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BRANTON IS A MYSTERY.

WAS HE A DESERTER AND WAS HE MARRIED?

An Accepted Lover of the Daughter of the Man Who Murdered Him—The Letter from Springhill to "My Darling Husband"—What He Told Himself.

When the fates ordained that the little village of Fairville should be visited by its first murder they prepared no ordinary crime. When the world began their descent west from then on events shaped themselves to the great end. Things small in themselves but momentous in their effect came to pass and all leading up to their culmination in the sudden projection of a soul on its way to the eternal.

The murderer was brought into the world, his victim was born, the murderous axe was fashioned. Upon the chessboard of the earth the murderer and the murdered are moved about, not of their own will but of another's. From opposite corners of the earth they start out on the road that every man treads, the road that ends he knows not where. With eyes happily blind to the future they go on, ever converging toward one another and to the weapon that is to kill. One may be laboring on a farm in New Brunswick, the other may be deep down in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, one may be hewing timber in the heart of the woods, the other may be wearing the Queen's uniform in her service; no matter where they are, they must meet at last and the murderous deed must be done.

And then to think that if the stern shapers of our ends could have foiled in one little particular it might never have happened. If only such a letter could never have been written, if only such advice had been followed, the thing that has wrecked so many lives might never have happened. But it could never be. Some innocent man made the axe that dealt the blow of death, and that blow was never to be turned aside. No use to lament over "what might have been." It could never be.

Guilford Crawford slew Henry Branton and he could not do otherwise. He slew him though he was his guest, though he was his son's bedfellow, though he was his daughter's accepted lover. He killed him under the most horrible circumstances. On Sunday night they went to bed to sleep and in the morning Branton awoke to die. Before it was light Crawford got out of bed, lit a light and made a fire in the stove. Then in cold blood, without the heat of passion to condense his action, he procured an axe, and as his victim lay in bed beside his own son he struck the fatal blow. With frightful force the heavy steel descended and the back of the axe crushed the cheek of the man and inflicted great cuts about his eye.

The deed was unusual in its atrocity, and the mystery that attaches to it assisted to draw out the sympathy and interest of people. There are twin mysteries that are solved only by laying bare the hearts of murderer and murdered. What condition of mind led the former to commit his crime and what is the identity of the man whom he killed?

From the flotsam and jetsam of common talk much information is gathered that has not already been published for the readers of the press. And first and foremost the people of Fairville have almost without exception made one answer to the first question. They say that Crawford was sane when he did his foul deed. They believe that he was shamming when he acted strangely before others. He had had it in mind all along to kill Branton and had several times threatened to do so. At the time of the murder he acted just the same, says foreman Cameron of Mooney's brickyard, as he had always acted during the few months he was employed with him wheeling clay. He had always seemed queer and acted rather soft. Though he was a big stalwart fellow he was a poor workman and not at all brainy. His fellow workmen used to jibe at him a little and he took it all in good part and seemed incapable of hurting even a worm. Yet though he seemed to have this characteristic he did not show it in his looks. With his big, gaunt form, his bowed back, his preoccupied air and a peculiar way of looking at people through the corners of his eyes he did not present a prepossessing appearance and looked rather fierce.

At his original home at the Millstream in Kings County, the report concerning him is about the same. He was thought rather soft and he never rose beyond the station of an ordinary laborer. Men did not associate with him much, and when they did it was to make a bit of him, to make fun of his peculiar drawl and his strange actions.

Whether he is insane or not is for a jury of his peers to decide. There is not yet sufficient knowledge of him on this point. One thing is, however, sure, and that is that he was jealous of his wife and Branton. Whether he was sanely or insanely jealous is the all important question of the crime. The people of Fairville believe him sane and they feel strongly in the mat-

ter. Officer Hennessy and others have stated that had Crawford remained in the Fairville lock-up all Monday he would have been taken out and hung.

Then comes the next question and that has to do with the identity of young Branton. Crawford's career is told in brief.

Forty-five years ago on the Mill-stream he lived all his life in this province and raised a family of a son and two daughters. His mysterious mystery attaches an air of mystery to his story. But there is one fixed fact, that in his short twenty-three years of life he wandered much in various countries and was always roving.

He first popped up in Fairville last summer with clothes filled with the dust of the Springhill coal mines where he had been mining. He found a boarding place with a lady and went to work in Mooney's brick-yard. But he stayed only three weeks and from there proceeded to Maine.

But his spirit of roving drew him still further along and he brought up in the Pennsylvania coal mines where he worked all winter. This spring he went out on strike and wrote to Fairville to see if he could come back to the brick-yard. He was offered employment and he came here from a Maine town where he had gone after leaving the mines.

While here he captivated all by his quiet manners and pleasant ways. No one believed "Jack" capable of anything wrong, and his open countenance and well cut features prepossessed all in his favor. He was good looking in face and slight and active in build and he had the appearance of being above the average working man. The mystery of his past is only cleared to some extent by what he has said on various occasions. He was a Yorkshireman and was born at Kirkham, between York and Scarborough. Early in life his father and mother died and he and his brother were cast upon the world. Since then he has wandered much and he lost trace of his brother and did not know where he was.

Last summer while he was at Fairville he received a letter from Springhill mines, N.S. After he left Fairville a letter addressed to J.H. Branton was delivered at the house where he had been boarding. The lady of the house did not board. She would ever see him again, so she opened the letter. It was written from Springhill and signed "Your Darling Wife" and addressed "My Darling Husband." It contained nothing of importance and became lost or destroyed. When he returned this summer though he boarded at the same place no mention was made of the letter, for the lady thought it would do no good and she trusted that it was all right any way, especially as he spoke once or twice of going up to Springhill.

There are suspicions and rumors that his name was not Branton and that he was a deserter from the British army at Halifax. Robt. Crilley, a fellow workman in Mooney's brick-yard and a chum of his, says that Branton once confessed to him that he was a deserter. In regard to this little can be said as yet. He received letters every week while he was here and they are now in his trunk. They have been examined cursorily but they tell nothing. They are from New York and Pennsylvania where he has been and are signed "John," "Chum," etc. Some are from John Junker, with whom he stopped while in Pennsylvania, and they seem to be all from people whom he has met in his travels. "They do not unveil his past."

Preserving the Records.
The New Brunswick Historical Society seems to have taken a wise step in beginning to print its collections of papers on the early settlement of this province. The first number, a pamphlet of 152 pages, has recently been issued, and in addition to considerable information in regard to the society and its objects, contains a paper by James Howe on the King's New Brunswick Regiment, and by James Hannay on the settlement of Margerville. While both are historically valuable, the former is of the greater general interest and while written in an attractive style shows a careful regard for detail in regard to important events and the actors in them. The publication is on sale at the bookstores, and should meet with the encouragement it merits without doubt be followed by others at an early day. The membership of the society is far from as large as it should be, when one considers all the advantages to be had at the cost of a merely nominal annual fee.

Was One of Three.
It is understood that three names were under consideration for the appointment of a successor to Bishop Sillitoe, of the Diocese of New Westminster, British Columbia, who died a few months ago. One of these names was said to be that of Rev. J. M. Davenport, of the Mission church of this city, who is now in England. Whether any formal proposition has been made to that clergyman, or whether he would have entertained one if made, does not appear to be known here. The matter was settled this week by the appointment of another man.

ORANGEMEN WILL FIGHT

BOUND TO HAVE A CANDIDATE IN ST. JOHN

Either on the Conservative or Liberal side or as an Independent—What One of Their Leaders Says—Possible Candidates for Political Honors.

The signs of an election are many and varied. Politicians are on the alert and both liberals and conservatives are speculating as to who will carry the party standard. The complexion of the campaign will be changed somewhat since there will be only two candidates instead of three. Whether this will make matters easier or harder for the wire pullers is to be seen. Whether it will be a harder job to narrow down the political aspirants to two or whether they will thank fortune that they have to seek a man less to sacrifice are questions that only the future can answer. Then, too, there is the monetary question. Can two men be elected with less money than three? Will the expenses incident to an election be decreased because there are not so many candidates?

All these things must occur to the average voter. But the uppermost thought is, who will be selected to bear the standards of defeat or victory. On the conservative side there are three men who are now M. P.'s and they must surely have some claims. There is no doubt that the strongest of these is Mr. Hazen. He is a young man and despite the fact that he appears to be very closely connected with the "ring" that runs the conservative party in this city and county, he will very likely be accepted by the opponents of the charmed circle.

But a colleague is not found so easily. It is quite generally understood that Mr. S. McLeod had the right kind of a judgment that he would retire and give the party his blessing. Mr. Chesley is in a similar position and looks with longing eyes upon several good positions that might be his if vacancies were created and superannuation funds brought into action. But Mr. Chesley will be a fighter if he is not recognized and it is said he makes the bold assertion that if the conservatives don't choose him he can secure a nomination from the other side. But Mr. Hazen doubts that Mr. Chesley ever made such an assertion. He has plenty of common sense and does not imagine for an instant that the liberals will be made cats paws of a second time in his interest.

A possible candidate is Mayor Robertson. Apart from the duties of his office and his business which keep him on the move constantly now there is nothing to prevent him from making a good fight. His civic record has been a good one so far and he is a more popular man and better known today than ever. But Mr. Robertson may think he has enough to look after. His predecessor, Mr. T. W. Peters, also a conservative, and one of those hinted at in connection with the nomination, cannot say as much. He has the time to give the canvas and there is not much doubt but that he would like to try his strength in the dominion field. If he did not run the last mayors election and were defeated he would be almost certain to be "tapped off" by the liberals in the position of a defeated man and he is not so good.

Another man who lives on German street, was even more lucky. A peddler called upon her, and was extremely free-and-easy with his low tongue. She promptly screamed a man's name. That this agent was the same one that called at the house on Princess street seems probable, as it was after the one called at the Princess street house, and the calling of the man's name did not scare him. The man did, though, and he came down upon that peddler even as the Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold, and the blackguard was hustled down the steps of the house, and given a parting kick.

Whether these peddlers—there have certainly been several peddlers around—or rather if this one peddler, as it may be only one that is such a thorough coward, is really a piano-agent, or simply has an other trade than that of blackguard—is a question. It would certainly not seem that his system of selling goods was a business-like one.

A strange thing about the visit of this tramp or the tramps is that the three ladies do not seem to be any more discerning in regard to the dress of the stranger than most men are as to female attire. Each says, though, that the man she saw had a bad face. But this any one who never saw this prince of blackguards are able to tell, when his actions and conversation are reported.

A Love and Detective Story.
The Daily Record announces a new story "The Lone Inn" by Fergus Hume, to begin this Saturday night and continue every night until completed. This is a detective and love story never published in serial or book form and will be worth reading.

in the future when we have a request to make to seek the high and mighty smoking their cigars in the Union club. The man we elect must represent us. The methods of the Boyne have gone and we will fight by the ballot."

There was no uncertain sound about that position stamped his remarks with authority and from further inquiry Progress learned that this is the outline of the Orange policy. Judge Skinner is said not to be unwilling to run. Mr. Pugsley would not object to fighting in Kings County while rather than see the order unrepresented Mr. A. J. Armstrong would resign his office and fight it out. Then on the liberal side Mr. H. A. McKeown hopes for the Orange nomination and with that in his hand he can virtually compel the liberal party to make him carry the standard of the party. Who his colleague will be is a question. Not Mr. Weldon, because the feeling is general that law is his forte not politics. Mr. Ellis is unconcerned and would not feel at all badly if the nomination was not extended to him. Another name has been mentioned—that of D. McLellan, whose strength in this county is probably not equalled by that of any man on either side of politics.

But Mr. McLellan has a good job and may feel so comfortable in it that he would smile at the idea of stepping down and out for the uncertainty of a dominion election contest.

A MISERABLE BLACKGUARD

Who Poses as a Piano Agent and Scares Ladies.

A number of piano and organ fiends, who may have licenses, but who are of the class that usually have not, have been in the city during the last two weeks. They are exceedingly talkative, and exceedingly rude. One of these knocked at the door of a residence last week, and after asking the lady of the house, who came to the door, if she was that lady, engaged her in a conversation which was not at all pleasing to her, but which she was afraid to attempt to put a stop to.

"Don't you want a piano?" he asked.
"No."
"Nor an organ?"
"No."
"Well, now, that's strange—that's very strange. I thought that a lady like you would want either a piano or an organ. Why, I hear you play very well—very well indeed—," which was perfectly true, and the lady wondered how he found it out.
"Don't you want a sewing machine?"
"No."

"Well, now, that certainly is strange—," but he did not tell her that she sewed well. All women do.
"Well, now, the head manager of our house is coming down here in a few weeks. He's a great man for the ladies—a great man. You'll take one then, won't you?"

This was too much for the lady. She slammed the door in his face, which she ought to have done long before, and would have done had she not been afraid to.

Another peddler of organs, pianos and sewing machines—or it might have been the same one—went to a house on Princess street, and when a lady opened the door planted his foot against it to keep it open.
"He was," said the lady, "positively insulting," but she speedily relieved herself of his presence by calling upon an imaginary man, whom she found quite as useful in this case as "the late Mrs. Null" found her imaginary spouse.

One lady who lives on German street, was even more lucky. A peddler called upon her, and was extremely free-and-easy with his low tongue. She promptly screamed a man's name. That this agent was the same one that called at the house on Princess street seems probable, as it was after the one called at the Princess street house, and the calling of the man's name did not scare him. The man did, though, and he came down upon that peddler even as the Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold, and the blackguard was hustled down the steps of the house, and given a parting kick.

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FOUGHT WHILE HE DIED

A SCENE AT THE DEATH BED OF MURDERED BRANTON.

Officer Hennessy and Dr. Gray Meet, Dispute Over Former Differences and Fighting Language and Blows are the Result—What the End May Be.

An episode of the Fairville murder that has rendered the collection of the affair more unpleasant than it otherwise would have been, was either not related at all in the daily papers or else was referred to only cursorily.

While the murdered man was dying in the hospital, two prominent citizens of Fairville were engaged in a fight at the door and almost within range of the vision of poor Branton.

It was certainly a strange time to engage in petty squabbles and to make a commotion to induce men to forget what was due to the dying and to act as they did. The men who were thus disputing were Dr. James H. Gray and Officer Hennessy, both Fairville men. Dr. Gray has been practising medicine in Fairville some half dozen years and previous to that he had practised in St. John, so that he is well known about the city. Officer Hennessy is also a well known figure about St. John. He is chief of police and also of the police force of Fairville and has held the position for several years.

The incident of Monday was only the culmination of ill feeling between the two men that has been accumulating some time. It only required time for their pent up feelings to boil over into heated action. The time did come and then they forgot their circumstances and started in to have it out.

Each man had a grievance against the other. Officer Hennessy's was that the physician had not professionally treated a member of his family with satisfaction to himself. Dr. Gray's was that officer Hennessy had tried to injure his professional reputation and that he had not notified him of inquests, thereby depriving him of chances for fees.

The physician was called to the Crawford house Monday morning to young Branton. Officer Hennessy was around while he was looking after his patient and he got the idea that the doctor had not done as much as he should for the man.

When Dr. Gray was leaving the house he was met at the door by Officer Hennessy, who asked him if he was going to leave the man in that state. He heaped up the agony by offering the doctor five dollars to finish his work. The physician, jealous of his profession, did not like to hear these remarks and so he bristled up and observed sternly to his interrogator that he did not want to be dictated to. He further declared that Hennessy had done all he could in the last year or two to hurt his practice. This the officer denied flatly.

The discussion went on and at last Dr. Gray called Hennessy a "liar." This was too much for the defender of the peace. He straightened up and drew back his strong right arm to defend his honor. All this was occurring in front of the house and there two or three around. As the officer struck at the doctor Daniel Noonan sprang between the two. He warded off the blow and it just grazed the doctor's cheek and knocked off the hat of a woman who was standing near. The blow was a powerful one and had it brought up there would have been some excitement. As it was both parties had cooled down and the trouble ended for the time.

But the doctor started out immediately after his enemy's scalp. That very day he sought Councillor Cuthbertwood and at the county council the next afternoon the councillor read a communication from Dr. Gray. It was addressed to that body and it contained a complaint against Officer Hennessy of assault. The council appointed a special committee to investigate the matter and they will report at the next meeting of the council in January. What Dr. Gray desires is to see some one else occupy the position in place of Officer Hennessy. That gentleman is appointed by the county council and it was therefore before them that he laid his complaint.

MR. HORNEMAN'S CONTEST.

He Wants to Be a Member of the Halifax U. E. Company.

HALIFAX, October 4.—The torchlight parade of the firemen last week went a considerable distance to reassure some people who have been talking about a paid fire department for Halifax that, after all, perhaps there is no great need for a change just now. The men of the volunteer system made a splendid showing with their \$40,000 worth of apparatus. While the procession was being marshalled an alarm of fire came in and without consultation the men and apparatus for the proper division at once responded. There was an indication of a little hitch in the smoothness of the affair, but the trouble turned out to exist mainly in the mind of the chairman of the board of firemen. That gentleman, it is said, took it into his head that there ought to be a kick on the

point of the U. P. C. and others because the Captain of the U. E. C. had a seat beside the grand marshal at the head of the procession instead of the U. E. C. itself.

What little kick there was the chairman magnified, but the gale blew over, Captain Murphy sat beside the grand marshal, and there was not an outward jar of any kind.

The pro-paid department people in the U. E. C., city council and elsewhere, naturally make all they can of this or other such incidents, to further their designs upon the volunteer system. They are anxious to destroy the N. E. C. this year if it can be accomplished, and they will leave nothing undone to secure their success.

There is a decided ripple on the surface of U. E. C. matters in another direction, which possibly means that the days of the volunteer system are numbered. F. J. Horneman applied for membership in the volunteer fire department. He was elected by a narrow majority in No. 3 F. E. division, but when the election came up for confirmation in the union engine company as a whole, Mr. Horneman was rejected by a vote of 70 to 10. One reason assigned for this action was that Horneman was disliked on account of a practical joke he played on Fireman Berrigan at the general's fire some years ago. But the great grievance the fireman had against Mr. Horneman was that about five years ago he accused a member of the Union Engine company of stealing cigars at a Barrington street fire. The man died a few days later. This insult was never forgiven. Recently when Mr. Horneman asked for membership the firemen promptly and effectively revenged themselves by refusing to associate with him in the U. E. C. Horneman is a hard fighter, and he appealed to the city council to exercise its power, which had never been exercised in that way before, and force the U. E. C. to accept him whether they wanted him or not.

At the city council meeting on Tuesday night the aldermen voted, 9 to 6, ordering the U. E. C. to recognize Horneman as a member. That was a big triumph for Horneman and incidentally for the enemies of the volunteer fire system. The U. E. C. will not accept Mr. Horneman, there is no doubt of that. They would shut their doors in his face, Captain Murphy says, even if he came up escorted by the city clerk, mayor and all the aldermen. The moment he does get in, if such a thing were possible, that moment the U. E. C. will go out and such an exit is just what the advocates of the paid department want. It may be taken for granted, then, that the door will be kept shut in Mr. Horneman's face for a long time yet. The U. E. C. will not resign to please their enemies. It is to be war to the knife with them. The U. E. C. officers say the council will find passing a resolution making a man a member, and actually getting him into the ranks of the company to be entirely different matters. It does seem as if the Union Engine company were being gradually driven to the wall. One reason for this is the spirit of factionism in the company, and the chief motive with the council is political feeling and the hopes of political gain, combined with the personal rancor of some of the aldermen against the leading spirits of the U. E. C. It certainly looks, after Tuesday night's meeting of the city council, as if the days of the volunteer firemen in Halifax were about numbered. But officers and men now will die game.

It is said that this blackballing of Mr. Horneman is the only instance of the kind in the U. E. C. which has been finally adhered to. Ald. O'Donnell once applied, but his effort to secure admission never got beyond the initial stages of the division; his application did not get as far as the company. Three men, Messrs. Gibbons, Laidlaw and Byers, were blackballed, but on satisfactory apologies and explanations having been made they were subsequently admitted.

A Successful Luncheon.

The luncheon given by the board of trade to its visitors and friends was a happy idea and the pleasant hours spent over the spread excellently prepared by Caterer Lang were enjoyed by all present. There was plenty of freedom in the speechmaking and many sound and sensible ideas advanced, the chief of which was a maritime board of trade project. President Troop of the Halifax board of trade got a great reception and made just such a speech as one would expect from a shrewd and successful merchant.

Brought from a Funeral.

Even at funerals the humor of some men crop out. Thus it was when at a recent ceremony of this grave nature Mr. W. W. Turnbull met Mr. C. W. Weldon. The deceased was an old friend of both and Mr. Turnbull remarked in a meditative way that none of them know when the end would come for any of them, or what would cause it. "Yes," replied the Q. C., "but we all know what will be the death of you." "What?" asked Mr. Turnbull, with sudden interest. "Taxes," was the laconic answer.

TRUE PIRATE STORIES.

THE CRIME OF EDWARD JORDAN, PIRATE AND MURDERER.

His Deed of Blood for Which He Was Executed and Hunged in Chains—One Fronted in the Court at Halifax by a Man He Supposed He Had Murdered.

A fearful thing, a horrid shape, a ghastly semblance of a human form, swayed to and fro by the winds from the ocean and the breezes from the land! There it hung in mid-air, remote from human habitation, on a lonely shore little travelled by day and avoided by all by night. In summer and winter, in sunshine and storm, it dangled there until the salt sea air rusted the iron chains which held and bound it, and brought decay to the grim-tarred shape itself. In the dark and stormy night when the wind and the sea joined their weird voices on the shore, the creaking and clanking of the gibbet and its awful burden were borne hoarsely and harshly to the ear of the traveller whose evil destiny had brought him near the spot which was shunned and accounted as accursed.

One evening, a lady of gentle birth, the wife of Governor Lord Dalhousie, unaware of the proximity of the gibbet, was driving along the quiet road at dusk, when she was startled by what seemed a mingled moan and wail. Looking in the direction of the sound, her eyes encountered the slowly swaying figure of the dead man. Shrieking with fear she hastily drove to her home at Government House, and a few days later the ghastly shape was taken down and hidden from human view forever.

For years after, the gibbet remained, without its burden, but still bearing a large and rusted chain, which creaked and rattled to the terror of the timid, and sounded a voice of warning to the evil doer.

More than three score years have passed away since the last trace of this gibbet disappeared from the shore at the end of the road leading from Point Pleasant tower, Halifax. It marked the spot where Edward Jordan, pirate and murderer, was executed for his crimes in the year 1809. The sole relic of the unfortunate man which is now to be seen by the public is his skull, kept in the museum at Halifax for the inspection of the curious.

The story of Jordan is one of which many have heard, but in regard to which it has been difficult, at this distance of time, to obtain accurate details. Having some data, including a paper prepared by the late P. Lynch, who remembered Captain Stairs, one of the actors in the tragedy, I have for some time been seeking to obtain more complete information. In this I have had the good fortune to succeed through the special courtesy of Mr. H. W. Blackadar, of Halifax, who has permitted me to obtain from his valuable files the accounts of the tragedy and the trial given in the newspapers at the time.

The schooner Three Sisters, 63 tons burthen, sailed from Halifax for Perce, in the Gaspé peninsula, on the 17th of July in the year 1809, for the purpose of obtaining a cargo of fish. The vessel was owned by Jonathan and John Tremain, of Halifax, and was in command of Captain John Stairs, whose relatives are living in Halifax, and one of whom, Mrs. J. S. Knowler, is now a resident of St. John. Those who sailed in the schooner, in addition to the captain, were John Kelly, mate; Thomas Heath, seaman and pilot; Benjamin Matthews, seaman; Edward Jordan and Patrick Cinnett, passengers. The latter was an invalid, who remained at Perce, and had no share in the events of the return voyage. Jordan had chartered the schooner to bring fish to Halifax, for to be more exact, he had induced the owners to send the schooner to bring some fish which he claimed to have there.

Jordan was a native of Ireland, about 38 years of age, and had taken an active part in the Irish troubles in 1797. Having been taken in arms he was found guilty of being concerned in the rebellion and exercising men in the night, but succeeded in making his escape. In 1798, he availed himself of the king's proclamation, gave himself up and was granted a pardon. He was married in Ireland, and a year or two later came to America, landing at New York, from which place he went to Montreal and Quebec, and finally established himself in the fishing and trading business in Gaspé. He was unfortunate in his ventures, however, and became deeply in debt. In June, 1808, he visited Halifax and purchased some goods from Messrs. Tremain, paying in part for them and receiving credit for the remainder. In the following September, he again came to them and solicited a further credit in order to carry on his fishery, and to rig a schooner which was then on the stocks. He obtained what he wanted, and gave Messrs. Tremain a bill of sale of the schooner, which was called the Three Sisters, in honor of the three girls in Jordan's family.

Ill fortune continued to follow him, and finding his means exhausted and his credit gone, he began to drink hard. He was a man of violent temper, and had the reputation of being quarrelsome, but he had an innocent look and was not considered a dangerous man, though he had the black hair and very black beard which the traditional pirate is supposed to possess.

Early in July, 1809, Jordan again came to Halifax and applied to the Tremains for further supplies, but they declined to give him any more credit except for a few things necessary for the service of his fishery. While in Halifax he was arrested on a capias at the instance of another creditor and thrown into jail, from which he was released by the Tremains paying the debt. It was then, apparently, that he formed the desperate purpose of retrieving his fortunes by getting possession of the schooner by an act of piracy and murder. His plan was to have the vessel sent to Perce, get his family aboard, get rid of the captain and make his way to Ireland. Going to Messrs. Tremain, he asked them to let the Three Sisters go to Gaspé, on his account, to procure and bring back the fish he had cured, amounting, he said, to more than a thousand quintals.

The project seemed to be for the advantage of all concerned, and the schooner was accordingly fitted for the voyage, Captain Stairs taking command on the 15th of July and sailing from Halifax two days later. He arrived at Perce at the latter end of July or first of August, but found the quantity of cured fish on hand to be very much less than had been represented. Only a part of a cargo, 600 quintals, was obtained, and of this only about 100 quintals, or less, was from Jordan.

The Three Sisters sailed from Perce for Halifax on the 10th of September, having on board the captain and crew, with Edward Jordan, Margaret, his wife, and their four children, three girls and a boy, the latter being about eight years old. All went well until the 13th of the month, when the schooner was off the coast of Nova Scotia, some four miles south-west of Cape Canso.

On that day, as noon approached, Captain Stairs went below to the cabin, for the purpose of getting his quadrant, in order to take the sun. He was followed by Heath, the pilot. The captain was standing near the table directly below the skylight, Heath being near him, when on looking up he was astonished at seeing Jordan presenting a pistol down the skylight, and pointing the weapon directly at him. Startled and alarmed, the captain sprang aside, and at that moment the pistol was discharged, the ball entering the breast of Heath, who fell on his knees and exclaimed, "Oh, my God, I am killed!"

Captain Stairs had moved barely in time to save himself. As it was, the bullet grazed his nose and the side of his face. Recovering his presence of mind he went to his trunk for his pistols, which he kept loaded, and which he had seen there when previously in the cabin about ten minutes before he went to get the quadrant. He found that the trunk had been forced open and that the pistols were gone, and that his cutlass was also missing. While searching for the weapons, he heard several pistol shots on deck.

Unarmed though he was, Captain Stairs determined to take the chances of going on deck rather than to risk being penned up in the cabin and killed. With this intent, he started up the ladder, when he saw Jordan in the act of descending with one of his feet on the step. In his right hand he held an axe, and in his left a pistol. By a quick movement the captain seized Jordan by the arms, begging him, for God's sake, to spare his life, at the same time shoving the pirate backwards until they reached the deck. Jordan snatched the pistol at him, but it missed fire, upon which Stairs instantly seized the weapon by the barrel, wrested it from his assailant and threw it overboard.

Heath, immediately after being shot, had crawled from the cabin to the deck, where he had fallen dead with the blood streaming from his breast. Kelly, the mate, was at the wheel when Stairs and Jordan reached the deck, and the captain called to him for help, but he made no answer. Matthew, the sailor, came hastily aft to assist the captain, but he appeared to be badly wounded and fell down before he reached the spot. Jordan's wife and children were on the quarter-deck, and she had a boat-hook in her hands.

A fearful struggle was going on between Stairs and Jordan for the possession of the axe which the latter had in his hands. The captain finally secured it, and endeavored to strike Jordan, but was unable to do so, because of the grasp the other had upon his arms. Stairs again called for Kelly, but the mate kept his back towards him and paid no attention. Then Mrs. Jordan advanced upon the captain, struck him several times with the handle of the boat-hook and exclaimed: "Is it Kelly you want? I'll give you Kelly!"

Finding himself unable to strike Jordan, the captain threw the axe overboard, and freeing himself from his antagonist went forward. Jordan at the same time went aft and secured another axe. During the fight between the two, Matthews had called out to Jordan, "For God's sake do not kill the captain!" As Jordan went forward after procuring the second axe, Matthews stood in his way and the pirate struck him on the back of the head, knocking him down, and struck him several other blows until he was dead. Having thus slaughtered the crew, Jordan rushed towards the captain to finish him, but Stairs had by this time determined to trust to the mercy of the ocean, rather than to remain with the certainty of being killed on the deck. The hatchet was lying on the deck, and seizing it he threw it overboard, jumping into the water immediately afterwards. The wind was blowing a fresh gale at the time, and a heavy sea was running. It seemed impossible that anyone who trusted himself to the angry waters could live more than a few minutes at the most, and this was the opinion of Jordan as he looked over the side and saw Stairs struggling with the waves and fast disappearing from view as the schooner sped on its way.

Jordan stood on the deck with a loaded pistol in his hand, but so hopeless appeared the fate of the captain that he did not think it worth his while to fire at him. Turning away with an exultant laugh, the murderer remarked that it was not worth while to waste powder and ball on the man, and gave himself no further trouble about the matter. When Stairs cast himself into the angry sea, no other vessel was in sight. There

was not one chance in a thousand that he could be saved, and he himself had no hope of rescue. Acting on impulse he had chosen death by drowning in preference to being slaughtered on the schooner. That one chance, however, by what seems the wonderful providence of the Almighty, was granted to him. Getting hold of the hatch, he crawled on the top of it, and lay there clinging to the edge of the boarding with a convulsive grasp, nearly unconscious, a mere speck, upon the lonely ocean. Three hours and a half later, somebody on board the American fishing schooner Eliza, Captain Stoddard, discerned what seemed to be a piece of driftwood tossing on the waves. Coming nearer, a human form was seen upon the hatch, and a boat was sent to the rescue. Captain Stairs was found in a dazed condition, clinging so tightly to the hatch that his fingers had become rigid, so that time was required to loosen the grasp without breaking them. He was taken aboard the schooner and restoratives given him. Some ten days later he was landed at Hingham, Massachusetts, from which place he made his way to Boston and told his remarkable story to the British consul-general.

On hearing the statements of Captain Stairs, the pro-consul communicated with the customs authorities of Boston, and a circular was sent to the collector at every port in the United States, giving a description of the vessel and of Jordan and Kelly. Captain Stairs also ever an account of the tragedy to Messrs. Tremain at Halifax.

Sir George Prevost, governor of Nova Scotia, thereupon issued a proclamation, reciting the facts and offering a reward of one hundred pounds sterling for the capture of Jordan, Kelly and Jordan's wife. The underwriters of Halifax offered a further reward of one hundred pounds, and in addition to this the Tremains offered one hundred dollars. All the vessels of war on the station were instructed to be on the watch for the stolen schooner and those who had it in charge.

The account of the pursuit and capture of Jordan, and of his trial, at which he was confronted by the man he believed to be dead, must be reserved for another number.

ROSLYNDE.

THE PREACHER'S TRIAL.

AN INTERESTING CHAT WITH THE REV. W. J. CHAPIN.

In the Strain of Pulpit Labor He Had Overdrawn his Health Account—How he met the Crisis and Returned to his Duties with Renewed Health.

[From the Springfield, Ill., Journal.]

In the pretty village of Chatham, Ill., there lives a Baptist divine whose snow white hair is the outward sign that he has encroached upon the days beyond the allotted three score years and ten. His clear eye, keen mental faculties and magnificent physique all bear witness to a life well spent. This pioneer in God's eternal vineyard is Rev. W. J. Chapin, whose 72 years are crowded with noble deeds in the Christian ministry.

To a Journal representative who asked him something of his career in the ministry, Mr. Chapin talked in an interesting strain, and said that, in spite of the indications to the contrary, his life had not all been sunshine and good health.

"As my present appearance testifies, I was fortunate in the possession of a very vigorous constitution. But as is too often the case, I overestimated my physical resources, and when it was too late learned that I had overdrawn my health account. The crisis came about eighteen years ago. At the time I was preaching the gospel from the pulpit, and I became suddenly so ill that I was compelled to stop before my sermon was finished. It was a bad case of nervous prostration, and for a time my friends and family were greatly exercised over my condition. Complete rest was imperative, and Mrs. Chapin and I planned and took a long trip. My health was sufficiently restored to resume work, but I was not the same man. I felt absolutely worthless physically and mentally. I had so lost control of my muscles that my fingers would involuntarily release their grip upon a pen, and my hand would turn over with absolutely no volition on my part. About two years ago, to intensify matters, I was seized with an attack of the grippe. I recovered only partially from it and had frequent returns of that indescribable feeling which accompanies and follows that strange malady. I looked in vain for something to bring relief and finally I read an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Something seemed to tell me that they would do me good and I commenced using them. They gave me additional strength from the start and toned up my system from a condition of almost absolute prostration so that I was able again to resume my duties as a minister. The improvement was simply marvellous, and the credit is due Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Chapin was present during the conversation and said: "I don't think Mr. Chapin could ever have resumed his preaching after he had the attack of the grippe had it not been for Pink Pills. They did him so much good that I decided to try their efficacy on myself. I have been troubled for years with what our physician, Dr. Hewitt, called rheumatic paralysis, and since taking the Pink Pills I have been stronger and the pain in my right arm and hand is less acute. We keep the pills in the house all the time, and they do me a great deal of good in the way of toning up my system and strengthening me."

In all cases like the above Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure. They act directly upon the blood and nerves. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents a box, or \$2.50 for 6 boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of substitutes and nostrums alleged to be "just as good."

Law Students

often work several years free learning their business. If they wrote shorthand they could get into a first-class law office at a good salary. Learn more and earn more too. SNELL'S COLLEGE, - - TRURO, N. S.

WRONG IDEAS OF SIBERIA.

It Has a Vast Extent of Arable Land and Great Mineral Wealth.

A. B. Miller, a gentleman who was to accompany a party to Kossia on a scientific expedition, in speaking of the country which his party was about to visit, had this to say: "Siberia is popularly supposed to be a barren waste, extending from the frozen ocean on the north to the sands of the Gobi desert on the south. But this popular impression is altogether wrong. Exclusive of the timber region of the north and the deserts of Turkestan, Russia in Asia contains an area of five million square miles of land suitable for agricultural or pastoral pursuits. The population numbers nearly eighteen million, and there are several cities which possess over fifty thousand inhabitants. The agricultural products exported, which constitute only a very small part of the whole, are valued at an average of twenty million dollars a year. The output of the mines exported is entered at upward of twenty million dollars annually, and the furs, fish, skins and other products that come into European Russia from Siberia are worth from five million to six million dollars. It was for the purpose of developing this vast territory and encouraging immigration thither, that the government of the czar has undertaken to expend thirty million dollars upon the railway mentioned, which will be over four thousand miles long and will connect the Black sea and the Baltic with Vladivostok on the sea of Japan. It is not expected that the railway will pay expenses of operation for some years to come, but it will doubtless be an important factor in the shifting of existing trade routes, and it will certainly open up a new and productive continent to settlement."

Job, Brown, and Green Cartridge Cases, Caps and Primers, Card-board, Black Edge, Pink Edge and Felt Wads.

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The has isse propos 1894-95 not exi and so current to its actual the com of five to be re announ continu club an certs tr entirely gramm orator imperfe ization, mention of frate than in their Boston fortun this city directio Ment easily given at Tuesday to the goodly oved in The adv satione quire worked the pleas day will results of is a good is steady the soci earnest produc One h paid for corts, B Miss music in five year Tama concert Abbeys a Madam receiving ment an Lillian homewar begin her George Mather W. B. comic op the theatre, I All the ony conc this, the and conc Oct. 12-13 One of Hereford Miss Eva Her first concert in Miss M soprano pany, die She was 2 Mrs. Joe Julia W at the frony soci evening, the symph The op Lottie Col ing in B jollity." an old far phy." Fannie two of the Tom," hav keeping. They are a pistol. N Miss O violinist w much pleas a concert a ton, last 8 Sextette at

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Orpheus club, of Halifax, N. S., has issued its circular letter outlining its proposed entertainment for the season of 1894-95.

Mention of the St. John Oratorio society easily reminds one of the conversations given at the rooms of the society last Tuesday evening by the ladies' auxiliary to the honorary members.

One hundred and four dollars each was paid for three seats at the Symphony concerts, Boston.

Miss Clara Schurman is still teaching music in Frankfurt, although she is seventy five years of age.

Madame Nordica is at Lucerne and is receiving congratulations upon her engagement and her Bayreuth success.

Lillian Russell will sail from England, homeward bound, on the 22nd inst., and begin her American tour November 5th.

The suit of Camille D'Arville vs. Rice, has been decided by Judge Holmes in favor of Miss D'Arville.

It is reported that a manuscript mass by Bellini has been discovered in Italy. Its genuineness will be passed upon by the Naples Conservatory of Music.

W. S. Gilbert and Osmond Carr's new comic opera is called "His Excellency." It will be produced at the Prince of Wales theatre, London, on the 13th inst.

All the seats are sold for the 48 symphony concerts to be given in Boston, during this, the 15th season.

Miss Marion Bender, one of the leading sopranos of "The Fencing Master," company, died at Buzzard's Bay, last week.

Julia Wyman, the mezzo-soprano, sang at the first concert of the New York symphony society at Music Hall, Boston, last evening.

The operetta "Devil-bird" which Miss Lottie Collins of Tarrara fame is now giving in Boston is said to "lack life and jollity."

Fannie Johnston and Annie Sutherland, two of the prettiest girls in "Prince Pro Tem," have taken a flat and gone house-keeping.

has been succeeded by Herr Von Scarpa, an eminent pianist from Vienna.

The 100th performance of "Prince Pro Tem" took place at Boston Museum last night. The souvenirs were cabinet photos of the leading members of the company.

The late Madame Fursch-Madi's last public appearance in New York was at the Metropolitan when she sang Ortrud in "Lohengrin" with Melba and Laalle.

Miss Hope Booth and her play "Little Miss Cute" was a failure in London.

The report now is that Mrs. Langtry will sail for America on the 2nd inst.

Mme Janussek and Kate Claxton will be together again this season beginning 15th inst.

W. H. Crane is not credited with a success in his revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Mr. P. A. Nannery, his niece Miss Genevieve Nannery, W. R. Dailey and company have sailed from San Francisco for Honolulu.

Speaking of Ada Rehan as Viola a Boston critic says, "In this as in her other work she shows herself the foremost American actress of today; as such we should all do her honor."

Coquelin expressed the fear that some French actors were becoming too natural in their efforts to portray nature.

"Love on Crutches," with Ada Rehan as Annis, was put on at the Hollis theatre last Monday evening.

William Terriss has one of the greatest successes of his theatrical life in a melodrama entitled "Fatal Card."

E. H. Sothern's new play "A Way to Win a Woman," which was recently produced at the Lyceum theatre, New York, spoken of by one of the dramatic critics of that city as "a strained, tiresome, artificial tale this, at the best, even if it were forcibly acted, which it is not."

Mlle. Rhea was playing in Rochester, N. Y., the first of this week. The name of the new play this clever lady intends producing this season is "Elizabeth and Shakespeare."

Marie Loftus, the mother of Mrs. Justin Huntley McCarthy (Cissie Loftus) is a very clever versatile woman, who has played all sorts of parts in her time, from concert hall work, where she is best known, to supporting Wilson Barrett.

"The Derby Winner" is the name of a new and successful play now being given at the Drury Lane theatre, London.

It has been believed that a bad financial year makes a good theatrical season but it has recently been figured out that out of 2000 companies that started out last year 70 per cent. closed before their contract time.

Zera Semon, ventriloquist, etc., is again about to delight the citizens with his clever performances. He always pleases his audiences. He performs at popular prices, he gives a good show and in the feature of

his programme relating to the distribution of gills he invariably is fair and keeps up to both the letter and spirit of his public announcement upon the subject.

We have had, and at this writing, are having a short season of Daly. Two weeks ago the—what shall I call it—preliminary company appeared and gave us "A Night Off," and "7-20-8."

The supporting company is a man well known and remembered by St. John people, Mr. Wm. F. Owen. His Sir Toby Belch in Twelfth Night is a great piece of work and well deserves the favorable criticism made upon it.

We have had Lottie Collins at the Columbia and she has been succeeded by a melodrama called "On the Mississippi" which is realistic enough to satisfy the most exacting gallery god who ever whistled.

The Grand Opera House has given us "Old Jed Prouty," a rural play which has been seen many a time and oft, and which, thank heaven, is billed for its last performance.

"The Old Homestead" still draws crowds down at the big Boston and, it is safe to say, will continue to do so for the remaining few nights it will be seen.

The Tremont is still in the hands of the singers and the Duff Opera company have been giving us a very good performance of "The Mikado," with Digby Bell, Laura Joyce Bell and other well-known people in the cast.

The Park has been giving us a melange of music, farce and fun called "About Gotham" and it might as well be called anything else, for the name has nothing to do with it.

The Bowdoin Square has given us a piece well known in Boston now and always well received "The New South."

Keith's of course, is always enjoying good business, and now that the Living Pictures are back, the audiences are larger than usual.

"The Cotton King" opens at Bowdoin Square Theatre, next Monday, and is booked for thirteen weeks.

Castle Square Theatre, which will open in November, has been engaged for the first week, by the Boston Lodge of Elks.

Charles Hoyt's new play "A Black Sheep" is booked for a long run at the Park.

Julia Marlowe Tabor has made a hit as

Lady Teazle. I think this lady has made a mistake in adding her married name to her well-known stage one.

Jas. Powers, the well known comedian, will be seen here in "The New Boy."

The Kendals come to the Tremont this season instead of the Hollis. They open here February 25th.

Lillian Russell will be seen here this season in "The Queen of Brilliants."

Charles Schryver had Kidney Disease all this time and Didn't Know—How he Found out and How he Was Cured.

Toronto, Oct. 1.—Sixteen years ago kidney disease attacked Charles Schryver, a bricklayer in this city, but he did not know it.

Rosebery's Remedy for Sleeplessness.

At the time of the formation of the last Gladstone administration, Lord Rosebery at first declined to join it, as he was suffering from sleeplessness.

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A Good Road Cart. In the spring of the year especially, a road cart, such as that shown above, should be owned by every man who owns horses.

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, FREDERICTON, N. B.



"WHAT'S IN A NAME?" A Rose might smell as sweet, but a reputation would be more easy.

What's in a name? asked the poet of old, but housekeepers could have enlightened him. They know that the goods sold by a house with an established name and a reputation to lose are infinitely less likely to be adulterated than those nameless articles bought in bulk.



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CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO.



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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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Discontinuance.—Except in those 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 five cents per copy.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The Circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; 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 news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, Cor. George and Granville streets.

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HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, Cor. GEORGE AND GRANVILLE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 6.

A LITERARY PRECEDENT.

Mr. Gladstone is not known to have endorsed Mr. Du Maurier's latest novel. Only a few papers have declared it immoral. And yet it is not only on account of "Trilby" being a charming story that it is one of the greatest literary successes of the age.

Mr. J. McNeill Whistler, the artist who does nocturnes in blue and gold and yellow and indigo, was very much aggrieved upon reading the March number of Harper's Magazine, because he believed that JOE SIBLEY was in real life Mr. J. McNeill Whistler.

Whistler made the discovery that he and Sibley were one. Thereupon "the inventor of the genre art of making enemies" proceeded to exercise his gentle art upon Mr. Du Maurier and HARPER & BROTHERS.

Mr. Whistler first attacked the versatile Englishman of French ancestry who was born in America, in the columns of the Pall Mall Gazette. The painter claimed not only that Mr. Sibley was a caricature of himself, but also that Mr. Du Maurier's pictures of the "lazy, brilliant frequenter of studios," were libellous attacks upon him, and that the artist-actor was taking revenge in this manner for an old grudge.

It was not until the HARPERs set about publishing the story in book form, however, that their London agent received notice from Mr. Whistler's legal adviser that JOE SIBLEY must not be found in the book, either in the letter-press or the illustrations.

Then followed some delay and much correspondence. The last bit of writing by the HARPERs in reference to the matter was a letter to Mr. Whistler in the October number of the magazine, which is just out. The letter was written on August 31. It expresses regret at the allusions made to Mr. Whistler, and agrees to stop further sales of the March number of the magazine, unless in amended form.

It also agrees that when the story appears in book form, the March instalment shall have been so rewritten as to omit every mention of the offensive character, that the illustration which represents the "idle apprentice" shall be excised, and that "the portraits of JOE SIBLEY in the general scene shall be so altered as to give no clue" to Mr. Whistler's identity.

It is said that the presses that were printing "Trilby" had to be stopped, and that the sheets already printed had to be destroyed. Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS can well stand the expense. There never was just such an advertisement for any other novel. Mr. Gladstone will have to hide his diminished head.

So Sibley has gone. He has gone with his walking stick, his eye-glass and his attitude. And Mr. Du Maurier thought it a very good time to work in some expurgated matter about TRILBY. And while the HARPERs at first thought that they would issue ten thousand copies as their first edition, as nearly everybody had read the story in the magazine, they are now printing over sixty thousand. And everybody is surely happy—unless it be Mr. Whistler, who had too much genuine fame, one would think, to wish to acquire such unenviable notoriety as he has brought upon himself, even though DU MAURIER was the prime actor in the matter.

But now that a precedent has been established, the lot of some authors hereafter will be anything but an enviable one. It will be remembered that after DICKENS created the very uncomplimentary character of SQUEERS, the brutal Yorkshire schoolmaster, teachers all over that country were very indignant, each being sure that he was meant. One dominie said that SQUEERS, which the author declared was not intended as an impersonation of any particular pedagogue, was undoubtedly himself—"it was so very like him." The master also believed that PHIZ's portrait of SQUEERS was a striking likeness of himself, and so felt as badly hurt as Mr. J. McNeill Whistler, the exquisite humor of

the situation has been exquisitely portrayed by Dickens.

The creator of Mr. SQUEERS was also responsible for the character of Mr. BOYTHORN, whom everybody knew to be intended as a portrait of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Mr. BOYTHORN did not pay any higher compliment to Mr. LANDOR than Mr. SIBLEY did to Mr. WHISTLER. Mr. LANDOR was not of the most amiable disposition in the world, any more than Mr. BOYTHORN, but he did not, after reading "Bleak House" in its serial form, prevent its publication in a single volume. It may have been that he did not think of this, the precedent of Mr. WHISTLER having not then been established; but even if he had thought of doing so, it may be that the good sense that both Mr. LANDOR and Mr. BOYTHORN possessed would have prevented him from posing in another character.

DICKENS would indeed have been in a state of torment if all the characters that he drew from life had swooped down upon him as WHISTLER did upon DU MAURIER. The original Mr. MOSES PICKWICK, though represented in the story by a very amiable gentleman, might have had his ire aroused even as by the firm of DODSON and FOGG. Imagine the original of Capt. CUTTLE going on a search for the luckless author, resolving that "when found," he would "make a note on." And then there is FAGIN and BILL SYKE, and BILL SYKE's dog!

Then, if Mr. Whistler's precedent had been properly established in ALEXANDER SELKIRK's time, might he not have caused trouble for the author of "Robinson Crusoe?" And might not Mr. THOMAS MORECROFT have spent his days and nights in studying how to get square with ANDERSON for giving the world the character of WILL WIMBLE? And may not the author of the "Harmony Hall" papers be now in danger from the chance-to; take one instance of many—that the editor of the Telegraph will suddenly discover that "the Historian" bears some resemblance to Mr. JAMES HANNA?

The courts of Quebec have taken a step which seems to convey the idea that they consider gambling in stocks no better than other gambling. A Montreal man bought stocks on margin through a broker, and when his account was closed, was indebted to the broker for these margins for a large amount. The broker sued to collect the debt, but the courts decided that "trading on margins is a fictitious transaction, in the nature of gambling, and therefore illegal."

The inauguration of the gathering together of provincial boards of trade at St. John this week is an event of much importance, not only to the city, but also to the province. Whatever maybe the varying opinions of merchants and other people in regard to closer trade relations with foreign countries, there is no one who denies the fact that New Brunswick should have closer trade relations among themselves.

Who says that our civilization is a failure, that human nature is deteriorating, that the days of chivalry are past? J. M. KIRKLAND, once of the army of COXEY, offers to be governor of Pennsylvania for nothing. There is no excuse for Pennsylvania being behind in her expenses for the next few years, at any rate.

The figure of Britannia which will grace the top of the monument to be erected in Toronto to the memory of those who fell in the North-west rebellion, to be carved out of New Hampshire granite. Surely Canada has enough good stone of her own to use in such a memorial.

In Akron, Kentucky, last Sunday, a man was struck by lightning while playing in a base ball game. At the same time a church in the immediate vicinity was struck and a worshiper killed. Thus was a great moral lesson spoiled.

The republicans claim a majority of fifty-four in the next congress. The democrats are modest. They only claim a majority of forty-four.

A Note from Mr. Smith. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Regarding an item in the issue of the 29th inst., about a Hollis street bookseller and the Queen hotel-lessee. You are doubtless aware that there are two booksellers on Hollis street, and as I am desirous of avoiding notoriety of that kind, I do not want the impression to get abroad that it is me. Kindly publish this and oblige.

CLIFFORD H. SMITH. Halifax, N. S., Sept. 29. Talking Through a Human Body. To talk through a human body, or a row of human bodies for the matter of that, is one of the weirdest of the electrician's feats. If a telephone wire be severed and the two ends be held by a person, one in each hand, but far apart, it is quite possible for two individuals to carry on a conversation through the body of the medium as readily and as distinctly as if the line had been properly connected.

In a Barber's Shop. Customer—"Don't tell me such horrible stories. You make my hair stand on end." Barber—"That's all right, sir. I can cut it better that way."

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

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

My Little White. Calmly I'm waiting my little white, No more will He let me do; Who knows I am longing to see His face, Whose promise is sweet and true. "Agi a little white," He said, "And I watch by the sounding sea; For whether it's stormy or clear at last, I know He will come for me."

Over the winter or summer waves, Just which may please Him best; When my little white has its distance made He will tell me it's time to rest. And whether at night or in fair daylight I shall hear his inviting call; My soul must be ready with lamp in hand And willing to give up all.

Repose He will give me in His dear home, He has suffered with me to share; In the mansion through trials he passed into, And is keeping for me with care. And here as I'm waiting my little white, Though others may feel alone; He never will forsake me, nor I Nor ever has left His own.

Robin. Here's a health to you,—Robin! Robin! Ah, but the world's great heart beats true; Soul of song! thou shalt not lack lovers,— Queens and princes have come to woo. He! did they scorn you,—Robin! Robin! He! did they scorn you with wreath of rue? Bard of our choice! were ye now among us, Friends and favors should not be few!

Here's a health to you,—Robin! Robin! Not the old baneful, bitter brew! Take the cup of a golden lily, Brimmed with his portion of clearest dew. Deck it with heather, or hawthorn blossom, Dance around it, ye fairy crew. Pluck the red rose, for Robin! Robin! Sweet and sparkling, from where it grew.

Ah! but our love for you,—Robin! Robin! Singers are many, and songs are new; Glad we greet them, and loud we praise them,— Never, never the likes of you!

Here's a health to you,—Robin! Robin! Robin's health shall the world renew, Long as the world sings high in heaven! Or the duty looks to the life we live. PASTOR FELIX.

Pre-eminence of Truth. Truth is worth more than error, any day, Though clothed in garments of the plainest sort; Its worth is not determined by display, Nor by the force, nor weakness, of retort. Jesus was Truth alone, personified; As free from error as the sun is free To shine without regard to wind or tide,— And this is how he is so much to me. I, too, was far away from God and Truth, Finding no anchor for my restless soul, Till at the fountain of perennial youth I satisfied my thirst, and now am whole. He! I but thank my thirst at error's fount, And that I drank of only one true wine; My theories at least would not amount To anything like hope and joy divine, The statesmanship of this our day is vain Unless it show the mind that He possessed: And long as the world's wrongs are always gain I, To those whose faith and courage stand the test. REV. NORMAN LA MARSH. From "Lux Christi," an unpublished poem

Whose Little Girl Are You? The following song is creating a great popularity for itself among theatre goers in New York. It is sung by Catherine E. Dacey, in Augustus Daly's production of "20—8." The words are by Thomas Nainmyth, and George Rosey has fashioned a very pretty air for it: Dreaming of love and of beauty, Dreaming of one and one only, Thinking of her, my sweet and fair, And longing my love to unfold, Dear little, sweet little, sweet little, With blue eyes bright as the dew, Come, little one, now, and tell me, Whose little girl are you?

Chorus: Whose little girl are you? So winning, so sweet and fair; With laughing eyes, so honey blue, And hair as black as raven's hair; Dainty ways, a treat to see, I wish to see you, my dear; Come, little one, now, and tell me, Whose little girl are you?

Dreaming of eyes full of love-light, Dreaming of one good as gold; Thinking of her, my sweet and fair, And longing my love to unfold, Dear little, sweet little, sweet little, With blue eyes bright as the dew, Come, little one, now, and tell me, Whose little girl are you?

Dreaming of love and of beauty, Dreaming of one, my sweet bride, Thinking of one and one only, My own, whose'r may be beside, Dear little, sweet little, sweet little, So winning, loving and true, Stay in my arms, now, and whisper, Whose little girl are you?

Gettysburg. Far heard above the angry guns A cry across the tumult runs— The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods And Chickamauga's solitude, The fierce South cheering on her sons.

Ah, how the withering tempest blew Against the front of Gettysburg's wall, A kamin wind that scorched and singed Like that infernal flame that fringed The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led; A thousand died where Grant's bid, In blinding flames and straggling smoke The remnant through the batteries broke And stayed the march with Aristides.

But who shall break the guards that wait Before the awful face of Fate? The lattered standards of the South Were shrivelled at the cannon's mouth, And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set His bravest against the bayonet; A tigress in her wrath unaged, And all the hill was red and wet!

They fell, who lifted up a hand Against the South, who tried to stand; They snote and fell, who raised their arms Against the progress of the stars, And stayed the march with Aristides!

LAYS OF CITY LIFE.

BOOK OF THE FORTY-SEVEN. "The general has come, has come; Whack the tambourine and drum, Jingle, jingle, trumpet-tom." The general preached, the colour prayed; The charming tambourist played— How could men have denied her? But when they ceased their blessed trade, On Sunday, after the parade, Only one convert had they made, And he was a backslider.

"A PALEM OF DEBBERS." Bully for thee, lawyers three, Who've "jined the great majority," And now can take onto thy names "Q. C." And blessé, I, too, be Dr. Bruce; for we see That at Knox College jubilee, They've given him "a big D. D."

THE FRONTISPIECE OF THE OCTOBER REVIEW OF REVIEWS is a portrait of William Cullen Bryant was born, so this and the article on Bryant's Place in Literature in the same number are especially appropriate. Mr. John Russell Young, once minister to China, and always a writer of peculiar grace, writes of Li Hung Chang, and quotes the words of General Grant, spoken in 1879 at the conclusion of his journey around the world: "I have met on this journey four great men—Bismark, Beaconsfield, Gambetta, and Li Hung Chang. I am not sure, all things considered, but that Li is the greatest of the four." One must not neglect to remember that Li Hung had a similarly exalted opinion of General Grant, which is likewise fully commented upon by Mr. Young. "The Church and its Relation to Labor" was the subject of a remarkable address at the Grindenvald Conference by Alfred Fletcher, editor of the London Daily Chronicle. The whole address appears in the October Review of Reviews. A most interesting article is that showing what Americans have done this year in archaeological, scientific and geographical exploration. An article of special interest to Canadians, now that irrigation schemes are being put forth to such a great extent in the Upper Provinces, is that on "The Progress of Irrigation Thought in the West."

Certainly the editors of McClure's Magazine have made a special effort towards getting out a good number for October. As charmingly illustrated article is that on the putting of the "Brownies" that celebrated Canadian, Palmer Cox, on the stage: Reginald Birch, the artist of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," has made several designs of costumes for the forthcoming play, and these are reproduced in this number, together with many drawings of the brownies by Mr. Cox and W. A. C. Pape. "The Brownies" will be one of the finest spectacles ever seen on the stage. Cy Warman, the poet-engineer, author of "Sweet Marie," tells a thrilling train story. When three such fiction-writers as Robert Barr, the Canadian, Bret Harte and A. Conan Doyle contribute to one number of a magazine, that number is apt to be particularly strong in fiction. "Mr. Dana of the Sun" is fully treated in this number, and the "Capture of Niagara"—by genius and capital—is fittingly commemorated in illustration and writing.

The Book Buyer opens with a portrait of an article on Conan Doyle. The genius of the creator of "Sherlock Holmes" is fittingly shown. Frederic Remington is the book illustrator treated of this month. "Trilby" calls for an article. An illustration of the new library window at Winchester, Mass., which represents the taking of the first impression from movable types, is given. The idea is certainly not original with Mr. Du Maurier.

PASSED THE HALF CENTURY. Gilmore's Tailoring Establishment and Some Facts About It. For a business to be "fifty-three years old, having paid every dollar at the right time," is something for the owner of that business to be proud of. There are very few establishments in St. John that have been running for fifty-three years without a break. There is only one tailoring establishment here that has been in existence that long; and that is Gilmore's. It has entered upon its second half century of life with vigor that is ever increasing.

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year," when the mercery commences to go down and the price of coal to go up. Because of the former fact people are thinking of getting overcoats—good, warm overcoats. Because of the latter fact, they are looking for the place where they can get them as cheap as they can be had, consistent with the very best workmanship. There is one establishment that suits everybody; and that is Gilmore's. A PROGRESS representative thought he would take a look in at Gilmore's on the way home to supper. The manager has a large business about tea time and after, and the air-light shows customers just what they are buying.

The scribbler looked at some overcoats with longing eyes. They were handsome; they looked warm; they undoubtedly were warm. They looked heavy; but lift them! There was no heft to speak of. Now what could anyone want for winter better than these?

The names of these overcoats were Montague and Sheldan Elysian. They were in different colors, and will undoubtedly be very popular. Then there were Irish frieze overcoats—not Irish frieze that is rough, like a board, but Irish

THE COLOR OF GOLD.

Nova Scotia Gold is Prettier than Any of These. "Most people suppose," says an assayer, "that all gold is alike when refined, but that is not the case. An experienced man can tell at a glance from what part of the world a gold piece comes, and in some cases from what part of a particular gold district the metal was obtained."

"The Australian gold, for instance, is distinctly redder than the Californian, and this difference in color is always perceptible, even when the gold is one thousand fine. "Again, the gold obtained from the placers is yellower than that which is taken directly from quartz. Why this should be the case is one of the mysteries of metallurgy. For the placer gold comes from the veins. The Ural gold is the reddest found anywhere."

Some people know the real color of gold, as it is seldom seen unless heavily alloyed, which renders it redder than when pure. "The purest color that used to be common fifty-dollar pieces that used to be common in California. Their coinage was abandoned for two reasons—first, because the loss by abrasion was so great, and secondly, because the interior could be bored out and substituted, the difference in weight being too small to be readily noticed in so large a piece. These octagonal coins were the most valuable ever struck."

THE DRESS WHICH SHE WORE WAS MOST ACCURATELY DESCRIBED. While I was stopping at a friend's house the other day, says a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, her husband came home and before he had taken off his coat he exclaimed: "Well, I wish you could have seen the woman I saw today."

"Why, was she pretty?" we both asked. "Pretty? Well, I should say so, and she had the prettiest little suit you ever saw. By Jove! I wish you could get something that looked like that once in a while," he said, turning to his wife.

"Well, tell us what it was like and maybe I can," she returned. "Oh, I can't tell you just what it was like, but it had those things over the shoulders like your purple dress."

"Do you mean ruffles?" interrupted his wife. "Yes, I guess they are ruffles. It had a skirt of a peculiar color, and the basque was a sort of green. She wore a coat of something like most women wear, and a hat with a ribbon over it. She looked stunning, I tell you."

And his wife murmured "I should think so."

Large Sums as Salvage. Enormous sums have been paid as salvage money to the rescuers of ocean steamers when they are disabled at sea, and probably this is a more fruitful source of expense to the large companies than any other. On her first voyage the City of New York (as she was then called) ran ashore off Sandy Hook, and it cost the company \$20,000 to float her off. In 1890 her sister ship the City of Paris, broke her engine off the Irish coast, and was towed into port at an expense of \$6,000 of salvage money. The ill-fated ship City of Boston broke her shaft in 1872, and it cost the company \$9,300 to get her into port; and the Venezuela, of the red D. Line, stuck on the Brigantine Shoals off New Jersey, in 1880, so that the company had to spend \$28,000 to get her afloat. The city of Richmond was towed into Halifax Harbor in 1882, at the expense of \$7,000, it will be remembered. This list could be largely extended, showing that the amount of salvage money paid for rendering services to disabled steamers at sea is so enormous, that it almost always is the loss entailed by injuries to our wooden vessels. The loss of life is less. It is quite rare that an ocean steamer is submerged beneath the waves so that the crew and the passengers are lost.

Like the Tale of "Father Hubbard." At a town in Hungary, certain ladies not long ago adopted the habit of taking to the theatre huge push bags of loud colors, in which they carried all their miscellaneous belongings, as opera-glasses, gloves, handkerchiefs, hand-bags, pocket-books, etc. These bags they carried, accustomed to hang over the ledge of the theatre, and the picturesqueness and not wholly unpleasing effect. The fashion spread among the lower classes, and soon every servant girl in the street appeared with a push bag in her hand, which she carried them now. A short time ago the officers of the regiment quartered in the town for several successive nights bought up all the front seats in the dress-circle, and turned up at the performance carrying on their arms the same sort of push bags, somewhat less than the ordinary size, which they slung over the ledge in imitation of the ladies. The joke created no little amusement, and roars of laughter shook the house when the officers produced from their bags opera-glasses, sweets, handkerchiefs, and here and there a tobacco pouch or a snuff-box. Since then the push bags have disappeared from the horizon.

A Lesson in Journalism. Professor of Journalism.—If you were called upon to report a dog fight, what would your governing consideration be? Class.—To increase the sporting circulation without driving away the religious readers. Professor.—How is this to be accomplished? Class.—By deploring the brutality of the exhibition, and then describing it. Professor.—What destroys barns? Class.—The fire-fund. Professor.—What did the scene do? Class.—Beggared description. Professor.—That will do for to-day. To-morrow you may prepare yourselves for examination on baffling investigation."

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FRUIT. FRUIT.

CHOICE PEARS, PEACHES, PLUMS AND GLAPES AT BONNELL'S GROCERY, TEAS and COFFEE A SPECIALTY. 200 UNION ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON,

Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts., ST. JOHN.

For the next 3 mos. we will make a special bid for a lot of trade in our Millinery dept. The spring and summer's business turned out so well that we are more confident than ever that our efforts in this particular line for Autumn and Winter will prove equally successful.

Our Dress Goods and Jacket Cloth department are, as usual, two of the most attractive spots in the store. If there's one thing more than another that we're specially strong on it's these two lines. We've the best mail sample system in the Provinces. Write us for samples from any department.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts., ST. JOHN.

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP. FOR FAMILY USE. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Only One Dollar.

BEST FOUNTAIN SYRINGE,

Order one by mail. WORTH \$1.75 EACH. All complete with Hard Rubber Pipes.

Rubber Sheeting.

All Widths, Best Quality, Lowest Prices. Mending Tissue only 10 cents. Garden Hose at a great Bargain. Try it.

American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte St., St. John.

WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS

To Re-dye and Finish Gents, you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape. See Specimen Samples at our office and be convinced.

American Dye Works Co., Works: Elm Street, North End.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wines.

THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

E. G. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John. Telephone 623. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces. J. S. HAMILTON & CO'S Communion Wine, guaranteed pure juice of the Grape. Registered at Ottawa.

Just Received. A fine assortment of GRANITE and WHITE AGATE WARE. All of No. 1 Quality. These goods have been marked at very low prices to suit the times. The assortment comprises Preserve Kettles, Tea Kettles, Saucepans, Tea and Coffee Pots, And many other useful articles too numerous to mention.

Sheraton & Whittaker, 88 King St., Telephone 358.

New Dress Goods.

Our stock is now fully assorted with all the most desirable Fabrics and Styles for the Fall and Winter Fashions. AND ALL AT VERY-MODERATE PRICES. Purchasers will find it advantageous to see our stock before making their selections.

IMPERMEO DRESS SERGES

We have much pleasure in placing before our Customers this season the above reliable NAVY DRESS SERGES, which are warranted to withstand their color, withstand the Rain and Fog and make up a very Stylish and Durable Dress.

Jacket and Ulster Cloths in Plain Colors and New Mixtures, Very Stylish Goods.

NEW BRAIDS AND GIMPS, All width in Black and Colors. "Send for Samples."

S.C. PORTER, 11 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

St. John—South End. Miss Maggie Chesley, St. James street, entertained a number of her friends on Friday evening, in honor of her guest, Miss Mabel Chesley, of Lynn, Mass.

Miss Edith Langstroth has returned from Somerville, where she has been spending some weeks with her brother, Mr. W. Langstroth. Miss Annie Brown, of the West end, is visiting her brother, Mr. Gavin Brown, of Bathurst.

Mrs. D. C. Dawson left on Sunday evening for a three weeks' visit to her sister in New York. Mrs. Melick and Miss Kitty Melick, were in St. Stephen last week, the guests of Mrs. C. H. Clarke.

Miss Ruby Gaby, who has been in British Columbia for the past year, has returned to her home in this city. Mr. and Mrs. George A. Cliff, of Fredericton, spent part of this week with friends here.

Miss Jessie Bartlett, of Moncton, was here this week, visiting relatives. The friends in this city of Miss Laura B. Polley, formerly of the north end, but now living in Clinton, Mass., will be interested to hear of her marriage to Mr. Adelbert Martin, which took place at Clinton on Wednesday evening of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Barker are visiting friends in Boston. Miss M. J. Henderson, of New York, who has been spending the summer with Mr. William J. Henderson, of this city, returned home last week. Miss Grace McMillan is visiting friends in Boston.

Miss Annie Parks, daughter of Mr. John H. Parks, leaves on Tuesday for Montreal, where she will enter a hospital for the purpose of studying nursing. Miss Parks has a large circle of friends who will wish her every success in the new home.

Mrs. J. deWolfe's spouse has returned from Boston, where she has been spending a short time. An event of considerable interest to St. John people took place in Providence Wednesday evening, Sept. 28 when two young people well known and popular in the west end, Miss Annie Irons and Mr. Joseph C. Adams were married at the residence of the bride's mother, 236 Vermont ave. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Chase in the presence of nearly 100 guests, the bride wearing a handsome dress of cream velvet silk, trimmed with silk lace and satin ribbon.

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Mr. William Humphrey, St. James street, on Wednesday evening, when his daughter was united in marriage to Mr. Henry E. Dalton. Rev. J. H. Huxton performed the ceremony. Miss Lillie Fowler, of Fairville, left last week for a visit to her sisters in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. William Davidson and family have removed to the city. They have been spending the summer at Robesay.

Mrs. James Hunter and her little son are visiting friends in Boston. Miss Gertrude Skinner is the guest of Miss Alice Graham, St. Stephen. Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Sayre have been spending the summer at Westfield, returned this week to their home on Coburg street. Mrs. L. T. Reynolds, of Pembroke, Me., was the guest of Mrs. S. D. Scott, while in the city last week.

Mrs. Franklyn J. Drake, Mrs. James Pitts, and Miss Pitts, are at 21 Dorchester street, for a few days before proceeding to Boston, whence Mrs. Drake leaves for Southern California, to join commander Drake on board the U. S. S. Albatross for the winter. The tableaux last week at St. Paul's (Valley) church were a grand success and reflected great credit on Misses Bond, who are to be congratulated upon their excellent scenery artistic costume, and clever display of historical tableaux. All who were present spent a very enjoyable evening. The animated tableaux "Lancers Backwards" was immensely enjoyed by all.

Mr. Wm. White, proprietor of the Mansfield, Mass., News, who has been spending a few weeks in this city, has returned to his labors in Mansfield. Mr. White is one of the St. John boys who has gone abroad and made his mark. The engagement is announced of Mr. T. P. Regan, the popular young barrister, to Miss Patton, daughter of the late Daniel Patton. Mr. Gilbert De Mill, of the North Shore, spent a few days in the city this week visiting friends.

Miss Lilian D. Bennett, of Vermont, who while on her way to resume her studies at Mount Allison university, spent a few days the guest of Mrs. H. J. Olive, west end, left for Sackville on Monday. St. John—North End. Oct. 3.—Miss Jessie Russell left on Wednesday to visit friends in Boston. Mrs. Mason, of New York, has been spending the summer with relatives here, returned home on Thursday. Mr. Fred Hatt, of Fredericton, spent last week in town. Miss Edith Polzson has gone to St. Francis to accept a position.

Mrs. and Mrs. Wm. Fisher and family, are home from their summer outing at Westfield. Mrs. David Nae and Miss Minnie Nae have returned from a pleasant visit to Boston and New York. Mr. A. Jones has gone to visit friends in New York. Mr. Joe Carlo is spending a few weeks up river. Miss Annie Parry of Main street left on Wednesday, to spend four or five weeks visiting friends in Boston and New York.

Mr. Duncan of Boston has been in Sackville for the past two weeks, and returned to his home on Friday of last week. Dr. Maher and Mr. George Hoban have returned from a very pleasant visit to Boston and New York. Miss Ethel Hanson of Fredericton spent this week with friends in town. Mr. and Mrs. Mahoney of Main street, have returned from their summer cottage at Sand Cove. Mrs. J. Sterling and Miss Nellie Sterling, of Fredericton, were in town part of this week. Mrs. Belyea spent last week up the river. Mrs. Pugsley, who resides with Dr. and Mrs. Smith, is very ill. Mr. Burns, of Montreal, is visiting his brother Dr. Burns. NYDIA.

PROGRESS is for sale in Sussex by G. D. Martin, R. D. Bond and S. H. White & Co. Oct. 3.—Mr. and Mrs. E. A. White left on Tuesday for a few days' visit to New Glasgow, N. S. Miss Vall, Coburg street, St. John, visited her sister, Mrs. O. B. Arnold, last week. Mrs. Hawley Merritt, of St. John, is at the Knoll. Messrs. Alfred and Keble Barnett, of Boston, Mass., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Fairweather. Mrs. John M. Lyons of Moncton, is spending a few days with friends in Sussex. Mrs. R. D. Robinson is passing a few days in Albert county. Mr. Allan Hallet and Miss Hallet are visiting friends in Boston, Mass.

Mr. P. H. White and little daughter left for a trip to Boston, Mass., yesterday. Mrs. J. S. Tritts returned on Saturday after a few weeks sojourn in Boston. Miss Reynolds, of New York, who has been visiting friends here, returned to her home this week. LULLA.

MUSQUASH. Oct. 1.—Mrs. J. A. Balcom is visiting her sister Mrs. Clows at Oromocto. Miss Hattie Knight is visiting friends in Calais, Me. Master James Church of St. Andrews, is the guest of his grandmother, Mrs. C. F. Church. Mr. and Mrs. James Latta of Burlington, N. J., who have been spending a few days at "Sunnyside," left for home on Monday. Miss Carrie Reynolds of Lepreau spent last Sunday here. Miss Edith McPeak, of St. John, was here this week, the guest of Miss Cora Balcom. Mr. J. Dunan, of St. Stephen, was the guest of Mr. C. E. Elliott this week. Mr. Fred Bell spent last Sunday with his parents at the Willows. Miss Ella Anderson is visiting her sister, Mrs. Woodford, St. John. Mrs. Chas. Hazen, of St. John, spent a few days here last week. Capt. and Mrs. Robinson spent Sunday at Point Lepreau, the guest of Mrs. H. G. Thomas. VIVE.

SALISBURY. Oct. 3.—Miss Ada Myles, who was the guest of Mrs. Crisp for two weeks, returned to her home in St. John, last week. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Barnes spent last Sunday in St. John. Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Holstead left for Florida yesterday, where they will spend the winter. They were accompanied as far as Boston by Miss Mary Barnes, who is returning home. Mr. A. L. Wright and family returned to Moncton today, for the winter. Miss Maggie Toole left for Sussex last Saturday, to spend the winter. Mrs. A. E. Tritts and two children, were in Moncton last Saturday. Miss Wynnie and Mr. Rupert McMurray spent last Sunday in Petticoat. Miss Maggie Lewis was in Moncton on Saturday. THELMA.

FARRSBORO. PROGRESS is for sale at Farrsboro Book Store. Oct. 3.—Mr. H. Layton arrived home with his bride on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston Reed with their children have been visiting friends in another part of the county. Messrs. Annie and Alice Smith, Capt. D. S. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Day and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Smith came home on Saturday from the exhibition in Halifax. Mrs. J. G. Holmes is visiting relatives in Sackville. Miss Bessie York came home from Boston last week. (Continued on Eighth Page.)

6 SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(FOR ADDITIONAL COUNTY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

Permisses is for sale in Halifax at the following places: Knowles' Book Store, 24 George street; Morrison & Co., 111 Hollis street; Clapperton Street, Morris street; Hayes & Mylius, George street; Clapperton Street, Spring Garden Street; ...

The chief attraction last week was the exhibition which was held in the Exhibition Building, Tower Road. Wednesday a promenade concert was held in the Public Gardens, there was a splendid display of fireworks during the evening, the music was supplied by the King's band.

Thursday morning all Halifax turned out to see the review and the sham fight. The sailors and the King's men attacked the Citadel which was defended by the engineers and artillery; this mimic battle resulted in a victory for the latter.

In the morning the firemen's procession came off. On the grounds behind the exhibition building a house had been erected of old timber saturated with oil; it was set on fire and then the chemical engine turned a powerful stream on the mess, which were extinguished in a few moments.

Tuesday afternoon Mrs. A. G. Jones gave a five o'clock tea. Owing to the rainy afternoon few guests were able to get out to Bloomingdale. Those who possessed carriages drove out. There were not as many smart cars as there are generally at a tea, as the ladies were afraid of the rain on their fine frocks.

Thursday the officers of the Garrison will give an exhibition of military sports in the W. A. C. grounds. Little's Jane.

Miss Stairs, Kent street, entertained a number of her friends at a small afternoon tea on Friday. Mr. Robert Spiers, formerly of this city, but now a resident of New York, is here visiting his many friends and acquaintances.

Rev. Dyson Hague has returned from England, where he has been for the past few months. Hon. Robert Baskin and Mrs. Baskin left on Wednesday for a visit to friends in Boston. They were accompanied by Mrs. Baskin's sister, Mrs. T. J. Allen, who has been spending some weeks here.

Mrs. Robertson and Miss Susie Robertson are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stillman Towers, at Milltown, N. B.

Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham are the guest of their daughter, Mrs. Fred Hill, Calais, Me. A pretty wedding was that which took place at Brunswick street Methodist church on Tuesday morning. The contracting parties were Mr. William H. Clarke and Miss Helene W. Sutcliffe, daughter of the late Mr. E. W. Sutcliffe, the ceremony being performed by Rev. F. H. Wright.

The bridesmaids were Miss Kate Sutcliffe and Miss Kate Starr. Little Miss Annie Greenman was maid of honor, and Master Max Richey, son of Mr. M. H. Richey, Jr., was her companion. Mr. F. H. Clarke, cousin of the groom, acted as groomsman. The bride wore a handsome travelling costume of navy blue cloth, with hat to match. The bridesmaids wore dresses of pale blue and brown, and brown hats. Both bride and bridesmaids carried handsome bouquets of roses, white camellias and maidenhair ferns. Although the marriage took place at the early hour of seven o'clock many guests were present to witness the ceremony, after the bridal party left on the C. P. R. train for a trip to Montreal, Ottawa, and Niagara.

Rev. I. N. Mack is visiting Mr. Henry Theakston, Seymour street. Mr. and Mrs. George A. Knodell and Miss Lizzie Knodell, of St. John, were here last week, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Blackadar, Brunswick street.

Miss Thompson, Pleasant street, left on Saturday for a trip to England. She will be absent about a year. Mr. T. D. Ruzgles and Mrs. Ruzgles, are the guests of Mr. Edwin Muller, Brunswick street. Mrs. Josephine Gillis, and Mrs. George Brown, of North Sydney, and Miss Maggie McDonald, of Sydney, were here last week, visiting Mrs. G. A. Moore, Russell street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Logan, of Amherst, were in the city last week, taking in the exhibition and visiting their many friends. The marriage of Mr. George W. R. Almon, son of Senator Almon, of this city, to Miss Jessie Walker, of Hamilton, Ontario, took place here on Tuesday afternoon of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Almon will make their home in Edmouston, N. W. T.

Mr. and Mrs. Robie Unisack, and Miss Unisack are visiting friends in the United States. They will be absent a fortnight. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Higgins, of British Columbia, who have been spending a short time here, left on Friday for a visit to Prince Edward Island, the former home of Mrs. Higgins.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Field, who have been here visiting friends, left on Friday last for their home in Galveston, Texas. A quiet wedding, was solemnized at Charles street church on Tuesday morning of last week, when Mr. A. C. Borden united Mr. Harold Gates and Miss Grace Silverthorne, daughter of Mr. J. D. Silverthorne, of this city, in the holy bonds of matrimony. The bride was attended by her bridesmaid in travelling costume with hat to match, and Miss H. P. Ridgely, as bridesmaid, also wore a suit of brown. Mr. W. K. Outair was groomsman. The presents were both numerous and handsome, among them being several cheques, and a handsome silver case for the morning train for Annapolis, followed by the good wishes and warm congratulations of their many friends.

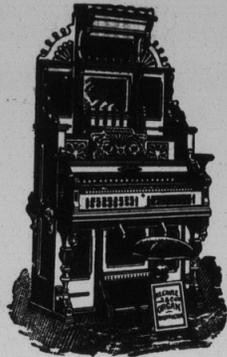
Another wedding took place on Tuesday morning, this one being at St. Mary's cathedral. The principals were Mr. Rupert H. McCulloch and Miss Theresa Henrich, Rev. Father Murphy officiating. The bride wore a handsome dress of gray silk, and white hat trimmed with a rich feather. Miss A. Henrich, the bridesmaid, wore a dress of cadet blue, and white felt hat. Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch left for a trip through the Annapolis Valley. On their return they will reside on the corner of Conard and Robie street.

The members of the Orpheus Club entertained a number of their friends at supper on Friday evening at the Halifax Hotel. The chair was occupied by Mr. George E. Book, president of the club, and Lieut. Governor Daly was seated on his right. Mr. C. H. Porter read an original poem, many songs were sung, and altogether a very enjoyable evening was spent by all. Instrumental music was furnished by Mr. Maxwell and Dr. Howard Slayter. Miss Mary Whalen, of Pictou, is the guest of Mrs. McCawley, Argyle street.

Intelligence has been received of the death of Mr. John W. Fraser, brother of Mr. R. W. Fraser, of this city, which occurred at New York on Thursday last. Deceased leaves a widow and two children.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Brookfield, two children and nurse, left on Saturday in the Halifax City for England. They were accompanied by Miss Pearson, sister of Mrs. Brookfield.

Mr. J. A. Leaman, of this city, and Miss Jessie Field, of Truro, were married at that place on the 24th of September. Rev. Mr. Gregory officiating. Supper was served immediately after the ceremony. After partaking of which, Mr. and Mrs. Leaman



PROGRESS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1894.

\$37.50 BUTS A GOOD ORGAN.

This gives you an idea of our SPECIAL WHOLESALE PRICES DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO FAMILY.

Write to-day For our Handsome Illustrated Catalogue Free to All. Special terms of sale.

We ship ORGANS direct to the Home on TEN DAYS TEST TRIAL, and sell on easy terms of payment as well as for spot cash.

Every instrument Fully Warranted for Six Years.

Address: H. E. CHUTE & CO., YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.



STANDING TOP BUGGY, Spring Cushion and Back, Cloth Trimming, Silver Mountings.

Price & Shaw, 222 to 228 Main Street, St. John, N. B.

left on the evening train for their home in this city. They will reside on South Park street. Among the many handsome presents received by the bride were two silver fruit dishes, two silver berry sets, a handsome diamond brooch from the groom, a piano lamp from the employes in the firm of Leaman & Co., silver cake basket, silver pickle dish, and a large silver tray.

Mrs. Beresford, widow of the late Major Beresford, left on Sunday last for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Harding entertained a number of guests on Friday evening at their home on Victoria street; a varied programme of amusements was in order and heartily enjoyed. The pleasant gathering was for their son Mr. Ernest Harding, prior to his departure for Montreal to attend McGill college.

Mr. Stanley Sutherland and bride, formerly Miss Gooden, of Bale Verte, arrived in town the last of the week from their wedding trip and have made their home in a pretty cottage on Allison street. Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Rosa, another recent groom, entertained their brother and sisters in celebrating their initiation into the order of Benevolents.

Mrs. Nori Steele and Miss Bessie Hickman, who have been spending a week in St. John, returned home with the Misses Steele.

Mrs. D. Robb gave a very pleasant afternoon tea at Maplehurst on Tuesday. The weather was not the best but the event, which was given in honor of Miss Sangton, who is visiting Mrs. C. O. J. Tupper, was very pleasantly enjoyed.

Miss Alice Page has gone to spend a few weeks with friends at Port Greville.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Page have returned from Halifax, where they spent the week attending the exhibition. Mr. Page was among the most successful exhibitors, bringing home a goodly number of prizes.

Miss Edna Moffat went to Oxford on Monday to pay a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Oxley.

Among our visitors on Thursday were Miss Ayer and Miss Rainnie, of Sackville.

Mrs. Geo. Cole arrived home on Monday from an extended visit to Parrboro. Her sister, Mrs. York and children paid her a short visit on their return from a trip to Halifax and went to their home in Parrboro on Wednesday.

Mr. J. B. Lawson, bookkeeper in Dunlap Bros., who went to Boston last week to spend his vacation, was summoned home on Tuesday on account of the death of his little son.

The marriage of Mrs. Crane and Mr. Read of Chicago was solemnized on Wednesday evening by the Rev. Mr. Williams, pastor of the Methodist church, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. R. H.

Tremaine, Havelock street. There were few guests present among whom were the Messrs Craner from Boston, daughter of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Read took the evening train for their future home in Chicago, followed by the best wishes of the many friends of Mrs. Read, who are very sorry that she is to dwell so far from Amherst.

A pastor concert is an annual pleasant thing in store, much pleasure and good music being furnished by the choir on Thursday and Friday evening at the Victoria, Havelock street. This time one of our popular business men is going to invest in the matrimonial lottery.

Mrs. W. Rice who has been on a business visit to her daughter Mrs. B. C. Miller, left on Thursday for her home in Bear River, MASSACHUSETTS.

OXFORD. Oct. 2.—"Hillcrest," the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Smith, was the scene of a pleasant gathering on Tuesday evening, Sept. 25, on the occasion of the celebration of their crystal wedding. The home was prettily illuminated by colored lamps and Chinese lanterns. The guests invited and their remembrances were: Mr. J. E. Smith, hanging lamp; Mr. Wm. Oxley, Jr., silver vase; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Green, cabinet photo frame; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. King, cut-glass cups; Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hewson, bouqut holder; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. DeWolfe, fruit dish; Rev. E. Munro, water pitcher; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Oxley, (son of "Ogden," N. B.), candleabra; Miss Annie Thompson, covered preserve dish; Mr. and Mrs. Medley Thompson, (Trenton, New Jersey), tea set; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hewson, vegetable dish; Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Langille, berry set; Mr. and Mrs. R. Bowditch, bouquet holder; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thompson, (Port Lawrence), preserve stand; Mr. W. T. Robb and the Misses Robb, lemonade stand; Mr. T. A. Thompson and Miss Lydie Thompson, toilet set; Mr. G. J. White, perfume bottles Mr. Wm. Oxley, Jr., Dobson, (Sackville), silver vase; Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hewson and Mrs. E. E. Hewson, rice ware plates; Mr. Peter Nisley, pen and ink stand; Mr. H. E. Arnold, water pitcher; Mrs. C. Smith, glass case; Miss Maud Brown, (Moncton), cheese dish; Mr. and Mrs. O. Fulton, (Truro), Oriental case; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Turner, (Port Elgin, N. B.), cologne bottle; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Dobson, (Sackville), silver vase; Master Arthur E. Smith and Gladie Smith; bon bon dish; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Davis, bon bon dish; Miss Sadie Robb, fruit stand; Mrs. Wm. Smith, (Sussex, N. B.), butter cooler; Miss Orlo Roach, (St. John, N. B.), salad dish.

Mrs. Smith, received in black silk and lace and pink roses. Time and space will not permit me to mention all the pretty dresses worn but a few are mentioned. Mrs. W. M. McLeod, black silk skirt, pink silk waist. Mrs. J. H. Green, black satin lace trimmings. Mrs. Medley Thompson, dark green robe dress, with heavy lace trimmings. Mrs. Snook, black satin, lace trimmings. Mrs. W. L. Hewson, black satin skirt, fawn silk waist. Miss Annie Thompson, pink silk and gauze. Miss Lydie Thompson, cream silk and crape du chene. Miss Minnie Robb, cream serge with silk lace trimmings. Mrs. J. E. Smith, "Hillcrest," silver vase. Mrs. Nisley, silver vase. Mrs. Wm. Smith, (Sussex, N. B.), salad dish. Miss Lou Hewson, cream cashmere, lace trimmings. Miss Annie Grant, cream silk. Mrs. J. A. DeWolfe, pale blue sun-veiling with silk trimmings. Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Hewson and Miss Hewson left on Thursday for a short visit to Boston. Mrs. Snook, of Truro, is the guest of Rev. and Mrs. W. M. McLeod, Port Elgin, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. E. Smith, "Hillcrest," Sackville. Mr. and Mrs. Medley Thompson, of Trenton, New Jersey, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Oxley, Jr. Mr. D. B. Stewart, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Daley, left last week for Halifax where she will visit before returning to her home in Ontario. Mrs. E. A. King and family are with us again after an absence of three years. Mr. Leonard Moffat, cashier, spent a few days in town last week the guest of Mr. Oxley. O. O.

TRURO. (Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton & Co., D. H. Street.) Oct. 3.—Mrs. Butcher and Miss Wright, Newcastle, who were guests of the former's sister, Mrs. A. C. Patterson, at "Sunny Brae cottage," have returned home.

The party for "drive whilst" given by Mrs. Patterson last Thursday evening in honor of her guests was a success in every way. Among those enjoying Mr. and Mrs. Patterson's hospitality were: Miss Kay, Miss Tremaine, Miss Archibald, Miss Roman, Messrs. Arthur Campbell, A. G. Campbell, W. Hornsby, Bowers, G. Hall, E. R. Stuart, and J. Crowe. The ladies' first prize, a pretty

bouquet, was won by Miss Tremaine. The gentleman's first, a handsome watch-chain pipe by Mr. Bowers. Mrs. Patterson's supper was exquisite, offering every delicacy for her guests' enjoyment. Mrs. E. C. Bignelow and Miss Sadie are enjoying a short visit with friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Day and their young son, Master Jack O'Day, from New York, are expected here the last of the week to visit friends. Miss Parsons, Miss Farnsworth, from Aylesford, Kings Co., spent Sunday last among friends here. Miss Parsons was en route to New Glasgow, where she goes to visit Mrs. Kempton Stewart.

Mrs. W. H. Donkin is spending a few days this week with friends in Mulgrave. Mrs. Murray, wife of Dr. Murray, of North Sydney, and Miss Murray, who have been guests of Dr. and Mrs. McCulloch, returned home last week. Miss Jessie and Miss Mabel, are guests of Prof. and Mrs. A. G. McDonald, Bib + Hill. Mr. McColl and his wife, once Miss Gwen Maitland, of Amherst, were in town on Saturday last, en route to their future home in New Glasgow. P. S.

MALDEN. (Progress is for sale in Malden by James Urquhart.) Oct. 3.—There was a brilliant gathering in St. David's Presbyterian church on Tuesday last to witness the marriage of Miss Susan P. Cox, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Cox, to Mr. James Wickham, of Malden, N. S. The church was crowded to the door, all denominations in town being well represented. The pulpit and platform were tastefully decorated with a great profusion and variety of flowers. The organist of the church was present and perfectly charmed the lovers of music by her exquisite rendering of Mendelssohn's beautiful wedding march. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. T. C. Jack, M. A. The bride was dressed in shades of rose silk with pale pink trimmings and looked charming. The groom was ably supported on the right by Mr. Parker, of Malden, on the left like duty was gracefully taken by Miss Wickweir, sister of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Wickweir were the best wishes of the entire community. Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Roy, Capt. and Mrs. H. D. McArthur, Capt. W. Lawrence and Mr. Alfred Putnam, M. P. P., were among the Maldeners who attended the provincial exhibition at Halifax.

Mrs. Ambrose, of California, is in town the guest of her niece, Mrs. George Martin, at Trinity Rectory. Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Eaton are spending a few days in Parrboro, the guest of their daughter, Mrs. Clarence Drilling.

Miss Abbie Eaton is spending the week among her friends in Parrboro. Misses Gertrude Urquhart and Ida McCallum were guests of a very pleasant visit among Truro friends.

WINDSOR. (Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowles' Bookstore and by F. W. Dakin.) Oct. 2.—Windsor has returned to its normal condition of quiet happiness, or happy quietness, the leaves are beginning to fall, and tennis and drives have almost passed from our thoughts. There are several numbers of visitors attracted by the schools, "Edgibility" and the collegiate school for boys, both of which are doing well and growing in popularity both here and abroad.

Mr. Charles Hibbert and Lady Tupper were in Windsor last week and were present at a little musical performance given by Mrs. Frank Taylor, of Montreal, to the collegiate school boys. Sir Charles has left his eldest son as a boarder at the school, of which he himself is an old pupil.

Mr. and Mrs. Weston from Halifax spent Sunday in Windsor, and Mr. F. D. Corbett was here on Saturday. Both Major Weston and Mr. Corbett have a child at each school.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilcox have returned from the city of driving tour. Mr. and Mrs. Cull left for New York early in the week, accompanied by Miss Mary Dimock. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Drysdale leave on Tuesday to spend the winter in Halifax, their departure is one of the most saddening indications of the approach of winter.

Miss Walter Lawson is spending a few weeks in Boston. Mr. Jock Russell has returned to England, he has been very popular here during the summer and he is greatly missed.

Professor Yroom is home from Weymouth and Dr. Willets from Grand Pre. The College opens this week and there are a fair number of entries among others the Mr. Leslie who lately distinguished himself at the Royal Military college, but who has since decided to take the engineering course at the College. Miss Bertie is paying a visit to her sister, Mrs. Jameson.

DIGBY. (Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.) Oct. 3.—Miss Susie Ruddock is visiting her mother and sisters. Mrs. and Miss Murphy and the Misses Krefe have returned to Halifax.

Mrs. and Mrs. A. V. Wade are receiving congratulations on the arrival at their home of a little son. Holy Trinity church was the scene of an interesting event to date, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Maud Crozier and Mr. Eber Turnbull of the firm of Turnbull and Walsh. The church which had been very prettily and tastefully decorated with flowers and by friends of the bride, was thronged to its utmost capacity. The ceremony took place at 12.30 p. m. and was performed by the Rev. Mr. Harley. The bride, attired in a handsome travelling suit of brown with hat to match, looked charmingly and was attended by her two little nieces as brides of honor. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Capt. J. A. C. DeBallahard. After the ceremony the happy couple with the invited guests repaired to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Turnbull and partook of a sumptuous dinner.

Mrs. Turnbull, who was immediately after by steamer Monticello on a bridal tour followed by showers of rice and many good wishes, long and happy life. The many beautiful and costly gifts attested the great popularity and esteem in which the bride is held not only by people at home but abroad as well. I regret that time prevents me giving a description of some of the beautiful presents, and of some of the costumes worn by the ladies.

PICOU. (Progress is for sale in Pictou by James McCulloch.) Oct. 3.—Mrs. C. E. Tanner spent last week in Halifax.

Children's CLOAKS - AND - OLSTERS - AND - CLOAKS - FOR - GIRLS - FROM - 4 to 16 Years.

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

Immense Stock of LADIES' Garments



The above is only one from among several hundred various styles which we are showing in Ladies' and Children's Jackets, Capes and Ulsters.

NOVELTIES IN GOLF CAPES.

Manchester Robertson & Allison Millinery

Show Day, TUESDAY, SEPT. 18TH.

FOR THE TRADE ONLY.

SMITH BROS., Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, GRANVILLE & DUKE STS., HALIFAX.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

In order to have something light, nutritious, easily digested, delicious and attractive to the taste by all means try

EAGAR'S WINE OF RENNET.

This old established and reliable preparation will enable your cook to serve you with eight or ten delicious dessert dishes, which can be made in a few minutes at a cost of a few cents, and make your table the envy of all your neighbors.

EAGAR'S WINE OF RENNET, with recipes, can be had at all leading grocers or druggists! Price 25 cents. Don't accept substitutes or imitations.

MurphyGoldCure INSTITUTE

FOR THE TREATMENT OF ALCOHOLISM, THE MORPHINE and TOBACCO habit.

References to leading physicians and public men in St. John and all parts of the Dominion. Endorsed by the Legislatures of Nova Scotia and Quebec. Correspondence confidential.

MOUNT PLEASANT - ST. JOHN, N. B. CARROLL RYAN, Manager.

MOM'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS

Rev. Benjamin writes: "In C. has helped I have ever from childhood been a teetotaler of the back of usually follow I began to use I had any attacks have greater freedom of for years past. al use of a bottle comparatively thank-you for D. C. Had I have saved M glad to recomen

BACHELOR CIGAR - CIGAR - IT IS THE FINEST JoeHavana CIGAR - CIGAR - IN THE DOMINION. A. ISAACS, 72 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, N. B. Sole manufacturer for the genuine 5c. SMALL'S UREN.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

MARYVILLE.

Oct. 2.—Mrs. Merritt of St. John is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Merritt at Mr. Alex. Gibson's. Last Wednesday the mills of our busy little town was closed up for the day in order to give the people of Marysville the opportunity to attend the Methodist Sabbath school picnic which was held at Black Brook. Thirteen carloads of people availed themselves of the privilege. The Sunday school children, teachers, "boys' brigade," members of the choir, and the Marysville brass band, were all presented with tickets by Mr. Alex. Gibson. All were delighted with the outing.

Mrs. John Taylor of St. John is the guest of Mrs. Alex. Gibson. Mrs. Ned Dowling, of Toronto, and Mrs. B. J. Dowling of St. John, who have been visiting Mrs. E. A. Tapley, returned to St. John on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Robinson are receiving congratulations. It's a girl.

Mrs. G. T. Bliss and family who have been spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. John Gibson, returned to her home in Somerville on Wednesday last. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Fluke and family, of Andover, are visiting Dr. I. C. and Mrs. Sharpe. The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Sherman, was the scene of an interesting event on Wednesday last, when about fifty guests gathered to witness the marriage of their daughter, Margaret, to Mr. Claude Clayton. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. W. Lodge. The bridesmaid was Miss Stella Clayton, and the groomsmen Mr. Charles French.

The bride wore a pretty gown of cream colored brocade lace, with trimmings of lace and moire, and carried a bouquet of cream roses and maidenhair ferns. The bridesmaid was attired in a dress of cream serge, trimmed with moire and lace, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. During the evening, the "Boys' Brigade," of which Mr. Clayton is an officer, headed by their drum and band serenaded the happy couple took the morning train for St. Stephen where they will remain a week. They were the recipients of a number of useful and valuable presents: Mr. and Mrs. Sherman, Persian lamp; Messrs. Mead and Mrs. Clayton, sea sideboard; Messrs. Charles French, Geo. N. Smith, Geo. Enoch James Waterman, Walter Brown, elegant dinner set, Mr. J. Judson Lebbey, John Stafford, Misses Addie and M. Hunter, Alice Milliken, Melissa Harris, Martha Tuttle, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Manser, black walnut bed tree; Mrs. John Gibson, silver case; Mrs. Alex. Gibson, ar., white bedspread, Mrs. F. M. Merritt, a dozen linen towels; Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Day, silver coffee spoons; Mr. and Mrs. Libby, picture case; Mr. and Mrs. Handley, wicker rocker; Miss Stella Clayton, silver cake basket; Mr. Geo. Rouke, silver berry dish; Mrs. Branner, glass fruit dish, Mr. Horatio Clayton, a dozen silver knives and forks; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Barker, parlor camp; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clayton, Jr., platoon rocker; Miss Maudie Day, silver sugar shell; Mr. Sandy Sherman, water set in wicker frame; Miss Harriet and Rachel Banks, parlor lamp; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Simpson, ice cream set; Miss Rose Sherman, syrup pitcher; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McEwan, bedroom water set; Miss Clara Gibbs, lemonade set; Master Fred Gibson, silver sugar shell; Miss Jennie Sherman, glass set; Mr. Walter Robinson and Miss Vove, bedroom water set; Miss Lily Miller, silver fruit spoon; Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, linen table cloth; Mr. James Myles, silver butter dish; Mr. Elphinstone Banks, glass fruit dish and a dozen preserves dishes; Mr. and Mrs. James Elder, linen table cloth; Master Alfred Taylor, a dozen goblets; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brown, linen tablecloth napkins; Mr. and Mrs. Ward, two Japanese trays and crumb brush; Mrs. Henry Pickard, a dozen linen napkins.

Mrs. C. H. Hart returned last Saturday from a trip to the principal American cities. Mrs. Bryant Tapley is visiting friends in St. John. Miss Alice Gibson has gone to visit her sister Miss Alma at Sackville. MARRIAGE.

SEPT. 24.—Miss Bancroft returns today to Boston, after spending the past two months with her father. Mrs. Covert and son, Master Arthur, leave by to day's boat for Robesay, where Master Arthur will attend the Church School for Boys.

Miss Lord, of Deer Island, is visiting Mrs. Lamson. Dr. Maloney, of St. Andrews, is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Fraser. Miss Hart, of Florida, is the guest of Mrs. Lamson. Mrs. Kent went to Eastport on Saturday. Mrs. J. Gaskill has returned from a pleasant visit in St. Stephen.

A marriage took place at the residence of Mr. Robert Bell, on Wednesday evening, of Mr. Samuel Bell and Miss Sarah Virtue. The bride wore a pretty costume of white, was attended by her sister, Miss Lily Virtue, while Mr. Hugh Bell supported the groom. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. S. Covert.

A colored party gotten up by the ladies of St. Paul's church was greatly enjoyed by the young people on Friday evening. Ice cream past cake were served during the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yatton return today to Havre. Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Chamlin also leave by today's boat for their home in Fall River. Mrs. Stephen Thomas returned from a pleasant visit in Carlton on Saturday. Mr. Archie Covert has gone to Montreal where he will attend the course in the study of medicine. SEAWARD.

DALHOUSIE. [Progress is for sale in Dalhousie by H. A. Johnson.] Oct. 3.—Mrs. Haddow, has returned from a visit to Toronto, Milton and other points in Ontario. Miss Lyley Dea Bracy, of Petit Rocher, is visiting at the Misses Stewart's, "Glen Cottage." Miss Eva Gilken, who has been for some time a resident of New Haven, Conn., is at home on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Chas. Stewart. Miss Myrtle Gilken is a guest of Mrs. Jas. E. Stewart. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McDonald have returned from their wedding trip and are domiciled at the Clifton. Miss Mary Mottel spent last Sunday in Campbellton. Miss Eugenia Shaw, of California, is on a visit at Mr. Haddow's.

BUTTICQUE. Oct. 3.—Mr. R. A. Irving spent last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Irving. Miss Mamie O'Leary, daughter of Mr. John O'Leary, is improving rapidly. Miss Bessie Koswick has returned from a pleasant visit to Point du Chene.

At Washington, in the United States, there is one particular hotel, the resort of newly-married couples, which has several bridal suites fitted up with reference to blonde, brunette, or "nut brown" brides. The idea has been found to answer so well that it has been estimated that an average of 200 pairs of honeymoon couples visited the American capital between October and April, and of these a full two-thirds put up at the hotel in question.

Naval Fights Past and Present. Landsman—From what you have observed or learned of the few naval engagements of late years, what, in your opinion, is the chief difference between modern battleships and the old kind—when it comes to actual fighting? Old Sailor—So far as I have observed, the chief difference is this: The old kind, when hit, went down kerwash, and the new kind goes down kerchug.

BIRTH. At 1128 Sherbrooke St., Montreal, on the 29th inst., the wife of John G. Savage, of a daughter.

REMEMBER, BOYS! to tell your father as soon as you get home that you need a watch and can get one for \$4.50 and upwards. Perfectly Reliable, as

W. T. GARD'S Jewelry and Optical Store, 51 KING ST.

BRIDGEWATER.

How the Ball-Splitter Got the Better of the F. P. S. C. Man.

Oct. 2.—Mr. T. A. Wilson has returned from a lengthy visit to Lowell, Mass. Miss Bayde of Windsor is in town. Miss Leda Wade returns to Halifax this week to continue her studies. Miss McGregor and Miss Bessie McGregor of Halifax are visiting their sister Mrs. Robert Davison, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Cane, who have been visiting Mrs. Hogg have returned to their home in Yaumouth. Miss May Strubbers, of Kentville, has been spending a few weeks with Mrs. Strubbers. Mr. C. H. Davison, Miss May Davison and Miss Lona Strubbers spent a few days in Halifax last week.

Miss Maggie Vans, of St. George, N. B., has come to spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Cuthbert. Rev. F. C. and Mrs. Simpson have returned from a lengthy visit to Newfoundland. Miss Florence Hoyt has returned from St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Arkansas Wile left on Monday morning on a tour to the American cities.

Mrs. Rosa, of Magaree, C. B., who has been visiting her son, Mr. H. T. Ross, has returned to her home. SWEET MARIE.

HARCOURT.

Oct. 3.—Mr. and Mrs. Isaac B. Humphrey returned on Saturday evening from their visit to Nova Scotia. Miss Jessie Dunn went to Dalhousie Junction on Saturday evening. Mrs. S. M. Dunn left on Monday evening for Montreal to undergo medical treatment.

Mrs. Henry Watson who is visiting her daughter Mrs. Williamson, at Greenwich, King's Co., returned home last week, bringing with her Mrs. Williamson who is visiting at her old home, Washington cottage. Miss Jennie Myron and Miss Clarke of Kent Junction spent Monday evening quite pleasantly in Harcourt. Rxs.

He Nailed the Central Thought.

Into a Maine village where he had preached when he was a licentiate with more hopes than fame, there came a few Sundays ago an elderly and prosperous doctor of divinity. After the morning service an old white-haired man approached the doctor, and holding out his hand, said: "Glad to see ye. I want to thank ye for what ye said this morning, and to tell ye that ye preached a sermon here years ago I've never forgotten."

Longfellow's Find.

It is related by one of Portland's old citizens that at that auction Longfellow purchased for five dollars a painting that to all appearances was not worth the price of the frame. He had it varnished and re-varnished until at length all that could be seen of the original was hands and feet. Finally it became so beclouded that he sent it to Cambridge for rejuvenation. After the removal of the varnish the original painting appeared. The expert demanded \$50 for his work on the \$5 picture, but offered to call it square and give Mr. Longfellow \$500, if he would give him the painting. It proved to be a most valuable work by one of the old masters.

Leadens Statues.

The new United States tariff places statutory on the free list. Sixty years ago when it was also admitted without duty a metal firm of New York, one of whose partners is memorialized in a statue in a conspicuous place in the metropolis for his reputation as a philanthropist, ingeniously imported lead that was roughly run into statutory mold and so escaped the heavy protective duty then levied for the benefit of Illinois lead mines. The "statues" were then remelted and sold the same as pig lead would be, and the "dodge" proved very lucrative.

A Castle for Gs. 8d. a Year.

The Mayor of Hereford has visited Conway Castle. According to an old custom, Conway Castle was held on the payment to the Crown of Gs. 8d. a year "and a dish of fish to Lord Hereford as often as he passed through the town." The Mayor of Hereford declares that by charter he is entitled to the dish of fish and it was to claim this ancient right that he made the visitation. Apparently, the Mayor of Conway repudiated the claim on the ground of its having lapsed, but saved his brother Mayor's wounded feelings with a bottle of champagne.

The Phonograph in Printing.

The printers of the Pall Mall Magazine are making a use of the phonograph by which they do away entirely with the need of copy. The cylinder is removed after an article has been spoken into the machine and sent to the printing office, where it is placed in a duplicate machine, and the compositor puts the tubes in his ears and sets in type what he hears. If the machine talks too fast, he can stop it. This new method dispenses with the copyholder as well, for, of course, the proof reader can use the phonograph in the same way.

A Honeymoon Hotel.

At Washington, in the United States, there is one particular hotel, the resort of newly-married couples, which has several bridal suites fitted up with reference to blonde, brunette, or "nut brown" brides. The idea has been found to answer so well that it has been estimated that an average of 200 pairs of honeymoon couples visited the American capital between October and April, and of these a full two-thirds put up at the hotel in question.

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At 1128 Sherbrooke St., Montreal, on the 29th inst., the wife of John G. Savage, of a daughter.

LINCOLN AND PULLMAN.

How the Ball-Splitter Got the Better of the F. P. S. C. Man.

Once upon a time, away back in the '60's, there was only one Pullman car. That was known as car A. It cost four thousand dollars—some of them cost forty thousand dollars now. Car A ran out of Chicago on the Alton road. George M. Pullman had evolved it. When his idea had been put into wood he mounted it on sixteen wheels and attached it to a train. Then he, personally, sold the right to sleep in it for fifty cents a chance—or fifty cents in it for fifty cents a chance.

Fifty cents was the price and two in a berth was the rule, as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. If some sybarite wished to sleep by himself and was extravagant enough to pay for the luxury, he paid one dollar. Then he temporarily owned the berth. One night going out of Chicago, a long, lean, ugly man, with a wart on his cheek, came to the depot. He paid George M. Pullman fifty cents and half a berth was assigned him. Then he took off his coat and vest and hung them up, and they fitted the peg about as well as they fitted him. Then he kicked off his boots, which were of surprising length, turned into the berth, and, having an easy conscience, was sleeping like a healthy baby before the car left the depot.

Along came another passenger and paid his fifty cents. In two minutes he went back to George Pullman. "There's a man in that berth of mine," said he, hotly. "I'm going to sleep there, I'd like to know? Go and look at him." In went Pullman—mad, too. The tall lank man's knees were under his chin, his arms were stretched across the bed, and his feet were stored comfortably—his head, Pullman shook him until he awoke and then told him if he wanted the whole berth he would have to pay one dollar.

"My dear sir," said the tall man, "a contract is a contract. I have paid you fifty cents for half this berth, and, as you see, I'm occupying it. There's the other half," pointing to a strip about six inches wide. "Sell that and don't disturb me again." And, so saying, the man with a wart on his face went to sleep again. He was Abraham Lincoln.

PAPER SHOESHOES.

They Are Very Helpful to Cavalry Horses on Long Marches. When paper shoes were first introduced into the cavalry service of the German army a few years ago they excited a good deal of interest. Several cavalry horses were first shod with the paper shoes and the effect observed. It was found, says the Chicago Herald, that not only did the lightness and elasticity of the shoe help the horse on the march, making it possible for him to travel faster and farther without fatigue than horses shod with iron, but that the paper shoe had the property of being unacted by water and other liquids. These shoes were made of a soft, pliable material, one above another, and rendered impervious to the moisture by the application of oil of turpentine. The sheets are glued together by a sort of paste composed of turpentine, whiting, gum and linseed oil, and then submitted to a powerful heat and pressure. Paper shoes are also made by grinding the paper into a mass, combining it with turpentine, sand, gum, litharge and certain other substances, pressing it out and drying it. But these shoes are less strong and elastic than those made of thin sheets of paper laid one upon another. These shoes are fastened to the horse's feet either by means of nails or with a kind of glue made of coal tar and caoutchouc.

A Corner in Columbian Stamps.

The extent to which the Columbian stamps have been bought up by collectors and dealers is shown in the increased value now set on this issue. "The investment is the safest one can imagine," says a Chicago Herald, "and it is a safe bet until you are ready to sell them at a good profit. If you need money at any time, the banks will loan on them nearly their full value, or you can go to the Post Office and trade them for stamps of lower denominations." This man, foreseeing that the Columbian stamps would command higher prices from collectors in a few years, began last December to buy all the one-dollar and fifty-cent stamps that he could find for sale. After buying hundreds of dollars' worth at the Chicago Post Office, he employed agents in other cities to secure stamps for him. Finally he sent out 1,000 postal cards to postmasters inquiring whether they had any Columbian stamps left. In most cases the answer was: "We have none of the stamps on hand." The lowest quoted rate in Chicago for the one-dollar stamp is five dollars, and some dealers hold them as high as twelve dollars. The stamp-collecting firms there and abroad have gone into the business extensively, and there is now talk of a combination between the largest firms to create a corner and send prices very much higher.

Irving as a Swordsman.

Mr. Irving has fought more stage duels than any other actor, past or present. He and Mr. Alexander used to display great artistic skill in the encounter in "Macbeth," although the fight was concluded off the stage. The second act of "The Dead Heart" also contains a fine duel scene. When produced a few years ago at the Lyceum, after "Macbeth," the duel was a downright match between the famous tragedian and Mr. Bancroft, who rose to the occasion, and rendered his death-scene in a praiseworthy manner. For several weeks before the production of this play the combatants diligently rehearsed at M. Bertrand's, in Warwick Street, where thirty years ago M. Fechter and Mr. Hermann Vezin rehearsed, under the same tuition, the duel scene in "Hamlet." The fencing at the Lyceum has become famous for its vigor and fitness, and the duels that have been enacted are noted for being archaic and logically correct. Among such duels are those in "Faust," "Macbeth," and "Ravenswood."

A Bicycle Built For Five.

A man in Buffalo has made a machine which quite eclipses the bicycle of "Daisy Bell" renown. With his four sons he has ridden over 500 miles this season, and never had an accident. On setting out, the wheel is steered by the father, and Johnny, the youngest, is lifted into his place; then Arthur is established in front of him, and Willie climbs into his place in front of all. The father then takes the saddle, and when under slow headway Henry runs after and mounts his seat behind. The frame which provides the extra seats can be taken off in a minute and a half, and replaced in three minutes.

Overcoming the Difficulty.

Philpotts—So the scheme of organizing a female orchestra succeeded, after all. I didn't think it possible for them to find a woman who'd consent to play second fiddle. Borax—That was just the trouble; they couldn't. Philpotts—But how did they arrange it, then? Borax—Oh, they abolished the second fiddle and substituted an "associate first violinist."

New Shoe for German Soldiers.

At the German manoeuvres a new shoe sole for the soldiers is to be tried. It consists of a kind of paste of linseed oil varnish with iron filings, with which the soles of the new shoes are painted. It is said to keep the leather flexible, and to give the shoe greater resistance than the best nails. Already in many regiments the usual iron nails are exchanged for nails made of aluminium.

Hood's Cured After Others Failed.

Scrofula in the Neck—Bunches All Gone Now. "I have had a scrofula in the neck for years, and after trying all the best remedies, it was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I feel like a new man now." C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Gentlemen—I feel that I cannot say enough in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For five years I have been troubled with scrofula in my neck and throat. Several kinds of medicines which I tried did not do me any good, and when I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla there were large bunches on my neck so sore that I could not bear the slightest touch. When I had taken one bottle of this medicine, the soreness had gone, and before I had finished the second the bunches had entirely disappeared." BLANCHE ATWOOD, Sangerville, Maine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

not bear the slightest touch. When I had taken one bottle of this medicine, the soreness had gone, and before I had finished the second the bunches had entirely disappeared." BLANCHE ATWOOD, Sangerville, Maine. N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other. Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.



Blanche Atwood, Sangerville, Maine.

DOMINION BREWERY COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED WHITE LABEL ALE and XXX PORTER, which are now taking the places of the Best Imported. Our Ales and Porters are known and used from the Atlantic to the Pacific and are in General Favor.

ASK FOR THEM and see that our Brand is on every Cork. JOHN O'REGAN, ST. JOHN, N. B. Agent for the Dominion Brewery Co. and Salvador Lager.

Worth A Trial. Hundreds of business men in this city read PROGRESS who do not advertise in any paper. They do a certain amount of business and doubt the power of printer's ink to increase it. Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to PROGRESS. We will give you a handsome, well written advt., a splendid circulation, and if the people want your goods there should be no doubt about the result. Try it.

ZERA SEMON.



MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, A Short Season, Commencing THURSDAY, Oct. 11.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Halifax..... 12.50 Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 12.50 Express for Sussex..... 12.40

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30 Express from Halifax (daily)..... 10.30 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 12.30 Accommodation from Moncton..... 24.60

THE TRAINS OF THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY ARE HEATED BY STEAM FROM THE LOCOMOTIVE, AND THOSE BETWEEN MONCTON AND ST. JOHN, VIA LEVIE, ARE LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FOTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. THE ONLY TRUE TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE.

Fast Express train leaves from Union Station, St. John, N. B., at 10.45 P Daily Except Saturday. For MONTREAL and intermediate points, making close connections with Fast Express Trains for OTTAWA, TORONTO, DETROIT, CHICAGO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS and the West. For tickets, sleeping car accommodations, &c., enquire at City Ticket office, Caub's Corner. D. MCNICOLL, Gen'l. Agt., Montreal. C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen'l. Pass' Agt., St. John, N. B.

Removal Notice.

Messrs. FRED. R. TITUS and FRED. H. TIPPET, MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS, have removed to 110 Prince William Street where they will continue to carry on a MANUFACTURERS' AGENCY and GENERAL BROKERAGE BUSINESS. The agency of the famous Galt typewriter is also at 110 Prince William Street, always in stock, will be found a full supply of Typewriters, and Stenographers' requisites, including: RIBBONS of all kinds for all machines. CARBON PAPER in various colors. COPY HOLDERS, Paper, Note Books, Erasers, Erasing Shields and other specialties.

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PROGRESS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1894.

MR. BIGELOW'S EXHIBIT.

HOW A PRACTICAL JOKER CLOSED THE FRUIT SHOW.

The Exhibition at Halifax this Year and How it Compared with the Shows of Former Years—A Number of Nova Scotia's Chief Enterprises Unrepresented.

HALIFAX, October 4.—The provincial exhibition of 1894, which came off last week, was blessed with fine weather and favored with a large attendance. 35,000 people paid for admission, compared with 35,500 at the exhibition of 1891. The receipts, apart from the provincial and city grants, amounted to \$8000. There will not be a large surplus of profit. The exhibition was successful, but the success was chiefly in the attendance. The show itself was remarkable for what it did not contain. The coal mines were unrepresented, the lumber interests were not represented. Machinery hall was practically empty. Two steam engines and an electrical exhibit constituted about all in Machinery hall that was worth seeing. The sugar refineries, the cotton factories, the paper works, our steel works, Yarmouth's manufacturing industries, the machinists of Halifax, in fact all the greatest mechanical enterprises of the province, made no show whatever. The main building was well filled with an attractive display, but what was seen there was largely a show of imported goods. The great defect of the exhibition was the absence of exhibits from the larger manufacturing enterprises of the province. Many attractive displays of this kind were not shown because the commissioners neglected to take adequate means to secure those exhibits.

There should have been an active canvass among the great manufacturers and miners of the province to secure exhibits from them. Had promises been secured from a few of those people others would have followed. Such a canvass for exhibits was not made, with the lamentable result, as already stated, that Machinery hall was almost empty, and that Nova Scotia's mineral wealth was not shown as it should have been. It would seem to be just as necessary to canvass for exhibits that should be secured, as to properly advertise the attractions of the exhibition when they are assured.

The commissioners have probably learned this lesson among others. The exhibition has been a great success in this respect, that it has shown most unmistakably what should have been done; and it was pointed out in the clearest possible manner what must be done in the future, if these industrial fairs are to have any practical value, or are to retain or increase their popularity.

The fruit exhibit was good. One-fourth of the main floor was taken up with the fruit show. By the way, there was an amusing incident in connection with the exhibit of the Nova Scotia Fruit Growers' Association. President J. E. Bigelow, of Wolfville, was in charge of it. The luscious, magnificent display of apples was piled up on plates and in pyramids, oh, so tempting! The fruit remained there under the watchful eye of President Bigelow all Tuesday and Wednesday safe and sound. The great crowd came in Thursday, when more than 21,000 people passed up and down the aisles. That afternoon some practical joker watched his chance, and taking the back of an advertising card he wrote the words, "Please take one," placing it upon a pyramid of apples. But Mr. Bigelow was "on to him," and before an apple could be taken the lying card was dashed away. Another such invitation was placed upon the largest pyramid, and once more it was seen by the eagle-eyed Bigelow and destroyed before a raid upon the fruit set in. That Mr. Bigelow should have done at this stage was to acquaint the police with the facts, and ask for a special guard. He didn't like to do that, perhaps fearing to look ridiculous, or thinking himself equal to the occasion alone. A man must have refreshment; he can't live on the sight of fruit, no matter how delightful it may look. So Mr. Bigelow went to tea at six o'clock. That was the chance the persevering practical joker wanted. Once more he prepared and placed in position the well-known words, "please take one." The first passer-by who saw the card acted on the advice and like Eve, took an apple. There is nothing people do more readily than follow an example. They are sometimes so very like sheep.

It was only a few minutes' work for that crowd to annihilate the delicious pyramid and to make serious inroads upon other piles of the fruit. When Mr. Bigelow returned and stemmed the tide of flowing apples he found that if he had delayed fifteen minutes longer at the tea table there would have been little left for him to save, the usefulness of his exhibit would have been gone.

What Mr. Bigelow should have done is a question. He might have made the best of the situation, with another pyramid, filled up his cornucopia, replenished his

depleted plates, and asked for the protection of a special policeman, as he had plenty of surplus stock on hand. Or he might get mad, pack up what was left of his exhibit, and deny the public on the last day of the show a sight of the rich fruitage of Nova Scotia's lovely orchards. He decided upon the latter course. and on Friday, the closing day of the exhibition, the 3,000 people who paid for admission saw only empty tables and bare boards, where for three days before had been displayed the exhibit of the Nova Scotia Fruit Growers' association and school of horticulture. Such was the sad result of that practical joker's work in making Mr. Bigelow mad at the exhibition of 1894.

HALIFAX'S NEW STIPENDIARY.

Mr. George H. Fielding, Brother of the Premier, Succeeds Mr. Motton.

HALIFAX, October 4.—At last Halifax has a stipendiary magistrate for its police and city courts. For a year or more there have been practically no such offices, and had it not been for the agitation started by PROGRESS it is quite probable that there would not yet have been any change—that the real magistrate would still have been the chief of police or the most noisy lawyer in the court room. George H. Fielding, the brother of the premier, will henceforth be the dispenser of justice in the "huckleberry court," as it was called in the old days of Judge Prior. Mr. Fielding is the man whom PROGRESS long ago pointed to as most likely to get the appointment, and probably he was the best available lawyer for the position. The appointment had to be made from among the liberals, for though the city pays the salary the government has the right to name the stipendiary.

There is little doubt that it is the inside history of the canvass for the place were all known it would prove not uninteresting reading. Lately George H. Fielding has been a liberal, but he was not always so. He was opposed to his brother in the early days, and his allegiance to the party since then has been questioned, especially in federal politics. Mr. Fielding, too, has not always been on the best of terms personally with the premier. As to his ability as a lawyer, during the 18 years he has been at the bar he has succeeded only by the most strenuous exertions in making a bare living. His practice has been mainly in the police court, so that Mr. Fielding should be thoroughly well acquainted with its procedure, at least.

Seeing George Fielding as he was, from a legal standpoint, and in his relationship to the premier, personally and politically, gave the two other candidates, for there were only two, some hope that either of them might be able to get ahead of the brother in the race for the place. Recorder MacCoy has only \$1,200 per year in his present position, while the stipendiary will receive, now \$2,000, and more later on. John Ervin, a lawyer of Bridgetown, Annapolis, was the other applicant for the position—a "dark horse." Mr. Fielding had no political services to plead, while Recorder MacCoy had made some sacrifices for the liberal party, and Mr. Ervin had done more than any other man to secure the return of Attorney-general Longley at the last general election. He is a native of Halifax, or was brought up here. The hopes of both men, however, proved unfounded. The government, acting partly on the advice of William Roche, M. P., decided that the man who should be the presiding genius at the police court, who should maintain order among the lawyers great and small, should be "His Honor George H. Fielding," and that gentleman assured his duties last Monday. Robert Motton has a pension of \$1,000 from the city of Halifax.

A Roland for His Oliver.

A Kentucky lawyer was standing on the steps of the Covington Post office the other day when an old colored man came up and, touching his hat, asked:

"Kin you tell me is dis de place where dey sells postage stamps?"

"Yes, sir; this is the place," replied the lawyer, seeing a chance for a bit of quiet fun; "but what do you want with postage stamps, uncle?"

"To mail a letter, sah, of course."

"Well, then, you needn't bother about stamps; you don't have to put any on this week."

"I don't?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, the conglomeration of the hypothesis has differentiated the parallelogram so much that the consistency don't emulate the ordinary effervescence, and so the government has decided to send letters free."

The old man took off his hat dubiously, shook his head, and then, with a long breath, remarked:

"Well, boss, all dat may be true, an' I don't say it an', but just s'posed dat de eckcentricity of the aggregation transmutates de ignominiousness of de pupill-dictator and sublimates the pumpticity of de consequences—don't you qualificate dat de government would confiscate dat dare letter? I guess I jest better put some stamps on anyhow, for luck!"

And the old man passed solemnly down the street.

WHEN WE WERE YOUNG.

HOW THERE ARE NEVER TIMES LIKE THE OLD TIMES.

"People Vegetate Nowadays, by Jove, Instead of Living," Says the Old Gentleman—"Ah, but Things have Changed Since I was a Girl," Says the Old Lady.

One of the strangest characteristics of the human race is the disposition to find fault with the existing order of things, and sigh for something he is perfectly certain he cannot get, which seems to be implanted in the heart of every son of Adam! Truly—"The rainbow is never overhead." In youth it is always just in front, and in old age it lies so far behind in the past, that one wonders how those on whom its bright beams once shed can remember what its tairy beams looked like, or describe how they warmed the blood, and set it dancing like champagne in their youthful veins. It is well that youth has its dazzling rainbow set in the rosy sky, just out of reach now, but sure to be overtaken soon, and which every gracious year is bringing nearer. Youth would be robbed of half its charm if we had not a delightful something to look forward to, a something we cannot define but which, like the light which never was on sea or shore, is infinitely sweet and beautiful; far too sweet and perfect ever to be realized in this imperfect world.

I don't believe we could any of us live if it were not for that blessed rainbow! It helps us over so many hard and rough places, and its radiant colors blind our eyes to so many of the cruel realities of life that even when we are not gazing directly at it, the bright colors remain imprinted on our dazzled eyes, and everything looks bright, seen through its reflected rays!

"Today is dark," the strong young heart says, "but tomorrow will be brighter! This is only a passing cloud, it cannot last, for look, I can see the rainbow distinctly, and it is so close now that I am sure it will be overhead by tomorrow!"

But by-and-by the colors seem to blur a little, and then they fade in a strange mist which shuts the brilliant bow out for a season, and when the mist clears away, the rainbow also has disappeared. At first we miss it sadly and feel like a mariner who is floating aimlessly about on a wide ocean without his chart; but some day we chance to look back, and lo the bright guide of our youth is just behind, we passed it while it was obscured by the mist!

Now it may sound rather strange, and perhaps slightly unfeeling, but it seems to me it is just here that the rainbow ceases to be a beautiful emblem, and becomes an unmitigated nuisance for the rest of its career!

The person who no longer sees it face to face, is determined that no one else shall see it; he can help it. He is obliged to turn and look back every time he wishes to refresh his memory concerning its glories, and by-and-by, when it has receded farther and farther from his longing eyes, he begins to exaggerate its beauties, and give his imagination so much free play with regard to it, that he has nothing to be thankful for in the present and nothing to hope for in the future. The golden days are forever past, and he can see no beauty in the crimson and gold of the approaching sunset, which only reminds him that the end of the day is at hand—and after that the night.

But this is not the worst of it; men and women who have passed middle age, are largely contented to let the younger generation learn their own lesson. They persist in contrasting the present with the past, greatly to the disadvantage of the former, and they keep the unpleasant fact so perpetually before the eyes of the rising generation that nothing is as good now as it was in their young days. "Things were different when I was a girl," says the portly grandmother, or the prim grand-aunt. "We never flirted, or spent our days in idle amusements, we respected our elders and were modest and seemly in our ways, we were under our mothers' authority until we were married, and we were not given up to dress and vanity, as the girls of today are."

And in spite of their almost supernatural goodness, what good times these virtuous damsels used to have! "So you are going to the ball, my dear?" said a dear old grandmother of nearly eighty, to me one day. "How many dances are you engaged for?" "None yet," I answered, "I don't have my programme until I get there." "Dear, dear," said the old lady pityingly. "Things are changed since I was a girl. Why, when we were going to a ball in my day we used to be engaged four dances deep for weeks before the event came off and many a time I haven't had one dance left, a week before. Ah those were times to live in, young men are not the same now!"

"When I was a lad," says the old gentleman severely, "young people knew how to behave themselves! We paid our parents the respect that was due to them, sir, and we knew our places; but now you young

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Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

cube think you know more than your elders and betters, and by George, sir, you are ready to argue with us to our faces! And you think you can make love, and know how to enjoy yourself, but let me tell you that you don't know the very genesis of the matter. We knew how to live when I was young, and the lads were men in my day, not milk sops. But times are changed now, and people exist, they vegetate, by Jove, instead of living!"

They must have been halcyon days, those days of old, when ladies went about in low necked white muslin dresses, silk stockings and satin slippers in the depth of winter, after having offered the concession to the season of wearing a slender "strung boa" around their fair necks, and carrying an enormous fur muff; when they spent their time working awful nightmares in yellow and green silk, which they called samplers and hung up in prominent places in their homes, usually framing them first. And when the beaux of the upper circles never seemed to have any occupation, or any way of spending their time but in hard riding, hard swearing and harder drinking. When it was no disgrace to a gentleman for his valet to pick him up from under the table after dinner and put him to bed, and when it was considered only a spirited performance, and a royal manner of making love, if he got a couple of friends to assist him in carrying off some fair damsel to whose charms he had fallen a victim, but who was too coy about responding to his advances, to suit his ardent nature. And the lovers they had in those happy days: why, the only wonder is how they ever remembered the names of all the men who toasted them, drank wine out of their satin slippers, and fought duels in their honor, but somehow those dear old ladies do remember them all and make their granddaughters green with envy whenever they go over the list.

They were such beauties too. I never saw a real live beauty in my life except Mrs. Scott Siddons; she proved a disappointment, but yet I don't believe I ever knew a very old lady who had not been a famous toast in her day, or a particularly decrepit old gentleman who had not been such a lady killer in his youth that he had narrowly escaped death at the hands of irate fathers and brothers, time without number.

I can conscientiously say that I do not know of one female member of our own family who is more than passably good looking, but nearly all the old ladies and their mothers were famous belles in their youth, the longer ago they lived the fairer they were, so the power of that marvellous rainbow must be strengthened by distance, until it makes all things look radiant by its light.

I suppose our great-grandmother's parents used to lament the good old times of their youth, and their ancestors before them did the same, so that if we were to try and reach perfection we should never find it until we go clear back to the garden of Eden, and heard the opinion of Adam and Eve, who had no aged relatives to make them dissatisfied with the future, by lamenting the days of old.

The days of old were all very well for those who lived in them, and had no choice but to make the best of their surroundings, but the "living present" is better still, and I often wonder how some of the people who clamor for the good old times, would feel if they could be suddenly dropped back into those golden days they lamented so bitterly, and taught a lesson in contentment. I fancy we should hear less about the past, when they emerged into the present once more, and that the rainbow would be more nearly vertical than it had been for many years.

Teeth Growing.

So many discoveries have been made during the past fifty years that people are beginning to cease being surprised at man claiming any fresh power over nature. According to a German journal, a Moscow dentist can grow teeth for us. If this enterprising gentleman would only grow

painless teeth for us at the outset, and save us constant agonies from birth to death, he would not only prove a benefactor to the human race, but add to his own pecuniary welfare. At present, however, he confines his attention to growing new teeth on the ruins of old ones, which are said to grow as firmly into the gums as the natural ones.

A BELIEVER IN MICROBES.

Why a Halifax Medical Staff are Arrayed Like Unto Roman Candidates.

HALIFAX, October 4.—Dr. Edward Farrell is a firm believer in microbes. He ascribes to their pernicious work most of the sickness and disease which afflicts mankind. Dr. Somers, of the Halifax Medical College, scouts the idea, and is not afraid publicly to avow his scepticism. He refuses to accept the doctrine as it had been laid down. But Dr. Somers has nothing to do with the Victoria hospital, where the latest evidence of Dr. Farrell's belief in microbes has been manifested.

Dr. Farrell's month in charge of the surgical department of the hospital came in with October, and he marked his advent to power by ordering that henceforth the clinical staff must appear in the operating room clothed in white from head to foot. These garments must be made aseptic by washing twice each week, or by other means if necessary. So in future Dr. Cogwell, Dr. McCauley, Dr. Moore, and the other members of the clinical quartette can witness or assist at surgical operations only when clad in white raiment. This is supposed to be less liable on account of its perfect cleanliness, and of its having been rendered aseptic, to become a possible breeding ground, or place of lodgment for microbes or disease germs.

Recent operations at the hospital have been very difficult and very successful, and now that Dr. McKay has just finished his term, and the work has been assumed by Dr. Farrell, the good record will no doubt be maintained. Even if the clinical men, in their white clothing, have no other good effect, they will at least look well, and poor patients may take them to be "angels hovering round."

Her Heart and Hand for a Vote.

Col. Dan Anderson of Kentucky, who is now in Chicago on his way to New York, was asked lately:

"Do you oppose Col Breckenridge?"

"Who, me? Well, I didn't until a few weeks ago. Up to that time I was strongly in favor of him."

"And some new proof changed your mind, eh?"

"Well, I can't say it was a proof. I will say, though, that it was stronger than a proof. It was a woman. You see, I am a widower, without children, without moral responsibilities of any sort, and I didn't see why Billy shouldn't go to Congress about as long as he wanted to; but I yes, sah, a woman that lives near Paris changed my mind. For a long time I have been after her to marry me, and she has been putting me off. But a few weeks ago I met her, and she told me that if I would work against the Colonel she would marry me as soon as the election was over. And then I took off my coat and fit Billy about as hard as a man was ever fit. I yes, sah, it was the woman of my State killed the Colonel."

Silk That was Once Wasted.

There was, some forty years ago, a great amount of waste in the manufacture of silk, and a vast heap of rubbish accumulated outside of every factory, made up of leaves, dead silkworms, imperfect cocoons sticks, etc.; and the only possible use appeared to be that of manure. Lord Masbarnham (the Mr. Lister) invented a machine for sorting out the silk, with the result that tons of silks are redeemed, and over 5,000 persons are employed in converting the silk so saved into sealskin plushes, ribbons, velvets, etc., of the best quality. The inventor has realized an immense fortune.

The Cholera Virus.

The cholera virus discovered by a Dr. Haffkine has been tried on the soldiers at Lucknow, in Calcutta, and failed. It will now be relegated to the company of two great failures in medical science—Dr. Koch's tuberculosis lymph and Dr. Brown-Sequard's elixir of life. Perhaps after all the Indian medicine man with roots and herbs is quite as successful in banishing disease as the medical scientist who discovers more bacilli and other disease germs than he can find specifics for.

Overcoats For One-Fifty.

Last winter's overcoat was a beauty. It's faded and shows wear now, but UNGAR will re-dye and make it a new coat for \$1.50.

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FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

A NEW SWEETHEART.

Darkwood was the grandest old country-seat—its owner, Philip Darke, called it farm—in the whole world.

It stretched out as far as the eye could reach, in verdant meadows, and gentle productive hills, picturesque valleys, and heavily-timbered levels.

Through the most secluded part of the timber a deep trout stream meandered aimlessly between banks fringed with ferns and flowers for a couple of miles, then lost its identity in the restless, cliff-girt ocean beyond.

The well-appointed stables, all neatly painted red and white, and containing some of the best horseflesh in the country, even Philip Darke's enemies admitted, were well separated from the dwellings by orchards of peach and pear, apple and cherry, and plentiful patches of fruit-bushes.

For the dwellings themselves—they were all commodiously built, painted cool, clear white, even cooler looking by contrast with the green shutters: they were well surrounded by balconies and verandahs upon which all the windows opened, after the Southern style.

Standing in one of these open door-windows now—one lying between the neatly-carpeted and richly appointed drawing-room and the low verandah surrounding it—stood a stylish woman of thirty or so, with a beautiful but rather selfish-looking face.

She wore a magnificent negligee of creamy silk and lace; any diamonds and rubis flashed upon her white hands, but there was a look of intolerance in her haughty eyes.

Those eyes were following an unconscious pair carelessly wending their way hitherward across the spring-kissed fields—only a girl and a dog. The former tall and slight, the latter, a great, handsome shaggy collie.

They were on very good terms with each other, for occasionally the girl would bend down, and the dog would bound up, then there would be a clear, ringing laugh, a trill of whistles, and a series of joyous barks.

Mrs. Devereaux frowned impatiently, while they drew nearer and became merrier in their gambols.

She was wondering if this girl might not interfere with the financial future of her own children—a boy of twelve and a girl of eight—whose voices came buoyantly up from the stables, where their Shetland ponies were installed.

Mrs. Devereaux was the widowed sister of Philip Darke. Early in life she had married a wealthy broker, and ever since her life had been spent in a whirl of social fashions and worldly ambitions, until now the fortune her husband had left was well-nigh exhausted.

Had it not been for their wealthy and lavishly generous bachelor uncle, she would have left very much concerned over her children's future.

Even as it was, she did sometimes. What if he should ever marry? He was not beyond the possibility of it, surely, at forty-four? Still, she hadn't much fear of that.

Phil had always been such an odd fellow, and one love affair early in life had ended disastrously; then he swore he would never have another, and he never had thus far, although it was not the fault of his temerarious acquaintances.

What, though, if he should leave his fortune, or most of it, or Darkwood, to this wild young thing whose guardian he had been ever since she was a tiny mite of three or four?

For all his lazy philosophy, he had a warm generous heart. He might have grown to love this girl through association; after all she was the daughter of his hapless early love—the orphaned child of the woman for whose sake he had turned from all others in disdain.

From her death bed she had sent her child to Philip Darke, charging him to care for her as if she had been his own.

The selfishness of her charge had always been a theme for scorn on Mrs. Devereaux's part; but Philip had accepted it—whether with pleasure or pain, no one ever knew. For all his indifferent exterior, he was a man of iron will, and no one should ever again see him moved by a girl.

He sauntered lazily into the cool, tree-shaded drawing-room even while the frown still rested upon his handsome worldly sister's brow.

She did not hear him on the deep pile of the carpet, until he reached her side and threw one arm around her waist.

Would she blame him, with to be independent of him, in her womanhood?

It shocked and pained him to think that womanhood was so near at hand, that other girls married at her present age.

He had enjoyed the tomboyism and daring and frank carelessness of her girlhood quite as much as she had—he had been her tutor in many an athletic feat.

And he had found her such a gay, glad, apt pupil, such an ever-interesting companion.

He had taught her many things that would have shocked his haughty sister, more even than her expert riding and fence leaping—among them to shoot on the wing with a pretty little rifle he had given her, or a revolver, and many other familiar tricks.

Yes he saw it now; this was wrong, all wrong. Ernestine would soon be a woman, and though he never meant that she should earn her own living, on any account, she would have to go out into the world and mingle with other women.

If she felt lost and out of place among them; if she could not equal them in refinement, knowledge, accomplishments, would she not blame her guardian, and justly?

The thought haunted him all day and unpleasantly.

When Nest asked him to join her in a ride to the beach, he answered her shortly, so shortly that she looked at him in amazement.

Had she displeased him? How. Well, she couldn't go riding now; and tears of pain and resentment blinded her eyes while she hunted up fishing-tackle, took the eager collie into the secluded May woods, where dwelt the timid trout under shadow of tangled undergrowth.

Mrs. Devereaux had been at Darkwood but two days when she became so terribly bored with loneliness, that she spoke to Philip about asking some people down from town.

He carelessly assured her that she was welcome to ask above the wanted, when ever she wanted them; but there was no one for whose coming he especially cared; he had been a hermit so long, etc.

So she asked a number of society people—people supposed to be wealthy, cultured, and all that was desirable; yet Philip Darke had never been so bored in all his life.

How languid and inane all the people were, painted, fashionable dolls, who were shocked at the hoidenism of Nest, because it required physical daring. Their daring was all moral, they flirted scandalously, married and single, and with her mind he had never been so bored in all his life.

Bah! there was nothing manly about them. They were mere followers of the pretty butterflies of fashion; all, except one.

Gerald Graham was not a man to be despised by man or woman. There was something so frank, noble, and manly about him that he was instead one to be admired even by his enemies, a handsome young fellow of thirty, with lots of brains, lots of daring, physical and moral, and plenty of money.

After a week at Darkwood, during which Mrs. Devereaux dressed and smiled ravishingly for his benefit, while he attentively studied her bete noire, the young hoiden, and while Philip went moodily about his farm feeling lost and lonely, Gerald Graham became Nest's shadow.

A gay cavalier in all her rides, a companion in her walks, he boated with her, fished with her, talked with her, and he fell madly in love with the unconsciously beautiful young tomboy who interested him as no society woman had ever done or ever could.

Jealousy made Mrs. Devereaux very bitter of tongue. She never lost chance to taunt Nest with her dependence, or scoff at her daring, and put misconstruction upon her most generous and very disinterested act.

Nest was by nature quick of temper, hot and passionate of blood. She controlled herself as long as she could—as long as self-respect and respect for Phil, dear old Phil, who had somehow grown so moody and out of place under his sister's taunts—would let her.

She sought her guardian, and found him in the library one day.

His head was bowed on his hands, and when he lifted his face, the eyes were haggard with painful thought.

Gerald Graham had just left him, and what had he said to bring that look upon the face she had learned to look upon as the noblest, and best, and kindest on earth?

She had come to speak of her own troubles—to tell him she must go away to earn her own living, that she could bear this dependence on him, with which she was so often taunted by his sister, no longer; but she forgot them in the sight of his.

"Oh, Guady Phil, what is it?" she cried, going on her knees before him, her voice and face tremulous with pity. "Are you ill?"

"No, little one," he answered, with a slow, weary smile, "not physically; mentally, I don't know. The thought of parting with my best comrade is hardly productive of pleasure. Ernestine—the smile vanished, his voice became sterner—"perhaps you know, but he said you didn't."

Gerald Graham has just asked my consent to woo you—as his wife, child. What shall I say to him?"

Her face blushed, then blanched, and flashed again.

"Tell him?" she repeated; then bitterly, "Tell him that I thank him for the honor he would confer upon me, but—Oh, Phil Phil!"—and she shrank shivering to the floor and burst into a storm of sob, her face pressed to her palms—"do you want to get rid of me? You are cruel, too."

A moment he looked at her in silence, then a slow, almost fearful light crept into his eyes.

"Nest," he said, softly, gently drawing her to his breast. "I've been learning my own heart well surrounded by all these people for the last five or six weeks. I've seen you falling in love with young Graham—he started, but he went on—"and in my mind I've forced myself to see my life as it must be without you, sweet. You know the dead old trunk of a tree on the edge of the woods? I know my life would be like that without the beautiful verdure of your dear presence round it."

became Philip Darke's beloved wife, his best comrade for life.

It was a hard hit for Graham, but he had never been encouraged by Nest, who had unconsciously lost her heart to her guardian long before.

The Duchess of Leinster still keeps pace with Prince Madblood, and the ditches are as deep, and the fences as steep as ever, and Ernestine's husband more her lover than he was of yore; and the bright-eyed, impulsive, dashing, and lovely little lady of Darkwood does not regret it.

Looking for Help.

Longing for Release from the Bondage of Sugering.

Thousands Must Die if Paine's Celery Compound is Not Used.

IT CURES THE WORST CASES.

Mr. George J. Smythe Had Kidney and Liver Troubles and Indigestion.

HIS CONDITION WAS ALARMING.

The Great Medicine Made Him Well and Strong.

He Says: "I Am a Living Witness to The Worth of Paine's Celery Compound."

Although Providence has given to us and our children a glorious heritage—a land of plenty and peace; this fruitful Dominion—yet there are thousands looking and longing for help and release from bodily sufferings and infirmities.

The people who are calling for help and rescue from perils, have tested medical skill and the boasted virtues of numerous patents, but no relief or cure has come to them. They must perish—die—if their various troubles are not met by some honest and scientific remedy.

Amongst the suffering thousands we find those burdened with liver and kidney complaints, heart disease, dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, sleeplessness, and a score of other common ailments.

Let all such take courage; thousands who have suffered in the past have been made well and strong by Paine's Celery Compound. This wonderful kind of medicine has grappled with the most difficult cases—cases that were pronounced incurable by the doctors.

These honest facts should be sufficient warning and encouragement to those who seek a cure for their ailments. The best work has proven that Paine's Celery Compound alone can do the desired work effectually and well.

"I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound." These are the words of Mr. George J. Smythe, of Sheffield, Ont., a man respected and well known in his district. He suffered for years from indigestion and kidney and liver troubles. After trying several medicines that did not effect a cure, I decided to try your Compound. Before using it I was so low in health that I could not eat or sleep. I could not lie in bed owing to pain in my back; it was only by resting on pillows and knees I was enabled to obtain a slight degree of ease. Before I had fully taken one bottle of your medicine I began to improve. I have now taken in all fourteen bottles with grand results. I am a farmer and am now working every day. Any one may refer to me regarding these statements, or to any of my neighbors around Sheffield, where I am well known. I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound."

Mr. S. Ferrish, the popular druggist of Galt, Ont., vouches for the above statements made by Mr. Smythe.

A Queen Under Punishment. The little Queen of the Netherlands, though only aged thirteen, already shows signs of the same independent character as her late father was distinguished for. Thus she considers it beneath her royal dignity to respond to the greetings of her loyal subjects, and she has refused to receive her of her goodness to that effect. One day, as a punishment, the governess sent her to bed immediately after their return home. Then you should have seen and heard her little Majesty, in a fury, stamping on the ground and exclaiming: "What! I, the Queen of Holland, ordered off to bed, and at seven o'clock, too! No, never, even if I have to renounce the throne of my father!"

Five minutes after this formal protest, Her Majesty was plunged in a sound sleep.

KINGDOMS HAVE GONE BEGGING.

Heirs who fear that "Usury Lies the Head that Wears a Crown."

That the lot of monarchs is by no means so enviable as in days gone by, when the phrase, "As happy as a king," used to express the highest form of contentment, is abundantly proved by the number of princes who have declined proffered thrones. In olden times their occupants were free to govern as despotically as they chose, and to live only for pleasure, gratifying every whim or caprice at no matter what cost. Nowadays, the ruler of a nation is subjected to so many restraints of one kind and another, and is controlled to such a degree by the will of the people, instead of his own, that his palace has become little better than a gilded prison and his throne a chair of torture.

Of the thrones which have thus gone begging, the most notable are those of Bulgaria, Roumania, Spain, Greece, Belgium, and Sweden. If Bulgaria is mentioned first, it is because there is certainly no crown that has been more extensively hawked about through the length and breadth of Europe than that first worn by Prince Alexander of Battenberg, the hero of Sliwitsa.

One only need glance over the pages of Iberian history, from the time of Queen Isabella's deposition until the assassination of General Prim, in order to realize to what extent the crown once worn by King Ferdinand went begging. It was tendered in turn to Austrian archdukes, and to Dom Ferdinand, the widowed King Consort of Portugal, who had withdrawn from all participation in the affairs of the Government at Lisbon. Finally, the second son of the late King Victor Emmanuel consented to accept it, but abdicated and left Madrid in disgust after a brief reign of two years.

The crown of Greece was offered to and declined by Queen Victoria's second son, Alfred, before it was finally accepted by the second son of the King of Denmark, who has occupied it for close upon thirty years, and who is now, according to the latest intelligence, seriously thinking of abandoning it to his eldest son, being very tired of the troubles and restrictions entailed upon him by its tenure. Some thirty years prior to his election, shortly after the termination of the war of independence, which resulted in the liberation of Greece from Turkish thraldom—it was offered to and declined by that Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg who subsequently crowned the proffered throne of Belgium.

On his refusal of the Hellenic crown it was tendered to Prince Otto of Bavaria, who reigned for a considerable period at Athens before being finally deposed and exiled by the turbulent Greeks.

Without going back so far as to the difficulties experienced by both the Belgians and the Swedes in finding princes willing to rule over them—the Swedes ended by asking the first Napoleon to select for their future ruler one of his generals, who founded the present dynasty of Bernadotte—one need only refer to the many vicissitudes experienced by the Roumanians in connection with the filling of their throne.

After the deposition of Prince Couza, the last of the Hoopodars, towards the middle of the sixties, the Roumanians sought in vain for a time to find a suitable prince prepared to take up his residence at Bucharest, and to reign over them.

Finally, in despair at the refusals which they encountered in every quarter, they appealed for advice to Napoleon III., and proffered through him their crown to his cousin, Jerome, better known by his sobriquet of "Jolo-Flor." The latter, however, declined to forfeit his prospects of succession to the Imperial throne of France—there was only the delicate little Prince Imperial between himself and the crown—by expatriating himself, although he was pressed to do so by the Empress Eugenie and other members of the court of the Tuileries, who were anxious to get him out of the way.

Thereupon the Emperor suggested Charles of Hohenzollern, son of that Prince of Hohenzollern who had been his playmate as a child, and who had maintained the most fraternal relations with him.

Napoleon knew full well that this nomination would meet with general approval at Berlin, the court of which he was most anxious to conciliate at the time. Prince Charles, thus backed by the Governments of Prussia and France, though bitterly opposed by those of St. Petersburg and Vienna, managed to take possession of the Roumanian throne, which he has retained ever since. Childless, and with no hope of ever becoming a father, he adopted in the first place his eldest nephew, Prince William of Hohenzollern, as his son, and designated him as his successor, the prince being proclaimed heir to the throne with much pomp and solemnity in 1888.

A year later, on marrying Princess Marie Terese of Bourbon, he renounced his rights of succession to the throne of Roumania, abandoning them to his younger brother, Ferdinand, declaring that he preferred to live the idle and agreeable life of a non-regnant prince of Germany to the labor, the responsibilities, and the drawbacks entailed by becoming King of Roumania.

A Big Catalogue. The biggest book in the world will be the catalogue of the British Museum. It has been in preparation thirteen years, but now the gigantic task of compilation is nearing completion. Some idea of its size can be guessed from the fact that 14,000,000 distinct titles and entries have been printed in all sorts of languages, and presenting no end of difficulties even to the savants and linguists employed on the work.

Society Notes in Russian Papers. Russian newspapers are not permitted to make any reference to the dresses worn by the Empress on state or public occasions. This is only a recent prohibition, and was brought about through the carelessness of the members of the staff of certain newspapers who incorrectly stated that Her Majesty, on a certain occasion, wore a dress which at the time was out of fashion.

Worse than in Halifax Office. There has been so much fault found with the punctuation of the U. S. tariff bill that Lord Timothy Dexter's plan might be tried. Disgusted with the hubbub raised in his second book he placed all his punctuation marks at the end and told the folks to arrange as they pleased.

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Sunday Reading.

THE ELDER BROTHERS. His Place is Not to be a Tryant, but an Honored Counsellor.

The older members of the community are naturally the most honored, and their judgment is regarded with favor by those of younger years.

It is the province and duty of the older members of society to advise the younger. It is but reasonable to suppose that the judgment of those who have passed through the active scenes of life is better than that which comes from the midst of the struggles.

It is the province and duty of the older members of society to advise the younger. It is but reasonable to suppose that the judgment of those who have passed through the active scenes of life is better than that which comes from the midst of the struggles.

Yes, every inch of your noble personality. be a man! Let no fellow, who conceives that he is wiser than you, because he has years and education and experience beyond yours, mold your ideas or change your opinions.

We are all willing to give advice, but few are ready to accept it. Humanity is a sort of "independent order." Each member is separate, and individual in his likes and dislikes.

True manhood profits by the advice and lessons of others. True manhood cannot stand aloof from society. As the tender twig is shielded by the spreading branches of the sturdy oak, so is manhood protected by the larger experience and greater wisdom of the older members of the world's great brotherhood.

Age and experience do not give to man the right to be headstrong and obstinate. He must not demand obedience simply because of his years. He has no right to demand. His duty is to advise in a proper spirit, and let the younger member assume the responsibility of refusing his counsel.

Moral and intellectual, as well as physical character, remarks a philosophical writer, depend to a very large extent upon the character of our diet, and when pious women tell me they are so actively engaged in christian work that they have no time to attend to culinary matters, or look after the food that goes upon their home tables, I say to them: No church work, no temperance work, no benevolent work, no good work of any kind, can be done effectively without the aid of good food, and only through the aid of good, wholesome, well-prepared food, can the noblest results of christian effort be obtained in this world or the world to come.

The best of cookery will not prove a panacea for every human ill. It will not eradicate diseases and death. It will not even banish from the earth all social and political evil, but it will do much to increase the aggregate of earthly enjoyment.

It will add greatly to the comfort, health and happiness of the suffering humanity. It will develop more fully the physical, mental and moral vigor of men and women, enable them to realize that the world is full of joy and beauty, and encourage them to lead cleaner, sweeter and more effective lives.

THE LEGEND OF EUPHRASIA. Which Teaches How the Widow's Mite is Valued in Heaven.

A legend in connection with the church of St. Sophia is recalled by "An Idle Woman in Constantinople," and as it contains a moral fragment of truth, it may well be held in perpetual remembrance. When the basilica was finished the Emperor Justinian gave orders that an inscription in letters of gold should be placed about the dome: "Justinian dedicates this church to the glory of God." But on the day of the opening the emperor looked up at the dome, and saw with amazement that the inscription ran: "Euphrasia dedicates this church to the glory of God."

"What is the meaning of this mockery?" he asked, pointing upward; and turning to the patriarch sitting beside the throne, he said, "Did I not command you to have my name engraved on the dome?"

"Who is Euphrasia?" called the patriarch. "Who knows a woman bearing such a name?"

From the priests to the lowest of the assembled thousands the question, "Who is Euphrasia?" ran round the church. No one answered. At length, while the emperor sat mute and amazed, a miserable fellow who cleaned the marble floor stepped forth and said, "Imperial Caesar, to whom I am unworthy to raise my eyes, I know a woman with such a name, but she is almost bedridden. She lives in a little house near one of the walls of the church."

"Bring her thither!" commanded the emperor; and straightway pages and char-betrains rushed out, and soon reappeared, carrying an aged woman, who trembled in every limb.

"Is your name Euphrasia?" asked the mighty emperor.

"Yes, mighty emperor, it is."

"What do you know of that inscription?"—and he pointed aloft to the large letters on the vault.

"Nothing, my lord—nothing."

"But you see your name on the church. It stands there instead of mine. What have you done toward the building of the church?"

"Great king, nothing. My lord mocks his poor servant."

"Not at all," replied the emperor. "They tell me you live near. Think! Have you done nothing, spoken nothing, thought nothing to give you this claim?"

"Majesty," she said, "there is one little act, but I am ashamed to trouble my lord with its mention."

"Speak—I command you!" said Justinian. "Fear not. Tell me all."

Then she told how, as she lay on her bed in her little house, she heard with sorrow the travail of the oxen and mules carrying the marble and brick and beams up the steep hill, and her heart was sore within her; and how, when she grew better, the thought struck her, "Who knows if I cannot do something to ease their pain, the poor dumb brutes so patient in their woes? At least I will try." She took her bed and bore it into the road, and scattered the straw from it on the steep ascent. It was but a little, yet lo! as she worked the straw seemed to grow and multiply and cover the whole road; and from that time the oxen passed pleasantly with their loads, and she heard no more distress.

The tears were in Justinian's eyes, and he said, in a gentle voice, "Let the name of Euphrasia stand; she is more worthy than I, for of her little she gave all she had."

THE SUNDAY AFTER MARRIAGE. It Was a Great Day in the Old Puritan Times.

A marriage in the church was rare in the old Puritan days. Occasionally one took place in the new home of the young couple. This was held to be somewhat unlucky. Thanksgiving Day was a favorite time to choose to be married, as friends were then gathered from afar. The bride was universally advised to wear

starting Bible texts for these wedding sermons. The instances are well known to the marriage of Parson Smith's two daughters, one of whom selected the text: "Mary Hath Chosen That Good Part;" while the daughter Abby, who married John Adams, decided upon the text: "John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say he hath a devil."

THE GREATNESS OF SOLOMON. The Truth of the Words, "Behold, a Greater Than Solomon is Here."

In Solomon, the much lauded king of Israel, we see not a very high type of human greatness. He came to the throne after the children of Israel had passed through centuries of bondage, poverty, persecution and hard fought battles. Under Saul and David they became brave and skillful soldiers and conquered all the tribes that disputed their right to the land which the Lord God had promised to their fathers. Having no war upon his hands and all the wealth of a great kingdom at his disposal, Solomon began his administration with the desire and purpose to eclipse in material display and in luxurious living all surrounding monarchs.

Saul and David had lived in tents, but he built for himself a princely palace. The Israelites had worshipped in a moving tabernacle, but he reared for them a great temple whose magnificence was the wonder of the world. His household consisted of 300 wives, 700 concubines and an army of guards and servants. It is the verdict of history that it requires only about one such administration of government to bring ruin upon any nation.

The bewildering splendor, extravagance and sensuality of Louis XIV was all that was needed to prepare France for a bloody revolution and a reign of crime and terror. The years which witnessed the exhaustion of a great surplus in the U. S. treasury, the enormous increase of taxation, the vast accumulation of capital in the hands of a few heartless monopolists and the unprecedented extravagance of those who were made rich by class legislation were the years which immediately preceded the present period of commercial prostration, social discord, strife and disintegration.

After the death of Solomon the kingdom was divided, the temple was destroyed, and the Jews were carried captive into Babylon. When Jesus Christ began his ministry, he stood upon the very site where this Jewish king had reigned in such power and splendor and said to a people who were still boasting of the fame of the dead monarch, "Behold, a greater than Solomon is here." To those Jews, blinded by ignorance, superstition and prejudice, this declaration of the "son of a carpenter" was arrogant and offensive in the last degree. But looking at it today in the light of nearly 19 centuries of history we know that it was true—a greater than Solomon was there.

The Use of Leisure. This is money to him whose main purpose is to make money; but to him whose first aspiration is to acquire character, time is character. It is in leisure time that one feels the fullest freedom of the will. Our busy times are busy partly by a sort of compulsion of necessity or of habit. We are hardly conscious of a deliberate choice in the matter of our leisure time. But in the disposal of our leisure time, we are conscious of a free, full and independent use of the will. It is this matter of willing that germinates and roots character. Says Herbert, the eminent German pedagogue:

"The will is the seat of character; the kind of decision of the will determines the species of character." It is in his leisure time, therefore, that a man gives the set to his character. Equally with the operation of breathing and the beating of the heart, the character-forming process is going on without leisure, without vacation, whether we would have it so or not. This is a thought for week-day and Sunday, for the winter evening, and consequently for the summer vacation.

Misdeeds of a Century. A century of missionary effort has resulted as follows: Two hundred and eighty missionary societies have been organized, which have under commission 9,000 foreign missionaries, working in almost every un-angelized country on the globe, and 44,592 native assistants; nearly a million converts have been gathered into 7,800 organized churches, and 1,066,798 pupils into 9,000 Sabbath Schools; eighty Bible societies have given the Bible to the nations in ninety entire versions and 550 partial versions, the total circulation of the Scriptures during the century amounting to the enormous aggregate of 320,000,000 copies; hundreds of millions of pages of wholesome literature have been issued from mission presses; hundreds of thousands of patients have been treated by medical missionaries in hospitals and dispensaries 70,000; pupils have been gathered into higher educational institutions and 608,000 children in village schools.

Mr. Gladstone's Liberality. Churchmen of the strictest sort are not pleased with Mr. Gladstone's recent article in the Nineteenth Century on "The Place of Heresy and Schism in the Modern Christian Church." They say that its extreme liberality of tone leaves it doubtful whether the grand old man is an episcopalian or a baptist.

One of the hardest things to do sometimes, is to believe that the man is honest who doesn't look at things just as we do.

Messages of Help for the Week. "When ye see this your heart shall rejoice. And from one Sabbath to another shall all flesh come to worship before me." Isaiah 66: 14, 23.

"Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake: but he that endureth to the end shall be saved." Matthew 10: 22.

"The very hairs of your head are all numbered." Matthew 10: 30.

Then came the disciples to Jesus apart, and said, "Why could not we cast him out? And Jesus said unto them. Because of your unbelief." Matt. 17: 19, 20.

"Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: But I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." Luke 22: 31.

"Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Matthew 3: 2.

"Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me. . . Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer." Psalm 19: 13, 14.

Growing Old. Bishop Weaver, in a beautiful address in the presence of a number of intimate friends on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, not long ago, said: "Now they tell me that I am growing old. But it is no sin to be old, neither should anyone be ashamed of it. The grandest things in the universe are old—old mountains, old seas and stars. Unless one is older than these he need not be ashamed. No snow falls lighter than the snow of age, but none is heavier, for it never melts. One thing I know, that the days of the years of my pilgrimage must be nearing the end. From a rift in the clouds I now and then catch a glimpse of the sun, and know it is not where it was when I first saw it. I notice also, that the shadows, which for a time fell westward and then northward, now fall eastward, and putting this and that together, I conclude that the evening time of life is no longer coming, but is actually here. Did not some one at some time say, 'At evening time it shall be light?' If it please the Master, I could ask no richer boon than that it may be light to me when the sun goes down."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA HAS CURED OTHERS WILL CURE YOU



A Bright Lad. Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."—T. D. M., Norcatur, Kans.

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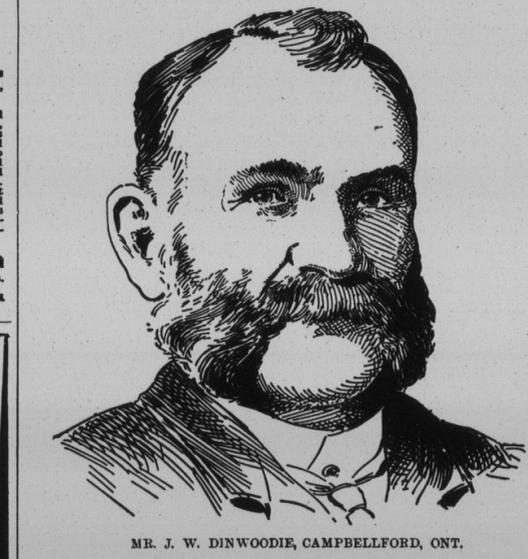
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BUY G.B. CHOCOLATES G.B. See that G.B. MARK Stamped on every G.B. Chocolate.

WORDS OF WEIGHT AND WISDOM. Canada's Well-known Railroad Contractor, Mr. J. W. Dinwoodie, Ill. Treated By Several Doctors and Tried Nearly Every Proprietary Medicine—Got Very Little Benefit—Was Influenced to Use South American Nerve—Found Immediate Relief—"The Nervousness Has Entirely Left My System."—"I Will Never Be Without It In My Home."



Men of affairs usually weigh their little benefit. Last fall I was camping out, and I was feeling very ill. I happened to pick up a paper with the advertisement for South American Nerve. I determined to give it a trial, and procured a bottle from the local druggist. After having taken but a few doses I found very great relief. The severe pain that I had been suffering in the small of my back left me, and the nervousness that had rendered me, in a large measure, unfit for work, has as a result of the continued use of Nerve, become banished from my system. I am now able to enjoy refreshing sleep the night through. I keep South American Nerve always in the house, and I do not hesitate to say that it is the very best medicine I have ever taken, and most confidently recommend it to anyone troubled with nervousness of whatever form and the attendant diseases of the liver and stomach that follow this weakness. The important fact can not be too often emphasized that South American Nerve cures at the nerve center, from which emanate all diseases. This being an undoubted scientific truth, fully and perfectly demonstrated by science, it is never an experiment to use Nerve, but in this remedy is always found a certain cure. Comparatively no relief was obtained. He changed his doctor, and did not stop with one, two or three physicians, but he got no better. Various proprietary medicines were recommended, and, as he says himself, "I tried them all, but got very little benefit."

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 100 King St.; R. R. Coupe, 578 Main St. E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St. A. C. Smith & Co.; 41 Charlotte St.

IN THE CHILD-GARDEN.

HOW THE LITTLE ONES LEARN WHILE PLAYING.

The Kindergarten System and What it is Doing to Mould the Plastic Minds of the Young—A Visit to the Kindergarten—The Song of Mr. Wind.

Shall the children be educated, or the mothers? This is a question arising in my mind as I hear the mother say: "I will send my child to the public school to learn reading, writing and arithmetic."

What is to become of our little ones? Are they to be mere machines? They startle us often with their thoughtful, earnest questions. Their pure, untaught minds have beautiful thoughts of which we never dream. Do we believe that the child's mind is a sponge, always absorbing, never giving? Like the sponge torn from its parent stem, will the child's mind be when it is separated from its living root, imagination, and left a lifeless mass, capable only of constant receiving? What is the end and aim of life? Is it to leave this world crammed and loaded with facts, facts, facts, and our own ideas and individuality stifled under them? Or are our lives to be moulded under Mother Nature's loving and tender hand in a natural way? Are we to be storehouses of learning, or, as God's best work, shall we give out all that is best in ourselves?

How can reading, arithmetic, etc., be mastered if the mind is in no condition to master them? The kindergarten is the mind school, the soul school, and paves the way for what must come later. You may say that is creating a spirit of laziness in the child, but it is not so. This is an age of progress, and by clearing the mind, preparing it for mightier problems, are we not so much more aiding this progression?

We do have these branches in our kindergartens, although in a rudimentary form. Number work in varied ways is being brought constantly before the child. The finger-plays, the blocks, the weaving, pegs and numerous other things, are their arithmetic, and the quickness and brightness of the children is often surprising. A child cannot write until the hand is trained to steadiness. Place him right from the home in the public school and try to teach him writing, what is the result? Certainly not what it might have been if the fingers had been trained to obey the workings of the mind. The pricking, sewing and cutting give firmness and exactness to the little fingers, and the songs and plays give grace and freedom to the arm and hand.

Reading is taught through the presentation of objects—sight reading, we may call it. Object lessons are one of the chief features of the kindergarten, and the child learns to see and think quickly. To illustrate the effect of our work and play toward developing the mind and the hands through the winter, let me speak of two feeble minded children in my own school. In first coming to the school their fingers were practically useless members.

Now, in the work with the blocks, the sewing and in many other instances, they can equal and often excel the others.

Let us, then, give to the kindergarten and its methods at least a thought. Suppose we go further and pay a visit to the kindergarten, and inspect the morning's work of the little ones.

The children take their seats on the circle to say their morning prayer and sing their morning greetings to their playmates, teachers, playroom and sunshine, and lastly the thumbs and fingers say good-morning.

The children have been talking of the leaves turning red and bringing specimens to Kindergarten. So the talk this morning is about Autumn Leaves. We find that Jack Frost changes the leaves' green dresses into bright-colored red, orange and yellow ones, and that Mr. Wind is a great helper too, for he blows the leaves down from the trees, to find a home for themselves during the winter, for the tree wants room to get her baby buds ready for next spring. The maple is taken up expressly today, the children discovering that it has as many points and veins as they have fingers on one hand. A song is sung about leaves "falling down," and then, at a signal from the piano, the children stand, have a quick march, a running tip-toe, and then quietly go to their seats at the tables. Where a small piece of clay, on a slate, is given to each child, with which to form an oblong, when the oblong is smooth and the edges even, maple leaves are passed around, laid on the clay and pressed in to show the marks of the veins, the leaf is then taken off, and the outline sharply defined with a pencil. After the hands are washed the piano says march and form a ring ready for the games.

Several leaf games are played, among them is "Little Gold Leaf." A child standing on a chair in the centre of the circle, holding a leaf, represents the tree. Presently Mr. Wind (another child) comes puffing and blowing until he blows the leaf off the tree, then the other leaves are stirred by the wind, and they all dance and wheel around, when tired, lie quiet on the ground and the snowflakes come to cover them up.

Little Gold Leaf dancing, Gaily on the tree, Mr. Wind comes prancing, Sets the leaflet free.

Round and round in circles, Little Gold Leaf flies, Mr. Wind comes chasing, Hard to catch her tries.

All the little leaves now Dance as they whirl around, Red and gold and russet, What a pretty play.

All the little leaves now All so quiet lie, Waiting for the snowflakes, From the cloudy sky.

And the little snowflakes, See the leaves asleep, And fall down to cover All so warm and deep.

* [Children in the circle.] The children now share their lunch with each other and are again ready for work at

THE FATE OF MOUNT BANDAI.

It Was Blown Off the Face of the Earth by an Explosion.

Previous to July 15, 1888, Mount Bandai, a time cleft peak, 4,800 feet in height, was the most conspicuous object in the mountain range lying from 100 to 105 miles north of Tokio, the chief city of Japan. On the day mentioned it was literally "rent in twain" and "blown off the face of the earth" by the expansive power of steam which had generated within it.

From the earliest times of which there is any record streams of cold water had been plunging under the peak on one side and escaping in the shape of steam and boiling hot water on the other. That the "escape valve" was not sufficient to let off all the steam generated in the passage of the water through the red-hot interior of the peak is evident because of the fact that when the pressure became too great the sides of the mountain yielded, just as a boiler would have done under like circumstances, and an immense explosion was the result.

The explosion is said to have been heard at a distance of over 1,000 miles and caused absolute darkness in the vicinity of the exploded peak upwards of three hours during which time perfect torrents of hot water and mud were poured down from the immense heights to which they had been hurled by the force of the "pent up furia" which caused the disaster.

The debris which fell after the explosion covered an area of about 44,000 acres to a depth varying from 10 to 100 feet on an average, and in one place where a beautiful valley had existed but a few hours before a rocky and mud-strewn plain of the height of 900 feet. Three villages were engulfed in the ruins, and at least 500 inhabitants killed by falling debris or drowned and cooked in the torrents of boiling mud, which flowed down the valley to a distance of nine miles.

These facts were gleaned from a report made by a visiting committee appointed by the University of Tokio.

THE CARDINAL'S CLOSE CALL.

His Keen Sense of Smell Once Saved Him from Being Poisoned.

Years have rolled by since, but the story of the almost fatal accident to Cardinal Gibbons has not lost of its interest, though not having been previously told, says Philadelphia Call. Just before he rose to give the impassioned reading of his poem, "King Lear," at the anniversary dinner of the Sons of St. George, Prof. H. H. Hay, of Girard college, told of the happenings which had been related to him by a surgeon traveling in Europe by a priest acquainted with the circumstances.

"While the cardinal, who was then an archbishop," said Prof. Hay, "was traveling across the Atlantic some years ago he complained one afternoon that he was feeling very well, but was told by the ship's surgeon to await medical treatment until the following day, when something would be done for him if his sickness continued. On the day following the steward of the steamer was duly sent with a remedy for the eminent physician. As he was about to place the glass containing the draught to his lips the archbishop was almost overcome by a strange and pungent odor. He hesitated a moment and lowered the vessel containing the liquid until he recovered from the effect of the smell. Clanking incidentally at the bottle in the steward's hand he noticed the word 'poison' on the label, and, not without a little alarm, asked the man if he knew what he was offering. The steward replied that he had done as was directed by the doctor. Alarmed, the archbishop sent post haste to the medical man to make sure that what was being tendered him was not the poison which he had occasion to manifest surprise. He hurried to his distinguished patient's side and informed the archbishop that the glass offered him contained enough deadly poison to kill any two men."

Raw Eggs As Food. Contrary to the rule of the Hindoo, the Annals of Hygiene says: "The nutritive value of raw eggs is not properly appreciated. They are exceedingly nutritious, easily digested and rapidly absorbed. For those not very robust, whose appetites are not good, and whose digestive powers are somewhat enfeebled, an occasional raw egg swallowed whole, would prove most wholesome." Dr. Eli J. Rochester, who has been recently calling attention to the very great benefit that he has derived in the treatment of disease by the use of raw eggs. Some of his patients have taken as many as fifteen to twenty-five, and even thirty-five raw eggs in the course of twenty-four hours, and have kept to him for months. One of his patients took 3000 eggs in one year; another one 5472 eggs." To this

"For Years," Says CARIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H. "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, by the recommendation of them as being better than anything else could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."

A Good Building-Stone. A new kind of building-stone or material called fossil coral, which is being worked in the Bay of Suva, Fiji, resists the action of fire better than any other natural building stone. When first worked it is so soft that it can easily be cut into any desired form, but it soon hardens after exposure to the air and has then all the characteristics of fire-brick. Another building stone which resists the action of fire is peperino, so named from the black scoria-like pebbles with which it is studded. It includes Lapis Albanus and Lapis Gabinus, both stones of volcanic origin, being, in fact, a conglomerate of ashes, gravel and fragments of lava. This fire-proof building stone is still quarried near Rome, and in past ages contributed largely to the material used in building the oldest and most durable parts of the city. Of the sandstones—known as fire stones—Reigate stone is the best resister of fire. Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, and many Metropolitan buildings are built of this stone. Another is Minera stone, quarried near Wrexham. It is largely used in Liverpool, and has recently been introduced into the London market, being used on account of its durable and fire-proof qualities in building the National Safe Deposit Company's offices in the Metropolis. Several buildings speak very highly of the fire resisting properties of York stone; that variety known as Howley Park stone, having on various occasions resisted enormous heat.

ITCHING AND PIN WORMS.

ITCHING PILLS is an exceedingly painful and annoying affliction, found alike in the rich and poor, male and female. The principal symptoms are a severe itching, which is worse at night when the subject is unable to procure sleep. Often the sufferer unconsciously scratches the parts until they are raw—ulcers and tumors form, excessive moisture is exuded, Fossils are peculiarly affected from this disease, causing unbearable irritation and trouble. These and every other symptom of Itching Pills or Irritation is cured by Chase's Ointment. It will instantly stop itching, heal the sores and ulcers, dry up the moisture.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT. PIN WORMS is an ailment entirely different as to cause than Itching Pills, yet its effects and symptoms are exactly the same. The same intolerable itching; the same crawling, stinging sensation characterizes both diseases. Chase's Ointment acts like magic. It will at once afford relief from this torment.

REFERENCES. Newmarket—J. T. Bogart, Mr. Kitto. Sutton—Mr. Sheppard, Mr. McDonald. Belleville—R. Templeton, druggist. Tottenham—James Soanion, J. Reid. Barre—E. G. Graham. Hamilton—R. G. Deane. King City—Wm. Walker. Churchill—C. Davis, druggist. Bradford—R. Davis, J. Reid.

The celebrated Dr. Chase's Ointment is made expressly for Itching Pills, but it is equally good in curing all Itchy Skin Diseases, such as Eczema, Itch, Barber's Itch, Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, etc., etc. For sale by all Druggists. Price 50 Cents. Mail address—EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto, Ont., Sole Agents for Dominion of Canada.

How a Young Man Got Himself Out of a Disagreeable Scrap. A young man employed at the court-house found himself in an embarrassing position the other night, says the Cincinnati Times-Star. He had an engagement to take a couple of young ladies to one of the suburban resorts, and in donning his best suit forgot his pocket-book, which peacefully reposed in his every-day clothes. When he boarded a street car and the conductor demanded fare he became painfully aware of his unpleasant situation. He managed to find a dime and a street car ticket in his clothes and this afforded temporary relief. But the young ladies were new acquaintances and he could not well explain the situation and secure a temporary loan. Besides young ladies hardly ever carry pocket books for such emergencies. And he in vain looked around for a friend who would accommodate him. When the post office was reached a novel idea struck him. "We'll take another car here," he said. "I promised to mail two important letters for my sister, and she'll never forgive me if I neglect the matter." So they got off the car and the young man dashed into the post office and on to the nearest pawnshop. He carried a gold watch and soon had a loan on it, borrowing a cheaper watch to wear until he redeemed his own timepiece. Then he hurried back, and as the young ladies were patiently waiting he did not tell them about any trouble to get stamps. The young ladies thanked him for a very pleasant evening on their return, but they will not know everything until they read this. The watch was, of course, redeemed the next day.

Glad to Hear He Had Brains. Here is a story they are telling about old "P. D." Armour. "P. D." was at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco a few weeks ago. Incog., he stopped to look at the exhibits from the packing-house. The lady attendants were giving samples of soup to the crowd. "It can't be very good or you wouldn't be giving it away," said "P. D." "We do that for humanity," replied the young lady. "H'm," commented Mr. Armour. "What's that?" he asked, pointing to an enlarged facsimile of his own autograph over the bowls. "That's Mr. Armour's signature," replied the young lady. "Why, I thought old Armour couldn't write," urged "P. D." in apparent surprise. "Well, he's got brains," retorted the young lady. "If I had his brains, I wouldn't care whether I could write or not." "P. D." smiled and passed. In a few minutes the Rev. Frank Gunsalus, who helps Mr. Armour find good ways to spend his money, came back to the booth and handed the young lady an envelope with a fifty-dollar bill and "P. D.'s" compliments.

Unlucky Tuesday. Tuesday is considered an unlucky day in Spain. Sometimes on a Tuesday there is not a single marriage registered in the whole of Madrid. On Tuesdays, too, the railway carriages are almost empty, so that foreigners traveling in Spain can always insure a carriage to themselves merely by arranging to start on their journey on Tuesday.

ITCHING AND PIN WORMS. PILES.

No More Misery. ITCHING PILLS is an exceedingly painful and annoying affliction, found alike in the rich and poor, male and female. The principal symptoms are a severe itching, which is worse at night when the subject is unable to procure sleep. Often the sufferer unconsciously scratches the parts until they are raw—ulcers and tumors form, excessive moisture is exuded, Fossils are peculiarly affected from this disease, causing unbearable irritation and trouble. These and every other symptom of Itching Pills or Irritation is cured by Chase's Ointment. It will instantly stop itching, heal the sores and ulcers, dry up the moisture.



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Priestley's Cravenettes.

Are not only rain-proof, dust-proof and proof to air but are extremely stylish and come in the following shades: Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor and Black. Cravenettes are universally admitted to be the only satisfactory porous waterproof goods on the market.

The Priestley trade mark is always a guarantee of good wearing quality. Always ask for Priestley's.

Blue Cross Tea.

Don't take it when they offer you something "just as good" as Blue Cross Tea. These exquisite Teas are packed in 5 lb. and 1 lb. lead packets only to keep the flavor, and the Blue Cross is on every packet.

HEAD OFFICE, London, England. WHOLESALE AGENTS, Geo. S. DeForest & Sons.

ENGRAVING.

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

"THE NEW YOST"

NOW TAKES THE LEAD.

THE No. 4 Machine acknowledged to possess all the features of a perfect WRITING MACHINE. See what some of the users of the OLD STYLE "YOST" machines say of them. Here are but samples of many other equally strong endorsements.

St. John, N. B., 3rd July, 1894. IRA CORNWALL, Esq., Agent "YOST" TYPEWRITING MACHINE. Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been using the old style "YOST," which I purchased from you in August, 1891, constantly ever since that time. During a portion of that time the machine was required to do heavy work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists of the Saint John districts, under the Dominion Franchise Act, and for the rest of the time has been used for the ordinary work of a law office. Up to the present moment the machine has not cost me one cent for repairs, and seems to be still in perfectly good condition. The writers who have worked on my "YOST" have been unqualified in their approval. My own personal use of it leads me to regard it with the highest favor. The valuable feature of the "YOST" are its lightness, strength, durability, simplicity, quick and direct action of the type-bar, perfect alignment and absolute economy. I have not examined the later editions of the "YOST" but although I am informed they have many improvements on the old style machine, am at a loss to understand how they can be very much better for ordinary practical purposes. Yours very truly, E. T. C. KNOWLES, Barrister.

St. John, N. B., June 28th, 1894. IRA CORNWALL, Esq., City. Dear Sir: We have been using a "YOST" writing machine in our office daily for about four years, and it has given us every satisfaction. I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines. I consider the pad a most improvement over the ribbon on account of its cleanliness, and the great saving of expense. I find the pointer a great convenience for locating position. The type-guide I consider invaluable, as it overcomes the greatest weakness in other typewriters, viz., imperfect alignment. I would recommend any intending purchaser to investigate the "YOST" before buying a typewriter. E. K. BERRYMAN, Hardware Merchant, General Insurance Agent, &c., &c.

Yarmouth, N. S., July 2d, 1894. Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have used the "YOST" typewriter for over 36 months, and the longer I use it the more I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines. I consider the pad a most improvement over the ribbon on account of its cleanliness, and the great saving of expense. I find the pointer a great convenience for locating position. The type-guide I consider invaluable, as it overcomes the greatest weakness in other typewriters, viz., imperfect alignment. I would recommend any intending purchaser to investigate the "YOST" before buying a typewriter. E. K. BERRYMAN, Hardware Merchant, General Insurance Agent, &c., &c.

The New "YOST" far surpasses the machines referred to above, and the No. 4 has many entirely new features. The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, RANGE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC. Second hand Ribbon and Shift-Key Machines for sale cheap.

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

Messrs. R. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. R. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; G. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; VanDer, HARRIS, LEARNING, RANGE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC. Second hand Ribbon and Shift-Key Machines for sale cheap.

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

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I am afraid we have been neglecting our cooking column terribly of late, and devoting more time to the outward woman, as represented by the fashion department, than to the inner, and quite as important self. I have not forgotten my housekeep-



NEW FALL CAPES.

The figure on the right shows a triple cape, to be worn with or without an ulster. It is of gray cloth, tailor finished. The central figure represents a full tailor suit of tan covert, double stitched. The cape on the left is of two shades of gray cloth with white satin inset vest front.

ing friends, however, but have had their interests at heart and kept my eyes open for any new hints in the cooking line during the warm weather when none of us wanted to cook, or even think about cooking, if we could help ourselves, and when we would almost have preferred eating our food raw, rather than take the trouble of cooking it. But now that the cool days have come and the kitchen is quite a pleasant place once more, instead of a sort of torture chamber, I shall give my readers the benefit of my researches.

Preserving is nearly over. I am thankful to say, only the late peaches and pears, and the quinces remain; but the jelly bag is still rampant in the land for those who, like the Irish barrister's "gentleman," like to "eat jam with their mutton" not to mention their chickens and turkeys, their partridges and ducks. Cranberry, quince, crabapple, and grape jelly are still to be made, at least the quince and grape are, and as I

itself a gelatinous substance. Until the fruit ripens, we are told, this substance is not of any value. After it has once ripened its tendency is to grow weaker every day. Wet weather weakens it also; consequently it is easier to make jelly in a dry season than it is in a wet one.

Currants and small soft fruits intended for jelly making should not be gathered immediately after rain, for the juice is then less rich and less full of flavor. Hard fruits indeed, such as apples and quinces, must be boiled with a little water to draw out the juice, and so great an authority as Francatelli is of opinion that half a pint of water should be put into the kettle with 12 pounds of a soft fruit, like red currants, to help to make the juice flow.

A quick way of drawing or expressing the juice is to put the fruit into a preserving pan and stew it gently, stirring it well, until it has dissolved. Another plan is to set it in a cool oven until it attains



BRIDAL GOWN AND TEA GOWN.

The gown on the left is a white gros grain silk wedding gown, with effective trimming of white ostrich plumes and rosettes of white satin ribbon with silver piquets. The gown on the right is a home reception or tea gown and is of green and old rose changeable silk, with old rose sleeves. It is trimmed with lace down the front and gold Persian brocade on sleeves and bertha.

have some very excellent hints on jelly making, in my note book. I will give those of my readers who are not any more expert at this most difficult branch of cookery than I am myself, the benefit of them. It will be observed that the directions seem to be intended for such fruits as currants, but the directions will apply equally well

the desired condition. Whichever method is adopted it is to be remembered that the juice of soft fruits is not at this stage to be cooked; it is merely to be made to flow.

Fruit juice that is to be converted into superior jelly should not be squeezed or pressed, but simply allowed to drip. The

cloth or bag used for straining may be made of flannel or of coarse linen toweling. It is a good plan to express the juice as soon as the fruit comes in, then leave it to drip all night. The juice should be allowed to drip into a basin or earthenware bowl, never into a tin vessel, for the action of acid on the tin would be injurious to color and flavor.

Only the best loaf sugar should be used for making jelly.

Pickled Peas.

For eight pounds of fruit, allow four pounds of brown sugar, one quart of vinegar, and one cupful of mixed whole spice—stick cinnamon, allspice, and cloves. Tie the spices in a bag, put into the preserving kettle with the vinegar and sugar, and bring the syrup to the boiling point. Peel the peas, but leave them whole with the stems on. Put them into the syrup and boil until tender. Skin out the fruit, put it into stone jars, boil the syrup five minutes longer, and pour over the fruit. The next day pour off the syrup, and boil again for five minutes, then pour over the fruit. Do this for three mornings, when the pickle may be put away. Keep the bag of spices in the syrup.

For ordinary fruit juices the quantity of



NEW TAILOR-MADE WAISTS AND JACKET.

The figure on the right shows a tailor-made basque with sprung and folded skirt, the seams being lapped and stitched flat. The upper figure is a coat of drab covert cloth with hands stitched flat. Buttons are the only trimming. The figure on the left is a basque, stitched to represent a yoke. Coats are set between the seams all around. The small figures represent the reverse sides of the three garments.

sugar required is a pound to a pint of juice. This is the "rough and ready" rule, and it is a fairly safe one, although fruits which yield to a thick juice, like black currants, blackberries and quinces, are more delicate if a smaller proportion of sugar be used. If a little water be put with the fruit when the juice is expressed, it amounts to the same as using rather less sugar. Green grapes, on the other hand, take 1 1/2 pounds of sugar to a pint of juice.

The time required for boiling jelly is the point on which it is more easy to make a mistake than on any other. If underboiled it goes moldy or softens or will not turn out in a shape, yet if overboiled it candies in time or darkens and loses its flavor.

A favorite way of making jelly with experienced housewives is to express the juice and boil it quickly just 20 minutes after it has begun fairly to boil. Meanwhile the sugar is divided into small portions and heated in the oven until it is so hot that the hand cannot be put into it. The hot sugar is thrown into the boiling juice and stirred rapidly till it melts, the spoon being withdrawn when it is dissolved. After this the jelly is allowed to boil once and is poured immediately into hot glasses. When successfully managed, jelly thus made is exceedingly delicate and of good flavor.

I found out such a simple, and yet a capital way of preserving peaches this autumn. Of course I always did them in the most troublesome way possible—the way "the best receipt books" always tell you to do them. I made a syrup of laboriously accurate preparations, and cooked it the proper length of time, and while it was reaching the proper stage of boiling I pared just enough peaches to fill two jars, dropped them into the syrup, cooked them as watchfully as if they had been doughnuts, and then fished them out one by one, and put them into the jars, poured the hot syrup over them and began the process over again, repeating it until I was almost too tired to stand. But this year a friend who is a much older and better housekeeper than I am and who makes the most perfect preserves I ever saw, told me I could spare myself half the trouble and have the peaches just as good if I pared and halved them the night before, weighed them, and allowing three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit, poured the sugar over the fruit, and left it

WHERE SHOES ARE CHEAP.

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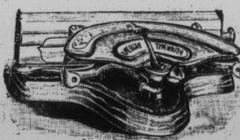
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DISSOLUTION.

THE FIRM OF J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. was this day dissolved by mutual consent. J. S. ARMSTRONG, retiring. Business continued at old stand by J. S. ARMSTRONG, who assumes liabilities and collects accounts due. J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. May 6, '94.

A HONOLULU EDITOR.

Stories of the Pluck and Courage of Mr. Walter G. Smith.

Mr. Walter G. Smith, the young American editor who made such a stir in Hawaii in his conduct of the Star, which he founded and used fearlessly in his attacks on Hawaiian royalty and its supporters, returned recently to his former home, Sherwood, N. Y. His old friends greeted him enthusiastically, and have been listening eagerly to narratives he has told of the many episodes in Hawaii during the time of suspense which Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Sherman inflicted upon the residents there. Mr. Smith has also brought home some amusing anecdotes.

The system of jail management at the Islands is peculiar. It is the custom there to rent out the prisoners to citizens as laborers at so much a day. Everyone who pretends to any social standing in Honolulu has a telephone in his house, and a conversation over it like this is said to be of frequent occurrence: "Is this the jail?" "Yes."

"Well, won't you please send up a murderer to the house to-day? That burglar you sent up yesterday was not satisfactory." The prisoners are required to return to the jail before six o'clock every night. Mr. Smith is said to have asked the keeper what he did when the prisoners failed to return.

"What do I do?" said the keeper, in surprise at such a question. "Why, sir, I lock 'em out!" It will be remembered that Mr. Smith was threatened with assassination by "Paramour Wilson" because Smith dared to give expression to Wilson's scandalous relations with the royal house. Upon receipt of the news to expect death, Smith went out on the streets armed, and exposed himself purposely to meet his antagonist. The other man didn't shoot, but Smith was none the less ready for emergencies.

It turns out, however, that it wasn't Smith's first experience of this kind in newspaper life. Before Smith went to Hawaii he edited a paper in San Diego, Cal. There was a tugboat captain there who came from Smith's native place, Sherwood. One day the editor found in a paper sent from him from his old home an extract from a letter that the tugboat captain had sent home, and which, because of the glowing account it gave of the writer's success, got into print as an instance of what push would do in the far West. The tugboat captain referred to himself as the captain of "a large steamer," and so exaggerated his position in life that he appeared to be one of the magnates of the town. Smith, in a spirit of fun, reprinted the article without comment.

Soon after its publication a sound of heavy feet was heard rushing up the stairs to the editorial rooms of the paper. The excited tugboat captain dashed in and inquired for Editor Smith. He hadn't come down yet, the boy said. "Well, you tell him," said the captain, "that I shall be here to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock to shoot him dead. I give him warning."

Smith received the message, and has acknowledged since that he did not like it. Still it would never do to show the white feather. He procured two large revolvers, had them cocked and hidden under a newspaper on his desk that had been thrown down carelessly, as it seemed, and tried to show no concern when on the following day the lookout reported that the angry captain was headed for the office exactly on time. He burst into Smith's office, and the latter's right hand stole under the newspaper and grasped one of the cocked revolvers. With a tremendous amount of profanity the captain shouted: "What did you mean by printing that thing about me?" "You wrote it, didn't you?" asked Smith, as his hand stole under the paper and grasped the second revolver, and both hands began to tip up the muzzles for instant use, the editor at the same time trying to conceal his trepidation. "Yes, I wrote it, but what the blankety, blankety blank, did you mean by printing it?" "If I choose to reprint such an article," said Smith, the points of the revolvers coming up still more, and his hands shaking a little more, "I have a right to do so." "You have, have you?" "Yes, I have." "Well, do you know what I am going to do?" asked the furious captain. "No, I don't," said Smith, prepared now to shoot and kill if his trembling hands would permit him to hit the mark. "Well, I am going to go down stairs and stop my paper."

Where Women Rule. The squaws of the Onondaga Reservation, in New York State, are held in such high esteem by their semi-barbarous masters that the tribe is spoken of as a people ruled by women. There is but little work done by any of the Indians, but that little is done mostly by the men. The squaw is called upon only to do her household duties. The superiority of the squaw to the buck is shown in the fact that the children, according to the custom of the Iroquois, belong to the family or nation of their mother. If a Seneca Indian marries an Onondaga squaw and they have children the latter are Onondagas and should the father be of the family of the Wolf and the mother of the Snake clan the children are Snipes. It is as if John Smith married Mary Jones and a child of the marriage was named John Jones.

At a Non-Conductor of Heat. "We have proved to our satisfaction," said a maker of water coolers, "that plain air is as good a non-conductor of heat as we can obtain. We made three refrigerators exactly alike, save that one was packed with sawdust, one with charcoal, and the other provided with an air jacket. Then we put into each a piece of ice, equal in weight and as nearly as possible similar in texture. The three were left overnight, and the next morning by far the largest piece of ice was found in the cooler with the air jacket."

An Australian Vesuvius. One of the most remarkable sights to be seen in Australia is a burning mountain, 1,820 ft. in height. The mountain is supposed to be underlain with an inexhaustible coal seam, which in some way became ignited. It was burning long before the advent of white men to that part of the country.

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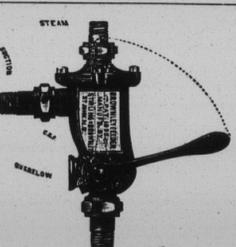
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FAMOUS WILL CASES

That Are Even More Interesting Than Resurrection.

The case of the lawyers of Odessa have recently had to settle, as the presumption of survivorship in a husband and wife, both drowned (for all that could be known to the contrary) at the same instant, has been spoken of as though it were an unusual circumstance, but in the English courts there have been many similar cases. The Odessa catastrophe was caused by a collision, and it has been decided that the wife survived—a woman, as the doctors considered, being likely to float longer than a man. In England, juries, or at least judges—are less inclined to be moved by the laws of experts. In the case of the general Stranvasser was lost with his wife, and every soul on board, in the Irish Channel, administration was granted to the representatives of the husband; but the judge expressly observed that he was not deciding that the husband actually survived, but that he assumed that both parties had perished at the same moment. In a case where a mother and daughter were drowned in a cabin through the sea coming through the skylight, it was held, though physical strength was much in favor of the younger woman, that neither could transmit to the other. In the case of Underwood vs. Wing, it was shown that the husband clasped his wife in his arms, and though the man was a strong and a good swimmer, it was decided (after two appeals however) that their property should go to the same way as though they had died the same instant. The effect of this was to set aside the wills of both, and the property was handed to one whose name was intentionally excluded from both documents. There was a case of presumption of survivorship in John Franklin's expedition, which was decided upon opinions of other Arctic voyagers, notably Dr. Ray and Sir John Richardson. They both concurred that no member of the expedition could have possibly survived. A very small amount of proof—though proof there must be—required for evidence of survivorship. "A father and son were seized as joint tenants and to the heirs of the son." They were also seized as joint accomplices in a murder and hanged accordingly. They were turned off at the same time, but because the legs of the son shook after the father was still, it was held that he survived and the wife was entitled to her dower.

Yawning and the Devil. It is not generally known that the practice exacted by the rules of good society of placing the hands before the mouth when yawning was originally a religious custom. Yet such is the case. It was a medieval superstition that the evil spirit, if desired to take possession of a man's soul he entered by the mouth. If, after the devil had been long in wait, the victim either remained silent or else spoke so rapidly that the evil spirit could not slip into a wide open mouth, then the evil spirit, frustrated in his unsuspecting prey into a fit of yawning in the hope of thereby effecting an entrance. It was to escape this danger that the yawner held his hand before his mouth. At the same time the sign of the cross was made. The latter custom now survives only in a few mountainous districts, while the other practice is invariably required by etiquette. A counterpart of this superstition is furnished by the painters of the pre-Raphaelite and renaissance periods, especially in Italy. In pictures representing the casting out of an evil spirit, they show the latter in the form of a little black or red fiend, in the act of escaping from the lips of the demonic. In death scenes, a blessed spirit is represented as a small, naked, flesh-colored man, while a demon, while a demon, is either red (the color of sin) or black (the color of death and perdition). In both cases the spirit is often seen issuing from the dying person's mouth. In the facsimile edition of Sir John Mandeville's travels, published in England fifty years ago, Judas is represented as he hangs upon the bloody tree, and the devil is taking his black soul from out his side, apparently. We more rarely meet with pictures in which an evil spirit is on the point of entering into a sinner. Those who have seen the Sistine Chapel in Rome will remember, immediately to the right of the entrance, a large wall painting in fresco (not by Michael Angelo) which represents the Last Supper. It gives a side view of Judas Iscariot, and shows a little black devil on his shoulder, waiting his opportunity to enter the traitor's soul. This picture is a curious and unquestionable illustration of the Roman Catholic superstition connected with yawning.

Real Beauty. A reply which was at once wise and witty is said to have been made by a gentleman to whose decision in regard to a certain matter two pretty young girls appealed. They were discussing the question as to what constituted beauty in a hand, and differed greatly in opinion. At last they referred the matter to the old man, of whom they were both very fond. "My dears," said the old gentleman, with a kindly smile, "the question is too hard for me to decide. But ask the poor, and they will tell you that the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives the most freely."

Not in Practice. A colored woman presented herself as a candidate for confirmation in the diocese of Florida, and was required to say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Commandments. She got through with the first two fairly well, as somebody had evidently been coaching her, but when it came to the last she bungled and hesitated, and then remarked in a confidential tone to the clergyman: "De fac' is, Mr. Turnip, I hasn't been practicing 'de Ten Commandments lately."

Are You Bilious. A bilious condition is indicated by costiveness, headache, bad meals, loss of appetite, cold feet, chilliness and depression. If you are bilious a certain cure will be found in a course of Hawker's Liver Pills. They are very easy to take, mild in action, do not grip, and do not sicken. They are sold by all druggists, at 25 cents per box. Give it one trial.

Are you "all stuffed up," with a cold in the head? Hawker's catarrh cure will clear it out quicker than any other, and it costs but 25 cents and will cure a whole family. It is a very simple and effective remedy and those who have once tried it will use no other.

Toothache is quickly cured by Dr. Manning's gummy remedy, the universal pain cure. All druggists sell it.

AN ACHING HEAD.

DEAR SIR.—I had severe headaches for the past three years, and was not free from it a single day. I used doctors' medicines and all others. I could think of, but it did me no good. My cousin said I must

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because it is the best medicine ever made, and I took three bottles of it, with the result that it has completely cured me. I think Burdock Blood Bitters, both for headaches and as a blood purifier, is the

BEST IN THE WORLD,

and an glad to recommend it to all my friends. Miss Frazar, McConnaughy, Glen Norman, Ont.



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THE LAST FIGHT IN ARMOR.

An Incident of Colonel Phillips' Fortcoming Book.

An incident of Colonel Phillips' forthcoming book, "The Marshals of Napoleon," is described in Temple Bar, as probably the last occasion of the appearance of men in armor on the field. The incident from the original account is as follows:

"In January, 1799, a party of some four hundred French held the town of Aquila in the Abruzzo, Italy, a town defended by walls and having a small, weak fort. The inhabitants were well disposed toward the French, but the peasant army were hostile, and when the main French army in Rome marched on Naples, the peasants attacked the detachment in Aquila. In March, some ten or twelve thousand penetrated into the town by night, and got possession; but having no artillery they could not attack the garrison. On the glacis in front of the fort, and exposed to the fire of both sides, lay twelve iron guns, on skidways, which the French had had time to bring into the fort. Without cartridges they seemed safe, but the French took the precaution of keeping two of the guns of the fort, loaded with grape, laid on them every night, with a gunner ready to fire, if he heard any noise such as would be made by an attempt to remove the guns.

"One night, the gunner in charge heard a noise near the guns, and fired, but the sound continued. There was more firing without evident effect, and when daylight dawned it was seen that the peasants had fastened a rope to one of the guns which they had tried to remove by the aid of a captain. The gun had followed the pull at first, but the breach soon made a furrow so deep that the gun stuck. It would have been very easy to have moved the gun by parbuckling (i. e., rolling), but the peasants were not up to that. However, the French looking anxiously over their parapets were as much puzzled what to do as the besiegers.

"Bonlare, the officer of artillery, ransacking his brains for the means of sending out men to spike the guns on the glacis under the fire of the insurgents from the neighboring houses, suddenly remembered he had seen in his magazines some suits of plate armor, and he decided to try whether men, protected by them, might not sally out and spike the guns with impunity under the enemy's fire. He got together twelve complete suits, dressed out twelve big men, and while the garrison kept a steady line of artillery and munitary fire on the insurgents, he marched the twelve knights of the Eighteenth Century, much in David's state of mind when he complained he had not proved his armor. The men carried handspikes, hammers and spikes. They moved slowly and awkwardly in their heavy steel mail, but still they succeeded in completing the work, under a hail of bullets from the insurgents.

"It is said that the insurgents seeing these grim figures moving silently and slowly, and spiking the guns with apparent indifference to the leaden hail, thought hell itself had sent forth these extraordinary antagonists, until, the task accomplished, and the men returned to their comrades, the whole garrison, true to their nature, burst into roars of laughter. The men had been struck many times, but only one man was wounded, and that in the arm, where the brassart, not being properly fastened, had fallen off.

"The fight continued until the French got reinforcements, when the insurgents, caught between two fires, were driven off with heavy loss."

The Indiscreet Porter.

This joke at the expense of the poor bride couple is told in the Philadelphia Record: "They looked like a bridal couple as they boarded the Chicago train at Broad Street Station. There were half a score of friends on the platform who had come to say good-bye. A few grains of rice dropped from the young man's hat-brim as he entered the parlor car. He carefully caught his fair partner to a seat. All the other passengers smiled indulgently and looked interested. Then the young man extended his hand to the young woman and said in a very loud voice, and with the most commonplace formality: 'Well, Miss Blank, the train is about to pull out. I wish you a very pleasant journey.' And doffing his soft hat he hurriedly left the car. The passengers looked disappointed; the young woman looked nervous. By-and-bye she called the porter and whispered to him. The porter nodded his head and passed to the rear of the car. He came back in a moment, and said in a voice that was audible to every one in the car: 'You're all right, ma'am. He's in de smokin' compartment.' Every body smiled and the bride blushed prettily."

Like the Prisoner of Chillon

Dr. Herbert tells of a woman, a witness in the celebrated trial of Lovell, whose hair blanched to pure white in a single night. The hair of both Mary, queen of Scots, and Marie Antoinette whitened within a few hours of the time of their execution. The jet black locks of Oscar Pteffer, who died at Vienna in 1867, were suddenly changed to pure white through fright at falling into a deep well. The beard and hair of the great Duke of Brunswick whitened within 24 hours upon learning that his father had been mortally wounded in battle. Cassell's "World of Wonders" cites several prominent cases of this kind, one being King Ludwig of Bavaria, whose "hair became almost white," upon learning that a person whom he had put to death was innocent of the crime charged.

Apologetic.

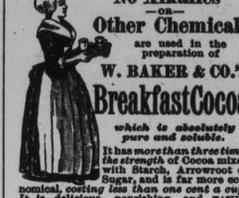
Squam Inlet Postmaster—I'm beggin your everlastin' pardon, lady, but 'deed it warn't my fault. Somehow 'r nuther your letter got a great hunk 'r red beeswax onto it, an' I ain't been able t' git it off without tearin' th' envelope.

I was cured of terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT. REV. WM. BROWN.

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6-Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatism... 25

7-Headache, Colic, Bronchitis... 25

8-Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation... 25

9-Suppressed or Painful Periods... 25

10-Itches, Too Profuse Perspiration... 25

11-Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness... 25

12-Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, etc... 25

13-Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains... 25

14-Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague... 25

15-Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head... 25

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A MURDER MOST FOUL.

A FULL REPORT OF THE AWFUL FAIRVILLE CRIME

Which was Perpetrated Last Monday Morning—Jealousy of a Good Wife the Cause—How Guilford Crawford Knocked in the Head of a Sleeping Man with an Axe.

(Daily Record, Oct. 1.) Fairville had its first murder sensation this morning. Guilford Crawford killed John Branton under most horrible circumstances. He struck him with the back of an axe while he was lying asleep in bed. The deed was perpetrated in cold blood and unless the murderer was insane his crime was most atrocious.

Guilford Crawford lived with his family in what is commonly known as Paddy's Flat in Fairville.

The house is a little brown house on the edge of Mooney's brick yard. Here he lived with his wife, his son and his daughter, as well as the murdered man, John Henry Branton, who boarded with him.

Crawford has acted strangely of late. He seemed to suspect Branton of being too intimate with his wife and he sometimes quarrelled with her on that account. He has even gone so far as to threaten the whole household with a club. His actions give some ground for believing him insane. This is, however, uncertain. He may or may not be insane, but it is at least certain that jealousy prompted the deed.

In the matter of ground for his crime there is also uncertainty. His son and daughter say there was none and this seems to be the prevailing opinion. The wife, however, has none of them been residing long in Fairville and are not very well known. Both Crawford and Branton came there about five months ago to work in Mooney's brick yard.

Crawford belongs in Keirstead mountain, some miles from Sussex, and came to Fairville to live in April last. He is a man of about forty-five years of age, and his previous life would not lead one to think that he would be the author of the crime for which he is now under arrest. He was not a drinking man and until lately seemed moderate in disposition.

Branton is a young Englishman of about twenty-three. He is rather a fine looking man, with more delicacy showing in his features than belongs to the average working man. He came here from Pennsylvania about four months ago and went to work with Mooney. It is stated that he has a brother in Pennsylvania but little is known of his past life or of his relations.

Ever since he came here young Branton has been boarding with Crawford. He slept in a small bedroom on the ground floor. The murderer's son shared his bed with him and the room adjoined the living room of the house. Mr. Crawford and his wife slept upstairs.

This morning Crawford rose between four and five and went down stairs. It was an unusual hour for him to arise so early, but he had terrible work ahead. He went into the bedroom where his son and boarder slept. Branton lay in the inside next the wall. The man swung the axe in the air and it dropped over the body of his son and the back of it struck Branton over the eye. He may have then struck him once or twice more. He was badly bruised about the eye and jaw though his face was not mangled badly.

While one of the blows was falling young Crawford awoke and saw his father in the midst of his dreadful work. He arose and alarmed the neighborhood and meanwhile his father went back upstairs.

Officer Hennessy and Dr. Grey were summoned and each proceeded to perform his duty. Dr. Grey dressed his wounds but could not save his life. He died in a couple of hours. The officers arrested Crawford and took him to the Fairville lockup and from there he will be removed to jail.

Coroner Robinson was also summoned and held an inquest. After the jury had viewed the remains the body was prepared for burial. All the man had was a watch and it is probable that unless some one provides the means he will have to be given a poorhouse interment.

While the man was dying in the little bedroom of the house a disgraceful scene was being enacted in the living room. After Dr. Grey had dressed the wounds he started to leave the house. Officer Hennessy asked him if that was all he was going to do, if he was going to leave the man to die.

Dr. Gray bridled up at this and said that he did not want to be interfered with. Both men were now enraged and the officer was about to strike the physician when young Crawford interfered and prevented violence. It seems that the two have not been on very good terms and the doctor during the argument accused the officer of doing all he could for the last couple of years to hurt him in his practice.

It is probable that trouble will arise out of this as Dr. Gray entertains the idea of charging officer Hennessy with assault. It was about ten o'clock when the inquest upon the body was commenced by Coroner Robinson. The jurymen summoned were Harry Allingham, foreman; John Morris, Chas. Doherty, John

O'Neill, Cephas Durlan, John Gregg and John McKinnon.

Hartley Crawford.

The son of the prisoner, gave his testimony. He said that he slept in the adjoining room with the deceased. His father slept upstairs, at about half past four o'clock he came down and entered the bedroom. He lit the lamp and witness asked him what he was about getting up that early in the morning. His father replied that it wasn't early, it was five o'clock. He then proceeded to light a fire in the kitchen and witness went to sleep.

When he next awoke he saw his father standing near the bed. He was in the act of swinging the axe. Before he could utter a syllable the weapon had struck the deceased. He saw him strike only once. The deceased never moved or spoke and he thought he was dead. He jumped out of bed and put on his clothes. His father immediately on doing the deed went out to the door and threw the axe out in front of the house. He then went upstairs again. Witness here identified the axe.

He then ran in next door to Mr. Haines and told them of the crime. When he came back Mr. Doyle and another man were there. Mr. Shannon also came in and said he would notify Dr. Gray and Officer Hennessy. Dr. Gray arrived first and viewed the body. Then the officer arrived and went up stairs when he arrested his father.

He explained that deceased slept next to the wall in the bed and the murderer would have to strike over him to reach deceased. To Forman Allingham.—He believed that the reason why his father killed the deceased was because he was jealous of him and his mother that they were too intimate.

To Coroner.—He was led to believe this from what his father had sometimes said. His father was a laboring man. He had not been working since last Monday on account of sickness. He never had reason to think that he was dangerous to be at large, except that one night he had a bad spell while upstairs and said that he would beat the first one of them that came up. That remark was made on last Sunday. Dr. Grey was called to him at that time and has been attending him since.

To a juror.—He did not believe his mother had any regard for this man, more than as a friend. The deceased had been boarding at the house then about three months.

Dr. James Grey, said that he was notified at an early hour this morning. At about six o'clock he arrived and examined the deceased. He had a bruise on his left cheek and a cut under the left eye as though made by some blunt instrument and also a cut over the eye and another in the temple. He was bleeding profusely from the nose. The injuries were sufficient to cause death. He was alive when he first saw him and was able to speak quite distinctly. He said that Crawford did the deed wilfully.

To the foremen of the jury.—He had strong reason to doubt the prisoner's insanity. He had been called to visit him three times. The first time was some months ago. He was then trying to run up the walls, they said, but when he arrived he seemed rational. On Friday one week ago he was again called to the house and Crawford was standing at the head of the stairs with a big club threatening them all. Witness carried a revolver with him nights and on taking this out the prisoner gave up his club and became tractable and rational.

From conversation he had with others of the family, however, he thought that perhaps he might have been shamming. He could not assert whether he was insane or shamming insanity. He had known the prisoner since he was a boy and he was always of a quiet disposition. He did not know that he took any intoxicating liquors. He never spoke of witness of being jealous of his wife. He did not think he had any chronic complaint.

Dr. Doherty said that he was called to the house at about seven o'clock this morning. He came out on the road, was told that the man was dead, on arriving he entered the bedroom but saw that the man was dead. His head was bandaged but he made no examination as to cause of death.

The Coroner here asked the witness to make an examination to see if the wounds were of a mortal nature or were only bruises. After having made this examination he said that there were three wounds at the outer corner of the left eye. There is a fracture of the upper jaw bone. In probing one of the wounds he discovered that it was an inch and a quarter deep. He believed that from the three wounds as they presented themselves to him they were inflicted by three blows. The injuries are of such a nature that they could have produced death.

To the foreman of the jury: The wounds could be caused by the corner of the blunt end of an axe.

Thomas Doyle. Said that at half past four this morning he heard cries of murder outside his house which is near the one where the

murder was committed. He partly dressed and came down to the house. He did not go in, as he was told that the man was dead but returned home,

Robert Creely. said that he had known the deceased four months. This morning the prisoner's son came after him and told him of the crime. He had just gotten up and he came at once to the house. He went into the bedroom and the murdered man spoke to him. He wanted to know what was wrong. Witness told him he had been struck and he said it was to be had. He remained with him until he died, about an hour. He did not suffer much agony. He told witness he was going to die, that he could not breathe easy.

To a Juror.—He always believed the two men to be on good terms. He did not know of any reason for the murder. Sarah Crawford. Said that Branton had been boarding there about three months. Her mother called her about four or half past this morning to go to her work up at Fairville. She went to sleep again and awoke hearing her brother calling murder. She went down stairs and saw Branton lying in bed bleeding badly. Her father was walking up and down in the kitchen and she asked him how he could have the heart to kill him. She saw the axe lying out in front of the house and fearing that her father might kill her brother she got it and threw it upon the wood pile.

To Foreman Allingham.—She could only account for the crime by believing that her father was jealous of her mother. From remarks which he has dropped she thought that he seemed to think that the deceased and her mother were on too intimate terms. Her father had never done anything to lead her to believe that he was out of his mind. Sometimes her father and mother had trouble and the former became very angry at the latter.

William Shannon, said that he lived close by. Between five and six o'clock he was waked by cries of murder. He arose and looked out of the window. He heard some one cry "Father" and some one hollered, "you've murdered him." He put on his clothes and came down to the house. He met Hartley in the door and he asked witness to go up after officer Hennessy and Dr. Grey. He said that his father had killed John Branton. He notified them and returned. He was not dead then and was not when he went to his work at seven. He spoke to the deceased but the latter made no answer. He was unable to do so.

Ardelia Crawford, wife of the prisoner, was the next witness. She had gone to the house of Charles Arbo at the upper part of Fairville, where she was prostrated by the excitement due to the deed. The coroner and jurymen therefore adjourned to that place to take her evidence. She seemed almost crazed and was scarcely able to speak.

She related the circumstances of the murder. She got up early and went out for a pail of water, while out she heard Branton holler murder. She ran to the house and met Hartley who told her that father had killed poor Jack. She went into the bedroom and asked him where he was hurt. He put his hand up to his head as he was choking so that he could not speak.

To Foreman.—He did not hear her husband ever make any threats to the deceased. This concluded the taking of evidence. The coroner submitted the testimony to the jury who took only five minutes to find their verdict. They found that "John Henry Branton came to his death by the blows of an axe in the hands of one Guilford Crawford."

The murderer was committed for trial.

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A Spirit of Accommodation. A baggage smasher had dropped the trunk from the car and knocked one end of it out. "What in thunder did you let the trunk drop that way for?" exclaimed the irate owner, as he rushed to the rescue of his property. "I beg your pardon," responded the baggage smasher innocently. "I could have dropped it on the other end just as well if I had known you wanted it that way."

ROWING IN OLD TIMES.

GOOD OLD DAYS OF THE FAMOUS PARIS CREW

Of which Eliza Ross and the Late Samuel Hutton were Members—The Other Crews of these Provinces and the Regattas in Which They Took Part.

Considerable interest has been created in professional rowing circles by the statement that an English crew is anxious to come and row for the international championship. It is so long since an event of the kind took place that the time should be about ripe for a revival. The proposal comes from our Saxon cousins, but it appears their available cash is not equal to their ambition, and that the deficiency must be supplied either by their admirers at home or some enterprising backers of the sport here. The latter are invited to make an offer, and, if the terms be favorable, we may look for some sensational racing next season.

The English combination is a particularly strong one. Each member of the crew is an accomplished waterman of well established reputation. Bubar, Wingate, Haines, and Barry make up the four, as they have asserted their superiority over all rivals for the past three years. Whether any special crew would be picked to oppose them is an open question. It is more probable that open regattas would be promoted with a race for international fours the special feature. This arrangement would leave a wider margin for entries and every crew that fancied its chances might have a go.

Still another alternative is suggested by sportsmen who have been discussing the race. Their proposal is that a national regatta be first held for the purpose of discovering the really best crew in the country. The winners could then be pitted against the English visitors for the international title. There are as many professional oarsmen scattered about the country whose claims are entitled to recognition in making a choice that a trial race would really be the easiest way to solve the difficulty. The three-mile race for professionals at the Boston regatta on July 4 was won by George Hosmer, J. Gaudaur, Peter Conley and John Breen, but the beaten crews included such masters of the art as Ten Eyck and Fred Plaisted. Teemer and McKay would also have to be reckoned in trying to pick a representative four on past form. However, all these details will probably adjust themselves satisfactorily should the occasion arise.

Veteran followers of the sport still recall with enthusiasm the grand series of races which took place in the decade extending from the Paris Exposition of 1876 to the Philadelphia Centennial Regatta of 1876. A crew from St. John, N. B., took the initiative by courting international honors at the French capital. The four were G. Price, S. Hutton, E. Ross, and R. Fulton. To the surprise of European experts they elected to row without a coxswain, a method previously untried in the old world. The Canadians competed as amateurs and won two races with ease. The professional four-oar championship was taken by a crew from Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, consisting of J. Taylor, M. Scott, A. Thompson, R. Chambers, Wallend, and T. French, coxswain. The same crew also captured the English championship at the Thames National regattas of 1868 and '70.

Meanwhile another Tyne crew destined to even more fame sprung into prominence. Its members were J. Taylor, T. Winslip, J. Martin, J. Renforth, and T. Wilson, coxswain. They furnished the sensation of 1869 by defeating the crack Thames crew, J. Sadler H. Kelly, W. Messenger, G. Hammerton, and R. Hammerton, coxswain, from Putney to Mortlake. The rivals rowed a return race on the Tyne two weeks later. Kelly this time stroking the London four. The result was an other decisive victory for the Tyne fours, who soon after aspired to wider fame and decided to seek it on this side of the Atlantic.

The invading party included two fours between which no love appears to have been lost. The first international race took place at Lachine, Canada, in 1870. J. Taylor, T. Winslip, J. Martin, and J. Renforth represented England, while the natives pinned their faith to the St. John four, which had come to be known as the "Paris crew" since its success in France. Its members were G. Price, S. Hutton, E. Ross, and R. Fulton. The course was six miles with a turn, and the Englishmen won somewhat easily in 40 minutes 59 seconds. Although the sliding seat had not then been adopted by either four, it was noticed that Renforth's men slid back and forth on the fixed seats whenever a spurt was called for. How the slide came into general use will appear later.

The year 1871 was memorable among professional oarsmen. An international race was arranged for Aug. 23 between the Renforth and Paris fours. The event took place over a six-mile course with turn on the Kennebecasis River, near St. John, N. B. The St. John crew was made up as before, but the English combination had undergone a change, the thwarts being occupied by J. Percy, R. Chambers of Wallend, H. Kelley and J. Renforth. The stake at issue was \$5,000, each crew putting up half. The

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Tysenders led for a quarter of a mile when it became evident that something ailed Renforth. He swayed from side to side, and was apparently in great distress. He struggled on a little further but the effort was his last. The oar of the great stroke dropped from his grasp and he fell back into the arms of Kelley. The other two rowed the boat ashore as fast as they could ply the oars, but poor Renforth was beyond all help and he died within an hour. The Paris crew finished alone in 36 minutes 20 seconds.

The international regatta at Halifax N.S., which took place on Aug. 31 and Sept. 1, was robbed of its most interesting feature by the withdrawal of the Paris four. They were entered; but refused to compete against the two English crews. The acceptance, however, was a good one, six representative crews electing to start for the substantial purse of \$3,000. The death of Renforth so soon after this race gave the crew little time or effective reorganization. Chambers was removed down to stroke, and his place at No. 2 was taken by John Bright. The course was 6 miles 1,408 yards, with return. After an exciting race first honors were secured by the second English four in 44 minutes 28 seconds. The Pryor crew of Halifax finished second, the United States crew third, the Chambers crew fourth, the Bartow crew of Tangier, N.S., fifth, while the Roche crew of Halifax was beaten off.

A big surprise awaited the Britishers at Saratoga, where the next regatta took place on Sept. 11. The chief feature of the programme was an international race for honors. John Morrissey donated the prizes on a lavish scale, offering \$2,000 for first, \$1,250 for second, and \$750 for third. The course selected was four miles with a turn. Beside the two English crews and the Biglin-Coulter four, which had already met at Halifax, the entries included the Poughkeepsie, N. Y. crew; the McKee Barge Club crew of Pittsburgh, Pa., and the Ward brothers crew of Cornwall, N. Y.

The last named combination rowed a great race and won cleverly in 24 minutes 40 seconds, with the Chambers-Kelly crew second. The Biglin-Coulter crew was placed third, but that position was claimed by the Taylor-Winslip four. To prevent any controversy Mr. Morrissey gave the Englishmen \$750, the equivalent of the third purse. The Poughkeepsie four crossed the line fifth and the Pittsburgh crew last. The second, third, and fourth crews were made up as at Halifax. The winning combination consisted of Ellis Ward, bow; Gil Ward 2; Joshua Ward, 3; and Henry Ward, stroke.

J. H. Sadler of England, a member of the Taylor-Winslip four, won the single sculls, both at Halifax and Saratoga, his purses aggregating \$1,500. Harry Kelly of the Chambers crew also took a turn at sculling: He had to rest content with the barren honors of third position at Halifax, the second purse going to George Brown, the local sculler. Kelly fared somewhat better at Saratoga where he rowed second to Sadler and earned a purse of \$500.

The two English crews returned home after Saratoga and the rivalry engendered between them soon culminated in a challenge. It emanated from the Taylor Winslip party, and was promptly accepted by the Chambers four. The challengers were generally thought to be the inferior crew, but they had picked up a few ideas in this country which were destined to revolutionize practical rowing. It appears that the practical Taylor had noticed some peculiar contrivances in the Biglin-Coulter boat which seemed to lighten the labor considerably. A closer inspection showed the craft was fitted with sliding seats, and a duplicate set was quietly introduced into the Taylor-Winslip boat. The crew kept the secret well, and managed their training spins so adroitly that their rivals were quite unprepared for any unusual development until the time of the actual race. The great talk, over the Tyne course, for Nov. 22, 1871, over the Tyne course, for 2400 and the championship. Brimful of confidence, the Chambers crew tired to slip their opponents, but the American slides more than evened matters and the Taylor four hung on. The Chambers men resorted to their old-fashioned method of sliding on their fixed seats, but could not sustain the effort for any length of time owing to the exhausting strain on the lower limbs. They fought for their departing laurels gallantly, but

the Taylor-Winslip crew held them safe and won in decisive style.

The secret of such a remarkable reversal of form leaked out during the winter, and the enterprising London Rowing Club lost no time in securing a set of sliding seats. They had mastered them pretty well when the Atlanta crew went over from here for the international match on the Thames course June 10, 1872. The New York boys had not investigated the Biglin-Coulter seats as carefully as the keen-eyed watermen from the Tyne had done, and they turned up for their race against the Londoners in a boat with fixed seats. The L. R. C. crew secured a rather easy victory covering the 4 1/2 mile straightaway course in 21 minutes 16 seconds. The winners came forward afterward as such eloquent advocates of the slide that it was soon universally adopted.

The professional four-oared racing in connection with the Philadelphia centennial, September, 1876, was of a rather unsatisfactory character. In the first heat of the international race the Thames, England, crew, W. Spencer, H. Thomas, John Higgins, and T. Green, beat the New York crew by 15 seconds, covering the three miles with a turn, in 18 minutes 2 1/2 seconds. The New York four led almost to the turn, and set such a pace that the half time was 8 minutes 22 seconds. In the second heat the famous old Paris crew from St. John, N. B., met a more modern combination from Halifax, N. S. The old-timers rowed with stationary seats and a quick jerky stroke, but their rivals were getting more out of their improved slides and modern stroke. Long before the turning stakes were reached it became painfully evident that the Paris crew was outclassed and the Halifax crew had only to paddle home in 17 minutes 58 seconds.

A hotly contested race was looked for when London met Halifax in the final tie after two days' rest. The Britishers caught the signal with surprising quickness and got in almost a full stroke before their rivals got in motion. For a quarter mile the Englishmen continued to show the way, rowing a dashing stroke of forty-eight a minute. The Halifax four were satisfied with a slower stroke, but they made up the deficiency in the power and after a stern chase of half a mile they gradually closed with their opponents. The two crews turned almost simultaneously, but the Englishmen got into swing faster for the return journey and drew away. The Nova Scotia were still full of racing and determination. They went to work doggedly to close the gap, but steered diagonally during the excitement and there was a tangle of oars as they drew level with the other. The Englishmen claimed a foul and then resumed rowing as fast as they could get their boat to rights. Meanwhile the Halifax men were going for all they were worth down the course. The Britishers spurred, and half way to the finish the crews were level for the third time during the race. Halifax then drew away once more and the English crew eased up. The Halifax four covered the course in 19 minutes, 5 seconds. The Thames men paddled in leisurely and then claimed the race on a foul. The Halifax men insisted they were in their own course when the collision occurred. The umpire decided in favor of the Thames crew and awarded the race to them. The ruling provoked a lot of adverse criticism and boisterous kicking, but impartial critics sustained the umpire and conceded that the official ruling was strictly in accordance with the facts.

H. Thomas and Tom Green of the English four had previously qualified for the final heat of the pair-oared race. Faulkner and Regan of Boston also qualified and when the pinch came an hour and a half after the four-oared struggle the beanearers had little difficulty in rowing their tired opponents to a standstill. The Thames pair struggled on pluckily for a mile, but then dropped to a paddle, leaving the Boston men to take the honors in leisurely fashion. The winners covered the course in 31 minutes 20 seconds.

How the Judge Managed. A United States judge was called once to hold an inquest over a man found dead. Among the effects of the deceased was \$53 and a six shooter. As funerals were cheap at Langtry in those days and there was more than enough money on the body to bury it, the question of what disposition to make of the funds was soon solved by the justice fining the deceased for carrying concealed weapons the sum remaining after the interment had been paid for.

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THEIR LOVE'S DEBUT.

They were having their coffee after a rather elaborate dinner—Quavers and Oliver.

Quavers, the composer, was the fashion. His host, St. John Oliver, known to his friends and acquaintances as Coaly, only three and twenty, was the son and heir of the great coal mine proprietor, Matthew Oliver.

"Well, Oliver, what do you want to get out of me? Out with it. Come to the point at once. Your inner voice is good dinner."

"Oh, hang it, Quavers, you know—" "Don't rest about the bush, my boy. Diplomacy is wasted on a chap like me. You want something, of course. I hope you haven't been writing a sentimental song and are wanting me to set it?"

"Oh, it is not so bad as that," replied the young fellow with a blush, "though it is a sentimental matter. It is about some one I take an interest in. I want to speak to you about Lelagie Broughton."

"Oh, little Lally Broughton. What has she done? Been making an ass of yourself and want your letters back, eh?" "It isn't exactly that," replied young Oliver.

"Quavers," cried the young man excitedly, "I want you to introduce me to her. I—I—hang it, man, I worship the very ground she walks on, and I've sent bouquets and floral banjos, and I have sat in the same seat with her through the long run of that comic opera of yours, and every night I've tossed a floral tribute of some sort at her feet. And every night, Quavers, she has bowed and smiled at me—until last week, and then I was as good as put a ring and note among the flowers, and the next day I got 'em back in a registered letter, and now she just pushes my flowers aside with her foot."

"You dear boy, you've evidently got it very badly, and I'll oblige you, though it isn't the sort of thing I'd do for everybody, but because you're not a bad sort of chap, and you mean honestly. You do mean honestly, eh?"

"The young fellow took Mr. Quavers' outstretched hand. "I'm sorry for you," said the composer kindly. "You'll have to wait a fortnight, and then the run of 'The Little Siren' will be over, and the next day I'm going for a little tour, and I'll introduce you to Lally Broughton in the morning. Is that good enough?"

"Quavers, you're a brick!" cried the young man excitedly. "It's the devotion of a lifetime, etc. I'll take a whisky and soda instead, and then I'll spin you a little yarn."

It is just three years ago (began the composer) that I made Lally Broughton's acquaintance under very peculiar circumstances. My first comic opera had been accepted, the final rehearsal was on—

We began at 9.30 a. m., not done—not really done—till 10 o'clock that night, and we went through everything, and a precious anxious time it was, I can tell you.

And everybody was down upon me, and the stage manager was down on everybody, and the ballet master had lost his head. The chorus master was like a raving lunatic. And the prima donna's understudy had just sent in a medical certificate—not that I cared very much about that, for Miss Dulcet, our sheet anchor, was in splendid voice.

Just then a very curious incident happened. A little, pale, blue-eyed chorus girl suddenly fell down in a heap at my feet. Wackles and I picked her up and popped her into a property chair. The girl had fainted.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said Wackles, kindly enough, when she came to herself. "Oh, Mr. Wackles!" said the girl—for she is out a girl—I didn't mean to. I really didn't. Please don't say anything about it."

"It ain't a time for fainting, Miss Broughton," said Wackles, beating on his chest in a low comedy manner. "Look at me. I don't faint. When a professional lady goes to faint, she should faint out of business hours."

"Please don't, Mr. Wackles," said the girl, with a little sob. "And, oh, Mr. Wackles," she added—and there was an awful look about her eyes—"is that a real loss, sir?" she said, gazing hungrily at one of those long French leaves of bread which Mr. Wackles was carrying over his shoulder, as though it had been a battleaxe.

"Of course it's real," said Wackles. "Oh, please," said the girl, "would you give me a slice of it, sir. I haven't got a penny in my pocket, and I haven't tasted anything since this morning. These nine weeks' rehearsal, sir, don't bring any salary, and mother and I are very poor."

At that moment I was sent for from the manager's room. Sparklebury was there. So was Mr. Mephibosheth, who represented the syndicate that was running our piece. "Miss Dulcet has thrown up her part and has left the theatre, Quavers," cried the manager.

gee, a well cut coat of serge or pilot cloth bristling with bronze buttons, loose flannel continuations, and white shoes. No man has ever so much a sea dog as the yachting type looks.

The older sailing men, those to the manner born—"Swagger Squadron men" who can fly the white ensign, are dressed in long, lean frock coats, loose trousers turned up, pointed boots, immaculate collars and gloves, hats—the aim of the man who has lived is to look as much like a stockbroker as possible. Of course, down at the Castle or on Ryde Pier they will blossom into a seasonable crop of buttons and burses, and display remarkable activity in dodging that tyrant of the deep—the sailing master—if the water looks a bit choppy.

Two people attracted a lot of attention by their palpable efforts at concealment. He, although the day was so hot, was enveloped in a long cloak with a collar reaching past his ears, and his cotton-white hair and his mustache showed up occasionally in strong contrast to the deep brown of his face as he turned to watch the porters attacking a huge mound of his belongings.

Each box and bag was blazoned with an imperial coronet over a monogram, and men told one another guardedly and under promises of profound secrecy "that was Prince Paul Demoff, the owner of the new 100 rater now lying off Southampton."

She, the lady, was tall and gracefully girl-like, a neat, satiny blue serge Bedford frock, a sunburnt straw hat with a dark blue ribbon, tiny tanned boots, a white shirt with a turn-down collar and flowing tie completed her costume, saving a thick blue gossamer veil that completely hid her face; and, but for the whiteness and purity of her neck, it would have seemed she suffered from some facial disfigurement—it was evidently a desire not to be recognized that led to the adoption of the yashmak.

She was evidently expecting or avoiding some friends. Her head moved with a bird-like quickness as she scanned each new arrival on the platform, and her slender hand, white and jewelled, twitched nervously round the handle of the Morocco monogrammed case she carried.

The trouble of each seemed to communicate itself to the other, and they dived unconsciously nearer. Her anxiety was self-evident, and many a stalwart breaker of hearts on the platform would have gladly offered his service: but they were "English, you know," and insular reserve keeping them back, it was left to the princess to rush to the rescue. "Rush!" is the wrong word; he knew the world too well. Catching her eye from a distance, he walked towards her with the easy, firm self-assurance that women like. She saw he was coming to her, and waited calmly—perhaps she breathed more quickly.

He raised his hat, and with a courtly bow said, in perfect English, with the accent of an accent, "Pardon me, you are distressed. Have you missed your maid? Can I be of any service to you?"

Now his hat was off, he appeared a prematurely white-haired man of forty-five or fifty with a firm face and voice—a man evidently used to command.

"Thank you very much," came in a soft, sibilant voice from beneath the thick gossamer. "I have not only lost my maid, but my portmanteau. I am afraid it is under that pile of luggage, and, with a little shrug, "I am afraid that pile of luggage is yours!"

"That is mine, madame; I will get your bag at once. May I ask where you are going?" To Southampton, and it is of the highest importance you should not miss this train. Pardon, do not trouble, I will see that all is arranged."

A few words to the guard, a rapid passage of backbeats, and the missing bag, with a dainty monogram and a small crest, was placed carefully on the rank of the first-class carriage by which the veiled lady was standing. With the coolness that seemed part of his nature, the Russian indicated to a porter a small hamper and had it placed in the same compartment. There must have been some collision and a lavish tip, for though the train was crowded, the guard, after the imperceptible manner of which he kept that carriage empty until the train started, and they found themselves securely locked in.

"No, madame did not object to smoking. She even occasionally indulged in a mild cigarette. She liked those tipped with real rose petals, they were so soft to the lips. No, madame would not have one now. Pshaw! she was so hot; she must take her veil off."

A sudden start ran through her slender frame. She paused and asked quickly, "Do you know when the next train leaves Waterloo for Southampton?"

"He was desolated. Of course she missed her maid; but he was afraid not for some hours. Madame is glad? Madame is afraid of being followed?"

"Yes, madame is glad; she does not wish to be taken back and forced into a hateful marriage," blushing prettily.

The old, old story—stern father, elderly lover, tilted, rich, but horrid; no mother, no sister, no brother. She was flying from bondage to her aunt, Lady Azure-gore, in Guernsey.

"Yes, she was Lady Constance Azure-gore. Had he really met her at the Duchess of Arlington's dance? She thought she knew his face. That was why she had trusted him so implicitly on the platform of course. But if she was veiled, why was she so shrouded in a big cloak? Come now, anxiously, "Is lady an elopement?"

"No! no! and again no! Nothing so joyous. He was Prince Paul Demoff, and had fallen between two stools. Had incurred the enmity of the Imperial Court through coquetting with the Nihilists. That meant the Alexiessky Ravelin or the fortress of Peter and Paul in St. Petersburg; and, on the other hand, finding the 'party of progress' going too far, he was threatened with death for deserting the red flag."

He divined her thoughts. "Stay on board my yacht and board the boat at midnight? Yes, your ladyship, yes—in all and with a sob almost hysterical she placed her tiny gloves in them as the train stopped. They left the station by a side door un-noticed, and walking down the broad gravelled road with the soft sward and the old-time cannon, passed the crumbling walls and round the boat moored by six bronze typical yachters, the skipper, a fine looking old man, sitting motionless in the stern sheets holding the yoke lines.

"Do you know a respectable woman who can look after this lady until the mail boat starts?" asked the prince, as he handed her carefully on board, and passed her portmanteau. She carried the Morocco case herself.

"Well, surr. I've took the liberty of invitin' my old woman on board to-day. She's been a stewardess, surr."

"Captain, captain. Now lads, give way."

The boat soon shot alongside a beautiful schooner yacht. The crew manned the gang-way as the Prince and Lady Constance came on board, and a motherly, sun-burnt woman coursed her through an exquisitely furnished saloon cabin into a bijou boudoir with a lace curtained bunk and a host of feminine fripperies.

"I may sail tonight. Is all ready? Right. Take the boat and go ashore, bring off my luggage and anything we may want for the night, and I'll be ready to go, keep the men at a distance, but you must find out if there is any hue and cry about a lady eloping."

Captain Johnson, an old merchant captain, slowly winked and looked very knowing. "H'm!" he said to himself. "I don't like this. That's the sort of owner I like to sail with. Let's see, boys kickin' about this voyage, I say."

In about an hour he returned, and, doffing his peaked cap, said, mysteriously, "I spoke to my cousin the policeman, and he says there's a lot of Cockney detectives down at the ship's side, but you must say packet for some young 'ooman'."

Her ladyship had washed all travel stains away and changed her frock. She looked like a fresh rosebud, but her face grew deathly pale, her eyes dilated, and the nerve lines deepened into marks of agonizing pain.

He thought she was going to faint, and made as though to catch her. With a supreme effort she regained her self-possession, and said, in a hoarse whisper: "Oh, save me! Take me to Guernsey on your yacht, or I will jump overboard!"

He turned on his heel, and, with a spring and went up the companion way to the cabin. "Johnson, your wife doesn't mind a trip to sea?"

"Lor' bless yer royal 'ighness, she's dyin' for a sniff of the ocean."

"Ay, ay, sir," he answered on deck. Tumble up my hearties!"

Her face flushed deeply when she heard the clank of the chain pump and the flapping of the foresail, and she thanked him with both hands and a sweet smile.

Under a soft westerly breeze the yacht sped along merrily, throwing the foam in long, beautiful, feather-like curves from her clipper stern.

The lady stood leaning dreamily against the side ropes, and the prince, an experienced sailor evidently, took the tiller, and threaded the way carefully through the crowd of craft. For a time neither spoke, then, abruptly giving the management to the appreciative circuit skipper he beckoned her into the cabin.

"I will land you at Guernsey to-morrow morning," he said; but I have been deputed to take you to the island of St. Michael's. I have robbed him of a million roubles, and am now going to the Argentine in his yacht," and he stood up rigidly and faced her.

She smiled, and said, calmly, "Very good, take me with you. I am not Lady Constance Azure-gore, am I, but I have got her jewel case."

ON THE STAGE AND OFF. It was a "first night," and the curtain was about rise upon the third act. At the end of the second act the situation was this: The hero of the play had been accused of a great crime. The officers were close upon his track, and disgrace, ruin and imprisonment were hand in hand with them. At this point he was alone with the woman he loved. He had told her of all the evils that compassed him and in the same instant had told her of his love. Would she risk all for him, fly with him, give up all else for love of him, or would she choose safety, comfort, an honorable name and home—all of which awaited her acceptance at the hands of another? The curtain had fallen upon the lover appealing, the woman debating. The house remained silent, hushed, almost like a house of death.

"I hope so," Miss Wheelright replied, her tone gentle and sympathetic. "but shall not call it 'being a fool.' Unless she can give up much for him she does not truly love him."

"Even if he is the criminal?" "That does not alter the fact." After this they were silent for a little. At last he spoke again.

"If you were put to such a test, Eleanor, for the man you loved?" "If I loved him, I think I should be capable of it."

Osborne's face grew a shade more pale as he asked the next question: "Have you seen this evening's papers?" "Yes."

"Then you know our bank is in trouble?" "Yes; I read all the account." "But that did not tell you all. It did not tell you that I am suspected of embezzling the funds."

She sat very still and waited for him to go on. "I ought not to have brought you out to-night. But I could not resist the temptation of spending one more delightful evening with you. I knew there would be no public accusation until to-morrow. I could not deny myself these few hours."

He spoke very low, so that his words came to her ear in a mere whisper. "You know that I love you; that I hoped to make you my wife. I ought to have been strong enough not to tell you this now. I ought to have waited. But I could not."

Miss Wheelright made no answer, but she put her hand to her forehead and touched the sleeve of his coat. It gave him courage.

"By morning I may be arrested," he said, "imprisoned. The amount of the defalcation is very great. If I start soon—at once—I may be in Canada by morning and at least safe from arrest. A train leaves in an hour."

Miss Wheelright's agitation had been shown only by the nervous plucking at her gloves. One of these had been drawn half off. She began now to draw it on again. She held the hand out to him that he might notice it. Then she drew her wrist about her neck. "Come," she said, "we shall have no time to lose. Let us go at once."

"Eleanor, think? Home?" he asked, not understanding her. "No; where you said. There is time." She had risen to her feet. Osborne rose also and put on a restraining hand.

"Eleanor, think! You may repent," he said, but even as he spoke he began to move with her toward the exit. As they did this the curtain came up on the third act of the play, and almost involuntarily they gazed on to see the conclusion of the story which had so much like their own.

The officers had just appeared, armed with the warrant for his arrest, and the lover had turned to confront them. The heroine interposed between him and them, and one of the officers spoke to her: "Do not make your task any harder, my girl. We have come in time to save you from wasting yourself on this scoundrel. He has stolen the money of widows and orphans who have trusted him, and with this had thought to pave a golden road to comfort and luxury and indulgence—with you. Do not deny his crime."

Do not believe that his heart can be good or his love pure when he has so wronged others."

The girl sank down, sobbing and covering her face with her hands after one long searching look upon her lover. At this he came toward her appealingly. "No, no!" she cried, waving him away. "Go! I don't love you. I was about to yield all for you. It was madness, for you are not worthy of it. It is past now!"

The man would not deny his crime. He has stolen the money of widows and orphans, and with this had thought to pave a golden road to indulgence with you," Eleanor Wheelright had looked upon Osborne's face and read the truth there.

And when the girl cried out: "It was madness!" Osborne had looked upon her face and had seen that her own madness was also past.

Seeing this, he put out his arm to her calmly. "Shall I take you to your carriage?" he asked.

She bowed, and they went out together. A moment later Osborne shut the carriage door between them and went alone upon the road, a fugitive—the road that he had carefully paved with stolen gold.



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MARRIED.

- Amberst, Sept. 22, by Rev. R. Williams, Otto Reed to Mary R. Crane. Stanley, Sept. 24, by Rev. A. H. Murray, Harry Wilby to Mary Owens. Blissfield, Sept. 24, by Rev. P. King, Dana Weaver to Catherine Simmons. Fenfield, Sept. 25, by Rev. R. A. Smith, Knox Justice to Mary Fayer. St. John, Oct. 1, by Rev. Job Shenton, Willard L. Land to Kate Dougherty. Kentville, Sept. 19, by Rev. P. M. Holden, Arthur Ward to Maggie Nowlin. Halifax, Sept. 25, by Rev. Dr. Foley, Richard J. Saxton to Mary Dunlop. Moncton, Sept. 25, by Rev. John Read, Thomas A. Treen to Ella M. Sefton. New Annan, Sept. 25, by Rev. H. C. Quinn, Charles S. McLennan to Ada Bell. Yarmouth, Sept. 19, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, Arthur W. Miller to Nettie Moore. Woodstock, Sept. 12, by Rev. F. Connor, Frederick Adams to Laura Longstaff. Amberst, Sept. 25, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Marvin S. Bent to Sarah D. Cousins. St. John, Sept. 25, by Rev. W. J. Halse, Fred Mason to Julia A. Kimball. Northville, N. S., Sept. 25, by Rev. E. C. Baker, Arthur Harris to Eva Reid. Oak Hill, Sept. 13, by Rev. A. C. Bell, Frank Chisholm to Edith Cumberland. Yarmouth, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. H. Fosdy, Alden C. Fatten to Cora A. Rozee. Fredericton, Sept. 25, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, William Gilbert to Mary Crowe. Truro, Sept. 25, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, W. H. Bell to Margaret E. Blanchard. Halifax, Sept. 25, by Rev. A. C. Borden, Harold W. Campbello to Annie T. Henrich. Truro, Sept. 24, by Rev. Mr. Gregory, James A. Leamas to Jessie A. Field. Westville, Sept. 22, by Rev. T. Cumming, John McNeill to Christy Findason. Halifax, Sept. 25, by Rev. Dr. Smith, William J. Dudgeon to Annie McPherson. Amberst, Sept. 24, by Rev. D. A. Steele, W. W. Chapman to Julia Fitzgerald. Halifax, Sept. 25, by Rev. G. Murphy, Reuben McCullough to Annie T. Henrich. Amberst, Sept. 25, by Rev. D. McGrover, William W. Wickwire to Susie E. Cox. New Glasgow, Sept. 22, by Rev. A. Bowman, John D. Reid to Marie J. Mitchell. Maitland, Sept. 25, by Rev. T. Chambers, James W. Wickwire to Susie E. Cox. Marysville, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. Parkinson, Addington Robertson to Ella Fullerton. Truro, Sept. 27, by Rev. Thomas Cumming, Herbert Layton to Rebecca Mosher. St. Stephen, Sept. 23, by Rev. O. S. Newham, William S. Seelye to Annie Fox. Botaford, Sept. 25, by Rev. Joseph H. Brownell, Joseph J. Allen to Mary Ann. Apohaqui, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. Wesley Clarke, G. Glover Fairbank to Lillian E. Fenwick. Lower Hainesville, Sept. 25, by Rev. Mr. Wall, John Noble to Rebecca Brewer. Marysville, Sept. 25, by Rev. W. W. Lodge, Claude S. Clary to Margaret Sherman. Parker's Cove, Sept. 19, by Rev. H. Achilles, Elizabeth Early to Annie Baxter. Tanamassob, Sept. 25, by Rev. Dr. Sedgewick, John Aitchison to Celia Langille. Moncton, Sept. 25, by Rev. E. B. Hooper, Burnett C. Bell to Maggie A. Crowhurst. St. John, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. H. Bell, Thomas C. McCallum to Annie J. Johnston. Midland, Sept. 25, by Rev. David Long, Alexander McKinnon to Agnes L. Burnett. Grand Manan, Sept. 19, by Rev. V. S. Covert, Samuel Bell to Sadie M. Irvine. Fredericton, Sept. 19, by Rev. Dr. McLeod, Frederick E. Caspary to Mary E. Sewell. Halifax, Sept. 24, by Rev. A. C. Borden, James R. Suberland to Mary L. Brookfield. Annapolis, Sept. 25, by Rev. H. How, Henry P. Goldsmith to Lucretia A. Buckler. Dartmouth, Sept. 25, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, Regina Thwaites to Minnie Gray. Upper Shefford, Sept. 25, by Rev. A. D. McNulty, R. W. Gilbert to Minnie E. Venning. Beaver Harbor, Sept. 25, by Rev. Mr. Beatty, Charles E. Reynolds to Amy L. Perry. Port Medway, Sept. 24, by Rev. C. B. Freeman, Rev. D. E. Hast to Annie M. Clements. St. Stephen, Sept. 21, by Rev. O. S. Newham, William J. Scott to Dora M. Thompson. Broad Cove, Sept. 19, by Rev. Charles P. Mellor, Rev. D. E. Hast to Lucretia A. Corro. St. John, Sept. 25, by Rev. Father Donohue, Thomas McCarthy to Elizabeth O'Leary. Campbellton, Sept. 24, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Alexander I. McDonald to Elizabeth B. Bastin. Bridgeville, N. S., Sept. 1, by Rev. James Sinclair, Henry Edward Fraser to Jessie E. Fraser. Lower Southampton, Sept. 12, by Rev. G. B. Traflet, John R. McDonald to Armina Stairs. McLellan's Brook, N. S., Sept. 25, by Rev. W. Stewart, John D. McInnis to Tena Fraser. Midland, N. S., Sept. 27, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, William B. Ainslie to Minnie May Cochran. McLellan's Brook, Sept. 25, by Rev. W. Stewart, Alexander McPherson to Cassie McDevine. Westchester, N. S., Sept. 25, by Rev. T. D. Layton, James Clifford Morrell to Letitia J. Rushton. Stellarton, N. S., Sept. 25, by Rev. Edwin H. Burgess, George Campbell to Catherine A. Fraser. Centreville, Sept. 25, by Rev. E. C. Baker, assisted by Rev. H. G. Loudon, James P. McLennan to Bessie Cochran.

BORN.

- Sussex, Sept. 22, to the wife of R. Howes, a son. Lunenburg, Sept. 24, to the wife of John Hebb, a son. Halifax, Sept. 20, to the wife of W. R. Racey, a son. Oxford, Sept. 22, to the wife of Frank E. Copp, a son. Halifax, Sept. 25, to the wife of James Roberts, a son. Moncton, Sept. 25, to the wife of S. B. LeBlanc, a son. Hantsport, Sept. 21, to the wife of A. W. Pattison, a son. Ohio, N. S., Sept. 22, to the wife of F. D. Crosby, a son. St. John, Sept. 27, to the wife of Dr. E. J. Meyer, a son. Moncton, Sept. 21, to the wife of George C. Palmer, a son. Lunenburg, Sept. 24, to the wife of William Bailley, a son. Halifax, Sept. 22, to the wife of S. E. Martell, a daughter. Kentville, Sept. 20, to the wife of John Keylor, a daughter. Brookfield, Sept. 19, to the wife of L. A. Crocker, a daughter. Folly River, Sept. 15, to the wife of Fleming Corbett, a son. Amberst, Sept. 24, to the wife of John McKenna, a daughter. Lunenburg, Sept. 24, to the wife of Vincent F. Farrell, a daughter. Lunenburg, Sept. 24, to the wife of Edward Bailley, a daughter. Amberst, Sept. 25, to the wife of William Dobson, a daughter. Moore's Mills, Sept. 20, to the wife of Frank S. Clark, a son. Halifax, Sept. 25, to the wife of Charles E. Wainwright, a daughter. North Sydney, C. B., Sept. 23, to the wife of Frances Guitro, a son. Harmony, N. S., Sept. 16, to the wife of Theophilus Cushing, a son. Johnston, Sept. 25, to the wife of Richard Heppelington, a son. Lawrencetown, Sept. 19, to the wife of William Connor, a son. Woodstock, Sept. 18, to the wife of Frederick Cook, a daughter. Woodstock, Sept. 17, to the wife of Dr. T. F. Sprague, a daughter. Margaree, C. B., Sept. 25, to the wife of Dr. A. G. Carmichael, a daughter. Upper Musquodoboit, N. S., Sept. 25, to the wife of David Watson, a son. New Glasgow, Sept. 25, to the wife of J. Fred Campbell, a daughter. St. Croix, N. S., Sept. 17, to the wife of Melbourne Crook, a daughter. St. Croix, N. S., Sept. 21, to the wife of Captain Eber Brinton, a daughter.

DIED.

- Truro, Sept. 25, Rosie Boomer, 21. St. John, Oct. 2, Michael Rock, 60. Halifax, Sept. 29, James Britton, 87. Truro, Sept. 25, Samuel McCall, 71. Halifax, Sept. 25, Michael Carroll, 61. Halifax, Sept. 29, John Thompson, 61. St. John, Oct. 1, Timothy Crowley, 42. St. John, Sept. 25, Ann Patterson, 63. Halifax, Sept. 22, Albert Benjamin, 46. Gibson, Sept. 25, Sylvanus Rideau, 75. Chatham, Sept. 21, Mrs. Mary Jones, 73. St. John, Sept. 30, Joseph A. Steeves, 60. Sea Dog Cove, N. B., Sept. 28, Martha Kirk. Fredericton, Sept. 27, Mrs. Spencer Inch, 46. Fredericton, Sept. 26, Hannah M. Blalock, 82. Windsor, Sept. 27, Jane, wife of James Harris, 60. Windsor, Sept. 27, Jane, wife of James Harris, 60. Apohaqui, Sept. 24, of paralysis, Lizzie H. Lodge. Fredericton, Sept. 26, Mrs. Harvey Strickland, 42. Clifton, Sept. 21, Bedford, son of Richard Peters, 28. Clifton, Sept. 21, Bedford, son of Richard Peters, 28. St. Martins Road, Sept. 25, Annie B. Baxter, 16. Ashburn, Oct. 2, Isabella, wife of Robert McLean, 86. St. John, Oct. 2, George, son of James L. McLarn, 18. Moncton, Oct. 1, Jeanne, daughter of O. S. Legere, 17. Halifax, Sept. 30, Harriet, wife of John Lowler, 86. Lower Village, N. S., Sept. 30, David J. Kaulback, 62.

MARRIED.

- Amberst, Sept. 22, by Rev. R. Williams, Otto Reed to Mary R. Crane. Stanley, Sept. 24, by Rev. A. H. Murray, Harry Wilby to Mary Owens. Blissfield, Sept. 24, by Rev. P. King, Dana Weaver to Catherine Simmons. Fenfield, Sept. 25, by Rev. R. A. Smith, Knox Justice to Mary Fayer. St. John, Oct. 1, by Rev. Job Shenton, Willard L. Land to Kate Dougherty. Kentville, Sept. 19, by Rev. P. M. Holden, Arthur Ward to Maggie Nowlin. Halifax, Sept. 25, by Rev. Dr. Foley, Richard J. Saxton to Mary Dunlop. Moncton, Sept. 25, by Rev. John Read, Thomas A. Treen to Ella M. Sefton. New Annan, Sept. 25, by Rev. H. C. Quinn, Charles S. McLennan to Ada Bell. Yarmouth, Sept. 19, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, Arthur W. Miller to Nettie Moore. Woodstock, Sept. 12, by Rev. F. Connor, Frederick Adams to Laura Longstaff. Amberst, Sept. 25, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Marvin S. Bent to Sarah D. Cousins. St. John, Sept. 25, by Rev. W. J. Halse, Fred Mason to Julia A. Kimball. Northville, N. S., Sept. 25, by Rev. E. C. Baker, Arthur Harris to Eva Reid. Oak Hill, Sept. 13, by Rev. A. C. Bell, Frank Chisholm to Edith Cumberland. Yarmouth, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. H. Fosdy, Alden C. Fatten to Cora A. Rozee. Fredericton, Sept. 25, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, William Gilbert to Mary Crowe. Truro, Sept. 25, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, W. H. Bell to Margaret E. Blanchard. Halifax, Sept. 25, by Rev. A. C. Borden, Harold W. Campbello to Annie T. Henrich. Truro, Sept. 24, by Rev. Mr. Gregory, James A. Leamas to Jessie A. Field. Westville, Sept. 22, by Rev. T. Cumming, John McNeill to Christy Findason. Halifax, Sept. 25, by Rev. Dr. Smith, William J. Dudgeon to Annie McPherson. Amberst, Sept. 24, by Rev. D. A. Steele, W. W. Chapman to Julia Fitzgerald. Halifax, Sept. 25, by Rev. G. Murphy, Reuben McCullough to Annie T. Henrich. Amberst, Sept. 25, by Rev. D. McGrover, William W. Wickwire to Susie E. Cox. New Glasgow, Sept. 22, by Rev. A. Bowman, John D. Reid to Marie J. Mitchell. Maitland, Sept. 25, by Rev. T. Chambers, James W. Wickwire to Susie E. Cox. Marysville, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. Parkinson, Addington Robertson to Ella Fullerton. Truro, Sept. 27, by Rev. Thomas Cumming, Herbert Layton to Rebecca Mosher. St. Stephen, Sept. 23, by Rev. O. S. Newham, William S. Seelye to Annie Fox. Botaford, Sept. 25, by Rev. Joseph H. Brownell, Joseph J. Allen to Mary Ann. Apohaqui, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. Wesley Clarke, G. Glover Fairbank to Lillian E. Fenwick. Lower Hainesville, Sept. 25, by Rev. Mr. Wall, John Noble to Rebecca Brewer. Marysville, Sept. 25, by Rev. W. W. Lodge, Claude S. Clary to Margaret Sherman. Parker's Cove, Sept. 19, by Rev. H. Achilles, Elizabeth Early to Annie Baxter. Tanamassob, Sept. 25, by Rev. Dr. Sedgewick, John Aitchison to Celia Langille. Moncton, Sept. 25, by Rev. E. B. Hooper, Burnett C. Bell to Maggie A. Crowhurst. St. John, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. H. Bell, Thomas C. McCallum to Annie J. Johnston. Midland, Sept. 25, by Rev. David Long, Alexander McKinnon to Agnes L. Burnett. Grand Manan, Sept. 19, by Rev. V. S. Covert, Samuel Bell to Sadie M. Irvine. Fredericton, Sept. 19, by Rev. Dr. McLeod, Frederick E. Caspary to Mary E. Sewell. Halifax, Sept. 24, by Rev. A. C. Borden, James R. Suberland to Mary L. Brookfield. Annapolis, Sept. 25, by Rev. H. How, Henry P. Goldsmith to Lucretia A. Buckler. Dartmouth, Sept. 25, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, Regina Thwaites to Minnie Gray. Upper Shefford, Sept. 25, by Rev. A. D. McNulty, R. W. Gilbert to Minnie E. Venning. Beaver Harbor, Sept. 25, by Rev. Mr. Beatty, Charles E. Reynolds to Amy L. Perry. Port Medway, Sept. 24, by Rev. C. B. Freeman, Rev. D. E. Hast to Annie M. Clements. St. Stephen, Sept. 21, by Rev. O. S. Newham, William J. Scott to Dora M. Thompson. Broad Cove, Sept. 19, by Rev. Charles P. Mellor, Rev. D. E. Hast to Lucretia A. Corro. St. John, Sept. 25, by Rev. Father Donohue, Thomas McCarthy to Elizabeth O'Leary. Campbellton, Sept. 24, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Alexander I. McDonald to Elizabeth B. Bastin. Bridgeville, N. S., Sept. 1, by Rev. James Sinclair, Henry Edward Fraser to Jessie E. Fraser. Lower Southampton, Sept. 12, by Rev. G. B. Traflet, John R. McDonald to Armina Stairs. McLellan's Brook, N. S., Sept. 25, by Rev. W. Stewart, John D. McInnis to Tena Fraser. Midland, N. S., Sept. 27, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, William B. Ainslie to Minnie May Cochran. McLellan's Brook, Sept. 25, by Rev. W. Stewart, Alexander McPherson to Cassie McDevine. Westchester, N. S., Sept. 25, by Rev. T. D. Layton, James Clifford Morrell to Letitia J. Rushton. Stellarton, N. S., Sept. 25, by Rev. Edwin H. Burgess, George Campbell to Catherine A. Fraser. Centreville, Sept. 25, by Rev. E. C. Baker, assisted by Rev. H. G. Loudon, James P. McLennan to Bessie Cochran.

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