

PROGRESS.

VOL. VI., NO. 288.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1893.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ELLIS FUND IS STARTED.

READY RESPONSES FROM MANY LOVERS OF FAIR PLAY.

Subscriptions Began to Come in Quick as Soon as "Progress" Was Out Last Week—And Still They Come—How Men Express Their Opinions in the Matter.

The "Ellis Fund" is started. The spell was broken by PROGRESS last Saturday, and before that day ended enough subscriptions had been received at this office to form a wide-awake, energetic "Ellis Fund" committee. In doing this the object of PROGRESS was attained, and in regard to the feeling of the people there was no doubt. Hundreds of them, yes thousands of them, wished to contribute in some way to the amount which they felt Mr. Ellis was unjustly called upon to pay; the costs of a trial in a Queen's case, which they considered he as the defendant had no right to pay; but above and beyond all this, the expenses of a suit in which Mr. Ellis as the champion of the people, was the defendant.

Hardly was the paper on the streets, or at any rate before many people were on the streets, an exceptional early riser and ardent sympathizer with Mr. Ellis, handed an envelope into PROGRESS office, which besides containing the suggested two dollars, also expressed the opinion, that he, Mr. Ellis, should not be allowed to pay one cent of the blackmail levied against him. Thus, one by one, well known citizens, men and women, continued to call at PROGRESS office during the day, and leave their names and cash. There was no doubt from the first that more than enough people would subscribe to form an active committee to carry on the work. The subscriptions received at this office, however, were not confined to the city by any means. There were enclosures from Nova Scotia, from northern New Brunswick, from Fredericton, Moncton, and St. John County. One Nova Scotia subscriber in sending his two dollars wrote: "I herewith enclose you two dollars towards the Ellis Fund but would be willing to pay more. If ever a case in Canada appealed strongly for sympathy it is that of John Valentine Ellis. PROGRESS has well said that this controversy is not for Mr. Ellis alone, it is the people's cause, for free speech, for an untrammelled Press, for trial by jury. Let the people speak."

Another subscriber from Woodstock expresses his sentiments in the heading "We lash the rascals naked through the lane," and then goes on to say: "Please receive my small contribution to the universal contempt felt for those who would shake the press. It is easy to show that a free press enhances the property of every man and woman and child, every acre of land, every horse, cow and sheep; and thus, being a matter of universal interest it is incumbent upon all to contribute to its defence. No right thinking person can delegate his share in this common defence to another, because that person happens to stand in the imminent deadly breach when the attack is made upon liberty by the enemies of our country. Union in this defence will show those enemies in future that when they strike one they strike all."

A well-known Fredericton citizen in sending his subscription to the "fund you propose to raise for the benefit of that worthy, fearless and plucky man, J. V. Ellis," says, "I heartily endorse every word in your last issue, and hope that when his sentence expires, and he regains his liberty, he will do justice through the paper to the matter, and handle his prosecutors without gloves."

Another subscriber from Moncton expresses his opinion as follows: "I am glad to notice you have suggested a practical way for people to give expression to their sympathy for Mr. Ellis. I hope it will meet a general response. I will now enclose you one dollar and if the total sum collected does not exceed the amount of his costs I will duplicate it. We often hear much boast of British freedom, British justice and fair play. It is sadly lacking in this case. The full liberty of the subject has not been achieved till this power has been rescued from a judge or judges who professes to be Christians, whose law is not above that of the savage—namely revenge. What a noble edifying example it has been to non-Christians. It will be a great help to Christian missionaries, a great means of converting the heathen. Have not such judges need of the missionary's services? I trust the press of the Dominion will not let this matter rest till this disgrace to our province is totally abolished, and reparation in some measure made to those who have been made to suffer."

"I heartily approve of your suggestion," writes another, "that the people should pay the costs in Mr. Ellis' case, and therefore enclose the amount suggested, two dollars, towards it."

"A friend," from St. John County writes: "I was much pleased to see you took such a stand in the J. V. Ellis matter. I intended writing to the Telegraph asking it to start a subscription to pay the costs, but

am pleased to see that you took the matter in hand."

If the opinions of the people who come personally to give their subscriptions could be printed they would make interesting reading. Very many of the subscribers did not agree with the suggestion that two dollars should be the limit of the sum subscribed, and all of those stated that if necessary to have more money to complete the fund the committee must not fail to call upon them. "There is plenty more where that came from" is the broad hint given by one gentleman, as he handed out his two dollars. "There is two dollars for myself," said another, "and eight dollars for the members of my family." One envelope contained five dollars from "Lovers of Fair Play." One gentleman from San Francisco, Mr. H. W. Wilson, probably foreseeing that a fund would be raised, had his subscription all ready to accompany that of his two brothers in this city.

On Wednesday PROGRESS handed the names of the subscribers to a committee of them for that purpose, and arrangements were made to carry the matter forward by individual and united effort until the entire fund was raised. That committee is composed of those and some others viz:— Messrs. Arthur Everett, M. B. Dixon, Dr. McAvenny, E. S. Carter, R. R. Ritchie, E. Lantulum, John Keele, F. E. Holman, B. Gandy, John McMillan, D. J. Purdy, A. O. Skinner, Senator Lewin, C. W. Weldon, Jas. H. Pullen, John M. Taylor, C. E. McMichael, G. Wetmore Merritt, D. H. Nase.

From this number a special finance committee of five has been appointed, with Hon. Senator Lewin as treasurer, to receive the contributions and manage the fund. Each member of the committee as he receives the funds will hand the same to Senator Lewin. PROGRESS has already handed the amount sent to it, about \$100, to the treasurer and will be glad to do the same for any one who chooses to send his or her contribution to this office. At the suggestion of the committee the names are not published but any one has the right to look over the list.

PROGRESS will simply be as one of them in the future. Any subscriptions that are sent to it will gladly forward to the treasurer, but in succeeding in starting the fund it has accomplished its object. It has broken the spell, and induced the friends of Mr. Ellis and the friends of fair play, as well as those opposed to the undue severity of his sentence, to come forward to show their sympathy for him.

PREPARING FOR "THE RECORD."

The New Press of the New Daily Paper Being Erected.

The new and fast press of the new daily evening newspaper that will appear this month, is being erected in the Masonic building, Germain street. The machine was made by the well known English press makers, Dewson & Co., and is of the very latest pattern and as speedy as it is possible for a press of that size and style to be.

PROGRESS understands that the new daily will make its appearance in about ten days. The management have been busy making all necessary arrangements to that end, engaging mechanical and editorial staffs and making such alterations as are necessary for the publication of a daily paper.

While no effort has been made to solicit business as yet many advertisers have signified their intention of being represented in the pages of the Record from its first issue. More than that so much encouragement has been extended to the management already from all quarters as to almost assure success from the start.

The managing and editorial staffs must however win success by merit. The people will buy and advertise in a good newspaper and that is what it must be to achieve success.

The publishers say that politics will not be the most important consideration with them—they do not propose in any way to ignore political questions but believing that politics gives but few people a living, they do not propose to give them the same prominence as has been the custom with the city daily press.

First, last and all the time they say they propose to make the Record a newspaper of the people and for the people, enterprising, independent and fearless.

FOR FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

Damages Claimed by a St. John Lady for Breach of Promise.

Some months ago there was a good deal of quiet talk in St. John society circles about a romantic engagement very suddenly made, and just as suddenly broken off a few weeks later. The man in the case was a man from, over the sea, young, ardent and by all accounts wealthy. He was on a visit to this part of the world when he met the young lady, and inside of a few hours had offered his hand and heart, which were accepted. Then he went back to England. Not long after his arrival there he appears to have changed his mind, and he lost no time in acquainting his affianced wife with the fact. So ended the engagement.

PROGRESS made no reference to the fact, out of respect to the ill used young lady and her friends, nor would it now revive the story save for the fact that it has become a matter of record in the courts. Information has been received from a trustworthy source that counsel has been retained in England, on behalf of the young lady, and that damages to the amount of \$25,000 have been claimed. The fair plaintiff would seem to have a pretty good case if the matter comes before a British jury.

DOCTORS GET VERY MAD.

THE HALIFAX HOSPITAL BOARD HAS A SHORT SESSION.

The Superintendent Threatens an Emergency Operation on the Skull of One of the Medical Staff—Both are Heavy Weights—The Trouble Not Ended.

HALIFAX, November 2.—It has just leaked out that the directors who constitute the medical board of the Victoria general hospital have had a big row, the result of which may be very serious to that institution. The doctors who compose the medical board are Drs. E. Farrell, D. A. Campbell, N. E. McKay, J. F. Black, M. Chisholm, T. R. Almon, and they take periods of six months, in this way: Drs. Farrell, Campbell and Black have charge from October till March and Drs. McKay, Chisholm, and Almon from April till October. The hospital is now under the management of Dr. Reid, who was formerly superintendent of the provincial insane asylum. Dr. Reid was appointed to the Victoria hospital about eight months ago, on the resignation of Dr. Jacques. It appears the row started in this way:

During the latter part of the term of Drs. McKay, Chisholm and Almon, a female patient was admitted to the hospital for treatment, and after examination it was found that she was suffering from a very serious trouble, and that an operation would be necessary. She was at once put under treatment preparatory to having the operation performed. While the patient was under this treatment it appears the term for which the three doctors held office expired, and Drs. Farrell, Campbell and Black took charge of the institution. The patient made frequent complaints of the delay in performing the operation, and it is claimed that Dr. Reid told the woman to make a written complaint and he would refer it to the proper persons. It is also claimed that the best of feeling does not exist between Dr. Reid, the superintendent of the hospital, and Dr. McKay, and that Dr. Reid was only too anxious to get this chance.

The report was made by the patient and Dr. Reid gave the letter to Dr. E. Farrell, who is also on more or less bad terms with Dr. McKay. Drs. McKay and Farrell were at one time partners and belong to the same political party. They are considered the best surgeons in the city, and have performed very many skillful operations, for which they have been warmly applauded by the medical profession of the province.

It appears that Drs. Farrell and Reid did not send for Dr. McKay and show him the letter of complaint, or ask for an explanation from him as to the cause of delay; but they sent the letter to Dr. Page, of Truro, who is appointed by the local government an inspector of the hospital. Dr. Page came to the city and proceeded to the hospital to investigate the matter. Dr. McKay happened to go to the hospital to see a patient and found Dr. Page there. On inquiry Dr. McKay discovered the reason of Dr. Page's visit. A meeting of the hospital board was called and then the row started.

Dr. McKay charged Drs. Farrell and Reid with unprofessional conduct. This brought Dr. Farrell to his feet, and after sailing for Dr. McKay in a lively manner he left the meeting before Dr. Reid or Dr. McKay had their say.

But they had it just the same. Dr. Reid, it is alleged, clinched a chair and threatened to beat the brains out of Dr. McKay. Just here it would be well to say that both Dr. McKay and Dr. Reid are very large men, probably weigh two hundred and twenty-five pounds each. Dr. McKay told Dr. Reid to start the contract and possibly his brains would be the first to be scattered. At this Dr. Reid, no longer able to control his feelings, left the meeting.

The meeting broke up in disorder, and the doctors have not been brought into contact with each other since. It is believed their next meeting will not be a very pleasant one.

The row has been a subject of general conversation among the students and others connected with the hospital, although the matter has been kept very close by the doctors in charge, and all efforts of your correspondent to get information from the doctors themselves have failed.

PREPARED FOR BURGLARS.

Halifax Ladies Protected by a Thoughtful but Timorous Neighbor.

HALIFAX, November 2.—A good story that till now has not appeared in the newspapers, is told of a prominent citizen of Halifax, who is claimed by the Green League—the mother of so many brave men—as one of her sons. This gentleman is of a literary turn of mind, occupies a position under the local government and is probably more appreciated elsewhere than in this city of his adoption, for rumor has it that there are certain places in the Dominion where his literary incubations (signed with his double printed name) are sometimes read. But this may or may not be so. Until very recently this gentleman and a lawyer of

high degree, one who has an influential voice in the law-making of this province, lived almost next door to one another on South street, one of the best residential parts of the city. The legal luminary had occasion, in the interests of his profession, or of his political party, to take a trip to the county of Annapolis. He left his wife a most estimable lady, and her sister, to run the house during his absence. The ladies were, or one of the ladies was, afraid that the mansion might perchance be invaded by burglars during the absence of its owner, when the majesty of the law (as personified in the legal luminary) would have no terrors for any misguided men who followed the profession of house-breaking. Thereupon the gallant son of Erin, hearing of the ladies' distress, volunteered to cast the protecting shadow of his manly form (and of his eye-glasses) upon the defenceless household. It was therefore arranged that each night, from sunset to sunrise this chivalrous and scholarly gentleman should leave his own house, his wife and his family, to the tender mercies of any evil-disposed persons who might break in, and protect the wife and sister-in-law to say nothing of the goods and chattels—of the legal luminary.

The first evening after the departure of the lord and master, the arrival of the defender of the defenceless was eagerly awaited. True to his promise he came, bringing with him a weapon for the defence of the house, a huge horse pistol of undeniable antiquity, a curiosity that a few years hence will be gladly accorded a place in the provincial museum amongst the stuffed crocodiles and geological specimens.

The defender of the defenceless is, above all things, a man of polished diction—even his instructions to his barber, when about to have his hair cut, are worthy of a Chesterfield—but, even his best friends admit, he is inclined at all times to the sin of verbosity. Nothing pleases him more than to bear himself talk, unless it be to read his own contributions to contemporary literature. Therefore, when it is said that before retiring to rest, he felt it incumbent to relate to the ladies whose protector he was, sundry blood-curdling stories of burglary, murder and sudden death, such as might have fallen from the lips of Major Moxh himself—it is stating what any one who knows the hero of this article would naturally expect. These he delivered with that abundance of detail which is said to lend an appearance of truth to an otherwise bold and unconvincing narrative. This done, and the ladies thoroughly prepared for a night of timorous suspense, the party retired.

The sleeping arrangements of the house were such that the protector was given a bedroom, one door of which opened on the passage, and another into a bath-room, through which there was another exit to the passage. To this room the defender of the defenceless retired, taking his antiquated armory with him.

In what manner the various members of that household passed the night history says eth not. Perhaps they slept soundly; peradventure they lay awake listening with strained attention to the slightest sound. In due time the first rosy streaks of dawn appeared in the east and the sun rose. So did the defender of the defenceless—but not for some hours later. He passed into the bath-room, and so down stairs, out at the door, and into his own house.

Later the ladies of the house had occasion to go into the room, that he had occupied. Great was their astonishment at the thorough and careful manner in which their protector had prepared to defend himself against attack. He was evidently of the opinion that the burglars (if any) on effecting an entrance into the house, would attempt to capture the most precious article in it—in his own estimation, his own person. So he had locked the door, leading from the passage into his room, and had barricaded it with all the more easily movable furniture to be found in the room. Chairs, tables, and other things of that kind, were piled up against the door to secure his precious person.

The ladies, unable to see that such a protector would be of the slightest assistance in an emergency of the kind they were providing against, even though he were armed, and unwilling to hear further blood-curdling stories immediately before retiring to rest, sent him during the day, a polite message of thanks for the presence of himself, and his pistol, together with a hint, delicately worded, as only women can manage those things, that they would worry through the solitude of the night watches alone in future.

WHAT ABOUT THE WAREHOUSE?

Some weeks ago a committee of the common council was appointed to deal with the question of a warehouse at the new wharf, Sand Point. It had one meeting, and since then the matter appears to have been left to take care of itself. In the meantime the autumn is passing and the goose hangs high as the winter begins to draw near. What is the hitch?

HE IS NOT TO BE ENVIED.

COMMISSIONER CLARK PROVES "PROGRESS" WAS RIGHT.

He Again Acknowledges That He Took the Samples—Where the Board Failed in Its Duty—The Difference Between Dr. Bayard and Mr. Clark.

The general impression in regard to the investigation in the case of Hospital Commissioner Clark is that while the board of commissioners did not put their side of the case in good shape, they developed enough by suggestion to put Mr. Clark in an even more uncomfortable position than he was before. The drift of some of the questions going back for fifteen years, shows that the "samples" taken this summer were not the first things to create talk about Mr. Clark and his methods.

The grounds on which the commissioners asked Mr. Clark to quit their company have been fully established. If the board wanted to go further into the record, it should have had witnesses from those connected with the transactions mentioned as dating back several years ago. While it is true Mr. Clark positively denied any underhand work in connection with the building of the cupola gallery or the purchase of cows, the very fact that such questions were asked leaves a bad impression for it shows that Mr. Clark has not had the confidence of his colleagues. In justice to both him and them, some evidence should have been given one way or the other.

An old hospital commissioner was asked by PROGRESS if he had, at the time, heard any rumors in regard to Mr. Clark's connection with the gallery or other matters replied that there were always rumors of some kind but that they were never made the subject of investigation. The truth was nobody wanted to make any unpleasantness so long as nothing was positively known to be wrong.

Thus, it will be seen, the commissioners have had a long time in which to judge of Mr. Clark, but that they took no action until the latest "sample" cases were ventilated by PROGRESS. In this they now possibly realize they were unjust both to Mr. Clark and themselves.

One of the members of the municipal council committee is quoted as saying, in private, that while the question of samples might be capable of a strained interpretation, the procuring of free prescriptions for servants in Mr. Clark's household was the "smallest" of the business. It is understood that Mr. Clark, in his search for cheap labor, would take ward patients who were really not fit to be discharged and would then get "repeat" prescriptions in order to get them in condition to work for him.

Mr. Clark claims, however, that he was entitled to these prescriptions on account of his long service. Perhaps he was. The quantity or value is not the issue, but as another commissioner has remarked, if Mr. Clark's methods are all right they should be understood, and the line drawn for the other commissioners who may want such privileges.

The cow business was a case in which either the commissioners or Mr. Clark should have brought witnesses. In this instance Mr. Clark was one of a committee of three to purchase two cows for the hospital. The first thing the others of the committee knew, the cows were there, Mr. Clark having purchased them without consulting anybody. Mr. Clark declares he paid the owners just what he got for the cows, but he does not say he paid them in spot cash at the time. Perhaps he did, but if so, it should have been shown.

As showing how wide apart are the views of Dr. Bayard and Mr. Clark where a suspicion of honor is in question, a bit of hitherto unpublished hospital history may be given.

About twelve or thirteen years ago some new surgical appliances were needed, and the board appointed Commissioner Maher a committee of one to procure them. The idea being that he should consult with Dr. Bayard and order the goods through an importing druggist.

Dr. Bayard, as chairman of the board, was ex-officio a member of the committee, and knew exactly what was wanted. Mr. Maher called at Dr. Bayard's office two or three times, but found him absent. Time passed, and Dr. Bayard, seeing a good opportunity to procure the desired articles, had them imported, the vouchers, etc., being in due form.

This perfectly innocent act made quite a breeze among some of the commissioners, not because there was the slightest suspicion of anything wrong but because Mr. Maher had apparently been ignored. Among the two or three who made a noise was George H. Clark.

When Dr. Bayard heard of the feeling of these two or three, he called a meeting of the board, and read a letter of resignation he had written. He would not consent to sit there if all were not satisfied with his course. Before the question could be put, however, a clever member of the board asked to see the letter, made a speech in

which he explained how all had acted from good motives, and ended by tearing up the written resignation.

That was Dr. Bayard's style, and it is no wonder he feels himself in queer company with Mr. Clark tenaciously clinging to his office at the present time.

The question now is, if every man on the board stood in just the position of Mr. Clark today, would the public have confidence in the commissioners of the General Public Hospital? Even with the best interpretation Mr. Clark can put on his acts, should he continue to remain on the board? After Mr. Clark had made his defence and finished his impertinent mud-slinging against PROGRESS last Tuesday, two prominent men who were present gave voice to different times and places to this opinion: "I would not be in Clark's place to-day for a thousand dollars."

And this too, was after an acceptance of Clark's own statement of the case.

WHO WILL CONTEST YORK?

The Constituency Likely to be Opened in a Short Time.

FREDERICTON, Nov. 2.—If not definitely announced, it is taken for granted, that Thomas Temple, M. P., representing York, in the Commons is laying aside his armor preparatory to taking a seat in the Senate. He has won three hard fights for his party in this shire, and it is nothing out of the ordinary that he should desire to get into a position where there is less labor and better pay. His promotion opens up the county and as yet no candidate has been named by either party. The liberals are looking towards F. P. Thompson to step into the breach in their while there are many possible aspirants on the side of the conservatives, Jas. S. Neill, J. A. Vanwart, Willard Kitchen and, last but not least by any means, the present minister of finance, George E. Foster.

Whether Mr. Foster has given his immediate friends in York a promise that he will be a candidate is not generally known, but it is known that during his recent visit to Fredericton he made promises respecting the eastern mails and certain bridges, which promises were at the time and are now thought to be bids for votes. He would make one of the strongest candidates which the conservatives could get. Dr. Joseph McLeod, F. C. Baptist clergyman, is said to be the candidate chosen by the temperance party, and if the doctor goes into the fight it will be very interesting to his opponents.

In case Fred. P. Thompson refuses the proffered honor and such a glorious opportunity of spending his money, then Zebedee R. Everett, the down town hardware merchant, will be called on to uphold the liberal banner in the contest. Z. R., has always been a liberal and has never had the least tinge of conservatism about him. He will be backed by the churches, the temperance party and by the liberals, and stands a good chance.

Sometimes the name of George F. Gregory is heard like a distant echo. It has been said that when he went into partnership with his brother he decided to slum politics in the future. All will consider this a wise decision on his part as politics have played him many a sad game.

There is not a whisper about Pitts coming to the front unless he should blossom out as a McCarthyite. No one can tell where he will be when the contest is announced and it is not believed possible that some of his very ardent friends and admirers say he is just the man!

The department at Ottawa have asked Sheriff Sterling for certain information respecting the various polling places and as to whether the ballot boxes were ready for use. This has every appearance that a battle is imminent.

Nothing Wrong at Chatham.

The Chatham World was worrying, the other day, because Mr. W. C. Whittaker, of the Inspector's office, made an official visit to the Chatham post office, though he had been in Miramichi a short time before and had not then inspected it. So far as PROGRESS can learn the Chatham post office is all right. Mr. Whittaker went to Miramichi the first time to attend a funeral. The next time he went he was a delegate to the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance. In connection with the latter trip he made the regulation annual inspection of both Newcastle and Chatham offices. That is all there was about it.

A Compliment to Mr. Waters.

A gentleman who has read PROGRESS attentively says he has had horses shod by Mr. James Waters, according to the Gleason method, and one of them that was very lame recovered at once. Prof. Gleason paid a compliment to Mr. Waters' mechanical skill while here. Had he had the opportunity to make the rounds he would have found many good and intelligent farriers in this city.

They want Mr. Crisp Again.

The parishioners of St. Jude's church, Carleton, have extended a call to Rev. J. O. Crisp, who was formerly rector of that parish.

RAILWAYS.
GO TO THE
LD'S
OLUMBIAN
EXPOSITION
via the
ADIAN
PACIFIC RY.
Tickets will be on sale
Chicago and return as follows:
\$30.00 EACH.
Good 90 days from date sold, and
over at Detroit and East thereof.
\$26.50 EACH.
Good to return within 15 days,
to stop over allowed.
SLEEPING CAR
EN TO CHICAGO,
Chicago, every Tuesday.
Specials enquire of Canadian Pacific
C. E. McPHERSON,
Asst. Gen'l Passy Agt.
St. John, N. B.
lonial Railway.
MONDAY, the 11th SEPT.
of this Railway will run
(excepted) as follows:
LEAVE ST. JOHN:
Fredericton, Moncton, and
Halifax, every Monday, Wed-
nesday, Friday and Saturday
at 7.00 a.m.
Fredericton, Moncton, and
Halifax, every Tuesday, Thurs-
day and Saturday at 7.00 a.m.
ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
Fredericton, Moncton, and
Halifax, every Monday, Wed-
nesday, Friday and Saturday
at 7.00 a.m.
Fredericton, Moncton, and
Halifax, every Tuesday, Thurs-
day and Saturday at 7.00 a.m.
Intercolonial Railway are headed
locomotives and those between
real, via Lewis, are headed by
run by Eastern Standard Time.
P. FORTINER,
General Manager.
11th Sept., 1893.
& ANNAPOLIS R'Y.
ARRANGEMENT.
11th Oct., 1893, trains will run
as follows:
ST. JOHN—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.
arrive at Annapolis at 1.15 p.m.
and at Fredericton at 4.30 p.m.
ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55 p.m.
arrive at St. John at 7.00 a.m.
and at Fredericton at 10.30 a.m.
ST. JOHN—Passengers and Freight
trains on Monday, Wednesday,
Friday and Saturday at 7.00 a.m.
arrive at Annapolis at 1.15 p.m.
and at Fredericton at 4.30 p.m.
At Annapolis with trains of
Annapolis and Annapolis Rail-
way City and Fredericton, Wed-
nesday and Saturday. At
Moncton of Annapolis Steamship
Company every Tuesday, Thurs-
day, Friday and Saturday. At
Fredericton, Moncton, and
Halifax, every Monday, Wed-
nesday, Friday and Saturday
at 7.00 a.m. and at Fredericton,
Moncton, and Halifax, every
Monday, Wednesday, Friday
and Saturday at 7.00 a.m.
General Superintendent
TEAMERS.
MONDAY, the 18th SEPT.
CLIFTON
INDIAN TOWN, Monday,
Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock,
as to Clifton, Red's Point,
Lampoon, and other points on
whenever on the same days at
and intermediate points.
le, Captain.
ONAL S. S. CO.
RIPS A WEEK.
BOSTON.
COMMENCING September
4th, the steamers of this
company will leave St. John
for Eastport, Portland and
Boston as follows: MONDAY
WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY
mornings at 7.30 stand-
ard.
Returning will leave Boston
on days at 8.30 a.m., and
Eastport and St. John.
The steamer will not call at
Eastport with steamer for St.
John.
up to 5 p. m.
L. LACROIX, Agent.
HE
eamship Co.
direct routes between Nova
and United States.
Best Time!
15 to 17 hours,
ps a Week
on Steamers Yarmouth
and
will leave Yarmouth
every Monday, Wednesday,
Friday and Saturday at
7.00 a.m. for Halifax, calling
at St. John, Carleton Place,
and leaving Halifax every
Monday, Wednesday, Friday
and Saturday at 7.00 a.m.
St. John every Tuesday
Yarmouth.
Managing Agent.

JUDGE PALMER'S PERIL, OR HIS VINDICATION IN CASE THE CHARGES ARE FALSE.

Proceedings May Be Taken to Impeach Him—How the Charges Would Be Made—The Story of a St. John Newspaper Man in a Celebrated Case.

The charges of gross misconduct in office preferred by the Globe newspaper against Judge Palmer have been the subject of much comment and speculation among newspaper readers and citizens generally. They have attracted great attention throughout Canada and bid fair yet to form a cause celebre in the annals of the judiciary of this province.

PROGRESS has nothing to say as to the truth or falsity of these charges beyond that all good citizens are bound to believe the judge innocent until the charges are proven, or at least until an opportunity is offered for that purpose.

Or again proceedings might have been taken for contempt of court. There can be no doubt, at least, to the lay mind, that the charges so explicitly made and so circumstantially stated in the Globe constitute a much more flagrant contempt of court than the reflections upon Judge Tuck, published in the Globe and for which Mr. Ellis is now suffering fine and imprisonment.

So far, it will be seen, no opportunity has been offered to the party making the charges to prove them before a court of law. Nor has there been a public and authoritative denial of the charges in question much less any effort to disprove them.

But the remedy is not easy, although it is a maxim of law that "there is no wrong without a remedy." Judges of the superior courts of the several provinces and of the supreme court of Canada hold their offices by a peculiar tenure, wisely designed to place them above intimidation by the crown and equally above the influence of popular clamor.

The lieutenant governor of a province is a high official, with a salary equal to that of two of our supreme court judges, but the federal government can dismiss him at any time for a reason, and they need assign no better reason than that given by Sir John Macdonald for the dismissal of Lieutenant Governor Letellier de St. Just, of Quebec, some fifteen years ago, that "his usefulness is gone."

If to-day one of the supreme court judges were proven to have abused his office by taking a bribe from one of the suitors before him, or had done any other act of malfeasance in office, neither the governor in council at Ottawa, the privy council in England, nor the Queen herself could dismiss him from office.

What, then, is the remedy for gross misconduct by a judge in the discharge of his office, and how can he be removed from office if proven guilty of such abuse or misconduct? The remedy lies in impeachment before parliament, and his removal from office can only be effected by securing a joint address of both houses of parliament

recommending his dismissal. On receipt of such joint address the governor general in council may dismiss the accused judge from office and appoint his successor. It is only in this way that a supreme court judge can be removed from his official position.

PROGRESS is advised that at the next session of parliament proceedings will be taken for the impeachment of Judge Palmer, in which case an opportunity will be afforded to prove what has been alleged against him publicly, together with such new matter as may be brought forward. It is not yet known, and perhaps not yet decided, in what manner the proceedings will begin.

No doubt one or other of these two methods will be taken. The charges thus formulated and presented to parliament will then be referred to a small select committee made up of the most eminent lawyers in the commons, the minister of justice not being one, but attending upon its proceedings. They will at once summon the judge to attend. He may appear personally or by counsel. Witnesses may be compelled to attend and all testimony will be taken under oath.

Referring to the above cited case of the impeachment proceedings taken against Judge Lafontaine. Mr. J. E. B. McCready, who was officially connected with the committee as its clerk furnishes the subjoined reminiscences of the proceedings:

I was a clerk in the committee department of the house of commons from the 6th November, 1867 to July 1872. It was in 1868, if I remember rightly, that the charges were laid against Judge Lafontaine of the superior court of Quebec, a position corresponding to that of a judge of the supreme court in this province. He presided over the judicial district of Ottawa, and resided at Aylmer, some 10 miles from the capital.

The charges were referred to a select committee of whom Hon. John Hilyard Cameron, then the foremost lawyer in Canada, was chairman, with Edward Blake, Hon. L. S. Huntington, A. W. Savary, (now judge) Alonzo Wright, Hon. Stewart Campbell and others as members. I was instructed by the clerk of the commons to call the committee together, but had no desire or expectation of being its permanent clerk.

Promptly on the hour the members of the committee assembled in room 33. Before proceeding to organize Mr. Blake came over to my desk and inquired courteously whether I was a professional man, or had studied law? I told him I was professional only in the sense of being a newspaper man, and had not studied law. He then said that as the proceedings would be intricate and important the committee thought it had "no objection" as he kindly put it, that one of the lawyers in the service of the house had better be made clerk to the committee. I was more than pleased to be relieved and said so. Hon. Mr. Cameron then asked me to send for the clerk of the house, Mr. Lindsay, and I despatched a messenger for him. The messenger returned saying, Mr. Lindsay was at his lunch, but would attend presently. The notables of the committee were offended at this delay. "Go and tell Mr. Lindsay to attend at once," said Mr. Cameron shortly. I went and delivered the message and the clerk, Mr. Lindsay, who was a stout man and a little irascible too, dropped his knife and fork and came puffing up stairs. Mr. Cameron rebuked

him sharply for not coming promptly when first summoned, to which he merely bowed. All hands round appeared angry. They told Mr. Lindsay he should have given them a lawyer as clerk. He curtly replied "I have given you as good a man as I have. If Mr. McCready fails you in any way I will be responsible." They took him at his word, I was simply appalled at the prospect for I felt that the committee would now seek to prove me incompetent and compel the chief to give them another clerk.

They then proceeded to appoint Hon. John Hilyard Cameron chairman and to deliberate as to the procedure. I got from the library all the books bearing upon impeachment cases, among them Mr. Alpheus Todd's then comparatively new work. While looking over these Mr. Cameron turned to Mr. Blake, and said, "Blake, we think we know something of law, and yet I believe we would be at a loss how to proceed in this case but for this work, written by a layman." I felt that there was some comfort in this for the lay clerk to the committee. As Mr. Blake and others assented, I felt that at least some men on the committee would give me a fair show. But the chairman remained obdurate. The day's proceedings were the preparation of a summons to the judge, and for the numerous witnesses, and then the committee dispersed, the chairman alone remaining. He addressed me:—"Here is the summons for Judge Lafontaine. Have a fair copy made of it and of the charges. Have them both translated into French. Remember they must be accurate to the letter. You will make personal service on the judge. As for the witnesses you will be responsible for the service upon them but may deputize others to serve them."

And I had never served a legal process in my life! He turned to go, half angrily, I thought. I feel that I must gain time and get more instructions some way. I plunged in with a question—"About attesting the service?"—"Of course you will attest to your service."

"Stating the day?"—"The hour, the minute?" I could see that he was becoming more angry and impatient. He was already in the door of the committee room when I blurted out—"Suppose, sir, that the judge is not at home?"—"Go till you find him!"

And he was gone. For the next hour I was busy transcribing, first that summons outlined by Chairman Cameron, written in the smallest and most crooked penmanship and quite as illegible as one of Judge Palmer's most hurried efforts at chirography. How differently they write, those great lawyers! Sir John Macdonald's handwriting, easy, flowing and always neat. Blake's large and bold, as if he had dipped a crowbar in ink. I remember once, he was writing, something for this same committee, in his then style of half-inch letters. He was writing on foolscap. He began the line with the word "investigation" and only got the first four syllables in that line, carrying the "tion" on to the next line, carrying by the way.

By half past two o'clock I had the papers ready, with their translations and was in a coach on the way to Aylmer. Shortly after five I was at the judge's handsome residence and waiting for him in the drawing-room. He kept me waiting for some time, but at length appeared. I briefly explained my errand and handed him the papers. I remember that he did not seem at all alarmed, or even very greatly impressed with my mission.

"And is that all?" he asked. "That is all, Judge." He thanked me to the door, where we courteously took leave of each other. I returned and made affidavit that I had duly served the summons and copies of the charges upon Judge Lafontaine at his residence at 25 minutes past five o'clock, on the day named.

When the committee again met the members appeared reserved, but not angry. I reported what I had done. They smiled at the details of the hour and minute of service. I said that I had followed my chairman's instructions. Other members looked at him and he said, "That is so." The Judge did not appear personally, but was represented by a strong array of counsel. On the other side there was an equal array. Then began a legal battle. All sorts of objections were made to the charges and to the methods of procedure. Lafontaine, before his appointment as judge, had been a crown land agent. The charges included much relating to that period, chief among which was that he had taken the money of scores of the settlers and had not paid it over to the government, but put it in his pocket. Hence the settlers could not get their grants, or "patents" as they call them.

The judge's counsel sought to have all this ruled out as having nothing to do with his conduct as judge. But after hearing counsel on both sides, the committee decided that the evidence should be taken, as it might show he was a person unfit to be appointed a judge. This is an important point, showing that a judge's antecedents may form the subject of inquiry and even of impeachment.

Facts are stubborn things, and all our advertising would be money wasted, if behind them were not eloquent convincing facts. Our dress goods department this season is full of quantity, pretty, particularly fascinating goods. All along the low and medium priced Dress Goods, we are visibly ahead of any others. At 19c., 20, 25 and 30c., a good assortment of double width goods. At 35c. Wool knockabout stuff, half a dozen or so threads side by side, for warp and filling, sometimes called hopsacking, 42 inches wide. At 35c. All wool chevron cloth, made in a mill that never uses cotton. Good weight and 42 inches wide. At 45c. A tweed mixture, always sold at sixty cents. Hard work for the maker to get the price to you down to 45c. At 55c. Best grade of diagonals, placed on our counter at a cut of 20c. a yard from what it was intended to sell at. All Wool and 45 in. wide. Estemene, Serge and Wales, at all prices, from 35c. up to \$1.25.

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As to his conduct as judge, it was alleged in the charges that Lafontaine had violated almost all the canons governing the office of judge. He had in one case even refused to hear counsel for the defence in behalf of a criminal whom he sentenced to death! It was alleged that in this case he simply bade the prisoner's lawyer "Sit down. He beat and killed the man,—what's the use. The sentence of the court is," &c., &c.

The proceedings dragged along slowly till the prorogation, and were continued the following session, and in the end the judge was superannuated and the impeachment dropped. He was probably 65 to 70 years of age at the time.

The above is given from memory, and after twenty-five years some things become misty and indistinct, but I have among my papers a brief testimonial from Hon. John Hilyard Cameron, stating that I had served as clerk to the special committee on the administration of justice in the district of Ottawa, to the entire satisfaction of the committee and of himself as chairman.

I am aware that there is a great deal of the personal element in the story above related, but it may be of interest as showing the relation of a St. John newspaper man to the first impeachment of a judge in the Dominion of Canada.

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RESIDENCE at Robitney for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Thus property about one and a half miles from Robitney Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec canal. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. FENBY Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 24-8-11*

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

WEEKLY CIRCULATION 12,220.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 4.

COMMISSIONER CLARK'S CASE.

The Hospital Commissioners and a committee from the Municipal Council met last Tuesday, and made what was called a further investigation of the acts of Commissioner GEORGE H. CLARK. No new evidence was taken, and little was developed in addition to what is already known to the public. Two cows and a refrigerator were put in evidence, the former having been purchased by Mr. CLARK without consulting others of a committee, and the latter having annexed to it a bill of \$6.50 for removal, where \$1.50 had been the charge in another commissioner's month. Incidentally there was a hint that Mr. CLARK had tried to get free oysters for his house from the man who had the fish contract, but this was not proven at Tuesday's meeting. Nobody testified under oath, but Mr. CLARK was profuse in appeals to his Maker to witness the truth of his denials.

All the assertions originally made by PROGRESS have been established, and indeed admitted by Mr. CLARK himself, the allegations and the proven facts differing only in the matter of quantities. No charges were made by PROGRESS, nor was there any intimation that the acts were dishonest. The question asked was whether they were proper. The commissioners, on Mr. CLARK's own admission, decided that his acts had destroyed his usefulness as one of their body, and asked him to resign. He refused to do so, and Dr. BAYARD, the chairman, laid the evidence before the Municipal Council, by which body, or its former equivalent, Mr. CLARK was originally appointed.

At the meeting, on Tuesday, Mr. CLARK said that he had held his office for twenty years, and had never been accused of wrong doing until a disreputable paper made charges against him, and made other remarks in the same vein and wholly apart from the issue. Mr. CLARK is at liberty to use all the adjectives he pleases in regard to PROGRESS, but he does not deny the charges were essentially true. Whether he or this paper appears the more "disreputable" in the matter, is for the public to judge.

Nor can he deny that PROGRESS has been temperate and fair in all that has been said. It has not charged him with dishonesty or intentional wrong. Pending an inquiry, it has not tried to prejudice his case. A man may have all the virtues under the sun and yet make mistakes as an official, which may impair or destroy his usefulness. When Mr. CLARK, in his last month on duty, seemed to have distanced his previous records in the quantity and variety of "samples" taken, PROGRESS felt that the truth should be told, no matter who suffered. This "sample" business had been a joke and a by-word around the hospital long before the time of the present staff. The stories in time began to get talked of outside. It was due to the reputation of a commission presided over by men of such unblemished names as Dr. BAYARD and Mr. R. W. CROOKSHANK that something should be done, and PROGRESS did it. *Hinc illic lacrymæ.*

The committee of investigation was divided into two parties,—the commissioners, to justify their demand for the resignation, and the councillors to hear the evidence produced. It will be remembered that when the commissioners made their first investigation they called a few witnesses, but really based their action on Mr. CLARK's own admissions. Just what the present committee is trying to investigate is not quite clear from the course so far taken. If they are simply trying to confirm what has already been testified it would seem their work was ended. If, on the other hand, Mr. CLARK challenges his whole record as a commissioner, they have so far had a bad presentation of the board's case. The witnesses on Tuesday were all people who had been connected with the hospital for the past two years or less, and this in the face of the fact that as far back as two and a half year ago, in Dr. ESSON'S time, Commissioner ALLAN told the board that he "would not be accountable for bringing in liquor by the gallon while others were taking it out by the pint."

The testimony of MARY MCKENZIE was not taken on Tuesday, because she sent word she could not come. This faithful former employee was connected with the hospital for sixteen years, and left only a week or two ago. She was a witness at the first investigation where she was asked no more questions than were necessary. From that time she was in constant apprehension that she would again be called on and more severely examined. Nobody on duty at the hospital to day has any doubt that MARY MCKENZIE left the place of which she seemed a part merely to escape the CLARK investigation.

The committee has no power to compel the attendance of an unwilling witness, but there are some who might come without

compulsion. Dr. ESSON is out of the country, but Drs. KENNEY, EMERY and CRAWFORD, all of whom have been house surgeons, are men at hand. They may or may not know anything about Mr. CLARK'S methods, but if the matter is to be investigated it would seem worth while to try them. They were not called, nor were others who might be named among the past and present employees, to say nothing of graduates of the Training School for Nurses.

On the face of the partial evidence of new comers, the Telegraph on Wednesday, attempts to exonerate Mr. CLARK, and speaks as if there had been something loose in the "internal management of the hospital." The writer of that paragraph needs to be better informed before he discusses the institution and its affairs. The internal management of the house is not and has not been called in question. The acts of commissioners are an entirely different matter. It cannot be denied that some of the board were remiss in not taking earlier action, and it is believed that some of them would have been glad to have the matter quietly settled and a scandal avoided. Chairman BAYARD was made of a different stuff. The hospital, for the very existence of which he fought in the beginning, has been and is his pride. He is jealous of its reputation as he would be of his own professional fame. His motives have been pure and disinterested and he expects the same straight purpose in his associates. To his mind there is nothing that should be slurred over or covered up. If there is anything irregular he wants it rectified, no matter whether it has been due to ignorance, want of thought or the avicious graspings of a mean and selfish nature.

CRANKS WHO DO MURDER.

The murderous crank is a product of modern civilization, indigenous to America. It is only of recent years that the genus has received general recognition and his inclination for death and destruction have been partially comprehended. The killing of PRESIDENT GARFIELD by GUYER was the first notable murder in which his proclivities were shown, but since then there have been scores of instances in which he has come to the front to destroy property or slay prominent men. The crank nuisance appears to be on the increase, too, and is admittedly one of the evils of the age. It is a question whether it can be abated.

In old times, the days of our grandfathers, cranks do not appear to have flourished. There were lunatics, idiots and feeble minded persons, but the man of high strung nervous energy, intelligent enough on most points but with this or that wild idea dominating his mind, does not seem to have flourished. People lived and thought more slowly then, and it was only with the rush and crush of modern life that the crank, as we know him, came into existence. He came as an attendant evil with the age of electricity.

There are cranks and cranks. Nobody who has lived in any of the large cities of the United States has failed to meet many varieties of them. There are inventors, socialists, anarchists, religionists and a host of others to be found in every public library and on every great thoroughfare. Some of them are amusing and some irritating in their ways. The great majority are harmless, or their harmfulness has not been developed to the acute stage where the desire to kill, burn and destroy begins. Now and then, however, the development takes place, and then something happens. Only the close reader of the big metropolitan papers can have any idea of how often it does happen, for the scene of the exploit may be in a tenement house, and among people of whom the world knows nothing. At longer intervals a president is killed, or a capitalist bombarded with dynamite. Last week the victim was CARTER HARRISON, mayor of Chicago.

It is probable that PRONDEGAST, the killer in this instance, will be hanged by due process of law. The Chicago courts dealt promptly with the anarchists a few years ago, and were so determined about it that a good many people believe the accused never had a fair trial and were unjustly condemned. It is hardly likely that HARRISON'S slayer, whether he be sane or insane, will stand much better chance. Besides, there is a good precedent in the hanging of GUYEAU.

GUYEAU, it is true, killed a president, and 'insane though he was, nothing less than the extreme penalty would satisfy the people. Had he simply killed his own mother or wife, the defence of insanity would have saved his neck. To the people of Chicago, the loss of their chief magistrate in such a way, at a time when the world was looking at the city and its wonders, is something which can be no more forgiven than it can be forgotten. The blot must be wiped out.

Sound as may be the principle that an insane man should not be held criminally responsible for his acts, the principle that cranks who kill should be hanged has a good deal of common sense to support it. In the case of a crank it is sometimes difficult to tell where responsibility ends and irresponsibility begins. Unless he is an undoubted madman, he has, presumably, a good idea of his act and its effects. Besides, once admit the principle of the irresponsibility of a crank, and the door is open for any one of the species to murder,

either on his own account or as the instrument of others. When the number of cranks in America is considered, the possibilities become enormous and appalling.

If every crank with murder in his heart could clearly understand that his own life would be the inevitable forfeit, should he take the life of another, there would be fewer murders. Such a carrying out of the strict law would not prevent an occasional tragedy, but it would do much to repress the mischievous tendency. It would seem a measure of self-preservation in a people that cranks who do murder should die as murderers.

The volatile curate of the Fredericton cathedral pays attention to many topics in his addresses which are hardly worthy sometimes of the dignified title of "sermon." He paid his respects last Sunday evening to the newspapers that cater to society and was perhaps as severe in his remarks as he knew how to be. Mr. McCULLY has had a varied experience, if our information is correct, and no doubt has come to the conclusion that the surest way to be noticed by the press is to talk about it. We have not had occasion to record his doings before, since coming to this province, he has done nothing to bring himself into prominence save, perhaps, the introduction of a free, easy manner and flippant speech into a pulpit distinguished for its dignified utterance. If criticism of the press is a legitimate topic for a preacher, criticism of the pulpit is legitimate for the press. And we have no objection to entering the lists with this reverend gentleman.

The post office department at Ottawa is making it unpleasant for all the collecting agencies whose principal canvass has been the freedom extended to them in Canada compared with the restrictions of the United States postal service. Turn about is fair play—the collecting agencies have been making it unpleasant for a good many people who are on the merchants' blacklist who at last will not regret the post master general's edict.

"One of PROGRESS' regular readers," writes asking us to reprint the article from the Globe on which the contempt proceedings were based. It has appeared in the newspapers so often, that it not only appears unnecessary at this date to reprint it, but might it not be contempt? Such a contingency would not worry us if there was any object to be gained by its repetition but there is not.

In reply to many inquiries, verbally and otherwise, as to what probable action will be taken on the charges made against Inspector S. J. KING, PROGRESS may repeat that the matter now rests with the post office department, which will no doubt inquire into the affair. The facts of this one transaction have been presented plainly and explicitly by this paper and its duty to the public ends there.

Professor WILMER DUFF has been writing to the newspapers in answer to the article printed in PROGRESS a few weeks ago. Perhaps a weaker reply could not have been made. It is always difficult to fight facts, and the statements made by this paper were so fully corroborated before they were printed, that any attempt to disprove them could not be anything but unsatisfactory.

The Telegraph suggests to Mr. W. H. TRUMAN that he should publish a book on contempt and avoid turning the daily press into a law library. Very good, indeed, but why not extend the advice to Historian HANNAY in re the "History of the Loyalists."

IN A NOVEMBER FIGHT.

Massachusetts Men Who Are Ambitious to Occupy the Governor's Chair.

BOSTON, Oct. 30.—When John E. Russell was nominated as the democratic candidate for governor of Massachusetts, he accepted the honor in a speech delivered in a small, squeaky voice that made his hearers sick at heart. He did not impress them as a man who would be able to keep up with Frederic T. Greenhalge, one of the greatest stump speakers and orators in the state. Mr. Russell has not attempted to keep up with him, but while Greenhalge is knocking stumping records higher than a kite, Russell is jogging along in his own way, making good speeches, it is true, but not enough of them, nor of a kind to keep him before the public.

He has a different voice now, very different from the one with which he delivered his speech at the convention when he accepted the nomination. It is stronger and clearer? How did he do it? Simply got his hired man to stand on one side of a big pond while the candidate stood on the other and shouted across to him. In this way he claims to have fixed his throat to his liking.

Mr. Russell is a peculiar personage, but is acknowledged to be a bright man. He is nearly 60 years of age, and not adapted for modern campaigning. It is the proper thing here, for a candidate, after he has delivered an address, to shake hands with everybody in the audience, and in this way the most insignificant coal heaver in the city can boast that he has shaken the hand of the biggest men in the country, if he considers it anything to boast about. Mr. Russell isn't of a suitable build for that

kind of politics, for the hand-shaking ordeal is considered one of the most trying of a campaign. Young Gov. Russell was "aye one" at it, and worked the thing for all it was worth. Candidate Greenhalge can stand a good deal of it, but I believe, that of late the chairman of the state committee has been toggling around after him, to keep the crowd off, and save his man, the fear being that he will drop some fine night with physical exhaustion.

It is a great campaign, and no mistake, and Greenhalge is proving one of the most interesting personages Massachusetts has had for many years. He is giving the newspapers and the people lots to talk about, and has created more amusement, brought more wit and humor into the canvass than a professional humorist could possibly have done had he been running. Some of the party leaders think he has been injudicious, that he has made mistakes, that he has made himself ridiculous, and the Democrats think he will not make a sound governor, but those who know him think he is all right. He has made lots of fun, whether wittingly, is not quite plain.

A few weeks ago the Boston Journal asked him to write a letter giving reasons why he should be elected governor.

The following Sunday a letter appeared under Mr. Greenhalge's signature, and it is a letter which is likely to go down in history as one of the most unique campaign documents ever written.

It was funnier than a goat. It solemnly declared that he should be elected governor, because he was an American citizen; because he had a deserted farm up in New Hampshire, and his son Eric used to go up there in summer, because he never did any injury to anybody, that he knew of; because he thought his record was as clean as that of most public men; and a number of other reasons of about the same stamp, soberly written; so very much so as to be intensely funny.

The letter created a sensation. Nobody could understand it. If Bill Nye had written it, everybody would have laughed so much that their eyes would have been too red to go to church with that morning. However, it was a mystery to friends and foe alike. The Democrats took it up next day and ridiculed Greenhalge, then they had thousands of copies of the letter printed and distributed broadcast, to show, they claimed, the kind of man the Republicans had nominated for governor of staid old Massachusetts.

Greenhalge never opened his mouth about it. He is in a peculiar position, for the Journal is the leading republican paper of New England, and it would be hard to go back on it. It is generally believed that Greenhalge did not write the letter and some hold that he did not even read it, but in this case he is in a peculiar position from the fact that he signed his name to a campaign document without having read it—that a would-be governor of Massachusetts should be so careless in such a matter.

Any body who has ever had anything to do with Mr. Greenhalge can understand the whole affair, but, unfortunately for him, perhaps, every body does not thoroughly understand his disposition, although he was at one time one of Massachusetts' most distinguished representatives in congress and made a national reputation.

Greenhalge's humor is well known, but it is a sarcastic humor, dry, and perhaps not thoroughly understood by one meeting him for the first time. The sentiment of the letter was such that had he uttered them to a party of friends they would have sounded all right, the wit of a man among friends who could appreciate it, but soberly written and appearing in cold type they were ridiculous, and hence all the trouble.

Some of Mr. Greenhalge's friends in interviews have raised doubts as to whether he wrote the letter, and the party managers claim that the publication of these interviews has only made a bad matter worse.

However, during the last week or so the letter has dropped out of sight, so has the Silver question, and now the great question is "will the tariff be changed?" The uncertainty in regard to the tariff is now claimed to be the cause of all the business depression. Manufacturers will not invest money until they know what effect tariff changes will have on their different lines of business.

As a result of this tariff speeches are the proper thing on the stump and off it, and if New Brunswick politicians get the Boston papers they will not have to take up new ideas for the next campaign. The speeches delivered in Massachusetts can be used without change. R. G. LARSEN.

Sausages by Electricity. Mr. Thomas Dean, the well-known manufacturer of sausages, was the first in St. John to utilize electricity in connection with his business. With the aid of an electric motor as much meat can be manufactured in six or seven minutes as could be done in an hour or more under the old system of horse power. It is not necessary to say anything about the popularity of Dean's sausages in St. John. In addition to his trade in the city, Mr. Dean does quite a business in Moncton, St. Stephen, Fredericton, Chatham and other provincial towns, and for some time past he has had quite a trade in the Boston market. Mr. Dean's manager is Mr. David Hurley, who has had over twenty five years' experience in the manufacture of sausages, and who is in every respect a thorough workman.

Opera at the Opera House. The Grau Opera Company appeared at the Opera house this week to splendid houses, Monday and Thursday, and to fair business the balance of the week. Owing to the excellence of the former company Mr. Grau brought to this city the people's expectations were high and it cannot be said that the present company realized them fully. It is strong in comedian talent but weak in the leading roles. Miss Mason's physique has not stood the strain of hard work satisfactorily. This is apparent in her voice but she still retains the grace and charm that won her many friends when here before.

TOLD OF THE HOSPITAL.

POINTS ABOUT DOCTORS WHO ARE ENGAGED THERE.

The House Surgeon and What He Has to Do—The Difference Between Being On or Off the Staff—Premises on Which Future Suggestions Will Be Based.

Dr. Geo. A. Addy, house surgeon at the General Public Hospital, resigned his position some weeks ago, naming the 20th of November as the date of his retirement. The resignation was accepted, much against the wish of the commissioners, one of whom, at least, voted a direct negative. Dr. Addy, however, has had two years of faithful and arduous service, with no vacation in that period, and doubtless feels not only that he needs a rest, but that better opportunities await him in general practice without the necessity of such close application. During his term the duties and responsibilities of the position have been very materially increased, and much more has devolved upon him than upon his predecessors. None of those gentlemen, of recent years, have been willing to fill the place for more than a limited period. Dr. Esson remained for two and a half years, while before him Dr. Emery was there for about two years. The present house surgeon is therefore merely following a precedent, which is likely to be followed as long as the existing system of management continues to find favor with the commissioners.

There have been several applicants for the position—some six or seven, if PROGRESS is rightly informed. They are from all points of the compass, in and out of New Brunswick. It is, however, a significant fact that only one is from the city of St. John, where the advantages and disadvantages of the position are best known.

The commissioners were to have a meeting yesterday afternoon, so that by the time PROGRESS is printed the new house surgeon may be chosen. In the abstract, the position is a good one for a young man who is anxious to get experience and has no general practice to sacrifice. The salary is \$600 a year, and board, and the man who does his duty earns every dollar of this, because, though the salary is the same as it was years ago, the duties of the position have been increased to a very material extent even within the last two years.

This is due to several causes. First, however, it should be explained that the term "house surgeon," or "resident physician," conveys a very inadequate idea of the duties of that official. There is an impression that he has little more to do than look after the patients and carry out the orders of the visiting physicians' month by month. Even if this were so, the duties would not be light, but he has this and much more upon his hands, for he is house superintendent as well. His day begins early, and his morning is pretty well occupied with this or that matter of detail until 10 or 11 o'clock, when the visiting physician arrives. There may be a pipe leaking, a boiler run dry, a surgical patient who needs immediate attention, the arrival of an accident case, or numbers of other details which come within the scope of his authority. When the visiting physician arrives, the house surgeon goes the rounds with him, gives him any special facts there may be in regard to this or that patient's condition for the preceding twenty-four hours, writes down the prescription ordered, and ordinarily finishes this part of his work between noon and one o'clock. After dinner, he compounds the prescriptions, of which, in busy times and including those for out-door patients there have been more than 70 in one day. This drudgery takes the most of the afternoon, for it must be understood the house surgeon is liable to all sorts of interruptions in the meantime, such as visitors on this or that business, the arrival and departure of patients, accident cases, emergencies in the wards, rooms, and matters relating to the management of the house from the kitchen to the cupola. In the evening, unless something intervenes, as is very often the case, he may have an hour or so to walk up town and get the air. When he returns, he takes a walk through the building to satisfy himself as to particular cases and matters in general. When he goes to bed, it is with the knowledge that a voice through the speaking tube at his ear may summon him to this or that ward at any hour, and that he must be ready to respond. In addition to all this he must find time to keep his books and do more or less writing.

All this time, as superintendent, he is responsible for the proper conduct of matters in the house, and for whatever is contained in the building. This was very quickly seen when PROGRESS, in its first reference to the Clark affair, inadvertently spoke of the "store-room," instead of the pantry. One of the commissioners told the reporter of a daily paper that if anything had been taken from the store-room the responsibility lay with the house surgeon and matron, and there was the implied suggestion that the house surgeon ought to be held responsible in any case. As a matter of fact, under the present system, the house surgeon is responsible for a great deal in which he has to trust to the honesty of the employees, who are not supposed to be selected by him, but by the commissioners for the respective months. The house surgeon has to do and assume a great deal more than should be expected of any one man, and especially a young man who has had no experience.

Dr. Addy entered upon his duties, two years ago, with exceptional advantages. He had been a student with Dr. Emery, and had taken the place of Dr. Esson a number of times while the latter was absent from the city. He had the run of the house, had a practical acquaintance with the duties of his position, and was in many ways better prepared for his work than any wholly new man, however gifted, could possibly be. Then, too, it must be re-

membered, the hospital of today is very different from the hospital of a few years ago. The new wing has been built, and the marine hospital patients have been added. Besides, in course of time, as the advantages of hospital treatment have become better understood, there is, one year with another, a gradual increase of ordinary patients. The number in the hospital during the year 1892, was 698 and 1,176 out-door patients. It is estimated that the returns will show fully 200 more for the present year.

Two years ago, the house was considered pretty full when there were 60 patients. Last winter, for several months, the number was between 80 and 90, and at one time there were 99. At the present time, though it is not yet winter, the figures are in the vicinity of 80.

In view of the facts quoted, the suggestion that the visiting staff should be dispensed with, and the control of the institution placed in the hands of an experienced physician at a good salary, is out of the question. There is too much for one man to do, even though he had half a dozen students or green graduates to assist him without salary, for the sake of the experience. Two more could be added, a house surgeon and an assistant, while the existing staff should be retained, but under entirely new conditions.

The bugbear of additional expense is, of course, the first objection to this plan, but that too can be avoided by a change of system, the ideas of which are not original with PROGRESS, but have been gained by some of the prominent medical men who are not members of the hospital staff.

As is well known, patients in the hospital can be treated only by members of the staff. On the latter are some who are recognized as leading practitioners, while there are also some who are just too young in years and experience to have gained such recognition. The staff is well enough, however, as is shown by the excellent percentage of results in surgical and other cases. Yet outside of the staff are such men as Berryman, Inches, Daniel and others, whose reputation is known to everyone. These men cannot be patients at the hospital. A man, for instance, may come to St. John from a distance for treatment in a matter that will require weeks of careful attention. He stays at one of the many hotels, and the doctor knows that it is useless to undertake the case unless the patient can get rest, diet and attention, such as the hospital offers. Yet the doctor, not being on the staff, has two or three alternatives to face. He can either undertake to treat the man under such unfavorable conditions that success is scarcely possible, he can send him back to his home, or he can be disinterested enough to hand him over to the hospital. In the latter case, the patient may either be treated by the various visiting physicians, who may or may not be specialists in that particular disease, or he may employ one of the favored members of the staff. These instances have been by no means uncommon.

Such a system seems unfair both to the medical profession and the public. A joint meeting of the commissioners and a committee from the municipal council was held last week. The management of the hospital was discussed, or rather, it was explained by the commissioners, for the councillors knew little or nothing about the matter. Nor were they any wiser after they had walked up and down the stairs and decided that everything was in excellent order, though they may have thought they were. In the course of the conversation, Dr. Bayard explained that if outside physicians were allowed to come in and treat patients the hospital would become "simply a boarding house." That ended the matter.

Dr. Bayard is one whose words in regard to hospital matters are entitled to every attention. They must always be received with respect. He may be justly called the father of the hospital and from its inception to the present date he has freely given his time and energies to promote the welfare of the institution. It is therefore, with no view to prove him wrong that PROGRESS proposes to give, in its next issue, some suggestions as to how the difficulty may be overcome and a more just arrangement made. Careful inquiries have recently been made as to the workings of the institution and much that is very satisfactory in regard to the management has been learned. There are, however, some things the hospital needs but has not, and some which it has but could afford to do without. These will receive due attention in their proper order.

DOING INSURANCE BUSINESS.

Mr. J. E. B. McCready Has Turned His Attention to a Popular Vocation. Mr. J. E. B. McCready, late editor of the Telegraph, is now devoting his energies to insurance, as special agent for the President Savings Life Assurance Society of New York. This is an old line, joint stock company, established in 1875, of which Sheppard Homans is president and actuary. Mr. Homans is admitted on all hands to be one of the foremost insurance authorities in the world. He is the author of the American Experience Table of Mortality, which all the best insurance companies in America have adopted as a standard.

The President Savings began business in Canada four years ago under the able management of Mr. R. H. Watson, of Toronto, and at once made the deposit required by law for the full security of its Canadian policy holders. Its business in the Dominion has developed with steady growth from year to year. It has already among its policy holders some of the most prominent and prudent of the business men of St. John. The company issues policies of various kinds common to other companies, but has for its specialty insurance at very moderate rates, with the investment element mainly eliminated, and, in which you pay as you go and get what you pay for. While seeking a safe business rather than a large business the President Savings had, at the end of last year, over \$76,000,000 of insurance in force, and during the year wrote over \$19,000,000 of new insurance. The present year's new business will run close to \$30,000,000, much the largest in its history. Its financial reliability is indisputable.

Mr. McCready had years ago some experience in insurance, and with his extensive acquaintances, good business capacity and undoubted trustworthiness, should make a decided success of his agency. He has the entire maritime provinces' field of operations.

the hospital of today is very different from the hospital of a few years ago...

Sterling SOAP

SURE to please everybody, everywhere. LIGHTNING MENDER MENDING TISSUE.

Only 10CENTS, worth a dollar. By mail anywhere, 12 CENTs in stamps. Simply pressing with hot iron it instantly repairs any kind of clothing...

American Rubber Store, St. John, N. B.

The Luxuries of the Household. Hardress Clarke, Cash Grocery. 73 and 77 Sydney Street. (near Princess)

THE HORICON. One of the Leaders of this Season. Sheraton & Whittaker. 88 KING ST. Telephone 358.

Social and Personal.

St. John--South End. Mrs. Snowball, Charlottetown, is visiting St. John the guest of Mrs. MacLaren, Charlotte street. Mrs. Lee Babbitt, Fredericton, spent this week in the city, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, Charlotte street.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO., 65 TO 69 KING ST.

A member of our firm has been during the past ten days making a complete inspection and many purchases in the American market of Christmas Fancy Stamped Work in all the latest designs.

MACAULAY BROS. & COMPANY.

A PLEASING PASTIME. MITCHELL'S Shoe Store, 61 Charlotte St.

LAZENBY'S

THE ONLY CUSTOM-MADE \$3.00 PANT IN CANADA IS COVER YOUR LEGS! THE PILGRIM. PILGRIM PANT CO.

AMERICAN HAIR STORE. J. W. RAMSDALL, Proprietor.

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

Dress and Mantle TRIMMINGS.

Slot Silk Velvets and velveteens in all the new shades. Shot Surah Silks and Satin. Black, Navy Seal, Military Braid, in five widths, Black Tan Military Braid, Beaver Trimming Tan and Brown, Large Pearl Buttons. Samples mailed to your address.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, London House Retail. Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.]

HALIFAX NOTES.

Providence is for sale at Amherst by Charles Hillcoat and at the music store of H. A. Hillcoat.

Nov. 1.—The residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Quigley, Eddy street, was the scene of a merry event on Wednesday evening, termed by our ancestors "A Second Wedding," given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Quigley.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moffat arrived home on Monday from Chicago. Miss Moffat will make a short visit with friends in Montreal before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Scott of St. John, paid a brief visit to Amherst last week. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Victoria street.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles have taken rooms in Mrs. Moore's cottage, Victoria street. It is needless to say that the move is most satisfactory to their host of acquaintances in town.

Archdeacon Weston Jones conducted the services in Christ church on Sunday, and on Monday addressed the C. W. M. A. He was the guest of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Harris while in Halifax.

On Thursday evening Mrs. H. G. Ketchum entertained the ladies of the "Guild" and "Willing Workers" of Christ church, and several from St. Alban's church, Fort Lawrence. The hostess has a delightful way of preparing pleasant surprises, and to say that her latest effort was anything short of a success, would differ greatly from the opinion of those who were the fortunate guests.

The little folk apparently got all the fun on Halloween. Among those who looked after their special interests in the way of apple ducking and a long catalogue of other excellent things were: Mrs. M. J. Townsend, Mrs. R. D. Best, Mrs. A. Christie and Mrs. J. McKeen.

Mr. Charles and Lady Tupper and Col. Stewart of Halifax, dined with Senator and Mrs. Dickey, Grove Cottage, on Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Vickery, of Amherst, accompanied Sir Charles to the capital on Tuesday.

The Monday evening party given by Mrs. M. J. Townsend, at her home on Fort Lawrence, was a most successful one. The guests were very stylish and rich looking gowns of black with lace trimmings.

Quite a large number of our young folk drove to Mrs. Smith's, Fort Lawrence, on Tuesday evening, to a party for Miss Mary.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Vickery, of Amherst, accompanied Sir Charles to the capital on Tuesday.

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TO MUSIC TEACHERS AND MUSICIANS GENERALLY. If living at a distance you can have Music and Musical merchandise sent on approval, on giving satisfactory references. PIANOS, new and second hand, sold and rented on liberal terms.

LE BON MARCHE. Ex S. S. Madura from London. NEW FACE VEILS, BLACK AND WHITE. OLD LADIES' DRESS CAPS, BLACK. BLACK GROS GRAIN SILK. BLACK PEAU DE DOI. BLACK SURAHs.

LE BON MARCHE. \$37.50. BETS A GOOD ORGAN. This gives you an idea of our SPECIAL WHOLESALE PRICES DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO FAMILY.

WINDSOR, N. S. Oct. 24.—A ball given by the young men of the town comes off to-night at "Fairfield."

YARMOUTH, N. S. [PROGRESS is for sale in Yarmouth at the stores of E. J. Vickery, Harris & Gyles, H. W. Cann and J. A. Craig.]

OUR GLADSTONE SLEIGHS are superior to any others in STYLE, MATERIALS and FINISH. Can be used for two or four.

STAPLE DEPARTMENT. In this department we hold a large stock of seasonable goods. FLANNELS, BLANKETS, UNDERWEAR, TOP SHIRTS, FLANNELTIES, ETC., ETC.

SMITH BROS. Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, HALIFAX. EVERY WEEK THERE ARE BRIGHT faces of happy boys in towns and villages who have to beg, sending to secure the right to sell Praxosams.

PREPARE FOR CHRISTMAS! "TIMELY ADVICE!" Now is the time to purchase materials for Embroidering and the making up generally of a thousand and one articles suitable for Holiday Gifts.

RHEUMATISM A WONDERFUL CURE! "SCIATICINE" is for sale by all the leading druggists in the Dominion. The wholesale drug houses in the Maritime Provinces and Montreal supply the trade.

PUTNERS EMULSION. IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER.

OUR GLADSTONE SLEIGHS are superior to any others in STYLE, MATERIALS and FINISH. Can be used for two or four.

STAPLE DEPARTMENT. In this department we hold a large stock of seasonable goods. FLANNELS, BLANKETS, UNDERWEAR, TOP SHIRTS, FLANNELTIES, ETC., ETC.

SMITH BROS. Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, HALIFAX. EVERY WEEK THERE ARE BRIGHT faces of happy boys in towns and villages who have to beg, sending to secure the right to sell Praxosams.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. GENUINE CHOCOLATE ROBUST & DELICIOUS.

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including names and addresses.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

FREDERICTON.

[Prognosis is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Feeny and J. H. Hawthorne.]
Nov. 1.—The very sudden death on Friday last of Mrs. James Dever, after only a few hours illness, was a severe blow to her many friends and a great shock to the community.

The death of Mr. Geo. Hatt, sr., removes from among us one of our oldest residents, he having lived a long and useful life. The funeral took place on Saturday from the Methodist church.

After a painful illness Mr. David Dunlop passed away on Sunday afternoon.
Mrs. and Miss Wank leave for Boston to-morrow, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Chas. S. Everett returned home on Monday from St. Andrew, where she had gone to be present at the funeral of her brother, Mr. Willard Smith.

Mr. Linden Feeny returned home yesterday from the World's Fair.
Mr. and Mrs. Finney, Mrs. Wesley Vanwart and Mrs. James S. Neill have returned from their visit to Boston.

Miss Cadner, of Campbellton, is the guest of Miss Brock on Shore street.
Mrs. J. V. Ellis, of St. John, is visiting at her old home here.

The Bishop and Mrs. Kingdon were at home on Saturday from a trip to the Miramichi and to the sister provinces.
Mr. B. Baxter left last week for Bathurst, where he will practice his profession.

Mrs. F. O. Thompson and child, of St. John, who have been visiting Mrs. Thompson's father, Mr. Hume, have returned home. Mr. Hume's friends will be sorry to learn that he still continues in a very precarious condition.

The marriage of Miss Louise Thompson to Mr. Harry Johnson, C. E., formerly of New Brunswick, but now of British Columbia, will take place to-morrow evening at Miss Thompson's home, Charlotte street. After a short bridal trip they will return to Fredericton, where Mr. Johnson will receive his bride on her arrival.

Miss Frankie Tibbitts is taking a course of instruction at the school in Boston, where she will probably remain during the winter months.
Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Whitehead entertained a large number of friends to a dinner at the Hotel on Halloween. Mrs. Sherman and Mr. Albert Edgewood were the winners of the first prizes and Mrs. W. Fleming and Mr. E. S. Parker captured the booty prizes.

English Navy Blue All Wool Dress Serges.

Which hold their color, withstand the rain, and make up a most stylish and durable costume. We have much pleasure in placing before our customers a full range of the above reliable

NAVY DRESS SERGES.

These goods make a most desirable dress for either rain or shine. Ask to see or write for Samples of our Navy Blue or Black English Serges. We are showing some very stylish goods in

SCOTCH TWEED ULSTERINGS, JACKET and MANTLE CLOTHS.

"ALL AT VERY MODERATE PRICES."

S. C. PORTER,

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

SACKVILLE.

[Prognosis is for sale in Sackville at Chas. Moore's Bookstore. In Middle Sackville, at E. M. Merrill.]
Nov. 1.—Mrs. Arthur Casey, of Amherst, was in town on Friday.
Miss Maude Tennant, of St. John, was the guest of her friend, Miss Carrie Oubon, last week.

MILFORD.

Nov. 2.—Miss Nellie Lingley, of St. Stephen, spent a few days last week with her mother Mrs. Geo. Lingley.
Mrs. Thos. Whippley, of St. John, spent a day this week with Mrs. Chas. King, Kingsville.

ELGIN, A. C.

Nov. 1.—Mr. and Mrs. S. Steeves are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a son.
Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Goggin from "The Willows" were here on Sunday.

SHEDIAU CAPE.

[Prognosis is for sale at Shediak Cape by George E. Mills.]
Nov. 1.—Halloween was generally observed last night. Among other events there was a concert at Shediak.

SPRINGHILL.

[Prognosis is for sale in Springhill by Daniel A. Fraser.]
Nov. 2.—Dr. Cove and Dr. Johnson are in charge, having arrived there last week.

WOODSTOCK.

[Prognosis is for sale in Woodstock by Mr. John Leman & Co.]
Nov. 1.—Rev. Canon and Mrs. Neales were tendered a genuine surprise party on Friday evening, in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.

ANAGANUE.

Nov. 2.—Mrs. William Campbell and Miss Florence Campbell, of Halifax, N. S., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Davidson.
Mr. Chas. P. Prior, of Havelock, was visiting friends on Apple Hill last week.

MONCTON.

[Prognosis is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Book Store, Main Street, A. H. Jones, and J. E. McCoy.]
Nov. 2.—Miss Emma Marks has returned from a four week's visit to friends in St. John.

CAMPBELLTON.

[Prognosis is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, who has a retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.]
Nov. 1.—Miss Carey, who has been spending two months in Ottawa, visited Miss Marr for a few days last week on route to Halifax.

GREENWICH.

Oct. 31.—The Ladies' Church Aid Society held a special meeting at Mrs. McLeod's on Thursday last, and decided on holding a fancy sale and ball for social, on Thanksgiving day.

BATHURST.

Nov. 1.—Mr. Tabor has returned from his visit to Fredericton.
Mr. and Mrs. A. J. H. Stewart were absent for a few days last week. I understand they visited Quebec.

SKINNER'S CARPET WAREHOUSES.

Look at this Offer! The Ramsdell Patent Row Pole at HALF PRICE. Call early and don't get disappointed as stock is limited.

Stock in all Departments Complete.

A. O. Skinner.

THE EQUITABLE

RANKS FIRST, Among the life assurance offices of the world.

BECAUSE 1.—IT HAS THE GREATEST FINANCIAL STRENGTH.

Assets, \$153,060,052
Reserve on all Existing Policies (4 per cent. Standard), and all other liabilities, \$121,870,967
Total Surplus (4 per cent. Standard), including Special Reserve of \$2,500,000 towards establishment of 3 1/2 per cent valuation, \$31,189,815

2.—ITS POLICY-HOLDERS SECURE UNEQUALLED ADVANTAGES. Note its liberal policy-contracts, and the results of its maturing 20-Year Tontine Policies.

See especially 20-Year Tontine Endowments maturing in 1893, which show a return of the total principal invested, with at least 6 per cent. interest; and that in addition to the twenty years of protection furnished by the assurance.

SUCH CONSIDERATIONS AS THE ABOVE EXPLAIN THE FACT THAT THE EQUITABLE IS THE LARGEST AND MOST POPULAR LIFE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.

IT STANDS FIRST. In Outstanding Business, \$850,962,245
In Total Annual New Business, 200,490,316
In Outstanding Business in its own home, (the State of New York), 149,957,444
In Annual New Business in New York, 28,176,482
In Annual Income, 40,286,237

In the prompt payment of death claims; In all important items indicating Growth in Financial Strength and Prosperity during the last year, and during previous years.

Send to the Society, 120 Broadway, New York, or to any of its Agencies, for further information and Examples of Maturing Policies.

B. A. FIELDING, Manager for the Maritime Provinces.

OFFICE: QUEEN BUILDING, HOLLIS ST., HALIFAX, N. S. W. B. KELLOGG, Cashier. AGENTS AT ST. JOHN, N. B.

C. A. Macdonald, C. Masters, JAMES JACK, Cashier, 92 Prince William Street.

A Few Words on Linings.

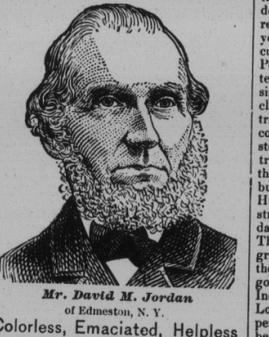
Just What to Buy to Have Your Dress Hang Like a "Poem." Your dress will never "wobble" if you have it made on a silk lining. Yes, it is expensive; it adds to the very lowest calculation, two dollars to the cost, but is that so very much to pay for grace of motion and the poetry of dress? Fabrics are remarkably cheap.

TWO GREAT CONCERTS!

Under the auspices of the St. John A. C. Club, OPERA HOUSE, Tuesday and Wednesday Evgs. Nov. 7th and 8th. First appearance in St. John, of Mlle. Eugene Tessier.

Mlle. Eugene Tessier, Leave your orders at McMILLAN'S

FOR Christmas Numbers of LONDON NEWS, GRAPHIC, &c., &c.



Mr. David M. Jordan of Edmeston, N. Y. Colorless, Emaciated, Helpless

A Complete Cure by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y.

Liver and Kidneys gradually growing worse. Three years ago I got down so low that I could scarcely walk. I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks I ate nothing but gruel. I was badly emaciated and had no more color than a marble statue.

Hood's Sarsaparilla I feel well and am well. All who know me will be glad to hear of my recovery. I feel well and am well. All who know me will be glad to hear of my recovery.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

GREENWICH.

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BATHURST.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1893.

AS TO THE RIGHT VEIN.

WOMEN WHO WRITE AND WHAT THEY WRITE ABOUT.

Astra Gives Some Points on Journalism as a Vocation—The Choice of Subjects—Where Fame May Be Won, and Yet a Great Mistake May Be Made.

I really begin to think girls, that I was never intended to be a woman writer, or rather that I was not intended by nature, to write about women, and the subjects which interest them! The more attention I give the subject and the deeper I look into it, the more convinced I feel that I have in some way mistaken my vocation and can never be a real success as the editor of a woman's page. I have not yet decided what other branch of the grand profession of literature I shall take up, but of course that is immaterial, and I can make a choice at any time. I have seriously thought of applying for the editorial chair, but as I am afraid the editor might not feel the same confidence in my ability to fill that arduous position, which animated my own breast, I have not taken any action in the matter yet.

Perhaps you would like to know the reason of this rather sudden decision? Well here it is. I have come to the conclusion that I am too fond of my own sex and have too high an opinion of them to fulfil the requirements of the fashionable lady writer of the day or to be really popular. This person seems to start out on her literary career with the determination of making as little of her own sex as possible. She begins by telling the world all about our sex's little foibles and holding them up to ridicule, and then she goes on to write long articles, divided into paragraphs by headlines which cannot fail to catch the eye, such as: "Women, bores and flatterers," "Women as time wasters," "How this man does detest them," etc., and she proceeds to build up an unenviable reputation for herself by trampling upon her own sex and telling all the evil she has ever seen, heard or read about them. But even here, she does not stop. Oh no! Not a word of that. She tells you with an easy confidence in her own infallibility, that carries conviction with it to many people, how mean women are, how spiteful, how deceitful, how sharp tongued, and how generally unamiable and intensely silly they all are, all but the writer, of course. She is only just a few degrees above the angels. And then the men at the clubs read her vapourings and chuckle, and say to each other: "I have always said so, I knew what women were, and, by jove, they must be a good deal worse than I thought, when one of their own sex who has honesty to tell the truth, will come out and talk about them in that manner."

And it is not only the club men who think and speak this way. What is worse, the good honest lad who has always imagined in his boyish heart that all women were like his mother and therefore angels, reads such writings, and he too thinks that were like his mother and therefore angels, and one of themselves can paint them in such very unfavorable colors. Women must be less admirable, and more deceitful than he thought, and his high estimation of the sex is consequently changed and lowered, just because a female journalist wanted to be thought so clever that she had succeeded in scrambling up to such an eminence above the rest of her sex; that she could afford to stand there, pelting her sister women with hard words, and exposing all their little weaknesses to the eye of a cold, unsympathetic, and largely masculine world.

I know that many female journalists find this sort of thing pay; it brings their name before the public and keeps it there and it also wins them a reputation for smartness, which has a distinct money value. But yet, it seems to me, a ghouliah way of earning a living and a very poor imitation of fame after it is won. Do men entertain the world by abusing each other, or telling the public what mean, low-down, useless creatures men are? I think not. And I am very certain no great writer was ever guilty of such pettiness. The masters of literature are generally written of the truth, and beauty of human nature at its best. They have sought out the soul of good, even in things evil. Not the evil spot in that which was otherwise good, and when they have turned cynical it has been humanity in general, that their attacks were directed against, not individuals. They would have scorned the meanness of making capital out of faults which few of us are free from, or have written long tirades of self glorification and abuse of everyone else.

I am painfully aware of the fact that none of us newspaper men and women, who are working hard to earn an honest living, are great writers, and I am far from wishing to compare our little glow-worm spark to their clear light. But even a glow-worm counts, and a cluster of fireflies will brighten up the landscape wonderfully on a summer evening, just as we can brighten many of the dark places in the world if we only go the right way about it. I have in my mind one noted woman writer, of the present day, who is popular and famous, courted

and sought after; but yet whose clever letters consist chiefly of abuse of her fellow women, and when this is not the subject of her eloquence she fills in her time and entertains her readers with elaborate descriptions of her likes and dislikes, her opinions and even her personal appearance. She is the most egotistical person I ever heard of, and it one may judge by her writings, the only perfect woman ever created. In fact, I have come to the conclusion, that she must have been put into the world solely as an example for the rest of us, of what a woman should be. I admit that she is a brilliant writer, that she is bright, cultivated, refined and sometimes witty and I often think she is too bright to waste her energies as she does in telling us what fools most women are. She earns her living, and a very handsome one it is I believe, by her own exertions with her trenchant pen, but she frequently uses that pen to tell all other women that the only correct sphere for woman is the home, and that they must stay there, and not go outside at all but find their best and truest happiness in petting their babies, and loving their husbands. She does not seem to have provided any sphere at all for those who are not blessed with husbands and babies to revolve in, so I suppose they will have to stand still, and let the rest of the world crush them. She abuses the whole of womankind with such delightful impartiality that the rest of us feel inclined to apologize for being women. Yet she is a popular writer and greatly in request among editors. Therefore I have come to the reluctant conclusion that as a writer of popular paragraphs for a woman's page, I am an utter failure, and the sooner I look out for a "nice, clean, easy job" of some sort, such as managing the editorial columns of one of the great metropolitan dailies, or the etiquette department of the Eastern Chronicle, the better, since "woman's kingdom" is evidently no place for—ASTRA.

KEEPING SHARP WATCH.

Even Chief Clerk Might Get Polsters From the Russian Police.

No person can live in Russia without being well known to the secret police, in whose records there is certain to be a long and exhaustive account of his personal history, including a list of his friends and associates, a description of his occupations and amusements, and a general sketch of his character.

The police are probably not unnecessarily suspicious, and they seldom commit the blunder of molesting innocent people. On the other hand, they deserve credit for marvellous acuteness in the detection of crime.

A foreign firm in St. Petersburg had in their employ a Russian clerk. He had been with them for many years, and enjoyed a high reputation as an honest and faithful man. One day, to the boundless astonishment of the foreign merchant and his staff, the office was visited by a pristaf, or chief officer of the police force.

"I have called to inquire," he said, "whether you have lately been robbed by any of your clerks?"

The merchant answered that nothing of the kind had happened. Why was the question asked?

The pristaf explained that, although the firm might have felt no uneasiness about the proceedings of their clerk, Mr. Y—, yet the police had long had their suspicions, which suspicions had culminated in his arrest at the railway station that very morning.

Would the gentlemen please give orders to have the books of the firm carefully gone over, to see whether there had been any defalcation?

With strong protests on the part of the merchant against this unjust treatment of his trusty clerk an examination was begun; and it was soon found that the firm had been plundered to the extent of more than twenty thousand roubles!

Then, of course, the merchant begged to know how the police had become aware of what was going on. The officer explained that it was all simple enough. Mr. Y— had been seen to be spending more money than a man in his position could be presumed honestly to have. Watch had been kept upon him accordingly. His champagne suppers, his boxes at the opera, and all such expenditures had been recorded.

It was known also that he had made a large remittance to a "friend" in Paris, and so, when he went to the railway station to buy his ticket to that city he was arrested.

The Company Pays.

A certain lawyer got married. As soon as the happy event was announced in the newspapers he was waited upon by an insurance agent, who gave him the usual admonition about the duty of a sensible husband and father to make provision for his wife and family in case of death. The lawyer declined his offer, with the words: "A man may pay his premiums regularly for twenty or thirty years, and when he dies the company refuses to pay on the plea that the fellow has committed suicide or drunk himself to death."

The agent retired in doleful dumps. During the honeymoon, however, the insurance company introduced the so called "indisputable" policies. And one afternoon, as the lawyer was walking arm-in-arm with his lovely bride on the public promenade, the agent rushed up to him and said: "I've brought good news, Mr. X—; you may now shoot or hang yourself or drink yourself to death—no matter—the company pays!"

BLAZING BUSH FIRES.

GRAND AND TERRIBLE SCENES IN THE AUSTRALIAN LAND.

One Who Has Witnessed the Destruction Wrought Tells of the Fearsome Sights—A Graphic Picture of Life in the Colony in the Early Days.

In writing of bush fires it may be as well to give a definition of the term "bush," as understood in Australia. To any one unacquainted with that country, the word is misleading, suggesting as it does shrubbery, underbrush or thicket, quite the contrary, it comprises every tree that grows, from the stately giant Eucalyptus, 300 feet in height, down to the leafless and solitary she-oak tree, and lower still to the flowering tea-tree scrub and the much avoided mallee scrub. In other words, what the "woods" are to America and the "forests" to Europe so is the "bush" to Australia.

Bush fires are not now so common nor so dreaded as they were in the early settlement of the country, as population and the cultivation of the soil increased, the danger from fires decreased.

The birth place of fires was chiefly on the plains. Those plains were void of trees, but covered with thick, native grasses which became parched and dried by the burning rays of the summer sun, so that by the end of autumn, (March) they were in a ripe condition for a blaze at any moment, and if there should have been an absence of rain in due season, running into a drought, the conditions for a first class illumination were still more favorable. The slightest hint or provocation would be sufficient—a burning match from a smoker's pipe thoughtlessly thrown on the ground or the alumbering embers of a previous night's camp fire fanned by the morning breeze would do the work. Then the cry of "fire." Sound the alarm? No, it is not necessary. The danger can be seen be it five or ten miles off. That rising smoke, it is no camp fire. See how it is spreading and growing in volume! To those in the lee the danger is greater. It is sure to sweep down and annihilate. But, to action! for self preservation—each one becoming a self-constituted fire brigade; be it a single traveller, a party or a trail of teams—if the latter camp is formed at once and the horses made last to prevent a stampede.

Then commences the struggle of fire fighting with fire, and that of burning the dried grasses around the camp. The larger the space, the more secure they will be when it reaches them!

The work is severe and exhausting for in addition to the heat of the sun, they have also to endure heated blasts, as if from a furnace, driven in advance of the wall of smoke and flame, so soon to sweep down upon them. On it comes. The horses are terrified. With upturned head and dilated nostrils, they sniff the danger, and would soon make a dash were they not securely held. Nearer, the black, rolling mass approaches. Now it envelops them but where is the flame? The enemy has been robbed of its fuel, and as if disappointed at the escape of its victims, rushes on and they emerge unscathed, ready at once to resume their journey.

Anyone in passing over that ground, six or eight weeks later, when the winter rains had softened and refreshed the earth, would find in place of a burnt, arid plain, a carpet of green, velvety sward, very welcome to the traveller, and conveying the impression that its late baptism of fire was one of nature's revivifying processes.

Fires on the plains burn to windward as well as leeward, though not so rapidly. It was interesting to watch how quietly and insidiously, the line of fire would work up against the wind. When in that stage, its progress was more easily stayed by beating it out with green brush, but when a fire carried by the wind entered the bush, which was frequently the case, then it became more destructive by the addition of stronger fuel. Though there was not much underbrush, there were the same dry grasses, fallen branches, a withered tree occasionally, bark, etc. The gum trees shed a thin outer coating of bark in long, curled, dry strips, but not many leaves as the trees retain their foliage the year round.

It was by such fires the country suffered the most. There was one great bush fire, that occurred some years before the gold discoveries, so devastating in its effect, that it marked an epoch in the history of Victoria, known afterwards as Black Thursday, and used to be referred to by the old colonists, in the same manner as the great Miramichi fire is now in this country.

A bush fire at night, when seen from a safe distance was a very interesting sight. I had an opportunity of witnessing two, rather extensive fires. The first was in the mining district of Stawell, two hundred miles west from Melbourne. There had been a hot spell of weather, which increased in intensity until the third day, when it became evident that a bush fire was in progress, at no great distance, by the sultry atmosphere, heavy sky and hot winds. In the afternoon several kangaroos and a flock of emu came rushing down

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Having purchased a large quantity of odd lines in Ladies' and Children's Vests from a leading manufacturer at a very low price, we are offering them to our customers at 25 per cent. lower than regular selling prices.

Children's Vests and Drawers, - - - 6 months to 18 months, at 25c. Children's Vests and Drawers, - - - 1 year to 15 years, at 35c. Children's Vests, - - - - - 6 to 15 years, at 47c. Ladies' Vests, at 25c., 35c., 47c. and 75c., including Grey Cotton, Merino Finish Merino and All-wool Lines.

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from over a high range. My dog gave chase to the emu but they heeded him not, as if determined not to return from whence they came, which was another proof that there was a fire beyond the range.

A few hours later in the evening that question was verified. The sight from the top of the range was grand, though terrible. A fierce bush fire was raging over a belt of level, well wooded country. The advanced column, five to seven miles in width, was well marked by a roaring, crackling line of fire, licking up everything burnable, and when a dead tree with its dried leaves was encountered, it then shot an extra tongue of flame, high in the air, revealing more clearly the black mass of smoke rolling overhead. The course that the fire had traversed, was well marked by burning trees, here and there,—trees that were unsound and hollow in the centre. Through these cavities, generally the home of the opossum, the flames would rush as up a chimney, then burst out at the top in a flashing blaze, which, in the distance, looked like so many lighted torches; and in the still further distance, like as many lighted houses would from sea on a dark wild night.

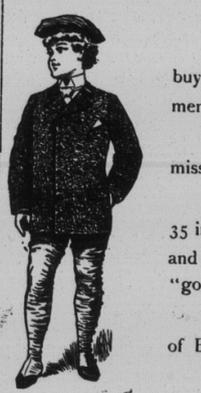
While watching the interesting scene, we were suddenly startled by a bright flash, followed by the sound of thunder in the distance. In turning we beheld another illumination on equally as great a scale, but this one an electrical display. Australia is celebrated for exhibitions of this kind. From our elevated position we commanded an excellent view. As the storm approached, the lightning increased in vividness and brilliancy. From horizon to zenith it was playing in all fantastic shapes, sheet, forked and chain; during moments of illumination there could be seen following on its train the usual accompaniments, heavy dark clouds deluging the dry parched earth as it swept onward.

In imagination, one could fancy those mighty, warring forces an immense fire brigade rushing to the scene of conflagration, bringing its own extinguishing element, conscious of its power of quenching and subduing. Presently we were warned to seek shelter and escape the heavy down-pour so soon to produce a transformation scene.

In the morning, "Presto!" all was changed. The air was clear, cool and refreshing, the temperature of yesterday, at 105, had fallen to 70, producing a most agreeable change; the sun, that had set the previous evening as a ball of fire, was now shining in the east with dazzling brightness. The atmosphere was clear and free from haze and smoke. Mount William, forty miles distant, which for the last few days had been hid from view, now stood out against the horizon with a distinctly marked outline. There was a buoyancy in the air stimulating to energy; all nature seemed to arouse to freshness. Even the feathered tribe showed more vigor in their movements, the parrots and paroquets in their gay plumage as they flew from tree to tree, and the fussy little love birds, always in flocks, that would dart into a bushy green tree and for the time be hid from sight—so well did their color match the foliage,—then after a good kiss all round (hence their name), sound an alarm note as if pursued by an enemy, then off to another tree.

That morning I was attracted by the shrill scream of a well-known bird, apparently just over my head. I turn and look up, but see no bird. I direct my eyes upwards from whence comes the sound, and away up, up, four or five hundred feet in the clear sky, can be discerned a small, white ball of feathers floating gracefully around. It is a white cockatoo taking a morning string and practising some of his high notes; such was the clearness and acoustic properties of the atmosphere.

When a boy at school, I used to read in the geography of Australia as the land of opposites; that the pears were of wood, that the cherries grew with the stones on the outside, that the birds were songless, the bears were small and the mice as large



OAK HALL, King St., The Corner, German Store.

A small man (if he's small enough) buys his clothes at the price that larger men pay for "cheap" clothing. Ridiculous—but you'd better not miss it.

This is young men's clothing (32 to 35 inch chest) quiet and fine, but here, and a Suit or Ulster with a little extra "go" to it.

Good referees for all sorts and shapes of Boys, \$2 to \$6.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., ST. JOHN.

as domestic animals, and other equally as absurd stories. As for the birds, I will admit that they are not as musical as some I have heard in other countries. Still they all have their own peculiar note, cry, twitter or whistle. Where they lack in sweetness they make up in power of making themselves heard, for instance the cockatoo. When several hundred of these birds assemble at night in a favorite roosting ground, a thick grove of gum trees, and there exchange parting compliments and salutations before retiring, they would drown the combined din of two or three German bands rendering a Hallelujah chorus.

There is another bird resembling a hawk, of the kingfisher class, with a large beak, and is known locally as the laughing jackass. This must have been the bird that the early voyagers encountered when they pronounced the birds songless. By the willingness of the laughing jackass to oblige, he must entertain a high opinion of his vocal abilities. When he bursts forth in song he starts off with loud hootings, not unlike the hoot of a North American Indian, suddenly it changes of "ha-ha-ha," as if laughing, then closes his ditty with a bray in perfect imitation to that unmusical animal, for which he is indebted for his sobriquet. The musical efforts of this bird as well as the cockatoo are entitled to the same consideration that is often extended to high art, classical music, namely that the ear requires to be trained and educated to its due appreciation. The laughing jackass has the reputation of killing snakes, therefore it is held in reverence by the old settlers. I once got a severe reprimand for shooting one in my ignorance of its peculiar merits. As to its mode of killing, I am not an authority, except that on one occasion I saw the bird rise from the ground with a young snake, about eighteen inches in length, in its beak. From the way it squirmed, one could see that it was not a loving grasp. When about fifty feet in the air it let the snake drop, then darted down, and again rose with it. This was repeated five or six times, by which time the snake should be marked played out. Whatever its power for killing may be, as an exterminator, it falls far short of proverbial St. Patrick.

The next bush fire of considerable magnitude, that I witnessed, and by chance was brought in too close proximity, was in the Gipps Land Alps. The character of that country and surrounding conditions marked this fire as very different to any that I had as yet seen, by reason of the great difference in the physical nature of the respective localities.

That part of Victoria, looking north and

west from Melbourne, and stretching away for hundreds of miles to the boundary of South Australia, is a succession of broad plains, spacious tracts of billowy forest, the Grampian and Pyrenees ranges, the latter clothed with a heavier growth of timber. The trees on the low rich flats are unbragging and wide spreading, which not only adds a park-like scenery but gives to the face of the country a peculiar softness and inviting appearance. Whereas in Gipps Land, not an hundred miles distant to the eastward of Melbourne, a distinct change is met with, heavy, rugged, mountainous and grand. A dense forest, nearly tropical in character, with trees probably the highest in the world, thick underwood, tree ferns, 10 to 12 feet in height, with fronds 6 to 8 feet in length gracefully drooping from their top, twining vines and occasional patches of a low almost impenetrable scrub is so dense as to exclude the sun's rays. This scrub, so-called, is a covert by day of animals that roam by night,—the Wallaby and smaller marsupials, the Dingo or native dog, the Wombat, the bear, etc. The wombat, a species of wild hog, something like the English badger, burrows in the ground and is met with only in these mountainous districts. One night our dog had an encounter with a large fellow, about 150 pounds in weight, of a dark gray color. After a hard fight he succeeded in breaking away, and he and dog went tearing down a steep mountain slope, side by side. We could hear the battle away in the ravine below. In an hour's time the dog returned with what result we never learned.

His Definition.

He was an itinerant preacher, and as his uplifted voice of warning attracted round him the usual crowd of listeners, he proceeded to give forth the subject of his discourse:

"Darkness covered the land, and gross darkness the people."

"My brethren," he said, "you all know what darkness is—it is closing in upon us at this present moment. But do you realize the meaning of gross darkness? 'Darkness covered the land, and gross darkness the people.' A gross is twelve dozen, and twelve times twelve is one hundred and forty-four; therefore, if the land was dark the people were enshrouded in a darkness one hundred and forty-four times deeper than the land."

German Army Life.

A foreign correspondent calls attention to the statistics of suicides in the German army, as illustrating more vividly than words could the intolerable hardships of the iron discipline of the German militarism. During one month, recently, there were seventeen suicides and eighty miscellaneous attempts at suicide in the German army. There is no special reason allowed for this frightful self-destruction, and it is simply the record of one month, no better and no worse than that of the other months of the year.

NORWAY, ANOTHER PEEP.

A SECOND LETTER ON THIS INTERESTING NORTHERN LAND.

Norway's Harvests Chiefly from the Sea-Fishery, but They Produce of Still More Freedom than the Habitations Beside Them.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—If one has sailed up and down the magnificent Norwegian coast, it is easy to believe the statement that one-tenth of the entire population of Norway are fishermen. Twenty million cod alone are annually taken. The value of fish each year exported from Norway is nearly \$12,000,000. From Bergen to Vadsø, one is scarcely ever out of sight of fishermen's huts, fisher fleets, fishing stations, and bleak and dreary towns where fish and fishing are the exclusive reason for the presence of man.

Agriculture along the entire coast and among the coast islands is carried on in patches so tiny as to astonish the traveler at their insignificance. Little strips a few rods in length and a few feet in breadth are regarded by those patient folk as prized possessions, and what they are made to produce is amazing. To such straits are the coast and inlet fisher folk sometimes put for soil that it is often transferred from mainland in boats, bit by bit, to fill some crevice, or to be walled in and cultivated against the floods and tempests which often wash it ruthlessly into the sea. I have seen these little patches often cared for with vastly more expense and labor than the owner's rude habitation; it is not infrequent to discover them half way up the broken side of a beetling crag; I know of many that can only be reached by lowering the owner to his "farm" by means of a windlass; and it is no uncommon thing to see them walled in at the edges, forming a portion of a sloping roof of stone huts abutting plains of mighty jagged rocks behind. These bits of green seem to take on added intensity of contrast for their sterile and desolate surroundings, and emphasize the only market-gardening of the coast—the tremendous harvest of the sea.

In all the vast region where cod are taken the curious apparent scene is constantly presented at the fishing stations your steamer will call at or pass, of some vast clothes-washing industry. The absurd notion possesses you that the laundry for all Europe has been found; for at a little distance the white drying cod, hanging over poles or covering acres of flat rock, seem like countless and immeasurable collections of lingerie bleaching in the nightless days of these Arctic regions. This Norwegian codfish has the two names of "stokfish," stockfish or stickfish, and "klipfish" or fish. The former derives its name from being dried in pairs hanging from a long stork or pole; and the latter are "klipfish" from being cured where poles are not available, on the flat surfaces of the klippe, the everlasting rock.

So you will never escape the sight, taste and smell of fish in Norway. Every animate object along the coast from human to sea-gull is seeking for fish. Every coast city, town or huddle of houses is engaged in catching, curing, storing or selling fish, and would rot in ruin in a decade if fish disappeared from the sea-roads and fjords. The most picturesque sights in these waters are the fleets of fishermen's crabs going or coming between the home ports and outlying stations and the numberless jags with their high peaked prows and immense sails creeping in and out of the blue bays and shadowy fjords or massing in bewildering confusion about the quays of Bergen and Thronhjelm.

At your hotel every manner of fish is served in extraordinary variety and tremendous quantity. If you are entertained at the house of a friend, the never-failing familiar dish is thrust before you. The bolder further countrywards assaults your satiety with pickled fish. If you take pot-luck with the peasant, there it is again ground into powder and mingling with his porridge. Up among the mountain saters the woman who care for the herds and flocks will force it upon you as a hospitable delicacy. At the tourist stations along the great stone roads of Norway it hobs up to haunt you, dried, pickled, in caviare. And penetrating the remotest country districts, among the highland lakes and streams, you will starve it you do not at once fall upon fresh fish, served while it is still almost quivering with its finny, bloodless life. I have known travelers who passionately protested against the universality of Great Britain's "hau and eggs" grow voiceless in despair from the omnipresence and immutability of fish in Norway.

A Turquoise picture indeed is that gradually unfolding from your steamer's deck when morning breaks through the mists and begins to light up the city of Bergen. A jumble of spars, of huge flapping sails, and then the dim outlines of all manner of shipping, but chiefly the odd-looking lines of the old dragon-ships of the Vikings, the latter of course laden with endless stores of fish, are first to come in view. Then ghostly rows of half-defined outlines of what suggest Broddignian monks, squatting at the waterside with cowed and bowed heads as in meditation or prayer. These prove to be the vast white-fronted ancient store-houses of Bergen. What seemed a cowl at the peak of each is only a huge ruyppobon or ruyde crane, with its cumbersome hood-like cover, used when the Nord-far-Stovene, or northern sealers' arrival, crowds the bay with fishing-craft, in unloading the unsavory freight. Here is the ancient Hanseatic quarter. Brave are the tales of trade these odd old storehouse shells might tell. Strange scenes were once here in the olden council-rooms. Strange romances cling to

the ways and days of these sturdy old League merchants. And strange and gruesome were the lives of their clerical clerks who passed their days in these mighty carcasses of dead fish, and by the jealousy of different nations might ever love but never wed.

Through the misty rose, like the tint of the ripened peach, the quaint old city seems at last to float out of its ghostliness into clearer view. Behind the masts and the hooded storehouses rises the grim cathedral roof and dome. Then bits of green, where the open spaces are, wondrously green in these brief and humid summer days, checker the uplands of roof, at first as brilliant in purple and red as ragged heatherhead Scottish mountain side; for all these roofs are flaming as peonies in ruddy, red tiles. Angle, projection, quaint corner, here and there a pagoda-like house-end, everywhere peaked roof and sharp, pointed gable, in successive jagged ends and bits of tier, but most picturesque jumble upon mass and mass upon jumble, defined at last by the loveliest of valley landscapes, delicate in whites of villas and greens of parks, gardens and forests, as a Tuvan dreamland reach of vineyard vale, a dark mountain edge, serrated, dark and grim, which shut in every scene eyes may behold in Norway as if only nothingness and immensity lay forbidding and measureless beyond.

You will secure a still finer view of red-roofed Bergen and environs than from the steamer's deck by leisurely wandering up the magnificent mountain-road called the Drammens-Vei—the Dram's Way because built from liquor-licence revenues—rising along the grand slopes of the Floifjeld height dominating the city on the east. It is a stone road making five great bends reaching the brow of Floifjeld; but from this point the lights and shades playing upon the city roofs transform old Bergen into a curiously wrought entanglo of coral, set round about with that lustrous emerald of foothill and valley verdure and the glowing sapphire of the sea.

Gradually the chief objects of the town come into prominence. The most ancient portion of the city is beneath you. There is the Tydekebyrge, where are the Dutch-looking houses and all the quaint memorials of the Hanseatic League. Here the sea-gangway lay alongside in the broad Vaage. Across the Vaage or harbor is the more modern-built city with its Strandgaade—its Regent Street or Broadway—with its fine shops, the ware-houses, custom-houses and other buildings for commerce or trade. Behind these to the south are the cathedral, public squares and gardens, the cemetery, the lepers' hospital, (the only object of dread in Norway) the villas and gardens of the substantial merchants, reaches of bright bays which nearly surround the city, and then blossoming vale-land, above which circle the everlasting hills. Seaward, the eye rests upon dim ribbons of blue winding away into the misty fjords, interlacing the bases of grim headlands and threading between mazes of islands countless and beautiful to the far and serrated horizon rim.

Probably the most characteristic scene in Bergen is down here at the Torv, of a Saturday morning. This is the ancient fish-market. It is in an open space in the quay, precisely like the fish market at New-haven, Edinburgh, at Plymouth, England, and at Galway, Ireland; but few fish are brought ashore. The stalls are the jags or fishing-boats, and there are no howling fishwives. Hundreds of peasants from the surrounding country, dressed in the peculiar costumes of their respective districts, come to the Torv to sell vegetables, cheese, butter, eggs, lous and many rude articles of home manufacture. Mingling with these are the honest housewives and maid-servants of the city.

It is a cheery, chatty, hearty crowd; all life, animation and geniality; glittering with quaint old gilt and silver ornaments; colorful from bright garters, gaudy bodices, saffron and scarlet shoulder ribbons, lustrous braids of yellow hair, snowy white caps, and head-kerchiefs glistening with silver gimp or fine old embroidery. Every woman who comes to buy fish carries a shining tin pail or scuttle, often ornamented in gaudy colors. The fishermen standing in their boats say never a word. They are the most silent and sullen salesmen you ever knew. The women do all the bargaining and chaffing. When a satisfactory price is reached, the fish is tossed up to the buyer and the coin exchanged. And so with pleasant badinage from the quay and utter solemnity in the boats the sales go on. But think of fresh cod, salmon, mackerel and turbot selling at the Bergen Torv at but from four to six cents per pound!

The more modern streets of Bergen are spacious and wide, and all are matchlessly clean. Nearly all the houses are of wood, large, rambling, roomy; and every window is gay with boxes and pots of flowers. Not even in the tropics are more flowers to be seen in summer. A vegetation here seems to take an added beauty and luxury in proportion to the brevity of its yearly out-door life; and Norwegian folk are fond to passionate tenderness of every leaf and bud and bloom for its seeming responsiveness to affectionate nurture and care. Every open space is filled with trees and shrubs. Every street or thoroughfare yields a vista, bordered with green and endless in the blue of the sea or blossom of flowers.

Many of the older structures are very ancient and curious. Some of the old-time villas and homes on the outskirts are interesting for their suggestions of wooden castles; where there was possible occasion for defense. The timbers are something mighty in these; and the outbuildings of stone, all tell their tale of generations of master and folk and servants living in a little community capable of protecting its own integrity against any manner of offensive aggression or harm.

Over in the Finnegaard on the Tydekebyrge, in the region of mountains of barren, lonely, decorated by drying codfish and all the curious gear of the greatest fishing-mart of northern Europe, still stands a single Hanseatic house. It is the only one left in Bergen where the old-time German traders lived and traded almost like a parcel of pirate monks. The strangest of rude carvings, painted in barbaric colors bedeck the exterior. The merchants' fantastically carved and paneled office, the manager's musty bureau, the celibate clerk's living rooms and dormitories remain just as they were once used. The latter are very unique and interesting. The beds are built in tiers like ship's bunks; grants' quarters. One side of each tiny

bunk is closed, with hinged doors or shutters, opening to a passage-way where the clerks' servants could make the clerks' beds without entering their rooms!

You will also see in this ancient Hanseatic house a great number of strange relics of daily use in this ancient and powerful money-grabbing community. Among them are huge candlesticks, cabbage-chopping machines, curious cod liver oil lamps, lanterns, metal wash-bowls, mammoth long-stemmed pipes, staves with bags for church collections, for these old robbers were pious as shrewd, strong-boxes, bound with brass and iron, arms of the leaguers, and even open ledgers recording their mighty gains. One's fancy conjures up some romance master to see and seize and set in enduring page the hardness, sternness and often the hopeless pathos of this grim old trade-conventional life.

There is also an interesting district of Bergen lying between the Strandgaade and the harbor. One never tires of the narrow thoroughfares lead down to the bay, in which are strange projecting roofs, huge diamond-paned windows, shadowy colonnades, clumsy balconies and drowsy echoes of endless waterside traffic. On the Strandgaade there are showy shops to barter in, ancient shops into which curiously carved stars ascend or descend, and museum-like shops where old silver, Norway carved woods, furs, and all odd manner of keep sakes may be bought. It is here that all the day long and nearly all night long, for it is still daylight in Bergen some-time between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, move to and fro the placid pleasant throngs. Among them are the peasantry, from Saeterdale, from Hardinger, from Telemark, from Evanger, and from the outlying islands. These more than all else give color and character to ancient Bergen town, and you grow impatient to follow them over the mountains to their lonely homes among the sombre fjords, beside the misty waterfalls and within the slumberous upland dale.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Career of a Matador. The profession of a bull-fighter is surely profitable enough. Senor Logartio, the greatest bull fighter in the world, the first matador of Spain, and the idol of the people, gave his farewell entertainment recently.

He has already said adieu to the people of Bilbao, Saragossa, Barcelona and Valencia with much profit to himself, his share at each place having averaged £1,800. His fee for one performance was £2,000, plus half of the receipts, which must have amounted to a further sum of £3,000, for his prowess was witnessed by an enormous audience, of whom no fewer than fourteen thousand occupied seats, for which fancy prices had been paid.

On the appearance of Logartio in the bull-ring he was accorded a tremendous ovation, and almost mad enthusiasm prevailed as he killed in succession no fewer than six bulls, all taken from the Duke of Veragua's ganaderia, the finest in Spain. It had been rumored that the bull fight would conclude with the cutting of Logartio's coleta—the tuft of hair at the back of the head, which since the last century has been the distinctive mark of the toreros, and that it would be offered at the first prize in a lottery, but the report proved to be unfounded.

Logartio's coleta will be cut with all solemnity, as the final proof of his retirement from the arena, and the fact that he will entertain his friends in the city, a very wealthy man, despite his expensive personal habits and free-handed character. He will spend the remainder of his days on his estate at Cordova, and amuse his leisure by breeding and training bulls for the ring.

Japan's Dread Poison.

That poison which brings death to its victim by degrees and prolongs torture, is a far more terrible weapon in the hands of a human fiend, than the one which will kill at once. Such a poison is utilized widely in Japan and Java, and is obtained from bamboo. The young shoots of the cane, when peeled up through the earth, are covered with fine brown hairs, which, under the microscope, appear to be bayonet-like spikes of crystals of silica, infinitely sharp and hollow. Small quantities of these hairs administered in the food bring on ulceration of the most almighty cancer, culminating in malignant dysentery. The bamboo crystal is much dreaded by all the European residents in Java, for scores of deaths occur every year among European planters that are due to bamboo hairs and the jealousy of native women, who, whenever they take a fancy to a white man, will either have him or poison him with these hairs, even if it takes months to accomplish their end.

THINGS OF VALUE.

The surest and shortest way to prove a work possible is strenuously to set about it.

I was cured of painful Goutte by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Chatham, Ont. BYARD McMULLIN.

I was cured of inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Walks, Ont. Mrs. W. W. JOHNSON.

I was cured of facial neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Parkdale, Ont. J. H. BAILEY.

Modesty is to merit as shades to figures in a picture, giving it strength and beauty.

The Early Spring tires Weak Lungs, which should then be fortified by a liberal use of Putner's Emulsion—only 50 cents a bottle, at all druggists.

To dread no eye and to suspect no tongue is the great prerogative of innocence.

From a communication read to the Association of Belgian chemists, it seems that Continental bakers are in the habit of mixing soap with their dough to make their bread and pastry nice and light. The quantity of soap varies greatly. In fancy articles like waffles and fritters, it is much larger than in bread. The soap is dissolved in a little water; to this is added some oil, and the mixture, after being well whipped, is added to the flour. The crumb of the bread manufactured by this process is said to be lighter and more spongy than that made in the ordinary way.

Probably the biggest king in the world, in point of size at any rate, is the sovereign of Butaritari, who recently entered a protest against the British protectorate over the Gilbert Isles. He weighs 804 pounds.

Invention of Matches. The use of phosphorus had made matches so sensitive that the whole box often ignited spontaneously. Children were killed by sucking the matches, and at Boulogne two soldiers and a woman were poisoned by drinking coffee, when it was found that the woman's child, in playing about, had taken a box of lucifers and put it into the coffee as it stood on the hob. In 1847 an Austrian chemist, named Schrotter, made the important discovery that phosphorus may exist under two forms, the crystalline and the amorphous. The latter appeared like a piece of red brick, it gave off no fumes, and seemed to be altogether inert. Manufacturers, and even governments, offered large rewards for a safe and easy application of the red variety. But it was found that when the red phosphorus was mixed with chlorate of potash under slight pressure, it exploded with violence and was restored back to the ordinary crystalline condition. Many fatal accidents arose from these attempts.

At length, in 1855, the apparently ridiculous suggestion was made by Herr Bottger, a Swedish gentleman, to keep the red phosphorus and the chlorate of potash separate until the moment when a match was to be lighted. For this purpose the red phosphorus was put on the box, and the match, being rubbed against it, ignited with ease. Thus originated the so-called "safety match," which was patented, and the patent sold to a large firm.

Butter, which is almost indispensable to the modern now-a-days, was formerly used solely as an ointment. Herodotus, a Greek historian, is the first writer who mentions butter, five hundred years before Christ. The Spartans treated it very much the same as we do cold cream or vaseline, and Plutarch tells how a hostess was sickened at the sight of one of her visitors, a Spartan, who was saturated in butter. The Scythians introduced the article to the Greeks, and the Germans showed the Romans how to make it. But the latter did not use it for food; they, like the Spartans, anointed their bodies with it.

When Edison has begun something new he has no peace until the work is either completed or abandoned for good. In case of success he immediately conceives a plan for the invention. To a friend, who was sickened at the sight of one of her visitors, a Spartan, who was saturated in butter. The Scythians introduced the article to the Greeks, and the Germans showed the Romans how to make it. But the latter did not use it for food; they, like the Spartans, anointed their bodies with it.

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A Bright Lad,

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When was a year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to touch the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."—D. D. M., Leicester, Kans.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures others, will cure you

ALWAYS Ask for Islay Blend.



Imported by T. WILLIAM BELL, - ST. JOHN, N. B. Sole Agent for New Brunswick.

Flannels Shrink

In the wash. An authority says, "Boiling water, or washing powder, or poor soap spoils the color and ruins the fibre of the wool, and rubbing causes the fibres of the wool to cling closer and closer together, hence shrinking."

Stop It!

Don't rub your flannels so hard and don't boil or scald them. SURPRISE Soap does away with boiling or scalding and does not require hard rubbing. Flannels are made softer by its use, sweet and clean. SURPRISE saves flannels from shrinking and injury. Wash then, the "Surprise way."

SURPRISE Soap is pure Soap. READ the directions on the wrapper.

WHY should you

do you buy new clothes, when UNGAR gives you old ones equal to new? PEOPLE?

WHY

not make a trial. The costliest and satisfaction is guaranteed UNGAR MAKES THE OLD NEW, One trial will convince and prove to you.

WHY

NEW SILVER MOON, BASE BURNERS, OVENOME, PERI, HORICON, TROPIC, FAULTLESS, and other leading heating stoves at COLES & SHARP, - 90 Charlotte St., P. S. Repairing promptly attended to.

ALWAYS INSURE your property in the PHENIX Insurance Company of HARTFORD, CONN.

Table with financial data: Statement January 1st, 1891. Cash Capital, Reserve for Unadjusted Losses, Reserve for Re-insurance, NET SURPLUS, TOTAL ASSETS.

A CHARMING SET OF BOOKS, EMERALDING

Ten of the Greatest Novels Ever Written BY TEN OF THE GREATEST AUTHORS WHO EVER LIVED!

If you will study the biographies of the great authors of our day, you will observe that in most instances their reputations were made by the production of a single book. Let but one work that



is really great—one masterpiece—emanate from an author's pen, and though his future fame may be trivial in comparison, his name will live and his works be read long after the author has passed away. A well-known New York publishing house has issued in uniform and handsome style ten of the greatest and most famous novels in the English language, and we have perfected arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer this handsome and valuable set of books as a premium to our subscribers upon terms which make them almost a free gift. Each one of these famous novels was our author's greatest work—his masterpiece—the great production that made his name and fame. The works comprised in this valuable set of books, which are published under the general title of "Famous Fictions by the World's Greatest Authors," are as follows:

- EAST LYNN, By Mrs. Henry Wood. JANE EYRE, By Charlotte Brontë. JOHN HALIFAX GERTLEMAN, By Miss Mallock. ADAM BEDE, By George Elliot. THE WOMAN IN WHITE, By Wilkie Collins. LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET, By Mrs. M. E. Braddon. VANITY FAIR, By W. M. Thackeray. THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, By Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton. THE THREE GUARDIENS, By Alexander Dumas. PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE, By Charles Reade.

Each of these great and powerful works is known the world over and read in every civilized land. Each is intensely interesting, yet pure and elevating in moral tone. They are published complete, uncut, and unaltered, in ten separate volumes, with very handsome and artistic covers, all uniform, thus making a charming set of books which will be an ornament to the home. It is a beautiful set of books, and we are most happy to be enabled to afford our subscribers as a courtesy of obtaining each splendid book upon such terms as we have given.

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Sunday Reading.

JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

Caught Hold of the Silken Shawl and Kissed It.

The 11th September being the Hebrew New Year's Day, the writer thought that other people beside himself, might be interested in reading a few particulars regarding the Jewish ceremonial worship.

Having obtained an invitation, I presented myself at the door of a synagogue, not a mile from Houndditch, about 8 a. m. I was most courteously received, and was shown to a good seat by the beadle, or church officer as we should call him.

The proportions of the building were fine, and compared favorably with many English churches. The rostrum or platform was in the centre of the building, and was raised some three or four feet.

For the first hour very few people were present, but at nine o'clock the house began to fill, so to speak. Each worshipper had his own numbered pew and locker, where he kept his books of ritual and his mantle.

Each male worshipper (who, of course, kept his hat on) caught hold of the silken shawl or mantle at both ends, kissed it in three places, covered his face with it for a few seconds, and then put it round his neck.

The female portion of the congregation, according to custom, sat upstairs away from the men. A startling crash drew my attention to the chancel. I discovered that someone had drawn the large curtain from before the "ark." This I was told, was made of the same species of wood as the original ark of the Covenant.

The doors of the ark were next opened and the several rolls (books) of the law. These were encased in silk bags, the central rolls, which protruded, were made of fine gold, the pointers being adorned with precious stones in addition; and, my informant added, "the books are all hand written on parchment and are several centuries old. They were presented to us, and we value them very much."

A goodly congregation having now assembled, a small procession was formed, the leader of which took one roll, or book of the law, from the ark, and marched with it back to the rostrum, where he set it on the floor. The choir, dressed in black surplices, or gowns, and wearing black velvet Edward VI. caps, now mounted the platform and sang—in Hebrew, of course. An intercessory prayer for the Royal family was then offered with great fervor, in English, the congregation responding loyally. Another hymn was sung, and then the blowing of the "cornet" took place. The "cornet" mentioned in scripture was made from a ram's horn, and had no keys. Three separate "calls" were repeated a great many times, and then the procession reformed, took the law back to the ark, the door being shut and the curtain drawn, the rings again making a crash.

The worshippers were most devout and many churches I could name might well copy the Jews in this. Even the little boys sat quite still for three long hours—an almost impossible feat for the average English boy. No one seemed in the least disturbed by the frequent arrival of fresh worshippers. When the pews were filled up I was struck with the resemblance which the gathering had in some respects to the House of Commons on a full night.

Everyone was wearing a tall hat, and the number of people who were present would just about fill the house, the Hebrew responses sounding to be as intelligible as certain remarks which I have heard honorable members utter in concert. I passed out and banded the attendant the prayer-book which he had kindly lent me, thanking him at the same time for his courteous, like of which I had never experienced in any other church.

A Clergyman Busy. Many people think that so far as really hard work is concerned, clergymen have a very easy time of it. Their chief employment, one sometimes hears it said, is to attend tea parties and play lawn tennis. But people who talk like this usually know nothing of the real life of an average town parson. Here, for instance, is the ordinary routine work of a young curate in a parish containing some five or six thousand inhabitants. He took high honors at Oxford before ordination, and receives the munificent salary of £150 a year.

Sunday is, of course, his principal day, and then he usually commences work at eight o'clock in the morning, and does not leave off till after nine at night. First comes a communion service from eight till nine, then Sunday-school from ten till a quarter to eleven, and morning service from eleven to a quarter to one. In the afternoon he has to take another service, and after tea comes church again and a vicar's meeting. Very often, when his vicar is away, he will preach three times on one Sunday, before a congregation numbering in the morning and evening nearly a thousand people.

Four mornings in the week he has to give the children in the day-schools Scripture lessons; and every week night he has to take one or two meetings. Besides this, he must study and prepare his sermons for two or three hours every day, and he is expected to spend each afternoon in visiting his parishioners. Thus the writer has known him on a week day start after breakfast to the schools; then go off to a meeting of district visitors; back to dinner, and

once more till tea-time, visiting. Immediately after tea he would have to conduct a juvenile service, and that must be over in time to permit him to be at the opening of a public meeting of one of the parish societies. After the meeting was finished, say at a quarter to ten, there would come a committee meeting, which lasted for nearly another hour. Then, on getting home, he must settle over his desk till long after midnight, for a time of quiet study.

Yet, not content with his routine work, he gives free instruction in Latin and Greek to three or four young men in the parish; and he also occasionally manages to contribute to one or two religious magazines. He is honorary secretary to a diocesan clerical society, and is in constant demand as a speaker at special meetings in his district. But in spite of all his work he can find time to go to tea parties, and he plays a capital game of lawn tennis. And where ever he goes he is always voted the jolliest fellow there.

Perhaps our friend may be pardoned for getting indignant when a horny-handed son of toil who works eight hours a day, with Sunday free and a "Saint Monday" religiously observed, tells him that he is only a person who lives on the fat of the land and does not earn his keep!

Among the Chinese.

In a letter from Foochow, China, Rev. G. S. Minor, professor in the Anglo-Chinese College there, tells of the religious work among the Chinese. He says in part:

From the Orient we send greeting. We can dimly see the light. The dark clouds of idolatry and heathenism are rolling away. The Christian dawn is breaking. Great and good work has been accomplished here, but mainly for those who have come from a distance. Hitherto the proud, literary, aristocratic, rich, idolatrous and heathen city has barred its gates and closed its doors, with but few exceptions, to all gospel messengers. In our four churches here we have less than 300 members and a large majority of these are from our schools. But revolution is at hand. Only last Sabbath I had the pleasure of attending divine services at the home of a man who is a first degree literary graduate and the most eminent Chinese physician in all the city, and administered the sacrament of baptism to himself, mother (who is over 70 years of age), and three neighbors.

This public demonstration will have a wonderful influence upon the literati. Many of his friends and relatives are literati, and are very friendly to Christianity and we expect them to follow his example in the near future. Just a few weeks ago one of the finest cultured men of the literati occupied a position in the government of \$15 a month to teach in our "high class" girls' seminary at \$15. Few Christians in America even would have done the like. I can but wonder every time I think of it.

Not having time to write of the others who are doing more effective work we will speak only of the work in "Ah Do," a second of 21 wards containing over 70,000 people, of which we have been placed in charge. We first asked for resources and were told there were none either in the shape of money or workers, only as the latter could be secured from our schools.

Looking over the ground we found only one chapel that would seat about 50 persons, where weekly services were held in private house where monthly services were held and a girls' day school under the supervision of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. To enter into the details of the progress of the work would weary you, we fear, so we will only say that the church has been enlarged, covering all the ground owned by us, and will seat 100. Two buildings for school and church purposes have been rented until Chinese New Year (about the middle of February). Three day schools with 123 pupils, one evening school with 65 pupils, three Sunday schools with an average attendance of about 300 have been organized. At each of four places we are holding from one to three weekly services for the men, having the students, local preachers and teachers conduct them as far as possible. The W. F. M. S. ladies, with their students, are doing a great deal of visiting from house to house and are holding two or more weekly services for girls and women. They are reported as being well attended. Much interest is taken.

A great incentive to regular attendance upon our public services is the gift of a picture card. A highly colored advertising card is just the thing. We print Scripture texts upon red Chinese paper and give one to each person attending services, generally a different text each time. When they receive a certain number and can repeat them before the congregation we give them a large card. If they cannot repeat the texts, as many cannot read, we give them a small card. Upon all these cards Scripture texts are pasted, and in this way thousands of Bible promises have been made known to this people, and as many hundreds have been memorized within the past few months.

Book of Proverbs.

It was written in poetry, and contains about 1,000 of the 3,000 proverbs of Solomon. The whole book abounds in allusions, and after tea comes church again and a vicar's meeting. Very often, when his vicar is away, he will preach three times on one Sunday, before a congregation numbering in the morning and evening nearly a thousand people.

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Perhaps our friend may be pardoned for getting indignant when a horny-handed son of toil who works eight hours a day, with Sunday free and a "Saint Monday" religiously observed, tells him that he is only a person who lives on the fat of the land and does not earn his keep!

Among the Chinese. In a letter from Foochow, China, Rev. G. S. Minor, professor in the Anglo-Chinese College there, tells of the religious work among the Chinese. He says in part: From the Orient we send greeting. We can dimly see the light. The dark clouds of idolatry and heathenism are rolling away. The Christian dawn is breaking. Great and good work has been accomplished here, but mainly for those who have come from a distance. Hitherto the proud, literary, aristocratic, rich, idolatrous and heathen city has barred its gates and closed its doors, with but few exceptions, to all gospel messengers. In our four churches here we have less than 300 members and a large majority of these are from our schools. But revolution is at hand. Only last Sabbath I had the pleasure of attending divine services at the home of a man who is a first degree literary graduate and the most eminent Chinese physician in all the city, and administered the sacrament of baptism to himself, mother (who is over 70 years of age), and three neighbors. This public demonstration will have a wonderful influence upon the literati. Many of his friends and relatives are literati, and are very friendly to Christianity and we expect them to follow his example in the near future. Just a few weeks ago one of the finest cultured men of the literati occupied a position in the government of \$15 a month to teach in our "high class" girls' seminary at \$15. Few Christians in America even would have done the like. I can but wonder every time I think of it. Not having time to write of the others who are doing more effective work we will speak only of the work in "Ah Do," a second of 21 wards containing over 70,000 people, of which we have been placed in charge. We first asked for resources and were told there were none either in the shape of money or workers, only as the latter could be secured from our schools. Looking over the ground we found only one chapel that would seat about 50 persons, where weekly services were held in private house where monthly services were held and a girls' day school under the supervision of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. To enter into the details of the progress of the work would weary you, we fear, so we will only say that the church has been enlarged, covering all the ground owned by us, and will seat 100. Two buildings for school and church purposes have been rented until Chinese New Year (about the middle of February). Three day schools with 123 pupils, one evening school with 65 pupils, three Sunday schools with an average attendance of about 300 have been organized. At each of four places we are holding from one to three weekly services for the men, having the students, local preachers and teachers conduct them as far as possible. The W. F. M. S. ladies, with their students, are doing a great deal of visiting from house to house and are holding two or more weekly services for girls and women. They are reported as being well attended. Much interest is taken. A great incentive to regular attendance upon our public services is the gift of a picture card. A highly colored advertising card is just the thing. We print Scripture texts upon red Chinese paper and give one to each person attending services, generally a different text each time. When they receive a certain number and can repeat them before the congregation we give them a large card. If they cannot repeat the texts, as many cannot read, we give them a small card. Upon all these cards Scripture texts are pasted, and in this way thousands of Bible promises have been made known to this people, and as many hundreds have been memorized within the past few months.

Different Kinds of Sextons.

A sexton, like a poet, is born. A church, in order to peace and success, needs the right kind of a man at the prow, and the right kind at the stern—that is, a good minister and a good sexton. So far as we have observed, there are various kinds. The fidgity sexton. He is never still. His being in any one place proves to him that he ought to be in some other. In the most intense part of the service, every ear alert to the truth, the minister at the very climax of his subject, the fidgity official starts up the aisle. The whole congregation instantly turn from the consideration of judgment and eternity to see what the sexton wants. The minister looks, the elders look, the people get up in the gallery to look. It is left in universal doubt as to why the sexton frisked about at just that moment. He must have seen a fly on the opposite side of the church wall that needed to be driven off before it spoiled the fresco, or he may have suspicion that a rat-terrier is in one of the pews by the pulpit, from the fact that he saw two or three children laughing. Now, there is nothing more perplexing than a dog-chase during religious services. Give my love to the sexton, and tell him never to chase a dog in religious service. Better let it alone.

The lazy sexton does not lead the stranger to the pew, but goes a little way up the aisle, and points, saying, "Out yonder!" You leave the photograph of your back in the dust of the seat you occupy; the air is in an atmospheric hash of what was left over last Sunday. Lack of oxygen will dull the best sermon, and clip the wings of gladdest song, and stupefy the power of the air" wants nothing but a quick air for the churches. After audiences have assembled, and their cheeks are flushed, and their respiration has become painful, it is too late to change it. Open a window or door now, and you ventilate only the top of that man's bald head, and the back of the neck of that delicate woman, and you send off hundreds of people coughing and sneezing. One reason why the Sabbath is so wide apart is that every church building may have six days of atmospheric purification.

The good sexton is the minister's blessing, the church's joy, a harbinger of the millennium. People come to church to have him help them up the aisle. He wears slippers. He stands or sits at the end of the church during an impressive discourse. He can dimly see the light. The dark clouds of idolatry and heathenism are rolling away. The Christian dawn is breaking. Great and good work has been accomplished here, but mainly for those who have come from a distance. Hitherto the proud, literary, aristocratic, rich, idolatrous and heathen city has barred its gates and closed its doors, with but few exceptions, to all gospel messengers. In our four churches here we have less than 300 members and a large majority of these are from our schools. But revolution is at hand. Only last Sabbath I had the pleasure of attending divine services at the home of a man who is a first degree literary graduate and the most eminent Chinese physician in all the city, and administered the sacrament of baptism to himself, mother (who is over 70 years of age), and three neighbors. This public demonstration will have a wonderful influence upon the literati. Many of his friends and relatives are literati, and are very friendly to Christianity and we expect them to follow his example in the near future. Just a few weeks ago one of the finest cultured men of the literati occupied a position in the government of \$15 a month to teach in our "high class" girls' seminary at \$15. Few Christians in America even would have done the like. I can but wonder every time I think of it. Not having time to write of the others who are doing more effective work we will speak only of the work in "Ah Do," a second of 21 wards containing over 70,000 people, of which we have been placed in charge. We first asked for resources and were told there were none either in the shape of money or workers, only as the latter could be secured from our schools. Looking over the ground we found only one chapel that would seat about 50 persons, where weekly services were held in private house where monthly services were held and a girls' day school under the supervision of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. To enter into the details of the progress of the work would weary you, we fear, so we will only say that the church has been enlarged, covering all the ground owned by us, and will seat 100. Two buildings for school and church purposes have been rented until Chinese New Year (about the middle of February). Three day schools with 123 pupils, one evening school with 65 pupils, three Sunday schools with an average attendance of about 300 have been organized. At each of four places we are holding from one to three weekly services for the men, having the students, local preachers and teachers conduct them as far as possible. The W. F. M. S. ladies, with their students, are doing a great deal of visiting from house to house and are holding two or more weekly services for girls and women. They are reported as being well attended. Much interest is taken. A great incentive to regular attendance upon our public services is the gift of a picture card. A highly colored advertising card is just the thing. We print Scripture texts upon red Chinese paper and give one to each person attending services, generally a different text each time. When they receive a certain number and can repeat them before the congregation we give them a large card. If they cannot repeat the texts, as many cannot read, we give them a small card. Upon all these cards Scripture texts are pasted, and in this way thousands of Bible promises have been made known to this people, and as many hundreds have been memorized within the past few months.

And faleness in all my seeming friends, Do not think I am asking you to look leniently upon real sin; it is the always thinking there is sin. And it is there, none but our Father knows how they were tempted. Shall we draw back our skirts lest they touch us? Would you and I, inheriting the same temperament, surrounded by the same temptations, assailed by the same temptations, have proved stronger? God knows, and He alone.

Are we always charitable to our loved ones? Humanity is weak and tired and worn out. We give the fretful word, the uncharitable remark, whose memories will sometimes sting us. George Eliot says: "When death, the great reconciler, comes, it is never our tenderness we repent of, but our severity."

"Speak gently to the erring one; Oh! do not thou forget. However darkly stained by sin, He is thy brother yet. Hair of the self-same God, He has not stumbled in the path. Thou hast in weakness trod."

"Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

Described Them All. A well-known Episcopalian minister tells the following pretty good story: A few days ago I was engaged in missionary work in the West, and one afternoon I alighted from the train at a small station and, after walking a short way, I accosted an old farmer and told him my name and my business. The old man seemed quite pleased and ventured the information that he was an Episcopalian and would like to have me hold a "meetin'" at his house, a large, roomy farmhouse, which he at once conducted me to. He showed me every kindness possible, and with his team drove all about the scattered neighborhood informing the people of the service, which I was glad to hold. We had nearly a hundred out in the evening, and all seemed very interested and attentive, although I could see that few of them, if any, had ever attended such a service before.

The next morning, as I was leaving, I thanked my host for his hospitality and asked him what parish he belonged to. "Don't know nuthin' 'bout any parish," was his answer. "Well, what diocese do you belong to?" I inquired. "There ain't nothin' of that sort in this part of the country that I ever heard of," he replied. "But who confirmed you?" said I. "Nobody," he returned. "But didn't you tell me you were an Episcopalian?" I asked him in astonishment.

"Oh, yes," said the old man. "I'll tell you how that is. Last spring I went down to New Orleans visitin', and while I was there I went to church, and it happened ter be an Episcopalian one, and among other things I heard 'em say that they'd left undone them things they'd oughter done, and I said to myself 'that's jest my fix, too,' and since then I've always considered myself an Episcopalian."

"Well, I said as I shook the old man's hand, 'if your ideas of an Episcopalian are correct we are the largest denomination in the world.'"

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Be Faithful in Little Things. The best portion of a good man's life—the little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and love. Little only in the eyes of the world, where fame, power, wealth and position overshadow true nobleness of soul, and the tender sympathies that are balm to another's woe. In the eyes of the Master, sublime. Nameless on the scroll of fame, but inscribed in imperishable characters in the recording angel's book. Unremembered by the giver, but creating, perhaps, an everlasting impression on some merciful soul giving it renewed courage and hope, and a feeling that it is not quite alone on its weary journey to the common goal.

We cannot all dazzle the world by great wealth, few of us can win its applause by brilliant talents or electricity by a God-given genius, but all may strive to be "faithful in little things" by giving help and comfort to those around us—in short, by being a true and honest member of the Heartsease Circle—and thereby learn one of the secrets of a happy life.

Ah, genius burns like a blazing star, And fame has a hazy aura to fill; But the deed done for love, not fame, Like the water cup in Master's name, Is something more precious still.

Charity. I do not mean the charity that consists of alms-giving alone, but the charity that "thinketh no evil." Oh, my sisters if we all exercised this charity daily, would it not be the speediest way of ourselves answering the prayer—"Thy kingdom come?" There is much of sin and evil in the world, many "whitened sepulchers" walk among us, but God is judge of all, and you and I—ah, must we only see the wrong? You are all deceived in that person," Madam Suspicion declared to me the other day. "He is a hypocrite and utterly devoid of principle," and I, remembering said person's kindness and tenderness of heart, refused to agree with her. Time may prove her right, but I would rather be imposed upon now, and then go through life expecting to find insincerity



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GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

HERE'S A PRETTY GOOD LETTER.

Hartland, N. B., Oct. 31, 1893.

Gentlemen: Groder's Syrup still leads. I sold two half dozen lots on Friday last and one half dozen lot yesterday—yesterday I sold ten bottles, six at one sale, and two at one, and two sales of one each. I have heard good reports from former sales, and I have faith in it myself as a cure for Dyspepsia, if taken as directed.

Yours Respectfully, W.M. E. THISTLE, Druggist.

To the Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., L'td.

Advertisement for Men's Clothing Very Cheap. WE ARE SELLING MEN'S CLOTHING VERY CHEAP. A glance at some of our suits that are marked down at half price will convince you of that fact. A VERY LARGE AND FINE ASSORTMENT OF "SCOTCH" WATERPROOF AND "MELISSA" COATS. Just the thing for wet Fall weather. Blue Pilot Cloth Overcoats, Made to Order and Fit. PRICE, \$15.00. CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL, 51 CHARLOTTE STREET. T. YOUNGLAUS.

Advertisement for Ayer's Pills. A FRIEND Speaks through the Boothbay (Me.) Register, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach very indigestible. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good." For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, take AYER'S PILLS. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Every Dose Effective.

Advertisement for Let Us Whisper Soap. LET US WHISPER, not because we are ashamed of it, but to avoid hurting anybody's feelings. There is really only one soap for the nursery and that is BABY'S OWN. There is nothing like it. It is delicately perfumed and is good for the skin, keeping it fresh and soft and smooth. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

Advertisement for Taylor's Safes. ESTABLISHED 1855. Taylor's Safes. 145 & 147 FRONT STREET EAST TORONTO. We have also PHUL-NANA SACHET POWDER in 10c. Packets. G. A. MOORE, Cor. Brussels and Richmond Sts. HORSE BLANKETS. All kinds in stock or made to order. HARNESS. Repaired or taken in exchange for new at Wm. ROBB'S, Union St. B. B. BLIZARD, St. John, N. B., Sole Agent for the Maritime Provinces.

Advertisement for The Gipsy Piano. PLAYED AND ENDORSED BY The World's Most Eminent Musicians and Pronounced by Them "THE MOST PERFECT PIANO MADE." IS HIGHER IN QUALITY; St. John, N. B. Agents for the Maritime Provinces.

authority says, "Boiling water, or poor soap spoils the color of the wool, and rubbing causes it to cling closer and closer together."

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and though his future efforts may long after the author has passed form and had handsome style ten of us have perfected arrangements books as a premium to our subscribers of excellent quality. Altogether made his name and fame. The titled under the general title of

AUDLEY'S SECRET. Mrs. M. B. Braddon. VANITY FAIR. W. M. Thackeray. TEN DAYS OF POMPEII. E. Bulwer Lytton. THREE GUARDSMEN. Alexander Dumas. HESSEL IN HIS PLACE. Charles Reade.

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The Gipsy Piano

PLAYED AND ENDORSED BY The World's Most Eminent Musicians and Pronounced by Them "THE MOST PERFECT PIANO MADE." IS HIGHER IN QUALITY; St. John, N. B. Agents for the Maritime Provinces.

WHAT THE SHERIFF DID.

HIS EXPERIENCE WITH A MAIDEN WHO WAS FAIR TO SEE.

She Had a Blind Father With a Horror of Strangers—There Was a Burglar in the Case—What a Clever Woman Can Do If She Tries.

The town of Monroeville was the county seat of Randolph county, and a place of about 4,000 inhabitants when I was elected sheriff of the county. I had charge of the jail, of course, and though an old bachelor I occupied the apartments set aside for the jailer's family in the wing of the building.

My turkey was also a single man, Floss by name, and while we slept at the jail we took our meals outside. Ours was a peaceful community, and it was seldom we had a prisoner who had been sentenced for anything beyond theft or vagrancy. In a town of that size everybody knows everybody else, and the arrival of a new family is a matter of public talk.

One day about six months after I had become sheriff a new family arrived in Monroeville. It wasn't much of a family so far as numbers went, consisting only of father and daughter, but there was a big ripple of excitement nevertheless. There were several reasons for this. The name of the family was Taylor, and it was reported that Miss Bessie Taylor, the daughter, was going to apply for a position as school teacher. She was a young woman of 20, stylish and handsome. It was also said that the father was old and blind, but well off in purse, and that he had lost his sight by accident while testing an invention. Again the gossips had it that Miss Bessie could have been married half a dozen times if she had consented to leave her father, but that her love for him was so great that she had determined not to fall in love till after his death. The story, as a whole, as it passed round the town, was quite romantic, and when the young woman appeared on the streets, and was declared to be the handsomest girl in the county, and when it became a settled fact that the gray-haired old father couldn't distinguish day from night, there was more talk about the Taylors than about any ten other families in town.

After three or four weeks it was learned that Miss Bessie was not going to teach school. The doctor had prescribed country air and perfect rest for her father, who had money enough and to spare. It was further learned that the father was a great chemist, and that he had lost his eyesight while seeking the antidote of a subtle poison. They rented a pretty house, put in very stylish furniture, and in a few weeks the young woman was at the top of the social ladder. This story is a sort of confession, and I may tell you that at the outset they fell in love with Miss Bessie at first sight. As I was twice her age and not at all her style of man, it was silly in me, of course, but the man who makes a fool of himself seldom realizes it until too late to save his reputation. The story in my case was of mine who called on the ladies, and fell in love with Miss Bessie at first sight. As I was twice her age and not at all her style of man, it was silly in me, of course, but the man who makes a fool of himself seldom realizes it until too late to save his reputation.

The Taylors had been with us over two months when the society ladies gave a party, to which all the best people in the town were invited. Miss Taylor was there, of course. I had the distinguished honor of escorting the fair young lady to and fro, and it is needless to add that the flame of love burning in my bosom increased by several candle powers. I got home soon after midnight, to be upset by the news of a burglary in town. Within an hour it was known that the Post Office and a store had been entered and robbed, and two dwellings had been visited and plundered. As sheriff I assigned the town marshal to investigate. In the Post Office the safe had been blown open and about \$500 secured. In the dry goods store the safe, which was an old-fashioned one, had been opened with a false key and plundered of about \$900. In the other cases the dwellings had been left alone and the robber had gone in by the window. The money and jewelry secured amounted to nearly \$2,000. The two families robbed were at the party, as was also the owner of the store, who was a single man and slept in a room off his office. None of us could lay any claim to detective ability, but the investigation satisfied us that one man had done the four jobs. The season was the last of November, and a light snow had fallen early in the evening. In the alley back of the Post Office we found certain footprints. We found the same under the alley window of the dry goods store, and the very same around the two private houses. The fellow's rapid and thorough work proved him a professional, and the town was in a state of excitement for a week.

large key, he carried it in his overcoat pocket.

Next morning after the meeting at Taylor's it was discovered that an attempt had been made to rob the bank. Some one had entered by the front door, using the key, blown open the lock on the door of the vault, and had begun operations on the safe inside when frightened away. He, however, secured a tin box belonging to a depositor which held stocks and bonds to the value of \$10,000. On this occasion a detective was sent for but he had no better luck than we did in the other case. His conclusions differed from ours, however. He was satisfied that the criminal was no stranger to the town, and that he had entered the bank with one of the three keys in daily use. He thought he hinted pretty strongly that Carleton's key was the one used by the robber, but I couldn't figure out how that could be. The detective had not yet dropped the case when one of the town watchmen came to me with a curious story. On three or four occasions, late at night, he had seen a man leave or enter the Taylor premises, and he had been unable to overhaul him and get sight of his features. He was positive that at 11 o'clock on the night the bank was entered he saw a man enter the Taylor house by way of the alley and yard. The watchman knew that Taylor was old and blind, and the only man who lived in the house, but nevertheless he was positive as to what he had seen. Under the circumstances I was just as positive that he was mistaken, and advised him to say nothing about it. Two special watchmen were put on, and the people were yet highly excited, when the sociable club which I have spoken had its first regular meeting in a public hall. Most of the members were single, but there was one newly married couple named Gleason, who left their house unguarded when they came. When they returned home they found it ransacked and robbed. When I returned to my apartments at the jail I met with a surprise. There were no prisoners in jail at that time, and Floss had gone to bed at 10 o'clock. At 11 he had been awakened by some one moving about in his room, and being a man of great courage he had bounded out of bed and attacked the intruder. He clinched the man they fell, and in the fall the stranger's head struck a piece of furniture and he was rendered unconscious. When he came to, Floss had the iron on him and had taken away his revolver and knife.

I found in the stranger a man about 25 years of age, well built and evidently a powerful fellow. He had a crafty look and there was a wicked snap to his eyes, but on the whole he was what we would call a gentleman. He had come in by way of a window, and to get the window open he had used a pane of glass. He had a chisel and a bunch of false keys with him and being caught dead to rights, as the police term it, he had no excuses or explanations. He was a perfect stranger to us, and he refused to give his name or any other information. We locked him up in the strongest cell and next morning Taylor would do his best to escape the law. We had carefully measured the tracks in the snow, and when we came to measure the burglar's boots we were satisfied that he was the one who had committed all the robberies.

I did not see Miss Taylor speak to her until the day after the prisoner had been remanded. Then I found that she was considerably interested in the case, and she particularly mentioned the great relief her blind father felt that the bad man had been safely caught. She had seen the burglar in the court room and had almost concluded that in him she recognized a man who was former a respectable citizen of Milwaukee. She had no great curiosity about it, but if not against the rules would call at the jail and get a closer view of him. The jail was open to all during certain hours, but I arranged with Miss Taylor to call after hours, when she would meet with no one to ask questions. The prison part of the jail contained eight cells fronting on a corridor. There were two barred windows in this corridor, and prisoners were seldom locked in the cells. In the case of the burglar we gave him the range of the corridor by day, but locked him in a cell at night. When Miss Taylor called I went with her to the wicket myself. Floss was just lighting up, and the burglar stood at the wicket. Miss Taylor exhibited considerable reluctance to approach, but I began explaining about the cells, as if we had no particular interest in the man, and she finally drew close up to the door. I remembered afterward her calling my attention to the lamp a few feet away, and my going over to it and turning the wick down a bit. When I returned she was ready to go, saying that she was undecided as to whether it was the man or not. When she was ready to go, she permitted me to hold her hand for a moment, and from the tender look in her eyes I realized that I had awakened the flame of love in her heart. Before going to bed that night I poured out my soul to her to the extent of six pages of note paper, and when I fell asleep it was to dream that she had consented to be my darling forever more.

On the next day at noon Miss Taylor took the train for Chicago, saying to some of her friends that she had to run down on business for her father and would return next day. She took a large and heavy trunk with her, but no significance was attached to that circumstance until later. On the morning of the next day Taylor called to our burglar to come to the wicket for his breakfast, and he did not respond. Five minutes later we found we had no prisoner. By the use of fine saws he had cut his way out of his cell and out of the corridor as easy as a man saws wood. You see through the case, of course, and did I; but, dolt that I was, it took me four or five days to get my eyes open. Miss Taylor was that burglar's wife. He was also her "father." When we came to search the house we found his gray hair and other disguises. He was her blind father by day and her burglar

husband by night. As no one had ever seen him except when disguised as her father, he could not be identified when Floss captured him in the jail. The woman visited the jail in his interest, of course, and she no doubt passed the news through the wicket while my back was turned. Outside of the parlor there was scarcely any furniture in the house, and it was found that what there was had been hired by the month in Chicago. We found none of the plunder, but we did find my love letter. She had called at the post office before she went. She had read that letter and written across the envelope: "Owing to previous engagements your offer is respectfully declined."—M. Quad, in N. Y. Sun.

NO BELIEF IN SPIRITS.

An Answer to "Convert's" Letter on His Conversion to Spiritualism.

In last week's issue of PROGRESS appeared an article, which contained an account of the writer's experience in his investigation of the supernatural. He tells how he was induced by a friend, to accompany him to the house of a medium where he was confronted by a relative, who had been consigned to the tomb for upwards of fifteen years. This incident, he claims, changes the current of his beliefs, and from a "hardened sceptic" he at once becomes a devout disciple of spiritualism. He then makes a gallant attempt to bolster up his new creed by adducing arguments, so eminently ludicrous in their puerility and imbecility, that they could not fail to evoke ridicule, and arouse to the utmost the visible faculties of the commonsense, practical and intelligent individual of the nineteenth century.

If such sentiments, as those exhibited in the article referred to, had emanated from the brain of the inmate of an insane asylum it would have occasioned me no surprise, but that they should have proceeded from the mind of an intelligent being, who receives all the advantages, social and moral, which the civilization and scientific research of the current century affords, is to my mind most lamentable.

If the writer had advanced something of a hypothetical nature, and had then proceeded cautiously by an inductive course of reasoning, at the same time carefully pointing out by what means we may be able to distinguish so-called spiritualism from the psychological phenomenon known as hypnotism, then it may be that he would have arrived at a conclusion sufficiently well backed up to satisfy a few credulous individuals as to the authenticity of his statements, at the same time laying the foundation (an unsound one of course), upon which he could base his idiotic and altogether preposterous beliefs.

The writer opens by imploring the public to remain unbiased till they have subjected spiritualism to an *experimentum crucis*, after which he blunders into an exposition of his own gross ignorance and narrow mindedness, by his admission that he regards Dr. Street and Prof. Wallace (two obscure enthusiasts), and others which he does not deem it necessary to name (doubtless because he is unable to do so, and if they were named would, I am confident prove to be of the same calibre, as the two already mentioned), as the expounders of modern science, entirely ignoring the existence of such men as, Huxley, Tyndall and Herbert Spencer, whose efforts (conjoined with the efforts of many others in this and previous centuries, which lack of space renders it impossible for me to name) have at last effected the release of science from the "putrid corpse of superstition" to which it was for many ages chained.

The writer then proceeds to give a detailed account of his initial experience, stating how his dead sister was materialized before his eyes. This appearance is readily accounted for when we allow the existence of the power which one mind may exert over another. This power is made manifest by the fact that it is possible for a person possessing hypnotic powers to transfer to a correspondent mind impressions and ideas which exist only in his imagination, but which assume apparent reality when received by the mind subjected to hypnotic influence. Again, the hypnotist not only possesses the power to transfer impressions, existing in his own mind, but he also possesses the compound power of causing impressions and ideas dominant in the recipient minds to assume a material appearance. From these inductions we may readily conceive how the image of a dead or absent friend may be summoned to our presence, which immediately fades away into nothingness when the influence causing the phenomenon is withdrawn.

The writer of the article on criticism admits that he was breathless with expectation, consequently his mind was under no ordinary degree of tension, which, of course, increased its susceptibility to extrinsic influences.

Judging by the monstrous tales circulated by so-called spiritualists, we find that the spirits generally, it not always appear clothed; for this we have to infer that coats have ghosts, which belief is consistent with that of certain savage tribes who ascribe the possession of a spirit or double, to old garments, tin pans, crockery, etc.—see Herbert Spencer's treatise on synthetic philosophy, vol. 1., chapter 13.

Finally, the new convert adduces an alleged recent case of being overthrown by a school boy possessed of not more than an ordinary share of intelligence. He observes that the existence of mind independent of an organic structure, is less wonderful than the existence of the universe. Fool! Does he not realize that our only ground for rational speculation lies in our own experience? Hence conjectures and

speculations that lead us outside its range ought to be indulged in by dreamers and enthusiasts. We have experienced the existence of mind apart from matter, hence all speculations as to the existence of such a time wasted, since the writer himself admits that he has not yet developed the sixth sense necessary for its comprehension. In all ages there have been dreamers who are ever ready to grasp at a new creed so long as it is sufficiently mystical. These men are for the most part unhappy beings swayed by their own glib imaginations and the opinions generated in the minds of unscientific and fanatical enthusiasts. Such men as these should be prevented from scattering their opinions broadcast as they can not fail to cast a baleful influence upon the minds and ideas of the credulous portion of the community. Spiritualism stands today, as it ever will, the opponent of science and truth, and is but the result of the jibberings of heaven knows how many centuries of idiots. In conclusion let me add that the article to which this is a reply is characterized throughout by pitiable weakness of argument and hopeless unoriginality, as a good many of the sentences of which it is composed may be found in the "Sartor Resartus" of Thomas Carlyle. To attempt the infiltration of reason into an alleged disciple of the Spiritualist's creed, is, I have found, time wasted. In fact they are so infatuated with their new belief that it would be as impracticable to reason calmly with them as it would be to attempt the explanation of Darwin's theory of the Origin of Species, to an oyster. N.

Two Husbands at Her Grave.

There still are to be found in the peerage some few families whose members in past years supplied incidents to swell the pages of romance. Some 138 years ago died one John Lord Dalmeny. The circumstances handed down to us appear to be well authenticated. Some years before his death the Lord Dalmeny retired to meet casually in London a young lady who made a deep impression upon him, and whom he induced to marry him. The happy couple started for a tour on the Continent. It must be mentioned that the union took place without the relatives of either being aware of it. They lived for some time together in great harmony and happiness, but, and to his lady was seized by a serious illness. The fatal nature of the malady being realized, the lady was informed that but slight hope remained for her recovery. When this notification was made to her she made a statement to the following effect:— "I am the wife of the Rev. Mr. Gough, rector of Thorpe, in Essex; my maiden name was C. Cannon, and my last request is to be buried at Thorpe, in compliance with this request the body was embalmed, and the husband, under the feigned name of Williams, brought the body to Colchester. On landing, he was so overwhelmed with grief, it is recorded, that the scene reminded one of the bystanders of a similar scene in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." After a full explanation, the Rev. Mr. Gough was sent for to identify the body of his wife. The meeting between the two men was of a very affecting character. A sumptuous funeral was arranged for and carried out. Kitty Cannon, we take it, must be about the only woman on record who has had two husbands to attend her to her last resting-place. Dalmeny is the title pertaining to the oldest son of the Earl of Rosebery.

Tried by His Peers.

"Pa, what does it mean to be tried by one's peers?" "It means, my son, that a man is to be tried by a jury composed of men who are his equals, on an equality with him, so they will have no prejudice against him." "Then, pa, I s'pose you'd have to be tried by a jury of bad-headed men?" "Never lose sight of an honorable enemy; he will make a good friend."

Ministers and priests have not thought it derogatory to their dignity and standing in the church, to show their people how broken-down health can be restored, and to explain how a new and better physical life may be obtained. Clergymen in Canada who have been suffering from nervousness, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism and kidney and liver troubles, have found a complete cure in Paine's celery compound, and have publicly testified for the benefit of humanity.

A WELL-KNOWN PRIEST.

His Words Have Influenced Thousands in Canada



Clergymen of all denominations have of late done much to benefit the health and general physical condition of our people.

Many good and right thinking men and women are of opinion that the faithful clergyman can in many ways, show to his people the way of health as well as pointing them to the way of salvation.

Men and women, in order to become good and active Christians, should first have bodily health and strength, if there is a possibility of getting these blessings. He or she who struggles with disease and pain, has not power to actively advance the work of our common Master.

How mad and foolish—yes, hypocritical—to urge a starving and famishing man or woman to give up worldly thoughts and sins and look for the peace that cometh from above. To do good, the pang of hunger must first be appeased; then will it be in order to talk of things spiritual.

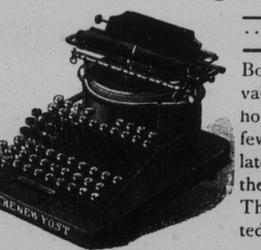
In like manner should clergymen and all good church people deal with the sick and suffering. They must first be relieved of physical agony, before the sin-sick soul is directed to the great Physician. It is cheering to know that our clergymen and many true church people recognize the fact, and are doing a quiet but grand work for those in agony and disease.

As a blood purifier it has no equal, and its beneficial influence on the digestive system cannot be questioned. In view of these facts, I do not hesitate to advise sick persons to give Paine's celery compound a fair trial in the various ailments for which it is recommended. As far as I am concerned I intend to follow up, if possible, the celery treatment until a complete cure is effected.

Many a letter have we received from men and women who have been rescued from death, stating that their clergyman had advised and strongly recommended Paine's celery compound. Never before in the history of any Christian land, has there existed a medicine that has alike interested clergy and people. All speak strongly and approvingly of Paine's celery compound and never hesitate to recommend it. The Rev. A. Ouellet, parish priest of Shediac, N. B., one of the ablest priests of the Lower Provinces, is an ardent advocate of nature's great medicine. The reverend gentleman found in Paine's celery compound a new life that he could not obtain from any other source. He writes as follows for the benefit of every Canadian:— "O! Paine's celery compound I can speak from experience. I had been laid up with fever and rheumatic gout from the fifth of January till the middle of June; hence my system was fearfully run down. I was very thin and so feeble that for weeks I could not move along without help. I then began to take Paine's celery compound according to prescription, and to-day I am as fleshy and strong as I was ten years ago. I do not say that I am radically cured as yet from gout, but the attacks are much less frequent; in fact I have not been one single day prevented from attending to my usual work since that time. I therefore take great pleasure in certifying to the wonderful efficacy of that marvellous medicine. As a blood purifier it has no equal, and its beneficial influence on the digestive system cannot be questioned. In view of these facts, I do not hesitate to advise sick persons to give Paine's celery compound a fair trial in the various ailments for which it is recommended. As far as I am concerned I intend to follow up, if possible, the celery treatment until a complete cure is effected."

MANY A BITTER FIGHT

OVER LEGAL DOCUMENTS ARISES FROM STUPID WORDING AND PUNCTUATION.



Books, newspapers, and all manuscripts furnish proof of the prevailing ignorance of spelling also. And as to composition, how many of us can write clear, crisp and correct English? Very few. Why so? Because the art is not taught in schools, and in later life we cannot acquire it. Leave adults to struggle with the bad habits of years and save the children from a like fate. There are two ways to do this; practice with a pen, which is tedious torture, and a method hinted at by a man who thus notes

THE DAWN OF THE NEW EDUCATIONAL DAY. "I have looked upon the work of a compositor as the best practice possible in the art of spelling, capitalization, and formation of sentences. The necessity imposed upon the compositor to carefully construct words and sentences, letter by letter, according to correct copy (or in case of poor manuscript to exercise his own knowledge of language), and afterward correct his own errors in the type from the proof-sheet, constitutes an admirable drill, to be had only at the printer's case. In the TYPEWRITER we have an INSTRUMENT AT ONCE CONVENIENT AND AVAILABLE in the schoolroom, and nearly approaching the printer's case in usefulness as an aid in what I may call the constructive use of language."

MARSHALL P. HALL, Chairman of School Board, Manchester, N. H.

This is in the line of solid progress. Give your children a piano and a typewriter, if you can afford both, but the latter anyway. Among all the instruments now extant the

New Yost Writing Machine

is conspicuous for its complete adaptation to the purpose. The following are some of the points in which it is superior to its competitors:—Clear and beautiful print direct from the type; wonderful centre-guide alignment; keyboard containing every needed letter and character in open sight; no shift keys; automatic inking system—no ink ribbon; solid and scientific construction; ease of operation.

With a New Yost to practice upon, the boys and girls are sure to grow up knowing how to use their native tongue. We send an interesting descriptive catalogue free on request. Address, IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents:

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Whether herself, to p... annoy some... become a m... day than its... cause thoug... interested in... its settlement... particularly... Curiously e... problem that... written by m... is better qua... warning. "yoursell" is... proverbs sin... judging; we... putting our... effort, but t... scope is to... standpoint a... on that p... some value, e... self. So in... intend to th... vexed quest... To begin w... generalize o... ral proclivit... stancy, or t... certainty wh... the week at... upon the wo... and the direc... "since" N. B... and a sudden... may upset t... meteorologic... couplet: "Different... Some like... applies equal... I know fro... there are wo... indifferent ab... that they wo... presence of t... hair, others... are so to... to be cast o... be compelled... the fitness o... dressing for... table consist... 'ward arrang... nice flat ston... their shells al... hairpin which... and set apart... the office of... better substit... sort of women... to gratify her... own good opi... women ever... when she was... or had her... a certain u... which might... serenity of p... inevitable acc... None knew th... Concord, who... listened with... of a woman wh... of being throu... a feeling of... was powerless... who loves prett... is always wom... loveable, since... and beautiful t... ours, is one o... kind, and thos... be wholly ba... who dresses t... general is rare... herself for... of it is le... Can anything... girl who adorns... her sweethear... wears the color... so happy as h... eyes, who wa... she expects him... her, and can... ing her new w... and pronounce... pretty. Then... smartest garm... is at home, and... together is com... so is the schoo... her dotting fat... But the one w... linen in order... amongst her ow... such luxuries... when she ex... be reasonably... peculiar one, an... disappointment;... had any man b... she cared suff... beautiful, she... head about her... not be without... creation if it is... fashion plate fo... I suppose the... distinct types... womankind, but... ity have a due... when they "pla... themselves"; the

RIEST.

ands in Canada



WOMAN and HER WORK.

Whether lovely woman dresses to please herself, to please the opposite sex, or to annoy some other woman, seems to have become a more burning question of the day than its importance should warrant because though of course, we are all deeply interested in its solution, I don't know that its settlement one way or the other, will particularly affect the welfare of nations. Curiously enough all the answers to the problem that I have seen so far, have been written by man, and I really think a woman is better qualified to discuss it. The old warning, "You must not judge others by yourself" is surely the most senseless of all proverbs since we have no other way of judging; we may upon occasion succeed in putting ourselves in another's place, by an effort, but the most natural process of reason is to look at a thing from our own standpoint and therefore I think my opinion on that particular subject should be of some value, seeing that I am a woman myself. So in default of a better advocate I intend to throw what light I can on the vexed question this morning.

To begin with, it is just as impossible to generalize on the subject of woman's natural proclivities as upon that of man's constancy, or to predict with any degree of certainty what the weather is going to be the week after next. So much depends upon the woman herself in the one case, and the direction of the wind, in the other. "Since a man's will is the winds will," and a sudden shifting from west to east, may upset the calculations of the best meteorologist; and the touching little couplet:

"Different men are of different opinions, Some like apples, some like lions."

applies equally well to women. I know from my own experience that there are women in this world so utterly indifferent about their personal appearance that they would be capable of entering the presence of the queen herself with untidy hair, feathers awry and soiled gloves, while others are so constituted that if they were to be cast on a desert island, and reduced to a diet of raw shell-fish they would still be compelled, by their own dainty sense of the fitness of things, to make an attempt at dressing for dinner even though their toilet table consisted of a mound of sand and their mirror of a pool of sea water; who would arrange the shell-fish carefully on a nice flat stone and then pick them out of their shells slowly and decorously, using a hairpin which had been washed thoroughly and set apart from its companions to fulfil the office of an oyster knife until some better substitute was found. This is the sort of women who dresses to please herself, to gratify her own taste, and to retain her own good opinion of herself, because no woman ever thoroughly respected herself when she was arrayed for housecleaning, or had her bang out of curl; while a certain restful peace of mind, which might almost be mistaken for the serenity of pure piety seems to be the inevitable accompaniment of good clothes. None knew this better than the Sage of Concord, who once said that he had listened with deep respect to the opinion of a woman who said that the consciousness of being thoroughly well dressed imparted a feeling of inward tranquility, religion was powerless to bestow. The woman who loves pretty things for their own sake, is always womanly and generally sweet and lovable, since an appreciation of the bright and beautiful things in this weary world of ours, is one of God's best gifts to woman-kind, and those who possess it could not be wholly bad if they tried. The woman who dresses to please the opposite sex in general is rare, while the one who adorns herself for one particular member of it is legion, bless her heart! Can anything be more adorable than the girl who adorns herself with loving care for her sweetheart; who consults his taste, wears the colors he likes best, and is never so happy as when she is beautiful in his eyes, who wears her prettiest dress when she expects him to spend the evening with her, and cannot make up her mind in choosing her new winter hat until he has seen it and pronounced it both becoming and pretty. Then the wife who wears her smartest garments of an evening when Jack is at home, and they are spending it alone together is common, thank goodness; and so is the school girl who dresses to please her doting father and admiring brothers. But the one who wears purple and fine linen in order to excite the envy of those amongst her own sex who cannot afford such luxuries, is I think, rare, and when she exists at all, we may be reasonably sure that her nature is a peculiar one, and the result of some great disappointment; because if the poor soul had any man belonging to her for whom she cared sufficiently to make herself beautiful, she would never trouble her head about her own sex; and even she may not be without her use in the scheme of creation if it is only to serve as a sort of fashion plate for her sister women.

I suppose these might be called the three distinct types of vanity most prominent in woman-kind, but I believe the great majority have a due regard for all these motives when they "plait their hair and adorn themselves"; they like to look well, they

like their friends to admire them and they do love to have their male belongings think them prettier, and better dressed than other women, so the only conclusion left for us is that it takes all sorts of women, as well as all sorts of men, to make up a world, and it is impossible to judge "women" by any one particular woman.

Bouillon.
Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a granite saucepan, add one-half of an onion sliced. Cook until the onion is thoroughly browned, then add 1 1/2 pounds of finely chopped lean beef—that from the round being best—and 1 1/2 pints cold, soft water. Cover the saucepan and stand it on the back of the stove where the water will slowly heat. Let it come to boiling point, then simmer gently two hours. Strain, pour into the kettle and bring to a boil. Beat the white of an egg with one-half of a cup of cold water until thoroughly mixed. Crush the shell and add it to the egg; add this to the boiling bouillon. Boil for four minutes, stand on the back of the stove for one minute to settle and strain through cheesecloth. Be sure and wring out the cheesecloth in cold water before straining. If the bouillon be too light in color, add caramel, but it must be perfectly clear.

Stuffed Lamb.
With liver sauce, excellent.—Cut out the bone from a shoulder of lamb, taking care not to pierce the skin in removing it. Prepare a seasoning of chopped parsley, thyme, grated bread-crumbs, a small quantity of finely chopped liver, and pepper and salt to taste. Moisten with a little milk, and press the forcemeat into the vacancy caused by the removal of the bone. Sew up the incision, and set the joint to boil upon a moderate fire. Have ready the well-cleaned liver of a fowl or rabbit, boil it for five minutes in a few tablespoonfuls of water, pound it in a spoonful of the liquor, and rub it through a fine hair-sieve. Wash a couple of sprigs of parsley, throw them into a little boiling water with a teaspoonful of salt, allow them to boil, and lay them on a reversed sieve to drain. Then mince them very finely, mix them with the liver, and scatter the combined ingredients into a quarter of a pint of melted butter. Allow the sauce to warm, but not to boil; pour it slowly over the boiled lamb, and send to table immediately. This newly "evolved" American dish has the most delicate and novel flavor imaginable.

Chicken Saute.
One of the nicest dishes for luncheon or high tea is the poulet saute. It is inexpensive, very quickly done and exceedingly easy to cook. Procure a tender chicken or fowl. This is most important, for if the fowl is tough it will be uneatable. Cut up your fowl as follows: Legs, wings, breast, wishbone, the liver and the body, the giblets, which you put in a stewpan, including the wing tips and the remainder of the body, the head and the neck. Cover with three-quarters of a pint of water, add a small onion with a clove in it, salt and pepper. Put the lid on and let it boil till reduced to a teacupful.

Now take a stew or sauce pan, put three ounces of butter in it, brown your fowl in it as soon as it is melted and keep on turning the different pieces with a fork, raising your pan from the fire so that it does not catch. When done, which will be in about half an hour, sprinkle a teacupful of flour all over it, add a little more butter, and by degrees—but only by degrees, or you will ruin the appearance of your dish—pour in the liquor, reduced to a teacupful, then dish it.

Mutton Croquettes.
Take one solid pint finely-chopped, cooked mutton, one teacupful of salt, one-half teacupful of pepper, one cupful of cream, stock or milk, one teacupful of flour, four eggs one teacupful of lemon juice, one teacupful of onion juice, one pint of bread crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of butter. Put the liquid on to boil; mix the flour and butter together and add to it when boiling. Add two well beaten eggs. Cook until it begins to thicken. Add this to the mutton, which has been chopped very fine, with the pepper, and salt, onion juice and lemon juice. Set the mixture away to cool. When cold, shape, roll in egg, then bread crumbs and fry in boiling-hot fat.

Cold Meat Baked With Bread Crumbs.
Take some cold meat, season and chop fine, lay it in a shallow earthen baking dish and cover with bread crumbs mixed with a beaten egg and a little milk. Brown in a hot oven for five minutes.

Codfish Patties.
Equal quantities of boiled codfish, minced fine, and mashed potatoes beaten together with two or three eggs and a little butter. Form in cakes and place in buttered gem pan; butter the tops and bake in a hot oven.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS.—I have found your letter at last, when I suppose you thought I had forgotten it altogether. Your quotation when translated reads thus: "You, plump, dimpled all over, resembling a small parcel of living fat." What a lovely damsel Guy de Maupassant must have had in his mind!

SHUT IN, N. B.—I am very sorry your letter was crowded out before. You do not know what a pleasure your letter was to me, nor how precious a few words of encouragement always are to any worker! Did you try to speak to a companion when you were out walking on a very windy day, and do you remember the sense of helplessness you felt when your words were blown back against your lips, or caught up and blown away as they were intended for? Reaching the ear they were intended for? Well that is the way with so many of us humbler workers in the literary field, I often think. We bring our best to our readers, our ripest experience, our loftiest thoughts, our brightest wit; we spend hours in trying to give them the result of a year's reading in a single page, and we sometimes turn the knife in our own secret wound in order to give them the vivisection. And yet how seldom we reap the reward of knowing that our words touched one heart, or even reached one ear. They are blown away from our lips "and the wind we cannot know." They may be dissolved into the

air and lost, for aught we know to the contrary. And therefore it is a very pleasant surprise to know sometimes that our poor efforts have been appreciated and you can imagine how grateful I am for your kind words about my work, the main object of which has been from the first, to help it possible, and if not, to cheer, those who need comfort. About yourself, how did you become a chronic invalid, and is there no hope that you will cease to be "shut in" some day. You show a brave spirit, and if the spirit really has such an influence over the flesh as scientists suppose you would get well. I think your work is a capital idea and sure to succeed. Write to E. P. Dutton and Co., Publishers, 234, St., New York, or D. Lothrop Company, Boston. I would recommend the former first, they will give you far more information on the subject than I can; and be sure to write soon, before their arrangements for Christmas books are completed. You, I think it was a very large enterprise, even for one in perfect health to undertake. Will you let me know the result, as I shall be very much interested in hearing, and I should be glad to have a letter from you any time.

MABEL, St. John.—My dear girl, I would with pleasure, if I had the least idea, but I haven't. What a pretty idea it was to draw lots, as to who should write the letter. There is no fixed time, the convenience of both parties is all that need be completed. Will some kind friend tell "Mabel" what a "peanut bum" it is and how it is arranged? I confess to being in dense ignorance on the subject myself.

EGLANTINE, St. John.—I am glad you were pleased with the answers to your former questions; it is never any trouble to hunt up recipes when I have them in my collection, but I do not think I have a good one for chocolate cream. The first reliable one I get I will publish, but you have very little idea of the time and trouble required to manufacture them. You are always welcome to this column. I am very sorry I cannot give you the names of the songs. I do not remember hearing either of them. "THORA or IRISON." The original "Thora of Rimol" and her hapless lover, Jarl Hakon, are very old friends of mine, while King Olaf would have been my ideal knight. I think if he had only refrained from giving Queen Sigrid the Haughty that most unparadiseable cuff on the cheek with his gauntlet; but there was a certain nobility and true chivalry about that little performance which I could never forgive him. But to return to your name. You left the "O" out, and wrote Rimol as it were a surname, so it looked very much like Flora Rimmel, and naturally had no significance whatever for me. My dear girl, I feel quite certain that you will not mind me for it, but the very best advice I can give you is to get over your fancy for writing fiction, or anything else, until you have mastered the intricacies of English grammar and spelling. Just try to imagine the effect on my editor of such a sentence as this: "They are inviolable returned." Why, he would simply faint, if he was not very strong, and swear terribly if he was. You little know how much you have to learn before you can hope to write even in the smallest way. I say it in all kindness, but the very first requisite is a fair knowledge of English as it is spoken and written and I really think from the style of your letter that you are much too young to have acquired that yet. You must never use "high flown" language either but express your thoughts in the simplest, words possible. I don't mean to hurt your feelings but you see I ought to throw a little about the subject, and as I am trying to give you the benefit of what I do know.

S. A. G., Fredericton.—You are most welcome back again, and the paper is all right and much easier to read than a number of small sheets. I do not expect the girls to write and thank me for their answers, though I am always glad to hear from them. So you need not apologize. I—Well no, I could not do very well, because you see it was the editor, not I, who abolished the "dear old column," of which I was so fond, and when he says a thing is to do so he won't feel slighted and out of things generally, because editors like to be deferred to a little especially by members of their staff. Seriously, though, I am afraid there is no hope of going back to it. 2.—I have looked for the song, but failed to find it. There is nothing so hard to find as a song or a fragment of poetry, there seems to be no tangible starting point and you see I ought to keep track of such numbers of them as I write every year that it is impossible to keep track of them, while a poem, unless you have the first line, is almost as bad. Yours is comparatively well known, I think, but I cannot place it. 3.—Nearly every one uses slang now-a-days to a greater or less extent, but of course vulgar slang is always to be condemned. (4)—Many of them are utterly unfit, but others are beautiful, notably "Under Two Flags," "Pack," "A Dog of Flanders," and I think, "Bete, or Two Little Wooden Shoes." (5)—I think if they can whistle well, that is a most praise-worthy accomplishment. I can whistle tolerably well myself, so perhaps that is rather a compliment. I can whistle tolerably well. I think so. (6)—Well, yes, rather. She might wear it in a thick braid caught up again and tied, or else in a simple twist at the back of her head, but the way you speak of is very pretty. No, you did not ask too many and there is no danger of my forgetting you; I am always glad to hear from you. Did you ever hear of cocoa butter? You can get it from any druggist. Get a little, melt it carefully, just a tiny bit melted over the lamp will do, and apply it with a fine camel's hair brush, to the roots of the eyelashes; it is excellent. I hope "Dolly" saw the recipe for preserving rowan berries, in last week's Progress, though it was not in my column. Some friend kindly sent it to us.

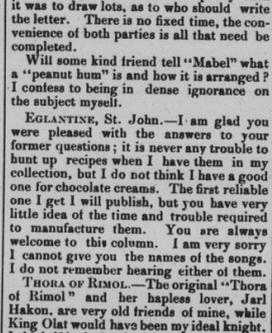
Society Omelet.
At a recent entertainment given by the members of the Boston Cooking Club, the gentlemen were invited to appear in full dress at the residence of one of the leading members. Upon arrival they were received by the servants and ushered into a room, in which two tables were set. On one were ranged ten small loaves of bread, each with a designating mark, but conveying no hint of the maker. The second table was laid with plates and forks. The company were requested to form two committees, as bread judges and omelet tasters. Badges had been furnished the guests, consisting of sprays of wheat for the committee on bread,

A Locomotive

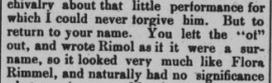
Doesn't have to whistle all the time in order to make its presence known. By the same token it isn't necessary for us to wearisomely reiterate the word BARGAINS, yet we have them constantly. Intelligent customers who make careful comparisons, will find that when QUALITY and STYLE are considered our prices are the lowest. And what is a Shoe worth, pray, which does not possess style and quality? Then there is our Guarantee—it ought to be worth something to a customer. Do not be misled by sensational advertising as to prices. You cannot know what there is in the market until you have inspected our stock of BOOTS AND SHOES.

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Articled

With heliotrope ribbon, and artistically designed white satin hems for the omelet committee members. In the meantime the fifteen members of the club, all young girls from the highest rank of society, were busily engaged in the kitchen preparing dainty omelets for the delectation of their male friends. Each girl could never forgive him. But to return to your name. You left the "O" out, and wrote Rimol as it were a surname, so it looked very much like Flora Rimmel, and naturally had no significance whatever for me. My dear girl, I feel quite certain that you will not mind me for it, but the very best advice I can give you is to get over your fancy for writing fiction, or anything else, until you have mastered the intricacies of English grammar and spelling. Just try to imagine the effect on my editor of such a sentence as this: "They are inviolable returned." Why, he would simply faint, if he was not very strong, and swear terribly if he was. You little know how much you have to learn before you can hope to write even in the smallest way. I say it in all kindness, but the very first requisite is a fair knowledge of English as it is spoken and written and I really think from the style of your letter that you are much too young to have acquired that yet. You must never use "high flown" language either but express your thoughts in the simplest, words possible. I don't mean to hurt your feelings but you see I ought to throw a little about the subject, and as I am trying to give you the benefit of what I do know.

Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Exhaustion and Stomach Trouble.

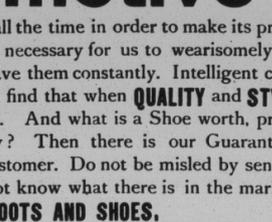


My daughter, Mrs. Mars, has been suffering from the above diseases for years, and employed all the leading Physicians in Rockland and specialists in Boston, but got no relief. They said it was caused by a bad state of the blood. She could not sleep nights; bowels constipated, and palpitation of the heart so bad she could hardly walk. She has taken 4 bottles of Skoda's Discovery, and SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS. Now she can work every day, eat well and sleep soundly. I can never express my gratitude. MRS. S. E. CROWELL, Rockland, Mass.

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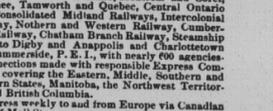
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EQUITY SALE.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, ON SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday, the 29th day of September, A. D. 1893, in a cause therein pending wherein Anna M. Jordan, Administratrix of the Estate of Thomas Jordan, deceased, trustee of all and singular the goods, chattels and credits which were of Thomas Jordan deceased, at the time of his death and Anna M. Jordan, are Plaintiff, and Elizabeth Sharp and Thomas M. Sharp, I. Arthur Sharp, Annie T. Sharp, Alonzo J. Sharp, Minnie H. Boyce, William Sharp and Grace P. Sharp are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, duly appointed in and for the said City and County of Saint John, the mortgaged premises described in the said Decreeal Order as:

"ALL THAT CERTAIN PIECE OR PARCEL of land, situate and being in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, fronting on Queen Street, and being forty feet on the said Street and extending back one hundred feet preserving the same breadth to the rear, bounded on the map or plan of the said City as lot Number One Thousand and Thirty three (1033) the said lot being on the Corner of Queen and Wentworth Streets and having been conveyed by Timothy Daniels and his wife to Gilbert Jordan by deed dated the Twenty-fourth day of December, A. D. 1882." For terms of sale and other particulars apply to Plaintiff's Solicitor. Dated the Twenty day of October, A. D. 1893. C. L. CLARENCE H. PREGIBON, Referee in Equity. C. N. SKINNER, Esq., Q. C., Referee in Equity. Plaintiff's Solicitor. W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.



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WHEN A HORSE IS SOUND.

POINTERS FOR MANY BUYERS OF GOOD AND BAD HORSES.

Gleason Gives Some Good Advice Regarding the Purchase of a Horse and Explains When He is Sound and When He is Not Sound.

In meeting with so many unsound horses in my journeys about the United States, I am awakened to the fact that I might enlighten many of my readers by my original methods of detecting all of the unsound points of the horse. In doing this I do not intend to make use of any scientific terms that belong to the veterinary college, but instead of which it will be my aim to use plain, matter-of-fact language, and that which would generally occur in any and every community where people reside. I admire and endeavor to improve that noble animal so highly esteemed by man. In doing this, it is certainly not my object to induce the reader to entertain the idea that I belong to the veterinary school. If, perchance, the reader should entertain the idea, let me disabuse his mind with regard to it. The veterinary college is an institution of a very high order, and one worthy of the patronage of the rising generation, and should receive the encouragement of the whole world.

How to examine the horse.—In the first place use your own judgment and do not listen to what your neighbors say. If you are in a locality where you can get a good veterinary to examine him, I would advise you to do so, unless you consider yourself fully qualified; if such is the case with the reader, I can only say go ahead.

Have the horse led out of the stable, as all horses should be examined in the open air. The first of all look to his age. For ascertaining the correct age of the horse you will find it laid down elsewhere in this book. Open the horse's mouth, look at his grinders and see that they are in a proper condition. Next examine his eyes, then his ears, running your fingers carefully in them to see that there is no unnatural growth of warts or bunches such as wens, etc., which could not otherwise be discerned, as there by many horses have been rendered deaf from such causes. Take your right hand, place it on the top of his head and feel for the effects of Polleivi, or any sores of any nature that may be there. Then run your hand back to his withers and examine for any marks of the surgeon's knife or fistula, also while examining the mouth, look carefully for any marks or scars that might be the result of the knife. Now run your hand on the horse's back to the region of his kidneys to ascertain if there is any weakness there. Now stand directly in front of the animal, and see if he has a full chest, and that his shoulders are both alike. Now look at his fore feet and see if they are both the same size.

Now pick up his feet and see that the frog is of a yielding and tender character. See that he does not have "Thrush," which you can detect from the offensive odor arising therefrom. Now look on the inside of his front leg and see whether he has splints or any unnatural enlargements of any character or nature. Now, examine the hind legs for bone spavin or any enlargement of the hock joint, such as blood spavins, bog spavins, thorough pin, curb, etc., etc. Examine the leaders and tendons. Now have the horse trot at a slow and also a quick pace; then take a side view of the same action. Then have him backed quickly and led up quickly, keeping your eyes on his hind legs, looking for spring halt. Now have him turned around short, looking for any weakness about his front legs, which will exhibit by dragging one of his limbs. Also examine his throat and nostrils, looking for any disease that might be located there.

The ears of a horse should be small; broad between his eyes, with a large and full hazel eye, perfectly level and straight from the forehead down to the nostril, with a large, full nostril and thin. Size of the animal varies according to what you want to use him for. The bones of the horse's leg should be flat and with very little flesh upon them, showing the cords and leaders perfectly. The foot should be of a flat nature. I have found those of more lasting kind. The foot that connects easiest is of a high wall and closed heel.

The reader may be assisted in reviewing the following list of common terms used in expressing the unsound points about the horse:

- Contraction of the foot.....Unsound
- Thrush in the foot.....Unsound until cured
- Toe crack.....Unsound
- Quarter crack.....Unsound
- Corn.....Unsound
- Flat foot, when sole has dropped.....Unsound
- Pomace sole, or any nonformation of the laminae.....Unsound
- Callousness upon the knee, caused by a horse being down, or otherwise, is an evidence of unsoundness.
- If the knee is swollen, but no wen or protuberance of a callous nature, sound.
- As to the eye, any disease, even from the slightest cold or inflammation, until it be completely cured, has resulted in total blindness, stamp the animal as unsound.
- In short, a horse with either not actually perfect is unsound.
- Ringbone.....Unsound
- Canker in the foot.....Unsound
- Windgalls I consider not in the full sense of the term unsound, but rather as a blemish brought on by overwork or strain.
- Curb.....Unsound
- Spavins of all natures and kinds.....Unsound
- Capped hocks.....Unsound
- Rheumatism.....Unsound
- Thorough pin.....Unsound
- Blood spavin.....Unsound
- Stringhalt.....Unsound
- Low hip or any protuberance of the hip.....Unsound
- Grass heels, until cured.....Unsound
- Cracked heels.....Unsound
- Enlargement of the hind leg, or what is technically termed "Elephantine".....Unsound
- Weak back.....Unsound
- Knuckling of the pastern joint, or sprung knees.....Unsound

Stumbling, which is caused by the weakness of the tendons.....Unsound
All enlargements of the sinews or tendons.....Unsound
Heaves, or broken wind.....Unsound
Cough, until cured.....Unsound
Crib biting.....Unsound
Wind sucking.....Unsound
Heaving, a nervous affection not necessarily infectious but more of a habit.
Surfeit or mange.....Unsound until cured
Glanders.....Unsound
Strangles.....Unsound
Colds and distempers, until cured.....Unsound
Enlarged joints.....Unsound
Soft enlargements on any part of the limbs.....Unsound
Sore shoulders or galled backs.....Unsound until cured
Horses where the shoulder has shrunk or perished; it is caused by inflammation of the tendons, originating in the foot, and they are unsound.

Wounds of every nature, until cured.....Unsound
Scars of all kinds, if properly healed, not leaving a bone fracture, are sound.
Horses who have cut their quarters when speeding, or when lying down in the stall and the shoe fell, are unsound until cured.

Roman backed horses are the most durable animals we have.
Saddle backed, hollow backed and low backed horses may be considered sound, but are nevertheless an eyecore to the owner.
Wall-eyed or moon-eyed horses, if not sightless, I consider sound.
All humors arising from impurities of the blood or otherwise, I consider an evidence of unsoundness until cured.

Pigeon foot horses, or horses toeing in, unsound, being an unnatural development, liable to cork themselves or interfere.

GOING OVER THE LINE OF TRAPS.

An Old Woodsman Recounts the Events of a Winter Day in the Great Maine Woods.
"There are times in the life of a Maine woods trapper," said Capt. Barker, who is an old-time Maine woods trapper himself, "when he'd rather catch sight of his old log camp in the wilderness than run up against a gold mine, for the camp at such times can do for him what all the gold mines on the face of the earth couldn't do—save his life. If you had ever tried trapping in the Maine woods in the depths of winter you would know what I mean. For the sake of an illustration, just imagine yourself trapping there, say along in the month of December. There is a foot of snow on the ground. It doesn't require much imagination to see a foot of snow on the ground in the Maine woods in December. You might multiply it by three and get nearer the truth. You have two camps, and if they are fifteen miles apart it will be nothing unusual. Leading from one of these camps to the other you have two lines of traps, one to the right, over the hardwood mountains, where there is good ground for the sable and fisher-cat and the other to the left, up a brook and around a small pond, where the otter and beaver and mink work in their various ways, and then up another brook valley to the camp.

"Early in the morning you take your axe and rife, your bag of bait and lunch, and follow the mountain line of traps, while your partner takes the valley line, or vice versa, as the case may be, but the result will be the same. The expectation and calculation is that you are to meet each other at the camp before dark. You go up into the mountains. It begins to snow about 10 o'clock. Your partner has no difficulty in following the valley line, for the creek shows the way, and he will get to camp before dark, cut the wood, and at night, get it in, build a fire, and prepare for getting supper, expecting to hear you stamping in before long. But things go different with you on the mountain line. There is more snow up there than in the valley. The travelling is hard. The traps need a good deal of setting over and fixing, for the wild cats have been busy along the line, robbing you of a sable here and a fisher there, which otherwise would have been your well-earned trophy. Then a fisher, fast in a trap, has dragged it away into the woods, and it takes you a good hour to get it. A light wind drives the fast-falling snow against the trunks of the trees, and it sticks there, so that in a couple of hours or so you can't see the blaze marks on them until you have brushed off the snow.

"By and by you find a blazed tree, and then look ahead and try to make up your mind which tree the next blaze is on. You pick out a tree that you think is the one and brush off the snow. No blaze there. Then you go on to another tree, perhaps off to the right, and brush again. No blaze there. Some distance ahead, off to the left, you see a tree. That must be a blazed tree surely, you think. You scrape the snow off of that tree. No blaze there. And then you go on hunting here and there for the next blazed tree, until at last you find it, only to have to repeat the proceeding, perhaps, before you locate the next one after that one on your course. All this takes much time and annihilates but little distance, and almost before you are aware of it darkness begins to fall around you. You have lost the line altogether, now. You don't know whether it is to the right or to the left of you, but you do know that you are still a long way from camp. You have a compass, but as you don't know your course it is of no use to you.

"By this time you have begun to think that there is a good chance for your having to lie out on the mountain that night. You slip your hands into your pocket to make sure that your match box is all safe, and feel a little faint when you fail to find it. The likeliest explanation for its absence is that it slid out of your pocket while you were sleeping in your bunk last night. Never before have you realized the importance of always being sure that you have everything that can possibly be necessary on a tramp when you leave camp. "Your situation now can't be described as a pleasant one. The damp snow through the day, together with the perspiration due to your hard working, has wet your clothing through and through. By and by it stops snowing. The wind has shifted around into the northwest and is blowing a gale. The snow comes piling down from the trees upon you, and it hurts, for it is frozen. The fast-scudding clouds look white and

fleecy, and you occasionally see a cold-looking star up through them. The mercury is liable to tumble down to 25 or 30 degrees below zero before morning. It is madness to think of lying out. You must get to camp or die.

"You are struggling on through the snow and night, fully conscious of the peril of your situation, when suddenly you hear the report of a rifle. No one who has never been there knows how sweet the report of a rifle can sound to his ears when plunging aimlessly about in the darkness, lost in wintry woods, and what a change it can make in his feelings on the instant. If you ever want to hear music that is sweeter than the swell of the grandest organ, let the report of a rifle come to your ears under circumstances such as those. At first you find yourself rushing in the direction from which the sound came. Then you stop suddenly. The awful thought comes over you that it was not a rifle shot you heard; it was only your own imagination. But that your nerves are jumping you are losing your senses under the strain. Then there is what seems an age of torture, but it is really only a moment. Then you hear the report again. This time you no longer doubt your ears or your senses. It is your partner, uneasy at your tardiness, and fearing the cause, signaling in hope that you will hear. You answer with a shot, and stride on for camp, knowing that you are saved.

"By and by you come out in sight of the camp. Bright sparks are shooting up in showers out of the smoke hole. It is but a rough, rude log hut, but so dominated palace of kings could awaken such joy within your breast as that same hut, with its blazing fire. The finest dinner that was ever spread could never taste as good as the meal of flapjacks, venison, and black coffee that your partner has ready for you when you knock the snow off your eyes and go in. And no downy couch ever brought such rest to mortal man as that bed of spruce boughs on the cabin floor will bring to you."

THE FRENCH SPY SYSTEM.

The Government Cling to the old System of Paid Informers.
After all that has been said about the villainy of the police system under the Empire, which rendered it almost impossible for anyone to be safe from espionage, even in private life, it might well be supposed that the Republic had done away with this machinery for discovering and weaving plots, so much more suited to the age of Louis the XI. than to the nineteenth century. It remains, however, very much what it was thirty years ago. These things do not change in France. Governments go, and governments come, and these are succeeded by others, but the old abuses—they must be thought good by some people—cling to the ship with bar-nacle-like tenacity. French official organization is about the most steadfast thing in the world, although all French people to whom you may speak on the subject agree that it is very bad. It is almost as difficult now as it was under the Empire to be certain that a man whom you may meet, either in society or out of it, does not belong to the secret police. All over the country there are mouchards—a term expressing something stronger than spy. I have been incompetent enough to spy in the provinces. On one occasion I made a rather long stay in a lively place where there were two hotels in fierce rivalry. One day a brigadier of gendarmes came over from a neighboring town on purpose to make enquiries respecting me. He did not trouble me, but he questioned my people as to how I passed my time, about how much I spent a day, what sort of meals I had, and whether I appeared to have more money than I knew what to do with. The fact was I was suspected of being a spy in the pay of a foreign government.

As I tried to get to be the best whenever there is anything of this kind in the air, I got myself driven over to the gendarmier, which was about eight miles off, and there had it out with the brave brigadier. I soon discovered that an informer had been at work, and that the informer and his partner, the keeper of the rival hotel, who for years had been receiving pay as a member of the secret police. Situated where he was, he must have been absolutely useless in that capacity, but at one time he had doubtless done a service to somebody. It is especially in Paris, however, that the secret police is supposed to be indispensable. Every government wishes to be kept well informed as to all that goes on in the enemy's camp. Such information can only be obtained from those who are willing to play the part of a traitor, or whose position enables them to observe that is going forward without exciting suspicion. They are to be termed "indicators," and may belong to either sex. When the Boulangist movement was convulsing France, the government had a great advantage over its opponents by the hand-ling of the secret fund and the secret police. Boulangier's footsteps were dogged everywhere. They are to be termed "indicators," and may belong to either sex. When the Boulangist movement was convulsing France, the government had a great advantage over its opponents by the hand-ling of the secret fund and the secret police. Boulangier's footsteps were dogged everywhere.

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An important point in this system is to make the "indicator" feel sure that whatever happens he will not be betrayed. The Minister of the Interior or of Justice never asks the names of those by means of whose espionage certain political information has been gathered. The money given for dark services is paid from hand to hand in cafes or other non-official places by commissionaires and the name of no auxiliary outside of the ranks of the regular police ever appears in a book. It is impossible for the government to do without this abominable system, so opposed to the ideal of a democratic state?

Gold Will Be a Drug.
Recent experimental borings in the Witwatersrand gold fields in South Africa reveal the existence of enough gold in the region alone to supply all the yellow money wants of the world for many centuries to come. The borings were carried down to the depth of 2,500 feet, and show the existence of eight blanket beds of gold bearing ore averaging six feet in thickness each. The basin for which this holds good has a circumference of 400 miles and an area of 12,580 square miles. At fifteen feet to a ton, this is computed to contain ten and a half millions of tons of ore. At the very low value of \$7.50 per ton, the yield of gold would be \$79,000,000,000,000 (seventy-nine trillion dollars), or \$50,000 for every man, woman and child now living on the face of the earth when it is all extracted.

An Escape From The Zenana.

From Mrs. Frater, one of the devoted ladies who is laboring among the women secluded in the zenanas of India, comes the following account of an escape: About a fortnight since a young unmarried woman from a Kulin Brahmin family left her zenana. She is an only daughter, a bright, intelligent, handsome girl of nineteen years of age. We have visited her for three years, but a year ago she felt the power of God's love in her heart, and from that time ceased to worship idols, thus frequently incurring her father's anger. Two or three weeks ago she asked us if she might come out of her zenana and confess Christ, as she believed in Him. Many difficulties were in the way, but she was determined; so the night after the Holi festival she quietly forsook her old home and its religion for a new and untried world. Two hours afterwards we met her and took her to a place of safety. The following night she was brought down to Fyzabad at her own wish. On Tuesday, her father, who is a bigoted, Hindu, came down and laid a complaint before the magistrate that she had abducted the girl for the sake of her jewels. He said, "The girl is only thirteen years of age," upon hearing which the girl spoke up and said, "Father, I am nineteen, you told me so last week." The magistrate asked for her birth certificate; the father said, "It is lost." The girl looking straight at him, said, "No, father, you know it is in the box at home." Finally the magistrate, having satisfied himself as to her age, gave us permission to take the girl away.

An Estimate of Cleveland.
"What is it that is so impressive and overwhelming about your friend, Governor Cleveland?" said a distinguished politician to the late Daniel Manning, at a time when Mr. Manning was with great skill directing the politics that had Cleveland's first presidential nomination in view.
"I do not know what it is, but I know that it is there," was Mr. Manning's reply. "My political intuitions are infallible," said Governor Tilden, after a single interview with Mr. Cleveland; "and I am of opinion that this man is of somewhat coarse mental fibre and disposition, but of great force and subornly honest in his convictions."
"His name should be Petros," Mr. Blaine once said of Mr. Cleveland, "for when he has once formed opinions he stands upon them with the firmness of a granite foundation."—McClure's for Nov.

During medieval times a woman who had nothing when she was married escaped responsibility for her debts. Women were then often married in a single garment to relieve themselves of indebtedness. A young and noble German lady of the sixteenth century, to make assurance doubly sure, had the marriage ceremony performed while she was standing in a closet, entirely divested of clothing. She put out her hand through the crack of the door and was thus married.

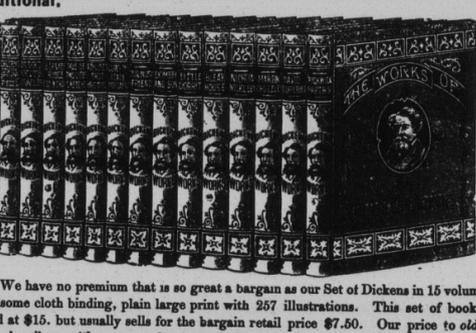
The man who is above his business may one day find his business above him.
He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.

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STOLEN BABY SHOES.

It was 1813. We had fought with our neighbors, and having now every one against us, it was our turn to be hard pressed. I belonged at that time to a regiment besieged in the town of Danzig.

man I bring back to you honor the money given me for this purpose. "Saying this he pulled from out of his pocket the handkerchief that served as his purse. After many efforts, in which teeth as well as nails came into requisition, he slowly untied the knot, looking at me sideways as he did so.

slowly, and made the sign of the cross across his lips. "That is a secret," he replied, "I may not tell you if I would; but you see it was not cowardice made me act as I did."

BORN.

New Glasgow, N. S., Oct. 18, by Rev. Archibald Bowman, Alexander Dunbar to Grace Thompson.

DIED.

St. John, Oct. 31, John Gallagher, 53. Halifax, Oct. 23, Nicholas Foran, 80. Moncton, Oct. 27, Mrs. James Dever, 55.

RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. TRANS-PACIFIC STEAMSHIP LINES. VANCOUVER for JAPAN, CHINA, & C.

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On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY.

On and after MONDAY, the 18th SEPT. STEAMER CLIFTON. COMMENCING September 14th, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston as follows: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY mornings at 7.35 a.m.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I. [Phoness is for sale in Charlottetown at S. Grey's Bazaar Co., and Carter's Bookstore.]

ST. MARY'S.

Oct. 31—Rev. J. R. S. Parkinson and family have moved from St. Mary's, and are residing in one of the new cottages on Neil street, Gibson.

LINCOLN, SERRERY CO.

Oct. 31—Miss Lillie Glasier has returned home, after spending some weeks in St. John.

ST. GEORGE.

[Progress is for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien.]

COCAIGNE.

Oct. 30—Miss Annie Dyrart went to Moncton Saturday, where she intends spending three or four months.

BEAR RIVER.

Oct. 23—Last Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's father, Miss Ella Miller was united in marriage to Mr. Will Rogers, of Wolfboro, N. H.

Advertisement for Dr. Harker's Wild Cherry Coughs, Croup, Hoarseness, Influenza, Bronchitis. Includes text: 'Ladies continually seek the fashion plates for some new and becoming gown...'