



THE LATE OSMAN DIGNA.

LAMENTABLE DEATH OF A GREAT ARAB GENERAL.

The Glory of his Death Only Exceeded by its Frequency—Sketch of his Career and Main Preoccupations—His State of Health Now Delicate.

It is a sad occurrence when a man of eminence is cut down in the midst of a career of wide and varied usefulness. Even when that man holds a government office our grief is only assuaged by the conviction of how much better we could fill that office than the deceased.

The readers of PROGRESS, therefore, must have been pained to learn from the daily press last week that Osman Digna, son of Mohammed Digna of Khordofan,



and brother of the Mudir of Dongola, had passed away. The deceased, at the time of his departure, was chief sheik and bottle dervish of the Osmanli tribe of Arabs and grand duke of Gizeh. It is hard for us to realize that Osman is no more.

It is hard for us to realize that he is no more, from the fact that he has been no more so often before. The papers have told us a dozen times within the past ten years that Osman was defunct.

Osman Digna's parents were poor, but they possessed lots of sand. It may be said in fact that they had the whole Sahara desert. There is reason to believe that he was born in extreme infancy. In this respect he differed from some of our local politicians who have only reached that state by slow and painful stages. He first saw the light of day in the night-time at Abou ben Darlar in 1828.

Osman was elected a dragoman by his tribe in 1858 and a sheik in 1864, but the election was protested by Abdul McKay, in one of Abdul's sober intervals, on the ground of his being a non-resident of Dongola. Whereupon Osman hastily performed a surgical operation on Abdul, which materially affected his wind-pipe and subsequent happiness.

Osman Digna was one of the greatest generals of the age. His magazine was protected by baggy trousers of the high-neck and short-sleeves pattern, terminating, for want of material, at the chin. Towards the English he bore a terrible hatred, and, as janitor of the pyramids, he swore that he would scalp every bald-headed man close to the spinal column who attempted their removal. They were an heirloom put up in the family bone-yard by old Uncle Cheops, and he did not propose to have them lugged off. It was at a picnic given by Abd-el-Kader under the pyramids in 1870 that Osman Digna was first killed.

We say first killed because the papers said so, and they ought to know. But being rendered thus defunct at the outset of his career, and with the bloom of promise on his brow, did not discourage Osman. He stuck to the dragoman business faithfully for the next ten years, in which period he was unfortunate enough to be four times killed and twice buried by his excited and thoughtless customers. After that the papers kept his obituary standing and trotted out the corpse now and then. It is to be noted that Osman, through all his career, had a special hobby for the study of wind-pipes, which often got him into trouble.

Noon after this, as the pay of dragoman was small, he enlisted as lieutenant under the late Mahdi, in order to carry out his favorite pastime of exterminating the English. There is cause to believe that the job hung heavy on his hands. Sometimes he exterminated them and sometimes they exterminated him. He was killed by General Graham, so the papers said, at Sinkat in 1884, and again by a volley from the marines at Trinkitat in 1885.

This would have disheartened almost anybody but Osman. But no, he hurried up the Nile to engage in the siege of Khar-toum, and reached there in time to be shot down by the garrison when the place was stormed by the Mahdi. Osman was not to be suppressed in this summary fashion. The papers reported him at Abou Klea in the following spring, where he was again killed by Gen. Wolsley and planted where he fell.

During 1886, Osman appears to have attended strictly to business, and on the untimely death of the old Mahdi was elected by acclamation to that position. It was in this capacity that he ran short of

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grub at Sinkat and sent the following offer of capitulation to Gen. Graham—

Handwritten text of the offer of capitulation to Gen. Graham.

Such a degrading proposition was scornfully rejected by the British, whereupon Osman attacked the works at Suakim and was killed and interred in the Red Sea on the following day with full naval honors. Those who officiated say that while he was game in life, he was still more game in death.

Nothing daunted, Osman soon resumed the field, and for the past five years has been courting the desert, with occasional intermissions for funerals, on his fiery Arabian dromedary far from the haunts of men. The other day, however, owing to a mutiny in his tribe, Osman had the additional misfortune to be murdered and laid to rest once more.

The last despatches from Cairo were to the effect that Osman was in a delicate state of health, and his death might be anticipated at any moment. [BILDAD.]

THE PRINTER AND PUBLISHER.

A Revival in the Union and an Inclination to Even up Matters.

The typographical union is coming to the front again in St. John. The membership is increasing and more interest in printers' affairs is being shown.

This is, no doubt, a matter for congratulation, both from the standpoint of the compositor and the publisher. Union men do the best printing in the world. It is very rarely that one can find a first-class workman who has not belonged or does not belong to the union.

The "plate matter" trouble that thinned the ranks of the union men some time ago has also disappeared. The paternal government has taken sides with the "comp." or the plate concerns of Upper Canada, and put such a duty upon American "boiler plate" that it is too expensive to be profitable. Talmage's sermon is about the only stuff—apart from emergency matter—that comes to the morning dailies now and that, PROGRESS understands, cannot be obtained in any other shape.

PROGRESS and the Telegraph have always been union offices, and the men on the Sun and Globe are also members of the organization. There is a little agitation just at present for an increase of wages among the day hands working by the piece. So far as PROGRESS understands it, their argument is based upon a slip of their own which failed to look after the matter when the nine hour system came into operation. The "piece day workers" claim that they should have a corresponding increase. Before the nine hour system came into operation the week hands thought the "day piece" hands had the advantage. It seems a hard matter to even up.

If the union comes to any such decision PROGRESS will be more affected by it than any other paper. It is the only office that employs any number of men on day piece work. Mr. Geo. W. Day had two or three working on the same system on the Visitor, but last Saturday they concluded that there was not enough "fat" in the job for them and failing to agree with Mr. Day on the new scale of prices, they agreed to take a vacation and look for another job. As it is now the compositors work nine hours a day, earning 25 cents per 1,000 ems; in the morning newspaper offices they work all the way from nine to thirteen hours, and earn 30 cents per 1,000 ems. But there is a great difference in the matter—that of the morning papers is nine tenths "solid" brevier, while PROGRESS contains about equal parts of "leaded" and "solid" bourgeois, and more non-parallel, usually most of it "leaded," than all the daily newspapers combined. Printers will understand these terms far better than many of PROGRESS readers, but the latter can form a good idea of what is meant by the use of K. D. C. is convincing proof that this is the GREATEST SPECIFIC CURE of the age. Test. For sample package send three cent stamp to

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE BOY MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

The Son of a Popular Man He is Popular Himself—A Successful Business Man as well as a Politician—His Record in the County.

The bright and genial face presented to the readers of PROGRESS this week is that of Westmorland's "boy legislator" in the house of assembly, Joseph A. McQueen. It is a face that will interest many. For the ladies it possesses the added value of being that of a single man. Joseph is a son of Angus McQueen, the present sheriff of Westmorland, who during twelve years occupied a seat in the house of assembly, for one half of which period he was a fore-castle member of the King government. Few, if any men, have enjoyed greater popularity in that county than the sheriff; none have deserved it more.

Born at Point de Bute on the 10th of November, 1862, the subject of this sketch has hardly had time for a career either long or notable. He was educated in the public schools, finishing with a two years' course at Mt. Allison, and, upon his father being appointed sheriff, succeeded to the large trading business conducted for many years by the latter at the Point. He at once gave evidence of excellent commercial ability. In April, 1889, he opened a branch store at the Port Lawrence dock of the marine railway, and in May, 1890, another branch at the Tidnish end of the road. He has carried on a large and successful trade in hay and lumber for the St. John and other local markets. During the last seven years, it may be mentioned, Mr. McQueen has handled over 12,000 barrels of Nova Scotia apples, the greater portion of which were sold in England.

For some time past Mr. McQueen has been quite an active politician in his own locality. In dominion affairs he is a liberal. At the convention of the local government supporters on the 12th of January last at Moncton, Mr. Killam and Mr. McQueen were nominated to contest the county for the seats made vacant by the unseating of Messrs. Powell and Stevens. Though recognizing that the personal sacrifice involved was not small, Mr. McQueen felt that his party had strong claims upon him and he at once accepted the nomination

lonely about it all. What must it have been to the woman who stood, with tear-filled eyes, watching the boy that held, perhaps, the better part of her own life? Heaven knows it is hard enough to bear, when tender hands gently bear the dear one to his last long rest in nature's bosom, watched to the end, by loving, longing eyes. How much more terrible to see the worshipped body carried by heedless strangers, and left in storm and sunshine, to wait some passing train. Surely this is a "sorrow's crown of sorrows."

Ah well! each one must "dree his own wurd," and time, the healer is sure, though he is, in some instances wofully slow. CHEOPS.

The East Indies commenced tea culture in 1860. In 1864 two and a half million pounds were sold and consumed by the British Isles. In 1890 over one hundred million pounds were used, showing by the vast increase the popularity of Indian tea. A very superior quality—RAM LAL'S PURE INDIAN TEA—for sale by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte street.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN.

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Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons, and S. McDermid, St. John, N.B.; Messrs. Brown & Webb, Simons Bros. & Co., and Forsyth, Sutcliffe & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Kerry Watson & Co., Montreal, P. Q.

Write for pamphlet of people we know, who have been cured by Scott's Cure.

Election day proved to be a day of Arctic rigor for the opposition.

It is merely justice to say that the personal popularity and manly, straight-forward canvass of Mr. McQueen added great strength to the ticket and resulted in large measure to his being placed in the proud position of the head of the poll. In the parish of Botsford and his native parish of Westmorland, where Mr. McQueen was more generally known, the government nominees ran ahead of the opposing team by 500 votes. The vote which Mr. McQueen received in the parish of Westmorland was the largest ever secured there by any candidate save one, and that was his father in 1878. In the parish of Botsford the vote cast for him was the largest ever thrown for any candidate, except Mr.



JOSEPH A. MCQUEEN, M. P. E.

Melanson, who, in 1890, occupied the enviable position of being supported by both parties in the contest.

With the French population of Westmorland, Mr. McQueen, by reason of his own honorable repute, as well as that of his father, is exceedingly popular. No better proof is required of this assertion than the fact that he is the first straight liberal who has been elected in any contest in Westmorland during the last 13 years.

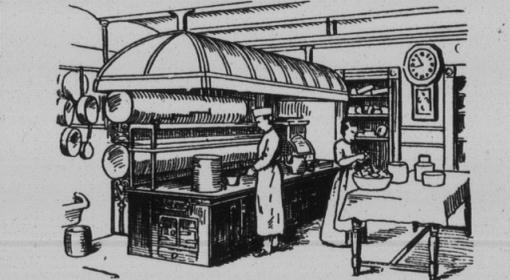
Mr. McQueen has the happy faculty of making friends and keeping them after they are made. As a debater he is as cool as an old stager. Ignoring the arts of sophistry he goes right to the point and does so with more effect than many speakers of greater experience. There can be little doubt, having accidents as one would say, that he has a bright future before him in the business as well as the political world, if indeed these two things are compatible.

His friends say that "Joe" comes naturally by his political gifts on both sides of the family. His mother was a daughter of the late Joseph Avard who, in his generation, was a man of great influence in Westmorland and a keen debater.

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SEE The big "AD." on the 9th page.

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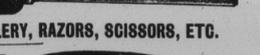
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NS & SHARP.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

As most of our church choirs sang but little music on Good Friday, probably not more than a hymn tune or so, and some very simple Gloria after the psalm, it is hardly worth while to give any lists. I will pass on to speak of Sir John Stainer's "Oration," which was sung by the choir of St. John's church on the evening of Good Friday. The work itself is of a very devotional and descriptive character, and was very appropriate to the solemn occasion. It was preceded by a shortened form of evening prayer, introducing hymn 172, the 88th psalm and Nunc Dimittis 261, Jubilate, Mr. Thos. Daniel, Mr. A. H. Lindsay and Mr. A. Burnham were the soloists. The choruses were the best part of the work. The "Processional to Calvary" was very well sung; there is a choral in it which occurs first in the third bar, third line, on page 11, and which brings to a climax the sentence "I will wide the Gates," which was extremely effective. I am sorry to say though, in another place, just before the last named, where there is, or should be, a very staccato effect on the word gates, one voice held that note and totally destroyed the character of the passage. From the top of page 16, (Tempo, mo, pomposo) is supposed to be taken in strict time to the end of the page, and so was practised. But the choir thought it would get in a little fine work on its own account in the shape of a ritard which was not a success. The rest went evenly, and the time was good. "The Mystery of the Divine Humiliation," was next sung to a soft, pathetic tune, which suited the words perfectly. "The Litany of the Passion," was another beautiful hymn, the closing passage of which is written for voices in unison. The hymn "Mystery of Intercession" hardly went so well as those preceding it, although the tune is equally fine. Had the short choruses for the tenors and basses had just about three times as much work bestowed upon them, they might have been worth listening to. The same remark applies equally well to both Mr. Daniel's and Mr. Lindsay's recitative work. It was very rough and uneven, and sometimes quite unintelligible to persons seated half way down in the church. Even good readers as both these gentlemen undoubtedly are, should not trust too much to their powers in this respect. Mr. Burnham had justice to the work instructed to him, and showed evidence of careful rehearsal. "The Adoration of the Crucified" was another beautiful choral which received careful singing. Perhaps the chorus "The Appeal of the Crucified" was the most successfully rendered number. It needs very careful handling and on that account it was rehearsed very thoroughly and showed the effect of the work bestowed upon it, justice being done to the beautiful setting of the pathetic words. There was but one more choral after this chorus, and like the ones preceding, it went very well. The chorus "God so Loved the World," was most artistically sung by Mrs. W. S. Carter, Miss McNeil, Mr. A. H. Lindsay and Mr. Daniel, and I have heard some very complimentary remarks concerning it since, from people who were present. Mr. Daniel's solo work I can only repeat what I have said before, that in oratorio work as a general rule, he lacks expression, and in this case he failed to bring out clearly the devotional character of the words and music he was singing. Mr. Lindsay did a little better in this respect in his solo, "King ever Glorious," but in the duet, "So Thou Lighest Thy Divine Petition," his voice was almost lost in Mr. Daniel's powerful bass. Taken as a whole the Crucified, although not by any means faultless when sung on Friday evening, reflects great credit on the musical committee.

POPULAR SONGS.

Many of the Old-familiar Words Recalled and Talked About. I cannot sing the old songs. I wouldn't if I could. They have had their day. They are with the songs of yesterday. Though there is this difference, that if one is interested and industrious he may recover some trace of these played-out "populars." The other day in Boston I explored a private cemetery wherein a thousand of them are stored away. Here are some of the discovered old songs: "Captain Jacks," "Champagne Charlie," "The Captain With His Whiskers" and similar ditties appeared to us distressingly funny at that period. And along with these, on the sentimental side, flourished "Mollie Darling," that hardy bird-and-a-half which bids fair to outlive the mocking-bird and those other poetic fancies, "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and "Nesth the Maple by the Side." Anything was good enough for us then. If an imported "joke" was distinctly labelled, we were bound to laugh at it. We have grown. I grant that our taste for the sentimental has not refined very much, though Gilbert and Sullivan's work should have inspired us to open a deeper and truer vein. We still prefer the sweet stuff that sickens; but our comic songs, character had "motto" and "topical," beat the world. Look back over the last ten years with me and see if it isn't so.

Ned Harrigan and Dave Brahan originated the reform. Harrigan is a true realist and his methods blossoms in his songs. They are not elegant, they are not even grammatical always, but they are rarely trite. If you know New York—that part of it which is not sacred to the 40s, shabby-side and one end and the Bowery at the other—you know that Harrigan has measured characters and gauged ambitions and possibilities as no other American song-writer ever did. Take, for example, "Little Widow Dunn," "The Skins are Out Today," "Miss Brady's Piano-forte," "Mary Kelly's Beau," and "The Schenectady Corps." Every one of these preserves some phase of humdrum life in a great city, as a lump of humor holds an insect. They are racy of the soil. Indeed, all the best work in this line is; that is, even true of the much-abused McGinly, which carries at least one bit of real American humor, worthy of the unapproachable Augustus Ward himself, in the line—

"And he must be very, very, for they haven't found him yet."

Let us say, then, that every popular "comic" (I detest that word, but it seems to carry a fuller idea than any other) has won its popularity by virtue of having a more or less general experience back of it. The expectant joys of parentage, as in "Baby's Got a Tooth"; the rash and impetuous stomach of childhood, as in "Listen to My Tale of Woe"; the searching popular eye which detects any eccentricity of costume and asks, "Where did you Get that Hat?"; the adventures of the "boys," inspiring "Razzle-Dazzle," "Near It," "I Went with Him," and a hundred more; the woes of the bankrupt, crystallized in "Owe Ten Dollars to O'Grady"; "I Had but Fifty Cents," and most attractively in Billy Emerson's ballad, "Did He Get There," which tells us how:

"He took his girl to the show one night, He brought her a nice front seat; She brought along her appetite, She was well prepared to eat; She thought of the oyster stew and wine She'd down when the show was out; He showed her past every restaurant, But, alas! he failed to shout. Did she get there? Alas, never got there, Though she thought she had him pat; The poor jay had but thirty cents, And she couldn't get there on that."

Then of course the sorrows of the unhappy married have to be sung—though to be unhappy married is not a general experience, I hope. Flynn, the father of "McGinly," told us last year how "I'll never sleep a wink until I murder Paddy Shea."

And a year or two before that the great American public doubled itself over a rollicking song which bore this refrain:

"She's tick him, she'd kick him, she'd never let him be; She'd lash him, she'd mash him until he couldn't see!"

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McCarthy wasn't hearty, but she's got a different party—She might have licked McCarthy, but she can't lick me!

The common things, the every-day things we are all familiar with, touch us more closely than any number of abstract ideas that a song could convey. "Grandfather's Clock," "The Old Wooden Cocker," "The Empty Cradle," "The Letter that Never Came," "Only a Picture of Her Boy," "When Mother Puts the Little Ones to Bed"—all of these sort—are built on a very firm foundation. These and their like are not very enduring; a new song surely takes their place after they have enjoyed a year or two of popularity; but if they had literary and musical merit equal to the worth of the conception, they would endure—as long at least, as Tom Moore's ballads, which are for the most part, in the last analysis, fables to be married to a waltz step or an Irish jig.

There is another interesting thought in connection with this question of popularity: That the supply always meets the demand. This is not such a double sentence as it seems. Consider how twenty or thirty years ago, we had few or no "mother" songs. Perhaps Elizabeth Allen's "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother"—as sweet and sincere a lyric as belongs to modern literature—set the fashion: I won't undertake to speak positively on that point anyway. Of late years, he's a slow "vocalist" who hasn't made an addition to the long list. Everything pertaining to mother's past, present and future, has been sung about her grey hairs, her resurrection. "Take me back to Home and Mother," "Take This Letter to My Mother," "Dreaming of Home and Mother," "Always Take Mother's Advice," "You'll Never Miss Your Mother Till She's Gone," "A Mother's Appeal to Her Boy." There were fifty-seven of these mother songs in the great heap of a thousand that I alluded to above.

The old man doesn't seem to be in it. There are very few songs that speak positively on that point. In this same collection of a thousand songs, I found twenty-two about "baby," seven about the "old cabin," (sometimes long, sometimes wood, indifferently located on the hill, in the dell and by the stream); eight about "her," ranging from "Silver Threads" aforementioned to the whippers that the wind blew through; and twenty-five about money. Nearly one-fifth of all were specially designed to tickle the sympathies of our fellow citizens of Irish extraction. Fifty or more were "alger" songs, gross burlesques of the character of the colored people. (Who ever saw anything like a "minstrel" in real life?) There were a few Scotch ballads and more German atrocities; but most of the thousand, as I have hinted above, would appeal to an audience gathered anywhere between Halifax and Denver.

To make a successful song, humorous or serious, take a theme that touches everybody—falling down the cellar stairs, father's dinner-pail, the cats on the back yard fence, or what not; tell your story in direct and vigorous English, using no word of more than two syllables; wed it to a melody that is easy to whistle and hard to forget, and there you are! You can sell the product outright for \$10, or you can hold the copyright, and collect \$2000 in six months, like a certain Bostonian of my acquaintance.

"I heard a simple Irish ballad the other day, that impressed me as coming close to what a singable song should be. The author, whenever he is, told a pretty story straightforwardly, and stopped when he got through; and the composer set it to music that was equally unpretentious, but which stays by one who hears. This may be an old song for all I know, and perhaps I expose my ignorance by copying it; but, judging by the difficulty I had to get the words, it isn't so widely known as it ought to be. Here it is:

The Old Plaid Shawl. Not far from old Kinnara, in the merry month of May, When the birds were singing cheerily, there came across my way, As if from the sky above an angel chanced to fall, A little Irish colleen in an old plaid shawl.

She tripped along right jocosely, a basket on her And oh! her face, and oh! her grace the son of saint would charm; Her brown hair rippled o'er her brow, but greatest charm of all Was her most beautiful blue eyes beaming 'neath her old plaid shawl.

I courted you, my lady: "God save you, Miss, says I; "God save you kindly, sir," said she, and shyly passed me by; Off went my heart along with her, a captive in her Imprisoned in the corner of her old plaid shawl.

Enchanted with her beauty rare, I gazed in pure delight Till round a single ray, as if that scene recall, "The grace of God about you and your old plaid shawl!"

I've heard of highway robbers that, with pistols and with cut-throats, have yielded them up their money or their lives; But think that handed out my heart and head To some little colleen in an old plaid shawl!"

Oh! graceful the mantillas that the signorina wear, Of it which is not sacred to the 40s, shabby-side and one end and the Bowery at the other—you know that Harrigan has measured characters and gauged ambitions and possibilities as no other American song-writer ever did. Take, for example, "Little Widow Dunn," "The Skins are Out Today," "Miss Brady's Piano-forte," "Mary Kelly's Beau," and "The Schenectady Corps." Every one of these preserves some phase of humdrum life in a great city, as a lump of humor holds an insect. They are racy of the soil. Indeed, all the best work in this line is; that is, even true of the much-abused McGinly, which carries at least one bit of real American humor, worthy of the unapproachable Augustus Ward himself, in the line—

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JUSTICE BY ROTATION.

Law and Equity in Whiskerville Served Out.

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Price \$17.00.

WHITE ENAMELLED SIGN LETTERS.

Mr. Beck Hall—Good afternoon, Miss Annex, going for a walk? I hope I may accompany you? Miss Annex—Yes, Dr. Sargent says that we must always walk with some object, and I suppose you will answer the purpose.—Harvard Lampoon.

Mr. Hilton (on the second story)—Why have you put that top step of the stairs above the level of the floor? Architect—I thought you wanted all modern improvements. That's the step a fellow always reaches for when he gets to the top of the stairs in the dark.—Puck.

HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND SCALP, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusty, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored, loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically, and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humour Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood and skin purifiers, and daily effect more great cures of blood and skin diseases than all other remedies combined. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Extracts from "The Saint John City Assessment 1889."

Sec. 118.—The Assessors shall ascertain, as nearly as possible, the particular value of the real estate, and the income of any person who has not brought in a statement in accordance with their notice and as required by this law, and shall make an estimate thereof, at the true value and amount, to the best of their information and belief; and such estimate shall be conclusive upon all persons who have not filed their statements in due time, unless they can show a reasonable excuse for the omission."

Sec. 119.—No person shall have an abatement unless he has filed with the Assessors the statement, under oath, within the time hereinbefore required; nor shall the Common Council in any such case sustain an appeal from the judgment of the Assessors, unless they shall be satisfied that there was good cause why the statement was not filed in due time, as herein provided."

THE OBJECT of this ADVERTISEMENT is to IMPRESS on YOUR mind the FACT that Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream!

is the best Medicine you can take. If you are troubled with a Cough or Cold, For Whooping Cough it is almost an infallible remedy. It is pleasant to take, and good for Consumption, Throat Affections, Wasting Diseases it is far more efficacious than the plain Cod Liver Oil.

Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist.

And is sold by all Druggists for 50c. a bottle, or six bottles for \$2.50.

White Enamelled Sign Letters—Send sign on earth. Robertson, St. John.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday from the Masonic Building, 88 Gormain street, St. John, N.B.

The subscription price of Progress is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Residual Subscriptions.—At least one clear week is required by us, after receiving your subscription, to change the date of expiration, which appears opposite your name on the paper.

Discontinuance.—Except in very few localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of three cents per copy up to February 1, and five cents per copy after that date.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Unless this is done they are quite sure of being overlooked.

Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. Unless this is done the editor cannot be responsible for their return.

The circulation of this paper is over 9,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known newsstand in New Brunswick, and in every major city, town, and village of Nova Scotia and P. E. Island every Saturday for Five Cents each.

Liberal Commissions will be given to agents no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter, and the former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N.B., SATURDAY, APRIL 4.

PERSONAL LEGISLATION.

It is said that legislation will be asked during the present session of the legislature to enable the Messrs. PUGSLEY to obtain a tavern license for their new hotel. Of course neither of the Messrs. PUGSLEY propose to take out the license in their own name, but that the proposed amendment of the liquor act is for the purpose of adding to the value of the property owned by these gentlemen has not, that we know of, been denied. We think legislation of this kind very objectionable, and that it would be a great mistake on the part of the legislature to countenance it.

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

Our American neighbors are wrestling with a mighty problem. They are endeavoring to make the almighty dollar do what can only be done by the almighty dollar and a half. In other words they have not enough money to do business with. The West cries out for the free coinage of silver. "Let any man who has silver be able to take it to the mint and have it coined into legal tender and everything will be well." To which the East replies: "You will drive all the gold out of the country if you do that and depreciate the value of everything." To this the West answers: "Everything is depreciated now. It takes more wheat or corn to buy a gold dollar than it ever did, although the demand for these staples is increasing and the supply is not."

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I know, I know I know I know; Better with God, than me; And never will miss my loving care, All the years of eternity.

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OPENED THIS WEEK:

Ladies' and Children's WHITE-WEAR

Ladies' Night Dresses, 66c. to \$3.60 each. Chemise, - 48c. to \$3.40. Drawers, - 28c. to \$2.20 pair. Skirts, - 35c. to \$1.65 each.

The above in slender, women's, and over-sized. Materials are the latest and best, and made in the most improved manner.

INFANTS' SHIRTS, 17c. to 45c. each. FLANNEL BANDS, 27c. and 30c. each. SILK EMBROIDERED SHAWLS or SQUARES, \$1.35 to \$2.00. LONG SKIRTS, 50c. to \$1.45. SHORT SKIRTS, in several sizes and styles, 35c. to 55c., for size 1.

DAY SLIPS, \$1.20 to \$2.10. NIGHT SLIPS, 50c. to \$1.00. SILENT CASHMERE CLOAKS, silk embroidered, \$5.00 to \$6.50. LONG CASHMERE CLOAKS, silk embroidered, \$5.70 to \$8.00.

CHILDREN'S FANCY and PLAIN MUSLIN PINAFORES, sizes from 1 to 6, prices from 25c. to 90c. for size 1.

LADIES' RIBBED COTTON CORSET COVERS, 13 CTS. EACH.

Or (2) Two for 25cts.

Manchester, Robertson, and Allison.

PICTOU, N. S.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Pictou by Jas. McLean.]

MARCH 31.—Pictou like everywhere else has been rather quiet lately on account of Lent, but the Lenten season is now over, so I suppose the gaieties will soon begin again.

There is to be quite a boom in the way of building here this spring. There are to be several houses built upon "Battery Hill."

Mrs. Macleod and Mrs. Smith, of St. John, who were visiting their mother, Mrs. William Gordon, have returned home.

The second carnival of the season which came off at the rink last week, was not a very brilliant success, although there were one or two pretty costumes on the ice.

Miss Jennie Copeland, of Halifax, who was at home for a week, has returned to the city.

Miss Edith, of Halifax, is visiting her cousin, Miss Noonan, of Pictou.

Mr. William Campbell, of Tatamagouche, spent two or three days in town last week.

Mr. Albert McKean, who was in town last week, has the tips of three of his fingers taken off by the planing machine in Fullerton's factory.

Miss Hall, of Stargate, who was visiting Mrs. W. Noonan, has returned home.

Dr. Campbell, of Truro, who was lately coming out from Edinburgh, spent a day here last week, on his way home from Tatamagouche.

Mrs. Dunstan gave a very pleasant little dance on Thursday evening of last week.

Mr. H. H. Creter, who has been spending the winter in Pictou, returned to his Antigonish last week.

Miss Troop, of Bridgetown, who is attending the Halifax Ladies' college, came in last week to spend her Easter holidays with her sister, Mrs. Henry Hayes.

Mr. J. H. Stewart had a small party last Friday evening.

The inhabitants of our little town were quite excited, one morning last week, over the announcement of the marriage of a young man and a young widow.

They kept it so quiet that no one knew how it was until the day after. Even the boys did not care of it, so they escaped the usual row the boys make on such occasions.

Miss Dunstan, of Yarmouth, who was visiting her mother, Mr. F. Dunstan, returned home on Saturday.

Mr. W. Ferguson, who is attending a medical college, is at home for his holidays.

MARCH 31.—Judge Stevens, of St. Stephen, is spending a few days here, the guest of Mr. S. F. White.

Mrs. Sarah Watson spent Sunday at Grand Falls, with her sister Mrs. Ramsford.

Miss Edith McIlroy is spending a few days with friends in Woodstock.

Mr. Harry Beveridge went to Woodstock on Thursday and returned Monday.

Mrs. Ed. Howard spent Monday in town.

Mrs. J. A. Gray and Mrs. St. Stephen, Mrs. H. H. Tall, St. John, Wm. Cooper, Fredericton, and Wm. Fisher, of Woodstock, spent Sunday here.

Mr. E. Hoy was confined to his home a few days last week with a severe attack of a gripe.

Mr. Frank Smith, of Woodstock, last evening attended the telegraphers' ball.

ARE NOT A Purative Medicine. They are a BLOOD PURIFIER, TONIC and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the blood, curing all diseases coming from BLOOD, or from VITATED HUMORS in the blood, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excess and indigestion.

EVERY MAN should take them. They cure all weaknesses and irregularities, which inevitably attend the loss of the vitality of the system.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They will cure the most distressing irregularities, and strengthen the system.

EVERY YOUNG MAN should take them. They will cure the most distressing irregularities, and strengthen the system.

EVERY YOUNG WOMAN should take them. They will cure the most distressing irregularities, and strengthen the system.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price to THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Brockville, Ont.

GROCERS. CANNED GOODS, &c. At W. ALEX. PORTER'S.

CANNED PEACHES, Canned Apples, Canned Strawberries, Canned Raspberries, Canned Plums, Canned Pears, Canned Pineapple (Sliced, Grated and Whole), Canned Corn, Canned Tomatoes, Canned Blueberries, Canned Beans (French and Canadian), Canned Salmon, Canned Lobster.

CONFECTIONERY, &c. WHITE'S CONFECTIONERY, GANONG'S CONFECTIONERY, TESTER'S CONFECTIONERY.

Myles' Syrup. Nuts, Grapes, Oranges, Dates, Figs, Etc.

BONNELL & COWAN, 200 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN N. B.

R. & F. S. FINLEY, 12 & 16 SYDNEY STREET, Flour and Grain Store.

OATS, FEED, BRAN and MEAL, CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

RHEUMATISM CURED!

Now on Hand: 3 Dozen Bottles HYATT'S INFALLIBLE BALSAM. Sure Cure for Rheumatism.

AN ELEGANT LINE OF English, French, and American PERFUMES.

All New Odors—Finest on the Market.

THOMAS A. CROCKETT'S, 162 PRINCESS STREET, COR. SYDNEY, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

GENTLEMEN'S Walking Sticks JUST RECEIVED.

LATEST NEW YORK STYLES. S. McDIARMID, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, 49 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

—SAUNDER'S— Pain Reliever!

INSTANTLY RELIEVES PAIN. Arising from any cause, whether External or Internal.

Cures Colic, Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Inflammation, Coughs, Colds, Lamé Back, Sore Throat, Pains in Chest or Side, Sprains and Bruises.

SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS. TURKISH DYES

EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant.

SOAP WON'T FADE THEM. Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced.

One Package equal to two of any other make.

Canada Branch: 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal. Send postal for Sample Card and Book of Instructions. Sold in St. John by S. McDIARMID, and E. J. MAHONEY, Indianopolis.

USE FERRY'S SEEDS THE BEST.

Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced SEED ANNUAL. For 1891 will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last season's customers. It is better than ever. Every person using Golden Flower or Field Seeds, should send for it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO., WINDSOR, ONT. Largest Seedsmen in the world.

S. B. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF WIRE, STEEL NAILS, AND IRON-CUT NAILS.

And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc. ST. JOE, N. B.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," P.O. Box 310, St. John.]

There is one thing I would like to impress upon my correspondents with a permanency that will put to shame the best indelible ink, any travelling agent ever vouchsafed for. I have thrown out gentle hints, already, upon the same subject, but now I must nail my colors to the mast, and beg that they will, if possible, retain the name over which they first wrote to me. Otherwise they create great confusion, because it is impossible for me to remember them by their handwriting, and if I should undertake to keep all their letters for reference, I would soon be overwhelmed with the ghosts of dead-and-gone questions, to such an extent that I should feel like "The Haunted Man." I know you sometimes have excellent reasons for choosing a new nom de guerre, but do please stick to the old ones when you can. Will, "Kathleen" of Moncton, kindly read amended, for "asahmed" in her answer last week, as the typos worked their own sweet will with my manuscript, and so spoilt the sense.

USA.—A full description of the game of "Tiddledy Winks" was published in PROGRESS of February 7th, and as it took up nearly a column of space, I am afraid I cannot repeat it here, but if you have not got the paper you can obtain it at the office of PROGRESS.

Moo, Moncton.—What an abrupt change, you have made, my dear, from the vegetable to the animal kingdom! Well, Moo, I don't see why you could not be a pansy, even though you say you are not pretty. Pansies are not all pretty, but they are all sweet. (1) I think gum chewing is an awful habit but then perhaps that may be because I never cared for it myself. Caramel chewing I consider perfectly justifiable, but the former habit really developed the muscles of the jaws to such an extent that in time it destroys the roundness of the cheeks, and makes them lean and scraggy. Now I am sure I need not say another word against the gum chewing habit, need I? (2) Plain note paper is the proper thing, the ruled is quite out of date and considered common. (3) If your hair is long and thick, wear it in a braid, tied with ribbon, and the ends either curled or waved. No way is so becoming to a young face, and I do love to see plenty of little curls and love locks about the face. Thank you for your kind words for PROGRESS and myself.

LITTLE IGNORAMUS, St. John.—What a humble minded little girl you are, to be sure! But as the first step towards knowledge is supposed to be a consciousness of how little we know, you must be getting along famously to be able to afford to call yourself by such a name. (1.) In preparing M. S. for publication, you will find the editors of magazines much more particular about the appearance of the sheets than the editors of newspapers, many of the former utterly refuse now to accept any, but typewritten M. S., and they all have an insuperable objection to foolscap paper. I believe their favorite size is that which a half sheet of foolscap would make folded across, and cut in two. At any stationer's you can buy pads of paper such as writers use, and you will find them much cheaper than buying by the quire, besides the sheets tear off separately, and you are thus saved the trouble of cutting them, for they must always be sent to the publisher, in single pages, fastened at one corner. Another very useful size is about the width of foolscap, but only two-thirds its length. Almost any paper will do, provided it is not too thin. Write only on one side of the paper, number the sheets at the top of the page, and pay great attention to the punctuation. I notice that you do not use the note of interrogation at all, why is that? Be careful to make your commas distinctly and for a full stop a small cross is the usually accepted newspaper symbol, and catches the eye of the long-suffering printer at once. The one unpardonable sin amongst editors and printers is to roll the MS.; always fold it, and if there are many sheets, say a small volume—send it through the post office flat, like a book. (2) It would depend entirely upon whether your mother wished to call upon your friend or not. If she wishes to do so, of course take her card, but it is not at all necessary to leave it with your own, every time you call. You have not asked too many questions at all. You ought to see some of the lists of queries I get. I am glad to think I am "nice." You are mistaken; I have lots of acquaintances, but still I don't know any of my correspondents, except by letter.

SWANDEEN, St. John.—I don't think you need be afraid of "a sarcastic answer" to your first question; the only answer I can give is "I have often wondered about it myself, and I give it up. (2) I cannot understand the position you mention. Why should he invite her when there is a marked coolness between them? unless indeed he means it as a sort of peace offering, in which case I think I should accept it. (3) If you can bring yourself to do so, it is always better to try and find out the cause of a misunderstanding, such a little thing may set it right. I do not know what answer you could give your friends, if you do not care to tell them the simple truth—that you are quite

in the dark yourself, as to the cause. (4) I am not going to tell you to beat about the bush, so you need not be afraid. If the gentleman is a friend, why not simply say, "We shall be very glad to hear from you, if you care to let us know how you are getting on." It is so much better to say a thing plainly and naturally, and there is no reason in the world why you should hesitate to express an interest in a friend, especially when you know it will please him. Your letter was very nice indeed, and I am always glad when I can be of any use to the girls.

LOVIE, St. John.—Now, Lovie, remember that as one swallow does not make a summer, neither does one person's opinion express that of thousands of others. I did not say that all men preferred quiet girls! Why, there would not be a quiet girl left in the world if they did. Men do not all think alike, any more than we do, so you must not feel discouraged, because I don't mind telling you for your comfort that I am the very reverse of a quiet girl myself, so if you feel loathed spirited about it, I should feel that way too; but you will generally find plenty of nice, quiet fellows, who think no girl so charming as the bright, happy damsel who is always bubbling over with fun and frolic, while the rollicking, lively lad, in casting loving eyes on the demure little puss, who sits in the corner with downcast eyes, and looks like a kitten who has been stealing cream. So you think you would love me if I saw me, do you? Well, that depends; you might and then again you might not, but you are not very lucky in your guess as to my personal appearance. I am not quite so old as you imagine, and I am far from being what is called "a fine woman," or, as you say, "a nice, big, clever looking woman." I am not at all large. (1) Boisterous behaviour of any kind on the street is the worst possible form, but if one is chatting with a friend, for instance, they cannot possibly be expected to repress all inclination to laugh, and as long as they do it quietly, it is all right, and very pleasant indeed to see young people enjoying themselves. It is customary both to bow, and say "How do you do?" but a bow is sufficient if you wish to be formal. Never stop a gentleman on the street to speak to him, unless you really have something very urgent to say. It would be quite proper for him to join you and walk along with you, but not for him to stop you. (2) How do you mean? If a young man accompanied you home, and it is late, the proper thing for you to do is to say good-night to him at once, on reaching your own door, and go into the house without lingering, unless it is a summer night, and your escort chances to be an old friend, when there would be no harm in a few moment's chat. (3) As the person you mention cannot possibly lay any claim to the title of gentleman, and as you only know him by sight, I should not take the slightest notice of him. You would only lower your own dignity by either speaking or writing to him, and it would do no good. (3) Your writing is as pretty as any that I ever saw, but how is it that you are not equally up to the mark in spelling and composition? Do you know that there were not more than three stops in the whole of your letter, and not one interrogation point! Now you see you were right in saying that you thought I would not be backward about telling a person what I thought of them, but I am sure you will not mind, as you know I take an interest in the girls who write to me.

ENIGMA, Fredericton.—You date your letter from Fredericton, Enigma, but I am sure you must have been in Ireland at some time or other and paid a visit to Blarney castle, but you put it so delightfully that you have made me prur as loudly as my own kitten does, when you stroke her under the chin, and I darsay I look just as simple as she does, with gratified vanity. You certainly can do it very nicely indeed. (1) Always help the guest first, unless one of the ladies should happen to be very old and entitled to special consideration. (2) I think the pompadour puff has gone out, and I am sure I hope so, for I thought it a most unbecoming way of wearing the hair. (3) I think, of course, that you have never met the right one; when you do and you are sure to come across him some day—you will not have any doubt about the matter, he will stand out in bold relief at once, and will not need any crown for you to recognize him as the king. A girl like you would be far better wading away, than one who has frittered away her affections upon half a dozen beaux, till she has none worth mentioning left for her husband. You were quite right not to marry till you could do so for love; the best position in the world is poverty indeed if you do not really love the man who gives it to you. I do not think there is the slightest danger of your being an old maid, for I can assure you that there was never one yet made by destiny. There is always a love story in every old maid's life, and generally a sad one.

LOOK LIKE NEW. I suppose you will invest in lace curtains this spring, that is if you can afford it. But did you ever think how nice the old ones could be made to look if they were only cleaned properly. Why they would look like new if you sent them to Ungar's and had the job done right. You just attend to this little matter. If you let Ungar do them, you won't need new ones.—A.

He Knew Her.

"Know that young lady at the piano, Mr. Blunt?" "Yes, I am slightly acquainted with her." "Well, I wish I was." "Why?" "I'd cultivate her acquaintance until I know her well enough to tell her she can't sing. Her voice reminds me of the cry of a fish-hawker. Can't you introduce me." "With pleasure. I am her father."—Ez.

It Looked That Way.

"Charley dear, what is a monopoly?" she asked, looking up tenderly as she rested submissively in his arms, with her dainty head nestled against his coat-collar. "Well," replied Charley, manfully struggling to bring his mind to cope with abstruse subjects and failing altogether to get beyond concrete facts, "I sincerely hope that this is."—Ez.

"Don't you think it is time for Miranda to learn to play on some musical instrument, Edward?" asked Mrs. Sharp of her husband as the notes of their daughter's voice floated in from an adjoining room. "Yes," replied Edward, with conviction, "I do; but it should be some loud instrument, to drown her voice."—Louisville Journal.

Teacher—"Emerson Homer, you may parse the next word—universe." Emerson Homer—"Universe is a noun, common, of the feminine gender." Teacher (interrupting)—"Feminine gender, did you say?" Emerson Homer—"Yes, ma'am; Boston is her hub, you know."—Judge.

\$50.00 in Cash GIVEN AWAY.

THE Publishers of the Fredericton Globe will present \$50.00 in Cash as first, \$10.00 as second, and \$5.00 as a third prize, to be given to the persons sending in the largest number of words made up from the letters contained in the words "FREDERICTON GLOBE." This offer is open to paid subscribers only, and parties desirous of competing for these Prizes must send in their names and P. O. address, accompanied by \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the Globe. No letter in the words "FREDERICTON GLOBE" to be used more frequently than it appears in those words. In case of a tie the first sender will be entitled to the prize. Send your list in early. Write only on one side of the paper upon which you send your list. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will govern the contest. Address: CHUCKET & MACHUG, Proprietors "Fredericton Globe," P. O. Box, 310, Fredericton, N. B.

INSTRUCTION.

Oxford Handy Helps—15 new books for \$1.50; regular price, 25cts. each. "How to Apply for a Situation and Get It," "Quick at Figures," 50 Games and Puzzles," and 12 others. Be quick. SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE. WINDSOR, N. S.

10th YEAR. COLLEGIATE SCHOOL - WINDSOR, N. S.

TRINITY TERM begins April 6th. Early application necessary, as the vacancies are very few. Circulars on application to: ap. 4. Rev. ARNOLDUS MILLER, M. A., Head Master.

Shorthand

LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of shorthand and of a business amanuensis, should enter our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted) 7 to 9. Apply to: J. HARRY PEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PLAN FOR SUMMER WORK.

While doing so, remember that every department of THE ST. JOHN BUSINESS COLLEGE AND SHORTHAND INSTITUTE will keep open all the summer. We are able to do this with success and comfort, just because our elevated position, perfect ventilating facilities, and the unrivalled summer climate of St. John give us advantages possessed by no similar institutions. Students can enter at any time. Send for circular. S. KERR, Principal.

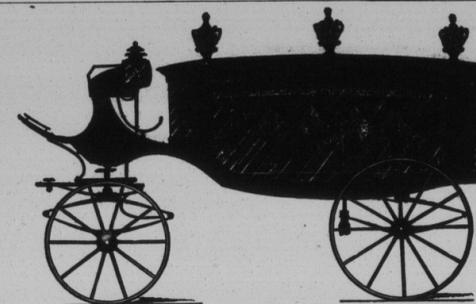
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The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in DRAWING AND PAINTING. Pupils can commence at any time—week, month, or by the year. PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A. ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES. Send for circular.

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Watches, Jewelry, Silver Goods, Plated Goods, Clocks, etc. The finest stock to be found in the Maritime Provinces at 43 KING STREET. DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Carriages and Carts on hire. Fine Fit-outs at short notice.



HEARSE, WITH CIRCULAR FRONT AND REAR.

OUR facilities enable us to furnish Hearses, constructed in the most substantial and elegant manner, at moderate prices. The best plate glass is used for the sides, front and rear. All glasses are removable, without great exertion. The application of a ribbed boot to front adds considerably to the general good appearance of the vehicle. The platform or mound is constructed after the latest and most improved pattern; the urns are provided with the carriage, and the draperies are of fine material and arranged in full with every hearse, realizing that an elegant pair of lamps greatly increases the beauty of the job.

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, MANUFACTURERS OF FINE CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS and HEARSES, FREDERICTON.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

At the request of a large number of the electors, I will, at the election for the office of

MAYOR,

be held on Tuesday, the 14th of April next, be a candidate for your suffrages. Trusting that my record at the Council Board, during my long service as a representative of Wellington Ward, is such as to justify me in asking your support.

I am, Ladies and Gentlemen, Respectfully yours, THOMAS W. PETERS.

To the Electors of Prince Ward.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN.—Having been requested by a large number of the influential electors of Prince Ward to offer myself as a candidate for

ALDERMAN

I have decided to allow my name to be placed in nomination, and take this opportunity of soliciting your votes. Yours respectfully, JOHN RYAN.

TO GEO. A. KNODELL, ESQ.

WE, the undersigned Electors of PRINCE WARD, would respectfully request that you will allow yourself to be placed in nomination for the office of ALDERMAN in the said Ward, at the coming election.

W. L. Prince, Robt. Maxwell, John Hepburn, Ed. J. Everett, R. C. Skinner, E. W. Patchell, O'Neill Bros., J. F. Crahan, S. L. T. Burnham, M. Reynolds, D. Reeves, Oliver Emery, E. L. Mulholland, Frank Pinfold, C. E. L. Jarvis, and 182 others.

To the ELECTORS of PRINCE WARD:

LADIES and GENTLEMEN—I beg to inform you that in compliance with the wishes of a large number of the electors, I have decided to become a candidate for the office of

ALDERMAN

for Prince Ward. If elected, I will devote my best efforts to advancing the interests of Prince Ward and the city in general. Believe me, Yours sincerely, A. H. BELL.

To the ELECTORS of QUEENS WARD.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN—I will be a Candidate for

ALDERMAN

at the Election to be held in this city on the 7th APRIL next, and would respectfully solicit your support. I remain, Yours faithfully, D. H. JACK.

To the ELECTORS of QUEENS WARD.

I BEG to announce that I will again be a candidate for the office of

ALDERMAN

for the ensuing year, and solicit your votes at the election to be held on Tuesday, the Seventh day of April next. Trusting that my record during the current year will justify me in asking your support. I am, yours respectfully, W. WATSON ALLEN.

To the ELECTORS of QUEENS WARD.

At the election to be held on Tuesday next, the seventh of April, I will be a candidate for the office of

ALDERMAN.

If elected, it will be my endeavor to advance the best interest of the Ward and the city generally. In soliciting your votes I deem it right to say that I am opposed to what is called the "Leaky Scheme," by which annual assessments for subsidy is to be made on the rate payers to aid in building private wharves. Yours respectfully, CHAS. McLAUCHLAN.

SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS, 84 PRINCESS STREET.

Ladies' and Gents' Ware Cleaned or Dyed at short notice. Feather Dyeing a Specialty. C. E. BRACKETT, Prop.

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SWANN & WELLDON, Artists, PHOTOGRAPHERS.

SITTERS ASS



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1891.

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assortment of the best brands of PLATED GOODS... VER SPOONS...

INE GARD... ET. ST. JOHN, N. B. HOUSE:

EM REMOVED. Granulated Soap... it everywhere, did cleanser and... c. a pckge.

GRAND FALLS. APRIL 1.—As the Lenten season is now closed, rumors of weddings reach my ears. The first wedding of the season took place last week at the residence of Mr. Thos. Merritt...

Makes the Weak Strong

The marked benefit which people in run down or weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong."

That Tired Feeling creates an appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, gives great bodily, nerve, mental and digestive strength.

Fagged Out "Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it cured me. There is nothing like it." R. C. BEZOLE, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich.

Worn Out "Hood's Sarsaparilla restored me to good health. Indeed, I might say truthfully it saved my life. To one feeling tired and worn out I would earnestly recommend a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. FERRIS MOSEBY, 90 Brooks Street, East Boston, Mass.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Insist upon having

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by G. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

THE TOILET GEM Philoderma... CHAPPED HANDS. SORE SORES, SORE LIPS, ETC. Sold by DAUSCH & SONS, etc.

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SKILL AGAINST CUNNING

A FLASH OF VERMILION AND THE FUN BEGINS.

How to Tempt the Wary Trout—The Necessary Outfit and Its Cost—A \$35 Four-and-a-half Ounce Rod—Pen Pictures of an Expert's Experiences.

Every angler worthy of the title will soon get his rods and tackle ready, and is impatiently awaiting the day when he can lawfully match his skill against the wariest and gamiest fish that ever snapped a lance-wood tip. He has made sure that every



"HE SHOOK THE LINE AS A TERRIER DOES A RAT."

runner and ferrule is securely attached to the rod, and also satisfied himself that his new reel can be properly secured to its place on the butt. He has also examined the contents of his fly hook, in which there should be a small file, in view of the fact that a hook may need sharpening, some waxed silk, to use for splicing in case of a break-down, and half a dozen No. 5 Aberdeen hooks, which will be useful in places where fly casting is impossible. In connection with the latter, it is necessary to have some small split shot and a few twelve-inch single snell leaders. In addition to these articles all that is needful to make the outfit complete are the following flies.

The Coachman, Professor, Abbey, Grizzly King, Brown Hen, Cow Dung, Black Gnat, Queen of the Water, Great

Dan, Cahill, Bright Fox, Dark Fox and Imbrie.

The enthusiastic angler will add to this list many other varieties, which are practically useless except to be admired by himself and friends for their artistic beauty. The list above given, if used properly and according to the season of the year will answer every purpose.

When selecting a fly a good rule to bear in mind is to choose a brilliant one on a dark day, and vice versa. It is also well to notice the live fly that may be seen hovering over and dropping into the water, with a view to selecting from one's book as near an imitation of it as possible. Apropos of this one day last spring a friend and myself had been whipping a stream half the afternoon and with the most discouraging results. Still every indication went to show that we were passing plenty of trout and from time to time we were aggravated beyond measure by the sight of magnificent fellows breaking water ahead of us. But our most seductive twists of the wrist, although causing the flies to make a semicircle before taking a straight course, failed to induce a rise. After conscientiously whipping an unusually likely looking pool with no bet-



"IT WAS A GOOD TEN MINUTES BEFORE HE WAS BROUGHT WITHIN DISTANCE."

ter result, we sat down on the bank to talk it over and smoke a pipe. Our attention was attracted by the violent fluttering of a large blackfly or miller which had fallen into the water and was making fruitless attempts to escape, when suddenly a glistening flash of silver and vermilion struck the air and down he went in close company with a two pounder. More disgusted men

than we would have been hard to find. For we had faithfully fished that very pool not more than five minutes before with the above given result. But it suggested an idea. I selected a fly that, so far as I could judge, was a fac simile of the victim of this tragedy, and substituting it for the one I had been using as a stretcher, and after waiting a few moments to let everything get quiet again. I made a long cast dropping the flies away down near the lower end of the pool, and drawing them carefully up toward the place where the trout had just "broke" water. They reached this spot, but passed over it without interference, and I was about to make another



"A FLASH OF GLESTERING SILVER AND VERMILION STRUCK THE AIR."

cast, when above them in mid-air appeared the graceful outline of a leaping trout, followed by a splash as he reached the water, a mighty tug at my line and that peculiar tingling of the nerves familiar to every fisherman. I struck with a force that caused my seven-ounce split bamboo to snap ominously. But it stood the strain. It must have both surprised and hurt the trout, for it raised to the surface again, and went straight up in the air some two feet. And then the music of the reel commenced. It was a great fight—delicate tackle matched against rage and cunning—and it was a good ten minutes before he was sufficiently tamed to be brought within netting distance. His weight was a trifle over two pounds and a half, and in his honor I must say that I have taken many a larger trout with considerably less trouble. My friend attached similar flies to his leader, and from then until dark we had lively sport, making a catch of 34 trout in something less than three hours. Speaking of big catches reminds me of an experience I had in the fall of 1889 in

the Adirondacks. We had been fishing for a week or so in the waters of Cranberry Lake, and with very indifferent success, owing to the high water caused by recent rains. On complaining to our guide of the sport he had given us he replied that if we were not afraid of some hard work in the way of making two long mountain carries, he would take us to a pond some eight miles distant, that was noted for its large trout, and whose waters were in right condition for successful fishing. We answered that we were game for anything short of death that would insure us one good day's sport. The following day, about two hours before dusk found us seated in a canoe, wetting our lines in that pond. Our guide informed us that a peculiarity of the pond was that the trout would not rise to a fly. After casting for an hour or so "we believed his language," and in place of flies, tried worms. The change brought us fairly good success, as about every half hour one of us would take a quarter or a half pounder. But it was irksome fun, this angle-worm fishing, as our hooks were continually being bared by shiners.

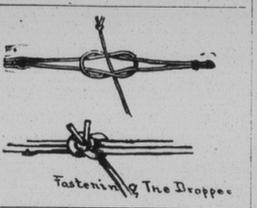
Just before dark, more out of revenge than any hope of bettering my luck, I attached another hook to my leader, about twelve inches above the first, and to it fixed a three and a half inch shiner that I had just caught, hooking it through both lips. I argued with my friend that this would do no harm, and it might be an advantage, as it would keep the worm-bait moving. The water was about twelve feet deep, and as the baits slowly sank I could feel the minnow playing. I judged it had



"HE RELAXED HIS GRASP ON THE MINNOW."

reached within a few feet of the bottom, when in a strong, steady, business-like manner it started away from the boat. At first I supposed it was the minnow at work, but after playing out foot after foot of line I began to think that it must be a larger fish than a minnow that was now at the other end of my line. About the same

time I realized the fact that only a very large trout would tackle so large a minnow, and my excitement grew apace. About 30 feet of line ran out steadily and then stopped. I was aware that the bait would have to be swallowed before the hook could get in its deadly work and immediately thought of the way a puckerel will stop in order to turn a bait in his mouth so as to swallow it head first, and I waited for a like manœuvre from my trout. I was not, however, quite prepared for what happened. Suddenly the rod was almost jerked from my grasp. The line cut the water with a z-z-z and the reel buzzed furiously. Then I struck, and struck so hard that nothing in the world



"TASTENING THE DROPPER."

saved the rod but the length of line that was between it and the trout. It was like striking the bottom of the lake. The fish started straight for the boat at such a rate of speed that my multiplier was inadequate and I was obliged to take in line hand over hand. In spite of my utmost endeavors, under the boat he went; then with unabated strength took a course astern of us, quickly using up the unreeled line that had accumulated in the bottom of the boat. Soon the reel sang out again until but a few feet of line remained, and I began snubbing him. On feeling this resistance he made one grand effort for liberty. He shot into the air and shook the line as a terrier does a rat. After the splash I still felt his weight from the end of my rod. Back towards us he came, but now more slowly. By keeping a taut line, I brought him alongside of the boat just as his open jaws appeared above the surface of the water. Except for the barely perceptible motion of his tail, he was motionless. Having no landing net, I undertook to lift him into the boat with the line. I had raised him half out of the water, when his grip on the minnow relaxed, and hook, minnow and all came up from the depths of his bosom, leaving the trout free. I dropped the line with a baffled groan. But mark you what followed. While yet the trout and mutilated minnow were at the surface, this fresh water shark used the last bit of his remaining strength to open his jaws and shut them once more on the juicy morsel which had just escaped him.

This time there was no fight and as the hook had luckily attached itself to his jaw, I easily raised him into the boat. He tipped the scales at three pounds and ten ounces.

The following suggestions may be of service to the amateur angler. When possible face the sun, otherwise long before the hook reaches the water your shadow will have dispersed the fish. If the banks of the stream are boggy, be careful not to jar the ground, which would have the same disastrous effect. Likewise see that overhanging bushes are not disturbed. If using bait, the leader should be but twelve inches long, for in order to reach some pools difficult of access the line must be reeled in to that length. The most attractive bait is a red angle-worm, not too large, and looped on the hook in such a way as to leave plenty of wiggling ends.

The fly leader is nine feet long, single snell, and composed of three sections. After attaching the stretcher or tail-fly, slip apart the loops that join the first two sections, counting from the stretcher, and place through them the loop on the snell of your fly. After pulling the leader loops together, it will be found that the knot on the fly-snell will prevent it from slipping. Neither will there be any danger of cracking the dry snell. When wading a stream, a light-handled landing net is slung over the shoulder by a rubber band of sufficient length to allow the net to hang on the right hip. Here it is convenient to the hand, and will easily stretch to the water and return to its former position on being released.

To really enjoy trout fishing a man must have strong but delicate tackle. Unless his rod is light and springy, and his line runs easily and smoothly, he can spend his time more pleasantly and profitably by angling for catfish after dark, or snaring suckers in the broiling sun.

A good outfit, including a \$6 seven-ounce split bamboo rod, high hip rubber boots, and an ordinary canvas hunting jacket, which is particularly useful on account of its many pockets, will cost in the neighborhood of \$25.

A lawyer who had taken some offence at a brother in the same profession once wrote in his opponent's hat the significant word "rascal." The owner of the hat, on discovering what had been done, entered a complaint in the court against the offender, "who," he said, "had not only taken his hat, but had written his own name in it."

Doctor (who has been sent for at 2 a. m.)—"Madam, pray send at once for the clergyman, and if you want to make your will, for the lawyer." Madam (horrified)—"Good gracious, is it so dangerous, doctor?" Doctor—"Not a bit of it; but I don't want to be the only one who has been disturbed in his sleep for nothing."

SCHOOL SUITS FOR CHILDREN

wear—tough as leather, and as pretty as a fashion plate. Something that won't wear out at the knees the first week, or at the elbows the second. They don't come high and you must have 'em. The prices are \$1.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.25, \$3.50, \$3.75.

By name they are called: The Fifth Avenue, The Montreal, The Halifax, The Empire, and The Club. These suits are just the ticket for children from 4 to 12 years. Odd Pants are as cheap as 85c., 90c., 95c., \$1.00, \$1.15, 1.25.

Then there are Tweed Suits for Children. All the best values at \$4.00, \$4.25, 4.50, \$4.75, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$5.75. There are mixed Tweeds, colored goods, and plain Tweeds—well made to wear.

CHILDREN'S DRESS SUITS.—Nobby goods—fancy, worsted, and black—sell for prices such as \$4.50—an elegant suit that money; and at \$5.00, \$5.50, \$5.75, \$6.00, \$6.25, \$6.50.

It will be to your advantage to call and see these goods now.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHINGS, TRUNKS, VALISES, Etc., Etc.

WORKINGMEN'S TWEED SUITS. We'll just quote prices, and not go into a lengthy description of Men's goods. The prices are all the way from \$4.50 to \$7.00.

MEN'S BUSINESS SUITS, that wear well, and look well, at \$7.50 to \$14.00.

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MEN'S DRESS SUITS—Stylish goods, and stylish make, \$10.50 to \$16.00.

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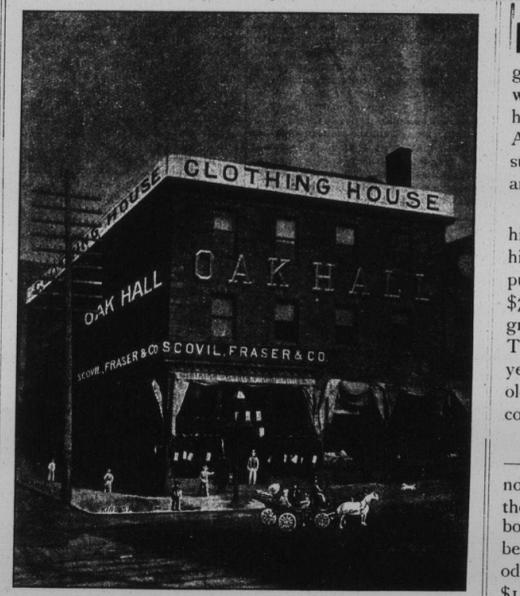
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# SWEET IS REVENGE.

By J. Fitzgerald Molloy,

Author of "How Came He Dead?" "That Villain Romeo." "A Modern Magician," &c.

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### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

**CHAPTER I AND II.**—Sir Danvers Fothergille, of Fothergille Abbey, a twenty year old widower, falls in love with a Miss Payne, a governess at the rectory of the Rev. Charles Harrow, and after telling the baronet she once loved another man, now dead, she, not without hesitation, consents to become his wife.

**CHAPTER III AND IV.**—The marriage of Sir Danvers and the governess came as a cruel surprise on Captain Jack Fothergille, a nephew of Sir Danvers who, a rove and gambler, has spent some time in the Australian bush and returning hears of his cousin's wedding which bids fair to deprive him of his expected inheritance. At the Abbey he meets the Hon. Mrs. Crayworth, a female adventuress, whose husband in former years, and he thinks she may be useful to him in his schemes. Whilst on a visit to the abbey the captain leaves his valet at home as a matter of precaution. A female with a pensive face and with an air of mystery about her, calls at the house and is requested to remain. Her appearance and her strange talk about a dream which had separated her and the captain, interests Harp, the valet, and she leaves without giving any name he resolves to follow her.

**CHAPTER V AND VI.**—Captain Fothergille resolves to win Meg, Sir Danvers's daughter, for his wife, having an eye on her dowry of thirty thousand pounds. With this in view he plays his cards accordingly.

### CHAPTER VII.—HER HAPPINESS IS MY WOE.

Captain Fothergille being no laggard in love quickly followed up the good impressions it was evident to himself he had produced on Meg. The morning ride was repeated, he was her companion in various afternoon rambles, hung over the piano when she sang, taught her to make skillful strokes at billiards, and read Shelley, Keats and Byron to her until he felt sick of his task, and wished such men had never been born.

One morning after dinner, when he had been more than usually attentive to Meg, he caught Mrs. Crayworth's dark eyes fixed on him scrutinisingly. When opportunity offered he went over and sat beside her; she was engaged in knitting a jacket for one of the village children, as she took care to inform the loungeholder. Meg was playing Mendelssohn's songs, the poor relation sitting beside her in rapt admiration, Lady Fothergille reclining on a low chair read the current number of *Temple Bar* by the light of a crimson shaded lamp, whilst Sir Danvers slumbered peacefully on an adjacent sofa.

"This is my contribution to local charity," said Mrs. Crayworth, holding up the little jacket for the captain's inspection.

"No I suspected. You are a shining light; but you never told me how many years you have hidden yourself under the husband of Hayton."

"I have been here about four years," she replied.

"You came soon after Crayworth's exit. Have you succeeded in your purpose?"

"What purpose?" she demanded, raising her well-marked eyebrows.

"That for which you came. I know you never make a move without some motive," she said.

She paused a moment to consider what she had best reply, and then believing frankness suitable for the occasion, answered "I haven't."

"Then you're not so lucky as usual; that you are less clever I can't believe. Was our worthy host the object connected with your settling at Hayton?" Not even years of close friendship could have warranted the freedom of his words or the familiarity of his manner, neither of which she resented.

"He was," she answered, with a smile far from pleasant to behold.

"And he escaped you?"

"I mean he was insensible to your charms. You would have looked the mistress of the abbey to perfection. But the governess's artlessness succeeded where the widow's experience failed. Strange."

"I am not quite certain she is artless or without experience," she said softly.

"Do you know anything about her?" he asked eagerly.

"Nothing definite, save that she's a daughter of a dispensary doctor living in the north, and was brought up in France with a view to becoming a governess; but I suspect she has a history. We women are sharp at reading each other, and I have come to the conclusion that passive face hides more than her husband suspects."

"You hate her," he said, understanding the speaker's expression.

"I do, and so do you; she has come between you and the chances of inheritance. She has practically robbed you of twenty thousand a year." Mrs. Crayworth turned her eyes towards the woman of whom she spoke, and looked at the lithe graceful figure with envy and malice.

"It's all right so long as no heir comes upon the scene."

"How is that?"

"There must be no secrets between old friends," he said, with a smile that ended in a sneer, "so I don't mind telling you I have mortgaged my expectations up to the last penny I could wring from the money-lenders. Until a male child is born to Sir Danvers I am his heir presumptive, and the usurers remain hopeful. Before that event happens—if it ever does—I shall have secured a tidy little sum that will float me over my present difficulties."

"Can't you remove that woman?" said Mrs. Crayworth almost in a whisper.

"The days when one could get rid of a friend by the judicious use of a little poison are over, I fear," he replied.

"Are there not other means? Who knows anything of her former life? From the guarded manner in which she speaks of her past associations, as well as from her face, I believe there is something she keeps concealed. A man has ways and means of making inquiries that a woman has not; you may gather some news, an acorn that may become an oak. You have not been over scrupulous in the past, why not exercise your talents in the present? A word whispered into the baronet's ear, a hint dropped as it were unawares, might rise up a wall of doubt, suspicion, and grief that would part them for life," said Mrs. Crayworth, her words coming with rapidity and vehemence.

"And it's your desire," he responded.

"It is; the day on which I see her humiliated and suffering will be one of the happiest in my life. Do it, and help me to do it, and in return I can aid you in carrying out your schemes to marry Meg." She spoke in a subdued voice, but the sparkle of her dark eyes and the heaving of her bosom, showed the excitement she felt.

"So you know my little game?" he said.

"I have eyes, but I'm no longer jealous. We can help each other. I can paint you with honor in heroic colors; endow you with honor, bravery, and generosity, qualities you never possessed. In return, you can at your leisure describe me as an angel to Mr. Sympington—I mean to marry him."

The captain threw himself back in his chair and laughed heartily. "Has it come to this?" he said.

"Fools often make the best husbands. I'll begin life in a new role as the wife of a person; who knows that I may not die in the odor of sanctity as the spouse of a bishop," she answered, watching the effect of her words.

"All right," he answered, "I agree to the bargain. This running in partnership reminds me of the late Mrs. Harrow, what became of your most devoted German Baron?"

"The wretched deceiver when he lost his money. I haven't heard of him since."

"Well, you had your revenge before-hand; how we fleeced him."

"You did; I merely looked on and distracted his attention."

"And shared the profits," he remarked.

"As much as you gave of them; I always had a suspicion I ought to have had far more," she answered.

"Well, if ever I succeed Sir Danvers, you'll have—"

"Make no rash promises."

"A snug living for your saintly husband."

"Thanks. You must leave me now, we mustn't be seen too much together, or they might suspect we are old friends and equal partners in a game that begins from this hour. Do you talk to Meg. I'll make myself pleasant to her ladyship."

She rose as she spoke, laid aside her work, and advancing with a smiling face towards Ethel, said, "Dear Lady Fothergille, will you not sing us one of your charming ballads?"

"Not tonight," replied the mistress of the Abbey, laying down her magazine and gazing calmly, penetratingly, into Mrs. Crayworth's face.

The widow never flinched. "Ah," she replied sweetly, "you are afraid of waking Sir Danvers. I remember how fond he was of hearing you sing at the rectory. Men are all the same, they get tired of us so soon; he now goes to sleep after dinner."

"I sleep with my eyes and ears open, Mrs. Crayworth," said the baronet, without moving from his sofa.

The widow started, and for a second a thrill of fear shot across her heart, until she convinced herself it was impossible for him to have overheard her conversation with his cousin. "Really, Sir Danvers, I thought you were in the land of dreams," she remarked.

"It would be unpardonable of me to seek dreamland whilst reality held such attractions," he answered, gallantly, but she let his words were addressed to his wife rather than to herself.

"Quite a pretty speech," she said, biting her lip in her effort to subdue her anger.

"Ethel, my dear, now that Meg has finished those eternal songs without words, won't you give us something?"

"If you wish," she answered, smiling at him, as she rose and went towards the piano.

"You know one of my greatest pleasures is to hear your voice."

"Infatuated fool," thought Mrs. Crayworth, leaning back in her chair with an air of seeming attention; in reality she was picturing to herself the loss she suffered in failing to secure the baronet as her husband. It was strange that a man so simple, sensitive, and readily pleased, should have escaped the toils of a woman so clever, subtle, and experienced. She remembered the sympathy she had assumed for every subject that interested him; the flattery she had lavished on him; the country she had practised; and all in vain. To her smiles and to her frowns he had proved equally indifferent; she has no power to charm him. She sighed as she mentally surveyed this grand old abbey, with its priceless treasures of art, its innumerable luxuries, its host of well-trained menials; and considered the position its mistress occupied in the county, backed by an historic name and abundant wealth.

"If fate ever throw a chance in my way to drag her from her high place as wife of Sir Danvers and mistress of the abbey, I shall seize upon it, and show her no mercy. Beware, my lady, beware," she said, shading her face with a fan from the light of a neighbouring lamp, "for you have a dangerous enemy in me."

Meanwhile Ethel continued her song. The room was still, save for the rich full voice rising with the fervour of the music and passion of the words, and presently sinking into silence. Her husband listened delightedly, thanking Providence for giving him this woman as his wife, she who was the pride of his life, the love of his heart.

"Such words and such music stir my feelings," the Captain said to Meg. "I am easily moved and sensitive, and all that kind of thing, you know, and this song has made me quite sad."

"You are not asked her yet?"

"No; I wanted to wait your consent. But I can pretty well judge what her answer will be. When we are married I shall settle down as a country squire."

"You are a good fellow," answered the baronet, in his heart he thought, "You are a right good fool."

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"I fear I have called at a most unreasonable hour, Sir Danvers."

"Not at all. You will join us, I hope."

"Thanks, with great pleasure," the stranger replied.

A chair was placed for him beside Meg, and as he was about to sit down his eyes fell upon the man who sat opposite.

"Captain Fothergille," he said, in a low voice full of surprise. "Can it be possible?" he asked, as if speaking to himself.

"Quite," replied the captain, who, though his face was still livid, now appeared to recover his composure.

"But I believed—it was reported you were dead!"

"Well, you see, I'm very much alive," Sir Danvers' cousin answered, angrily.

"We'll talk about it another time."

"You have met before?" asked the baronet.

"Oh, yes," replied Lord Hector, adding, with a certain meaning in his voice, "I knew Captain Fothergille in Australia. A relation of yours, Sir Danvers?"

"Yes, my cousin."

The stranger made no remark; he was critically examining his old acquaintance, whose eyes were riveted on his plate.

"Have you been long back?" the host presently asked Lord Hector.

"No, only a couple of months. Australia is a splendid country, but I wasn't particularly lucky there. I roughed it a good deal, had a share in a gold mine, at which I worked for fifteen months, but never chanced upon a nugget. Then I went to the States, and after a few months of the life, removed from my fellow-men, from action, interest and civilization, palled upon me. Day after day and week after week passed without a single event to record or remember, my life became a blank, until at last I felt with Alexander Selkirk that I'd rather dwell in the midst of alarms than reign in that terrible place, and so I returned."

"There is no country like old England," said the baronet.

"I quite agree with you. I never intended to renounce it; I merely went to the States, as well as any man, that I have not," replied Lord Hector, his tone indicating more than his words conveyed.

"I let you behind me," remarked the captain, anxious to eradicate from the minds of his hearers the unpleasant impression Lord Hector's words might have created.

"True, I lived longer than you in the land, but I didn't grow richer."

"We are apt to think of Australia as Whittington regarded London town, that it is paved with gold," said Sir Danvers.

"And that supposition attracts a number of unmitigated scoundrels; it seems as if the gold had the power of drawing together all quarters of the globe the worst specimens of humanity," said Maynes.

The captain moved uneasily in his chair, and helped himself to a deep draught of Burgundy. "It appears to me love of money is the curse of mankind," he remarked, philosophically.

"And yet you will no doubt be surprised to hear, Lord Hector continued with a smile, "that men in their greed for his possession, barter their good names and their honor, may even place their lives in peril of the gallows."

Mrs. Crayworth listened eagerly, being the only one of those around who suspected Lord Hector's words conveyed hints of some dark passages in the life of one of his hearers. She keenly watched the captain's face, and saw a look of hate and malignity dart from his dark eyes upon the stranger.

"This man knows more of him than he cares the world to hear," she thought. "I wonder why he was reported dead, and how it is he tears Lord Hector Maynes, who has a right grip on him than I have."

She looked cautiously and closely at the visitor, a man who had yet scarcely reached his thirtieth year, tall, well-made, and muscular in figure, his closely-cropped dark hair showing a shapely head; his forehead broad and open, his features well marked, the lines in his face indicating strength and character, the expression of his eyes betraying penetration and power. As she examined him he turned and looked at her wonderingly; their glances met, and with a woman's quick perception she knew his estimate of her was unfavorable. From that hour she was no longer undecided in her feelings towards him, she feared and disliked him.

"Are you staying in the neighborhood?" Lady Fothergille asked him.

"I arrived last night at the village hotel; a comfortable and cleanly little inn. I have come down to look after the Fretwell mine on behalf of some shareholders."

"I'm a civil engineer by profession, Sir Danvers," he explained.

"You are in the midst of shareholders," the baronet replied. "My wife has been asking me to make some investments in the mine for her, my daughter and my cousin, Miss Gauntley, have some interest in it, so have I; Mrs. Crayworth and the captain are. I believe, the only people at the table who have resisted the general temptation to speculate."

"I have been offered some shares which I intend immediately to accept," said Lord Hector. "I've been over to the mine, and it seems quite genuine. There are so many bogus mines that my clients felt inclined to invest largely until they had the opinion of a professional man employed in their interests."

"Then so long as you are in this district I hope you will take up your quarters with us," replied the baronet, on hospitable thoughts intent. "You will not find the cooking at the hotel all you could desire, and the company of your host somewhat dull. Let me send for your luggage."

"It is excessively kind of you, Sir Danvers," he answered, looking the while at Lady Fothergille, and then reading some sign of assent in her face, added, "and I accept your invitation with very great pleasure."

The captain hearing these words could scarce repress a groan; he looked wrathfully at the man who spoke.

"In the soup" denotes trouble. But the Kerr Vegetable Soup Packet causes trouble in soup making to disappear, and makes a popular and cheap dish.

fully at Sir Danvers, whom he mentally characterized as a fool.

"I am very glad. This is Liberty Hall, and we all do as we please. We lunch at two, and dine at eight, and breakfast whenever we like. By the way, have you a servant?"

"No; I've long ago learned to attend on myself. There's nothing like independence in small things as in large."

"You have not changed since I knew you," Ethel remarked.

"When you see more of me you will know how truly you have spoken," he replied, in an earnest tone. "I have changed in nothing; I am still the same."

"Mrs. Crayworth looked at the captain to ascertain if he observed the under-current of the words, but he was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to notice what went on around him.

"I've known Lady Fothergille a good many years," Lord Hector remarked to the baronet, "so that I may claim the privilege of being an old friend."

"Indeed," said Sir Danvers, "she never mentioned you."

"I had lost sight of Lord Hector for such a long time," she explained, the color coming and going in her face.

"And out of sight of my mind, I suppose," said the handsome stranger.

"Not necessarily," she answered in a subdued tone, lowering her eyes.

"You see," he went on, turning to the baronet, "my father's place in the north is quite close to the town where Dr. Payne lives. I believe he assisted in bringing me into life, and afterwards saw me conspicuously through whooping-cough, measles, and fever. His girls used to come up and play with myself and my brothers and sisters, you remember, Ethel—Lady Fothergille."

"I remember," she replied briefly, as she rose, and then added, "We will have coffee in the white drawing-room."

He opened the door for her and then followed. Sir Danvers noted that he was a handsome and attractive man, and sighed as he calculated he must be almost twenty years younger than himself.

"Who is he?" he asked, Mrs. Crayworth of the captain, as they crossed the hall.

"A younger son of the Duke of Rothsea."

"A duke?"

"Yes, a Scotch peer, and devilish poor; some of his sons are tea merchants, one of them tries to make money by writing novels, this one has been good digging in the colonies."

"Where you met him?"

"Yes," he answered, irritably. "Have you any more questions to ask?"

"I may have asked them in your interests as well as my own. Did you know before today that he was acquainted with our hostess?"

"No," he answered, with a surly air. "Is he married?" she continued.

"He may be for all I know, but I never heard he had a wife."

"Do you know anything to his discredit?" she continued, "if you do, put me in possession of the facts."

"I wish I did. I could then pay him home."

"For what," she asked, eagerly.

"Oh, nothing; but I don't like the fellow," he said, doggedly.

"I was already aware of that."

"How sharp you are," he said, turning on her.

"Yes; I see a good deal by keeping my eyes wide open. Don't be alarmed, I dislike him, not so much as you do, because I haven't so much reason," she added, looking at him.

"How do you know I have reason?" he demanded, savagely.

"Thanks to my eyes. Don't, don't," she added, quickly fearing he was about to swear. "They may prove useful to you yet, my friend."

"Why don't you like him?" he asked.

"Because I don't, that's a woman's reason. I like you better; you are a man after my own heart; now isn't that a pretty compliment?"

"I should say it was a very doubtful one."

"You are in bad humor," she replied, with a smile. "I dare say it is not pleasant to meet some one who remembers things that were best forgotten, so I'll excuse your temper. Come, let us join them, and have some coffee."

He turned from her with an oath, and went out on to the terrace; she watched him as he disappeared, and then laughed a cruel, hard laugh.

"Then," she said, "I must watch the game alone," and she entered the white drawing-room, her face radiant with smiles.

(To be continued.)

How Life May be Prolonged.

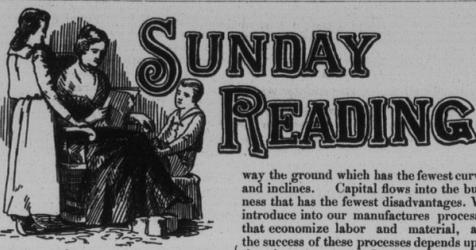
Poets and novelists go into ecstasies over what they romantically call "beautiful spring" and "gentle spring," and while, no doubt, every one is glad to see winter release its icy grasp, "beautiful spring" is, after all, one of the most deadly seasons of the year. Sudden transitions from warmth to extreme cold, with piercing, chilling winds; from dry to sloppy, "muggy" weather, all combine to make the season a most trying one, even to the hardest constitution, while to those with weak constitutions the season is one of positive danger. Undoubtedly the greatest danger at this season of the year is from cold in the head, which very few escape, and which if not promptly and thoroughly treated, develops into catarrh, with all its disagreeable and loathsome effects. Catarrh, neglected almost as certainly develops into consumption, annually destroying thousands of lives. At this trying season no household should be without a bottle of Nasal Balm. In case of cold in the head it gives almost instant relief and effect, a speedy cure, thus preventing the development of catarrh. Where the latter disease has already secured a hold it is equally efficacious, and with persistent use will cure the worst case. From the outset it sweetens the breath, stops the nauseous droppings into the throat and lungs, dispels those dull headaches that afflict the sufferer from catarrh. Nasal Balm is not advertised as a cure-all—it is an honest remedy which never fails to cure cold in the head or catarrh when the directions are faithfully followed, and thousands throughout the country have reason to bless its discovery. Nasal Balm may be had from all dealers or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price (50 cents, small, or \$1, large size bottle) by addressing Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

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SUNDAY READING

way the ground which has the fewest curves and inclines. Capital flows into the business that has the fewest disadvantages. We introduce into our manufacturing processes that economize labor and material, and the success of these processes depends upon the wisest economy. In short, it may be laid down as a universal principle that the law of least resistance is the law of all action, and however complex or contrary may be the forces that act either in the natural or in the human world, the total result is in strict accordance with this law.

BIBLE QUESTION COMPETITION.

This competition is open to all the readers of Progress, but is more especially intended to interest the young people—the boys and girls who are, or should be attending Sunday school. The following rules should be strictly observed:

- 1. A prize of one dollar will be awarded every week for the first correct answer that reaches Progress office. If there is no correct answer for the week, the prize will be awarded to the person who sends the first correct answer. In case two correct answers reach the office at the same time the date stamps of the post offices at which they are mailed will be taken into consideration.
2. Competitors must write on one side of the paper only, giving name and address in full with each answer. These need not be published except in the case of prize-winners and successful competitors.
3. The winner of a prize will not be eligible to compete for another for four weeks.
4. All replies must be received on or before Saturday one week after publication of the questions, thus allowing competitors a clear week for their studies.
5. No post-cards can be received. All replies should be addressed to the "SUNDAY READING," Editor Progress, St. John, N. B.

I have much pleasure in congratulating Miss F. M. Woodworth, Windsor, as the successful competitor for "Prize Bible Questions No. 6." These questions were answered correctly by the following eight: Miss Alice Thompson, North end, city; Master A. J. Nesbitt, city; Miss Mary Johnson, city; J. Stewart, Hampton; Miss Frances M. Woodworth, Windsor; Miss Florence Boyce, Fredericton; Miss Katie Knapp, city; Miss Anna Victoria Newham, St. Stephen. There were many more different answers given to the first question. Who exhibited kindness to Paul during his imprisonment? Such as Claudius Lysias, the keepers of the prison, and Paul's nephew.

With regard to Claudius Lysias, he was commander of the Roman guard at Jerusalem, during Paul's last visit there. In the discharge of his duty he several times saved Paul from the malice of the Jews, and allowed him to defend himself; which defence we have in the 22nd chapter of Acts. Again when the conspiracy against Paul was made known to him by Paul's nephew, he provided for his safety by sending him to Felix, the governor, with an escort of Roman soldiers (Acts 23:23). In answer to the fourth question, many gave the "little captive maid." She was the means of curing Naaman of his leprosy by telling his mistress of the Prophet Elisha in Samaria. Naaman was captain of the Syrian army; Benhadad was king of Syria.—2 Kings, 5:1, and 1 Kings, 20:1. The second and third questions, which I thought would puzzle so many, were answered correctly by all.

ANSWERS TO PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS, No. 6.

- 1. Give the name of one who exhibited kindness to Paul during his imprisonment.
2. How many knives did a Babylonish king carry away from Jerusalem?
3. Name a Jewish captive who was the means of saving the life of a heathen king?
4. Give from the Old Testament, at least six quotations indicating "Spring?"

THE LAW OF LEAST RESISTANCE.

The Rev. Hugh MacMillan, D. D., LL. D. (Free West Church, Greenock.) "The people shall be willing in the day of Thy power."—Psalm cx. 3.

The following sermon was delivered by Dr. MacMillan, in free St. Peter's, Glasgow, on the occasion of the last communion:

In the physical world the law of least resistance is universal. Nature uniformly chooses to move in the path in which fewest obstacles are to be encountered. The lightning cleaves its way through the air in a forked or zigzag figure; the streamlet flows to the sea in a series of meandering curves; the planets revolve around the sun in ellipses or elongated circles; the plant grows in a spiral form; and all because these are the shortest routes compatible with the forces acting upon them. Innumerable examples of this law might be given from every department of nature and of human art. The bee constructs its cell in a six-sided shape because that shape requires the least material for a given capacity when associated with other cells. The engineer chooses for the course of his rail-

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WE WANT Thousands, and tens of Thousands of the Ladies of this vast Dominion, to learn the economic principle of buying their Kid Gloves, or sending their letter orders for them, to a Store that reaches out to the work tables of the ancient Glove makers over the sea, and that is able to place its stock upon the counters, direct from FIRST HANDS, with no between profits. This may sound a little poetic, but there is no poetry in paying for three pair of good Kid Gloves, and only getting one.

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and can adapt His divine help in every respect to our human necessities. This is the kind of power that we require and can appreciate. The day of our Lord's power was the day when, like Samson, He burst the green withes of death, and carried the gates of the grave up the hill of God. The day of His power was proclaimed to all the world when He ascended up on high and sat down at the right hand of God; and the day of Pentecost witnessed, by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the assembled thousands, the work of Christ was finished and accepted, and had achieved all the mighty results for which it was undertaken. Ever since then, the day of Christ's power has continued to the present day of the world since, are years of the Lord—Anni Domini. Each subsequent age could realize that day for itself.

The day in which we live, like the days in which our Father's lived, is the day of Christ's power. He is exalted to be to us what He was to all who went before, who believed in Him—a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and the remission of sins. All power on earth and in heaven has been given to Him for the purpose of carrying on His mediatorial work. He who suffered and died in His human nature, has transferred that nature to the Throne of the universe, that as a man He might rule over the destinies of men, and more effectually work out their deliverance. And He reigns until, under the feet which were pierced, all the powers of sin and death shall be finally subdued.

This, then, is the great truth which every Christian preacher has to proclaim. This is the day of Christ's power. The Victor has fought the battle; He has come to reap the fruits of His triumph, and to be owned as King in the hearts of men. This is the day of salvation. All things on the part of Christ are ready. He has conquered sin and death; Satan is bruised under His feet; He has removed every hindrance and obstacle in the way of our salvation; He has satisfied the utmost demands of divine law; He has brought in an everlasting righteousness. He has conquered everything else that was opposed to God's holy will; there is only one that remains to be conquered, and that is the heart of man for whom He has done all this. He is victorious over who else. How is He to be received in this part of His work? The Redeemer is willing to begin and carry on His own good work in you—to make you, His subjects, kings and priests unto God and the Father. Are you willing, with your faith and love, to accept Him as your Redeemer and King? 2. And this leads me to consider the second point, viz.: The willingness of the people in the day of the Lord's power. We have seen throughout the world of nature and of human life, how power unimpeded, and how power hindered, all things are alike. However great the power may be, it invariably seeks the easiest way in which to manifest itself.

The lightning is the greatest force we know. It can rend the rock and the tree, and yet it prefers to move along the lightning rod, because that rod is the best conductor of electricity, and there it encounters fewest obstacles in its passage from the sky to the earth. And even when it rends the tree or the rock, it seeks the weakest point—the joints between the logs, or the line of least resistance. The power of life is a tremendous power, we see how the soft, tender root of a tree, or the spongy, cellular tissue of a mushroom can push aside a growing wall, or split a rock, or lift a pavement; and yet the power of life in a growing plant uniformly chooses the softest parts of the soil in which to expand itself. And if the creatures of God act in this way, according to His will, we cannot but believe that His own power must be manifested according to a similar law. His will was held and used for the benefit of others, never for His own. Before His entrance on His public ministry, His own hands earned His subsistence; and when He abandoned His common calling and followed His high calling exclusively, women and children, because of their inability to support themselves, were left to starve. He suffered all the sinless infirmities of human nature. His hands were bound in the garden and He was led away to prison. His hands and feet were nailed to the cross. He was lifted up to be a spectacle of woe to the world. He came under the power of death, and lay buried for a time in the dust of the earth. In all these experiences, we see how thoroughly He has emptied Himself of the eternal power of the Godhead which belonged to Him when He came as our surety and Redeemer. And only in this way could He have worked out our salvation. He who would free us from the curse must Himself be made a curse. If He is to deliver us who are under the law, He Himself must be made under the law. In the wonderful vision of Isaiah, the prophet does not represent the Messiah as coming down straight from heaven, cleaving the clouds asunder, a mighty apparition, armed with the lightnings of irresistible power. No. He pictures the Deliverer coming into Edom, the enemies' country. It was in the struggle with this ruthless power that the Conqueror acquired His skill and His mightiness to save. And He has not left His might behind him in the conquest.

He comes, not faint and weary, and worn out, but travelling in the greatest of His strength. His raiment stained with the blood of His foes. And with the same power with which He subdued His enemies, He is prepared to rule the nation He has saved. God rewarded our Redeemer in kind. He emptied Himself of His eternal power and God highly exalted Him, and gave Him a new power—the highest of all power—the power of One who is mighty to save, because He has gone through all our trials, and conquered in them all. Through death He destroyed him that had the power of death. Through captivity he led captivity captive. The Cross became His throne. The power that He gained was the power of experience, the power of sympathetic help, because He knows the frailty of our frame,

in order to reveal Himself in His true light; and realised, as well as do, that a man must be believed in order to do his best. While the fact of the woman with the issue of blood drew healing virtue from the very hem of His garment, the unbelief of His countrymen at Nazareth restrained His mighty arm. He felt chilled and repressed in the presence of those who regarded Him only as the Son of Joseph, the carpenter, and connected Him with the circumstances on which there was no mystery, or marvel, or novelty. He could do no mighty works in such unfavourable atmosphere. And as with the Master, so with the servant. The secret of many a minister's want of success is the unbelief of his people. His appearance has become familiar to them, and his work dull and commonplace; and their indifference reacts upon him, and chills down his zeal and enthusiasm. Their want of faith in his message, their want of regard for his person, and being to them all he might otherwise be.

What a world of meaning then, is there in that word willing. It denotes the condition of one who offers the least resistance to the saving power of Jesus, and in whom, therefore, that power finds it easiest to work and carry on its gracious purposes. Such a person has no self-will, giving it freely up to be moulded by the Divine will, and to give up all—to give first the heart and then the life—a living sacrifice. Such a person is not impelled by law, but by love. He does not yield a constrained obedience to an outward code of conduct; the law is in his heart; he loves the law, because he knows in his own experience that it is holy and just and good. He has tasted and seen that God is good, and, therefore, he is not only all his salvation, but also all his desire. "Not my will, but Thine be done" is his rule, not only in regard to the salvation of his soul, but also in regard to all the duties and relations in life. Christ will bless such an one up to the fullness of His own loving heart, because there is nothing in His heart to prevent it. The power of Christ is in him, and towards him can be exerted to the utmost, for there is no obstacle in the way. Christ can do many mighty works in him and for him, because there is no unbelief to hinder. The miracle of the loaves has been wrought in him. He has been made willing in the day of Christ's power. That is the reason why it is said of the poor in spirit, that theirs is the kingdom of heaven: because they are so empty that, like air coming into a vacuum, their kingdom of God has only to come into their hearts and occupy it, and fill it to the full, and work out its own gracious ends with it, with nothing to interfere.

It is those who are thus willing that are called the people of God. He rules over us not in that power which all men possess. "Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne and myself founded great empires, but the creation of our genius depended upon love. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love, and to this day millions would die for Him." His is the kingdom of mercy, and all who draw us by the cords of love, and all who are thus willing are truly His in a way they could not otherwise be. Their will is merged in the divine will, and thus their hearts turned to harmony with the Divine purposes, made one with His heart, leaps ever forward in glad obedience to Him. Let me now ask in conclusion what do you do when His willings in the day of Christ's power lead to? What will the day of power do for them? The Psalm of the text tells us that it will do two things. It will adorn them with the beauty of holiness and it will renew their youth. "The will of God is our sanctification. The dearest wish of His heart is that the fair image in which He created us, and which we have marred by our sin, should be restored. He wishes us to place ourselves unreservedly in His hands, and to be renewed as anew in Christ Jesus. The glory of the Godhead shines in Him who assumed our nature; and all power is given to Him in order that He may make us conformable to His image. Who would not accept a king to reign over them, who would not desire to be what they were meant to be—sons of God and heirs of heaven, who could fulfil here and hereafter, to the fullest extent, their prayer, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us." But, besides the beauties of holiness, perpetual youthfulness is also what the grace of Christ will produce in those who are willing in the day of His power. In His service, the dew of their youth, the brightness of life's morning, will be ever upon them. He who has the power of an endless life, who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, will renew their strength from day to day from the fountainhead of His own strength. Eternal life is eternal youth; and he who takes away the old nature of sin and gives the new nature of grace, with it makes all things new. The order of nature which is to grow is reversed, and the life that is made willing to live in Christ and for Christ, becomes truly younger and more beautiful as the years advance, and after death enters into immortal youth.

But it is said to think that, just as in the hiding of Christ's power in the days of His flesh, there were many who were not willing that this Man should reign over them; so now, even in the days of His manifested power, there are hard, cold hearts that will not yield to the persuasive grace of Christ, but "do always resist the Spirit," blindly at strife with their own blessedness, miserable conquerors, who conquer to their own fearful defeat. He is willing; but His mournful complaint regarding such as harden their hearts, "Ye will not believe in me, because ye do not see me and ye do not know me," "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life." And as they reject Him, and struggle out of the very clasp of His love, they are paralyzing and wedding to death the will

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HYMN. Peace Be Still. Lord, in whose might the Saviour trod The dark and stormy waves, And trusted in His Father's arm, Unmolested to save. When darkly round our footsteps rise The floods and storms of life, Send Thou Thy Spirit down to still The elemental strife. Strong in our trust in Thee reposed, The ocean path we'll dare, Though waves around us rage and foam, Since Thou art with us there. —S. G. Babcock.

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FOR the past nineteen years, cutter for JAS. S. MAY & SON, begs leave to inform the citizens of Saint John, and the general public, that he will occupy these central premises formerly leased by Messrs. Barnes & Co., 82 Prince William Street, and will show a New and Fresh Stock of Goods, in British, Foreign, and Domestic makes, personally selected, suitable for all classes. Inspection invited. Fit, workmanship, and the lowest possible prices guaranteed. 82 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, 5th May 1st, when a more convenient store at 70 PRINCE W. ST. ST. JOHN, will be occupied.

FOR HER PEOPLE'S SAKE.

A BRIGHT RUSSIAN WOMAN WORKING IN LONDON.

Writing for the "Thunderer" and Other Papers—Supporting the Slavonic Cause—Different From Other Women—Converting Englishmen to a More Kindly Feeling, Russia is extraordinarily modern in some particulars. One of these is her complete system of communication with her European rivals. It is not enough for her to be represented by ambassadors at foreign courts. Persons in a recognized official position are necessarily restricted within a small social circle. They cannot mix freely with other strata of society than their own, and, even if they could, they might not perhaps, have the leisure to do so. But a lady, living in London as a private resident, can do anything she pleases. All doors are open to her; her movements are surrounded by no ceremony; people will express themselves freely in her presence; and she is thus enabled to gauge pretty accurately the tendency of current opinion. Mme. Novikoff, for instance, reads the newspapers most carefully, but especially the organs of advanced ideas, even at times when those ideas are absolutely opposed to her own, as they were just lately during the discussion about the Jews in Russia. It has been by keeping herself thus well posted up that Mme. Novikoff has every now and again been enabled to give an adroit turn to public opinion in the direction she desired.

Visitors to the cosy suite of rooms which Mme. Novikoff occupies at Claridge's are greeted with a cordiality that sets all doubts at rest. Mme. Novikoff encourages people to talk on the subjects they understand best, and even the most taciturn are thawed into loquacity by the expression of an interest which is evidently genuine. But it would be only a vain person who would not prefer to listen to Mme. Novikoff's own conversation, which is full of earnestness, vigor and individuality. Like most of her nation, the Russian lady is an accomplished linguist; her English is fluent, and a slight foreign accent only serves to impart a piquancy to it.

Nobody, probably, now needs to be told that Mme. Novikoff is a fervent supporter of the Slavonic cause. She defined her creed the other day as "a close union of orthodoxy, autocracy, and nationalism." The patriotic Russian loves his country as he loves his family—and the love of family is differently understood in Russia and here. Take, for instance, the case of Mme. Novikoff herself. Married very young (her husband, who was a distinguished Government official in the Education department, died a short time since, Mme. Novikoff did

not enjoy what an English girl would consider the entrenchment of matrimony. She did not set forth on a honeymoon trip, nor become, as the last generation termed it, "mistress of an establishment." She simply went straight from her own home to the house of her mother-in-law, at the latter's urgent invitation. What is more, the plan succeeded admirably. A straw shows which way the wind blows, and a trifling incident like this may give the clue to enormous racial differences.

It Mme. Novikoff is proud of anything, it is of being a member of the Kireeff family, and, most of all, to have been the sister of Nicholas Kireeff, the story of whose life and death on the Serbian battlefield, which, as Mr. Froude once said, "resembles a legend of some mythic Roman patriot or medieval crusader," is fitly told in Mr. Kinglake's glowing pages. But, whilst Nicholas was laying down his brave



MME. NOVIKOFF.

young life, his sister was doing all that a woman might; working for the Red Cross Sisters, and tending the wounded almost under the guns of the Turkish troops. About the same time she first took up her pen on behalf of her country. Articles which she wrote for the Northern Echo, then under Mr. Stead's editorship, certainly made an impression on English opinion. In M. Katkoff's powerful organ, the Moscow Gazette, she wrote in favor of an alliance between Russia and England. During the years from 1876 to 1880, Mme. Novikoff labored incessantly to convert our countrymen to a more friendly regard for Russia, and it was probably not a little owing to her endeavors that the general election of 1880 displayed such an extraordinary revulsion in public sentiment.

Mme. Novikoff does not spend all her time in England. Part of every year she passes in Russia, where her only son is now living. At home she finds that she has much less leisure than in London (though even here she rises every morning at six o'clock), and the etiquette of court life, with all its ceremonious visiting, makes great demands upon her time.—Queen.

NEW YORK'S NEW AUTHORESS.

"Progress" Correspondent Talks About the Reception of Her Book.

Among the bright and interesting paragraphs of PROGRESS' New York letter, which arrived too late for publication last week the following is taken:

We are all reading the notable society story Mademoiselle Reseda, by Mrs. Van Reuselaer Crugerhaw running through the Cosmopolitan. The authoress is herself a notable society woman, and is undoubtedly the latest and greatest success in the literary world.

Her Diary of a Diplomat, although only a record of how a beautiful American woman captivated a foreign ambassador at the court of Russia, made as great a sensation in New York as Robert Elsmere did in London. It was published under the pseudonym of "Julien Gordon," but Mrs. Cruger had written some short stories for the magazines and she possessed a style of her own. "Julien Gordon" was plainly very much at home in diplomatic circles, and Mrs. Cruger had resided much at foreign courts. This clue and the "style" quickly found her out.

These two books have placed her in the front rank of American novelists. She is very young to have achieved this distinction as her thirtieth birthday is yet to come. Before she became known as a writer she had earned the reputation of being one of the wittiest women in New York, and her brilliant repartees were circulating through all Cludson. She belongs to an old colonial family, and has enjoyed all her life every advantage that blue blood and great wealth can bestow.

Mademoiselle Reseda is peculiarly interesting, because it gives us occasional peeps into the secrets of the social world in which its author is an acknowledged power and leader. Its heroine is an emotional young society matron, who under extenuating circumstances falls in love with an artist, and finds her punishment in the discovery that he prefers the governess of her children, a girl whom she has rescued from want, to herself. Mrs. Cruger's analysis of the erring wife is without doubt, that of the scientific inquirer who writes with his butterfly under a magnifying glass at the point of a pin. Her method of expression is noticeable for its simplicity and directness, and is pre-eminently what the critics approve of now-a-days.

"That tired feeling" is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarasaparilla, which gives a feeling of buoyancy and strength to the whole system.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

A CANVASSER'S EXPERIENCE WITH ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE.

Many Invitations to Call Again—Servants Good Subjects When Not Interfered With—Women Who Were Called Upon Often and Others Didn't Like the Idea.

Census taking—A new experience for the ladies of St. John! Why ladies were selected for this undertaking I do not know, unless it is they have more patience and perseverance than the sterner sex, both virtues much required in census taking; or perhaps their predilection for asking questions, or their natural curiosity to know everything bequeathed them by "Mother Eve."

My name among those was handed in to the committee as a canvasser, and all canvassers were requested to meet at the parlors of the Y. M. C. A. for further instructions. Receiving all the necessary information, as they thought, we were paired off, a district allotted us, a book provided, and our marching orders were, to visit every house in our district, and obtain as accurate answers as possible to the various questions in the book; such as name of family, number of inmates between five and seventeen attending Sunday school; number of inmates over seventeen attending Sunday school, or church? Then we must further question them, as to what denomination they belonged or preferred. And finally how many church members were in the family? To all of these questions we were to obtain answers, and write them down in the book.

My friend and I set out joyfully; we had often gone together soliciting money, and always found the people very pleasant and generous, but now as we were only going to ask them a few questions, we expected to be received with open arms.

On the morning we began our canvas, the sun was bright and warm, and shed his cheering beams on all. They had heard of the census movement, and were prepared to answer all questions put to them. The first day we got on splendidly; the second we began to experience a little difficulty in seeing the lady of the house, or some of the family. Sometimes we were fortunate enough to ring at a door which possessed a plate bearing the inmate's name, in which case we generally asked for "Mrs. Smith." The invariable answer was, "she is engaged, call again."

After we had been thus unceremoniously dismissed a number of times, we found this calling again involved a great deal of trouble and time. To wait the convenient time, for a certain number of ladies, we became more persevering in our efforts to obtain answers; we determined to put the questions to any one who could or would answer them; we rang another bell, the door was opened by a very intelligent looking servant, our usual query, "could we see the mistress?" the usual answer, "she is engaged." Putting on our sweetest smiles we asked her would she kindly answer a few questions. We found her very capable, and obtained very satisfactory answers to all our questions, and were delighted with the success of our plan. A few more kind receptions brightened and cheered us on our way. We congratulated each other that our difficulties had all cleared away like the mist of the morning. Before long we were doomed to another disappointment. In answer to our ring came the lady of the house. After explaining to her the object of our visit, she coolly asked us with a defiant air, "was it compulsory to answer those questions?" "Certainly not," we said. "We have no authority to compel you to answer them, if you wish to make yourself disagreeable."

Thinking the matter calmly over, reading over the questions several times, she concluded she would answer them. Thanking her for her condescension, we obtained the answers, and walked out. In answer to our next bell, came the mistress of the house, a nice tidy little woman, who owned six children. She evidently took us for Sunday school detectives, giving us the answers so timidly; while she stroked down the little curly head of a four years old, nestling close to her, assured us she would send her to Sunday school in summer. Others were so eager to answer our questions that they seemed to know intuitively what our visit meant, assured us all her children were attending Sunday school, and was about to leave us into the information, when we tried to detain her as we had some more questions to ask and she kindly answered them in the most gracious manner.

Another door was open, and we rang gently to bring somebody down, or up. No answer, a louder ring, a voice called out from some unknown region, "Who do you want?" We looked in every direction, but saw no one. Summoning up all our courage, we talked and explained to vacancy our business. The voice then appeared in person, and answered all our questions very willingly. At another home the door was opened by the servant. The usual catechising began, and all went smoothly until the number of church members was asked. After thinking some time she said, "Master Teddy and Master Freddy, both danced, and smoked; therefore she was sure they were not church members." So, accordingly, Masters Teddy and Freddy did not swell the church membership of that family.

As our orders were to call at every house, we sometimes found ourselves twice in the same house. When the back entrance happened to be in the same street with the front, we felt a little non-plussed when in answer to our ring the same person appeared whom we had been quizzing a moment before. Of course all we could do was to apologize, and march off. In one house we found ourselves at the extreme end of a very long hall, a flight of stairs leading to the habitable part of the dwelling. A continued knocking at the stairs soon brought down number one, who informed us she had answered these questions a week ago to someone else. We tried to explain that this was our district, and we would feel obliged if she would answer them to us. Then Nos. 2 and 3 appeared, each remaining a step or two behind the others, so that they had quite an imposing effect, as they looked down from their elevated position on us poor quizzers standing at the foot of the stairs. Each question was answered by all three, in three different ways, but eventually we got all answered, after a few alterations. The parting shot was, "I suppose I will have to answer the same questions to somebody who will call next week. I think our house will be well taken down." We told her we were not accountable for what somebody might or might not do, but that she might rest assured we would not call again next week.

In another house we had the greatest difficulty to get any answer on the religious query. The woman did not know to what religion she belonged, and our next query was, where did her husband go on Sunday? She answered, "he went out," but where she did not know.

In another house we had gained admittance to the servant was giving us all the information we wanted, and we were just asking the question "Number over seventeen attending Sunday school," when a voice called down from above, "Who is that?" "What is that about?" "What do you want to know that for?" To all of which questions we could give but vague answers.

Finally we got through our district, with this determination: We would beg, borrow or collect, but never again go "Census taking." CANVASSER.

A REST IN THE COUNTRY.

Sights and Scenes to Lady Dream About and Ponder Over. To that blissful individual who finds his or her doll stuffed with sawdust and the grasshopper a burden—only it is not the season for that interesting insect—I would say "take a trip into the country." Choose no half-way place where callers do congregate, and one has all the boredom of town without its excitement, but hie to a spot where houses are few and far between, and their inhabitants possess the individuality that comes from semi-isolation. The mere getting to this Arcadia may have its peculiar charm. Certainly it did in my case.

Did you ever travel in a box car, lighted and ventilated by the big doors, usually dedicated to the admission of crates and kindred objects? A tired looking stove, with pipe trained through the doorway, was supposed to furnish heat, but the contract was much larger than it could fill. However, one was too interested in indulging in the proper study of mankind to feel cold. My admiration was centred upon a gay young man who had evidently been seeing life in the city. Perchance he had been over to St. John! With what accustomed grace does he smoke his black Jack, and such very black Jack! quite undeterred by the fact that several ladies are casting indignant glances upon him. His extremely tight black clothes, and shiny "hardshell," albeit of somewhat antique shape, excite the undisguised envy of his young fellow travellers, who have not been to the city. Ah me! why cannot we all travel, and acquire such a beautiful swagger?

At last, with a jerk that throws us into each others arms—this car being furnished with seats in a very promiscuous manner, we come to a full stop, and take a flying leap to the platform. It lacerates our feelings to say farewell to the gay young man, but it must be done, and with weary limbs we wend our way to a friend's house. There is something about the journey to awaken excitement in the breast of the most habitually tired mortal, I think, and the interest does not end there. One seems to get at human nature *in natura* in these lonely regions, divested of the artificiality with which man repels his fellow man.

Such funny things one hears! A neighbor who frequently drops in to unbosom her woes, is troubled by a son who has a very bad complaint. She can't believe one word he says. It might be measles, she seems so convinced of its unavoidableness. It is a complaint not confined to the country, I've noticed; but one seldom hears the case so leniently put. Though I have heard it called, when applied to those in high places, "a great talent for managing people."

One does not live fast in our retreat. At first it may seem trying to hear no whisper of the world for several days in the week; but after all what does it matter if one does not know the result of an election, or the latest news from Europe, until five days after? It only postpones one's emotions. I fancy after a little while one would hardly care whether there were any outside world at all, and learn to find in a passing team, matter of extreme interest. It is very restless to over-

worked brain or body, this sojourn with nature, nevertheless. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," and one hies him to his work, glad to take up the burden again, and to run his race with his fellows. CHREOPS.

He Could Whistle. In a church where the minister was in the habit of leading the psalms by a stranger clergyman officiated for him one Sunday. Having read the psalm, an awkward pause ensued. The minister asked who led the singing, and, learning the cause of the hiatus, requested some member to start a tune. At this point a farmer rose and addressed the minister. "I dinna ken if there are any great singers in the kirk, but Tam McNab, in the back loft, is the best whistler in the parish."—Ex.

A Model Teetotaler. There was once an old gentleman who was fond of entertaining his friends, and who gave them wine of the very best. He himself would drink with them, but only from a particular decanter, which he kept before him. An inquisitive neighbor at his table contrived to help himself from the

A Bad Bargain. "I say, Cholly," said Gus de Jay, "I wish you'd tell Jack Chinkinton that I—aw—cawn't go to the reception. I have changed my mind, don't ye know." I remarked to Jack only last night that you changed your mind quite often. "Whawt did he say?" "He said he'd bet that the other fellows in the transaction always got the worst of it."—Ex.

The Remedy for Nightmares. Cholly Bullseye—Did you ever dream of me, Miss Ball? Miss Minnie Ball—Yes, two nights running; and the third — Cholly Bullseye—So delighted! And the third? Miss Minnie Ball—I took an opiate!—Puck.



A PRETTY GIRL

Always likes a pretty bonnet; in fact a pretty bonnet makes any girl look pretty. Anyhow the Hats we have just opened—the latest New York Styles—are the handsomest we have ever had, and you're sure to look fine in one of them.

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HOLMAN & DUFFELL.

1891 PAPER HANGINGS. 1891

Our New Stock is now complete in all grades. Call early, while the variety is large. No trouble to show goods.

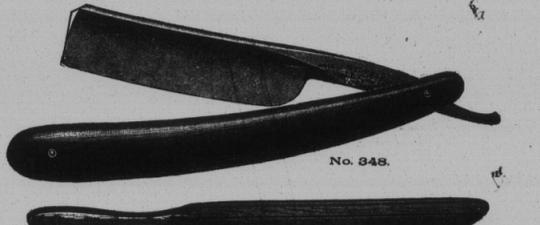
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\$1.25.

A Genuine Wade & Butcher Razor, Hollow Ground, Round Point, Silver, Steel, Tortoise-Shell Handle, Silver Mounted, retails for \$1.25 everywhere. The Strop is equal to any; it is calfskin, cushion, extra fine quality, does the work of a 75c. strop



STAMPS OR P. O. ORDER.

H. V. MORAN & CO., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

A FOUNTAIN PEN for 35cts.

THE PEN is the very best on the market; can use most any common pen in it, when the one in use gives out. It writes as well as any pen you would pay \$2.50 for. Solid Ebony handle, nickel-plated fountain, and glass filler—everything complete. Young men make money. It sells fast—good margin. Send 35cts. in stamps, for sample pen and filler.—H. V. MORAN & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

AGENTS WANTED!

COLORS OF THE SPRING.

CHATTY DRESS TALKS BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

The Brightest and the Newest Things in—The Different Shades for the Spring—What is Being Done With Lace. Dress—What is Worn in Fashion Centre

March brought with it anything but a forecast of spring, the days reminding one more of drear and chill November than early springtime. One went about enveloped in furs and it seemed absurd to think of spring gowns. Nevertheless the average woman had a keen delight in ordering her Easter paraphernalia, although she knew from sad experience that in all probability, it would be too cold to wear it, and she must appear in winter gowns.

"In the spring a winter man's fancy



lightly turns to thoughts of love." In the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of doves (grey).

Grey of all shades will be used for spring and summer costumes, the newest tint being known as quicksilver, which is a grey with a silvery sheen like that upon the changeling metal; silver garnitures of all kinds, and also those of flashing steel, will be used on these quaker-like gowns which will be relieved of all sombreness by the application of brilliant metallic braids and embroidery either in open-work galloons as in cut work passementerie.

Argent, nickle, granite and pearl are among the season's greys, although the tans and beige colors contend for supremacy; blonde, furet and castor are the favorites among the latter. A charming shade of light brown is known as Maryland, and a dark rich one as Mor-dore.

Natural shades are in the ascendant, the natural tinted homespuns and Vicunas being considered extremely stylish.

Niger is a peculiar tint of old rose and Bengal rose, Christmas rose, May rose and laurel pink are all new and beautiful shades. Echevin, Parma violet and regent are light shades of mauve, while chardon and iris are rich deep ones, which look particularly handsome in silk and velvet fabrics.

Quite a new blue is hyacinth, which true to nature, is exactly the color of the beautiful spring blossoms. Pervenche or periwinkle blue is of a darker shade inclining to lavender.

Pompador is a delicious water blue, somewhat assimilating with the old-time



robins egg, which was a cross between a blue and a green. Watteau is almost identical with the lovely Nile green, such a favorite color for evening dresses several years ago.

Muguet, or lily of the valley green, frazier or strawberry leaf, emerald and Russian are among the more subdued greens.

Banana is a very pale yellow. Cythere is a shade darker, and Cleopatra is of a rich golden hue; paillette, straw and corn color are pale evening shades.

Lace will be used in profusion upon everything, even as flounces upon work dresses; the India silks and green dices almost float in a sea of filmy lace either white or black, or quite as often

A ST. JOHN MAN'S NOTES.

PENNED IN THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE.

Philadelphia and Some of its Characteristics—The Appearance of its Streets and Houses—Magnificent Public Buildings and Churches.

PHILADELPHIA, March 30.—Although situated at a distance from you, I thought possibly a few items of news from this city would not be entirely uninteresting to your readers.

Let me describe some of the characteristics of Philadelphia for the benefit of those who have not had the opportunity of visiting this city of brotherly love.

The first thing that impresses a stranger is its immense size, the city proper being 23 miles long, with an average width of five and a half miles, and has an area of 129 square miles, which is double the size of New York, yet with a population one-third less in number. The dwelling houses are, as a rule, not over three stories in height, which spreads the city over much more ground and makes it, in consequence, healthy and pleasant to live in. Every one can have their own house and not be huddled together as in large cities, where houses are built up to the skies and are filled with apartments for ten or fifteen families to live under one roof.

The people are slow, deliberate and methodical in their habits, retaining many of the traits of their quaker forefathers. This is quite noticeable in the way they walk the streets and get in and out of the horse cars, so unlike the hurry and bustle of the New Yorkers, yet they are enterprising and progressive, and generally successful in their business operations. Like Boston and New York, Philadelphia has its own peculiar characteristics. The difference between the three cities is well defined in these questions: Boston asks of a stranger, "What does he know?" New York, "How much is he worth?" while Philadelphia inquires, "Who was his grandfather?"

Antiquity being the latter's standard of merit, the old families here are of the very bluest blood and are said to look down even on New York's favored "Four hundred." While there is much of the quaker element here, the people are not narrow in their views or actions. Their charitable institutions are of the noblest and broadest character. The churches are large and handsome buildings and the theatres and places of amusements plenty and well patronized.

Gerard college, a magnificent establishment costing nearly \$2,000,000, provides for about 1500 boys who may have lost one parent or both, and gives them a good home, plenty of clothing, the best of food, and a good education, sending them out into the world when old enough, well fitted to follow any trade or profession they may be inclined for. There are many other smaller but not less important charitable institutions, such as hospitals and schools entirely free to all who may be in need of such.

As I have said the churches are mostly large and handsome structures. One that was only recently opened, Grace Temple, a Baptist church, will seat 6,000 on the opening Sunday accommodated at one service, 10,000. The pastor, Rev. Russell Conway, a well known pulpit orator, formerly of Boston, is a progressive minister and has established in connection with his church a free school for adults where all the higher branches of education are taught, I believe he was the author of one of the histories of the St. John fires.

That the Philadelphians are fond of amusements is evident from the fact that there are twenty regular theatres in the city, besides concert halls and lecture rooms, and all of them are well patronized. The public buildings of Philadelphia are fine models of modern architecture, many being built of white marble. The city hall, considered the finest building of the kind in the United States, stands exactly in the centre of the city, and is so gigantic in its proportions, as to be easily discernible from all points of the city, its cost, so far, and it is not nearly finished yet, is \$15,000,000.

The dry good stores are the perfection of shopping places for ladies, every convenience being provided for the comfort of their patrons. "Wanamaker" covers a whole block, and contains within its walls absolutely everything you may want, from the proverbial needle to an anchor. Visitors are provided with a sitting room very handsomely furnished, writing materials, magazines, newspapers, and other conveniences entirely free of charge, besides a free concert every afternoon in the musical department. The building is so vast that you can give a plan to an enterer that you may be able to find the different departments, or if a party desire to look over the whole establishment a guide is provided to conduct them. The head of the house, John Wanamaker, is a wonderful man, who has risen by his own energy and talents from a poor boy to the position he now occupies. Besides being the head of this great emporium, he runs the largest Sunday school in the country, is a cabinet officer in the government and postmaster general of the United States, the latter office alone being enough for any ordinary man to fill, but he attends to them all and does not slight any of them. A wonderful man, indeed.

Just now there is a remarkable movement being carried on here called "University Extension," which is somewhat like the Chataqua circle, but much more thorough and of a higher order. It comes to us from where we get many good things, England, and has been introduced by a very clever man, Prof. Moulton of Cambridge, who has been brought over by a few gentlemen who are interested in the movement. The aim is to extend to men and women who are beyond the possibilities of attending a university such an education as is given there. Prof. Moulton's lectures are not only interesting, but instructive, the methods he adopts are such that you cannot but be instructed by them, and they have so increased in attendance that it is hard to get a hall large enough to hold all that would hear him. I would like to tell you more about the city and what is

going on here, but I fear I have already made my letter too long and have trespassed on the space you have kindly allotted me. In my next letter I will tell you about the St. John boys who have made this city their home and are making their mark here.

In conclusion let me congratulate the people of St. John on having such a bright enterprising paper as PROGRESS, which presents so creditable an appearance and is so full of news.

R. S. H.

EGG-HATCHING MACHINES.

The Immense Number of Chickens Hatched by Them.

In a shop on the west side of Regent street, near Oxford street, London, hatching machines are on exhibition, and the movement of the young chickens are always watched with curiosity by crowds at the shop window. The use of incubators is widely spreading in this country, both for game and for domestic poultry. The United States consul general in Egypt, in a report recently published, describes the system of hatching eggs by artificial heat pursued in that country from time immemorial, and still in active operation. One establishment visited by the consul-general was wholly constructed of sun-dried bricks, mortar and earth. It was 70 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 16 feet high, and was provided with twelve compartments or incubators, each capable of hatching 7,500 eggs, or altogether 90,000 at one time. The season begins in March and lasts until May, and three batches of eggs are hatched in this time, each taking an average of three weeks. The fourth batch is given to removing the chickens and preparing the incubators for a new batch of eggs. The number of eggs treated at this establishment in a single season was therefore 270,000, from which 234,000 chickens are usually obtained. The percentage of chickens would be greater, but that the eggs are in some instances procured from long distances and in large quantities, and are therefore liable to damage. The price of eggs is 2 1/2 pence a dozen, and chickens just issued from the shop are sold at 7 1/2 pence a dozen. The loss of chickens after incubation is comparatively small. The whole staff of the place is a man and a boy, who keeps the fires to a temperature of not less than 98 deg. F., arrange the eggs to move them four or five times in the twenty-four hours, look after the chickens, and hand them over to the buyers. The number of chickens hatched in this manner throughout Egypt is estimated at 75,000,000, and would, under ordinary circumstances, require 1,500,000 mothers.—Lancet, 1890.

Observing The Birds.

Oliver Thorne Miller, in a paper in the April Atlantic called "From My Window," tells about her "Bird Study." She says: "The best place I have found for spying upon the habits of birds is behind a blind. One can command a window with outside blinds, looking upon a spot attractive to the feathered world, he will be sure, sooner or later, to see every bird of the vicinity. If he will keep the blinds closed and look only through the opened slats, he will witness more of their unconstrained free ways than can possibly be seen by a person within their sight, though he assume the attitude and stolidity of a wooden figure. Says our nature-poet, Emerson: "You often tread the woods in vain To see what singer piped the strain. Seek not, and the little reeve, With north and gaily sings in sight."

And the bird student can testify to the truth of the verse.

Many times, after having spent the morning in wandering about the bird haunts of a neighborhood, I have returned to my room to write up my note-book, and I have found more of birds and bird life in an hour from my window than during the whole morning's stroll.

A Woman With a Lion Heart.

"What led you to break off your engagement with Miss Cradock?" enquired of her one evening in the parlor a mouse ran across the floor. She never moved a muscle, but said: "Oh, what a pretty little creature!"—Ex.

Free to Ladies.

Every lady reader of this paper sending at once her address on a postal card will receive a free copy of THE LADIES (Pictorial) NEWSPAPER, containing full particulars of their old-fashioned English Prize Competition. Over \$6,000.00 in prizes will be given away between now and June 1st, with special daily prizes of value for each locality. THE LADIES NEWSPAPER is one of the largest and most profusely illustrated publications in Canada, and the Competition offered by them is to be conducted in a strictly fair and honorable manner without partiality to persons or locality. Anyone can secure a good prize by a little work. No cheap presents will be given. It costs you nothing for full information and a sample copy, if you send at once. Address: THE LADIES NEWSPAPER CO., CANADA LIFE BUILDING, Toronto, Ontario.—Advt.



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WATERBURY & RISING, KING AND UNION STREETS.



HARD WORK FOR NURSES

THE DAY'S ROUTINE FOR AN ENGLISH HOSPITAL NURSE.

She Works Fourteen Hours in the Day, with but Very Scant Time for Meals—Most Rigid Etiquette and Rules Observed.

"A day nurse" in an hospital is called at six and takes breakfast at 6.30. Prayers are said in chapel at 6.50, and at seven she is expected to be in her ward. In a ward of 32 beds in two divisions there would be, in addition to the sister, four nurses or probationers, that is, two to each division of sixteen beds. A nurse's first duty in coming into the ward is to take the patients' temperature and to mark it in the charts attached to the several beds, and to make the beds. Allowing three minutes and a half per bed for this double process, if every bed be occupied, 56 minutes or close upon an hour will have elapsed before it is completed. But time must in some way be economised, for not only must beds be made, but the ward must be swept by eight o'clock. And the sweeping must not be done perfunctorily, every locker and mat must be removed and ten leaves thrown down. From eight to nine one nurse thoroughly dusts the division, while the other polishes brasses, washes the tops of lockers and basins, jugs, carbolic bowls, and all the other numerous medical or surgical appliances in use in the ward. At nine the nurses generally take a hasty cup of tea, which they themselves prepare and drink in the ward, washing up the cups themselves. Between nine and ten each nurse in turn has half-an-hour off duty to make her bed, dust her room, and attend to her own toilet, while the nurse remaining on duty looks after the patients and completes the preparation for the day's work, in a surgical ward putting on the necessary dressings on the lockers beside the patients' beds. In a medical ward there is sure to be some patient requiring special attention. Between ten and twelve the house staff of doctors and surgeons make their rounds. Each house physician and surgeon must be attended by a sister or nurse capable of giving any information he may desire about the patient and of taking his instructions. At twelve, four, and eight, what are known as the four hours' duties must be attended to, that is to say medicines, poultices, fomentations, dressings, and icebags ordered every four hours must be administered. At twelve the patients' dinner is served, the nurses also clearing it away and washing up everything except the plates. At 12.45 the one nurse goes to her own dinner, returning to the ward a little before 1.15; each nurse has to give in her name as she enters the room, and a cross is placed against it if she is late. Thus allowing a few minutes for going from and returning to her ward from the dining-room; a scant twenty minutes is left for dinner; and as there are few to carve and serve and many to dine, there is in practice a further inroad upon the time, and the meal is indeed a hasty one. From two till five p. m., the visiting surgeons and physicians go round the wards, but this is a much more solemn function than the morning visit of the house staff. The doctor who comes round with his students must be attended by the sister, who holds a pen and ink for his use, and by the staff nurse, who prepares the patient for the doctor's examination, and makes him comfortable again afterwards. Often a probationer is also in attendance to carry messages and fetch any appliance that may be needed. The round of the visiting doctor often entails great fatigue on the sisters and nurses, a fatigue sometimes unnecessarily increased by the observance of a rigid etiquette, and by want of consideration on the doctor's part. However long a doctor may linger by a patient's bedside, so long must the sister in attendance remain standing, holding her pen and ink. A kindly matron complains that she has frequently seen a doctor keep a sister standing for three-quarters of an hour at one bedside, not for any benefit that could accrue to the patient but solely in the interests of the students. At four o'clock the four-hour duties again recur, and the patients have their tea. Time has to be found while the patients are having their tea for the nurses' own afternoon tea, which they must take in the ward, no time is allowed for absence. The nurses have to provide themselves with their own teapot and all necessary crockery of preparing the wards and the patients for the night must be done. Baths of various kinds must be given, and temperatures

again taken. At eight the lights are turned down, report given to the sister what orders have been received for the night, and the nurse finally goes off duty at 9.20. She will thus have been at work since 7 a. m., over fourteen hours. During this time she has had a scant half-hour for dinner, half-an-hour for doing her room and for her own toilet, and two hours to spend as she likes.

The actual working day of the nurse is thus a little under twelve hours. But against that computation must be set the fact, while one nurse is off duty more work is thrown upon the other. Thus in a ward where the staff consists of two nurses, there will always be six hours in the day when there will be but one nurse in the ward beside the sister, and in a ward where the staff consists of three nurses, there will be but two nurses in the ward during eight hours.—English Illustrated Magazine for March.

Nearly is Worth Ten Dollars.

"Nearly everybody eats far more than is necessary," said the doctor. "Among my patients those who eat the least get over their maladies the quickest, while those who eat the heaviest are ill the longest. My experience shows that half the ailments of life are brought about by overeating or drinking. I myself take a light breakfast, perhaps eggs with toast, or fish and potatoes, or a bit of cold chicken, or something of the kind, and a cup of coffee. At noon I take milk, with a few crackers, or else some California fruits. At 6 I have a hearty, but not heavy dinner, with soup, fish, meat, vegetables, bread, and a few glasses of light wine. I do not eat over a pound and a half of solid food a day, though I am more robust than most men, and am never troubled with any of the hundred complaints that are the result of overeating. I advise you to eat lightly, be careful of what you eat, and take your time in eating. This looks like common-place advice, but my fee for it, without any pills, is \$10."

How Fast Can the Dumb Speak.

The deaf and dumb, as everyone knows, "speak" by means of their fingers. How many words, then, can a good hand-speaker form in a minute? According to the Postal Telegraph Department, the average number of letters per word in the English language is five. Now, a ready hand-speaker can make the English alphabet ten times in a minute; that is to say, 260 letters. It is usual for him to pause for the space of one letter after each word, to show that the word is completed. If, therefore, we subtract from the total just given about one-sixth of these stoppages, the total will be reduced to 215 letters. Let this be divided by five, the average number of letters per word, and we shall find that a fairly expert deaf and dumb person will speak forty-three words per minute. A person in possession of speech will probably speak 150 words in the same space of time.—Little Folks.

How to Play Fan Tan.

The players sit around a table, and the keeper of the game has in front of him a bowl or tray containing two or three quarts of "cash," small coins made of bronze and worth about one-fiftenth of a cent each; each coin has a square hole in the center for convenience in carrying it on a wire or string. The dealer takes a large handful of the coins from the bowl, generally a double handful, and places it on the center of the table. The players guess at the pile, the guessing being based upon the number that will remain after the coins have been removed, four at a time, until three, two, one or none are left. The removal is made with a pointed rod like a long lead pencil, it being forbidden to the dealer to touch the pile with his fingers in any way.—New Orleans Picayune.

Got Them Out of Sight.

A genial old farmer once visited his refined and aesthetic married daughter, who was great on tides and antimacassars as drawing-room ornaments. As the old farmer was sitting by the window chatting with his daughter he spied the minister coming; and as his daughter rose to go to the door to receive the minister, the old farmer, not used to such finery, whipped up the tides of the chairs, and threw them under the bed. When the minister had gone away he turned to his daughter and said—"Ay, Jeannie, lass, glad was I to get your washing out of the road before the minister came in, but I managed it."—Ex.

The Consolation of the Widow.

The following explains itself:

St. JOHN, N. B., 29th March, 1891.

John L. Stearns, general manager for the maritime provinces:

Dear Sir—I beg to thank you and the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, for payment in full of policy 46,217, on the life of my late husband, Edward Wills; and I have also to thank Robert Marshall, special agent, for his kindness in so promptly settling the settlement.

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) SARAH WILLS.

me bottle, and discovered that, under a horribly imitation of sherry, his host was drinking an abominable concoction of toast and water. He was a total abstainer from principle, but he was also too courteous a gentleman to flaunt his convictions in the face of his guests.—Spectator.

A Bad Bargain.

"I say, Cholly," said Gus de Jay, "I sh you'd tell Jack Chinkinton that I—cav'n't go to the reception. I have changed my mind, don't ye know?" "I remarked to Jack only last night at you changed your mind quite often." "What did he say?" "He said he'd bet that the other fellows the transaction always got the worst of—Ex.

The Remedy for Nightmares.

Cholly Bullseye—Did you ever dream of Miss Ball? Miss Minnie Ball—Yes, two nights running; and the third—Cholly Bullseye—So delighted! And the third? Miss Minnie Ball—I took an opiate—ack.

PRETTY GIRL

likes a pretty bonnet; in fact bonnet makes any girl look Anyhow the Hats we have need—the latest New York are the handsomest we have and you're sure to look fine them.

ME. KANE,

USE BLOCK, UNION STREET.



Work

ing and inside work. We do

mining

a transformation worth the ms Kalsomined.

CHARLOTTE STREET.

& THORNE, William Street.

selecting your purchases at prices to suit all, of

Y, PLATED WARE.

60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET

DUFFELL.

NGINGS. 1891

ly, while the variety is large. No trouble

STREET.

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25.

zor, Hollow Ground, Round

ll Handle, Silver Mounted.

Strop is equal to any; it is

does the work of a 75c. strop

No. 348.

, Box 21, St. John, N. B.

EN for 35cts.

ny common pen in it, when the one in use gives

0 for. Solid Ebony handle, nickel-plated foun-

in make money. It sells fast—good margin.

in stamps, for sample pen and filler.—H. V.

Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

# THINGS WORTH KNOWING

There are 409 hills in Scotland above 3,000 feet high.

The construction of railways in India commenced in 1853.

The number of medical students in Edinburgh is about 2,000.

There are 32 railway tunnels in England over one mile in length.

Manitoba is said to have raised 15,000,000 bushels of wheat last season.

There are 48,045,755 acres of cultivated land in the United Kingdom.

In 1606 any one absent from church on Sunday was fined one shilling.

Kammerer, a native of Ludwigsburg, was the inventor of the lucifer match.

The first steam printing press was erected in the office of the London Times in 1814.

The number of passengers carried by railways in Great Britain in 1889 was about 480,000,000.

Of sheep there are 43,431,126 head in the United States, of the average value of \$2 each, and 50,625,160 pigs.

It is estimated that the population of England and Wales will reach no less a figure than 29,855,000 in 1891.

The quantity of tea imported into England, and retained for home use, in the year 1889 was 185,578,298 lbs.

At the present day sacred pigs roam inviolate about the Buddhist monasteries of Canton and elsewhere in China.

The use of esparto or Spanish grass in the manufacture of paper was introduced and patented by E. Rutledge in 1856.

In 1582 the seamen of England were computed at 14,295 men, and the number of vessels 1232, of which there were only 217 of more than eighty tons burden.

The Talmud is a book containing the ancient Jewish oral (or unwritten) law and traditions. It was compiled by the scribes between the sixth and third centuries B.C.

Between 1861 and June, 1889, there were as many as 4,693 vessels, British, colonial and foreign, wrecked on the shores of the United Kingdom, resulting in each case unfortunately in loss of life, the total number of persons perishing being 21,020.

A resident of Tampa, Fla., has a natural curiosity in the form of a pair of deer horns with a clearly defined hound's head on the tip of one of them, formed in a manner that makes it impossible that it should be a work of art.

A Syracuse, N. Y., man has a snake in his stomach, and unless the reptile gets what it wants to eat and drink it makes trouble. Port wine is its favorite ripple, but it gets too much of the wine it acts as if it had delirium tremens.

The authorized coinage of the United Kingdom consists of the following pieces, some of which are issued only on special occasions: Gold: five-pound, two-pound, sovereign, half-sovereign; silver: crown, double florin, half-crown, florin, shilling, sixpence, groat, threepence, twopenny, penny; bronze: penny, halfpenny, farthing.

Over 300 years ago, in the reign of Henry VIII., an Italian ship sank in the River Stout, at the entrance to the English port of Sandwich. The river, which is noted for frequently changing its course, recently shifted into an old channel and exposed the wreck of the vessel which since the year 1542 has lain imbedded in the sand.

Despite their subjugation to British rule the princes of India are still able to indulge in royal whims and extravagances. One of them recently had made at Paris a bed worth \$25,000. Its canopy is supported by four automatic female figures that wave fans to cool the air. The mattress is a huge musical box, which, when one lies upon it, plays operatic airs.

Rosemary is a small but very odoriferous shrub; the principal use of it is to perfume chambers, and in decoctions for washing. Its botanical name is Rosmarinus, so called from *ros*, dew, and *marinus*, alluding to its situation on the seashore. It is seen mantling the rocks of the Mediterranean in winter, with its grey flowers glittering with dew. It was used to stick around the coffin of the dead.

The proportion of American trade carried in American ships in 1870 was 35.6; in 1875, 25.8; in 1880, 17.18; in 1885, 14.76; and in 1890, 12.29 per cent. During 1890 no American shipping cleared for Germany, the Atlantic ports of France, or the Netherlands, and while 3,316,442 tons of steamers cleared for England, out of this only 38,192 tons were under the United States flag.

Rather an interesting change in the methods adopted in delivering and collecting the census papers is the circumstance that for the first time ladies have been put upon the list of enumerators, an arrangement which, though indicating a distinct recognition of the public services of women, may not be fully appreciated in some small towns and villages where gossip is a big part of the staple industry.

In Saxon *bord* means shield. In the Viking ship each warrior hung his shield on the side of the ship opposite to him, and above the aperture for his oar. The Viking held the steer oar, which was fastened to the right-hand side of the stern (stern is itself a contradiction of steer oar). The right hand side of the ship thus became the steer side, and as *bord* came to mean the whole side where the shields or boards were hung, the right side came to be the steer board (starboard) side, and the lower or lurking side became larboard.

Edward III granted to the city of London the privilege of having a gold or silver mace carried before the lord mayor, sheriffs and corporations, in 1354.

Banks were first established by the Lombard Jews in Italy. The name is derived from *banco*, a bench—benches being erected in the market-places for the exchange of money, etc.

The credit of being the first canal-maker in England is attributed to Morton, Bishop of Ely, who, in the reign of Henry VIII, constructed a cut for navigation as well as for drainage between Peterborough and the sea, 40 miles long.

Three of Grant's famous old army commanders survive—General Schofield, present commander of the army; General O. O. Howard, who commanded one wing of Sherman's army on its famous march; and General Stocum, who had charge of another.

The greatest known ocean depths yet measured are one of 4,555 fathoms off the north-east coast of Japan, one of 4,475 fathoms south of the Ladrone Islands, one of 4,561 fathoms north of Porto Rico, and two of 4,295 fathoms and 4,430 fathoms respectively, to the south of the Friendly Islands, in lat. 24.37 S., long. 175.8 W.

There are seven watches on board ship: the afternoon watch lasts from noon to 4 p. m.; first dog watch, from 4 p. m. to 6 p. m.; second dog watch, from 6 p. m. to 8 p. m.; first watch, from 8 p. m. to midnight; middle watch, 12 a. m. to 4 a. m.; morning watch, from 4 a. m. to 8 a. m.; forenoon watch, from 8 a. m. to noon.

In South Carolina the percentage of the negro population is 60.6, in Mississippi 57.5, in Louisiana 51.4, in Alabama 47.5, in Florida 47.1, in Georgia 47.0, in Virginia 41.7, and in North Carolina 37.9. In these eight states the first census showed a white population of 1,066,711, and a colored population of but 651,308; while the census of 1880 revealed a white population of 4,695,253, and a colored population of 4,352,097.

From the official report of the Japanese census, taken on December 1, 1889, it appears that the number of houses in the whole of Japan is 7,840,872, and the total population 40,702,020. The above population divided according to classes gives the following results: Nobles and their families, 3825; old military class, 1,993,637; common people, 38,074,558. These figures, compared with the census taken in 1888, show an increase of 38,046 houses, and of 464,786 persons.

History informs us that the product of the silkworm was first utilised in China 4515 years ago, through the encouragement of the Empress of Siling Chi, to whom is attributed the invention of silk stuffs. The secret of silkworm culture was finally stolen from China, and ultimately spread all over the globe. For twenty years, however, the Chinese kept the secret faithfully; death was the penalty which anyone incurred who attempted to impart the knowledge to any outside nation, and their frontiers were guarded closely to prevent the secret from being carried abroad.

In June, 1646, Charles I ordered a gold medal to be struck for Robert Welch, an Irish gentleman, who, at the battle of Edgehill, recovered the standard of the king's own regiment, which had been taken by the parliamentary forces, and who also captured two pieces of cannon, for which services he had been previously knighted. This war medal, which bore the effigies of the king and Prince Charles, with the inscription, "Per Regale Mandatum Caroli Regis, hoc assignatur Roberto Welch, Militi," seems to have been the first which was worn as a personal decoration in this country.

According to a recent estimate of the glass bottle production of the world, says *The Engineer*, the average daily output amounts to about 43,300 gross, the export to the United States being only 840, Germany, Belgium, Austria-Hungary turn out about 37,000 gross, or about four-fifths of the product of the world. France is so small as 100. England turns out 6000 gross daily. Of the other producing countries, Sweden makes the highest with 1516 gross daily. Other countries than those already named are practically nothing. The United States' share of the output is very small compared to other countries named outside of France.

During the Crimean campaign of one year and a half, 341,000 men were buried in the district of Taurida, which includes the Crimea. The Russians lost 170,000 soldiers; the English, French and Turks 156,000; and there were 15,000 Tartar victims. Of this total 324,800 were interred in the Crimea, including 210,000 in the neighborhood of Sebastopol. Those killed in battle were but 30,000, and, allowing an equal number for the losses from wounds, 281,000 must have succumbed from disease. The deaths of sick persons sent away from the seat of war were about 60,000 more, which makes the number of dead from the Crimean campaign alone over 401,000.

Some rare metals, possessing special qualities, are required for certain work. Thus palladium is used in making some parts of time pieces, and iridium for the points of gold pens, and the uninitiated have no idea of the value of such scarce products. Vanadium costs, for instance, 123,900¢, per kilogramme; zirconium, 79,291¢; and lithium, which is the lightest of metals, 77,096¢, per kilogramme. Rhodium, which is extremely hard and brittle, and is only fusible at a very high temperature, fetches, 25,3801¢; and iridium, the heaviest substance hitherto discovered, costs 12,005¢, per kilogramme. It will therefore be seen that gold and silver are far from being the most precious metals, so far as their market value is concerned.

It is stated that the muskrat is enabled to travel under the ice of a frozen river or lake for a considerable distance by respiring against the ice floor where the bubbles of air collect and getting a fresh supply of oxygen.

In the Silvester-basilica of Rome have been discovered the tombs of six popes, among them that of Silvester, who succeeded in converting Constantine to christianity, and who lived at the time of the council of Nice.

The Dryads were an inferior order of deities in the mythology of Greece. Their name is derived from the Greek word for an oak-tree (*drus*). They were looked upon as the guardians of the larger kinds of forest trees, along with which they came into being, and with which they died.

According to the *Publisher's Circular*, the number of books published in the course of the year 1890 was 4414, and of new editions 1321, making a total of 5735. This does not reach the number recorded in 1889, when 4694 new books and 1373 new editions, or a total of 6067 works, were published.

Chili originally belonged to the empire of the Incas of Peru. It was invaded by the Spaniards in 1535, and subdued in 1541. The Spanish yoke was thrown off by a declaration of independence in 1810, which was finally secured in 1818. Santiago, the capital, is a beautiful city, in the heart of a noble country, with the Andes full in view.

The snowdrop consists of one bulb, two green leaves, and a single stalk bearing a solitary flower. The whole being so imbued with chastity, it was anciently held sacred to virgins, and in later years was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. On the Feast of the Purification it was formerly the custom that her image should be removed from the altar, and the place of it strewn with snowdrops. The ceremony was attended by maidens dressed in white, who walked in procession in the churches. It is more than possible that the name of "Fair Maids of February" was taken from them.

The Victoria cross was instituted in February, 1856, at the termination of the Crimean war, for the purpose of rewarding conspicuous acts of bravery performed by soldiers, sailors and marines. The decoration consists of a Maltese cross of bronze having the royal crest in the centre, with a scroll bearing the words "For valour". Soldiers upon whom it has been bestowed wear it with a red ribbon, and sailors with a blue ribbon, upon the left breast. Non-commissioned officers and men receive medals instead of a cross, and each additional act of valor, besides being recorded by a bar placed upon the suspending ribbon, entitles the hero to a further pension of £5.

The name by which we know an article sometimes gives very little idea of its character. Take the following list as an illustration. "Oil of turpentine" is not oil, neither is "oil of vitriol," nor "coal oil," nor "Sassafras," a position of 24¢, and each additional act of valor, besides being recorded by a bar placed upon the suspending ribbon, entitles the hero to a further pension of £5.

That at this season the blood is filled with impurities, the accumulation of moods of close confinement in poorly ventilated stores, workshops and tenements. All these impurities and every trace of scrofula, salt rheum, or other diseases may be expelled by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier ever produced. It is the only medicine of which "100 doses one dollar" is true.

**Delicacy of the Code.**  
The Majah—has that fellow answered your challenge, coloring the matter?  
The Colonel—He has, sah; but I shall not meet him. He refused to meet me, unless I would promise to buy my coffin for his brother, who is a beastly undertaker.—*Ex.*

**Shocking Inference.**  
Cumso (reading)—A ship which recently sailed for Africa had on board 7 missionaries and 5,000 barrels of whiskey.  
Mrs. Cumso (indignantly)—Well, I do think they ought to send missionaries who don't drink.—*N. Y. Sun.*

**All for a Postal Card.**  
Several Special Prizes valued at \$10.00 to \$30.00 will be given each day to the person in Canada from whom is received the best letter formed from letters contained in the two words "Ladies Newspaper." This offer is made by the publishers of a large, 32 page, four column Journal, edited by women, for the intelligent women of Canada. Over two hundred valuable prizes are offered in addition to the above extra special prizes given daily. All fortunate enough to secure a prize in this Competition will obtain a valuable one, as none other will be given.

This competition will be upon an entirely different plan from any before offered in Canada, in fact, after the styles of those introduced by leading English publishers, and will be conducted in the same honorable manner which has governed English Competitions.

The publishers of "The Ladies Newspaper" are not offering these competitions expecting to make any money from direct results, but will expend several thousand dollars in this manner for the purpose of introducing their journal.

The first object will be to make them strictly fair and impartial and establish an enviable reputation for the publication itself. Persons desiring to enter the competition may start at once, but send your address on a postal card and receive a free sample copy with full particulars. Address THE LADIES NEWSPAPER CO., Canada Life Building, Toronto, Canada.

## MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

King Humbert of Italy has often said, "I should wish to be a journalist were I not a king."

Beethoven was once deeply in love, but lacked the courage to make his affection known, and so lived and died devoted to his art and averse to social pleasure.

A fine St. Bernard dog is John Greenleaf Whittier's companion in his daily walks. The poet is fond of pets, and owns two cats, three dogs and three horses.

Of Washington it is said that when his secretary, on some important occasion, was cumbered with a mattress, sheets or pillow, and excused himself by saying his watch was too slow, the reply was, "You will have to get another watch or I another secretary." Napoleon used to say to his marshals: "You may ask anything of me but time."

The Sultan of Turkey is at present an ardent student of the German language. He was able to carry on a short conversation in German with the ambassador recently sent by the Emperor of Germany to Constantinople. He professed great admiration for the poetry of Heine and Geibel.

The home of Olive Schreiner, the author of *Dreams*, and *The Story of an African Farm*, is at Matiesfontein, Cape Colony. The place consists of a farm, a hotel, a mill, a warehouse, a station, and a few dashes ice cold water on his head, neck and breast. Then he draws on his clothes, which include only a blue-checked jumper of linen, a pair of trousers and heavy, ill-fitting peasant's boots. He never brushes his hair, and his apology for combing it is the thrusting through of it twice of the five fingers of his left hand. At six o'clock he leaves his room for the dining room on the second floor. There the count's guests and scholars, of whom there is always a burdensome number at the Jesnaja Poljana castle, are already assembled for tea. Their host never joins them in taking the great Russian beverage, however. He prefers coffee. The rest of the breakfast consists of white bread, fresh butter, cream, and a peculiar cheese which Tolstoi prepares with his own hands. Most of the breakfast party come and go from month to month. Three persons only are regular members of the traditional breakfast table and heavy, ugly house jewelry, the pride and joy of every Englishwoman's heart. Only very lately has she returned to her native land from a prolonged trip through Western Asia, where she went to establish a hospital in the Punjab she founded another hospital, as a memorial to her sister, and is now busily attending to the publication of a work on this latest journey through the Orient.

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There are now many stories current concerning the house of Rothschild and the part its members have played in averting financial crises. Of course that assistance which the present head of the London firm gave to the Egyptian exchequer at a critical moment and under circumstances which elicited a cordial recognition from Lord Granville in the Lords, is being recalled. However, the most interesting incident refers to the panic of 1825. The Duke of Wellington sent for Nathan Rothschild one morning to ask his advice. "Now, Mr. Rothschild, what can be done for the city?" asked the duke. "Send down Cole," replied the laconic financier. "Cole!" exclaimed the duke; "what in Heaven's sake do you mean?" "Cole, the bank broker," came the reply. "Send him down to buy half-a-million's worth of Exchequer bills in the market, and it will put things straight." The advice was acted on and the panic was stopped. Nathan Rothschild was the hero of another interesting incident. There was a run on the once well-known bank of Masternans. Rothschild was urged by his friends to withdraw his account. He at once marched down to the bank, which he found besieged by an angry crowd. Toss-

ing a bulky packet to a clerk he curly remarked—"£200,000—place it to the credit of my account." This saved the bank. "I always tell my sons," once remarked Nathan, "that it takes a great deal of boldness to make a large fortune, but it wants infinitely more wit to keep it." They have since realized the wisdom of this observation.

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PROGRESS PICKINGS.

Judge—What is your christian name, Mr. Glim? Glim—Robert Ingersoll. Judge—What! Do you call that a christian name?—Life.

Robby—What's an April fool, papa? Mr. Norris—An April fool is a man who takes off his winter underclothing on the first warm day.—Life.

Cameron—What do you suppose Sir John said when he heard the election news? Wiman—This is treason, I have made the most of it.—Puck.

Goslin—"If Miss Sead's face is her fortune, she doesn't rate very high." Dolley—"Her pa value is much above her face value."—New York Sun.

Wife—Frank, how do you like the way our new laundry girl does up your collars and cuffs? Frank—Oh, first rate! First—She does things up become!

First broker—What has become of that messenger boy of yours? He was slower than death. Second broker—Yes, that's just the trouble; it overtook him.—Yale Record.

Weeks—"Well, how are things over in Boston? Have they named any new rep Aristotle yet?" Wentman—"No-o. But I heard a man there ask for a Plato soap.—Christian Register.

"Didn't she sue him for breach of promise?" "Yes; and she proved him to be so base a deceiver that the jury said she should pay him \$1000 for breaking his faith with her."—Herald's Bazar.

First Cowboy—"What you fellows hang that tenderfoot fer; did he steal the horse?" Second Cowboy—"No; but he said cyther and nyther, an' we wouldn't stand no such nonsense."

Words Without Thought—"Those Johnson girls said they've dyed their hair, Cousin Adelaide." "The mean, jealous wretches! I hope you contradicted it."

"Of course, I did! I said it was false."

First actor—Is your congregation going to raise your salary this coming year? Second actor—Well, I don't know; they haven't finished raising my last year's salary yet.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

She: Don't you feel a draft over there near the window? He (taking the hint): I don't know but I do. "What would you advise me to do; pull the blind down or move over nearer to you?" She: Both.—Life.

Salve!—Sweet Creature—"Have you anything nice you can recommend me to put on my lips?" Smart Store Salesman (repeating)—Lips, madam! (But it sounded so much like an answer that she blushed).

Casting—"Are you cutting the sensational articles out of that paper before taking it home to your wife and daughters." Banks (handing the shears)—"No; I'm cutting out the millinery advertisements."—Harper's Bazar.

"Mr. St. John says your complexion always reminds him of the war of the roses." "Did he? How nicely he puts things!" "Yes, doesn't he! You know the red drove the white entirely from the field."—Life.

Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, was upset in his carriage near Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident said, we are happy to state he was able to appear at the forthcoming evening in three pieces.—Our Homes.

The other day in school one of the youths was asked by the teacher "For what is the island of Ceylon noted?" And the boy answered with promptness and good faith, "For its postage stamps being awful hard to get."—Boston Transcript.

Father Denis—"Mrs. Mulrooney, I hear very serious accounts of the new epidemic; I trust your son has not taken it." Mrs. Mulrooney—"Not he, sir! He wouldn't take anything that didn't belong to him. An honest boy never broke bread."

Dealer—"Jake, don't you think we'd better take that sign, 'Goods sold at half price for ten days only' out of the window?" Jake—"Why, no; it's been in only three months." Dealer—"Oh, is that all? It looked so faded, I thought the time had expired already."

Salesman—"As I understand your order, sir, it is for one dozen shirts at thirty-six dollars a dozen." Traveller—"That's correct (moving off); good-day." Salesman—"Hold on a minute! Pardon me, but we require a deposit from strangers." Traveller—"Then make one shirt less."—Clothing and Furnisher.

—She—"I am thinking of buying a type-writing machine. Can you use yours easily yet?" He—"Not a bit. I've been fighting with it a long time, but I shall conquer it in a week or two." She—"Ah, you've found the road to success at last; what is it?" He—"Well, as a last resort I am going to marry the young lady who sold it."—Judge.

—He (desperately)—"Tell me the truth. Is it not my poverty that stands between us?" She (sadly)—"Yes." He (with a ray of hope)—"I admit that I am poor, and so, unfortunately, is my father; but I have an aged uncle who is very rich and a long sword." She (delightedly)—"How kind and thoughtful you are! Will you introduce me to him?"—New York Weekly.

"I am so troubled about my husband," said Mrs. Badman, seeking sympathy from the pastor's wife. "He goes from bad to worse; he is an infidel and an atheist, and now he says he is an agnostic, and doesn't know anything and don't believe anything and doesn't think anything." "My dear sister," replied the pastor's wife, "you don't know what trouble is. My husband thinks he knows how to cook."—Ex.

No Testimonial.—Advertising agent—Your pardon for intruding, madam, but I understand that you have been sick and are now perfectly well, and that during your illness six bottles of Dr. Curen's Elixir was bought at the corner drug store. Madam—Yes. The nurse who came to take care of me got sick, and ordered the bottles for herself. I did not take any of it. "Humph! Can I see her?" "She's dead."—New York Weekly.

Stranger (visiting city): Say, mister, what's that big stone building? An orphan asylum? Citizen: Why, no; that's the office of the daily and weekly Gleanings. Stranger: Gosh! all fishbooks! The deuce you say! Why, I got mad at the editor and stopped that paper more'n five years ago, and supposed, of course, the consarn had busted and quit.—Printer's Ink.

THE ZULU HOUSES.

They Look Like Big Beehives and the Women Build Them.

The Zulu woman is the architect and builder of the Zulu house, and the style of architecture is known in the colonies as "wattle and daub." It looks like an exaggerated beehive, for the Zulu mind has this peculiarity, that it cannot grasp the idea of anything that is not round or elliptical in form.

There are no squares in architecture. To build her house the woman traces a circle on the ground 14 feet in diameter, and getting a number of long, limber branches, she sticks them firmly into the ground and then bends the tops over and ties them with fiber obtained from the numerous creepers, or "monkey ropes."

Then she twines thicker creepers in and out of these sticks, all round the circle of spaces about twelve inches apart, and then taking wattle (a kind of coarse grass or reed) she thatches the edifice, leaving a small hole at the top for a chimney, and another hole three feet square for a door. In front of this she builds a covered way, extending outward about three feet, and the exterior of the house is finished by a coating of "daub" or mud.

She then seeks the nests of the white ant, and digging them up obtains a quantity of white clay which she beats to powder, dries and then mixing it with water, kneads it until it is quite smooth. This she spreads all over the ground inside the hut, and beats it carefully until it is quite hard and free from cracks.

This floor a good housewife will scour twice a day with smooth stones, until it is like a piece of polished marble.

The fireplace is near the door, and is simply a ring of this clay to confine the embers in one place. The other necessary found in a hut are a bundle of spear shafts drying some tobacco and several bunches of millet hanging from the roof. Grouped around the walls are the three anansi (a species of sour milk) jars, the native beer jars and open jars holding grain.

Of course, the dense wood smoke rising, coats the roof, millet and tobacco with soot, and long "fingers" of it hang in every direction; but the floor will be clean enough to eat on, and as long as that is so, the social Mrs. Grandy of the Zulu is satisfied.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Forbidden Fruit.

My faithful dog—his actions fairly talk—Gambolled about me on our morning walk, and being frivolous, for he was young. Pursued, with flying feet and noisy tongue, The circling birds that skimmed along the ground. And snatched with whistles shrill the flying bird. He snapped at flies, slow buzzing in the air, And chased the chirping crickets here and there; At length with sudden leap, in merry play, He caught a hornet, passing by that way. And let him go again, and meowed and sighed, And scraped his jaws along the ground, and cried.

And shouted "fire" as a dog might shout. And ran before the wind, and put about. And shrieked, and gnawed the trees, and snapped and roiled. Panted and snarled, as if with heat and cold, And would not frisk, nor laugh, nor bound, nor play. And was not happy any more that day.

"Alas," I said, "how many times have I Caught at some gaudy pleasure passing by, And thought, 'Did he? How nicely he puts things!' Where all the hornet's family lived, and I forgot Just what I thought, and what I sought to say, In one tumultuous rush to get away."—Robert J. Bartlett.

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The Voice

Is easily injured—the slightest irritation of the throat larynx at once affecting its tone, flexibility, or power. All efforts to sing or speak in public, under such conditions, become not only painful but dangerous, and should be strictly avoided until every symptom is removed. To effect a speedy cure no other medicine is equal to

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The best of anodynes, this preparation rapidly soothes irritation, strengthens the delicate organs of speech, and restores the voice to its normal tone and power. No singer or public speaker should be without it. Lydia Thompson, the famous actress, certifies: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been of very great service to me. It improves and strengthens the voice, and is always effective for the cure of colds and coughs."

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that I have suffered very little inconvenience. I have also used it in my family, with excellent results, in coughs, colds, &c."—Wm. H. Quarry, Milton, Australia. "In the spring of 1883, at Portsmouth, Va., I was prostrated by a severe attack of typhoid pneumonia. My physicians exhausted their remedies, and for two years I was unable to even articulate a word. By the advice of Dr. Shaw I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and to my surprise and great joy, in less than one month I could converse easily, in a normal tone of voice. I continued to improve and have become since a well man. I have often recommended the Pectoral, and have never known it to fail."—George E. Lawrence, Valparaiso, Ind.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

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How to Kill an Oyster. Don't drown him deep in vinegar. Or season him at all; Or cover up his shining form With pepper, like a pall. But gently lift him from his shell, And freely hold your breath, Then with your tongue and teeth Just tickle him to death.

1,000 Bbls. Fresh Raked P. E. I. OYSTERS. The cheapest and best place in the city to buy Oysters.

C. H. JACKSON.

ELECTRIC LIGHT!

THE CALKIN ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. ARE now prepared to enter into Contracts with their Customers for either the ARC or INCANDESCENT,

at Rates as low as it is possible to produce the same with satisfactory results.

We believe our System to be the best at present in the market, and we guarantee satisfaction.

GEO. F. CALKIN, Manager.

Room 2, Pugsley Building.

SHOW DAY, TUESDAY, MARCH 24.

OUR DISPLAY OF

MILLINERY NOVELTIES, TRIMMED MILLINERY, FLOWERS, LACES AND NETS.

Will be the largest and best we have ever made.

SMITH BROS. WHOLESALE

Dry Goods and Millinery, Granville and Duke Streets,

HALIFAX, N. S.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

Advertisement for various stores including R. B. Gilmore & Co., Opera House Music Store, and Gorbell Art Store. Lists items like China, Glass, Lamps, Oil & Kitchen Furnishings, and Picture Frames.

Do You Want to Make Money?

HERE'S A WAY. YOU READ THIS ADVERTISEMENT, IT WILL EXPLAIN HOW. IT stands to reason and good common sense that the extraordinary growth of our business, during the past year, must be due to giving our patrons better value than they can get elsewhere.

Advertisement for a medicine called 'Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Liver & Bile Complaints'. Includes a circular logo and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

BUSINESS EDUCATION. EVENING CLASSES.

Practical Instruction given in Book-Keeping, Arithmetic and Penmanship. Address: ST. JOHN INSTITUTE OF PENMANSHIP and BOOK-KEEPING, 108 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

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SUITINGS, OVERCOATINGS, and TROWSERINGS.

D. & J. PATERSON, Merchant Tailors, 77 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Have Your Measure

taken now. We've a new lot of the best English, Irish, and Scotch Cloths, and you'll get the boss suit from us.

Our cutter is sure to make you a splendid fit—can't miss it. Select from our selection. Do you know the BLUE STORE in Portland?

Its our branch; the cheapest and best. Saves a walk to the city.

THOS. YOUNGLAUS, Charlotte Street.

THEY ARE MORE DURABLE THEY ARE MORE GRACEFUL THEY ARE MORE STYLISH

CORSETS. THAN ANY OTHER CORSET IN THE MARKET.

MADE ONLY BY CANADA FEATHERBONE LONDON, O. MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

DO YOUR ADVERTISING

with a method; attend to it as you would to your banking, if you want it to pay. Be careful as to the medium, then get the right style; be persistent and you are sure to succeed. Do this

IN A BUSINESS LIKE WAY, and success is sure. Have you used Cuts to illustrate your Advertisement? Perhaps it's just what is needed in your business.

Our Engraving Bureau originates designs for newspaper ads, and very attractive ones, too. It is a certainty that

YOUR SUCCESS IS SURE

if you spend an ordinary amount of time on your



We have started this competition partly to revive an interest in a useful study, and partly to increase the interest of the young folks in PROGRESS. The questions will be given every week, and the publisher of PROGRESS will give One Dollar for the first correct answer that reaches PROGRESS office.

Miss Gerie Finn sent the first correct answers to the history questions, No. 5, and wins the prize. The questions, answers and the names of those who sent correct answers are given below:

(1) In what battle was Harold II killed? (Ans.) The Battle of Hastings.

(2) What happened to the two young princes, sons of Edward IV in the tower of London? (Ans.) They were smothered to death by pillows in their beds.

(3) In whose reign and in what year did the "Invincible Spanish Armada" ascend the English channel to conquer England? (Ans.) In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1588.

(4) Who succeeded Elizabeth on the throne of England? (Ans.) James VI., of Scotland.

M. Gerie Finn, 22 Richmond street; Edna G. Powers, 26 Acadia street; J. Stewart, Hampton; Katie L. Beverly, 122 Union street; L. G. Patton, 1 Elliot row; Murray Jarvis, 7 Elliot row; Mabel Robinson, 37 Union street; Grace A. Estey, 30 Peters street; E. J. Stockton, 18 Charles street; Jessie Hayes, 113 Queen street; Denis McHugh, 101 Brunel street; X. Y. Z., 37 Elliot row; Dorothea T. Nicholson, 13 Mecheburg terrace; C. Perry Masters, 65 Elliot row; "Vendome," Hampton, N. B.; Carleton M. Killam, Indian town; Jessie Johnstone, 14 Elliot row; Jessie Olive Stone, 171 Germain street; "Marion," 109 Leinster street; M. Evelyn Clark, 26 Dorchester street; Anthony A. Boyce, box 21, Fredericton; Walter M. Duane, Carleton; Jessie I. Lawson, Duke street; West End; Walter Goulding, 177 Leinster street; Gertrude Davidson, 37 Dorchester street; "Lionel," city; Bertha Baines, 84 Sydney street; R. C. MacKinnon, 133 Orange street; "Marie Antoinette," 19 Cliff street; Master H. Schofield, Wright street; North end; Minnie E. Beatty, Rockland road; May B. Pittman, Tower street, West end; Nellie Godson, 46 Crown street; "Mikado," 20 Duke street; Minnie Murphy, 11 Union street; Arthur R. McMan, Brookville; Annie McCarthy, 14 St. James street; Jessie Hilyard, Douglas road, North end; W. D. Macpherson, Upper Woodstock, Carleton county, N. B.; G. F. Dunham, St. George street, West end; Annie G. Thurnott, West end; Minnie E. Turner, 82 Colburn street; Mary Kelly, Abolition road; Master Frank McArthur, 9 Princess street; Wm. Taylor, 49 St. David's street; Edna transville, Marble Cove road, North end; Evelyn S. Whiting, Moncton, N. B.; Henry Standing, Dorchester street; Jennie Hamilton, Paradise row; Mabel Jordan, 24 King street east; Newcastle; Annie Richardson, Kent Co.; Flossie Schurman, 12 St. James street; Frank Pilgrom, North end; Lewis Murray, 20 Grand street; Harriet E. Mills, Stanley street; Master C. L. Hanington, Dorchester; George G. Ousey, Dorchester; N. S. Schell, Carleton; Clifton, Kings Co.; Robin M. Gray, Fairville, N. B.; Leo Bradley, Indian town; "Gracie," Fredericton; "Ecolore," Fredericton; C. C. Everett, 132 Broad street; Willie Baird, 309 Germain street; Edith E. Hall, 14 Orange street; Colin Carmichael, St. Andrews; B. C. Travis, Hampton; Bella I. Nelson, 247 King street east; Anna M. Pittfield, Sussex, Kings county; Gaiusville; Bertha M. Anderson, 90 Princess street; Sidney Woodcock, 100 Charlotte street; K. Dibble, Woodstock; Amelia Rhodes, Sackville; Grace Butler, 82 Robie street, Halifax, N. S.; "The Union," 100 Wellington street; J. S. K. A. Tobin, Digby, N. S.; E. Little, Yarmouth, N. S.; Maggie E. Allan, Charlotte street, West end; Miss Maggie Reid, Newcastle; Annie Blizgove, Apohaqui, Kings Co.; Douglas G. Guest, Yarmouth, N. S., box 187; Margaret M. Black river; Mary M. Gertz, Newcastle; R. B. Owens, Newburg Junction, N. B.; George A. Hallett, Grand Falls; Edith J. Miliken, Mayville.

HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION No. 7.

- (1) In whose reign and in what year did the great fire of London take place? (2) In what year did the Prince of Wales visit Canada? (3) Who commanded the Red River expedition of 1870? (4) In what month and year was the British North American Act passed?

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 29.—Business interfered with pleasure, and I was disappointed in visiting St. Augustine, but perhaps a letter from this old southern city would be no less interesting to many readers of PROGRESS. I cannot do justice to the city in one letter, so in this I will only give a brief sketch of its history.

The city was founded in 1680 by some English nobles and their followers, who showed great energy and patience in laying out the town by overcoming the difficulties which nature interposed; for the situation at the confluence of the Cooper and Ashley rivers, seven miles from the ocean, was low and marshy and subject to constant inroads from the sea. They named the settlement Charles Town in honor of King Charles II.

For protection against the Indians and other enemies the town was fortified at the most exposed places by earth works. In 1685-86, a number of Huguenots, whom the revocation of the edict of Nantz had driven from France, settled in Charles Town and soon formed an important part of the population. South Carolina has always been noted for its revolutionary spirit, which it began to show very early. The first most important action that took place around Charles Town was the battle of Fort Moultrie, on the 28th of June, 1776.

Sir Peter Parker, crossed the bar on the morning of the 28th and advanced towards the city, they thought they would have little trouble in capturing it. But they found their march in Fort Moultrie, for when they opened fire upon it, right briskly was it returned, and a general engagement ensued which lasted from 11 in the morning until at night, when the fleet retired with the loss of three vessels and over 200 men. The loss of the Americans was ten men killed and 22 wounded. This defence of Sullivan's Island was considered one of the most brilliant events of the Revolutionary war, and great credit was given to the commander of the fort, Col. Moultrie, in honor of whom it was afterwards called Fort Moultrie. After the repulse of the British fleet Charlestown enjoyed peace once more and commerce flourished until on the 15th of January, 1778, fire destroyed about 300 houses and stores. In February, 1780, the British army, under Sir Henry Clinton, passed Fort Moultrie in safety and threw its operations on James Island, which was made their headquarters. On the 2nd of April he crossed the Ashley and laid siege to the city, which was at that time commanded by Gen. Lincoln, the commander-in-chief of the army of the south. The city held out until the 12th of May, when, no longer able to resist, he forced them, the Americans capitulated and gave up the place. The British occupied the city until December, 1782, when they evacuated it and the Americans again took possession and peace being declared next year, a new era opened for Charleston, for it was no longer to be incorporated and known henceforth. The city continued to grow and flourish and, not being seriously affected by the war of 1812, it enjoyed peace until the troublous times of the Civil war. At 6 p. m. on Dec. 20, 1860, the National Democratic convention met in Institute hall, and after prayer by the Rev. John Bachman, D. D., the ordinance of secession was solemnly read and the State of South Carolina was declared an independent commonwealth, on the announcement of which the audience rose and gave vent to their enthusiasm in prolonged cheers. The occasion was marked in the evening by bon-fires and the parading of citizens with bands of music. Six days later, Major Anderson, commandant of Fort Moultrie, abandoned that fort after spiking the guns and destroying the carriages, and took possession of Fort Sumter on 26th December. The action was virtually declared and the State authorities began to look to their own defences. Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie were occupied the next day by volunteer forces, as also were other points around the harbor. Gen. G. T. Beauregard arrived from New Orleans, was invested by Gov. Pickens with command of all military matters and at once proceeded to organize his forces. On the 11th of April, 1861, Gen. Beauregard made a formal demand for the surrender of Fort Sumter. Major Anderson refused to evacuate it, and Beauregard proceeded to action. Next morning at 4.30 a. m., Fort Moultrie opened fire and the battle began, and lasted all that day and night, and was only brought to an end by the burning of Fort Sumter, the officers' quarters having become ignited under the heavy firing from Fort Moultrie. Major Anderson, of course, was now compelled to capitulate, but Gen. Beauregard refused to accept his sword and complimented him on his gallant defence of the fort, with only 70 men against 7,000. This first action of the war was entirely bloodless, not a man being killed on either side. The next day the place near Charleston was the battle of Secessionville on James Island on the 16th June, 1862, in which the Confederates were victorious; but many prominent citizens of Charleston were killed in this battle and their loss was deeply felt. On the 31st of January, 1863, two Confederate gun boats captured a small Union fleet which was endeavoring to blockade the mouth of the harbor. Four attempts of the Unionists to capture Fort Sumter proved unsuccessful, although in one on April 8th, 1863, they did considerable damage to it. The siege of Battery Wagner on Morris Island began on the 18th July and was kept up for 48 days when it was quietly evacuated, the besieged having undergone terrible hardships. On August 21st, 1863, Gen. Gilmore, the U. S. commander on Morris Island opened fire on the city and the bombardment was kept up until the 18th of February, 1865, during which considerable damage was done to property but very few lives were lost although the shells were sent some days every fifteen minutes. When the news of Gen. Sherman's march northward from Savannah reached the city, the evacuation by its citizens began; but before leaving they collected all the cotton into piles and set fire to it, and a serious conflagration threatened to destroy the city, but it was extinguished after much valuable property had been destroyed, and over 100 lives lost. The city was now in the hands of the Union soldiers, who had been so long endeavoring to possess it, and although they did not entirely destroy it, they did enough damage to cripple it for many years.

Nearly 700 years ago, says the *Antiquarian Magazine and Biographer*, Philip II. of France summoned King John of England either to trial or to mortal combat for the murder of Prince Arthur. As the latter cared for neither, a gallant soldier, De Courcey, then languishing in prison, was set free that he might undertake the combat, not for the king's, but for his country's sake. The fight, however, never took place, for Philip's champion, afraid of the gigantic De Courcey, preferred to sacrifice honor to risking his life. Being urged by John and Philip, who had come to witness the expected encounter, to give them an exhibition of his strength, De Courcey placed his helmet upon a post, and cleaving it with terrific force, drove his sword so firmly into the wood that none but the striker could remove it. "Never," said King John—"never unveil thy bonnet, man, again, before king or subject." Thus the privileges of wearing the hat in the presence of the sovereign came to be enjoyed solely by the De Courceys, Earls of Kinsale. They asserted their privilege by wearing their hat for a moment and then uncovering. The De Courcey of George III.'s time, not thinking the assertion sufficient, on one occasion wore his court hat all the time he was in the presence of the king; but the king crushed his pride by remarking, "The gentleman has a right to be covered before me, but even King John could give him no right to be covered before ladies."

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS MUST BE TRUE.

Opinions of the People and the Press:

You can continue my paper. Can't do without it "AMERICAN HOUSE." Fredericton, N. B., Feb. 2.

I am much pleased with PROGRESS and consider it good value for the money—the additional eight pages makes it even more attractive. St. Stephen, Feb. 26. T. D. M.

Allow me to congratulate you upon the marvelous progress which your paper has reached. Saturday's issue was one of which the province may feel proud. Such enterprise, pluck and skill are bound to bring their reward. Fredericton, N. B., Feb. 25. W. C.

It is indispensable in our home. Jersey City, Feb. 26. Mrs. G. A. DeF.

Enclosed please find subscription to PROGRESS for one year from Nov. 1, 1890, to Nov. 1, 1891. We are all more than pleased with the paper, and wish you every success. St. Stephen, Feb. 26. F. M. M.

Herein find P. O. order for \$3.25 to pay my renewal subscription to PROGRESS, and Webster's unabridged dictionary, per your offer. I congratulate you on your enterprise. Sackville, N. B., Feb. 26. T. A. K.

Please find enclosed subscription, which is none too much for one year's reading of PROGRESS, and the well written articles of our "Coeli Gwynne." Moncton, N. B., Feb. 26. G. R. S.

PROGRESS is always an amusing and welcome weekly visitor. Dorchester, N. B., Feb. 24. I. M. S.

I am much pleased with the paper and wish you every success. Bridgetown, N. S., March 6. G. S.

I received first copy of enlarged edition and must congratulate you on it, and wish you every success in your extension. J. S. BENNETT & Co. Kamloops, B. C., Feb. 21.

Congratulate you on the success your efforts have attained, and compliment you as well for your enterprise. Chatham, N. B., Jan. 23. E. W.

We are delighted with your enlarged paper. It contains very interesting reading. M. M. G. Newcastle, N. B., Feb. 21th.

I must congratulate you on publishing a live paper. Sackville, N. B., Jan. 21st. H. R. F.

I have not yet had my name on your list of subscribers but generally get it every week. If I fail to do so, my family are quite disappointed. J. F. Moncton, N. B., Jan. 18th.

Permit me to congratulate you upon such an assistant as "Astra." Hampton, N. B.

Congratulating you on your past success and hoping your subscribers may be handsomely augmented. W. B. D. Sackville, N. B., Jan. 27th.

Herewith I enclose a year's subscription to PROGRESS for his honor the lieutenant governor who bids me express his high appreciation of your paper, pronouncing it "the best, as to paper, printing and arrangement" on his list. HANSON CAVELL. Government house, P. E. I., March 2nd.

I feel so much interest in the paper, I do not want to lose a single copy, for although there is much change in my birth-place in fifteen years, yet many of the society items are of much interest to me. Among the many good articles you publish, especially "Astra's" talk with girls, "I find my own and other young friends so pleased with them." Mrs. A. H. B. Orange, California, Feb. 21st.

Much pleased with the paper, and shall always take it at any price. Moncton, N. B., Feb. 28.

Let me add my best wishes for your usual success. Geological and Natural History Survey, Ottawa, Feb. 28th. D. I.

My copy goes the round of about a dozen fellows here. We are flooded here with *Buffalo Express*, *Elmira Telegram*, etc., but PROGRESS is unique. W. K. HARR. Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., Feb. 28.

I am taking advantage of your offer to old subscribers, but I would gladly forward the extra dollar, as that there is certainly saved in stamps as I know the doings and whereabouts of my friends in both provinces without the effort of letter-writing. We enjoy every column and trust you may have the increasing patronage which the paper deserves. Weymouth, N. S., Feb. 27. Mrs. C. B.

Any one who knows St. John and its people as well as I do, would go without dinner on Monday to have PROGRESS to read in the evening. That is me. Wishing you and your enlarged paper every success. ALEX. MORRISON. Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 27.

I congratulate you on the success which has attended your venture and that it is deserved. J. D. P. Richibucto, N. B., Feb. 25th.

Every Line is of Interest. The St. John PROGRESS has been enlarged to 16 pages, and is bubbling over with entertaining reading matter. Every line in its pages are of interest, and its circulation should largely increase. *Halifax Recorder*.

Short But to the Point. This 'twas what a Fredericton man writes when renewing his subscription to PROGRESS: "Send me PROGRESS of course. I don't want what little hair I have left pinned out. I was not aware my term had expired. Good-bye!"

The Largest in Canada. The sixteen-page PROGRESS is "booming"; it is now the largest weekly paper in the maritime provinces, if not in Canada, and we wish it every success. There is room for us all, and our many bulky contemporaries only seem to help poor little PROGRESS along the uphill road. *Our Society (Halifax)*.

The Best Reading Going. The St. John PROGRESS comes out with 16 pages of the best original and selected reading of any paper in the province. It is also well illustrated. We are glad to see a paper of this kind established in our midst, and wish it all prosperity and success. *Butler's Journal*.

Sackville Falls Into Line This Week. Please increase my order for PROGRESS. Send me five more. CHARLES MOORE. Sackville, Feb. 24.

And Still the Orders Increase. Please send me five more copies every Saturday. They like it very much. BUTLER. Milltown, Feb. 23.

Up To Magazine Standard. Tomorrow St. John PROGRESS increases its number of pages from 8 to 16 and its price from three cents to five cents. From a small beginning PROGRESS, true to its name, has made its way slowly and surely, until today it stands in the front rank of maritime province journalism. The society jottings from the numerous centres where PROGRESS has correspondents, have, of course, no great literary merit, but are chatty and exhaustive. But the leader and original columns of the paper are of a very different stamp. They are frequently up to magazine standard, and it is a matter of regret that their life is so ephemeral. The workmanship and general get-up of the paper is highly creditable to St. John. We wish the journal every success on its enlargements. *Our Society (Halifax)*.

The Order Increases at Five Cents. "We did not have enough papers. Better add five more." G. S. WALL. St. Stephen, Feb. 16, 1891.

Still on the Increase. You will have to send me five more copies of PROGRESS. Will get the right number after a while. F. G. A. Milltown, March 4.

The Very Welcome "Progress." The very welcome PROGRESS of St. John has been enlarged to sixteen pages, and is just as much more interesting and profitable reading—*Woodstock Tribune*.

We Will Excuse You This Time. St. John PROGRESS has been enlarged from eight to sixteen pages. Progress seems to be the motto of the publisher as well as the name of the paper—*Yarmouth Light*.

Well Deserved Success. St. John PROGRESS has been enlarged and otherwise improved. It is certainly an excellent weekly and well deserves the success that it is amply meeting with. Mr. Carter knows how to manage a paper—hence the popularity of the PROGRESS. *Halifax Mail*.

How Does This Strike You? A Fredericton agent writes as follows to the publisher: "PROGRESS sells far better here at five cents than it did at three, and although we have increased our order for 25 extras the last two weeks, yet we did not have nearly enough to supply our customers. Please add 50 more to order after this."

It is Good. PROGRESS enlarged comes up to my expectations. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART. Fine Reading Matter and Illustrations. PROGRESS comes into its enlargement today. It contains sixteen pages of fine reading matter, including a great many illustrations—*Fredericton Gleaser*.

A Credit to American Journalism. PROGRESS always was a welcome visitor and in its enlarged form it is a credit to American journalism. It is a handsome, racy, and well edited sheet. It will surely meet the success it deserves. *Fredericton Herald*.

"Proof of Popularity and Prosperity." Proof of the popularity and prosperity of PROGRESS is furnished by the fact that it is now a sixteen-page paper. Today's issue contains a very large amount of interesting reading matter, much of it illustrated—*St. John Globe*.

Does Full Credit to its Name. The St. John, N. B. PROGRESS has been enlarged to a 16-page paper. In appearance, contents, and all-round attractiveness the PROGRESS does full credit to the ambitious name it bears—*Portland Transcript*.

A Credit to St. John and Dominion Journalism. PROGRESS is just as progressive as its name implies. On Saturday it reached the Beacon office a sixteen-page sheet, and every sheet filled with entertaining reading or nearly-set "gals." We must congratulate PROGRESS on its success. It is a credit to St. John and to Dominion journalism. *St. Andrews Beacon*.

A Progressive Paper. The most enterprising paper in the lower provinces is, by all odds the St. John PROGRESS. Ever since its first issue it has been an eight-page, handsomely-printed, frequently-illustrated weekly, filled with current notes and gossip not only from New Brunswick towns, but from Trenton, Amherst, Digby, Yarmouth, Halifax and other places in Nova Scotia. Its literary department has been ably edited, and it has been in all respects a model paper. But now not satisfied with its unequalled success, Editor Carter has doubled its size—made it sixteen pages—the largest paper in that part of the dominion. We wonder how long it can be printed on calendar paper and in such fine style for two dollars a year. *—British American Citizen*.

Mockin Little. PROGRESS, of St. John, N. B., has doubled its size and comes to us now with sixteen pages. It is the brightest paper that crosses the line—*Boston Woodstock Press*.

"Unique and Indescribable." PROGRESS, St. John, is unique and indescribable. It certainly has illustrated its name in a wonderful way in the short three years of its history, and now, still true to the name, it is going to enlarge to sixteen pages—*Canada*.

Everything in Union. PROGRESS has developed into a sixteen page paper. Its rate of progress in quality of reading matter and circulation keep pace with this enlargement. PROGRESS marked out a special scheme for itself at the beginning and sticks to its own line—*Woodstock Press*.

"As a Matter of Course." PROGRESS is out as a sixteen page paper and that it is a very neatly printed and good looking one is a matter of course—*St. Croix Courier*.

"A First-Class Newspaper." PROGRESS, true to its name, seems determined to progress in all those characteristics which go to make up a first-class newspaper. It is now a sixteen-page paper, and its columns are crammed full of spicy and interesting reading and apt illustrations. *—Carleton Sentinel*.

"Always Been a Favorite." St. John PROGRESS is now a sixteen page paper. It has always been a favorite and this enlargement will add greatly to its popularity—*Halifax Critic*.

A Master Feat of Journalism. PROGRESS is making giant strides to prove itself worthy of its name. Its sixteen page issue of Saturday, though that was only the first number of its weekly series for the future, was a master feat in provincial journalism—*Fredericton Globe*.

"Success Has Been Phenomenal." St. John PROGRESS is true to its name. It has made steady and rapid advancement ever since its first issue was published, and the progressive march of PROGRESS culminated last Saturday in a handsome, well filled issue of sixteen pages, which is henceforth to be the permanent size of the paper. The selling price has been changed from three cents to five cents, the latter price being proportionately the cheapest. The success of PROGRESS has been phenomenal and has exceeded the anticipations of its founders—*Yarmouth Leader*.

A Generous Send Off. PROGRESS, of St. John, N. B., one of our much prized and brilliant foreign exchanges, recently made its appearance enlarged to sixteen pages and greatly improved typographically and otherwise. This welcome weekly visitor is owned and ably edited by Edward S. Carter, and contains a mass of useful and valuable information treated in a popular and entertaining manner. Its illustrations are superb and above those of the average weeklies, and the periodical instalments of local, society, fashion, humorous, fiction, general and Sunday reading is all that could be desired. PROGRESS has the *American Shipbuilder's* wishes for a continued prosperity, which it richly deserves. It is published from the Masonic building, 83 Germain street, St. John, N. B., and is \$2.00 per year in advance—*The American Shipbuilder (New York)*.

More Than the Ladies Look for It. When the enterprising proprietors of St. John PROGRESS started that paper, there were many who considered that a paper giving, as it does, special prominence to social matters throughout the province, could not be made to succeed. But it has become an institution which is widely read and popular, and it has been doubled in size and it now is issued as a sixteen page paper. It is the paper the ladies look for when Saturday comes, and as the social events of the week, and they commence to discuss the dresses worn of which a description is given. We congratulate the publishers on the success they have made PROGRESS, and heartily wish its continuance—*Newcastle Advocate*.

ARE YOU ADVERTISING THIS SPRING? Your Advertisement is sure to be seen in PROGRESS. Circulation going ahead so rapidly that we will want a second Press, in the near future. EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. THE ALL RAIL LINE TO PORTLAND, BOSTON, NEW YORK, Etc. THE SHORT LINE TO Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and all points in Canada, the Western States, and Pacific Coast.

Intercolonial Railway. 1891—Winter Arrangement—1891. ON and after MONDAY, 16th MARCH, 1891, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

International Steamship Co. SPRING ARRANGEMENT. TWO TRIPS A WEEK for BOSTON. ON and after MARCH 9th the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning, at 7.25 standard.

The Press (NEW YORK) FOR 1891. DAILY, SUNDAY, WEEKLY. The Press is the organ of no faction; pulls no wires; has no animosities to aveng. The most remarkable Newspaper Success in New York.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for PATENTS. A pamphlet of information and abstracts of the laws showing how to obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, and Designs.

A. & J. HAY, DIAMONDS, FINE JEWELRY, AMERICAN WATCHES, French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER and REPAIRED. 76 KING STREET.