

PROGRESS.

VOL. VI., NO. 303.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

QUEER TALE OF THE SEA.

TWO CAPTAINS TO A CRUISER IN ADMIRAL GLASGOW'S FLEET.

How there formed the possibility of a further vexing of Lord Tupper—a problem for the Admiralty and how a complication was avoided.

It looked for a time, this week, as though further and graver complications were to arise between the city of St. John and the marine department in respect to the corporation navy. By the diplomatic action of Admiral Glasgow, however, it is believed for the present, at least, an open rupture will be averted.

Mr. James Barber, measurer of ships, and therefore an emissary and agent of Lord Tupper, Earl of Picot, recently requested Mr. Wardroper, clerk to the St. John Lords of the Admiralty to have such formalities complied with as were necessary to inform Admiral Glasgow that Mr. Barber wanted to see him. The admiral, who is so more a stickler for official ceremony than was Lord Nelson, repaired to the custom house on receipt of the intelligence without even the escort of the uniformed crew of the corporation row boat. There he found that the weighty matter for conference concerned the new certificates of registry for the flag ship "Ouangondy" and the cruiser "Western Extension."

These vessels were registered when they were built, of course, and got their certificates then, but it would seem that the documents have been missing since 1877. They were not lost overboard in a storm, for as a wise precaution they were not carried on the vessels, as certificates usually are, but they were somewhere ashore on the day of the great fire and have never since been seen. The Lords of the Admiralty, captains and all concerned, seem to have felt that the ferry service could be as well performed without certificates as with them. Of late, however, since Lord Tupper has discovered that the route across the harbor is a "voyage," and that a ferry boat is on the same footing as a sea-going schooner, the situation has been changed. Captains who have passed examinations for competency and service have alone been permitted to risk "the perils and dangers of the seas, the Queen's enemies and fire," in navigating the corporation navy. Then has come the supposition that if either of the cruisers were blown out of their course in a storm and carried to Bermuda, Eastport or Five Fathom Hole, they might be put to serious inconvenience for the want of documents to attest their right to sail the ocean blue. So new certificates were made out.

The law requires that the name of the captain of every steamship, sailing ship, barque, brig, schooner or other vessel shall be endorsed on the certificate. Mr. Barber wanted the master's certificate of the captain of the "Ouangondy" that the necessary endorsement might be made.

"There are two captains," said Admiral Glasgow.

Mr. Barber was very much astonished. In his time he had heard many strange stories of the sea and those who sail it, but a ship with two captains was beyond the range of his credulity. He appeared to think the admiral had joined the amateur minstrels and was getting up a new gag for "Pinaroff."

"How can a vessel have two captains? Who ever heard of such a thing?" he asked, as soon as his astonishment permitted him to speak.

"I tell you there are two captains to the ferry boat," replied the admiral. "They both have certificates and both are in charge when they are on duty. Capt. Nice is aboard for one part of the day and Capt. McCaffrey for the other part. There is one of the crew who has a captain's certificate as well, but I don't count him."

"All I claim is two captains, and you can't make any less any way you fix it."

"But the law says that the name of the captain shall be endorsed, and I can't put the name of two captains. It is out of the question."

"I can't help it. There are two captains to the ferryboat."

"Look here, did you yourself ever hear of such a thing as a vessel having two captains at the same time?" queried Mr. Barber as the impossibility of such a thing grew more and more glaring.

"No, I never did before, but there are two in this case; and it depends on the time of day which one is in charge."

Mr. Barber was very much perplexed. The whole machinery of the shipping department was brought to a standstill by this unparalleled fact in the history of shipping. The certificates must be completed, and yet they could not be without either a falsification of facts or a course that was plainly beyond the word of the law. Neither of these wrong courses was to be thought of for a moment. In this fearful dilemma a solemn conference was held in which the counsel of Collector Reel was sought.

The collector, despite his long experience in shipping, had never before been called upon to deal with so strange a prob-

lem. He, too, had never heard of a ship with two captains in charge every day, nor was there the record of so remarkable a case in the archives of the public library, to which he has given so much of his attention. He agreed with Mr. Barber that the names of two captains could not be put on the back of a document where the law only provides for the existence of one captain. After a full consideration of the problem, it was suggested that one of the captains be considered as the mate.

This, however, was also out of the question. Both men were equally captains, and to deprive one of his rank might not only lead to the loss of a valued officer, but might incite the crew to a mutiny, or a strike, as the landsman might term it. Both had equal rights, and were equally good men. It would not do to degrade either and there was no official precedent for matching coppers for odd or even and the odd man out. It seemed likely that the wiles to Ottawa would be kept hot with official communications to and from Lord Tupper, who had already been worried half out of his wits in trying to make the letter of the law designed for sea-going craft apply to ferries and tugboats. If they worried him much more he might call on the commander in chief to order out Captain Baxter's artillery company and settle all questions by sinking the troublesome steamers beneath the waves of the harbor. After what he has done already, nobody can predict of what he is capable.

Suddenly there was a happy thought. There could be two captains, after all. How?

Because there are two ferryboats, though only one of them runs at a time, while the other is laid up on the mud-flats for repairs. Capt. Nice could command the "Ouangondy," for instance, with Capt. McCaffrey as mate. When the "Ouangondy" was laid up, Capt. McCaffrey would command the "Western Extension," with Capt. Nice as mate. Thus each would continue to be a full fledged captain, and each would take his turn as monarch of the wheel house. Instead of two names on each certificate, each document would bear only one name.

This is understood to be the compromise by which the dignity of the respective captains is sustained and the majesty of the law vindicated. When Admiral Glasgow was interviewed on the subject, he admitted the substance of the story, but did not want to say too much about it. Then he was asked why he had not made himself captain in the first place and called the other men mates.

"Me? Oh, I'm not qualified," was his response.

"But you sailed around the Horn to California in 1849, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, I sailed around the Horn, but that doesn't count for experience when they want a captain for a ferryboat." Then he walked away, and PROGRESS fancied that, with the latest problem settled, he hummed merrily the words of that rollicking sea song; "Green to green and red to red—Perfect safety, go ahead."

Well Paid at Half a Cent.

Sheriff Sturdee has been allowed \$50 for revising the list of city electors, but whether he will take it or stick to his threat to have \$100 or nothing remains to be seen. At the committee meeting, the other day, he based his figures on the fact that he had to look at 10,000 names, and that the task was worth a cent a look.

More than that, he implied that he did not value his services like those of any common man. Sheriff Sturdee seems to be a little too fresh. The work he did could be performed by any industrious man in about two days, and as no expert or professional knowledge is required, the labor would be well rewarded by the \$25 which some of the council thought he ought to be satisfied with. Having shown an undignified temper when before the committee, he ought to be well satisfied with what has been allowed him. It will be time enough for him to make a wholesale levy on the civic funds when he has an execution for that purpose. He is well paid at half a cent a look.

He Consulted The Wrong Act.

A rather good joke is told at the expense of Deputy Minister of Justice Newcombe to whom, Sir Hibbert Tupper referred the legal question depending upon the interpretation of the word "voyage." The deputy referred to the master and mates act and found voyage defined as a "passage" or "trip." It may not have occurred to him that the question came under the steamboat inspection act and not the master and mates, which is hardly applicable.

Only Two Are Eligible

An amusing paragraph is sent to PROGRESS which states that in the opinion of one of the desecrative society leaders there are but two eligible young men in this city. Out of consideration for those young gentlemen who have done nothing to wear so distinguishing a badge their names are not printed.

PUBLIC BARS FOR SURE.

NOVA SCOTIA IS TO EXPERIMENT WITH THE SCREEN LAW.

When a Man Takes a Drink Everybody Can Look Square at Him Through the Window—Naturally Enough the Men Who Drink Don't Like This.

HALIFAX, Feb. 15.—Another amendment has been made to the Nova Scotia liquor license act which will make the laws more distasteful than ever, not only to those engaged in the business but to patrons of the saloons as well. Commencing May 1st, 1895, it will be illegal to have any screen or blind in a liquor shop which will conceal from the street whatever goes on within. The interior of liquor shops is to be left visible from the street, so that the thirsty people who go in for drinks, by night or day, may be clearly seen taking their "liquid refreshment." Bartender and patron are to be alike seen by all who care to glance in as they pass by. Is such a law just or not? Eating houses are not open to the gaze of everybody; why should drinking shops be thus singled out?

This law is not popular with the liquor party and their friends, nor does it commend itself to all who are sometimes known as temperance people. Its enactment was successfully opposed in the legislative council last year, after passing the house of assembly. But this session the temperance people again introduced the measure and this time the upper chamber deemed it wise to cease opposition to the popular legislative branch.

The fact is, the temperance people of Nova Scotia are not sufficiently powerful to secure the enactment of any measure they please, designed to restrict or harass the liquor interest. There is no law they choose to propose, at an intra vices, which the Nova Scotia legislature will not readily place upon the statute books.

Such a condition of affairs is a little remarkable when one comes to look at our legislators individually, or at public meetings they are thorough-paced temperance men, but on the street, or in the hotels, they are often the warmest friends of the liquor dealer. They are his friends, at least, so far as liberal drinking and frequent indulgence are concerned. Not one-third of them are total abstainers. Two-thirds of the members of both houses take a drink whenever they can get one. Some of the members who come from "temperance" counties, who are most ready to vote for any liquor restrictive measure that comes up, and who talk as eloquently as they can in their behalf, are the very men who drink most. No one can visit the hotels or public resorts, without being shocked at this inconsistency. It is safe to say that you can go into the leading hotel bars every night in the week, when the house is not in session, resting fairly well assured you will see there this member or that, or the other who voted for the latest temperance act. They not only drink but they drink knowing that they are violating the very laws for which they voted.

There is a class of our legislators who go yet further, the men who drink shamelessly to excess. More than one notable instance will be called to mind by many of PROGRESS Halifax readers, where members have been absent for days and even weeks from the house on protracted speeches. Such has been the case this session and last. The Opposition is small in numbers in the house but it is rendered smaller yet by such occurrences, and the greater government ranks more than once have had an absentee account of the cup that more abstruse. Surely those men, and the more moderate drinker who proposes such love to the prohibitionist by vote and speech, but such antipathy to him by his daily and nightly conduct, where he can get a "quiet snifter," are not best calculated to make effective temperance laws. But they certainly do make the most restrictive laws the constitution will allow.

The secret of it is, not that these men are so great temperance men, or that their sympathies run in that direction, but that they fear the people behind them. They have to "vote right" on this question if they are to retain the support of their constituents. The people at large want the most rigorous temperance laws they can get, and their representatives must vote that way or give place to others who will. The temperance sentiment of the country is one thing and the private temperance sentiment (and practice) of the legislators is another. It is the country that speaks. At the provincial general elections, which take place in a few weeks, a popular vote of the electors for and against prohibition will be taken. It will likely stand at least 3 to 1 for prohibition.

Where the Court Gets Its Time.

It is understood that when the supreme court is sitting Judge Tuck shows evident disapproval of the assumption of two men and functions by Judge Hanington. As the latter sits near the middle there is a possibility that an outsider might take him for the chief justice. The other day, when everybody was beginning to feel hungry,

Judge Hanington pulled out his watch and remarked that it was one o'clock. Thereupon the voice of Judge Tuck was heard to chime in: "Brother Hanington, I believe it is the custom of this court to take its time from the chief justice." Judge Hanington accepted the rebuke, and an outsider remarked that it was well the court did not take its time from Judge Palmer, in which case it would have to get up pretty early in the morning.

MAY BE A NO LICENSE TOWN.

The Result of the Mayor of Halifax Making an Experiment.

HALIFAX, Feb. 15.—The mistake made by Mayor Keele and the aldermen of Halifax in not meeting on Tuesday night to grant liquor licenses, as required by law, is the talk of the town. The statute makes it imperative to hold a meeting for the purpose on the second Tuesday in February. The council had no quorum, and it now is difficult to see how Halifax can be other than a "no license town" the coming year. The cause of the trouble is that the aldermen do not read the notices sent them calling the meetings. Mayor Keele fixed the hour for 7.30 instead of the usual 8, and only one-third of the members knew it. They calculated to be on hand at five minutes after eight, a few minutes late as usual. The council rules allow not more than half an hour to wait for a quorum, and at 8 Ald. Wallace, O'Donnell, Mitchell, Hubley, Ryan, Mosher, Creighton and Hamilton were the only city fathers on hand. They were the observant chaps, who read the notice aghast, though some of them, even, only were present on time by mere chance. If licenses are not legally granted the city will be out between \$10,000 and \$15,000, but the business will doubtless go on as usual, license or no license. Mayor Keele over-estimated the observant powers of his council men. He is being roundly condemned for not giving some other intimation that he had changed the hour for meeting. Between them they've got the city in a pretty fix.

The license inspectors also has to wait, and Mackassey, Messervy, Banks and Fidler are yet in the field.

RAISED HIS OWN SALARY.

Why Some of the Shareholders of an Insurance Company Grumble.

HALIFAX, Feb. 14.—The shareholders of one of the local insurance companies are kicking vigorously, so 'tis alleged, because the manager, who is also a stockholder, has seen fit to increase his own and his clerks salaries. It is said the president refused for some little time to sign the cheques for the payment of said salaries. It is related that one of the shareholders wandered into the office the other morning and accosted the manager in this wise: "Mr. —, don't you think you are paying yourself a pretty fat salary, while the shareholders are getting nothing?" Mr. Blank endeavored to convince Mr. Shareholder that he was earning all he was getting, but the latter could not be persuaded into thinking with the manager, and made further remarks that amused the staff with the exception of the individual to whom they were particularly addressed.

A Physician's Duty to the Public.

Is a physician forced to answer a summons at night or not? This question has presented itself to a number of people before this but it appealed with special force to two of the employees of the night gang of James Pender and Co. a few nights ago. The men take their lunch at midnight and in skylarking around the building during a few spare minutes afterward one of them fell into a deep trench and cut his head and face badly. A companion workman started with him at once for a physician but on their way they tried to get into a convenient drug store. The druggist answered the call but when he learned the nature of the case said that he could do nothing except give them a package of plaster. He advised them to seek a physician. They did so and first rousing him by the night bell explained through the speaking tube what was wanted. He advised them to go to the police station as he could not attend to the case. They did not take his advice and were more fortunate in their next trial where the wound was dressed. The men were indignant that an urgent call for treatment should result in their being told to go to the police station and they ask the pertinent question. Is a physician compelled to answer a call or not?

Very Cold at Sussex.

Some of the St. John people were inclined to doubt the published statement that the thermometer was as low as 40 below zero at Sussex last Wednesday, but a reliable resident of the place tells PROGRESS that it must have been fully that cold. He puts in evidence the statement that a fellow resident went into a certain back shop to get some liquid fuel in a bottle, but came out carrying something in a paper bag. The Scott Act whiskey had frozen solid, and purchasers were carrying it away in chunks. And yet there are those who claim it is a fiery beverage, but that is because they have never sampled the state of Maine goods.

HANFORD ESTATE FACTS.

AS PRESENTED IN AFFIDAVITS BEFORE THE COURT.

Mr. Dixon Acknowledges his Indebtedness the Estate of Some \$2,000 to the Misses Hanford but Claims an Offset in the Sum of a Note of G. Herbert Lee's.

A paragraph in PROGRESS last week concerning Mr. Dixon and the Hanford estate seemed to give his view of the case. It is only right that the facts and figures of the plaintiffs should also be presented. This is done best by a summary of the affidavits read by the counsel for Mrs. and the Misses Hanford before the supreme court.

In her statement Mrs. Hanford says that about the year 1885 she retained M. B. Dixon to look after certain real estate in the city and collect the rent, giving him authority at the same time to dispose of the real estate in question. This, she was informed was done and \$1,500 realized from the sale, of which \$1,000 was invested and \$500, the balance, was in the bank. Of this amount she received at various times \$145, which she states was the only sum she ever received from Dixon from the sale. She also says that Mr. Dixon never rendered her an account of the \$1,500 or of his charges in connection with the sale of the property; that until the summer of the past year she had perfect confidence in him but then in consequence of certain information she received, she retained Mr. I. Allen Jack to look after her interests.

Mr. I. Allen Jack's affidavit confirmed that of Mrs. Hanford's in regard to retaining him and gave particulars of his unsuccessful efforts to obtain a settlement from Dixon. He said further that Mr. Dixon acknowledged owing Mrs. Hanford but that he had large charges to make for his services in connection with the sale of the property that would reduce the balance. Still he had not been able to get any settlement from Mr. Dixon.

There is another estate, that of the Misses Hanford to whom Mr. Dixon acknowledges that he is indebted in the sum of \$2062.43. On the 4th of Sept. Mr. Jack asked Mr. Dixon again for a settlement of their account, and called his attention to the fact that they were unable to pay their taxes before October 1st, and obtain the benefit of the discount for lack of funds.

The account of Mr. Dixon with the Misses Hanford shows that two city debentures amounting to \$3,100 fell due in June 1892, and were paid to him. In July 1st 1893, the contra account of Mr. Dixon for monies, interest paid them and his charges amounted to \$1037.57, leaving a balance due the Misses Hanford of 2062.43 according to his own accounting.

Of this amount \$100 were paid in two different amounts since the account was presented, which would reduce the indebtedness of Mr. Dixon to \$1,962.43. It is understood that he claims another offset in the shape of a note of Mrs. Drury's endorsed by G. Herbert Lee, which he says will reduce the amount to something like \$900. No mention is made of this in his account, which was rendered to the first of July.

WHAT ABOUT THAT WATCH?

The Exciting Experience of a Citizen Who Believed Too Much.

"What about that watch?" was the question put to a certain citizen, the other day. The answer received was sharp and abrupt, and later the following little story was told. Among the many artisans of whom this city can boast, one particularly is quite well known by the many useful little jobs he can do in machinery and repairing jewelry. Not many days ago he received a call from a gentleman who left with him a watch to be repaired. A few evenings later events took another turn—a number of gentlemen while in conversation in a certain well known resort were interrupted in their remarks by one of their number with the startling announcement that the watch member had skipped out and had gone to New York. Consternation followed.

"Why, he has my gun which cost nothing less than \$14," exclaimed one. "Yes, and he has a ring of mine," quickly responded another. "That is nothing," came from the corner from an individual who up to this time, had been sitting apart from the others with a crest fallen countenance, "only a day or two ago I let him have my watch to repair and that is gone, and Oh! boys, I cannot lose that watch, it cost me \$25."

Heads went together and earnest consultation followed. "I shall publish this in all the New York papers," exclaimed the loser of the watch. "That will do no good," came from an interested party. "He was our friend, and there is no sense in trying to starve the runaway." Just here an outsider remarked that he felt sure the dearly beloved friend was at that moment in Fredericton. This news did much to encourage the party, and it was then decided that a lawyer should be found and a warrant issued.

The attempt to find a legal friend was immediately undertaken, but at such a late

hour, the search was long and fruitless. At length a friend, a curler, passed along and informed the gentleman that he intended visiting Fredericton in the morning, and if he could be of any assistance he would be only too happy to offer his services. So it was arranged that on the arrival of the curler in Fredericton he should telegraph to St. John and let it be known whether their man was to be found. The next morning the telegraph wire brought the message. "He is here, leaves for New York this evening." This was good news and almost immediately an answer was sent back, telling the curler to collect the articles or otherwise arrest the fugitive. Here the story ends, and up to the time of going to press nothing had been returned and no arrest had been made.

It may be added that the watch repairer knows nothing of the serious charges against him. He is a highly respected citizen, who went to the capital on business and had no intention of visiting the states. The gentlemen who were so much concerned as to their belongings have little to say on the subject, but they have come to the conclusion that a joke's a joke. The public are warned, however, if they appreciate the good things in this world and have a desire to prolong this life, never to say, "What about that watch?" to a certain individual in this city.

An Old Time Advertising Incident.

Speaking of advertising a few days ago, one of the veteran printers and publishers of the city, Alderman R. B. Barnes, indulged in a reminiscence that is curious enough to tell again. It was many years ago before newspapers came out more than once a week and when exciting events frequently lost their interest before they found their way into the journals of the day. One morning a young clerk in one of the banks went hurriedly into Barnes printing office and said he had just lost £50 on the street. It meant a good deal to him, a junior, whether an honest or a dishonest person found the money, and he wanted a poster printed at once giving the particulars of the loss. Knowing how much it meant to him the firm rushed the poster. The latter returned in a very few minutes with all his bills but one. It appears that just as he was putting up the flaring "Lost" upon the usual bill boards another boy from the office of Chubb & Co. was pasting an equally prominent "Found" right alongside of him. The £50 had been picked up on the street by a good citizen who lost no time in giving notice of the fact.

Prospects of More Trouble.

Thursday's snowstorm may bring more trouble to the aldermen individually, if they have neglected to shovel the snow from their sidewalks. The case of Ald. Chesley, who made a loud-voiced protest against being summoned before the police court for his negligence, has not yet been settled, and in the meantime Ald. John Nickerson is among the citizens reported. Ald. Kelly acknowledged the force of the law by trying to do his own shovelling, and as a result has got a cold, which is not much of an improvement on a summons from the magistrate.

He Will Retain His Situation.

At Thursday's council Ald. Lewis concluded one of his speeches with uplifted arm an oratorical wave of the hand. Just as he was sitting down Ald. Baxter called out, "Wait a moment, Ald. Lewis," and the latter paused. "I wanted to ask you to preserve that attitude for a few minutes until the Telegraph artist can be present," Ald. Baxter continued. Then Ald. Lewis got up and vowed he would not take such an insult from any man, after after which the regular order of business was resumed.

The Special Committee Appointed at the regular meeting of the Union Club last Monday to investigate the charges made by a member against one of the employees, which was referred to in PROGRESS last week, met with the committee of management, and found that there was not sufficient evidence to warrant the committee acceding to the request that the employee be dismissed from the club. The member has therefore placed himself in a somewhat unenviable position.

Qualified the Expressman.

At Thursday's session of the common council, Ald. Vincent waxed into a mighty rage over the money that was constantly required for the repair of "some infernal old wharf." Ald. Lockhart mildly remonstrated against such an assertion, whereupon Ald. Vincent said he would withdraw his assertion so far as to omit the word "infernal," and would content himself by simply saying "old wharf." With this qualification he stood by the principle asserted.

In a Meeting Mood.

His worship the Mayor is not inclined to think seriously of the candidature of Mr. George Robertson as a Tax Reduction candidate and reports say he is willing to back up his opinion, that if he offers he cannot be elected. Two to one were the odds mentioned.

CHARITY'S SWEET WORK.

HOW A RICH WOMAN HELPS FELLOW MEN AND WOMEN.

Assisting Poor but Intelligent Girls—Finding Work for them in Cleaning the Fronts of Public Buildings and in the Wood-yards—Happy Street Boys.

A New York correspondent writes interestingly and enthusiastically of the works of charity of Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt. One of the worst of all—and one that has been kept abroad in the deepest darkness—is the helping of young girls who have ability, but who are in temporary need of the almighty dollar. Mrs. Vanderbilt helps such as these every year to the extent of \$5,000. The beauty of this charity is that every cent goes to those who actually need it. And the way they are found is most curious.

In certain out-of-the-way corners of New York there are little churches, flourishing and well attended, but filled with people who speak a foreign tongue and who know scarcely anything of the ways and streets of the great city. They are foreigners recently landed, or long resident in the foreign "quarters" of New York. One of these churches is for Russians, another for French people, and there are Swedish churches, Swiss, Norwegian and Bohemian. The languages are too strange to permit their members to mingle with the city people; and when misfortune comes to them they are as helpless as the birds.

The pastors of these churches know Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt, or her secretary, and when a promising and able girl is in need of money the case is reported to her, and she sends immediately \$500—no more and no less. It is her sum for starting girls in occupations. On \$500 a girl can study limited art here, as one girl did, or she can attend a scientific cooking school as another girl did, where she learned to be a \$50 a month cook; or she can support herself and attend training school and get an outfit of maid's black dresses to go out when she gets a place as lady's maid or nursery governess. Of course the trained girls—helped by Mrs. Vanderbilt—have no difficulty in securing good positions, and so there are in the city of New York every year at least ten enduring monuments to her goodness. Yet the world has not known of this particular charity.

Another charity is a very homely one, not nearly as interesting, but it gives relief to many a hungry and discouraged man. This is the purchasing of what is known as "woodyard" tickets for men who, with one of these in hand, can go to the woodyard, get supper, sleep all night and have breakfast. And then, so that it will not appear as if it is obligatory upon them to saw wood for half a day to pay for what they have had. After a lunch they go forth to look for work. This form of woodyard charity is far from self-supporting, so that it is necessary to sell the tickets at twenty cents apiece. These are bought in large quantities by Mrs. Vanderbilt, and are sent to the St. Bartholomew mission for distribution, or are given out by friends. Many hundred dollars go in this way. This winter the tickets for woodyard work have flowed freely from certain backdoors of Vanderbilt mansions.

Among the recently organized charities of New York there is an association which plans to put all men who apply for aid immediately at work cleaning streets. Several wealthy people have mapped out portions of streets in front of their residences and around their stables and lawns, which they are willing to have swept daily and scraped into perfect cleanliness. And among these wealthy people Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt is most conspicuous of all; for it was she, so the organizers say, who suggested the charity, and who gave it her support so that it started well and with plenty of patronage.

At the church which Mrs. Vanderbilt attends there are a thousand and one charities, all local and all deserving, and to these there is offered an open pocketbook, so full and so widely stretched that its outpourings would frighten many a millionaire with more money, even, than has Mrs. Vanderbilt. Tenement house needs, evicted tenants, men out of work, sick parishioners, unclad children and, in short, all needy cases are reported to her and are quickly and quietly helped. As a pastor of a queer little mission said, "I sent word to her and next day came a check for \$500 and a 'Hush!' Nobody must know these things. But the shouts of gratitude are hard to still."

On all holidays, Mrs. Vanderbilt has a pretty custom, followed by Mrs. Whitney to the very week of her death, of giving presents to the errand boys of the merchants who serve the house. The errand boys of the florist who decorate the ball-room, the errand boys of the grocer, of the butcher, of the caterer, and all messenger boys are remembered. A week before the holidays a complete list of them is made, and then, when it is presented to Mrs. Vanderbilt, she runs over the list and designates the presents that are to be bought for each. The boys know of this yearly generosity, and at midwinter are more than usually assiduous to the needs of the different departments of the household.

Oil Stoves and Health.

The paraffine oil stove, like the gas and gasoline stoves, is one of the evil inventions which are causing anemia, neuritis, nervous troubles, throat and lung affections. The allotment of the oil stove is its convenience. They are burned in the open air of the room, have no connection with flue for smoke draught but, like the common paraffine lamp, throw the poisonous carbonic oxide of combustion directly broadcast into the air of the apartment, and make it unfit for respiration. While an oil lamp is injurious in a sleeping room, especially if burned all night, an oil stove is worse, because stoves generally tend more flame, consume more of the room's oxygen, and cast out more poisonous gas to be inhaled by the sitter or sleeper, whether invalid or not. I can think of nothing more stupid than the use of any of these modern contrivances in the room of a person suffering from lung disease, asthma or a weak heart. And who can think of confining a child with croup, catarrhal congestion or pneumonia in a room with an oil stove burning, unless the window be

freely opened at the same time for vitalizing oxygen? Better far have such cases where there is no fire; for with soft blankets snugly wrapped to keep the entire surface warm, and hot-water bag or bottle near the feet, the inhaled oxygen of pure air will keep up the natural heat-making process by oxy-genation, and vitalize the nervous centers, and help to dispel the disease.

REFLECTIONS OF "A CANNON."

Life as It Is—How It Is Ominous—Practical Hints for the Deaf-Blind.

OMAHA, Feb. 5.—Saturday night this city was visited by a fire, that for destruction of property in a short space of time, carried off the banner. It destroyed (total loss) one mammoth dry goods store, two large shoe stores, a fruit store, jewelry store, wholesale liquor store, a Roman Catholic church and parsonage and two dwellings. Estimated loss \$400,000, besides damaging several other large concerns to the extent of \$100,000. Stores with plate glass windows suffered as far as two blocks away, so great was the heat. As near as can be ascertained the fire lasted one hour and forty-five minutes. Fortunately no serious accident happened. That was a great wonder, too, because, it being Saturday night, everybody was out shopping and the stores were crowded. The cause of the fire is supposed to be an incandescent light. The worst part of the fire is the number of people it will throw out of employment. The dry goods store alone gave employment to 150 people. I should fancy 250 will scarcely cover the number of clerks. To show you the activity and general push of Omaha merchants, it is only necessary to tell you that three of the concerns turned out had new quarters ready before the fire was under control. The dry goods firm intend erecting a new building as soon as the insurance is settled.

Every thing seems to be lightening up here and it all the new structures that are at present on paper, are built this spring we will have quite a boom. For instance we are going to have a new Union depot, a new Post office, a large canal and an immense Market House.

I am not advertising Omaha as a good place to look for work in the spring, because there are more than enough destitute people in this city today, to build twice as many buildings.

I attended a recent meeting of the commercial club here, and they were discussing the relief business. One member made the remark that on the late investigation it was found that 70,000 heads of families were out of employment in the city limits alone.

Every one is coming to the rescue, and I think no one need starve if they make themselves known. The farmers of this county sent in a car load of flour last week, and some bakers are donating jointly something like 3,000 loaves every day. Of course, every well-to-do family sends what ever they can, and the city has appropriated a certain sum for relief. In that respect, I say, everything is brighter; but there is suffering enough at its best. What bothers me is the fact that emigration is immense. Every day some poor deluded mortal arrives, only to find, in answer to his appeal for work, the same old story, "Have no use for you."

We have had two attempted lynchings and two jail deliveries in the last week, thereby keeping up a continual round of pleasure. Last night the Indian soldiers at the front drank more fire water than was good for them, and they had a large sized fight with the white soldiers. It looked very much like a scalping party for a few minutes but the whites finally laid them out, and now there all "beep good injins."

Socially, Omaha is dead, I fancy the people are particularly penitent this year and fear Lent is hardly long enough to repent in, so they commenced a little earlier. Let the good work go on, there is lots of room for improvement even in this model city.

How He Found Her Out.

A young lady in the neighborhood of Berlin had had to pay dearly for a practical joke of which she was guilty, and which was prompted by a spirit of revenge. She was on bad terms with a landed proprietor living in the same district, and in order to pay him out she conceived the curious idea of advertising him in the provincial paper as a matrimonial agent. Being a well-known personage, he received within a few days some sixty applications, much to his annoyance. Suspecting who the culprit was, he showed the young lady's photograph at the office of the paper, and the original was declared to be the person who handed in the advertisement. She has escaped by means of a private arrangement, by which she was to pay the sum of £25 to a certain charitable object.

Navies of the World.

In the navies of the world are enlisted 191,000 men; the commercial marine employs 692,000; coast trade and fisheries, 810,000, a total of 1,693,000. If marines, coast guards and the men of the life-saving service are included, the total will exceed 3,000,000 or 3 per cent. of the able-bodied men of the Christian world.

Try This.

Evaporated Peaches, Plums, Pears and Prunes are delicious substitutes and more economic than preserves. Reception Flakes and Golden Waters, just the thing for lubecheons. Choice Roll Butter and fresh Eggs to be had from J. S. ARMSTRONG & BROS., 32 Charlotte St., next Y. M. C. A.

Timmins—Can your daughter play the piano? Robbins (wearily)—I don't know whether she can or not, but she does.

THE COLORED MAN.

Member of the Chicago Meeting—Two Outlets for the Colored Man.

Col. Jim. Scrutens, alias "Montana Jim," was in the American House last night. He was not awake. His intellect dangled down over the back of his chair; his feet rested kindly on the table; his arms swung limply at his side, and his mouth was open. His breath went and came in gurgles like the exhaust pipe of a wash tub. The Star man slipped him on the shoulder, and the "Colonel" returned no consciousness. He yawned a few times, and in the process of pulling himself together combed his hair with his fingers, thus lifting it from his brow, and exposing a long and lurid scar, which started on the right temple and travelled backward till it got lost in hair.

"Hello, Colonel! Come out of this, and tell me how you got this scar," said the prospector for facts.

"This scar? Oh, yes, I recollect. Well, I got that mark from being too game. It all happened last winter. I was living on a ranch near Pesse Bottom, Mont., and after the regular fall wind-up of three of the Cattish-Johns, having himself together combed his hair with his fingers, thus lifting it from his brow, and exposing a long and lurid scar, which started on the right temple and travelled backward till it got lost in hair.

"But the story which I am now telling you must be more remarkable for facts than suspicions. After a long and delightful trip we came within the shadow of the Yellowstone Mountains and camped. It was a delightful spot. On one side ran the tracks of the Northern Pacific, and every few hours trains rushed by. On the other side a little stream, babbling and sparkling. It was about noon when we halted. There were high hills all around us and plenty of timber.

"After dinner we sat on the railroad waiting to see the overland express dash by, when from the brush down the track there came a faint, but distinct, and in the direction of our camp. We were a good many miles from a station, and it was an unusually suspicious circumstance to see these fellows tramping along the ties. They were bad visaged, and their general appearance did not impress us very favorably. As they got within about 100 yards of us they halted in a manner which I did not expect. They were dressed in the style and approached us civilly enough. The spokesman said that one of their horses had either strayed or had been stolen, and he wanted to know if we had seen any horse answering the description that he gave. Of course we had not, and invited the strangers to camp with us. They did not seem to be at all disturbed about the missing equine, and during the meal stated that a good many horses had been lost in that country within the past year because of the dishonesty of certain people.

"They told us that their camp was down the ravine about a mile distant, and said that they would be glad to take dinner with them on the morrow. We promised to do so. However, there was some sneaking suspicion down in the sub-cellar of our minds that something was crooked about the whole business. This suspicion was not calmed in any way by the fact that the party had not sown on our armament and stock. After afternoon it was decided that we should picket our horses and stand watch by turns throughout the night. It was a very common practice with expert horse thieves to simply swoop down and stampede the stock of an outfit in true Indian fashion, but this programme will never work where the stock is picketed. In a case of this kind the depredators simply sneak around the camp like coyotes and cut the ropes.

"In our outfit we had one very wild horse. He was as wild as a mountain goat. He would run if you pointed your finger at him. The only restraining influence which he acknowledged was that exercised by another horse. The wild horse was so absolutely stuck on his four-toed friend that he would eat and drink with him and never seem satisfied without being in his company. True, he would fly off at a tangent, but he would come to his mate, wagging his tail behind him. We picketed all the horses excepting this one. It was between 12 and 2 o'clock when Roaring Harry, whose turn it was to stand guard, entered the prairie schooner and turned us out quietly with the remark that something was up. The wild horse had run up alongside his gentle friend and was puffing and snorting in a perfect fever of fright.

"We reasoned that the thieves had approached the camp and run on the untamed animal. They would conclude from this that the stock was at large, and would be on the alert to stampede the lot. With this theory in mind, we took positions along the trail which the thieves would follow should they swoop down. My perch was under an overhanging bowlder, where I could not be seen for the gloom, and from where by the faint light of the stars I could see pretty clearly all that went on on one side of the wagon. It was snowing and blowing and otherwise unpleasant. We had been on guard this way for perhaps an hour. Everything was dead still but for the howl or cry of some wild beast in the timber. We thought that we heard something which sounded like hoofs away up the trail. Nearer they came and more distinctly they sounded as they struck the frozen ground, from which the snow had been blown away. Then the sound ceased. The party of horsemen had halted. We knew what was about to come, and every man took a firmer hold on his Winchester and took good care that the hammer was up. Then there was a sharp clatter and a rush. Down the trail the thieves were dashing full tilt.

"As the squadron emerged from the shadow of the pines their outlines could be seen. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Two horses dropped, and one rider bit the dust, as they say in the novel, and his steed passed by. Others of the party rode by in a hurry. One of the horses dropped directly opposite my station. Evidently his rider was full of life and hope, for as he rode on, and I knew his intention, his gun was going to my shoulder, when my trusty rifle flashed out. The blaze of my gun was the signal which

located me to him. He replied as quick as thought: there was a blinding flash in my face; I felt a whirl of cold steel; something warm streamed over me; I knew that I was falling, and then all was blank.

"The next day I opened my eyes and saw strange people about me. I tried to think, but couldn't. Things gradually grew less strange, and I recognized that these strange forms about me were men; then it seemed as though I had seen them before. Oh, yes, all was clear now; they were my friends. As soon as I had thoroughly regained consciousness the boys explained what was wrong, and told me that I had a close call. Then they pointed to the three persons who were lying on their side on the edge of the trail, with their ghastly features concealed by blankets. This is where that horse thief's bullet ripped open my scalp and ploughed a long furrow down my skull."—Washington Star.

CLOTHES MADE FROM WOOD.

There are Such Things and They are Not Very Hard to Wear.

Wooden clothes? Dresses made of wood? Is such a thing possible that wood can be turned into silk, for example? It is a simple process, and not near so remarkable as it seems.

Wood is chiefly composed of celluloid mixed with fibre. The wood is ground between two large stones, the lower half of which passes through water that washes away and absorbs the fibril matter. The latter is dissolved through chemical substances and the pure celluloid obtained. This product has justly been called "a man of all work."

It plays a conspicuous part in the manufacture of paper; it has a hand in the making of jewelry; it is an ideal collar and cuff material, besides being good for numerous other purposes.

Chardonnat, the famous French chemist, has succeeded in making from this same material artificial silk.

The silk was turned out by means of a patent apparatus, which looked like a sausage mill. In the place where the latter sends forth the chopped meat, Chardonnat has applied a moutpiece with extremely fine apertures.

Out of these tiny holes pours the silk in fine, glossy threads. The winding, weaving and dyeing were done as heretofore. The artificial silk dyes much more easily than the natural and gives some really wonderful color effects.

Despite these advantages, Chardonnat's invention met with no success, for the reason that this silk was highly combustible; but at the present day this evil has been overcome by saturating the celluloid in a fireproof solution, so that perfect protection against igniting is guaranteed. We shall no doubt dress, therefore, in the future in wood and wooden material. Everything will be celluloid, from the handsome silk gown in which my lady promenades Bond street to the dainty molar with which she nibbles her bonbons.

Forty is the Age.

The passion of the young girl seems to be due to the increased importance of the dinner table. No one thinks it worth while to invite a young girl to dinner. Only that fine appreciation that comes with experience is worthy such an honor. The mind of the young girl is yet too crudely developed for table conversation, and the finer achievements of the cook are wasted on her unappreciative palate. Men soon weary of the companionship of a young girl, however sweetly babbling at dinner. As dancing men are becoming more and more extinct and afternoon teas less frequent, the status of the young girl is much more uncertain. These are considerations that have been gathered up widely. They are usually accompanied by quotations, as from Plato, that women do not attain the zenith of their charms until 40 years of age. Balzac is also a popular resource in support of the new cult.

The Usual Present.

"What did you expect from your wife on Christmas, Mr. Henpeck?" "Oh, a lecture, as usual."

Many think shorthand and bookkeeping knowledge is of little use unless in an office. Shorthand is a help to every educated person. Learned by mail.

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INTERESTING AND PROFITABLE employment can be given to a number of ladies and gentlemen willing to be employed in the following: "Jodelle Photographs and Works of Art," throughout New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, by applying personally or by letter to FRANK, 28 King St., St. John, General Agent for Canada. 2-2-4t

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HOUSE WANTED—To purchase or to rent from May 1st, next a Small Self Contained House. One with Barn attached preferred. Apply to C. S. W. care DAILY RECORD.

YOUR ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD promptly 25 samples of cloth, guaranteed self-measured, wherever you can have your clothing cut to order and sent to any express or P. O. Point \$1 to \$15. Suits from \$12 up. Agents for "Lionel's" COY., 38 Hill St., St. John N. S.

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RESIDENCE at Robesay for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the "Tinsie" property is 1 1/2 miles from Robesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Hotel. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. PATTY, Bartlett-st-Lady Papeley Building.

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SPEAKING of our Silks for evening wear one calls them "simply exquisite."

By the prices quoted you will clearly see that the PROFIT is not there.

At 25c. A silk bengaline, Bethlehem make, soft and showy, in six colorings.

At 75c. An all silk surah, wide, both in shot and plain; evening shades, such as corn, lavender, cream, gold and black, and gold mixed, pink and white; the value of the above is one dollar but the price 75c.

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HOCKEY SKATE.

MADE specially for Hockey playing and acknowledged to be the best skate in the market for that purpose. The runners are of extra quality welded iron and steel, thoroughly hardened and specially treated by the same process as our No. 7 ACME. Tops of hard brass, which, owing to the heavy strain to which they are subjected, we find to be the only material suitable for the purpose. Each skate is securely attached to the boot by means of 10 screws which we furnish with the skate.

Can supply them either nickel plated or polished steel. Also Hockey Sticks and Hockey Pucks.

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The Best is Always the Cheapest.

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BREAD, CAKE and KNIVES.

With the BREAD KNIFE WARM BREAD CAN BE CUT AS EASILY AS COLD, always leaving a nice even surface to the bread. With the CAKE KNIFE CAKES WITH FROSTING CAN BE CUT WITH EXACT NICETY, without breaking or cracking the frosting. In the least, THE PARING KNIFE is made strong and durable, having a malleable iron handle, and in consequence will not rust or wear out when lying in water. PRICE PER SET OF THREE \$1.00. Sent by mail to any address.

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COMING changes on Charlotte St.

T. YOUNGCLAUS intends moving at 1st May to his commodious store in Union Block, Cor. Mill and Main Sts., North End.

Custom Tailoring will then be carried on extensively on the premises.

In the meantime his large stock, at 51 Charlotte, is marked down to hard time prices and must be cleared out before moving.

Rare bargains can be had.

City Market Clothing Hall, 51 Charlotte St.

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MANUFACTURERS OF BISCUITS & CONFECTIONERY HALIFAX & PICTOU, N.S.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

There was much disappointment experienced at the unavoidable postponement of Prof. Fisher's lecture on Haydn which was originally fixed for last Tuesday evening and in illustrating which the Oratorio society was to assist. The gripe, as is well known, has no respect for either individuals or corporations and appears, at times, to take a mischievous pleasure in asserting its mastery of the situation and causing the best laid plans of man to 'gang alee.' It is directly responsible for the postponement referred to. It is to be hoped this unpleasant visitor is now satisfied and that the entertainment will really take place on next Tuesday evening, 20th inst, as now intended.

The Oratorio Society, by the way, is evidently determined on business, as it is understood that the "Messiah" and "The Creation" are in rehearsal. It is said the former work will be given about Easter, and the latter for the summer concert.

Whether it is due to the Lenten Season, now with us, or some other cause there is a noticeable dearth of matters musical that are of general interest, this week.

Tones and Undertones.

For the Handel festival next June in London Mesdames Albani, Melba, Juch, and Clara Samuelli have been engaged.

M. Peabody is a basso of the rarest excellence. Sig. Delucia is a splendid tenor, as is also Sig. Vignas, while Sig. Ancona is an eminent baritone.

In Europe the sense of art is clearer and sharper, musically, than in the United States, and artists who fail the public there once do not get a chance to repeat the experiment.

Wolf Fries, well remembered and appreciated in this city as the cellist in the Listemann orchestra, has recently been playing in concert in Boston, and in the masterly manner which is characteristic of all his work.

H. W. Parker's "Hora Novissima" received its second performance, and by the Handel and Haydn society of Boston, in Music hall on 4th inst. Miss Emma Juch was the soprano on the occasion and the whole work has received the highest encomiums.

Patti has arranged with Mr. Irving for a series of three performances of Pizzi's new Opera "Gabiella" at the Lyceum theatre, London, Eng., during the summer. This will be her first appearance in Opera in London since the closing of Her Majesty's theatre.

Just think of it—Melba, Calve, Eames, Scatchell and Nordica—with the Deitzesko brothers, Lassalle, Peabody, DeLucia, Ancona and Vignas, &c. What a grand combination! And although I do not encourage extravagance,—yet Boston is not so very far away.

Dr. Dvorak, the composer, whose compositions of American music have been so abundantly well received in the United States this season will go to London, Eng., in the summer to conduct at the Philharmonic concerts his "New World Symphony in E minor."

It is claimed that no five cities in Europe at any one time in the history of Grand Opera, could unite to offer so perfect an aggregation of foremost singers, as the company of artists that have been singing in New York under the management of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Gran. And they are coming to Boston shortly.

Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, who was the soprano at the last Oratorio production in the opera house here, given by the St. John Oratorio society, and Mr. Geo. J. Parker, who was the tenor on that occasion, appeared in concert together in Boston last week. Their individual work received marked applause.

Mlle Emma Calve, is a French artiste of generous beauty and has been termed the "Singing Dea." This tribute means that, added to a voice of superlative beauty and splendid training, she is an actress of the grandest strength. In emotional roles, like Ophelia or the rich fascination of Carmen or as Santuzza, she is perhaps at her best.

PROGRESS readers who are interested in musical matters will like to know something personal of some of these famous singers and therefore I may say that Madame Nellie Melba was born in Melbourne, Australia. She is described as "a woman of great beauty with a refined and 'musical' face, and that her greatest powers are in the roles requiring strong dramatic power as well as flexibility, the Italian school of Donizetti and the earlier Verdi."

"Paderewski is coming back next season," said a Metropolitan Opera house stockholder to another New York man, "and will convince us again that he is the greatest pianist that ever lived. His hair will be intact and fully a quarter of an inch longer than it was when he last threw it around his hair like a buzz saw at a high rate of speed. They have the idea in Europe that he has been playing too much for the ladies girls. They assert his art has degenerated and that his technique is demoralized. They have therefore stopped

going to hear him as they formerly did, and the yellow-headed Pole is coming back to America."

The Musical society of Warsaw, in which Paderewski and Jean de Reszke are interested, has erected a monument to Chopin in his native village of Zola-Zola-Wola. It is an obelisk, 12 feet high, surrounded by a bronze bust of the composer. The inscription reads: "Feb. 1, 1809, To Frederick Chopin."

Gounod must have left a considerable fortune, judging from the profits which many of his works produced. For example, it is said "Faust" was bought outright by the publisher for £400, but it soon brought in no less than £10,000, and it continues to make large receipts. To the credit of the publisher, be it added, he shared the profits with the composer, although by his treaty he was not bound to do so.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Henry Irving's son made a successful debut in London a few days ago.

The next melo-drama at Drury Lane, will have one of its scenes at Niagara Falls. John Stetson has assumed the entire management of the Park theatre, Boston, Mass.

Hudson Liston, so well and favorably remembered here, is now in Minneapolis with his wife.

Fanny Davenport will not play "Cleopatra" after this season. It is about time this play was shelved.

Mrs. Langtry is at Monte Carlo for her health. She is almost entirely restored to her usual strength and good spirits.

Lewis Morrison is playing his annual engagement in Providence, R. I., this week and is giving his spectacular "Faust."

At Easter, Charles Frohman's Comedians will produce Bisson's latest comedy, "The Liar," which is booked for production in Paris.

Mrs. James Brown Potter will come to America next summer if she can get a play the public will fancy. She will go to Australia for the three winter months of May, June and July.

It is announced that long Mme. Modjeska will retire permanently from the stage, dispose of her various properties in the United States, and settle down to private life in her native Poland.

"The Still Alarm Co.," was recently in St. Louis, Missouri, and Will S. Harkins' interpretation of the role of Jack Manley was complimented on all sides. The company is in Texas this week.

Harry B. Bradley, who brought "Bradley's Players" to this city, and which company had Grace Huntington for leading lady, is now playing the part of Col. Henry Clay Risen in "Bluejeans."

"Charley's Aunt" has passed its 150th performance at the Standard (N. Y.) theatre and it is still the same extraordinary success that it was at the beginning. The theatre is always crowded.

Sarah Bernhardt has accepted from a young and untried dramatist, a five act play on the subject of Queen Elizabeth. It is said the play deals with the more tragic episodes of Queen Elizabeth's life.

The late Henry Pettitt, the dramatist, left a fortune of \$300,000 in stocks and shares. This sum is quite apart from the copyright of his plays which have forty-two years to run from date of production.

An understudy in a theatrical or operatic company is better than a doctor. No actress can afford to be sick long enough to allow another to play her part, and get the honors is the very sage remark of the New Orleans Picayune.

"Sister Mary" a comedy drama in four acts by Clement Scott, the London dramatic critic, is the name of the new play which Mr. Leonard Boyne will produce in America. The date of production is May 12 and the place is the American theatre.

The counsel for the mother of the late Annie Fixel, has filed in the courts at Philadelphia what is known as a bill of discovery. This process requires Mr. Fulford, the husband of the deceased actress, to submit to examination as to the affairs and estates of both himself and his dead wife.

A funny story is told of Miss Fortescue in regard to the first time she played Juliet in London. The fair actress possessed beautiful eyes, but they are short sighted ones and she cannot see beyond the second row of the stalls. On the particular night she got so excited that she actually threw the phial at the head of a well-known critic seated in the stalls.

A leading New York paper in referring to John Drew's production of "Butterflies" says, "neither the enthusiasm of clubs, the prevalence of a 'fad,' the uproar of the multitude, nor the synchpancy of complainant critics creates or insures a lasting professional reputation for a player, whatever may be their estimate of his talent or the historic greatness of the name he inherits."

Hauptmann, the Austrian playwright, has undoubtedly found a niche among the latter-day dramatists. He is 51, rather tall, blonde, shaven, with the manners of a boy, very gentle and very simple. He lives at Schreiberhan, a tiny burg in the

depths of Silesia, and he leaves home as little as possible. He lives with his brother Karl, a young "savant." The two brothers are married to two sisters, who take a passionate interest in the work of their husbands.

Henry Pettitt's drama, "A Woman's Revenge," was given its first American hearing in San Francisco last week by Palmer's Stock company. It is said to be the first genuine success of the Palmer company during their Pacific tour.

Miss Emma Pollock of Harrigan's company, New York, is one of the many unsexed women on the American stage. Both parents are dead. There are five brothers and sisters in the little household in Eighth avenue. The oldest girl keeps house, does sewing and plays mother, and the little miss supports the family, pays all the bills, buys shoes and stockings and school books and plays teacher.

Stage Jokes.

Actors and actresses have a good deal of fun among themselves on the stage, though "guying" is strongly discountenanced by good managers. Generally the fun is impromptu; but sometimes a joke is carefully planned beforehand.

In a performance of "The Lady of the Lake," one of the principal actors—Roderick Dhu—was known to be in pecuniary difficulties.

When Roderick gave the line: "I am Roderick Dhu," Fitz-James responded: "Yes, and your rent's due, too."

On the production of a piece called "The Spy," the early acts showed that it was going to be a dead failure. So when, at a certain point, a character had to rush on and shout: "Five hundred pounds for the spy!" the author, who was concealed behind a rock, arose and cried: "It's yours—copyright, manuscript, and parts!" That was the end of the performance.

When eating takes place on the stage, the temptations to play tricks with the food are naturally great. In "Henry V." the leek, which Pistol has to eat, is usually made from an apple. But on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion the Fusellen of the evening gave him a real onion, and he had no choice but to struggle through it, though the tears coursed down his fat cheeks.

An Actress's False Neck.

A well-known actress of advanced years, who recently appeared in a youthful character, used an ingenious contrivance to make herself presentable in a low dress.

A strong leather belt is clasped about the waist of the person wearing the machine, and this forms the basis for strips of papier mache, which go to make a bust, neck and back of generous proportions. The outside covering of this counterfeit corset is of the finest kind of fish-colored silk, lined with the softest kind of kid leather. This combination makes a remarkably life-like skin.

However, the height of the deceptive art is reached in the ingenious arrangement which makes the breast rise and fall to correspond to the breathing and the emotions of the wearer. Directly beneath the outside cover of silk and leather is a thin air cushion stretched to the proper shape by means of wire. Broad but very flexible springs rest against the wearer's bosom and are connected to the air cushion.

The slightest heaving of the bosom is communicated by these springs to the air cushion, and as a result the movement is natural enough to deceive even the most expert. The silk covering is made gradually thinner near the top, and ends pretty well up on the neck, which it closely clasps. A necklace of diamonds covers the arrangement at this point, and makes the deception complete.

English Musical Festivals.

Nine musical festivals were held in England last year, two of which are held annually—the Gregorian Musical Festival, at St. Paul's, London, and the Eisteddfod, or Welsh Musical Festival, held last year at Pontypridd. The other seven, which are held triennially, were: Bristol, Cardiff, Cheltenham, Hovingham (two days), Yorkshire, North Staffordshire, Norwich, Worcester (held alternately at Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester). Three other musical festivals are held triennially in this country, namely, the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, and the musical festivals at Chester and Leeds. The two first recur this year and the third in 1895. At the Norwich festival last year, five new works were presented. These were Mr. Cowen's cantata, "Water Lily"; Mr. Gaul's cantata, "Una"; Mr. J. F. Barnett's cantata for female voices, "Wishing Bell"; Mr. German's Second Symphony; and a Polish Fantasia for piano and orchestra by M. Paderewski.

Equal to the Occasion.

Michelot the famous comedian, suffered a great deal from the spite of his colleagues, and found it necessary to be on the alert at every performance. On a certain occasion he had to succumb to a servant in one of Moliere's plays, when the claque, which had been bribed by his rival, began to hiss. Michelot was by no means disconcerted. Giving the servant a couple of blows on the ear, not included in the part, he extemporized as follows:—"You vile scamp of a valet, there is nothing you think of! There you stand quietly listening to the vermin squeaking in the house and never trouble yourself to get the rat-poison!"

The effect of this sally was striking. The audience broke out in loud applause, and no subsequent attempt was made to hiss the actor.

Shocking!

Some little while since, while several gentlemen were awaiting their turn in a barber's shop, a man rushed in, and with a face expressive of great commiseration, addressing the barber, said:—"That was a terrible affair which happened on the C—B—Railway this morning!"

"What was that?" asked several voices. "Why," exclaimed the narrator, "the entire train passed over four men and a woman!"

"They were instantaneously killed, of course?" chorused the listeners. "No," said the narrator; "miraculous as it may seem, not one was injured. They were under a bridge when the train passed over it!"

"How's probably a good thing for that story teller that he cleared out of the shop rapidly."

MAN AGAINST BOA.

A Remarkable Duel Fought in Central America to Settle a Wager.

A Newark engineer who served on the engineering corps employed in the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, and is home on a sort of a furlough, recently told the story of a duel with a boa constrictor by a fellow engineer. Life in the canal country is dreary, and various schemes are resorted to in order to relieve the monotony. One of the party stated one evening that he could kill a boa single-handed. The rest of the crowd tried to convince him he was wrong, but he stuck to the assertion. Finally, a handsome bet was made that he could not dispatch a boa alone if the deadly reptile was in its natural condition. The young engineer promptly accepted the terms of the wager.

The next day a gang of natives were sent into the forest to find a boa. They continued their search for some time and finally came upon the article they were looking for. It was a well-grown specimen of the boa species, fully fifteen feet long. It had eaten heartily a few days before it was discovered, and it was therefore torpid. It was captured without difficulty and taken back to camp. It was deposited in a room, where it was securely bound and then left until its sleep should be over. The young engineer who was to meet the undomestic monster of the forest in a duel to the death repented of his rash bargain many times, but he never let any one know, and he was "dead game," as the saying goes, from first to last. A boa often remain in torpor for three weeks, and it was nearly a fortnight before the pined snake showed signs of returning activity. The engineers then appointed a night for the combat, and the young man who was to face the serpent went into active training. It had been stipulated that his only weapon was to be a knife, and the young man relied on his clear brain, iron nerve and supple wrist to carry him through the encounter in safety.

When work was over on the appointed day those who were in the secret entered the room and proceeded to cut the ropes with which the serpent was bound. It had been coiled up and several bands placed about it. These were all severed but one, and the snake's opponent entered while his companions beat a hasty retreat to safe coigns of vantage from which to watch the strange battle and to give succor in a last extremity. The young engineer was lightly clad and carried in his right hand a long knife, highly ground and sharpened. The monster, half lamished as it was, was in a most angry humor, and its horrid head was oscillating to and fro with distended jaws and viciously shining, beady eyes must have made the young man's flesh creep. He strode straight up to the boa, and with a lightning stroke of his knife cut the remaining band that bound it. He jumped back the instant the stroke had fallen with the celerity of a tiger cat, but his swiftness was snail-like compared with that of the serpent. Quicker than thought the boa descended upon his enemy. Before the man could move the snake had fallen upon his arm, had wound its way up its entire length and was biting at his shoulder.

The arm around which the snake had wound itself was the young fellow's knife arm. Luckily the hand and wrist were free. He did not wait to transfer the knife to his other hand, but summoned all his power and cut at the coil of the serpent nearest his pinioned hand. It was a splendid stroke, a backward cut, and it was clean through the body. The upper portion of the slimy coil dropped to the floor and the intrepid engineer had won his bet. The entire contest lasted but a few seconds, and so quickly did it pass that the breathless onlookers scarcely realized what had happened. The young man was pretty thoroughly exhausted. His shoulder was quite badly lacerated by the teeth of the snake. The strangest part of the episode was that the young man's arm was lame for weeks, and all its length was a spiral black and blue where the snake had encircled it.

It Was the Greatest.

The greatest naval review in modern times was by Queen Victoria in 1854, at the beginning of the Crimean war. The fleet extended in an unbroken line for five miles, and comprised 300 men-of-war, with twice that number of store and supply ships. The fleet was manned by 40,000 seamen.

The Canned Fruit Business. "I sometimes wonder," said an Englishman visiting New York to a pretty girl sitting next to him at dinner, "what becomes of all your peaches here in America." "Oh," was the reply, "we eat what we can, and can what we can't."

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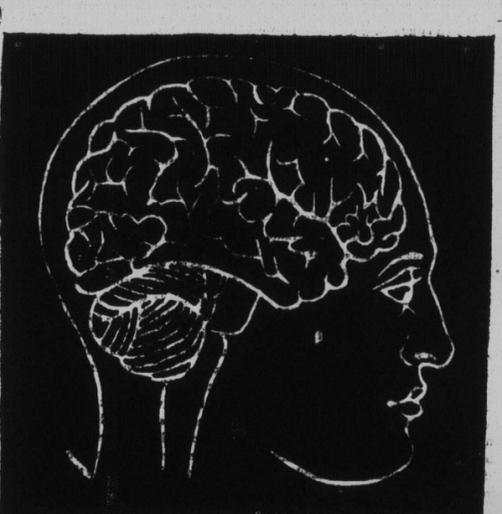


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Mysteries of the HUMAN BRAIN!



The latest discovery in the scientific world is that nerve centres located in or near the base of the brain control all the organs of the body, and when these nerve centres are deranged the organs which they supply with nerve fluid, or nerve force, are also deranged. When it is remembered that a serious injury to the spinal cord will cause paralysis of the body below the injured point, because the nerve force is prevented by the injury from reaching the paralyzed portion, it will be understood how the derangement of the nerve centres will cause the derangement of the various organs which they supply with nerve force; that is, when a nerve centre is deranged or in any way diseased it is impossible for it to supply the same quantity of nerve force as when in a healthful condition; hence the organs which depend upon it for nerve force suffer, and are unable to properly perform their work, and as a result disease makes its appearance. At least two-thirds of our chronic diseases and ailments are due to the imperfect action of the nerve centres at the base of the brain, and not from a derangement primarily originating in the organ itself. The great mistake of physicians in treating these diseases is that they treat the organs



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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a station paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 83 and 85 German street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Discontinuance. - Except in those localities which are easily reached, Passages will be sent 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 a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The circulation of this paper is over 11,000 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 every town 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.

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AVERAGE CIRCULATION 12,220.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, FEB. 17.

AS TO THE EXHIBITION.

Such substantial assistance has been offered by several of the merchants of the city toward an exhibition this fall as we trust will ensure its being held. It is not often that a public subscription to an enterprise of this kind can be started by three firms whose contributions will amount to \$1,000, and that alone should be sufficient encouragement to the association and to the citizens in general to go forward and cease to speculate upon the possibility of an exhibition.

It has been stated that a new building is necessary that may cost about \$6,000. This, we believe, premises that the drill shed, which has been used before for a similar purpose, cannot be obtained this year. Every effort should be made to procure the use of this building before such an expenditure is decided upon or set up as a possible barrier to the exhibition in the event of the failure to raise the whole of the \$12,000.

We think the provincial legislature could very properly set aside \$2,000 for such a purpose as this, which cannot fail to be a benefit to a large portion of the province and to stimulate and encourage the agricultural and important industrial interests.

At the first glance \$6,000 appears to be a large sum to ask from the city but it must be remembered that the greatest direct benefit will be to the citizens who will probably show their personal earnestness in the matter by raising the \$4,000 required of them. If they do this the common council could well afford to do its share and grant the amount asked.

But in no event should the grants be made unless the association will give a distinct assurance that the exhibition will be held annually.

IN AN AGE OF PUFFERY.

This seems to be an age of puffery, notable in that respect beyond the ages of the past. The patent medicine pulls are a leading and lucrative feature of the advertising columns of every paper, and it may be they do humanity much good by showing the way for the avoidance or cure of much that afflicts the race. At least some of them are boons to mankind, else the world abounds with liars and those who are deceived. Undoubtedly, a man or company, with a specific honestly believed to be good for this or that, is doing no more than right in making its virtues known as widely as possible. The puffing of patent medicines is an old and recognized device, going back to the time when little else in trade was puffed. That time is a long way back.

Nowadays, puffing is the recognized principle in a great many lines of trade, when the simple announcement of this or that kind of goods used to suffice not very many years ago. The seeming exaggerations may be, and often are, justified by the facts. The old time methods have been supplanted, and if the honest trader would hold his own against the dishonest one, he is forced to adopt the ideas which most effectually keep him and his business to the front.

Even in literature the spirit of puffery shows itself. In old times, books were announced with humble and often apologetic mention of their contents and scope, but now they are flung out with all the brag and boast of the circus poster, differing from the latter in degree rather than essence. The merit of a book is sometimes in inverse ratio to the noise that is made about it by the cleverly devised schemes of the publisher.

It is true, all, so far as literature is concerned, it would be well, but it is not all. The ranks of literature seem striving to hold their own through the medium of personal puffery. To be recognized as a man of letters in these times one must belong to a mutual admiration society, the object of which is the practice of personal puffery. The names which will live in English classics are of men and women who were

forced to be content to toil until their genius was recognized by the merit of their work. Many of them fought a bitter battle in life, and went to their death unconscious that they were great. Such methods seem entirely too slow for these days. The man who would pose as a literary celebrity must advertise himself and get his fellow mediocres to advertise him. A and B want the world to recognize their claim to greatness, so A writes critical essays on the prose or the poetry of B, and B is glad to reciprocate. Either is happy if he can so apply his puffery to some writer of recognized merit that the latter will yield to the flattery and aid the building genius to expand. They may use the newspapers, and not infrequently a certain class of magazines, but whatever be the cover, the quackery of the contents is too often apparent. Thus it is that, now and then, the man who tries to keep pace with the best reading of the day is surprised to find a carefully detailed narrative of the life, habits, house and clothes of somebody whose name in literature has either been previously unknown to him, or it known, believed to be pretty far down in the scale. The world is thus more familiar with the portrait and personal characteristics of dozens of upstarts than it is with the personality of those to whom homage is honestly due. New stars rise on the horizon every week, and are seen, not by the light of what they have done, but by their success in getting themselves puffed, and oftentimes puffing themselves.

Thus it is that this continent abounds with literary frauds, who are perpetually advertised as specimens of the men of letters of the nineteenth century. It is quackery pure and simple, and the pity is that, like all quackery, it too often succeeds in its purpose.

THE LATE GOVERNOR CARVELL.

The death of Governor CARVELL, of Prince Edward Island, last Wednesday, had been anticipated for some time, but will none the less be regretted by his wide circle of friends in this province as elsewhere. The late governor was what is known as a good fellow, and though he had not been prominently before the people of Canada for many years past he had, in his day, an important part in the history of Confederation. That measure was carried in Prince Edward Island largely through his efforts and those of Senator HOWLAND. In this undertaking Mr. CARVELL was the more quiet, but not the less effective worker.

Governor CARVELL was a native of New Brunswick and was a year or two resident of St. John. This was as far back as 1861-62, when the old European and North American railway was under construction. He had returned from a sojourn abroad, with more experience than wealth, and he took a position as a head man for a firm of the railway contractors. In this connection an incident is told showing his pluck and nerve in carrying out a purpose. Before the earth filling had been all put in at the Quispamsis big dump, there came a day when it was important that an engine should be run across, with only the piling support. It was considered very unsafe to make the attempt and the men on the engine declined to risk their lives. Thereupon Mr. CARVELL jumped aboard, took hold of the lever and accomplished the perilous feat alone.

He was very quick to see the commercial advantages the railway would bring to Prince Edward Island, and realized the chance the connection would give for a profitable grain trade with the United States. When he went into business in Charlotte-town, it was with a clearly defined business purpose which he realized, perhaps beyond even his own sanguine anticipations. Governor CARVELL was always more of a business man than a politician. He worked for confederation from a business view of its commercial results, and during the ten years he was in the senate he made no attempt to attain political fame. He had many qualities to make him popular, and from many quarters must come expressions of honest regret at his death.

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STOLE SOMEBODY'S THUNDER.

The Telegraph appears to have a grievance against PROGRESS, on account of a contribution signed "A Clerk," which appeared in this paper last week. It was entitled "Getting into Society," and the Telegraph claims it is identical with an article which appeared in the "By the Way" column of that paper as long ago as April, 1893. It therefore calls upon PROGRESS "to identify and expose this literary thief who seeks to obtain credit for the work of others."

Assuming that the charge made by the Telegraph is true, PROGRESS regrets as much as the original writer can the imposition that has been practised upon it. Exposure of the "Literary thief," however, is another matter. No paper is more particular than PROGRESS in the matter of being satisfied as to the identity of correspondents in every case where names or facts are involved. In the case of abstract essays, poems and the like, less strictness is observed in this as in every newspaper office. The particular circumstances under which the contribution in question was received, some time before its publication, cannot now be called to mind. There

may or may not have been a name accompanying it. If there were, there was no reason why it should be filed for reference, because on the face of the article nothing more than general principles were involved. It would, however, be quite possible for a contribution of this nature to be accepted by PROGRESS without the name of the author, though that would not be possible were there statements as to occurrences or persons. The Telegraph should feel complimented that any thing which it has published in the way of opinions should be considered good enough for a three-line head in PROGRESS, under the mistaken idea that it was fresh matter. It should also feel a reasonable pride in the fact that even one reader of the Telegraph should remember anything which appeared in its columns ten months ago. Should the Telegraph at any time innocently use as original matter anything which PROGRESS has published, it is quite probable a number of correspondents would be heard from. In the meantime PROGRESS regrets the mistake and will take stricter precautions to guard against any of the Telegraph's ideas being imposed upon it by correspondents in the future.

Our modern great men do not appear to delight in statuary, with their Sunday clothes on. The statue of New Hampshire is about to perpetuate the memory of DANIEL WEBSTER in marble, at a cost of five thousand dollars. The likeness of the model to the great man is said to be complete, but an engraving shows something which appears to have a good deal more realism than grace. The inference of the spectator is that DANIEL got his clothes at a misfit shop and the trousers are particularly glaring for their want of anything in the nature of a hue of beauty. It would have been better, one would think, to show less ambition and immortalize the great man by a thoroughly artistic bust. This would be the more appropriate from the fact that DANIEL was occasionally on a bust when in the flesh.

Chicago appears to be fortunate in its choice of a successor to CARTER HARRISON in the person of JOHN HOPKINS. The city has been reducing the wages of some of its employees, but the salary of the mayor could not be interfered with during his term of office. Mr. HOPKINS, however, felt that if the policemen and firemen were compelled to aid in bettering the municipal finances, he should do his share. He has therefore given orders that ten per cent of his salary be deducted each month, and turned into the general fund, though he is by no means a man of wealth. This is the kind of an official to gladden the hearts of a tax reduction association.

The death of Mr. JOHN LIVINGSTON, in Montreal, last week, has naturally called forth an expression of sincere regret from the press of Canada, and with good reason. Mr. LIVINGSTON had a wonderful amount of journalistic ability, and it is greatly to be regretted that all his industry never brought him better financial success. Two contributions from his pen, in the shape of letters from Montreal, have appeared in PROGRESS within the last few weeks, and others would have followed had his life been spared. The daily press of St. John has great reason to honor Mr. LIVINGSTON'S memory, for he did much to make it what it is today.

This has been a fatal winter for provincial governors, and both New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island have been called to mourn the taking off of their chief executive officers. The season, indeed, has been notable for the unusual number of deaths of prominent people of all kinds in this part of the world. The grip is blamed for a good deal of the bad health this season, but in most cases brought to general notice something else has been the matter.

St. VALENTINE'S day is fast ceasing to be the day of labor to the post office that it was in former years. The age of steam and electricity is displacing that of sentiment, and the comic valentine now only has any hold upon the people, though on only a very limited portion of them. Considering that it is so frequently used with the same intent as an anonymous insulting letter would be written, the sooner it goes the better.

Good news from a good authority. The Marquis of Queensberry predicts the end of prize fighting as a grand moral spectacle. The JACKSON-CORBETT meeting, he thinks, will be the last of the recognized great fights, because "prize fighting has degenerated from pure sport to a gambling machine," and the moral sense of the people cries for its suppression.

A few weeks ago PROGRESS advocated the use of colored dress coats as an artistic improvement on the traditional. This week a cable despatch to a New York paper says that the Prince of Wales started society, a few nights ago, by appearing in a colored dress coat. It would seem that the Prince not only read PROGRESS but is ready to fall in with its ideas.

Only a month from now to St. PATRICK'S day, and then the spring will be here in earnest, even though some of the biggest snow storms of the year may come after that date.

THEY FORGOT THEIR ERRAND.

Halifax Aldermen Call on the Magistrate and All are Happy.

HALIFAX, Feb. 15. - Aldermen Wallace, Hubley and Mosher are three remarkable aldermen. They evidently go to a thing in the best way. A striking instance of this was given on Tuesday. PROGRESS readers are aware of the state of the Halifax police court, presided over by stipendiary Motton. No man in Halifax knows that better than Alderman Wallace, and the facts are well known to Alderman Hubley and Mosher as well.

These men were deputed by the laws and privileges committee of the city council to wait upon Mr. Motton and try to obtain some improvement; to see what could be done to remedy the acknowledged ends. They had just come from a committee meeting where the fact had been established among other things that in a recent case the Stipendiary had fined both the plaintiff and defendant in a certain case. The committee recommended that the fine be refunded, in order to avoid a suit against the city.

What did the three brave aldermen who knew all the facts and who were commissioned to see Stipendiary Motton, do about it? But two of them crept into the court room on Tuesday, Mosher backed out altogether. They managed to get Mr. Motton's ear, and they beat about the bush so long and so timidly, and finally talked of a trivial grievance so mildly that the magistrate quickly saw the men were afraid of him. He gave them a warmer reception than even they in their timid souls had thought possible. When the defiance and abuse hurled at aldermen Wallace and Hubley failed to nerve them to get at the point they were sent out by the committee to reach. They fitfully told his honor that there were some few complaints of delay by policemen, who did not like to wait an hour or two in the station till he was ready to try their prisoners, and that some business men outside thought more expedition might be shown in the conduct of police court business. They did not speak of the scores of cases which had been awaiting judgment for months, and which the magistrat has apparently forgotten about. They merely hummed and hawed and talked blusily about the inconvenience suffered by waiting policemen. Kindly Mr. Motton at last took pity on the delegation sent to him, and dismissed the two aldermen with some sort of an assurance that he would rise an hour earlier in the mornings, and begin his work at the court at 10 rather than 11 o'clock.

A policeman who met the aldermen on the street a few minutes later took a second look to see if there were any apparent cause for their scared appearance.

The illegal fine will be refunded by the city and that is all.

Ald. Mosher has not been heard from. It is understood he made a private visit to the court, during the afternoon, travelling incognito.

An Institution Worth Helping.

There seems to be an awakening among those interested in the Protestant Orphan asylum, judging from the number of people who have asked PROGRESS to help along the projects that are being carried out for its assistance. The promenade concert on the 22nd in the asylum, with refreshments, all for 35 cents, is put forward as a special entertainment that can be patronized liberally. Any person can purchase tickets whether they go or not and thus help along an institution that should appeal to the generosity of everybody. Then the Knights of Pythians celebrate their anniversary next Monday evening and they propose to carry out the noble principles of the order by gathering in Centenary church and listening to Rev. G. M. Campbell speak. While every cent of the collection will be presented to the Protestant Orphan asylum. The Pythians propose to bear the expense of a musical treat and some of the leading vocalists of the city, with the volunteer services of the artillery band will make the service a grand one.

Both Beautiful and Appropriate.

The beautiful piece of memorial statuary, given by a member of the congregation of St. Peter's church, North End, has been placed in position near the baptismal font. The design is of the Mother of Sorrow gazing upon the body of the crucified Lord, when taken from the cross. The work was done in Munich, Bavaria, and is strikingly faithful to nature in anatomical detail and expression. The artist seems to have made a most careful study of the subject, and apart from the effect on the devotional mind, the scene so strikingly depicted will be found worthy of careful study. One gentleman, a protestant, to whom it was privately shown shortly after its arrival, was affected to tears, so clearly was the reality of the story of Calvary brought to his mind.

Dead Reckoning by Metebes.

A citizen who had been having a late session the other night was seen the next day carefully analyzing the contents of his pocket. "I can only remember up to a certain hour," he explained, "and I am trying to figure out where I was after that. What bothers me most is these matches. That (showing a specimen) is a strange match to me. I don't recognize it, and I must have got into some wholly new place, and

the state of a y head confirms the idea. I wonder where I could have been." This may be called figuring out a course by dead reckoning.

Substantial Sympathy.

The case of Mrs. McQueen, spoken of in previous issues of PROGRESS, has evoked a lot of substantial sympathy from many readers of this paper, who have given enough to keep the aged woman comfortable, while suffering from the effects of her accident. One of the ladies connected with the business department of PROGRESS has seen that the amount was spent for such articles as were necessary for her comfort. A further donation of \$5 from "A Friend" is acknowledged.

A Good First Year.

The annual meeting of the Hawker medicine company disclosed the facts that a rushing business has been done in its first year and a dividend of 8 per cent declared. Not many enterprises can point to a similar showing in the first year of their lives. This company went into the business with the idea of pushing it, and Manager Russell carried that idea out faithfully, persistently and skillfully. The first year augurs well for the future of the business.

Disbanded if you Please.

Mr. Thomas, the manager of the opera company with the long name, the adventures of which were recorded in the last issue of PROGRESS evidently tried to impress the fact upon some people that the company had disbanded and was not stranded. If the reports of the members to the Calais papers are correct "stranded" appears to be about the proper word.

Wondered What He Meant.

Mayor Peters wearily remarked at the last meeting of the council that he wished some of the talkative aldermen had laryngitis, as he had. From the extremely puzzled look on the faces of some of the council, it was evident the mayor had given them a pretty hard word to figure out.

Too Old to be Repeated.

"A constant reader" should know enough about the rules of newspapers to enclose his or her card with the letter sent from Halifax this week. Correspondents who fail to observe this evidence of good faith need not complain if they do not see their opinion in print.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Munsey's Magazine has been reduced from \$3 to \$1 a year, and its appearance and contents improved in the same proportion as its price has decreased. It can well be called a "great monthly." To the average reader its articles are of far greater interest than those which fill the pages of the older monthlies. Munsey's began as a weekly paper, and in a few short years has increased so in popularity as to stand now without a rival in price and with but one or two contemporaries that equal it in interest and the beauty of its illustrations.

The Ship of the Desert Under Full Sail.

It was almost a relief to turn from these fantastic and semi-jocular trials of speed and skill to the straightforward and almost sparsely illustrated camel race. No one who has not seen the "ship of the desert" under a press of sail so to speak, can have any idea of the number of knots an hour which it can make; while as to picturing to the imagination in the appearance of a lullly "extended" camel, the feat may be simply pronounced impossible. The finish in this race was magnificent. Three camels flew along neck-and-neck - and such necks! - for full a hundred yards to within a few lengths of the post their ungainly heads erect, their spaly, disjointed legs opening and shutting at each stride like a dozen jack-knives worked by machinery, and their riders literally waving fore and aft with the violence of the motion, as if a giant was about to hurl them from a sling. How they held on nobody could see, and Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate, alone knew. Some knelt, grasping the brute's rorted neck; some sat or crouched on the saddle seat; some frankly extended themselves almost at full length on the animal's mountainous dorsal ridge, and clung to the hump as a shipwrecked sailor to a rock. It was a sight to haunt the waking memory, and to ride the dyspeptic dreams. - London Telegraph.

Broke Up the Party.

"I saw an illustration of the influence of a little child that I never will forget," said Tom Burton, a travelling man. "A party of us were in Omaha at the hotel. Our work was done and we had arranged to go out and see the town, expecting to have a general good time. The jolliest one in the crowd was a drummer from Chicago, and, in fact, he had planned the tour for the night. After supper the clerk handed him a letter. He opened it carefully. An expression we who knew him on the road had never seen there came over his face, and he read the letter over several times. Then turning to the crowd he said, 'I can't go with you to-night, boys.' Of course we all urged him to tell us what the trouble was, and he handed the letter to me. I read it, and without a word handed it to another, who looked serious as he handed it to the fourth and last one of the party. It was written or rather printed in lead pencil, the letters about an inch long, and the lines were not straight. All that it said was: 'Dear papa. Be good, and say your prairs. I say mine for you every night. And don't forget your Little Bessie.' That was all, but it broke up the party, and every man in the crowd wrote a letter home that night.

Omnibus stops; smiling young lady enters; every seat full; an old gentleman rises at the other end. "Oh, don't rise!" says the lovely girl: "I can just as well stand." "You can do just as you please about that, miss," says the old man; "but I'm going to get out."

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Eme on the Blue Bras D'or. (A Song.) On the blue lake Bras D'or, Drells a maiden by the shore, In her smile is the summer of the sea, When the stars are on the deep, And the world is still in sleep, She's the only one that ever sails with me.

In my birchen bark canoe, On the inland sea I two, Have the music of the late and the flute, And her heart is true to mine, As her beauty is divine, Without her there the voice of love is mute.

Oh! we love to sail and dream, From Boddick down the stream, In the splendor and enchantment of the night; By the islands and the glen, And the silver surges when, They are sparkling in the moon's entrancing light.

By the woods in summer's prime, With the balmy breeze in time, And the echo of the music as we go; There I see this maiden sweet, Where the Bras D'or waters meet, And the lake has a story to tell me now.

In my birchen bark canoe, On the inland sea I two, Have the music of the late and the flute, And her heart is true to mine, As her beauty is divine, Without her there the voice of love is mute.

"Bright Beama," Let thy bright beam, dear Jean, shine Within the chambers of my soul, O, make and keep me ever thine, Each thought and word and act control.

A restless life was thine O, Lord, Redeemer, saviour, ever near, A saving strength thou dost afford, Through the blis spirit, sent to cheer.

Make me, O God, both good and pure, To others useful, helpful, true, Give faith, and love which shall endure, The heat each day, cleanse and renew. July 1883. Fano.

The Song of the Camp. "Give us a song!" the soldiers cried, The outer trenches guarding, When the heated guns of the camps allied Grew weary of bombardment.

The dark red, in silent tread, Lay, grim and threatening, under; And the heavy mounds of the slain-lashed No longer belied its thunder.

There was a pass, a guardman said, "We storm the forts to-morrow; Sing while we may, another day Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side, Below the smoking cannon, Brave hearts from S-w-n and from Clyde, And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and acts of fame; Forged was Britain's glory; Each heart recalled a different name, But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voices after voice caught up the song, Until its tender power, Rose like an Anthem, rich and strong, Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak, But as the song rose higher, Something upon the soldier's cheek Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned The bloody smokes of battle; While the Grim avenger learned How English love remembers.

And one against the fire of hell, A Edmond and the soldiers' brother, With stream of shot and burst of shell, And below of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim For a slinger dumb and gory; And English Mary mourns for him Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! Still in honored rest, Your truth and valor wearing; The bravest are the truest, The loving are the darest. - Bayard Taylor.

So We Grow Old. A broken toy; a task that held away A yearning child heart from an hour of play, A Christmas that no Christmas ideas brought, A tangled lesson, full of tangled thoughts; A hom sick boy; a senior soldier's heart; A happy of life, when, lo! the curtains rise, Folds over fold, And hangs the picture, like a boundless sea - The world, all action and reality - So we grow old.

A wedding and a tender wife's service, A prating babe the parents' life to bless; A home of joys and cares in equal part; A dreamy watching of the close drawn near; And death's dread angel knocking at the gate, And hope and courage bidding sorrow wait To where the fire of life triumph and burn - So we grow old.

A fortune and a generous deed of fame; Or direful ruin and a tarnished name; A slipping off of week and month and year, Faster and faster as the close drawn near; A priest and with to-morrow's light, A pleasure that transforms the night - From lead to gold; A chilling winter of unchangeable storm; A spring - ripe with dawns and sunsets warm - So we grow old.

Old to ourselves, but children yet to be In the strange circles of eternity. - Unidentified.

A Song - To Alice. Thy world is bright, fair Alice, Youth's April flowers are thine; Thy form is Beauty's palace, Thy loom Pleasure's shrine, Here are the rosy showers Which hope around thee fling, And say the filled hours, When Love forever sings.

But ah! proud, preside Alice, Youth's April cannot last, And memory's shrouded chalice So a classic life's radiant past; And though thy charms may cherish The richer lists of fame, Thy blossom but to perish, Alas! 'tis too soon.

There is a sigh of sorrow In every autumn day, Which whispers that tomorrow Earth's bloom must part away; Aye, youth's rare hours will wither Beneath Time's chilling beams, And see the sun's return, But memories of youth's dreams.

So will life's April pleasures, And kindly act your part; For kindness panta rare treasures In gardens of the heart. Then in the calm December, Amid Love's rare and bright rays, All hearts will still remember To bless the years which pass. - Larry Clifton

My Mother's Memory. There is one bright star in heaven, Ever shining in my life; God to me one guide has given, Like the sailor's beacon light. Set on every shal and danger, Scolding out its way to me; To the homeward weary stranger Looking for the landlocked bay. "Oh, don't rise!" says the lovely girl: "I can just as well stand." "You can do just as you please about that, miss," says the old man; "but I'm going to get out."

TRURO, N. S.

[Pronouns] is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. F. ... D. H. Smith & Co. ... Miss Grace Smith as "Fairview" ...

ST. STEPHEN AND GALLAX.

[Pronouns] is for sale in St. Stephen by Master ... Miss Grace Smith as "Fairview" ...

SACKVILLE.

[Pronouns] is for sale in Sackville at Mr. J. ... D. H. Smith & Co. ...

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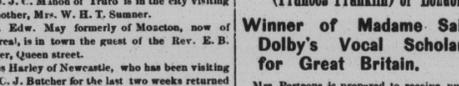
To those Ladies who have so long been dissatisfied with the concoction called tea that they have been forced to use, we would strongly advise a trial of a packet of TETLEY'S.



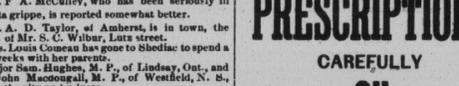
For Puddings, Coffee, Chocolate, Porridge, &c. Richer than ordinary Cream. Made from Pure Milk and reduced to consistency of Cream. No chemicals. Ask your Grocer for it.



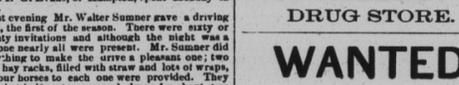
is specially prepared for Invalids and Infants' use. Try it. E. T. STURDEE, Selling Agent.



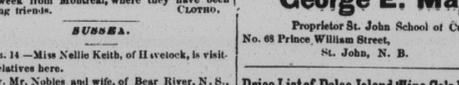
188 Prince William St. Boarding and Day School. A thorough course given in Piano, Harmony, etc. Violin, Singing, etc.



(Frances Franklin) of London. Winner of Madame Sainanton Dolby's Vocal Scholarship for Great Britain.



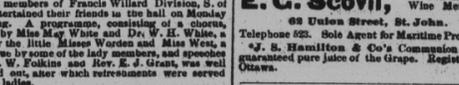
YOUNG MEN who wish to learn to cut gentlemen's garments are not only at school but also a practical tailoring business, established for the past thirty years; when one graduates from our school he is a practical cutter and should easily obtain a position.



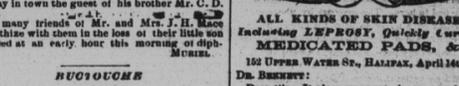
Proprietor St. John School of Cutting, No. 68 Prince William Street, St. John, N. S.



Use only Pelee Wines for the Grapple. E. G. SCOVILL, Proprietor.



ALL KINDS OF SKIN DISEASES, including LEPROSY, GLEET, etc., cured by MEDICATED PADS, each 100.



Dear Sir:—It gives me great pleasure to be able to inform you that since I have been under your treatment my health has greatly improved, and I am entirely free from pain. For years I have suffered from rheumatism, and although several of the best physicians have treated me, they have, none of them, been able to cure or give me relief. Thanking you for your kind attention, I remain, dear Sir, Yours truly, MARY JANE ROY.

OFFICE: 197 Hollis Street, Halifax, and Rooms 8 and 9 Fungus Building, Halifax, N. S. J. GOSBOLD BARNETT, M. D.

EN 14 to 17.

5c.

ION

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

at her home in Ottawa. The happy man was Mr. J. B. Tyll, of the geological department.

St. John—North End. Mrs. John Eagles, of Indian town, is able to get out again after an illness of four weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tapley entertained a number of Miss Maggie's friends on Tuesday evening.

Miss Ada Cowan returned to Fredericton on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Hayford, of Indian town, entertained the whist club on Tuesday night.

Mrs. Robert Wisely is quite ill with la grippe.

Mrs. Fen Tapley, of Douglas avenue, who has been quite ill, is again able to get out.

Mr. Alexander Holly left for Boston last week. While there she will be the guest of Mrs. C. Swinerton.

Miss Beatrice Waring has been confined to the house through illness.

Miss Maude Shaw has been visiting friends at Norton.

Mrs. George Davis has recovered, after a severe attack of grippe.

Mr. George McDonald has returned from a trip to New York.

Mr. Walter Holly left this week for Bermuda, on a business trip.

Mr. Charles Miller, who has been in Boston for the past two weeks, has returned home.

Mrs. Gilbert left her sick child at the home of her son at Norton.

On Sunday evening Mr. Herb Hild left for Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Scott, of Main street, are visiting Boston and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hild, of Indian town, are visiting friends at Fredericton.

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PRUDENT PEOPLE

CAREFULLY COMPARE OUR OFFERINGS.

New Dress Materials.

OPENED TODAY: 1 Case All-Wool FRENCH DRESS SERGES

in a beautiful line of colorings, including S. C. PORTER,

MEMHAMCOON. Feb. 14.—On Tuesday evening Mrs. John Smith entertained a number of her friends.

AMHERST. [Progress is for sale at Amherst by Charles Hillcoat and at the music store of H. A. Hillcoat.]

SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I. [Progress is for sale at Summerside by Messrs T. J. & E. L. Walsh.]

PORT ELGIN. Feb. 14.—On Monday evening a pleasant game of whist was enjoyed by some of the young folk.

CHATHAM. [Progress is for sale in Chatham by Edward Johnson.]

HAMPTON VILLAGE. [Progress is for sale in Hampton Village, by Messrs. A. & W. H. Hicks.]

ST. MARYS, N. B. Feb. 14.—The residence of Mr. Harry S. Munroe's Gibson, was the scene of a pretty wedding on the morning of the 29th ult.

ST. MARTIN'S, N. B. [Progress is for sale in St. Martin's at the Drug Store of McMurtry.]

HAVERVILLE. Feb. 15.—Mrs. Herbert Miles has been visiting her parents at Grand Lake.

NORTH SIDNEY. Feb. 13.—Mr. Hambrick's lecture on the World's Fair was delivered on Tuesday evening to an engaged audience.

MAURVILLE. Feb. 15.—Mrs. Herbert Miles has been visiting her parents at Grand Lake.

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Navys, Garnets, Cardinals, Browns, Fawns, Slates and Black.

This is a regular 40c. quality. Our price is only

25c. YARD, or \$1.75 for a DRESS PATTERN.

Seven yards of this material is sufficient for a full dress.

Do not fail to see these goods early, or you will miss the greatest bargain of the year.

Samples Mailed. 11 Charlotte St.

A. O. SKINNER. DORCHESTER. [Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

HARBOUR. Feb. 14.—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Girvan were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Dunn on Saturday.

MILLERVILLE. Feb. 13.—A cable despatch received from London announces the safe arrival of J. A. Robinson, M. P. P.

ST. GEORGE. Feb. 14.—The funeral of the late Mrs. Smit took place from St. Mark's church on Thursday afternoon.

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SKINNER'S CARPET WAREHOUSES.

1894. SPRING STOCK ARRIVING. 1894. I HAVE OPENED ANOTHER LOT OF

Brussels Carpets, Borders, Match, AT \$1.10 PER YARD.

This is the quality that was so successful last spring. It is the best value ever offered in this market.

A. O. SKINNER. DORCHESTER.

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THEY

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1894.

THEY ARE GREAT ON LAW

HOW THE SOLONS OF MADAWASKA DO THE COUNTY BUSINESS.

Levite of Little Breedge Fame and His Remark to the Council—Some Interesting Colleagues—Why Everybody Left the Room in Disgust.

This year's meeting of the Madawaska county council was not eclipsed by any former session in matters of interest either to the tax-payer or the simple spectator. Among the brand new members at the board was Com. Violet, who holds an office under Clark Wallace, and once accomplished the feat of buying his Chief's autograph for a quarter. Scarcely had he been elected, than the irascible Couillard notified the comptroller of customs of the danger to the crown and dignity of the Queen in having one of the subordinates forming part of the municipal council. A reply came promising consideration. Armed with this ministerial wax seal, Couillard went to Violet and talked war with him, and brandishing the official head-note in the latter's face, he told him his days O. H. M. S. were numbered. Fearing this really was handwriting on the wall, Violet made a bid for the precious paper. Not a cent less than one dollar to save his neck, was Couillard's figure, and bidding went on without any signs of weakness on either side till the auctioneer getting thirsty at shouting so much for so little, was compelled to bring down his hammer for the price of twenty five cents, as above stated, not enough to pay for the treat. In the common saying, autographs "are not worth nothing" in this country. But the redeemer of the county was personated in Levite, whose name is never mentioned without recalling his famous "leete breedges."

How did it ever come that this man's fair name is stained by this only one spot in his lengthy career, is a question, but the following is cited as one of the causes which might have contributed to such a disaster. Once Levite wanted to get rid of a horse which had caught the fancy of the then Commissioner of Board of Works. A trade was made, and an intimate friend inquired of Levite:—

"How much did you get for your horse?" "Not much," was the reply. Friend: "Well how much did you get? Tell me without a lie."

Levite: "Two hundred and fifty dollars and tree leete breedges."

Levite's re-entry into the Council had been heralded throughout the length and breadth of the land, as the moment of our deliverance from debt, extravagance and negligent officials. First of all, the secretary was to be guillotined forthwith. This caused no disturbance amongst the anarchists or anybody else. Encouraged by the popularity of this move, he thought he could risk a little personal venom against the treasurer, but public sentiment was against this, and he abandoned his nefarious intentions with all the dexterity and grace of a politician's command. He even then went as far as to offer the treasurer the secretary's office. Ah! but he had determined on a coup d'etat which would relinquish all the leete breedges into oblivion, and gain for him the solid phalanx of the teetotallers. He now championed the temperance cause. Illegal selling of the fire-water would be stopped, and the number of licenses would be reduced. Lastly, he would see that the finances be secure against pickpockets, a la Pat-safety-pin scheme, when they embarked for Chicago fair. With such an auspicious plan of labor the council sat down to work. Levite was elected warden as a matter of course. He walked into the gubernatorial chair with all the importance he could feel, exteriorly manifested by a slight coughing, raising of one shoulder higher than the other, and shaking his head from one side to the other to show off his elegant topknot curl to better advantage. No sooner seated than he warned those over whom he presided that a new era was to be inaugurated in the county. He spoke law, how much he knew of it, and of all the law books he had down at his house. Better than any bible preacher he quoted volume, page, paragraph, section, sub-section and verse, if there was any. His boast of legal knowledge was most noticeable all through the proceedings. The warden's first edict was that the liquor license act be read. As there were only two or three members who sufficiently understood English to comprehend the voluminous proportions of the statute, one councillor showed his sense by protesting at such a waste of time.

"That's the law," said Levite, as he ordered the perusal by the secretary, and the impression spread immediately that the death knell of the rum traffic had been sounded. C. A. D.'s unwillingness to comply with the order to read aloud the statute, was owing to the fact of his having forgotten his upper row of teeth. The result was that his guttural sounds resembled more the Queen's dialect than the noise made by a Chinese ambassador when he is saying his prayers. The warden

had a copy of the act and followed C. A. D. like a real student-at-law that has not been admitted and never will be.

When the section requiring all objections to licenses to be filed three days previous to the meeting of the Council was reached, Levite suddenly ordered "McCarthy to turn the crank," and the law-book was closed. Then came the battle for temperance principles. One member rose to object to certain applications.

Levite:—"Didn't you hear the law? No objections can be received unless filed three days previously. That's the law."

The objecting man sank down on his chair under the weight of such a condemnation. For his benefit and consolation, the following section of the Liquor License Act is quoted.

"Notwithstanding anything in this act contained, the council may of its own motion, take notice of any matter or thing, which in its opinion would be an objection to the granting of the license, although no notice or objection has been given or made by this act provided."

"I propose," began Levite, "that the license will be raised one hundred dollars a year, and any persons that have made application according to law, for a license this year, will get one on paying the amount of one hundred dollars;" which was no sooner said than done. It is explained that liquor licenses are referred to and the query is made how many can stand raising one hundred dollars every year. Two hundred dollars next year, three hundred after that and so on until they "bust."

With all due deference the chief inspector made the slight remark, that the number of tavern licenses applied for was greater than the law allowed to grant, and that under such a bye-law all the applicants could claim a license.

"Give them to whoever you please," shouted the warden surprised at the imbecility of the inspector.

The next solemn revelation of the law of the land by the head of the council, was that no collector could enforce the payment of taxes by execution or otherwise.

Warden: "I cannot get anybody to travel around our parish for nothing." Conn. Martin: "That's the law; I've got it all down to my house, and I read it."

Conn. Martin: "It that's the law, it's not reasonable." Warden: "That's the law, isn't it, Mr. Secretary." Secy: "I don't know."

Warden: "Get the big book; I've got it down to my house." The big book being produced in the shape of the consolidated statutes, a verdict was entered for Martin instanter, confusion for Levite, and satisfaction for all sensible people. So, Levite did not succeed in his spite against the tax collector for bothering him so often.

THEY SMELL TO HEAVEN.

CONCERNING THE ONION HABIT AND ITS VICTIMS.

A Discussion of the Subject by One Who Leads an Onion-Abstinent Life—The Suggestion that All Onion Eaters Should Read.

It has always seemed to me a great pity that the eating of onions; to the mental, moral and physical distress, annoyance and discomfort, of inoffensive and well-conducted citizens who don't partake of the vegetable themselves, should not be made a misdemeanor, and given a recognized place upon the statute books of the country. It may sound at first like an exaggerated view to take of so small a matter, but I am sure that a little calm reflection will satisfy even the most casual reader that I am not speaking too strongly on the subject but merely standing up for the rights of oppressed humanity, and trying to place the oppressors in their true position, of obstructors of the peace and public nuisances in the eyes of all the world.

To begin with, I suppose that roughly estimated, one third of the civilized population of the earth are addicted to the onion habit. They partake freely of it while the other two thirds of inoffensive humanity are condemned to stand passively by and suffer, without the least hope of redress, because the law is powerless to protect them, and conventional prohibitions the knocking down of a man whose only offence consists in stifling his neighbours with an odor which turns many of them as faint and sick as a blow on the head could possibly do, though it does not leave any mark.

I remember reading some years ago, a very interesting account of a case which was tried in the United States, in which the plaintiff was a young lady who sued a young man for assault. The defendant was a gay young society man who thought it great fun to flash a mirror in the eyes of unsuspecting pedestrians who passed his window, behind the curtains of which he looked in absolute security; but one day he played his little practical joke once too often, and caught a tartar. Two ladies were coming up the street one sunny day, and the humourist was so anxious to give them a genuine surprise that he leaned a little too far out of the window while he flashed the glass repeatedly into the eyes of the youngest and prettiest lady, and both of them saw him distinctly. The next day it was his turn to be surprised, when he was summoned for assault, and brought up before a magistrate to answer to the charge. Both ladies appeared against him, and their counsel contended that as a blow constituted an assault, and the prisoner had clearly struck the plaintiff in the eyes to her great inconvenience and discomfort, he was guilty of assault and amenable to the law. Curiously enough, the magistrate sustained the caution, and several excellent authorities did likewise; so when the sportive youth had paid the heavy fine imposed and been released from duress, he returned to the scene of his former triumphs a sadder, wiser and poorer man, resolved to put his mirror to no more dangerous use than parting his hair straight, and to find some less expensive form of amusement in future.

Now if a sudden and blinding flash of light projected into the eyes of an inoffensive pedestrian on a public street constituted a breach of the peace in the United States why cannot some law be enacted in Canada which will make the blowing of stifling blasts of onion laden breath into the lungs of helpless beings confined within the walls of theatres, churches and lecture rooms, and unable to escape, a like offence against the peace of her most gracious majesty the Queen?

I am willing to admit that I feel strongly on this point because I loathe the onion with a deadly hatred but I am not by any means alone in my dislike for it and I am certain I should obtain a good majority if the above measure was ever put to vote, because I have met scores of people to whom, like myself, the smell of onions was almost as deadly as sewer gas, and the least taste of the vegetable in their food almost poisoned them.

Not long ago, I sat during a long church service directly in front of a dear young couple who were well dressed, well behaved and far beyond the average in good looks, but, who, alas—had been partaking freely of onions in their crude, or raw state! The church was crowded, and very warm, and both my neighbors were good church people and answered the responses with a devout heartiness which gratified the ear and warmed the heart; but, oh! how it tortured the nose and nauseated the unfortunate stomach.

I will not harrow anyone's feelings by trying to describe my sufferings during the hour and a half I spent in that church; I tried hard to faint but somehow I couldn't, the very keenness of the misery I was enduring seemed to keep me in a conscious condition, and my indignation helped to do the same. I don't remember much

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FEBRUARY SALE OF Men's Furnishings.

A. B. C. Collars and Cuffs, 3 Leading styles in Collars, standing with space, turn over points, turn down deep points. All sizes. - 6 for 63c. - Latest style Reversible Cuffs, - 3 Pairs for 48c. -

All have the Reece buttonhole, (new patent) will outwear any other buttonhole made.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

about the service, but I know it did me very little good, prayers, music and sermon, were all one confused jumble of onion scented confusion, and "I knew nothing more" as the novelists say—"until I found myself in the open air." Now, I don't want to be hard on the victims of the onion habit. I don't suppose they can help their weakness any more than the native of the Flowery Kingdom can help loving opium, or the ladies of the lower ten in the South can give up chewing snuff; but still I contend that onion-eating is an acquired taste, and therefore confirmed onion eaters should not be allowed to interfere with the natural antipathies of the non-onion-eating class, and to poison the air of public resorts with the noxious fumes of their favorite food. Finally, I suggest as a safeguard for the public health, that in all such buildings special accommodations should be provided for onion eaters, just as special arrangements are now made for smokers.

AN OLD TIME FRENCH WAGER.

Getting Arrested Without Having Committed a Crime of Any Kind.

The reign of Napoleon III. in France was characterized by many arbitrary arrests, made on mere suspicion, by a police which had no respect for individual rights. A public man of the time, Grammont-Caderousse, by name, took advantage of his acquaintance with the prefect of police to protest against this state of affairs. He declared that matters had come to such a point that no citizen, however innocent, was sure of being able to reach his home at night without being arrested. The prefect denied that this was true.

"Will you wager a thousand francs," Grammont-Caderousse asked, "that I shall not be arrested tomorrow without having committed one unlawful act or having said one word?"

"Certainly, I will," answered the prefect. "Very well. The wager is made."

It seemed to Grammont-Caderousse that, in the interest of public safety, he was justified in the course which he proposed to take. The next day he dressed in poor and shabby clothes, went to a boulevard cafe, and sat down at one of the open-air tables in front of the place. He ordered some food, and while he was eating he took out a handkerchief with a red ink stain upon it, and pouring some gold coins out of it, began to count them.

Five minutes afterward two police agents tapped him on the shoulder, and beckoned him to come with them. Without a word or the least resistance Grammont-Caderousse followed them. He was taken to the police station; his pockets were searched, and he was locked up.

That evening, in his office, the prefect of police was informed that a man of suspicious appearance had been taken, who had on his person an elegant card-case containing cards bearing the name of Grammont-Caderousse.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the prefect. "Grammont-Caderousse has been going into bad company in the hope of winning his wager, and has probably been murdered and robbed. Bring the rascal to me!"

The "rascal" was brought and stood up before the prefect, who recognized him instantly.

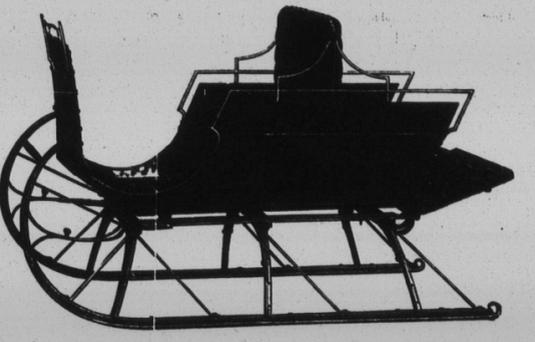
"Well," said Grammont-Caderousse, "have you not fairly lost your wager? You may ask your men here whether I did or said anything. I have been in prison five hours. I will cost you only two hundred francs an hour!"

As the result of this somewhat extraordinary proceeding, orders were issued to the police to be somewhat more cautious in making arrests.

An enterprising lady journalist, Miss T. Sparrow, has been found for her talents in London. Wishing to contrast West-end benevolence with East-end generosity, she assumed the garb of a crossing-sweeper, and plied her broom for a whole day in Piccadilly, and for a whole day at Whitechapel. The net result was the same. In 74 in each case; but she speaks in terms of warm praise of the dimensions of the East-end, for her starved appearance so worked on the charity of a coffee-house proprietor that she was given a meal, while the passers-by at Piccadilly did not come to visit her on her unkempt appearance and dishevelled locks.

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

The Gladstone Sleigh.



If You Want a Nice Comfortable and Stylish Family Sleigh this Winter do not get any other than a Gladstone. For prices and particulars write to JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton.

BARCAINS IN HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

Messrs. Edgcombe & Sons, of Fredericton, announce that they have the following horses and carriages for sale. 3 Shetland ponies with carriages, harness, etc., complete; one Sir Chival's colt, 4 years old, bay, hand and good; a colt of 78 brand new carriage to be sold at 25 per cent less than usual prices; pianos, Gladstones, Concordas, Piano boxes, Corning top buggies. A 1 different styles of open and closed carriages at 25 per cent less than usual prices.

HAWKER'S CATARRH CURE

PERFECT POSITIVE PAINLESS CURE SAFE SURE SIMPLE

EFFECTUALLY CURES CATARRH, COLD IN THE HEAD, CATARRH OF THE NOSE AND THROAT, INFLUENZA, ETC. Sold everywhere. Price, 25 cents. M.D. by J.B. HAWKER, L.D.S., L.F.S., St. John, N.B.

Deafness caused by Catarrh. Capt. S. F. Belyea, of Greenwich, King's Co., N. B., suffered from an aggravated form of Catarrh, which had in his case induced serious deafness. He closed the nasal passages so that he could scarcely breathe and caused him great pain and trouble. He tried many remedies, but all failed until he got Hawker's Catarrh Cure, three 25 cent packages of which effected a cure. "I can honestly say," says Capt. Belyea "that I am practically well, and I take great pleasure in recommending Hawker's Catarrh Cure to those who may be suffering from this very troublesome disease." A cold in the head is quickly cured by using Hawker's Catarrh Cure.

POLITICAL NOTES.

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

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

No. 7.

The Election Bill—Vote of Ballot First Time in New Brunswick—The Old Tory Element Dies Hard—King's College Agains—The Prohibitory Liquor Law—A Great Revolutionary Measure—Rum, Rum, Rum, the Cause of All the Trouble—The Measure Finally Carried.

The discussion of the Election Bill turned chiefly upon the ballot. The "old school" Members contended for what they called the mainly British viva voce principle—that secrecy was dangerous and undermining in any case, especially in returning Members to Parliament. The Reformers, on the other hand, could not say enough in praise of the ballot. It was the only guarantee for the purity of elections. Both parties wrang the changes out of their respective favorite theories—each side drawing deductions from prepossessions which had grown into their understanding to such an extent, that they felt that their religion was wrapped up in the question.

Mr. Street (Ex Attorney General) followed Mr. Fisher. He was opposed to "the ballot," also to extension of the franchise; and gave his reasons at considerable length for his opposition. Messrs. Gray and Ritchie also spoke at length, the former for two and a half hours condemnatory of the general principles of the Bill, and the latter about the same time, combating each separate argument advanced by Mr. Gray, and in support of the measure. Mr. End remarked that the people of the Province would bless the present House for giving them the ballot, which would relieve them from tyranny and ledger influence. The essence of the ballot, he said, is protection to the voter, and therefore it should be made as secret as possible.

Some members contended that the franchise was too liberal—the Bill went too far in all its provisions; while others declared that it did not go far enough, because it did not provide for universal suffrage. There was thus a variety of opinions to be weighed, investigated, and reconciled, in order to convince the House and carry the measure; still the Government knew their strength and their abilities to carry whatever they might introduce.

On the 2nd March, Mr. Street moved an amendment to the first section of the Bill, to the effect that the old law should be continued, which led to a fresh round of speeches and a dreary repetition of the old arguments.

As the debate, however, narrowed down to a single point towards the last day, the opposition diminished, and so it was maintained by those who were considered to be the main supporters of the former Government, and who still held seats in the House. The Bill was finally passed without amendment—28 to 10. This then was the introduction of "the ballot system."

The Commissioners appointed during the previous Session to inquire into the condition of King's College handed in their Report, which contained a number of suggestions. "Good, bad and indifferent," for the improvement of the Institution—all which formed at the time quite a topic for newspaper comment. As the subject is not considered of sufficient importance at the present day, it is merely referred to here, in order that those more immediately interested may know where to find the information. Some of the suggestions were considered to be crude and amusing, exhibiting a want of understanding in particular respects of the demands of a first class educational establishment.

[NOTE.—As the discussion was quite exciting, any one deeply interested will find it in the Morning News of March 7, 1854.]

March 3rd. Hon. Mr. Tilley brought in a Bill to prevent the importation and manufacture of and traffic in all Intoxicating Liquors in this Province. Received and laid on the Table; and one hundred copies of the Bill were ordered to be printed.

As this was a most important measure and led to revolutionary consequences, it is here copied for the information of the young Temperance reader.

The first clause declares that whoever shall manufacture, import or bring into the Province, sell or keep for sale any liquors, shall, on the first conviction, forfeit the sum of ten pounds, and on every subsequent conviction suffer imprisonment for not less than three or more than twelve months. The liquor shall be forfeited and destroyed.

quid to make report on oath, as they now make entries under the law for the collection of the Revenue, &c. All liquors illegally imported shall be dealt with as smuggled goods.

Any peace officer—that is, Sheriff Deputy Sheriff, Constable, or person authorized to execute a warrant—may with or without a warrant, search for or seize liquor, only making report to a Magistrate if a seizure be made; and any officer neglecting or refusing, when requested, to search for or seize liquors, shall forfeit a sum of \$10.

Any person, though only in the employment of another, importing or selling liquors, or in charge of liquors illegally imported, shall be dealt with as if he were the importer or seller.

Any Justice may issue his warrant, or when liquors are seized may condemn them if illegally imported and order them to be destroyed and impose the penalty on the party importing or selling; and the condemnation of liquors shall be a bar to any action or claim against the person seizing.

If a person make information on oath before a magistrate, that he believes liquors intended for illegal sale are kept in any place, the Justice shall issue his warrant, the place shall be searched, and if liquors be found the person named in the warrant shall be arrested, and if the person so arrested fail to prove that the liquors are not intended for illegal sale the liquor shall be destroyed. If the owner be unknown a notice is to be published after the seizure, and no claimant appearing the liquor is to be destroyed.

An appeal be made and the judgment be confirmed, the appellant shall pay double penalties and costs.

Payments for liquors sold in violation of the Act shall be void, and the amount so paid shall be recoverable. Sales, conveyances, mortgages, &c., given in whole or in part on account of liquors so sold, shall be void as between the purchaser and seller.

A peace officer shall apprehend on view any person found in a state of intoxication in any public place, and detain him in custody until he is sober, when he shall take him before a Magistrate, and the person shall on oath give information of the person and place of whom and at which he may have purchased any liquors within twenty-four hours of the period of the arrest; and if he refuse to give information, the Justice shall commit him to goal until he give the information, or until he shall by such Justice be discharged.

Able speeches were made on both sides in the discussion of this Bill which occupied several days. That some of the grounds taken in opposition to the Bill may be seen, a quotation is here made from Mr. Hoyd's (Charlotte) speech. He said he had experience both ways. He referred to 40 years ago, when the population was much smaller than at present, and from the Journals of the House at that time produced statistics to prove that there were 223,000 gallons of intoxicating liquors imported in this Province in 1854 than in 1814, and from American authority that more crime and drunkenness prevailed in the State of Maine since the introduction of the Liquor Law than before it. Mr. Hoyd said he wished to be distinctly understood, that if the Temperance party would go for moral suasion only, he would never drink another glass of liquor again—but if they insisted on saying "You shall, and you shant," he would as distinctly tell them that he would drink three glasses every day.

The ball was opened in earnest on the 19th. The "ladies' gallery" was crowded with the "beauty and fashion of Fredericton." Both lobbies under the galleries were likewise filled to their utmost capacity with the rum and no-rum portion of creation,—all interested in watching the progress of a measure that was intended to eat out the morose vitals of the country by a legislative edict. The Hon. Mr. Tilley led off in a long speech explanatory of the provisions of the Bill and the great necessity there was for passing it, for the mitigation of a formidable growing evil, that had been doing more for a number of years in eating out the morose vitals of the country than all other evils combined. In referring to the cholera the previous year in St. John, Mr. Tilley stated that about 1300 persons fell victims to that awful scourge, and that only two temperance men were taken away. He also read from the Report of Dr. Waddell respecting the physical debility, wreck and ruin that were occasioned by intemperance. And that in the Provincial Penitentiary out of forty-seven inmates no less than thirty seven were incarcerated through the effects of intemperance. He also referred to a Petition brought in that morning against the Bill, and to meet the objection of losing £29,000 out of the Treasury, it might be stated that from £60,000 to £70,000 or £80,000 went out of the country to foreigners who could have no interest in the affairs of the Province, having no stake in the country. He said that it must sound very musical to the honorable Members' ears to hear every day dropping into the Provincial Treasury, as profits on Alcohol—but let them put before them the sight of four human beings dropping every two days into eternity, by the intoxicating cup—and who would consent to such a sacrifice of human life at such a price?

The general arguments used against the measure, as gathered by reading all the speeches in opposition, may be thus stated. It was unfair to measure the effects of alcoholic drinks by a temperance rule, and condemn the practice as destructive to life. People cannot be legislated into habits of sobriety. All summary laws were mischievous in their tendency, would aggravate rather than allay the evil they were designed to cure. People's habits could not be rudely broken in upon. It the Ups

tree was poisonous it was still the growth of ages, and could not be uprooted, unless by the most violent means, in a day. It would take time to destroy the young fibres that had spread themselves far and wide. So long an arena of influence and their faces against all interference with the indulgence of their appetites, no restrictive law could have any effect. People must be educated into a knowledge of the evil which had habits generate. The slavery to appetite, like negro slavery, cannot be successfully abolished without years of probation and trial.

On a motion by Mr. Street that the Bill be postponed for three months, the House divided—Yeas 17; Nays 21—which was also the final decision upon the Bill when it was carried—although it was alleged by some of the newspaper reporters that one or two honorable gentlemen were not in their places when the final question was taken.

Although introduced by the Provincial Secretary, it was an open question, and not a Government measure. Some of the papers are concerned with each other by a singular mechanism. Each room is adjoined by an alcove, used as a sleeping-room apartment, and the floors of the adjoining alcoves turn on a pivot in the centre of the partition wall. This ingenious device was the invention of one of the ancestors of the present proprietor, who was somewhat of a wag, and found great pleasure in frightening and mystifying his guests. When one had gone to bed in the green room and the other in the blue, the floors were turned on their pivots, and on awakening the visitor found himself in strange quarters, with clothes that were not his own. It is said that this fun-loving lord lost a rich inheritance by thus disturbing the restful moments of a wealthy aunt, who never forgave the trick her nephew played upon her.

Thirteen to Dinner.

On Saturday Mr. Harry Furniss, the caricaturist, and a hundred and twenty-nine others sat down in London, thirteen at a table, and defiantly dined. They had waiters with the evil eye, or at least a cast, walked under a ladder by way of grace, broke a mirror, put skulls on the table—in fact, underwent every inconvenience and annoyance that freedom from superstition could suggest. They are now awaiting death, and though we hope that Mr. Furniss, at any rate, may be left for some time, a correspondent of the Westminster Gazette writes to show that this is not at all likely. The correspondent once dined in South America, and he thinks there were thirteen at dinner, and before the year was out the boat of one of them, a clergyman, struck on a sunken rock in the rapids of the Potaro river, and the clergyman was drowned. "Incantations," says Voltaire, "combined with a certain quantity of arsenic, will kill a whole flock of sheep." Dinner parties of thirteen, combined with a certain arrangement of sunken rocks will kill a whole synd of clergy. We fear Mr. Furniss will not be convinced. The correspondent's induction is not complete. Many men, for instance, have dined absolutely alone and have subsequently perished, sometimes before the year was out. Even after a dinner tete-a-tete, with no skulls or ladders and everything handsome and lucky about them, men have been known to die violent deaths without the aid of any scientific mind wants in an exact tabulation of the relative perils incurred by eating meals in companies of various sizes. All that it gets at present is a proof that dining thirteen at a table does not result in immortality on earth. Of course the harmfulness of the practice is equally unproved.

Minister's Mistake.

There have been many innocent mistakes made that contributed much to the amusement of mankind. Among them is one told of a certain clergyman who left a notice in his pulpit to be read by the preacher who exchanged with him. The minister neglected to denote carefully a private postscript, and the people were astonished to hear the stranger end by saying—

"You will please come to dine with me at the parsonage after service."

Another amusing story is told of a minister. The reverend gentleman was inclined to be absent-minded, and while walking one day met a young lady whose face seemed familiar to him. Taking her to be one of his parishioners' daughters, and not wishing to pass her without notice, he stepped forward and, cordially shaking her hand, entered into conversation. After comparing notes about the weather he had at last to confess—

"Well, I know your face quite well, but where have I seen you before?"

"Oh! please, sir, I'm your new parlour-maid!" was the reply.

In southern Europe the peasants always eat fruit in its natural state and never think of treating it to doses of sugar, salt or other seasoning. Around Naples and in Malaga the people bite a hole in the orange, suck out the juice and then throw the orange away. Some American people often do the same, but the American minister told of a certain clergyman who, not wishing to pass her without notice, he stepped forward and, cordially shaking her hand, entered into conversation. After comparing notes about the weather he had at last to confess—

"Well, I know your face quite well, but where have I seen you before?"

"Oh! please, sir, I'm your new parlour-maid!" was the reply.

One of the first covenants that every young man ought to make with himself is that he will never run in debt.

Transmitting His Order.

He entered the restaurant with the air of a man of elegant leisure, declined to take a seat which the head waiter indicated, but, after a survey of the room, chose one which suited him. He sat down, smoothed his napkin across his knees, adjusted his eye-glasses, and carefully read the bill of fare from beginning to end. Then he glanced towards the waiter, who stood silent at his elbow, and by that sign indicated his readiness to give his order. The waiter slightly inclined his right ear, and the diner, said—

"You may get me a slice of nice ham, neither too thick nor too thin, very little fat on it, and broiled over a slow fire. Also give me two eggs, new laid, tried in butter, on one side only. Be very particular to get them prepared promptly."

The waiter strode laughingly away to the kitchen and yelled to the cook:—

"Ham and eggs!"

Movable Bed-rooms.

In one of the old castles of Northern England visitors are shown two rooms which are connected with each other by a singular mechanism. Each room is adjoined by an alcove, used as a sleeping-room apartment, and the floors of the adjoining alcoves turn on a pivot in the centre of the partition wall. This ingenious device was the invention of one of the ancestors of the present proprietor, who was somewhat of a wag, and found great pleasure in frightening and mystifying his guests. When one had gone to bed in the green room and the other in the blue, the floors were turned on their pivots, and on awakening the visitor found himself in strange quarters, with clothes that were not his own. It is said that this fun-loving lord lost a rich inheritance by thus disturbing the restful moments of a wealthy aunt, who never forgave the trick her nephew played upon her.

The Old Clay Pipe.

There's a lot of solid comfort In an old clay pipe, I find, If you're kind of out of humor Or in trouble in your mind. When you're feeling awful lonesome And don't know just what to do, There's a heap of satisfaction If you smoke a pipe or two.

The ten thousand pleasant memories That are heaped in your soul, Are playing alive and seek with you Around that smoking bowl. There are snobby social moments: You're at peace with all the world. And the pleasant change you feel, As the thin blue smoke is curd.

Now you cross the bridge of sorrow, Now you enter pleasant lands, And before an open doorway, You will linger to shake hands With a libe and starchy figure That is cooling through the door. Ah! you recognize the features; You have seen that face before.

You are at the dear old homestead, Where you spent those happy years; You are rumping with the children; You are smiling through your tears; You have fought in treaty's battle; You are right and he is too. Oh! how near you're to the goal, You are now a boy again.

You approach the open doorway, And before the old archway, You will stop and kiss the grandma, You will smooth the thin white hair; You will read the open Bible, For the lamp is in your face. It is now your hour for bed time And you kneel to pray.

Still you linger at the hearthstone; You are loath to leave the place; When an apple cut is in progress, You must wait and dance with Grace. What's the matter with the music? Only this: The pipe is broke. Ah! how near you're to the goal, You snuff promptly with the smoke. N. Y. Sun.

The Wine and the Flower.

I shrink to meet a mid-erected wine, And then he seemed to me, he secrets rude, "Behold the source of richness for your food!"

I fed, and saw a field that seemed, at first, One silken mass of roses pure and white. With dewy buds 'mid dark art on foliage aured, And, as I lingered o'er the lovely sight, The summer breeze, that cooled that southern scene Whispered, "Behold the source of Cottolene!" M. E. Winans.

A FRIEND

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

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

AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

WHEN

Surprise Soap

HITS

The right spot (the dirty one)

be it in clothing, laces, cottons, flannels, anything, anywhere—it cleans quickly, thoroughly, without injury to what's under the spot. If taken the dirt without injury to finest fabrics.

SURPRISE Soap is for sale at your grocer's. **READ** the directions on the wrapper.

We Wash, You Iron.

Large or small pieces we wash and dry for 25 Cents per dozen. We call for the dirty linen and return it to you all ready for ironing. This is our Rough Dry Work. Try it one week.

Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works,
28-34 WATERLOO ST., St. John, N. B.

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

UNGAR'S.

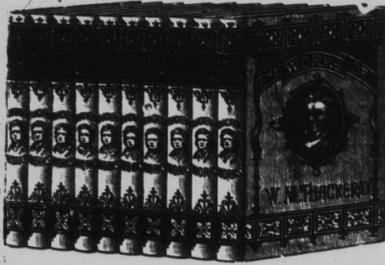
DO YOU KNOW
For an Actual Fact that
GRANBY RUBBERS

ARE THE BEST? If Not, Try a Pair.

Thackeray's Complete Works—10 vols.

Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.

Thackeray's works, 10 volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, library edition, with 177 illustrations for \$2.90 is an unequalled offer. We do not think it will last long because our supply is limited, and we may not be able to duplicate our orders at the same figure. The retail bargain price is usually \$6.00. The set is listed at \$10.00. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.



Have You Seen the New Yost Typewriter?

If you purchase a typewriter without seeing the New Yost you will make a very great mistake. If you buy after having seen it there is no danger of your making a mistake, you will have nothing else. It is the latest and best machine, has all the good points of its predecessors, none of their defects, and it is full of new ideas and improvements peculiar to it alone. Stenographers and experienced operators are unanimous in praising it. No antiquated Log Cabin with lean-to attachments. The same old ink ribbon, double scales and rickety print will not pass in this electric age. Something all modern architecture, with electric bell and all the new conveniences, is what the people want at the present day.



WHAT MUST GO:
BAD ALIGNMENT.
ILLEGIBLE WORK.
FOUL INK RIBBONS.
BOTHERSOME SHIFT KEYS.
DOUBLE SCALES, ETC.,

are no longer to be tolerated or pardoned. **THE NEW YOST** has abolished them and no other machine can retain them and live.

Second hand ribbon and shift key machines for sale cheap.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces,

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Messrs. B. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Deane, Chatham; John E. Sawyer, Moncton; Clifford W. Robinson, Moncton; H. A. White, Sussex; A. M. Housar, Knowles' Book Store Halifax; J. B. Dimeaux, Grand Rapids, N. S.; D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Dr. W. P. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman, Advocate's office of Sydney, C. B.; J. Bryenton, Amherst; W. P. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; Chas. Burrell & Co., Weymouth, N. S.; T. Carleton Kitchum, Woodstock; Clarence E. Casey, Amherst, N. S.; E. M. Fulton, Trenton, N. B.

HAUNTS OF MRS. HEMANS.

FAVORITE SPOTS OF ENGLAND'S FAVORITE POETESS.

How the walls of these in the days of the...

In 1835, Mrs. Hemans made another short remove. Her Bronwyla home having come into the possession of her elder brother...

Here, on what the boys would call "mamma's sofa," a little grassy mound under her favorite beech tree...

How many precious memories has she hung around the thought of the cowslip, that flower with its "gold coat," and "fairy favors," which is, of all others, so associated with the "voice of happy childhood," and was, to her, ever redolent of the hours when her "Heart so leapt to that sweet laughter's tone."

Another favorite resort was the picturesque old bridge over the Clwyd; and when her health admitted of more aspiring achievements, she delighted in roaming to the hills; and the announcement of a walk to Gwm, a remote little hamlet, nestled in a mountain hollow amidst very dozy sylvan scenery, about two miles from Rhyllon, would be joyously echoed by her elated companions...

"Those who only know the neighborhood of St. Asaph from travelling along its highways, can be little aware how much delightful scenery is attainable within walks of two or three miles' distance from Mrs. Hemans' residence. The placid beauty of the Clwyd, and the wilder graces of its sister stream, the Elwy, particularly in the vicinity of "Our Lady's Well," and the interesting rocks and caves

at Cole, are little known to general sportsmen; though, by the lovers of her poetry, it will be remembered how sweetly she has apostrophized the

"Fount of the chapel, with aged grey; And how tenderly amidst far different scenes, her thoughts reverted to the

"Chamber river, with slow music gliding; By pastoral hills, old woods and ruined towers."

Ah, blessedness of life, wherever life is found in this fashion! It is here we forget for a season that earth is not the paradise which once it was, and that crime and sorrows unnumberable are multiplied, till the anguish of creation is shrill enough to silence the singing of angels. Here a poetic Eve walks in unshadowed innocence. So would we choose to walk were such a choice permitted us.

"If heaven, a draught of heavenly pleasure spare, One cordial in this melancholy vale." Ah, blessedness of life, wherever life is found in this fashion! It is here we forget for a season that earth is not the paradise which once it was, and that crime and sorrows unnumberable are multiplied, till the anguish of creation is shrill enough to silence the singing of angels. Here a poetic Eve walks in unshadowed innocence. So would we choose to walk were such a choice permitted us.

These scenes and circumstances are about to be exchanged for tamer ones, and sorrows now fall thickly. The home of her elder brother is made desolate by death. Then she closes the eyes of her loving mother and sees her borne to the grave. Her sister and companion is married and withdrawn to a distance, and her younger brother is called to an appointment in Ireland. Familiar and beautiful scenes have a lonesome look. O, what is there in a house when its loving inmates have departed? Well might she write about the home "where so much gladness had perished."

"Gloom is upon the lonely hearth, A silent hour, one bird with wither'd sorrow in the breezy sound Of lay and poplar whispering round."

"The looks, the smiles, all vanished now, Follow me where they roam below; The echoes of kind household words, Are with me 'midst thy singing birds."

"Ye are at rest, and I in tears, Ye are free of immortal spheres; Under the poplar boughs I stand, And I mourn the broken household band."

Dear as the place is, it is now desolate; and she must leave it. Hopes and duties lie elsewhere, and are not in this paper to be considered. Meanwhile, her health is giving way and she is drifting into chronic invalidism. At first it does not appear what the cause may be, but is gradually determined to be the lesion of the brain. There is that flutter-flutter, like the wings of a wounded bird, and there are times when she must lie down. Care-lines have come in her face, and sometimes a look of hopeless perplexity is there. Perhaps her musing is at times of him whose name she bears; who, living in a city that could once be cruel, has left her in sorrow and weakness to struggle on as best she can. But to all these things there cometh an end,—an end, which is also a beginning.

PASTOR FRANK. THINGS OF VALUE.

Imitation may be the sincerest flattery; but an up-to-date girl doesn't think so when she is presented with a paste diamond.

I was Cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT C. I. LAGUE.

I was Cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Yarmouth. CHARLES PLUMMER.

I was Cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. BURIN, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

A prophet is not wholly without honor in his own country. His neighbor sometimes admits that he is not as big a fool as other neighbors take him for.

Write to the Proprietors of Putner's Emulsion for copies of testimonials to the excellence of Putner's Emulsion from the most skillful physicians and prominent citizens of Nova Scotia.

The professional photographer and the amateur hold entirely different views of the same things.

Pets in Prisons. Prisoners and their pets have formed the theme of many an interesting story. Prince Kraptokin has told the world about the wonderfully intelligent cat that brought amusement to his fellow-prisoners and himself in the dreary fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, and Mr. Michael Davitt's pet is hardly less famous. During his fifteen months' confinement in Portland prison Mr. Davitt was presented by the governor with a blackbird. So attached did the "Father of the Irish Land League" become to the cheery companion, that he wrote his book, "Leaves from a Prison Diary," in the form of lectures to the bird. With the concluding address "Joe" was set free—never to return

JOY IN TWO HOMES.

A GENUINE SENSATION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

How baby was saved, and how a Young Lady Regained Health after Doctors and Friends had given up Hope—Grateful Parents speak for the Benefits of Other Mothers.

[From the Collingwood Enterprise.] Situated some fourteen miles from the town of Collingwood, on the border line between the counties of Simcoe and Grey, is the thriving village of Sunninghampton. It was the duty of the writer to visit this charming locality, recently on a mission of mercy. He was issued engaged in his work at Mr. Pearson's mills, and cheerfully went with the reporter to his residence where Mrs. Riddell was found with her little girl.

The little girl is two years and four months old, very bright and intelligent. Her name is Lizzie Bell, but her parents informed the reporter that they call her the "Pink Pills baby," and they gave these reasons: When Lizzie was ten months old she was taken ill, the trouble being ascribed to her teeth, and so bad did she become that she was quite blind for two weeks. A doctor said there was no hope for her, and the parents shared his opinion, for the child was exceedingly puny and weighed only nine or ten pounds when a year old. Mrs. Riddell said, "We frequently could not help wishing the little one was at rest, so much did she suffer."

Mr. Riddell about this time, heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and determined to try them. As the baby continued taking the pills she began to grow well and strong, and has gone on steadily improving. "I think," said Mrs. Riddell, "that baby would long since have been in her grave had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I unhesitatingly recommend them as a most reliable remedy." Mr. Riddell said he had been ill for some time himself, feeling nervous, worried and losing his appetite. His left hand also seemed to be losing its strength, and his weight decreased to 132 pounds. He resolved to try Pink Pills, and in six weeks he regained good health and appetite, while his weight showed an increase of 32 pounds. He is enthusiastic concerning Pink Pills with good reason.

While in Sunninghampton the reporter heard much talk of another remarkable case, and being anxious that all the facts obtainable should be placed before the public, he called at the home of Miss Ellen Cousins. The young lady was absent visiting friends, but her mother cheerfully gave the facts of this truly remarkable case. Miss Cousins was troubled with dyspepsia since childhood, and as she approached maturity other complications followed. At sixteen years of age she weighed 125 pounds, but her troubles so reduced her that she fell away to a mere skeleton of 56 pounds, and at this stage her trouble was aggravated by erysipelas in both legs. Medicines of various kinds were tried without avail until the doctor finally advised that none be taken and that the diet be carefully watched. Then another doctor, who it was said had cured a girl similarly afflicted, was tried, but three months' treatment produced no good results and Miss Cousins was in such a condition that the family and friends sat up one night fully expecting death to ensue before morning. The spark of life flickered, and on the suggestion of a friend two boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were procured. After taking them a slight gain was noticed, and two boxes more were got, and since that time Miss Cousins has taken eleven boxes and has continually gained in health and strength and her weight has increased from 56 to 85 pounds. Mrs. Cousins said that they look upon Ellen as one raised from the dead, and they cheerfully recommend Pink Pills to all sufferers from similar complaints.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a remarkable efficacy in curing diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or an impairment of the nervous system such as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of a grippé, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any kind.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Shennett, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. They may be had from any dealer, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

Saved the Queen. Touching the equestrian of renown, Andrew Ducrow, so long the lessee of Astley's and who was the original courier of St. Petersburg, who rode six bare-backed horses at once, there is a curious story, for the authenticity of which we cannot vouch, but which is related as it was told to the writer more than fifty years ago.

Ducrow, so runs the tale, was riding in Hyde Park one morning at the same time as the youthful Queen Victoria, about two months before her coronation, was taking equestrian exercise. The queen's horse bolted, and the attendants failed to stop the terrified animal.

Ducrow leaped from his saddle, seized the horse's bridle, at the same time patting the horse's neck and talking to it in that peculiar soothing tone of his which gave him an almost magical mastery over the brute creation. The horse remained quiet, but trembling violently, while "her Majesty" was assisted to alight, and was conveyed in a carriage to Buckingham Palace. Andrew Ducrow's only reward when he was informed that the lady whom

he had assisted in her distress was the Queen of England" was simply— "Lawks a mussy me! Why didn't her blessed Majesty come to me for her 'omse'?"

Eight weeks afterwards he was as much astonished as delighted to receive from Buckingham Palace a splendid breast pin, representing him as a miniature courier of St. Petersburg, in gold, brilliants and rubies; while simultaneously he received from the Lord Chamberlain's office two tickets to Westminster Abbey for Mr. and Mrs. Ducrow to witness the pageant of the coronation.

Ship Named "Resolution." Apropos of H. M. S. Resolution's narrow escape from foundering, it has been pointed out that no fewer than four Resolutions have come to an untimely end by battle, fire or wreck. The first bore the flag of Blake in his great victory off the North Foreland over Van Tromp, Sept. 28, 1552, and in Monk's equally great success off the name headland, July 25, 1666, she was burned by a fire ship, the only one lost, as against twenty sail taken or sunk. Forty years later the Resolution engaged a squadron of six ships off the Spanish coast and was run ashore and burned by Capt. Mordaunt, son of the famous Earl of Peterborough, to save her from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Only four years afterward (1710), near the same spot, off Barcelona, a third ship of the name was driven ashore by a storm and became a total wreck. Finally, in Hawke's great victory off Quiberon, when Joseph Rodgers and Sons, cutlers Sheffield, England. It has 1,890 blades, and ten blades are added to it every tenth year, so that the addition about seven years hence will bring the number of its blades up to 1,900. Another curiosity in their possession is three pairs of scissors, all of which can be covered by a thimble. One thousand eight hundred and forty blades, all provided with hinges and springs, and closing into one handle, were made into a single pocket-knife by one of the cutlery manufacturers of Sheffield. Another specimen has 220 blades, highly ornamented with landscapes, etc., and a third, measuring when closed, only one inch in length, has seventy blades, illustrating all the various shapes ever given to knives and forks. A knife with more than 100 blades was presented by the cutlers of Sheffield to George IV., and is among the royal jewels at Windsor Castle. A carving knife and fork at New York are said to be the largest in the world, the former being 1 1/2 feet long and the latter 7 1/2 feet. The handles made out of elephants' tusks, are worth \$800. Together these implements weigh 820 pounds and are valued at \$1,200.

Very Remarkable Knives. The most remarkable knife in the world is one in the curiosity room of the factory of Joseph Rodgers and Sons, cutlers Sheffield, England. It has 1,890 blades, and ten blades are added to it every tenth year, so that the addition about seven years hence will bring the number of its blades up to 1,900. Another curiosity in their possession is three pairs of scissors, all of which can be covered by a thimble. One thousand eight hundred and forty blades, all provided with hinges and springs, and closing into one handle, were made into a single pocket-knife by one of the cutlery manufacturers of Sheffield. Another specimen has 220 blades, highly ornamented with landscapes, etc., and a third, measuring when closed, only one inch in length, has seventy blades, illustrating all the various shapes ever given to knives and forks. A knife with more than 100 blades was presented by the cutlers of Sheffield to George IV., and is among the royal jewels at Windsor Castle. A carving knife and fork at New York are said to be the largest in the world, the former being 1 1/2 feet long and the latter 7 1/2 feet. The handles made out of elephants' tusks, are worth \$800. Together these implements weigh 820 pounds and are valued at \$1,200.

To the Point. A little financial trouble, which caused the closing of a bank in Arizona, was accounted for by this notice, posted on the bank doors: "This bank is not busted; it owes the people \$6,000 dollars; the people owe it \$5,000 dollars; it is the people who are busted; when they pay, we'll pay."

A Simple Fact. If we got a dollar Every time we spoke Manly of another, No one would be broke.

STEAMERS. INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. Winter Arrangement. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING November 15th, the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.30 standard. Returning will leave Boston Monday days at 2.30 a. m., and Portland at 6 p. m., for Eastport and St. John. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. S. LAECHLER, Agent.

IT MADE HER WELL.

Paine's Celery Compound Saves from Death.

Mrs. Pelletier, of Quebec, Suffered Continuously for Fifteen Years—Was Paralyzed on Right Side for Six Years—Endured Terrible Agonies Night and Day—Three Bottles of Nature's Healer Gave Good Results—Paine's Celery Compound Restores the Sick.



MRS. L. PELLETIER.

"I take great pleasure in letting you know all the good that I have derived from your Paine's Celery Compound. For fifteen years I have been a dyspeptic, and have tried a great many medicines without deriving any good results. I was also paralyzed on my right side for six years, and was unable to write or do any work. Last winter I was confined to my room with pains in my stomach, back and head, also with inflammatory rheumatism. A friend brought me a newspaper and directed my attention to the almost miraculous benefits that resulted from the use of your Paine's Celery Compound. I then decided to try three bottles and have, from the use of the remedy, experienced grand results. The pains have disappeared and I feel a great deal stronger. I fully believe that I have at last found the precious remedy. I owe you unbounded gratitude, and will proclaim it to all the world, so that our poor suffering humanity may derive all the benefits that your medicine can give. It certainly has no equal in merit as a reliever of pain." This is the testimony of Mrs. L. Pelletier, 56 Bridge Street, Quebec; her portrait appears above. A more decisive victory over disease of long standing has never been put on record by any other medicine. Mrs. Pelletier's experiences of failure and success carry to all sufferers a weighty and important lesson of warning and encouragement—warning against wasting time and hazarding life with medicines that prove failures—and encouragement to use nature's true restorer Paine's Celery Compound. Mrs. Pelletier's plain and honest testimony should influence and guide thousands of sickly, weary and diseased men and women in Canada.

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

A GREAT LITERARY BARGAIN.

In the past two or three years "PROGRESS" has been able to make some tempting offers for new subscribers with such satisfactory results that the very best bargain in literature is none too good to offer. The very latest arrangement that has been made enables the publisher of "PROGRESS" to send the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, of New York, to anyone who will send him one new subscription to "PROGRESS" for 85 cents. In other words for \$2.85 he will send "PROGRESS" to a new subscriber for one year and the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE to the person who forwards the subscription.

Please fill out the blank below and send it with a Money Order for \$2.85 to Edward S. Carter and take advantage of the most attractive offer "PROGRESS" has ever made.

Mr. Edward S. Carter, Publisher PROGRESS: Enclosed you will find, Express or Post Office Order, for two dollars and eighty-five cents, (\$2.85) for which please send PROGRESS for one year to _____ and the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE for one year to _____ Feb. 1894.

The regular subscription price of the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE is \$1.50, and for "PROGRESS" \$2.00. This offer is only open to new subscribers.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

What a dismal day it was for all woman-kind when electric lights came into use! I don't suppose we realized it then, and perhaps we are scarcely aware even now of the disastrous effects that most harsh and cruel light has had upon our good looks. Once upon a time the girl who was not a beauty, but still who possessed youth, freshness, and a tolerably clear complexion, even if she had not much color, was always certain of looking her very best in the evening, especially when in evening dress. It was a common thing to hear people say of some girl—"Well, perhaps she is not exactly pretty by daylight, but you ought to see her on an evening, she does light up so well that she is a perfect beauty then!"

And it was quite true; gaslight or lamp-light was merciful, and dealt tenderly with us and seemed to bring out all our best points while hiding any defects we might possess. The sweet girl with the dear little pug nose, whose clear skin was marred with very perceptible freckles in the daylight, became a perfect little Hebe the moment she put on her white and green dress with its low neck and short puffy sleeves, and stepped into the fall glare of the lamps, or the gaslight. She was sure to have the whitest of necks and arms, a delightful tinge of red in her brown hair, and the artificial light seemed to make her freckles disappear as if by magic, and the ordinary maiden of the morning, or afternoon, is a queen of the ballroom.

And the tall slender girl with dark hair and eyes whose color was not bright enough for her to lay claim to the title of a brunette in the proper sense of the word, indeed, whose enemies would have called her sallow; whose neck and arms were just a little too thin for artistic beauty, and not quite as white as marble, when seen in the harsh light of day—she too became metamorphosed as soon as the lamps were lighted, and looked just as charming as the fairest blonde in the room. The kindly lamp-light softened her defects also, and made up for all her shortcomings. The pale complexion seemed to take on a ruddy glow, provided there was a little bit of rose, or scarlet about her dress, the neck and arms looked creamy, instead of sallow, and if there were any prominent bones they did not show, while the shadowy circles beneath the eyes only enhanced their brilliancy and made them look larger, so the lamp-light gave another belle, to the ballroom, in place of an ordinary dame! But now all this is changed, and to look at all well in an electric lighted ballroom, or even in a concert room, public hall or church, where the electric light is used a woman, or even a young girl must have some genuine claim to beauty, in order to look at all well under the very trying circumstances by which she is surrounded. In the ballroom even the rose-pink shades by which the lights are generally surrounded cannot entirely neutralize the ghastly effect of the deadly electric light, and few indeed can come through the ordeal with anything approaching triumph. The very slightest depression in a rounded cheek even if it be scarcely more than a dimple, is emphasized into a hollow; the faintest shadow under the loveliest eyes becomes a black circle which disfigures the whole face, and if there is the least tint of sallowness in the complexion the unfortunate owner is sure to look a sickly green that reminds one of nothing but a corpse; while as for the neck and arms that are not models of plumpness and whiteness, I almost shrink from the task of describing them! Every tiny bone which never showed before seems to stand out in cruel relief, and if there be the slightest suspicion of "salt cellars" they will sink almost out of sight into caverns dark and deep; and the skin which looked only slender by daylight will shrink in some inexplicable manner until they are positively skinny.

"Oh, no, girls, there is no possibility of blinding ourselves to the fact that unless you are young and plump and pretty beyond your neighbours there is no hope of your looking well beneath the cruel, searching rays of the electric light. I am sure most people have noticed with surprise how few pretty girls there seem to be in any asemblage where electric lights are a prominent feature of the landscape; and above all how few young-looking ones; they all seem to have a faded, tired look and their faces show lines that never used to appear on young faces a few years ago. Can it be that our girls are beginning to follow the example of their American cousins and fade early? I think not—the girls are just as fresh and fair as ever, but they place themselves under a very great disadvantage and do themselves an injustice they little dream of when they face such a crucial test of beauty as the fierce white light of electricity.

And if it is hard on young girls, what must it be for those who are no longer young, and whose countenances really show some of time's cruel traces? Well, for them it is simply martyrdom, that is all. Whichever way one looks at the matter, we have little to thank Mr. Edison for, as far as the light is concerned, because even if he did confer upon us a lamp that had no chimney to clean, and that did not require trimming, what boots it that that same lamp is going to ruin our good looks, and what rightly constituted woman would not

prefer washing a dozen lamp chimneys a day and trimming the same number of lamps, rather than lose even a little of her beauty?

I don't imagine there would be any use in suggesting a remedy even if I could think of one, because the electric light has come to stay, and no feeble protests of ours can change things! Do you think, girls, if we represented the manner in its true light to Mr. Edison, he would set his inventive powers to work in our behalf and try to introduce some ingredient into the light in future, which would make it a little more becoming. Suppose we send a deputation to wait on him in the interests of suffering femininity and try!

I was very glad to see by the strong letter written by "Reform" which appeared in PROGRESS the week before last, that the subject of the Protestant Orphan asylum had attracted some attention. If it be an actual fact that there are bright, cheerful, and sunny rooms perfectly available for the use of those poor little creatures, and they are deliberately kept empty when not required for the use of the matron and her assistant, while the little ones are condemned to spend their lives in back, and basement rooms, it is nothing short of iniquitous, and the matter should be investigated at once. When I think of the brick walls and asphalt floor so graphically described by a correspondent of mine a few weeks ago, I feel as if I want to go and tell no less a Governor than the Governor General about it, at once. It is simply scandalous!

The inexorable wheels of time have rolled on regardless alike of those who have tried to hurry them, and others who have yearned to stay them in their relentless course, and once more they have brought "the penitential season," when all good church people who have eaten meat until they are very tired of it and ready to welcome any change, adopt a fish diet with eager cheerfulness and almost succeed in convincing themselves that they are really mortifying the flesh by so doing. Well, fish is very nice indeed when it is properly cooked and either reasonably fresh or tolerably well salted, so we might do much worse than to conform to so light a penance for our numerous sins of omission and commission, so here are a few penitential dishes which will, I think, be found sufficiently palatable to temper the dust and ashes of a Lenten conscience with a certain degree of chastened enjoyment.

Biscuit of Clams.
One quart of milk, 12 clams, a small onion, salt, egg, a large pinch of salt, 5 tablespoonsful of flour, half teaspoonful of cornstarch, a little parsley chopped fine. Put clams and onion, with the milk, in a double boiler, let them simmer slowly for an hour, mix the cornstarch and flour with a little milk, beat until it is light and foamy, then stir into the simmering milk, continuing to stir them until it is cooked. Add the salt and a beaten egg, strain the soup and sprinkle the parsley over it.

Boiled Trout.
Brown one onion sliced, one small carrot sliced, and one leaf of celery in one tablespoonful of butter. Put two quarts of water in the fish kettle; add the browned vegetables, one cup of vinegar, four cloves and one sprig of parsley. Bring to boiling point, skim; add one teaspoonful of salt and lay the fish carefully in, after rubbing the skin with lemon juice. Simmer gently ten minutes to every pound. When cooked, drain; garnish with parsley and serve with tartare or cucumber sauce.

Lobster Salad Without Lettuce.
One can of lobster chopped fine, twelve hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, one cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful of mustard, one tablespoonful of pepper, piece of butter the size of an egg, half cup sweet cream, two raw eggs beaten with the ingredients. Heat until boiling, and pour on the eggs and lobsters, garnish with parsley leaves and egg cut in thin slices.

Potato Frit.
Two cups mashed potatoes, hot or cold, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoonsful of cream, a tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Put the potatoes in a frying pan, add the yolks of the eggs, cream and seasoning. Stir over the fire until well mixed. If the potatoes were used cold, stir until hot. Take from the fire; add carefully the hot beaten whites of the eggs. Heap on a greased baking dish or in gem pans. Bake in quick oven until a nice brown.

Cheese Toast.
Make some slices of toast, cut off the crusts, then butter, cut some cheese into thin flakes, and put in a saucepan with a piece of butter, and a little made mustard if desired; the last named ingredient must be added cautiously. Place the pan over the fire, and stir until the cheese is melted, and the whole is well mixed and smooth; then pour the mixture on the toast and serve hot.

Baked Omelet.
Heat 3 cups of milk, melting in it a bit of butter as large as a walnut. Beat well together 5 eggs, a teaspoon of flour and a scant teaspoon of salt and add to the hot milk, stirring as rapidly as possible. Turn into a hot, well-buttered frying pan and bake in a quick oven one quarter of an hour.

Sturgeon Steak.
Skin the steaks carefully, and lay in cold, salted water for an hour, to remove the oily taste of the fish. Then wipe each steak dry, salt, and broil over hot coals on a buttered gridiron. Serve in a hot dish, first buttering and peppering to taste, garnished with parsley, and accompanied by a small glass dish of sliced lemon. Or you may use the following sauce: Put a tablespoonful of butter into a frying pan, and

stir until it is brown, not burned. Add a half teacupful of boiling water in which has been stirred a tablespoonful of burned flour, previously wet with cold water. Add salt, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce or anchovy, the juice of a lemon, and let it boil well. Pour over the steaks when you have arranged them in the dish, and serve hot.

Queens Toast.
The special merit of queens toast is that it can be made with a fresh fire when, from lack of live coals, the ordinary toasted bread is unobtainable. To a well beaten egg add a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of sweet milk; stir thoroughly and dip it over the bread. Melt enough butter to grease the bottom of the frypan thoroughly, but be careful not to scorch it. Add enough bread to cover the bottom and cover quickly. It can be browned on one side or both sides, as preferred. Be careful not to burn or fry hard and serve on a warm dish.

Potatoes au Gratin.
Slice your cold potatoes and stew gently in milk or broth. Season with pepper and salt. Grate some cheese and some bread, and sprinkle over the potatoes. Brown in the oven.

Stewed Potatoes.
Heat together a tablespoonful of butter and a cup of milk. Season with pepper and salt. Hash the cold potatoes, add to the milk, cover and simmer gently until the milk is about absorbed.

One of the scornful sneers that the celebrated Frenchman Voltaire, cast at the English people was the fact that they were "a nation with 40 religions—and but one fish sauce." I wonder which particular sauce the great philosopher had in his mind just then, whether it was anchovy sauce, egg sauce, or just plain melted butter? I really do not know which of these three old sauces is the most ancient, but I fancy the latter. The reproach has been removed since then, however and English speaking people have as many as six or seven fish sauces to choose from now. Here are two excellent ones which will make even boiled salt cod taste quite aristocratic and expensive, but to be quite candid, the first one is of French parentage, and is called—

Allemands Sauce.
Melt a good tablespoonful of butter with one of flour, and add half a pint of white stock, salt, pepper, and a dash of grated lemon peel; simmer for ten minutes and stir meanwhile; add a half pint of milk or cream, and the yolk of one egg. Do not boil after the egg has been added. Finish the seasoning with a little lemon juice. Many cooks use the yolk of three eggs for this quantity, but it is rich even with one. The broth can be made from the merest trifle of chicken, or veal, or trimmings.

Crab Fish Sauce.
Melt a tablespoonful each of butter and flour together; add a cupful of milk or cream; another tablespoonful of butter cut in bits and one of capers; season to taste and send to table in a boat, or if the fish is boneless pour it over.

All these dishes are suitable for luncheon, tea, or plain dinner dishes, and I will think some of them will be found invaluable on washing days.

HELEN KELLER.
Blind, Deaf and Dumb, yet She has a Wonderful Mind.

The resources and possibilities of modern methods of intellectual training have found another marvelous instance in the case of Helen Keller, an instance fully as wonderful and conclusive as that furnished by the lamus Laura Bridgman. The interesting child is now about 14 years old. She became deaf, dumb and blind in infancy, and yet she has been educated up to such a point that she has been enabled, at 12 years of age, to write, by means of her own typewriter, a sketch of her having been led forth from darkness into the light of knowledge. Her sketch is beautifully composed, and is said by the editor of the paper in which the composition has been published to have been free from errors of spelling and the like.

In view of the child's dreadful afflictions, the mere mechanical work of the achievement is remarkable enough; but when to this is added a distinctly fine quality of literary skill, the mental attainments acquired by the girl are quite amazing. We cannot resist the temptation to quote a portion of her recital of her first perception of the sea.

"Suddenly we stopped," she writes, "and I knew, without being told, the sea was awful and for a moment some one on the beach came deaf, dumb and blind in my mind. But I do not think I was afraid; for later, when I had put on my bathing suit, and the little waves ran up on the beach and kissed my feet I shouted for joy, and plunged fearlessly into the surf. But, unfortunately, I struck my foot on a rock and fell forward into the sea. The salt water filled my eyes and took away my breath, and a great wave threw me up on the beach as easily as if I had been a little pebble. For several days after that I was very timid and could hardly be persuaded to go into the water at all; but by degrees my courage returned, and almost before the summer was over I thought it the greatest fun to be tossed about by the sea waves.

"Oh, the happy, happy hours I spent, hunting the wonderful shells! How pretty they were with their lovely, fresh hues and exquisite shapes! How so pleasant it was to sit on the sandy bank and braid the sea grass, while teacher told me stories of the sea and described, in simple words that I could understand, the majestic ocean like white-winged birds!

"People sometimes seem surprised that I love the ocean when I cannot see it. But I do not think it is strange. It is because God has planted the love of His wonderful works deep in the hearts of His children, and, whether we see them or not, we feel everywhere their beauty and mystery enfolding us."—Illustrated American.

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dean offered prayer and read a few verses from the gospel. As the blessing was being said, a young lady having previously set the works in motion, the clock struck the hour with twelve rich notes. This is the largest clock in the kingdom. Its pendulum weighs 700 pounds.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

The Cunard line of steamships employs 10,000 men.

The Hollanders are the greatest tea and coffee drinkers, using 240 ounces to the inhabitant every year.

One of the earliest shipwrecks recorded in this country was that of a Dutch vessel on Sandy Hook in 1620.

If a well could be dug to a depth of forty-six miles the air at the bottom would be as dense as quicksilver.

Eighty-seven and a half millions of passengers passed through the various railway stations in Paris, arriving or departing, during 1892.

The Krupp gun works claim to have manufactured a machine which will roll iron so thin that it would take 1,800 sheets to make an inch.

Antiquarians generally consider the Meitz Falter, printed on vellum in 1450 by Peter Schoeffer, to be the first book with a printed date.

In China white is the color for mourning; in Egypt, yellow; in Turkey, violet; in Ethiopia, brown; in Europe, during the Middle Ages, white.

A square copper coin, struck by the Swedish government in the sixteenth century, weighs nearly one-half inch thick and weighs a pound and a quarter.

An eminent statistician estimates that during the course of an ordinary life the average man will eat seven four-horse loads more food than is good for him.

When the skull of a man who has died with delirium tremens is sawed into, the gas which escapes can be lighted and will burn with a bluish, alcoholic flame.

In the West India Islands, Nubia and the Sudan whistling trees are found. Peculiar shaped leaves and pods, with a split or open edge, give the wind a chance.

A tunnel nearly two miles long, cut through solid granite, has recently been completed at Hagerman Pass, Colo. It cost \$1,000,000 and twenty human lives.

The temperature of a man in ordinary good health is 38.5 deg. Fahr. That of a small is said to be 75 deg., of an oyster, 82 deg., while that of a chicken is as high as 111 deg.

Those who suppose that the people of all China use the same language are badly mistaken. There are as many different dialects spoken in the flowery kingdom as there are in all Europe.

Professor Geikle says that at their present rate of erosion the British Isles will be reduced to a level with the surrounding ocean by the end of the year 3,500,000. No cause for alarm, sure.

Orders for 250 locomotives and several thousand railway carriages have been given by the Russian government to American and Belgian firms, presumably required for the trans-Siberian railway.

Beggars swarm so in Malta that the only way to avoid being pestered by them is to put out your hand and anticipate them with their own whining. "Give me something," "Me plenty poor man," "Me very large family."

The arts of collecting provisions, storing and preserving food, domesticating and managing flocks and capturing slaves are quite as well understood by animals and insects as by man in the earliest stages of his civilization.

The oldest mathematical book in the world is called the "Papyrus Rhind." It is in manuscript, of course, and was written by one Ahmes, an Egyptian, who lived in the year 2,000 B. C. The book is now in the British museum.

Canon Farrar says that the present statistics show that the number of births in the richest districts of Kensington, London, are 20 per 1,000 every year, while the number of births in the poorest districts of Fulham are 48 per 1,000.

Keeping a diary was a confirmed fashion among the literary Romans. Most of them carried little tablets tied at their belts, in which they kept memoranda of their doings, so as to forget nothing when they came to make up the record at night.

The California woodpecker is an insect eater. Yet in view of the approach of winter, it prepares a store of food of a wholly different character and arranges this with as much care as an epicure might devote to the storage of his wine in a cellar.

The tallest company of soldiers in the army belongs to the Scots Guards. This comprises ninety men, averaging 6ft. 2 1/2 in., twelve of them standing, in their stockinged feet, 6ft. 4 in., and one 6ft. 7 in. Not a man of the ninety is under 6ft.

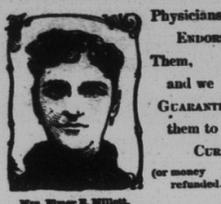
Cardinal Mezzanot, the most remarkable linguist the world has ever known, is said to have been able to use every word of any considerable importance in over 100 different languages, and to have been able to carry on a conversation in forty-five or fifty others.

The silk hat continues to hold its ground in London, but in the provinces it has lately been almost entirely displaced by the hard felt derby. There is a brisk and increasing demand for resuscitated chimney pots in South Africa and Australia whether by the natives or the whites is not apparent.

The tax of 10 francs a year on cycles which was imposed in France last April yielded in the first half year over 780,000 francs. The tax on stock exchange transactions, which the brokers declared would surely ruin all business on the bourse, yielded a round 4,000,000 francs between June 1 and Nov. 20.

"Hear, hear," is perhaps the most familiar interjection heard during debates in the House of Commons, but how few members know the origin of the phrase. It will be a surprise to many to know that the earliest instance of its use is to be found in II. Samuel, xx, 16: "Then cried a wise woman out of the city, 'Hear, hear!'"

Hissing means different things according to where you happen to be at the time. In West Africa the natives hiss when they are astonished; in New Hebrides when they see anything beautiful. The Basutos applied a popular orator in their assemblies by hissing at him. The Japanese, again, show their reverence by a hiss, which has probably somewhat the force of the "hush" with which we command silence.



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TREATMENT OF SCARLET FEVER.

How to Recognize the Disease and to Cure For Its Victims. Scarlet fever, writes Miss Scovill, in the Ladies Home Journal, almost always begins with a sudden attack of vomiting. The child becomes flushed and feverish, is very thirsty and restless, and may complain of headache and sore throat.

As soon as the vomiting is over a warm bath should be given, and the child put to bed in an airy room from which all superfluous furniture has been removed. Ventilation without draughts is very important in scarlet fever.

Cold is the enemy especially to be dreaded, as many serious complications may be caused by a chill. The child should be kept in bed, even in comparatively light cases, with a flannel jacket over the night-dress.

Scarletina does not mean a milder form but is the latin name of the disease. It is dangerous under whatever title it masquerades, and scarlet rash may be as fatal as scarlet fever. The infection from an apparently light case may produce a very severe one, if the germ falls into a soil favorable to its development.

The germ of the disease has a wonderful vitality, and the disinfection of the room, furniture and clothing by fumigation with sulphur, scrubbing with disinfectants, and renewing paper or paint on walls and ceiling cannot be too thorough at the close of the illness.

The man who knows the least shows it the most. The man who leans on his blessings cannot walk straight. A mistake is apt to attract more attention to us than a virtue. The easiest thing for a fool to do is to tell how little he knows.

A custom among the Dutch is the exchanging of engagement rings, which are narrow bands of plain gold, with the initials of the betrothed and the day of the betrothal engraved on the inside. They are worn on the left hand before, and on the right after marriage. Dutch engagements extend over a period of from two to five years.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. If you are a poor sleeper, not only do not forget to put on your night-cap but on retiring also take a night-cap of Horsford's Acid Phosphate, to make assurance doubly sure.

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HEB AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

A little lady of six, Mrs. Simone de Mosses, inherits the bulk of the property left by the late Guy de Mosses. She is the daughter of a brother of the novelist, and her pretty winning ways gained the heart of her bachelor uncle, who made a will in her favor when he first began to suffer from the pitiful malady that has deprived French literature of one of its brightest ornaments.

The eight unmarried ladies who hold office as the Queen's maids of honor, are given the prefix "Honorable," and, on marrying receive from the Queen the gift of £1,000. One or two maids of honor reside for a fortnight at a time at Windsor or Osborne, but her Majesty seldom takes more than one to Scotland. The dowry of a maid of honor has been given for at least 150 years, but is according to her majesty's pleasure; and in 1767 it was refused to one lady who engaged herself in marriage without the consent of her royal mistress.

When Sarah Bernhardt first went to America the papers were full of references to her extra slenderness. And the story was told of a Boston man who met a friend one day, and he began speaking of Bernhardt. "Do you want to see her?" asked his friend. "Yes," was the delighted reply. "Well, godown past that carriage and look in, and you'll see her." The man walked past the carriage, glanced in, and came back. "Did you see her?" asked his friend. "I looked in, but I saw nothing." "That's she!" was the reply.

A curious interest attaches to the will of Lady Gertrude Stock, of St. Joseph's Convent, Hanwell. Lady Gertrude, who was a sister of the present Marquis of Queensberry, shared to a certain extent the eccentricity of her family, but had for many years lived a devoted and unselfish life. In 1882 she rather started her friends by announcing her determination to marry a Chelsea baker of the name of Mr. Stock. This she did, and so became Lady Gertrude Stock. Her modest fortune has been left to her husband, who is at present in South Africa.

The Maharajah of Patiala, who is about to visit England for a sojourn of eight months, will take with him his wife Florence, known as the Queen of Patiala, who is an English, or rather Irish lady, and sister of Mr. Charles Blyden, a sportsman well known in Indian racing circles as "Mr. Davis." The visitor who is in his twenty-second year, rules over a state comprising 5,419 square miles, with a population of about 1,467,433. He maintains a military force of 4,117 infantry, 2,423 cavalry, and 110 guns, and is entitled to a 2nd class peerage.

Mr. Goschen is very fortunate in his private secretaries, or those gentlemen are very fortunate in him. Of the three men who successfully served him in that capacity during his tenure of office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, the first, Mr. Milner, is now chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, (salary £2,000); the second, Mr. Dawson, is manager of the Peruvian Corporation in Lima, (salary £2,000 to £3,000); and the third, Mr. H. Babbington Smith, has just been appointed private secretary to the Viceroy of India, (salary £1,600 taking into account the depreciation of the rupee.) As the age of the three men are respectively thirty-nine, thirty-four and thirty, none of them can complain of lack of advancement.

The mother of Sir Egbert Segrave—the young baronet who has wooed and won Lord Wimborne's daughter—was at one period of her life one of the brightest figures as she was one of the wittiest women in London society. But a sad tragedy darkened her life, and the bright and brilliant woman became little more than a recluse. She and her friend, Miss Letitia Probyn, were bathing at Hendaye. Without a moment's warning, Lady Segrave saw her friend carried out to sea on the crest of a big wave. She fainted, and was herself with difficulty rescued from death. Lady Segrave at once disappeared from that social firmament in which she had shone with such brilliancy, and the whole of her later life has been affected by that terrible incident.

An interesting incident ament the home life of the popular Foreign Secretary at Mentmore has just come to light. It is related that Lord Rosebery, when passing the churchyard gate, met a little child carrying a basket of flowers, which she was going to place on the grave of her sister. His lordship made a sympathetic remark, whereupon he and the demure village maiden went hand-in-hand to the grave on which the flowers were deposited. Lord Rosebery then asked the child, "Do you think your mother would like a stone to mark your sister's grave?" The grateful look which appeared on the child's face was all the answer required, and before a day had elapsed the child's parents were notified by his lordship to choose an inscription, and in a very short time a stone was erected at the head of the little mound.

Florence Nightingale, was born in Florence, Italy, in 1828. Her father, Wm. Edward Shore, of England, inherited the estates of his grand-uncle, Peter Nightingale, and in pursuance of his will assumed the name Nightingale. As the child of wealthy parents, Miss Nightingale was well educated. From early childhood the care of the sick was a favorite occupation of hers, and in 1849 she entered, as a voluntary nurse, a school of deaconesses to qualify herself to minister to the sick. In 1854, at the solicitation of Secretary of War Sidney Herbert, she went to Constantinople as the superintendent of a staff of nurses to care for the soldiers of Great Britain, who were wounded in the Crimean war. By her rare executive ability and thorough knowledge of what was necessary she made the hospital, which was in a most deplorable state, a model in the thoroughness and perfection of its appointments. So immense were her labors that she frequently stood for twenty hours in succession giving directions. Notwithstanding this her pleasant smile and kind words to the sick made her almost idolized by the army. She returned to England September 8, 1856. Her services had secured her the sincerest gratitude of the English people, and a world renown. Queen Victoria sent her a letter of thanks with a superb jewel. A subscription of £50,000 was raised to found an institution for the training of nurses under her direction; and the soldiers of the army by a penny contribution, raised a sum sufficient to erect a statue to her honor, which she refused to allow.



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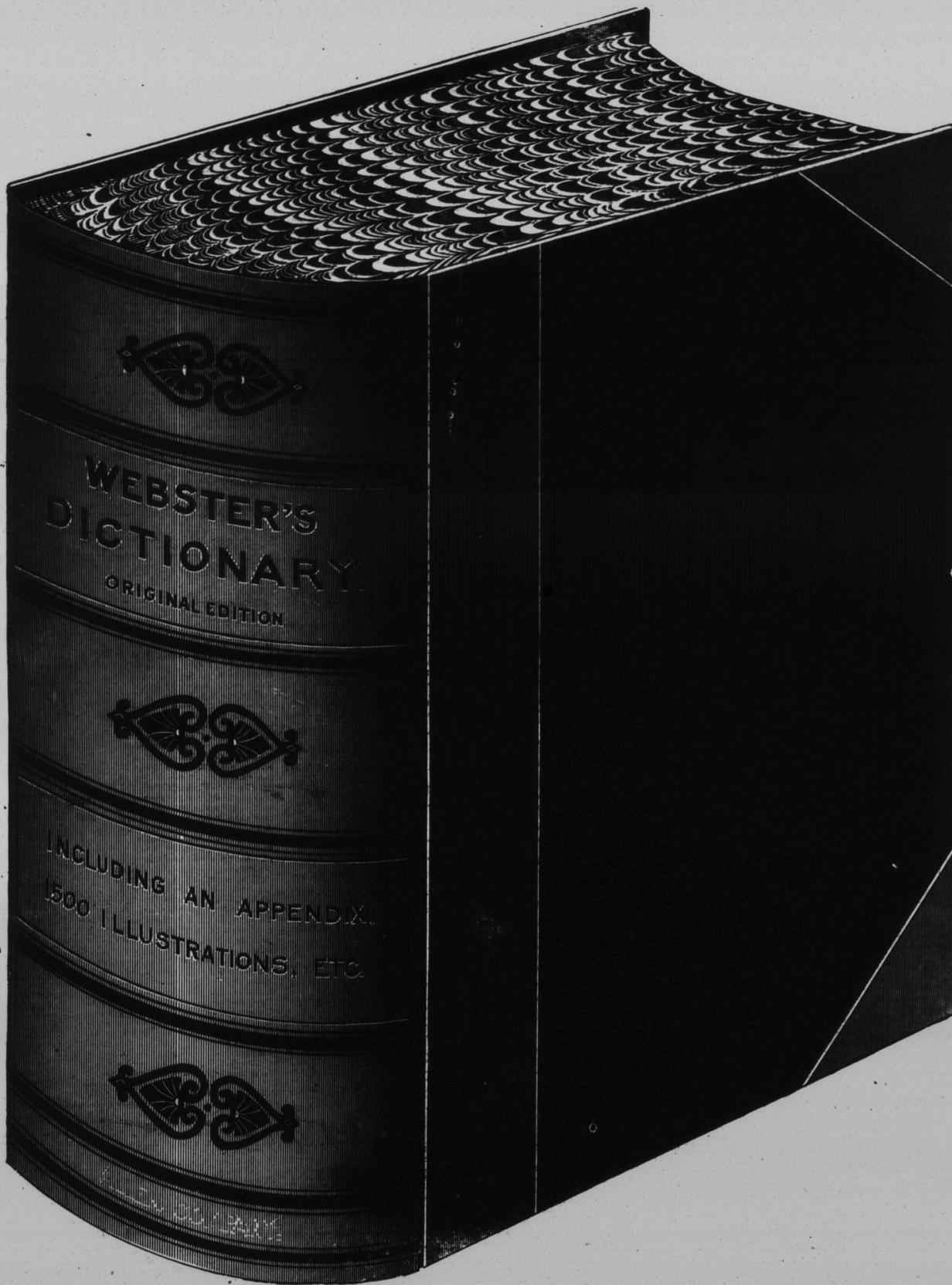
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HOW PINK WENT HOME.

"I can get you a job," I said; "but it may not be a pleasant one. You'll have to work two months for a dollar a day, or until you can show yourself able to do your own work; then you'll get three and a half. It isn't a good country to go into, though—it's new and pretty wild."

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turning on his heel with a glass at the end of his nose. She stood a minute looking at him and breathing short and quick. For three minutes she was silent. Then she went into the back room, saying "After the Ball," with affected nonchalance.

"I'm sure honest; she fell sobbing on the old lady's breast. "Tell me all about it!" said she. "Do not spare me, for I deserve every thing that fate can have in store for me. I have been a good wife, a heartless mother. Do not spare me!"

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DIED.

Chatham, Feb. 2, Asa Parley, 80. St. John, Feb. 2, John Sweet, 58. Carleton, Feb. 10, William Vail, 81.

BORN.

Fredericton, to the wife of W. B. Smith, a son. Halifax, Feb. 2, to the wife of D. M. Bell, a son.

MARRIED.

Kingscliff, Jan. 26, John McDermott to Annie S. Lucy.

VOL. VI. HAS NOT A WHAT IS THE... Hon. Peter M... governor of New... talked about a gre... were fill... has con... to the tr... in personal re... immediately r... events which hap... after the union... were published in... Mr. Mitchell cla... without his know... letter, he says, w... late Sir A. T. Ga... had been aver... had indeed been p... ple as the time o... under the stipula... published or a... Toronto News got... does not know, b... ability for the pu... The St. John d... tribution; to the d... letter, written som... Mitchell-Galt; cor... tion at the moder... The letter was sign... from Newcastle s... James Parker, had... did not believe h... statement that th... without his know... As to the statem... pence, Mr. Mitc... He did not unde... he had said, or p... presumption is th... nothing to qualif... though the corres... without his sancti... in made are true.

Mr. John Macdon... politicians attack... passed away, and... mentioned. Sir L... however, and may... to tell on the same... refers to him (po... instances. In spea... of the anti-confer... Hon. A. J. Smith... the election by wh... carried in New Br... says: In all the steps that I... with both Mr. Tilley... seats in the parliament... saw the trouble that M... had an arrangement with... time came and the crisi... partnership and make... To my surprise, the an... elected and came; he... already appeared to be... been beaten. If he di... he believed he would b... was a fool. So there w... accept it myself, and I... to me ably and well. I b... told him so, and we di... the country on the ver... government was defeat... came back with a major... to one, and thus was... means of carrying out... my secretary, Mr. Fish... other gentlemen holdi... This would make l... ley "funked" becaus... his complaint again... Mr. Mill further... As the first of July ap... for the organization... Ottawa, I naturally exp... him the premier of th... that he sent to my subor... for him to come to me... members of his cabinet... into the government as... personal slight to me as... I naturally resented th... Macdonald, telling Me... which I would resist, an... that the big question co... concerned. It could be... Interco... railway, an... consideration through... province, I was plied... could to support the nor... to go we would lose th... the difficulty, he being... route and I to the nor... much preferred a River... and I believe intend... very an rry words over... settled the matter. This is Mr. Mitchell... representative of Pro... at all disturbed by th... unwilling to discuss... purpose of publicat... enough to warrant... ferent from that whic... formed by an accepta... statements. "I do not wish to r... tion of the matter," r... nor to say anything... controversy. @Wh... are published, my sto... federation will give th... think to what may b... sent Mr. Mitchell's... festive. My recolle...