

# PROGRESS.

VOL. VI., NO. 262.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1893.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## A FIVE YEAR'S RECORD.

SOMETHING THAT MAY INTEREST "PROGRESS" READERS.

The Press Room and its Equipment Illustrated—Why the Improvements and Increased Facilities were Necessary—A Word About The Start.

"If I had a thousand dollars I would start that paper," was the remark a young man made, five years ago this spring, to a friend who for hours at different times had listened patiently to a description of the weekly newspaper he would like to conduct.

"I will lend you the money," was the unexpected reply.

And that was the real start of PROGRESS. It was not long before the plant was purchased, before the small and necessarily incomplete office was ready, and when it was paid for, there was a balance of \$17 in the hands of the publisher to pay the ex-

runs the two presses just as fast as they can run and do good work.

With such facilities another advantage was obtained, viz: the ability to do long runs of presswork for another branch of the business—the job office. A good deal of space might be taken up to show how and when a complete job department was added, how the engraving department has grown, how the premises in the Masonic hall were doubled—in fact to show how PROGRESS has been worthy of its name in every respect. The path of success has not been strewn with roses; difficulties have been encountered at every step, and, what are worse than difficulties—prejudices. But all of them have been surmounted and forgotten.

Will Suit Any Window.

Everybody who has fooled with railway car windows which would not stay put at this height or that, will appreciate an auto-

## ALL RIGHT IN THEORY.

BUT THERE ARE HITCHES IN THE FERRY TICKET SYSTEM.

The City Finds a Difficulty in Getting Customers to Place Orders in Advance—How the Registration of Numbers Has Drawbacks—The Remedy Suggested.

The system of registered and numbered tickets for patrons of the Carleton ferry seems to fill the bill.

That is to say, the printer's bill. The idea, theoretically, is all right, and if human nature could be made to be just what it ought to be, there would be no trouble in making it work. It does work, indeed, with the majority of people, but there is a large sized minority who cause it to be a snag, a stumbling block and a nuisance generally. This is not the fault of the system so much as it is of the people, but as the latter cannot be changed

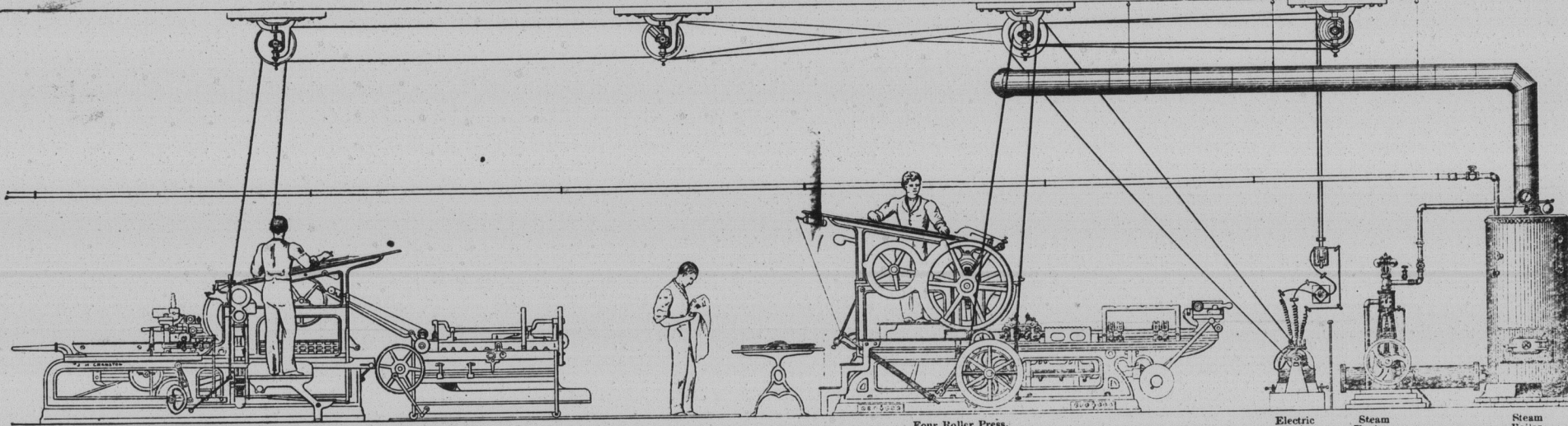
## A CITY'S POSSIBILITIES.

WHAT ST. JOHN CAN DO FOR NEW INDUSTRIES.

"Progress" Will Endeavor to Show in a Special Illustrated Edition—Something About It and Some Idea of What It Will Contain—Meeting With Great Success.

For some time past PROGRESS has been preparing to issue a special illustrated edition and this being its fifth anniversary perhaps no better time could be chosen. The addition was announced in the daily papers early in the week and has already met with the same hearty favor that similar editions of this paper have in the past. For this special edition work is by no means new to PROGRESS. It was not a year old before it printed the first boom edition of St. John, enlarging to 24 pages on that occasion. True, its circulation then was only 15,000 copies but it was all that could

## "PROGRESS" PRESS ROOM AND ITS EQUIPMENT.



penses of printing the paper. This was speedily utilized.

Twenty-eight dollars of that sum went for the first week's composition wages; the balance, with the proceeds of the first week's street sales, paid the wages the second week; a special theatrical advertisement provided what was necessary in this respect the third week, and from that time forward the success of the paper was such that pay day was just as welcome as any other in the week.

From such small beginnings started a paper that to-day, just five years later, may fairly claim to be as well established as any journal in the city. Week by week, month by month, year by year, its business has increased until to-day PROGRESS appeals to a wider and a greater constituency than its founders ever dared to hope for. The story of the early struggle and who made it, has been printed before in these columns, and there is no need to repeat it. No one will ever know the anxiety and difficulties attending the printing of a newspaper in another office and perhaps PROGRESS' experience in this respect made it all the more anxious that when it possessed a press room and facilities of its own, they should be as complete as possible. The illustration on this page gives a fair idea of the nature of those facilities, and it is not out of the way to state that the equipment is second to none in these maritime provinces.

But while this gives a good idea of the progress that PROGRESS has made in its mechanical department, it is also an index of the improvements that have been made in the newspaper itself, of its increase in circulation and all the things that have demanded such admirable press room facilities. Two new Cranston presses, a Stometz folder that folds, pastes, and trims while attached to the press, an electric motor, and a steam engine and boiler, are included in the drawing. They were not all placed there at once, but gradually as the paper prospered and was able to pay for them. A little more than a year after its start, PROGRESS sorely felt the need of larger quarters, and though its premises in the Telegraph building were rented until May 1st, 1890, the need was so great that a move was made to its present quarters in the fall of 1889. Then its first press was bought and from that time to the fall of 1892, three years later, printed the increasing edition of PROGRESS. The doubling of the size of the paper in 1891 made the work so continuous, that no sooner was one paper printed than it was necessary to have the first "forms" for the next issue ready.

But last summer and fall made another move necessary. The increase of circulation in Nova Scotia, and the necessity of sending thousands of papers away by a fast noon Friday mail, forced the purchase of another and a faster press. To run these required more power, and arrangements were made to be in line with the times and have electric power. The compact little machine with the wires running to it, in the illustration, furnishes the power that

seems pretty evident that the system must be.

The theory on which the system is based is simple. Sets of tickets bearing numbers are printed, and each man applying for them has a number set against his name corresponding with the number on the ticket he receives. This number becomes the representative of his name for the future. The sets of tickets are put up in packages of 50 and sold at 50 cents. The tickets are not transferable and each is good for one passage. There are also a small number of tickets at 25 cents for children and certain classes of wage earners.

The ordinary 50 cent a package ticket can be bought by anybody who has his name registered in time, but before the first month's sets were printed the list was made up and the number required was pretty well ascertained. Some men cross the harbor five or six times a day and some only twice or less. The former would require three bunches with his number printed on them, while one bunch would suffice for the latter. To have three bunches printed for each number would therefore involve a large waste of tickets each month, because both the number and the month are printed, and April tickets are no good in May. On the other hand, unless a sufficient quantity were printed some people could not get enough of their number, and would have to pay full fare for the latter part of the month, thus getting much less reduction than was originally intended.

Before the March tickets were printed, every man who applied for a number was asked how many tickets he would require, and the specification was given to the printer accordingly. There were only 50 of some numbers, while there were 100 of others and 150 of others again. Something over 300 names were registered.

On this basis the order for April was given and again the order for May, but just here is where there is trouble. Some of the people registered have not yet bought any tickets, but the number is printed all the same and nobody else can have it. Others who were going to take several bunches buy only one, and the rest are dumb loads, while some who thought one bunch would do, find later in the month that more are required, but cannot be obtained.

In this way, there is an excess of some numbers, while other numbers cannot be had. As a result it has been necessary, in some instances, to supply men with extra tickets having different numbers from those registered against the names of those individuals.

Tickets for one month are sold, or supposed to be sold, only on the last three days of the previous month, but some people do not get their tickets within that period, because they do not apply for them, and so there is more trouble.

To get up the first lot of tickets, printed lists of names, etc., cost about \$52, and no doubt it was well worth it. Then the printing was put up to tender and the Sun folks secured it at a scalper rate of 70 cents a thousand. Something over 28,000 are

matic window lock and catch combined, invented by Mr. Frederick G. Woodruff, formerly foreman of the West end Bolt Works, and now machinist at Fleming's locomotive works. It is owned by him and Mr. Robert G. Sharp of this city, and seems to be just what everybody has wanted. It will suit any ordinary house window holding it up at any point required and fastening it most securely when down. The model shown PROGRESS works splendidly, and the idea seems an excellent one in every respect.

Things Are Looking Up.

St. Andrews is coming to the front again, according to a correspondent, who says: "After a long season of depression the prospects for St. Andrews seem brighter—with Mr. Innes' and Mr. Gardiner's cottages, the new C. P. R. wharf and hotel at Indian Point being built, our long looked for boom is materializing. These improvements seem to have fired our citizens with ambition to make our old town appear at its best, as several gentlemen are having their residences painted, and some of our buildings are being likewise renovated."

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place there was a big hole around it which had no business there, and in the attempt to fill this up and hold the soft mud in place by piling there has been a good deal of bother and expense ever since. The question now is, is the wharf properly and permanently in place, or is it liable to give trouble in the future as it has in the past?

The connection of the southerly wharf with this outer or easterly wharf is another matter about which people are talking, and the assertion that the easterly wharf is not of the width of 40 feet as required by the specification. There are other matters in which it is alleged the specifications are not followed, and that is why some people think that competent judges should have a look at the work in the interests of the citizens. If the reports are all wrong, then the contractors will be exonerated, and, if the reports are true, the city should know of it.

It may be suggested that there is no need of a committee of experts, since the city engineer and the inspector of works ought to be able to state in just what condition the work is, and how far it is in accordance with the specification. The best answer to this is, that it is quite true that there is a city engineer and also an inspector of the work. That is about as far as it is well to say anything about them.

A Wonderful Coincidence.

It is not often that the Sun and Telegraph shake hands over the bloody chain of politics, and are unanimous on any one point, but it happened last Monday. The Sun had a local paragraph denying that certain statements of PROGRESS were correct, while the Telegraph had an editorial on the subject couched in exactly the same words. The presumption is that both statements were written by one person, and handed in to the offices. The Telegraph did not know the Sun had the same "copy" that it had, and concluded that it would come in handy to fill out the editorial column. It's funny when it happens that way.

Dates for the Oratorio.

Every lover of music will be glad to hear that the Oratorio Society is making very careful preparation for its summer concerts, and that the dates have been definitely fixed for Thursday and Friday, June 15th and 16th. Four Boston soloists have been engaged, and "Elijah" will be the great feature.

Will Front on Two Streets.

Messrs. Daniel & Robertson have secured the premises occupied by Mr. Fred Blackadar and will add them to their present store. The advantage of fronting on two streets will be apparent at once and Daniel & Robertson will be the only large dry goods firm possessing it.

How to Get a Typewriter.

Any boy or girl who sends us eight new subscribers will win a New World Typewriter as a premium; or any boy or girl who sends us five new subscribers and \$2 in cash will get the same premium.

## COUNCIL ADJOURNED.

If the current opinion be correct, there is urgent need of the work being examined by a committee of practical men, for there are all sorts of reports about the methods of construction.

There are three wharves under construction, and the outer or easterly one is that which was built at Rodney slip and was stuck fast on a bar for two months or so, when an attempt was made to tow it into position. Before it grounded, a hole had been dredged on the site where it was to be, but during the time the wharf was aground this hole was partially filled up by the action of the tide. This made new dredging necessary, and the result was that the area of the hole was largely increased by the gravitation of mud from the surrounding bottom.

When the wharf was finally got into

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Belmont, Pugwash, Pictou	7.00
St. John, Moncton, Miramichi, Caraquet, Pictou	13.50
St. John, Miramichi, Caraquet, Pictou	16.50
St. John, Miramichi, Caraquet, Pictou, and Camp	19.00
St. John, Miramichi, Caraquet, Pictou, and Sydney	22.50

00 each.

Agents, C. E. McPHERSON, St. John, N. B.

WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.35 standard.

Return me, will leave Boston same days, at 8.30 a. m. St. John.

Monday trip the steamer will not call at Eastport with steamer for St. John and Miramichi.

Admission 50 cents.

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153 N. STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.



Greeting:

This morning we make our bow to the public in as pretentious a manner as becomes our ambition.

We do not feel because we have installed ourselves in the line of King street merchants that we have grown inches taller or feet broader in the eyes of the people of St. John.

We say at the outset that we do not expect favor or friendship, or admiration to bring us patronage, but we will simply rely on the merits and value of the goods which we sell, to bring in trade.

For many years the principal of our firm and a large proportion of our staff have been connected with the dry goods trade of St. John.

This is enough about ourselves. We will now say something about our goods. We have taken pains to select goods suitable, durable, saleable, and stylish.

Our next effort was to secure them at prices that would enable us to sell at lower prices than the established firms. This we did by paying cash for them.

We are not blind to the fact that we, as new-comers, have got to offer some special inducement to the people to get their patronage, the inducement will be in value, what you cannot get from the firms which have a foothold.

Our goods are all new and are cuttings of the most desirable goods from the British market and fashion centres. Our stock embraces everything that can be found in a first-class dry goods store, adding also that of a gents' furnishing establishment.

Our store at 97 King street, formerly occupied by Welsh, Hunter & Hamilton, has been extended and now runs through to Market street, making one of the deepest stores on the street.

We have spared neither pains nor expense in fitting it to the convenience of the trade.

FRED. A. DYKEMAN & CO.

Brantford 1893 Bicycles

Advertisement for Brantford 1893 Bicycles, featuring a bicycle illustration and text: 'with G and J PNEUMATIC TIRES are the best. ALSO TROTTER SULKIES with G and J Pneumatic Tires.'

W. H. THORNE & CO.,

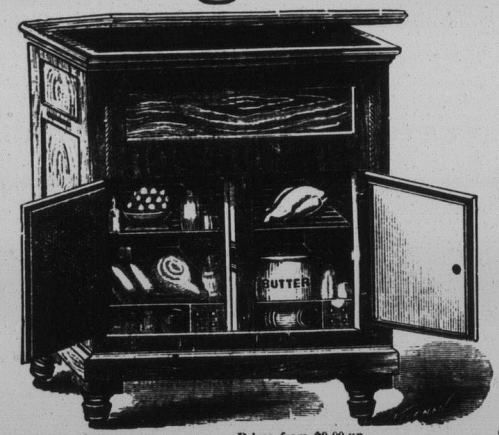
Market Square, St. John.

THINK!

Should an accident befall your Bicycle and some part give way, how many weeks riding will you lose before you can replace any broken part? Parts for SINGERS' and RALEIGH'S always in stock.

St. John Cycle Co., Salesroom and Bicycle Academy 239 and 241 Charlotte St. Telephone 720.

Refrigerator.



EMERSON & FISHER, DRINK DIRTY WATER—always examine it. Swallow Leeches, Tapeworms, Small Bots, Pieces of Decayed Fish, Worms, etc. Encourage Typhoid, Cholera, Biliary Diseases, or Malaria.

Get a 'Pearl' Filter and filter it to the faucet from which you take your drinking water, and you may take a drink in the dark and know that the water is pure.

Get a 'Pearl' Filter and filter it to the faucet from which you take your drinking water, and you may take a drink in the dark and know that the water is pure.

T. McAVITY & SONS, St. John, N. B.

PUTNERS

IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER. Emulsion advertisement with logo and text.

LOOKING FOR LICENSES.

MOVING DAY IN MASSACHUSETTS AROUND THE BARROOMS.

How the Proprietors Have to Hustle—The Chase for Black and Red Chromos—What the Aldermen Get Out of It—It is a Purely Political Game.

LOWELL, May 2.—Bar-room politics are not unknown in St. John, but a politician from any part of the province would get an eye opener if he happened to strike a Massachusetts town or city about the first of May.

On that date the moving is confined mostly to the bar-rooms. The people move all the year round, whenever they feel like it, and are entirely indifferent to the fact that a certain day in the springtime, pretty sure to be wet and muddy affords grand opportunity to smash and shatter, scratch and despoil the household goods, that are carefully dusted and tenderly handled on the other 364 days in the year.

Here the bar-rooms move—some of them. Every man who runs a bar-room is a politician. Whether he gets a license or not, all depends on the work he does on election day, and the honesty of the alderman who has pledged himself in order to get elected.

Reason: There are never enough licenses to go around—and the sore heads do their level best on the next election day.

According to law, each city should grant one license to every 1000 of population. At the last census, Lowell had 77,000, which makes 77 licenses. After the next census, ten more will be added.

One of these black and red chromos is worth \$1,500. Yet several hundred people put in applications for them every April. Each man thinks he has a dead sure thing.

Granting the licenses is one of the biggest events of the year. Each alderman has so many licenses, which he can give to whom he pleases: there are a few privileged places: then the fight comes to see who shall get the best of the few that remain to be granted.

The aldermen are besieged with applicants and influential friends. They lay for them at street corners, meet them at their homes, lodge them in city hall, and make promises for temporary relief.

Meetings are held which last long into the night: there is speculation and rumors of boodlism: secret sessions and tours of inspection—for the license committee must inspect the premises of every applicant. Then the law provides—that every dealer shall be a victualer, that he must be able to furnish a good meal to any one who calls for it, and serve it in style.

About the first of May the number of restaurants—and good ones at that,—in Massachusetts, would accommodate all the visitors to the World's Fair.

And the cigars! Every alderman gets enough in that week of inspection to last him the balance of the year.

The day the licenses are granted excitement is at high pitch. Here in Lowell the fight between the Republican and Democratic alderman was bitter, and 200 nearly applicants couldn't go to sleep for a week.

Early one morning, the City Messenger was instructed to call a meeting of the council for the afternoon, and the news spread all over town.

In the afternoon the city hall was crowded. About three o'clock the aldermen met. A squad of 12 policemen headed by the chief, stood guard over them, and in a few minutes orders were given to clear the hall. Everybody had to get out—nearly all the city officials shared the fate of the crowd, and those who stayed in had business to do of greatest importance.

All afternoon the street in front of city hall was crowded and a squad of police kept everybody moving. Another squad was distributed all over the building. The aldermen were in executive session, fighting over the licenses.

The crowd waited, waited patiently, but

at six o'clock went home to supper. In the evening it gathered again, growing larger and larger hour after hour.

The aldermen in the mayor's office took off their coats to it, and some turned up their trousers. They smoked cigars until they couldn't see each other across the room and finally had to adjourn to another part of the building.

Meanwhile the crowd outside grew larger; bets were made on the chances of applicants, and the applicants themselves excitedly discussed the situation and watched the windows of city hall.

Downstairs in the over-seers of the poor office, a dozen reporters played cards and smoked cigars all afternoon and evening, waiting for the board to come in, and every time one of them went out he was surrounded by the crowd, eager for news.

All city business was paralyzed, the liquor question ruled the day, and the entire city hall was given over to it.

And so the evening wore on. Midnight came, and no news from the aldermen. The crowd still waited, now jammed up against the street door, anxious to get a first chance in. When the theatres closed more people had come.

So it was at one o'clock: no change at two; three o'clock came, and with it the aldermen. They had completed the hardest night's work of the year, and upon the result their chances for re-election.

The street door opened, the crowd rushed in, and breathlessly waited for the list of fortunate ones to be read. Then there was rejoicing and swearing, and threats of vengeance, in the midst of which the aldermen sidled out to coaches at the street door and were driven home.

The licenses had been awarded. It is purely a political game. The character of an applicant is not taken into consideration at all, men who have been in the business all their lives, and made it as respectable as it is possible for the liquor business to be, are thrown down, simply because they have lost their pull.

Very hustlers from out of town come in with wads of money and somehow or other they get what they want and new bar-rooms bloom out after the first of May.

Nobody trusts the liquor dealers. They are faithful to nobody, party, friends and everybody else is thrown down, to get a license. The wholesalers own the board and see that their best customers are looked out for.

It all goes to show the wonderful influence and importance of the liquor traffic, and should furnish temperance cranks with material for all time to come.

Boston has placed its licenses in the hands of a commission, and in a few years all Massachusetts will have done the same.

R. G. LARSEN.

To La Chine Rapids.

The verses appended are by Miss Menard, an American lady who takes a great interest in Canadian literature, and who has written some very lovely verse on Canadian topics. These I clipped from a Montreal paper. Would you mind reproducing them in PROGRESS and greatly obliged.

ONE OF YOUR READERS.

Thou mantion of cloud and foam; Stern sovereign of the river home; With wild power thou boldest still, Subservient to thy fickle will, The flood's mad spirit and the strength And fury of his blue length, Thou is it who doth loose or bind The pearls of the covered wind, And thrill beneath their rock-ribbed sands, The reaches of the distant strands, Yet on a silent, sombre day, Close wrap'd in vapour chill and gray, In solemn mood, with mist-like breath Thou raisest from forgotten death, Dost gleamly ships whose brine-charcoal sails, Worn thin by biting winter gales, Bill like the reeds of the past, The shattered lengths of spar and mast, Great ships that once the hurricane Drove down the passes of the main, To where thy swirling arms outspread Did clasp and crush in embrace dread, The strong, young forms that never more Shall touch the headlands of the shore, Nor yearn through shadows of the night, For glimmer of the dear house-light. Ah, sorcerer of this vast sea! Wild-breasted, vocal mystery, 'Tis God alone can 'scape thy spell; And only he thy might shall quell.

—Joette Gertrude Menard.

WHAT PEOPLE READ.

Authors Whose Books Are Now Sought in Public Libraries.

Fashions change in books as in bonnets, and the rise and fall of popular writers follow the mode as the tide follows the moon, says the N. Y. Sun. Have you read so and so? queries one woman of another at a tea, or questions the girl of her young man, and straightway be she who is questioned, reads the book and is ready to inquire of some one else. Rider Haggard, who only a few years ago was all the vogue, is no longer in great demand, judging from the library lists. Robert Louis Stevenson has met nearly the same fate. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" has apparently sent him to the rear. Mrs. Humphrey Ward has gone to rest with "David Greive." Kipling, the erratic, may tell what "belongs to another story" without exciting any great interest, and Mary J. Holmes, Mrs. Southworth, Ouida, and Agnes Fleming are little read.

The prolific and versatile Balzac is greatly read by men, for men are more faithful in their literary loves than women, less given to dipping indiscriminately into the field of books and more inclined to read along well-defined lines. But it is Barrie and Hardy, Marion Crawford, Mary Wilkins, Amelie Rivers, Jerome K. Jerome, Blanche Willis Howard, William Black, Frank Stockton, Walter Besant, Ibsen, George Meredith, Pierre Loti, and Dumas, beside the standard writers like Dickens, Scott, &c. Lew Wallace is another favorite, and in one comparatively small library there are twenty-five copies of "Ben Hur" to meet the demand. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" was greatly read during the winter, owing to the cheap editions published.

Mr. Dean on Native Beef.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—In the Daily Telegraph of Tuesday I noticed interviews with a traveller, a hotel proprietor and some of the butchers of St. John, in regard to New Brunswick beef. Now, sir, I wish to state from my nearly twenty year's experience, that the supply of good meat is quite ample for the demand of all, who wish to pay a reasonable price. It is obtainable at all seasons of the year; that is, if the principal wholesale dealers, among whom are H. J. McDonald, are engaged to furnish good beef and allow them a living profit.

I would like to know at what hotel the traveller in question is resting. It would enable me to explain more to the point. At some good houses in St. John, I think I could insure good meat at a small premium, and consider it a good risk. There are some of the buyers for hotels, who look to the victualler first for the list of beef they require, and look elsewhere to traders and others, for whatever else they require in the same line. Surely the men referred to, do not imagine, for a moment, they are getting the choicest meat for their guests. If they are, then, I can only say the dealer is not doing justice to his trade or himself.

It would appear from the Telegraph that there are only two dealers in St. John who keep good meat, and that is, the fact is, there are lots of good meat kept at all seasons of the year. I contend we have as good live stock, and feeders in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and are willing to deal at as small a margin as it can be done elsewhere. The next ramble the Telegraph reporter takes, I hope he will meet some who will speak more truthfully of our farmers and market.

THOMAS DEAN. 13 and 14 City Market.

Says the Story is True.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—The story referred to in your paper of the 29th ult. as "a libel on the railways of New Brunswick," was true in part, as passengers were cautioned by a printed notice hung up in the cars that it was well to get out and walk over a certain bridge on the Salisbury and Harvey railroad, and also that if they remained in the car while crossing said bridge they did so at their own risk.

Yours truly, A. C. TRAVELLER.

An Economical Trip.

Two girls who went to Europe by themselves last year and saw something of Ireland, of Wales, much of the beauty of rural England, spent two weeks in London, three in Paris, went through to Genoa, did some Alpine climbing and saw the prettiest Swiss towns, went to Germany, down the Rhine, and to Brussels and Amsterdam,

spent just \$350, including every expense. Their trip lasted three months, and included fifty places. They always went to a hotel, had all they wanted, and saw everything they desired. And yet all tradition agrees that women are extravagant.—[Ex.

The Ocean Tramp.

In the English Illustrated Magazine Mr. Herbert Russell gives a careful description of the various classes of "Cargo Steamships." Of the "Ocean Tramp" he says:—"A commonplace looking steamboat, leisurely stemming the tide, with a long trail of smoke shadowing her wake, and a glistening white bilcock of foam churning up under her stern. She may be a vessel of any size, build, or rig, for the term is quite a generic one; but she is usually the shoddy of the ship-yard, constructed by contract at a cost of something like \$7 or \$8 per ton, engines included. There will be many a blind rivet-hole and cracked plate underlying the bright slate and salmon-colored paint upon her sides. The skipper, who is probably a reluctant holder of three sixtieths in the venture, whilst he uneasily paces the bridge is troubled by the strongest misgivings as to how he will behave in the first gale of wind he may encounter: nor is his confidence greatly increased by some such common discovery as that the steam steering-gear will not act, or the engineer's report of a very ugly flaw just noticed by him in the main shaft. Yet the hardship is that here in the vessel of contract by her proprietor to keep good time in her voyages. Let the weather be what it will, the ocean tramp must never cease thrusting ahead. The melancholy refrain of her master's thought is for ever "prompt dispatch." The jury-built engines may break down, or refuse to propel the craft head-on to a violent gale; the cargo may shift; whilst driving at full speed through a blinding fog the ship may come into collision: but all these risks the unfortunat master of the ocean tramp dare not pause to weigh. He knows that his means of livelihood, and indeed often enough his very life itself, hang by the merest thread."

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or Transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 75 Sidney street.—Mrs. McLENNAN. May 2





IN MUSICAL CIRCLES. I wonder why the habit has become so general, amongst choir, and specially our three supplied ones, to sing much slower when a piano passage occurs—particularly a line or verse of a hymn. It is a very bad blunder to make, and generally completely spoils the effect that is attempted. It is much easier to sing in time in a piano passage, if the tempo is fairly quick, than if the line or verse of a hymn or whatever it is, is drawn out with a long whining whisper.

The Fisk Jubilee Singers at the Institute last Thursday and Friday evenings, had poor homes for them. I suppose the dose of Gilmore that we had last week has so depleted the amusement fund of the public generally, as to call for a little while. Still, the lack of attendance of the public did not affect the goodness of the entertainment. I have not enjoyed any singing for a long while so much as Mr. Caldwell's solos old times as they were. "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," "The Boatman's Love Song," and "O My Saviour and I." His voice seems richer and his method more perfect every time one hears him. And it is not only in songs of this type that he shines, as his singing of the "Lark in the Meadow" was admirable. I do not think I ever quite understood the possibilities of the word singing, one can only say it was the Fisk Jubilee Singers. The perfect rhythm and harmony and blending of the voices is too well known for me to say anything—except they sang as well as ever—and "Go Down Moses" seemed just as great a favorite as it was years and years ago.

The Oratorio Society gave a mixed concert as well as the "Elijah" in June, and I hear that arrangements have been completed with four soloists from the Heb, amongst whom is our favorite, Mr. G. F. Parker.

Mr. J. S. Ford has just finished another song, which I believe will be sung for the first time at the Oratorio concert and I think will be accompanied by the orchestra.

The repairs on Trinity church organ are well under way now. The contract has been entrusted to Mr. F. A. Peters, jr., of this city. It seems a pity not to entrust such work to the makers of the instrument, who would understand their own work better than any other builder or repairer could, and who would be sure to do the work in the best manner for their own reputation's sake.

TALK OF THE THEATRE. The Mechanics Institute had crowded houses the first three nights of this week during the engagement of J. S. Murphy, playing "Kerry Gow" and "Shaan Ithue."

Of course John S. Murphy is not Joseph Murphy in either of these plays, but he does creditable work and as he has the company which supported Joseph the performances were highly satisfactory. As a singer, however, John S. does not excel.

Both plays are familiar to our theatre goers.

The Lillian Tucker Co., which was booked at the Opera House for four weeks, closed on Thursday the 27th April. I predicted that it would probably last a week; but it did not, four nights settled it; so instead of having to linger around here for four weeks it is now free to startle the inhabitants of other towns and cities with "The Police Alarm," and the rest of the standard plays which made up its repertory.

The Mirror states that the St. John Opera House has open time as below:— May 4-20, June 5-23, July 31, Aug. 16.

This does not look much like a solid season, does it, or have the managers been doing some cancelling since the last announcement?

Madeline Merli, who opens her engagement here on 22 inst, and whose picture adorns the front page of last week's Mirror, has not as yet given New York an opportunity to judge her ability.

She is coming down here first. New Yorkers will have to possess their souls in patience for a year or so.

She was doing "Frou-Frou" at Ashland, the last of April to first business.

I notice that the Baker Opera Co., is getting some favorable notices in the exchanges. A late one reports business large and performances good, and makes special mention of Irene Murphy and William Wolff.

J. L. Ashton writes from Annapolis, N. S., to a friend in this city as follows:

I see by last week's Progress that they make mention of Newton Beers having purchased all the rights from Joseph Proctor for "Nick of the Woods," and as I intend playing that good old drama in St. John one night this summer, I wish you would have Progress set me right before the public. "Nick of the Woods" has been public property for thirty years, having been played in every city in America and the provinces by all the leading actors of "yore old time." It has been printed 15 cent book since my early childhood.

Margaret Merington, the author of E. H. Sothern's new play that is soon to be produced, was born in England, but was educated at the convent of the Sacred Heart at Rochester, N. Y.

Sol Smith Russell will play Dr. Pangloss in "The Hair-at-law" in Chicago during his season there. Joseph Jefferson has given Mr. Russell his prompt books, costumes, wigs and shoes for the part.

Smokers find the smoking room at the Empire Theatre, New York, a very comfortable place. In addition to easy chairs, a liberal supply of cigarettes is to be found on the mantle over the big fireplace.

Chauncey Olcott was a schoolmate of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, and he has re-

ceived notice that during his engagement in Washington next month Mrs. Cleveland will receive him at the White House. E. H. Willard, who has been making such a hit in "The Professor's Love Story" written by J. M. Harris, was asked the other day what he had to say about the success the play had made. This is what he said in reply: "The success of the play is only another proof of the fact that after all, the world likes a pretty, healthy love story, and that the world which enjoys such things isn't so big as we sometimes think. You would not believe, though, what a hard time we had naming that play. I think that Barrie and I held each end of the cable for a fortnight, talking at a most expensive rate, before we decided on a name for it. Finally, I said: 'The simple thing is the best.' All the world loves a love story, and we'll call it, 'The Professor's Love Story.'"

In no one portion or department of "The Chicago Spectatorium" has there been more marked steps in advance shown than in the lighting of the scenerium. The principal light used in the Spectatorium is one that represents the sun. This illuminating body travels on a large semi-circular track from within a few feet of the front of the stage to the rear wall on either side. This arc is at every point 150 feet from the stage floor, and the luminary can be moved with any degree of speed from one end of the arc to the other. Beneath both ends of this arc is a large transparent cylinder, made of tinted material, by which all the tints of sunrise and sunset can be thrown on the scenes. The lesser light, which represents the moon, has 20,000 candle power of light, and is manipulated and moved in much the same manner as its more powerful companion.

Within a few years it has become the fashion among actors and actresses to imagine that because they have some fortuitous combinations of circumstances, been the first to appear in any certain part they are, forthwith, the creator of that part. There never was more arrant nonsense. It is the poet only who creates.

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, And as imagination bodies forth The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing A local habitation and a name."

At the very best the actor is nothing but an interpreter of the thoughts and imaginings of the author, so far as his abilities permit him to be. If he had the faculty of creation, there would be no need of dramatic poets.

What the general-in-chief is to an army the stage manager is to a theatre. He is to be all and to do all. He is supreme, and from his decision there should be no appeal, for he is to the drama

the lord, the life, the keeper, The seal, the sovereign."

A stage manager should be a man of many parts, well grounded in a variety of accomplishments, and chiefly in a knowledge of dramatic literature and its traditions. At the very outset he should be a scholar, with a keen analytic mind. As to the architect, we look for the noble proportions of some stately building, so to the construction and presentation of a drama. He should be thoroughly in touch with his author and capable of transmitting that author's ideas to his subordinates. From the very nature of the case, he must be a despot, exacting implicit obedience; he should be as imperative as the commander of a line-of-battle ship on his quarter deck. Thus he has his forces under complete control, and they become imbued with the spirit of one master mind, who leads them on to successful issues. But let the crew not prove responsive to the captain, and all is disaster.

Points About Bach.

Practically, Bach, is not comparable to any of his contemporaries, as, although he did not actually invent a new style, he adapted the style of the day, converting it so entirely to his own method, that in his style, he has never before or since had a rival. In a measure, he ran counter to the continual encroachment of Italian opera, this is to be attributed less to his artistic than to his moral and religious views. The latter he was evidently capable of modifying to a certain degree, as, although he came of a most uncompromisingly Protestant race, all zealous Lutherans, he lent his genius to the composition of Roman masses for the use of the Roman Catholic Church.

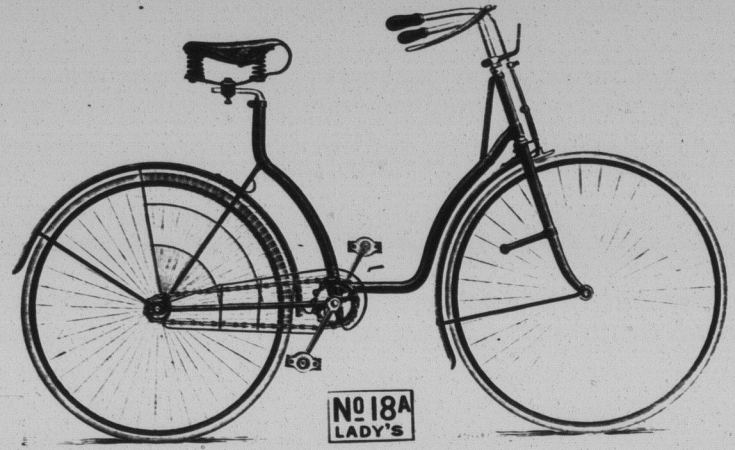
He forms a specially important influence in the history of instrumental music, for he developed all forms and species of composition in an entirely new and independent manner. He laid the foundation of the new school of fingering (using the thumb and fourth finger), and his Preludes and Fugues in each of the major and minor keys exemplify as well his method of fingering his systems of fingering. Also, it was he who settled the long dispute between the old church modes and the modern harmonic system.

His masterly counterpoint is the special mark of his genius, and his facility and dexterity in managing the network of parts has never yet been equalled. His melody, his harmony, and his periods all seem to be of one mould; an indelible spirit of severe logic and unalterable conformity of law pervades the whole as well as the parts. This wonderful unity of idea and formal construction, gives the stamp of the true work of art to his compositions, but at the same time the strict integrity of his part writing and its complexity, often prevents the broad and massive effect that greatly distinguishes Handel's music from his. His very extensive employment of passing notes, induces many harshnesses, which, in the judgment of some of his critics, will not bear analysis, and his principle of making each part in his score an independent melody, is often carried out at the cost of the euphony. [—Ex.

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### EVERYDAY ETIQUETTE.

Things That Everybody Should Know, but Which Many Disregard.

The fundamental principle of all travel, where people are liable to meet each other, whether singly or by hundreds, is to turn to the right. Where lines of travel cross, as at the junction of streets, courtesy must largely take the place of definite rules.

A person should never give preference to the lame or decrepit, to old people, or those carrying heavy or bulky parcels. Their presence upon a busy street may at first thought seem an annoyance; but—put yourself in their places!

It is necessary to walk very rapidly, and there is opportunity for movement will interfere with the comfort or safety of as few as possible.

It is necessary to stop upon a walk, do so in a manner not to annoy those who may be coming after. No thoughtful or refined person will stop to talk with a friend or even a business man in such manner as to interfere with the progress of others. It is always easy to step out of the traveled way, and still more courteous to turn and walk with the other party, while the necessary conference is being held.

It is very poor taste for a man—young or old—to dress so as to attract attention on the street. Women should especially avoid such display of jewelry or extravagant dress as will elicit criticism.

Gentlemen should not indulge in loud talk and boisterous laughing upon the street; ladies will not, under any circumstances.

The practice of smoking upon the street, universal as it is, is none the less vulgar, and should not be indulged. It should be borne in mind that there are a great many ladies—men and children, as well as ladies—to whom the fumes of burning tobacco are little less than poisonous, and it is not pleasant to have a succession of the unsavory odors wafted into their faces from the respiratory cavities of all sorts of people.

It is offensive for one woman to critically scan the dress and "make-up" of another upon the street, or to comment upon her personal appearance; for those ill-bred young men who stand or lounge in public places to scan each member of the opposite sex who passes; the only adequate remedy is the vigorously applied cane of some stalwart relative of the insulted party.

It is not "good form" to eat anything upon the street, but it is much less vulgar than to go along with the end of a toothpick protruding from the lips.

Whistling, humming or singing along the street is only allowable in remote country districts, where no other diversion or companionship is to be found.

Walking arm in arm or hand in hand during daylight is now practiced only by country lovers who have come to town to see the sights. In the evening a lady should usually take a gentleman's arm when walking with him, especially if the thoroughfare be crowded. [—Good Housekeeping.

### Bonaparte on the Violets.

Bonaparte having on his departure for the Island of Elba promised his confidential friends to return in the violet season, his adherents adopted the above simple flower as a rallying sign, and each was distinguished by a gold ring with a violet in enamel, and the motto "Elle reparaitra au printemps!" (It will appear again in Spring) As soon as it became generally known that he had landed at Fregene, a multitude of the women of Paris were seen with baskets full of these flowers, which were purchased and worn by his friends without exciting the least suspicion. It was customary on meeting anyone thus decorated to ask "Aimez vous la violette?" (do you like the violet?) when, if they answered

"Oui," (yes,) it was certain the party was not a confederate. But if the reply was "Eh bien" (well), they recognized an adherent and completed the sentence, "Elle reparaitra au printemps!"

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## Board of Health.

TO THE CITIZENS OF SAINT JOHN AND VICINITY:

THE Board of Health has this day issued its Annual Notice to owners and Tenants of Houses to Cleanse and Purify the same. The Board therefore requests that in the interest of the health of the city, all citizens will assist the Board, by the personal inspection of their premises, the condition of sinks, drains, traps, vents, etc. such inspections on the part of individual citizens will do much to preserve the public health and prevent the spread of any epidemic that may unfortunately come to our city.

T. M. BURNS, Chairman. JAMES REYNOLDS, Secretary. Office of the Board of Health, Saint John, N. B., April 28th, 1893.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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

IN THE SIXTH VOLUME.

On the morning of the fifth of May, 1888, something new struck St. John. It was an eight-page, three cent paper called Progress, and in its make-up, its way of dealing with matters and its style generally, was conceded to be wholly out of the ordinary rut.

The beginning of the sixth year of Progress, finds it holding a place which no other paper in the maritime provinces ever attempted to reach, as a journal accepted among people of all classes and opinions in politics and faith. Each year its circle of circulation has grown wider and it is continually gaining new constituencies.

While active in the discussion of local matters of importance, it is much more than local in many other ways and is found in some of the oddest corners of the world. It goes wherever the province people go, and to a number of other places where they are not found. It fills a want in the homes of this and other lands, and wherever it goes it is a welcome guest.

The sixth year of the paper's career gives promise of a future as proportionately successful as the past has been. It is literally true in more than one sense that "nothing succeeds like success," and whatever struggles a newspaper is apt to experience at the outset, it has reason to feel happy the moment it begins to show that its future is certain.

A struggling paper, like a struggling man, has not much chance. It may live, in a moribund state, for years, but there is nothing hearty about it and the public have no faith in it. When a paper is needed, however, it does not have to struggle. If people want it they will buy it, and its advertising will keep pace with its circulation.

That has been the way with Progress. It "took" from the start, and the second five thousand of circulation was more easily gained than the first five thousand. It is like a man making money. The second thousand can be acquired more easily than the first thousand was, and so on with every thousand afterwards.

The more people there are who read a paper, the more will be led to read it, and the more its circulation is recognized the more readily will the best class of advertisers be anxious to secure space in its columns. It is purely business on their part, for they know that their investment yields them a return.

Few of the thousands of readers of Progress, probably, understand the amount of care and labor required to produce the paper week after week so as to meet the wants of its various classes of readers. A daily paper may be said to "make itself" to a very large extent, because it chronicles the news of the day as events happen, and its selections from exchanges can easily be kept bright and fresh.

In the make up of a paper like Progress there must be a constant looking ahead to keep out of the tracks which other papers follow, and in the "scissors work" to anticipate what they will not have, in order that what is read in Progress a week later will still be new to the majority of readers who also read the daily papers. The selected matter in Progress, however, comprises only a small proportion of the contents, for the greater part of the contents of the paper are written especially for it.

No paper in Canada furnishes its readers with so much special matter, and indeed, no paper in Canada professes to have the combination of attractive features which make Progress welcome to old and young of all classes and tastes.

The success of Progress in the past may be fairly taken as a guarantee that it will continue to fill its place with equal acceptance in the future. Each year has found it making an advance in the way of contentment and in catering to new constituencies; and the principle of thus moving

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

An Evening Reverie. 'Tis not for those dear ones who left us, With a smile, and with meek folded hands; Having patiently endured earthly suffering, While slowly ebbed out their life's sands.

Not for those who meet death so bravely, In the midst of the tempest's strife; Standing firm as a rock, at the helm, Grand heroes, brave warriors of life.

Not for those, nor the dear little children, Who have been gathered home to Christ's fold, But for living friends of our childhood, We mourn, as we're growing old.

So hard to have beauty shattered, By the bright, clear sunlight of day, So hard, to have heroes we worshipped, Transformed to the commonest clay.

So hard to have faith in the goodness, Of those who professingly guide, While so many we honored in childhood, Have turned from the right path, aside.

Till to us, they seem lost in the mazes Of a road with windings best, That scarcely a ray of hope pierces, Where the black threatening clouds have met.

And so tonight, we are troubled For the living, not those "at rest," As prayers in our anguish making, That sometime they too, shall be blest.

Oh, how I am now in God's infinite wisdom, As their dark, lonely way they bend, He is leading them by the one pathway, Which in their redemption could end.

The Oak-leaf. I go to my grandmother's chest to find Some dear old-fashioned treasure, Since I am not keen on the emerald, I must needs keep with the measure.

I open it softly for I cannot disguise, The feeling that creeps over me, For the hand that did fold them, are now lying cold, And I'm pained by my own vanity.

I tenderly lift up the old brocade, And the three-cornered kerchief of lace, The one buttoned glove are lying beside— My grandmothers were when she was a bride, And the veil that hid half her sweet face.

I am loth to unfold any more, But peep down and 'neath them all, To my innocent delight, So dainty and bright, See an old-fashioned pink parasol.

I straighten the handle; press down the fringe And shake out its frills to the light, And dream of the eyes,—"ah well!" Grandmothers in her day was a lovely belle, And had lovers which was only right.

I carefully lay all away, With a sigh in the old oaken chest, Too sacred are they For the light of to-day, To grace 'em on the fairest or best.

Prophetic Mists. Our lives in joys and woes have swept Down that vast length which separates Our beginnings and our ends, Events like clouds have whirled by, Driven by winds of Time.

Our future is a bank of mists, In which we think we faintly see Forms which will drift to our clasping arms, But all are mere fallacies.

Then the prospect changes in many ways, The clouds in darker hue, Still foreboding on all the sheen 'Of images and gods.

The smouldering past has eddied by, Whither all bright memories fade, Down that vast length which separates Our beginnings and our ends, Events like clouds have whirled by, Driven by winds of Time.

Such forms were not seen in that pathway ahead, Creation of all things which they seem, Designed that we perish and sink with the dead, Held down with horror at that which they mean.

Had the truth as it was, been seen by the mind, A change there would be where the furrows have lined The brow of the one who has peered towards the mists, Which circle and eddy, but not always assist.

Spring Will Come Again. Wholly through the woodland Sighs the April breeze; Laid all brown and withered Flutter from the trees, Sludgy against my window Beats the heavy rain, But hope still whispers gently, "Spring will come again."

Hark! the gale blows louder, Darker grows the sky, Sweet delights of summer, All must droop and die, Yet amid the murmur Floats a joyous strain, And hope still gently whispers, "Spring will come again."

YOUR SUMMER READING.

HOW YOU CAN GET TEN OF THE BEST NOVELS.

For Less than One-Third of Their Usual Price—Others Offer in this Direction—Send These Carefully and Take Advantage of Them.

Anyone who reads the list of books printed below will easily agree with Progress that many of the best novels written, are contained in it. By purchasing them in large quantities, this paper is able to make an exceptional offer to old and new subscribers. In brief these offers are as follows:—

1 Any reader who will send us one new subscriber at \$2 and \$1 additional may select any ten of the books in the list and they will be forwarded at once.

2 Any reader getting up a club of three new subscribers at \$6 will get any ten of the books, free.

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PEOPLE WHO HAVE MOVED.

Some of the Citizens Who Have Changed Their Places of Residence.

There seemed to be at least the average amount of moving on the first of May this year, but the matter is one in which it is difficult to get at statistics. Below will be found the names of those who have either sent notice of change of address to Progress, or of whose removals information was otherwise received. The directory will be found very useful for reference, even though in some instances the fullest information as to number of house, etc., has not been supplied by the persons most interested:

Alward, Mrs. Aaron, Leinster to 182 King. Andrews, Dr. J. B., 7 Garden to 45 Garden.

Bailey, C. T., 93 Elliot Row to 150 Leinster. Bain, John, Britain to Queen. Beard, Mrs., Orange to 100 Coburg.

Belyea, J. Allen, 152 Leinster to 62 Leinster. Belyea, T. H., 65 Garden to 16 Orange. Black, E. S., 54 Westmore to 78 Dowd Street.

Bowden, Wm., 65 Sydney to 74 Sydney. Boyd, Miss Maggie, 50 Mecklenburg to Elliot Row.

Bradley, John, Barker to 216 Main. Breese, Miss, Charlotte to German. Brown, Joseph B., 154 Carman to 13 Waterloo.

Brown, Wm., 24 Harding to 76 Broad. Campbell, W. B., Union to 22 Leinster. Carter, E. S., 40 Coburg to 76 Sydney.

Case, John, 40 Leinster to 62 Waterloo. Clineb, Carleton, Charlotte to Rothesay. Craig, Jas., Fort to Summer St. Crawford, R., Main to Harrison.

Dalton, W. J., Bridge to Main. Daniel, Mrs. F. W., Hazen to 245 Charlotte. Davis, C. L., 157 King to Elliot Row.

Deek, Capt., Princess to 168 Queen. Dixon, Miss, B., Hazen to 40 Coburg. Donald, Louis, Orange to German.

Drake, J., 26 Orange to 68 Mecklenburg. Driscoll, D. J., 29 Sydney to 5 Broad St. Dryden, Joseph, Milford to Douglas Avenue.

Evans, Fred, Hildart to Harrison. Ellis, Thos., Adelaide to Elm. Emery, Wm., Britain to Cor. Broad and Carman.

Estey, F. A., 36 Peters to 111 Hazen. Fairweather, G. Ernest, 243 Charlotte to 49 Sidney.

Fairweather, Mrs. Joseph, Sewell to Roth say. Farren, Wm., 38 Peters to 36 Peters. Finlay, Hugh, 16 Charlotte to Carleton.

Finn, M. A., Princess to 72 Union. Flagler, J. S., 114 to 140 Carman. Fowles, Mrs., Leinster to 211 Union.

Furlong, Wm., 74 Broad to St. James. Giersten, August, 229 Sydney to 159 Queen. Goddard, Mrs. Victor, Dorchester to Queen.

Hall, W. S., Moore to Wright. Hanney, James, Launderville to 41 Kennedy. Hart, S. H., Coburg to 73 King.

Hastings, Aaron, 17 St. Andrews to Simonds. Hayward, Frank, Cor. Brunswick and Waterloo to City Road.

FEN AND PRESS.

The "Enterprise," published at New Glasgow, has been sold by Mr. Albert Denni, of Pictou, to A. P. Douglas.

PROGRESS knows this paper is one of Nova Scotia's very best weeklies, a credit to its former owner and its editor, Mr. Douglas.

Prophecy Fulfilled. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: The prophecy of your paper near a year ago, in re social improvement of Mt. Allison, was almost, it not wholly fulfilled last evening in the concert given by the Eclectic Society in Beethoven hall.

If my memory serves me correctly, I think that the gist of the prophecy was that it would not be long before Mt. A. would be adding the dance to the many amusements enjoyed at the college. The programme was well carried out, and I enclose a copy of the programme so that you can make what comments you wish.

The tennis drill is that to which I refer as the fulfilment of prophecy, the young ladies mentioned marched and counter-marched and went through the drill as perfectly as a set of dancers, ending up with a "Sir Roger de Coverly," and, for the last, received an enthusiastic encore from the audience, and repeated it. Professors, students, and even the theologians seemed to enjoy the scene immensely.

The statutory scene may be very favorably commented upon also. The ladies, in the light of the burning magnetic, looked like real statues. Altogether, the programme was a great credit to the society.

MOUNT ALLISON. Sackville, May 1.

His Prices are Always Right. Those who are skeptical about advertising, will be interested to learn that the announcement of Mr. Hardess Clarke, in Progress, is not only increasing his city trade very largely, but is bringing him orders from the farthest points in the province. Part of his advertisement in this issue, refers to this.

A New Shoe Store. Mr. Walter Mitchell of Moncton will open a boot and shoe store in Mr. McKay's old stand on Charlotte street today. Mr. Mitchell is a former St. John boy, and he comes to his native city with new ideas and with an ability to push them to the front. Progress wishes him success.

Will Devote all His Attention to It. Mr. J. R. Currie has been conducting a business college in his spare time, for some years, and is well known in that capacity. Those who intend securing a business education at a business college will be glad to know that in the future he intends to devote all his time to college work.

Bilton—It is a great misuse of terms to say a man is the architect of his own fortune. Chilton—How so? Bilton—When an architect plans a \$1,000 house it costs \$20,000 but when a man plans to get a \$20,000 fortune, he usually lands somewhere in the neighborhood of \$800.



TO HAVE MOVED.

Who Have Changed... be at least the average... on the first of May...

- Leinster to 185 King... Garden to 45 Garden... Row to 150 Leinster...

Dost Thou Love Life? Then do not squander Time, For that's the stuff Life is made of. Save Time and Trouble By using STERLING SOAP!

STOVES STORED AT 88 King St. BY SHERATON & KINNEAR.

CASH GROCERY. You Want a Change of FARINACEOUS FOODS. Wheat, 17 cts. Corn Meal, 10 cts. RYE FLOUR 4 cts. FARINA, PUDDING, ASSORTED FLAVORS. CORN STARCH, SNOW FLAKE BARLEY.

HARDRESS CLARKE, 73 SYDNEY STREET.

C. FLOOD & SONS, THE MORRIS PIANO. has no equal in mechanical construction, Solidity, Strength and Durability; and its Pure Quality of tone is unequalled by any.

LATEST IN PHOTOGRAPHY. Mantello, Corona and Parisian Panel. Enamel Work and Grouping a Specialty. J. H. CONNOLLY, St. John, N. B., - - - 75 Charlotte St., Cor. King.



A wedding in which some St. John readers of Progress will be interested took place at Brooklyn, New York, on April 20th...

The death occurred this week quite suddenly of Miss Mary Sanders, at her residence, Orange street. She was a sister to Mr. R. R. Sanders...

Mr. Howard D. Troop, returned home on Saturday from his visit to New York; while there he had an opportunity of witnessing the grand naval parade...

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rodgers have the sympathy of their friends in the loss of their infant son, which occurred at their residence, Carmarthen street, on Sunday last.

Mr. W. G. Smith, R. N. E., of Halifax, has been visiting St. John this week. Mrs. R. D. McArthur, has removed from her residence, German street, to a home in Elliot street...

Rev. John deSoyres, entertained the boys of the junior branch of the Young Men's Association of St. John's church, last week, at his residence, Union street.

Miss Marie Peters, the little daughter of Mayor Peters, who has been quite ill with bronchitis for the past two weeks, is now able to be out again.

Mr. Sam Wah Kee, the Boston millionaire, was in town this week. Rev. Lorenzo G. Stevens, accompanied by Mrs. Stevens and family, have gone to Boston...

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Racey, were in town on Monday, en route to Halifax, to which place Mr. Racey has been transferred by Frederick. Mr. C. D. Jones, has returned from a short trip to Boston.

Captain Bloomfield Douglas, R. N. of Toronto, is now making a visit to St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, of Haverhill, Digby, and Mr. Bert Lynch, spent Sunday with friends in this city.

Mr. John Warner, has returned home from a visit to the States. Miss Eva Coram, who for the past two years, has been studying nursing at the General Public Hospital, received her diploma at that institution after passing a very creditable examination.

The friends here of Mrs. Edwin Daniel of Port Hope, Ontario, (formerly Miss Kinnear of this city) congratulate her upon the birth of a little son. Miss Taylor of Sheffield is stopping with Miss Coleman, Sydney street.

Hon. A. S. White of Sussex and Mrs. White were in town on Tuesday. Mr. O. H. Sharpe of the Bank of British North America, Frederick, has been making a visit to his friends in this city.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO., NEW PREMISES, 65 to 69 KING ST.

Ladies' Underwear Department. Special value for this week. 100 Ladies' Night Dresses, 52 to 64 inches long, fine English Longcloth, with 3-cluster tucks, Hamburg insertion and frill, at \$1.00...

White Skirts. White Skirts, English Longcloth, 5 tucks, 2-inch hem, at \$1.00. White Skirts, English Longcloth, 9 tucks or Hamburg frill, at \$1.15.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO., 65 to 69 King Street.



In announcing to the Citizens of St. John the opening of MITCHELL'S SHOE STORE, 61 Charlotte Street, we wish to say that our stock has been personally selected and bought for Spot Cash and we claim to be in a position to offer value in BOOTS and SHOES that will be second to none in New Brunswick...

MITCHELL, The Shoe Dealer, 61 CHARLOTTE STREET.

AMERICAN HAIR STORE. -87 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN N. B.- J. W. RAMSDALL, Proprietor.

OUR STOCK OF FRENCH PERFUMES, TOILET WATERS AND FACE POWERS are now complete in the Following Lines: Peau d'Esprance, A L'Espir Blanc, Vera-Violetta, Lilas Blanc, Paris-Caprice, L'Amoryllis du Japon, Crab Apple Blossoms, Violettes de Parme, Heliotrope Blanc, Cuir de Russie.

DO YOU KNOW THAT A FEW FLOWERS will Always Please Your Sick Friend? Flowers by Mail a Specialty. On receipt of 50c. or \$1.00 we will send a sample lot by mail prepaid. Safe arrival guaranteed. NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY, - Lockman St., Halifax, N. S. JAMES H. HARRIS, Manager.

MARGUERITE BRAND.

Everyone who wants Black Hosiery that will not stain the feet nor lose color when washed. There are just a few dealers who have been successful in securing Hosiery of this kind. Don't imagine that 'Hermesdorff' makes Hosiery; he only dyes them for people who do make them. Our MARGUERITE BRAND is from one of the best makers in Germany and dyed 18c. TO 50c. Pair.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL, Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.







DERWEAR. Every Variety of Fine MERINO, GAUZE, WOOL, SILK and COTTON.

& ALLISON, FROM! Made by the use of M.P.P. M.C. McROBBIE.

MACHINES. Letter Writing. BEACH, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

MILLINERY, ETC., ETC., LINENY NOVELTIES IN SIDES, QUILLS, BANDEAUX, EMBROIDERIES, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, MOUNTS, VEILINGS, VEILS, (Black and Colored) RIBBONS, HAIR PINS, TARTAN SUBRANS (Black and Colored), DRESS GOODS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, VELVET BINDINGS.

MILLINERY NOVELTIES IN SIDES, QUILLS, BANDEAUX, EMBROIDERIES, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, MOUNTS, VEILINGS, VEILS, (Black and Colored) RIBBONS, HAIR PINS, TARTAN SUBRANS (Black and Colored), DRESS GOODS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, VELVET BINDINGS.

CAMPBELLTON.

PROGRESS is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. A. under, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.

May 3—On Friday evening last Mr. F. W. Daniel, late manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia here, was entertained by a few of his friends to an oyster supper at Sharp's restaurant.

Mr. Louis Comeau, of St. John, spent Saturday and Sunday in Campbellton. Hon. C. H. LaBelle, of Dalhousie, visited Campbellton for a few days this week.

Mr. J. A. Johnson, of the I. C. R., was in Moncton for a day or two last week. Mr. F. Stanchille, of Montreal, spent a day in town last week.

Mr. J. B. Byron, M. D. left on Wednesday last for Jonesport, Maine. Mr. Charles Fitch and family have moved to Eastport.

Mr. H. E. Sifton, Bridge Inspector, of Moncton, was in town today. Mrs. G. H. Davidson, spent last week in St. John visiting her father, Rev. I. N. Parker.

Mr. Ernest Lee returned from Boston on a business trip. Mr. F. G. Marshall, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., has resigned his position, his resignation to take effect the last of the month.

Ward of Spring diseases by taking K. D. C. It restores the stomach to healthy action. A healthy stomach tones the system. Try K. D. C. Free sample mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, Limited, New Glasgow, N. S., Canada, or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

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

May 3—Society is rather quiet and dull this week. The ladies are engaged in spring sewing and house cleaning, and do not give much attention to entertainments of any kind.

Mr. George Dexter has returned from Providence, R. I. after a week most pleasantly spent there. Mr. C. F. Newton arrived from Boston this week.

Mr. John B. Robinson's friends regret to hear she is very ill with pneumonia. Mr. Henry B. Ross is spending several weeks in Boston.

Mr. Prescott of Penfield is visiting her daughter Mrs. Wilfred Eaton. Mr. C. B. Eaton's friends regret she is still confined to her home with severe illness.

Mr. Charles Vose, C. E. of Portland, Maine, has been in Milltown, visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Vose.

Mr. William Harper has gone to Portland, Maine, and intends to make his future home there. Miss Nellie Hill, has been the guest of Miss Holly, St. John, during the past week.

Mr. J. B. Byron, M. D. left on Wednesday last for Jonesport, Maine. Mr. Charles Fitch and family have moved to Eastport.

MONCTON.

PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Book Store, Main Street, A. H. Jones, and by J. E. McCoy.

May 3—The numerous friends of Miss Annie E. Wright, daughter of the late Captain George Wright, of Point de Bute, will be interested in hearing of her marriage, which took place in Brooklyn, N. Y., last Wednesday evening, the bridegroom being Mr. Harry W. DeForest, of St. John.

Miss King of New York, is spending a few weeks in town, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. A. H. Beddome. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mitchell and family departed on Friday afternoon for St. John, where they intend residing in future.

Mr. and Mrs. Fredric Hutchinson left this morning for St. John, where they will reside in the future. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson have numerous friends, who regret very much their removal from St. Stephen.

Mr. Fletcher Stephenson, of St. Andrews, made a brief visit here, this week. Mr. Ralph Horton, is quite ill with measles. Miss Ella Keating, has gone to New Bedford, Mass., to remain during the summer.

Mr. George Drisko, editor of the Machias Union, was in Calais, during the past week. Mr. and Mrs. John McGibbon, have returned from the Pacific coast, and, at present are making their home at Moore's Mills, a few miles from St. Stephen.

Mr. Charles Vose, C. E. of Portland, Maine, has been in Milltown, visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Vose. Mr. William Harper has gone to Portland, Maine, and intends to make his future home there.

Mr. J. B. Byron, M. D. left on Wednesday last for Jonesport, Maine. Mr. Charles Fitch and family have moved to Eastport.

FREDERICTON.

PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton by W. H. T. Peasey and J. H. Hawthorne. May 4—Christ church (Methodist) was today packed to its utmost capacity on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Eleanor Hilton Green to Mr. Miles B. Dixon, barrister, of St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mitchell and family departed on Friday afternoon for St. John, where they intend residing in future. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell have numerous friends, who regret very much their removal from St. Stephen.

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A PRIZE REBUS!



THE LADIES' COMPANION is a high class, 32 page illustrated Magazine, devoted to Literature, Home Life, Fashion, etc., most artistic in appearance and patronized by the best class of readers.

PREMIUM LIST.

To the first person solving puzzle we will award an elegant Rosewood Piano, valued at \$300; the next will receive a Gold Watch; the third a Silk Dress Pattern; the fourth, a Series of Music Boxes; the fifth, a Silver Watch; the sixth, a Banquet Lamp; the seventh, a Gilt Brooch; the eighth, a Silver Five O'clock Tea Set; to the next ten will be given each a beautiful Gold Brooch.



NOW FOR CARRIAGES.

Strong and Durable. Just the thing for Street Driving and the country roads. Made in Fredericton at the well known Establishment of JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS.



SELECT LOT OF Hair and Clothes Brushes AT THOS. A. CROCKETT'S, 162 Princess St. - - - Cor. Sydney.

A WORD TO FARMERS. FERTILIZERS! The products of the Provincial Chemical Fertilizer are the most reliable. Perfect satisfaction to all who have tried them. Prov. Chemical Fertilizer Co., ST. JOHN, N. B.

ANNAPOLIS.

May 3—Messrs. I. E. Scary, A. LeTarte and C. H. Kingston were in Portland, Me., attending the K. O. F. tournament.

Mr. B. A. Tupper spent Sunday in Topsfield. Rev. M. H. Sippell has moved to Mattawankeag where he is to be stationed for the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Colburn were visiting Bangor this week. Dr. Luna, of Fredericton, was in town Tuesday. Mr. Taton Weller, of Pittfield, was in Calais this week.

Deputy Sheriff Ross and Foster, of Calais, made Forest a visit this week. Mr. A. E. Law made Bangor a visit Thursday.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

Mrs. George Smith is quite ill with congestion... Miss Agnes Miles is home from the Normal school for a few weeks on account of ill health.

WOODSTOCK.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Woodstock by Barry Shaw and Mrs. John Leane & Co.] May 2.—A most enjoyable dance was given last Thursday evening in Cole's Hall.

SUSSEX.

MAY 3.—Mrs. John Ross is visiting her mother, in St. John. Mrs. Purdy of Amherst, was in town last Thursday.

ST. ANDREWS.

MAY 2.—Mr. and Mrs. G. Harold Stickney, have returned from their wedding trip, and are being serenaded tonight by the St. Andrews' band, at their residence, Montague street.

GREENWICH.

MAY 2.—The death of J. Albert Whelpley, occurred at Keene, N. H., and the remains were brought here, accompanied by the family, on Tuesday last.

PETICODIA.

MAY 3.—Mr. E. Robertson of Moncton, is visiting his sister Mrs. H. Humphrey.

BATHURST.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Bathurst at McGinley's Grocery Store.] MAY 3.—Her friends here have heard with regret of the death of Rev. Sister St. Philip, of the Congregation de Notre Dame, Montreal, which occurred on the 2nd inst.

BRUNSWICK.

MAY 2.—Miss Elsie Armstrong, daughter of Editor Armstrong, celebrated her sixth birthday on Saturday last by inviting a number of her little friends to take tea with her.

WOLFVILLE.

MAY 2.—Rumor says that Maurice Belliveau is going to move to the United States.

SUMMER WOOL DRESS GOODS.

Our stock of SUMMER DRESS MATERIALS is now thoroughly assorted with all the newest and most FASHIONABLE FABRICS for Summer wear.

We feel convinced that Ladies thinking of purchasing a Dress will find it to their advantage to examine our stock before making their selections.

S. C. PORTER, 113 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

TRIMMING DEPARTMENT.

This very important department is completely assorted with leading Novelties in BRAIDS, GIMPS, RUCHEINGS and other new and effective Trimmings.

All widths in Black and all the most fashionable Colorings to match the Dress Goods.

113 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

"THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING."



ROY V. SOMMERVILLE, Esq., City.

Dear Sir: As we feel that we are receiving so much benefit from our advertising in "Progress," St. John, N. B., we request that you will have our advertisement inserted every week instead of every other week as per conversation with the writer a few days ago.

Yours truly, Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.

Mr. Herbert Harding who was recently in this city on a sad mission called upon PROGRESS in the course of his short stay and in his chat commented upon the fact that in his seven years experience as the head of the advertising department of that large concern, the Humphrey Homeopathic medicine company PROGRESS was the second paper that he had voluntarily endorsed as being of such value as an advertising medium that the company increased its business with it.

ST. ANDREWS. MAY 2.—Mr. and Mrs. G. Harold Stickney, have returned from their wedding trip, and are being serenaded tonight by the St. Andrews' band, at their residence, Montague street.

GREENWICH. MAY 2.—The death of J. Albert Whelpley, occurred at Keene, N. H., and the remains were brought here, accompanied by the family, on Tuesday last.

PETICODIA. MAY 3.—Mr. E. Robertson of Moncton, is visiting his sister Mrs. H. Humphrey.

BATHURST. [PROGRESS is for sale in Bathurst at McGinley's Grocery Store.] MAY 3.—Her friends here have heard with regret of the death of Rev. Sister St. Philip, of the Congregation de Notre Dame, Montreal, which occurred on the 2nd inst.

BRUNSWICK. MAY 2.—Miss Elsie Armstrong, daughter of Editor Armstrong, celebrated her sixth birthday on Saturday last by inviting a number of her little friends to take tea with her.

WOLFVILLE. MAY 2.—Rumor says that Maurice Belliveau is going to move to the United States.

SKINNER'S CARPET WAREHOUSES.

Look at this Offer! HALF PRICE.

Stock in all Departments Complete. A. O. Skinner.

SHEDIAK. [PROGRESS is for sale in Shediac at A. Stone's store and by R. W. Abernethy.] MAY 2.—Judge Hanington, of Dorchester was the guest of his sister, Miss Hanington, Shediac Cape, for a short time last week.

ST. JOHN, Wednesday Afternoon. DEAR MAUD.— I thank you much, I'm sure, for your most kind advice, and I mean to do it.

WOLFVILLE. MAY 2.—Mr. H. N. Shaw, B. A., who is now principal of the Toronto Conservatory School of Music, and a former graduate, and later a professor of Acadia, gave a recital in college hall on Monday evening last.

EXCHANGE LIBRARY. 70 King St. (Formerly Bjoen's Candy Store).

STEAMER CLIFTON. Monday, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 4 o'clock for Charlottetown, Moncton, Clifton, Recollet Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton and other points on the river.

The Willows. That Popular SUMMER RESORT HOTEL at Red's Point, on the Kennebecasis, will open at the usual time (date will be announced later) fully prepared to accommodate more guests.

Raised from the Dead. Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning. Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family.

STENCIL CUTTING. PATTERNS made to suit any branch of business. Band instruments repaired, "Sign Painting" by SCOTLAND H. DIXON.

NOEL PILGRIM. "PROGRESS" RE... THE WOR...

Introductory of the... The Journey to... Impressions a Canadian Country of Big Ideas.

CHICAGO, April... urging westward from home expects greater with each stage of his nation does not travel arrival in New York the classic completeness Capitol. The further where the magnificent the swarming line of vanquishing point, nations and pleasures.

With a general sense insecurity, and a palpable proximity of pick Manhattan Railroad upon his first line, one of the most of the uninitiated but He gets an idea of the section of States like ware in his two hot "limited" express to Philadelphia. Fair charming Quaker parks, fine streets, people. But a lonely Valley of the winding defile more beautiful in than the passages of fiery pillars of Oil wilder his sleepy eyes looks out eagerly vision. But a lush his features, as he over the landscape he has dreamt of the past day. Let or if he be pious—le sermons or Sam Jo news agent, for the ish him with solace.

West of the great tion the traveller this. Hitherto the have, like the es mellowed and real general things; but and wild nature re and sanctuary.

Of all depressing tricts, that betw Chicago is the most prefer the Dant distorted stumps Mills, or Weld Chuzzlewitz's journe been over the rol of lurid, chasm great withered st stunted mean tre The towns are se bitious "Canuck" Fort Wayne, unles Tallyrand and matters grow w One cannot belie a great city, as the lagoons and deso deny, as a curve misty afternoon s pearly mass, and At first the watch such as one sees satellites, in del from the dull low- stly summer aff But no cloud v regal. A stir of the car, as the having their first exposition, and r their earliest imp feature of archite The "vaunted dom The final stage the curves of th thing to be forgo filth, such slums, avoid the sight of It is not fill w small and unimp after a few minut ington streets, th the strength, and her place of em merce and enterpr tures tower abo everywhere a rot

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For rates of fare and other particulars enquire of C. P. R. Ticket Agencies, D. McNeill, C. E. McPherson, Gen'l Pass' Ag't, Ass't Gen'l Pass' Ag't, Montreal, St. John, N. B.

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### IRISH COUNTRY FAIRS.

SIGHTS IN THE MARKET TOWNS OF THE EMERALD ISLE.

Favorite Place of Resort for the Peasantry—Where Chaff and Gossip Abound—The Heated Arguments That Arise in the Course of Ordinary Examining.

LONDON, April 25.—The Irish fair, whether held at the little village in Donegal or Kerry, or attended by thousands, as at Ballinasloe, Athlone, Cork, Belfast or Dublin, is an affair for the display and sale of animals only—horses, cattle, asses, pigs, sheep, goats, and occasionally poultry. Perhaps 60 Irish towns and cities hold from one to four fairs each year. Some are for the sale of one class of animals only; of hogs as at Limerick or Athlone; of cattle as at Ballinasloe; of horses, as at probably the greatest horse-fair in the world, that of Dublin, or as at Cusendun, for the exclusive sale of the noted Cusendun ponies, bred on the heathery mountains of Antrim overlooking the weird and stormy Irish Sea. But at most of the Irish fairs all animals bred in Ireland are exposed for sale; at many others farm products may be found; while the great butter fairs of Cork would almost give one the notion that half the world's butter is made in the sunny vales of Ireland's South.

The market-day, on the other hand, is a universal and interminable affair. Hardly a day passes in my nearly a year's wandering in Ireland when I did not come upon some town or village where the fair or the market was in full progress. Ireland boasts of 266 market towns where market-days are held from one to three times every week in the year. All this is picturesque and interesting to the traveller; but my observation leads me to believe that there is vastly too much market, of the sort, and vastly too little market, of any sort, in Ireland. Whatever trifle the tenant-family may have for disposal on market of fair day, the entire family accompanies it. The old mountaineer but of a cart is got out and sparingly greased the night before; the ragged donkey or rilly kept horse, is given an extra portion of food and additional combing and scraping, that his old bones may gain new luster; and long before day-break, from mountain boreen and mist-hidden valley-chattering groups begin moving towards the village.

"The children dear" are stowed away alongside the pigs, ducks, chickens or vegetables, for the common excitement has kept them awake all night, and now over the stoniest of Irish roads they are "slapin' rings around their swate selves;" the youths may be trudging hopefully alongside; but the "old woman" and "old man" are ever found lovingly humped together upon the only seat the cart affords, often agreeably exchanging puffs from the same comfortable pipe.

Every manner of cart drawn by every manner of animal, but chiefly by rebellious donkeys, and all piled with every manner of Irish produce and humans, clatter and rattles through the misty morning—carts with sheep bleating piteously, with geese craning their necks in viciously-biased interrogation; with goats and kids lamenting in pathetic altos and trebles; with pigs springing on all-fours from side to side while snorting violent protest and surprise; and you will notice as you must all over Ireland, that the Irish pig boasts a pink in color that vies with the most radiant flush of the rarest sea-shell.

All along the way are old men, humped and severe, admitting and protesting in ethics and politics with other old men who argue, in the blandest and most convincing tones. There are maidens, too, straight as a Crough Patrick fir, glancing with those entrancing Irish eyes, smiling with those ruby Irish lips, and setting the lads wild with that most delicious of all rhodomontades, the lovable blarney of the musical Irish tongue; while the great packages of yarn they carry without effort would break an American woman's back completely. Not far from them ever, are the old, old women with braided-covered baskets on their backs.

These contain a few cones of butter, a brace of fowls, may be a dozen or two of eggs, or any other product of the holding, or their labor that may "bring a few pence the day;" but old or young, they are knitting away vigorously in time to step and gossip; and all still, old or young, with their shoes slung across their shoulders, or hidden in the baskets; for they are saving them until the edge of the village is reached, where a brush from a wisp of dewy grass will make them shine from their late greasing, and their owners will walk proudly into the fair, with their shapely feet hidden from the gaze of men in brogues that

Will harm an insulter,  
Or bate a deal table,  
With macierlin' power  
Will the owners war able!

It is catch-as-catch-can at an Irish market, or fair. The first upon the ground is held served as to location. At the village market there is no attempt at system or arrangement; and the market-place itself is never a covered structure, but simply a large walled enclosure along the principal street, with gates like a castle, with walls of enormous height and thickness as though attacks from battering rams were apprehended, and usually it is surrounded, at least on three sides, by the quaintest structures, village homes, inns, groggeries and shops, furnishing as picturesque scenes as the excited groups within the enclosure.

From the market gates there extend in every direction temporary avenues formed by carts ranged side by side with their backs to the way, and the constant crowds, coming

and going with the large numbers belonging to each cart, all engaged in heated arguments over values, make much good-natured squeezing and pushing a matter of necessity. There are seldom inner enclosures. Cattle are herded against the walls at one point; asses at another; pigs on foot, kept gently moving in circles by the skilful use of their drivers long ash coats and sheep, both extraordinarily combative by the enforced association at still another; while all manner of lollipop sellers and brave-voiced market-amusement purveyors are huddled together in any extra space that may be found.

For the first hour or two of the morning the sale of the small truck, such as butter, eggs, poultry and vegetables proceeds merrily enough; but the attitude of buyer and seller of whole cartloads of potatoes and of all animals, is amusing indeed. Brevities of buyers for the Dublin and London markets, men of gigantic stature, with folded arms, and great coats hanging over top-boots to their heels, each carrying a whip of tremendous length, will saunter in, take a hasty run about the place, shrugging their shoulders as if nothing worth their attention had been seen, and finally hastily depart. The while the Irish yeoman, with his worn and nose in air expressive of indifference in ludicrous attempts to appear unconscious of their presence.

These double pretenses may proceed until noon with now and then a bargain struck on the sly; but the entire populace at the market are on the alert for the seductive wiles of the buyer, and to protect each other valiantly from being carried away for fleecing singly to the nit-ing groggeries near. This metaphorical throwing of dust in each others' eyes is carried on during the Belfast fair days, on the first Wednesday of each month, with greater finesse and contempt between buyer and seller, than I have seen in any other portion of Ireland. This is particularly true between the factors, or flax-buyers from the mills and the hard-headed peasantry in charge of their cartloads of flax.

Scores of factors will make their appearance; surround the carts; handle the silken "stone" bundles as though it were a pity to bring such stuff to the attention of men whose time was valuable; and condescendingly clap a counterfeit price and order for payment on their respective horsemen in the seller's hands, as if a disagreeable charity has been performed; whereupon the sellers toss them back disdainfully or light their pipes with them in fine scorn. Then the factors disappear. But that is not the last of them. One by one or two little groups they return. These stubborn peop, who are somehow saved from their fatal ignorance. Then follow protestation and rejoinder, blarney and blackguarding, as silvery and fine as ever human ears overheard. It is of no avail. Away they all go again. "The byes" calmly resume their pipes and their "gathering" with the women and young. The next assault by these sleek and ruddy Belfast factors, who are undoubtedly the canniest buyers in the world, is on the confidential line. It is getting late in the day. They come in droves. With military precision the sellers are herded in squads. Palaver, concession, and free and deliberate (for prices, plans and division are already unyieldingly agreed upon) effect purchases with marvelous rapidity, and in half an hour the entire great market is completely cleared of flax—the same old games having been played in precisely the same manner for the past hundred years.

In the average village market along towards noon buying is likely to begin in what would seem to a stranger as an alarming riot. The big traders will make an onslaught upon a willing subject. "Bravely he apparently resists their efforts to bully or deceive him. It is by main strength he is taken from among his friends they rally and set upon the traders and rescue him. Some rough tussling may follow, but nobody is alarmed at this. It is a way they have of impinging upon formality. The ice once broken, buying begins in earnest, and higher and higher rise shrill voices, often aided in pitch and intensity by John Barrycorn, who is ever the real master of ceremonies here, until one would think murder must follow the excited dickerings. Buyers thrash the air with their whips, and pour fearful objurgations on the poor animals and their owners, while the latter, aided by their sly wives, pay back the sellers blackguarding with rich interest. The "luck-penny," which goes with each single beast or group of animals sold is shrieked over as though it was the value of all the market holds. Babel has begun. The lesser sellers crowd around and "raise their voices" audaciously. Every person has drunk enough to be interested in every other person's affairs.

Sales are now rapidly made, "dirtying the bastes" sold, or rubbing mud on their haunches so to distinguish them, and driving them from the grounds creates constant commotion; cartloads of pigs are dumped, amid drabing porkers' shrieks, from the farmers' carts into carts of the buyers, whose donkeys are pounded and rushed through the crowds vociferously; an escaping hog drives through the forest of legs madly, often giving old ladies and young enforced aerial experiences amid shouts of laughter; the burly gurdies blare; candy-sellers roar; pipers add to the universal din; the young people crowd the dancing spaces and beat the turf or improvised floors amid whoops and yells.

The entire place until the evening comes is a wild conglomeration of commotion, courtship, laughter, yelling and rule but good-natured enjoyment, which for unrestrained heartiness and unqualified decency is something delicious and wonderful to behold. Irish literature is full of the Irish shleplegh and broken heads. It is untrue of these people as I have seen them, for at over 150 fairs and market-days I have visited. I never yet saw a human being harmed save by whiskey; and that is the "heartsome stroke" no true-born son of Erin ever feared.

EDGAR L. WAREMAN.

An Orchestra of Ladies.  
Somebody has said it and so it has got into the papers. It is this that nothing but an iron-bound custom ordains that an orchestra must be exclusively composed of men. Meanwhile, the fair sex may take comfort in the fact that they have a powerful champion in the Duchess of Albany, who has promised to be present at the concert to be given at St. James' hall on May 12, by the orchestra of ladies conducted by the Rev. E. H. Moberly.

### SQUIRE TAPLEY SPEAKS.

THE EX-POLICE MAGISTRATE OF OLD PORTLAND CITY.

Gives Evidence in an Important Matter Now Before the Public.

There is no more familiar figure in St. John than ex-Police Magistrate Tapley, who for so many years presided over the court of the old city of Portland. Squire Tapley, as he is familiarly styled by everybody, has been very ill, and in fact says himself that he had at one time not much hope of regaining his health. But today he is well again and able to attend to the duties of his office without fatigue or exhaustion. It has been stated that this remarkable change, which has been noticed and commented on by all the friends and acquaintances of Squire Tapley, was due to the use of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills.

On Wednesday last Manager Russell of the Hawker Medicine Co. invited a Sun reporter to join him in a call on Squire Tapley to learn if his treatment were true. They were heartily greeted by the venerable magistrate, and he spoke freely regarding his cure. It was absolutely true, he said, and the case could not be put too strongly, that Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills, from a state so serious that it had caused both himself and his friends the greatest anxiety. Loss of appetite, weakness, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, and a general breaking down and decay of vital powers were, in brief, the symptoms; but they had all vanished under the influence of these wonderful restorative remedies. He began to take Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills about two months ago. Within a week after beginning their use, he was frequently stopped on the street and asked the secret of the marvellous change in his manner and appearance. To all such enquiries he had but one answer: Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills had wrought the miracle. That was two months ago, and after having used about eight bottles of tonic and two boxes of pills, at a cost of only \$1.50, Squire Tapley declares himself a new man. His appetite returned, his sleep is restful and refreshing and he feels thoroughly renewed and invigorated in every respect.

"You may use these statements freely," said Squire Tapley to Manager Russell. "I feel that I ought to recommend Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills; and I am doing it every day. Many of my friends are using them on my recommendation. In fact I consider these remedies the best in the world."

Fellow sufferers, here is encouragement for you. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is a perfect nerve restorer and invigorator, and blood and flesh builder, as well as a valuable stomach tonic and aid to digestion. It is a certain cure when faithfully used for all diseases arising from nerve exhaustion, weakened or impaired digestion, or an impoverished or impure state of the blood, such as nervousness, weakness, nervous headache, sleeplessness, neuralgia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus Dance, loss of memory, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, hysteria, and the prostrating effects of la grippe or any nerve weakness of heart or brain arising from worry, overstrain of mind or body, or excess of any nature.

Hawker's tonic is especially adapted to the diseases peculiar to women, giving tone to the nerves, vigor to the mind and body, and restoring the bloom of health to the pale and delicate.

The remedies can be obtained of all druggists and dealers, or direct from the Hawker Medicine Co., St. John, N. B. Postpaid to any address on receipt of price as follows: Tonic, 50c. per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$2.50; pills, 25c. per box.

### IN ARTFUL VIZIER.

He Sent the Court Physician as a Proxy to be Kicked.

In the year 1829, when the Russians had taken Varna, nobody would venture to break the news to the Sultan, Mahmoud. The Vizier Khosru (at that time Seraskier and general in the army) was to have undertaken this duty as belittling the dignity of his rank.

But on meeting the Sultan he detected signs of a coming storm, and feeling that the moment was unpropitious, he confined his remarks to subjects of trivial importance and took his leave.

On coming away he met Abdullah Effendi, physician to the court, who inquired in what mood he had left the Sultan. "I am thankful to say," Khosru promptly replied, "he has taken it better than I expected."

As soon as the doctor entered the audience chamber he said, with an air and in a tone of sympathy—

"Sure, the Almighty does all things well, and we shall have to submit."

"What has happened?" said Mahmoud, rather surprised.

"For the sake of a hair plucked from the lion's mane there is small need to shout victory."

"What do you mean? Explain yourself," the Sultan here broke in impatiently.

"It was written—"  
"Speak, I tell you!" shouted Mahmoud, with a terrible voice.  
"Sir, notwithstanding the unbelievers have taken Varna—"  
"Varna taken!" howled the Sultan; "Varna taken!" and with a kick he sent Abdullah spinning on the ground.

The artful Vizier afterwards laughed at the success of his ruse.

Why Americans Have Corns.  
"Corns are bad," said the philosophic boot-black. "You seem to hurt you more than I do. Over ninety per cent of the men who come to get a shine have corns. How do I know it? How do I know you have a corn? By finding it out of course. Gently! All right, I won't hurt you, gov'nor. As I was saying ninety out of a hundred have corns. People say it's tight boots, but I don't believe it. Those who have the worst corns wear boots that are too large for them. What gives them corns, then? Well, I'll tell you. It is wearing boots all day long.

Somebody has said it and so it has got into the papers. It is this that nothing but an iron-bound custom ordains that an orchestra must be exclusively composed of men. Meanwhile, the fair sex may take comfort in the fact that they have a powerful champion in the Duchess of Albany, who has promised to be present at the concert to be given at St. James' hall on May 12, by the orchestra of ladies conducted by the Rev. E. H. Moberly.

go home about five o'clock in the evening the first thing they do is to put on their slippers. The result is that the feet are always cool, the pressure never constant, and no muscle tried beyond its power. Far otherwise the American. He goes down to work at eight o'clock in the morning, and is hurrying and scurrying in the same boots until six o'clock. Then he hurries home to dinner, hurries through dinner and still wearing the same boots, goes to his lodge or elsewhere and returns at midnight, his feet having been cramped up for fourteen hours out of the twenty-four in the one pair of boots. The result is corns and bunions."

### THINGS OF VALUE.

As the world grows brighter and better, one-half of it is doing all in its power to find out how the other half lives, and to try to teach it to live right.

"Line upon line, and precept upon precept." We repeat what we have said before, that Putner's Emulsion is invaluable for Coughs, Weak Lungs and General Debility.

The times when a policy of dignified silence would unquestionably do a man the best service are, the very times when a dignified silence is particularly hard to keep.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure diphtheria. French Village, JOHN T. BOUTILLIER.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure croup. Cape Island, J. F. CUNNINGHAM.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth. Norway, Me. JOSEPH A. SNOW.

It is not our amiable qualities we most highly prize. The peacock is prouder of his rasping voice than of his beautiful tail-feathers.

Professor—Microscopical investigations lead us to believe that there are colors too delicate to be discerned by the human eye—invisible colors, we may call them. Student—I know the name of one of them sir. Professor—Indeed! What is it? Student—Blind man's buff!

# Horsford's

ACID PHOSPHATE.

An agreeable preparation of the phosphates, for Indigestion, Nervousness, Mental and Physical Exhaustion. Recommended and prescribed by Physicians of all schools.

Trial bottle mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Ramford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

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It's the usual way on wash day—a big fire—a house full of steam—the heavy lifting—the hard work.



### TEAKETTLE

of HOT WATER and

### SURPRISE SOAP

used according to the directions on the wrapper does away with all this muss and confusion. The clothes are sweeter, whiter and cleaner than when washed the ordinary way.

Thousands use Surprise Soap this way, with perfect satisfaction. Why don't you?

### SURPRISE

is good for all uses. Every cake is stamped Surprise.

Unlike the ghost in Hamlet, this is no gruesome narrative, but a few plain facts that appear to live folks. Does the question of dress interest you? Of course it does, and new clothes are rather expensive luxuries. That old suit of yours is rather badly faded, but otherwise it is all right. Why not send it to UNGAR'S? He makes the OLD NEW. Overcoats, Suits, Dresses and Clothing of every description will give satisfaction if dyed or cleaned at UNGAR'S.

# "I Would

# A Tale

# Unfold!"

One Trial Convinces.

# BE SURE

and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 68. Or Halifax: 60 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at

# UNCAR'S.

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# ALWAYS INSURE

# PHENIX

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Statement January 1st. 1891.	
Cash Capital	\$2,000,000.00
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Reserve for Re-Insurance	1,812,903.88
NET SURPLUS	\$1,812,903.88
TOTAL ASSETS	\$5,624,814.73
D. W. C. SKILLTON, President.	
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SUNDAY READING

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

The Majestic Presence of the Deity is With Us at All Times.

Reacting against tape-measure theology, reacting against irreverent endeavour to fathom and measure the infinite and the Eternal, there has grown up the spirit of agnosticism, the philosophy that says, God cannot be known.

But though a great unknown and infinite energy may fill us with awe, it cannot awaken in us reverence. I will not worship power: I will only worship holiness.

So, by a natural and an inevitable reaction against the philosophy that says to us we can know nothing about this infinite and eternal energy which all things proceed, there springs up another philosophy that declares to us, we must have something to worship; we cannot worship an infinite and eternal energy; go to, let us worship man.

There they stand, these two pagan conceptions of the infinite. On the one hand, a great, infinite and eternal energy, without love, without conscience, without any moral quality; on the other hand, man—idealistic man, deified man, man cast up on the clouds of a great imagination, but still man.

Now, over against these two philosophies that, under different guises, really say, "There is no God, come the teaching of the Hebrew poets interpreting the ministry of the clouds. God is 'our Father' which are 'in heaven.' God is not of the earth, earthy. He has not sprung from this globe on which we dwell. He lives above us: comes to us because He comes down to us. He is a transcendent God. We cannot measure Him: cannot understand Him; cannot have a complete and perfect system of theology about Him.

But the clouds have another lesson for us: They are above us, but they are about us. We are apt to conceive of God, because He is in the heavens, as a God afar off. He is "in heaven"—that is, we think, not upon earth. But we mistake. The heavens itself is but a part of the earth, and in all the Hebrew treatment of it, it is treated as belonging to this globe of ours.

BISHOP CROWTHER'S CAREER.

The Story of a Life Which Abounded in Strange Experiences.

Captain Mockler-Ferryman, in his recent volume, "Up the Niger," gives a pleasing account of his visit to "the small, clean settlement of the Church Missionary Society, where the Bishop of the Niger, Samuel Adjai Crowther, and his son, the archdeacon, had their headquarters, and were striving hard to civilize the miserable heathens." The worthy bishop's life was full of striking and romantic experiences, some of which are thus recounted by Captain Mockler-Ferryman:

Adjai was a native of the kingdom of Yoruba. At the age of thirteen he was captured and carried away to slavery to the town of Isehun, where he was separated from his mother and became the property of the chief. Shortly afterwards he was bartered for a horse and marched off with a gang to a neighbouring slave-market.

Here to his intense delight and astonishment, he encountered, his mother, and had the satisfaction of living in daily intercourse with her for three months. Then they parted, as both thought, forever. The boy was sold and carried away toward the coast, and, after a varied experience of masters, found himself at work in a store at Lagos.

Then he was by-and-by shipped, with one hundred an eighty fellow-slaves for America; but shortly after the vessel left the coast, two English cruisers captured it and carried off the human cargo, to be freed at Sierra Leone.

Here Adjai was received into the mission school and taught the trade of a carpenter. He showed himself a diligent student, and was baptized in 1825 under the name of Samuel Crowther.

At the age of eighteen he visited England, where he remained almost a year. Then he returned to Sierra Leone, and became first a student and afterwards a teacher in the Fourah Bay College.

In 1841 he went to England again, and after a period of study was ordained by the Bishop of London, and returned to the west coast as missionary. A few years later he accidentally met his mother in the market-place, after a separation of twenty-five years. In his journal he describes the meeting.

"When she saw me she trembled. She could not believe her eyes. We grasped one another, looking at each other with silence and astonishment, big tears rolling down her emaciated cheeks. She trembled as she held me by the hand, and called me by the familiar names by which I well remember I used to be called by my grandmother, who has since died in slavery."

"We could not say much, but sat still, and cast now and then an affectionate look at each other—a look which violence and oppression had long checked, an affection which had been nearly extinguished by the long years of slavery."

In 1864 Mr. Crowther, after such devoted missionary service, was consecrated first bishop of the Niger in Canterbury Cathedral. The University of Oxford about the same time conferred upon him the Degree of Doctor of Divinity. He died at Lagos in December, 1891.

STRANGE BIBLE FACTS

Learned by the Prince of Granada While in Solitary Confinement.

The learned Prince of Granada, heir to the Spanish throne, imprisoned by order of the Crown for fear he should aspire to the throne, was kept in solitary confinement in the old prison at the Palace of Skults, Madrid. After thirty-three years in this living tomb, death came to his release, and the following remarkable researches, taken from the Bible, and marked with an old nail on the rough walls of his cell, told how weary years of confinement had passed.

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There were eighty-four prize winners last year, of whom seventy-two were women. Every year the speaker at the Academy comments on this inequality, and adds, with a sigh of resignation—

"Ah, mesieurs, the women excel us in goodness."

These prizes are usually awarded to women over fifty years of age, and are given in recognition of some deed of self-sacrifice or heroism.

There are remarkable cases of servants devoting themselves to masters who have been overtaken by reverses. In many instances the servants have supported their former employers. There are sons and daughters who have adopted large families of younger brothers and sisters and educated them for useful careers. There are children who have sacrificed every pleasure of life, every ambition, to care for aged or infirm parents. There are records of lives

given to paying the debts of fathers, brothers, husbands. Rarely, it is said, do the prizes make life any easier for those to whom they are given, for in the majority of cases they devote the money to the persons in whom they are interested.

Canadian Church Union. At a recent meeting in St. Matthew's clergy house, Hamilton, Ont., attended by a number of prominent churchmen of that city, Toronto and other towns, the Canadian Church Union was brought into existence, and is probably destined to make itself deeply felt in the Anglican church.

The most important clause in the constitution is the one in which the object of the organization is set forth. This object is:—"To unite communicants of the Anglican Church in Canada for the restoration of the full use of the Book of Common Prayer."

The object of the union as described in the clause quoted above, seems very simple and innocuous. But it means much. It seems that organized effort will be used to restore to the church service all the ritual which was practiced at the time of Cranmer, before the introduction of the Puritan element into the church. It means that the vestments, lights and other ornaments, and all the ornate ceremonial authorized by the prayer book of Edward VI. shall be restored, for the leaders of the movement point out that the prayer-book now in use is far from prohibiting these things, expressly indorses and re-authorizes them. It means that the clergy-men of the church shall strictly observe their religious duties as set forth in the prayer book, one of which duties (and one which is seldom observed) is that they shall perform a public service daily in the church or chapel. It means, in short, that the whole of the prayer book, and not portions of it, shall be taken as a guide to faith and religious duty.

Church of the Madeleine, Paris. The mosaic covering a space of 120 square yards, which MM. Lemerie and Gilbert Martin have been working for over three years in the apse of the Madeleine, is now visible to the congregation. M. Lemerie designed the work, which represents the triumph of the French church, and contains 21 figures, which are executed in tinted glass. There are 2,000,000 small square stones employed in the work, the basis of which is Portland cement seven centimetres deep under a bed of marie, which becomes nearly as hard in drying. The ground is in five tones of gold and yellow. The separate squares forming these tones are placed close to each other. Seen close they seem to be spotty; seen at a distance they seem of one hue, but of a quieter tone than they had been of a uniform shade. The figures represent Christ issuing gloriously from the tomb, with the Marys and Saints Veronica, Martha and Marcella round him, and the bishops and holy men Isidore Maximin, Martial, Julian, Trophimus, and others who implanted Christianity in Gaul.

Mgr. Lasagna, Bishop of Tripoli, has been deputed by the Pope to proceed to South America, virtually, it is said, as an apostolic delegate directly appointed by the Pope.



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AT THE CARNIVAL BALL.

HOW THE PEOPLE OF DUSSELDORF ENJOY THE FESTIVAL.

The Experience of a New Brunswicker Amid the Giddy Crowd—Absurd Scenes in Which Grave Germans Cut Most Ridiculous Figures—Incidents of the Merry Time.

For a great many people the carnival ball is the Alpha and Omega—the very heart of the time. The Dusseldorfers are exceedingly proud of theirs. It is an artistic affair from beginning to the end, and certainly it is very brilliant and beautiful. There are three large halls in the Tonhalle, Ritter saal, Mittel saal and Kaiser saal, and the partitions between these three were removed for that one night, the result being an enormous space which nevertheless was packed. From the gallery one could get the best view, and one's eyes are dazzled by the vivid, sparkling color as with the gorgeous stream flowed past with apparently endless variety. Empire dresses were nobly in the majority this year and very exquisite they were too. Mephistopheles, Faust and Marguerite as well as the characters from Wagner's operas of course obtained much here. Peasant dresses from every country in Europe; a sprinkling of Greek gods and goddesses, together with the dear familiar clown, who proved himself as much of a nuisance here as he ever does, these were the prevailing ideas. An English pensioner was present, every girl of which was dressed as a butterfly; and another group made a bouquet of chrysanthemums. We had the pleasure of being confronted with the German idea of an Englishman, and an enchanting figure it was. A costume of virgin white—trousers turned up at the bottom, a white sun helmet, and yellow, very yellow, whiskers,—that is a son of Albion as others see him. Folly was prevalent in material forms as well as otherwise, and the dominions were numerous and some of them rather pretty.

The ball begins with a tableau arranged by the old artists—the old and young artists form two rival parties here—and very elaborate it generally is. This year the subject was the betrothal of Reubens to his third wife, a subject which gave scope for effective grouping and plenty of color. After the tableau the dancing begins. But that, owing to the crowded state of the rooms, is a pleasure more exciting than comfortable, and the cream of the amusement is in the conversations one holds, with people totally unknown to one, and funny mistakes, misunderstandings, and mystifications one becomes involved in thereby. The formal and usual "Lie" is dropped and the more familiar "Du" used in its stead, and everybody claims acquaintance with everybody else with a cheerful mendacity that is exceedingly popular at this time.

Nevertheless it was impossible to avoid dancing to some extent, and a terrible business it was. German dancing is a bit peculiar, and the woman suffers most from the peculiarity. Very firmly is she grasped, and, as far as actual dancing is concerned, she has little or nothing to do. She is twirled about by her energetic cavalier who evidently regards her as a missile suitable to hurl against every other company in his vicinity. And there were a great many in the vicinity at the carnival ball. One after another they rush on, a relentless succession of breathless twirling creatures, all impressively active, and such a crowd of them. It was only possible to clear a very small space of dancing and the number who disappeared themselves gaily in it was ridiculous out of proportion. Everybody's object seems to be to annihilate everybody else, even if they have to go a little faster than the music in order to accomplish it. I gave up dancing after my foot had been trodden upon by a majestic lady who must have weighed twenty stone, "not pretty, massive!" She was evidently hugely enjoying her indulgence in tripping me, if no light, certainly fantastic too, and her avoirdupois did not make her proud or above the simple primitive savage joy of crushing a fellow creature. After she had crippled me she swept away triumphantly, a mass of purple velvet surmounted by an exultant and expansive smile. She was dressed to represent a pansy. Pansies are for thoughts. I thought very earnestly after she had disappeared.

Nevertheless despite these disadvantages, the Ball is a pleasure to dream of. The people are all so kind and merry. I can never understand why the Germans are so often accused of want of courtesy to strangers. As far as my experience goes they are the essence of all that is polite, attentive and complimentary. The German compliment is very deft. It is given with an air of grave simple sincerity that makes one not "unduly elated" but comfortably complacent—"cheers but not inebriates." For at least one night during the Carnival, everybody goes to one of the hotels. Why? I can hardly say, unless it is to test their own abilities for being ridiculous. After darkness has settled down the ladies and gentlemen who have walked through the streets in eccentric dresses all day, seem to still desire publicity in which to air their hilarity and the quieter folk go to look on and laugh at the others.

An immense room, or rather two immense rooms opening the one into the other and both filled with long tables spread with white cloths, and decked with an imposing array of goblets; a raised platform at one end of the room upon which an energetic band discoursed "music sweet"; a dense

crowd of people seated at the tables or passing in a continuous stream up and down the aisles between them, and above all a forest of peacock feathers mingled with pale blue wreaths of cigar smoke, which rose like incense to the glory of the "Narren" whose praises they were singing occasionally.

It was an absurd scene. The decorous Scotch lady who sat beside me locked on in holy horror, and confided to me her doubts as to whether the people about her were respectable or not.

"It does not seem possible that these are really nice people, does it?" she murmured plaintively in my ear, "and yet I am told they are—the very nicest here. Just think of it. Now we wouldn't do this in England or Scotland; surely you don't do it in America?"

I reassured her on that point, and she rambled on, with the same bewitching incoherence.

"Don't you like these hats made of a single big flower that so many of these girls are wearing—Why don't you wear one?" Dear me, how these people are laughing. Keep close to me, my dear, if you feel frightened. Did you see that impertinent man? Actually tried to thrust a peacock's feather in your face. Brute! Mercy on us, look at those two women!—Turn your face away, my dear, they are wearing short skirts to their knees, and how the men are shouting at them! What a disgraceful thing to allow such creatures in—Oh!"

The exclamation with which she stopped abruptly was caused by the near approach of the two "women." They turned their heads as she spoke and revealed two very good-looking faces, each adorned with a robust moustache.

"Men!" ejaculated Scotland, her decorous soul somewhat soothed. "How absurd. Oh!" in an ecstasy of horror. "Did you see that man with broad hat and long hair! He actually threw his arms about those two girls. How very terrible! Let us all get under the table!"

I pointed out to her as gently as possible that for a whole tableful of people to suddenly disappear beneath the festive board would be a proceeding calculated rather to attract than ward off attention. She seemed to see some force in my remarks, for she allowed me to finish my supper, parry the leather attacks and for a few minutes to observe the scene undisturbed.

A ballet dancer, a little more than six feet high was waltzing gaily down the room the edges of his brief skirts extended delicately by his thumb and fore finger. He scattered the crowd right and left but came to grief against a baby of his own size who being arrayed after the manner of German infants was made a little unyielding by the cushion he carried on his back. Every girl in the room was engaged in a peacock feather duel with all the men within her reach; Zerbe, the dignified leader of the Tonhalle orchestra was playing with a "schweiger-mutter" as they call a certain kind of dancing doll here, and was evidently immensely entertained with it; two clowns were playing leap frog in the very thickest of the crowd, and middle-aged ladies and gentlemen who in private life are as rigidly decorous as the stiffest advocate of propriety could desire, sat now with their hands joined, swaying their bodies from side to side and lifting their voices till they roared above the band, as they sang with a devil-may-care recklessness that gave additional effect to the conviction they expressed that—"So suiss—wie suiss—ist wahre Narren liebe?"

It was a hurly-burly indeed. Pandemonium in very truth, a scene impossible to realize in any other country under the sun. It was likewise exquisite and funny, and most of the onlookers were laughing heartily. My Scotch friend however roused herself from her abstraction and moaned, "What would my dear old Scotch Presbyterian father say if he could see me now?" she inquired. Having no information to give on the subject I wisely held my peace. One of these dreadful men touched my face with one of those outrageous feathers I should—Oh my dear look! there's another of them tormenting your sister! Tell her that if she likes she can come and sit by me. Oh I really can't stand this—I'm going home.

"And go she did, immediately. Oil and water will not mix, and Puritanic Scotch propriety doesn't adapt itself readily to the eccentricities of a German carnival. The incapacity to understand, much less to sympathize with it was born with her. An iceberg would have stood as good a chance of enjoying itself in the tropics, and relief seemed positively to exhale from her as she got nearer the door. The evening was nearly over when a slim little figure clad in the rags of a beggar made its way through the crowd and extended a beseeching palm to everybody.

"I schenk mir was." "Pook!" ejaculated everybody. It was indeed Pook, the jolly little comedian whose appearance on the stage every night is invariably greeted with a roar of laughter, and with whom, through the sheer force of association, one never collects a serious thought. Yet here he couples a serious thought, as few refused him, had already gathered a goodly sum for the relief of some of earth's suffering ones. The frivolity and good nature of the season was the shrewd little man's opportunity.

"So suiss—wie suiss—ist wahre Narren liebe." The ridiculous refrain still sounded in our ears as we made our way home and even then seemed to ring the knell of carnival. When I awoke on the glorious Ash Wednesday morning I was "wahr" near the foot of my bed lying on the table near a broken peacock's feather.

Carnival was over. N. J.

Love is frequently satisfied with quantity; but friendship demands quality.

HER FIRST SWEET-HEART.

SOMETHING THAT A GIRL IS SURE TO REMEMBER.

Early Impressions that are Indelible—They may be Ridiculous to the World but Sacred to Her—A Personal Experience that Illustrates the Fact.

Some standard authorities on the important subjects of love, courtship and marriage assert that a girl should always accept her first offer, since it is certain to be the best one she will ever receive. I have private reasons of a very convincing nature for differing with the authorities mentioned, because my own first offer, which I received at the early age of fourteen, was from an ancient and very tipsy sailor who must have been endowed with an unusual amount of the susceptibility to female attractions, for which the jolly tar has always been noted, since he fell a victim to my budding charms in passing me on the street. He stopped me, politely lifted his cap, rolled up his eyes tragically, placed his dirty old hand on his heart, and proceeded to invite me in impassioned language to share his fortunes. I wasn't flattered in the least. I was too frightened to feel proud, and I ran all the way home under the impression that my suitor was in hot pursuit. It is much more probable that he was lying peacefully on the sidewalk, wrapped in alcoholic dreams, or being tenderly conveyed to the retreat for inebriates known as the "jug"; but I did not stop to reason the matter out, I only thought of arriving at the conclusion, which was just then, the tranquil security of my own home. That little episode occurred some years ago, but I have not yet either forgotten, or forgiven, the shouts of derision with which my explanation of my sudden return was received. As I said before, I was not inclined to put on any airs over my conquest, but the general verdict of my family circle, that "He must have been very drunk indeed" was far from flattering.

I think this little explanation will make it quite plain why I should not consider it exactly fair to Geoffrey if I accepted the popular fallacy about first offers. Probably my experience was unusual, as well as unfortunate, but as it prevents me from discussing the subject with anything like authority, I will pass on, to one with which I am more familiar—the first sweetheart—instead of the first offer.

Who says that children have short memories, and that the impressions made upon a child's mind are like shadows on a wall? I have read it somewhere, but the writer was merely displaying a most woeful ignorance; for if the early impressions of childhood resemble shadows, it must be the indelible shadows which science has enabled us to fix upon the photographer's glass, and which remain intact for years, needing only the sun's touch to call into fresh life the picture they have held so long. And so, I believe that the memory of a girl's first sweetheart is something which never leaves her as long as life lasts, and which, however absurd or ludicrous the episode itself may have seemed to other people, is always sacred to her.

My first sweetheart came to me before I was six years old, and although in the years that have passed since then he has had several successors, no one has ever quite taken his place. I have been a faithful wife to Geoffrey, and, if I do say it myself—a devoted one, but still there is one niche in my heart the door of which has been closed even to him, and the name it bears is George Washington Hopkins, for that was my little sweetheart's name.

Dear "Washie," I can see him plainly now with his broad forehead, smoothly brushed dark hair, and round bright brown eyes. He was nearly seven, and quite a hero in my eyes because he was so neat, his hands were so clean, and his turned down collar so very white. But the most marvellous thing about him was his extraordinary politeness, he was such a thorough little gentleman, that he used to fill me with surprise, accustomed as I was to the horror of having an elder brother. Washie first won my infant heart by his good looks and frequent gifts of candy; but he held it by his more solid attraction. He never pouted me vigorously, as my brother did, neither did he pull my hair or pinch me, so I naturally looked upon him as only a little lower than the angels themselves and surrendered my heart into his keeping without hesitation. He had an elder brother, I remember, whose name was Sam, a gentle, delicate looking, quiet boy, and he also possessed the sweetest mother imaginable, but I cannot recall much about his father; I fancy that even at the early age of five, some feminine instinct must have prompted me to take more interest in my future mother-in-law, who was all important than in the father-in-law, who did not count at all; but of one thing I am certain, Washie and I loved each other dearly, and were always perfectly happy together. We never exchanged rings, or any especial vows, but we did exchange photographs, also marbles, pieces of string, peanuts and taffy, and we stood up for each other as manfully as if we had been husband and wife. If any other little girl slapped me Washie slapped her back again, if possible, and if it was not possible, he threw a piece of mud at her, and soiled her clean "pinnie," while I returned the compliment when another boy struck Washie, by firing the biggest stone I could lift at the assailant, and though I never succeeded in hitting

him, I always felt better afterwards, and nobody was any the worse. Dear old boy! I have his picture still, and I often wonder if he has mine. His, represents a sturdy little lad standing up very straight, and important; arrayed in the long trousers into which the American boy steps, as soon as he sheds his skirts, and an overcoat with a cape, one corner of which is thrown back to permit his fat hand to rest negligently on the back of a chair upon which rests his little "pork pie" hat of light grey felt. I think the photo must have been taken at my very best "beau" days! Washie: confided to me that he had his new rubber boots on, and asked me to notice how "nice and shiny" they looked in the picture.

I look at that little photograph very often, because it always makes me feel so young, and I often wonder, too, whether the little that trotted about so happily and lightly in the new rubber boots, are still treading life's pathways, and if so, whether the road they walk is rough or smooth. It may be that my little sweetheart finished his race on earth very early, without having entered life's struggles at all; and it may be that somewhere in a remote city of Philadelphia, where my infancy was spent, a prosperous man called George Washington Hopkins, with children of his own, and a life filled with the cares and the responsibilities prosperity brings, may live, move and have his being, blissfully unconscious that such a person as myself ever existed—men forget so easily. Wouldn't he laugh, if he could read this, and know how a woman, hundreds of miles away, was sentimentalizing over him? And if he could just see that picture! Well, I think he would wish some women had shorter memories. That was my very best "beau" girl! Now suppose some of you were to tell me about yours? I am sure it would be interesting to compare notes. ASTRA.

"That amateur of beautiful things and dilettante of things delightful," Mr. Oscar Wilde, is once more the centre of admiring attention, and has his caustic remarks widely quoted. When the cook in a certain famous restaurant sent in, to his order, a watercress sandwich, not the slight diaphanous thing he expected, but a stout and wholesome form of food for the hungry, he sent back word. "Tell the cook with my compliments—the compliments of Mr. Oscar Wilde—that when I ask for a sandwich of watercress I do not mean a loaf with a field in the middle of it."

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Ayer's Hair Vigor

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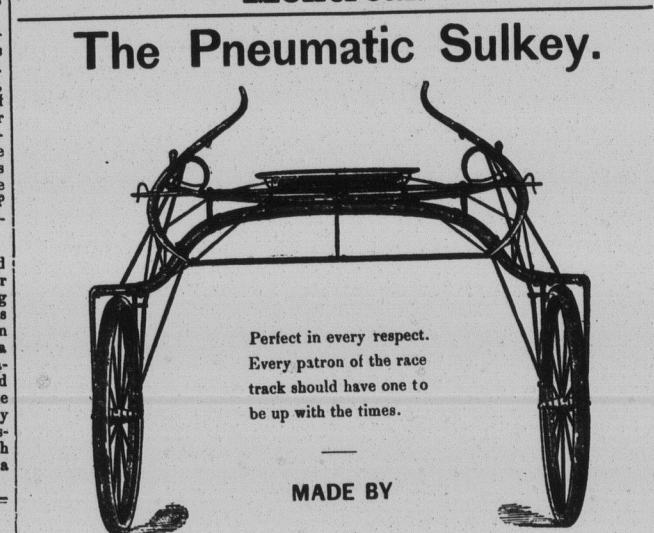
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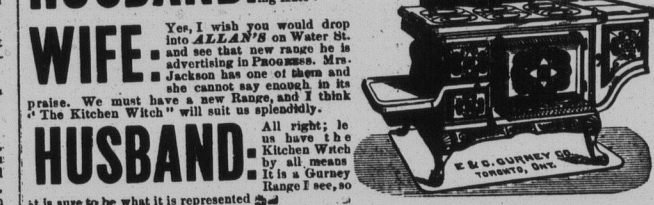
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HUSBAND: Anything you want to do now? WIFE: Yes, I wish you would drop into ZEEB'S on Water St. and see that new range he is advertising in Poodmes. Mrs. Jackson has one of them and she cannot say enough in its praise. We must have a new Range, and I think "The Kitchen Witch" will suit us splendidly. All right: let us have the Kitchen Witch by all means. It is a Gurney Range I see, so it is sure to be what it is represented to be.



THE KITCHEN WITCH.

is a Perfect Beauty. A RANGE that is sure to give SATISFACTION. FOR SALE BY—

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What Ails the Ancient Companies?

This is what ails them: THE FEAR OF CHANGE, which Milton says used to perplex monarchs when they saw a long tailed comet in the sky. THE CHANGE is Haaz; not heralded by a comet but by the New Yost, the perfect writing machine.

Unequaled in

- Principle of Construction, Operation and Alignment, Speed and Noiselessness, Beauty of work and Manifold, Clearness of Letter Press-Copies.

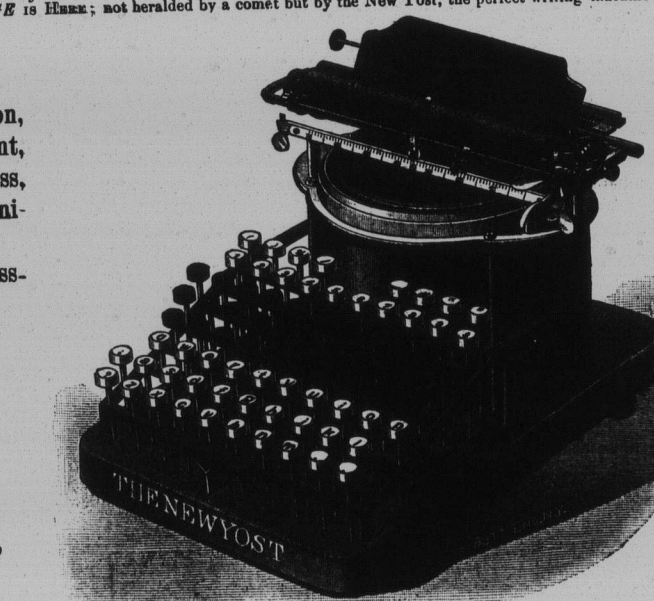
New Features:

- No Ribbon, No Shift Key, No Double Scales, No dirty type to clean, No old-fogy ideas.

The history of the introduction of the Yost has been marvellous since its very inception. Never did a radical new comer so rapidly replace its established rivals. Its long awaited improvements, however, gave it a hearty welcome, and today it follows is world-wide and enthusiastic. Thousands of operators have tried and preferred it, and thousands of others—who lack the courage of their convictions—stick to the old machines from force of habit only—already acknowledge it as THE typewriter. And all of this wonderful success of the past has been won with the early model of the Yost, upon which the NEW YOST is a vast step in advance.

Send for illustrated Catalogue to IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, 134 Prince William St., St. John, or the following Agents:

Messrs. B. Ward Thomas, St. John; J. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; G. W. McKean and John B. Stevens, Moncton; F. B. Carter, Knowles Book Store, Halifax; J. B. Dimas, Chatham; H. S. D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown; P. E. L. C. Spooner, Lunenburg; Dr. W. P. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; G. J. Coleman "Advocate" office of Sydney, C. B.; J. Bryenton, Amherst. Second-hand Remington, Caligraph, and other machines for sale cheap.



Wof

It seems to me few words of "houseclean," might be the time of us. It is a time to with anything I am sure, although as supposed amongst the others who belong to and we are supplied of malicious enjoyment and comfort and general forth. Why we should such a season of turviness? I am but perhaps it is necessary evil, "fiscal and market." It is a terrible and everyone d has become an once the trou cleaning carniv sort of fever se housewife and At least I know claims me for it hard as it is; and cleanliness ordeal is over. So much for point I wish to sisters, in this time any more Take it a little much as possi men folk find a in their daily days when so "elbow greas ber that if you they are, in all hard abroad, a little comfort a good and sud home tired, an the evening suffer, if you not much mor Jack's dinner cold lung of yesterday's with bread a warm tea. R excitement th and putting to during the day work as usual feeling that h same sort of It is hard to Jack is not it is apt to ru his digestion with his "wit repaid a hun to feed him n suffer too mu Incess is fed much better in putting to less time in broiled the st Indeed you be because a m the shape of hanging pictur He is so str hearty plain novelty that One thing in the season and damp, so are not on dangerous a positively m can be put o mud as well then begin, "dons at a t house to pie finish them i the next, re fresh and g Thursday m cess." If pe to help you, you have a keep the ho if nothing u the servant you have no to look after children, an being a fit by the time Here is a soups of w before, and in flavor, an Northern c ranks next the number the almost daring exper Clean, at two large sticks of ce ter the size sugar. Bro or five tab Simmer a q the soup k taste, add lay, a few gather. Po



WOMAN and HER WORK.

It seems to me that at the present time a few words of "advice to those about to houseclean," might not be out of place...

Why we should be supposed to enjoy such a season of hard work and "töpy-turviness" I am sure I don't understand...

It is a terrible piece of work at best, and everyone dreads it for weeks before it has become an actual reality...

So much for the work itself, but the point I wish to impress upon you, my dear sisters, is this, don't make housecleaning time any more of a toil than you can help...

Take it a little easily, save your vitality as much as possible, and above all let your men folk find as little difference as possible...

It is hard to get used to discomfort, and Jack is not so adaptable as Jill, therefore it is apt to ruffle his poor temper...

Indeed you will be the gainer in the end, because a man can do more in one hour in the shape of tacking down carpets...

One thing more! Don't begin too early in the season while the weather is still cold and damp...

Here is another of those delicious Creole soups of which I have given two or three before, and which are certainly unequalled in flavor...

Clean, and cut up fine, four red carrots, two large onions, one turnip, and two sticks of celery...

Another Creole Soup. Clean, and cut up fine, four red carrots, two large onions, one turnip, and two sticks of celery...

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cover, and let simmer gently, at least two hours, as the vegetables must be perfectly soft...

There is the greatest difference in this soup when the carrots are mashed very fine; carrots form a large part of the stock in trade of the genuine French or Creole cook...

Open a can of American peas, drain and lay them in cold water for half an hour. Boil them soft in three pints of hot salted water...

One turnip, one carrot, half an onion, one tablespoonful of chopped cabbage, half a can of tomatoes, half a cup of raw rice, stalk of celery, chopped; three tablespoonfuls of butter...

This is an Italian dish, and a very delicious one. Get half a pound of starchy macaroni, not pipe macaroni, which will not answer at all...

Wash and wipe a large shad, taking care to dry it well, both inside and out. Make a dressing of bread crumbs, a little salt pork chopped very fine, a teaspoonful of butter...

Here are two tempting dishes one for breakfast, and the other for tea. I am quite aware that fish balls are far from being a new dish...

Mince, or pick into fine shreds a cupful of salt codfish, soaked, boiled and cold; mix with it an equal quantity of freshly mashed potatoes and half a cup of drawn butter...

Pick cold boiled halibut or cod into small even flakes; put into a frying pan a cup of boiling water, for each heaping cupful of fish...

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all the books contained in the St. John schools would not neutralize the effect of such an example kept before the children every day...

1—Be, St. John.—A girl of sixteen is too young to trouble her head about the other sex at all, but as our grandmothers often got married at sixteen I suppose we have excellent authority for following their example if we choose...

2.—It is a very common prank for girls to play, and although it is foolish there is no particular harm in it when they are as young as you are...

3.—It must be a very delightful mode of locomotion, and is so common now that no one thinks of making any remark when they meet a girl on her bicycle or tricycle...

4.—You know the shape I mean. They are most becoming and stylish when properly trimmed. You should always use ink in writing to a newspaper office...

5.—With pleasure. The generally accepted pronunciation amongst the best authorities is Vonyer with the accent on the first syllable. I with the accents on the first syllable. I have heard so many different opinions as to the correct pronunciation that I am almost afraid to say, but I heard a good authority pronounce it—as nearly as I can describe it on paper—thus—Low-hine-green...

6.—VERY COSTLY DRESSES. Cloaks and Mantles that Have Cost Most Surprising Amounts. The most expensive materials out of which a lady's dress has been made are pure gold and silver...

7.—WOMEN DOCTORS AND UNDERTAKERS. Russia boasts of over three hundred women doctors and America claims about the same number of women undertakers...

8.—THE COMPLEXION. What a vast number of persons, and more especially with the gentler sex, the state of the skin is a matter of profound importance. With all a clear, pure complexion is desirable as indicating sound health and bright intellect...

9.—A FAVORITE PLANT WITH THE OLD HERBALISTS was saturday, a name which, as the days went by, has fallen back as the days of the Roman Empire it was commonly supposed that the roots of the saturday supplied the satyr with food and prompted them to commit those excesses for which they became proverbial...

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DON'T OVERLOOK

Our Ladies' fine Buttoned Boots with the new Pointed Toes and Patent Lea Tips. Also Plain Toes. Prices \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, and our Blucher Bal Piccadilly Toes at \$5.00.

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WOMAN STUDENTS AT ZURICH.

It is now about fifty years since women students have been admitted to lectures in Zurich University, and though from time to time reports not altogether favorable have been circulated about them...

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Oh, My! How Comfortable! Is the universal remark of all the ladies who wear The Improved All-Featherbone Corsets. When you buy them, see they are stamped under the clasp thus:

COLES & SHARP, Successors to COLES, PARSONS & SHARP.

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"Clover Leaf" Bologna. JOHN HOPKINS.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

A Leech has three jaws, which form a triangle. One-third of the crime in England takes place in London.

The United States has about 1,700 different and distinct railways.

It is a curious fact that there has never been a Duke or Lord of London.

Wine is frequently used instead of water in Spain in mixing shoe blacking.

An average of 26,000 letters are posted without addresses in Great Britain every day.

The roll of paper, as used in the newspaper printing press, is from four to six miles long.

Six millions of dead letters are said to be annually torn up and sold for waste paper in Washington.

In New Zealand one may take 100 pounds of trout in a day with minnow, or 80 pounds with a fly.

The barking of a dog on the earth can be distinctly heard by balloonists at an elevation of four miles.

The earliest library was that of Nebuchadnezzar. Every book was a brick engraved with cuneiform characters.

The present year will have 53 Sundays, instead of the usual 52. Eighteen hundred and ninety-three came in on a Sunday and will go out on a Sunday.

The largest bell in the world is in the Kremlin, Moscow. Its height is 21 feet 4 inches; its circumference 67 feet 4 inches; its weight is estimated at 443,772 hundredweights.

The expression "cool as a cucumber" is found to be scientifically correct. Even when grown in hot-houses the cucumber is some degrees lower in temperature than the surrounding atmosphere.

The Chinese are shown by statistics to be longer lived than any other nation, which fact is attributable to their abstemious habits and their remarkable freedom from phthisis, or pulmonary consumption.

All the sutures for a girl's hand in Borneo are expected to be generous in their presents to her. These presents are never returned. Therefore the wily female defers as long as possible a positive selection of the happy man.

Between 1792 and 1815, 4,500,000 Frenchmen went to battle, and one-half of them were killed or died of wounds and diseases contracted in the field. War has cost France in this century, not far from 6,000,000 lives.

The Osage Indians are said to be the richest community in the world. They are but 670 in number, but they have \$2,000,000 deposited to their credit in the Treasury at Washington, and they own 1,470,000 acres of the best land in Oklahoma.

The late Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, said that catarrh affections were almost unknown among Quakers, because he attended, and he ascribed it to the fact that the Quaker bonnet protects the back of the head and the nape of the neck from cold air.

The advocates of nursing as a profession for women have a serious statement to meet in the figures of Prof. Tyndall, who claims that an ordinary woman of 58 is in every way in better physical condition than a hospital nurse of 25. The sacrifice made by a woman entering the profession is virtually half a life, according to his belief.

One of the rubies in the Imperial Crown of England has a peculiar history. It was presented by Peter the Great to King William in return for the gift of the Royal Transport ship. Peter took the stone, which was in its rough state, and valued at \$10,000, to Windsor castle in his waistcoat pocket, wrapped in a piece of brown paper.

It is difficult to obtain from an elephant's tusk a perfect slice of ivory more than six inches in diameter, as the upper end of the tusk, which is the thickest, is hollow, and the material is coarser than that in the solid part of the tusk. Every part of the tusk is put to use. Even the chips and sawdust are converted into ivory-black by burning.

Year by year China teas are disappearing from the London market, and the best kinds are very difficult to procure. Russia, which has the most cultivated taste for tea of all countries, still prefers China, but in England the popular demand is for Indian teas, which have supplied about half the bulk of the home consumption. Ceylon teas are making extraordinary headway.

According to a German authority, taking the mean of many accounts, a man of fifty years of age has slept 6,000 days, worked 6,500 days, walked 800 days, amused himself 4,000 days, was eating 1,500 days, sick 300 days, etc. He ate 17,000 lb. of bread, 16,000 lb. of meat, 4,600 lb. of vegetables, eggs, and fish; and drank 7,000 gallons of liquid, viz: water, tea, coffee, beer, wine, etc. altogether.

Infancy ceases and adult life begins, so far as legal status is concerned, at the same age for both men and women, viz. on the completion of the twentieth year. Money left by will to infants is not payable to them until they are twenty-one years old, except where the will provides, as it generally does, that in the case of women the property shall pass to them on their marriage, if it occurs before twenty-one.

The oyster at the commencement of its career is so small that 2,000,000 would only occupy a cubic inch. In six months each separate oyster is large enough to cover half a crown, and in twelve months a crown piece. It bears its age upon its back, and it is as easy to tell the age of an oyster by looking at its shell as it is that of horses by looking at their teeth. One or two million oysters are produced from a single parent.

In England, during the last seven years, there have been collected the names of two hundred and sixty-five persons who died or were found living in England at one hundred years of age or over. The list for 1892 comprises forty-five persons, twenty-three women and twenty-two men. It is observed that a majority of these centenarians were inmates of workhouses. A few were aged persons who were dependent on their relatives, and had presumably ceased to take an active interest in the affairs of life. But most of them were residents of charitable institutions, to which they had been consigned to end their days in quietude.

That Pie



I had for dinner the best I ever ate. Thanks to COTTLENE, the new and successful shortening.

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HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache Purifies the Blood Cures Indigestion The Ladies' Friend Cures Dyspepsia For Biliousness Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada.

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SPECIFICS. GROW THIN by using Dr. Ely's Fatness Pills and Binds and Obesity Fruit Salt, it will reduce your weight with... 1-Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations... 2-Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic... 3-Febrile Colic, Crises, Watkines... 4-Diarrhoea, of Children or Adults... 5-Congestive Colic, Dyspepsia... 6-Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache... 7-Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo... 8-Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency... 9-Suppressed or Painful Periods... 10-Whitening... 11-Whooping Cough... 12-Rhinitis... 13-Typhoid Fever... 14-Scarlatina... 15-Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains... 16-Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague... 17-Cataract, Influenza, Cold in the Head... 18-Whooping Cough... 19-Whooping Cough... 20-Whooping Cough... 21-Whooping Cough... 22-Whooping Cough... 23-Whooping Cough... 24-Whooping Cough... 25-Whooping Cough... 26-Whooping Cough... 27-Whooping Cough... 28-Whooping Cough... 29-Whooping Cough... 30-Whooping Cough... 31-Whooping Cough... 32-Whooping Cough... 33-Whooping Cough... 34-Whooping 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HER MAJESTY'S BOOKS.

ABOUT THE COLLECTIONS IN THE ROYAL LIBRARIES.

How They Have Been Acquired and How They Are Selected at the Present Time. The Way in Which They Are Cared For and Arranged.

The chief collection of books in the possession of her Majesty is contained in the Royal Library at Windsor. In the ordinary sense, there is no library at Osborne at all. There is a small collection at Balmoral, and a larger one at Buckingham Palace. The residence of the Royal Librarian is at Windsor Castle, which may be regarded as the distributing centre of the literature used in the royal household.

When, for instance, the Court leaves the Thames for Osborne or the Highlands, a large number of books are looked out and packed in six book boxes of various sizes, together with the photographic albums, diaries, and other precious material for the future historian of the present reign.

The Windsor library now contains more than 80,000 volumes, and the number is increasing day by day. The magnificent collection brought together by the enterprise of George III. was placed at the disposal of the nation by his successor in 1823, and its 65,000 volumes, known collectively as the king's library, are now located in the British Museum.

These volumes, however, were never at Windsor at all. When William IV. came to the throne he found the royal palaces badly in want of a suitable collection of works of reference, and he therefore had the shelves and cabinets of Hampton, Kensington, and Kew ransacked for their forgotten literary treasures. These were accumulated at Windsor, and one of the favorite occupations of the late Prince Consort was the arrangement and completion of this new Royal Library, which may be said to have been founded on the neglected odds and ends of the Georgian literature.

The present Librarian, Colonel Holmes, is a genial, ruddy-faced man, of medium height, with a short grey beard, his general appearance being not dissimilar from that of the editor of Punch. He is a colonel in the Berkshire Volunteers, and is assisted by an under librarian, who for twenty-one years was connected with the British Museum. They are now engaged on the volume of reproductions of some of the luxurious bindings to be found in the royal press.

The gaps in the collection—admittedly large when one bears in mind its indiscriminate origin—were filled up under the personal direction of Prince Albert, who himself arranged the room devoted to the many hundreds of priceless works of fine arts whose preservation he made his peculiar care. In recent years the Queen has necessarily devoted less personal attention to this department, and the duty of adding to the collection in his charge, copies of newly published works is largely left to the discretion of Colonel Holmes.

The law which requires a copy of every new publication to be placed at the disposal of certain public libraries does not apply to the royal collection, and a considerable number of the additional copies of year by year of the newspapers, however, will know that copies of many new works are presented to the Queen, comprising those which by permission are dedicated to her Majesty, those whose authors are anxious to secure the advantage of a royal acknowledgment, and those which are produced by her Majesty's servants. In this last category are included not only certain descriptions of State papers, but also such publications as the works of the late Lord Tennyson, of which there is a fine presentation copy.

It is no part of the ordinary duty of the Royal Librarian to attend book sales, in the sense in which this duty pertains to the authorities of the British Museum. In other words, the Royal Librarian is not designed to be an omnium gatherum of curious works of all ages—of first editions, special copies, and the other objects of the book-lover's interest. Yet there are in the collection some of the most precious rarities to be found in any collection in the world, among them being a copy of the Mainz Psalter, one of the only two perfect copies in existence.

The rooms devoted to these purposes were formerly in the personal occupation of the female sovereigns. One of them was Queen Anne's bedroom, and others were used by Queen Elizabeth. That containing a fireplace dated 1583 was doubtless as frequently used by that august monarch as the room by the royal grandchildren, who never tire of exploring its exquisite treasures of art. In their original state the ceilings were absurdly low, but they were considerably raised by Prince Albert, until now they present an aspect of great beauty, which is enhanced by the marvellous perfection of the panorama visible from their millioned windows, embracing as it does the whole northern slope of Bucks and Middlesex as far as Harrow and beyond. The walls are protected against fire by means of a skin of fibrous slab.

The first room contains a good collection of immense atlases and hanging maps, besides a large globe and an orrery. In the others, spaces are allotted to subjects such as heraldry, and the like. The library is at the disposal of the royal household and of her Majesty's visitors. On Sunday evening there is usually a great demand for books from all parts of the palace, and it is the duty of the librarians to convey them to the apartments of the would-be readers. The number of books "out" will thus often be a score or two. It should be observed that only what may be called the serious classics are procurable from these shelves, which are kept under the control of their guardians by means of a MS. slip catalogue. It is customary, however, for the maids of honor, the ladies-in-waiting, and other temporary residents, to bring a supply of lighter literature, with them in their trunks, and considerable contingents of such works are despatched from circulating libraries for their use.

The library itself is available as a lounge, and its cosy red morocco armchairs and occasional tables are certainly inviting. At night artificial light is obtained from colza lamps, the electric installation which has been set up in the grand corridor, the kitchen, and some other parts not having yet been extended to this region.

AN ESSEX CO. MIRACLE.

THE JOYOUS RESULT OF TAKING TIMELY ADVICE.

The Story of Mr. Wm. Prendergast's Suffering and Restoration—Given up by Doctors and Believed to be Dying, He Finally Recovers Perfect Health.

(From the Comber Herald.) Mr. Wm. Prendergast, of the township of Rochester, a former resident of this village, is known to almost all in this section, and is warmly esteemed by all his acquaintances. It is well known that Mr. Prendergast went through a terrible siege of suffering, and that few of his friends had any hope of his recovery.

Mr. Prendergast's trouble was chronic enteritis (intestinal inflammation), and what he suffered at times can scarcely be described. Hundreds of dollars were spent in medical treatment, but without avail. Sedatives, stimulants, tonics and external applications, etc., were successively tried with little or no result. Brief temporary relief might ensue; it was always very brief, when the dread torment returned to smite him with fresh agony. In this condition Mr. Prendergast continued until last summer, when the physician frankly told him that his case was incurable. The news came as a terrible shock to his wife and children. Long before this, after a manly struggle, he had been forced to give up work on his farm, but there had always been hopes of his recovery to buoy up his family and friends. But the state that his case was considered incurable was like a stroke of impending doom, and his friends constantly dreaded to hear that he was no more.

Such was the condition of affairs at the close of last summer and a little later it was understood that Mr. Prendergast was getting better, and on the way to recovery. Lately one of his friends, while in the Herald's sanctum remarked, "Prendergast is on his feet again, and as sound as a bell." Inquiry naturally followed as to what had produced this remarkable result, and we were informed that his recovery was solely due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The Herald had published the particulars of many remarkable cures by the use of this remedy, and while not in any means sceptical, felt a strong desire to verify a case in our locality, and accordingly drove to Mr. Prendergast's.

On reaching the house it was ascertained that Mr. Prendergast was some distance away in the field mending a fence. Thither the scribe wended an invitation to come back to the house to dinner. After dinner we urged him to tell about the remarkable change that had taken place in his condition. At first he was inclined to put us off, saying that he had thought of the old days of agony and misery. However, at last he told us all he had undergone, his story bearing out what has been said concerning his condition.

After the doctors had given him up, his wife, hoping against hope, had urged him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He scouted the idea at first, saying that these things were all humbugs. At last, more to please his wife than anything else, he sent to Comber for some of the Pink Pills. He had not taken them many days when he found that they were giving him relief. The pain lessened, his appetite began to return, and so day by day he began to feel himself growing daily stronger. He felt that he could walk through the fields without the fear of being stricken down by a sudden pain. Later he resumed his farm and found to his surprise that he could do so day after day without fatigue. In a word that he had completely recovered. He had taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the outset without hope of benefit, and merely to please his wife; now he finds them a life boat and an ark of safety.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brookline, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine, but rather a prescription. An analysis of their properties shows that 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, partial paralysis, neuritis, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of grippe, palpitation of the heart, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vital humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. As a remedy for building up the blood, ensuring the system to successfully resist disease, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stands far in advance of any other remedy known to medical science. Pink Pills are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, giving a purer, healthy glow to pale or sallow complexions. In the case of children they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink). 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 in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against other so-called blood builders and nerve-tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or directed by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Royal Simplicity. Everywhere in her travels the Princess of Wales excites the wonder and admiration of the people on account of her youthfulness in figure and face. Not infrequently the slender woman in the simple black skirt just clearing the ground, the jaunty duster and blouse, and sailor hat, the Princess had come from Canada, and I remarked that it must have had a weary journey, as there was only room for it to stand up.

"Not at all," I was told. "These deer lie down on the ground they stand on, and don't require any more."

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(From the Comber Herald.) Mr. Wm. Prendergast, of the township of Rochester, a former resident of this village, is known to almost all in this section, and is warmly esteemed by all his acquaintances. It is well known that Mr. Prendergast went through a terrible siege of suffering, and that few of his friends had any hope of his recovery.

Mr. Prendergast's trouble was chronic enteritis (intestinal inflammation), and what he suffered at times can scarcely be described. Hundreds of dollars were spent in medical treatment, but without avail. Sedatives, stimulants, tonics and external applications, etc., were successively tried with little or no result. Brief temporary relief might ensue; it was always very brief, when the dread torment returned to smite him with fresh agony. In this condition Mr. Prendergast continued until last summer, when the physician frankly told him that his case was incurable. The news came as a terrible shock to his wife and children. Long before this, after a manly struggle, he had been forced to give up work on his farm, but there had always been hopes of his recovery to buoy up his family and friends. But the state that his case was considered incurable was like a stroke of impending doom, and his friends constantly dreaded to hear that he was no more.

Such was the condition of affairs at the close of last summer and a little later it was understood that Mr. Prendergast was getting better, and on the way to recovery. Lately one of his friends, while in the Herald's sanctum remarked, "Prendergast is on his feet again, and as sound as a bell." Inquiry naturally followed as to what had produced this remarkable result, and we were informed that his recovery was solely due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The Herald had published the particulars of many remarkable cures by the use of this remedy, and while not in any means sceptical, felt a strong desire to verify a case in our locality, and accordingly drove to Mr. Prendergast's.

On reaching the house it was ascertained that Mr. Prendergast was some distance away in the field mending a fence. Thither the scribe wended an invitation to come back to the house to dinner. After dinner we urged him to tell about the remarkable change that had taken place in his condition. At first he was inclined to put us off, saying that he had thought of the old days of agony and misery. However, at last he told us all he had undergone, his story bearing out what has been said concerning his condition.

After the doctors had given him up, his wife, hoping against hope, had urged him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He scouted the idea at first, saying that these things were all humbugs. At last, more to please his wife than anything else, he sent to Comber for some of the Pink Pills. He had not taken them many days when he found that they were giving him relief. The pain lessened, his appetite began to return, and so day by day he began to feel himself growing daily stronger. He felt that he could walk through the fields without the fear of being stricken down by a sudden pain. Later he resumed his farm and found to his surprise that he could do so day after day without fatigue. In a word that he had completely recovered. He had taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the outset without hope of benefit, and merely to please his wife; now he finds them a life boat and an ark of safety.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brookline, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine, but rather a prescription. An analysis of their properties shows that 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, partial paralysis, neuritis, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of grippe, palpitation of the heart, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vital humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. As a remedy for building up the blood, ensuring the system to successfully resist disease, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stands far in advance of any other remedy known to medical science. Pink Pills are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, giving a purer, healthy glow to pale or sallow complexions. In the case of children they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink). 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 in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against other so-called blood builders and nerve-tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or directed by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Royal Simplicity. Everywhere in her travels the Princess of Wales excites the wonder and admiration of the people on account of her youthfulness in figure and face. Not infrequently the slender woman in the simple black skirt just clearing the ground, the jaunty duster and blouse, and sailor hat, the Princess had come from Canada, and I remarked that it must have had a weary journey, as there was only room for it to stand up.

"Not at all," I was told. "These deer lie down on the ground they stand on, and don't require any more."

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The fame of PROGRESS is spreading and five are sold now and \$3.95 still year and its g

Webster Dictionaries was sold at first where PROGRESS for one

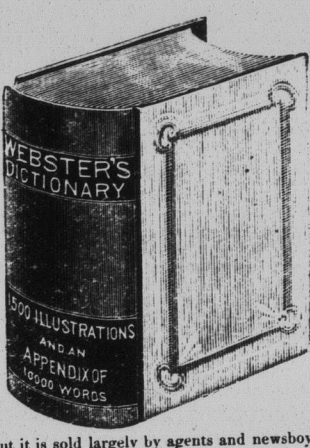
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PROGRESS has now a circulation much larger than any other Maritime Province paper, but it is sold largely by agents and newsboys. Subscribers are wanted also, and genuine bargains are offered as inducements.



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The paper for the multitude. Don't forget the price.



The book for the Home, the School and the Office. E. S. CARTER, Publisher "Progress," St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion, featuring a fisherman carrying a large cod fish on his back. Text includes 'SCOTT'S EMULSION' and 'Scott & Bowne, Belleville'.

Advertisement for Shiloh's Cure, with the text 'SHILOH'S CURE' and 'For Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, etc.'.

Advertisement for Sun Insurance, featuring a sun icon and the text 'SUN INSURANCE'.

Advertisement for Cornwall, with the text 'CORNWALL' and 'For Maritime Provinces'.

Advertisement for Wines, with the text 'WINE' and 'WINE'.

Advertisement for Remembrance, with the text 'Remembering!' and 'J. HAY'.

Advertisement for J. Hay, with the text 'J. HAY' and 'Jewelry, American Watches'.

Advertisement for Bedding, with the text 'BEDDING' and 'Beds'.

Advertisement for Bright, with the text 'BRIGHT' and 'Bright'.

Advertisement for Royal, with the text 'ROYAL' and 'Royal'.

Advertisement for Dating, with the text 'DATING' and 'Dating'.

Advertisement for Dating, with the text 'DATING' and 'Dating'.

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Advertisement for Dating, with the text 'DATING' and 'Dating'.

Advertisement for Progress Engraving Bureau, with the text 'PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU' and 'MASONRY BUILDING'.

Advertisement for Beecham's Pills, with the text 'BEECHAM'S PILLS' and 'WORTH A GUINOA A BOX'.

Advertisement for Taylor's Fire & Burglar Safes, with the text 'TAYLOR'S FIRE & BURGLAR SAFES' and 'ESTABLISHED 1855'.

Advertisement for Segee's Ointment, with the text 'SEGEE'S OINTMENT' and 'IS A CERTAIN CURE FOR'.

Advertisement for Sharps Balm, with the text 'SHARPS BALM' and 'FOR RHEUMATISM AND ANISEED'.

Advertisement for Pelee Wines, with the text 'PELEE WINES' and 'are best in the Market'.

Advertisement for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, with the text 'MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP' and 'FOR FIFTY YEARS!'.

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THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

The winter of 1788 was a terrible one. There was always blowing a wind as bleak and cruel as the spirit of Revolution itself.

The winter following Francois' admission to the convent, Jeanne spent the cold months in Toulouse. Every Sunday she assisted at the High Mass at the Jacobin chapel.

In these ceremonies Francois filled the role of acolyte, carrying the great silver candlesticks and swinging the censer.

"What matter," said the man's voice. "We shall be better off anywhere than out here in the storm with a wind strong enough to blow the horns off an ox."

With his last word he brushed aside the curtains and stepped to the ground, a man of magnificent physique. In spite of the large bundle in his arms he ran quickly towards the cottage indicated by the coachman.

"Monsieur le Marquis," and in our home! Is it possible?" cried the astonished boy. "Yes," answered the gentleman, as he gently placed his precious burden on a ravelled cane chair.

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turn to Toulouse, where by special favor his property was returned to him. Reinstated in his chateau at Sicard he sent for his daughter, whom he had left in Turin.

Francis spent his first leave-of-absence at Sicard, where he was received with trust-fidelity by the old Marquis. Still there with a pomp unknown in any other city.

When at last the Marquis discovered that Jeanne and Francois had long loved each other he gladly consented.

They were married in the little cottage where poor Jeanne had died. "Jeanne," said Francois, his face aglow with unutterable happiness.

Blow d'horn en call d'people, Fatch d'barjo en d'bones; Ring d'bell from out d'houses; Tell en shoot in glory tones!

Blow d'horn en call d'people, Fatch d'barjo en d'bones; Ring d'bell from out d'houses; Tell en shoot in glory tones!

Bensdorp's Royal Dutch COCOA FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

This Cocoa has been selected to be used exclusively in supplying visitors to the World's Fair with hot and cold Beverages, and no other Cocoa will be used in the Restaurants at this Great Exposition.

BENDSORP'S COCOA is acknowledged to be the finest flavored, purest, most economical and most easily prepared Cocoa in use, and every householder should keep it in their home.

M. F. EACAR, Halifax, N. S., Agent.

BORN. Truro, April 29, to the wife of Dr. McKay, a son. Bedford, N. S., April 28, to the wife of Mr. Mackenzie, a son.

Port George, N. S., April 15, by Rev. J. R. Gillingham, Joseph Fleming to Catherine Fleet. Port George, N. S., April 25, by Rev. C. Wilson, Gladys Corbett to Nancy McLean.

WESTERN COUNTIES RY. Winter Arrangement. On and after Thursday, Jan. 28, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Intercolonial Railway 1892-WINTER ARRANGEMENT-1893. On and after Monday, the 17th day of Oct., 1892, the trains of this Railway will run daily-Sunday excepted-as follows:

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. WE ARE NOW RUNNING THE FOLLOWING LINES OF OUR UNRIVALLED TOURIST SLEEPING CARS.

DETROIT & CHICAGO. Every Wednesday at 8.15 p.m. SEATTLE, WASH. and points on the Pacific Coast. Every Saturday at 11.45 a.m.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. For Boston. ON AND AFTER APRIL 17th, and until further notice, the steamers of this Company will leave for Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.35 a.m.

Do you Write for the Papers? If you do, you should have THE LADDER OF JOURNALISM, a Text-Book for Correspondents, Reporters, Editors and General Writers.

MARRIED. Havelock, by Rev. John Prince, E. Jonah to Mary Gray. Truro, April 25, by Rev. A. Giegie, Wm. McKay to Belia McKay.

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Free Criticism... Some Facts About Work... How People... The CA...

The contract... This week... The north... grounded... feet depth... place dredged...

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