a storm broke over the Atlantic. The passengers were terrified, but Miss Willard remained calm. Soon after the storm abated she appeared in the main cabin and read the first verses of the ballad. The Duc de Choiseul, who was on board, was delighted with the poem, and set the words to music.

Philip D. Armour is described as a short-set broad-built, prosperous-looking man, with a ruddy, open face, darkly side-whiskered. He is severely self-made. Six-and-forty years ago he drove a mule-team across the plains of California, and invested what little capital he had in the grain business in Milwaukee. Then he bought an interest in a pork-packing establishment, and to-day his fortune is estimated at something like fifty million dollars.

The Duke of Athole's son, the Marquis of Tullibardine, whose recovery from the effects of the accident which befell him on the day of the Royal wedding is announced, is heir to more titles than any other peer's son in the kingdom. He will inherit, in addition to the Dukedom, two Marquises, five Earldoms, four Viscounties, and eleven Baronies—in all twenty-three peerages, of which the oldest was granted in 1604 and the newest in 1821, and of which seventeen are Scottish, one English, and five British.

Mr. Justice Hawkins' first brief after he was called to the Bar was to defend one of two men charged with coining, and when they were placed in the dock he overheard a brief colloquy between them. Coiner No. 1 told his comrade that he was to be defended by a son of a judge. Coiner No. 2 said he didn't know what the gentleman's name was who was to defend him, but—indicating Mr. Hawkins, who was apparently immersed in his brief—he added, admiringly, "and he's a smart 'un too. When I handed over the fee he put the thick 'un (a sovereign) between his teeth and bit it. He's the chap for my money."

Mr. Labouchere, M. P., went to the Leeds Assizes recently to hear a civil action for slander in which he was the defendant. Whilst waiting for the case to be called, he strolled towards the criminal court, and was rather surprised to be assailed at the door by a brawny Yorkshireman with the question, "say, mister, can ye tell me t' court where Labby's to be tried?" Recovering from the shock of finding he was expected to be in the criminal dock, Mr. Labouchere led his unknown friend into the court, pointed to a red-haired ruffian on his trial for a shocking offence, whispered "That's Labby!"—and quickly disappeared.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies—Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical than one could suppose. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED. Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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 To most people there is but little inducement to conceal their identity; the surname that their fathers bore serves most men sufficiently well to distinguish them from their fellows, and the Christian name that was given them in childhood becomes their signature through life; while when ladies change their names the alteration is usually quite sufficiently advertised among their friends and their relations.
 By occasional strokes of luck some of us inherit a fortune on condition of adopting our benefactor's name, and then our friends remember us without any effort on our part.
 But there are some ladies and gentlemen whose past career is such that a new name is a convenience, and efforts at the concealment of their identity are made with much ingenuity and persistence.
 When a gentleman has been a guest of Her Majesty at Dartmoor, or even Holloway, his modesty sometimes leads him to conceal the fact if he can, so that when he is again being questioned by an inquisitive magistrate about his unconvicted offences, there may be no chance of his former visits leading to the prolongation of the term of residence the thoughtful judge is likely to impose.
 These efforts at concealment usually include a change of name, and not infrequently whiskers or a mustache are removed, a visitor who on a previous occasion was clean shaven; apparently permanent alteration in height and other bodily changes are attempted with varying success.
 For a long time, the memory of officials was the chief, and frequently very effective, means of discovering these efforts at concealment; then photography was called in, and the ingenious people were all photographed in two positions, full face and profile on the right side, and the two pictures neatly mounted side by side in the national portrait album; care being taken to photograph them with the same apparatus, under similar circumstances of light and distance. But even so, the recognition of the full face views is by no means easy; and though the outline of the profile and the details of the right ear are not easily changed, yet variation in the style of hairdressing tends to make recognition difficult.
 But when there are many thousands of these photographs, it becomes no light task to hunt through them all in order to ascertain if a particular visitor has had the honour of a previous sitting. Under these circumstances, various scientific men have joined with the police officials in Paris in devising methods of detecting these modest efforts at concealment.
 They began by measuring the height of their visitors, but many of them were afflicted with a stoop that was accounted for in innumerable ways, so that even the scientific police efforts could not be sure of it to within less than three-quarters of an inch. But other measurements are made with much greater accuracy, and the ingenuity of the measured has not yet enabled them to vary the width of the head or the length of a finger-joint, and it is found that there are some measures which can be made with a practical certainty of their being very close indeed to perfect accuracy; and that they are dimensions which do not vary with age after maturity is once reached.
 The measures taken are the height, which is somewhat unreliable, partly because of deception and partly because of variation with age; the length of the hand by means of special compasses, a measure which can be relied on to the twenty-fifth of an inch, and which varies in different people as much as 1 1/2 inches and after twenty remains practically unaltered through life.
 The maximum breadth of the head from bone to bone; the length of the middle finger of the left hand, which is the most exact measurement of all, as it exhibits no variation with age after maturity, and deception is impossible if attention is paid to the length of the finger-nail. The length of the left foot when standing on it alone and leaning forwards, which is only moderately reliable.
 The maximum length of arms extended, which is not by any means always equal to the height, as frequently supposed. And finally, the colour of the eyes, which needs some practice to name definitely, and is not very much to be trusted.
 Now, all the measurements may be divided into three classes of large, medium, and small, the limits of each class being chosen for the sake of convenience, so as to make each division about equal in numbers. Thus, in Paris it is found that there are about as many men over 5ft. 6in., and a like number under 5ft. 4in.; and so with other cases. The colours of the eyes are in like manner subdivided into classes.
 Let us now suppose there are 100,000 records of criminals; about 20,000 are women, 20,000 children, and 60,000 men. If it is wished to identify a man who comes with a name not found in the index, and who says he has never had the honour of being measured, the proceeding is very simple. Take for instance a prisoner called Bernard, examined on the 13th November, 1884.
 He was measured and found to be 5ft. 5in. high the length of his head was 7.3in., breadth of head 6 1/4 in., length of foot 9.7 in., middle finger 4.1in.; color of eyes, chestnut with a greenish periphery. Beginning with the most reliable measures first, the length of his head is of the medium class, 7.37in., which at once reduces the records to be examined from 60,000 to 20,000; these 20,000 are subdivided into broad, medium and narrow heads and Bernard was broad, 6.4in.; so the records are brought down to between 6,000 and 7,000.
 A further division by three, due to the length of the finger-joint, reduces the record to 2,200; the length of the foot brings them down to 700, the height to about 230, while the classification of the eyes being into more than three divisions, reduces it to perhaps twenty.
 Finally, there is the record of body marks and signs, such as moles, scars, etc.; three or four of these would suffice to identify a man out of a million, let alone out of the few records are reduced to.
 In the case of Bernard, he proved to be identical with a gentleman previously examined under the name of Jean Leopold, a criminal of the worst type, who had been sought for during several months under

that name, and who had been arrested and catalogued about sixteen months before.
 After identification a man's antecedents can be inquired into, and everything known about him by the authorities can be produced.
 So efficacious has this method proved in Paris that criminals have given up adopting an alias as perfectly useless; and so complete is the record by measurement that it seems no longer necessary for the authorities to employ photography in all cases as was formerly desirable. Approximate classification by age will enable the records of men who must be dead to be put away, and additional classifications of finger-joints or other characteristics and sub-division into four classes of each kind instead of three, would afford still greater facilities if such were needed for the detection of the identity of such gentlemen among us whose modesty or whose antecedents might make them wishful to pass through life like Royalty on a holiday—under some other personality than their own.—Tit Bits.

By a Strategist.
 The following story well illustrates the unflinching resources of the English sharper.
 One morning a "gentleman" alighted from a well-appointed brougham at the door of a London silversmith's shop and selected a considerable quantity of plate, tendering in payment a one-hundred-pound note, and receiving a small balance as change. He carried the silver away with him in the brougham, and shortly afterwards a "policeman" called at the establishment to say that he had heard of the purchase, and to inform the vendor that the note given in payment was a bad one. He was glad to add, however, that the thief had been apprehended, and requested the master to attend at the neighbouring police-station at a certain hour in the afternoon to identify the prisoner. He told the silversmith that it would be necessary for him to give up the bad note to facilitate the preliminary inquiries, and this the latter did, obtaining a formal receipt. On going to the station the tradesman found that he had been thoroughly duped. The "gentleman" and the "policeman" were both members of the thieves' fraternity, and there is no doubt that the bank note was a genuine one.

Why Lost Folk Go in Circles.
 The fact that people lost on a desert or in a forest invariably walk in a circle is due to a slight inequality in the length of the legs. Careful measurements of a series of skeletons have shown that only ten per cent had the lower limbs equal in length, thirty-five per cent had the right limb longer than the left, while in fifty-five per cent, the left leg was the longer. The result of one limb being longer than the other will naturally be that a person will unconsciously take a longer step with the longer limb, and consequently will trend to the right or to the left, according as the left or right is the longer, unless the tendency to deviation is corrected by the eye. The left leg being more frequently the longer, as evidenced by the measurements of the skeleton, the inclination should take more frequently to the right than to the left, and this conclusion is quite borne out by observations made on a number of persons when walking blindfolded. The inequality in the length of the limb is not confined to any particular sex or race, but seems to be universal in all respects.

The Serpentine Dancer.
 Swift! midst a whirl and a swirl of soft tissues
 She issues:
 The girl!
 See her hair and curl and uncurl, in a whirlwind of
 gestures.
 All her writhing, many-twinkling bright vestures;
 With an laking of devils
 In her bounding;
 But no tinkling of sound
 In her revels!
 Silent sliding, quiet striding, quiet bending,
 Noiseless spinning, mute beginning, silent ending!
 Now she coos, on her toes, with her arms in the air!
 And she charms with a hair, wings and motor of
 Like the swoop of a bird, or the girl of a sleep at
 the ocean!
 See her writhing now, as little now as a withe of green
 willow.
 Raiment hurrying, raiment hurrying, raiment whir-
 rying like the light crest on the bright breast
 of a billow!
 From the maelstrom of vapour and riotous white
 drapery,
 Through the turbulent mists
 Where this queen
 Of the tropics,
 In a sheen,
 Madly twirls
 There escape
 Hints of shape,
 And quick glances
 Of the tints
 And the curves
 Of her limbs,
 As she swerves!
 As she swims!
 And her dances, they enhance with the might
 Of a light
 Weirily changing
 Strangely ranging
 From the hue
 Of the rose, where she goes like a sprite
 Of the dew,
 Through a white, blinding bright,
 To the blue
 Of the moon, at the noon of a night
 When June is a blight!
 Thus she dashes and flashes and lashes herself
 To a wild
 Bacchic madness!
 There's a fit
 With the gladness
 Of a mild
 Parkline
 El!
 Gay's sparkling
 On the coast of a lawn
 All moonlight!
 A! she wheels and she reels
 Till she steals
 Quick away.
 And is gone!
 As a ghost flees his post at the dawn
 Of the day!

In the Valley of Death!
A Marvellous Escape!

A Member of a School Board Saved!

A Statement Endorsed by Two Prominent Clergymen!



MR. JOSEPH ROLSTON.

Mr. Joseph Rolston, of Nixon, Norfolk County, Ont., is a well-known farmer, and one of the most prominent men in that part of the country. As a member of the local school board, he is attentive and hard-working; as a church member, he is earnest, devout and sincere; as a friend and neighbour, he is kindly, courteous and beloved by all in the community.
 For a considerable time Mr. Rolston was afflicted with dyspepsia, which became so severe that it produced nervous prostration and delirium. The sufferer's condition was extremely alarming and relatives and friends were fearful of results. Four skillful physicians labored honestly and faithfully to bring back health and strength, but all their efforts were vain and fruitless.
 Under the guidance and direction of a merciful Providence the use of Paine's Celery Compound was suggested to Mr. Rolston, and he was persuaded to give it a trial. Shortly after using the Compound a marvellous change was experienced, in a word a complete cure was effected after the use of four bottles of nature's great life-giver.
 Mr. Rolston, for the benefit of suffering humanity, writes as follows:—
 "It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony to your preparation known as Paine's Celery Compound, and to say that naturally I feel that a person who has done so much for me, I should like to do for others. It is now a year past since I had a severe attack of nervous prostration caused by chronic dyspepsia, and for a year I could not sleep at night. This condition of sleeplessness brought on delirium. I was attended by four of the best doctors of the country, and took a great quantity of medicine, but all failed to do me any good. Having been persuaded to read your books I thought I would try your Paine's Celery Compound; and after I had used four bottles the nervousness and dyspepsia left me, and I have done more work since than for years past, with little or no medicine, and consider myself completely cured. I have highly recommended your Paine's Celery Compound to others, and I know of several persons who are now using it."

JOSEPH ROLSTON,
 Nixon, Ont.
 I know Mr. Rolston, and can testify to him during his illness, and can testify to the above.
T. R. CLARK, Methodist Minister,
 Delhi, Ont.
 I am one of Mr. Joseph Rolston's nearest neighbours, and have been acquainted with him for many years. I can testify to his illness, and believe the above statements to be correct.
D. Williams, Methodist Minister,
 Nixon, Ont.

The following gentlemen, neighbours of Mr. Rolston, also vouch for his statements:—
Erwin Weir, Alex. Weir, Christopher Johnson, B. C. Williams and Wm. Lindsay.

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STUPID WORDING AND PUNCTUATION.



Books, newspapers, and all manuscripts furnish proof of the prevailing ignorance of spelling also. And as to composition, how many of us can write clear, crisp and correct English? Very few. Why so? Because the art is not taught in schools, and in later life we cannot acquire it. Leave adults to struggle with the bad habits of years and save the children from a like fate. There are two ways to do this; practice with a pen, which is tedious torture, and a method hinted at by a man who thus notes

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THE SIN WAS EXPIATED.

Farmer Leslie sat smoking in his doorway in the most contented frame of mind possible to a man, for he was at that moment basking in the warm sunshine of prosperity. It gave him a great content, but it was purely an animal content—no chord of his higher nature was touched. As far as he could see, the hills and the flocks on the hills were his. The excellent woman attending to his corporeal comfort within the dwelling, was his. The bright girl sewing at the upper window, and the handsome boy galloping along the valley on his new pony, were his children. The great barn filled with harvested grain was his. He did not look up and claim the sky, but all else about him was of value as a part of his domain. "Me and mine," was the refrain of his song.

At that moment something came around the corner of the house that did not belong to him, and it gave him a shock—a very disagreeable thrill, that was mostly disgust and no quality of fear in it. The something was a tramp. The name is synonymous with obliquity, and this specimen did not belie the name. He shivered in the sunlight as he had the ague. His legs stood out like splinters of distress, telling of a long friction with time. His limbs had that flaccid, relaxed motion which is typical of the drunken vagabond. His eyes were bloodshot. The only redeeming features were his voice, which was musical and pathetic, and his manner, which was that of a man who had not always tramped the thoroughfares of the world.

"Sir," he said, touching the rim of a despoiled hat, "will you be so kind as to give me a bite to eat—I am very hungry?" One would suppose that sitting there in the sunlight of his own happiness, Farmer Leslie, the prosperous man, would have given a generous meal to this off-scouring of humanity—but he did nothing of the kind.

"He off," he said, "or I will set the dog on you." "I will work—," began the tramp. "Oh, you will? I don't need your help. I have men to work for me, not such cattle as you."

As he cut to the quick, as he intended it should. The tramp made a savage spring forward, and a look of vindictive rage crossed his features—then he stopped, swung around and walked away.

"Cattle!" He lunged the word out with bitterness. "You're right, friend, only—cattle that are made in God's image, and human!"

"So the fellow had a schooling was all the comment the farmer made. He did not see a humanitarian episode that was transacted at his back door when his good wife, who had overheard the dialogue, handed out some bread and meat to the tramp.

No, Farmer Leslie knew nothing of that. He was watching a speck far down in the valley that was a whole world to him, his boy galloping about from farm-house to farm-house, where his playfellows lived, showing them his new possession, the pony his father had given him for a birthday present.

Farmer Leslie did have soft spots in his heart, but, as I have said, they were for "me and mine." He gave no further thought to the wretched, disheveled man he had repulsed. He did not stop to gently scan his brother man, and he did not believe that to step aside is human. So he put the object of his mind and gave himself up to the contemplation of pleasant themes.

The tramp lay on the side of a hill far enough from the house to be unrecognizable, and ate Mrs. Leslie's bounty in a semi-savage mood. These were not his real table manners—he had not forgotten them, but it each month he devoured had been the head of an enemy, he could not have been more ghoulish or vicious. Every few moments he would burst into anathemas of speech:

"Cattle! Curse him! What is he? I'd like to make him suffer—yes, I would. Oh, I could die happy just to see that man in my place."

He lay and watched the man he hated, but he divided his attention. His bloodshot, agonized eyes were fixed now on the barn that had cost the farmer so many thousands of dollars, and was the pride of the surrounding country. The fellow writhed with impotence.

"I hope he'll read the writing on the wall, and recognize the tramp's hand. I hope he'll—ha—it's working!"

He saw a thin spiral of smoke rising like a crooked reftinger from the roof of the barn. The farmer, sitting now with his back turned, did not see it.

The tramp watched it as it smiled as Cain might have smiled when he slew Abel. He gesticulated fiercely, as if to sustain himself in some awful deed; then another look came into his face, as he saw a boy ride gayly up to the barn, turn his horse loose, and, carrying the saddle on his arm, disappear inside.

One, two, three minutes passed. Nothing had changed except the aspect of that thin spiral of smoke. It was now a column, out of from the roof by a blaze that the sunlight shielded.

Farmer Leslie was asleep in his chair. The tramp rose to his feet. His expression and the civil purpose that had possessed him turned to a look of disreputable virtue. His form expanded and grew taller, but he stood as if rooted to the hills.

Farmer Leslie was aroused now. His wife and daughter were running here and there, shrieking fire, and he was wildly calling for help, to which summons his men working in the field responded. But there was no help that could save the smouldering mass, and no man that could enter that fiery furnace.

smell of fire on his garments, and if the Savior of men walked with him, their eyes were hidden that they could not see. He carried a burden that he had covered with his tattered coat. The fire fought for him and wound his long tendrils around him. It put out the light in those bloodshot eyes forever. He was literally blazing when he gathered up the last remnant of his strength, and threw his burden to those who met him half way. Then there was a roar and a crash, and never had a man a more magnificent funeral pyre than this would have made. But he stumbled just outside, and a fallen beam pinned him to the earth.

"He saved me, father—I was asleep, and he just caught me up in his arms and ran with me, and, oh, father, you will give him money and clothes, and he, shall have my money, and everything."

"Yes, yes, please God I will make a man of him," said the farmer as he bent anxiously over the tramp, who, blind and broken, was coming back to consciousness.

"Father—mother," he murmured, "are you—both—here? Take—my—hand."

"Mrs. Leslie and her husband sank sobbing on their knees, and each took a hand of the poor outcast.

"It's getting—light," he said, "I must—get up." He tried to rise, but the effort was useless. His poor head refused to move, and he, "—"

"I know," he said in a clear voice, "it's the—boy. Is—he—safe?"

"Safe, and it is you who saved him. Live, my friend, that we may show you how grateful we are," said the farmer, suddenly humanized.

"Yes—I saved him—and lost—myself. Perhaps God will know, and take this into account. Forgive me."

"What! For saving my boy's life?"

"No!" There was a brief death agony, then a look of peace as life's latest breath drifted with the words: "I would have been a murderer if I had let him die in the flames—that—my—hand—kindled!"—Detroit Free Press.

PIERRE AND BAPTISTE.

I once knew two industrious mechanics named Pierre and Baptiste. They dwelt in a ramshackle tenement at Sault au Beluc, where each had a dozen children to support, besides their wives; who it is generous to relate were drowsy. They were only nominally acquainted with that goodly art associated with charwomen.

Pierre and Baptiste were hard workers. They worked far into the night, and occasionally, the thin mists of dawn had begun to break on the narrow city pavements before their labor would cease. No one could truthfully say that they were not hard earned pillow. Sometimes they did not toil in vain. It depended largely upon the police.

It was early one November that this horny handed pair planned the burglary of a certain safe located in a wholesale establishment in St. Mark street. On the particular evening that Pierre and Baptiste hid upon for the deed, the head bookkeeper had been having a wrangle with his accounts.

"I can't make head or tail of this," he declared to his employer, the senior member of the firm, "yet I am convinced everything must be right. An error of several hundred dollars had been carried over from each daily footing, but where the error begins or ends I'm blessed if I can find out."

The fact was that the monthly sales had been unusually heavy, and a page of the balance had been mislaid. The head bookkeeper spent upward of an hour in casting up both entries of himself and his subordinates after the establishment had closed its doors for the day.

Then he went home to supper, determined to return and locate the deficit if he didn't get a wink of sleep until morning.

Bookkeepers it must be borne in mind, have highly sensitive organisms, which are susceptible to the smallest atom of reflection upon their probity or skill. At 8.30 the bookkeeper returned and commenced anew his critical calculations. He worked precisely three hours and a half; at the end of which period he suddenly clasped his hand to his forehead and exclaimed:

"Idiot! Why haven't you looked in the safe for a missing sheet? Ten chances to one they have been improperly numbered!"

He turned over the pages of the balance on his desk, and, sure enough the usual numerical mark or designation in the upper left hand corner which should follow eleven was missing. Page twelve, in all likelihood, had slipped in some remote corner of the safe.

The safe is a large one, partially recessed into the wall, and containing all the papers, documents and several day receipts in cash and drafts of the firm.

The head bookkeeper, in his efforts at the last page of the cash balance, was obliged to intrude his entire person into the safe. Fearful lest the candle he held should attract attention from the street, showing out as it did against the black recesses of the safe, upon entering he drew the door slightly ajar.

As may have been conjectured, the noise which arose from the bookkeeper's ear was that of a drill. Although acutely discerned within, the sound was practically smothered on the outside of the vault.

At one end of the drill was a cavity, rapidly growing larger, in one of the steel panels. At its other end was a heavy, warty fist, part of the anatomy of Baptiste, the industrious mechanic. Baptiste held the drill while his comrade, Pierre, pounded it in.

Soon the two burglars became aware that some sort of animal commotion was going on within the safe. It nearly drove them into convulsions of astonishment. Baptiste was so startled that he dropped the drill.

"It is a ghost," he said.

Baptiste was for throwing up the job uncomplainingly on the spot, but this proposal met with obstacles. His fellow-workman, who was of stiffer courage, rejected it with scorn, asavoring too much of the superstitions. Pierre had a large family to support, he argued. He spoke frankly. They could not afford to throw away the opportunities of providence. To his friend an co-laborer, the burden of his remarks was:

"Lache! Go on! You make me tired wif yer ghosts an' tings. Let's not have no beast foolin'—see? De job is commence. Allez!"

The upshot of this was that both Pierre and Baptiste went back to work. At the third crack of the drill Pierre crossed himself and said:

"Baptiste, dere's a man in dat safe!"

Both men grew pale as death at the very suggestion. Baptiste, for instance, was so frightened he couldn't utter a syllable. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. However, Pierre, as usual, was the first to recover. He applied his ear, first to the lock and then to the drill hole.

"He is dere!" he cried, yet not so loud as to be heard on the sidewalk. To this there came a faint response—a very faint about indeed; it sounded as if it were a mile away.

"For God's sake give me air! I am locked in here. Try-and burst open the safe!"

The two burglars did not stop to talk, but went at once to work as if their lives depended on the result, instead of the life of the mysterious occupant of the vault. In less than four minutes they had a hole, somewhat smaller than the business end of a collar button, knocked into the panel of the vault.

Then Pierre and Baptiste paused to wipe the sweat from their brows. The man inside breathed.

It was now that the pair began to muse on the denouement. Could this be a member of the firm or an employe? This hypothesis jeopardized the success of the night's adventure, unless, when they had permitted the prisoner to emerge, they bountifully gagged him into silence.

On the other hand, this course would have an ugly look. If he resisted it might mean murder in the end; whereas, if they did not let him out at all, they would stand no chance of profiting by the pecuniary contents of the safe. Besides, as the man could scarcely live thus until morning, they were obliged to take his taking off. Thus reasoned Pierre and Baptiste, there were not comforting reflections, but there was still another and a better in reserve. What, if, after all, the man were himself a felon? Might he not be a companion crib-cracker? In that case they would merely have to divide the spoils.

On the other hand, this course would have struck with an idea. "What is the combination ho de safe?"

"Fifteen—three—seventy-three!" came back in sepulchral tones.

It was evidently growing harder and harder to draw breath through the tiny aperture.

Thus it transpired that at the expiration of fifteen seconds the lock of the vault gave back the same resonant click it had rendered eight minutes previously. Thanks to the timely aid of Pierre and Baptiste, it opened as lightly, as airily and as decisively as it had closed 480 seconds before on the unhappy day.

The head bookkeeper gasped once or twice, but without any assistance stepped out into the free air. He was very pale and his dress was much rent and disordered when his feet touched the floor. But this pallor quickly made way for a red flush at perceiving that two burglars were the inmates of their profession strewn around them.

Meanwhile Pierre and Baptiste themselves stood transfixed by the sheer novelty of the situation.

Without any kind of speech or warning, or without making any attempt at bravado, the head bookkeeper walked deliberately to his desk and rang an electric call for the police. Simultaneously it seemed, for so rapid and quiet was the action, he opened a drawer, and took out a small revolver and covered both burglars with fatal precision. As he did so he uttered these remarkable words:

"Gentlemen, I would indeed be the basest of men if I did not feel profoundly grateful for the service you have just rendered me. I shall always regard you as any right minded man should regard those who have saved his life with imminent peril to themselves, or which is just the same, to their liberty. Any demand in reason you shall make of me I shall make an effort to perform—but my duty to my employers I regard as paramount. I have accumulated a little money, and with it I propose to engage the best counsel in your defense, which is certainly marked by mitigating circumstances. If, on the other hand, you are convicted—"

A "Gentleman" German Band.

The "little German band" was lucky that happened to play under the windows of a home in a fashionable neighborhood of the other evening, when Mrs. B. was "at home." They were a fair specimen of their kind—blaring and noisy, yet correct in their time and altogether in movement from long practice. The butler started out to drive them away, for they interrupted the music within, but Mrs. B. ordered him to invite them in. A happy thought struck her.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said, five minutes later, "a party of our friends have consented to give an imitation of a street band. I now have the pleasure of introducing them." Then the six members of the organization filed awkwardly into place and played a piece. The audience delightedly declared that the mimicry was perfect, especially the make-up of the players, who were recalled half-a-dozen times.

"Would you take them for anything but genuine street stragglers?" was asked of a belle.

"Indeed, yes," she confidently replied; "they're not in their mimicry, but one can always tell gentlemen, no matter how disguised. I'm dying to find out who they are."

Acknowledging Its Receipt.

An actor, now famous, but whose first appearance on the boards was by no means encouraging, possesses the rare power of expressing any difficult situation in a memorable sentence. He was very young when he made his debut, and as his acting was a complete failure, he soon found himself the unlucky victim of ridicule. The audience were wont to express their opinion in a very substantial manner, and the unfortunate actor's cranium was made the target for various missiles, one of which was a good-sized cabbage. As the cabbage fell on the stage, the actor picked it up and stepped forward to the footlights. He raised his hand to command silence, and when his tormentors paused, he exclaimed, pointing to the cabbage—"Ladies and gentlemen, I thought to please you with my acting, but I confess I did not expect that anyone in the audience would lose his head over it."

Peculiar Marriage Customs.

Siam boasts so largely on the public vision that special interest is being taken in the customs of the people who dwell there. One of the most curious is that each year in named after an animal, and only certain animals are allowed to intermarry. A person born in the year of the elephant, for instance, cannot marry a person born in the year of the tiger neither may the lion mate with the lamb. The law imposes dire penalties upon all who give false ages, or who represent that they are gay gazelles, when, in fact, they are mischievous monkeys; and therefore it is a law which would not be welcome in Western lands.

BORN.

Truro, to the wife of J. D. McKay, a son. Halifax, Aug. 27, to the wife of Dr. Chisholm, a son. Digby, Aug. 31, to the wife of P. Dakin, a daughter. Halifax, Aug. 28, to the wife of Arthur E. Swan, a son. Middleton, Aug. 25, to the wife of J. I. Phinney, a son. Wentworth, N. S. Aug. 17, to the wife of S. Little, a son. North Sydney, Aug. 28, to the wife of John Allen, a son. Yarmouth, Aug. 28, to the wife of A. Hatfield, a son. Digby, July 25, to the wife of Timothy O'Connell, a son. Halifax, Sept. 2, to the wife of T. W. Forehan, a son. Truro, Aug. 26, to the wife of Conductor A. Vance, a son. Parrsboro, Aug. 19, to the wife of Charles Russell, a son. Parrsboro, Aug. 22, to the wife of Robert Newcomb, a son. Wentworth, Aug. 28, to the wife of William Roach, a son. Haylock, N. B. to the wife of Wm. C. McKnight, a daughter. Halifax, Aug. 28, to the wife of C. J. Francis, a daughter. Halifax, Aug. 25, to the wife of W. McDonald, a daughter. Halifax, Aug. 26, to the wife of John F. Kelly, a daughter. Halifax, Aug. 25, to the wife of Albert Kelly, a daughter. St. John, Aug. 1, to the wife of A. E. Whelpley, a daughter. Westville, Aug. 28, to the wife of L. E. Duncanson, a daughter. Bridgetown, Aug. 28, to the wife of Charles Rance, a daughter. New Glasgow, Sept. 3, to the wife of Fred A. Bowland, a son. Lunenburg, Aug. 23, to the wife of Willard Fillmore, a son. New Glasgow, Aug. 27, to the wife of Raymond Dand, a son. Middle Sackville, Aug. 29, to the wife of Peter White, a son. Lunenburg, N. S. Aug. 30, to the wife of David McKay, a son. Halifax, Aug. 22, to the wife of George F. Cunningham, a daughter. Greenwood, F. E. I. Aug. 23, to the wife of D. A. McKinnon, a son. Grand Mannan, Aug. 28, to the wife of Frank Ingalls, a daughter. Kingsport, N. S. Aug. 11, to the wife of Edward Viner, a daughter. Wentworth, N. S. Aug. 18, to the wife of Hilbert Purdy, a daughter. W. H. Hensberry, 23. Grand Mannan, N. B. Aug. 18, to the wife of George Wilson, a daughter. Middle Sackville, Aug. 24, to the wife of Jacob Legere, a daughter. Upper Granville, N. S. Aug. 11, to the wife of Rupert Parker, a daughter. Grand Mannan, N. B. Aug. 18, to the wife of George Watson, a daughter. H. Lyon, a daughter. Barrington, N. S. Aug. 26, to the wife of Thos. Hopkins, a daughter. Upper Grand, N. S. Aug. 27, to the wife of Walter E. Eaton, a daughter. Loch Lomond, C. B. Aug. 29, to the wife of William Chisholm, a son. Equebec, Aug. 26, to the wife of Luther W. Lewis, two daughters.

St. John, Aug. 30, John Jones, Fairville, Aug. 29, John Crilly, 10. Yarmouth, Aug. 29, John Brush, 23. Moncton, Sept. 3, Henry Donnelly, 62. Halifax, Sept. 4, John F. Womersley, 60. Halifax, Aug. 31, William F. Wells, 47. Millersburg, Aug. 29, Mary Holman, 85. Halifax, Sept. 4, Wellington Fenerty, 78. Springhill, Aug. 21, Sarah C. McIsaac, 5. Springhill, Aug. 18, Estance Brown, 90. Hartland, Aug. 25, Mrs. E. M. Bowne, 79. Fredericton, Sept. 3, Thos. E. Roberts, 58. St. Stephen, Aug. 23, John R. Johnston, 73. St. John, Aug. 29, Capt. Robert W. Scott, 62. Greenwood, N. S. Aug. 17, Barnabas Miles, 95. Springhill, N. S. Aug. 23, John J. McLeod, 18. Wentworth, N. S. Aug. 29, Mrs. Anne Robinson, 70. Victoria, C. B. Aug. 7, Elizabeth Moulton, 79. Penobscot, Aug. 29, Richard C. Weldon, 37. Moncton, Aug. 31, Cassie, wife of George Grey. Yarmouth, N. S. Aug. 28, Jane Baker. Piedmont, N. S. Aug. 24, William Cummings, 64. Nictaux, N. S. Aug. 29, Mrs. Anne Robinson, 70. Gordonville, N. B. Aug. 29, Joseph S. Richards, 70. St. John, Aug. 31, Sarah, wife of W. J. Blaine, 30. Gairloch, N. S. Aug. 17, Alexander McPherson, 75. Westport, Aug. 23, Roland, son of Fred Conger, 13. Fort Lawrence, N. S. Aug. 29, John F. Powell, 34. Truro, Aug. 29, of paralysis, George C. McNutt, 82. Carleton, Aug. 26, of diphtheria, Albert W. Rogers. North Kingston, N. B. Aug. 19, James Connor, 68. St. Andrews, Aug. 29, George C. Cannon, 8 months. Barnevillie, N. B. Aug. 29, Thomas H. Maxwell, 23. Ancherst, Aug. 28, George H. Loner, of Dartmouth, 48. St. John, Aug. 29, Mary, wife of George Browning, 80. Westport, N. S. Aug. 24, Sophia Gaudet, 78. St. John, Sept. 3, of consumption, Geo. M. Thompson, 38. Truro, Aug. 30, Frank N., son of D. J. Murray, 11 months. Boston, Aug. 21, Mrs. Edward Parker, of Somerset, N. S., 23. St. George, Aug. 24, of spinal disease, Capt. T. A. Gagetown, 61. Gagetown, Aug. 31, Emily Louisa, wife of Benj. Shaw, 51. West Arichat, C. B. Aug. 23, Martha, wife of W. O. Cutler, 26. Charlottetown, P. E. I. Aug. 25, Rev. Frederick W. Moore, 69. St. John, Sept. 1, of congestion of the brain, William Moncton, 77. Moncton, Aug. 23, Margaret, widow of late William Leonard, 82. Bridgetown, Sept. 3, Rebecca W., wife of Prof. J. Milford, 80. Elizabeth, widow of late Joseph E. Lingley, 85. Pictou, Sept. 3, Ralph Allison, son of Alex. B. and Jessie Almour. Halifax, Aug. 28, Ruth, daughter of late John and Mary Little, 68. Gays River, N. S. Aug. 25, Bessie, daughter of Robert Cook, 38. Shelters Ridge, N. B. Aug. 16, of consumption, Mrs. Dan McMillan, 60. Stellarton, N. S. Aug. 21, Almira, daughter of James Cameron, 17. Sambro, N. S. Aug. 30, William Francis, son of J. W. Hensberry, 23. St. John, Aug. 31, Arthur F., son of D. J. and Elizabeth McMann. Halifax, Sept. 3, Mary C., daughter of Daniel and Bridget Donovan, 12. St. John, Sept. 5, Alfred F., son of Alfred and Margaret Bennett, 13 days. Annapolis, Aug. 16, Matilda, daughter of George E. and Mary Spurr, 21. Tancook, N. B. Aug. 1, of consumption, Hannah, wife of David Young, 39. St. Mary's, N. B. Aug. 27, Dora, daughter of J. Robert Howie, Jr. 6 months. Halifax, Aug. 29, Richard M. J., son of Dr. F. W. and Lydia Walsh, 3 months. Bedford, N. S. Aug. 29, Donaville, son of John and Rowena McKenzie, 4 months. Colbrook, Aug. 29, Frederick James, son of W. H. and Mary J. Wilkes, 4 months. St. Andrews, Aug. 31, Thos. Allen, son of James and Ellen Cummings, 6 months. Fredericton, Aug. 27, Marion G., daughter of F. B. and Nellie Edgewood, 20 days. St. Stephen, Aug. 25, Elizabeth N., daughter of Thos. and Elizabeth Mehan, 3. Truro, Aug. 29, Jennie, daughter of James Greenwood, of Musquodoboit Harbour, 23. Portland, Me. Aug. 26, Isabella J., daughter of Mrs. Peter Foley of Chatham, N. B. 16. Dartmouth, Sept. 3, Arthur Francis, son of Clifford and Winifred Housman, 4 months. Halifax, Aug. 31, George Clarence, son of William E. and Charlotte Ware, 10 months. St. John, N. S. Aug. 29, of convulsions, Mertson, son of Robert and Alva Smith, 1 month. Bathurst, Sept. 2, Betsy A., daughter of Edwin and Ada Sterling, of St. John, 6 months. Greenwood, N. B. Aug. 29, of consumption, Mazon, son of late Wilmet and Rebecca Whelpley, 29. Musquash, Aug. 30, of consumption, Ellen N. B. 16. St. John, N. S. Aug. 29, of convulsions, Helen N. B. 16. North River, N. S. Aug. 20, of convulsions, Helen Jean, daughter of Charles and Helen Vincent, 2. Yarmouth, Aug. 24, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, J. W. Clark to Julia Kilian. St. John, Sept. 4, by Rev. A. E. Chapman, Jas. E. St. John, Aug. 18, by Rev. W. Penna, Sheridan O'Brien to Ida Stanhope. St. John, Sept. 6, by Rev. J. DeSoyes, Arthur M. J. Howe to Grace Francis, son of Clifford and Winifred Housman, 4 months. St. George, Aug. 24, by Rev. R. E. Smith, L. M. Goodell to Elizabeth Jack. St. Stephen, Aug. 25, by Rev. W. Penna, Charles F. Griffin to Ida M. Morrison. St. John, Sept. 4, by Rev. Mr. McNeil, John S. Currie to Agnes E. Weldon. St. John, Sept. 29, by Rev. S. Howard, Frank S. Fizzle to Annie L. H. Sleep. Halifax, Aug. 29, by Rev. A. Hockin, Howard H. Giffin to Nellie Phillips. Fredericton, Aug. 25, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, James C. Roberts to Martha Jarvis. Halifax, Aug. 31, by Rev. F. M. Webster, Henry Jollimore to Mary Stratton.

DIED.

St. John, Aug. 30, John Jones, Fairville, Aug. 29, John Crilly, 10. Yarmouth, Aug. 29, John Brush, 23. Moncton, Sept. 3, Henry Donnelly, 62. Halifax, Sept. 4, John F. Womersley, 60. Halifax, Aug. 31, William F. Wells, 47. Millersburg, Aug. 29, Mary Holman, 85. Halifax, Sept. 4, Wellington Fenerty, 78. Springhill, Aug. 21, Sarah C. McIsaac, 5. Springhill, Aug. 18, Estance Brown, 90. Hartland, Aug. 25, Mrs. E. M. Bowne, 79. Fredericton, Sept. 3, Thos. E. Roberts, 58. St. Stephen, Aug. 23, John R. Johnston, 73. St. John, Aug. 29, Capt. Robert W. Scott, 62. Greenwood, N. S. Aug. 17, Barnabas Miles, 95. Springhill, N. S. Aug. 23, John J. McLeod, 18. Wentworth, N. S. Aug. 29, Mrs. Anne Robinson, 70. Victoria, C. B. Aug. 7, Elizabeth Moulton, 79. Penobscot, Aug. 29, Richard C. Weldon, 37. Moncton, Aug. 31, Cassie, wife of George Grey. Yarmouth, N. S. Aug. 28, Jane Baker. Piedmont, N. S. Aug. 24, William Cummings, 64. Nictaux, N. S. Aug. 29, Mrs. Anne Robinson, 70. Gordonville, N. B. 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MARRIED.

Yarmouth, Aug. 24, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, J. W. Clark to Julia Kilian. St. John, Sept. 4, by Rev. A. E. Chapman, Jas. E. St. John, Aug. 18, by Rev. W. Penna, Sheridan O'Brien to Ida Stanhope. St. John, Sept. 6, by Rev. J. DeSoyes, Arthur M. J. Howe to Grace Francis, son of Clifford and Winifred Housman, 4 months. St. George, Aug. 24, by Rev. R. E. Smith, L. M. Goodell to Elizabeth Jack. St. Stephen, Aug. 25, by Rev. W. Penna, Charles F. Griffin to Ida M. Morrison. St. John, Sept. 4, by Rev. Mr. McNeil, John S. Currie to Agnes E. Weldon. St. John, Sept. 29, by Rev. S. Howard, Frank S. Fizzle to Annie L. H. Sleep. Halifax, Aug. 29, by Rev. A. Hockin, Howard H. Giffin to Nellie Phillips. Fredericton, Aug. 25, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, James C. Roberts to Martha Jarvis. Halifax, Aug. 31, by Rev. F. M. Webster, Henry Jollimore to Mary Stratton.

RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Fall Fairs, Etc.,

Excursion Tickets will be on sale from St. John as follows: