

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE BILL WAS TOO HIGH.

THE CITY DELEGATION DISPUTED HOSTSHERATON'S ACCOUNT.

He Charged Them From the Time He Received the Bill—The Mayor and Aldermen Left the Bill Unpaid and the Council Will Decide.

The St. John aldermen who were at Halifax last week say that the funeral was a grand one but it was not as big as the "little bill" which mine host Sheraton of the Queen presented to them on their departure.

They exhibited no great display of emotion when they looked upon the decorations of the state chamber and the cathedral and upon the funeral cortege, but they were struck dumb with surprise when they saw that bill. They afterwards expressed their surprise and the culmination was that they left without paying it and the matter is now in abeyance.

The way of it is that the rooms were reserved for them and Mr. Sheraton charged them for the time they were reserved. They arrived at the hotel on Wednesday night of funeral week and remained until Friday morning. Mr. Sheraton charged them a good round rate for a time and also for a day or two extra. The result was that his bill was double what they expected and for the four or five men amounted to about \$50.

A day or two before they left, Mayor Robertson telegraphed to the Queen man that a delegation was going over on Wednesday and asking for accommodations. To this Mr. Sheraton wired in reply that he had reserved rooms for them.

All went well until Thursday night. The delegation arrived, were pleasantly greeted by Mr. Sheraton and with the other guests of the city admired the beauty and impressiveness of the funeral pageant.

At length the settling time came round. When Mr. Sheraton gave His Worship the figures the representatives of the dignity of St. John looked floored. They demanded explanations which the hotel man readily gave. He said that he had reserved rooms for the St. John men. On account of the crash at the hotels on Tuesday and Wednesday he could have filled the rooms up over and over again. He therefore thought that they should pay for the use of the rooms, for they were using them just as much as if they had been occupying them. He added that he had given them notice in an indirect way that he was going to charge them, for he had wired to the mayor that he had reserved rooms for them. In a case like this when there was a rush reserved rooms were always charged for.

The mayor did not see eye to eye with the hotel proprietor and he did not recall the telegram from him. There was an alteration and another St. John man was referred to. He advised them to pay the bill without remark.

Had they been there privately no doubt they would never have said a word but as the corporation was paying their bills they felt it their duty to object. They therefore concluded to give the bill more mature consideration and left the hotel with still unpaid.

It was an unpleasant incident and has probably estranged Mr. Sheraton and these men. One of them said that the rate per item was too high anyway for the accommodation provided and was above what he charged others. Whether the full bill will be paid is not yet known. It was stated that the matter was to come before the council meeting of yesterday.

There would not be a unanimity of opinion among the members. One alderman says that the bill should have been paid. When the rooms were reserved for them they were obtaining value during the time it was reserved.

A RAILROAD'S MASHUP.
Mr. Code Escaped Because the C. P. E. Couldn't Kill a John A. Man.

"Talk about railroad accidents," said a gentleman who is travelling for an Ontario agricultural implement company, whom the reporter met at the Stanley hotel a few evenings ago, "I guess one of the most remarkable railroad accidents that ever occurred in Canada, or, in fact, anywhere else, took place on the C. P. E. just out of Smith's Falls, Ontario, a little over a year ago."

"Well, you might tell us about it," said the Progress representative, as the traveller had paused for a longer time after making these introductory remarks than most travellers do when they start to tell a good story.

"It was about nine o'clock," said the traveller, solemnly, "when Tom Acton and Bill Code, two prominent farmers of the Smith's Falls region, were driving along, dreaming of home and mother, and their best girls, when suddenly they realized that they were on the railroad track. It was pitch dark, you see," said the traveller, apologetically.

"I see," said the representative of the press.

"The first intimation that Mr. Code had that he had been driving over the railroad

track was when he found himself on the cowcatcher of a C. P. E. express. He was kind of dazed, even then. But Acton was even more surprised. He was pitched right through a barbed wire fence, and landed forty feet away. Except that his clothing was torn and he was considerably scratched by the barbs, he was as good as ever. The horses, realizing that the team was smashed into kindlings, put for home as tight as they could make it, carrying the front wheels with them. There was one awfully comical thing about the affair. When the train stopped and Herb Fye—that's the engineer—ran forward to see what kind of a cyclone they'd struck, he found Code on the cowcatcher. He was as surprised as could be to find a man there, but he was more surprised still when, after he had said to his fireman, 'Why here's a dead man,' Code replied, from his comfortable corner against the end of the boiler, 'No, not by a sight; the C. P. E. can't kill a John A. man.'

"How the accident occurred, nobody could tell. Acton had been driving, and Code had been taking a snooze in the bottom of the wagon. The wagon was hit in the centre, and the horses must have been going to beat the bulkiest kind of a brass band when they struck."

"This is true?" asked the reporter. "True!" said the traveller, with an injured expression in his eyes that left no doubt as to his veracity. It's perfectly true. Ask anybody about Smith's Falls if it ain't true. Telegraph the Smith's Falls operator. And now come out and have a drink—at your expense. I guess the story's worth it. Talk about the evils of drink. Why, if Tom Acton hadn't been drunk, he'd have been up with the angels at this present moment. That's just as true as my name's Bill Code."

THEY WANTED MR. QUIGLEY.
Delegations Wait Upon Mr. Hazen Urging his Appointment.

There was an impression that the county court judgeship was settled long ago and that either Mr. Forbes or Mr. Curry would get the coveted appointment with the odds largely in favor of the former. Still there seems to have been a decided effort, all along, on the part of the friends of Mr. E. F. Quigley to bring him to the front. From what Progress can gather this was done on the ground that Mr. Quigley was the representative of a denomination that is not perhaps as much remembered in judicial appointments as some of the others. It is a significant fact that Mr. Quigley, in his efforts to get the judgeship, was backed by representatives of both parties. Only a few days ago a delegation including such gentlemen as Messrs. James Reynolds, Thomas Campbell, T. L. Coughlan, Florence McCarthy and others waited upon Mr. Hazen and urged him to press the claims of Mr. Quigley for appointment. A second delegation, it is understood, also waited upon this same number. The body was somewhat mixed, for it was composed of both liberals and conservatives. It might be said, belonging to the same denomination as Mr. Quigley, they went so far as to intimate to Mr. Hazen that there was no reasonable objection to Mr. Quigley obtaining the appointment and that if he was so remembered, the conservative party could count upon a very large, united and loyal support from that particular class of voters who were all friendly to the selection of this gentleman. But it seems that while some catholic friends of Mr. Quigley thus urged his appointment, there were others who not only did not think he should be selected, but on the contrary gave such reasons as in any ordinary case would convince the members and the government that his claims were not such as would entitle him to the judgeship. Progress has noted before that at the last election Mr. Quigley was not so good a conservative as to go out and vote and work for his party, but, on the contrary, he did not vote and it is even intimated that his passiveness was injurious to the welfare of the conservatives. This is only one of the reasons that are urged against him, for it is well known that when the minister of finance was dined here and, in the interest of the conservative party, it seemed necessary that there should be a representative gathering as was possible, that Mr. Quigley not only refused to attend the banquet, but persuaded some of his friends who had decided to go, not to do so.

Of course these little facts found their way into influential quarters, and, no doubt, when they should and, under other circumstances, would have been forgotten, they are remembered not to the credit of the applicant. The position that the influential catholic conservatives of this constituency seemed to take is, after all, a very proper one, namely, that a man's religion should not be the only qualification necessary for appointment, but that with it he must have good party standing and be a royal party man.

A RICH MAN IN JAIL.
Mr. Mott's Trouble is the Result of a Feud With a Truro Man.

HALIFAX, Jan. 10.—The law sometimes is merely an engine to grind down poor offenders against its majesty, but it can also strike the rich. Charles F. Mott, the well known soap manufacturer, of this city, is experiencing the truth of this. He has for some days been in jail on a commitment issued by Commissioner Ritchie. Mr. Mott's trouble is the result of a feud with George W. Stuart, of Truro, over a gold-mining property at Salmon River.

Stuart and Mott were interested in the mine with others. The partners divided and in the settling up there were differences between Mott and Stuart, which they could not settle themselves, and the law was invoked. Stuart won the suit, and a verdict for about \$15,000, when it is alleged, Mott assigned in order to present the successful litigant from securing the amount of damages awarded by the court. Both Stuart and Mott are very determined men and hard fighters. Stuart was not to be outdone by Mott in this way, and he had him arrested and brought up before Commissioner Ritchie, charging a fraudulent assignment. Ritchie sent Mott to jail for three months as a result of his examination. On Tuesday the matter came before the supreme court bench in an appeal from the commissioner's sentence. Henry and Cahon argued for Stuart and R. L. Borden for Mott. The court took the matter into consideration. Not long ago Mr. Mott was reputed to be worth, including a request from his brother, the late John P. Mott, about \$170,000.

THE PROXIES WERE NO GOOD.
Chairman Peters Ruled That They Could Not Vote at the Meeting.

The president of the Exhibition association at the meeting this week decided against proxies—a conclusion that is strictly in accord with the by law (which required them to be witnessed and filed the day before the meeting) but contrary to the precedents of that body.

Mr. Peters has not been a huge success as president of the exhibition association. He has not proved to be a live president or an interested one.

The passing of the time of the annual meeting last year without a meeting being called is still fresh in the minds of the people and even this year there is great doubt if there would have been a quorum present had not some members of the association, enthusiastic workers, interested themselves in seeing that a good representation of stockholders were present.

But there was more stock represented than appeared on the surface. Many members, unable to attend, gave a proxy to their friends to vote for them. This was so in the case of firms, one member of which attended with proxies from the other members. In all there were more than 100 proxy votes present, all bound to have an exhibition and to elect a directorate for that purpose. But the president ruled the proxies out and the absent members were not recorded in consequence.

The report of the directors was upon a sheet of foolscap, type written. None of them could have been proud of it. In fact it was evidently prepared at the last moment. But the fact remains that there was a decided sentiment in favor of an exhibition, even if it was not allowed to be expressed.



The House in which St. John Thompson was Born.

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AN ERRING MINISTER.
A Sermon, in the Quiet of the Town of River Heber.

A paragraph in the Paroboro Leader notes that a council was held in the Methodist church of River Hebert to try and find out the guilty party in the Robinson-Cresse scandal. The verdict was not known, as the conference sat with closed doors. Rev. Mr. Robinson was the minister at River Hebert. Some of the facts of the story are as follows.

During last September he attended (as delegate) a S. school convention in Am-

herst, as did also one of his fair parishioners, a married lady in good standing in his church. She during convention was a guest at one of the best hotels. The Rev. Robinson, though entertained elsewhere, spent most of his time with the lady in question and was seen to enter her private room late in the evenings greatly to the scandal of the proprietors. When the story leaked out the Rev. gentleman confided to an intimate friend that it was time for him to "skip" and instantly decided to take a two weeks vacation in Boston and was supposed to depart at once for that city. It now transpires he went via the home of the president of the N. S. conference, from whom he obtained letters of good standing. He also preached two Sundays in one of his former parishes, then he went to Boston. Meanwhile his deserted parishioners, wondering at his continued absence after "the two weeks" had expired, were surprised to learn by letter from him that "the Lord has work for him in other fields."

The captain of Mt. Allison's foot ball team now ministers to their spiritual needs.

Some years ago Mrs. Robinson ran away to the "land of the free" with a youthful swain. Great sympathy was expressed for the bereft husband, which is considerably modified since numerous stories of his immoral conduct during the past year came to light.

THE SONS OF ENGLAND.

How They Started in Canada, and in the City of St. John.

The Sons of England are as jolly as they are brave, wherever you find them, which is everywhere; and the symposium of the patriotic society known as the Sons of England in the International Cafe, on Thursday evening was as merrie a gathering as ever assembled in merrie England. Speeches and songs, recitations and dog-dances, kept the diners at the table long after "the walnuts and the wine" had been freely dispensed with. Good accounts of the proceedings at the dinner have appeared in the daily press, but a story that Mr. Brownhill, past president of the Victoria Jubilee Lodge of Montreal, gave, of how the brotherhood originated should be told to a larger audience of Sons of England than those present on Thursday night.

In the year 1874, a man who was 'just from the land so long known as "the old country," was in Toronto looking for work. He saw in a paper an advertisement for a groom, which he promptly answered. His apparent ability in that line was recognized, and he was engaged, but when the employer asked him of what nationality he was, and received the proud reply, "I am an Englishman," the Toronto man decided that the groom's tenure of office was ended: The groom found a few other Englishmen in Toronto who had similar stories to tell. So he and his friends decided to found a society of British born. The Sons of England started with eleven members—and now there are thirteen thousand of them in Canada. And the order is growing yet.

One wet Sunday last August Mr. Brownhill and another upper provinces gentleman tramped around St. John, looking for Sons of England. They found eleven, just the number that was first found in Toronto. Now there is a membership of about fifty—and they are worthy sons, too, as a stranger could easily perceive last Thursday evening—and Friday morning.

The Customs and the Press.

HALIFAX, Jan. 10.—There is some commotion in the newspaper fraternity on account of the order from Ottawa forbidding the customs people giving the reporters for publication the names of shippers and the destination of the goods. All that can now appear will be the quantities shipped, unless the reporters find out the destination and other information for themselves. The reason for the order is that merchants and manufacturers have found that rivals have used the newspaper reports to cut into the markets sought out by them and have induced the government to issue the new order. The local boot and shoe export trade is a business that has been questioned is anxious to prevent the publication referred to.

CHOIR GIRLS MUST GO.

THIS IS RECTOR MCKEIL'S ULTIMATUM TO THEM

Because They Placed Their Alms in the Tin Pan of the Unofficial Alms Collector—There Was no Service in the Church Last Sunday Evening—Warden vs. Rector.

The church of the Good Shepherd at Fairville does not seem to be through with its troubles. Its new rector, Rev. Mr. McKeil, is now in difficulties, somewhat of a personal nature, with a portion of his parishioners. The facts, so far as Progress can gather them—and it has them from very reliable sources—do not at this stage of the case reflect the utmost credit upon the reverend gentleman.

When Mr. McKeil went to the parish of Fairville he knew by personal contact that a large portion, in fact, a large majority of the parishioners, were opposed to the high church customs that had prevailed in the reign of Mr. Titcombe, Mr. Hudgell and others. More than this the sentiment was emphasized afterwards by a public meeting of parishioners, at which a motion was carried, it might almost be said unanimously, to abolish candles, candlesticks and all such paraphernalia from the church. At that time Mr. McKeil claimed that he would make no changes in the church for he had not the power, but when he found that the people would not support him unless he did, the power came to him, and he swept away the candles, and all that was left were a few sticks. After that matters seemed to go on very smoothly, and the support that any minister would expect from his parish was given to Mr. McKeil, until all at once the very basis of the agreement upon which he came was broken and the obnoxious candles restored to their places. Then the trouble began again, and a large number of people either withdrew their support or allowed their interest in the church to become so lukewarm that the affairs of the congregation were not in the same satisfactory condition as they had been.

The difficulty now appears to be the result of an antipathy of Rector McKeil to one of his wardens, Captain Hamlyn, with whose low church ideas he was perfectly well acquainted from the start.

Up to a short time ago Wardens Hamlyn and Lordly had been collecting the alms and presenting them to the rector in the usual way. To many readers of Progress, perhaps not accustomed to the different modes of presenting alms in the church of England, it may be said that in those churches that are called "low," the warden or other member of the congregation who collects the alms takes them to the rector and, simply handing him the plate, returns to his seat. In some churches the alms collector, after presenting the plate to the officiating minister at the altar, remains standing until the clergyman walks to the communion table and leaves the plate and then returns to his seat. With his low church ideas Captain Hamlyn was not inclined to follow this latter practice, although Warden Lordly did not object to doing so. So, when at one service the one warden would present the alms, he would turn upon his heel as soon as he had done so, and stand at his seat, while at the next service the high warden presenting the plate the little formula so pleasing to the rector was gone through with. It is understood that Rector McKeil objected to Captain Hamlyn's abrupt method of leaving him at the altar rail, and though he did not say anything, the warden himself came to the ears of the captain that he might be requested to follow out the new custom. What the captain replied then was not very certain but it is quite evident that he expressed considerable dissent from doing this if he had been asked. But the rector never had any conversation with him upon the subject, and the first intimation that Captain Hamlyn had that he was not desired to present alms was one Sunday morning a few weeks ago, when he and his colleague, Mr. Lordly, met in the aisle and had a little heated conversation over the matter. It appears to have been Captain Hamlyn's turn to present the alms, and when he, as usual, went to Mr. Lordly for his plate, the latter endeavored to take the captain's, and exclaimed, when he met with some opposition, "I won't let you take them up, the rector told me not to." As soon as the captain heard this he released his hold upon the plate and the suddenness of that act caused part of the collection to be spilled upon the floor. In spite of this, however, at the next service Warden Hamlyn took up the collection as usual and carried his part of it up to the altar. The rector, however, took the strange course of refusing to receive the plate and pointed to the floor as the place for the warden to leave it.

At the next service Capt. Hamlyn was absent, and the rector made the announcement from the altar that he would not be permitted in future to take up the collections, and he appointed a Mr. Armstrong in his place. Hearing of his dismissal in

this summary manner, Warden Hamlyn called upon his rector the next week for some confirmation of the fact, and it was given him. He then asked Mr. McKeil whether there was not a chance for them to arrange their difficulty and have matters go on smoothly in the parish. Mr. McKeil replied to his warden that there was no way an arrangement could be made, since he would not stand at the altar while the alms were presented. Then it was that Captain Hamlyn reminded him that he had never been asked to stand at the altar, and he received the somewhat amusing reply that he would not have done so if he had been asked.

So far from the difficulties being arranged when he left the rector's house, they were, if anything, intensified and the next Sunday morning Warden Hamlyn went to church as usual. Thinking, perhaps, that he might be somewhat embarrassed in taking up the collection if he did not have a plate to do so, he carried along with him a tin vessel for that purpose, and when the usual time for collecting the alms came around, and Warden Lordly started on one side of the aisle, Captain Hamlyn was on the other. It may be said that the congregation, or a great majority of them appeared to side with the dismissed alms collector, for instead of depositing their alms in Warden Lordly's plate, the most of them waited until Captain Hamlyn came along with his unique offertory dish and put their money in it. This was so marked when the two alms collectors went past the choir, the members of which allowed Warden Lordly to pass without offering anything, and afterwards placed their alms in Captain Hamlyn's dish, that the rector was considerable exercised, and, coming to the front afterwards, announced that the services of the choir girls who had committed this breach of discipline, would be dispensed with, and that they need not take their seats in their usual places in future. He made some other remarks which brought Captain Hamlyn to his feet, but the rector would not tolerate this for an instant, and stamping his foot ordered him to sit down. This ended the morning service.

The congregation assembled in the evening as usual. The choir girls were in their places, and everybody was looking forward with considerable expectancy to what might develop before or during the service.

But it appears that the rector has made up his mind what course to pursue, and he turned the vials of his wrath upon the offending choir. Coming to the front he repeated what he had said in the morning about their breach of discipline, and noted the fact that they had not paid any attention to what he had said. The question before the congregation in his mind was whether the rector was going to run the church, or Warden Hamlyn. Taking out his watch with cool deliberation he announced to the assembled congregation that if the choir did not vacate their seats in five minutes there would be no service that evening. Several of the congregation also took out their watches, and the time was well kept for the next ten minutes. Five minutes passed and there was no movement on the part of the girls, or on that of the rector. When ten minutes had gone Mr. McKeil announced that there would be no service.

Apart from the illegality of this, in not holding service when the people had assembled for that purpose, the question naturally arises as to the propriety of the rector in taking such an extreme course towards those who had served the church so faithfully not only under his regime, but under that of the former rector.

At a meeting of the vestry during the week the matter was well thrashed out. After the routine business a motion was made to adjourn, but before this was put to the meeting a resolution was offered exploring the course events had taken and upholding the rector in his course. The motion to adjourn was carried and the resolution of confidence in the rector died a natural death.

More Discourteous Treatment.

PROGRESS has spoken before of the lack of courtesy Mr. Cowan of the savings bank, has shown to some of the ladies who go to that institution. Two instances of this have been reported again this week and both of them will likely be inquired into. The savings bank is a public institution and the clerks there are really the employees of the public. At the very least they should show them the same courtesy as would be extended to customers in a private bank. There is no bank in the city but is willing to show any one ignorant how to fill up a deposit blank how it can be done. But Mr. Cowan was of a different mind when a lady about to deposit some money there this week did not know how the blank should be filled in. She was gruffly told that she should know and in fact received such discourteous treatment in this wise that she left the building and reported the matter to her husband—a business man on Prince William street. It did not take him long to reach the bank and to have a plain talk with Mr. Cowan. The matter, it is not likely, will end here.

WHERE THE WEARY REST

THE MAGNIFICENT PARK OF THE CRESTAL CITY.

The following is a list of the names of the Park...

It is admitted that this is not the first season of the year to descend upon rural matters, but rather those that have to do with winter carnivals. It matters not, however, when a good subject presents itself. It was in the month of May last when Mr. Edward H. Wilmot purchased from the O'Dell estate that portion of land at the upper end of the town, now and will to ever be known as the "Wilmot Park" embracing 20 acres of land, perhaps a little more. After having done so he placed the whole property into the hands of Mr. G. E. Fenety—in whom he had the utmost confidence—to lay it out as he might think proper for the purposes of a Park, with a carte blanche to spend as much money as would be required, in order that a fine pleasure ground might be provided for the citizens of Fredericton free of all expense, not only in the making, but perhaps the maintenance hereafter—a boon, the value of which, no single individual in the province has ever yet conferred upon the community in which he lived. It has been more a labor of love, as the writer is informed, on the part of the superintendent of the work in his efforts to satisfy his principal, than from any other consideration, unless it be in the great interest he has always taken in horticultural and floral matters in particular. No pecuniary compensation could have induced the work undertaken. Mr. Wilmot was aware of this at the beginning, and that it was the pastime and pleasure and recreation which it afforded.

It was towards the last of May when the work of planning and laying out the Park began on the western half, but not until late in July when possession could be had of the south part, as it had been under lease until the hay was cut, so that the main roads could not be made and available until rather late in the season. No time was lost after that, for in less than three months upwards of two miles of carriage drives and about a mile of walks were laid out and finished, and by the end of August the Park was fully opened, informally, to the public, and was frequented by hundreds of teams passing along the roads, the occupants apparently taking a great interest and enjoyment within the limits, and giving expressions of praise and gratitude to the very noble donor whose great philanthropy and generosity had afforded so much pleasure. Upwards of 300 small spruce bushes were removed from the rear to the front of the Park, and 500 elms planted all along the carriage drives, and in a couple of years trees when these begin to develop there will be a green fringe presented all along delightful to behold; and in ten years, say, walls of living green may be ridden through of unsurpassed beauty. A number of beds have been laid out for the reception of hardy shrubs to be imported and planted next spring. Then in front of the Park, directly opposite Government House, a space of 150 by 75 feet has been scooped out, in the centre of which has been placed a fountain, the pipes of which have been connected with the main water works pipe on the highway outside the Park. The bottom of the pond is covered with blue clay, and when filled with water a miniature sea is presented to the sight, rendering the landscape very interesting. One of our engravings represents a pavilion or band stand, situated about 300 feet from and opposite Government House entrance. This was erected and beautifully painted at a cost of nearly \$400. About 3,000 feet of fencing inclosing the Park and fine double gates on two sides have been built and artistically painted. Upwards of forty seats or benches, each capable of holding 6 or 8 persons, have been made and placed in different parts of the Park—all of which, especially on Sundays, have been filled with visitors. Indeed, there have been times when upwards of 700 or 800 persons have been present (according to calculation) at one time, thus showing the great interest and pleasure the people are already taking in this great treat and retreat provided by Mr. Wilmot.

Early in the season the Cricket club of Fredericton waited upon Mr. Fenety, through their captain, to learn whether or not it was possible to obtain land enough in the park for playing purposes, and the club would prepare the ground at their own expense. Mr. E. said he would have great pleasure in referring the matter to Mr. Wilmot. On doing so, Mr. W. not only gave his consent, but stated that it should not cost the club a cent and that he would have the ground prepared and paid for by himself. Accordingly he directed that over an acre of ground should be ploughed and levelled and sown with grass seed to form a suitable recess or perfectly flat award for carrying on the games. Now this work of itself cost about \$70.

Names have been given to the avenues during the season, such as Prince of Wales (in the vicinity of which His royal highness passed through when here in 1860), Spruce avenue, Bush Grove, Wilmot Avenue, &c., all of which in time will be inscribed on sign boards for direction.

As much then for the Park. And now for another edition of Mr. Wilmot's great thoughtfulness. Having placed the laying out of the Park in the hands of Mr. Fenety and feeling satisfied with the work done, he could not rest contented without exhibiting his feelings for services rendered, by the presentation to him of a memento worthy of the acceptance of a prince—viz., a piece of plate, embossed in gold, which cost over than one hundred dollars, an illustration of which we here give, although it does not convey a full idea of the original. As the Fredericton Gleaner in its editorial columns gives a description of this beautiful work of art, the writer thinks he cannot do better than copy it: "The lamp was imported from New York and is one of the handsomest designs and costliest ever imported to this city. The lamp stands about 3 1/2 feet high, the base being ball-shaped about 10 inches in diameter, with two handsomely carved figures standing out from either side. The entire base is finished in gold. On one side of the ball is the inscription "Presented by Edward H. Wilmot to his friend George E. Fenety." On the other side: "A Memento of Wilmot Park, 1894." Above the base is a heavily cut glass oval which contains the cup for holding the fluid, and above this a duplex burner of the most modern pattern, the whole surmounted by an elegant heavily cut glass shade some 16 inches in diameter setting in a substantial gold rim. Needless to say Mr. Fenety is highly delighted with this substantial recognition on the part of Mr. Wilmot of his efforts to beautify Wilmot Park, and placed along side of the handsome Epergne, presented to Mr. Fenety by the citizens some years ago, when mayor, makes two very valuable and attractive house ornaments of which Mr. Fenety feels justly proud."



VIEW IN WILMOT PARK.

The picture where the large trees are presented in the background shows the pitch for the cricketers. The trees therein contained are of unusual size and magnificence, supposed to have been planted by the late Senator O'Dell's father, who died in 1842, as Provincial secretary. These have been turned to good account in the laying out of the Park, roadways have been worked through them to suit the purpose. On the right hand of the figures exhibited is where the Prince of Wales' fountain once stood—a work of genius and no little expense, not so much to the



VIEW IN WILMOT PARK.

owners of the land stretching above would open a roadway from the old lane through to the St. Andrew's road, and plant a row of trees on each side, the sale of many magnificent building lots would in time far more than repay the outlay, while providing a most beautiful carriage drive in extension of the Park and in connection therewith. If the agent of the estate in



Presented by Edward H. Wilmot to Geo. E. Fenety.

Advertisement for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, featuring the text 'Strongest and Best' and '90 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.'

Advertisement for Butcher's Boston Polish, describing it as a hard wax finish for floors, interior wood, and furniture.

Advertisement for Emerson & Fisher Skates, featuring an illustration of a skate and text describing the product.

Advertisement for Acme Pattern Skate Made, listing various skating equipment like skates, sticks, and pucks.

Advertisement for Office Desks, highlighting the company's stock of roll and flat top desks.

Advertisement for Office Specialty Mfg. Co., listing various office furniture like tables, typewriters, and desks.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including fragments of other advertisements and news items.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN GENERAL OPINION... The Toronto Oratorio Society... the attendance of all interested in oratorio work to meet with them at their practice room on Monday evening next (Jan. 16) at 8 o'clock to take into consideration the formation of an oratorio association in connection with the Oratorio Society.

This is a step in the right direction, and in the interests of the best music it is hoped every amateur, professional or otherwise, whether at present a member of any orchestra or not, will avail himself or herself of this invitation and attend at the time and place specified. If this is done, the visitors will have opportunity to see the work of the society and the manner in which the rehearsals are conducted. There is a large amount of local pride in our city and its institutions, and St. John compares, not unfavorably already with the larger cities of Canada in everything that tends to the development of its inhabitants and their acceptance of all that refines and dignifies. I am informed that in connection with the large oratorio society of Toronto there is an orchestra, as an adjunct of the society, that numbers, in itself, somewhere about eighty persons. There is talent in St. John not inferior to that of Toronto and united action here on the part of all whose tastes or inclinations are similar, in a musical sense, will very soon put this city on the same if not a higher level than that now enjoyed by the city of the lakes.

The court says that Camille D'Arville may sing under any management she pleases.

The largest organ in the world is at Sydney, N. S. W., but it is partially a failure.

William Wool, one of the best character comedians in the United States, is a member of the Louise Beaudet opera company. The organ for St. Bartholomew's church in New York, recently completed is now the largest church organ in America.

Madame Nellie Melba enjoyed the performance of "Westward Ho!" from a box in the Boston Museum one evening last week.

Lillian Russell and her latest husband, Sig. Ferrigni, met at the residence of a mutual friend recently. It is said "they kissed and made up."

Her Carl Walker recently gave a most successful concert in Montreal, Mrs. L. G. Shaw being the accompanist. His first number was Terzini's Sonata.

"Rob Roy" will have had his 100th performance on the 10th, inst., at the Herald square theatre. On that occasion fifty-four bon bon boxes were given away as souvenirs.

Mrs. Richard Blackmore, jr. (Louise Lane) gave a song recital in Boston last week. She was assisted by M. Timotheo Adamowicki, violinist, and Miss Angelina P. Loveland and M. Max Zach, accompanists.

Mr. Watkins Mills, the distinguished English baritone, recently gave a concert at Massey hall, in Toronto, of superior quality, but the press of that city complains of the fact that not more than 1,000 persons were present.

Sig. Ferrigni has resigned from the cast of "The Dragon's Daughter," the new opera in which Louise Beaudet created the title role at the Casino Square theatre, Boston, this week. The signor has been succeeded by Mr. Jay Taylor, "a tenor of marked ability."

When the Bostonians produced their new opera, "Princes Ananias," those that remember how charmingly picturesque Jessie Bartlett Davis looked as Alan a'Dale in "Robie Hood" were disappointed not to see her again as a boy. All that has been changed, however, in the new version of the opera, and Miss Davis now appears in tights.

Speaking of Stavenhagen, the great pianist a Boston paper of recent date says: "He is certainly an artist of merit, and displays the outward eccentricities of long hair, bad manners and the make-up of the small musician who appeals to the

public as a virtuoso. His gentlemanly and refined carriage, the real sentiment of his playing and the occasional flourish with which he plays a Chopin, are all the more to be regretted that he is not more of a virtuoso.

Walter Hopper... the general manager of the company will continue their performance at the Mechanics' Hall.

It is a fair inference that the efforts of this energetic manager are pleasing to the people when one realizes the fact that the patronage is increasing rapidly. Saturday night is not generally considered a favorable time for business, in theatrical circles in Saint John, but it has been the rule heretofore there has been a strong inclination in favor of Mr. Hopper's company, because the attendance in their theatre last Saturday evening was second only to their large business of Christmas and New Year's day. An increasing patronage is certain evidence of the popularity of a company. The repertoire of this company, in large and varied, both comedy and solo-drama being given with equal facility. Mr. Hopper is personally popular and his clever little leading lady, Miss Nellie Robinson, has clearly established herself a favorite with the patrons of this theatre. The support is always good and of a character and quality superior to that of most road companies who play to popular prices. Indeed, among the gentlemen of this company is found not a little evidence of familiarity with what is known, to theatrical people, as "the legitimate." Their stay in this city has been prolonged beyond their original intention, their work is being appreciated; they are now acquainted here and are justified in the belief that when they again visit this city they will be coming among friends and will be cordially welcomed. Mr. Hopper has reason to congratulate himself in having such an efficient business man as Mr. Shafer to look after his interests.

Miss Nellie Ganthony was in Toronto last week.

Daly's company and Ada Rohan will open in London, Eng., May 20th.

An actress dropped dead in the wings on Christmas night in London, Eng. Eight ladies.

Joe Jefferson says, "No man loves the scene of his daily employment so much as the actor."

Miss Annie Russell will shortly appear in Boston in "The New Woman." It will be her first work in that city for four years.

There is no part for Ada Rohan in Daly's new play "The Queen of the Air." The question is asked, will it succeed without her?

"Cissy" Lottus does not realize Augustin Daly's ideas and he has cancelled her contract. She will appear at Webster and Bial's, it is said.

More than 150 people are engaged in the production of the play "Humanity," and 36 stage hands are required to handle the massive scenes and mechanical effects.

The W. E. Dailey (May Hammer) stock company commences a four-week engagement at the Harbank theatre in Los Angeles, Cal., the first week of February.

A clever writer says "Atmosphere is as essential to the integrity of decorative pictures of a period as it is to the life of furniture. Given this, neither a well made play nor a well made table ever arrives at infinity."

Danjuro, the Japanese actor, who is to Japan what Henry Irving is in England, recently donated the entire receipts of his theatre for one week to the Red Cross hospital. Some nights there were \$5000 in the house.

Wilson Barrett, during his forthcoming tour in America, will have the strongest company of players he has ever engaged for his American tours. He will open at the Boston theatre on the 29th inst.

Marie Burrows, a once leading lady of the Boston Museum company and who recently resigned from James O'Neill's company, was secretly married to a Mr. Guy Wilbur Currier of Lawrence Mass., about three weeks ago. Mr. Currier is worth \$100,000. His wife has abandoned the stage.

The recent performance of "The School for Scandal" in Boston by the Julia Marlowe Taber Company is vigorously scored by a capable critic of that city. This writer says: The performance of "The School for Scandal" by this company was in most instances a strictly modern performance and so far was unsatisfactory.

The work of Mr. Charles Collins as Sir Oliver in "The School for Scandal," by the Marlowe Taber company in Boston last week, is highly complimented. His work was "equally admirable in spirit and form." Mr. Collins will be remembered as one of the capable cast in "The Crest of Society" when presented in this city.

William (Billy) Owen, also a member of the Marlowe company, and remembered by the older play-goers in this city, played Sir Benjamin Backbite in "The School for Scandal." He "held his own and then," says the critic, "like a trombone from the low pitch

of his instrument to a higher pitch of melody and melody, and in his generally in the key of the piece."

Thomas W. Keene is playing Shakespeare's roles on the Tivoli stage. His specialty is to be "a great tragedian in some respect from traditional tragedians and situations of the old school in which he played his first impressions of the role. He makes the Jew a few years younger and more cruel than most Shakespearean actors have considered him and there is less of the traditional cruelty in the first act."

Mary Hamilton was applauded by every body here in the gallery during a performance of "The Wind" in a New Jersey theatre last week. The boys did not approve of the fine de niche philosophy which the author places in the mouth of Rosamund (Mary Hamilton) and the actress thought they would "burn" things on the stage. The boys were pleased. Her Mary introduced a new style of advertising.

HUMAN TARGETS. A Profession Which Requires a Considerable Amount of Nerve.

"Tremendous risks? Well," he said, with remarkable coolness, "of course it is tempting death, if you put it in that sense; but it pays, for that very reason, and that is saying a good deal nowadays. I suppose we really do run a big risk every time we stand with the knives whizzing about us; but we've got so used to the risk that we've pretty well stared the dangerous element out of it. You know, it's like most other professions of this sort: there's such a lot in accustoming yourself to the work early in life."

This was in answer to a question I felt bound to put to one of two men who had just given an exhibition of their knife-throwing skill, at a town where I recently stayed. The display was so startling and hazardous in character as to almost stupefy an onlooker, and it took place in a circus arena. One performer stood, fixed immovably and with arms outstretched, against a wooden wall, while the other, from a distance of about twelve paces, hurled two-edged knives, haft foremost, in rapid succession, in such a dexterous manner as to enclose his living target in a frame of quivering blades.

"Why, yes," he went on, "decidely the knife-throwing business (which, I believe, originated in China) has almost died out in England. I can't explain it; there are plenty of people who flock eagerly to see anything with a dash of peril and excitement in it. But it's certain there was far more of it to be seen fifty years ago than now."

"Oh, no; you don't need to be especially gifted for the work. Of course, a nervous person would be quite out of his element in such a profession, because, you might say, a knife-thrower must have no nerves at all. He must keep always cool, and be able to hit a bull's-eye every time."

"There is no jugglery in our performance; that is a different line altogether. No one could place the knives in such a manner by mere trick or chance. What you saw was the result of years of incessant training and hard work."

"Mind, I don't deny that one man would acquire the knack of throwing—for there is a good deal in the knack—far more easily than another; but only in the sense that someone learn to use a rifle more readily than others. In both cases what you most need is a cool and sure eye, a steady hand and supple wrist, and plenty of confidence and power to concentrate the mind."

"The last is most important. Some years back, for example, I went into partnership with a man who could handle the knives beautifully; and yet the least disturbance—such as a shout or any noise in the audience—would inevitably make his three or four knives go flying in all directions. One must fix his thoughts solidly on the target, taking no more notice of the onlookers than if they were dumbies."

"Have I ever had a mishap? Several. They are inevitable at times. A year ago, when we were throwing at Manchester, a woman suddenly shrieked, and the consequence was that I tossed my partner's knife, meaning it to the board—and just missing his brain."

"He paid it back, though soon after, by putting a piece out of my neck. See the scar? A month or so on that spot just as he went to sleep, and somehow it got caught his eye that he could not resist letting fly at me. That was a case of fascination, eh? You hear of such things."

"Oh, of course, there would be danger in training to the work with one another's bodies. But we practice with a dummy figure until we can make certain of our aim in any position. All you may believe it wanted a lot of pluck to stand target for the first time! The knives are sharp—just one!"

"The most difficult trick to learn? Well, perhaps, that of sending three blades as you saw—one on either side the neck and one immediately over the skull, so as to fix the head hard and fast. It requires a deal of practice, too, to plant a blade between every finger of an outstretched hand. At some towns we have had to stop the performance because the audience got so excited, and it very often happens that we get as much hissing as applause. But we appreciate that."

FREEMAN'S CASE. One Particularly Interesting to Women as It Deals With Their Troubles.

LEAMINGTON, Jan. 7.—It has been a cause of wonder to many people why women will neglect the first symptoms, and continue to suffer from ill health, and from debility, when the means of relief can so readily be obtained. Before a cure can be effected the work of the kidneys must be renewed, the blood cleansed of poisonous material, and the ligaments and muscles strengthened and invigorated. The history of the case of Miss Nellie Freeman, of this village, who has been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, has had one beneficial effect in that it has aroused scores of other women in this locality from the false modesty they were manifesting and as a result the sales of Dodd's Kidney Pills have been enormous, and the resultant good commensurate therewith.

THE DYKES METHOD. A Simple Experiment by which a May be Discovered.

"Yes," said the doctor, "in a moment of improvisational confidence, the student of optical instruments, by turning out some wonderful appliances, nowdays for detecting imperfections of vision, but I'll tell you of a plan for testing the refractive strength of your eyes that is as simple as it is trustworthy. All you need is a stereoscope and a photograph. That arrangement in which the picture holder slides up and down a flat frame, roundabout fashion, is the best sort of stereoscope for the purpose, although any will do, and the photograph that will give the best results is a cabinet size view of some locality with people in it. The modus operandi is simplicity itself."

"Cut the photograph in the holder and focus it just enough so that you can see the faces clearly. Then close the left eye and look at the picture intently with your right eye while you count thirty slowly. Now close the right eye and look at the picture with the left eye for the same space of time. Then open both eyes and look at the picture without changing the focus. Something queer will happen. The figures on the one side of the picture will seem to move across the view and group themselves with those on the other side, and—this is the point of the experiment—the figures will always move away from the weak eye. Moreover, they will move with a very precise relation of speed to the weakness of vision. If the left eye, for example, is quite weak, the figures will move very quickly across the plane of sight to the right side, while if there is but a slight defect the movement will be gradual, and so on."

"A queer thing about this experiment is that simple as it seems, it will bring out defects of vision that have never been suspected, and another queer thing is that it will demonstrate the cases in which both eyes are of equal power to be surprisingly exceptional. I have tried it in a score of mixed gatherings, and never yet without having the experimenter observe some movement of the figures. There was one old lady, I remember up at Port J'erson last summer, who persisted in saying that she saw precisely with both eyes as she did with one eye, and well she might, for I examined her eyes more closely I found she was stone blind on the left side and didn't know it!"

Made by Weight.

That's a jolly idea that they have in Berlin, of selling sheet music by the pound. You go to one of the shops where music is sold in this way and give them a list of the pieces you want and they select them out in a pile and weigh them out, so many pounds so many marks and pennings, or, if you can afford, say three pounds you can take one pound of sentimental one pound of dramatic, two ounces of comic, and four ounces of devotional, or any other such arrangement that suits your fancy. It is a great boon to the musician who is poor, not to speak of the poor musician, because under this system Wagner and Brahms and Dverak will cost him no more than the insignificant and forgotten Smithtown. And Wagner for the piano, of course, being bought by the pound, can be played by the pound with good grace.

Courses in Domestic Science.

Women students in the Chicago university take a course in domestic science. In the first term is considered house sanitation, embracing the subjects of the location, ventilation, heating, draining, plumbing, and proper furnishing of a house. In the second term the study of water, food and clothing from a scientific point of view for attention, the subject of diet is considered, and food adulterations are investigated. The third term is devoted to domestic economy, when students give their attention to the administration of the household.

To MESSRS. PUTTNER EMULSION COMPANY, HALLUX, N. S. MONTREAL, Jan. 10th.

Last summer my little girl was weak, delicate and nervous, and did not rest well at night. I gave her less than two bottles of your EMULSION, according to directions, and soon after she began to take it she improved very fast in strength, slept well at night and lost much of that nervousness with which she had been troubled, and gained in flesh as well as strength, and has never been so well as since she took a course of your EMULSION.

Yours truly, G. A. HUMPHREY, Head Master Royal Arthur School.



Great Bargains in Trimmings and Untrimmings. Hats, Toques & Bonnets. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

Johnson's ORIGINAL ANODYNE LINIMENT 1810. For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL Use. Cures Croup, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup and Pain.

WE respectfully beg to notify dealers in Window Shades, Lace, Fringes, Poles, Pole Trimmings, etc., that we have taken full possession of the Macfarlane Shade Co.'s works, and say orders for goods from samples previously shown by that concern will receive prompt attention and shipment if addressed directly to us. MENZIE, TURNER & CO., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont. BIG STOCK OF Cotton Waste, Oils, STEAM PACKINGS, Etc. Get my Prices at Once. J. S. CURRIE, 57 Water Street, - - St. John, N. B. Colonial House, MONTREAL. Great Annual Sale. During the month of January we will offer our ENTIRE STOCK at discounts ranging from 10 to 50 per cent. 5 per cent. extra for cash. Mail orders will receive prompt and careful attention.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., MONTREAL. WANTED Men and Women To sell the Life and Work of Rt. Hon. Sir John Thompson.

Beautiful Lady May will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents, addressed to C. G. Music, care "Progress" Office, St. John, N. B.

Beautiful Lady May will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents, addressed to C. G. Music, care "Progress" Office, St. John, N. B.

SAINED GLASS Memorials Interior Decorations Castle & Son, 20 Dufferin St., Montreal.

INSTRUCTION. Collegiate School for Boys, WINDSOR, N. S. 100th YEAR. Resident Staff of Oxford and Cambridge Graduates. Special attention paid to the requirements of Junior Boys. For Circular and other information apply to the Head Master. Next Term begins on Saturday, Jan. 13th, 1895. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANO-FORTE. ST. JOHN'S, N. B. The "Institutional Method," also "Synthetic System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK. ST. JOHN'S Conservatory of Music AND VOCALION, 188 Prince Wm. St. FALL TERM opens Sept. 10th. TEACHING STAFF: M. S. Whitman, Piano and Harmony; Mrs. H. A. Parker, Elocution; Miss Alice Slingsby, Vocal Music; Mr. Carl Walden, Violin; M. S. WHITMAN, Director.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION, LIMITED, OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK. CAPITAL STOCK, \$150,000. Incorporated to Promote Art. This Company will distribute among its subscribers on the 15th Day of Jan., 1895, 2428 Works of Art, aggregating in value \$25,115. Every subscriber has an equal chance. The Grand Prize is a Group of Works of Art valued at \$15,750. Subscription tickets for sale at the New Brunswick Royal Art Union Gallery in St. John, N. B. Price \$1.00 each. In addition to the monthly chance of winning a valuable prize, the holder of 12 consecutive monthly subscription tickets will receive an original Work of Art, by such artists as Deas, Moran, N. A. Wain, and others. Send money for subscription by registered letter, money order, bank cheque or draft to: THE NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION, LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B. Circulars and full information will be sent on receipt of name and address. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Social and Personal.

St. John—North Bay. Miss M. A. Thompson left this week to resume her studies at the Halifax ladies' college after spending the vacation at her home in North Bay.

Miss E. H. Williams of this city, graduate of the General Public Hospital, leaves on Tuesday for Springfield Mass., having been appointed matron of the hospital at that place.

Miss Kate Beyley, who has been visiting friends in Boston, has returned. Miss E. M. Irvine and the Misses Pabley, left on Tuesday for Sackville to resume their studies at the Mt. Allison ladies' college.

Fredericton. [Prognosis is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenby and J. H. Hawthorne.] Jan. 8.—On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Vavasour gave a pleasant party in honor of their guest, Mrs. Fred Hume, of Nelson, E. C.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Rogat have returned from their wedding tour. Miss Beattie Hewitt, of Rolling Dam, Charlotte county, will spend the winter with friends in the city.

I have recently heard of a whole batch of engagements which have first been announced, one is that of a young medico recently arrived from Edinburgh, to one of Fredericton's fairest girls, but more anon.

Miss Adela Tiffin has returned to Halifax to resume her studies at the convent of the Sacred Heart. Miss Estabrook, of this city, spent last week in Sussex, the guest of Miss M. Bond.

On Tuesday evening about twenty couples invaded the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Vavasour, it being the tenth anniversary of their wedding day.

Miss Alice Teasdale, who with her friend Miss Smith, of Lunenburg, has been spending the holiday season at her home in this city, has returned to Mt. Allison to resume her studies.

Jan. 5.—Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Sharp, St. John spent Tuesday with Mrs. B. Smith. Mrs. E. G. Earle spent a few days with Mrs. Earle, Fredericton.

A number of ladies and gentlemen spent a pleasant evening at Mrs. Irvine's club room, 14 Germain street, when their children went through in a most satisfactory manner, the hoop and dumb-bell exercises.

Jan. 8.—Mrs. Clifford Robertson, and son master Charlie, of North Sydney, is at present the guest of her friend Mrs. Geo. H. Davidson, at the depot.

The Pella Walls quadrille assembly entertained a number of their friends on Wednesday evening at a sleigh drive and dance. After a pleasant drive out as far as Newcomb's, they returned to the residence of T. H. Boyd, on Cedar street.

Jan. 8.—Mrs. E. G. Flewelling and children are visiting her sister, Mrs. E. Hallett, Sussex. Miss Crawford, St. John, is spending a few weeks with Mrs. E. Logan.

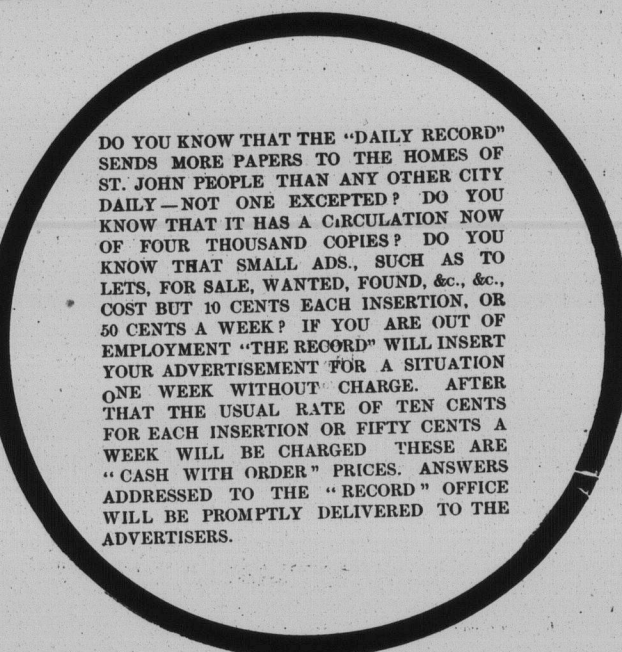
Miss Annie Davidson, of St. John, spent last week with her mother on "Apple Hill." Mrs. Elias Kinross is confined to her home through a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs.

Jan. 8.—Mrs. Clifford Robertson, and son master Charlie, of North Sydney, is at present the guest of her friend Mrs. Geo. H. Davidson, at the depot.

Mack's Double Starch.

Ready for Immediate Use. Contains Rice, Starch, Borax, Gum, Wax, &c., as well as the STARCH GLOSS. Requires no other addition and no preparation. By using Mack's Double Starch the iron glides smoothly and rapidly over the linen, converting a temper-soaring and irksome task into a positive pleasure.

Dearborn & Co., Agents, St. John, N. B. For sale by all first-class Grocers.



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J. H. Connolly's Modern Studio when in want of anything in Artistic Portraiture. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wines.

OUR BRANDS: DRY CATAWBA, SWEET CATAWBA, ISABELLA, ST. AUGUSTINE, (Registered), CLARET. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

OUR ANNUAL Cotton and Linen Sale

Every January brings us a larger demand from our town buyers for Sheetings, Pillow Cottons, yard wide Cottons, Linens and other goods in our Household Department.

Plain and Circular Pillow Cottons, 40 to 54 inches. White and Grey Sheetings, 2, 2 1/2 and 3 1/2 yards.

15 Yds. of 36 inch White Cotton for \$1. Good yard wide White Cotton at 8c., 9c. and 10c.

Daniel & Robertson, Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts.

THE CELEBRATED



FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

HOT or COLD, WHICH?

If YOU want to keep warm this winter, come to our store and buy a HEATING STOVE, and your home will be warm. We have a great variety. Hard or Soft Coal or Wood; all sizes, all prices.

COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street

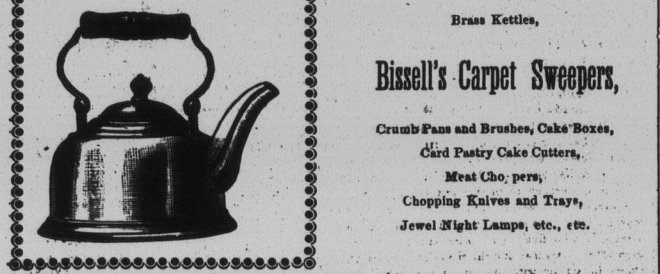
WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS

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

American Dye Works Co., Works: Elm Street, North End. South Side King Square.

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Tinware and Brass Goods for Xmas.



SHERATON & WHITTAKER

PERFUMES.

Hand Mirrors, Brushes and Combs, Hair Pin Boxes, Solid Silver and Shell Hair Pins, Cut Glass and Fancy Bottles, various other Toilet Articles.

American Hair Store, 87 Charlotte Street, 22 Prince Street, Halifax, N. S.

OUR 10 per cent. DISCOUNT SALE BOOMING.

Our 10 per cent. Discount Sale is proceeding without the slightest lack of interest on the part of the public. Continually increasing sales offer a gratifying proof that so far we have redeemed our promise to make this a.....

Bona-fide Opportunity to purchase Seasonable and Serviceable Dry Goods Cheap.

New Prints and Cambrics for Spring, also Sheetings, Pillow Cottons, White and Grey Cottons, Towels, Towelings, &c., which will be included in this Sale.

S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

For additional news items see page 5 and 6.

HALIFAX NEWS

Proceedings for sale in Halifax of the following...

The death of Hon. E. L. Shannon, C. C., occurred at an early hour on Monday morning at his residence...

There was a large and fashionable audience at the Orpheum hall on Tuesday evening to witness the tableaux...

A pretty wedding took place in St. Paul's church on Saturday last, when Rev. Dyon Hagnu united Mr. C. A. Hutchins and Miss Clara F. Townshend...

The funeral of the late Mrs. Kingdon, took place from her late residence, Common road, on Sunday, and was very largely attended...

Mr. W. K. Angwin has returned from Bay of Islands, Newfoundland, and will spend the winter here...

There was an enjoyable entertainment given last week at the Old Ladies' Home. The programme consisted of Christmas carols, songs and recitations...

It is expected that Lord and Lady Aberdeen will visit Halifax again next summer. Their excellent eyes made many friends during their visit here last summer...

Rev. Edward Solly, Jr., the new curate of St. Paul's church, is expected to arrive from London, Ontario, this week, and will begin his duties on Sunday next...

NEW GLASGOW

Jan. 9.—It is with much regret that the departure of a number of our young ladies was noted...

Mrs. Hyndman, accompanied by Master Charles and Mrs. Bagnall, who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McLean, returned to Charlottetown, Friday...

Mr. Fow, of the Union bank, who has been in Liverpool for the past few weeks, returned to New Glasgow yesterday...

Mr. and Mrs. Hector O'Brien, of Truro, spent a few days in town, last week, and were spending the vacation at his home in Marquodott, returned in Truro...

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Fraser returned to Yarmouth Tuesday after a well earned vacation of a week. I hope Mr. Fraser's next visit will be a little more lengthy...

The parlor concert in connection with the methodical church given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Wright Thursday night was largely attended and a decided success...

Miss E. J. Fraser, accompanied by Miss Alice Curry, Halifax, left for Halifax, Tuesday, to resume her studies at the college...

Mrs. Robert McGee, of Clifton, Douglas, returned to Truro Tuesday, accompanied by Miss Laura McNeil left for Halifax, Tuesday, to continue her studies at Halifax ladies' college...

Mrs. Wendell Graham entertained his friends right royally Thursday evening, having as his guests Miss Annie Fraser, Miss Bessie Carruthers, Miss Sally White, Miss Elin Wright, Miss Myrtle Bailey, Miss Carrie Fraser, Miss Sadie Fraser, Miss Agnes Chambers, Bridgeville, Miss Jennie Edpath, Miss Scott Melkie, Messrs. Charles Fraser, Charles Thompson, James Melkie, Robert Chambers, Bridgeville, Harry Sutherland, Robert Eutherford, Edward Carruthers, Russell Fraser, Clyde Fraser, Garfield McDonald, Stanley McNeil, Albert McKay, Ernest McKay, Walter McNeil, George McKay and others...

ANAPOLIS ROYAL

Jan. 9.—The annual ball given by the ladies of the Annapolis Royal, was held at the Annapolis Hotel, Saturday evening...

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Miller, of Annapolis spent Christmas with Mr. Wm. Miller, Grandville, except Mr. Percy Craig returned home on Monday last from Kentville...

Mr. L. D. Shaheen, of Chignecto, is spending the holidays with his mother Mrs. D. Denison...

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Sully, of Crowe, Wm. Craig, Edward Craig, N. W. Wain, Wm. Lockett, E. Bugles, H. R. Shaw, F. Craig, Wm. Reed, Dr. Marshall, R. S. McCormick, F. Vidno, A. Ward Morse, Robert Sheehan, Morton Forsyth, S. W. Chesney, Mr. Wm. Sproach, of Middleton, was the guest of Mr. J. Parker, for a few days last week...

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Ritchie, gave a party for her little daughter Cecil, on Tuesday. A Christmas tree being part of the entertainment, the young folks enjoyed it immensely...

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JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF IS PREEMINENT For these Essential Qualities.

Holiday Season. One case Silk Handkerchiefs, part of a big full, fifty per cent under value.

SMITH BROS., Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, HALIFAX, N. S.

MurphyGoldCure INSTITUTE FOR THE TREATMENT OF ALCOHOLISM, THE MORPHINE, AND TOBACCO HABITS.

We Ship Wedding CAKES. The largest Catering Establishment and Wedding Cake Manufactory in Canada.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT? In order to have something light, nutritious, easily digested, delicious and attractive to the taste by all means try EAGAR'S WINE OF RENNET.

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

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY, (Via C. P. & Short Line) Forward Goods, Valuables and Money in all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan.

WOLFE'S CHOCOLATES AND COCOAS. IT IS THE FINEST 10c Havana CIGAR IN THE DOMINION.

BACHELOR CIGAR. IT IS THE FINEST 10c Havana CIGAR IN THE DOMINION. A. ISAACS, 72 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, N. B. Sole manufacturer for the genuine A. SMALL QUEBEC.

Advertisement for 'LAVIOLETTE'S ANTICATARH' medicine, describing its benefits for urinary ailments.

Advertisement for 'JEANVILLE FERRY' service, providing details about the ferry route.

Advertisement for 'J. GUSTAVE LAVIOLETTE, M. D.' located at 433-435 St. Paul St., Montreal, Canada.

Advertisement for 'MINARD'S KING OF PAIN LINIMENT' for treating various ailments like rheumatism and neuralgia.

Advertisement for 'HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC' to strengthen nerves and improve digestion.

Advertisement for 'SILK ELASTIC STOCKINGS AND ANKLETS' by W.C. Hoodman Allan's.

Advertisement for 'W.C. HOODMAN ALLAN'S' druggists and chemists, located at 35 King Street.

Advertisement for 'OLD SILVER WARE' by Wm. Hillman, featuring various silver items.

Advertisement for 'WORTH A TRIAL' by F. Eagar, highlighting the benefits of his products.

Advertisement for 'T.A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE' and 'COMPOUNDED' medicine.

Local news snippet from 'WINDSOR' reporting on a fire and other incidents.

Local news snippet from 'GRANDVILLE FERRY' regarding ferry services.

Local news snippet from 'JEANVILLE FERRY' about local events.

Local news snippet from 'SYDNEY, N. B.' reporting on community activities.

Local news snippet from 'ST. ANDREWS' detailing local news.

Local news snippet from 'ST. JOHN'S' reporting on local events.

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Advertisement for 'Photography' by Harold Clino, offering portrait and landscape services.

Advertisement for 'GAMBORELO' wine, describing its quality and availability.

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PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1895.

TEARS ARE NOT "VAIN."

AN ARTICLE IN LAST WEEK'S ISSUE OF "PROGRESS"

Explains a Weak Linger and How Entering One on the Same Subject—Women Should Cry Whenever They Want to, Says One Authority—It Brightens Them.

Scarcely a year passes now without seeing the overthrow of some long-cherished tradition or the disproval of some fact which for many decades has been considered indisputable. It would require many columns to enumerate the illusions which have been rudely dispelled by the cold, clear light of scientific research, and though we struggle manfully to close our ears and hold fast by the remaining idols of our youthful days they will slip imperceptibly through our fingers and leave us alone with a still, sharp-edged reality, which is not half so comfortable as the old ideal.

Ever since I can remember anything I have heard of the baleful effects of tears! They dimmed the brightest eyes, turrowed the fairest cheeks, and played havoc generally with the good looks of all who indulged in them too freely. One heard of "tear dimples," "tear furrowed cheeks" and faces which "bore the traces of many bitter tears."

I must confess that I have never seen those circles, though I have looked for them diligently. I have been badly in love on various occasions myself, and laid awake for half the night in consequence; and what is infinitely worse, I have cried the greater part of the silent watches of the night, with toothache, but I have never been able to discover anything more picturesque about my eyes than a very dark smudge under each, quite near the nose, a decided puffiness underneath, and a most unlovely weariness of the lids on account of these vigils.

It is natural for a woman to resent the impu- tation that the feminine mind is not so strong as the masculine, and this spirit of independence was early manifested in a school girl living in a Massachusetts town. She had, too often, perhaps been made to acknowledge the superiority of her brothers. One day her mother remarked upon the apparently utter lack of intelligence in a hen. "You can't teach a hen anything," she said. "They have ruined more of the garden than a drove of cattle would. You can teach a cat, dog, or pig something, but a hen—never!" "Hm!" exclaimed the child, indignantly. "I think they know just as much as the roosters!"

have a depressing effect upon the mind, spirits, and digestion.

The woman who suffers in silence, who controls her feelings, and gives little outward sign of emotion is, according to this authority, the one whose hair whitens early, and whose face loses its roundness, and shows lines and wrinkles almost before she has reached her prime.

So fully convinced is the physician of the truth of his theory, that he declares the capacity for tears to be something worth cultivating, since the lack of it is gravely against not only one's facial attractions, but the general temperament. "The woman who can let rivers of salt-saiding tears course freely down their cheeks at the least provocation have light hearts, as well as tender ones, charming demonstrative ways, are impulsive, and possess a charm of their own, which self-controlled women are without." All this is very well in theory but rather disconcerting as far as practice goes. In the first place it is going to take us some little time to adapt ourselves to the changed condition of things; we have been accustomed to control our emotions for so long, that the indulgence of them should prove disfiguring; that we cannot be expected to branch out suddenly and cultivate a capacity for tears just as a young man cultivates a moustache, or a farmer caxes a sterile field into "heart" again. It is no easy matter to sit down deliberately and practice a music lesson; and the dread visitors coming in suddenly catching the devotee of the new cult with swollen eyes and a red nose, would be ever present.

In the second place—well, really, the idea is too new, it upsets all our former theories too abruptly, and involves too many sudden changes to be seriously entertained, and the complications it threatens in the world of literature are terrible beyond expression! Picture the hero no longer able to stanch his adored one's tears, and implore her not to weep! Imagine him no longer saying "Angelina, you rend my very heart strings! If not for your sake, darling, for mine, control yourself. I implore you!" but renouncing calmly "That is right, dear, cry as much as you like, there is nothing better for your complexion, and even your digestive organs, in the world!"

And last of all, try to imagine the feelings of the novelist who is obliged, against all his preconceived ideas of the fitness of things, to make Angelina come down to breakfast looking fresh and sweet in shedding hot salt tears over Edward's faithfulness! The effort is really too much for me, so I shall not carry my speculations any further, until I have had time to grow a little accustomed to this sudden transition.

A FATAL SUPERSTITION.

Mexicans Regard Smallpox as a Divine Visitation.

The poor and ignorant class of Mexicans have an uncanny religious superstition about smallpox. On a recent visit to the interior of Mexico, says a writer in the New Orleans Picayune, I saw mothers carrying around in their arms babies whose little bodies were almost eaten up by smallpox. I was, of course, shocked at the frightful spectacle, and even offered one deluded mother money if she would take her terribly afflicted child home and call in a physician to attend it. But she refused my proffer with scorn, and began to croon some weird incantation as she tenderly caressed the little half-dazed sufferer in her arms. I afterwards learned that the ignorant class of Mexicans consider an outbreak of the red pest in their miserable hovels a visitation of Divine wrath for some sin they have committed. So set are they in this belief that they will do nothing whatever to check the ravages of the disease, except when it attacks their infants, to take the victims in their arms, press them closely to their breasts and pray devoutly and continuously to God to forgive them for their wickedness. Of course the smallpox runs its course after a while, though never before claiming several members of every family as victims, but not until it does are the afflicted parents purged of their sins.

Equality of Sex.

It is natural for a woman to resent the impu- tation that the feminine mind is not so strong as the masculine, and this spirit of independence was early manifested in a school girl living in a Massachusetts town. She had, too often, perhaps been made to acknowledge the superiority of her brothers. One day her mother remarked upon the apparently utter lack of intelligence in a hen. "You can't teach a hen anything," she said. "They have ruined more of the garden than a drove of cattle would. You can teach a cat, dog, or pig something, but a hen—never!" "Hm!" exclaimed the child, indignantly. "I think they know just as much as the roosters!"

Cock-crowing Contests.

A new amusement has been introduced in Belgium which permits the peasant to have some sport. It is a sort of competition in cock-crowing and the game is conducted in this way. In a garden are placed rows of cages, each containing a cock. Before each cage, about a mile away, stands the marker who notes the crows of his bird. The competition lasts for an hour, and it is the cock which has crowed the loudest that takes the prize. At the last competition a rooster crowed 181 times.

WHO WILL BE JUDGE?

A GOOD MANY WOULD LIKE TO SUCCEED MR. SHANNON.

Mr. Bell Will Probably Not Have a Walk-Over, as was Supposed—Mr. Congdon and his Political Self-Satisfaction—A Note from A. G. Jones.

HALIFAX, Jan. 10.—In the death of Hon. S. L. Shannon Halifax loses one of its most honorable and upright and useful citizens. For many years Judge Shannon has presided in the probate court. He peacefully ended his journey on earth of 78 years early on Monday morning.

Mr. Bell is so peculiarly constituted that no sooner has he reached one point than he looks forward to the next. No sooner does he learn one thing than he seeks for further knowledge. The surprise caused by the announcement of Judge Shannon's death was at once turned to the new question—"Who shall his successor be as judge of probate?"

The effort is a necessary one doubtless, but so far as quantity of real work is concerned, it is almost a merecure. The court meets once a week, and generally not more than two hours is required to transact the business that comes up. The fees are worth at least \$1200 per annum, and a lawyer's private practice is so wise inter-fered with on account of his holding the judgeship of probate. In this respect the judge of probate is different from the stipendiary magistrate of the city, for the latter is prohibited from practicing at the bar.

The office is thus a good thing for the lawyer who holds it, because if he has a good practice \$1,200 per year is a not un- welcome addition to his income, and if the lawyer has no considerable practice the fees make the difference between comparative affluence and poverty.

It has been known for a long time that it was only a question of months when the position so well held by Judge Shannon should become vacant, and people generally believed that the successor had been as good as agreed upon. The report generally credited was, as some time ago stated by PROGRESS, that the office had been promised to Frank H. Bell, a young lawyer and son of City Auditor J. A. Bell.

Now that the office is actually vacant it seems there are other candidates for it, and that Mr. Bell may not have a complete walk over in securing the place. Mr. Bell's great rival is F. T. Congdon, and besides him the name of H. T. Jones are mentioned. Of course all are staunch liberals and supporters of Premier Fielding's government. They would not be in the race if they were not of the right political color.

A glance at the candidates and the claims of the prospective probate judges, is not uninteresting. F. H. Bell has rendered some political service, but it has certainly not been of the self-denying kind. What he has done for his party does not appear on the surface, and probably if the searcher were to dig deep he would find no more evidences of work there. Mr. Bell is a personal friend of Mr. Fielding, but he has ever been more an ornament to the party than a worker of practical worth. He does not deserve the office from a party point of view. There is one strong thing in his favor in the struggle for the office, and that is that in some way he seemed to start first in the race. He got under way months, if not years ago.

Fred T. Congdon is a candidate of different calibre. He has not only worked faithfully in the ranks of the liberal party, but he has stepped to the front when personal interest and inclination would have said "Hold back." Congdon's campaign in Shelburne against General Laurie for the Dominion commons is a notable instance of this. He never expected to win but entered the contest at the command of his party to prevent Laurie's election by acclamation. A more recent undertaking of his was since the local elections last spring, when Congdon succeeded in having Israel Longworth, of Colchester, counted out, and Laurence counted in. The Laurie campaign was a negative success and the Truro recount was a decidedly positive success. Congdon is a day in and a day out hard worker, and he is a good lawyer. It is a wonder, then, that he and his friends think he has a good chance for the probate judgeship, or that if he has not he ought to have an almost sure thing.

H. T. Jones is not more than nominally in the race. He is a son of that great liberal war-horse Hon. A. G. Jones, but that is his chief recommendation. If young Jones were more like his father he would be a stronger candidate and better in other respects.

The fight is between Bell and Congdon, and Premier Fielding will have some difficulty in deciding between them. It is expected the appointment will be quickly made. William Roche, Mr. Fielding's Halifax colleague will have something to say about it.

SIX CORSETS THAT GIVE SATISFACTION.

Advertisement for six different styles of corsets (P.N. Drab, P.N. Fast Black, White, P.N. Drab and White, P.N. Fine Sateen) with illustrations and prices.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

form is causing some anxiety to his backers. Instead of growing less nervous every time he appears in public, he is getting more and more nervous over every speech he makes, and his fidgetiness is painful. His sleeplessness is worse than ever, and the lines of his face, and depressing excitability of manner, betray the man, who looking a mental strain that is too great for his nervous condition. "Mr. Gladstone," says the London Public Opinion, "owed much to his power of sleeping soundly, and Lord Rosebery lies under the disadvantage of not having been trained in the House of Commons, where leaders acquire that rhinoceros-hide indifference to abuse, and cock-sure confidence in themselves, that distinguish Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith."

DON'T WANT TAX REFORM.

Why the Mayor of Halifax and Some Aldermen are not Reformers.

HALIFAX, Jan. 10.—There are now two parties in the city council—the tax reformers and the anti-tax reformers. PROGRESS knows the chief features of the proposed reform. The great object of the contemplated change is to abolish the tax on stocks of merchandise. Some amusement was caused the other day at the expense of the aldermanic opponents of the reform by the publication of the amounts contributed by these gentlemen in the combined form of household, business and personal property taxes. The anti-reformers had done a lot of talking about the immense amounts paid in such taxes by the reformers, and which it was charged they were trying to unload upon others, and the publication of the small amounts paid by the anti-reformers was a bombshell which caused them considerable havoc.

Mayor Keeve headed the list with the stupendous sum of \$14.40, which he pays in taxes for the privilege of doing business, carrying a large stock of lumber and brick, living in a fine house well furnished, keeping a horse and carriage, and owning bank stock and special deposit receipts. The mayor on this question has a devoted following of fourth or fifth-rate aldermen, and he is reaching out to capture an unthinking public through which he eventually hopes perhaps to find himself hobnobbing at Ottawa with Lord Aberdeen.

Take a bird's eye view of the mayor's supporters in opposing tax reform. First comes Alderman Mosher, a man of large means, whose business is wharf-building. He contributes \$7.20 to the civic treasury as business man and bank stock owner. The alderman half hopes to be mayor next spring, and he has been playing a deep game in politics, sometimes supporting both sides of a question in the council, and occasionally, to popularize himself, being "one of the boys." He can change his toes in regard to fashionable ornaments, too, for when certain jewelry lost its hold upon the feminine votaries of fashion the alderman knew how to discard the adornment with the others.

Alderman O'Donnell follows as a champion opponent. He is an alderman of the \$2.88 class in taxation, for that is what he pays for personal property. The alderman works tooth and nail against reform, yet his stock of information on the subject

is limited. He knows enough, however, to take his turn as an anti-leader. Alderman Hubley is looking for votes next spring, when he has to retire or face another election contest. He had his eye on the votes ever since he entered the council. His personal property tax is \$11.52, for the privilege of doing a large grocery and feed business, driving a horse and carriage and living in a well furnished house. He went to a large expense last summer in an outfit for the Aberdeen reception from which possibly he has not yet quite recovered, and naturally he desires to avoid an increase in his assessment.

ONE TRIAL CONVINCES.

Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works.

St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S. WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

FORTIFY YOUR SYSTEM

against PNEUMONIA and LA GRIPPE

by using ROYAL EMULSION

For Chest, Lung and Bronchial Troubles it has never been equaled.

A WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN PHYSICIAN STATES:

I cheerfully recommend the Royal Emulsion; I have suffered from a yearly attack of Bronchitis but this year, for the first time, I have escaped and I attribute it to the use of ROYAL EMULSION. Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00. Wallace Dawson, CHEMIST, Montreal.

"NIAGARA" INJECTOR.

If you require a better feeder try the "Niagara." Life is too short to waste on worthless machines.

No satisfaction, no pay, is my motto. Will send you one on 30 days' trial. Write for prices.

W. H. STIRLING, Waring, White & Co's Works, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Advice:

Don't buy clothes from force of habit—unthinkingly, without a reason. True, you may need new clothes; but that's no reason. Your old worn or overcoat may look old and faded, but take our advice and consider that UNGAR MAKES THE OLD NEW. Have your old clothes made new by him. ONE TRIAL CONVINCES.

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IN BLEAK PINE WOODS.
AN ENGLISHMAN IN NEWFOUNDLAND FORESTS.

An Article of Interest to Canadians, as it compares the East of the Canadian Lumberman with that of the Newfoundland One—Unpleasant Incidents.

The following account of an experience in the Pine woods of Newfoundland by Mr. Robert H. Pinnet, of Montreal, appeared in a recent number of The Field:

After a series of untoward circumstances I found myself in Newfoundland, last winter, in such a position that it was necessary for me to embark myself and my very small capital in some enterprise. While still undecided I fell in with the manager of a large lumbering or timber firm on the Terra Nova river, a district recently opened up by the railway, and supposed to contain pine forests equal to those of Canada. Having had a thorough training in this business in the Province of Quebec, and understanding the lumbering trade in all its branches, I considered I ought, by taking some land from the company on contract, and putting in my own men, to make a good thing of it.

Being young and hopeful, I was quite unprepared for the disappointments before me, and, accustomed to the comparative civilization of Canada, thought I understood the hardships and discomforts to be experienced in the Newfoundland bush. So in excellent spirits one morning last January, I met the manager of the Terra Nova Company at the railway station of St. John's. The journey, a long one, occupied the whole day, and the early darkness prevented me seeing the country as I wished. The scene revealed by the morning light on the following day was very far from realizing the suggestive name given to this district of the "pine garden."

Spending Sunday at the mill, we started on Monday morning to visit the camps already placed. The day was lovely, but intensely cold—an advantage to us, as the walking on the hard snow was pleasant. In Canada no one would dream of undertaking journeys of fifteen or twenty miles a day on foot to visit established camps.

At one of these last we resolved to pass at night. We had no blankets or covering of any description, but, stretching ourselves on some wooden boxes, after replenishing the fire with huge logs, we were soon fast asleep after our hard day's tramp.

When I awoke the fire was out, the cold intense, my stockings frozen solid to my feet. Turning off my hard couch, I quickly with the help of large pieces of birch bark set the fire going, thawed and dried my stockings, and then for two hours kept the stove red hot, waking my friend at the end of that time to perform the same office, while I, in my turn, slept. After such a night daylight was welcome, and we were glad to start again after a frugal meal of "raw" tea (no milk) and hard tack or ship's biscuit; at every camp we visited, some five or six, the same refreshment was given to us. "Mug up," it is called by the lumberers. Our second night we spent in a comparatively luxurious manner, on beds of sweet hay, close to the red-hot stove, and, having walked forty miles in two days we were greatly in need of our well-earned repose. As good trees were very scarce in the neighborhood, I had to search further; and having been told that timber in great quantities was to be found up the south-west river, we explored in that direction. Again we were disappointed, not a stick of pine was to be seen; and I began to think the much vaunted pine and spruce limits of Terra Nova Lake were a delusion and a snare.

Taking a different course on our return down the river, we struck a fine patch of trees; it appeared to stretch far back into the country, but, as it was late we took this for granted, and made the fatal mistake of only examining the bare fringe of the wood. On this promising piece of land I determined to place my camp, after I had procured man and a suitable horse for my purposes.

A hurried visit to St. John's ensued, where I bought an apparently strong serviceable horse and hired a teamster, (who unfortunately never could succeed in getting on good terms, with the quadruped under his charge) and then, attired in suitable bush costume of oilskin overalls and sou'-wester, and Indian boots of sealskin, I boarded the train and made fair start, as I hoped, on the road to fortune.

The journey this time was not to be so easily performed. All went well till we reached Whitbourne, where our horse and impedimenta had to be transferred to the inland line. From this time the wind rose till it blew half a gale, the light snow drifted rapidly, and the rock cuts quickly filled; in one of these last we came to a stop, and there was nothing for it but for all hands to turn out and clear the road. This happened again and again, so that we were two days performing a journey of a few hours; a great annoyance to me, as I was anxious to push ahead. Arrived at the mill, and having engaged on the road as many men as I thought necessary, with a cook to attend to our meals and keep the camp in order, we started for the place where I had determined to commence lumbering operations.

To my great annoyance, the weather now became very mild, the ice melted rapidly, so that hauling a load through the

wet snow was hard work. In fact, when only half-way it became necessary to throw off the load and return to the mill for the night. Again the weather changed; for in Newfoundland, unlike Canada, these changes are very rapid, the snow having frozen hard in the night and all morning. We started about noon. It became quite dark before we reached the camp, where we intended to remain till our own was built; and, though we again threw off our load, and travelled light for the last two miles, we had great difficulty in finding our way, particularly as I was the only one of the party who had visited the district before. Our first care was to house our tired horse in a hastily-built shed of spruce boughs, and then, on the hard floor of the hut (at this time not without blankets), we got what rest we could. At daylight we were en route again, to lay the foundation of the shanty in which we expected to pass the winter.

My first work was to delodge another contractor, who although knowing the land was mine, had actually built on it, and was preparing to make logs. While the camp was building I made several journeys to the mill, bringing up provisions and other camp requisites. The men, worn out with the tramp through the soft snow, several times gave up completely and just dragging themselves along left to me the task of forcing on the horse, which was far from being the docile willing creature it had been represented. On arrival at the camp the teamster gave up, and refused to go again that night on the road. He was about right; but I determined not to give in and, after a short time spent in refreshment, started alone in the pouring rain on the backward journey. The ice was now so thin, both on the river and lake, that it buckled under the sleigh. The horse would only crawl, and hitting only intensified that crawl. There was nothing to do but to hope for the best, which for once did happen, and we crossed the perilous place without accident. When almost at the end of the journey, I came to another lake, where the ice was even more rotten. I was about half over it when the animal went through and at once disappeared; but, finding bottom, he managed after a few plunges to get ashore, dragging me on the sleigh through the ice cold water. Of course I was drenched, but having been wet to the skin before, a little more or less water did not make much difference.

In a few days after this ill-starred journey we were settled in our camp ready for work; so, taking the axe, I cut down the first tree myself, trimmed it, and placed it on the river, and then the work proceeded merrily enough. We all worked hard, never pausing except at meal times or when it was necessary to settle the constantly recurring disputes between the teamster and our very stubborn and unmanageable team.

After a fortnight of hard work, snow fell in great quantities, increasing tremendously our labor, and worse than all, it became evident that we should soon exhaust the narrow strip of timber on which we were camped. Under these circumstances, it became necessary for me to visit the mill, which I did on foot through soft snow nearly three feet deep. I did the double journey in one day, but I nearly lost my way in consequence; for the winter days are short, and the thickly falling snow very quickly obliterated my track of the morning. However, I did reach the camp that night, and a good night's rest so invigorated me that I forgot my weary tramp of twenty-six miles through the snow, and started the next morning, with a brisk step, on the search for the ever-receding pine forests of Newfoundland.

I need not describe the hunt for timber; it meant miles of heavy walking. Sometimes we were elated by some slight sign of good forests, then correspondingly depressed when our hopes proved futile; and we returned to camp sadder but wiser men. Morning, however, brought hope, and making a fresh start in another direction, we saw from an eminence an alley between us and the far-off hills. I guessed immediately from former experience that there was certainly a river running through this valley and probably timber. I struck across country to reach it, regardless of the reminiscences of the men, who thought it but a wild goose chase. This time they were wrong, for it was long before plenty of fine timber gladdened our sight, and the men gave a loud and hearty cheer; but, though joining in it, I still felt doubtful of our good fortune, for timber without a river to bear it to the mills would be useless. I cast searching glances around, and at length I caught a glimpse of water. We now had trees and a highway for our lumber, and it was with light hearts we followed down the stream to its mouth, which proved to be not far from our old camp. For us this was a grand discovery, as we could now build our new camp, while we still had the shelter of the old one at night. We set to work in earnest, but, owing to the unavoidable delays, we were too late in the season.

The ice was undermined, being some 6ft. from the water. Our horse was continually going through, and we were consequently in danger of losing him. Again I tramped to the mill, and fifteen miles further, to hire more men to do the work the horse could no longer manage; and then I set to work to measure the logs and ascertain

what was my profit or loss. Unfortunately, I found I was losing money; and I at once determined that the best thing I could do, after such a winter of difficulties and disappointments, was to close my camp and give it up.

But though the resolution was a good one, my difficulties were not ended. We still had to get the horse and sleigh and all our household goods to the mills. It was very late in March, the hot sun and rain had opened and flooded the river, so that it was useless as a road. The snow was so deep that the horse, though relieved from the weight of the sleigh by the men, sank constantly to his shoulders, when it was necessary to put ropes under him and haul him out bodily. So we fought our way, with great expenditure of patience and strength, till we reach the main river where at least the road was passable, though bad enough still. It was a very joyful moment when we, tried, wet and faint with hunger, reached the warm and hospitable shelter of Campbell's Mill.

Even then I could not rest: for the train was nearly due, and to miss it at least meant twenty-four hours' delay; so, tired weary, we look anxiously for the moment when, safely on board the cars, we might snatch a few hours' rest.

When the next day I stepped from the train in soiled and weather-beaten clothes, and unshaven face, I looked very different from the bright, and smiling, and hopeful young fellow who had gone into the woods a few short weeks before. A bath and a shave soon made another man of me; but, unfortunately, could not restore the money I had wasted in a vain attempt to make my fortune in the forests of Terra Nova.

LADS AND LASSIES AT SCHOOL. When I was a lad at school. How long ago is that? Men whose beards are getting full of the sort of frost that does not thaw in the spring may love to gossip about the past, but they do not love to think of it when alone. Oh, the infinite pathos, penitence, and heartbreak of that appealing line in Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light"—"Remember not past years." Like spilled water, memory spreads unpleasantly when let go.

What I want to recall now is whether my school-days were my happiest, healthiest days. The fact's show clear through the mists, and the answer is, No. The writer came of a sound stock, and was well cared for, yet his greatest pains and most frequent and dangerous illnesses were when he was a lad at school. I do not affirm this to be the rule with boys but it was so, without especial reason, with me.

And here is another man who says: "All my life even as a lad at school, I suffered from illness. I had dizziness, violent headache, nausea, and saw spots floating before my eyes. Sometimes I vomited a greenish yellow fatty matter, and again was qualmish and sick without vomiting. While in my teens and up to manhood I had bilious attacks every week, more or less severe. At times I felt fairly well, and for, yet his greatest pains and most frequent and dangerous illnesses were when he was a lad at school. I do not affirm this to be the rule with boys but it was so, without especial reason, with me.

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BOUND TO GET THERE.
A Railroad Official's Story of English Lads Who Were in a Hurry.

"The English tourist is often a surprising person," said a railroad official, "and I have frequently had cause to wonder at him. Some time ago I had an experience with two English tourists that was out of the ordinary. I was in a large Western city in charge of the passenger business of a trans-continental railroad which ran two special trains a week to the Pacific coast. One afternoon I was about to close my desk and go home, when the local ticket agent came into my office with two young men. It was not necessary to look at them twice to understand that they were Englishmen. They were the typical tall, big-boned, blonde-haired men whom one recognizes immediately as being English. They were dressed in ultra-English style, and carried themselves with the self-confidence and independence of men who thoroughly believe in themselves and are utterly indifferent to the estimate placed upon them by others. I call them men, though they could not have been over eighteen or nineteen years old. The agent told me that they wished to see me about a matter of business. I assured them that I was at their disposal, and waited, wondering what they could want of me. The taller of the two acted as spokesman.

"We want to get to San Francisco," he said, "in time to connect with the next steamer for Japan."

"I am very sorry," I replied, "but our special train which connects with the steamer passed through here two hours ago."

"They looked serious at this, but did not seem overcome."

"I suppose," said the tall one, "that the next regular train will be too late to connect with the steamer."

"Oh, yes," said I, "you would be delayed about a week in San Francisco."

"Oh, that will never do," he replied. "We must catch that steamer. You will have to make some arrangement by which we can overtake this train."

"I was paralyzed by the cool assurance with which he suggested this. The train he wished to overtake was known as the Golden Gate Special, and was a record breaker. It was one of the fastest trains on our road, and we were proud of the time it made. Yet here were a couple of youngsters who wanted to know whether they could not arrange to catch it with the same calmness that they might have asked for a cup of coffee. I smiled on them pityingly.

"Don't you know," said I, "that this is an exceptionally fast train, and it is almost impossible to do what you asked. The expense would put it out of the question."

"They listened calmly and without change of expression. Then the one who had spoken before said: "Yes, I know all about that, but we have got to catch that boat. We are attached to the British embassy at Tokio, and have been travelling on a leave of absence. Our time will be up the very day that that boat reaches Japan. We must be there at that time because we have promised to. We had intended to catch the previous boat, but we were having such a good time that we thought we would chance it and wait over. Now nothing can be allowed to interfere with our plan."

"Well," I said, "I don't see how I can aid you, sorry as I may be for you."

"The Englishman looked at me in a bored sort of way, and said: "I don't see why there is any need of arguing about this. We want a special train to overtake that special, and if we can do it any other way we will have to follow it across the continent."

"I looked in amazement at these two clerks—that is what they amounted to, I suppose, at least what we would consider them in this country—who were coolly asking for a special train to cross the continent. I was not at all convinced that they appreciated the enormity of their demand.

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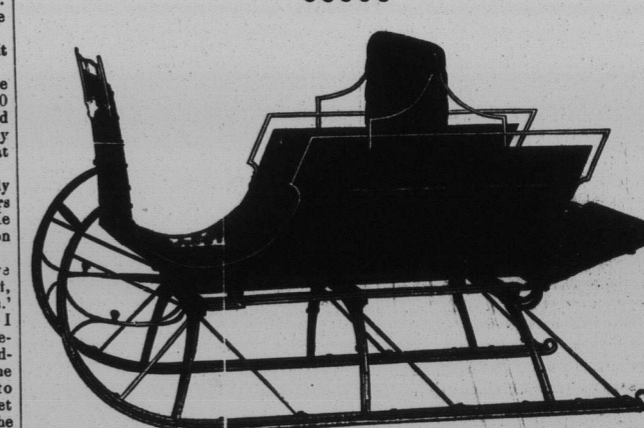
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Sunday Reading.

IN CANADIAN CARE.

An Article by J. E. Duggan, M.A., in the "Christian."

Glad to see you show your colors so bravely. 'Yes, we found it very helpful in our parish, but I thought of discontinuing it should.'

The two speakers, wearers of blue-and-white ribbons on their coats, stood on the platform of a Canadian Pacific Railway car, enroute for Vancouver.

No time was lost in making arrangements for meetings, during the week of the trip, and by the courtesy of the successive conductors, these were held regularly in the dining car—bible and prayer meetings for christians in the mornings, services of song for the Chinese, and public gospel meetings in the afternoon, while on one evening a costume lecture on the Moors was given by the writer.

As far as Winnipeg the party of Christians included the Rev. Louis Byrde, of the Student Volunteer Missionary Union, who is addressing various American colleges on his way to take up mission work in Hawaii and the S. P. G. The Americans of the party were from Mr. Simpson's 'Christian Alliance,' in New York.

Some most encouraging testimonies were contributed by passengers picked up en route, and several testified to blessing received. One old farmer told how "it wasn't so long sermons as brought me in, but just what I heard an old methodist brother say in a prayer-meeting once, when I was a lad of seventeen. I knew times were bad for him, with a large family and what not, and when I heard him stand up there and say how good the Lord had been to him, and the tears running down his dear old wrinkles, and I knew he meant it, says I to myself, 'That's summat like religion, an' there'll come a time when I shall be wantin' it too.' So I made sure of it there and then, by just taking God at his word. And I tell you what, boys, I ain't sorry for't yet, nor am I likely to be."

The Chastening Rod. "Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest." The judgment of man would hardly reach that conclusion. Was Job blessed as one messenger after another hurried into his house with evil tidings? 'No,' says the man of the world, 'he was miser-

able and much to be pitied.' But 'we have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.' The latter end of Job was better than the beginning. When men find trouble and sorrow, and their heart is brought down with labor it is a painful process; all the same they are blessed. For the Lord doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men; though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion to the greatness of his mercy.

CHURCH NEWS.

Roman Catholic. The Roman Catholics of India number 1,600,000, or more than one half of all who bear the Christian name.

The death of Father Dawson, a well known priest in the upper provinces, at the advanced age of 84 years, has been announced.

The Pope has instructed the bishops in Brazil to make provision for the better education of the clergy, whose ignorance, he declares, is causing many evils.

During the past year 109 persons have been baptized in St. Peter's church, North end, nine of these being converts. The individual communions numbered 15,710. There had been 27 deaths and 19 marriages.

The Christmas midnight mass in St. Dunstan's Cathedral, Charlottetown, was more than usually impressive. An immense audience, exceptionally fine music, an eloquent discourse suitable to the occasion, and devout and reverent attention were the distinguishing features of the service.

The funeral service of the Right Honorable Sir John D. Thompson, was, in the numbers in attendance, in the interest taken therein, in the respect shown to his memory by all classes and conditions, and in the impressive and solemn ceremonies connected therewith, the most imposing pageant ever witnessed in Canada. The homage thus paid to departed worth was sincere and general, and in his removal the public feeling was one of genuine regret.

Episcopalian.

Of 2,250,000 Christians of India, 300,000, including 70,000 European soldiers, are reckoned as belonging to the church of England.

Archdeacon Farrar's first sermon was delivered on the day of his ordination, in the workhouse chapel at Salisbury, England, on December 25th, 1854.

Rev. Mr. McKeil of the church of the Good Shepherd, Fairville, was made the happy possessor of a valuable set of furs from his parishioners as a Christmas gift.

The new Cathedral at Hamilton, Bermuda, was dedicated on the 21st ult., by the Archdeacon, Bishop Jones being unable to come from Newfoundland for that purpose. Twelve clergymen took part in the services. The commander of the forces, the admiral and their staffs, and representatives from the army and navy were present. The Cathedral is much admired.

During the past week the Rev. Mr. DeSoyres of this city was presented with a numerous signed address from the members of his church and congregation expressive of their high regard for him as a man, a Christian, and a minister. The spirit of the address may be gathered from the following sentence—"We desire to express to you our deep appreciation of the services you have rendered us in unfolding to us the truths of God's Word, and maintaining in all their grandeur and simplicity the true principles of the church of England as established at the ever memorable Reformation." The reply was along the same lines and indicated a strong affection existing between the rector and his people.

Presbyterian.

The new church at Shediac to replace the one that was burnt is expected to be ready for occupancy in a month.

Rev. Mr. Sutherland, of the Sussex Presbyterian church, who was recently made the recipient of a fur lined coat by the male members of his congregation, was presented with a plush covered easy chair a few days ago by his lady friends.

Rev. Mr. MacFarland, who has been for some years the pastor of the reformed Presbyterian church in this city, has severed his connection therewith and with his family has removed to the United States. Mr. and Mrs. MacFarland were active workers in the temperance cause and other good causes and their removal is much regretted by their fellow laborers.

Baptist.

Rev. Mr. Weeks, who has been ill for some time at Sussex, has been removed to the General Hospital in this city.

Revival services at Jerusalem, conducted by the Rev. G. W. Foster, free baptist minister, have resulted in the baptism of twelve persons and their reception into the church.

There is a rumor to the effect that Rev. Dr. McLeod, of Fredericton, may be requested to run for York, in the conservative interest in the next election for the Dominion parliament.

The free baptists of Lower Millstream, Kings Co., have built a parsonage on

grounds donated by Mr. Mangrove, in the vicinity of the church. It is now being occupied by the pastor, Rev. A. W. McLeod.

Methodist.

Bishop Thompson of the African M. E. Zion church died at Newbury, N. Y., on Dec. 21, aged seventy six years.

Rev. L. Gaetz, formerly of this province but for some years a resident of the North West, has been invited to the pastorate of the Brandon church after next conference.

Father Lambert, formerly a Roman Catholic priest, is now laboring with much success among the French in New York, under the direction of the Methodist church.

While the population of the United States was sixteen times larger in 1890 than it was one hundred years earlier, the communicants in the Methodist church had increased more than eighty-one times during that period.

"The Historical Geography of the Holy Land," is the title of a new work, of which 200 copies have been presented to that number of the ministers of the English primitive Methodist church. The donor is a Mr. Hartley, one of their prominent laymen.

The children of the several Sabbath schools have been remembered during the past few weeks by their friends and teachers. Santa Claus has publicly appeared on a number of platforms, and has greatly delighted the little ones by his thoughtful attention to their needs and wishes.

"The Wisdom Literature of the Old Testament," is the title of a new work on the poetic books of the bible, by the Rev. Dr. Davison, and is described as "eloquent, impressive and instructive, fascinating in style, and distinguished for sobriety of judgment and courageous loyalty to truth."

The Woman's Missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal church supports 145 missionaries, 624 bible readers and teachers, 435 schools and orphanages, 9 hospitals, and owns nearly \$500,000 worth of real estate. It carries on its work in India, Japan, Corea, Burma, Bulgaria, South America and Mexico, and manages its business without a salary officer.

The Methodists of this city are preparing for the revival campaign to be entered upon next month under the superintendence of the renowned evangelists, Revs. Messrs. Hunter and Crossley. While both are ministers of the Methodist church, the preaching is chiefly done by Mr. Hunter, Mr. Crossley paying special attention to the musical work, being a first class singer himself.

The Wesleyan Missionary society employs 320 ministers, of whom 190 are natives of the lands in which they labor. The chief centres from which they operate are Rome, Naples, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Benares, Hong Kong, Canton, Mandalay, Pretoria, Johannesburg and Salisbury. Catholics and Protestants, Hindus, Buddhists, Mohammedans, devil worshippers and Pagans are being reached by them.

General Religions.

500 missionaries have gone into the Chinese empire during the last five years, and an appeal is now made for 600 more.

The late ex-Senator Fair's bequests to charities were as follows: \$20,000 to be divided among Catholic orphan asylums, \$50,000 to Protestant asylums and \$25,000 to Hebrew asylums, all in San Francisco.

For the first time on record the car of Juggernaut at Serampore failed this year so find devotees enough to drag it over the usual route. On three successive days attempts were made which ended in failure, despite the threats and persuasions of the Brahmins.

The leading Protestant missions in the Empire of Japan are: Presbyterian churches, 92, members, 11,126. American Board, churches, 65, members, 11,110; American Methodist Episcopal, churches, 59, members, 4,034; Canada Methodist, churches, 20, members, 1,987; American Protestant Episcopal, churches, 27, members, 1,599; Church Missionary Society, churches, 49, members, 2,652; Baptist Missionary Union, churches, 19, members, 1,547.

Figures show that the rapid growth of the Salvation Army has not yet received a check. The movement was inaugurated in 1877, and operates today 3,200 corps, or churches, with 10,788 officers. The chief strength of the army is in Great Britain, which has 1,210 corps, and the United States comes next in order with 539. It is stronger in Australia than in Canada, the former having 578 corps and the latter 240. The army, which has entrenched itself in nineteen countries, has an international staff of 1,169 officers. It is a vast organization, and is doing a great work for humanity.

The Epworth rectory, though of such interest to methodists all over the world, is not new and never was owned by them. It belongs to the established church of England, as does also the old parish church of which John Wesley's father was rector. None of the Wesley children was born in the house now standing, though much of the early life of John and Charles was passed here. The former rectory was burned when John was 6 years of age. Highbrilliant rescue from an upper window

made an impression on his own mind, as well as upon that of his mother, which remained to the end of his long life. Visitors to the present house are usually pointed to a window on one end as the veritable scene of the occurrence, but this is an error, since that building was burned, and its foundations some short distance away have recently been discovered after having been long forgotten.

In every case the name which has been adopted by the young people's society of a denomination covers some interesting bit of history. United Society of Christian Endeavor declares the purpose of the Organization and serves as a constant reminder of the obligations of its members. Brotherhood of St Andrew is specially fitting as the title of a society whose members are pledged to hunt up the brother needing light and help and bring him to Christ. Young People's union will not only aid the baptist young folks to remember their duty to each other, but express a fraternity with the young of other churches and also the unaved. Epworth League is a name which will ever suggest to the world at large and methodists in particular the importance of early religious training. Daily living after the New Testament pattern is its practical meaning.

Messages of Help for the Week.

"The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." Psalm 87: 2.

"Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Matt. 7: 12.

"He cried, Lord, save me. And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him." Matt. 14: 30, 31.

"The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. For it is written, He taketh the wise in their own craftiness, and again, The Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise, that they are vain." 1 Cor. 3: 19, 20.

"Why stand we in jeopardy every hour?" 1 Cor. 15: 30.

"Have ye suffered so many things in vain." Galatians 3: 4.

"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Galatians 6: 1.

Emerson's Advice to a Daughter.

Finish every day and be done with it. For manners and for wise living it is a vice to remember. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; you shall begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day for all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the rotten yesterdays.

A Boot Service.

On a recent Monday a boot service was held in the Congregational Church, Watney street, Commercial road, London. E. in connection with the philanthropic work of the London Congregational Union. The service consisted of a gratuitous distribution of between 200 and 300 pairs of boots to needy children of the locality. The boots were of special manufacture, and the recipients of this practical benevolence were loud in their appreciation of such a welcome Christmas gift.

New Year's Resolutions.

One vow will not suffice the long year through. One prayer a twelve-month's needs may not ally; Crown every morn with pure resolve anew, And live each day as though 'twere New Year's Day.

AM DYEING.

I am dyeing, Edith, dyeing, Tints of crimson, bright as I fast; Shades, too, dark as Pluto's regions, And they cannot help but last. Let me tell you how I do it, Let me whisper in your ear, Diamond Dyes is all my secret; You can do the same, my dear.

Though my clothes get worn and dingy And with stains are spotted o'er, Though they look as fit for nothing, I can make them good once more. Though I have not many dollars To expend on garments new, I can dress as well as any, And I know that you can, too.

Let not a thin's servile mimons Scorn the garments thus made o'er; 'Twas no dyer's hand that made them, I have done the same before. I, who took my last year's dresses, Washed and dyed, and pressed and turned. Made them o'er for this year's wearing—Gowns for which the heart had yearned.

Yes, I'm dyeing, Edith, dyeing; No, you do not need to go; You've not hindered me a moment; 'Tis not hard to do, you know; Now, no more one needs to wonder How to make their dresses do; When with such a little trouble, "Diamond" makes them good as new.

Turkeys,

CHICKENS, GEESE AND DUCKS.

Dean's Sausages.

Ham, Bacon, Clear Pork and Lard, Celer, Squash and all Vegetables.

Annapolis Co., N. S. Beef, King's Co., N. B., Lamb, Ontario Fresh Pork.

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Cravenettes are universally admitted to be the only satisfactory porous waterproof goods on the market.



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CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

WORK STARTS AT THE FOUNDATION.

Does Not Give Temporary Relief, But is an Assured System Builder.

Indigestion and All Nervous Disorders Lastingly Cured

Mr. W. F. Bolger, of Renfrew, Ont., Cured by South American Nervine When Everything Else Had Failed.



MR. W. F. BOLGER, RENFREW, ONT.

Many of the remedies now administered are simply appetizers. They are stimulants for the time being. They give temporary strength possibly, but are not system-builders. The constitution that has become run down through trouble, overwork, disease, or from whatever cause, cannot become itself again except where the system of building-up is begun at the foundation. Here it is that marvelous results come from the use of South American Nervine Tonic. Starting from the established scientific fact that the life and healthfulness of every part and organ of the body has its origin in the nerve centers, which are located in the base of the brain, this great discovery, South American Nervine, acts at once upon the nerve centers. It does not serve simply as a soothing draught, or a temporary stimulant to the injured and diseased organs. It gives the needed strength at the nerve centers, and this done, the whole system is toned and built up. Evidence on this point might be presented by the volume. The subjects of such a cure are found all over this fair Dominion. Mr. W. F. Bolger, of Renfrew, Ont., tells us in a letter over his own signature, and dated May 10, that he has been troubled with indigestion of a most aggravated character. Terrible weakness, as well as agonizing suffering followed. South American Nervine was brought under his notice, and he decided on giving it a trial. The result in his own words is this: "I found very great relief from the first couple of bottles; my appetite came back and I soon became strong. I can honestly say that I consider South American Nervine a remarkable medicine. It cured me of my suffering, which seemed incurable, and had baffled all former methods and efforts." Language cannot be too strong or positive when used in setting forth the merits of this remarkable, scientific remedy. It has cured many of the most desperate cases of indigestion and nervous diseases in the Dominion.

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Hazen J. Dick, 148 Charlotte St.; Clinton Brown & Co., Cor. Sidney and Union; R. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.

SAVED BY A RUSE.

In the month of August, some five years ago, I arrived in Constantinople, accompanied by my brother and another gentleman, who had been despatched to the city of dome and dirt by a London syndicate to negotiate with the Sultan—through his ministers, of course—touching a concession for the erection of a paper-mill at a place called Khiz-Mirza, on the banks of the Vardar. I need hardly say that the method of conducting business in Turkey is vastly different from that which prevails in more civilized countries. Things move slowly in the home of the "unspeakable one;" interviews, with the inevitable accompaniments of coffee and cigarettes, are spun out to inordinate length; many palms have to be "greased" with that indispensable lubricant, "backsheesh," and everyone concerned, however remotely, in the business in hand has to be entertained, flattered, and made much of. All this we were acquainted with before leaving England, and so we made arrangements to spend several weeks—or, if the need arose, several months—in the beautiful but odoriferous city.

This by way of introduction. Personally I had nothing to do with the business itself. I made one of the party purely for artistic purposes. Whilst my friends were hobnobbing with Pachas, Viziers, and other important personages, I was busy seeking out picturesque "bits" for transference to sketch-book and canvas. With an indifference which, I am forced to admit, was as reckless as it afterwards proved dangerous, I indulged in solitary strolls through quarters of the city which even hardened travellers, more intimately acquainted with the country and its people than I was, would have shrunk from penetrating alone. It was on one of these rambles that the following adventure happened—an adventure, I may add with every truth, that nearly cut short my stay in the city, and my career as an artist at one and the same time.

One afternoon I unthinkingly wandered into the network of slums and alleys which crowd together on the margin of the Bosphorus. It is true I was soberly dressed in an old "studio suit" and displayed no jewelry, but a "Frank," he be ever so poorly attired, is, in the eyes of the lower-class Turks and cosmopolitan riff-raff haunting the city, a man of wealth, and if he has no money in his pockets, inevitably must possess boxes of gold at home. A poor Englishman is an unknown quantity in the minds of Orientals. I knew of all this perfectly well, but, in a moment of artistic impetuosity, I threw all thoughts of caution to the winds, and, before I quite realized the absurdity of my conduct, I found myself in the lowest quarter of the city, and surrounded by cut-throats of the most reckless and desperate character. Worse still, darkness was rapidly coming on.

The streets of Constantinople, even the main thoroughfares, are bad enough by day, but by night they are simply awful. As for the slums—well they beggar description. Quagmire succeeds quagmire, heaps of filth obstruct one's passage, and loathsome streams tickling sluggishly in every direction form inevitable "sloughs of despond" for the unwary pedestrian to plunge into up to his knees. With difficulty I steered my way through the semi-darkness, inquiring my way in imperfect Turkish of passers-by and clasping my stick—a stout ash—ready to defend myself in the event of a sudden attack.

Hurrying forward, I suddenly came into collision with two men who were standing in the shadow of a projecting wall. A curse delivered in voluble French saluted my ears, and this was followed by a hand laid roughly on my shoulder. I speak French fluently, for I studied art for some years in a famous atelier in Paris; and, thinking that, in the circumstances, discretion was very much the better part of valor, I apologized profusely in the same language. The man's attitude towards me at once underwent a most remarkable change. He was all bows and smiles, the typical Frenchman all over, whilst his companion—a black-bearded, evil-looking, bearded Turk—grinned and twisted his yellow countenance into a series of grimaces which by no means added to his natural beauty.

"Can I be of any service to Monsieur?" "Thank you; I have missed my way. Can you direct me to the Yildiz Bridge?" "Monsieur is a stranger?" "Yes."

No sooner had I uttered the word than I regretted my thoughtlessness. The fact that I had exposed my helpless position to the two scoundrels—for I had mentally taken their measure at an early stage of the proceedings—instantly flashed across me. From the quick cunning look which the couple exchanged I at once divined that they, too, had grasped the situation. "I am at Monsieur's service," said the Frenchman, again bowing; "will Monsieur be pleased to accompany me and I will put him on the right path in a few moments."

I confess that I did not like the idea of following the ruffians, but there was no alternative. After all, my suspicions might be absolutely groundless. We walked forward in silence, and all seemed to be going well when, turning a sharp corner—and sharp corners in Constanti-

nople are sharp—I was suddenly pushed against the wall of a house, and, before I had time to recover myself, the tall Turk literally jumped on my back, clasping my throat with his hands and dragging me to the ground, whilst the little Frenchman, with an adroit movement, seized my legs and tripped me up. The result of this combined action was peculiar. I fell against the wall, which seemed to open before me—in reality it was a door—and, falling forward, I took a "header" apparently into space, in much the same fashion as a clown jumps through the butcher's or baker's shop in a harlequinade.

Fortunately I had not far to fall, and with equal good fortune I tumbled into a mass of straw. As I struggled to regain my feet the Frenchman closed the door, and the Turk rather inconspicuously sat upon me, nearly squeezing out of my unfortunate body what little breath I had left. Then, greatly to my relief, a light was struck, and I had an opportunity of examining my surroundings.

My prison was a small, square-shaped room, with stone walls and a low ceiling. Straw covered the floor and a few old casks, boxes, and baskets lay scattered about, whilst of furniture there appeared to be none. No one spoke, and, save for the hard breathing of my fat Turk and the crunching of the straw as his fellow-conspirator moved about, not a sound disturbed the silence. At least, I detected no sound at first. Presently, however, I became aware of a curious noise, a dull rushing, moaning noise, which seemed to rise from the floor. Its origin and significance completely baffled me. Whilst I lay, trying to suggest a solution of the mystery, the Turk got up, and the Frenchman, having first taken the precaution to secure my stick, intimated that I might do the same. I need scarcely say I did not lose much time in carrying out his suggestion.

"You want money, I suppose?" I said bluntly, English-like, coming to the point at once.

The Frenchman nodded. "Well, I have none."

At this the Frenchman grinned maliciously, and the Turk, divining the purport of my reply, also grinned.

"Monsieur has plenty at his hotel?" "A few pounds, that is all. I am a poor man—an artist."

"Monsieur has rich friends?" "I wish I had!"

"Monsieur can give me a letter to the proprietor of his hotel, instructing him to deliver to the bearer Monsieur's ransom?" The ruffian dwelt lovingly on the last word. It had an unpleasant sound. The intentions of the pair of desperadoes were now made perfectly clear. To give them credit, they did not make the smallest attempt to conceal them. They probably had played the same game before, and with perfect success.

"I tell you I have no money," I said firmly.

"We shall see," replied the Frenchman, smiling.

He went to the further end of the room, swept some of the straw off the floor with his foot, and, stooping down, opened a square trap-door. The inexplicable rushing sound which I had previously noticed now became more marked, and the cause of it was apparent when the Frenchman, holding his lamp aloft, beckoned me to approach and gaze into the chasm which yawned at his feet. The light from the flickering wick fell upon the glistening surface of a swiftly flowing torrent. The room was evidently built on piles sunk in the bed of the river. Scores of riverside dwellings in Constantinople are built in this way. The object of this display was self-evident. If I did not accede to their demands they would fling me into the river.

"Monsieur observes the water. It flows rapidly. A body cast into it might not be found for days, for weeks, for months even; perhaps never. It is very swift; it flows into the sea."

I understood perfectly what he meant. The situation was not a cheerful one. Nevertheless, I assumed a defiant air.

"It is all the same to me." I managed to exclaim, without so much as a tremor in my voice; "I have no money."

My attitude seemed to surprise the two ruffians a good deal. They looked at each other and then, retiring a short distance from me, held a whispered conversation, the purport of which I could not gather. I therefore waited with some anxiety for their next move. It was more pacific than I had anticipated.

"We will leave Monsieur to think matters over," said the Frenchman.

The pair then scrambled through the door, which they secured outside. Fortunately they did not take the lamp with them. Left to myself, I endeavored to think of some plan to escape. I examined the room carefully, but, save for the one door, there was no opening. True, there was the trap, but I had no taste for trying my fortunes in the grimy Bosphorus. It was whilst making this tour of inspection that my foot struck against something which gave forth a metallic sound. Stooping down, I picked out of the straw, my tin oil-color box, which must have dropped from my pocket during the struggle. With the aid of my old friend I inspired me with an idea. I lost no time in carrying it into effect.

The inner side of the tin lid had been polished with constant use, and, utilizing this as a mirror, I proceeded to paint my face a ghastly shade of yellowy-green. Seated here and there with spots and blotches of various hues. When I had finished, I presented an appearance which I can best be described as revoltingly hideous. I had scarcely added the finishing touches to my work of art when the door opened, and my captors returned. No sooner did they set eyes upon my hideous countenance than they swiftly retreated, an expression of undesigning horror fitting over their faces. To add to the general effect I rolled about in apparent agony, murmuring the while, "Cholera! cholera! I am dying!"

The ruse was entirely successful. The frightened Frenchman and his equally alarmed companion nearly fainted at the sight of the loathsome creature before them, and at the second of "Cholera," a word which strikes terror into the stoutest Oriental heart, they turned and fled.

Believe me, I lost little time in following them. Once out of the house my courage revived. I ran forward, following my nose, and did not stop until the streets grew broader and lighter, and then, hailing a vehicle, I drove to my hotel, where my arrival, decked out literally in "war-paint," naturally caused no little consternation.

I have never forgotten that night in Constantinople, and I don't suppose the Frenchman and his fellow-desperado have forgotten it, either.

A FISHERMAN'S STORY

THE EXPOSURES OF HIS CALLING BROUGHT ON LUNJ TROUBLE.

Suffered Severely and Spent Much Money Before He Found a Cure—An Experience That Will Prove Valuable to Others.

[From the Canoe Breeze.]

A few miles from Canoe, N. S., is located the little village of Dover Bay. Among the residents of the village none is better known than Andrew Horne, who is a general favorite with his neighbors.

The editor of the Breeze was in Dover Bay a few days ago, and in conversation with Mr. Horne learned that he could add his experience to the many who have spoken so strongly in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Horne follows the arduous and dangerous calling of a fisherman, and is exposed to all sorts of weather. Some years ago exposure brought on a severe cold which left his lungs so weakened that after a hard fit of coughing he would frequently spit blood in considerable quantities.

Mr. Horne spent considerable money in doctoring, but met with such poor results to his troubles he was badly constipated, and this gave rise to chronic piles, which caused him intense agony, and reduced him almost to helplessness. One day Mr. Horne received a copy of a pamphlet issued by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., and after reading the strong testimonials contained therein he determined to give the Pink Pills a fair trial. The result was beyond even his most sanguine expectations. He soon felt like a new man. His lung trouble disappeared and he is now able to stand any amount of exposure without feeling any bad effects. The constipation also disappeared, and with it the piles which had plagued him so much. He says, "I am glad to be able to make this statement in the hope that some other sufferer will follow my example, give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, and regain health."

The editor of the Breeze feels that he will be doing his share in the good work by giving Mr. Horne's statement to its readers.

A Theatrical Incident. "One of the funniest things I ever saw in a theatre," said an actor, "happened in a town not far from here. Our company was snowbound, and had lost two or three dates, so we filled in one night at this town. The theatre was really a big town hall, with no gallery, but having a lot of raised seats in the rear. When it came time to begin the show there were only five or six persons in the main body of the hall, but the cheap seats at the rear were crowded. Our manager thought it would be better to have the audience within hearing distance of the stage, so he told the ushers to notify the people in the back seats that as soon as the curtain went up they could go forward and occupy any of the front seats not already taken. Well, the curtain went up, and Frank Moynihan was discovered on the stage. He was playing an Irish servant. His lines were, "Here it is a half-hour past the time, and master not yet returned," or something like that. He had spoken about four words when the whole mob in the rear of the house arose as one man, and rushed wildly towards him, climbing over chairs, knocking each other down in their haste, and howling like Indians. Moynihan dropped his feather duster, gave one yell of terror, and ran from the stage. He thought they were going to kill him, sure. It was several minutes before he recovered sufficiently to go back and take his part."

An Entrance Lock. Among the recent improvements made in the London West India Docks is a new entrance lock, 480 feet long, with a uniform depth of thirty feet of water over the sills, connecting the river with the basin, and allowing the largest vessels which go up the Thames to enter the docks. In letting down the water the lock is used to prevent through openings at the bottom of the dock, covered by metal disks, as in a bath.

One of Russia's marriage customs is for the bride and bridegroom to race rapidly down the aisle as soon as the bridal procession crosses the church, because of the belief that whichever places a foot first on the cloth in front of the altar will be master of the household.

CONSUMPTION IS CONTAGIOUS.

A Sad Accident to An Eminent Bacteriologist Proves This.

The sad accident to Dr. John M. Byron, an eminent bacteriologist of the Loomis laboratory, in the University Medical college of New York, demonstrates again the positively contagious nature of consumption. While experimenting with some tuberculous bacteria last February he became somewhat careless and inhaled them. Two weeks later he discovered that he had thus fallen a victim to the dread disease. He was strong and in perfect health when this happened, and his weight was nearly 165 pounds; his weight is now but 120 pounds. Both of his lungs are badly affected, but he hopes to recover. Although Dr. Byron is but 35 years old, he is acknowledged to be one of the most eminent bacteriologists on this side of the Atlantic. During one of the yellow fever epidemics in South America he was in charge of several large hospitals, and he was in Havana when a similar epidemic appeared there, and although he was not twenty-four years old the authorities put the hospitals under his care. One of Dr. Byron's great achievements resulted from his study of leprosy, showing that it was produced by bacteria. The late of this young scientist is a warning to all who are brought in contact with consumptives, as nurses or assistants. The dried sputum of the affected person is the proved source of danger, and is found upon analysis swarming with the germs peculiar to the disease. This fact, taken in connection with the filthy habit of expectoration, anywhere and everywhere, the great reproach in manners of our people, accounts for the wide prevalence of this fatal malady. It also shows how easy it would be to lessen its ravages, could people generally be made to comprehend the value of cleanliness in the respect to which we refer.

Girls as Architects. Two happy girls are Miss Alice Hands and Miss Mary Gannon, for by their work are they acknowledged as professional equals of men. Architects of no mean ability are they, and much promise is given them by the acceptance of their plans for the Florence hospital at San Francisco, which is now being erected at a cost of \$25,000. Plans for this building were subjected to examination by many prominent architects, both of New York and other cities. The hospital is built of wood in purely colonial style and accommodates forty patients. It is a private one and under the care of the founder, Dr. Florence Saltonstall. There are two wards, with fifteen beds each, and ten private rooms. The operating room, with sterilizing and etherizing rooms opening off, are most complete as to arrangement and size. An immense elevator is in the middle of the central building, which admits of patients being transferred to one floor from another in their beds. Both Miss Hands and Miss Gannon have been at work all summer in architects' offices for seven competitors for schoolhouses and other buildings. They are the first women to have work hung in the Architectural league and are the only women belonging to the Sketch Club. I. one of the monthly competitions for schoolhouses and other buildings. They are the first women to have work hung in the Architectural league and are the only women belonging to the Sketch Club. I. one of the monthly competitions in which they are judged equally with men Miss Gannon was given second mention on a railway sketch.

"Wow where are you g-g-g-g-g going?" asked one. "G-g-g-g-g going t-t-t-t to the student-stuttering institute," said the other. "G-g-g-g-g good pup-pup-pup-pup," said the first. "They kick-kick-kick-cured me."

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WOMEN To speak of a ten yards around I should, and yet I shirts of that width worn, not to say g but a nice yard w common. What how hardly the the shoulders, a poor workman's skirt yards and and scarcely a c trimmings or pay I am afraid w ridiculous specd days with our skirts and sleep of material, we about our feet; drapery around the garment is a figures, with sca our little insear as if they had b left over from I am sure it is little material i queer little bob their size was p The s under with central fl duobose i lace garni the dress som tent with a dr Speaking of tinal wonder maker can m with scarcely bodice; of co ber of "side

WOMAN and HER WORK.

To speak of a dress skirt measuring ten yards around the foot, seems almost absurd, and yet it is an actual fact that skirts of that width have been made, and worn, not to any great extent I am sure, but a nine yard wide skirt is comparatively



BEAUTIFUL EVENING GOWNS.

The dinner gown on the left is of ciel blue broadcloth taffetas, with the corsage of dark blue velvet overlaid with guipure. The sleeves and drapery are of the velvet. The central figure shows a debutante's dress of white silk muslin, plaited and trimmed on the skirt. That on the right shows a pink and cherry taffetas gown with draperies of white silk muslin.

common. What a sinful waste it is and how hardly the fashions often press upon the shoulders, and the pures too alas, of poor womankind! Yards and yards of skirt yards and yards for the sleeves, and scarcely a cent left with which to buy trimmings or pay the dressmaker.

I am afraid we really do make rather ridiculous spectacles of ourselves now-a-days with our strangely cut dresses all skirts and sleeves, the enormous amount of material we dispose so ingeniously about our feet, the appalling quantities of drapery around our waists and hips where the garment is absolutely strained over our figures, with scarcely an inch to spare, and our little insignificant bodices, which look as if they had been made out of the scraps left over from the skirt and sleeves.

I am sure it is a blessed thing that so little material is required to make those queer little bob-tailed garments, because if their size was proportionate to the rest of

at the waist by two or three dart-like seams which are almost invisible and when the dress fits on the shoulder and under the last arm, it is indeed a study to the uninitiated to decide how it can possibly come on and off. If one is blessed with a good figure these glove-fitting bodices are all very well, but to any form not cast in nature's most perfect mould they are decidedly trying.

I cannot help complaining just a little about the great inconvenience of some of the present fashions, which really outweigh any advantages they may possess. In the first place the wide skirt may be graceful, some people think so I know, though I don't—and it does leave the feet much more free for walking than the scant skirt of three years ago did, but then when you come to hold up the voluminous circular nine-yards-wide garment of today, you find that it is a distinct failure. Unfortunately it is so long that to walk



FOR HOME AND STREET.

The costume at the right is of tan melton cloth, the skirt laid in organ folds from under stitched lapels. The corsage is entirely of ermine. The gown shown in the central figure is of luminous pink de soie, tulle collar and green, with green tulle draperies and guipure trimmings. The young girl's dress is of slate tulle with white lace garniture. The small child's cloak is of ruffled bengaline with a deep lace collar.

the dress some of us would have to be content with a dress every two years or so.

Speaking of bodices, it is a source of continual wonder to me how a good dressmaker can make the perfect fit she does, with scarcely one visible seam in the whole bodice; of course there are the usual number of "side forms," "side back forms"

very small pieces of the fopping materials which float around you, and while you are unconsciously conscious of holding the pose you have assumed, much higher than your shoulder. You know that there and by far the larger portion, is slip-slapping alternately on the dirty sidewalk and the instep of your boots. It is utterly useless to attempt holding it all up at once, unless you took it in both arms and gathered it bodily around you, and as there is no chance in protecting a portion at a time, while the rest is getting ruined, you finally lose your temper, and leave it to its fate.

How can anyone be expected to hold up a garment which is made of heavy cloth, measures at least five yards around the part, and is lined half way up the skirt with stout canvas? And yet we all made such a fuss about the threatened crinoline revival two years ago, that the whole thing collapsed in terror, and was never heard of again! We did not want the crinoline, and said so plainly, but I confess I can see very little difference between skirts distended with heavy canvas, and hanging awkwardly about one's feet, and the same skirts held in easy position by a light steel frame. I was an ardent opposer of the crinoline, but every time I drag my burden of cloth and canvas around for an afternoon, I come home wondering whether I did not make a great mistake and whether I would not have thought very differently if I could have looked into the future with the eye of prophecy and seen just what we were coming to within the next year.

The basques, with their huge sleeves are, almost as inconvenient in their way, as the rest of the costume, and I only wonder that when we get a new winter dress we trouble about a basque for it at all, since

THEY MUST GO.

Table with 4 columns: Item, Former Price, New Price, and a small diagram. Items include Misses' High Leggings, Children's High Leggings, Children's High Leggings, and Small Boys' Russett Leather Leggings.

We wish to close out all the above this month, and to that end we make these prices much less than cost.

WATERBURY & RISING,

61 King St., - 212 Union St.

wear your dress with the bodice which was made for it.

Another annoyance for which the dual bodice is responsible, is the utter impossibility of accepting an impromptu invitation, during its reign. You go out to make a few calls, and as you will be keeping your jacket on, you wear a good comfortable blouse under it with small sleeves, no frills and perhaps a hole or two as an embellishment. Then when you are fully a mile from home. Some hospitable friend insists on your staying to tea and going to the concert with her—it least she tries so insist, but after you have shown her just how you are clothed, and convinced her that she must either take your tea with your coat on, or else borrow from her, and as she weighs one hundred pounds, and you tip the scale at a hundred and thirty five, there is nothing for it but to go sadly and reluctantly home, wishing heartily that your dress has been cut in

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IRA CORNWALL,

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



LATE WINTER HEADWEAR.

The hat at the lower right side is of black and mauve wool, trimmed with royal purple velvet and mauve plumes. The upper one is of pearl grey felt with green velvet and grey felt bows. The plumes are grey and green. The bonnet is of porcupine jet with drapery of ruby velvet. Black velvet bows and strings and aigrette in the back.

the chances are greatly against its being worn with the skirt to which it belongs— "Don't ever let anything tempt you to try and wear this under a jacket," says your dressmaker, as she takes the trim tailor made bodice with its enormous sleeves, tenderly off, after the final trying on— "You will simply ruin it, if you do."

And you rashly promise regardless of the fact that you don't possess a cape of any kind and can scarcely afford to discard your new winter jacket and invest in a cape, simply for the sake of saving your bodice sleeves from being crushed.

But the dressmaker's warning was needless, since the jacket is not built which could accommodate those sleeves, and the cast iron cassialer cuff, which finish them. So you put the bodice carefully away; and then your troubles begin. Of course you have for best, a little black velvet bonnet trimmed with jet, and brightened up with a bow of the new Indian pink, or the deep magenta, which is so fashionable this winter.

That would not matter much, except that the only bodice you happen to have available for wearing (with your new skirt is your scarlet and black silk blouse, and you do not find that inconvenient at all until you go to church some evening, or to a concert, and either the church or the opera house is very warm.

Quite unconsciously you unfasten the upper button of your jacket, preparatory to taking it off or throwing it open, but a sudden thought strikes you, and somehow you don't! The idea of that magenta bow and the vivid scarlet spots on your blouse "swearing" at each other, and you sit there and smile, through the entire evening, though you are simply melting, all because you cannot

princess style or any other which would have made it impossible to divorce bodice and skirt.

And I am sure I could echo that wish most cordially myself because if there is one thing above another for which I do long, it is commercial union—at least as far as skirts and bodices are concerned.

NUTS IN COOKING.

An Interesting Article Telling how They are Most Palatable.

The old theory has gone out of fashion that nuts, which are provided for us at so little expense each year, are injurious. There are ways of preparing them which make them palatable, and there are ways which would test the digestion of a more vigorous animal than man.

Chestnut pudding is an old dish, and a great favorite with the lovers of that much favored nut, but few seem to know how to prepare it. I give the recipe as it came to me from a German woman.

Make a syrup of a pint of water and a pound of sugar, and in this stew fifty chestnuts which have been peeled and blanched. When they are tender drain and press through a sieve; add these to one pint of sweetened cream in which the yolks of eight eggs have been slightly scalded. Flavor with vanilla and set aside to cool. When cool add the following preparation: In the syrup in which the chestnuts were stewed, stew a quarter of a pound of prepared raisins and the same of currants. Turn the chestnut preparation into a freezer and when thoroughly frozen add the fruit with a pint of whipped cream and cover closely till wanted to serve. Serve with or without sauce. If sauce is used it should be a preparation of cream.

To serve chestnuts with meat or game, peel and blanch, shake over the fire in a saucpan with a tablespoon of butter, and

when ready to serve, or when browned, salt and add enough stock to moisten. Walnuts are nice served the same way, without the addition of the stock.

Butternuts, when they are fresh enough not to be strong, are a nice addition to a plate of fried fish, served hot or cold.

English walnuts when added to mayonnaise dressing for potato salad impart a fine flavor which is liked by many, as are also the common walnuts to those who like their rather strong flavor.

Many people do not know that the peanut is considered a very palatable and nutritious article. It is used in Germany as a meal bread and cakes being made from it. Recent experiments have brought it into much favor. It is very desirable as an addition to fruit and nut cakes and candies, and may be used in any way that other nuts are. Walnuts and peanuts, blanched and chopped rather fine, but not fine enough to press out all the oil, make a nice addition to custard pies, prepared in the usual way, only not as sweet.

Recipes for nut candies and cakes are too numerous to need mention here, but their use in suet and other heavy puddings is growing in favor.

A WOMAN AS A PLUMBER.

Clara B. Miller Tells of Her Experience in This Line.

I had been having trouble with the water fixtures of the washstand in my room. For some time the water ran slowly; then wouldn't go at all. I thought of sending for a plumber, but recalling all the jokes and detrimental paragraphs which have been aimed at the followers of the trade, I concluded I had too much respect for my purse to risk such a move until I had first tried what I could do.

I took a long wire which I bent double and with the ends curved into hooks I inserted the prongs in the three-cornered openings in the bottom of the bowl, and "fished" awhile and succeeded in bringing to the surface various ravelings, sweepings and impurities, but did not make any decided progress. I then poured boiling water down, and it made some headway in clearing an opening for the water from the hydrant, but not much. I knew there must be some successful method of opening up the internal economy of the pipes, but feared for a time that the secret was known only to the plumber.

I opened the doors of the washstand and examined the pipes; finally I noticed a sort of cap which fitted on apparently after the manner of the lid of a fruit jar, but it looked as though it would require a regular plumber's wrench to move it. I got the screw driver from the sewing machine, and by placing it against one of the projections, with the aid of a few sharp blows from the hammer, I was able to move it a little and knew I was on the right track. In five minutes' time I had the lid off and was able to get at the cause of the stoppage.

The escape pipe was filled full of a foul-smelling compound. I came to the conclusion that the girl, in sweeping my room, which is covered with matting, must have dipped the broom in the water in the stationary bowl. The dirt and ravelings had united each successive time with small pieces of soap and had gradually clogged the pipe. The odor was very unpleasant and must have been sufficient to taint the atmosphere of the room, although I had not noticed it. In removing the debris I came across something which startled me for a moment. I thought it was a dead mouse, but found it to be a ball of wool a little over an inch in diameter. It had evidently been placed there for a purpose, and I could not get it unless placed there intentionally.

I heated several gallons of water and added some carbolic acid in the proportion of a tablespoon to a quart, and poured it down the pipes. Pouring it in the wash-bowl the catalization of washing it bubbling and rushing along through the "peep hole" I had opened, some four inches in diameter. I also washed the cover and a flat piece of

rubber the same size in hot soap-suds containing carbolic acid. When all was pure and clean I put the metal ball back where I found it, replaced the rubber and metal cap, washed up the stand and had the satisfaction of knowing that it was as clean on the inside as on the outside. The water ran off with a drawing gurgling noise that did me good to hear. I gave the girl directions to find some other way of cleaning the matting in the future.

I have thought a great deal about escape pipes since then, and have come to the conclusion that dirt which is not visible is the worst. It gives rise to microbes. A member of the family falls ill without apparent cause, my advice is to look for impurities stranded in the waste pipes.

Once a week there should be made a strong decoction of soft soap, borax and carbolic acid, and the waste pipes all over the house flooded with it. Also keep an open jar of powdered charcoal in the pantry and water closet. Charcoal will absorb four hundred times its bulk of impure gases. Of course, occasionally there need be a fresh supply. If the cellar and drains are kept in a pure condition, it will to a certain extent insure the health of the family.

WAIT ORDERS—THE WORLD Instantaneous Colds. Colds are taken instantaneously. You may not believe it; that's because you never thought of it. Just stop and think how often you have said—how often you have heard others say—"I know when I took cold." It may have been known by a chill, or even a shudder—perhaps by exposure to a draught, or rough wind—may be wet feet, or by standing on cold, damp ground—a change of clothing; often underclothing—possibly the teacher or reader caught you with a light wrap or coat—a nap carelessly taken without something thrown over you. An hour, you knew when you took cold, and the mind—the thought—that you were taking cold—that you were helpless to resist—was largely to blame. If you had had at hand—in your pocket say, a Preventive, a Protector, a Specific, the mind would have been strengthened and a few doses of "IT" would have fortified the body and saved you an illness.

"IT," DR. HUMPHREY'S SPECIFIC, does all this and more; "IT" is a SPECIFIC for COLDS, GRIP, INFLUENZA, CATARRH, PALMS, and SORENESS IN THE HEAD AND CHEST, CROUP, SORE THROAT, GENERAL PROSTRATION and FEVER, and in curing the Cold prevents Pneumonia, Diphtheria and other fatal consumption.

"IT" will "break up" a stubborn cold that "bangs on."

A small bottle of pleasant pellets—5¢—year's stock. Sold by druggists, on receipt of price, 25¢, or 5 for \$1. HUMPHREY'S MEDICINE CO., corner William and John sts., New York.

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Piesse & Lubin, of a New Bond Street, London, Eng., send to any one, on receipt of a 2 cent stamp, their exquisitely finished Catalogue of Peppines, Sachets, Soaps, Toilet Powders, &c., &c.

All the illustrations are accurately drawn to scale, and are beautifully printed in colors, thus not only is it a book of reference, but a perfect gem of art printing. Being a thing of beauty, it lasts a joy for ever.

Modern Science

wins many victories. None more glorious than those over dreadful maladies. CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CROSBY'S has won many, over long triumphant Coughs, and other Bronchial and Throat troubles.

The Moral is—Try It. K. CAMPBELL & CO., Montreal.

EVOLUTION OF A BOOK.

"Ships that Pass in the Night" Found a...
Henrietta Harrison, the eccentric writer of that eccentric book...

At that time I was possessed with the fixed idea that these gentlemen were the only publishers in the world...

About five months later the book was published, and was reviewed in the papers unusually quickly...

When the book was finished, I could find no title for it. I thought of this, and thought of that, and then in despair I took my pen and wrote on the outside sheet...

"Have you carefully considered all that I have said, my boy?" asked the old gentleman...

"You are getting near the age at which a young man naturally begins to look around for a wife, and I don't want you to make a mistake."

"I'll try not to, father."
"No butterflies of fashion, my boy, but a girl of some solid worth; one who has some practical accomplishments."

"Never mind the piano-playing and Delsarte lessons; never mind the dancing and the small talk. When you find a girl who can make up her own bed, knows how to set the table without forgetting something, is able to put up the preserves and above all, is good at sewing, go in and win her, my boy, and you will have my blessing."

"I have resolved, father, to seek such a wife as you describe," said the young man, with determination.

On an ocean steamer the speck locker is a carefully constructed vault, and is situated in the stern immediately over the screw.

He was not scared.
One of the stories current in the Court which Justice Hawkins presides in that learned judge had received a round robin, signed by his immediate neighbours, urgently entreating him to have a name-plate put on his door.

It is no use, my dear Brett, their attempting to intimidate me by blowing in your front door.

Consumption.

The incessant wasting of a consumptive can only be overcome by a powerful concentrated nourishment like Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, does more to cure Consumption than any other known remedy.

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6-Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions...
7-Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains...
8-Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague...
9-Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head...
10-Whooping Cough...
11-Kidney Diseases...
12-Nervous Debility...
13-Urinary Weakness...
14-Sore Throat, Quinsy, Ulcerated Throat...
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STRENGTHENING BATTLES.

The hour of victory sounded. Faithful to his post, the colonel at last to have over our heads, and to act as our guide.

As soon as the first battalions of Desaix's division reached the height, it was formed into a close column. The consul, the general-in-chief, the generals, the officers of the staff, ran through the ranks, and everywhere inspired that confidence which gives birth to great successes.

Everything is arranged. The battalions burn with impatience. The drummer, his eye fixed on the baton of his major, awaits the signal.

Each leader as he reaches the opposite side of the defile and prepares to enter the plain, arranges his division in battle array. Then it was that our line presented a formidable front.

Then the French cavalry threw itself into the plain, and by its blinding concealment of the main body, it surprised the enemy without fear of being broken.

On the left, General Victor, with the same speed, takes possession of Marengo and flies towards the Bormida. In spite of the efforts of a superior enemy, whose artillery and cavalry, he disturbs his flank.

Oh, grief! It is in the very moment of his triumph, after having saved his army and perhaps his country, that the friend and the model of all brave men, Desaix, is mortally wounded.

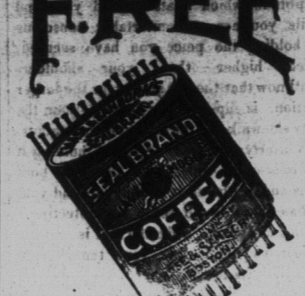
A Birmingham Bird Omen. Here is a little item for the people who agitate themselves over white blackbirds and like freaks in bird life.

A Tip Wanted. A story is narrated of Lord Rosebery's recent visit to the E.-end of London.

Sempre Idem. Servant Maid (in breathless excitement): "Professor, there's a burglar in the dining-room!"

Don't take whiskey to warm you up and break a cold. A little of our...
To ally the inflammation and soothe pain there is no remedy so equal to Hackler's...

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I CURE FITS!

Take - NOTICE. During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARD'S LINIMENT will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the merits of this best of Household Remedies.

HOW TO BE AN ACTOR.

A Key to the Esotericism of Stage-Acting.

When an actress has something particular to disclose to her pupils or mamma, it would be the height of ill-manners did she not cry a-d-o-w-n on the floor by the side of her parent.

When an actor enters into confidential conversation with another actor, it is the proper thing for him to hang his leg over the side of a chair, his foot resting on its seat.

When an actor opens a letter, he invariably gives the unlooked-for smart tap with the back of his hand. He does this for the good and sufficient reason that all actors have done likewise since time immemorial.

When an actor walks up to the footlights, and declaims in a loud voice to the audience, it is to be understood "that he is colloquial, quite 'unbeknownst' to the other people on the stage."

When an actor comes upon the stage faultlessly dressed, with a flower in his button-hole, you may take it for granted that he is a villain of the deepest dye.

When an actor has all manner of hard luck, and is disappointed as to clothing, and is chronically empty as to stomach, he is to be congratulated, for he is shortly to wed the young lady of his choice, and to rise by a spasmodic bound to fame and affluence.

When an actor walks into the room represented on the stage, and stares at the pictures one by one on the walls, you may know either that he is a sheriff's officer or an auctioneer. If his hat is on his head, you may safely set him down as the latter.

When an actress enters with a stern step and a top-lofty air, you need not be told that she is a mother-in-law.

When a wicked-looking actor beats his brow, it is to inform you that he is thinking of childhood's hours, when he was guileless and happy, and a stranger to the sin in which he is now steeped.

The Carr's Footnotes. The annotations which the late Carr was in the habit of jotting down in the margin of documents that were sent for his inspection have sometimes brought despair into the hearts of the highest Russian officials.

On one occasion after reading a very lengthy report from a certain high-placed functionary the Carr seized his pencil and wrote, "What a fool!"

The official on having the document returned to him, was exceedingly sick at heart. The report would have to be placed in the archives, and His Majesty's opinion would probably follow him into history!

He therefore resolved to petition the Carr to be merciful enough to revise his somewhat rigorous 'appreciation' of his servant. Alexander III. had a hearty laugh on reading the petition. Then, seizing the report he effaced the offending words, and instead wrote beneath them, "What a philosopher!"

Ring Cut out of a Single Diamond. A ring, so cut, was exhibited at the Antwerp Exhibition in July of this year, when it was the admiration of the diamond cutters and merchants, being the first successful attempt to cut a ring out of a single stone.

There are a great many difficulties in this method of cutting diamonds, as the stones have a certain cleavage and particular veins, all of which have to be carefully studied in order to prevent the splitting of the stone just as success seems within reach.

After several unsuccessful attempts and three years' labor, the feat has been accomplished by the patience and skill of M. Antoine, one of the best known lapidaries of Antwerp.

The ring is about six-eighths of an inch in diameter. In the Marlborough cabinet there is a ring cut out of one entire and perfect sapphire.

A Scotch New Year's Custom. In Scotland calling, or "first footing," was a ceremony of much importance, and so universal was the custom of visiting from house to house that a century ago in Edinburgh, the streets were more thronged from 12 to 1 in the New Year's morning than at midday.

As it was deemed unlucky to enter the house empty handed, the visitors bore with them cakes, cheese and bowls or kettles of "hot pint." As parties of friends met in the streets they exchanged cakes and buns and sipped each other's drink. It was also held everywhere to bring ill luck if anything was brought in:

With St. Peter. "Oh, yes," said the new arrival. "I wandered from the straight and narrow path once."

"Once!" he repeated with great severity. "Why, upon consulting my books I find you charged with burglary in the second degree, high treason, disorderly conduct, malicious injury to property, entering dwellings in the daytime, disturbing the peace, and, under the head of suspicion, habitual criminality."

"Correct," joined the scribe, "quite right. I sneaked into the house of a New York millionaire and fell asleep in one of his beds."

Sworn Himself In. Gen Sir Evelyn Wood in his reminiscences of the Crimea in 1854 and 1856, tells a story of a fighting General who, during the conflict, was seen wherever bullets fell most thickly.

When not visible his voice was heard encouraging his men with "a vol-unt-ary borrowment from the army in 'Planchon,'" which Sir Evelyn says will not bear repetition.

"Years after he was appointed to the Alderhot command, and Her Majesty happened to ask, 'Has the new General yet taken up his command?' 'Yes, Your Majesty,' was the apt reply, 'he swore himself in yesterday.'"

What They Were Coming For. Jones—"I'm going to bring my wife round to call on you to-night."

Smith—"That's right; but do me a favor o'd man. Don't let her wear her new hat if don't want my wife to see it just now."

Jones (grimly): "Why, then, what are we coming for?"

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THE OLD STANDARD REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA and all Affections of the Lungs.

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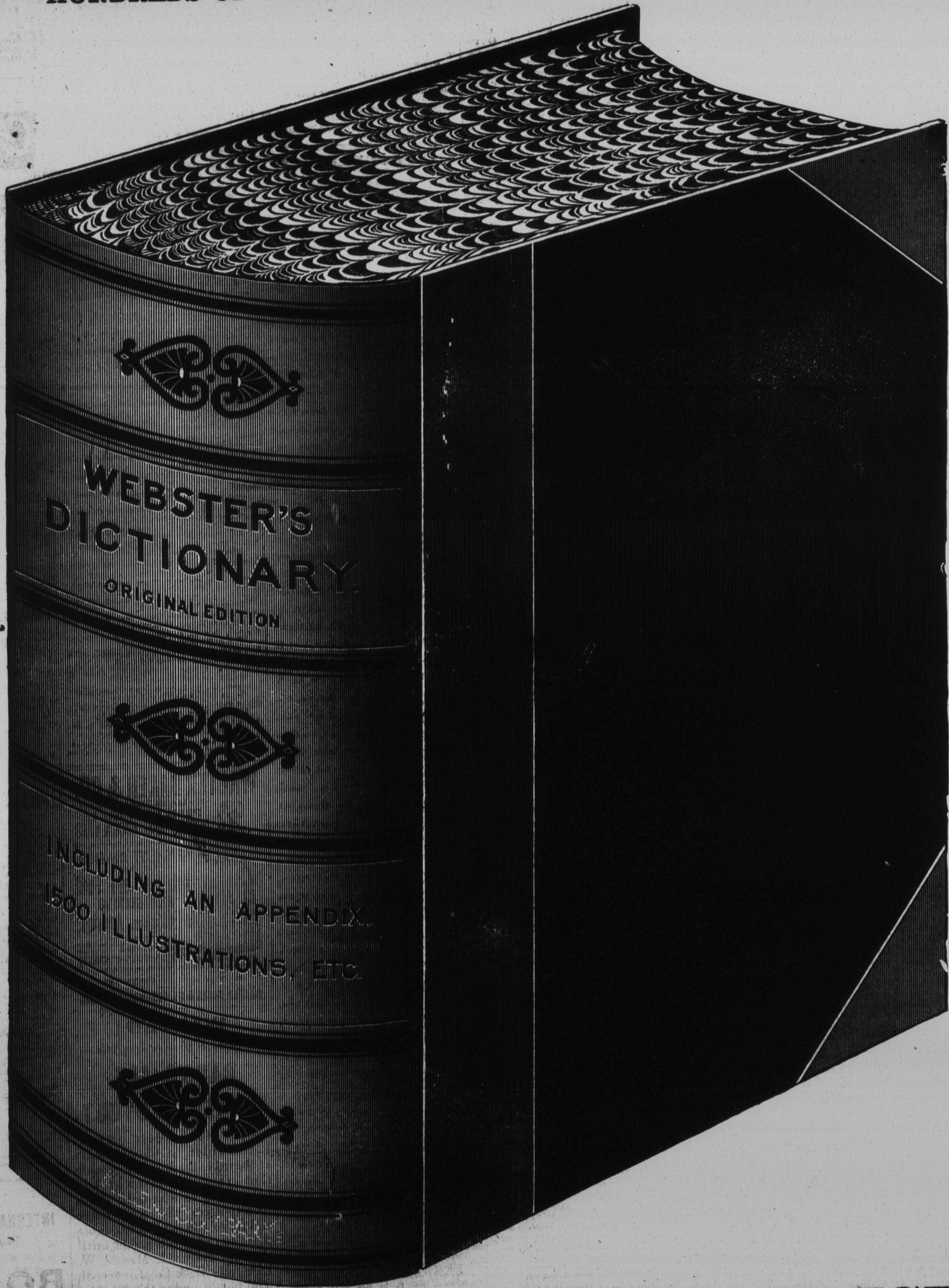
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