

WHERE BLAIR MAY BE.

THE POSSIBILITY OF A GREAT FUTURE FOR HIM.

His Place is Beyond the Narrow Confines of Provincial Politics—He is and Will Be a Liberal, and He Should Be a Liberal Leader.

Now that Mr. Blair has come to St. John, a good many people are asking what is likely to be his future course in politics. Had he remained in York, it was pretty well understood that at an early day it was his intention to free himself from the cares and responsibilities of local politics and devote himself to the less thankless and more profitable occupation attending strictly to his profession.

That is to say, it is the intention of Mr. Blair to hold his place in local politics for some years to come. He is needed, and his knowledge and experience fit him to be leader as perhaps no other available man is fitted at the present time, or will be fitted for some time to come.

There are, however, not wanting those among Mr. Blair's friends who see in him greater possibilities, whether he sees them himself or not. They recognize in him the coming savior of the liberal party in this province, with everything in his favor as the future leader of the liberal party in Canada.

And yet there are people who have held that Mr. Blair was a conservative, and there is a small but diminishing section of the liberal party which has assailed and continues to assail him as its enemy. They point to the conservatives with whom he has surrounded himself as an evidence of the truth of their words. It is, nevertheless, the truth that some of those who make the most of this point supported him most heartily at a time when three undoubted conservatives were members of his cabinet.

The truth is that Mr. Blair is not and never has been a conservative. It is equally true that he has kept local and Dominion politics wholly distinct. In the work of choosing a cabinet out of a body of men elected without reference to Dominion issues, he has had to choose from both sides, and he cared not whether they were his or his opponent's as they were the right men for the respective places. He never attempted to exercise his influence in a constituency in favor of one party or the other. The majority of his friends in the province have been liberals, and if they did not choose to send liberals to support him, the blame was certainly not on his shoulders.

In the last legislature not more than one third of the men elected by Mr. Blair's liberal friends were liberals themselves. The theory that Mr. Blair was a conservative has never had a better foundation than the fact that, years ago, when a rupture between Macdonald and Tupper seemed imminent, he was inclined to favor the latter in the interests of freer trade relations with the United States. Since 1878, however, he has thoroughly identified himself with the liberal party and has been fully in accord with its policy—when it had one. He is a free trader, so far as free trade is a possibility, and is for reciprocity, so long as it is advocated for a fact rather than a fad.

The effect of Mr. Blair's advent in Dominion politics would necessarily strengthen the liberal party in this province in many ways. Most of his conservative supporters in the legislature, for instance, would be likely to follow him. Why not? With the possible exception of two newspapers, the whole press of New Brunswick has, in provincial politics, opposed the conservative supporters of the local government, and has lessened, or tried to lessen, their influence in conservative circles. They owe nothing to their party. Their safe course is to stand by their leader.

The rank and file of the liberals not only in St. John but throughout the province are tired and sick of being misled by men whose "future is all behind them;" who, not to be unkind, are practically back numbers so far as carrying campaigns to successful issues are concerned. They are living on ancient history and back records. They have done service in their time and it would be a graceful act, if possible, to pension them off out of active service in the future.

For they sympathize with the fossil remains all over Canada in having no policy, save the policy of fault finding and whining for office. It is no wonder that in every campaign in St. John the flower of the young men is to be found on the conservative side. Youth likes energy and action, and youth is loyal to the core when it has leaders in whom it can trust.

Since the election of Sir John Thompson the Tory reason used against Laurier is harmless, but the future of the liberal party is not to recognize a policy of prejudice against race or creed. It is not to be a policy of fault finding. There has been too much of that by the liberal press. Why

should they appeal to the orangemen because of the treatment of Bowell, or to the Irish Catholics because of injustice to Costigan? Why should they condemn the conservatives because their prominent prohibitionists have not been recognized, and yet themselves stand aloof from the prohibition issue? These are questions which it would take a wise liberal to answer wisely.

Should Mr. Blair enter Dominion politics and Fielding and Greenwood do so in their provinces, at least three able provincial leaders will be at hand to rescue the liberal party from the condition of innocuous desuetude into which it is drifting. Once given good leaders, the day of deliverance is near at hand. There will be a party with a policy, and a party which has entered the race to win.

A KENT COUNTY PICNIC.

Dead Men Come to Life to help Elect McInerney.

RICHIBUCTO, Dec. 14.—The federal election in Kent County last week was the most exciting and interesting one for some years. Impersonating voters appeared to be the order of the day, and many were successfully carried out. The tonsorial artist at Richibucto was kept pretty busy changing the appearance of some of the citizens. A man with a long beard entered the polling booth during the forenoon and voted his proper name. Soon after he was on the street, minus his whiskers, and even his intimate friends failed to recognize him. He called again at the polling booth, asked for a certain name, deposited his ballot and left without arousing the least suspicion. Another elector after putting in his ticket had a large moustache removed, but was discovered on his second visit to the booth. But his case was only one of the many who became a willing sacrifice before the razor and failed to get in an extra vote. The name of a former resident who did business in Richibucto, but who has been living in Chatham for nearly twenty years, happened to be on the list at a poll up in the country, a man appeared during the day and asked for this name; a Frenchman, who was representing Mr. LeBlanc, and who had a faint remembrance of the gentleman whose name was asked for, looked the voter over and remarked, "Don't look like it." The oath was put and taken as easily as a good dinner, while another ballot swelled the number for some candidate. Another elector died in this district a few months ago, but his vote was polled there just the same. At another polling place where there were less than twenty votes the name of a citizen of St. John, largely interested in the lumbering business in Kent County, had somehow got on that list. No person remembers seeing him in that vicinity on the 6th inst., but his vote got there as did all on the list, except a dead elector, who evidently failed to get there on time.

To the canvasser in Buctouche who persuaded over fifty Acadians, who were anxious to get one of their nationality in, to mark opposite the names of both Messrs. Johnson and LeBlanc and they would be sure to get one of them elected, to him must be awarded the first place amongst the political heeleders of Kent. The scene at Richibucto on Tuesday evening when it became known that McInerney was really elected, beat anything in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, which is saying a good deal. Bonfire upon bonfire high ed the town, while overjoyed politicians danced and shouted themselves hoarse, only pausing occasionally for refreshments served right on the spot. It was a picnic long to be remembered.

Look for Yourself. A large, varied and beautiful stock and a store crowded with buyers are what can be seen daily nowadays in the establishment of Messrs. Ferguson & Page of this city. They are always alive to the wants and wishes of their patrons and the public generally, and very little that is new or novel, very little that is attractive or useful, very little that is beautiful or ornamental in the manufacture of jewelry escape their attention, when providing for their holiday stock. Consequently they have an admirable array of hundreds of things that are very tempting to the average man or woman looking for desirable remembrances at this Christmas tide. It is impossible to describe them, and to see them any reader of this paragraph must visit their store.

He Anticipates a Return. There was a meeting of Rev. Sydney Welton's flock, the night before the last trial, began to decide as to what should be done to supply the pulpit. Rev. Mr. Hughes sent an offer to come for the winter at \$17 a month, but Mr. Welton begged that nothing be done until his trial was finished. If he is acquitted he desires to resume full pastoral relations, but if he is convicted it will, in the nature of things, be necessary to have a change. The congregation decided to continue with the present temporary supply until Mr. Welton's affairs are fixed up by the court.

HIS BEAUTIFUL BADGE.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE FIRE COMMITTEE GETS A PRESENT.

Also a Dinner and an Address—A Difference Between "Firemen" and "The Firemen."—The Latter Do Not Claim All the Credit of the Affair.

A week or two ago PROGRESS announced the appearance on the terrestrial plane of a candidate for the office of mayor, and since then a candidate for alderman has visibly materialized and practically begun his campaign. His name is Robert J. Wilkins, and he is desirous of representing Wellington ward. As he is a recognized hustler in elections, it is quite possible he may succeed.

There was a dinner at the Cafe Royal, the other night, at which Mr. Wilkins was present and responded to the toasts to the fire department and the ladies. Several existing aldermen were present, and among them Ald. Kelly, who is reported to have raised his tuncel voice in a song. Ald. McGoldrick was also there and was indeed the central figure of the occasion, for he was the honored guest of the evening. In addition to getting what is said to have been a very excellent dinner, he was the happy recipient of a gold badge which bore the inscription: "Presented to Ald. John McGoldrick by St. John Firemen, Xmas, 1892." The accompanying address, however, spoke of "The members of St. John Fire Department," which in the niceties of the English tongue has another and much more comprehensive meaning. The word "the" makes a collectiveness and unity which is wholly wanting in the phrase "St. John firemen." The former constitutes an act of a whole department, while the latter may mean any number of firemen exceeding one man. The question is as to which was intended. The daily papers give the idea that the whole department became suddenly aware of the fact, that the great services of Ald. McGoldrick in improving and perfecting the department deserved substantial recognition, to the extent of a gold badge beautifully adorned with an axe, a trumpet and a helmet. Ald. McGoldrick in the nature of his business is liable to handle any one of these articles, so that, although it would create a mild surprise if he went to a fire decorated with them, they were, and will always be quite in order on his beautiful gold badge.

Chief Engineer Kerr was there and enjoyed himself, as he always does when there is anything good to be had. He did not sit at the head of the table, but at the foot, where he was right supporter of vice-grand Ald. Kelly. District Engineer Brown acted as laid supporter. Mr. Brown got his appointment in the department at the time when Mr. Wilkins wanted also to be a district engineer, and when Chief Kerr declined to appoint him.

Ald W. A. Chesley was the noble grand of the evening and the honored guest was his right supporter, while the left supporter was Ald. John McKelvey. Ald. McKelvey was one of the gentlemen who was greatly interested in a petition for the appointment of Mr. Wilkins.

The scene supporters were the gentlemen who were out on the streets during a portion of the evening trying to induce certain firemen to share in the festivities. All went merry as a marriage bell, or as a second-hand ship's bell in the honored guest's museum of mechanical arts on Portland Bridge. The noble-grand read the address which, from its brevity, it is quite evident he had not composed. The honored guest responded, saying that he could not find words to express his thanks for the address and present. He further took occasion to speak of the department as one of the best in Canada and that the engine houses would compare favorably with those of the United States. Now everybody who knows Ald. McGoldrick knows that there is a rough and rugged sincerity about him that disdains deceit, and that whatever he may say in his speeches he is not given to praising himself. When, therefore, it is asserted that the condition of the department and the engine houses is due to his individual wisdom, skill and energy, it is quite evident that he does not coincide with the idea. If he did he would not praise the work of his own head and hands. He possibly thinks, that while he has been an excellent chairman, there are others who have had no small share in the work. There are others, in the department who are of the same opinion. But if he was not honored on this account, wherefore was he honored?

And just here it may not be out of place to note that the order for the repairs of the engine houses, with which he is credited, was passed, and the money appropriated, before he was appointed chairman of the fire committee.

The phrase of "pulling his leg" has been used by Ald. McGoldrick in orations at the council board. It is presumed he understands the meaning of it. If he does not, he will, long ere the day when that beautiful gold badge has been placed over the mantelpiece for his children to gaze at, there were a number of firemen at the

dinner and a number more who were not. Some who were there were as innocent as Chief Kerr in the matter, and some were less guileless. It is said the scene-supporters were abroad as late as nine o'clock that night looking for men who would by their presence give a representative tone to the gathering.

It is claimed that some of the firemen who were not there heard of the affair for the first time when they read the papers the next morning. It is further claimed that the department, as a body, had no more to do with it than the common council, which was also represented. The gentlemen who got up the affair paid for it, but the department was not consulted about it.

That is why some of the firemen are kicking. They are modest fellows who dislike being given credit for a thing in which they had no share. Had there been a consultation about it, Ald. McGoldrick might have got his badge all the same, but as there was not, they see no reason why the name of the department should be invoked, where the act was the act of a few of that body.

It would seem that the badge speaks the truth in the simple phrase of "Firemen of St. John." There is a moral in this story which Chief Kerr will have abundant leisure to digest if the plans of the promoters of the dinner are crowned with the halo of success.

ONLY THIRTY-FOUR DICTIONARIES.

Speak Quick—Progress Other Premium Books.

The large dictionary engraving which usually occupies the 15th page of PROGRESS does not appear this week. One very good reason for this is the additional demand made upon the reading space by the increased size of many regular advertising spaces and special contracts made for this season. Arrangements were being made so that the issue of the 17th would be one of 24 pages which was partially advertised at the time but the impossibility of obtaining the illustrations at the short notice given made it necessary to abandon the original plan. A holiday issue without illustrations lacks the essential feature of popularity in these days and is not regarded for what it purports to be.

At the time of writing PROGRESS has only 34 Webster's dictionaries left and if the same demand for them continues this coming week as there has been lately, there will not be one in stock by next Saturday. There is only one concern that publishes the book in its present admirable form and their reply to PROGRESS, inquiry if more could be supplied at the same price, indicated that it could not be done at an early date at the same low price given before. It is now a case of first come, first served.

The second lots of Dickens and Thackeray are at hand and in the opinion of many who have inspected them they are even superior in binding and appearance to those already sent out from this office. The binding of the Dickens is in cloth, red and brown cloth, both very handsome and fit gold, while the Thackeray is in a rich to adorn the library shelf of any home.

In addition to these popular authors a few sets of another well read writer, George Eliot, will be combined with PROGRESS and sent to new and renewal subscribers at a price that should be a certain inducement. These books are in six volumes, handsomely bound in the same style as Dickens and Thackeray and inclosed in a case.

Perhaps the greatest book bargain PROGRESS has to offer, however in the way of a premium is a 1000 page, octavo volume of Shakespeare, strongly and neatly bound in cloth, excellently printed on good heavy paper. In no bookstore in the country would such a volume sell for less than \$1.75 or \$2.00, which would be considered a very reasonable figure, but PROGRESS offers it with a year's subscription for \$2.75. Beside containing the unabridged writings of Shakespeare, there is also a biographical introduction of the great playwright and poet by Henry Glasford Bell, and an appendix, which not only gives the meaning of all the uncommon words and phrases used in Shakespeare, but also an index of all his characters, who they were, and what plays they figure in. These are valuable features of the book.

A neat and handsomely bound set of Hughes' works in two volumes—Tom Brown's School Days and Tom Brown at Oxford—complete the list of PROGRESS, subscription premiums at present. The complete list with prices, which in every case includes a year's subscription to PROGRESS, is as follows:— Dickens (15 vols.).....\$6.50 Thackeray (10 vols.)..... 4.90 Eliot (6 vols.)..... 3.75 Hughes (Tom Brown 2 vols.)..... 2.50 Shakespeare, unabridged (1000 page octavo)..... 2.75 Webster's Dictionary..... 3.75

PROGRESS has had a number of requests to sell the dictionary and other premium books separate from the paper, and to all of these the answer has been—"no." The books go to PROGRESS, subscribers and no others, though a person may have the paper sent to his address, and the books to any other address he may name.

FOR JOHN LIVINGSTON.

A HELPING HAND IS MUCH NEEDED AT THIS TIME.

The Able Journalist is Living in Poverty in the North-West—A Case of Gross Ingratitude—A Matter in Which the Government Should Do Something.

Twenty years ago the best looking, best edited, most widely circulated and most influential newspaper east of Montreal was the St. John Daily Telegraph. It was the pioneer of live daily journalism, of the short, sharp and wide-awake kind, in the lower provinces. With the possible exception of one paper in Montreal, it led the way as the brightest paper in all Canada. Every page of it was readable, and everybody read it. It was the creation of a new era in journalism in this part of the world, and it came to the front with a leap and a bound as no paper had ever been known to do before. The man who had done all this was John Livingston.

John Livingston today is living in the North West, shattered in health and poor in purse. It is within the truth to say, that he is at times in absolute want. His spirit is broken, and it may be that not long will he be a living instance that other governments than those of republics can be ungrateful.

And yet in the twenty years that have elapsed since John Livingston seemed on the road to the highest success, he has done much grand work, and has largely helped to make the history of Canada. Policies have been established and politicians have flourished through the work of his head and hands. It is not too much to claim that to no single living newspaper man does the government of to-day owe more than to him. Yet while that same government has provided for journalists who were tyros in comparison to him, it has allowed him to drift into poverty and to be well nigh forgotten. There are ex-newspaper men in good positions to-day, who are unable to fulfil the duties of their positions, but employ clerks to do their work, while they pocket the honors and the salaries.

All this time, John Livingston, who has done more real service than all of these favored ones combined is living—or it may be dying—in poverty and obscurity. It is a shameful thing, and should be allowed to continue, it will redound to the eternal disgrace of the government which permits it.

There is not the slightest need to recapitulate the services that John Livingston has rendered to the conservative party. Everybody who knows anything about newspapers or politics knows of him, though many, perhaps, imperfectly realize how much he has accomplished. He has done much for his party and the individual members of it, but they have done nothing for him, nor has he done anything for himself. He is not that kind of a man.

For he could secure for others what he could not secure for himself. He could make and unmake men, and his thorough knowledge of the situation enabled him to pull wires which few others could pull. Leaders listened to his advice, followed it and were safe. There are none to listen to him now, for he has lost the heart to speak.

Something should be done for John Livingston. How, or in what way, it is not for PROGRESS to suggest, but it is easy for the government to help him, if it will. He has not come to his misfortune by faults which have unfitted him for active work, and the heart would come back to him were the helping hand extended. There is much to be written of Canada and its resources and no better man than Mr. Livingston can be found to write it. There may be many other ways in which he can more than earn a salary at least sufficient to guarantee him against want. They are easily found. It is not yet recorded that any relative of Sir Charles Tupper lacked for an office, whether he deserved it or not, and there are instances in which offices have been created. Livingston is not related to Tupper, but he has done more for Tupper than all the latter's relatives combined.

It is the amiable custom of the provincial press to consider it undignified for one paper to espouse a cause in which another paper has taken the lead. This has especially been the attitude towards PROGRESS. Let there be an exception in this case for the sake of the man whom every newspaper must recognize as worthy of its aid in his time of trouble. Politics have nothing to do with this case. There is a common platform on which grit and tory can unite, and they should do so. In the name of humanity, no less than of justice, let something be done for John Livingston.

Mr. Dean To The Front.

To Mr. Thos. Dean of the country market the coming of Christmas means the selection of the finest beehives that he can bear hall of in the Maritime provinces. Mr. Dean has the reputation of making a show at every festive season, and he does not propose to go back on his record this year.

Some very fine Durham, Ayrshire and Polled Angus cattle have already arrived in the city for him, and next week his customers and the general public may expect to see a very handsome display at his stall in the country market. It will also contain some choice Leicester and South Down mutton as well as all other delicacies that the farms of New Brunswick produce in the way of poultry. Beside this quail and pigeon will also be found there.

An Attractive Window.

A very pretty dry goods window was shown this week in the store of S. C. Porter on Charlotte street. It was made up of a large number and variety of handkerchiefs, in the centre of which was suspended a pink cushion in the shape of a heart. The window was a very attractive one and drew much attention. This is Mr. Porter's first Christmas in business on his own account, and he says he is getting his share of it. Plenty of customers find what they want in his convenient and well stocked store. The prices of his lines of dress goods have been especially reduced for the holiday season, and as Christmas presents of this character are becoming more popular every year, this is a fact that will not escape attention.

Where Cash Means Something.

In these days of credit cash usually means something more than the mere word implies. If a man advertises to sell for cash, it is only fair to suppose that he is giving the very lowest price that he possibly can. Hardress Clark of Sydney street carries out this motto in his sale of groceries, and with him cash means something. It means that he sells his goods as low as it is possible to sell them consistent with a working profit. Mr. Clark always has a complete stock, but at this season it is more full and varied than usual.

A Great Scheme of Mr. Carroll's.

Those of the provincial newspapers that exuberantly announced that Mr. Peter O. Carroll of Fictou, had begun a \$10,000 suit against PROGRESS might make a note of the fact that up to date PROGRESS has not seen the writ for the suit in question. Present appearances would indicate that Mr. Carroll has succeeded in getting a large amount of free advertising for very little, if any, consideration.

Where To Get Perfumes.

One striking announcement on the 4th page of this issue calls attention to the Christmas character of a large portion of the stock of F. E. Craibe & Co. Their special lines for Christmas gifts are indeed very attractive and tempting. A selection of perfumery for any lady or gentleman can always be relied upon to give satisfaction, and Messrs Craibe & Co. have the very best that are made in the world in their collection.

A Question To Be Decided.

The election workers and hustlers of the city who partook quite recently of a candidate supper have resolved to settle the question as to how much nutriment and enjoyment there is in one oyster stew and one cigar. At present opinions are divided and it is not unlikely that some of the chemists in town will have an order in the near future.

Being Well Fitted Up.

The Hawker Medicine Co., which has recently been incorporated, is fitting up the old Lockhart auction rooms on Prince William street for its office. A great deal of care and taste are being shown in the renovation and there is no doubt the store will be one of the most attractive on Prince William street.

Married Early in Life.

There was a marriage at Millville, York county, the other day, in which the groom was a lad of seventeen and the bride a maiden who will be thirteen in January. The old folks on both sides gave their full consent to the nuptials, and the youthful pair have gone to reside with the bride's parents.

The Bowling Alley Moved.

Bowling has become so popular about town that even curling is not going to replace it for the winter. The alley which has been running in St. Andrew's rink has been moved to one of the stores in the Masonic building, where it will be in operation in a short time.

He Anticipated Them.

In speaking about the school matter at Hampton last week PROGRESS stated that Mr. Harrington, who is teaching in the village, was re-requested to resign. This was not literally correct. Mr. Harrington resigned before the trustees had time to carry out their intention to request him to do so.

His Wonderful Canaries.

Mr. George Gaskin, of Strait Shore, is the happy owner of three newly hatched canaries. Canaries are out of season at this time of the year, and Mr. Gaskin rightly considers he is in possession of good evidence of the summer-like character of December in New Brunswick.

BOSTON CHINESE DENS.

THE COUNCIL HUNTED FOR ASPIC REPORT IN VAIN.

Whittier And The Negro—The Colored Man Gets What He Wants and Asks For More—Notes About Maritime Men and Their Work.

Boston, Dec. 14.—By the death of John Greenleaf Whittier the colored people of the United States lost a friend, to whom they looked for help in many difficulties. He was one of the men who stirred the souls of America and Europe, with poetry that breathed freedom for all sorts and conditions of men, and his work was appreciated by the negro.

Sunday night the Colored National League of Boston held a service in memory of the poet, and the glow of eloquence from negro orators, original poetry eulogistic of patriot, and sweet melody from a large negro choir, all told of freedom not yet enjoyed. Old war stories were retold, the cruelty of the Southern masters recalled, the days when the negro pined, and the negro school were things apart, referred to with pathos only commanded by a white haired dardie, and a crowded church listened with breathless attention. The older people who remembered the past bowed their heads; tears trickled down big black cheeks, and the younger fry looked serious.

But the negro like most humanity, while perhaps thankful for small mercies, is not content. He wants the whole hog. Just what he does want I do not know, but here in Boston he gets nearly all he asks for. A respectable negro gets along without trouble, and in schools and churches, trains and steamboats, in fact, no where is any distinction between black and white. In foot ball games where the players are all mixed up in such a way that it is impossible to tell where to find the head or legs belonging to any particular body, and perspiration runs from every pore in every man, in such a mass of struggling humanity you are as tolerably sure to find a couple of negroes pushing and fighting with the rest.

If it is not receiving him as a brother and letting him mingle with the favored race, what more can be done? But the negro wants more, and at every meeting held in the Charles street church, they ventilate their grievances. Sunday evening, one of the speakers, with more gratitude than some of his friends, wound up an eloquent address by saying that the favored class always picked out a particular people to drive from pillar to post, the football of caprice; years ago it was the negro; now it is the Chinese.

And the Chinese are certainly coming in for their share of it. Saturday night a committee of the common council and a gang of reporters went through Chinatown, to make a report on the sanitary and moral condition of the destitute. The good people of Boston, the same probably who objected to the theatrical posters, and sent the stage children home to their parents—were shocked at what they saw when passing along Harrison avenue. At all times of the day the street is lined with celestial standing in the doorways with hands in their ample pockets, grinning and blinking, but saying very little. But John is a flirt, and enough girls with proclivities in the same direction pass along the street to keep him busy. This is what horrified the good people of Boston. Their imagination pictured all sorts of scenes behind the brick walls of Harrison avenue, and reports were sent in to the city authorities so frequently that action had to be taken.

The council decided to give the foot ball of caprice another kick. Every member of the party was curious and wanted to see the town. The report was only a secondary consideration. But John is cute and wily, and was prepared to receive the visitors. The opium joints however, were in full blast, Chinese laying on beds "hitting the pipe," and while men slaves of opium, were there too, all indifferent to their surroundings. The fat Chinese behind a barred window, the proprietor of the joint who sold the opium, grinned and told all about it; showed the opium, in 50 cent boxes, and explained how it was made into small pills for smoking. He knew he was safe from the law, because it has to be proved that the opium smoked was sold in the joint before a conviction can be made.

Then again, the wily proprietor of the gambling hall kept within the law when the party appeared; by clearing off the fan tan board, and turning out the gas. He wouldn't leave himself open to conviction to satisfy the curiosity of the party. The buildings on Harrison avenue are crowded from cellar to roof with chinese, living in cramped up rooms with plain board partitions; lounging on dirty beds, beside smoky lamps, or standing over hup pots, boiling and steaming, in kitchens that looked like wood sheds. And the narrow, dark passages, leading everywhere; the air close and heavy with filth and opium, and Chinese slinking through them, or crouching into dark corners, were all characteristic of the street.

The apartments of the better class, however, were in striking contrast to this, and many of the rooms were clean and home-like. John and his white wife, showed the baby and pointed to the marriage certificate framed on the wall.

This was what the committee wanted to see. The immorality on Harrison avenue was the special grievance of the good people, but the party saw little of it. Marriage certificates could be produced in every case, and the white girls who did not have them kept out of the way. So the committee will have to use its imagination, in making the report, much the same as the good people did who made the complaints.

Mr. W. J. Keating, travelling passenger agent of the Canada Atlantic Steamship company, is one of the men responsible for the invasion of Nova Scotia, by Americans last year. From the company's office, pamphlets and circulars of all kinds telling of the beauties of the province have been sent throughout the country, and the result has been a surprise. The steamship companies reaped a harvest, and are now preparing for a larger one next year.

Mr. Thomas F. Anderson, of the Globe, is also responsible for a good deal of the summer travel east. He has done much both as steamship agent and writer, and

lectures gave hundreds of Americans ideas of Nova Scotia which prompted the desire to spend the summer in the east.

Mr. J. J. O'Hearn who made a host of friends in St. John, while manager of Collier's publishing house, is now devoting all his energies to the insurance business. In doing this he is working out an old idea, and is now in the way of making a grand success of it. Mr. O'Hearn's experience on his return to Boston as told by himself is amusing. He intended to start in on his insurance scheme, but every old friend he met gave him such a hearty welcome, and talked so much about old times, that he hadn't the courage to introduce the subject of insurance to them, and had to give it up as a bad job. He returned to the book business, and after the people got through with the reception, dropped it and took up insurance. R. G. LARSEN.

HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Astra Tells What May be Given for Christmas Gifts.

I do not wonder that the girl who has several brothers, a father and a sweetheart, feels her spirits go down to zero as Christmas approaches, because few things are harder than to plan or select presents for men. One does not wish to give a man anything which will not be of some little use to him, and yet you can scarcely give him a dozen collars or a pair of boots, while your soul revolts from the thought of a shaving case, which you know he will never use, or a washing list, which he cannot for the life of him understand. But yet there are many things which a man really appreciates and uses when they are given to him, and I will try to describe a few. To begin with, the more expensive offerings which the girl who has plenty of money would like to give to either her father or her sweetheart, a pair of beaver or seal gloves is a beautiful and useful present, or even a seal cap. Then a handsome three-sided shaving mirror framed in silver is another desirable gift; or a pair of gold cuff buttons with the future wearer's initials or monogram engraved upon them. A handsome tobacco jar is a nice gift, or a pair of worked slippers, which must, of course, be made up, or half a dozen silk or linen handkerchiefs with the initials worked in one corner, or a pretty set of shirt studs. Any of these will be appropriate and, I am sure, appreciated.

To come down to the more simple presents such as any girl can make herself, a pretty necktie case of china silk, white with pink roses and pale green leaves, is lovely—wadded and perfumed with sachet powder—and containing one or two pretty ties, ought to please any man. So should a toilet set for his bureau, crimson or clear colored wooden canvas shirly worked around the border with gold silk and his initial worked in the centre of each mat, the long one for the brush and comb having all his initials; be sure you make a pin cushion to go with the mats and the recipient will be delighted. Geoffrey still treasures just such a set which I made for him in our courting days. A pair of soft black woolen socks knitted by the giver's own hands, or better still two or three pairs would be another suitable present, or a crocheted tie of cream colored silk. A dress shirt-shirt, lined with quilted silk in pale pink, blue or cream, is a boon to the man who goes out much in the evening, and it then prevents him from catching pneumonia. A photograph case is always valued, and I never knew a man who was not pleased with a laundry bag made of brown holland or grasscloth, bound prettily with cardinal braid, worked with some little Kate Greenaway picture in cardinal thread and above all marked legibly with his entire name. "John W. Smith," worked across the front. Another useful present is a splasher for the back of the washstand made of grasscloth. Take a piece about a yard square, or a little less because we want it wider by several inches than it is long, baste down a hem nearly two inches wide, on the right side, place over it a straight fold of red cotton, carefully basted down, then feather stitch it at both edges with cream colored linen floss, having first placed across the centre a strip of the material a quarter of a yard deep, and wide enough for the edges to be just concealed by the border described above. It should also be bordered with a narrower fold of red and have little compartments for sponge, nail brush, shaving brush and tooth brush marked off by rows of feather stitching. Directly underneath this work the initials.

An Attractive Window and Busy Place. Emerson & Fisher's window has attracted a good deal of attention the past few days on account of the exhibition there in of two mantel-pieces. One of these is of the latest modern design fitted with a handsome grate, and the newest thing in tiles, making a beautiful outfit. By contrast the other represents a brick fireplace of the olden time with deep recess and log fire, with crane and pot suspended over it. The whole affair is very well conceived, and as a comparison of past with present makes an admirable object lesson. An inspection of this interesting exhibit attracted the attention of many and drew them within, where they found the firm quite alive to the requirements of the season, having in their show cases and shelves a complete stock of everything required by the housekeeper at this season. While the list is quite too complete to specify, a few more striking lines which are of most interest at this season may be named, many of them being well adapted for useful holiday gifts. These include a beautiful assortment of English coal vases in a number of different styles, also some very handsome all brass fire-irons with stands to match, the prices of which seem marvellously low, and which are having very rapid sale. There is also shown a large stock of enamelled wares for culinary purposes in grey, brown, and all white. These goods, the firm says, are daily becoming more popular with housekeepers, more especially as the prices have been gradually reduced, until now they are within the reach of all. It seems almost unnecessary to speak of the very fine display of modern stoves for all sorts of purposes, and for which this establishment has so excellent a reputation. These goods the firm have reason to be proud of, more especially as they are nearly all the product of their own foundry,

HOT WATER KETTLES.

THIS CUT REPRESENTS A Very Handsome KETTLE IN BRASS, WITH A SPIRIT STOVE Underneath. It is chaste in design, and highly finished. We have a big line of Hot Water Kettles, with and without stands. In Brass we have them as low as 90 cents. In Granite Iron for \$1.50 and upwards.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 TO 79 PRINCE WM. ST.

P.S. Send for Special List of Goods we offer for Xmas Trade.

A PRIZE PUZZLE.



(In the above Sketch Six Faces are to be Found.) The proprietors of THE LADIES HOME MONTHLY will give a first-class Upright Piano, of the very best make valued at \$500 to the person who can first find the six faces. A reward of a Safety Bicycle valued at \$100, for the second correct answer. A fine Oak Bedroom Set valued at \$60 for the third correct answer. A Solid Gold Watch for each of the next two correct answers. A Terrier Dog for each of the next three correct answers. Every contestant is to cut out the Rebus, and make a cross with a lead pencil on the six faces and send same to us with ten cent postage stamps for 30 cents in silver for three months subscription to THE LADIES HOME MONTHLY, which is the best ladies publication in Canada. We will give to the last ten correct answers received each a handsome Banquet Lamp, and a valuable prize will also be given to every person who is able to answer the Rebus correctly until fifty prizes have been awarded. The envelope which contains correct answer bearing first postmark will receive first reward, and the remainder in order as received. Every prize in this competition will be faithfully awarded. Our "bona-fide" offers are made by reliable publishers. Be sure and answer to-day and send no cents, and you may receive a valuable prize for your trouble. Address (E) Ladies Home Monthly, 103 King St. West, Toronto, Ontario.

showing what can be done by well directed effort in combating the manufacturer from abroad. On the floor directly above the store is shown the full assortment of slate and wood mantels, with fire-places of every conceivable kind. The floor above this one represents perhaps the greatest activity in the whole establishment, as here an energetic corps of clerks and packers are hard at work filling orders for the firms manufacturers and specialties for all parts of the lower provinces. Space forbids any description of the floor at the top of the building where a large number of skilled workmen find steady employment producing useful goods in the tin line.

Christmas is Coming. Make your fruit cake and otherwise provide for it. New Raisins, Currants, Spices, Cabbied Peels, Fresh Eggs, Mince Meat, Sweet Cider, Choice Lard, Roll Butter, Dunn's Hams & Bacon, and all other things necessary and in season to be had from J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., Charlotte st., next J. M. C. A.

Thorough work, short time and little cost at SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE. Why waste time in trying to learn some complicated system of Shorthand? Then give it up, as so many have done when you can learn a better system in less than half the time! Simple Shorthand is a success as taught by letter. S. J. SNELL, Windsor, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (count words) for one cent each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

PONEY RIG FOR SALE. One of the finest in Canada, consisting of Poney, Pung, Harness and shafts, and a heavy, sound and kind, good driver and perfect under saddle. A child can handle him. The whole rig is miniature and stylish, all in first class order. Apply at JOHNSON & MOORE'S stables, 247 Street, or address Post, Box 382, St. John, N. B.

WANTED. Foreign Stamps at 40 per cent. Commission, reference required. Packet A contains 100 varieties stamps from Mexico, South America, Hong Kong, etc., and a New Brunswick stamp worth 12c. price 15c. F. BOAR SANDERS, Box 309, St. John, N. B.

FRAZEE'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 119 Hollis St., Halifax is in session day and evening. Best place to learn Bookkeeping, Business, etc., also Stenography and Typewriting. Send for our circular. J. C. F. FRAZEE, Principal. If

CIRCULARS. DODGERS, Calendars, Show Cards, and all kinds of advertising matter carefully distributed in all parts of the city by reliable messengers. A trial list solicited. For further particulars and rates, address—Canadian Advertising Agency, P. O. Box, 108, St. John, N. B. 41nov12hr

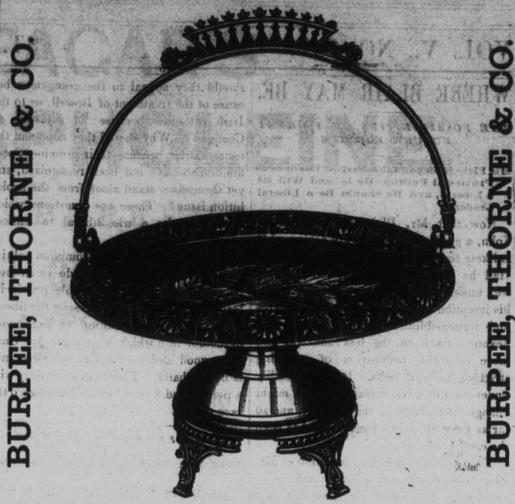
A BARGAIN—WE ARE closing out in line of English Tweeds—dark colors —at \$1.50 a suit. A. GIZMOR, Tailor, 72 German street.

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or transient Boarders can be accommodated with clean and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street. Mrs. McLENNAN.

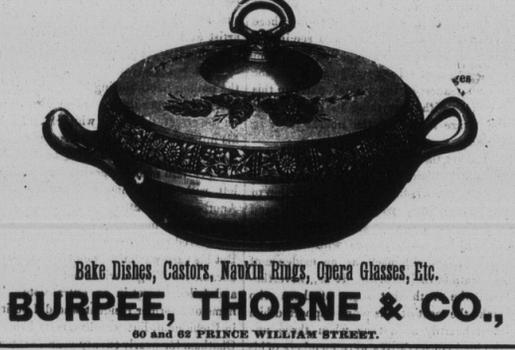
STAMPS WANTED. USED before on the envelopes, postcards and blocks, on and off envelopes for my collection. Actually the highest prices paid. Particularly want some New Brunswick 15d. provisionals (only to Great Britain). Send list of what you have for sale. Results of stamps sent on approval to collector. E. L. HARRIS, 71, Gillingham street, Halifax, N.S. June 11-92

IMPORTANT TO FLEET STREET PEOPLE. We have noticed a page article in the Boston Globe on an occasion, which is a very small expense. It will not cost you to send two cent stamp. See reply to Walker's Christmas Library, 10 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

XMAS SILVER WARE.



Cake Baskets, Tea Services, Pickle Dishes, Fruit and Pie Knives, Sterling Silver Ware in great variety.



Bake Dishes, Castors, Waukin Rings, Opera Glasses, Etc.

BURPEE, THORNE & CO.,

60 and 62 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

XMAS PRESENTS.

"SHEFFIELD CUTLERY" From all the best makers such as JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, GEO. BUTLER & CO., GEO. WOODHEAD & SON, THOS. ELLIN & CO.

- Pocket Knives from.....10 cents to \$5.00 each. Scissors from.....10 cts. to \$1.25 per pair. Ladles' Companions from.....\$2.50 to \$7.50 each. Gentlemen's Dressing Cases from.....\$4.00 to \$20.00 per case. Razors in Cases from.....25 cts. to \$4.00 each. Razors in Cases from.....\$1.50 to \$10.00 per doz. Ivory Handle and Dessert Knives from.....\$5.00 to \$15.00 per doz. Silver Plated Table and Dessert Knives from.....\$2.00 to \$7.50 per pair. Carving Knives and Forks from.....35 cts. to \$8.00 per pair. Carvers in Cases from.....\$2.25 to \$6.00 per case. Plated Dessert Knives and Forks in Cases from.....\$1.00 to \$5.00 per case. Plated Fish Eating Knives and Forks in Cases from.....\$1.00 to \$4.50 per case. 1 Handsome Cabinet of Cutlery and Plated Ware.....\$125.00.

Our Stock Never was so Large and Varied as at Present. SOLID SILVERWARE. PLATED WARE.

W. H. THORNE & CO., - - Market Square, St John.

COUCHLAN'S JEWELLERS' HALL, 28 KING STREET.



SILVER PLATED WARE.



PRESERVE DISH. LUNCH CASTOR. CARD RECEIVER.

Come and See the large variety of new and useful articles in Table and Fancy goods which we have imported especially for the Christmas trade. Our prices this year are lower than ever, and the quality of the goods is the best procurable.

T. McAVITY & SONS., 13 and 15 King St.

MUSIC

All the choirs in the city... The Oratorio society... The boys continue to... Trinity choir, but it won't crackle, as he rather m... I was told the other d... delphinian orant was ha... Master Nicholas John... bester itself and practic... conductor has yet been... Mr. Porter received... informing him of her su... that the lovely bouquet... the lady of the Orato... quite fresh. It is always improving... in fact, good music of a... description, even if not... for one gets at least, a... on. Therefore, we who... loaf is better than no br... basse make up for many... going on but over, whi... pen. The boys continue to... Trinity choir, but it won't crackle, as he rather m... I was told the other d... delphinian orant was ha... Master Nicholas John... bester itself and practic... conductor has yet been... Mr. Porter received... informing him of her su... that the lovely bouquet... the lady of the Orato... quite fresh. It is always improving... in fact, good music of a... description, even if not... for one gets at least, a... on. Therefore, we who... loaf is better than no br... basse make up for many... going on but over, whi... pen.

I hear of two additional... choir, Messrs. Austin... which will add to the vo... ing, I am told, the vo... Master Willie Rodgers... mustn't judge a man's... well. I heard of two addition... choir, Messrs. Austin... which will add to the vo... ing, I am told, the vo... Master Willie Rodgers... mustn't judge a man's... well. I heard of two addition... choir, Messrs. Austin... which will add to the vo... ing, I am told, the vo... Master Willie Rodgers... mustn't judge a man's... well.

By the way, what's... Clitheroe as a mod... justice. She may no... Venus measurements... she approaches as ne... model of anything h... have been named. Who will put up \$... Flora? Well the season... company is finished... asking, "Why did it... ness?" It certainly was... company. It put on... evening performances... and the only good... matinees. These operas were... satisfactory manner... to detail. The stag... good, and things w... hich under the exp... of Mr. Jaxon. Perha... however, in the Bal... chorus singing. Of... Wolf and Wooley... ever found Miss Dick... ing from a severe co... sang as sweetly as... was always so grace... showed such great... parts, that one could... she appeared that she... Some of the operas... presented in a style... parison with the pr... companies, but talk... of the Baker people w... home. Why did... Was the managerial... because our citizens... shekels for Xmas?... citizens have not... Anant! Daniel's Specialty... all her week thro... addition to the reg...

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MUSICAL CIRCLES.

All the choirs in the city are hard at work preparing the Christmas music...

During Miss Goddard's absence, Miss Farmer has kindly played the accompaniments.

I understand that the Philharmonic Club, which has been in a dormant condition since the departure of its late conductor...

Mr. Porter received a note from Mrs. Allen informing him of her safe arrival in Boston...

It is always improving to listen to classical music, in fact, good music of any kind...

The boys continue to make rapid improvement in Trinity choir, but it would be rather judicious if the director removed the small boy whose voice is cracking...

I was told the other day that a well known Philadelphia organist was hankering after Trinity organ.

Master Nicholson Johnson, formerly of the Mission choir, has joined Trinity, which should be a decided gain...

I hear of two additions to the Mission church choir. Messrs. Austin Stead and Jack Outram...

Master Willie Rodgers, which goes to show you mustn't judge a man's qualities (or voice) by his size.

Allow me to correct a misprint in last week's notes, the soprano soloist in the "Messiah," to be given in Boston Christmas day is Miss Emma Yuck.

Perhaps the greatest improvement to be noticed in the music in St. David's church. Everyone knows how beautifully Miss Goddard's piano-forte playing is, and she is excellent as an organist.

The choir is a good one as to individual voices and the newly introduced anthems are very acceptably given.

St. David's promises to be one of the best churches for music, as all conditions are favorable.

I have heard very little of Mr. Collinson, organist of St. James, but he is a most sympathetic accompanist.

I would esteem it a great favor if the organists or choir directors of the various churches would send me the programme of Christmas music for publication, care of Progress office.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Christmas numbers of the New York Dramatic Mirror and the Dramatic News have come up to hand.

Both are generously patronized by managers, and in the "ads." of the various attractions can be found scores of names that are familiar to our theatre goers.

These latter two were of the famous aggregation that opened the opera house.

By the way, what's the matter with Flora Clitheroe as a model for the statue of justice.

Well the season of the Baker Opera company is finished, and everybody is asking, "Why did it not have better business?"

It certainly was not the fault of the company. It put on thirteen operas, ten evening performances and three matinees.

These operas were produced in a very satisfactory manner, with every attention to detail.

Some of the operas of course were not presented in a style that could stand comparison with the presentations by other companies.

But taken all around the work of the Baker people was deserving of better honors.

Daniel's Specialty Company remain here all next week introducing new attractions in addition to the regular company.

FOOTLIGHT FORTUNES.

Actors And Actresses Who Have Made And Are Making Fortunes On The Stage.

The Chicago Times has been reckoning up the incomes derived from "the actor's calling," which, "all things considered, is now one of the best paid businesses that a bright man or woman can engage in."

The average leading man or woman in America receives from \$100 to \$300 a week. The second man or woman (juvenile) in a first-class company is paid from \$75 to \$100 a week...

But it is upon the kings and queens of the legitimate that the golden rewards of the theatrical profession are bestowed.

Comedy, with a few exceptions, always pays better than tragedy, and Francis Wilson, of comic opera fame, is probably the largest and steadiest money-maker now before the American public.

Mary Anderson, before she left the stage, frequently made \$4,000 a week, and Lillian Russell, Pauline Hall, Lotta, Modjeska, Fanny Davenport, Maggie Mitchell, Clara Morris, and Annie Fiske each make a comfortable fortune every year.

The A. M. Palmer stock company will assume occupancy of the Columbia Theatre, Boston, for a month on Christmas day, and will open their engagement at a special matinee on Monday, Dec. 26.

The season will be inaugurated with "Saints and Sinners," in which the venerable J. H. Stoddard will be seen as Rev. Jacob Fletcher.

Mme. Helena Modjeska has had a career scarcely less romantic than that of any character she presents on the stage.

Mrs. Fred Conway at 15; Charlotte Cushman at 16; Corinne has been on the stage since early childhood.

Mary Anderson made her first appearance before the public at the age of 15; Louis Aldrich at 12, he is now 40; Agnes Booth at 14, she is now 49; Billy Birch, minstrel, at 15, he is now long past 60; Frank C. Bangs at 15; Florence Bindley at 4; Mrs. Fred Conway at 15; Charlotte Cushman at 16; Corinne has been on the stage since early childhood.

Grand Specialty Company TWO SHOWS IN ONE. First appearance of Adam Forepanth's great attraction JOHN L. MANNING, a whole show himself!

Opera House, - St. John. A. O. SKINNER, - President. The public are respectfully informed that the well-known and popular BOSTON COMEDY COMPANY, H. BRIDE WEBSTER, - Manager will give a few performances in the above elegant Open House, commencing Monday, Dec. 26, 1892.

Miss B. E. Bowman Will be pleased to receive orders for - Christmas and New Year's - IN ALL KINDS OF PAINTING. STUDIO, 183 UNION ST. McPHERSON'S BUILDING. YOUNG WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION ROOM. Hours, every afternoon from 2 to 6 p. m.

Make No Mistake. If you want something nice in House Brackets, Mouldings, Balusters, Navel Posts, Doors, &c. send your orders to us and you will make no mistake.

SCOTT BROS. HAVE A NEW ASSORTMENT OF Choice CHRISTMAS Groceries, CANNED GOODS, ETC. (Sole Importers of all kinds. Eggs, Butter, &c., a Specialty.)

For the Christmas Tree.

Kandy Toys, Kandy Kanes Christmas Crackers, Beautiful Fancy - Boxes, Baskets - and every other kind of KANDY without end

AT THE 20th CENTURY KANDY KITCHEN, 12 Charlotte Street, and at Our Branch Store "The Bijou," 70 King Street.

Our 5lb. boxes at \$1.00 are without a rival anywhere. Santa Claus has promised to be at the "Kandy Kitchen," sometime before XMAS.

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN MILLINERY.



Our entire Stock of Trimmed and Untrimmed. HATS, TOQUES & BONNETS, at Greatly Reduced Prices. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St., St. John, N. B.

Mary Anderson, before she left the stage, frequently made \$4,000 a week, and Lillian Russell, Pauline Hall, Lotta, Modjeska, Fanny Davenport, Maggie Mitchell, Clara Morris, and Annie Fiske each make a comfortable fortune every year.



We Should Like Everybody To see our fine display of JEWELRY, ETC., Novelties for Christmas.

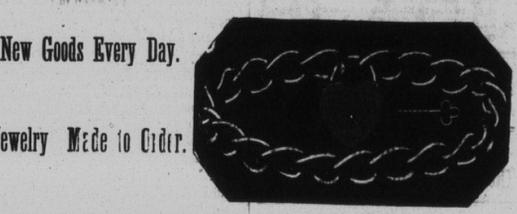
A. & J. HAY, 76 King Street.

XMAS MEATS! THOS. DEAN, 13 AND 14 CITY MARKET.

EXAMINE The Stock to be found at 48 - KING ST. - 48

Right to the Front of all Competition, with the largest stock we have ever shown.

A Full Line of Diamonds, Jewelry, Clocks, Bronzes, Canes, Umbrellas, Watches, Sterling Silver, Silver Plates, Opera Glasses, Eye Glasses, Gold Pencils, &c.



FERGUSON & PAGE.

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

Sir C. A. Cameron, M. D. President Royal College Surgeons, Ireland.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED

60 Prize Medals awarded to the Firm. COCOA

Be Careful to ask for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa. For Sale by all reliable dealers.

Le Bon Marche.

Designers, Manufacturers and Importers of fine French Millinery Goods. Orders Solicited.

LE BON MARCHÉ, Halifax, N. S.

Special Offer of Bulbs.

For \$1.00 we will send, Post Free, to any address in the Dominion, from 1st October to 1st December:

- Collection A. Suitable for House Culture. 3 ROMAN HYACINTHS, 1 EASTER LILY, 3 FREESIAS, 1 ORNITHOGALLUM, 3 JOUQUILS, 3 NARCISSUS, 6 TULIPS, 3 MIXED HYACINTHS.

NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY, Lockman St., Halifax. (LATE JOHN MACDONALD). J. H. HARRIS, Manager.

ARE YOU WEARING THE LAURANCE GLASS?

Read the Following Testimonial: HALIFAX, October 27th, 1892. In July 1892 I purchased of Mr. B. LAURANCE, on his first visit to Halifax, the pair of Spectacles I am wearing at the present time.

MR. J. GODFREY SMITH is Sole Agent for B. LAURANCE'S Genuine Axis-Cut Pebble Spectacles and Eye Glasses.

LONDON DRUG STORE, 147, HOLLS ST. Persons residing out of the city can be fitted by applying through post to the agent, J. Godfrey Smith.

CURE FOR PIMPLES, BOILS, ULCERS, HIGH KEYS ON THE EYES, KIDNEY DISEASE, RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA, BRUISES, AND ALL SKIN DISEASES.

MOM'S CHOCOLATES. VERY SMALL AND EASY TO USE. PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOX.

Puttner's EMULSION Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

BURPEE, THORNE & CO.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 8 and 10 German street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum.

Advertisements.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be copied at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

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

The circulation of this paper is over 11,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Orders can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

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

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 12,220.

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

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

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA ON SUNDAY

One of the city society correspondents of PROGRESS refers with regret to a new feature of fashionable life in St. John. It would appear that within the last two weeks no less than two five o'clock teas have taken place on Sunday. It is understood, of course, that these events took place among strictly protestant people, and not among those of the Roman or Anglican faith, from whom as the non-catholics think, such things might be expected. Nay, if the information furnished PROGRESS is correct, the presbyterian element, of all others, enters prominently into the affair, while that model of evangelical churchmanship, the Stone church, furnished a very respectable quota of the guests on at least one of the occasions. This, whether sad or not, is at least surprising. The prebyterians are the historical guardians of Sabbath observance, while the Stone church, though it still has a Sunday instead of a Sabbath, is so purely protestant that it takes MARTIN LUTHER as a subject for meditation in Advent and sings the Te Deum with a holy joy during the same penitential season.

Most fortunately, nobody has asked PROGRESS what is to be done about it, for that would be a question difficult to answer. There is or was an association in St. John within the scope of which such a matter might come, and to which a victory over Sabbath breakers would be a surprise as well as a triumph. It might undertake it, and there is a large sized Sabbath observance society in the United States which is just now busy with the World's Fair, but might be induced to back the local organization. Failing these, the pastors of the flocks to which the five o'clock tea folks belong might try their powers of remonstrance and persuasion. This may be the most practical way to stay the onward stride of the continental Sunday, if indeed it can be stayed.

St. John has never been considered a very wicked city, as cities go in these days, nor on the face of the evidence so far at hand, would it be right to assume that it has suddenly become so. We are not told what was said or done at these five o'clock teas, and on that a great deal must depend in giving judgment. It is not, per se, sinful to call upon a friend on Sunday, nor to stay to tea, if invited. Godly ministers have done as much, and it may be that at such times there have been the beginning of work, the result of which have been to the glory of God and the rescue of perishing man. A five o'clock tea is not a champagne supper. It may be harmful or harmless on any day of the week, Sunday included.

But the correspondent fears that this is only the beginning of more appalling gaieties. That, indeed, is a point worth considering. Are the ideas of the people who adorn society in St. John changing in regard to the keeping of Sunday? There have been a good many changes in orthodox congregations within a generation, and all have been in favor of making religion less gloomy and more joyous. The character of the church edifices no less than of the church services tells of this. Who that can remember the Centenary chapel, German street Methodist meeting house, Scotch kirk, Brussels street baptist chapel, as they were called, can fail to contrast the past with the present? So, it may be, the popular idea of Sunday is changing in the same ratio. Things are done every Sunday in the most orthodox churches, which a quarter of a century ago would have led to an exodus from the congregation, but only occasionally is even an old-timer offended thereby nowadays.

The Sunday five o'clock tea may be an instance of a decrease in piety, or it may be one of the adjuncts of an age when people are no less pious than they were but have a different way of looking at things. Perhaps somebody in the swim can throw some light on the subject.

IS THE CHOLERA STOPPED?

It is but a few months ago since the daily topic of conversation among a majority of the thinking people of two continents was cholera. Timid people, and some not so timid, were in apprehension of its march of death over America, and the news from New York lower bay was looked for each day as keenly and with vastly more concern than had the civil war been renewed and the great seaport been blockaded as the ports further south were blockaded a generation ago. It was no wonder. The story that had come from Hamburg was sufficiently appalling to rouse the energies of nations as few other things could do.

When one is told of a battle in which five hundred men have been killed and twelve hundred wounded, the figures never convey their full meaning. There is a remoteness about it to the rest of the world that fails to give the significance that such a record ought to convey. Yet when in the plague-stricken city of Hamburg, in one day, no less than five hundred died and twelve hundred were sent to the hospital, the world grew frightened, for that was the story of only one day. Before the plague was checked eight thousand lives in that city were sacrificed. If such was the power of the epidemic in Hamburg, why should not a proportionate fatality follow it wherever it went? And no human foresight could predict where it might not go.

When the epidemic had exhausted itself in Germany, and had been successfully met in England and America, the question arose whether the following summer would not see its return with increased virulence, not only in Europe but in America. That question cannot yet be answered, but in the meantime there has been a great deal of practical investigation of the subject, and so far as can be gathered the coming year will not show a fulfilment of the predictions of the pessimists. There may be cholera, but its march will not be that of an all conquering destroyer.

An interesting paper on the subject appears in a recent number of the Illustrated News, written by Dr. D. R. O'SULLIVAN, who visited Hamburg and returned with the knowledge that all the human suffering he witnessed "could and should have been avoided." There was a shameful disregard of the most elementary principles of hygiene. The water supply was from the river Elbe, which was practically a common sewer. Emigrants from a well known cholera district were housed on its banks above the city. The drainage of their sheds entered into it, and as a matter of course the cholera microbe entered into the water used by the whole city for all purposes. The epidemic ran its course and stopped not because of the skill of the doctors, but for the want of material to feed upon.

In this connection Dr. O'SULLIVAN makes a statement which is of considerable interest, and cannot be better given than in his own words. He says: "The Hamburg statistics tend to confirm what has been noted in preceding epidemics—namely, that out of any community exposed to the necessary influences, not more, on an average, than about five per cent. contract the disease. This means that only such a percentage of persons have the requisite 'predisposition,' or, in other words, afford, in their systems, a favorable nidus or breeding-ground for the bacilli. What precisely constitutes this predisposition to develop cholera is, as yet, a disputed point, but it is a significant fact that about five per cent. of most communities are found to have an alkaline or neutral instead of the normal (acid) stomach-reaction, and it is well known that alkaline or neutral media are as favorable to the growth and multiplication of the special microbe identified with an attack of cholera as acid media are inimical to the same."

From this he reasons that while the Elbe water may contain the cholera microbe for a long time to come, the process of elimination of those predisposed to the disease has been so thorough that there cannot be a serious epidemic. Hamburg will not breed cholera to poison the world, and if this chief source of supply is thus cut off, the danger in other places is averted in an equal degree.

SPECIAL DIVINE VENGEANCE.

There seem to be a good many cranks abroad in connection with the World's Fair, and the latest to come to the front is Congressman ELLIAM A. MORSE, of Massachusetts. He is one of the large number of people who believe the big show should be closed on Sundays, and is entitled to every respect for his opinion. So is Bishop POTTER, of New York, who is one of another large number of people who think that for a part of the day at least the fair should be open. There is no element of crankism in either opinion, of itself, but there is in some of the ways in which Mr. MORSE brings his arguments to bear. In a letter to the bishop, he says, among other forcible remarks:

The awful scourge known as the Asiatic cholera is at our door. God only knows what the next twelve months may develop, or who will be its victims. In this presence can we afford to offend the Almighty by a national sanction of the desecration of the Lord's Day, that we were commanded to observe amid thunderings and lightnings from Sinai?

The New York Sun, in the course of some brief and pointed comments on the subject is anxious to know if Mr. MORSE's conception of the affair "the Divine visitation would select as victims of the Asiatic cholera only those who favored the Sunday opening of the Chicago Exposition, or whether it would launch the pestilence indiscriminately, without regard to the victim's sentiments on this question."

This is a point that a great many people will consider well taken. Apart from the

NOTED QUESTION OF SO CALLED "SABBATH OBSERVANCE"

and Sunday recreation, there is much room to doubt if the Almighty in these days chooses to manifest his wrath against a people because of the act of a very small portion of their number. It may have been that such manifestations of His will were a necessary part of the teaching under the old dispensation, but it is very difficult to trace any connection between sin and heaven-sent calamities in modern times. Indeed, even of old, those upon whom towers fell and who otherwise perished in some awful way, were not always the worst. Nor, in our own most recent times, have the Divine cause and calamities effect been traceable. It is true that an Albert county preacher once told his flock that President GARFIELD was assassinated because PARNELL had been welcomed on the floors of congress, but proof of that assertion has not been forthcoming to this day. It is also true that Johnstown, Pa., was a wicked place and was overtaken by a flood, but those who have read FATHER FIELD's narrative of the disaster will remember that those who were patterns of godliness also perished. So, too, as is elsewhere shown, eight thousand died in Hamburg from criminal carelessness. Congressman MORSE and his friends rest assured that if the same cholera invades the United States it will come as quickly with the exhibition closed on Sunday as it will with the doors wide open, the bands playing and the machinery in full blast.

When men like Congressman MORSE come to the front, they deserve to be rebuked. The ways of the Almighty are wonderful and past finding out, but such arguments as those referred to are opposed to all that is true and healthful in the pure and simple faith of the gospel.

ABOUT THE LEAVING OF MONEY.

Sound Views on The Disposition of Property—The Living Responsible. Jay Gould left his great estate to his children, as might reasonably have been expected of him. When men accumulate money, much or little, it is natural that they should hand it down to their children, if they have them, and generally the public sentiment commends them for so doing. The feeling that a man should rightfully look first after his own household prevails among the people.

When the estate is as vast as Mr. Gould's, however, some newspapers utter exclamations of surprise and of protest if some of it is not bequeathed for public purposes or for organized charities. They seem to proceed on the assumption that the man is bound to take away from his children money which he himself would not give up during his life. In other words, they would require him to force his children to make benefactions which he himself had not made.

If a moral obligation to give away his money thus rests on a man, it rests on him personally and during his own life. He does not discharge it by keeping the money while he lives and compelling his children to give it away for him after his death. If his money or any part of it belongs to the public or right, it belongs to them during the life of the man, not merely at his death. He is responsible for the stewardship and is accountable for its performance, and he cannot transfer to others the obligation.

Really it cannot be called noble generosity, high altruism for a man to give away his money only after he is dead and has no more use for it. He should be his own almoner during his own life. If the methods by which he obtained his fortune were culpable in his own estimation and he wishes to make atonement for them in departing from this life, he can do so only by returning to the individuals the money which he took from them wrongfully. He does not whiten his offence by giving it to somebody else. If it belongs rightfully to others besides himself, it belongs to those from whom he got it by unjust means.

It was made evident during Mr. Gould's life that he had no such conscientious scruples as to the means by which he accumulated his great estate. Death did not come to him unexpectedly. For years past he must have been forewarned that his life was approaching its end. The consciousness that his time on earth was likely to be short probably induced him to pay special attention to his religious obligations as he understood them. He became a diligent attendant upon a Presbyterian church, and he gave his open adherence to its severe doctrine of future accountability for his conduct in this life. He was not an infidel. He was an orthodox believer. He must have died thinking that his fortune was rightfully his own, and had been obtained by means consistent with the obligations of religion. He could not have felt that he was under the moral compulsion of making restitution to anybody.

His Friends will Call on Him. Bonnell's grocery was being opened again on Union street and is being conducted by A. L. Bonnell, one of the members of the old firm. His stock of groceries is quite complete, and his assortment as varied as it well can be. A new grocery store has the advantage of having no stale stock on its shelves, a fact which many housewives will take into consideration. Many of Mr. Bonnell's old friends and customers will not forget him when buying their household supplies for this season. Umbrella Fittings Four, Duval, Union St.

A CURE FOR THE BLUES.

The Heart and the Head are Not Responsible for These Appearances. The blues are far from being among the imaginary ailments of this world, as so many imagine them to be. They are very genuine and very trying to those afflicted with them, and deeply as I sympathize with those who suffer from that miserable ailment, no power will persuade me that they proceed from either the head or the heart! No; when "melancholy claims you for her own," unless you have some very good reason for sadness, be sure that the attack results from a falling out between queen Stomach and king Liver, as these two despots seem to rule our destinies and tyrannize over us with an awful sway. Indigestion is a potent factor to produce the blues, and a disordered or sulky liver will bring more hopeless melancholy in its train than a disappoinment in love. So when you feel the blues approaching put on your "things" and go for a good walk. Take a cheerful friend with you if possible, and if not, take the dog and run two or three races with him while you are out. If this does not dispel the feeling you may rest assured that you are far from well and need a little medical treatment. At least I know this remedy has never failed to act like a charm in my case. ASTRA.

Our Fair Wheelists.

Oh! how fascinating, Sparkling, captivating, Exactly styled, dainty; On their cycles riding, Swerving and colliding, Look our lady cyclists fair.

Gaily laughing, Archly chaffing, Animated, charming, full of play, Flirting, blushing, Sweet and gushing, Are our lady cyclists gay.

On their wheels gyrating, Tipting, oscillating, Full of "go" and nerry, cool and spry, Rousful eyed and smiling; Languid "swells" beuiling, As their silent steeds roll by.

Gaily laughing, Archly chaffing, Animated, charming, full of play, Flirting, blushing, Sweet and gushing, Are our lady cyclists gay.

Never have such racers, Bicyclists chasers, Or such natty wheelists met our gaze; Male "sports" aren't "in it," Ever since the minute Maidens caught the cycling craze.

Gaily laughing, Archly chaffing, Animated, charming, full of play, Flirting, blushing, Sweet and gushing, Are our lady cyclists gay.

That young ladies couldn't Be athletes, or shouldn't, Has been oft' asserted by state prudes; But the solid fact is, Give the darlings practice, And they will excel most dudes.

Gaily laughing, Archly chaffing, Animated, charming, full of play, Flirting, blushing, Sweet and gushing, Are our lady cyclists gay.

St. John, Dec., '92.

The Vagabonds.

We are the vagabonds of time, And rove the yellow autumn days, When all the roads are gray with rime, And all the valleys blue with haze.

We came unlooked for as the wind Drooping across the April hills, When the brown winking earth had dreams Of summer in the Wanderer's kiln.

How far afield we joyed to fare, With June in every blade and tree! Now with the sea wind in our hair We turn our faces to the sea.

We go unheeded as the stream That wanders by the hill-side, Till the great marshes take his hand And lead him to the roving tide.

The roving tide, the sleeping hills, The voices of the Northern hills, Where they may fare as fancy wills, Whom wisdom smiles and calls her own.

It is a country of the sun, Full of forgotten yesterday, When time takes summer in his care, And fills the distance of her gase.

It stretches from the open sea To the blue mountains and beyond; The world is Vagabonds, To him who is a vagabond.

In the beginning God made man Out of the wandering dust, men say; And in the end, his life shall be A wandering wind and blown away.

We have forgotten where we slept, And guess not where we awoke to night, Whether among the lonely hills, In the pale streamers' ghastly light.

We shall lie down and hear the frost Walk in the dead leaves rustles, Or, somewhere on the iron coast, Learn the oblivion of the sea.

It matters not, and yet I dream Of dreams unfulfilled and rest somewhere Before this restless heart is stilled, And all its fancies blown to air.

Had I my will! * * * The sun burns down And something plucks my garment's hem; The robes in their faded brown, Would lure me to the South with them.

'Tis time for vagabonds to make The nearest inn! Far on I hear The voices of the Northern hills Gather the vagrants of the year.

Brave heart, my soul! Let longings be! We have another day to wend, For dark or waxy mist can we Who have the lords of time to friend?

CHRISTMAS, 1892.

DRESSING CASES FOR LADIES AND GENTS IN Leather, Celluloid and Wood Fittings. Military Hair Brushes in Cases. PERFUMERY. RICKBACHER'S and SKELEY'S Perfumes, in Fancy Baskets and Boxes. Elegant Cut Glass Bottles bought expressly for the Holiday trade. And also all the leading makes, French and English, viz: ROGER & GALLET, LUBIN, ATKINSON, RIMMEL, CROWN, HANNY'S RONDELLETTA, GOSNELL'S Cherry Blossom.

For Sale by F. E. CRAIBE & CO., Druggists, Etc., 35 King Street. Telephone No. 239.

WHERE DOES CASH MEAN MONEY? AT HARDRESS CLARK'S GROCERY, Where more good Groceries can be bought for \$1.00 than at any other store in town. Xmas Groceries for Cash. Fruits and Confectionery for Cash. Satisfaction Guaranteed for Cash. Quality and Cheapness for Cash. You can get everything at Clark's that can be had in the largest Grocery in town except Credit. Credit for an hour in a cash store is as bad as credit for a year. Cash Means Money. Buy your Christmas Groceries at HARDRESS CLARK'S Sydney Street Grocery.

Where Highizing Parties Can Go. Just as soon as sleighing comes parties will be organized to enjoy it in sleighing parties out the road and elsewhere. In anticipation of this Mr. Joseph Rowley has had the old Lewin property on the Loch Lamond road specially fitted up for their accommodation. The house is large and roomy and besides possesses all the comfort of an old-fashioned country home. Every opportunity will be afforded for carrying out programmes of amusement and every care will be taken to give such parties the best entertainment they can obtain on the road. Mr. Rowley will be glad to give any further information about his premises and his ability to do as he says to those who may wish it. Can Depend Upon Satisfaction. Visitors to the store of Messrs. A. & J. Hay on King Street, will find them well prepared to fill their wants in their particular line at this season. Many of the most attractive novelties in the line of jewellery, as well as the very best of standard goods that can be procured, may be found in their show cases, and on their counters. A jewellery store is one place of all others where many people look for goods at this season, and they can depend upon satisfaction at this establishment. Splendid Sittings Duval, Union street.

A Christmas Card FROM Tremaine Gard. I wish all Good and Well Meaning People a Very Merry CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR, thanking them for past favors, soliciting a continuance of their patronage, inviting them to call and inspect my most beautiful and complete stock of Splendid Holiday Gifts that are now offered Very Low in prices to insure cash sales and customers. Respectfully yours, W. TREMAINE GARD, Goldsmith, Jeweler and Optician. Orders from out of town promptly attended to. See advertisement elsewhere.

IT IS RAPID IT IS 1892. Has a value makes woman healthier, ple is the best world, and a it. A Bissel —of modern GIFT of all tiful gift—a Lifetime. SHERAT CHRI This is a rare GOLD AN Dressing Cases, Col Shaving Sets, Col Our assortment 20, 2 are marvels of ch C. H. X Raisins, Pure Sp of all kin B 200 UNION When or any Prices. to you require NOVA S 101 ad

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(Continued from First Page.)

Mr. Stephenson, of St. Stephen, paid a short visit to the city this week.

Mr. Fred Watson leaves the first of the new year for Minneapolis.

Messrs. Geo. Murphy, Wm. Doherty, Ald. McGoldrick and several other gentlemen paid a short visit to St. Stephen this week.

I hear of the engagement of one of our popular young men to a fair young lady of the Celestial.

FRANKS.

Mr. F. H. Burpee, of Woodstock, is in town this week.

Dr. Jack Gilchrist Sheffield is visiting here.

A very enjoyable concert was held in the school room of Portland Methodist church, on Tuesday evening, when a very good programme was carried out.

Miss Jennie Wilbur, of Dorchester is spending a few days here this week.

Mr. W. A. Gibson, of Marysville, is in town this week.

Miss Beard, of Woodstock, who has been stopping at Mrs. E. Sangster's for the last two weeks, left on Monday for Moncton, where she will be the guest of her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Look of Boston, are visiting at her mother's Mrs. A. Fraser, 133 City Road.

Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

FREDERICTON.

Dec. 14.—The Musical given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. George, on Thursday evening last, was the social event of the week, about ninety guests being present.

A delightful programme of vocal and instrumental music was well carried out. Miss J. Thompson, Mrs. John Black, Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe, Miss Harrison, Mr. McEwen, Miss Routhier, Mr. Bridges, Miss Sharp, Miss Walker, Mrs. Bridges, Mr. Cannon, Miss Johnston, Mrs. Stockley, Miss Lugin, Mrs. Hilton Green, Mr. Stockley, Mr. and Mrs. Stockley favored the company with songs and music. Nearly all the musicians received a hearty encore.

The tea-room was kept open all evening, and at 12 o'clock the supper-room was opened. The room was handsomely decorated, the mantels being handed with flowers. Some very handsome gowns were worn.

Mrs. George wore a beautiful costume of green velvet with bodice and sleeves of light blue silk, corsage bouffant of Japanese chrysanthemums.

Miss George, an elegant gown of white silk, made empire style with overdress of white crepe de chene.

Mrs. Stockley, white corded silk, white down and lace trimming, feather fan.

Mrs. Bridges, pale henrietta cloth, blue silk facings.

Miss Harrison, ivory silk and chiffon trimmings.

Mrs. John Black, black lace and crimson silk trimmings.

Mrs. Hilton Green, prune velvet ostrich feather trimmings.

Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe, prune velvet, ostrich feather trimmings, hand bouquet of white chrysanthemums.

Mrs. Lee Babbett, coral pink silk, black lace overdress.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, green silk, pink ostrich trimmings.

Mrs. Creed, black lace over black silk.

Mrs. J. Henry Phair, black velvet, emerald, gold lace trimmings.

Mrs. Andrew Phair, black velvet, jet and white lace trimmings.

Mrs. F. D. Crawley, black silk and white carmine.

Mrs. Porter, black sarah silk, lace trimmings.

Mrs. F. W. Wilson, striped silk and black lace trimmings.

Mrs. J. Thompson, velvet skirt and pale blue silk waist.

Mrs. A. G. Edgecombe, black silk and lace trimmings.

Mrs. B. Weddall, London smoke silk, lace trimmings.

Mrs. L. W. Johnston, brown satin, silver passementerie trimmings.

Mrs. Geo. Hatt, black lace over black silk.

Miss Clark, brown satin and rose.

Mrs. Noble, black silk, white down trimmings.

Mrs. J. R. Inch, green silk and white flowers.

Mrs. Geo. Inch, bronze satin.

Mrs. McEwen, black velvet and canary silk waist.

Mrs. Forrester, pale blue silk, velvet trimmings.

Mrs. Routhier, gold-spangled black lace overdress, ostrich trimmings.

Mrs. Hilton Green, black silk, natural flower.

Miss Helen, flowered and shaded pink chiffon trimmings.

Mrs. Flewelling, black silk, lace trimmings.

Miss Sharp, cream cashmere, lace trimmings.

Miss Walker, cream velvet and rose.

Mrs. Forrester, black silk, lace and rose.

Miss Lugin, black velvet and pink ribbons.

Mrs. Stone, black silk and lace, natural flowers.

Mrs. Forrester, pale blue silk, velvet trimmings.

Mrs. Routhier, gold-spangled black lace overdress, ostrich trimmings.

Mrs. Hilton Green, black silk, natural flower.

Miss Helen, flowered and shaded pink chiffon trimmings.

Mrs. Flewelling, black silk, lace trimmings.

Miss Sharp, cream cashmere, lace trimmings.

Miss Walker, cream velvet and rose.

Mrs. Forrester, black silk, lace and rose.

Miss Lugin, black velvet and pink ribbons.

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Mrs. Routhier, gold-spangled black lace overdress, ostrich trimmings.

Mrs. Hilton Green, black silk, natural flower.

Miss Helen, flowered and shaded pink chiffon trimmings.

Mrs. Flewelling, black silk, lace trimmings.

Miss Sharp, cream cashmere, lace trimmings.

Sussex this week, the guest of Mrs. J. L. McLaughlan.

Mr. A. F. Brown of Havelock was in Sussex on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Fairweather and their little daughter were visiting Mr. Fairweather's parents this week.

Mrs. George Raymond is visiting friends in St. John.

Mr. C. T. White of Apple River is in Sussex today.

A turkey supper was served in the vestry of the Baptist church last evening. It was very successful, and a large number of people attended. The proceeds are in aid of the Church Fund.

MONCTON.

Dec. 14.—In spite of the sacred season of raising and anti-chipping, Moncton people seem to find time for a little gaiety. The West End Whist Club have started out with renewed energy, and the Bread and Butter Club was awake from its long sleep at any moment, but until then, the Whist Club was supreme. The first meeting took place at Mrs. P. S. Archibald's on Friday evening, when the members entered into the contest with renewed zest, and spent a very pleasant evening.

Many Moncton people were surprised to hear of the marriage of Dr. O. J. McCully, which took place last Thursday afternoon at Bala Verie, the bride being Miss Minnie Wells, daughter of the late A. C. Wells. This popular member of the healing profession has been looked upon as a persistent bachelor, but he was considered proof against the darts of Cupid, but the matchmaker god found a weak spot in his armor at last, and the result was that one of Bala Verie's fair daughters has been transplanted to Moncton, where she will meet with a most cordial welcome. The wedding, which was a quiet one, took place at the residence of the bride's mother, the ceremony being performed by Rev. B. L. Johnston, pastor of the Methodist church of Bala Verie. Only the near relatives of the bride and groom were present. The bride wore a handsome traveling suit, and was unattended. The station at Moncton was crowded with friends and acquaintances of Dr. McCully's when the evening train bearing the bride and groom came in; all eager to offer their congratulations, and the Moncton Cornet Band, now translocated into the band of the 7th battalion, donated their new uniforms for the first time, and appeared in all the glory of scarlet coats, greening the train with a burst of melody as it drew into the station, and playing at intervals during its stay. Dr. and Mrs. McCully appeared on the rear platform of the car and received a few lines of their friends. Their trip will include New York, Boston and many other points of interest in the United States. Mrs. McCully is a sister of Mr. Wilberforce Wells, of this city.

Mrs. Baker, of Lunenburg, who has been spending a few weeks in Lunenburg, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. George W. Daniel, returned home last week.

Dr. Lunan, of Campbellton, paid a short visit to Moncton last Wednesday.

Mrs. A. A. Record, of East Bedford, Mass., who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. L. Harris, returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Williams gave a very pleasant little dance last evening, but none of Miss McLean, of Charlottetown, who is visiting Miss Williams. There were about 25 guests present, and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McCully returned on Thursday evening from Bala Verie, where they had gone to be present at the wedding of Mr. McCully's brother, Dr. O. J. McCully.

The ladies of St. John's Presbyterian church have charge of the children's concert, which was so successful the week before last. The entertainment by special recitals last Friday evening, and it spoke volumes for the excellence of the previous performance. The time spent was well worth the large amount of it. It is sufficient to say that no one was disappointed, and a goodly sum realized to swell the organ fund.

Miss Stuart of Summerside, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. Bruce, returned home on Monday afternoon.

The many friends of Mr. J. V. Ellis, Jr., formerly of the Transcript, but now of the St. John's Standard, were glad to see him in Moncton again last week. Mr. Ellis spent Saturday and Sunday in town.

Mrs. Thomas Williams, who has been so seriously ill for some time past, is improving slightly although still very weak.

Mr. G. G. Teed, of Dorchester, paid a short visit to Moncton on Monday.

Mr. R. B. Jack, C. E., formerly of I. C. R., entering department here, but now of New Westminister, B. C., has been spending a few days in town visiting his friends, who are glad to see his genial face, and to have him here once more. Mr. Jack leaves shortly for the Pacific coast again.

Miss Worman, and her pupils, give a recital this evening in the W. C. T. U. hall, the entertainment to consist of physical exercises, recitations and music, and the entertainment will doubtless be well worth attending, as Miss Worman's reputation as an elocutionist is well known. Cecil Gwynne.

HACKMORE CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

Dec. 14.—Mr. Andrew Duncan purposes leaving for Boston, U. S., to-morrow on a business trip and will be absent from town for about ten days.

Mr. J. L. Stewart, editor of the World, was here on Monday, the guest of Mr. James Brown.

The Misses Buckley and Miss Katie Stevenson spent Saturday in Moncton.

Mrs. J. McDermott visited Adamsville, on Saturday, and returned home Sunday.

Rev. E. Herbert of St. Paul was here on Monday and yesterday, the guest of Mr. James Buckley.

Superintendent Magistrate Bailey returned from Fredericton, on Saturday, feeling as sprightly as usual.

Mr. P. McCann of St. John, spent Sunday at the Eureka.

Mr. James P. Cole of Richibucto, was here yesterday "booming" his paper the Review, and proceeded to Moncton this morning.

The Royal Remedy Company commenced their free entertainments consisting of music and singing in the Town Hall on Monday evening. The siege is billed to last for ten nights.

Mr. Robinson Flett of Nelson, who was visiting his brother, Mr. Lambert Flett at Montmorency, returned home today.

Councillor Alex. Curran, was at the Central Monday, on his return from Moncton.

Mr. Alex. McEach of Moncton, is at the Eureka today.

Miss Bremer, who has been visiting her sister, Miss James Brown, for the past few weeks, went to Chatham today.

Mrs. Albert Dennis, (nee Nina Glencairn) of Pictou, N. S., was the guest of Mr. Keith, and went by train yesterday to her former home at Kings-ton.

Mr. J. W. McDermott, proprietor of the Eureka, made a short visit to Moncton this morning and returned by the mid day train.

"High Tea" on Friday evening, 22nd inst., in the Town Hall in aid of the Manse the Presbyterians propose erecting.

Hon. F. G. Ryan was at the Eureka on Wednesday going south.

Mr. George A. Noble of St. John, was at the Central Monday night and went North to the farm.

Mr. John W. Miller of Millerton, was at the Central yesterday on his return from Moncton.

Mr. A. James Gilman of Kingston, was at the Eureka today, homeward bound from Moncton.

REX.

RICHIBUCTO.

Dec. 13.—The scholars of the different departments of the school are preparing for a grand entertainment to take place on the twenty third inst. Former ones given by them were always enjoyable.

Mr. Fred Piton, of Moncton, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Geo. V. McInerney, M. P. has been receiving congratulations and other evidences of the goodwill of our citizens generally over his success in the recent general election.

Messrs. James Ferguson, of Bathurst, and Frank Curran, of Moncton, were in the city last week. Mr. Fred Sayre has purchased a residence in the south end. His new home will be vacant long before the present occupants leave.

Principal and Mrs. Colpitts' home has been glad to receive this week the arrival of little stranger.

The Misses Graham, of Main River, and Misses Smith, of Mill Creek, were in town last Saturday.

Miss Maggie Freeman has been in the hands of the grippe for the last few days.

ABONA.

Miss Hastings, long selected Cures, Duval, School and Triniton Street.

Xmas Presents. LADIES

in our beautiful display of Holiday Goods cannot fail to be suited. The Louvre and Gascon Kid Gloves; the Pauline Kid Glove.

Silk Handkerchiefs, white and colored, in great variety. Colored Satins, reduced from 75 to 55 cents. Colored Plushes, reduced to 60 and 30 cents. Pom Pons, Silks, Filoselle and many articles for Fancy Work.

In Scarfs, Ties, Silk Handkerchiefs and Mufflers, Lined Kid Gloves and Mitts, Ladies will find useful and choice presents for their Gentlemen friends.

On Our Bargain Counter we are selling many useful and pretty articles at a great reduction.

Welsh, Hunter & Hamilton, 97 KING ST., ST. JOHN.

MUSQUASH.

Dec. 13.—Mr. Harris P. Knight returned home last week, having spent the last three years in British Columbia.

Dr. Reynolds of Lepreau, paid a professional visit here on Sunday last.

Rev. H. M. Spike went to Carleton, last Friday evening, to take Rev. Mr. Hudgins place in St. John's church.

Miss Carrie Knight visited St. John on Wednesday.

Mr. C. Ludgate spent Sunday at his home here.

Miss Anderson returned to St. John last week, after a visit of two months here, at her father's house, "Sunny Side."

Rumours are afloat of a dancing class soon to be opened by Miss Emma Anderson.

Mr. L. D. Seely went to St. John on Friday last.

Virvs.

Munro's Hair will cure your Cough.

INCIDENTS OF THE DAHOMEY WAR.

Col. Dodds Says He Never Saw Black Warriors Fight So Desperately.

King Behazin of Dahomey has fled to the north, leaving his country in the hands of the French, and followed by a mere remnant of his brave army. The French probably will not attempt to capture him. They have destroyed his power, and he is not likely to give them further trouble. It remains to be seen whether the Dahomeyans will submit to their new rulers with good grace or whether there will be a little more fighting.

Col. Dodds' latest despatches give some interesting particulars of the war. He says that in the first battle after the French army had left the Weme River and started on the twenty-five-mile march to Abomey, six of his men were killed, five of whom were Europeans. Forty-five were wounded, of whom eighteen were Europeans, and five of them officers. The best marksmen in the Dahomey army were up in the trees or occupying other places of advantage, and had instructions to aim particularly at the white men. In proportion to their numbers, the loss of Europeans during the war far exceeded that of the natives. Col. Dodds pays a tribute to the bravery of the Dahomeyans. He says they carried on their warfare with an energy seldom seen among the black races. During the French wars in the Soudan Col. Dodds says he saw and showed such indomitable energy as distinguished the Dahomeyans. They are a number of reasons for this. They are very proud of their military traditions and of the glory won in battle by their fathers. It is the practice of Dahomey kings to put their soldiers on the field of battle, for it is a very seldom that they have been defeated. All these causes conduced to make them brave to recklessness in the recent campaign; but they also fought with desperation, for such is their King and of the fetich doctors who dictated his policy depended upon the issue of the war.

As the French force was approaching Dahomey they were attacked one morning by fully 10,000 of Behazin's warriors, including the Amazons. The natives were led by the King in person. The French formed in a square with their guns on every side. The warriors and Amazons charged furiously upon the square. Many of them were killed within thirty feet of the guns. Neither cannon, mitrailleuse, nor volleys of quick-firing rifles dismayed them, and they died almost on the bayonets of the invader. One of the French officers writes that he never saw a semi-barbarous foe exhibit such wonderful courage. The avalanche of frenzied men and women soldiers made three of these terrible charges upon the French square. After the battle had raged for three hours Behazin gave the signal for retreat, which was carried out in indescribable disorder. The Dahomeyans left over 2,000 dead and wounded on the field.

It is expected that Col. Dodds will make peace with the natives on condition of their abandonment to the French of Whydah, Kotonon, and other points on the coast; the installation of officers in Residents at Abomey and Canna with French garrisons, the construction of trade routes through the country wherever the Residents may decide to make them, and the abolition of human sacrifices.

The European contingent which has been serving in Abomey is to be ordered home and relieved by troops that have already been sent out from France. These relief forces, which will conduct the future military operations, occupy the big coast town of Whydah and garrison the up-country posts, left France and Algeria for Dahomey on Nov. 25. They include engineers and artillery.

PROGRESS is for sale in Sussex by King's Chapel, 100 St. John's Street, School and Triniton Street.

Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

1892. CHRISTMAS. 1892.

A splendid stock of Rugs, Chenille Portieres, Carpet Sweepers, Fancy Tables, Chairs, Desks, Cabinets and wicker work from which to select

CHRISTMAS GIFTS. PRICES LOW.

CLOTHS, CLOTHS, CLOTHS!

King St., 68 South Side.

To effect a clearance of our winter cloths suitable for Ladies' and Children's wear, we have made a still further reduction.

Note the Prices:

Table with columns: Former Prices, Out Prices. Rows include 56 in. Ulster Cloths, 56 in. black Matalassee cloth, etc.

Black Matalassee Cloth. 52 in. black Matalassee cloth, \$4.50; 52 " " " 6.00; 52 " " " 8.00.

Dress Goods. 700 yards 3-4 Dress Goods, 35 to 50; choice 15 cts, 1000 " 6-4 " " 80 to \$1.00; " 35 "

Balance of TURNER & FINLAY Stock. W. C. PITFIELD & CO. F. G. LANSLOWNE, Manager.

I fancy I also saw Sergeant Joffins, Sergeant Mumford and Sergeant Donegan when rushing through Mr. Traverser, Lieutenant Markham, and Major Wallace were on the companion, the Major shouting, "Come, young fellows, this is your last chance."

After reaching the deck I endeavored to get on the bridge, and had started to do so when, suddenly, a wave came over the bulwarks and washed me heavily against the lower part of the bridge. My legs became entangled with ropes, but I managed, by means of great efforts, to shove myself into the water. I was immediately sucked down by a great wave. I thought all was over and tried to swallow water, in order to finish everything as soon as possible, when I was surprised to find myself on the surface. I struck out for the shore, which was fifty yards away. It is impossible to describe the terrible character of the struggle I had amid the rocks and breakers. Finally, after a long swim, I reached the shore, with nothing on except my pyjamas, which were all torn. I climbed a small hill, and was literally blown down the other side. I fortunately came upon a little fishing hut. Nobody being in it I lay down inside shivering with cold. About an hour later a dozen fellows, headed by Chief Officer Prickett, appeared upon the scene. We did not recognize each other at first. Finally, we all lay down on the sandy floor, and passed a wretched night.

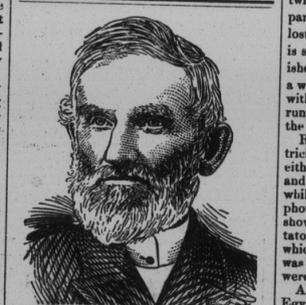
ARAB SLEIGHT OF HAND. Marvellous Tricks Performed by Jugglers. Travellers in the East bring back stories of the marvellous tricks performed by jugglers. One trick is to throw a ball of twine or a coil of rope into the air. Apparently it goes up and up until the end is lost to sight in the upper air. Then a boy is sent climbing up the rope and also vanishes. Another trick is to put a boy into a wicker basket, and run the basket through with knives. Groans are heard and blood runs from the basket, but when it is opened the boy is found safe and sound.

Recently several Englishmen witnessed tricks of legermain as wonderful as either of these. One of them had a camera, and took frequent snapshots at the jugglers while performing their tricks. When the photographic plates were developed they showed the half-naked jugglers, the spectators, and the simple implements with which the tricks were performed. There was nothing else in the picture. The tricks were pure illusion.

A traveller who recently returned from Egypt described a piece of Arab jugglery that he saw from a veranda in Cairo. "We were approached," he said, by a singular-looking person, who at once took our attention. He was an Arab, tall and lank, with a long, swarthy visage, deep set eyes of piercing quality, and was very deliberate and solemn in all his movements and aspects. He wore the turban and a long cotton gown with loose sleeves, and a rope around his waist for a girdle. He had an interpreter with him, who proposed to do a miracle for us at the low price of one franc per head. He stood within a circle formed by us, his interpreter outside. He first rolled up the wide sleeves of his gown and tucked them on top of his shoulders. Next he removed the turban from his head, twisted it up into a rope about two inches thick, and held it in the middle with both hands, and gave it up and down before our gaze, and not more than ten inches from our faces. His interpreter asked one of us to take out a pocket-knife and cut the turban in two, right between his hands. I was the one who did it. I then, about three inches to get a space, I threw, upon direction, it a match and saw the two ragged ends, which we all were watching very closely. The cotton caught readily, blazed up a moment, and was then

blown out by the performer. He passed the charred ends before our noses, and, with a slow movement of his fingers, gathered the two pieces into his naked hands, rubbed them all up in a small bunch, and then, with the tips of his fingers, disengaged the tangle, and drew out, in one length, the whole turban, just as he had taken it from his head! Smell of smoke, charred ends slowly passed away. The Arab slowly raged edges, all gone. The broad daylight, the sun was shining in the evening sky, and the streets were full of passing people. We had to look at these familiar sights for a moment to realize that we had not really witnessed a miracle."—Harper's Young People.

Romance of Emya Pasha. A pretty little romance is told of Emya Pasha, the African explorer, who was the cause of Henry M. Stanley's expedition. In early life, before leaving Hungary, he fell in love with a charming little playmate, still in love with a man who had married, tell his love, it was so deep that no other woman has ever shared it. He retired from society, because a misanthrope and did not marry. Long years after, while attending the wife of Ismail Pasha in his professional capacity, he found in her his former love. The result was the old story, Ismail, after many hardships in war and prison life, died to make way for Emin, who declared his love and won the widow.



Mr. Geo. W. Cook, Of St. Johnsb

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1892.

OUR A. B. C. A BARGAIN COUNTER.

Next week our Bargain counters will be transformed so as to contain articles very suitable for presents. These will be marked

25c., 25c., 38c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25.

It is evident these counters will fill a long felt want in suggesting what would be nice—better than any printed list of goods could do.

You can look over these counters with little trouble on your part and none on ours. We won't press you to buy; we won't even so much as insinuate you might buy,—we can only wonder at your fortitude if you don't.

Geo. H. McKay, 61 Charlotte St., Branch 179 Union.

LATEST JUST NOVELTY. WIZARD'S PURSE.



A MOST WONDERFUL PUZZLE. Made in Various Colors in Fine Morocco.

More fun can be had with it than with a BARREL OF MONKEYS. It defies, baffles and deceives the SHARPEST eye. It is simple enough, but if you don't know the secret—can you open it? You may say you can, but can you? You can fill this purse with money and with perfect safety and assurance offer anyone its contents, provided they will open it without cutting or ripping the purse in any manner.

AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Maritime Provinces. Send 35c. for sample purse and terms. Sent by Mail, Post paid.

ADDRESS GLOBE NOTION & NOVELTY COMPANY, ST. JOHN, N. B.

ESCAPING THE MORMONS.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF A GIRL'S DASH FOR LIBERTY.

How She Succeeded in Her Attempt—Fighting the Pursuers—One of the Last Acts of Brigham Young's Reign.

Among a band of seventy converts made in the mountains of Georgia during Young's last year of active reign were a widower named Johnson and his daughter Mary. The man was about 50 years of age, the girl about 18. While they belonged to the "cracker" class, it was owing to misfortune more than to birth and training. They were poor, but neither uncouth nor ignorant. Johnson was something of a religious exhorter, and had rather queer ideas on religion, and the Mormon elder put things in such a light as to captivate him. He believed he had found the true religion at last, and Utah was described as a paradise on earth. It was expressly stipulated that he could embrace polygamy or not as he felt inclined, and that Mary should remain with him until she elected to marry. Once safely arrived in the Mormon kingdom, they were not long in discovering that they had been basely deceived.

Mary Johnson was a robust, fine-looking girl, and her fate had been decided within an hour after the party had arrived at Salt Lake. She was permitted to go with her father, however, and it was three months later before the plans of "the Lord" were revealed to her. Upon arriving at their destination nearly every one in the party was taken down with mountain fever, and about one-third of the number died.

Neither father nor daughter had the fever, but from one who was attacked and to whom they gave the kindest care came the information that Mary was to be the sixth or seventh wife of a certain elder, while her father himself would shortly be expected to fully embrace the faith by taking two or three wives. He was not a man of much force of character. After being told that escape was hopeless, and that re-

bellion against the authority of the church was punished by death, he decided to obey whatever order was given. Not so with Mary. She received the news with horror and indignation, and entreated the father to at least make an attempt to escape. He hadn't the nerve to do it. There were men in the camp who had him under espionage, and he felt certain he would be overhauled in short order.

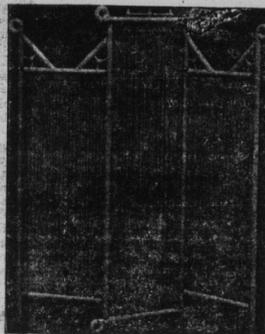
The sick man had told Johnson that the only hope of escape was by way of William's Pass, and had made a pretty fair guess to the distance—100 miles. Mary determined to try for the fort. While her father was not induced to make the start with her, he provided her with a rifle and ammunition and three or four days' provisions and advised her to the best of his knowledge. Perhaps he did the best thing under the circumstances, as he was under surveillance, while the girl was not. No one could have suspected that she would attempt to escape out of that valley alone. He was one of a party of men who were for building purposes, and he managed to secrete the rifle and provisions in the mouth of the pass. She made her start at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and it was 7 o'clock in the evening before she was missed. It was in summer time, and she had gone out with other women in the morning to pick strawberries. It was at first supposed she was lost, but about midnight the father's demeanor led to suspicion, and the plot was soon revealed. He was put under guard and a party of six mounted men despatched in pursuit of the girl.

A government freight train which had reached Fort Bridger and unloaded and was about to depart again, met with disaster. As the mules were being driven in, a thunder storm broke and stampeded the herd. For a week small parties were sent out in different directions, and most of the animals were finally recovered. Four of us took the trail of eight or nine miles, which went directly south, but before we got away they had eight hours the start. For the first twelve miles the trail showed every animal on the dead run. We reached the point where they had begun to stack up, and were then obliged to go into camp for the night. It was afternoon next day when we got a sight of them, and then they at once broke into a run and headed for the pass. We were obliged to go into camp again, and our location was within a mile of the mouth of the pass. We entered it just at sunrise next morning, and had proceeded about five miles, when we encountered a strange spectacle. Just here the pass was about 200 feet wide. The mules came down as if running for their lives, and on the back of one, riding man fashion and holding her rifle in her right hand and clinging with her left to a neck strap made from the skirt of her dress, was a young woman—Mary Johnson. We drew aside to let the herd pass, and but for her exclamation as she flew by we should have been dumfounded by the queer sight.

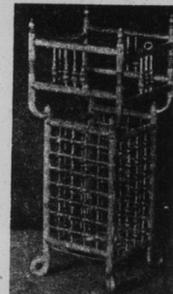
"Mormons—Indians—look out!" she shouted, and we turned our heads up the trail just as a body of horsemen came into view. The entire force charged us on foot. Every man of us had a pair of Colt's six shooters besides his rifle. We placed the rifles within reach of the girl and used only our revolvers. She fired the first shot from her own weapon, and her bullet killed a white man. An Indian was also killed by one of us, and those were the only dead, but several of them must have been wounded in the fusillade. They stopped and broke before reaching the breastwork.

She had come upon our fugitive mules as they were feeding, and, having had their run, she had no difficulty in approaching them. After a stay of several weeks at the fort the daughter was sent East, and ultimately returned to relatives in Georgia, and two years later the commandant's wife received a letter giving the news of her marriage.

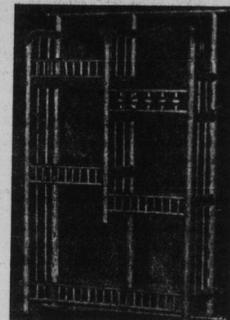
For Christmas Presents



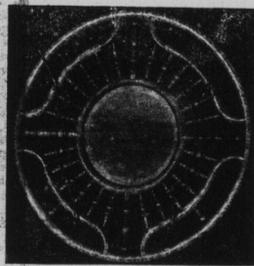
THREE-FOLD SCREEN (White Enamel).



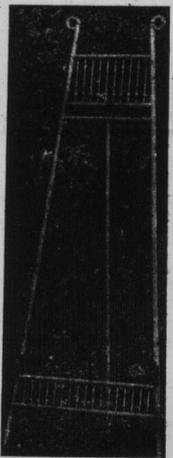
UMBRELLA STAND (Solid Oak).



WALL CABINET (Solid Oak).



HAT RACK (Solid Oak).



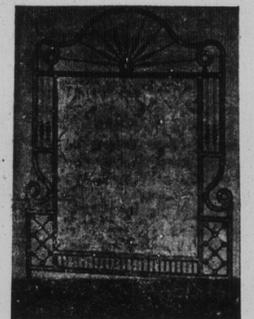
EASEL (White Enamel).



STOOL (Solid Oak).



STOOL (White Enamel).



FIRE SCREEN (Solid Oak).

Wall Cabinets (Solid Oak) \$1.50, \$2.40, \$3.25, \$6.50. Wall Cabinets (White Enamel) \$5.25, \$6.25. Stools (Oak) \$1.00, \$1.70, \$2.50, \$2.75. (White) \$1.15, \$1.40, \$3.25. Easels (Oak) \$1.40, \$4.90, \$5.50, \$6.50. \$6.75, \$7.50, \$9.50. Easels (White Enamel) \$3.75, \$4.40, \$7.50, \$8.25. Grille or Spindle Work, (Solid Oak) 9 in., 70 cts., 12 in. 90 cts., 18 in. \$1.35 per foot. Also Tables, Towel Racks, Music Stands, Curtain Poles, &c.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

Oak Hall.



We will give away until all are gone, a pair of ACME CLUB SKATES with every Boy's Suit, Overcoat, Ulster or Reefer.

Lots of CAPE OVERCOATS in stock yet. A nice Blue or Brown Plaid Overcoat at \$3.00 and \$3.40—small sizes—larger ones at \$3.50. A very fine Tweed Check at \$5.00. All-wool, tweed-lined, for bigger boys, at \$5.75 and \$6.50. Also, some Tweeds in stripes, very handsome goods, long military tapes.

Cor. King and Germain Sts., St. John.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

Oak Hall.



TWO-PIECE SUITS—Coat and Pants—for Boys from four to ten years, in any shade—light or dark. Some very handsome dark Plaid Tweeds, in single and double-breasted cut. We have a special Blue Serge Pleated Suit, to fit any boy from four to ten years, at \$2.50 and \$2.75. Also a Brown and Black Plaid at the same price—\$2.50. The style Suit shown in the above cut we can sell you at \$3.00, \$3.25, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4.00, \$4.25, \$4.50, 4.75, \$5, and a few higher.

Got in some odd Coats and Vests the other day, and can sell a Tweed Coat at \$3.00, \$4.00, \$4.50, and \$5.00. Vests, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.

SKATES WITH EVERY BOY'S SUIT.

Cor. King and Germain Sts., St. John.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

Oak Hall.



A NICE LOT OF BOYS' REEFERS from \$2.50 to \$6.00. Have no Boys' Reefers to fit a boy as big as some small men at \$2.50. The bigger the boy is, the more his Reefer will cost him. Four dollars will put a Reefer on any boy smaller than a 36 in. breast—that is a good Nap Reefer, well made and heavy lined.

A PAIR OF ACME CLUB SKATES WITH EVERY BOY'S REEFER.

FOR MEN we have REEFERS at \$4.25—a Nap—good value for the money. Another at \$5.00; another at \$5.60; one at \$6.00; and the best Nap we can give you at \$10.00

Cor. King and Germain Sts., St. John.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

Oak Hall.



We've got about 3,000 OVERCOATS in stock now. We'll be lucky if we don't have any left on our hands. For that reason we marked the last lot of Overcoats opened at selling prices—

We can show you now a \$6.50 BLACK OVERCOAT. The best we ever had at that money. \$6.50. A Wide Wide DIAGONAL WORSTED OVERCOAT. Ask to see it at \$7.00. \$7.00. A FINE DIAGONAL WORSTED. Nice Dressy Goods, Standard Goods. \$8.50. We must mention a NAP OVERCOAT, new lot, going at \$5.00. An even Y makes a good NAP OVERCOAT, heavy and warm. \$5.00. Get some of the best NAP REEFERS. The first lot sold at \$11.00. This lot we have marked. \$10.00.

Cor. King and Germain Sts., St. John.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

SUNDAY READING

FARRAR ON CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

He Advances Some Reasons Why Working People Don't Attend Church.

"Is it a fact, Canon Farrar," inquired a Pall Mall Budget representative, "that our churches are not sufficiently filled?"

"Yes that is true, on the whole, though in some districts the churches are very full; my own church for instance, and its neighbor, the Abbey, are packed, even at the evening and afternoon services. Still, as a rule our churches are not well attended, especially by the working classes, who, as a body, are not largely represented; in fact, it is conjectured that, throughout the country, not 10 per cent. of the poorer classes appear at church. Of course it differs very considerably in different places. This applies to Nonconformist chapels as well as to the case of our own churches."

"Can you give any reason for this state of things?" "It is very difficult to say what is the reason. I am sure it does not necessarily arise from the working classes being godless or unbelieving, nor does the fact of their keeping away from the services prove that they are so. Nor can it be that they have any abstract objection to the clergy as such. I was speaking recently at a congress at St. George's Hall, Bradford, along with the Bishop of Ripon, Canon Body and Canon Fleming. It was a working men's meeting, and there were quite 5,000 present. It cannot, therefore, be said that the working men are unwilling to come and see the clergy. The leading papers of the place next morning stated that if the clergy would always speak straight out the working classes would not be always conspicuous by their absence. But this is surely a mistake, as our hearers were there without knowing how we meant to speak to them. They listened with the utmost sympathy and earnestness, and manifested great enthusiasm. Therefore it may be concluded that they have no abstract antipathy to the clergy."

Certainly not; but that you think the clergy should do to bring the working men into closer connection with them?"

"For one thing, I hold that they should lay much greater stress on the fact that if a Christian is a Christian he ought not to be an individual one. It would be a most advantageous thing if it could be conclusively shown to the working classes that they should live as Christians, a corporate life and not one of isolation. They would then come to our churches quite independently of liking the services, but as the duty of Christians to come and worship in common as Christians. At the congress one of the speakers made the remark, 'We don't ask why the working men do not go to church, but why the church does not go to the working men. The house-going parson makes the church-going people.' There is a great truth underlying that statement. It means that if people know their clergyman socially they are far more likely to trust him and to come to church. Almost any body of clergy working in a parish who know the lower classes personally are sure to get them to come to religious gatherings. Further, it is of immense importance that the churches should be free, especially parish churches. At St. Margaret's, in time of mourning, those who have been poor rents. But when I was appointed rector the first thing I did was to abolish them. It things had been retained as formerly, these rents would have furnished a large income; but I did not think it right that they should continue to exist. I considered it was of the utmost importance that the seats should be unappropriated from the moment that the service began; and this I hold should be the case in all parish churches. Of course, the seats could not be wholly unappropriated; otherwise the parishioners would not be able to get seats. But in cases where the church is not a parish one, and where there are no parishioners, I think that all the seats should be free and open to all at all times, just like the Abbey. But that is not all. The officials should be instructed to give the kindest and warmest welcome to all who come, especially to strangers and the poor. All this were the case, all the work-people who attend would attend with a good deal of ease at home, and as if welcome guests."

"That would be very different, from what one experiences in most churches?"

"Yes; and in addition the church should be scrupulously clean bright and well warmed, and as beautiful as the means of the parish will allow. The seats themselves should not be comfortable, but should be arranged so that the worshippers should go through the services without suffering personal inconvenience. It is a great mistake for the clergy to put small stumbling-blocks in the way of possible attenders. They should treat reasonable ease and comfort to parishioners and strangers, who will, consequently, be more regular in their attendance at public worship. As to the conditions of the services, it is highly important that these should not be wearisome long. It is essential that, if people are to begin and continue to be church-going, the services should be shorter, brighter, less formal, and much more elastic. What we want is that we should have extended to Sundays the freedom which by Act of Parliament we enjoy on week days. As it is, the liberty granted under the Act is taken advantage of by the officials of the clergy, and therefore it is really licence. It would be obviously more proper and more in accordance with religious notions were it done under proper sanctions. In many respects the American prayer-book would furnish us with useful hints for amending our own services in minor matters—such as the re-

moval of needless repetitions, the use of selected psalms, and the occasional substitution of our Lord's two commandments for the ten commandments, and so on. Then the laity have no conception of the fatigue which a clergyman has to undergo in the celebration of the Communion when there is a large number of communicants. The form in use might be made much shorter and much more solemn—either the sentence which is repeated by each communicant might be shortened, or the words might be used once only to a certain number of communicants, such as takes place in the Scotch churches. The present form is not of very old standing in the liturgy: it was first applied in the second prayer book of Edward IV.; and to repeat it some hundred times becomes fatiguing to the clergyman and wearisome to his congregation."

"But what about the sermons?"

"I certainly think sermons ought not to be too long; very few are now; they should be reasonable in length. A written sermon, if fairly well delivered, is quite as acceptable, at any rate to an educated audience, as an extempore one. The reason why clergymen prefer to read their sermons is that they consider they can give more carefully expressed thoughts, in a better form, if they write them out than if they gave them forth extempore. At the same time, every clergyman who can do it fairly well should address the poorest audience without book. In conclusion, I maintain that wherever the services are short and hearty, and wherever the preacher has any real message to deliver, the church will not be empty."

IN THE ANGLICAN CALENDAR.

Gaudete Sunday—St. Thomas' Day—The Festival of Christmas.

To-morrow will be the fourth Sunday in Advent, otherwise known as Gaudete Sunday, which bears the same relation to Advent that Refreshment Sunday does to Lent. The name Gaudete is the ancient term to denote the day, and is derived from the first words of the Introit, in the same way that Refreshment Sunday is called Laetare.

As a rule, during Advent the church wears a solemn and penitential appearance, and the services should be of an equally solemn nature, as shown by the omission of the Te Deum at matins; but on this particular Sunday the joys of Christmas are anticipated in the services, and where there have not been flowers on the altar they may be now used, though not to excess. If the organ has been silent during Advent (as is not usual in this country) it may be played on this day.

The colors for the day are purple in the Western use and red in the use of Sarum. The number of altar lights prescribed is two, and the same for other days of the week, with the exception of the festival of St. Thomas. On this day notice of St. Thomas, of Christmas day and of the Vigils is to be given.

The greater Antiphons, to which reference was made last week, are continued this week up to and including Friday, and are as follows: O Radix Jesse, O Clavis David, O Oriens, O Rex Gentium, O Emmanuel and O Virgo Virginum.

Tuesday will be the Vigil of St. Thomas and is a fast day. The colors for this day are as on Sunday, but where there are vesper services of the Vigil the color in both cases is red. The same color, of course, applies to the festival itself, with two altar lights though four are prescribed in some Sarum calendars. There are two St. Thomas' days in this month, that of Wednesday being the red letter day of St. Thomas, the apostle and martyr, who was surmamed Didymus, or the twin. It was he of whom it is written that when doubting the reality of our blessed Lord's resurrection he was permitted to touch His sacred body. He was martyred in India, A. D. 44. The other St. Thomas is an Archbishop and martyr, of Canterbury, whose day is observed on the 29th, though it is not referred to in all calendars.

Saturday will be the Vigil of Christmas and a fast day. The color at vespers in all cases is white, with eight altar lights. It is of course a fast day. The first evensong should be said at the usual hour for evensong, and not just before midnight. At this time the penitential season of Advent is ended, and all the tokens of joy which have been laid aside are again resumed. The proper service for midnight is the solemn mass, which is the characteristic function of the festival, and it is laid down that if preceded by any office it should be preceded by matins. Where the Gloria in Excelsis has been entered as before a penitential season, it now bursts forth triumphantly with all the musical accessories of the church. All the garments of joy are worn, and the Christian world, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, thinks of that morning when on the darkened world burst forth the angelic strain of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The Christian Year. Advent tells us Christ is near, Christmas tells us Christ is here, All the glory we trace In the Epiphany we trace. Those three Sundays before Lent, Will prepare us to repeat, That in Lent we may begin Barrenly to mourn for sin, Holy Week and Easter then, Tell who died, and rose again. On that happy Easter Day, Christ is risen indeed, we say—Yes, and Christ Ascended too To His Father's blissful throne, So we give Him special praise After those great Forty Days, When He sat on His Holy Ghost On the Day of Pentecost With all tongues of fire descending, Well may we keep Whit Sunday, Last of all, we humbly sing Glory to His Word and King Glory to the One in Three On the Feast of Trinity.

WHY NOT THINK OF THE FUTURE?

Earnest Words to Those Whose Thoughts Are Only of This World.

What separates you from that world which you think to be so very far off—so very unreal? The thin coat of an artery? No more! Let the thin pipe burst through which your life-blood is now coursing in the full play of health, and where, then, will your present world, so very real, be to you? In a single second you will have parted from it forever! And where will that other world be which is now so dim and unreal as not to be worth thinking about? Why, you, the same living person, will be in it—in the midst of all its realities; and with these you shall have to do, and with these only, for ever and ever!

But many people do not wish to think about the future. It is not so much that no thoughts about it intrude themselves upon their minds, as that all such thoughts are deliberately banished. It is with the eternal future as with anything which here gives them pain; they "hate to think about it." This arises from the suspicion, or rather the conviction, that it cannot be a good future for them. They have read enough about it from the Bible to make it alarming. They have no security for its being to them as happy as the present; and so, whether from a fearful looking for or judgment, because of their sins, or from ignorance of the means of salvation, or from unbelief in the goodwill of God as ready to save them—the result is, that they voluntarily shut their eyes to, and banish all thoughts of, eternity. It pains them—it agonizes them—to put the question, "What is to become of me when I die?" And the more pain the question gives them, the more they fly to the world, and occupy their minds with its society, its amusements, and even its dissipation and debaucheries, to banish care and snatch a fleeting joy. Oh! my brother, from my soul I feel for you and pity you! For the sick-bed is coming, and you may be compelled to think there; and, if so, you are treasuring up ten-fold agony for yourself by your present off-putting and apathy, and willful thoughtlessness. And should you manage, even in the time of sickness, and up to the very hour of death, to shut out the future from your mind; should long and inveterate habit enable you to succeed in the terrible, the suicidal expedient of making you shut all out as you have lived—leaving nothing, because believing nothing—can you avoid entering the other world? Can you prevent a meeting between yourself and your God? Can you silence an accusing conscience for ever? Can you hinder Christ from coming to judge the world? Can you shut Him out, or hide, or cover you from His presence? Can you fly from the judgement seat, and by any possibility delay or prevent a minute examination of your life, or stay the sentence which the omniscient and holy Judge shall pronounce upon you? And if you cannot do this, all, rather, every faculty, and emotion of your heart and soul must one day be roused to the intensest pitch of earnestness about your eternal destiny, do you not think it wise, my brother, to think about all this now? Now, when there is a remedy, rather than then, when there is none.

This suggests another reason why possibly you hate to think about the future. Not only are you conscious of want of any preparedness for it, but you do not see how it can be much better with you. You have in a word, lost confidence in God. You have no faith in His goodwill to you. You think of Him as a stern, exacting God, as one who watches you with a jealous and angry eye, who has no wish that you should be better or happier than you are; or who, if He can save you, will not; or who, if He will, offers to do so, only on such hard and impossible terms as to make it practically the same as if He were to take you away from you. In one word, you suspect God hates you, or at least is indifferent to you—indeed, He knows anything at all about you, which you are not quite sure of. If it were shocking to write such things. But only because it is very shocking that any one should do this, rather, every penny for you, for he who thinks and believes as yet profoundly ignorant of God. What is called God, is as unlike the living and true God as any heathen idol in a heathen temple. But this ignorance breeds fear, and fear hate, and hate increases the fear, until the future, in which this God must be met, is put away as a horrible thing, or never thought of at all.

But, why should you thus think of God, and so fear to think of the future? Read only what the Bible says of Him, and consider if and whether you can conceive of one more glorious in His character, or more worthy of your love, than the history of Jesus Christ, and tell me anything He ever said or did, calculated to fill your heart with fear or hate towards Him—and remember that he who sees Him sees the father. Think of all God has promised to those who will only trust Him through Jesus—the pardon of all sin, and the gift of a new heart; with everything which can do them good, or make them happy, and say, how can all this make you dislike God? Think of all He has given you since you were born—friends and relations, health of body, power of mind, such fine, happy days, innumerable mercies; and think what patience, forbearance, tender mercy, kindness, He has shown, and tell me what He done to make you dislike Him? Reflect on what He could have done and could do, if He disliked you as you dislike Him; and say how can you continue in your enmity?—"Only believe!" Believe that God is love, that it is His manifested love of God, that He gave His Son to be a propitiation for our sins. "Believe that He will not that any should perish; that He has no pleasure in the death of sinners; that He is ready to forgive; that this is the record, that God has given eternal life." Believe all that, and pray that God's grace may teach you not only what to believe, and why to believe; and, depend upon it, when you know God, and see how excellent He is, and understand His love to you, and what He is willing to make you, and to give you and, above all, be Himself to you for ever, you cannot choose but love Him; and there is no fear of loss, because fear hath torment!—Scottish Pulpit.

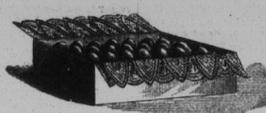
No Matter What Your Years.

My advice to all is: Lay out your plans for a prolonged lifetime, while you are particular to be prepared to go at any time the Lord may call. Some of the best work the world has ever seen was done after the age when most people think they must stop. Isaac Walton wrote some of his best biographies after he was eighty-five. Christopher Wren kept on with architecture until he was eighty-six. Cato learned the Greek language at eighty. Hobbes, at eighty-seven years of age, translated the "Iliad." Fontenelle wrote vigorously at ninety-nine years. Monaldesco penned the history of his times at one hundred and fifteen years of age.

But I am glad for the human race that life is being prolonged. Take off of the years we are getting ready to work and the years we are getting ready to die, and instead of lives being, as in the time of the psalmist, a hand-breadth, it got down to a finger-breadth. Beside the additional opportunity that is allowed for work by this improved longevity, there is an increased opportunity for enjoyment. It is far more interesting to live now than in former ages. What the old patriarchs did with four or five hundred years on their hands I know not. There was so little to see, life must have become awfully monotonous. There were no railroads to take them to any other place. They had no better light than a dull candle. Their next neighbors had lived there as long as from the time of the discovery of America until now.

But in our day there is so much to see and hear, as well as so much to do, that life is filled with novelties and entertainments, and while I would not ask for an earthly residence as long as that of Nahor or the shorter-lived Methuselah, I would risk, if I had the opportunity, a couple of centuries.

But the healthiest mood and the most Christian mood is to be ready to stay or to go as the Lord decrees it, and there is nothing that I know of that can put one and keep one in such a state of composure as the place which the Christian religion. We want to wait for sailing orders, it to move to some work in this world cheerfully to go to it, and it to move to another world, to embark with glowing expectation of safe arrival in a port where we shall be greeted by those who have gone before, and where we shall wait for those who come later.—adies Journal.



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I cannot speak in too high praise of the wonders that Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup has worked in my case. It is an act of justice as well as THE duty for me to tell the public through you just what your remedy has done for me. I am 45 years of age. My life during the past 25 years has NEVER BEEN FREE FROM SUFFERING UNTIL NOW. Since I began to take Groder's SYRUP; KIND OF THE HEART OF 20 YEARS STANDING has entirely disappeared. My distress from SEVERE CONSTIPATION has been an unending torture for the past ten years, but your remedy is fast restoring healthy action of the stomach, liver, and bowels. The Rheuma-TICISM of long-standing has ceased to trouble me. I am no longer a gloomy, melancholy dyspeptic. There is NO ACID or pain in any part of my body. My food digests readily and causes me no distress whatever. Your medicine is the first of the hundreds I have tried that has given me any relief. I am ready to answer any inquiry concerning this CURES statement, for I firmly believe in Groder's Syrup and desire other sufferers to obtain help as I have. It will cure them as it has cured me.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the Act respecting extra-judicial oaths.

Done and declared at the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, this 11th day of October, A. D. 1892.

JOHN A. KIMBALL. Before me, J. E. BARNES, A Justice of the Peace in and for the City and County of Saint John.

Attest: J. E. BARNES, J. P. The Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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SKIRTS OF ALL KINDS.

WHAT THE POPULAR SKIRT LOOKS LIKE.

A Quasi-Afternoon Gown and a Desirable One—Bodices that May be Made at Home—Flowers Restored to Favor—The Modistes' Latest Creation.

The skirt is the all-absorbing topic of the day. No one can make up her mind whether she will have a new-fashioned bell, a round skirt, a skirt flaring well at the edge or a gathered skirt. And those that have skirts of last year, too good to throw away, which they are trying to make over into something more modern, are in despair; for last year's bell refuses to be remodelled. Alas! there isn't enough of it



THE GOWN OF MANY COLORS.

around the hips; there is no way that we can add the necessary fullness. In this age of growing hips the old bell finds no place, and must either be worn bravely as it is, or else be discarded forever. The new skirts have even a little fullness in the front and considerable over the hips and in the back. Anyone that has studied the art of dressing well knows that a line in this important garment will often make or mar a costume. An ungraceful fold will effectually spoil the whole; therefore watch your skirts, be sure they fit, be sure their length is uniform. So many women wear gowns of uneven length, and nothing is

Strange to say, immediately a thing goes out of style it becomes distasteful to us, and we instinctively turn away from it; but no sooner does a new mode appear than we give it all our admiration, affection and regard, no matter how scornfully we may have repudiated it a few years ago, when its glory faded before that of the new star which arose. For a striking illustration of this truth, turn to the present unique and wonderful fashions.

But no matter what we thought of them last year or the year before, we welcome them now, and take them all without a word of questioning. For instance, what would you have thought last year of such a dress as this?—vignone, pale-colored, falling over a black velvet skirt. The vignone flares well, is embroidered with jet all around, and is cut up in great round scallops at the edge. Extraordinary breadth of shoulder is formed by cream lace flounce-

ered chiffon, the shade your complexion is pleased with, of course, and full it on to your yoke leaving a big heading standing up. Then gather the fullness together once more at the belt. Make your sleeves very



RUBY VELVET AND LACE.

short, just big puffs, and your bodice is done. It will give you an infantile, bewitching appearance, it is so exceedingly baby-like. Or, if you have a bodice that needs freshening, make chiffon cape to slip over it. The cape doesn't fasten at the neck, but slips down and fastens at the top of the low corsage. These are very soft and pretty and quite inexpensive. Oh, such beautiful dresses! have been gazing at late. They're all coming out very soon, and I've been permitted a peep every great dress maker is turning out some exquisite gowns. They must never offend by making two alike, and it is no easy task to create for so large a number of exacting women. But it looks as though they would not fail. I had not the slightest doubt of their success as I touched with almost reverend fingers those exquisite garments.

There was one of pink gauze, lightly embroidered with silk dots. The skirt was draped to some little extent and bordered at the foot with two broad bands of roses, separated by a fine plaiting of pink chiffon. The bodice was the pretty part of it, however, for over a plaiting of chiffon which formed a berthe were laid two thick rows of the same pink roses. One lay right against the low cut neck, the other a little below, but curving up on each side, finally touched the upper one on the shoulder, so that the plaiting could fall loosely. Then over the roses, starting at the top band and running down to the waist, were two full rolls of plain chiffon, which widened as they fell, and eventually disappeared under the arms, melting into the fullness of their own accord. This little corsage was the chief charm of the dress, and added the youthful appearance necessary to a very young girl was to wear it.

Blossoms seem to grow in popularity on both gowns and bonnets. We discarded them for a little while at the beginning of the season, but have discovered that there is nothing that can replace them. The lovely petals have a way of slipping with sweet grace into just the right spot. We need never arrange them, as we must do with ribbon or lace or velvet; they simply fall into their places of their own accord. So that all of the latest evening hats and a great many others, too, for dress occasions, are plentifully adorned with blossoms. Velvet ones, of course, are the favorites, for their colorings are so rich, and the petals are so soft and natural.

But I must finish about my dress. The next one that excited my admiration was of palest green silk, white chiffon, white velvet ribbon and pale green ribbon; black lace. Black velvet and jet, and all these various materials were combined in most pleasing fashion. The pale green silk predominated, of course, and the black lace was observed in three little flounces at the feet, in deep flounces below the shoulder puffs, and in another deep flounce around the décolleté corsage. The white chiffon formed a ruche above the black ruffles on the skirt, a finely gathered bodice and big sleeve-puffs. The jet united the white puffs and the lace sleeve-ruffles headed the full slanting black velvet corsage that started under the right arm and ended at the waist line on the left, and hung in deep fringe on the lower edge of the same corsage. The white ribbon joined the green ribbon, and together they stood out in a small bow on each shoulder, in another on the right arm, in still one more on the right side of the bodice, and finally in one of great length at the left side, falling from the velvet. As your imagination equal to the task of adjusting these details and constructing a beautiful gown therefrom? If not, gaze upon the pictured whole.

One more gown, and—as the minister says, and as the people often hear with a sigh of relief—I am done. This one is for a stately matron, and is made of velvet of rich ruby hue. The gown, of princess cut, opens wide to admit a black lace front cut very low, and filled in above by a fichu of rare, creamy lace. Little puffs of the same lace are on the shoulders. The full sleeves are caught in twice by plain bands, and then allowed to fall freely. A loose gauze belt in front disappears beneath the ruby velvet at the sides. Tiny beadings of gold run down the sides of the velvet and a full ruche of black gauze covers the neck.

EVA A. SCHUBERT.

A Story About the Pansy.

A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. Two of the plain petals have a single sepal, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals. The fable is that the pansy represents a family, consisting of husband, wife and four daughters. Two of the latter are the stepchildren, with only one being the stepchildren of the wife. The plain petals are the stepchildren, with only one being the father one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man with a flannel wrap about

FOR A VERY YOUNG GIRL. more positively displeasing to the artistic eye than a jerk here or a sudden drop there, where all should be harmonious graceful slope.

Even in these days of outre and startling combination it is possible to be artistic. Woman is allowed more freedom in this regard than man, it would seem, for she may depart considerably from the laws laid down by the great modistes and still not incur their disapproval. She may select what she will from the many prevailing fashions and combine them to suit herself in a quieter, less obtrusive way, and the result will be at once original and pleasing.

his neck, his shoulders upraised and, his feet in a bathtub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French call the pansy the stepmother.

It has been estimated that 25,000 horses are employed in the London carrying trade, that their value is a million and a quarter, and the cost is, for food alone, £800,000 a year. A rule prevails of foraging the horses on threepence an inch per week—that is, a horse costs as many shillings a week as it stands high.

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There are many legends, but the commonest is that cross was made of the v and ever since the tree has shiver with shame and r ideas; is it not? Thank words about our column. questions with pleasure. FORGET MR. YOST. I have not forgotten you that you are so fond

"ASTRA'S" TALKS W
[Correspondents seeking infor
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Progress, St. John.]
GRISSELDA, St. John—
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self, but yet, I believe to
the idea it conveys, no w
the love of a man who wa
by making open love to bi
ing his tastes, never forc
him, or giving him an opp
ing weary of her, never le
she has more than a frien
his society, and always be
taining, neatly dressed, a
natured, because every m
teized perper girl—m
woman has won the ma
though at first he may ha
a thought. And just here,
let me give you, and all o
bit of advice. If you wa
roll never be foolish enou
the world, so many girls
suning. Men see enoug
their own sex, and they
different in the girl they
loves a womanly woman
hustles the children out of
the cat out of doors, h
then expects men to ad
common sense is usually l
her less attractive sister
married, and she is left, l
of summer,—to pine on
the happy little maid who
puppies and kittens, who
stable to look at the new
and the mere sight of who
and cow whinnying, a
pleasure, is snatched up
fellow almost before she
up. There! I see you ho
space I have given you,
assured that your letter d
You were perfectly right
never allow yourself to
write to him, and if thing
just as you wish now, you
very glad of it, in a few
ELISA.—I should thi
principled as well as dece
ous. (2) No, how cou
else possibly consider suc
she is beneath contempt
you ask me such a que
she should not encourage
girl would. (4) I am so
the quotation, and I can
my reference books, I do
any of the most widely qu
Your writing is good, an
many questions at all.
EGLANTINE, St. John—
ed faithfully for the lines
failed to find them; I fan
be a very beautiful one,
description, and perhaps
ent can tell us where
Which legend do you m
many? Eros, you kno
name for Cupid, or love
the goddess of pleasur
Cupid's bride and they
devotedly. One legend
was a mortal maiden and
in love with her, but as
look upon one of the gy
woo her at night, until J
her into a goddess. Psy
unseen lover, and promi
and find out what he lo
gave her leave. But aft
ried, her mother persuade
married some horrible
afraid to be seen, and
too much for her; so
Cupid was asleep, she
and crept at him. She
fiful boy, that she bent
and in doing so, let a dr
fall on his shoulder. A
a god while in mortal fo
cupid fled shrieking from
who was left to moan be
the rest of her life; but
she came to be a goddess
There are many legends,
but the commonest is t
cross was made of the v
and ever since the tree h
shiver with shame and r
ideas; is it not? Thank
words about our column.
questions with pleasure.
FORGET MR. YOST. I
I have not forgotten you
that you are so fond

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Coin are classed, according to their state of preservation, as "proof," "uncirculated," "fine," "good," "fair" and "poor."

Champagne owes its quality to the soil, a mixture of chalk, silica, light clay and oxide of iron, and to the great care and delicate manipulation in manufacture.

During last year the number of electric railways increased from 385 to 469 the capital stock from \$155,087,973 to \$205,870,000 and the mileage from 3,216 to 5,446 miles.

An organist says that a cow moos in a perfect fifth octave, or tenth; a dog barks in a fifth or fourth; a donkey brays in a perfect octave; and a horse neighs in a descent on the chromatic scale.

A philosophical statistician calculates that in the year 2000 there will be 1,700,000,000 people who speak English, and that the other European languages will be spoken by only 500,000,000 people.

About 1,900,000,000 dollars in gold has been produced in the United States since the first discovery of the metal in 1849, and the amount exported has been 470,000,000 dollars more than the amount imported. After including all the gold estimated to have been used by jewelers, dentists, etc., only some 689,000,000 dollars is returned by the Government as being in sight. The greater part of the balance of 741,000,000 dollars is believed to be in the hoards of American farmers, who either live at a distance from banks or refuse to trust those institutions.

There are nine 110-ton guns in the British Navy at the present time. The projectile fired from these guns when attacking ships or forts weighs exactly 1,800 pounds and leaves the muzzle with a velocity of 2,105 feet per second, and has a destructive energy equal to 55,305 foot tons. When these monster engines of death are to be turned upon an army of men or a flotilla of ships they are loaded with cylinders of steel, each of which is filled with 2,300 four ounce bullets. The amount of powder used behind such projectiles is something enormous—960 pounds to each charge.

An interesting discovery has been made among the archives of the house of Alba at Madrid. It consists of a series of unpublished letters from Christopher Columbus, which throw a good deal of light upon the pecuniary value of the early discoveries. Columbus's own share in the value of the gold brought home in his various voyages did not amount to £800 of our money. It is, of course, well known that to the Spanish Government the Western possessions did not begin to be really profitable until some years after Columbus's death. Mr. Henry Harris, the United States authority on the subject of the discovery of America, will doubtless have something to say about the matter.

The Suez Canal was begun in 1859, and concluded in ten years. The engineering difficulties were not great, but they involved the death of hundreds of fellahen, whom the Khedive Ismail, a strong and unwavering supporter of De Lesseps, practically engaged under a form of slave labor. The Empress Eugenie was present at the opening, and the ceremony marked practically the zenith of De Lesseps's career. He afterwards lived in great style in Paris and in the country, reared a very large family, and finally raised the greatest financial bubble that the century, and, indeed, France (with the exception of Law's Mississippi scheme), have ever known. Personally he is a man of simple habits and of extremely attractive character.

It will be a surprise to many to learn that, says a correspondent of the Horticultural Times, after all, the most important function of the bee's sting is not stinging. I have long been convinced that the bees put the finishing touches on their artistic cell work by the dexterous use of their stings, and during this final finishing stage of the process of honey-making the bees inject a minute portion of formic acid into the honey. This is in reality the poison of their sting. This formic acid gives to honey its peculiar flavor, and also imparts to it its keeping qualities. The sting is really an exquisitely contrived little trowel, with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are filled brimful with honey. While doing this the formic acid passes from the poison bag, exudes, drop by drop, from the point of the sting, and the beautiful work is finished.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has at present two exceptional pieces of work on hand. Its new Broad-street terminus in Philadelphia will, it is declared, be the largest and handsomest railway station in the world. Work on the structure (says Iron) is rapidly progressing, and will, it is expected, be completed within twelve or fourteen months. "The great iron and glass portal," the directors of the Pennsylvania Company say, "will constitute the most extensive railway train-shed in existence, not excepting any similar building in the United States, or the St. Pancras or the joint Victoria stations in London." It will cover an area 707 ft. long, 307 ft. wide, and 140 feet in height from the platform to the ridge of the central ventilator. The main arches will have a clear span of 294 ft. at road-level, and a clear height at the centre of 104 1/2 ft. above the top of the rail. The entire structure, when it is finished, will have absorbed 6,000,000 lbs of iron. The roof is to be mainly composed of glass in iron frames, which alone will cover an area of 1 1/2 acres. The arches span an extreme width measuring 307 ft. without intervening columns or supports, leaving the space clear for sixteen roads and the necessary platforms. In keeping with the gargantuan proportions of this erection is a freight car, now in course of construction at Altoona, which is said, will be the largest truck ever built in either America or Europe. It is to have thirty-two wheels and a carrying capacity of 124 tons. It is intended to utilize it for transporting the cannon that weight which is now being cast at the Krupp Works at

Essen. The gun, it is believed, will arrive in the United States early next year, for the purpose of being exhibited at the World's Fair, together with several other pieces of heavy ordnance and an immense armour-plate manufactured by the great German artistler. These heavy goods are to be unloaded from the Atlantic steamers by the Maryland Steel Company, of Baltimore, at its yards at Sparrow Point—this concern having the only cranes in America capable of handling the 124-ton gun, which, it would seem, is after all to find its way to the United States.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.
"What kind of fiction does Fleecy write?" "Principally novels for three months."
"After the minstrels.—He—I felt like an inspired idiot." She—"Yes, but you didn't look a bit inspired."

If it is true, as stated, that dresses will no longer have trains, it will be necessary to load the skirt with shot to keep the girls from visiting the angels.
"He said he couldn't help me, but I had his sympathy." "That was kind, anyhow." "Yes; but the bond of sympathy hadn't any coupons on it."

Mrs. Fleecy—"Why doesn't Mr. Downey come to church with you?" Mrs. Downey—"I could not have it, my dear. Downey talks in his sleep."

She—Do behave! He—Just one little kiss! Your father has gone in. She—(gazing skyward)—Yes; but don't you know that Mars' unusually near?—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Smith—You know how suspicious some Jews are? Jones—No; are they? Smith—I know two who always counted their fingers after they shook hands with each other.—N. Y. Herald.

Remark by a man who was hounded—"He apparently took me for a countryman. He thought he could detect some seeds of golden-rod and chrysanthemum in my undiscerning eyes."

George—Suppose a fellow's best girl gets mad when you ask for a kiss. Henry—Take it without asking. "Suppose she gets mad then?" "Then you've got some other fellow's girl."—N. Y. Weekly.

He got the lids.—Mrs. Mooney (to her husband)—"Teddy, go out and swear over 'th' back fence at the Callahans, so they'll 'trow our above-mentioned lids back at ve, or sorta 'th' bite av dinner Oi can cook this day."

The Big Sister's Intended—Johnny, why don't you hang around here so much? Johnny—'I's waitin' to hear un jeweler whittle. Papa thaid he'd have to whittle for hith pay for thithta's gagement wing.—Harvard Lampoon.

If they won't let you vote," says Miss Cozens of England to the women of the world, "resort to dynamite." What a sad case was that of the woman who shot at a burglar and died of fright in three minutes by the watch.

The city of quick marriages.—Visitor (in Chicago)—"And are you lost, little man?" Small boy—"Yes, ma'am." Visitor—"What's your mamma's name?" Small boy—"I dunno. I've been away from home since ten o'clock this morning."

Purchaser—Now, remember, you warrant this horse fearless of steam. Dealer (pocketing the money)—That's so. He ain't afraid of no steam. He don't scare at no warthin' 'cept bicycles an' flin' leaves an' pieces of paper an' such things.—N. Y. Weekly.

Friend—"Given up housekeeping and gone to a hotel, eh? How do you like hotel life?" McTiff—"First-rate. Never was so happy in my life." "Indeed! And how does your wife like it?" "First-class." "Where are you staying?" "I'm at the St. Charles, and she's at the St. James."—N. Y. Weekly.

Wool—Bronson's dead wife was a good soul. Did he show you that memorandum she wrote when she could not speak? Van Pelt—No; what was it? Wool—It ran this way: "Dear Jack, your collar button is in the bureau drawer, back left-hand corner. Don't look for that horrid red and green necktie; I burned it up."—Truth.

Banker—"Herr Baron, it has not escaped my notice that you are in love with my daughter, and I may as well help you over the stile. I am prepared to give you my consent, and my daughter shall have a dowry of 30,000 florins." Baron—"I beg a thousand pardons, but I never love, on principle, under 35,000 florins."

Five-year-old Frances was indisposed recently while away from home, and the physician called in to prescribe for her gave medicine more unpalatable than her doctor at home is in the habit of giving. When Frances said her prayers that night she added, "Dear Lord, put it into the heart of that doctor to give me nicer medicine. I don't want people to monkey with my medicine. Amen!"

Check good.—Cohen—"Und idt's only tree dollars." Farmer Wentway—"Guess! hev it. Will ve take a check?" Cohen—"Vy, of course, ut idt's good. Und, mine friend, you neler miss it on dot coat." Farmer Wentway—"No, don't b'ieve it. 'Sposin' you cut it out'n th' tail here." (Aside.) "Gee whi! but I'm gittin' coltish to be gittin' off jokes like that. Gosh! an' me a deacon in th' church."—Judge.

IN FLEECY FURS.
In fleecy furs my fair one sat
And wooed the miser's fatal ray;
Love cast his careless larlet
And caught this wayward heart for aye.
She seemed to scorn the matinee,
Her sex's joy—the tea time chat;
Demure she dressed the livelong day
In fleecy furs.
And once our plumes met mine;
I'd hope of love my soul to beat.
Alack! she heard the milkman's shay
And turned and strook her whiskers gray,
My neighbor's Persian pussy-cat
In fleecy furs. —Judge.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Mme. Sacher, the wife of a well known Viennese restaurateur, collects autographs by asking her guests to write their names in pencil on the tablecloth, which she afterwards embroiders. Her latest autographs are those of the long distance riders, including Duke Ernest of Schleswig-Holstein, who dined at the restaurant after the event.

Ida Lewis, the lighthouse heroine, still cares for the Little Rock Lighthouse, off Newport, R. I., where she lives alone with a gray cat and the sound of the waves for company. She has saved eighteen or twenty lives. Mrs. Martha White, of Copalis, in the State of Washington, has gained a similar name for courage. She went into the surf on a cold night in January and saved the lives of three sailors.

The sentence on the Rev. J. C. Clutterback, formerly Inspector of Workhouse Schools, who attacked a large number of people in the west of England, was at the time commented on very unfavorably. It was held to be quite inadequate when his offence and position were considered, but it has proved too much for the convict, for he recently died, the confinement gradually undermining both his bodily and mental health.

Mrs. C. C. Candy, of Denver, lately made the descent of Pike's Peak on a bicycle, the first woman, and doubtless for some time the last to venture on such a perilous undertaking. The descent occupied four hours and fifteen minutes. The daring cyclist had a dangerous fall from her wheel over a set of steep boulders, and encountered a pelting storm of rain and hail, but received no permanent injury from her unusual experience.

The application of ex-King Milan of Servia for the papers of a citizen of Roumania is due, according to a story published there, to his intention to marry a wealthy Roumanian woman. Milan hopes to enter the Roumanian army as Coust Takova, the title which he has borne since his abdication. The young woman who is said to be the ex-royer's choice is a distant relative of Mr. Catargi, the prime minister, and is reported to be worth twelve millions of dollars.

The German Minister to Peking has resigned his office because the emperor has refused to allow him official sanction for his proposed marriage to an American woman, Miss Hart. A correspondent says: "It is due to the interference of Kaiser William that the permission to marry was withheld from Brandt. His majesty did not give any special reasons for his ukase, but he allowed it to be said in the official press that 'No ambassador of his was permitted to marry an American.'"

A marriage which has created considerable interest took place in Norway on November 11. The bridegroom was Dr. Sigurd Isen, a Roman Catholic chaplain, and the bride was Eroken Bergjot Bjornson, eldest daughter of Bjornstjerne Bjornson. It is seldom that the children of two such men of genius are united in matrimony. The bridegroom's father was so busily engaged on his new drama that he could not leave his work. Dr. Sigurd Isen is a lawyer by profession and took his degree in Italy.

Propos of the execution and burial of Nell, it may be mentioned that the Rev. Thomas Carey, a Roman Catholic chaplain of Newgate, was the first clergyman in England to introduce the practice of accompanying the remains of convicts who had suffered capital punishment to the grave-side, and of reading the burial service. Before that it was the custom to commit the bodies to the earth without the rites of burial; but since Father Carey's advent both Protestant and Roman Catholic convicts executed in Newgate are interred with religious services.

The St. James' Gazette makes the, on the whole, welcome announcement that for the present no appointment to the Laureateship will be made, and that in fact the position will be "hung up" for a while. This is a sensible resolution on Mr. Gladstone's part, but we do not imagine that it implies that no nomination will ultimately be made. On the contrary, he believes that Mr. Gladstone has been carefully considering the claims of most living English poets, and that one or two have already been "ruled out." The prime minister is keenly interested in modern poetry, and he said the other day in private that he thought the surest sign of England's greatness was her wonderful poetic product. He has always been specially struck with her excellence in the matter of the sonnet in foreign form, which she has especially adapted and made immortal.

The time seems to be approaching very rapidly, when, as a matter of course, every German princeling will take unto himself a morganatic wife. This week the announcement is made that the Duke Louis of Bavaria has once again taken upon him such letters as a "left-handed marriage" imposes, and the Prince Regent of Bavaria gives his sanction to the matter by forthwith raising the bride, a young and pretty danseuse, to the rank of nobility, by changing her somewhat common place name of Antonie Barth into that of Mdme. von Bartol. It seems as if the "marriage" for it was a case of "love at first sight," for it was only a few days ago since Fraulein Barth made her first appearance on the stage of the Munich Hoftheater. Duke Louis's first morganatic wife, who died just a year ago, was Baroness Wallreze, which euphematic name was evolved out of her maiden name of Mendel.

The proprietor and directing editor of the Pall Mall Gazette has, it is said, been at length revealed in the person of Mr. Cust, M. P., one of the conservative members for Lincolnshire. Mr. Cust is young, a distinguished Etonian, a clever, smart, and good-looking young man, who may be very considerably impressed on the House of Commons at last session. The occasion was a speech on the land question apropos of Mr. Chaplin's allotments bill. Mr. Cust spoke with force, energy, and style, from a rather democratic point of view, and his elaborate speech was a most marked success, drawing praise from the liberal as well as the conservative ranks. Mr. Cust, however, has had no experience of journalism, and it will be interesting to see whether he develops into a successful newspaper man. He is said to be in some measure attached to the Tory-democratic policy of Lord Randolph Churchill. It will be an interesting experiment.

AT HAND

In a dangerous emergency, AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is prompt to act and sure to cure. A dose taken on the first symptoms of Croup or Bronchitis, checks further progress of these complaints. It softens the phlegm, soothes the inflamed membrane, and induces sleep. As a remedy for colds, coughs, loss of voice, la grippe, pneumonia, and even consumption, in its early stages.

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"For the last six years I have been taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for lung troubles, and am assured that it is my life."—R. Sherman, Ohio.

"I have recommended it to hundreds. I find the most effective way of taking this medicine is in small and frequent doses."—T. M. Matthews, P. M., Sherman, Ohio.

"My wife suffered from a cold; nothing helped her but Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which effected a cure."—R. Amers, Plympton, N. S.

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Keep wind in their bellows,
And live upon pea soup or bean,
And most quarter-deck chaps
Make out upon scraps,
But the Admirals eat gelatine.

N.B.—Ask any Admiral for his opinion of "LADY CHARLOTTE" gelatine.

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A WALDEMAR M

A. C. F. R. MAN RELATE
DEERFUL ESCAPE

Helpless With Rheumatism
Relief Comes After Doctor
The Story Corroborated by
These.

(Grand Valley State)

There are few people in who do not know Mr. T. Waldemar. He has been for a worthy section foreman of the division in which he re-exemplary. He has always led a respectable status in his country is a gentleman who is thorough and when "Tom" Moss tells you can depend upon it every by way of prelude to an into the Star has told. For some great dream of novel center has appeared in the count press throughout the country particulars of cars bordering culous, in various parts of Those who have read these n have put them down either during routine of work, or when as a gentleman of great repute the Star must confess that he must attention to the reports cures until about a month ago told that a cure quite as not of these published had been in a few months of great relief in the great cure, or accident is, when they occur hundreds—no matter how exciting or I do not usually arouse more the interest where the actors o figures are entirely unknown. thing occur in one's own n as many to who have reported fr and with what different feeling received. We had read of min at Trenton, London, Hamilton places, through the use of famous Pink Pills for Pale Pe were not acquainted with the to health; we were in the good health ourselves, and the great things done in other ed from our mind. When v however, that we had only to to the pretty village of Wal the full particulars of a mirac as many to who have reported fr and with what different feeling further told that Mr. T. the man who owed his restora to the use of Dr. Williams' Fa Remembering that Mr. Moss up with rheumatism at interv and that there was a time la summer when his familiar fa missing from the railroad, th mined to see him and get a c the story afloat as to the cure Pink Pills. On seeing Mr. M ting the facts from him, we fo story was even more surprisin and that there was a time la summer when his familiar fa missing from the railroad, th mined to see him and get a c the story afloat as to the cure Pink Pills. On seeing Mr. M ting the facts from him, we fo story was even more surprisin and that there

A WALDEMAR MIRACLE.

A C. P. R. MAN RELATES HIS WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

Helpless With Rheumatism and Sciatica—Relief Comes After Doctors had Failed—The Story Corroborated by Reliable Witnesses.

[Grand Valley Star.]

There are few people in this vicinity who do not know Mr. Thos. Moss, of Waldemar. He has been for years the trustworthy section foreman of the C. P. R. in the division in which he resides and the exemplary life he always led has given him a respectable status in the community. He is a gentleman who is thoroughly reliable; and when "Tom" Moss tells you anything you can depend upon it every time. This by way of prelude to an interesting story the Star has to tell. For some time past a great deal of novel and entertaining literature has appeared in the columns of the press throughout the country, giving the particulars of cures bordering on the miraculous, in various parts of the country. Those who have read these narratives must have put them down either as clever and daring romances, or come to the conclusion that truth is indeed stranger than fiction. The Star must confess that it did not pay much attention to the reported miraculous cures until about a month ago, when it was told that a cure quite as notable as many of those published had been wrought within a few miles of Grand Valley. The fact is that great cures, or accidents, or tragedies, when they occur hundreds of miles away—no matter how exciting or how thrilling—do not usually arouse more than a passing interest when Pills of the central figures are entirely unknown. But let something occur in one's own neighbourhood analogous to that reported from a distance, and with what different feelings is the news received. We had read of miracles wrought at Trenton, London, Hamilton and other places, through the use of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills for Pale People. But we were not acquainted with the parties restored to health; we were in the enjoyment of good health ourselves, and the memory of the great things done in other sections passed from our mind. When we were told, however, that we had only to drive down to the pretty village of Waldemar to get the full particulars of a miracle as striking as many that had been reported in the newspapers, we were at once interested. We were further told that Mr. Thos. Moss was the man who owned his restoration to health to the use of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills. Remembering that Mr. Moss had laid up with rheumatism at intervals for years, and that there was a time last spring and summer when his familiar face was entirely missing from the railroad, the Star determined to see him and get a confirmation of the story at first as to the cure by the use of Pink Pills. On seeing Mr. Moss and getting the facts from him, we found that his sufferer from rheumatism and bronchitis and had come to look upon both as chronic. Last spring I met with further trouble, when I had the misfortune to be afflicted with a severe attack of sciatica. I became so bad that I was laid up, and for some weeks was unable even to move. Many of the men on the line can tell you of the condition I was in. There was an accident on the road and I had to be carried to a hand car that I might be brought to the scene of the occurrence, in order that a proper report might be made to the railway authorities. I believe I would still have been helpless in my house, or perhaps with a silent majority, if a friend had not told me of the great merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and urged me to try them. All other remedies had failed, physicians were entirely unable to cure me and I had given up in despair. You can imagine the despondent condition I was in when Mr. Rainey, of Grand Valley, mentioned the Pink Pills to me. I had little hope that they would benefit me, but drawing men clutch at straws, and that was my frame of mind when I purchased the first supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had not used the Pink Pills long when I began to find relief and this naturally made me hopeful, and I persevered in their use until the cure was complete. The change wrought in me by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is as delightful as it is marvellous, and for the first time in years I find myself free from pain. I was weak, helpless and hopeless—doctors and other remedies had done me no good, but Pink Pills have restored me to health and strength. The sciatica disappeared, the rheumatism went with it, but stranger still, I am cured of the bronchitis I had come to regard as incurable. I say stranger still, because I notice that in the list of ailments for which Dr. Williams' claims his remedy beneficial, bronchitis is not mentioned, and this forces me to the conclusion that Pink Pills have even more marvellous properties than they have been credited with. My case seems almost incredible but there are so many here who are witnesses of my cure that even the most sceptical must be convinced, and I firmly believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure any trouble with which man is afflicted. This may seem to be enthusiasm, but I have the right to be enthusiastic after what they have done for me, and I strongly urge those afflicted with sickness of any kind to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—the greatest of modern medicines.

Mr. Moss' narrative was certainly of absorbing interest, particularly as the reporter knew he was not a man who would exaggerate facts. The story of the case was corroborated by many neighbors, among them Mr. Wm. Lomas who had assisted in carrying Mr. Moss to the hand-car when taken to the scene of accident above mentioned, and also Mr. Buchanan the popular C.P.R. agent. The reporter returned to Grand Valley fully satisfied as to the great curative properties of Dr. Williams' wonderful discovery. The Star interviewed the druggists of Grand Valley, and had the same answer from all. Pink Pills are the best-selling and most popular remedy in this town, and the sales are constantly increasing. Mr. Rainey of Dr. Williams' drug store, and Mr. Sweeney of Mr. Rainey's assistant, told the Star they were amazed at the great

and growing demand for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If the remedy is as popular in other parts as it is in and around Grand Valley great indeed must be the good accomplished by this famous cure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schectedy, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark on the wrapper, at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

DICKENS' NEW YEAR'S EVE

Described by His Daughter as one of Her Happiest Recollections. One morning—it was the last day of the year, I remember—while we were at breakfast at "Gad's Hill," my father suggested that we should celebrate the evening by a charade to be acted in pantomime. The suggestion was received with acclamation, and amid shouts and laughing we were then and there, guests and members of the family, allotted our respective parts. My father went about collecting "stage properties," rehearsals were "called" at least four times during the morning, and in all our excitement he thought was given to that necessary part of a charade, the audience whose business it is to guess the pantomime. At luncheon some one asked suddenly: "But what about an audience?" "Why, bless my soul," said my father, "I'd forgotten all about that." Invitations were quickly dispatched to our neighbors, and additional preparations made for supper. In due time the audience came, and the charade was acted so successfully that the evening stands out in my memory as one of the merriest and happiest of the many merry and happy evenings in our dear old home. My father was so extremely funny in his part that the rest of us found it almost impossible to maintain sufficient control over ourselves to enable the pantomime to proceed as it was planned to do. It wound up with a country dance, which had been invented that morning and practiced quite a dozen times through the day, and which was concluded at just a few moments before midnight. Then leading us all, characters and audience, out into the wide hall, and throwing wide open the door, my father, watch in hand, stood waiting to hear the bells ring in the New Year. All was hush and silence after the laughter and merriment! Suddenly the peal of bells sounded, and turning he said: "A happy New Year to us all! God bless us." Kisses, good wishes and shaking of hands brought us again back to the fun and gaiety of a few moments earlier. Supper was served, the hot mulled wine drunk in toasts, and the maddest and wildest of "Sir Roger de Coverly" ended our evening and began our New Year.

How a Native Australian Climbs a Tree. A black never uses his knees when climbing. If the tree is small in girth they sometimes use a vine, passing it around the tree and holding on to it as they ascend. The most common way, however, is to ascend by means of notches cut into the tree or bark about one and a half inches deep and about three feet apart. Having fixed upon the side he intends ascending, the climber cuts a notch with his stone tomahawk about the height of his waist and another on a level with his head, but a little to the right or left of the lower notch, as case may be. These notches are made by a few taps of the hatchet, first horizontally and then down at an angle of 45 degrees; having made the two lower ones the ascent is made by standing on the ball of the foot with the great toe in the notch, while the climber cuts a fresh notch level with his head, and so on until the lower branches are gained. Often the gum trees run eighty feet from the ground up to the lowest limb, the trunk of the tree being perfectly smooth. These notches are cut with great regularity, for, measured on a fallen tree, the distance between them seldom varies by an inch. In ascending a tree fresh cuts are made for every fresh ascent.

After Hamlet. (SOME YEARS AFTER.) To be, or not to be, that is the question; Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer the damp and clammy feeling of an old-fashioned air tight waterproof, or to buy a porous and comfortable Righy rain proofed garment, and by opposing the former end your discomforts. To be comfortable and dryly clothed, and by being comfortable to know we end our chances of cold and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to, is a consummation devoutly to be wished. To wear a rubber coat, to hermetically seal ourselves up, perchance to die, aye there's the rub, for in that sleep of death what dreams may come when we have sluffed off this mortal coil, must give us pause, for it being peddled through the country from town to town, we desire to warn the public against such.

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"So you went to sing in the choir?" "Yes." "What part?" "Well, I went in a first base, but they changed it to short stop when they heard my voice." Washington Star.

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I have made a careful analysis of a sample of 10,000 gallons of Robert Brown's "Four Crown" Blend of Scotch Whisky, taken by myself on the 9th inst. from the Blending Vat in the bonded stores, and I find it is a pure Whisky of high quality and fine flavor, which has been well matured.

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The man who has his horse clipped the same week he commences to raise a beard lacks something besides consideration.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co. I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT successfully in a serious case of croup in my family. I consider it a remedy no house should be without.

J. F. CUNNINGHAM. Cape Island.

There are men so opposite in their dispositions that it would seem almost impossible for their food to agree with them.

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

A sure sign of a mustache losing its incipency is when it interferes with the soup.



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RHEUMATISM. It is certainly not pleasant to be compelled to refer to the indisputable fact that medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. We venture the assertion that although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined. Some of our leading physicians, recognizing this fact, are availing themselves of this most potent of nature's forces.

To Restore Manhood and Womanhood. As man has not yet discovered all of Nature's laws for right living, it follows that everyone has committed more or less errors which have left visible blemishes. To erase these evidences of past errors, there is nothing so equal as Electricity as applied by the Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co. Rest assured any doctor who would try to accomplish this by any kind of drug is practicing a most dangerous form of charlatanism.

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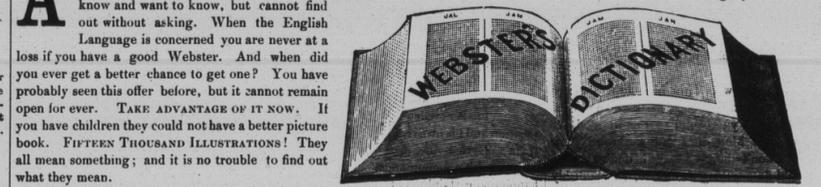
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manufactured by D. W. Carr & Co., valued at \$600, also a 14 K. SOLID GOLD LADIES' HUNTING CASE WATCH. Now the enterprising proprietor of the K. K. purposes giving the Piano to the one that guesses the exact or nearest to the number of candles in that, contents to be counted by same committee that sealed said jar, and next best guesser to have the Watch.

A Guest Check is given free with every 10 cent purchase, two with 50 cents, etc. On receipt of one mixture consisting of Flour and Nut Taffy, Butter Caps, Butter Scotch, Bon Bons, Chocolate Creams, etc., you may, all sold and delivered, neatly packed in tin, and (with 50 cents per pound), will be shipped to your address with (10) the guest check, giving you one chance to get the Watch or Piano.

Present to be received Dec. 1st, 1892. Write your estimate on each half of gross sales, and mail the other to us.

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THE SHADOW OF A SIN.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," announced Mr. Meredith's clerk, holding the door of his master's room on the wing. There was just the least little hesitation in his manner of saying the word "gentleman," and Mr. Meredith's practised ear caught it. He looked up sharply from the pile of big blue folios on his table. "What name, Matthews?" "He wouldn't give any name, sir; but he said that you'd see him as soon as well, as soon as you saw who he was, sir." "All right; Matthews; ask him to come in, will you?" The man who entered the room was tall, spare, and apparently of about fifty or five and fifty years of age. His face was thin and sallow, with very prominent cheek bones, and dark, blood-shot eyes. He wore a drooping, black moustache and long black hair, carefully oiled and brushed very smooth. His frock coat, buttoned tightly across his chest, and his silk hat, which seemed to have undergone much the same treatment as the hair and the moustache, were both of the fashion of several years ago. And the state of his linen was such as to justify the clerk's hesitation in announcing him as a gentleman. He walked deliberately to the nearest chair, drew it up closer to Mr. Meredith's table, and seated himself. Then there was a moment's silence before Mr. Meredith spoke, slowly and in a tired, constrained sort of voice. "Haven't I told you, over and over again, that I will not have you coming to my chambers?" "Yes, you've told me, and you may go on telling me as many times as you please; but it doesn't follow that your telling will keep me away."

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Meredith. I will see that your name duly appears on the list of subscribers. Good-afternoon, sir, and many thanks." Leonard Meredith, Q. C., was not a popular man. Standing, as he did, in the front rank of his profession, a brilliant talker, a politician of no small celebrity, there was yet a certain something about him—an insincerity of speech, a curious secretiveness of manner, that had always set up an impassible barrier between himself and those who might have been his friends. "When old Meredith says that he thinks so-and-so," one of his juniors had once remarked, "you may be quite sure he's thinking something else." Not that this characteristic of the lawyer's was confined to his relations with mere professional acquaintance. His own family, his children, even his wife, would have had to confess, if questioned on the subject, that they knew little or nothing of him. He was affectionate, sympathetic, appreciative—nay, more, he was intensely unselfish. But how much genuine sentiment, no one could have told. And the man's appearance bore out his character. Squarely built and hard featured, with a singular immobile face and grey eyes almost entirely void of expression, he looked, when he stood up in court, the very model of what a barrister should be—cold, calculating, unimpressionable. And probably it was to these attributes that he owed his success in life. For Mr. Meredith, like so many of his distinguished brethren of the law, had risen from the ranks; risen too, without money, without interest, without any assistance other than that which his own talent and his own unflagging industry had supplied. There was many stories current concerning the suddenness of his success and the obscurity of his origin; but no one seemed to know much about him. And when, being then no longer young, he had proposed for the hand of his present wife, she and her family had been content to accept him as a self-made man, with no further credentials than his assured position and his own respected name. And their married life had been perfectly happy; with a monotonous, unimpassioned happiness, certainly, but happy notwithstanding. II. It was about a fortnight after his interview with the mysterious stranger that Mr. Meredith came into chambers, as he almost invariably did, a few minutes after ten. He had been far from well during the last few days, and still looked pale and haggard. "Two briefs sir; Treasury prosecutions for the next Old Bailey Sessions," said his clerk. "They came in just after you had gone last night." And he pointed to the folded blue papers laid out on Mr. Meredith's table. "Ah, good! Let's see what they are, Matthews. John Duckworth—forgery—Morton Jones with me; and—what? Ernest Vale—willful murder of—here, Matthews, I—I can't—Yes, all right, Matthews, I'll just glance over these now. I'm not in court this morning, am I?" "No, sir." "Very well. If any one calls, I am not to be disturbed, on any account, for half an hour. Not on any account; do you see?" "Yes, sir." The clerk went out; and Mr. Meredith, left alone, seated himself at the table, and became absorbed in the papers before him. The "Ball's Building Murder," as it was called, had attracted but little notice, even at the time of its occurrence, which was now some days before. A man, who was described as being middle aged and apparently respectable, and who was subsequently identified by the name of Burke, had been found murdered in a room on the fourth floor of some model dwellings near the Charing Cross Road. That murder had been done there could be little doubt, for a heavy stick, stained with blood, was lying beside the corpse, and there was no question as to its having been the instrument with which the deed had been perpetrated. A man, on whom suspicion at once fastened, had been noticed coming out of the room shortly after the time when deceased was last seen alive; but he had disappeared, and had evaded the police for several days. When found, in circumstances which certainly did not point to any attempted concealment, he had denied his guilt, at the same time admitting that the stick was his property, and had been at once committed for trial. This was the man, Ernest Vale, whom Mr. Meredith had been selected to prosecute, and the sight of whose name had so affected the lawyer. People noticed—or so, at least they said afterwards—something very strange about Mr. Meredith, during the few days that elapsed before the trial came on. True, he made no alteration in his manner of living. All his social engagements were fulfilled; all his professional duties carried out with his usual skill and conscientiousness. Toward his own family he showed himself even more affectionate, if that were possible, than he had ever been before. But it all seemed to be something of an effort to him. At dinner, for instance, when he was not actually joining in the conversation, he would become, all at a moment, curiously absent and abstracted; and if any one spoke to him, or anything

occurred to recall him to a sense of what was happening around him, he would start and look round with a puzzled expression on his face, and then recollect himself suddenly and resume his wonted air of calm politeness. Also, he would sit for hours alone in chambers. Matthews, entering the room quietly, used to find him standing by the window gazing vacantly out across the wide expanse of the Temple Gardens, or seated, with both hands pressed to his forehead, at the table on which his briefs were laid. And in all this trouble he sought no comfort or assistance from man or woman. Men of his quiet, uncommunicative nature always suffer silently. Long habit has made it impossible for them to lay their hearts bare; and if they feel the want of the sympathy at all, they know not how to ask for it. As time drew near, however, to the opening day of the Sessions, a change came over Mr. Meredith. He grew at first morose and silent; then restless, nervous; at times even irritable. The sudden banging of a door startled him; the sound of a footstep in the hall outside made him sit upright in his chair and listen intently, as though he expected some one to come. Then, when all was quiet again, he would sink back with a sigh of relief, and once more concentrate his energies upon his work. And so, when at last it came round, the day of Vale's trial found him. Some one said in a confidential way that there was a death in Mr. Meredith's face. It had long been known that his heart was affected, and to this, as well as to the strain of overwork, people attributed his strange, almost unearthly, appearance. His face was of an ashen-grey colour; his eyes looked large and deeply sunken, with great dark circles round them, as though he had not slept for weeks. And all the time, while he was not actually speaking, his hands were nervously turning the pages of his brief backwards and forwards, though he never once glanced down at it. When the prisoner—a slight, delicate looking man of about fifty—was placed in the dock, he at once turned towards the counsel's benches and looked Mr. Meredith full in the face. For an instant the lawyer returned his gaze; then, as though unable to endure it, his eyes dropped. Nor did he again, during the whole course of the trial, cast more than an occasional furtive glance in the direction of the dock. But this momentary discomposure passed unnoticed; and, if there was a slight tremor in Mr. Meredith's voice when he first rose, every vestige of it disappeared as the trial proceeded. At no time had Mr. Meredith been what is termed a "sensational" speaker. The strength of his eloquence lay in a calm, persuasive manner, and a power of always giving his hearers the impression that he himself was convinced of the truth of what he was saying, which carried more weight than any display of rhetorical or impassioned appeal; so that there was nothing unusual in the quiet, formal, emotionless style of his opening address. Then the witnesses were called—a constable, who proved the fact of the arrest and the prisoner's admission that the stick—the instrument of the murder—was his property; and a man, who had seen him coming out of the deceased's room, looking frightened and agitated, just after the hour when the crime must have been committed. Next came two tenants of a room on the floor below, both of whom deposed to hearing angry voices, as though of persons in violent quarrel; and, lastly, several neighbors of the deceased, who deposed to having seen him on more than one occasion with the prisoner. The defence was weak, and every one in court noticed its feebleness. Not that Vale's counsel were incapable, or did not exert themselves to the very utmost of their ability; but the weight of the evidence was too strong against them—two overpowering in its circumstantial accuracy. Witnesses were called to testify to the prisoner's previous good character; and stress was laid upon the fact of his having made no attempt to evade arrest, and upon the fact that he had not committed any crime. As to his possession of the stick, it was admitted that he had been in the murdered man's room during the day, and he had probably left the stick there then. But from the very first, things looked black against him; and when Mr. Meredith had finished his reply on the whole case, there seemed to be little doubt as to how the verdict would go. The judge's summing up was absolutely impartial. If anything, it inclined rather in the prisoner's favour. Unless he pointed out to the jury, they believed the evidence against Vale to be absolutely conclusive, they ought to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt, and to acquit him. And lesthem remember, he concluded, that the duty which had been laid upon them that day was the most solemn that it could fall to the lot of any human being to discharge, and deserved therefore, their gravest thought and their most conscientious deliberation. And then the jury retired to consider their verdict. III. Twilight had begun to fall before the judge's charge was ended; and the court during the first half hour of the jury's absence was in comparative darkness. Then the gas was lit, and its yellow glare fell upon the densely packed rows of white faces, all turned in one direction—that of the door by which the jury must return. The judge had retired, and most of the counsel had also left the court; but Mr. Meredith sat still in his place—his eyes closed, his features set in a hard, indifferent expression, as though he were quite unconscious of what was going on. "Hush! an hour past—three quarters—a whole hour; and still no sign of the jury. The suspense was becoming almost intolerable. At last a low, "Hush!" and a murmur of "Here they come!" ran along the crowded benches; and led by their foreman, the jury filed back into the box one by one. The judge resumed his seat, and an usher stood by and commanded "Silence," though there was no need for the admonition, so intense was the stillness. Then, the prisoner having been put back in the dock— "Gentlemen, are you all agreed upon your verdict?"

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"We are!" "Do you find the prisoner guilty, or—" "Stop! Stop!" Mr. Meredith had suddenly started to his feet, his face working violently, his voice harsh and strangely agitated. "My lord, there has been some—The prisoner is not—I mean, I—I—Ah!" In an instant the court was in an uproar of excitement, which the ushers tried in vain to subdue. Mr. Meredith broke off abruptly. A sudden spasm of pain contracted his features, and he fell backward into his seat, striking his head heavily against the ledge of the desk behind him. "Water! Bring some water!" My learned friend has fainted," exclaimed one of the counsel sitting next to him; and then the crowd was pushed back, and a doctor forced his way through and hurried to Mr. Meredith's side. But all the doctors in London could have done nothing then. Mr. Meredith was dead. They carried him into the judge's private room, whither the judge himself also retired for a few minutes; and, on his returning into court, the prisoner's counsel asked permission to mention to his lordship a matter which had just come to his knowledge, and which he believed had some connection with the question of the prisoner's guilt. "The application is extremely irregular, Mr. Anson," said the judge. "What does it refer to?" "Well, my lord, one of my learned friends has just handed to me this packet, addressed to me and endorsed "Re Ernest Vale," which was found among the papers relating to the prosecution. I put in that packet, as it reached me, with the seal unbroken. And, as you, my lord, are about to read it, and breathless silence, the judge took the envelope which was handed up, opened it, and began to peruse its contents. After reading the first few lines, he gave a slight start; and, when he had come to the end, he turned to the jury and said—"I must ask you, gentlemen, to listen attentively to the document, which I am about to read to you, and which, I believe, leave no doubt in your minds as to what verdict you will bring in." And he read—"I, Leonard Meredith, being aware that my death may, by any statement, in case I should be prevented, by any accident, from declaring publicly—as I intend to do—the substance of the facts contained in it. The prisoner, Ernest Vale, is my brother. Accused, twenty-five years ago, of a crime, which, if proved against him, would have condemned him to penal servitude for life, he escaped from the country, with my assistance, and returned only a few months since to England, changing his name, and hoping that the lapse of time would have enabled him to evade discovery. What that crime was, and whether, in my opinion, he had actually committed it, are matters of no moment now. For a couple of weeks he remained in safety. Then his identity was discovered by the man Richard Burke, who had known him formerly, and who now threatened to expose him. From that time began a most atrocious system of blackmailing, to which I, inasmuch as Burke had the power to involve not myself only but my whole family in the scandal, I was weak enough to submit. On the day preceding that of the murder, he visited me at my chambers, demanding larger sums than any he had yet received. He had actually committed it, are matters of no moment now. For a couple of weeks he remained in safety. Then his identity was discovered by the man Richard Burke, who had known him formerly, and who now threatened to expose him. 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