

PROGRESS.

VOL. II., NO. 409.

ST. JOHN N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

WILL HAVE NO LICENSE.

A PROBABLE STATE OF AFFAIRS UNDER THE NEW LAW.

The Prohibitionists Carry Their Point, and the City of St. John Will Have to Pay for the Fun—The Liquor Dealers Will Fight—Some of the Results.

After PROGRESS had gone to press last week, the legislature, by a vote of 24 to 18 passed the amendment to the Liquor License Act. It did so on the petition of a small number of the electors of St. John, and in opposition to the wishes of four of the representatives from this constituency, the place most affected by the measure, and despite the protest of some recognized friends of prohibition as Dr. Alward and others, whose legal minds readily saw the danger of such a step. The attorney-general presented a judicial view of the situation in vain, and an analysis of the vote clearly shows that what may be called the horse sense of the Legislators was fully opposed to the step proposed. It was not a question of temperance principle fighting with the liquor interest, but of practical views against the courses which unfortunately are not likely to be harmless in their results.

Messrs Stockton and Lockhart voted for the amendment, which is not a matter of surprise, especially in the case of Mr. Lockhart, who belongs to Carleton where the people are so strong against license. He seems to have voted to suit the people in his immediate neighborhood, rather than with reference to what was needed by the city as a whole. On Mr. Lockhart's behalf, however, it may be urged that he is a new member and as yet rather green in legislative matters. As for Mr. Stockton, he probably thought the occasion a favorable one to make himself solid with the prohibition element, and no doubt he has done so.

As the law now stands, the applicant for license is required to procure the signatures of one half the persons assessed on real or personal property in his district. This does not apply to the present year, but it will apply to the year 1897, and then the trouble will begin. It means prohibition in name, but not in fact, or in other words the curse of a law which will not be enforced. It will be out of the question for many of the present licensees to obtain licenses, and probably they will not waste their time in the attempt. One of them, a man who keeps a most orderly place, who has never been known to violate the law in any respect, says that he will not be able to apply, for the reason that many of the ratepayers in his district are non-resident. He could easily get half of the residents, but that will not do, and so he is likely to be shut out. "Serves him right," is probably the comment of the prohibitionist, but that is a one-sided way of looking at the fact that the best class of dealers may be put out of business and a greater number of the worst class will come in their place.

The outcome of the matter will possibly be that when the time for granting licenses comes, in 1897, no applications will be made. This will be no saving of money to the dealers, for each man may be called on to contribute the amount he would otherwise have paid for license into a defensive fund. In other words, instead of the money going to swell the revenues of the city, it will be diverted to a fund to fight the city in its attempts to have the law enforced.

The city's revenue from liquor licenses last year was about \$22,300. This is a pretty heavy gun to be taken away and pointed back at the pockets of the ratepayers. It does not, however, fully represent what the real loss will be.

It is not yet clear, however, what the effect of the law will be quite so sweeping. It may be that the worst class will only come as additions, while all who are in business now will remain there. The liquor interest is strong in St. John, and it does not propose to yield without a struggle. A Licensed Victuallers Association had been organized this week, and though no plan of campaign has yet been announced, it is understood that the organization has not been effected merely for recreation and social intercourse. It probably intends to fight when the time comes, and it will have what is a potent weapon in any fight of this kind, plenty of money—at its command.

The stock of liquors held in St. John, and assessed as personal property, is believed to amount to about \$400,000. It is not less than that, and it may be more. At the present rate of taxation, \$15 on the \$1,000, the civic revenue from this is \$6,000. Under a system of prohibition this stock would not be assessable, and thus the actual cash loss in revenue would be, therefore, nearly \$30,000.

This, from a prohibition standpoint, amounts to nothing. "We do not care a snap for the loss of revenue," they say. "The financial aspect of the case does not concern us." Perhaps not, but it does concern the people as a body. It was Artemus Ward who said he loved his coun-

try so much that he was willing to sacrifice all his wife's relations in defence of it.

In addition to this clear loss, the city will be put to increased expenses. The liquor dealers, combined as one man, will not take out licenses, but they will continue to sell, and under this state of affairs probably double the number of small dealers will go into business, as they did in Portland under the Scott Act. The prohibitionists say they want to drive the liquor traffic into the slums. They will probably have it there, and everywhere else. This may mean increase of the police force to cope with the increase of drunkenness, and increased sums for the maintenance of prisoners in jail. All this time the city will be piling up law expenses, put upon them by the action of a few of the citizens who have not been content to leave an already good law severely alone.

This may seem a dark picture, but it is not believed to be overdrawn. It is the view taken by most of the citizens who have looked at the matter from an impartial point of view. It is a view founded on the experience of other cities where the same misdirected zeal has been shown under the idea that the interests of temperance would be advanced.

St. John has had a singularly clear record in regard to the liquor question, considering its size; and that it is a seaport. It is to be feared that as much cannot be said in a year or two hence, if the present unwise amendment to the law is allowed to remain in force.

FOR CIVIC HONORS.

The Crop of Candidates Increases Little by Little Each Week.

The candidates for civic honors are coming forward slowly this season, and they are coming as individuals with no issue on which to fight, as there has been for the last two years.

Mayor Robertson having positively declined to be nominated again, Ald. McLaughlan is the recognized candidate for the office of the mayor, and as matters now stand his chances of success are excellent. During the last week there has been talk of two other candidates, but neither of them is yet in the field. One of the names mentioned is that of George W. Jones, but it is understood that Mr. Jones himself does not wish to run, and it is not so far, in the field. The other candidate is a prohibitionist, and if one is put up he will probably be W. D. Baskin. The name of A. A. Stockton has been mentioned as an alternative, but it is hardly likely Dr. Stockton would consent to come to the front, especially as the chances of success are, to say the least, doubtful. Mr. Baskin, on the contrary, has had aspirations to the office for several years and would not doubt be very willing to take a nomination, whether there was a chance of winning or not.

With Ald. McLaughlan as a candidate for mayor, there will be a vacancy in Queens ward. The name of Dr. Daniel is mentioned as a candidate for the place, and there is also said to be a possibility that Mayor Robertson will have a resignation, though he has not himself given any intimation that he will be a candidate, or that having served two years as mayor he is anxious to return to the board in the capacity of an alderman.

The name of Geo. R. Ellis is mentioned for the vacancy in Kings, caused by the retirement of Ald. Copper, and there will no doubt be others, as Kings is a ward which generally has a fair supply of aspirants.

The daily papers this week have discovered that Ald. Seaton is a candidate in Victoria, as PROGRESS announced two or three weeks ago.

It is yet uncertain whether Ald. M. Robbins will again be in the field in Prince ward. He had almost decided not to be, on account of the time the duties take from his business, but there is a wish among the electors that he should serve again, and he is expected to give a definite answer this week.

Gerard G. Ruel has been mentioned as a candidate either for Queens or Dukes, but it will probably be the latter if he decides to run.

No new names are mentioned in any wards of the north end except Victoria, and there is no intimation of any contest on the west side. The election all around promises to be a quiet affair this year, though possibly the advent of a prohibition candidate for mayor may make matters lively for a time.

Will Copy the Names.

The prohibitionists have at last succeeded in getting access to the lists of the applicants for liquor licenses and the petitions of the ratepayers in favor of the respective applicants. It is understood that copies of these names are being made with a view to their publication as a horrible example of the depravity of many of the leading citizens. There does not seem any reason why a man who signs a petition for license should be ashamed of the fact in a free country, and the publication of the names does no injury except to the temperance cause, for it is likely to make opponents of prohibition where otherwise they might have been friends.

SHE GAVE HIM HER CASH.

THE QUEER CASE OF A MINISTER AND AN OLD LADY.

Pastor Thompson of St. Martin's Accepted the Money Mrs. McComb Handed Over to Him—He Was Called on to Pay It Back and Has Begun to Do So.

The trials and tribulations of a good man have been exciting the people of St. Martin's for the last six weeks or so, and they have not yet got done talking about them. The good man is Rev. W. J. Thompson, pastor of the St. Martin's church, and as usual there is a woman in the case, though not in the sense which the use of the term generally implies.

Pastor Thompson is young, about 25 it is believed, while the woman is understood to be about 80. She is Mrs. McComb, nee Giffin, a sister of Mrs. Bradshaw of the celebrated Bradshaw will fame. Another sister is Mrs. Scott, with whom Mrs. McComb lived until the middle of January last, when her business affairs were committed to the minister's care.

Mr. Thompson is an Englishman who has been stationed at St. Martin's a year or so, and who has been engaged to stay for another year. He appears to be an admirer and disciple of Justin D. Falton, for when on a visit to Boston, some weeks ago, he delivered a red-hot address on A. P. A. lines, which was fully reported in the Standard of that city, which appeared to think that he was a representative minister in this part of the world. This Boston trip was after he had become Mrs. McComb's trustee.

The story goes that early in January, Mrs. McComb told him that she wished to hand over all her property to him. Just why she wanted to does not appear, but it may be interred that she is of a somewhat eccentric nature. The pastor accepted the trust, and she thereupon handed over to him \$696, consisting of \$110.25 cash in hand and a bank book with a deposit of \$585.75. She also made a will in his favor, apparently to settle any questions in event of her death, for she does not appear to have had any further property than the money in question.

Having handed over her fortune, she went to the minister's house to live. It may have been her idea to thus find a home for her declining years, the pastor to provide for her out of the money she had given him. A few days later she fell down stairs and received some injury to her collar bone. Dr. Gilmore was called in and she received due medical attention.

Whether the fall made her more eccentric than she had been, or whether by this time the course she had taken in handing over her money seemed to Pastor Thompson a crazy thing for her to do, he seems to have got it into his head that she was insane. If so, she should be put where she would get proper attention. It would seem that the pastor was right in his diagnosis of her mental condition, for the doctor appears to have agreed with him, and at the pastor's suggestion, it is said, made out the necessary certificate to entitle her to admission to the Lunatic Asylum. The amount of money the pastor had received would doubtless have been devoted to securing the best of board and attention at that institution, and no doubt she would have been very comfortable there. The rumor of this intention having become current, however, some of her friends strongly protested against such a course being taken, and so she remained where she was.

Shortly after this, about the 20th of January, Pastor Thompson went to Boston where he came into prominence as an advocate of the principle of America for the Americans. Before going, it is understood, he was thoughtfully provided for the possible contingency of his aged ward's death by directing that, in such event, a suitable coffin be procured and the remains properly buried. The suitable coffin, in his opinion, should not be an expensive one.

Mrs. McComb was not dead when he returned from Boston, but in the meantime some of her relatives had become very much alive, and were insisting that she should get her money back. The pastor, who had accepted it to oblige her, and virtually only borrowed it, heard all that was said and expressed himself as quite willing to do what was right. Some men in his place might have held that the transaction having been completed and the money passed it was too late to reconsider the question, but he was apparently quite willing to discuss the question from an equitable standpoint. Besides, some of the old lady's relatives were very determined to get the money back. Some of the people wanted the church to investigate the matter, but the pastor declared there was no need of an investigation, as he could settle it all himself. So the idea of an investigation was dropped.

Pastor Thompson said he was quite willing to pay back the money, but he did not produce it, and finally the claimants insisted on having the cash. Mr. Thompson was not

prepared to pay it just then, but he wanted to do what was right. He had not the money, but he would give his notes at once, two and three years, with interest at six per cent, which, he remarked was a better rate than any of the banks would give. While the truth of this was not disputed the proposition was not accepted. Mr. Thompson also stated that before going away he had paid back some \$300 of the money, but it is presumed that Mrs. McComb, in one of her eccentric moods, must have hidden this sum away and forgotten about it as she remembered nothing about it and did not appear to have the money.

After some further discussion of the matter, however, Mr. Thompson made a payment on account by handing over a bank book in his own name, with \$264 to his credit. No doubt the remaining balance due will be paid over in due time. Meanwhile, the matter is in the hands of a St. John lawyer, who is considered a pretty good collector.

While the affair has been a live topic of conversation in St. Martin's for some weeks past, Mr. Thompson seems to have had the good fortune to come out of it not only without suffering in the estimation of his congregation, but with their renewed confidence in him. He has been engaged for another year with increase of salary.

The moral appears to be that ministers whom eccentric aged ladies want to make their bankers, trustees or legatees, should satisfy themselves that those ladies and their relatives are of one mind on the subject. Otherwise the ministers may be put to trouble and annoyance, and even have their motives questioned. In a world too ready to carp at and criticize the actions of good men, all may not come out of the ordeal so free from adverse comment as Pastor Thompson appears to have done.

NOT ROOM ENOUGH FOR BOTH.

Either Col. Egan or Capt. Dixon Will Leave the 62nd Rifles.

HALIFAX, March 5.—The long and bitter fight between Colonel Egan and the officers of the 63rd Rifles, particulars of which PROGRESS alone of all the papers in Canada ever gave the public any information, has at last come to a head. Lieutenant-Colonel Munnell, D. G. A., and commander of the Infantry school at Fredericton, was in Halifax this week holding an investigation into the internal management of the regiment. The colonel was sent here as an unbiased outsider, over the head of D. A. G. Irving stationed at Halifax. Captain Dixon charges Colonel Egan with favoritism inefficiency and nearly everything that is bad in a commanding officer. All the old sores were opened up and probed to the bottom. Adjutant C. D. Macdonald ranges himself on the colonel's side, but most of the officers, like Captain Dixon, are his enemies. Colonel Egan had his innings, too, at the investigation, for he brought a charge of insubordination against Dixon. The immediate cause of the investigation is the refusal of Colonel Egan to re-enroll H. D. Hallaway as quarter-master sergeant, an act for which most people think he might well have good reasons. Why he should refuse to re-enroll Pickford it is not so easy to see, but the Pickford matter shows how desirable it is often for people to think as much as they like but to say as little as possible.

Whether it will be Colonel Egan or Captain Dixon who comes out on top Colonel Munnell, General Gascoigne, and the future, only can tell, but one thing seems to be sure, that if one wins the other will have to get out of the Rifles as speedily as his legs can carry him. There is barely room enough in the battalion now for both, but certainly, as soon as the decision of the authorities is made known, either the colonel or the Captain will have to go without standing upon the order of his going.

Those Delayed Mails.

It may be that the United States postal authorities did the best they could in forwarding the mails through Maine during the recent wash-out on the railways, but it does look as though something better could have been done. To have this Sunday mail not reach St. John until Thursday savors of half a century ago. It may be that the fact that the delay was away down east in Maine did not make much impression on the authorities, who left the railways to worry out of the matter in their own good time. It is hardly probable that such a delay would have been tolerated anywhere on the line between Maine and Washington. To have seventeen tons of mail matter piled up in the St. John office in one day, with more to follow, is something new in postal experience here.

Sorry to Have Him Go.

Mr. F. W. Warren has shown himself such a courteous and efficient manager of the St. John city railway that the citizens will regret his removal to Montreal, though the change will not be unpleasant to him. He made many friends in this city, and they were practically all with whom he was brought into contact.

FOUGHT TWO ENEMIES.

TROUBLE BETWEEN TWO HALIFAX FIRE COMPANIES.

The Way in which Some of the Firemen Fought off Old Scores—Blick Eyes as Remembrance of the Late Fire—An Interesting Fight on a Burning Hook.

HALIFAX, March 5.—The bitter hatred that exists between the factions interested personally in the Halifax fire department was never shown more clearly than at the two last fires which have occurred in this city. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the hatred on those occasions was manifested not only between adherents of the Union Engine Company and Halifax Fire Department, but also at the same time between followers of Chief Ryan and Captain Connolly, the two leading candidates for the chieftainship of the paid department about to be organized.

The first outbreak of hostilities occurred at the fire of more than a week ago on Union street. Captain Connolly was there, and the Union One Company members were there. The trouble was between the Union One Company and Captain Connolly. Orders were given by the One men which they openly and defiantly refused to obey. "Who is this who tells us what to do? Away with him!" they in effect cried. The building blazed away, while firemen argued the matter out, and men angrily ranged themselves on opposite sides prepared to use their fists if other means of settling matters of prerogative failed. Other means, happily, did not fail, and the would be combatants were separated without the striking of blows.

At the Gordon & Keith fire which destroyed \$175,000 worth of property, while the fire was at its height, two leading men among the fire fighters were engaged in deadly combat between themselves. The encounter took place upon the roof of the far-famed Orpheus club building. Lieutenant J. E. Burns was there with two others, holding the nozzle of a hose and directing a stream of water through one of the side windows of the burning building. Captain Connolly was in command on Barrington street, and Chairman Ryan on Granville. A portion of the walls had just fallen, and it seems that Captain Connolly shouted an order to Burns to change the location of his hose in order to make it more effective. Burns either did not, or pretended he did not, hear the order. By the way, though Burns is one of the Union Engine Company, he is neutral as regards the election of Connolly as chief.

Seeing Burns' opponent disregard of Captain Connolly's orders, John T. Murphy, who has no official position in the H. F. D., but is a branch man on the Chemical and is fire alarm electrician, hastened from Connolly's side and mounted the roof of the Orpheus hall. Murphy had no special reason to espouse Connolly's cause, but his love was by no means intense for Burns. He strode up to the lieutenant and told him in arbitrary tones to charge the hose in obedience to Captain Connolly's orders. Burns in most energetic language repudiated the messenger, if not also the man from whom the order was supposed to have emanated. Stung by insult, fancied or real, Murphy dealt Burns a heavy right-hander straight over the left eye, cutting it badly. Burns went reeling to the roof, and Smith, one of the others holding the nozzle, was flung almost over the edge of the building, 25 feet above the ground.

This ended the first round but there was less than the recognized sect when the second began. Burns is a boxer of no mean ability. His bile was up, and he rushed at Murphy with blood over his eye (fire without), and skin in his fists, dealing him a stunner in the neck, so that the electrician dropped to the roof like a fifty pound weight. There was no third round because the half dozen men on the roof interferred and parted the combatants.

Thus this fight went on while Gordon & Keith's premises and stock, worth nearly \$175,000, were going up in smoke, and a whole block was in imminent risk of sharing in the destruction of the conflagration? Stipendiary Fielding was asked for a warrant on Monday by Burns for the arrest of Murphy, but the magistrate would grant only a summons.

On the roof of Orpheus hall thus, there was a fight, but elsewhere around that fire there was talk of "assault and battery," and more than one fireman said he was keeping his eyes about him not merely to do what was possible to stay the progress of the flames, but to resist the attacks of men who are alleged to have been watching a chance to make even old scores with old enemies.

Notwithstanding this state of affairs, the general opinion is that the Halifax fire fighters managed the operations they carried out with skill and success. Except for the destruction caused to an adjoining building by the falling brick walls the loss of the fire was practically confined to Gordon & Keith's structure yet effective in one sense than the firemen's display of skill and courage was the dramatic exhibition of

hatred and temper seen on the roof that early Sunday morning. May its like soon be repeated!

WAS A BALD-HEADED MOOSE.

That is Why the Doctor Does not Think He Ought to Pay for It.

HALIFAX, Mar. 5.—Dr. Gow is one of the most popular of younger Halifax physicians. His brother medicals all like the jolly doctor. They sympathized with him in a recent case he had in the city court, not because they thought he figured in an unpleasant light as defendant in the suit, but because the poor fellow lost his case. But he has given notice of appeal and will doubtless come out right in the end. The matter in dispute was the payment of about \$15 for which Taxidermist Purcell sued Dr. Gow. The doctor is like many laymen, anxious to shine as an expert huntsman or in any other legitimate way. He purchased a moose head some months ago and sent it to Purcell to be mounted. The head was decomposed but the taxidermist undertook to make a good job of it. It had not hung long in Dr. Gow's house, and been pointed out as one of his trophies of the chase, when the moose became bald-headed. The doctor had paid \$5 on account to Purcell and the ugly appearance of the hairless moose head so enraged him that he flatly refused, after frequent calls from Purcell for money, to pay another cent. The taxidermist was defied to collect his balance of \$15. Purcell took up the challenge, carried the matter into the city court, and obtained judgment from Magistrate Fielding for the amount. But Dr. Gow is a hard fighter, and amid the plaudits of his friends he has entered an appeal.

Mr. MacKay's Diamond Ring.

HALIFAX, March 5.—Chief O'Sullivan and Sheriff Archibald have been served with notice of an action that is threatened against them for the recovery of a diamond ring. The law firm of Thompson & Rawlings are taking this initiation at the instance of a St. John man—John MacKay, Jr. It is understood that Chief and Sheriff are prepared to defend themselves and to give an interesting historical sketch of the ring when the case comes to trial. Mr. Dimock of this city, and MacKay, had some business connection which was related at the time in the courts. The ring which was a handsome one, fell into the hands of certain people in this city with whom it would not be creditable ordinarily to have a close acquaintance. Detective Power came across the ring, and in order that it might be available when the owner laid claim to it, became responsible for \$15 and took the jewel. The police held it safely till one day, after some legal preliminaries, an officer came to Chief O'Sullivan, in the interest of Mr. Dimock, and served him with papers which authorized the taking of the ring or failing that the body of the chief. The paper was genuine and as the Chief always prefers to take some one else's body to giving up his own, he delivered up the ring. Now MacKay the original owner, lays claim to it, alleging that the former proceeding were irregular, and it is in connection with this case that the interesting historical sketch is promised.

Dr. Hetherington's Offices.

Dr. Hetherington having resigned several of the offices he held on being appointed superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum, two of them have been promptly filled by the provincial government. The position of commissioner of the General Public Hospital has been given to Dr. H. G. Addy and that of coroner to Dr. T. D. Walker. The position of school trustee is one in the gift of the common council, and Dr. W. W. White and George E. Day are candidates for the position. There seems to be some feeling that doctors and professional men generally are getting too many offices nowadays, and there are many who think the ordinary citizen, whatever his occupation, ought to be given a chance once in a while.

Something New in Pies.

At a sleighing party, the other evening one of the most promising looking articles unpacked among the refreshments at the end of the route was a very tempting looking chocolate pie, got up in the most appetizing style. The sections into which it was cut were eagerly taken as the plate was passed, but when it came to eating there was another story. The chocolate on the top was all right, and there was plenty of it, but the rest of the pie was of wood, though so skilfully made and colored that an actual attempt at biting was necessary to detect the fraud. The people who got pieces of that pie are keeping them as souvenirs of the occasion.

Good Bye Sleighing.

Unless all signs fail, the sleighing in St. John—that is, sleighing that is really worth having—is over for the winter. It lasted just one month, and was good enough while it was here. There will be more snow of course, and it may be, so no heavy storms, but the era of sleighing parties and the like may be said to be done. The winter has been a short, if not a merry one.

LICENSES IN HALIFAX.

THE COUNCIL AND PEOPLE ARE NOT IN HARMONY.

The Signs of Peace are Approaching—The Council is Holding Out a Flag of Truce to the Temperance People—Why Some Aldermen Oppose Licenses.

HALIFAX, March 5.—The city council as a body has always been at war in spirit if not by direct act, with the people who are instrumental in having enacted the present legislation restricting the liquor business in Halifax. They have always held that the laws thus placed on the statute books were not workable and had no other effect, apart possibly from increasing intemperance, than to encourage lawlessness.

All the aldermen in the council, with one exception perhaps, expressed themselves in favor of the proposal, eloquent speeches were made, and the resolution passed unanimously.

"Here, City fathers, we want you to devise a measure to regulate the liquor traffic so as to conserve the best interests of the people generally," that the high moral feeling and practical good sense of the alderman would enable them to produce an ordinance which would be of ten times the benefit of ultra restrictive measures, such as he believes the present law to be.

W. T. Kennedy, A. M. Bell, Rev. Mr. Heustis, and others of the class, who the council have hitherto been calling "temperance fanatics" express themselves favorable to the conference, though perhaps, in their hearts they hope for little that will suit them as its outcome.

LAWYER AGAINST HIMSELF.

Fald a Judgement of \$23.40 and Came Out \$6.60 Ahead on His Fee.

"Talking about lawyers," said the man from Wisconsin, as he placed his feet on the desk in the hotel waiting room and lighted a bad cigar, "we've got some beauts up our way."

"How is that?" "Why, they're out of sight," said the drummer. "Some of them would just skin these fellows in Chicago who think they are all the works.

"What did he charge himself with vagrancy?" "No. I'll tell you how it was. Down in the old Third ward of Menasha, Bernard Kasel, who also represented the ward in the City Council, used to run a horse fair every Saturday.

AT STITTVILLE!

The Town's Leading Merchant Laid Out.

Rheumatism in various forms is one of the most common diseases there is. It arises generally from impure blood and a broken down system. In the limbs it is painful; in most of the internal organs dangerous, and in the heart usually fatal.

"I have always been your attorney, haven't I?" asked Schoetz. "Yes sir," replied his ex-client. "Did I ever lose you a case?" continued the lawyer. "No."

"Well, let me handle this, and sue myself." "The milkman agreed, and the trial took place the next day in Judge McCabe's court. Schoetz presented himself, and the judge found a judgement against him for \$23.40, which he immediately paid. He then presented a counter bill against the milkman for \$30 attorney's fees, which was almost immediately settled.

The Pastor's Doubt Set at Rest. The clergyman was nervous. There could be no question about that. His duties were at an end, but he hung around the receiving party, and his actions showed that he was troubled. He appeared to be trying to convince himself that everything was all right, but without success.

"Pardon me," he said, shitting from one foot to the other, "but there is a matter of some delicacy that I wish to speak to you about."

"Yes?" returned the young man inquiringly. "Yes?" replied the clergyman. "I trust you will take no offence. It is a trifling matter, but—"

"Was the wedding fee too small?" asked the young man, as the clergyman hesitated. "Not at all, not at all," returned the clergyman, promptly. "You see, the fact of the matter is that at the last minute I became somewhat confused—bewildered, as it were, by the novelty of the situation—and I would like to be assured that I got everything all right."

"Why, of course you did." "When it came to the question of love, honor and obey you know, I was afraid—"

The clergyman paused for a minute, and then he blurted out: "You're the groom, aren't you?" "Certainly."

"Then it's all right, and you have no idea how that relieves me. You see, I have never officiated at one of these bloomer weddings before, and I'm afraid I might have made a mistake."—Chicago Paper.

Rigby-Proofed Fibre Chamails.

From the Spring number of "Dry Goods Review." The newest development in Fibre Chamails will appeal to everyone. Now that the Rigby process has been successfully applied to it, Fibre Chamails can boast of more inviting good qualities than almost any other fabric is able to combine.

This process, which renders it completely water-proof, does not alter the texture in any way; it gives no remnant trace of any stiff, harsh or grainy feeling to the surface, nor leaves any unpleasant odor. It merely makes the Fibre Chamails non-absorbent, and leaves it with the same smooth surface and flexible qualities that it had before.

The Giant of the Gorilla Family.

The largest gorilla ever killed by white men, so far as is known to the naturalists, was one which Lieutenant Morgan's men succeeded in bringing down while making the famous "Cameron River march," in Upper Guinea, Africa, during the summer of 1892. The monster, according to the report made to the Berlin Anthropological Society by Morgan himself, was only a fraction under ten feet in height, and measured seventy inches across the chest!

Its shoulders were wider across than the combined width of those of the three largest men in Lieutenant Morgan's command. It took the united strength of sixteen men to drag the fallen giant to the nearest European settlement, where the creature's skin was removed by a skillful taxidermist and prepared for mounting. Herr Becker, the German physiologist and anatomist who prepared the skull, says that its brain capacity was two and one-third greater than that of any other known cranium of a gorilla.

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Rheumatism in various forms is one of the most common diseases there is. It arises generally from impure blood and a broken down system. In the limbs it is painful; in most of the internal organs dangerous, and in the heart usually fatal.

"I was also troubled with biliousness for years, and at intervals of three or four weeks would be laid up with a severe headache and sick stomach. Since using Chase's Pills I have not had an attack of either."

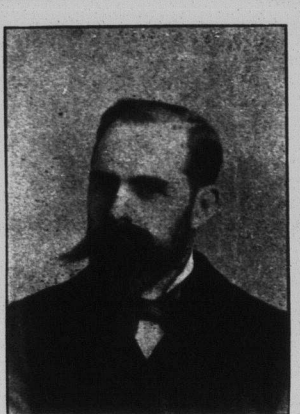
All dealers and Edmanson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto, 25c.

Chase's Linseed and Turpentine for colds, bronchitis and consumption. Sure cure, 25c cents.

WELL KNOWN ADVERTISERS.

Something about Mr. Ira Cornwall and Mr. Ira Edmund Cornwall.

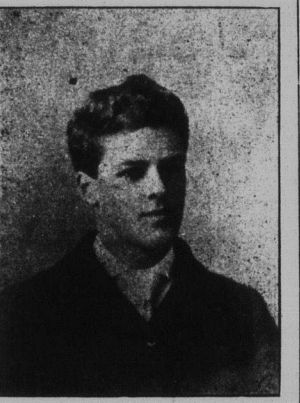
PROGRESS takes much pleasure in publishing a portrait of one of its largest advertising patrons, Mr. Ira Cornwall, President and General Manager of the Ira Cornwall Company, (Limited). As Mr. Cornwall has probably had a larger experience than any other person in the Maritime Provinces in general advertising, having started his commercial career as a newspaper man in connection with the Montreal Gazette, Hamilton Spectator and several other leading papers we take it as a great compliment to PROGRESS when we draw attention to the large space which his advertising occupies in our paper.



Secretary and Treasurer of the St. John Board of Trade, Vice President of the Exhibition Association, and also Secretary and Treasurer of the Board of Trade of the Maritime Provinces.

He is able through his efficient office staff, including first-class stenographers and typewriters to undertake an enormous amount of work, in connection with these institutions, without very materially interfering with his ordinary business arrangements. He goes about his various undertakings in such a systematic way that very few of our people appreciate the amount of work carried on by him. One of his first prominent public positions was the organization and management of the great Manufacturers and Mechanics exhibition held in the Skating Rink during 1875, and the collection of the New Brunswick goods sent to the Centennial Exhibition in 1876.

Mr. Cornwall's work, while Secretary and General Manager of the Exhibition held under the auspices of the Exhibition Association, is too well known to need review. It is only fair, however, to draw attention to the fact that he was the original



organizer of these exhibitions. Starting the work with only his own experience to enable him not only to make the original organization in all departments, but to get out the enormous number of blank forms, tickets and other paraphernalia for directing this large undertaking. PROGRESS had a great deal to do with Mr. Cornwall during the time he was doing this work, and at that time remarked as follows.

A REVENUE SECRETARY.—The one man of all others for the place. An attempt to speak of him and his work—full of originality and inventiveness; to write about Secretary Ira Cornwall, to describe the man and his work, as well as the man at his

work; to give some idea of his energy, inventiveness and originality, to speak of his thorough sympathy with the great task he has undertaken; in fact, to give a proper pen picture of him is more than the writer would care to attempt.

The writer has spent some odd half hours in his office, watching him and his clerks at the work of the exhibition, with much curious interest. One of the things that must occur to an onlooker is the thorough system that must guide everything. Nothing can be overlooked; nothing can be left undone if the affairs of the office would go smoothly along and without complaint. Everything has its place and must be found there. The special books made for this work and the difficulty of learning new hands how to handle such an amount of work must be one of the most difficult tasks of the secretary.

These remarks are again confirmed as being fully borne out by further experience with him, and we can only add that Mr. Cornwall has shown his public spirit in this matter during the past year by devoting a great deal of time, without any recompense whatever, in giving the present manager every assistance in working out the innumerable details, which were of course largely new experience for Mr. Everett. With Mr. Cornwall's connection with the Board of Trade we cannot too strongly emphasize the amount of work which he has done for the City. And very few except those who have been brought in personal contact with him and his work can appreciate the enormous correspondence and amount of detail work which has been carried on by him during the term he has acted as Secretary and Treasurer of the Board. He is always on the alert for opportunities to make the merits of our port known, and his experience on this line has been of great benefit in working up the interest of the port. It is therefore all the more gratifying to see the great development which Mr. Cornwall has made in connection with his own business, and the public are showing their appreciation of his efforts by the large patronage they are giving him.

We also publish a portrait of Mr. Cornwall, son, Ira Edmund Cornwall, as the Secretary and Special Agent of the Ira Cornwall Co., Limited, appreciating the fact that he is following in the footsteps of his father, so far as interest in the welfare and love of his native City and Province are concerned. His ambition has been to hold up as far as in his power the reputation of his City as the home of athletes, and has devoted much time and hard work to the necessary training. While very unassuming and little inclined to parade his success, he has obtained quite a reputation as a bicycle rider and general athlete. He holds quite a number of medals, cups and other trophies won at the various meets of the local riders in the Maritime Provinces. At present he holds championship medals from the Canadian Wheelmen's Association for their 1895 meet in the Maritime Provinces for the half mile and five mile bicycle races. He also took fourth place in the Plambush contest among the members of the Y. M. C. A. of the Maritime Provinces. His experience should be of much value in promoting the business of the Company.

A SILVER MEDAL.

will be given each week after Mar. 15th to the scholar doing the best work in shorthand—lessons by mail only.

All excepting persons familiar with shorthand may contest for prizes. Three months enough to make a good shorthand writer.

Children ten years old learn this system. \$10 for the course. Catalogue sent free. S. A. SNELL, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

PIANO AT A BARGAIN.—A gentleman removing to Montreal instructs us to sell his 7 1/2 octave Burl Walnut Piano at \$225. This piano was purchased less than one year ago at the Toronto Exhibition and cost \$450. If not sold before the 10th inst. will be shipped to Montreal. G. FLOOD & SONS, Piano Movers, 31 and 33 King street.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our Water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPF, 40 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

PHOTO OFFITS and materials, Kodaks and Cameras from \$5 to \$100. Practical information concerning the same. Save time and money by consulting us. 121 St. John Street, St. John, N. B.

RESIDENCE at Robesay for sale or to rent for the summer months. The pleasantly situated home known as the Tides property about one and a half miles from Robesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennelby. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. FANNEY, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building, 24-4-4.

STAMPS For Hand Printing, Banks, Railways, Manuf'rs and Merchants supplied. Linen Markers, Monograms, Stencils, Seals, etc., to order. RICHMOND PRINTER GREAT WORKS, St. John, N. B.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Envelopes, tins and fixing solutions for sale. LEONARD PARROTT, 53 Charlotte St., St. John N. B.

OFFICE OF JORDAN, MAR-H & CO. Boston, Oct. 1, 1895.

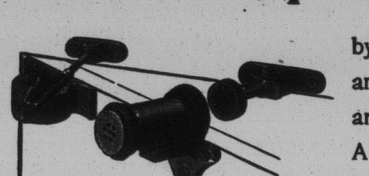
Dear Mr. Kerr:—I have been in Boston a little over two weeks and have been working here about two weeks so you see I was not long in getting a situation. I look back to the pleasant time spent last winter and find that the training I got has done me a world of good.

(Signed) S. E. STEVENS.

Recently Mr. Stevens writes to his father: I have just been promoted, and expect advancement again shortly, as the head bookkeeper has reported me capable of doing any of the office work. This is what we fit our students for. Catalogue free. S. KERR & SON, 104, Fellows' Hall, St. John Business College.

WANTED. We pay highest prices for old Postage Stamps used before 1870. From \$1 to \$100 paid for single extra rare specimens. If you wish to be kept up to date old letters. Remittances first mail after receipt of stamps. A. F. HANSMANN & Co., 10 Leader Toronto, Canada.

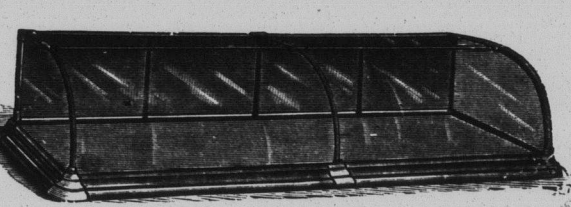
Doors Left Open



by careless people and doors that slam are alike annoying. A desirable device for closing doors without noise, and keeping them closed, is the ECLIPSE CHECK AND SPRING. The sample we have shows that it is simple and durable. Come in and see it.

W. H. THORNE & Co., Limited, Market Square, St. John, N. B.

Show Cases.



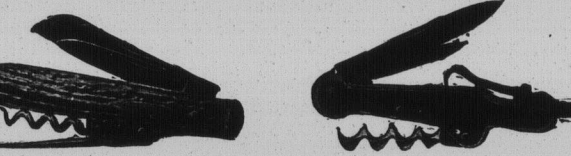
Having made very satisfactory arrangements with a LEADING MANUFACTURER of these goods, to handle their full line, we are prepared to supply SHOW CASES in all sizes and patterns at the most favorable rates.

Standard sizes kept on hand. Send for particulars and prices.

EMERSON & FISHER.

75 and 79 Prince William Street.

English Cutlery



Knives, Razors, Scissors, Shears. A large and well selected assortment at reasonable prices.

T. M'AVITY & SONS, King St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Blickensderfer Typewriter.

FINE ART PRINTING is the way to distribute the work of writing without ribbon. A Clear Saving of \$5.00 to \$10.00 a Year. VISIBLE WRITING AND DIRECT INKING, GOOD DUPLICATOR. Price only \$45.00.

The Visible Writing is worth the money.

A Full Key Board Machine, 84 Characters, Capitals, Figures, Fractions, French, German and English, Change Wheels: It will do all that can be done on the \$120 Ribbon Machine.

For years a large majority of the people have been looking for a practical, low-priced, portable, key-board machine. A machine that equals any of the high-priced ones in capacity and quality of work, and excels them all in convenience. This is the purpose of the Blickensderfer No. 5.

MANIFOLDING. Heretofore it has been found impossible to manifold satisfactorily on a type writer of the wheel class.

The Blickensderfer No. 5, while possessing every desirable feature of the wheel machine, has the direct powerful stroke of the lever class, thereby manifolding with unequalled force and clearness.

DUPLICATING. This machine will do excellent Mimeograph work. The annoyance of cleaning the type can be avoided by having an extra type wheel for this purpose.

DURABILITY. The Blickensderfer is a marvel of simplicity and strength. From 1,000 to 3,000 parts in other key-board machines. The Blickensderfer has about 300.

Our automatic power machine for operating the No. 5 machines makes 480 strokes a minute, \$2,500 an hour, \$25,000 a day. One of our No. 6 machines has been operated by this automatic power machine for months, making many millions of strokes, and yet no perceptible wear is apparent.

EXTRACT FROM JUDGE'S REPORT, CHICAGO COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, 1893. BLICKENSDERFER SMALL TYPE-WRITER.

Excellence of a small type-writing machine, designed to meet the requirements of general office and clerical work.

It is a type-wheel machine; the wheels are interchangeable and inexpensive, written is always in light; has very few parts; can be adjusted to any width between lines; is good manifold, and has a light, well arranged key-board.

It shows lightness, simplicity, scope, inexpensiveness and strength.

IRA CORNWALL, GENERAL AGENT FOR MARITIME PROVINCES, Board of Trade Building, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The annual meeting of the Oratorio Society will be held on Monday evening next. There should be a full attendance.

The Mozart String quartette—a somewhat aspiring organization has instituted and has been giving a series of concerts at more than reasonable prices. They appeared at the Opera house and on the occasion of their latest concert were badly handicapped by boisterous weather. Their ideas was a commendable one and I hope they will continue their efforts. I have no doubt they will win success, as their teacher Professor White is abundantly capable.

The event of special musical interest for next week will be the appearance of Mrs. Harrison in a concert to be given in Exmouth St. church on Monday evening. This lady who, it is announced, is now making a farewell tour, is no stranger to the music lovers of this city. She has been heard here before on several occasions and if my memory serves me, her singing has always given much pleasure. It is not of her past work however that one need write just now. She may have improved in the meantime. Certainly the great compass of her voice has been commented on in the papers of the United States since she last sang here, and there is every probability that in the forthcoming concert she may surprise a great many who heard her before. I have heard that one number of Monday evening's programme will be "Lo! the bright Seraphim," with cornet obligato. Mr. E. J. Harrison, the choir master of the church will play the accompaniment; I hope to refer to this concert again next week.

Tenors and Under-tones.

The young men of the Father Matthew association have in preparation a minstrel circle which they will put on in the Opera house on St. Patrick's night, March 17th. A grand musical concert will also be given by some of St. John's best amateur talent, a variety part is also promised, which will be of much merit. The voices in the circle are under Prof. White's baton and are said to be very pleasing.

At St. Rose's hall Fairville, another St. Patrick's night entertainment is announced by the young men of that parish assisted by some of the city's leading talent. A minstrel circle and a physical culture class, with a march, by some young misses is on

the bill. The entertainment will come off with a farce. A good nights fun is expected; as both of these entertainments are for the orphan's fund there is not the least doubt but that they will be liberally patronized.

Ellen Beach Yaw, the singer of phenomenal compass, is back in New York.

The Wilbur Opera company is in Bangor, Me. this week. Their prices are 10, 25, 35. They have living pictures. They want a guarantee to come to St. John but they don't get anything of that kind from the directors of our Opera house.

Lillian Russell is singing at Abbey's theatre in her new opera "The Goddess of Truth." The piece has been previously tried outside of the metropolis. It is superbly staged. The libretto is said to aim somewhat on the lines of Gilbert's "Palace of Truth."

Yvette Guilbert, who was the subject of much newspaper comment before and during her recent visit to the United States, must be a very sweet, amiable (?) creature. The following story is told of her after she had learned that Madame Melba and Nordica and M. Piancon refused to appear on the same stage with a concert hall singer. She said: "How narrow-minded! Such petty jealousy! Why are they jealous? Because I make more money than they do; because the newspapers have spoken of me more than of them? How it amuses me! So they are too high-toned to sing on the same stage with Yvette; why it's a wonder they don't consider themselves so much above Yvette that they refuse to breathe the same atmosphere. Still, Yvette has sung before very distinguished audiences. It is true that my style is not G-r-r-r-and-d-ops, but people seem to like it.

"There is only one of them who has a real excuse for not singing with me, and I respect her for it deeply. I mean Mme. Melba. Although I have risen from the people myself, I am a strong believer in caste. It would not be proper for a woman who belonged to the House of Orleans to sing with me. I don't know positively that Nordica and Melba have refused to sing with me. I know Melba refused to breakfast with me some days ago. We were both invited to a private entertainment breakfast. She said she would not come if I was invited to breakfast. I was invited and accepted. Mme. Melba was

told they would try and get along without her.

"As for Nordica—I don't know. She lives on the same floor with me. I think it strange she does not come in to deny the reports if they are not true, or send me a note. She knows all about them.

"Now, there's Sarah Bernhardt, too. Mr. Gran told me she was as mad as a tigers because I was reported as saying she was fifty-five years old and was passing in Paris. I am still of the opinion that the mother of thirty-five-year-old Maurice Bernhardt must be extremely near fifty-five."

Ambrose Thomas had at Argenteuil a palace which he named Elsinore, in enthusiastic reminiscence of Hamlet. After the siege of Paris, Ambrose Thomas rushed anxiously to Argenteuil, expecting to find his palace in ruins, but his Elsinore gate even was intact, and under the door was a Prussian Lieutenant's visiting card, on which was written in pencil, as an explanation of Ambrose Thomas's good fortune: "I am Meyerbeer's nephew."

Camille D'Arville is at the Queen's theatre, Montreal this week where she is presenting her opera "Madeline, or the Magic Kiss." The singer and the work are both popular in that city.

Mrs. Alice Galliard is the name of a new member of the D'Arville Company.

"Tristan and Isolde" is said to be musically one of the most beautiful operas ever written.

The weekly Review of Philadelphia of a recent date, in referring to the local debut of Ellen Beach Yaw, writes as follows: "With a regular Patti house before her, this fair maiden tripped to the front of the stage. A flutter of excitement and curiosity passed over the audience, from parquet to gallery. Every one craned his or her neck to catch a better glimpse of the wonderful, swan-like diva. It now becomes difficult to proceed. How can one criticize harshly with the collection of two big blue eyes, a wealth of light, golden hair, and a childish, pathetic bearing that almost amounted to awkwardness, still before one? Yet, truth above all things, should be the critic's watchword, and thus I am obliged to congratulate Miss Yaw on the wisdom of her managers, who drew that immense house through extensive advertising, for, now that our curiosity is satisfied, she would sing to empty benches were she to return again. There is absolutely nothing in her singing to warrant the assertion that she would be a second Patti or Nilsson. Her wretched method

and the necessary forcing to develop those high notes has effectually ruined what might have been a good soprano voice. And those much-vaunted high notes? The New York Tribune hit the mark when it called them "an inconsequential piping." They certainly compare unfavorably with Franklin's celebrated whistle. When Yaw sang them, for the first time, on Saturday night, there was an audible and somewhat disconcerting titter heard all over the house. Philadelphians, cannot be fooled as to the true value of anything."

TALK OF THE THEATRE

Miss Minnie Radcliffe who was leading lady in Harkins' company in this city last year is said to be about to be married to a duke. The duke is not on the stage it may be remarked even though he be stage struck.

Madame Duse is called eccentric by many persons for the reason she will not permit herself to be interviewed by newspaper reporters. Others consider this action on her part as indicating business cleverness. Whether it is the one or the other it does appear to be a matter of no concern to the public, whether her breakfast is a simple meal or not, whether or no she takes her morning meal in bed or whether she takes anything to eat or drink after the evening performance. It ought to be sufficient if in her acting she satisfies.

George C. Milne, the tragedian, was continuing his engagement in a round of Shakespearean characters at the Amphion theatre, Brooklyn, last week. At the close of his performance of "Richard III" he was called before the curtain and a speech was insisted upon by the large and enthusiastic audience present. Cibber's version of the play was used.

Otis Skinner is making a success of "Viljn, the Vagabond" as some reports say. He is also producing "His Grace de Grammont." In this title role he is said to be "graceful, fascinating, earnest and convincing."

Maggie (Marguerite) Cline has brought suit, for \$100,000 damages, against the managers of a theatrical company, playing in Brooklyn recently and during her appearance there. These managers, in booming one of the members of their company, caused to appear the name "Maggie Cline" in large letters, above which appeared the name of a performer as "better than," the plaintiff.

Miss May Nannery is now filling a special theatrical engagement of twelve weeks at Los Angeles, California. Hoax—I hear Irving isn't going to give

matinees any more. Hoax—That so? Hoax—Yes; he's only giving knightly performances.—Philadelphia Record. "A Social Highwayman" is being given at the Academy of music, Montreal this week, by the Messrs J. and E. M. Holland. The business done is represented quite poor in comparison with the real merit of the performance.

The Theatre Francaise in Montreal has been re-opened.

The following story of how Lotta went on the stage will be not without interest for many readers: "The father of Lotta, the American actress, was a gold miner, and her first years were spent in a log cabin on the banks of Rabbi Creek, California. Luck was, however, dead against him, and the gold never came—in any quantity, at any rate. His daughter was the petted and spoiled child of the miners; every one of them she knew, and they called her the "little lady." One day a dancing school was opened in the camp. Lotta, at this time about seven years old, quickly mastered every step, that could be taught her, and soon evinced a capacity for music. A theatre had meanwhile sprung up in this mushroom town, and the manager, after a great deal of pressure, persuaded Lotta's mother to allow her to appear. The night came, and the child made her debut in this log theatre, crowded from end to end by rough miners. She sang to them, she danced to them, and a storm of applause is said to have run through the building. The applause took a practical form. A silver shower of half-dollar pieces almost overwhelmed the "little lady." This success made it evident that Lotta was a born actress. She appeared at St. Louis and other towns, and afterwards in San Francisco, where she studied for a while. Ever since the story has been one of repeated success. She is said to be the richest actress in the world, and some years ago, as an evidence of her affection for the Californians, she presented a drinking fountain, which cost some £5,000, to the city of San Francisco.

No Saving of Time.

"Before they are married," said the Corried Philosopher, "it usually takes him at least half an hour to tear himself away from her presence."

"And after?" queried the neophyte.

"About the same length of time. You see, then she has to tell him of ever so many things she wants him to bring home."

Vicarious Suffering.

Mrs. Waggle—Doesn't your husband suffer dreadfully with rheumatism?

Mrs. Waggle—Yes, but it's nothing to what the rest of us have to endure.

Just spend his Four Quarters for a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters
as all sensible people do; because it cures Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Bad Blood, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

ASK YOUR DRUGGISTS FOR IT.

RAMSDELL'S

CURE FOR DANDRUFF

For removing dandruff from the scalp or restoring gray or faded hair to its original color I challenge the world to produce its equal.

MANUFACTURED AT
87 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

Mourning Millinery

A SPECIALTY.

In Stock **HATS, CAPES AND BONNETS** in the latest styles.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO.
77 King St.

THE LILY.

MARIAN FROELICH.

HENRY ATHENS.

Andante.

1. The Lil - y lay on the breast of the lake, That mirrored the heav - ens so
2. Then fin - gers, flashed with their bright jew - els rare, They part - ed the wa - ters

blue, And sighed as she mur - mured, "Oh could I for - sake These
clear, And plucked from her bed - ding the Lil - y so fair, And

Meno mosso.

calms for strange scenes bright and new. The we - ry day I may
spoke sweet - est words to her ear. The Lil - y lay on the

Andante.

wind hast - ens on and ca - res - es the trees, The bird spreads its wings far a -
there 'mid the charm of the ball - room's rich spell, She drooped, and un - heed - ed she

rallentando molto.

main, The bird spreads its wings far a - main, far a -
died, She drooped, and un - heed - ed she died, she

Lento.

main, died.

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alike annoying.
desirable device
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PRINTING is the way
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\$5.00 to \$10.00 a Year.

BLE WRITING

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DUPLICATOR.

Only \$45.00.

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ECROTON, 1893.

WRITER.

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DVINSON,

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HN, N. B.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from 10 to 12 cents per copy.

Advertisements—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 7.

THAT AMENDED LAW.

The Scott Act has been carried and is supposed to be in force in nearly all of the counties in New Brunswick.

When the law demands that a petition must have the signatures of half the property owners in a ward before a license can be granted the restriction is practically prohibitory.

But what about the illegal sale? No one doubts for a moment that the liquor dealers will make a determined effort to fight the law.

The women all over America seem addicted to fads in these days, and the intentions are always good ones.

FADS TO SOME PURPOSE. The women all over America seem addicted to fads in these days, and the intentions are always good ones.

By this term is not necessarily meant the rescue from absolute vice, a sense in which the phrase is often used, but the rescue from mere ignorance and idleness.

Much of this undesirable state of affairs is due to the fact that the field of occupation for girls, in manual labor has been greatly extended with the increase of factories and workshops.

drudge and potwalloper as in old times, but she can, if fitted for her duties hold a position equivalent to that of housekeeper in many instances.

PROGRESS has frequently laid down the proposition that if education and intelligence were brought into the occupation of domestics, their calling would be one in which they would sacrifice no self respect.

This sensible fad is one that some ladies in New York are now busy about. They are the ladies of St. Bartholomew's parish, an episcopal organization, and what they call a school for servants has just been established.

A leading feature of the school, naturally, will be to teach the art and mystery of cooking in all its branches. To do this effectively, the services of a French cook will give daily lessons in the preparation of plain and fancy dishes.

The scheme appears to be an excellent one, and if the idea were to spread to other cities it might well be termed a fad to some purpose.

There is a suggestion for charitable and religious organizations in the system of providing nurses for the sick poor, recently adopted in Baltimore and which has already proved a success in other cities.

The idea which was long ago entertained by Commander CHEVRE, of reaching the north pole by means of a balloon is about to be put into a definite form by a Swede named ANDRE, who has been heard of in connection with the project for some time past.

CHEVRE used to be, but the latter gentleman never succeeded in getting governments or capitalists sufficiently interested in the undertaking to give it their financial support.

The science of predicting the weather has made great advances since the beginning of "Old Probs" in the United States, when the fallacy of the weather bulletins was a favorite topic for newspaper jokes.

Several of the country papers have recently given currency to an account of the conviction of PADDY BURKE, who was hanged for stealing in St. John, in 1838.

Though PAT SHIKA went to his death for the Troy, N. Y., murder, his memory is not to be allowed to die.

March hardly came in like a lion this year. It was more in the style of a Newfoundland dog which had taken a swim and was proceeding to shake itself.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—It is a very difficult matter to understand the reason why the names of only a few of our Canadian poets are always to the fore.

CHIMES LILIES. Oh, gone are the fleeting summer days A touching memory now; And winter crowns with ice and snow Each mountain's rugged brow.

TO BRITAIN. O Britain famed among the nations long As arbiter of her too weak to stand Against the fierce oppressor, now thy hand To help Armenia against the awful wrong.

A Down Growth. Can you tell what resemblance there is, Miss Lu said to Smith Green, 'twixt the phiz Of that mopish young squire Brown Jones Brown,

CONSULTATION FOR THE BEHEAVED. "The meanest person I ever heard of," said an east side undertaker, "caused a great sensation at a funeral I recently directed.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

On Duty. With the hospital on walking street And saw a nurse in uniform pass by;

How like a server moved the nurse about, And sweetly sang in every room; How sweet the very medicine would seem.

At Two Seasons. SWEET PEAS. In story books old legends tell How, on a mid-summer day, Unto the strolling forester Unhidden comes the Fay.

CHIMES LILIES. Oh, gone are the fleeting summer days A touching memory now; And winter crowns with ice and snow Each mountain's rugged brow.

TO BRITAIN. O Britain famed among the nations long As arbiter of her too weak to stand Against the fierce oppressor, now thy hand To help Armenia against the awful wrong.

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CONSULTATION FOR THE BEHEAVED. "The meanest person I ever heard of," said an east side undertaker, "caused a great sensation at a funeral I recently directed.

MALAY PIRATES OF TODAY.

By reference to a map of the Maritime Provinces it will be seen that St. John is unquestionably the best distributing centre for the business of these Provinces.

In the Malay peninsula, piracy has declined considerably since the expedition of twenty years ago, but Irvak, Salangore, and Ranshow still distinguish themselves as new and again by a little undistinguished business of this kind.

But back of Amoy is the mountainous district of Tongan. It is connected with the ocean by many arms of the sea. Its soil is sterile and its resources are very few; its people, like all mountaineers, are thin, muscular, brave, and resolute.

Their calculations are carefully made, but come out right only once in four or five times. It may be that a foreign or Chinese gunboat suddenly appears upon the scene.

There is a real danger that fine sewing will become one of the lost arts, and that it will be with women as with men, only those whose sole profession it is can handle a needle.

WILL BEALOSPART. The Ability to Sew is Becoming One of the Things of the Past.

WINDSOR BALL FARE AND DAIKY PURSUIT AND BEAT. HARBOUR. Mar. 4.—Mr. Alex. McDonald of Spring Hill, N. B. was here on Monday evening en route to Richibucto.

By reference to a map of the Maritime Provinces it will be seen that St. John is unquestionably the best distributing centre for the business of these Provinces.

In addition to being centrally located for all the best sections of the Maritime Provinces it has the advantage of competition for the carrying trade at all the important harbours, villages etc between the various railways and steamer lines as well as a large traffic through coasting vessels.

They have now the general agencies for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland as well as the West Indies for quite a number of leading bicycle manufacturers of Great Britain, Canada and the United States.

They also have a large repairing department for bicycles, typewriters and other intricate machinery, for which they receive orders from almost all parts of the Maritime Provinces through their net work of sub-agents, which cover all of the important points.

WINDSOR BALL FARE AND DAIKY PURSUIT AND BEAT. HARBOUR. Mar. 4.—Mr. Alex. McDonald of Spring Hill, N. B. was here on Monday evening en route to Richibucto.

Mr. Clarence Wry was taken ill quite suddenly Monday morning, but was much better yesterday.

CAMPBELLTON. (P.O. Box 15) for sale in Campbellton by B. Fairly. The children's carnival in the Round rink Saturday afternoon was a decided success.

AGANOE. MARCH 5.—Mr. Beverly McLoughlin guest a few days of last week in Apohaqui, visiting his sister, Mrs. Bryant McLeod.

Social and Personal.

WELCOME SOAP FOR FAMILY USE. WELCOME SOAP CO. St. John, N. B.

FREE Hydraulic Washer... SHERATON & WHITTAKER. 38 King Street.

You Can Sew "WAKEFIELD LEATHER SKIRT BINDING" Specially prepared leather. MacDONALD BROS., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada.

MY DAD USES THE MASTER MECHANIC'S EXTRAORDINARY SOAP, BABY'S OWN SOAP. A SENSIBLE BOY.

The New "Eudora" Cloth FOR LADIES. ALWAYS ASK FOR PRIESTLEY'S DRESS GOODS.

WATSON'S DUNDEE WHISKY. Daintiest Blend on Earth.

It is useless to waste time and space in apologizing for the small amount of social matter this week; there is not even the never failing tea to write about, while the disagreeable state of the weather made sleighing, skating or snow-shoeing impossible amusements.

Mr. Charles Dobson and Miss McLeod are established at the Clifton House, while their houses on Paddock street, which was injured by fire last week is undergoing repairs.

The young people of German street church had arrangements about completed for a sleigh drive to which the young folks of Centenary and Stone churches were invited.

The great event of next week in musical circles will be the concert in EXETER street church with Mrs. C. W. Harrison, formerly of Mount Allison, as the bright particular star in a bright galaxy of musicians.

The death of Mrs. C. H. Dimock, a very highly esteemed resident of the North end occurred recently after a painful illness of fifteen months.

Mr. Short, who has been spending a week or two with his son, Mr. W. W. Short, in Richibucto, has returned home.

Mr. George E. Boak of Halifax is in the city for a short stay.

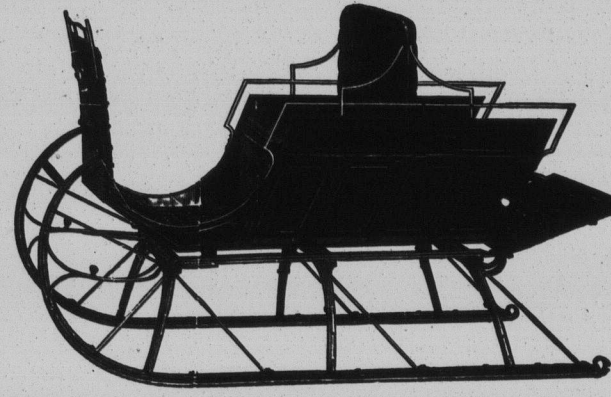
Mr. Charles B. Fisher returned this week from his trip to England, and reports a very pleasant time while away.

A number of society people turned out Wednesday evening to see Miss Mabel Davidson skate at the Victoria rink.

Rev. Mr. Burgess and Mrs. Burgess, formerly of Carleton, but now of California, are visiting Mrs. Burgess's mother in the West End.

What are you wearing On your feet this weather? Granby Rubbers wear like iron.

Merry Sleigh Bells. The Finest Winter Turnouts in the Country HAVE NICE SLEIGH?



If not, just look at this Family Gladstone Neatest and handsomest turnout made.



And then on this Sleigh. Just the thing for Comfort and for Fast Driving. Strong and Durable.

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

Bisquit Dubouché & Co. COGNAC. FAMOUS Vintages of Brandies.

See My New Shoes. Waterbury & Rising, 61 King and 212 Union St.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

"SOCIETY" is for sale in Halifax by the news b. & at the following places:

- C. S. DUFFY, - - - Brunswick street
W. M. & Co., - - - Barrington street
G. J. ...

The excellent weather which prevailed a last week had a very enlivening effect upon the lentes season.

Monday afternoon there were three teas, the largest of which was given by Mrs. Montgomery Moore.

Two well known Morris street hostesses gave small teas the same afternoon, very informal but none the less enjoyable.

Madame Walther looked lovely in a deep buttercup yellow gown and sang very sweetly and used her voice very nicely.

On Wednesday afternoon there were yet more teas and in the evening a small tobogganing party on Citadel Hill.

Monday evening a great many went to witness the hockey between St. John and Halifax.

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IT IS THE FACT, Think as You Please

It is not generally known, but it is a fact readily proven by the investigations of science, that the real danger from every known ailment of mankind is caused by inflammation.

INFLAMMATION Causes Every Known Disease!

Inflammation of the nervous system embraces the brain, spine, bones and muscles.

"TREATMENT FOR DISEASES," caused by inflammation. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

"TREATMENT FOR DISEASES," caused by inflammation. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS.

Doctors recommend it highly. Ask your druggist for it.

Carriage FOR SPRING!

If you are thinking of getting one we would like to correspond with you or call on you. We have forty years' experience building carriages, skilled workmen and a thoroughly equipped factory for making good solid carriages.

Price & Shaw,

222 to 228 Main Street, St. John, N. B.

Memorials, Interior Decorations.

CASTLE & SON, 20 University St., Montreal.

BICYCLES

KENWOOD, RAIBLER, CRESCENT, CRAWFORD and SPECIALS. NEW AND SECOND-HAND. We sell everywhere.

WINDSOB.

[Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowles' book store and by W. Deakin.

[Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowles' book store and by W. Deakin.

I CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent free to any who will send 50c. to the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Vere of St. Croix were in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Vere of St. Croix were in town last week.

NEW GLASGOW.

[Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Fritchard and H. H. Henderson.]

A more beautiful night for a sleigh-drive than last Friday could scarcely be imagined.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Graham Fraser entertained a party of young people Monday evening.

Mr. J. F. Fraser of St. John, and Mr. Oxley of Halifax were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McGregor last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Heywood McGregor were visited upon by a large number of lady and gentlemen friends.

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AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Purdy.]

Mar. 4.—The annual athletic exhibition of the Y. M. C. A. was greeted with a full house last Wednesday evening.

A toboggan party was one of the enjoyments of the younger sets at the rink with supper after the party.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Moore gave a very enjoyable party on Monday evening to a number of the young friends of their place.

Mr. D. W. Robb and Mr. Hunter of the Bank of Montreal, enter a number of ladies and gentlemen at a skating party at the Aberdeen rink last Thursday afternoon.

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ANAPOLIS ROYAL.

ANAPOLIS ROYAL, Feb. 28—Miss Florie's Buck left a most enjoyable party last Tuesday evening to several of her young friends.

HILLSBOROUGH.

March 3.—There have been two driving parties lately, one to Moncton the other to the cape.



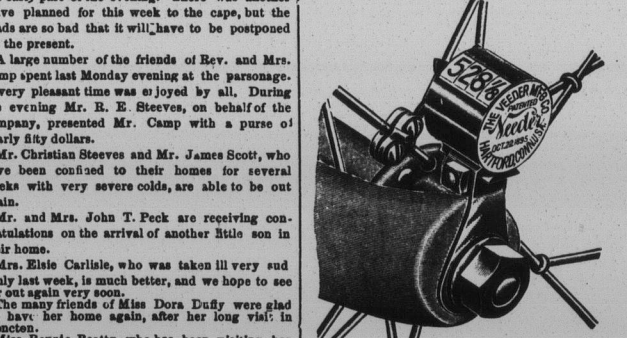
CO. MO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO., CHICAGO. J. Hunter White, Agent for St. John.

Excuse Me, Boys,

haven't time to talk, just got in and have to go right back. Want to see George De M'Laughlin and leave my order for O'Keefe's Ale and Lager for Spring.

O'Keefe's Ale and Lager

are on sale in all the leading hotels and bars in the Province. See that you get them.



The Veeder Cyclometer.

Weight 1 Oz. Positive Movement. Dust Proof. Water Proof. Cut Exact Size.

Attached to front shaft inside of nut, obviating any possibility of striking an obstacle and breaking the Cyclometer.

IRACORN WALL.

Wholesale Agent for Dominion of Canada, Board of Trade Building, St. John, N. B., Canada.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS and Chocolates

On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

PROGRAMME for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Taylor, and at the bookstores of R. S. Daggett, G. S. Wall and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at 10, 'Le Tourbillon'.

MARCH 4.—Invitations were given on Saturday by Madam Chipman and Mrs. John D. Chipman to an At Home at the "Cedars" on Thursday, to-morrow, from 1.30 until seven o'clock.

The St. Croix hall, Calais, was filled to its utmost last evening to greet Miss Louise Taylor, who is the talented lady and gentleman who assisted her in giving to the music loving public the most delightful concert they have attended this season.

The programme was begun with an overture, violin concert and piano by Miss Louise Taylor, Miss Taylor and Mr. J. H. C. Higgins. Mrs. C. W. Harrison then appeared and sang most beautifully "Le Tourbillon," receiving most overwhelming applause and kindly responded with an encore.

Miss Louise Taylor gave a violin solo, that sweetest of all, "The Blue Bells of Scotland," that charmed her audience; Miss Lou S. Brown, who is always a favorite with a St. Croix audience, gave a reading entitled "Honor in the Woods;" Mr. J. H. Callaghan's cornet solo, "Les Folles Bergères," was well received and won him a round of applause.

The programme was a long one; Mrs. Harrison sang several times, each time winning honors for herself, and it is the one opinion here that she has a brilliant musical career for her future. Too much cannot be said for the taste shown by Miss Taylor in her selections for her violin solos. What could be better in an American city than "Way Down in Dixie," and "Sous le D'Amour," which is simply "Yankee Doodle," an air that is always dear to a "Yankee's" heart.

RESOLVE

That you will take K. D. C. as your

SPRING MEDICINE.

- K. D. C. Produces Flesh. K. D. C. Imparts Strength. K. D. C. Tones the Stomach. K. D. C. Restores the Stomach to Healthy Action and good food, will do good, makes

GOOD BLOOD

And thus imparts health to the whole system.

HIGHEST ENDORSEMENT.

CONSUMPTION.

Valuable treatment and two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, sent free to those who send for it.

WOODSTOCK.

PROGRAMME for sale in Woodstock at the Mountain Bookstore, by W. G. S. and S. T. Hall and M. R. Jones Bookstore.

MARCH 4.—The usual Lenten quiet broods over Woodstock, and keeps things very dull in society circles, with an occasional whist party to vary the monotony.

Mrs. George C. Allen's many friends will be sorry to hear that she has been seriously ill with a grippe, but I am glad to say that she is recovering now. Rev. E. A. Meehan left town on Monday night for Montreal, en route to New York where he will be on the steamer for England.

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The funeral of Mrs. W. C. Killam who died at her home in Woodstock on Friday afternoon, on Wednesday last took place on Friday afternoon at the residence of her father, Mr. John W. Prince of Archibald street. The services at the house and at grave were conducted by Rev. John Read of Wesley Memorial church and Rev. John Prince.

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"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health." Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

DURING MARCH

Colds and chills are prevalent, and unless the system is strong enough to throw them off, serious illness, often ending in pneumonia and death result.

THE CAUSE Of colds, chills and attendant dangers is found in the blood, poisoned by uric acid, which should be expelled by the kidney.

THE EFFECT Of this kidney-poisoned blood is far-reaching. Health and strength are impossible while it exists. The system is being continually weakened, leaving it open to the ravages of colds, chills, pneumonia and fevers.

THE CURE For such a diseased condition is found in Warner's Safe Cure, which will restore the kidneys to health and enable them to properly perform their functions.

PROOF POSITIVE. A French suicide near Lyons carefully built a guillotine for himself, using a hatchet heated at a stove burner for a knife.

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND ELUCUTION. 125 Prince William Street. Fall term opens Sep. 9th 1895. Branches taught Piano, Violin, Vocal music and Elucution.

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MINIATURE PAINTING.

The Newest Thing in Fine Art Work for Amateurs.

We teach Miniature Painting on GLASS, IVORY, CHINA, MEDALLION, in fact anything. Oil Painting, Water Color Painting, China Painting, Banner Painting, Painting on Silk and Satin, Painting on Ivory, Glass and Wood.

Classes in Mechanical Drawing on Tuesday and Friday evenings. We claim to have no rivals in Canada in regard to the excellence of our students work.

J. C. MILES, A. R. C. A., Principal. E. J. C. MILES, F. H. C. MILES, Instructors.

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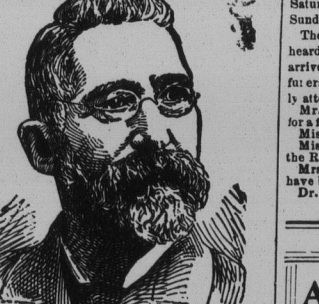
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A LIFE SAVED BY TAKING AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, attended with a cough, which allowed me no rest, either day or night.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Highest Award at World's Fair. J. W. Ward, the Best Family Physic.

A Wetting Can't Hurt

Skins and wraps that are made up with the new RIGBY PROOFED FIBRE CHAMOIS.

It is completely waterproof so that all day's rain won't go through it.

Same price and looks the same as the waterproofed, it can only be distinguished by the different label on each yard.

Sewing for the Poor

is a double pleasure when you use thread that does not snarl nor break, and is perfectly even, such as

Clapperton's Thread.

LOOK AT The Display IN MY WINDOW

Thos. Crockett,

Cor. Princes and Sydney Sts.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

W. A. Park of Newcastle was in the city the first of the week on his way to Fredericton.

Thomas Scovell of Georgetown spent a day or two lately in the city.

The most stirring quartette gave the third concert in their series on Tuesday evening. Owing to the very disagreeable state of the weather, and several other attractions for the evening, this entertainment was not so largely attended as it would doubtless have been under more favorable circumstances.

The Misses Marsh of El Dorado gave a very enjoyable candy party at their residence Tuesday evening for the benefit of the United Fund of Bruns- wick.

Mr. F. W. Warren left this week for Montreal to reside permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel March of Boston visited St. John this week.

Mr. Albert C. Heit of New York was in the city for a short time this week.

Mrs. George McLoughlin and two children who have been visiting relatives in Annapolis, have returned home.

Miss Fannie Bonnell of Boston spent a few days visiting relatives in the city last week.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.]

Mar. 4.—The musicale given at Government House on Saturday evening was the second of a series of at home entertainments.

It was a very successful one, about fifty guests being present. Besides the vocal selections, a number of vocal solos were rendered.

Mrs. Wm. Lemont was the last number; she gave "Glory to Thee," arranged by Gounod, and fully captivated her audience.

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which was thoroughly enjoyable and a very pretty affair. Miss George, with her mother, received her guests as they entered the drawing room.

From the dining-room the guests were ushered into the second parlor, where ice was served.

The invited guests were: The Misses Abbott, the Misses Bailey, the Misses Foye, the Misses Wainot, the Misses Plaid, the Misses Gregory, the Misses Sterling, the Misses Sherman, the Misses Crookshank, the Misses Johnston, the Misses Hunter, Miss Ellis, Mrs. McLaughlin, Miss Holden, Miss McAvity, Miss Blizard, Miss Emme son, Miss Benson, Miss White, Miss Burgess, Miss MacLachlan, Miss Cook, Miss Clarke, Miss Parker, Miss Tabor, Miss Wheeler, Miss Neil, Miss O'Neil, Miss Beverly, Miss Allen, Miss Winslow, Miss L. Beckwith, Miss Hilyard, Miss Jeffrey, Miss Bridges, Miss Marsh, Miss Jack, Miss Logan, Miss E. B. MacLachlan, Miss Tilton, Miss Morris, Miss M. Robinson, Miss Gibson, Miss Hunt, Miss Partridge, Miss Straton, Miss Rainford, Miss Ackerley, Miss Mansfield, Miss Glasier.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Powys of "Garden Creek," had their infant son baptised on Saturday, the 7th inst. The name given was Beverly.

Mrs. Albert W. Egecombe has issued invitations for an at home for Saturday afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock.

Mrs. E. J. Hatt gave a juvenile party on Friday evening for the friends of her niece, Miss Gretchen Fair.

Mr. W. K. Mollison, of the well known wholesale dry goods house of Mollison Bros & Co, St John, needs no introduction to the public.

What he says needs no embellishment. He tells of a remarkable cure and recommends a great remedy. Here are his words:—

"About the first of February (last month) I contracted a cold that settled in my head, throat and chest. It was accompanied by a severe, racking cough, so much so that one night I wept from a fitful sleep to find my pillow saturated with blood.

"Next day I got three bottles of Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry. I began taking it and it gave me relief at once. After four days I found the cough had entirely ceased. I continued taking the remedy and find that I am perfectly cured of the cold.

"I have no hesitation in most highly recommending Hawker's balsam to anyone suffering from cough or cold."

Thousands bear the like testimony. Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry is sold by all druggists and dealers in 25 and 50 cent bottles, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co., (Ltd.) St. John, N. B.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at Wm. I. Goodwin's Bookstore. In Middle Sackville by E. Merrill.]

Mar. 4.—Miss Tweedie of Hampton is the guest of Mrs. Josiah Wood for a few days.

Mr. Chas. Cahill spent several days of last week with his father.

Last Thursday evening the Misses Copp entertained a number of their friends at a pleasant progressive party.

Mrs. Vincent gave a very enjoyable snowshoe tramp to the young people on Friday evening in honor of her sister Miss Nettie Colwell who is visiting her.

BICYCLES.

For the purpose, we have given considerable thought and enquiry as to the most effective method of more thoroughly introducing our fine line of cycles into the Provinces of NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK and P. E. I., and have finally decided a good plan for us, and one most conducive to the purchasers is to offer same at

At Agents Prices. Direct to the Purchaser or Rider.

Our Cycles are fully guaranteed for one year; our list prices are low; our goods unsurpassed in their respective grades, and we can furnish abundant evidence to show that our 1896 World's Standard "KING" and "QUEEN" of SCORCHERS, are approached by few in quality and by none in the number of useful and valuable improvements.

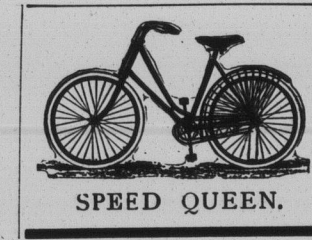
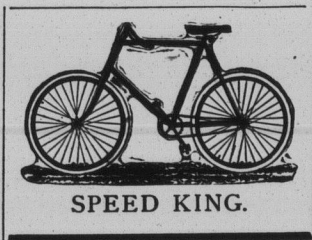
SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES AT ONCE

WE cannot mention our full line in detail here; the following are but a few points or special features in our "KING OF SCORCHERS."

The bearings always run in oil, and require oiling once a season only; are absolutely dustproof and have locked adjustments, rendering it unnecessary to adjust the bearings in case of nuts coming loose on axles, or wheels being removed for any purpose. The handle bars are adjustable to any angle, without having any unsightly bolt, clamps, nut or lug. Seat pillar is reversible, giving front or rear position for saddle without having any unsightly projection of the T pillars. The rims are Fairbanks' canvas covered, waterproof, wood rims, which do not shrink, and are much superior as regards strength to any other. Made in three heights and three weights to suit riders. List price \$125.00. Our "CENTAUR," 25 lb. Roadster, has all the latest general improvements and is guaranteed equal to any cycle built, being inferior to our K. O. S. only in not having the patent bearings at a few minor details. This cycle is fitted with Dunlop Tires and the Fairbanks rim described above. Specially recommended for heavy riders on rough roads. List price \$100.00.

Our "SPEED KING and QUEEN,"

As per cuts opposite, are made in 28 in. wheels, list price \$80.00; 26 in. wheels, ladies' list, \$75.00; 26 in. wheels, gen's list, \$70.00; and boys and girls, 24 in. wheels, list \$65.00. These all have large tubing, barrel hubs, drop-forged connections, oil retaining and dustproof bearings; and ladies' wheels are fitted with neat wood guard. They are light, graceful, well finished, easy riding and exceedingly durable.



Our "FAIRY KING" and "QUEEN,"

Although not quite so highly finished as the "Speed" lines, are grand value for the money, and are guaranteed to give as good results as regards riding and durability as any \$90.00 machine made. They are good goods and list at \$65.00.



ANY CYCLE SHIPPED C. O. D. SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION BEFORE ACCEPTANCE.

References: L. M. Jewett St. John, N. B., Rev. J. W. Manning, St. John, N. B., Isaac Burpee, Fredericton, N. B. or Canadian Wheelman, Cycling or American Dunlop and Tire Co.

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ART SALE.

One Week ONLY.

Having received a large consignment of Genuine Art Treasures such as seldom seen in this locality, I am instructed to close them out immediately at A GREAT SACRIFICE.

On Exhibition and For Sale at No. 286 QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON, W. T. H. FENETY.

The illustrations will give some idea of the character of the pictures, which are of great variety.



Catarrh in the Head

Is a dangerous disease because it is liable to result in loss of hearing or smell, or develop into consumption.

"My wife has been a sufferer from catarrh for the past four years and the disease had gone so far that her eyesight was affected so that for nearly a year she was unable to read for more than five minutes at a time. She suffered severe pains in the head and at times was almost distracted. About Christmas, she commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and since that time has steadily improved. She has taken six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is on the road to a complete cure. I cannot speak too highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I cheerfully recommend it." W. H. FRANKS, Newmarket, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c per box.

Advertisement for 'Sea Balm' featuring a large illustration of the product and text: 'A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes. It leaves the skin soft smooth and healthy. 5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE. W. T. H. FENETY, ST. JOHN, N. B.'

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1896.

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATERFEX WRITES ON VARIOUS LITERARY TOPICS.

The Folly of Unenforced Laws—A New Foot Whose Color Makes Him of No Nation, but who Slaps the Joints of Dixie—Other Literary Notes.

A good law is the expression of the best judgment and highest intelligence of a State, and doubtless has its value as such; but it is more, as the assertion of the will of the State; as expressive of the intention of the citizens to punish crime. Therefore it can never be a prudent or wholesome practice to multiply statutes, however just, which are not to be enforced, or which criminals or officers and executives can and will habitually evade.

"I do not think that it is just that hotels and clubs frequented by the wealthy classes should be allowed to sell ale, beer and light wines on Sunday, and the same privileges not be allowed to the restaurant frequented by the poorer classes. The privilege should be allowed to both or denied to both."

That we believe. The man who, because of his wealth or position, desires and claims immunity from statutes that are binding on his poorer and humbler neighbor, is a selfish disturber of social order; as much as the ruffian in an inflated mood, that throws a stone at his palace window, or a handful of filth upon him.

"I am not a believer in 'saloons,' either for Sunday or for any other day in the week, and would sustain any excise measure, however rigid, provided there is furnished the means adequate to its enforcement, but unenforced laws I am tired of. They are essentially demoralizing. We have had them in New York city for a great many years, and that explains in large measure our present debased condition."

There are other than dialect poems in this volume, and they show a fine feeling and are of a high order of expression. We regret that we must in seeking examples among the briefer lyrics, pass by such characteristic things as, "Of Doc Hyar," "Uncle Eigh's Horse Trade," "D's 'Sprise Pa'y," "Linkum," and especially the "Song of the Corn," of which we must give a stanza or two:

O, his time fur de plantin' ar de co'n:
De groun' am wa'm, de farrers made—
('Caw! Caw!' de black crow laffs.)
Fut ur han' in yo' ol' hoe blade—
('Caw! Caw!' de black crow laffs.)
O, his time fur de plantin' ar de co'n:
O, his time fur de plantin' ar de co'n:
De chipmunk eat on top 'er chid—
('Cheat! cheat!' de rabbit say.)
He sht his tall an' wisk an' nod—
('Cheat! cheat!' de rabbit say.)
O, his time fur de plantin' ar de co'n.

Here is a song which comes to time in the line of a "Negro Sirenade."
O, de light-bugs gillumer down de lane,
Merlin'dy! Merlin'dy!
O, de whip-will callin' notes ur pain—
Merlin'dy, O, Merlin'dy!
O, hooley hob, my turkle dub,
Doan' you hyuh my bawater ringin',
While de nigh'-few falls an' de bo' owl calls
By de ol' ba' gate L'oo singin'.

It is oppressive to consider how many fair things go down to a quick oblivion. How many glowing conceptions, that cause the eye of him who begets them to sparkle, his cheek to flush, and his heart to beat faintly, and which perchance were, fondly regarded as additions to the world's permanent treasure, have perished immediately, or long before the little vapor life out of which they rose has expired! We frequently rescue from the limbo of lost and half forgotten things some fragment of song, resembling in its characteristics the happier blossoms that no winter of time is found to wither. The secret of vitality in the poets' verse may be as obscure as in the poet himself; while Keats perishes in the rose-tint and the dew while Wordsworth, Rogers, Landor, and Coleridge, go into "the serene and yellow leaf." Well, it is only the matter of a few more days with any one of us; and shall we not be the sense of him who

Cannot hear,
The sullen Lethe rolling doom
On . . . all things.
O little head, is your lot so hard,
If man neglect your pages?
I think not much of yours or mine,
I hear the roll of the ago.

Rhymes and rhymes in the range of the times!
Are miles for the moment stronger!
You hate me now, but abide your lot,
I last but a moment longer.
So did Tennyson plead with B—
You can write out his name definitely. It is
die, indeed! But we poor insects die hard,
some of us.

"Echoes From The Cabin and Elsewhere," by James Edwin Campbell, is a contribution to the rhymed lore of Dixie, which gives the reader an hour of pleasure. Here is a mingling of mirth and sentiment, poetry and pathos, so served up with true darkey sauce that the dish might have been relished by the very original Stephen C. Foster, himself.

Mr. Campbell has in his veins a sympathetic strain that enables him to voice the joys and sorrows of that race whose bonds are beginning to be broken, and whose capacity a Fred Douglas, a Booker T. Washington and a President Bowen have made so prominent. Richard Lenthorn, editor of the Chicago Sunday Herald, writes thus in the introduction to the volume:

"The author of this volume has caught the true spirit of the anti-bellum Negro, and in characteristic verse has portrayed the simplicity, the philosophy and the humor of the race. In no instance has he descended to caricature, which has made valueless so many efforts in this fertile field of literary effort. These poems will awaken tender memories in all who have dwelt in the Southland; they will be an inspiration to the musician in adding to the melodies peculiar to the plantation black, for all of them are adapted so musical into pretation. To the captious critic who may be inclined to find fault with the varying dialect, the following incident will be valuable:

A member of a minstrel company who desired to thoroughly master the Negro dialect associated for months with the negroes on a Virginia plantation. When he appeared upon the stage in Richmond, he made an instantaneous success. Later on, he appeared in Georgia and Alabama, and no one understood him. There are other than dialect poems in this volume, and they show a fine feeling and are of a high order of expression.

We regret that we must in seeking examples among the briefer lyrics, pass by such characteristic things as, "Of Doc Hyar," "Uncle Eigh's Horse Trade," "D's 'Sprise Pa'y," "Linkum," and especially the "Song of the Corn," of which we must give a stanza or two:

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Cannot hear,
The sullen Lethe rolling doom
On . . . all things.
O little head, is your lot so hard,
If man neglect your pages?
I think not much of yours or mine,
I hear the roll of the ago.

White slavers loud for pardon cry,
When ol' Sis' Judy pray.
When ol' Sis' Judy pray,
Ha'd shunsas scribble in dey seat
Ter hyuh hyuh voices in narrow 'peat:
(While all de che'ch de sob an' weep)
'O Shepa' dese dy po' los' sheep!"
When ol' Sis' Judy pray.

When ol' Sis' Judy pray,
De whole house hit des rock an' moan
Ter hah teahs an' hyuh hah groan;
Dar's sumpin in sis Judy's toon:
Dat meik all ba' dough meud ar stone,
When ol' Sis' Judy pray.

When ol' Sis' Judy pray,
Salvation's light comes pourin' down—
Hit fill de che'ch an' all de town—
Why, angel's robes go ravellin' roun',
An' Hebben on dis year an' foun',
When ol' Sis' Judy pray!

Mr. Campbell is a dweller in Bohemia, —that kingdom where a devotee of the muses may have a freedom and a freehold of his own, and man a Spanish castle into which he never intends to invite his friends —the alley club-room being good enough for them. He was lately —it may be in some way employed as a printer, or in some way on newspaper work, at Pomeroy, Ohio. That he is inclined to despondency, or finds his origin in some degree a barrier to success and social acceptance, would appear from some words addressed to the writer: "Alas! you are more fortunate than I! You can boast of auld Caledonia's lann in song and the valor of her sons at Bannockburn; of the desperate valor of clansmen, who burnt their tents upon the hills at Fiodden Field, before they swept with gude King James down into the valley of death. While I, who am far more Scotch than an African; whose features have even the Scottish cast,—can have no part in her glory of any race. I am a Pariah, a Sudra, in a land of Brahmins." Sad indeed, where society by its exclusions and prejudices can tend to inspire and foster such bitter musings in the minds of gifted and generous men! Hasten the day, when not a man's color, or race, shall be his passport to good society; but by his character, abilities, and achievements, instead!

The New York "Home Journal" convicts the Boston Public Library directors of a narrow puritanism, in the exclusion of Thomas Hardy's last book of fiction; and thinks the virtue of the patronizing citizens may safely be trusted, while their judgment and taste should have an opportunity of deciding on the merits or demerits of the book. Doubtless they will procure the opportunity of judging, for no such policy can be expected to shut a popular out from a public hearing on the ground of alleged coarseness. Nevertheless, the overplus of good books makes it no matter of regret if the action of the Directors shall keep "Jude the Obscure" out of the hands of many who may be injured by it. Our supposition is that the more powerful a bad book the greater engine of evil it must be; and the fact that there are so many delightful things in Hardy's books make his aberrations the more to be dreaded in the interest of unborn youths who may have a tendency toward prurency.

The desire of the heart of Dr. J. D. Ross is attained at last, since he has in the press of J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company a cheap popular Burnsiana volume of about 300 pages; which it is intended shall be ready for the public on or before the 15th, of March. It is to be entitled "All About Burns," and will contain the best poems, essays, addresses, critiques, itineraries, eulogies, and memorabilia, relating to "the Poet of Humanity." It is expected this vade mecum of Burns will be widely distributed. The publisher will issue an edition of about 25,000 copies, which will be sent into every town and hamlet of the United States and Canada. The price will bring it within the reach of the lovers of good books, and it can be obtained in paper cover for 50 cents, or handsomely bound in cloth for 75 cents. Dr. Ross does not expect to make money out of the book, making it a labor of love; "but," he says, "there was no expense on my part, and it will help to keep up the interest in the life and writings of Burns,—and this is what I am principally interested in."

Authentic chronicles of the beginnings of an important state or nation acquire a value with the lapse of time; and this the Ohioan of the future will consider, as he returns to Henry Howe's three noble volumes of "Historical Collections," the basis upon which any historical work relative to the state must rest. Of a similar settlement of Highland county, Ohio," by Daniel Scott, Esq., revised and edited by Judge R. M. Ditely. There is here to be found, amid details of local and family history, many passages of thrilling and romantic interest, and many pictures of

Manchester Robertson & Allison. St. John
UNUSUAL EXCELLENCE IN
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We Mention as Especially Prominent.
Mohair Materials, Plain and Figured, one of the most fashionable fabrics for the coming season.
Crepons—In the line of Silk and Wool, and Mohair and Wool Novelty, Crepons, occupy a prominent place, and our assortment comprises so many different styles that it is impossible to describe them in detail.
Brocades—All-Wool, Silk and Wool, Mohair and Wool Brocades, in New and Pleasing Effects.
A Transparent Novelty—It is constructed of very Fine Wool and Mohair, and has an openwork ground, over which is woven a Narrow, Fancy Stripe.
In addition to the above, our lines of Henriettas, Cashmeres, Merinos, Sataras, Serges, and many other Materials are worthy of special interest.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

This wild unbroken forest, and of pioneer life, that hold the reader as closely as the latest novel might do. We recall how, in an early day, a black-covered book in the home of my grandfather, fascinated us with its full-page colored pictures, and its moving recitals of frontier Indian warfare, all the way from Kentucky to Canada. We have here recalled what we there learned of Black Hawk, of Pausus and Chamberlain, of Daniel Boone, and old Simon Girty, and Simon Kenton as well. Chilliote's, Lower Sandusky, Miami, and Scioto, became places as familiarly known in my imagination and names as easy to my ear, as Hantsport, or Horton, or Fal-mouth. Still to my fancy, as then, the old pioneer runs the gauntlet among the Indians of Lower Sandusky, and dusky Pausus and Chamberlain meet in the gloom by the brookside and slent'y mark each other as victims. Thus these records have acquired particular interest in our eyes; but they have a well accorded value, aside from our imagination. We select a favorable example of their style,—an extract which shows how justice was meted out in a primitive community, and the simple method may be compared with the more elaborate, yet uncertain ones of today:

In the spring of 1797 one Brannon stole a great coat, handkerchief and shirt, and immediately, in company with his wife fled. They were pursued and brought back. A judge was appointed by the citizens, and jury empaneled, and an attorney appointed by the judge for the prisoner and one for the prosecution. Witnesses were examined, the case argued, and the evidence summed up by the judge. The jury retired for a few minutes, and returned with a verdict of guilty, and that the culprit be sentenced according to the discretion of the court. The judge promptly pronounced sentence of ten lashes on the naked back, or that the criminal should sit on a bare pack-saddle on the back of his liveed to have had some agency in the theft,—should lead the pony to every house in the village and proclaim—"This is Brannon who stole the great coat, handkerchief and shirt."—and that James B. Finley should see the sentence faithfully executed. Brannon choose the latter; and,—This is Brannon who stole the great coat, handkerchief and shirt."—was in due form proclaimed at the door of every cabin in the village, by his wife; he sitting on the bare pack-saddle on the pony, she holding the halter, and Finley present to enforce the execution of the sentence, with the entire population as spectators.

One would think that a punishment of which the criminal must be his own executor would be the one to be avoided rather than chosen, since an element of shame peculiarly degrading enters into it. The poitoun abrank from the lashes to be laid on by the hand of another, and probably heard the proclamation of his well understood character from the lips of his wife, with less heart burning than Haman knew when he held the bridle of the horse that carried Mordecai. Another interesting instance follows:

In 1797 Governor St. Clair appointed Thomas Worthington, Hugh Cochran and Samuel Smith to be Justices of the Peace for the Chilliote settlement. Smith transacted the principal part of the business, and his prompt and decisive manner rendered him very popular. His docket could be understood only by himself. Scarcely was a warrant issued by him, as he preferred always to send his constable to bring the accused forth, before him that justice might be administered. No law book was of any authority with him, and he always justified his own proceedings by saying: "All laws are intended to secure justice, (perhaps so, then,) and I know what is right and what is wrong as well as those who made the laws, and therefore I stand in need of no laws to govern my actions." The following is one of his orally reported cases: Adam McMurdy cultivated some ground on the Station Prairie, below the town. One night during the plowing season some one stole his horse collar. He next morning examined the collar of the plowing then at work, and discovered his property in the possession of one of them, and claimed it. The man denied the theft and used abusive and threatening language. McMurdy went to Squire Smith and stated his case. The Squire dispatched his constable with strict orders to bring the thief and collar forth with before them. The accused was im-

mediately arraigned, court being held in the open air under the shade of a tree. A Mr. Spear was called as a witness, and without being sworn, testified that,— "If the collar was McMurdy's he himself had written his name on the ear of the collar." The Squire turned up the ear and found the name. "No better proof could be given," said the Squire, and ordered the prisoner to be immediately tied up to a buckeye and to receive five lashes well laid on, which sentence was immediately carried out.

This justice was meted with the primitive simplicity of the noted Wouter Van Twiler and with the directness, if not the passion, with which "Old Floyd Irons" as soon as he had set foot on shore after his cruel desertion of his perishing townsmen, was seized—

For't an' father'd an' co'rd' in a court
By the women o' Marble'ead;
We have in our possession a small photograph of him who is now Sir Charles Tupper, taken years ago by J. S. Rogers at "The Peoples Gallery," 189 Barrington Street, opposite Chalmers' church, Halifax. It represents him in the prime of his bright youth which he was yet Dr. Tupper, of Provincial fame, and on the same floor with Howe and Archibald, Huntingdon, Uniacke and their like. We note how busy the years have been with him, as we contrast this portrait with a later one in "Munsey's Magazine." We think the earlier the more attractive countenance; but force and strength and firmness of will are more marked in the latter.

The Week has of late been giving some excellent literature,—such as "A German View of Keats, by Pelham Edgar; "The Sons of the United Empire Loyalists and the Old Flag," (poem) by "Fidelis" (Agnes Maule Machar); "A Revival of Interest in Carlyle," by W. G. Jordan; "The Wooden Nativag Age" (an article published in the "Opera Court," Chicago, in its Monroe Doctrine Symposium) by W. D. Lighthall; "At Last," and "Lost Love," fine poems, by "Seranus" (Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison), and Frederick George Scott. These, with the articles of Principal Grant and the editorial discussions, are published in a very substantial and alluring lot. We have pleasure in commending this able and popular journal.

Are you a Dyspeptic.
When to dyspepsia is added constipation the scene of bodily suffering is reached. A remedy that will cure a chronic case must be a wonderful one and a boon to humanity. Edward Warren, 1544 Maylett Ave., Scranton, Pa., was such a victim and was cured by Hawker's dyspepsia cure. He writes to the Hawker Medicine Co., that Scanton doctors told him he must undergo an operation; that later he spent some time in a Montreal hospital, with no beneficial results, and had practically resigned himself to the inevitable when a friend advised him to try Hawker's dyspepsia cure. He did so and the third dose gave relief unknown for months. He continued taking the remedy with the most gratifying results. He now recommends all his friends to use Hawker's dyspepsia cure if they are troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia, and authorizes the Hawker Medicine Co., to tell his story for the benefit of others. Hawker's dyspepsia cure is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John N. B.

Feel and Well and Bold for a Safe Remedial Measure.
Everyone has not the same interest in the ailments of the body politic, but when the body personal is sick the case comes home to a person. Mr. James A. Lowell, M. P. for Welland, suffered that unpleasant sickness that comes from catarrh, but he found a cure in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Mr. Henry W. Francis, of Brampton, Peel county, Ontario, a well-known citizen, identified with the Great Northwestern Telegraph Co., had suffered from catarrh for ten years. His words are these: "I was greatly troubled with catarrh in the head for ten years. I tried every remedy, and also doctored, but little or no benefit came to me until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Relief came in ten minutes from the use of a sample bottle I procured, and four bottles, which cost me, all told, only \$3.40, have completely cured me." Sample bottle and Blower sent by S. G. Detohm 44 Church Street, Toronto, on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

HEART DISEASE OF 20 YEARS' STANDING RELIEVED IN A DAY.
Mr. Aaron Nichols Who Has Lived on One Farm for 70 Years, Tells What He Knows of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

"This is to certify that I have bought two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, for my wife, who has been troubled for the past twenty years with heart disease. The first few doses gave relief, and she has had more benefit from it than from all the doctoring she ever did. The remedy acts like magic on a diseased heart. I am pleased to give this certificate."

AARON NICHOLS,
Peterboro.
Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Sleeplessness is Another of the Vanquished Ailments.

A Wakeful Pouton in the Blood—A Few Doses Relieves—A Few Boxes Cure.
Kidney disease has no surer sign than the condition of sleeplessness. Without pain of any kind, or even uneasiness, the sufferer wakes, or remains awake, hour after hour every night. There is a peculiar irritating and wakeful poison in the blood that causes it. Sluggish kidneys have allowed this to pass into the circulation. A few doses of Dodd's Kidney Pills will make such a change for the better as to satisfy you that you are taking the right medicine. But sleeplessness cannot be overcome in a day. If in the habit of waking at a certain hour of the night—take one pill on going to bed. If you have suffered from this form of unrest for any great length of time it will require a box or two to put the kidneys in good shape. But Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure this condition. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure so many diseases that have never been considered in any way related to the kidneys. By this means—because Dodd's Kidney Pills cure—we often learn that a certain form of suffering never before suspected is a form of kidney trouble. And sleeplessness is one of the troubles that is settled by Dodd's Kidney Pills every time.

It is no experiment to use a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills for sleeplessness. In one hundred thousand houses in Canada Dodd's Kidney Pills have a sure place. One sufferer cured has told a dozen and so the good news has spread from house to house and from Province to Province.

Inside Information.
The Idiot—These cathode rays will be a great for the country newspapers. The Professor—How so? The Idiot—They'll be able to find out everything that's going on "in our midst."

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Peterboro.
Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

Did You Ever

Think how easy it is to waste money. Stop and think; then consider the different uses you have for it, and, next to your food you will find that your clothing takes the next largest portion. Look at that suit of clothes or that dress you have on [and if you think it time for a new one, why call on UNGAR and have it dyed. This consideration will be wise and profitable.

WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS,
20-24 Waterloo St., 66-70 Harrington St.,
St. John, N.B. Halifax, N.S.

DIAMONDS AND CRIME.

INSTANCES OF WHERE THE GEMS HAVE LED TO DARK DEEDS.

Extraordinary Crimes Brought About by the Precious Stones.—Each Noted Diamond has a Story of Blood-Famously Gems that have Strangely Disappeared.

There is a famous diamond now in the crown regalia of Russia which has a most extraordinary history of murder and blood, says a St. Louis paper. How many murders were done for its sake before it came into the possession of the great Nadir, Shah of Persia, will never be known, but from that time until it was purchased for the Russian Empress, Catharine the Great, its story was one of crime. Nadir Shah was assassinated in 1747 by four of the officers whom he intended to put to death, and after they had done their work they hastily appropriated such of his jewels as they could easily conceal and decamped. One of the stolen gems was the Shah, which Nadir wore in his turban. The nobleman to whose portion fell the Shah fled into Afghanistan, and was never heard of again. Four or five years later a jeweller in Bassora was visited by an Afghan, who offered the Shah, together with an emerald, a ruby, and a sapphire, all of great size, for sale at a very modest figure. The jeweller did not have the money at the moment, and made an appointment to meet the Afghan the next day, but the latter did not return. Four years later the jeweller, an Armenian, was in Baghdad, where he again met the Afghan and learned from him that the gems had been sold to a Jewish merchant for 65,000 francs. Shafraz, the Armenian, enlisted the services of his two brothers, the three murdered the Afghan and the Jew, threw their bodies into the river, took the gems, and made off. Somewhere in the desert between the Euphrates and Armenia, the oldest of the brothers murdered the other two, possessed himself of all the gems, and went on to Constantinople. Fearful of attempting to sell the jewels there, he went by sea to France, and, failing to find a buyer, finally offering the diamond to Catherine the Great. She refused to buy at the figure he demanded, and he at once disappeared, being heard from ten years later in Astrakhan, where he was seen by some of the Russian courtiers. He refused to negotiate save at Smyrna, and started thither, but was murdered on the way by the Russians, the gems secured, and sold to Catherine for \$650,000.

The great Orloff diamond, presented by Prince Orloff to Catherine the Great, by a curious coincidence is also associated with the history of Nadir Shah, to whom it once belonged. When it first appeared in history it was in Delhi, and was set in the eye of a large idol in one of the temples of that city. A French soldier, travelling disguised as a Hindoo fakir, or holy man, formed a design of stealing it. His assumption of piety gave him ready access to the temple, which he frequented daily for months under pretence of prayer. Suspicion being finally dismissed, he succeeded one night in abstracting the idol's eye and absconded. Early in the morning the theft was discovered, and the enraged Hindoos sent runners in every direction to apprehend all suspicious persons, and among those brought in was the Frenchman. The gem was found in his possession, he was torn to pieces by the rabble and the eye restored. It remained until the city was taken by Nadir Shah, when it formed part of the spoils, being appropriated by Nadir Shah himself, who not long after presented it to one of his Generals. This man was sent to govern a part of Afghanistan, where the splendid diamond worn in his turban soon secured his assassination by two Afghans. What became of one is not known, but a year later the other turned up in India, where he offered the gem for sale to a native prince. The latter wanted the stone but did not want to pay for it, so the Afghan was quietly strangled, the gem set in a sword handle, and the prince congratulated himself on having done a very clever stroke of business. Soon after his dominions were invaded by the British, and the sword formed part of the spoils. It fell into the hands of a private soldier, who sold it to Lord Effingham, then Governor-General, and the latter on returning to Europe, disposed of it to a jeweller in Paris. Several times more it changed hands, then came into the possession of a Greek merchant, who took it to Russia and disposed of it to Prince Orloff for \$450,000 cash, a life annuity of \$20,000, and a patent of nobility. Orloff gave it to the Empress, and it is still among the imperial regalia.

The "Mountain of Light," too, has had its share of romance, though its history is, in some respects, a little more definite than that of some of the other famous stones. Strangely enough, it, too, was once the property of Nadir Shah, and was one of the stones taken away at the time of his assassination. It had been set in the turban of the Great Mogul, and was carried away from Delhi by the Persian conqueror in 1739. It was a Golconda stone, but its history from the time it was taken from the earth until placed in the Great Mogul's turban is a mystery. Even since then there are several gaps in its history, its annals being unknown from the time of the murder of Nadir Shah until it appeared on the

arm of the King of Cabul. The crimes that were perpetrated for its sake in this interval are unknown, but it passed from the arm of Shah Soujah of Cabul to that of Runjeet Singh by sheer robbery. The former was driven from his throne and fled into India, carrying the diamond with him. Unluckily for himself he took refuge with Runjeet Singh, who determined to get the diamond, and imprisoned Shah Soujah until the latter was willing to sell. His compliance was hastened by a pretty strong hint that if he held out too long or asked too much Runjeet would probably have him strangled for the sake of the stone, so he sold it for £65,000, not a penny of which was ever paid. Runjeet, when dying, intimated his wish to present the gem to the temple of Juggernaut, but died before he could execute a will to that effect, and the stone remained in the royal treasury until the occupation of the Punjab by the British, when it came into the possession of the latter and was presented to the Queen of England by the East India Company. In India there is a superstition that this diamond brings ill fortune to every royal possessor, and, until it came into the hands of the English sovereign, the superstition was justified by the facts, every owner being either murdered or losing his dominions. It is a singular fact, but not more so than that these three great diamonds, the Shah, the Orloff, and the Kohinoor, should all have once been in the possession of one man, Nadir Shah.

Three diamonds have been known as the Sancy, the name being given to each gem from that of Baron Sancy, the famous collector of precious stones. Of these, the first, a splendid sum of thirty-three carats, was also associated with the fortunes of the noted Burgundian Captain, Charles the Bold, and also of Henry IV. of France. The former was a connoisseur in diamonds, and had an exceedingly valuable collection, which he always took with him when campaigning, and, like Suvaroff, enjoyed watching the flashes they gave forth from the light of the camp fire. He would better have left them at home, however, when he started to conquer the Swiss, for at Grandson he sustained a terrible defeat, and barely escaped with his life, leaving all his jewels behind. His camp was sacked by the Swiss, and the gold box containing the Sancy was captured by a soldier, who looked inside, and, finding what he supposed was a piece of glass threw it away and put the box in his knapsack. Several days after some one told him that the glass was probably valuable, and he returned had the good fortune to find it, took it home, and sold it to a priest for a florin. It changed hands a dozen times after that, each holder realizing a fortune on it, and was finally purchased by Henry IV. Desiring to employ a body of Swiss mercenaries, he sent the gem to Switzerland by a trusted envoy as security for their pay. On the road the man was waylaid and captured by robbers, but before he was searched he managed to swallow the gem. Finding nothing of value on his person, the enraged robbers shot him and left his body lying in the road. When Henry learned of the fate of his servant, the idea occurred to him that the man might have concealed the gem, the body was disinterred and opened, and the Sancy was recovered. It was sent on to Switzerland, was never recovered by the French Government, was pledged to a banker of Metz as security for a loan, and at that point it disappeared from history.

Like most men whose rise to power seems a work of destiny rather than of human courage or foresight, Napoleon was superstitious, and among his numerous private beliefs was a devout trust in a diamond talisman. The gem was one of unusual size and splendor, weighing 25 carats, of the shape of an almond, and cut in the Oriental style, with a great number of small facets following the natural shape of the stone. One side, however, had been ground flat, and on this patient lapidary of the Orient had engraved certain cabalistic characters that no scholar could interpret, nor even ascertain the language of which they were a part. Napoleon obtained the gem in Egypt, but how or from whom he would never divulge. He frequently alluded during the height of his power to his talisman, but only those most intimately associated with him knew what it was, nor did they make their knowledge public until after his fall. He wore the gem in a golden setting, so as to show both sides of the stone; a chain passed round his neck, and the amulet was carried, suspended in a morocco leather case, next to his bosom. He never took it off, even in the bath, though he was very careful to guard it from the water, and once or twice he had cleaned it with his own hands and put it in a new case. From Egypt to Waterloo he wore the precious amulet, but on the night of that fateful day the gem, case, and chain were gone. How the loss occurred was never ascertained; no search was made for the stone, which has never been seen since, and it probably now lies in the earth of some field or among the stones of some road between Waterloo and Paris. Napoleon evidently believed that his good fortune went with his talisman, and never alluded to it again.

That valuable gems should disappear in the far East is not remarkable, particularly when we remember that almost in our own time a large collection vanished, most of them never being recovered. In 1791 the French Assembly commanded a list to be made of the crown jewels, and there were found 9,547 diamonds, with an immense number of other gems, the whole being valued by a moderate estimate at over 30,000,000 francs. The collection was placed in a special building, which was closed to the public. The doors were

locked, barred, and sealed, and a guard was set, but on the night of Sept. 16, 1793, the whole collection was mysteriously stolen by persons who had evaded the sentinels and broken open the doors. Everybody was astounded at the boldness of the robbery, and the entire detective and police force of France, stimulated by the offer of large rewards, made diligent search for months, but not a trace of the thieves or their booty was discovered for years. Long afterward an anonymous letter gave word where a portion of the spoil was hidden, and, upon search, the Regent diamond and one or two other precious jewels were found in the spot indicated. Twelve years after this incident a soldier of the empire, arraigned for robbery, declared that he had given the information which led to the discovery of the Regent, and claimed the credit of Napoleon's early successes, the First Consul having paid him handsomely for his services. During the empire several magnificent gems, of which the holders either could not or would not give a satisfactory account, were offered for sale in various European courts, but none of them could be certainly identified with the spot indicated. Among those which disappeared was a famous blue diamond weighing sixty-seven carats, which has never been recovered. The suspicion was entertained that this and the Hope diamond are the same, and as the latter weighs forty-four carats it is surmised that the loss was occasioned by recutting to prevent identification. The thieves who carried off the French regalia have never been discovered, though suspicion has pointed strongly to the Orleans family as having some share in the business.

As the French revolution ended with one kind of scandal, so it began with another. The story of the diamond necklace passed from mouth to mouth at a time when party spirit ran high, was used as a powerful political weapon against the King and Queen, and probably contributed in no small degree to bring on the revolution. Briefly told, the tale is this: In 1785 one Bohmer, a Paris jeweller, collected a number of fine diamonds and made a necklace valued at 1,600,000 francs. He offered it to the Queen, who was unable at the time to purchase, and bemoaned the fact so loudly that it became a matter of public concern. The Queen, who was finally rescued by Prince Cardinal de Rohan, at that time in disgrace, and anxious to be restored to royal favor, Rohan saw his opportunity, and determined to improve it by securing the necklace and presenting it to the Queen. Among his other faults, however, Rohan talked too much, and a couple of roguish intimates, for he had many such, resolved to turn the matter to their own advantage. This precious train were Mme de la Motte, a dashing woman of bad reputation, and her husband. Playing on the hopes of Rohan they exaggerated the Queen's desire for the necklace, and went so far as to get for him an interview at night, with a woman named D'Olive, who bore so striking a likeness to Marie Antoinette that Rohan, in the gloom of the Versailles gardens, was completely deceived. Rohan purchased the necklace and gave it to the Queen to turn over to the Queen, but instead it was then taken charge of by De la Motte, who hurried to London with it and turned it into cash.

Many months passed before the fraud was unearthed, the discovery coming about through the jeweller, who failed to get his money, and finally approached the King, who whole story then came out. Cardinal Rohan was arrested as he was on his way to sing mass at court, and hustled off to the Bastille. Mme. la Motte was tried, convicted, branded on the shoulders, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. La Motte never returned back to France, and after a year or two the madam escaped and went to England, where she printed pamphlets about the wickedness of the French court. The people, however, who hated Marie Antoinette, would not be convinced that she was innocent of the affair, and the story of the diamond necklace was cited by her discredit at her trial and shouted after her on her way to execution.

Some years ago a Paris jeweller told a story of one diamond which had passed over his counter no less than eleven times. It was a beautiful stone of nearly four carats, of peculiar color and lustre, but easily identified by means of a small "feather" in the tip of the lowest part. He bought it from an East India dealer and had it set in a ring. It was sold to a Countess in 1869, just before the outbreak of the Franco Prussian war. The Countess died in a few weeks, and the ring was worn by her husband, and the ring was in the sight of Paris, and a few days after his death the ring was brought into the store for sale by a common soldier. He was arrested and the ring sent to the family of the dead Count.

Before the siege ended they brought in the ring and sold it to the dealer in order to procure money to buy food. Directly after the siege it passed into the hands of an English tourist, who visited the city to get a look at the ruin wrought by the Communists, and a year later the firm, who, on being written to and desired to tell how he got it, stated that it had been the property of an English tourist hunter who had been killed by a tiger, and his friends sold the ring to get means to send the body home. The stone was reset and found a purchaser in a prominent member of the demi-monde, who not long after was murdered in her room. Among the articles when a stone was found in a box in London, who had bought it from a firm in Amsterdam. It was bought by the Paris agent and sent back to be started afresh on its travels. It was purchased again by a woman of the town, who six weeks later was drawn out of the Seine with the gem encased, and by a strange coincidence it was offered to the firm that sold it by the police agents, the court having jurisdiction having offered it to be sold. And so it went from hand to hand, attended with misfortune at every change, and usually bringing death to the possessor. Laborers in the Golconda mines used to say that when a stone was baptized in blood when first taken from the earth it caused the shedding of blood wherever it went, and the story of one such ill-omened gem goes far to confirm belief in such a superstition.

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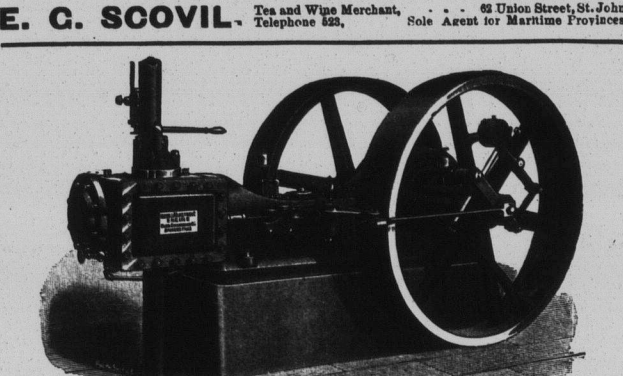
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MAKING OXFORD BIBLES.

Account of the Special Paper Used and How the Books are Issued.

The privilege of printing a Bible is hardly less jealously guarded in the United Kingdom than is the privilege of printing a bank note. It is accorded by license to the Queen's Printers, and by charter to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; and it is, as a matter of fact, at the University of Oxford that the greatest bulk of the work is done. From this famous press there issue annually about one million copies of the sacred book; copies ranging in price from tenpence to ten pounds, and in form from the "brilliant" Bible, which weighs, in its most handsome binding, less than four ounces, and measures 3 3/4 by 2 1/2 by 1/2 inches, to the superb folio Bible for church use, the page of which measures 19 by 12 inches, which is the only folio Bible in existence—seventy-eight editions in all; copies in all languages, even the most barbarous. It is a difficult but not unprofitable business.

The Oxford Bibles are, as all the world knows, more popular and more widely circulated than any other edition of the sacred volume, and all the world knows also that their remarkable popularity depends upon the marvellous qualities of the paper on which they are printed. For the Bible is one of the longest books in the world; and, in order that it may be presented to the student in a shape at once serviceable and compact, paper of very peculiar attributes is required. It must be very thin, but at the same time it must be strong in texture and opaque. The famous Oxford India paper fulfils these conditions in a greater degree than any other paper in the world; and as during the last twenty years it has entirely supplanted the Bible and prayer book trade, the story of its introduction must be told.

The story begins in the year 1841. In that year an Oxford graduate, whose name has been forgotten, brought home from a journey to the far East a small fold of extremely thin paper, which was obviously more opaque and tough for its substance than any paper known to European manufacturers. The late Mr. Thomas Combe, who was then printer to the university, printed Bibles on it. There was just sufficient paper for twenty-four copies of the diamond 24 mo. edition—the smallest edition at that time in existence. Though various bibliophiles offered £20 apiece for them none of the copies were sold, but all were presented to the Queen and other persons of mark. Mr. Combe tried to trace the paper to its source, but failed; and the event, after being a nine days' wonder, ceased to be talked about, or even thought about. It happened, however, that thirty-three years later a copy of the edition fell into the hands of Mr. Arthur E. Miles of the firm of Hamilton, Adams & Co. Mr. Miles showed it to Mr. Frowde (controller with Mr. Horace Hart of the University Press), and the result was that experiments were at once set on foot at the Oxford University Paper Mills at Wolvercote, with the view of discovering the secret of its composition. After several failures the efforts of the manufacturers were at last crowned with complete success, with the result that the first Bible on Oxford India paper was placed on sale in Paternoster row in 1875.

The secret of the composition of the Oxford paper is, of course, one of those trade secrets which are on no account whispered to the stranger. It is, in fact, known only to three living persons, not one of whom is even particularly anxious to be included in the three.

To possess the secret of such a valuable paper is clearly half the battle to the printers of the Bible. But only half. The next thing needful is to ensure that the type shall be set without mistakes; and there is nothing of which the Oxford printers of the Bible are prouder than that of their accuracy. To secure this accuracy, they point out, both time and money are required. As regards the money, it is computed that to set up and "read" a reference Bible costs £1,000. As regards the time and trouble—that is a story by itself.

We assume for instance, that a reference Bible, in a fresh form, is to be produced. The first step is to make a careful calculation showing what, in the particular type employed, will be the exact contents of each page, from the first page to the last. It must be known before a single type is set, just what will be the first and last word on each page. It is not enough that this calculation shall be approximate; it must be exact almost to the syllable. The stupendous labor thus involved may be imagined, and it has to be undertaken in the case of every fresh edition. In the case of any ordinary book the reader would consider that his work was then concluded. In the case of the Oxford Bible it is but a little more than begun. The proofs are then read again by a fresh reader, from a fresh model; and this process is repeated until, before being electrotyped, they have been read five times in all. Any compositor who detects an error in the model gets a reward, but only two such rewards have ever been earned.

Any member of the public who is first to detect an error in the authorized text is entitled to one guinea, but the average annual outlay of the Press under this head is almost nil, although there lies on the table of the composing room a Bible issued from some other press, bristling with errors, all indignantly scored with red ink, no fewer than three such errors being perceptible on a single page.

The care exercised in the production of the authorized Bible is not relaxed in the case of the Revised Bible. Since 1885 there have been six editions of the Revised Bible issued by the Oxford Press; and a list is kept showing the number and the nature of typographical errors which have been detected between that date and August 27, 1895. There are only ten of them—an average of one for each year that has elapsed, and they are all of the most trifling character, "overflowing" for ever flowing, being the most serious. One of them, it may be remarked in passing, was detected by that diligent student of Holy Writ, the Bishop of Oxford, and when he pointed it out cancells were printed and fresh pages inserted.

The Bible type is not kept standing. Instead two sets of electrotypes are made. One of these is used to print from, the other for the production of fresh electrotypes when required. The electrotypes of the second generation are admitted to be a little degenerate in character; but the difference is so slight that it can only be detected with difficulty, even by an expert; and from a single set of electrotypes as many as 300,000 copies of a part of Bible have been printed. For the accommodation of these electrotypes a special strong room has been constructed. It is the boast of the delegates that their own smith wrought and fixed the iron; and it is one of its peculiarities that the mere act of opening the door turns up the light, while the act of closing it turns it down.

In this way the Clarendon Press manufactures Bibles literally out of the raw material—prints them, that is to say, with its own type and its own ink (manufactured out of its own lampblack and varnish) on its own admirable paper. The next process is the drying of the sheets, for which there is a complete apparatus on the third floor of the Bible Press. When time suffices they are hung on "trebles" in a long room to dry in the ordinary course. When time presses, as it often does, they are dried with a special system. The sheets are then placed in a specially constructed hot room, in which dry air, superheated by steam under pressure, is driven round in a confined space by a large circular steam fan. By this means the ink can be dried in an incredibly short time, and will resist the great pressure put upon it by the leather binders without "setting off" and with the drying Mr. Horace Hart's share of the work is done, and the sheets go off by luggage train to London to Mr. Henry Frowde, who is publisher to the University, manager of the London business, and of the branches in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Under his direction the sheets are duly bound and distributed to the trade.

The binding, which is done with no less care than the printing, is carried on in a special building in the neighborhood of Aldersgate, under the superintendence of Mr. Upton Jones. Here we observe long rows of women—matrons and maidens of every age—clad in white aprons and armed with paper knives and needles, silently stitching and folding the sheets. For the sake of accuracy the folding is all done by hand; for the reduction of the bulk the sewing is done with silk. And the work is done slowly in order that it may be well done. The sheets of ordinary books are often stitched at a rate varying from 300 to 400 per hour; the sheets of the Bible are stitched at a rate ranging between 200 and 250 per hour. Between the folding and the stitching the sheets are rolled; after they have been stitched, that they may get go forth, as the trade says, "full of wind," they are pressed by a special hydraulic engine, with an automatic gauge, which spontaneously ceases to work when the pressure gets to seventy tons. Simultaneously with this work, in another department, the leather is being prepared. In one room we see the bindings cut out of the prepared sheepskins, goat skins, calf, or whatever it may be; in another room we see it shaved down to the thin texture required for the celebrated Divinity Circuit bindings, by means of two remarkable machines, one made in Germany and the other in America; and finally we see the gilt letters stamped and the books put into their covers.

Never was the intensity of the public interest in the Bible more strikingly manifested than on the memorable day of publication of the Revised Version of the New Testament—May 17, 1881.

Long before that date abundant evidence of that interest had shown itself. For one thing Mr. Frowde held orders for nearly two million copies; for another the efforts of dishonest persons to obtain surreptitiously, advance copies for use either in England or in America had been persistent and audacious. One American seaman went to Oxford and offered a forerun £3,000 for such a copy. He was told that the honor of the press was as dear to the compositors as to the delegates,

and that there was a pump conveniently near. Baffled in this direction, the enterprising gentleman made a fresh attempt. He called on one of the revisers and asked to be allowed to see a copy. The reverend reviser, however, had the wisdom of the serpent as well as the harmlessness of the dove. He courteously pointed to the copy lying on the table, but would not allow his visitor to touch it. The stranger retired, but came again at an hour when he knew the reviser was out, bringing with him a dummy volume which he hoped to be able to exchange stealthily for the genuine article. A daughter of the house, however, received him, and took care that he had no opportunity of committing the petty larceny which he contemplated. There are also records of other attempts, and it is also said that as much as £5,000 was once offered for an advance copy, with the significant intimation that no questions would be asked to the holder's title to it. All the attempts, however, were futile, and on May 17, 1881, the Revised Testament was published.

It had been arranged that every bookseller throughout the United Kingdom should be supplied with copies on the morning of that day. On the previous day, therefore, all country parsons were duly dispatched, and only remained to distribute the Testament to the trade in London. This distribution was probably the most striking scene ever known in the history of the Paternoster Row. Already in the afternoon of the 16th booksellers' employees were beginning to wait outside the warehouse door, just as pleasure seekers wait outside the pit entrance on the famous premiers at the Lyceum. As darkness fell the crowd deepened. Carts and wagons of every sort and size packed the narrow approaches which converge upon the row. The horses dosed in the shafts; the drivers dozed upon their seats; the city police, marshalled in a solid body under their inspectors, stood by to see that the road was clear for the traffic to follow the appointed line. Meanwhile the gas lights gleamed inside the store, and Mr. Frowde's staff, in heavy silence, made their preparations. At last the great clock of St. Paul's cathedral struck the hour of midnight. Then there was a noise of the turning of keys and the drawing back of bolts; the warehouse doors were opened, carts started from their slumbers and the men began to move. For four hours men fought for Testament as hungry men fight for bread in a beleaguered city, and cart after cart, heavily freighted wound its way out of the labyrinth and drove off east or west or north or south. Then for a space there was a lull. But not for long. Between half past 4 and 5 the morning stars began to call for copies to be sold upon the railway bookstalls, and at 7 the Press began to despatch its own carts with copies for booksellers who had not previously sent for them. And so it came about that when Londoners rose to go about their business, they found the city streets teeming with the Revised New Testament.

Great as the supply was, it by no means coped with the demand. The public thought for copies throughout the day, as the booksellers' men had fought for them throughout the night. One city bookseller alone sold more than 10,000 copies; at prices ranging from 1s. to 1s. 6d. At the "Underground" bookstalls travellers cheerfully paid eighteen pence for copies which the discount booksellers would have let them have for ninepence; and they were to be seen in hundreds reading at the corner of the street.

Nor had Mr. Frowde's arduous labors reached their termination. Thousands of "repeal" orders were on his hands; the traffic was clamorous; peremptory telegrams came pouring in; the telegraph boys stumbled over each other on the doorstep; the staff of the office was beaten by the entrance of a tenantry telegraph office within the premises; and it was not until they had delivered every copy on the premises that the staff of the University Press were able to go to bed.

The interest of the United States was not one whit less keen. The Revised New Testament was introduced to the Atlantic by the enterprising house of Appleton, was stereotyped on board a liner, and printer of immediately on the arrival of the vessel at New York, with the result that copies were on sale three days afterward; but the enterprise of New York was beaten by the enterprise of Chicago. The editor of the Chicago Times was resolved to present the entire volume to his readers in an immediate edition of his paper. The railway could not bring a volume to Chicago till late on the evening of May 21; and the only thing to be done was to press the telegraph into the service. For a sum of \$10,000 the editor retained the exclusive use of the twenty-one wires then connecting the two cities. The operators worked from 5:30 P. M. until 12:50 A. M., and during this time the entire four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistle to the Romans were telegraphed to Chicago. The remainder of the volume was set up from copies which arrived by rail, and on the morning of May 22 the subscribers to the Chicago Times were able to study the result of the revisers' labors at the breakfast table.—Francis Gribble in N. Y. Sun.

CHARITY MEANS SACRIFICE.

Men Should Not Wait to Get Rich Before They Begin to Do Good.

It is manifested most plainly and directly in the eager struggle for money as the representative of all forms of property, which in its prime signification means something I have got which you haven't. Of course it is a selfish motive that stimulates acquisition. The fault, however, is not in the motive but in the degree it is allowed to become operative. The best of gifts are perverted by excess and abuse, and become evil only. But there is present use for preaching on that score. What will occur to everybody, whether before or after stating it, is that the protest raised against the prevailing spirit of materialism comes after this mischief is done; the stable door is locked after the horse is gone. Whereas to be both harmonious and effective, the protest should be made beforehand, and in that case it is teaching rather than preaching. And that is the very want that is deplored. To preach against a habit, individual or social, after it is once fairly formed, is not much more than idle lamentation. To preach against

it before it is formed, is manifestly teaching. And in that sense it chiefly, appeals to the coming generation, its effect having been lost on the one now in active possession. The facility of attempting to change the course of those whose ways are established beyond correction, except in occasional instances, and individual cases, and then by the despondent force of fatal example, hardly needs pointing out. Therefore considering the foregoing promise, it is to be accounted folly without remedy to look on and see people grow rich and wait till afterwards to tell them how to organize schemes of benevolent charity on the basis of their accumulations. The error is in waiting until it is too late for all advantageous purposes. The effect is lost on both giver and receiver.

The object of the bestowal of our bounty upon others who stand in need of it must be diversely established or it would not exist. Out of all necessity must come a benefit. Some cups are not almost empty and others overflowing except for the creation of a human benefit, and it must be according to the divine order that benefit cannot be wholly one-sided. What is called charity, to be a complete action should be accompanied with the spirit of sacrifice. If, then, men wait to get rich before they think of parting with any considerable portion of their wealth, the essential and vital element of self-sacrifice is wholly wanting, and it is no longer charity that is practiced, but something entirely different—ambition, selfishness, or some other motive and spirit. Hence there is but one position to assume in respect to the whole matter and that is to preach and teach the simple doctrine of practicing charity as we go along; to divide of our substance with the needy while it is coming into our hands as owners and free disposers of it; to make it cost us a passing pang of sacrifice in doing and giving; to share the pleasure conferred with the grateful recipients of our bounty; to be fine, to become a part of that which we dispense, and thereby give to others a portion of ourselves through the gifts that go out of our hands. Real charity suggests only immediate and constant service to our fellow-men, the spirit in which the divine Master washed the disciples' feet. The fashion that prevails of first getting away from our fellowmen all they have to give up and then to dispense crumbs to them from the loaves that originally belonged to them, is an altogether different thing from the charity which means service and sacrifice. It is selfishness and not charity in any true sense.—Boston Courier.

THE STORY OF A GOOD BOY.

The Man that is Diligent in Business Shall Stand Before Kings.

That was what a lawyer said about this story that I am to relate to you: "It is the best boy's story that I have ever heard."

"We have had a good many boys with us, from time to time," said Mr. Alden, the senior member of a large hardware establishment on Market street, Philadelphia, "as apprentices, to learn the business. What may surprise you is that we never take country boys, unless they are in the city with some relatives who takes care of them and keeps them home at night; for when a country boy comes to the city to live everything is new to him, and he is attracted by every show-window and unusual sight. The city boy, accustomed to these things, cares little for them, and it is a good thing he is at home and in bed in due season. And we are very particular about our boys, and before accepting one as an apprentice we must know that he comes of honest and industrious parents."

"But the best boy we ever had is now with us, and a member of the firm. I used often to say to him, 'Jones, your memory is worth more than a gold mine! How do you manage to remember?'"

"I make it my business to remember," he would say. "I know that if I can remember a man and call him by name when he comes into the store, and can ask him how things are going on where he lives, I will be very likely to keep him as a customer."

"And that was the exact case. He made friends of buyers. He took the same interest in the purchasers he took in the trade, and would go to no end of trouble to suit them, and to fulfill to the letter everything he promised."

"Well, affairs went on this way until he had been with us eleven years, when we concluded to take him in as a partner. We knew that he had no extravagant habits, that he neither used tobacco nor beer, nor went to the theatre. He continued, as at the beginning, to board at home, and even when his salary was the very lowest he paid his mother two dollars a week for his board. He was always neatly dressed, and we thought it very probable that he had laid by one or two thousand dollars, as his salary for the last few years had been twelve hundred dollars. So when we made him the offer to become a partner in the business, and suggested that it would be more satisfactory he could put some money in the firm, he replied: 'If ten thousand dollars will be any object, I can put in that much. I have saved out of my salary nine thousand four hundred dollars, and my mother will let me have six hundred.'

"I can tell you I was never more astonished in my life than when that fellow said he could put in ten thousand dollars, and ten more of it in his own money. He had never spent a dollar, or twenty-five cents, or five cents, for an unnecessary thing, and kept his money in a bank, which I gathered the Bible, you know, and I always kept two placards in big letters up in the store. On one was this text, 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in that which is much'; and on the other, 'He that is diligent in business shall stand before kings, and not before men.'"

TRY SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

Have You seen the New Model No. 2 IMPROVED AMERICAN TYPEWRITER



\$10?

CONTAINS New Ideas and Improved Construction developed in the manufacture and use of the No. 1. It is a marvellous combination of simplicity and capability, being rapid, durable, portable and serviceable. Writes in right, uses no ribbon, but prints directly from the type, which, combined with the perfect alignment, gives results unequalled by any; handsomely enamelled and nickel-plated; every machine is guaranteed.

On 'Third Year and No Competitor. Send for catalogue and letter written with it. **Ira Cornwall, - General Agent** For the Maritime Provinces, Board of Trade Building, Canterbury Street, St. John N. B.

And Frank Jones' success was the literal fulfillment of those two texts. He had been faithful in the smallest things, as in the greater ones, and diligent in business. That kind of a boy always succeeds," concluded Mr. Alden. — Wide Awake.

EXAMPLES OF FAITH.

Great Objects Lessons are Given us in the Triumphs of Modern Science.

The bible is full of examples of faith. We read the simple stories of the faith of Abraham and of David, of the Centurion, whose servant was ill, of the woman who only touched the hem of Christ's garment, and of Paul, whose whole life was in accordance with his creed, "I believe in God." To most of us they seem the most natural stories in the world. We are so familiar with the histories of these people that it would not occur to us that they might have acted differently, but how do we act when God gives us a promise, do we at once accept it and begin to act on it? or do we say, "This promise may be for some one else but I do not think it can mean me." O friend, would you treat an earthly friend as you treat God? If you were in financial difficulties and your best earthly friend came and promised you all the money you needed, and you knew he had more than you could ever use and you knew him to be a man of his word, would you not trust him and gladly accept his offer? Of course you would, you have confidence in him. Have you confidence in God? Do you accept his promise of rest. "Now I believe," said the late Dr. A. J. Gordon "that in the triumphs of modern science God has taken pains to give us great object lesson on this point, look out on that curving jutting above the street there is a current of what we call electricity. No body knows what it is, or whence it comes. But here there is a car on the track that waits to be moved; it lifts up a long arm and with its finger-tips it touches the trolley wire and lo! the car starts off as though the strength of some mighty giant had suddenly seized it. The power which is laid hold of is invisible, but very real."

"Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you," is the promise of Christ. Oh, Christians, reach up to it! Touch it with the finger of faith! It will move you, it will inspire you, it will lift you! But what is the condition? Unbroken communion. The moment the connection with God is broken then we begin to feel a slackening of the pace, a weakening of the energy a failure of our life forces."

Adversity a Purifier.

If God sometimes employs prosperity to test His people, He oftener uses adversity as a purifier. Hard winters kill vermin; and in like manner God sends severe wintry seasons upon His children to kill off some of their besetting sins. He often casts His people down in order to see whether they will cast Him off. Poverty is sometimes a "place for His gold where He may refine it." Arthur Tappan, the famous Christian merchant of his day, was never richer toward God than when, in the commercial crash of 1857, he drew out his watch and handed it to his assignees and said, "I give up everything to my creditors." A hot ordeal was it for the grand old philanthropist, but there was a nugget of solid gold left in that crucible.—Dr. Cuyler.

Continuing in Prayer.

The heart is too large to be filled in a moment, the soul is too great to be satisfied with a mere substance. They that wait upon the Lord shall receive their

strength. We must continue in prayer, we must be much at the throne of grace, we must learn the secret of communion as well as supplication; and as we thus wait upon the Lord we shall be filled until we shall find it luxury to give forth our blessing to others.—Rev. A. B. Simpson.

Unhappy Christians.

God has little use for an unhappy Christian—the world has less. The Christian religion is the sunniest, sweetest thing out of heaven. Let your joy be manifest in your place of business, in your church, in your home—everywhere, and shining, sorrowing men will want it.—Rev. C. B. Allen.

A Message From God.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." John 15:7.

Serving God by Proxy.

Far too many Christians serve God by proxy. A five-dollar bill cannot discharge your whole duty, nor can a church missionaryary.

There is no mystery about Sunlight Soap



It is simply a clear, pure, honest soap for laundry and household use, made by the most approved processes, and being the best, it has the largest sale in the world. It is made in a twin bar for convenience sake.

The Twin Bar
Use the TWIN

The Twin Benefits:
Less Labor.
Greater Comfort.

For every 10 Wrappers sent to Lurvey Bros., Ltd., 25 Scott St., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock
TEACHER OF PIANO-FORTE.
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Leschetzky Method," also "Synthetic System," for beginners.
Apply at the residence of
Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.

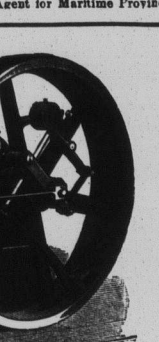
CENTRAL Business College.
Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets, TORONTO, CANADA.

The Largest, Best and most successful Business College in the Dominion; rates very moderate; students in attendance from all parts of Canada; board and room \$6.75 per week. If interests write for catalogue.

SHAW & ELLIOTT Principals.

MEN & WOMEN
HARRIS'S

BEST FOR EVERY DAY.
Co's. Wine.
PURE JUICE THE GRAPE.
PURE ISLAND OF AFAI HOT HOUSES and weak lung you do not want it is the only Landing, Kings Co.



Engines.
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Amherst, N. S.
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Atlantic R'y.
AND SHORT LINE RY
ST. JOHN, HALIFAX & BOSTON.

Sun.
American Newspapers.
ANA - Editor.

ing Lamb,
turkeys,
and Chickens.

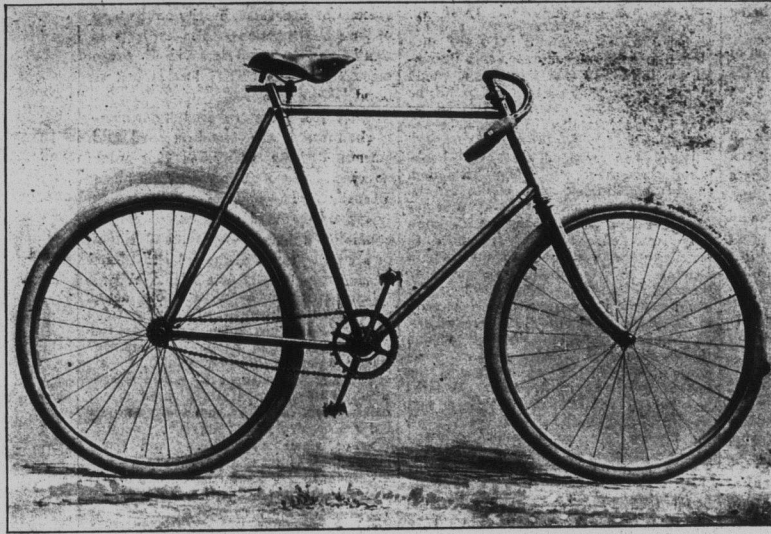
No. 13 and 14 City Market

Headquarters for Bicycle Riders and Dealers.

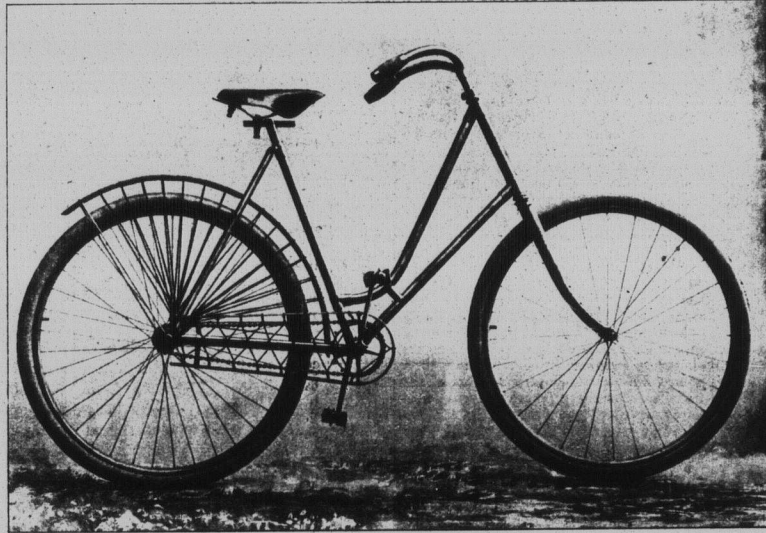
A number of manufacturers have arranged to make our warehouses Headquarters for the Maritime Provinces for distribution of wheels to all their agencies. These include the "Griffiths Corporation," the largest bicycle dealers in the world; The Canadian Typograph Company (for the great Evans & Dodge 80 year roadster); The Welland Vell Manufacturing Company, Manufacturers of the Perfect; The Garden City and the Dominion; Seyfrang & Prentiss, of Buffalo, N. Y., manufacturers of the Bison and Stag Wheels, as well as other firms which we represent exclusively in this territory.

Do You Ride a Bicycle?

If not, you make a mistake. Young and old, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, should all ride.
 FOR THE YOUNG, it develops the lungs, muscles and general health.
 FOR THE MIDDLE AGE, it keeps you in your prime.
 FOR THE AGED, it promotes health and sustains your vigor.
 FOR THE NERVOUS, a sedative.
 FOR THE WEAK, a tonic.
 Bicycle riders are not troubled with insomnia.



BICYCLE RIDERS Should keep up their EXERCISE during the winter months. We can supply you with a home gymnasium, THE WHITLEY EXERCISER, as well as other athletic sporting goods.



Every rider should join their local bicycle club and the Canadian Wheelmen's Association.

Riding is Fashionable

with ladies and gentlemen throughout the whole world.
BICYCLING GUESTS AT A DUCAL SEAT.
 The "Biking" craze seems to grow. At the country houses now almost all visit us bring their own bicycles. At Dunrobin Castle (says the London correspondent of the Liverpool Post) on the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York, there were twenty-seven guests staying in the house, and of these twenty-two owned bicycles and had brought them with them. Lady Warwick who was one of the "bikers" uses a bicycle enamelled in white.

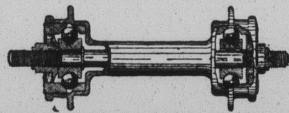
The following is a list of the leading lines of Wheels represented by us, offering the greatest choice ever afforded purchasers in the Dominion of Canada.

Beeston Humber (men's)	\$130
" " (Ladies)	140
Evans & Dodge 80 gear roadster	125
" " " (ladies)	125
19 lb Keating Roadster	110
Keating Ladies' Wheel	110
" Track Racer	110
" Men's Tandem	160
" Combination Tandem	160
Hyslop No. 1, Roadster	100
" " 2, Racer	100
" " 3, Ladies	100
" " Tandem	150
Perfect Roadster	100
" Racer	100
" Ladies	100
" Tandem	150
Cleveland Swell Special	100
" " Roadster	100
" " Ladies	100
Griffiths Special Roadster	100
" " Ladies	100
Ariston Model A, Roadster	100
" " F, Ladies	100
Crescent Tandem (men's)	130
" " (combination)	130
Bison No. 9	100
" 10	100
" 11 Ladies'	100

Griffiths Model '96, men's	85
" " ladies'	85
Regent No. 1, Roadster, men's	85
" " 2, Ladies'	85
Garden City Roadster	85
" " Ladies'	85
Crescent No. 1, Men's	85
" " 4, Ladies'	85
" " Road Racer	85
"The Stag"	75
Fleet No. 1, Roadster	75
" " 2, Ladies'	75
Dominion Roadster	70
" " Ladies'	70
Griffiths Leader, Men's	70
" " Ladies'	70
The Uptodate	85
Griffiths Duke, Men's	65
" Duchess	65
Envoy Roadster, Men's	75
Fleetwing, Ladies'	75
Spartan, Men's	50
" Ladies'	50
Crescent No. 2, Youths'	60
" " 5,	60
Griffiths Boys'	50
" Girls	50
Crescent No. 4, Boys'	50
" " 6, Girls'	50
" " 7, Boys'	50
" " 8, Girls'	50

These include all agencies held by us during 1895.

Some of the Special Features



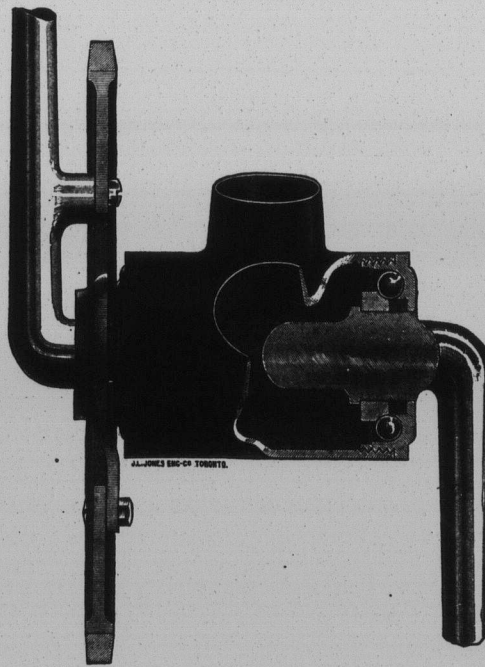
The Evans & Dodge Bearing, represented by us are the EVANS & DODGE, the only four point bearing (shown in cut) the great 80 gear roadster

The HYSLOP White Rimmed Flyer, the only Wheel with the invisible "Anderson Automatic Brake," the success of the year.
 The PERFECT, with the one-piece crank and axle, (shown in the cut) no joint in the middle.

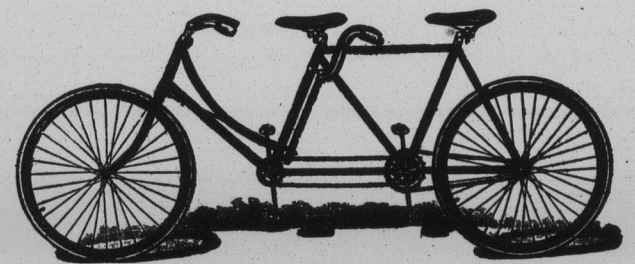
The great BEESTON HUMBER, the standard of the world now, as it has been for the past twenty-eight years. This is no advertising assertion but an admitted fact.
 The 19 pound KEATING, the Lightest Roadster. ("See that Curve.")
 The world renowned CRESCENTS, all styles, from 6 to 60 years, including men, women and children's, and the smallest wheels made.
 Many other talking points too numerous to mention.

If you are thinking of buying a wheel this year, we would be very glad to have you call in and examine our samples. They are good, honest machines, built to wear and to last—light, graceful, easy-running, and entirely reliable, thoroughly modern in every feature, and containing besides, a number of valuable improvements most of them exclusive, for which experience has shown the necessity.

AGENTS WANTED AT ALL POINTS.



CRANKS AND SHAFT IN ONE PIECE.



Encouraged by the liberal patronage and general success of our Agents during 1895 we have determined to give our patrons the choice of all leading wheels during 1896 to meet every class and requirement both in quality and price, MANY OF WHICH WE CONTROL FOR THE MARITIME PROVINCES AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

We supply Ladies' and Gentlemen's, Girls' and Boys' Wheels, Road Racers, Tandems, Tricycles, and Special Wheels made to order. Remember, we control the largest and best line of Wheels of any house in Canada, representing the largest importers and manufacturers. Examine our list of Wheels and send for catalogues before committing yourself to any dealer.

We replace without charge all important parts (including wooden rims), returned express paid within one year from date of purchase providing breakage has not been caused by accident, misuse or neglect. This guarantee applies to all wheels from \$60 and over.

All other repairs promptly and satisfactorily made at moderate charges.

REPAIRMEN and JOBBERS. REMEMBER—We keep on hand a good stock of Dunlop and other Tires as well as Bicycle parts and accessories, on all of which we will allow them manufacturers trade discount thus saving them the delay of ordering direct.

Second Hand Wheels for Sale Cheap.

ALSO, FULL LINE OF CYCLE ACCESSORIES. SEE OUR SAMPLES AND GET OUR CATALOGUES BEFORE PURCHASING. REPAIRING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, INCLUDING ENAMELLING AND NICKEL PLATING.

THE IRA CORNWALL CO., L'td., 68 King Street, St. John, N. B.

WOMAN AND HER WORK.

It is quite possible to have too much of a thing which in itself is excellent, and many a virtue can be carried to such excess as to become almost a vice!

How many of us are there who cannot recall some family amongst our own circle of acquaintance in which some one member is counted of little importance, and has the seamy side of things in general for her portion because she is so utterly unselfish that no one seems to consider her worthy of a moment's consideration?

Speculation is rife as to that vexed question of the hour in fashion circles, the size of the sleeve. Some authorities declare that it will be perceptibly smaller when the new spring modes are settled, and others who should know quite as well, assert that it would remain as large as it is now.

The coat bodies, and coats in general, seem to be the garments which are engaging everyone's attention just now, and they appear in every imaginable form, from the loose and untidy looking box coat, which is spoken of as one of the leading styles for spring street wear.

As the children grow up they may be very fond of their gentle patient mother in a superior, patronizing way, but they are not long in learning that she is not of much account, she never asserts herself and therefore her opinion cannot be worth much.

Jabots of lace seem almost a necessity to the proper setting off of the vest in a Louis XV coat, and they add greatly to the effect of these quaint, and pretty garments.

Some of the coat bodies are loose in front, tight fitting in the back, and have full vests of chiffon, while many of them are finished at the edge with narrow galon showing a thread of gold running through it.

A novel costume is of brown cloth made in princess style, and draped across the front to one side of the waist where it opens to show an underskirt of oriental velveteen.

to earn her "good time" while her mother has done so much to earn not only that, but the heartfelt gratitude of both husband and children, and how much of love and consideration they owe her.

But alas it is seldom the unselfish woman who gets her just reward, and I am afraid it is only too true that the woman who gives little, and expects everything in return gets it. People are so apt to take us at our own valuation, that the wife and mother who is constantly demanding the service of husband and children, and who always demands the best of everything, is looked up to as a superior being by them, and worshipped accordingly.

The coat bodies, and coats in general, seem to be the garments which are engaging everyone's attention just now, and they appear in every imaginable form, from the loose and untidy looking box coat, which is spoken of as one of the leading styles for spring street wear.

NOVA SCOTIA.—I hope you will see this, and recognize the answer, as I did not like to use your initials, and as it was impossible to answer you privately, this was the only way I had of replying to your question.

I don't know why the comps should always pick out the very most unfortunate word in my whole M. S. to attach a wrong meaning to when they make a mistake in my copy, but somehow they always do.

HOW A HOME WAS LOST. THE BITTER EXPERIENCE OF MR. ELWOOD, SR., OF SIMCOE.

Attacked With Neuralgia of the Limbs he Became Helpless and Suffered Intense Agony Spent His Home in Degrading Struggle Without Avail—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Come to the Rescue When Other Means Had Failed.

but all to no purpose. So bad did he become, and so great were the pains that shot through his limbs, that at times Mr. Elwood had to be held down on his couch.

It strengthened the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

For sale by all druggists. Prepared by Dr. A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal.

A High Grade Shoe

Only can claim the honors of the foot. To gain this rank takes a combination of qualities such as Shoes we sell invariably possess. They have the right form to which the foot takes kindly.

Waterbury & Rising,

61 King and 212 Union St

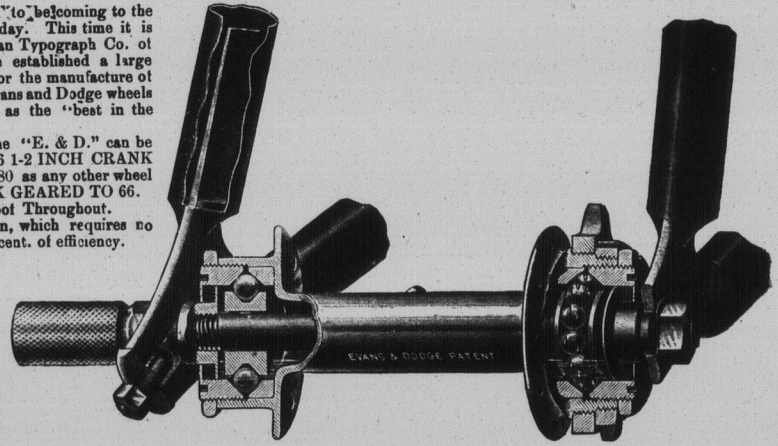
RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

THE LEADING

Canadian Bicycle.

The Canadians "seem" to "belonging to the front in new lines every day." This time it is Bicycles. The Canadian Typograph Co. of Windsor, Ontario have established a large factory at that town for the manufacture of what is known as the Evans and Dodge wheels which is truly claimed as the "best in the world."



This explains why the "E. & D." can be driven as easily with a 6 1/2 INCH CRANK AND GEARED TO 80 as any other wheel with a 7 INCH CRANK GEARED TO 66.

It has the Morse Chain, which requires no oil and develops 98 per cent. of efficiency. If readers will examine the accompanying cut they will at once see a practical demonstration of the reason for this.

The bearings are so constructed that the balls revolve in precisely the same direction as the hub, and for this reason all of the cutting and grinding is done away with as well as the friction of the ordinary bicycle bearing, and it will therefore be seen that this bicycle will wear ever so much longer than any other wheel produced.

sums his calling. The disease, shortly after he was taken ill, developed into neuralgia of the lower limbs, from which he suffered terrible agony.

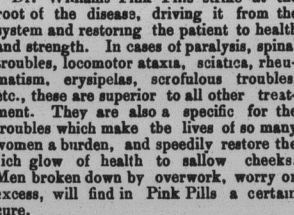
Let peace be with their ashes For by them the penalty is paid The not ours to judge Much less condemn.

Not Too Late to Mend. "Be mine," he implored. "To late," she answered in a trembling voice.

SIX WEEKS IN BED. Eight Doctors—No Relief—Rheumatism. There is but one remedy in existence which ever has or can cure rheumatism in two to three days.

It strengthened the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

HEALTH FOR THE "Mother Sex."



Women who have been prostrated for long years with Prolapus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering.

Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists. Prepared by Dr. A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal.

lers.

clude the "Griffiths Manufacturing Company, other firms which we

hionable

whole world.

DUCAL SEAT.

At the country houses' es. At Dunrobin Castle

(per Post) on the visit were twenty-seven guests

owned bicycles and had who was one of the

A FIBRY ORDEAL

There was a big fire—to speak correctly, two big fires—in London on the night when “Emergency” Walford went to see his beloved. Walford’s baptismal name was Henry, and the sobriquet he recalled was one which a few college friends had once suggested in memory of what had once struck their thoughts: “minds as a salient phrase in his conversation. Among dim and meaningless epithets none perhaps stick closer than an ironically “practical” nickname to a [frivolously] expansive, and there fore presumably impractical, individual, whose precious “ideas” as to what he or his friends “could” or “should” do in any given improbable crisis of affairs are apt to appear a trifle too ingenious for an imperfect world.

As he stood upon a pillared island in the thoroughfare opposite the oldest church in metropolitan, his car caught the harsh and jarring cry—partly of excitement, partly of warning—which usually heralds the approach of a fire engine. The phenomenon is not an unfamiliar one to the habits of London streets; but Walford had for many years, in after office hours, cherished a passion for dramatic adventure by practicing among the few privileged amateurs attached to the Fire Brigade. He was, therefore, not much surprised to recognize the engine and horses of his own company, and shot an inquiry at the maddened John as the latter pulled his pair into a hand center to avoid colliding with an unwieldy van. “Amberwell what ware’s you; well ‘light,” retorted a sailor with half-turned head, holding on to the rail behind. “Yab-b-h!” said the foot passengers from the pavements in a right, and to the accompaniment of a sempre diminutive roar, the smoking, clanging, glittering chariot tore away to the eastward.

The course of true love had run quite smooth for Henry Walford; not that he and his fiancée were meeting at night merely for the idle pleasure of the thing, there was a business in hand most serious to the female, and not indifferently to the masculine mind—no less, in short, than the adaptation of the furniture of his own roomy bachelor “diggings” to the more cramped apartments of the new “bion” family residence in a distant square in Baywater. Meeting, as it were, by appointment at the door of the little ivy-covered house in Old College street, Walford and his fiancée were soon on their way to the very different yet not very remote “neighborhood” of Gloria road, a large thoroughfare leading directly away into the heart of the wild and un-fashionable southwest. As you follow it, walking away from the clock tower, the fifth or sixth turn to the left brings you to the front of a large but not very prosperous-looking edifice called St. Michael’s Mansions, Catchbrook street, on the seventh floor of which were situated the chambers above mentioned. This cheap and airy abode Walford naturally spoke of as St. Michael’s Mount.

“Something’s gone wrong with the lift,” said Walford, “and the man’s away. So you’ll have to walk up. You won’t mind that?” As a matter of fact, when they reached the door she tripped up lightly before him, and he ran after her, which appeared to cause her to run faster, and so they both reached the fourth floor in a condition so breathless as to be incapable of intelligent conversation. She was a sprightly, active little woman, with jet black hair, now a little distended, and dark eyes, eyes solemnly impressive till she laughed;—they were both laughing now—and then disturbing in quite another way to your very vital.

“The being so, there should, strictly speaking, have been a chaperone (who, however, could not have been expected to run up six flights of stairs), for in the whole house there were probably not more than two other people—a caretaker and his wife—somewhere downstairs, all the other occupied with the rapid beat of horses’ feet, and craning out of the window they both caught sight of a second fire-engine threading its way—the driver half erect over his dancing steeds—along the channel so deep below them, while straggling pedestrians scattered this way or that. Scarcely had he drawn his precious visitor inside again, when there was a louder roar, this time quite a cheer of triumph, as a third driver entered on the scene by a side street from the north, and seeing the roadway clear, spread his team into a racing gallop over a straight bit of easy-going. Walford leant out eagerly just in time to catch the gleam of flying brass and a faint trail of vapor floating upon the evening air.

way beneath them, north, south, and west, a dense, dusky forest of gables and chimneys, dotted here and there with church spires like giant trees, and cut into innumerable deep “rides”—regular fissures up which the thousand illuminations of street and shop were just beginning to throw their mysterious glow. But a clearer existing circumstances it was only possible to look in one direction—where over the wharves of Amberwell brooded and blossomed a crimson and golden rose of flame, blood-red at the heart low down, where it showed against a jagged outline of black, and purpling the long banks of cloud wreaths.

For five, perhaps ten minutes, they sat and watched the finest spectacle that any great city can afford, and then descended to the sitting-room for the transaction of the business in hand. To this they betook themselves, when he had lit the lamp, with a delight that air of seriousness sitting each on one side of the room, she with pencil in hand and piece of paper before her, he drumming on the table in pensive abstraction. The occupation had little of the romantic in it, yet the moments flew quickly.

Several small knee-hole tables went quickly into the bay-window of the drawing-room, said she. By rights they should both have been looking at the knee-hole table, and thinking of the bay-window. As it was, each caught the other looking at him, and he, respectively, in an absurdly suspicious manner. This had happened before, and was followed by a resolution on the part of both to fix their whole minds upon the furniture question; and again the moment’s flow.

“Several items had in fact been satisfactorily disposed of—partly through his having shifted his position to one nearer, but not opposite to her—when Walford started up with a wild howl and ran to the window. “Ob, Hal!” she cried, frightened and startled by his vehemence, “what is it?” “Paper,” he said, recovering himself with a quite unemphatic promptitude. “Paper, and perhaps chemicals.” Some three and a half miles away, from one of the heights of north London a stream of flame shot fiercely up into the night, and swayed and blazed, a pillar of fire, that seemed to connect earth and sky; and again for five minutes they sat and gazed.

“How awful!” she said “but it doesn’t look so bad as the other.” “All the same,” said he, “they’ll want more engines to it.” “Because there’s no pressure up there, not enough to wash the ground-floor windows with.” “Pressure!” she answered innocently. “I thought it was the engines’ water up.” The amateur fireman smiled sweetly. “So they do,” he explained, “when they’ve got to, but not when the water will go up of itself. Don’t you see, Nellie, dear, it all depends on the fall. You send a manual or steamer to most fires, because they are usually wanted, and to take the men, fixings, hose, etc.; but if the stand-pipes from the street were enough—by Jove! it’s lucky there’s no wind; doesn’t it flare up straight!”

“But, Hal,” she persisted, with the air of a studious learner, “would a standpipe send water up here if we wanted it?” “No,” he mused, meditatively, “not up here, anywhere near the river-level, you know, the hydrants are only sixty gallons a minute over the tops of any of the houses.” “Hal,” she said, looking up suddenly, with a subdued and quite respectful chuckle, “I wish you’d put on your fireman’s things—you’ve got them here, haven’t you? And I should like to see how you look in them.” And he, liking to see that mischievous sparkle in her little black eyes, and not unwilling to give her some remembrance of himself in a character in which he did not expect to appear again, retired and donned the familiar uniform of least the jacket, felt, axe, and helia of glittering brass wearing which he re-appeared in the doorway at “ten.”

chiefly from the warehouse at the back. It was then he had been a fire for some time, and have burnt sideways into the “Mansions.” The iron balustrade was warm to the hand, the long tongues of flame flashed up here and there through the blinding waves, which now compelled him to beat a hasty retreat. The well was beginning to draw, and the blast furnace.

“Can’t we get down?” she cried to him in a faint voice, struggling with her fear. “Impossible,” he panted shortly, raising and almost carrying her inside the flat, while he slammed the door heavily with a back of chair, and settling her on the sofa, “there’ve got an engine or two to work, and an escape will be here in two minutes, only we must let them know.” He put his head out of the window, and yelled lustily: “Help! Help! Stair—case—fire—woman—here!” and after a pause, “the—long—escape—quick!”

The newly invented American “Telescope,” as the man called it, recurred to his mind. “That,” he thought to himself, “would get us down, and it’s about the only chance.” Perhaps it was. At that very moment a flash of light from the spinning down it, one after another, from the top story of a house in South London. But a fireman below, starting a bit, made answer, making a speaking trumpet of his hands while he bowed across the roadway with his booted feet a palpitating pyrrhonoid nose, from which the spray sprang at every crack some thirty feet into the air. “All right,” he shouted, “Bill’s got ‘er easy there!” (As another pair of foaming horses tramped and splashed the broad and shallow rapid pouring down the kennel, and the sucker of a third engine was hurled into the boiling dam.) “Stand by, below there! Ah! My Lord!”

Walford, unable to distinguish the words addressed to him, looked straight down below his window, and saw a sight of terror. There was a woman imprisoned on the fourth floor, to which a ladder had been raised that fell short by some ten feet of the window at which she stood leaning half out, afraid to retreat, for the flames were close behind her, and afraid to fall. The ladder seemed almost erect against the wall. But “Bill” was a hero, though accident or the stress of circumstances provided him with such poor resources for action.

“Let yourself down, mum,” he cried hoarsely to the wizened elderly female trembling above him. “No, no,” shrieked Walford, momentarily absorbed in a more acute peril than his own. “No, no, wait; get a rope up.” He called out to the woman on the ground, instead of falling; it was but a little, but that was enough. The man leant back to catch her, those gymnastics were little to him. With a calm effort he grasped the falling bundle of clothes, locked his feet in the rungs of the ladder, and stifled his cries before he fell. Probably he had known by the fraction of a second that was over. The top of the miserable ladder leapt out from the wall, balanced for the space of half a breath, quivered, undulated, and fell backward with a crash on to the pavement.

Walford shut his eyes, till a groan of horror from the street, audible above the drumming of the wheels, and the cries of men, horses, and the cries of men, concluded the agonizing suspense. The whole scene had not occupied a minute. There was a minute of maddening intervals, during which Walford—the girl helping him, like one in a dream—collected blankets and sheets from the bedroom and the bathroom, and then, having done it, as there seemed no other use, the apparatus he heaped it up against the outer door, under and around which the smoke was now being forced in fine dark swirls like curling black hair. Such activity merely occupied the hands, while his brain was busy with the thought, which he tried to do, as there seemed no other use, “why” which, crossed with the woot of unanswerable “hows,” soon makes up the web of despair. “Why had no proper fire-escape arrived? Why had the men only ladders, and ladders which were too high to reach? Why had the man, standing in a wild momentary reverie from the stupor in which he lay, a steam-whistle woke him. “Signal,” thought Walford, “putting another length on one of the hoses up in Catchbrook street.”

In fact, from the top windows of the side street round the corner, a flow of water was being poured upon the now blazing wing of the “Mansions.” Nevertheless, the particular engineer with his hand on that shrieking valve was one of the body encamped in Gloria road, around whom a dark hedge of stalwart and serious police kept off the struggling and yelling crowd; and he was looking up at Walford’s window. And Walford, mechanically donning the helmet which lay on the table, attended to his call obediently as a fireman balanced on some roof-top to the familiar note which warns him that the leaping and pulsating monster his engine is hardly direct, meaning, least in a wild momentary reverie from the stupor in which he lay, a steam-whistle woke him. “Signal,” thought Walford, “putting another length on one of the hoses up in Catchbrook street.”

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the street, at the back of this right wing of the “Mansions,” into which it had burnt off all approach (had that been any use) to the hall, fronting Gloria Road. Some thirty yards away on the other side, the warehouse—four stories, with all the roof fallen in—roared to heaven in a vast cloud of flame, which shut out all view in that direction, and made their voices scarcely audible to one another. Immediately behind them the first high ridge of chimneys stood out a jutting black against the steeking waves and forked tongues of flame that, fanned by the freshening breeze, steadily clutched and devoured the main-land of roof.

At that moment a red-hot wire struck him smartly in the back. Looking up, he saw towering above him a colossal familiar indeed to his eyes, but with a description to a reader unacquainted with the monstrosities of a modern capital. From a point on the roof, about fifteen or twenty feet back from the wall, rose a huge mast, some fifty feet in height, surmounted by a spiral, and supported by stays of iron wire from various parts of the building. Across the upper half of it were fastened, one below another and about a foot apart, eighteen stout cross-bars of wood nearly seven feet in length. On each bar were fixed half a dozen large earthenware “insulators,” and the whole apparatus—which now with smoke, clouds rolling about it resembled the mast and rigging of a burning vessel—supported over a hundred telephone wires.

“Wait! wait!” shrieked Walford non-sensitively enough, with a wild light in his eyes, vaguely aware that his last antics might have robbed the girl of her last scrap or self-control. “Wait!” he forced his voice through the hoarse murmurs of rushing flame, and the faintest tumult from the streets. “I see!” She did not see, and at first thought him mad, as, unbuttoning his axe and pulling tighter the buckle of his helmet, he rushed to the foot of the gigantic telephone pole, measuring the height to the first crossbar, and then back to the passage, anxiously scanning its width. Twenty, thirty forty times did she hear the sound of the axe swung with heavy good-will upon that stout Norwegian pine. Then he strode towards her again. His voice had a different accent, a touch of the agonized bitterness of a relapse into despair. “Half the wires are down,” he said, and one of the back supports; I can’t get at the other.”

Flames surrounded it and drove him back. Indeed, the foot of the pole itself was blackened on the far side, and a rain of sparks drove past it. He groaned aloud. “Water, water!” “Art a minute, mate,” sounded a stentorian voice from the opposite roof. Walford turned as if at a shot. The short figure of a Wapping mariner, clad in dark blue uniform, carrying in one hand a heavy and gleaming musketoon, and closely followed by an anaconda of fabulous length, appeared against the skyline. The splendid dawn of the configuration flashed a quite celestial brightness upon its brass buttons, his red nose, and even the thick wedding ring on his left hand. “Art a minute?” he grunted in the same level tone; “one long and two short is Jumbo’s ticket, and when you see that I’ll give you all the water she can send up.” He adjusted the musketoon in both arms, casting an eagle eye over the territory to be attacked. “Hello! how will you get the lady over?” He spoke as if in the interval between the man was a mere insect in which she might wet her feet. “Lay down.” As the black coils behind him stiffened, the man chuckled the words as Walford like a four of tricks. He lay down on his “hows, till a passing d. ude from the head directed on to the leads just in front of him drove all the breath out of his body, and him to lifted it into the air. Recovering, he staggered back, axe in hand, through the sparks, and in a moment was desperately at work again. Two feet to one side of him the rigid glistening tower hung and thundered with an explosion of brass in the burning aperture of the roof. The mighty way of the fire being made the turning roar of a stormy sea. The sound of blows was audible above it. As the current first wavered, Walford

adjoining them, now formed an extended wing of the general configuration, cutting off all approach (had that been any use) to the hall, fronting Gloria Road. Some thirty yards away on the other side, the warehouse—four stories, with all the roof fallen in—roared to heaven in a vast cloud of flame, which shut out all view in that direction, and made their voices scarcely audible to one another. Immediately behind them the first high ridge of chimneys stood out a jutting black against the steeking waves and forked tongues of flame that, fanned by the freshening breeze, steadily clutched and devoured the main-land of roof.

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looked up, shaking a red ash from his sleeves. The fireman was addressing him, but he could only hear part of his remarks. “How did yer get up? . . . ain’t no use . . . fix up this a bit, and go fetch . . .” He shook his head, and blushed black and blue with indignation. “I’m not a fireman. Keep on a minute,” and a second later, as he stooped over the iron stay, “Your axe, quick!”

It was bowed over audaciously. Walford deliberately chipped its edge against the edge of his own, and in a trice was at work a filling the twisted iron wire. The sweat poured over him and dropped upon the leads like rain, yet still he worked on. Three minutes passed, and the squab red-nosed man who had been murmuring to himself, “I’m not a fireman! Then oo the doose in ell might you be?” beginning to fear that he had to do with some one naturally lunatic or deranged by the terror of the catastrophe, began to protest in his own language. With face rubicund as the flame that illumined it, he implored Walford (who had begun again) to leave off chopping at a sanguinary pole which wasn’t in the way, and must clearly (what-ever happened) be burned in another quarter of an hour. To his despair the fanatic, whom he now began to regard as a dangerous man, continued to dance about, axe in hand, in a state apparently of mingled exultation and indignation.

“Nellie,” he shrieked hoarsely, “get out of the way, then, to the left!” and the thunders’ruck man from Wapping. “Shut up, you cursed fool, now that I’m coming down! mind yourself!” There was a sudden crash as a rotten forest tree struck and felled by an October gale, and the inevitable, which was also the astonishing, had once more come to pass. Hundred and eight telephone wires, a great number had already subdivided in a more or less liquid state, into the huge furnace over which they had stretched. The stays on the further s de being cut away, and the timber itself half severed, the strain of the unbroken wires or supports brought the whole framework down at right angles across the hall and the passage. The virtue of this operation of the law of gravity lay in the simple fact that the distance of the base of the mast from the first crossbar and from the w ll was about the same, in which coincidence also was noteworthy. But when the earthly discharge of grape and canister in the form of flying insulators and broken shreds of earthenware had smashed the windows and started the pavement a hundred feet below, it became apparent that there lay across the created gap, like a drawbridge unexpectedly let down from the skies, a solid causeway, across which four men abreast might easily walk with no possibility of falling through, and even a small vehicle might have been driven.

At the sight of this dangerous miracle, the man from Wapping rooped his hose and fled. Cautiously returning, he kicked aside the broken spire and grasped the new structure to test its solidity. As there seemed no likelihood of its moving further, he nodded in a reassuring manner to the two figures advancing towards him, blackly silhouetted against the background of fire. With a frenzied light of triumph in his eye, Walford himself tramped upon the first crossbar to be sure that this wondrous inspiration would not vanish back into the fairland of fancy from which it had so so wittily been bodied forth. Then he turned and said simply, “Come along . . . come along . . . like that . . . step on bars, not on the pole . . . because they’re flat . . . from one to the other.” But the transit was not to be accomplished so calmly, for as they reached the middle of the gulf, a long, grinding roar shook the building behind, and the bridge beneath them. Crouching down, they both clutched at the trembling woodwork till the shock passed by, and the thunderous noise died down into a distant chorus of cries and the rustling as of a mighty wind just getting up. At the same moment, a new and towering aurora of light filled the sky above, and threw a black outline of their two figures, half on the crossbars, and half on the opposite wall below.

