

PROGRESS.

Board of Works

81A, 99

VOL. V., NO. 225.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HIS WORDS OF WISDOM.

MR. SAMUEL SCHOFIELD'S OPINIONS ON MEN AND THINGS.

He Allows a Suit against Him to Go to Trial and Does Not Defend It - Letters that Helped to Make Up the Evidence in the Case.

Money has not been very plentiful in St. John this summer, so some of the people who are in business say. Collections have not been easy, and though there has been no immediate cause for alarm, the condition of things has been such that every fraction of the circulating medium will be sharply felt.

To withdraw nearly \$50,000 from circulation in a moment and to send it out of the country to enrich already rich men in England is therefore no light matter. It means the interest on a sum more than twice as large as would effect all the proposed harbor improvements, or build a substantial bridge across the harbor.

Yet this sum, or to be more exact, the sum of \$48,000 is the amount that will go over the water if Mr. Samuel Schofield draws a cheque or purchases a bill of exchange to liquidate the verdict given against him at the suit of Antony Gibbs, Sons & Co., of Liverpool. The case was finished this week, and the jury assessed the sum due at the figures quoted. It was \$18,000 more than the plaintiff claimed, for the damages in the declaration were laid at \$30,000.

Up to the hour of going to press Mr. Schofield had not paid over the amount. Until he undertakes to do so nobody will apply for an injunction to restrain him from creating a panic in the money market by such a rash act.

The suit covers transactions between the parties from 1882 to 1887, when Mr. Schofield became the victim of commercial disaster. In the year first named he arranged with Gibbs & Co. for a credit, he drawing on them from time to time and forwarding cargoes of lumber and giving mortgage security on his vessels. This credit amounted to some \$50,000, and when Schofield failed he admitted large indebtedness to the plaintiff's agent. He disputed it later, however, and so the case went to trial.

In the ordinary course of things when a man defends a lawsuit he has some defence, but in this instance there was none. Mr. Schofield neither gave evidence for himself nor produced evidence on his own behalf. His lawyer was kept busy, however, in objecting to every piece of evidence introduced by the plaintiff. The judge said that this extraordinary conduct was without a parallel in his experience, and in other words expressed his opinion in very plain terms.

It is not to be wondered that Mr. Schofield objected to some of the documentary evidence produced, in the form of his own letters. It is a mooted question whether he shines to greater advantage as a board of trade orator or as a ready letter writer, but his letters on all subjects far outnumber his orations. In his dealings with Messrs. Gibbs he wielded a facile quill, and covered a wide range of subjects. His advice on various topics of interest was freely given, and his comments on men and things must have convinced his correspondents that, apart from any question of climate and season, there were no flies on Mr. Samuel Schofield.

Usually, when his letters were of any special value, they were marked "private," and Mr. Schofield doubtless supposed that such a mark would exclude them as bits of evidence. He was mistaken. As these private letters contained frequent admissions of his indebtedness, Messrs. Gibbs considered it advisable to make use of them, and so they with all their sage reflections on the integrity of commercial life in this part of the world were put into the case. Mr. Schofield does not appear to have had much of an opinion of anybody in the shipping business outside of himself, and in one instance he seems to have been on the point of getting discouraged at his efforts to reform the world in general and St. John in particular. He writes that he has practically wasted three years of his "valuable time," and he laments at the methods in which his fellows go wilfully astray from the high standard of commercial morality which he has set up. In the summer of 1884, for instance, his tranquil spirit seems to have been exceedingly vexed by the loose business methods of a certain Alexander Gibson, who apparently had not sought the advice Mr. Schofield would gladly have given him as to the management of his affairs. Mr. Schofield undertook to enlighten Messrs. Gibbs as to the public estimate of Mr. Gibson by sending a complimentary notice of that gentleman's business published in a daily paper, explaining that the papers liked to tickle Gibson's vanity, and he was glad to have them do so, but that the men in the shipping business simply laughed at such stories. The truth was, he asserted, Gibson wanted to make a show of the biggest shipments even though he lost by it. Then

MUST RESIGN HIS SEAT.

JUDGE SKINNER MAKES A CHOICE OF TWO POSITIONS.

The Attorney-General had no hand in appointing him Judge of Probates - Reasons Why St. John Will Have Another Election for the Commons.

Everybody was glad to see Attorney General Blair in town this week. His very looks were a source of comfort to his supporters, and the words which he uttered to some of them had all the effects of the judicious pouring out of a can of oil on a troubled mill pond.

For, truth to say, some of the St. John supporters of the local government have not been happy. They have had to swallow Mr. Charles Nelson Skinner, M. P., as judge of probates, and the dose has not agreed with them.

Mr. Blair was in Europe when his wicked partners chose to ignore the claims of the supporters of the government and give the office to Mr. Skinner, who had no earthly claim to it, except that it seemed to be a pity to let it go out of the Skinner family.

There was, however, an impression among many people that Mr. Blair had been communicated with by cable and that he had agreed to the appointment. Such a belief was calculated to do him no particular good, but it was a belief which gained strength as time went by and nothing was heard to the contrary.

Mr. Blair settled the matter this week by declaring that he had not been consulted in the affair, and had heard nothing of it until he got a letter from his son saying that Mr. Skinner had been appointed. The appointment did not please Mr. Blair, and it is quite within bounds to say that it would not have been made if he had been in a position to decide the matter.

This statement fully exonerates the attorney general from any blame in connection with this most extraordinary appointment, and the responsibility must rest wholly with the wicked partners.

The question of whether Mr. Skinner should hold both the position of judge of probates and representative of St. John in parliament has been discussed at some length by the daily press. So far as Mr. Skinner is concerned, he would no doubt be quite willing to serve in the dual capacity, but the public sentiment has been that he should take his choice and give up one or the other. While it is possible he might be very ready to accommodate his political belief to suit any party or occasion, the public have taken a somewhat different view, and Progress is now in a position to state that the opinion of the public will be regarded to the extent that Mr. Skinner will hold only one of the positions. He will not again take his place in parliament.

So far as can be gathered, the matter was put so squarely to him that he could not help seeing the point, which was that if he chose to serve his country at Ottawa, it would be the plain, if not painful, duty of the local government to appoint another judge of probates here.

The probate judgeship is worth a great deal more per annum than a seat at Ottawa. With the absolutely iniquitous fees permitted by law it is a very snug berth for any man. Besides, Mr. Skinner can hold it for life, if he chooses, while no such good fortune would be likely to attend him as a representative of St. John, on either side of the fence.

So Mr. Skinner has decided to resign his seat in the commons, in preference to being fired from the judgeship. It is not likely that he will resign at once, as that would look too much as though pressure had been brought to bear, but it is certain that his seat will be vacant at a reasonably early day.

This will mean another election in the city and county of St. John in the near future. Isn't it about time for the junior liberal-conservative club to begin to hustle?

Not What She Expected.

One of the lectures in connection with the Summer School of Science, not down on the programme, was by a Nova Scotia school teacher. It was in the natural history society's rooms, and quite a number enjoyed it. During the day some of the animals got shifted round, and it happened that the moose got under the kangaroo's label. The Nova Scotia school teacher came around to it in the course of her investigations, and instantly gave every evidence of surprise. She said she had no idea that a kangaroo looked like that and proceeded to air her knowledge of the animal kingdom to the amusement of all in the room.

Put a Bell on the City Hall.

Box 26 is on the city hall and a key is in care of the janitor. As the janitor lives in the top of the building and there is no bell which he can be aroused, that key is practically not accessible to anybody who discovers a fire in the night. There ought to be a doorbell on the building, or a speaking tube leading from the street to the janitor's bedroom so that he can be aroused if he is wanted.

AN ELEVEN YEAR OLD AGENT.

The Bright Little Girl in Harcourt Who Sells "Progress."

PROGRESS has spoken once before of a bright young agent it has at Harcourt station, but few people know that it is a young girl of eleven years to which the credit of this is due. When PROGRESS started she was only seven years of age, but as the years have passed there has been a steady increase in the sales of the paper, until to-

RAWLINGS DRUNK AGAIN.

THIS TIME AT THE SECOND FAIRVILLE FIRE.

He was Saved From an Excited Crowd by a Newspaper Man who Took Care of Him - Time That he was Discharged From the City Police Force.

Captain Richard Rawlings, captain of the police force, has been at it again.

Drunk again, and this time in Fairville. The night of the Fairville fire there was another sensation in Fairville; the crowd that gathered to watch the flames in their destructive course was diverted by the spectacle of a police captain from the city so drunk that he did not know what he was doing and so insulting to the people of Fairville that for a time he was in danger of being mobbed.

It does not appear that the protective force of Fairville stood in need of any assistance, though if Captain Rawlings had gone there with that object no doubt his act would have been appreciated. But as it was he went there in such a condition that it required much of the attention of Officer Hennessey and some good-hearted newspaper men to protect him from the violence of the excited crowd.

If Rawlings had kept quiet he would probably have been treated the same as any other drunken man under the circumstances. There was too much to look after to pay attention to drunken people, but instead of minding his own business he seemed to possess the peculiar idea that all Fairville was under his especial protection and that no person had a right to be on the sidewalk except him. His very general commands and the flourishing of his revolver excited the wrath of the people and they turned on him. It would not have taken them long to run him across the suspension bridge had not a morning newspaper representative saved him from the indignity by taking care of him.

PROGRESS has spoken so often before of Rawlings' tricks and offences that they are not new to the people. But the sight of a captain of the city police, who it is said was in charge of the force at the time owing to the absence of Chief Clark, going to Fairville during a serious fire and disgracing the city by his drunken acts is surely sufficient to warrant his discharge.

This is a matter worthy of the attention of the public safety committee who should see to it that the chief of police does what is right and proper under the circumstances. There is a general impression that the chief for very good reasons has no wish to discharge Rawlings - in fact that he dare not do so on account of the well-known "log book" that the latter carries. The friends of the chief deny that this is so and say that when Clark is ready Rawlings will go. The time has come "Mr. Chief;" the people agree with PROGRESS that the good name of the city and the police department requires that the officer who has disgraced both should walk the plank.

It will be interesting to note Chief Clark's action in this matter. By doing nothing he can win much condemnation; if he discharges Rawlings the people will applaud him.

He Couldn't Squeeze Through.

A rather amusing episode occurred in No. 3 fire station last Sunday morning. It seems that the driver of No. 3 engine is away on his vacation, and a substitute is doing duty for him. The "sub" is a stout, fleshy man, and therefore not quite as active as he might be. When the alarm struck on Sunday morning for the Humphrey-Baillie fire the new driver was the last to get to the sliding pole. All the other firemen had reached the engine floor some seconds before and were busy hitching up the horses, etc. All of a sudden, just as the hose reel was about starting out for the fire, they were startled by a great "racket" overhead, and on looking up for the cause discovered the driver jammed, hard-and-fast, in the hole for the sliding pole. Those who saw the burly form of "Aleck" frantically struggling in mid air, vainly endeavoring to squeeze through either one way or the other, could not help indulging in a hearty laugh at his expense, while at the same time they made all haste to extricate him from his disagreeable dilemma. Perhaps it might be in order for the corporation to enlarge the holes through which the men have to go on the sliding poles, or establish a standard for "sizing-up" all who may become attached to the companies and have to sleep in the engine houses.

The Interest in Military Drill.

The growing popularity of the artillery with the young men of the city was fully attested at the parade this week. It was the largest and best turnout of the kind seen in the city for many years, and the marching and drill of the men showed the interest they take in making the brigade a model one. The artillery band has also made wonderful strides forward and under bandmaster Horsman has become one of the largest and best musical organizations in the provinces.

Luxuries Are Expensive.

In the case of Gibb vs. Schofield, tried in the circuit court this week, no less than 375 papers were put in evidence by the plaintiff and the clerk's fees amounted to \$90. The trial occupied five days. It costs ten cents to file a paper and ten cents to have it read.

Yardmaster Irvine, of the I. C. R., believes in enjoying all the luxuries possible for a man in a government position. In warm weather he has a weakness for ice, and as he lives near the railway yard and a consignment comes to St. John every day, he is able to indulge his fancy. Getting a daily supply of ice has apparently been placed on his list of duties to be performed, for he attends to it with remarkable regularity. When the car is being unloaded he usually manages to have enough to satisfy his whim, then the car is shunted down the yard opposite his house and the yardmaster's supply unloaded. The men about the station and railway yards all have a weakness for ice in warm weather, but are not so fortunately interested as the yardmaster.

He Gets a Daily Supply.

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CUT THIS OUT

Silver Service Coupon.

To the person who Sends in the most of these Coupons by Saturday, September 24, PROGRESS will present a handsome Silver Service of seven pieces, Quadruple Plate, Guaranteed, valued at \$45

CUT THIS OUT

CHIEF KERR GETS EXCITED.

The Fireman's Relief Association Wanted to Have a Picnic, But He Objected.

During the last eight months over \$1500 have been paid in benefits by the Firemen's Relief association. This has been quite a drain on the funds, and some of the members thought that a grand picnic would give them a boom. At the meeting Tuesday evening the matter was brought up and a motion that the association have an excursion was carried with but one dissenting voice. That was the chief of the department. He was opposed to the picnic idea, and said so in plain terms. One of the firemen thought that his influence might be of service in making arrangements for transportation, and said something to that effect. Then there was a scene. The chief got excited and gave vent to his opinion of picnics and certain members of the department that was totally unexpected. He was determined that no picnic should be held under the name of the department or in any other way, and dared the association to make a move in that direction. It got so exciting that there was a possibility of something more than words being exchanged. The meeting ended very unsatisfactorily, but the chances of a picnic by the Firemen's Relief association are said to be meagre.

GOT THE OLD MAN'S MONEY.

A Transaction that May be All Right or Possibly All Wrong.

The particulars of what appears to be a peculiar affair have been furnished PROGRESS by a person impressed with the idea that there was fraud of some kind in the matter. An aged couple, residing in the North End, have for some time past been unable to agree and have lived separate and apart from each other. Both are quite infirm, and the man who is past 80, can only walk painfully by the aid of a stick. He has, however, had about \$1,000 in the Savings bank, but it is there no longer, and nobody seems to know just where it is. The story is that an enterprising lawyer of this city, to whose methods PROGRESS has had occasion to refer in the past, induced the old man to sign a paper which now proves to have been a power of attorney to the lawyer to draw and invest the money. It is alleged that the old man did not clearly know just what he was doing, and that his son being away from home he had nobody to advise or caution him. Whether the lawyer wanted the money to give to the old man's wife, or whether he "invested" it with some of his other investments cannot be learned. It is quite possible there may be two sides to this story, but whatever may be the truth, it seems pretty certain that the old man has put the money out of his hands and would be glad to get it back.

Above the Electric Lights.

The men who look after the arc lights that illuminate the city see some strange things when they get up in the world. One of them has been particularly interested in watching the progress of a number of sparrows in increasing the feathered population. The birds find the large cones above the lights excellent spots to build nests in, and the men seldom disturb them. The heat from the light makes it comfortable in the cool of the evening, while during the day the cone is a shield from the hot sun. Several broods have been raised this summer from one pole on Brussels street.

Anxious About His Dollar.

The North End man who got ahead of a New York green goods sharper a short time ago has had another letter from him. The New Yorker is evidently anxious about his dollar and wants to know if the man who got it means business. He furnishes further credentials to the effect that he is alone in the business, and, although 70 years of age, has never been caught. The North End man has concluded his part of the business and is no longer interested.

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Excursions

Monday,

7:30 a.m.,

1:30 p.m.,

arriving

at 10 p.m.

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and delivered

Excursions

No. 3

Princess St.

Prince Wn.

Hotel, St.

McPEAKE,

Superintendent.

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N SERVICE

16th, 1892.

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Portland, Boston

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17:10 a.m.,

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10 p.m.,

CASUAL OBSERVATIONS.

Little Things of Interest with Crisp and Timely Comments. There is a good deal of style about the average St. John man...

Talking about straw hats reminds me of an investment made a few weeks ago by a man whom I see every day.

One day last week the weather got the best of him. At noon the sun had thrown off all encumbrances and gave every evidence of having come to stay.

It is a long walk to the Bay Shore on a warm day, and people with it necessary courage to undertake it.

When picnicking comes into consideration Amherst deserves a word. The City Cornet band took a big excursion there Monday.

Although more or less chance entered into all the games, St. John had to furnish the only fakir of the occasion.

I heard a good story the other day about a Kings county farmer whose stock of bright ideas is large enough to carry him through a more thickly populated part of the world.

A book came to PROGRESS office this week for review. The man to whom it was given read a few pages of it and found himself somewhat at sea.

THE SPANISH CELEBRATION.

Its Promoters Can Show Much to Remind One of Columbus. The story of Columbus and the discovery of America, although known in a general way to everyone...



countries of the old world will be represented at Chicago, but will not do all their celebrating at the windy city.

it. The work is remarkable for the number of words it contains of six syllables strung together with others of eight or nine.

OF INTEREST TO MASONS.

Notes and News of the Fraternity in New Brunswick and Elsewhere.

The 26th triennial convocation of the grand encampment of Knights Templars of the United States will be held at Boston in 1895.

The freemasons of Halifax are preparing for a big bazaar in that city in June next, to raise funds to reduce the debt on the temple and increase the fund for benevolent purposes.

There is another point which is worthy of consideration. The cemetery is three miles out of town and many people refrain from joining the ranks because of the inconvenience to which they are put by the long walk.

Among the features of the Knights Templars' convocation at Denver was a boys' parade, over a mile in length, and several of the divisions were "uniformed in exact imitation of the full regalia of a knight."

Don't Forget the Season for Bartlett Peas, Peaches, Grapes, Blueberries, Tomatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Sweet Corn, etc.

Columbus spent his time before and after the great voyage. The illustrations show the convent of La Robida, where Columbus prayed before sailing...

The Santa Maria was the vessel commanded by Columbus on the expedition. It was the largest of the three ships, having 90 feet keel and four masts...



visitors many places of interest, where stern, having besides a poop 26 feet in length, beneath which was the armament of heavy guns...

All Go to the Museum.

New features are the rule at Rufus Somerby's parlor museum, and this week more than ever will be introduced.

INSTRUCTION.

Ontario Business College, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Twenty-fourth Year. 32 Provinces and States have been represented at this famous institution.

Ladies College and Conservatory of Music.

Principal—Miss Margaret A. Mus., L. C. M., assisted by the Misses Haydon. Subjects of study—Thorough English, Mathematics, Science, French, German, Latin and Greek...

ROTHESAY COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.

Principal—His Lordship the Most Rev. The Metropolitan of Canada. Patron—His Honor Mr. William Ritchie, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada.

Having engaged two of your graduates in shorthand and typewriting to do work for me on the Royal Commission, I am pleased to state that I found them thoroughly proficient in every way.

(Signed), F. S. SPENCE, Secy Dominion Alliance. Send for Circular to S. E. WHISTON, 95 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S.

St. John Academy of Art.

Drawing and Painting, Sketching from Nature. 65 Prince William Street. Send Stamp for Circular, J. H. C. MITTS.

INSTRUCTION.

Snell pays the fare of any student that holds this coupon No. 88, whatever the distance.

MOUNT ALLISON LADIES' COLLEGE.



Conservatory of Music, Sackville, N. B. The 33rd year begins September 1st. Courses of study are provided extending from the primary branches through the whole University curriculum to the degree of B. A.

HALIFAX LADIES' COLLEGE and Conservatory of Music.

SUBJECTS OF STUDY. I. LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC:—English, Mathematics, Science, French and German, Latin and Greek, Italian, Calisthenics, Shorthand, and Typewriting.

Cambridge House SCHOOL.

ARMY COACHING ESTABLISHMENT, 30 SALTER ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

Special facilities for bringing on junior and backward boys; Senior Pupils prepared for the Army and Navy, and for the various examinations held by the various military and naval authorities.

Head Master—MR. H. M. BRADFORD, M. A., (late scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge; 21st Wrangler.)

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Drawing and Painting, Sketching from Nature. 65 Prince William Street. Send Stamp for Circular, J. H. C. MITTS.

We Have 7 Brantford Bicycles which we will sell at 25% discount as we do not want to carry over till next season.



- 1 Style B Tangent Spokes, hard Tires, Spade Handles, Price \$110.00
1 No. 640 Hard Tire, Direct Spoke, 80.00
2 Style C Cushion Tire, Direct Spoke, 120.00
1 Style D Cushion Tire, Direct Spoke, 110.00
1 Style A Cushion Tire, Tangent Spoke, 135.00
1 Style B Pneumatic Tire, Tangent Spoke, 145.00

If you want any order quick, we will have no more this season. They are all new machines, in first-class order, fully guaranteed. W. H. THORNE & CO. Market Square, St. John, N. B.

Bargains in Second-hand Bicycles.

Table with columns: Name, Size of Wheel, Tires, List Price, Present Price. Includes items like VICTOR SAFETY, BRANTFORD, SPECIAL SINGER, GIANTESS, BRANTFORD High Wheel, NEW RAPIDS.

New Wheels—SINGER SAFETIES with Cushion or Pneumatic Tires. Only a few left. C. E. BURNHAM & SON, St. John, N. B.

Do You Use Nutmegs?



If you do, use a grater that will not clog, nor drop the Nutmeg, nor tear the fingers, but grates every particle of Nutmeg. The EDGAR grater is the only one all this can be said about. Mailed to your address for 25 cts.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

P. S.—We have a few Wooden Flower stands, nicely finished, at \$1.25 and \$1.50. Just the thing wanted when you bring in your plants in the fall.

Season, 1892.

Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Ammunition, and all SPORTING REQUISITES. T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 AND 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

FOR SALE. One Singer Special Safety bicycle, 1892 pattern, cushion tires, etc., only in use short time, in first-class condition. Apply to Box 524, Halifax, Aug. 20, 14.

FOR SALE. FRESHLOD PROPERTY. A fine lot of 100 ft. front on St. John's Street, 100 ft. deep. For further particulars enquire of Miss Balfour, 17 Orange Street, Halifax, N. S.

A FLAT with modern conveniences, wanted in central part of the City; rent not more than \$200. Address, DEARBY, care PROGRESS, July 29, if.

\$20 FINE line of English Tweeds at twenty dollars a suit. Dark Colors, plain and checked patterns. Good value. A. GILMORE, Tailor, 72 German Street.

ADVERTISING. IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE, VERTISE anything, any where, at any time, write to GEO. F. POWELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce Street, New York.

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT OR BOARDING. Transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 75 Sidney Street—Miss. MELNICK, May 7.

STAMPS WANTED. USED before collection, on the outside envelopes, preferred, also want pairs and blocks, on and off envelopes for my collection. Actually the highest prices paid. Particularly want some New Brunswick 75d. provisional (note to Great Britain). Send list of what you have for sale. Sheets of stamps sent on approval to collectors. H. L. HART, 71, Gt. George Street, Halifax, N. S. June 11-14

CARD. QUIGLEY & MULLIN, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc. Offices: Ritchie's Building, Business Street, St. John, N. B.

R. F. QUIGLEY, DANIEL MULLIN, LL.B., Ph.D., L.D., Massachusetts. Commissioned Notaries. St. John, N. B., Aug. 18, 1892. P. O. Box 563.

H. B. ESMOND, M. D. (F. S. C., LONDON, ENGL.) CHRONIC DISEASES SUCCESSFULLY TREATED. No. 14 MARKET SQUARE, HALIFAX, MAINE.

CANCERS removed without the use of the KNIFE, loss of blood or pain. Old Sores and Ulcers permanently healed. Write for particulars.

ESTIMATES GIVEN. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. All kinds of Painting and Decorating for exteriors and interiors promptly attended to.

Opera House Block.

CORNELIUS GALLAGHER, St. Painter, 88 ST. PATRICK STREET.

For an instant Mr. Fagan to his eyes, then the music crumpled the bit of his hand, shut his first Strangely enough, the first by the interlocutor read a "Well, Barney, how is "He's gone." "Gone? Do you mean "Yes, he's dead." "Well, he had an uprig "Yes, and he died up hung."

Those in the wings who the circumstances watch closely, but all the change test were the hard lines in jaw, which showed even th

MUSIC.

An excellent entertainment in the Centennial school the Summer School of the being the violin solo Ogden, of Boston, who delighted everyone was here last June, and this occasion, both the secured. The first piece by Hilbert, was the audience, which and selection as a very rare amount of music to be heard before the opportunity of hearing this the Opera house.

Another nice instrument for the violin play is, by the way, leading music orchestra. As was, as usual, very good. Jones' rendering of the and recitations were given by the organist, Mr. Mulr's "St. Nicholas" order was especially happy of various attitudes, and the congregation of much surprised at having the services on Sunday sung to play after opinion, it tended to as a very interesting and irreverent behavior on the part of the clergy. Some of the same time, to put a stop seems to be a very fair to an organist, while policy on the part of the on its offertory, which have been compromised future the organist usual.

ing to the washer attend the stone church so, all well, tomorrow will also hold the service at the Mission church in St. John's, and the Holy Communion, sung, and the "Hallelujahs." During the from "St. Nicholas" will be played. All the music has been taken from the "St. Nicholas" released under Mr. C. M. day evening. All the church prepared and copied, and while the new scenery for ceeding under the able hand.

The military bands at the music was very good Monday and Tuesday evening. The priest in charge of the made a slight change in the directions in the church as organist; Miss G. M. organ for some time under the and declined the position. Andrew Kirk, which has been a feat.

Should Mr. C. M. G. M. will be very much pleased to have such an orchestra, as has made such immense for directions in the church as organist; Miss G. M. organ for some time under the and declined the position. Andrew Kirk, which has been a feat.

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TALK OF THE TOWN.

Thos. E. Shea and at the Opera house. Tangled Up. When a few weeks ago a storm. Nobody knew the fun was unexpected enjoyable. The comers, but there is refinement makes it somewhat average modern art in the company contribute fun-making, and not a efforts to force the humor. A careful interplay does the work, and Mr. are thoroughly acquainted.

Boxes cost from \$5. theatres. A seat in the \$2.50 and a seat in the \$1.75. Full dress is \$3.00. Full dress is \$3.00. Full dress is \$3.00.

While the Cleveland in Norwich, Conn. touching incident concerning those who apparently heart in their efforts force their gayety their power.

It will be remembered first part of the entertainment and Barney Fagan are in their places on the end. Strangely enough, the first wings made up and ready orchestra was beginning was his cue, when a messenger telegram. Mr. Fagan yellow envelope and read "Father is dead. Con

For an instant Mr. Fagan to his eyes, then the music crumpled the bit of his hand, shut his first Strangely enough, the first by the interlocutor read a "Well, Barney, how is "He's gone." "Gone? Do you mean "Yes, he's dead." "Well, he had an uprig "Yes, and he died up hung."

Those in the wings who the circumstances watch closely, but all the change test were the hard lines in jaw, which showed even th

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRAMME for an evening in Halifax at the following places: KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, 24 George street; MONROE & CO., Barrington street; CLIFFORD SMITH, 111 Hollis street; ANDREW BURNS, Halifax hotel; HATTIS & MYLUS, Morris street; CORNOLLY'S BOOK STORE, George street; BUCKLEY'S DRUG STORE, Spring Garden road; POWERS' DRUG STORE, Opp. I. C. R. depot; G. J. KLINE, 107 Gittington street; J. W. DOLEY, 211 Brunswick street; F. J. GRIFFIN, 11 Jacob street; F. F. MERRIVERT, 145 Pleasant street; H. SILVER, Dartmouth street; CANADA NEWS CO., Railway depot; HENRY & CO., Granville street; F. J. HORNEMAN, Spring Garden road; J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth, N. S.

On Tuesday afternoon all the world flocked to the Wanders grounds to see the finals played in the tennis tournament. The day was perfect, and in a setting of green trees and turf, with an exquisite blue sky overhead, pretty women looked lovely and plain ones passable. Very few of the latter, however, were to be seen, and there were no very smart gowns such as were plentiful on Thursday last, when most people were on their way to Mrs. Day's garden party, people as a rule, looked very nice. There was intense excitement and much applause for both sides during the hard fought "mixed doubles," in which the contestants were Mrs. Reader and Mr. Drew vs. Misses Wylie and Wylie; and the latter came off the winners after a pretty played game.

Sir John Ross presented the prizes, which took the utter form of medals. Miss Fergie goes back to Westville this evening, and she has these tokens, which she has certainly deserved. This tennis tournament has among other things, proved a very thorough test of good temper and good breeding, and a word or two must be said about the conduct from St. John's in this connection. Their behaviour was certainly a shining pattern and example to people nearer home; accepting their varying fortunes with unflinching courtesy and good humor, among them one of their lady players was especially noted for the pretty and sincere good feeling with which she congratulated her conquerors. But every one did not stand the ordeal so well. One gentleman had an attack of childish temper, and was extremely heated when things were going against him. The ladies (in some very few instances it must be said) lost the polished manners for which they are noted in polite society. All, however, that ends well, and the tournament has been a thoroughly successful one, and a very interesting one in point of weather, which was not to be managed. The Wanders certainly proved themselves capital managers, and a prettier sight than the grounds presented on a fine day, with its level lawn dotted all over with little groups of ladies in light summer dresses, with here and there a scarlet parasol to brighten the picture, could not be found in the Maritime provinces.

Next week we are to have more cricket matches, this time with a Boston eleven as opponents, with whom the Philadelphia cricketers have just been trying conditions, and coming off winners. After that the Wanders' lacrosse team will go to St. John, and it is Halifax people wish to see and encourage this Canadian sport, they will be obliged to go after it.

Miss Satter and Miss Edwards left on Monday last for England, where Miss Edwards goes to school and Miss Satter makes a visit to her sister, Mrs. Carter, until the time fixed for her marriage with Captain Sear, late of the Leicestershire regiment, and now of the Egyptian Grenadier.

Two other marriages, which will take place this autumn, are those of Miss Thompson and Dr. Andrews, R. N., and Miss Lithgow and Mr. Guy Hart. The latter wedding is, I understand, fixed for September.

Sir James Home, whose refusal by one of the prettiest and most charming of Halifax ladies was conjectured last summer, has consoled himself in a very thorough manner. His engagement is announced to Miss Amy Green of San Francisco, who for the past year has been first on the list of American beauties in London. Miss Green almost on her first appearance attracted the notice and admiration of the Prince of Wales, and her career has been a very triumphant one. Sir James Home, as he is properly known, is claimant for the baronetcy of Dunbar, and the barony of Home of Berwick. He was born in 1811, and served for a time in the Black Watch, in which regiment he did some service in India.

Miss Henry, who has been spending some time in the country, has returned to Halifax, looking indifferently the letter for Westville air.

Mrs. J. Taylor Wood gave a very pleasant dance on Wednesday evening, the success of which was not at all impaired by there being other things going on. The night was a very fine and warm one, and Mrs. Wood's pleasant little garden, which is so delightfully cool between the dances. There were a good many Americans present, friends of the hostess, who are making short visits to Halifax, and certainly had one of the very nicest houses in the town open to their guests there.

Mrs. Hyland, wife of Senator Hyland, and her Miss Mary Knibb, was in Halifax for a few days on her way to Lunenburg. She was one of the guests at Mrs. Day's garden party on Thursday last.

Several people have taken advantage of the fine weather which has but just arrived to give picnics. Mrs. James Morrow had a small one on Thursday for her sister, Miss Macdonald, and I hear of a camp fire picnic to be given at MacNab's Island. I hear that the cruise of the *Joule*, *Hymn*, *Indie*, and *Batavia* has not been the most fortunate one, solely on account of the very prevalent rain, and most constantly, and has so far delayed their return.

I regret to be obliged to chronicle the death of Mrs. Bremer after a long and painful illness of some two years. Mrs. Bremer was a daughter of the late Judge Des Barres, and a sister of Mrs. Hoke, the second wife of Rev. Dr. Hoke, the late rector of St. Paul's church. Throughout her long illness Mrs. Bremer was untiringly nursed by her daughter, aided latterly by Miss Des Barres, her sister, who with the remainder of her family have the sympathy of the community here.

The dance on Friday night of this week at Bellevue, which was, I hear, intended to be a small one, was swelled into unusual proportions, chiefly on account of the kindness of the host and hostess in including in the invitations a number of the friends of present in Halifax. Major Ferguson and Mr. White both being absent, did not materially affect the success of the dance, which was in every way pleasant and well managed.

The ambulance cases are in full tide just now, but not altogether with their emotions and sit out unpleasantly; others also have been obliged to flee hastily on occasion, but all the more greatly to their credit as persevering bravely in their search after the very useful and sensible knowledge imparted to them by Dr. Lees-Hall.

The engagement is announced of the Rev. Laurence Shey, curate of St. Paul's, to Miss May Kellogg. Miss Kellogg has been an energetic worker in St. Paul's parish and Sunday school, and her marriage will doubtless land fresh souls of work open to her.

Mrs. Shepard, of New York, has been making a short visit to her daughter, Mrs. John Miller. Mrs. Shepard is a very dear relative to Mrs. Soane and the Vanderbilts, and is noted even in that circle for her exquisite dressing. Her toilettes have been much admired during her stay here.

Last Friday was a very full day, socially speaking. In addition to the tennis tournament the officers of the *Pyrites* gave a large party for which they had not, unfortunately, the very best of weather. Some few people were unable to go on account of the tennis tournament, but it was, nevertheless, a very cheery and successful picnic.

I hear that a large photograph was taken by Notman at it, guests and hosts being included in one large group very successfully. The party got home about eight o'clock, in good time to finish up the evening at Mrs. Charles Wylie's, who was giving one of her pleasant little dances for her friends from St. John and Westville. It was a very jolly evening, unfortunately, but that did not in the least affect a very well managed party. By the way, St. John weather is no longer a thing about which Halifax people can afford to scoff after the week of rain and mist to which we have been treated our visitors from that city. The entertainment of Thursday night at the Yacht club was one of the things most lamentably affected by the weather, and many a sport given is to be laid to its charge.

On Tuesday evening Sir John Ross had a large dinner at Bellevue; and on Wednesday evening Mrs. James Morrow gave another, which was, as are all her dinners, very prettily and daintily arranged.

On Tuesday the *Pyrites* took their departure much mourned by a large section of society. For a small ship, the *Pyrites* does a very great deal of entertaining, and does it remarkably well.

The *Tardis* is bringing with her an old friend to Halifax, Dr. Merkle, who will be remembered by the general public as having been instrumental in getting up the performance of the *Pirates of Penzance* by local talent some years ago; and setting it up, remarkably well.

Mr. J. F. Satter, M. P., and family have gone to Lunenburg in their Yacht *Dido*, but I understand they will make only a short stay.

The marriage took place on Wednesday morning at St. Paul's church, of Mr. William Dunbar, ex-mayor of Halifax, and Miss Jane C. Jennings, of

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Victoria, B. C. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. Stappan, who came to Halifax for the purpose. Mr. Hugh Mackenzie was best man, and Miss Lizzie Mackenzie bridesmaid. The happy pair left for Prince Edward Island immediately after the ceremony. The bride's dress was a white tulle affair, and she carried a bouquet of white roses. I hear that Mrs. Mackenzie is exactly half a century the junior of her husband, who certainly carries his years well in his case.

The Women's Exchange, which has been so much talked of and so much needed in Halifax, will, in a week or so, be an accomplished fact. Besides the plain sewing and fancy work which members will be allowed to send for sale, home made cakes, jams, and other things can be ordered. Now, would you suggest to the managing committee, if they have not thought of it, that to take in need for forlorn bachelors would be a money making idea. We all know how socks are dished by washer-women, and how nothing else ever is mentioned by those hard-worked females. And an only voice in an idea of a single gentleman of my acquaintance when I suggest this branch industry.

All the most prominent ladies of St. Mary's are deeply interested in the bazaar for the benefit of the Gible house, which is to open on Monday next. Most of the work, and especially embroidery and fancy needlework that has been seen is of very excellent stamp and very handsome. Mrs. J. F. Kenney is, I believe, one of the principal ladies at one stand, and as usual with anything she has a hand in, her booth will be extremely well patronized. An excellent feature of this bazaar is that one will be able to get a hot meal every evening from five o'clock, no small inducement to country patrons. There was a small gathering at the R. A. and G. mess on Tuesday for tea and tennis, after the finals had been played off at the Wanders' grounds. The *Yule* returned from her cruise to the westward on Wednesday afternoon.

There is to be a new departure at the race meeting of next week. Nothing less than a race for mid-hipmen, for which the prize is to be given by Mr. S. Zink. Egyptian darkness prevails as yet, as to whether this is a foot race, or a horse race, but I hear some entries have already been made.

AMHERST. PROGRAMME for sale at Amherst, by George Douglas and H. A. Billock.

At 11.—Despite the fact that the weather of the past week has embraced every undesirable to be found in a summer calendar, there have been entertainments on a very large scale.

The sporting men are doing all in their power to keep our reputation in that line, and the various laurels won this week have added greatly to the already large number. A walking match with our neighbors, which was arranged for the latter part of the week, and was largely patronized, Mr. Bell winning the honors for all the numerous friends, many of whom chucked over a full pocket but did not succeed in their sanguine expectations. As it is a proverbial fact that horse racing, generally speaking, is the height of Aristotelian ambition, all naturally feel highly elated at the result of the races in St. John. Mr. J. R. Lamy, whose horse was not in the race, was accompanied by his step-daughter, Miss Tighe. So great was the reputation of our horse, however, that the name of the colt, in many cases, is of quite as much importance as training a baby. It seems a pity that we are not to have the races this year which are always so much enjoyed.

The excursion of the City Comet band from St. John on Monday was deserving of a special blessing, for the rain which had fallen incessantly for two

days held up as noon as if for their particular benefit; although the town was not just up to its standard of beauty, it endeavored to make up its hospitality what it lacked in that way. The beautiful complexion of our fair sisters by the sea were greatly admired, and the music of their fine band was equally as good as that of the A. M. B. The base ball match between the Y. M. C. A. club of St. John and our boys was one of great interest. Good playing was done on both sides, but the Amherst boys felt that they must add another honor to the list for the week so did their best and won gracefully. The ladies of the C. church catered to the tastes of the many visitors in a beautiful manner, though hardly expecting them in account of the weather.

The gun tournament opened today and a great many strangers are in town to take part in the shooting. Every care has been taken to have accommodation provided for the ladies who generally favor them with their presence and many attractive costumes have been made for the occasion which I hope will be a success.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Pugsley and Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Hillson and daughter have gone to Charlottetown to attend the races. Mr. Pugsley's horse "Sir Charles" is one of the contestants.

On Tuesday Mrs. Courtney Bliss and her niece, Miss Dixon of Moncton, returned from Pugwash where they have been practicing for the past few weeks. Mr. Herbert Biden has returned from a vacation spent with friends in Digby.

Mr. J. M. Towshend who has been visiting friends in Gagetown for the past month, returned home on Friday last to the great satisfaction of his many friends.

Miss Turnbull is the guest of Mrs. E. T. Biden, Victoria street.

Mr. A. W. Bateson and Dr. Hall, who went to Halifax to play in the tennis tournament, have just returned and the laurels were not for them in the Capital.

Senator and Mrs. Dickey arrived home on Sunday evening after a rather long passage.

Mrs. J. Strohman, who has been visiting friends in Pugwash, returned home on Tuesday.

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Mrs. A. C. Munro came home last week to a visit to her home in Bear River, where she went to enjoy the delightful cherry season of that famous valley.

Mr. Hans Logan has recovered from his illness sufficiently to be able to drive out.

Mrs. G. H. Miner and daughter have gone on a visit to their friends at River John.

On Saturday Miss Campbell came home from a pleasant visit with friends at River John.

Mrs. A. Black returned on Monday from Hampton.

Mr. Strickland, who has been in Amherst for the past four years, as governor to Miss Fullerton, has accepted a position in Canada.

Miss Anna Cleary returned today, after an absence of several weeks which she spent visiting friends in Amherst and other towns in Annapolis Valley. The last three weeks were spent in Halifax.

Mr. Ketchum was in town a few days this week and returned to Tidnish on Tuesday, where she and her sister are spending the unusually warm season.

Mrs. Griffin and Mrs. McLeod, who have been enjoying a fortnight at Shediac returned on Monday. Mr. Griffin and Mr. McLeod went over on Saturday and accompanied them home.

Congratulations are being bestowed on Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Case on the arrival of their first child.

Mrs. Ames Fordy, whose health has been gradually improving, returned from a visit to her mother, who has been suffering from the same ailment, and is now at home.

The sports to be provided for the "fair" are very attractive and not limited in number. A good watch is in prospect for some of our most charming belles who may have the most admirers, but the grand annual engraving attraction will be the company of many of our most charming belles who have devoted their time to the "flag drill." Their very graceful and beautiful dancing, and the music of the various national airs of the countries they represent.

PAKBORO. PROGRAMME for sale at Parkboro Bookstore.

At 11.—Sleepers were aroused at an early hour this morning by the martial strains of "Marching through Georgia." The music proceeded from the band of the 93d, which had arrived by train with the Knights of Pythias, from Springfield, and they that were using for the first time, had to go on board the *Hiwassee* for a trip to Spencer's Landing, where they were to spend the night.

Mr. and Mrs. Beat, of Amherst, were at the Queen for a day on the arrival of the *Pyrites*.

Mrs. Sleep, of Amherst, is visiting Mrs. I. L. DeWolf at Port Greenville. Miss Gladys Fairbanks, who has been in the town since the Grand Central with her brother is also the guest of Mrs. DeWolf.

Rev. Mr. Robbins, of Truro, took Rev. Mr. Dill's place here on Sunday and delivered a lecture last evening on Fun and Finance. Rev. Mr. Dill went to Truro on Saturday, returning on Monday.

Rev. S. Robbins went today to Pugwash to deliver a lecture.

Mr. and Mrs. Uphan gave a pleasant dance on Friday evening for young people.

Mrs. Taylor, of Middleton, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Griffin.

Mr. and Mrs. Uphan gave a pleasant dance on Friday evening for young people.

Mrs. Geo. Lynch has returned from a very pleasant visit to Annapolis.

Judge Savary and wife, were in town last week.

Miss Estelle Whitney and Miss Jennie Whitney have returned to their home after a pleasant visit in Digby.

Mr. Herbert Biden returned to his home in Amherst Friday. While here he was the guest of his son, Mrs. J. Arch M. Ilgen, Myrtle house.

Mrs. Digby Bonnell gave another of her very pleasant dances to a large party of friends on Tuesday evening. The costume of the ladies were very handsome, and time prevented me from giving a description or a list of those present.

HUBBARD'S COVE. N. S. At 11.—Hubbard's Cove has lately been unusually gay. Its customary society has been enlarged by the arrival of guests from different parts of the world. The elite have extended their hospitality and the season has been a continued round of gaiety.

Last week was opened by a grand ball at the Somerset house. The orchestra under the leadership of Creighton Paulshofer, M. D., performed a select and appropriate programme. Among so many fair ladies was hard to decide who carried off the honors as belle of the ball. Many thought that a certain young lady from a town on the banks of the Aro was the brightest and shiniest light of the evening. Refreshments were served at midnight.

The engagements are somewhat so pressing that it causes a clash. Thursday evening witnessed one of these, much to the regret of the young people, who decided to spend the evening at the rectory, where they had a scrumptious time.

The lay reader of Hill Cove has frequently taken the guests of the Somerset house in his steam launch, and his fine team has been at the disposal of the young ladies.

The four jolly fishermen have employed various tactics in the district of the weary inhabitants. The bill of amusement has been lengthened considerably by the arrival of Mr. C. G. L. Fellow.

Mr. Percy Coleman, of Halifax, is at the Somerset house.

Capt. and Miss Stamer are visiting their sister, Mrs. A. W. Shattford, who has returned from Halifax.

Miss Farris Shattford spent last Saturday in Halifax.

Last Saturday night a boating party took place, which closed with an informal ball on the wharf by moonlight.

Mr. S. W. Holt and Mr. C. B. Gordon of Everett, Mass., are guests at Mr. B. L. Gordon's.

Mr. Thomson of Halifax is the guest of his sister, Mrs. J. R. Fritz.

Miss Louise Dakin of Boston is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. C. Shreve.

Messrs. Frank Burns and Haley Morrison are here on a vacation.

Miss Lottie and Edith Corbett, of Annapolis, are visiting at Mr. W. H. Stewart's.

Mr. W. F. Meacham is home from New York on a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Dakin, of Annapolis, are visiting Mrs. Dakin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Burns. Mrs. Burns has been quite ill, as a consequence.

Messrs. Kate Watson, of Malden, Mass., and Miss Jessie Hopkirk are visiting at Mr. Geo. Stallings'.

Prof. G. A. Fischer, of Providence, R. I., is among the visitors.

Miss Minnie Barrill and Miss Carrie Dexter, of Weymouth, were in town on Thursday, also Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Barrill.

Master Harry Bonnell returned to Brooklyn, N. Y., on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Harding, of St. John are at the Myrtle house.

Mr. W. E. Bacon of McAdam Junction, is finishing his vacation in Digby.

Mr. R. E. Bacon of York, arrived Wednesday to spend his holidays here.

Mr. Frank White and bride, of St. John, are at the Myrtle house.

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ANNAPOLIS.

PROGRAMME for sale in Annapolis at Thomson & Co.

At 11.—A party of young people from the Liverpool lakes this week, are going as Miss Robinson, Miss Webster, Miss Brown, Miss Louise Whitman, Mr. Mitchell, Mrs. Mowat returned from St. John. Miss Locke has come back, and Mr. Gillis of Boston is visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dwyer had a party on Friday afternoon for Kate, who was two years old. Little guests were accompanied by a very pleasant after-dinner music, which was furnished by her tiny troupe.

Mr. Silver and Mr. P. Curry, two weeks vacation to Lunenburg. My. Con. Dimock, from Jamaica, has returned to his home. Mr. Burgess has gone to Toronto.

A large number of Wladimir Brodsky on Tuesday evening held in the rectory church furnished the music.

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Queen Hotel, HALIFAX, N. S.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1892.

THE ARRIVAL OF "JIM."

HOW MONCTON TURNED OUT TO RECEIVE "BUCKS" COMPANION.

The Scene at the Depot and the Efforts of the People to See the Notorious Tramp.

When a rumor arose on the streets last Friday evening that "Jim" had not only been captured, but was actually coming in on the evening train, the majority of the citizens received the information with a "faint smile, and the remark, "I think I have heard something like that before."

They had heard it before, and so many times that the news had lost all its former piquancy—like champagne which has been left uncorked, the sparkle had gone off and left it flat and stale.

Indeed there had been so many suppositions of "Jim's" sighting in the offing lately that the experienced citizen, who had already had one or two fruitless runs to the station in the hope of seeing the long-expected and anxiously sought "Jim," required some stronger confirmation of the report than mere rumors.

But for once rumor was correct and the one only original "Jim" was really on the nine o'clock freight train en route for Moncton. When this became known, beyond all possibility of doubt, about one-half of the population resolved themselves into a reception committee, and started for the station.

The rain was coming down in torrents, but it would have taken a cloud burst apparently to dampen the enthusiasm of the crowd; even the gentle sex was well represented, the fair ones donning water proofs and rubbers and joining in the procession with an order born of that love of sport which is said to be implanted in the breast of every true born Briton and by the time "number 38" steamed into the station there was scarcely standing room on the wet, slippery platform.

As the cab drove off the excitement passed all bounds and yells of "Hurrah for Jim!" "Hurrah for Jim!" "HURRAH FOR JIM!" rent the murky air. Boys climbed up on the cab and hung on behind shouting frantically, only to be slashed at with the whip, and after a moment's discouragement seized upon a fresh hold and scolding with renewed energy to Jim's chariot wheels.

The procession down Main street was almost a triumphal march, and by the time the police station was reached it had augmented to such an extent that neither circus day in a country town, nor the orange procession on the twelfth could be compared with it; everybody was there and everybody felt it incumbent upon them to announce their presence by vigorous shouting, so that by the time the prisoner and his guard reached the lock up, the surging shouting crowd looked so formidable that the prisoner said to have expressed a fear of lynching, and begged the police to protect him.

Once inside the goal, he has handed over to the kind ministrations of Dr. Botsford, who dressed his wounded head, and prescribed liberal doses of beef tea to be administered through the night to the famished creature who had been without food for eight days, except the few berries he picked in the woods.

Even with the disappearance of the prisoner the excitement of the crowd failed to abate and they continued to surround the lockup, some of the more adventurous spirits even climbing up by the windows in the faint hope of catching one more sight of the celebrated Jim, and it was late into the night before the last excited citizen had departed, and a sort of watchful and open-eyed peace settled down over the city.

I understand that Jim's treatment has from the very outset, been a great improvement upon that accorded to his predecessor in the public interest, and I believe this largely due to the kindness of Dr. Botsford who is the local physician, and who ordered the culprit a substantial breakfast of chops, coffee, and other luxuries not usually included in the jail bill of fare, and even requested that his handcuffs be removed while he was eating.

spent with fatigue and hunger but he made a gallant fight even at the last and only yielded to circumstances which were many degrees too strong for him.

Now that the game is over the question of prizes is the next one to be considered, and as the spoils belong legally to the victor there can be no doubt that the great cash prize in this game of chance has been won by a stranger, a man who had a narrow escape from being a member of the Moncton police force, and who has satisfactorily proved what a great mistake the powers that be, made in not securing his services.

Our own police force have undoubtedly done their best, and the special constables sworn in since the search began have not been behind hand in doing their duty, and following up the many and varied trails on which they have been started but luck has been against them, and where they failed Mr. Peter O. Carroll, of Pictou has succeeded, and fairly won the coveted reward of \$750.

The capture was in every respect a fair one, and the courage displayed by Mr. Carroll won the respect even of the prisoner himself; he used no weapons and did not strike his captive until the culprit tried to draw his revolver, even then using only his fist, the natural weapon of man from prehistoric times, and though the prisoner's face is rather badly bruised and cut from the blow, there is little doubt that had Jim been given an opportunity he would have disgraced his captor in a much worse manner.

I understand that Mr. Carroll wishes the reward to be divided between Constable Wisler who assisted at the capture and himself. Public sentiment seems to be unanimous upon one point, best expressed in a very few words, namely—"Three cheers for Peter Carroll!"

THE RISE AND FALL OF VOICE.

Once No Living Thing Had One, and the Ages Will Be True As Able.

There was a time in the history of the world when even the animals had no voice. There were no sounds or noises then but those made by the winds whistling about mountain tops and howling through primeval forests, or of the waves dashing on shores absolutely silent and dead.

The animals of those geological epochs, being in the plastic state preceding the development of the osseous structure that now gives form and comeliness to the human body, were just beginning to breathe the external air with a gentle respiration. Ages, it should rather be said epochs, were passed in this manner, in the course of which the habit of respiration developed the lungs. Then the use of the throat essential to the taking of food produced those organs necessary to speech, which were called the pharynx, glottis, and larynx.

It seems that "Providence," as a matter of supreme convenience, made the same passage serve for eating, speaking and breathing, although another arrangement was possible, like respiratory apparatus of the grasshopper, which is placed at the sides. This is one of the very few exceptions to the rule which applies in common to man and most animals.

When the upper part of the throat was in an advanced state of development the act of respiration began to be accompanied by certain inarticulate sounds, that was a single dead level is reached, a vibration of chords, and are grave or acute according to the size of these chords. There is little reason to doubt that the first sounds made by animals were low down in the musical scale, but as the voice, guided by instinct, was more and more used, either for the purpose of amusement or to inspire terror, they would naturally, in the case of many species in which there was a more pronounced development of the cranium, be made more in the head and become what we now call head tones.

These changes were made rapidly in animals living on the land, the voice of those whose habits continued to be amphibious remaining much the same. There came in the course of time to be a great variety in the voices of animals, determined partly by their size, but generally by the circumstances in which they were placed. The different species of the lince race living in forests cultivated the higher tones. The lion adapted his voice to the vast desert spaces where he roamed and gained a scanty subsistence. The dog in his wild state probably continued to utter a low and lower note.

THE MESSAGE FROM A SPOOK.

One of the wildest, weirdest stories of the supernatural that has ever come under the experience of mortal man is told by H. H. Field, the Big Four telegraph operator at Southside Station.

Mr. Field is a very intelligent and conscientious man, and he relates his fearful experience with a candor and earnestness that almost make one believe it in spite of its extreme improbability. "I have been a telegraph operator for twenty-two years. I have told my story to at least a hundred people, and I have never met one yet who would believe that it was an actual fact. I know that it will be a severe test on your credulity, but my experience is Gospel truth. I want you to understand that I have never, and do not now, believe in the supernatural. I have never attended a spiritualistic seance in my life, and am rather inclined to accept the philosophy of Bob Ingersoll."

Mr. Field was quite reluctant about telling his story for publication, but finally consented to do so. He is an entertaining talker, and related the great event of his life with an ease that showed that he had told it before. "It was several years ago," he began, "when I was much younger than I am now, I was assigned to night duty at a little station called Evansburg, in Pennsylvania, on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio railroad. I hadn't been around the world very much, but flattered myself that I had a good deal of mechanical genius. The office was in charge of an old foggy sort of fellow named Jones. The telegraph instrument got out of adjustment, and I knew something about repairing it. Jones suggested that I take to my home an old-fashioned relay box and fix it up. Glad of the opportunity to show what I could do, I carried the box to my boarding-house one morning and put it on a shelf in an old cupboard and went to bed, intending to fix it after my sleep was over. I had been in bed but a few minutes, and had not got to sleep, when, to my surprise and astonishment, the armature, or what is otherwise known as the lever on the instrument, began ticking. I was perfectly amazed, and thought there must be some mistake. To satisfy myself that I had not been carried away by my imagination, for the ticking was faint and subdued, I got out of bed, and, with fear and trembling, opened the cupboard door. I took the instrument in my hand and it continued to work. I put it on the table, but the sound it made was unintelligible. I turned the spring so that there would be less resistance, and then, in as clear and perfect Morse as I have ever heard, the invisible person, spirit, or whatever it was, wrote: "'Do you get me?'"

"I was so overcome that I involuntarily answered 'Yes,' without putting it on the instrument. The unknown heard me, for again in the beautiful writing, it continued: "'Thank God, at last. My name is Charles Blake. I am an old-timer. My parents, who reside in Mount Pleasant, Ia., have lost me. They don't know what my fate has been. I want you to write to my father, Homer Blake, at Mount Pleasant, Ia., and inform him that I died at Shreveport, Tex., of yellow fever, on—'" I have forgotten the date, but it was several years prior to the date of this communication. I was frightened to death. My hair stood on end. My boarding-house was two miles from the telegraph station, and there was no battery nearer than the station, and there was no telegraph wire of any kind in the vicinity. I was a little dubious about the communication from the other world or from somewhere, I will not undertake to say. Before venturing to write to Homer Blake, as directed, I picked up a Western Union tariff book which I had in my room to see if there was such a town as Mount Pleasant, Ia. I found that there was such a place, a fact that I did not know before and that it was located on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. To satisfy myself and not be taken in, I wrote a letter to the postmaster at Mount Pleasant, and asked him if he knew of any one in the vicinity named Homer Blake, and to give me what information he could, without telling him what I wanted for it. A few days later I received a reply, and I have his letter somewhere among my effects, in which he said that Homer Blake had lived in Mount Pleasant some years before, but that he had moved away, to what place he did not know. Blake, he informed me, had two sons, one of whom, Charles, was supposed to be dead, and the other was a grain merchant in the far West."

"Did you not pursue your investigations further?" "No, I did not. The truth is I was scared to death. I worked that wire for eighteen months. Every time I took off the relay it made the same peculiar noise and worked in a sputtering sort of a way, and to show that there must have been some hidden or occult force it crossed the other wires. Every once in a while I used to ask Jones if he heard the noise, and he laughed at me. He never believed my story, although the reply from the postmaster at Mount Pleasant somewhat staggered him. I was actually so afraid to take the relay off that my hair used to stand on end, and I never had any further communication with the hidden force that called itself Charles Blake. I shall never forget that experience as long as I live. People look so incredulous and are so apt to believe me a crank or a spiritualist when I tell it that I never relate it any more unless I am asked to do so."

Mr. Field lives with his wife at Southside. He is well known in this city, and has the reputation of being a truthful and sensible man. There is no doubt in the world that he sincerely thinks that he was talked to on that old instrument without wire or battery, and he declares most solemnly that it could not have been a matter of fancy.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST POISONS.

In my practice as a doctor, says a writer in an English paper, I have often noticed when visiting a sick room that the nurse is very careless as to the manner in which the different medicines prescribed are placed about the room. I have noticed over and over again that a bottle of the most deadly poison placed alongside a bottle of medicine to be taken every two hours, and I have frequently wondered to myself what dreadful consequences might ensue if, in a fading light, the nurse hastily took up the bottle of poison instead of the bottle of medicine and administered it to the patient. It is a wonder more accidents of this kind do not happen, considering the little precaution taken to prevent it.

Perhaps you will allow me to make a suggestion, which I think doctors all over the country will see the force of. At present it is necessary to affix to a bottle of poison a label which is usually printed in bold letters, in red ink, with the word "poison." This, in ordinary circumstances, would prevent mistakes being made, but it is always in extraordinary circumstances, coupled with carelessness, that accidents do happen. Patients ought to be protected in some manner against a risk of accident, and my suggestion is: That on one side of a bottle containing poison there should always be affixed a label describing a suitable antidote



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all. When the whole human race is only able to speak in bass tones there will continue to be a depression of the higher faculties, until one single dead level is reached, above which the voice will be unable to rise. To this unfortunate voice music in all its forms will long have been impossible. For a while a conversation, whose ghastly solemnity can only be imagined, will be carried on, and then the voice organs will cease entirely to exist.—San Francisco Chronicle.

DOTS AND DASHES FROM A SPOOK.

The Message From an Instrument Without Wires or Battery.

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in the event of a dose of poison being administered instead of a dose of medicine. Suppose, for instance, that a dose of iodine had been administered in mistake; there should be a label on the back stating that emetics should be supplied, and plenty of gruel, arrowroot or starch.

Again, suppose that carbolic acid has been taken, the antidote would be emetics, lime water, salad oil, and coffee. By means of these suggestions much valuable time would often be saved.

It is usually the case that, when a nurse discovered that poison has been administered in error, she becomes excited and loses her head, while a messenger is despatched for the nearest doctor in all haste. In these circumstances time is often lost, and the result in many cases is fatal. If my suggestion were adopted immediate measures would be taken to counteract the effect of the poison, and the saving of many lives might be effected.

A CURIOUS STONE.

One of the most curious stones in the world is found in Finland, where it occurs in many places. It is a natural barometer and actually tells probable changes in the weather. It is called sea-markur, and turns black shortly before an approaching rain, while in fine weather it is mottled with spots of white. For a long time this curious phenomenon was a mystery, but an analysis of the stone shows it to be a fossil mixed with clay and containing a portion of rock salt and nitre. This fact being known, the explanation was easy. The salt, absorbing the moisture, turned black when the conditions were favorable for rain, while the dryness of the atmosphere brought out the salt from the interior of the stone in white spots on the surface.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Note the Following

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REDUCTIONS. Balance of Sample Gloves, 10c. and 12c " Ladies' Blouses, - - 43c

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MARTIN'S CLOSE CALL.

STORIES OF EDITORIAL LIFE FROM "BUTLER'S JOURNAL."

"A Sonnet to a Brindle Cow." Advice to Subscribers and Other Items of Interest - The Editor Visits His Old Home, and Leaves It in a Hurry.

On a trip through my native county of Kings, N. B., some years ago, I came to a certain railway station from which ran a road leading to a settlement about three miles distant.

My parents had lived there a number of years before and, although on their leaving the place I was too young to remember anything about it, I had been there a year or two previous to this, my last visit and knew the place pretty well.

The family with whom I stopped had been next door neighbors to my parents and although lazy, dirty, and shiftless, had treated me on the former occasion with friendliness and a great demonstration of affection, and, although not on the whole a very prepossessing lot, I did not consider that I had anything to fear from them.

They were four in number—an old man (the father, 80 years of age); two middle-aged sons, and a daughter—something past middle age. I walked in from the station, reaching there early in the afternoon, there being no one at home but the girl and the old man, the boys being out haying. Every thing went that night quietly and without incident, sleeping with the two boys in the same bed in a room off the kitchen, and had it not been for the troublesome inhabitants on the bedclothes, I might have slept very well.

After breakfast I prepared to take my departure, but my entertainers would not listen to anything of the kind, and pressed me so hard that I agreed to stop another night. The boys were away through the day and having nothing to do the girl offered me the gun to go partridge shooting, which I did in the afternoon, returning to the house about midnight. As I entered I noticed the old man busily engaged in sharpening a razor. Not having any suspicions at the time, I asked him in a jocular manner "whose throat he was going to cut?" He made no answer, but the boys scolded him severely, calling him a d—d old fool, and several other pet names, and he put the razor away.

I thought no more of the affair, and shortly after supper the boys and I turned into bed. I was not sleepy, and laid for a long while thinking, when, presently I heard a whispered consultation between the boys, very little of which I could make out, but sufficient to establish the fact that it was concerning me.

I began to get interested and feigning sleep noticed that they spoke in louder tones and there was no mistaking what the subject of their discussion was about. By this time my suspicions were thoroughly aroused. I called to mind that through the day they had dropped several remarks; asking me how much money I had and several other questions which I laid to their ignorance and good will towards me, and wishing to satisfy them, and perhaps gratify my own vanity (for I was young and inexperienced,) I took my wallet and counted out the money, which amounted to something like \$40, on the table. They appeared to be delighted at my success, and gave me good advice about "taking proper care of it" and enquired if I carried a revolver, to which I answered in the negative, saying that I never had any suspicions of anybody, and had never seen any cause for precautions, that I had faith in humanity, and would trust a thousand dollars, if I had it, in anybody's hands. They warned me again to be careful among strangers, as everybody was not as honest as they were. I thought, however, that I saw their eyes light up with greedy glare, but gave no further attention. The truth of it all flashed upon me now! I was to be robbed and perhaps murdered if I resisted, but I could see by the way they were working that they preferred to attack me when I was asleep.

We continued this game of "hide and seek" for some time. Whenever I would stir or cough they would pretend to be fast asleep; and whenever I feigned sleep they would begin to talk. Meanwhile the light still burned in the kitchen, and through the cracks in the unplastered wall I could see the girl walking backward and forward evidently preparing for something and could hear in one corner an ominous grating, which I took to be the old man whetting his razor. All at once I heard a noise as if a hundred tin pans had been knocked down from off the roof, and starting up in bed I enquired of the boys what the racket was about? One of them replied "that it was only the horse knocking down the milk-pans from the front of the door," and shortly after got up and went into the kitchen, where he held a long conversation with the girl, after which he came back to bed assuring me that everything was all right, and telling me to go to sleep.

I was pretty well worked up by this time but dismissed my feelings, and getting up started for the door. One of the boys called after me and asked me where I was going. I replied that I was only going as far as the door, and would be right back. It must have been all of 2 o'clock by this time and as I reached the kitchen I noticed that the light was burning, but not a soul was near. Luckily I had left my pack in a store about a mile from the station, and seizing my boots I prepared to make myself scarce, cutting through the fields at a 2-10 gallop, never stopping until I reached a barn about a mile and a half distant, where I crawled in and lay on the hay for the remainder of the night, too scared to sleep. Getting up at daylight I made my way to the store where I had left my valise and waiting around until the proprietor came, got it, and struck for Hampton, and awaited the afternoon train for St. John.

While in one of the stores who should come along but one of my bed fellows of the preceding night, who called me to one side and asked me the reason of my hasty departure. I told him that I had business of importance to attend to in St. John and after treating him to a cigar and a glass of beer, left and have never seen him since, nor do I want to.

A Notice to Subscribers. We expect to make our next trip up the Nashwaak and hope to get a generous response from our subscribers in that section. We shall call on future trips up and down the river and in the back places where a

number are in arrears. Our friends will understand that prompt payment is a necessity as we have to pay regularly every month for the issue as soon as it is printed and the profits over and above the cost of publication would not keep a cat. As we have weeded out all the cranky ones we do not expect there will be any kicking.

Sonnet to a Brindle Cow. O brindle cow, upon the grassy mead, Chewing the cud of meditation sweet, While blackbirds twitter 'round your stamping feet.

You on the timothy and clover feed; For open glances one has not a need; To see that you enjoy the glorious treat; Beride you I will take a quiet seat, And try the lesson of your life to read.

Somewhere far, in other meadows green, You were a little calf, white and red, And then a heifer; and your life was full Of speechless joy and new-made hay, I ween— Great Scott! she's knocked the top clean off my head, Well, I'll be darned! That brindle cow's a bull. —W. J. Henderson.

Would Rather Whistle Than Swear. I stay here nearly a week and on the following Monday morning Cousin George took the time from a busy hay day to drive me within three miles of the village of Sussex, which I reached at dinner time. I peddle a little along and stop to a small house after I reach the village and order dinner. The occupant, a peculiar old woman, said she had no potatoes or meat, but she would give me bread and butter and tea for a pair of 35ct. towels, insisting on payment in advance. She also boiled an egg, and I thinking it not sufficient ordered another. She demurred a little, and muttered something about "having to pay for her eggs," but put it in the pot and when she went to take it out it was pretty hot. When she took it in her hand to take the shell off it caused her to whistle. "That is your way out of the difficulty," I remarked; "Yes," she replied, "It is better than saying G—d—m—; for if there is anything I hate it is swearing."

Beggars who Will Not Work. A benevolently disposed Frenchman wished to know the amount of truth contained in the complaints of sturdy beggars, that they were willing to work if they could get anything to do or anyone to employ them. This gentleman entered into negotiations with some merchants and manufacturers, and induced them to offer work at the rate of four francs a day to every person presenting himself, furnished with a letter of recommendation from him.

In eight months 727 sturdy beggars came under his notice, all complaining that they had no work. Each of them was asked to come the following day to receive a letter which would enable him to get employment at four francs a day in an industrial establishment. More than one-half (415) never came for the letters, a good many others (138) returned for the letters but never presented it. Others who did present their letter worked half a day, demanding two francs, and were seen no more. A few worked a whole day and then disappeared.

In short, out of the whole 727 only eighteen were found at work at the end of the third day. As a result of this experiment M. Monod concludes that not more than one able-bodied beggar in forty is inclined to work, even if he is offered a fair remuneration for his services.

Trained Dogs for the Battlefield. The Prussian Jager battalions have a number of dogs on trial, all of them being thoroughly trained to seek out wounded soldiers in the field. The experiments so far have had excellent results. A number of men hide in a wood or behind a hedge, lying on the ground face downwards, and with orders not to move. As soon as the dogs are let loose they begin to search. When they find one of these men they place their forepaws upon the prostrate body and begin to bark, an exercise which is continued till the bearers appear and carry the man off, whereupon the dog starts afresh. Each company of the Luben Jager has about twenty of these dogs. Hunting dogs cannot be relied upon on account of their love of the chase, and therefore sheep dogs or Pomeranian spitzhunde are chosen for the work.

Maldenly Modesty. In Mexico ladies of good repute and considerable culture do not consider it necessary to close the blinds or even the door when taking a bath. In Japan people of all ages, sexes and social conditions splash around together in the public bath houses naked as a lot of South Sea Islanders. In some of the Spanish-American countries a society belle thinks nothing of exposing her entire bosom. A Turkish woman, rather than have her face seen by a man, will cover it with her skirt, even if that be her only garment. American beauties appear to be as modest in their evening dresses that would make the hair row at a burlesque opera blush. Modesty is inherent to women, but its method of expression is governed by customs, many of them ridiculous in the extreme.

A Dangerous Guest. During a dreadful storm in Bengal, the estate of a Mr. Campbell, situate on the island of Sangar, suffered so greatly that out of three thousand living on his grounds, only six or seven hundred escaped, and these principally by clinging to the roofs of the houses. While Mr. Campbell's house was crammed so close as scarcely to admit another individual, what should come squeezing and pushing its way into the interior but an immense tiger. Having reached the room in which Mr. Campbell was sitting, he nestled himself down in one of the corners like a Newfoundland dog. Mr. Campbell then loaded his gun in a very quiet manner, and shot the dangerous guest dead upon the spot.

Queens in the Kitchen. The Empress Elizabeth of Austria, that accomplished horsewoman, that sovereign of a court where aristocratic prejudices are of the strongest kind, glories in her talent as a pastry cook. Her daughter, the Archduchess Valeria, boasts of having penetrated all the secrets of the ancient and modern cuisine. Queen Victoria is fond of making omelets, and it seems she has several recipes. Her daughter-in-law, the Princess of Wales, excels in preparing tea battered coats. But princes and royal blood have more serious occupations, and time was when the heir to the throne of England devoted his leisure hours to the study of entomology, and when Prince Albert delved assiduously in works of paleontology.

A GRAVEYARD FAILURE.

Rocky Flat Had to Do Something and Old City Was a Willing Victim.

When we staked out claims on Chinaman Creek we had three camps within two miles of us, and everyone of them had a graveyard. Up the creek was Hoosiertown, and it had a graveyard with five graves in it. Down the creek was Nugget City, and it had a graveyard with four graves in it. Up on the side of the mountain was Jintown, and it had a graveyard with three graves in it. Hoosiertown felt justified in putting off airs over the other towns, while all three looked down upon us with supreme contempt. The idea may seem curious to you, but the fact was that no mining town felt itself to be anything or anybody until it had a graveyard. I've known a miner to quit his claim for a week to carve name, date, and verse on a head-board.

There were about a hundred of us in the new town, which we called Rocky Flat, and our feelings were awfully hurt by the way the people of the other towns used us. The citizens of Hoosiertown—being a five-grave town—were so insulting that we almost had a riot on our hands. A man would come down, look around and finally inquire of someone:

"Excuse me, mister, but would you be kind enough to show me your graveyard? I understand you've got something which takes the rag off the bush, and we want to get a pointer."

And when we had to admit that we had nothing of the sort, being still a young and struggling town, up would go his nose and he would walk away as if we were dust. The people of Nugget City and Jintown, having fewer graves, were not quite so stuck up, but they never came down amongst us without an effort to make us feel small and mean. I remember that I went up to Jintown one day to get a pig repaired by a blacksmith. He hooked me over for a minute and then asked:

"Whar for?" "Rocky Flat?" "Got a graveyard?" "Not yet."

"Hum! I'd like to accommodate ye, stranger, but I've got more work on my hand than I kin possibly turn off fur the next two weeks."

It's no use to say that we didn't feel cut up and shamefaced. We weren't to blame, of course, but it was our misfortune. One of our gang was an old fellow who had passed 60, and was no good except to cook and chore around. His name was Bill Preston, and he seemed to feel the situation rather more keenly than any one else. One day, after Hoosiertown had put still another stone on the mountain, he called me up to see me by refusing to sell us any soap, old Bill called a meeting at noon and said to the boys:

"This 'ere thing of havin' no graveyard cuts me to the quick. It's got so that I can't look one of them fellers in the face no more. Boys, I am old and shaky, and about ready to peg out anyhow, and I'll tell you what I'm willin' to do. I'll start a graveyard fur ye. That won't be but one grave, but it'll be somethin' fur ye to start on. I've bin thinkin' it over, and I'm firmly resolved to do it. I'll be already fur ye by noon, and I'll have a committee had better lay out the ground this afternoon."

Old Bill's proposition was received with much enthusiasm, and no one attempted to dissuade him from carrying out his purpose. Indeed, Col. Jones shook his hand with great heartiness and said:

"Bill, you old cuss, you don't amount to shuckles as a livin' man, and you are doin' just the right thing to make the boys love ye. I'll round up your grave with my own hands, I'll be a nominal member of the committee, and I'll personally see to it that the epitaph is just the way you want it."

That evening old Bill went around shaking hands and bidding folks good-by, and we all turned in hoping for the best. It was generally understood that he would hang himself on a tree up the side hill, and when daylight came he got out with his face in that direction. A rope was dangling from a limb, but old Bill's neck wasn't in the noose. We began an investigation and the result was astounding. He had kept his word, but those Hoosiertown chaps had got into the racket, and after he was well hanged came down and stolen the body! They even had the gall to invite us to come up and see their six-grave burying ground and have a good time! Poor old Bill had sacrificed himself for the benefit of a few enemies, and knowing that luck was against us, we pulled up stakes and went over into Cinnamon Gulch and jumped a Chinese graveyard with eleven "plants" in it.—M. Quad.

HOW PEOPLE COMMIT SUICIDE.

What a Man Says who Makes a Business of Saving Them.

Gaston Beaumont, formerly a seaman in the French merchant service, and now living in Paris, has received the Cross of the Legion of Honor for having saved from drowning upwards of one hundred and eighty persons, chiefly attempted suicides, his success in saving so many being due to his close study of the time and place chosen by these people, which would seem to be no matter of indifference.

Those choosing the Seine for their exit from life avoid the Pont-Neuf and the four lower bridges, where there is too much hurry and drive. One spot chosen by the gardens of the Tuileries is an especial favorite with suicides. From this place Gaston Beaumont says he has rescued over a hundred. Besides a preference for particular spots, the choice of the season also is considered. The greatest number of suicides by drowning are in October, November, February and March, the fewest in December, May, June and September. Gloomy, dark weather is preferred, but not downright bad weather—there are few suicides in rain or snow, likewise if it is unusually high water in the Seine.

Many of these candidates for death come frequently to the spot they have selected, walk up and down for hours, scan the heavens, give searching glances at the water, then, suddenly startled by some slight sound—the twitter of a bird, the splash of a boat—resolution is shaken, and they hurry fearfully away. After a few days they return, and, as if ashamed of their cowardice, stand and gaze fixedly at the water. Suddenly they start, fling off hat and coat, and plunge in.

Most of them rise once before finally sinking. The determined, the genuine suicide, with closed eyes and clenched teeth, sinks again without a cry, but with others in this terrible moment the love of life returns; they cry and scream, fight with

hands and feet, and when saved, cling to their deliverer like a polypus. Dying is not so easy, after all, they find, and those saved rarely try it again.

The time of day generally chosen is the evening, just as daylight is fading. Those who wait till the morning have been hovering on the brink all night, fearful of taking the final plunge, and are often hopelessly destitute, friendless wretches, or broken, reckless gamblers.

But there is in Paris another class of suicides, who make every arrangement for studied effect. They are known to the police as *suicides a sensation*. To spite some persons, and make themselves shudderingly remembered, all the detail is thought out. Numberless letters of farewell are written, an elaborate will is prepared, the room is put in order, the best clothes donned. Poison or the fumes of charcoal are preferred by this class; the revolver and drowning disfigure the features too much, and spoil the effect. This form of suicide seems to be largely on the increase.

The Life of a Ship's Stoker.

"Don't," says a woman just home from a sea trip, "as you value your peace of mind, go down among the furnaces while aboard ship and get a sight of the stokers. I did, and took not a moment's comfort on deck afterwards. I could not keep the thought of the poor fellows out of my head a waking moment. Every breeze that blew fresh invigorating in my face brought with it a plying sense of contrast with their condition."

"There they are, down in that fearful heat, with the furnace door always open—for into some of these fiery mouths coal is always being put—the red glare blinding them, and the fierce heat exhausting them; and anything may happen overhead, storm, collision, shipwreck, while they are penned helpless eighteen feet below the water line."

"Their hours are short, and so are their lives, the mortality among them being frightful. A stowaway was found when we were a day out from Liverpool, and the captain, having no work for him, set him to stoking. In three days he was dead, not being used to the terrible work. He was buried at sea. His name even was unknown, and I felt as if I saw him lowered into the waves as if their cooling touch must be grateful."

"I had rather think of him dead than below in that furnace. It is wonderful in this age of invention and progress that nothing has been devised to mitigate the stoker's unhappy condition."

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My work has always given excellent satisfaction. For a list of names done by me I would refer the enquirer to Mr. Herbert C. Coe, my former teacher, British, both of Normal School, Fredericton, N. B. Parents whose children are out of town, but who intend taking lessons after vacation will please apply at once. MICHAEL KELLY, cor. Broad and Carmarthen Sts., St. John, N. B., Aug. 2, 1892.

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WE want Agents to canvass for "CANADA," the only magazine published in the Maritime Provinces.

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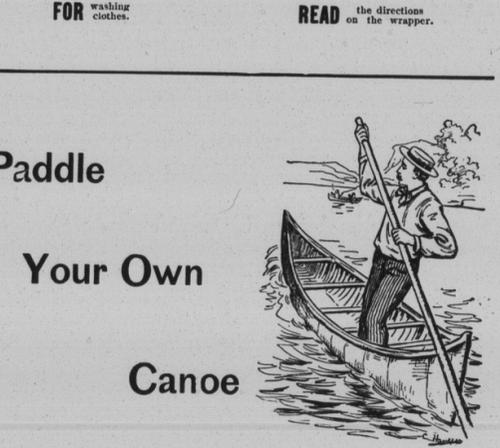
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"Canada" will be sent FREE, during the competition, to all who signify their intention to compete, and who remit 25c. in stamps for outfit. No post cards.

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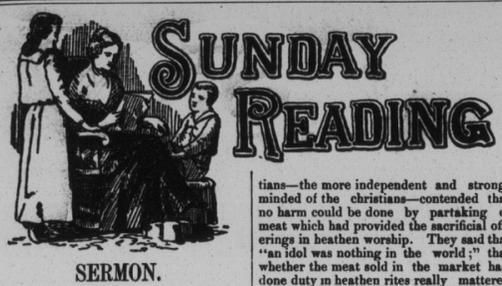
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EDWARD S. CARTER.

Lawful... "All things are lawful... These words are... precisely the same... somewhat different... apostle says, '... me, but all things... then he adds, '... me, but I will not... power of any.'... fore, from which... is that of spirit... of expediency or... exercise of that... of christian consci... judge of things r... of what is right... of christian consci... of things is righ... many cases by g... est may be given... of what should b... not be done, in... part of the libert... made us free. U... unwavering righ... agencies of huma... varying circumst... a certain discret... toward christia... cording to what... That, then, is... the propounds o... expediency—the... freedom that we... it. But, when... passage in which... used by St. Paul... different connec... equally instructi... chapter of this a... are lawful for m... expedient; all t... but all things... social view of e... duty to our nei... of things, in t... themselves, b... season, and so u... harm instead of... there can be no... the poor and su... imperative of a... there is justifi... virtue is exercis... unless there is... ness as to the... extremely apt t... case of persons... the circumstance... that regard to t... tendencies of hu... to make their e... and above the... lawful to do in... there is the ques... to do. This is... social duty, wh... points of prud... actions occurri... everyone's life... needed is to s... the highest good—... advantage, the... the fellowmen... matters, we are... tion of expediency... be laid down... They require t... creation, which... is best for us... circumstances of... The distinction... apostle makes w... are lawful for m... expedient; all t... interest and impo... province of huma... marked; it is ou... fined that we can... on the other ha... of things, in reg... the law of that a... not unwise, but... the Lord is." I ask you to lo... the circumstance... Corinthian church... plied this distinc... yards consider s... it has for us in... lives.

St. Paul to make... text are the be... conditions of reli... day; while, at t... certain strong p... modern experie... violent controver... inthian church, w... heathen surround... placed. It is di... conditions of life... to realize that a... be rent asunder... that we know th... —that very same... bitter contraver... the meat which... the public mark... ably past consist... portion of which... face in the heath... of the christians... buy and partake... that, having bee... to idols, these c... and that to eat... On the other ha...



SERMON.

Lawfulness and Expediency.

BY REV. THOMAS DYKES, D. D.

"All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient."—1 Cor. vi. 12. These words are used twice in this epistle; but, though they are repeated in almost precisely the same form, the connection is somewhat different. In the first passage the apostle says, "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient;" and then he adds, "All things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any." The point of view, therefore, from which the subject is here regarded is that of spiritual liberty. The element of expediency enters very largely into the exercise of that freedom, which is the right of christian conscience. For we are to judge of things not simply by the standard of what is right and wrong; but also in many cases by the question of what is wisest in given circumstances. There are many things in themselves good which may not be expedient. There are many things which are quite legitimate in themselves; but which may be done in such a way, or at such a time, that they are unwise. Well now, what St. Paul implies is that to judge of what should be done, and what should not be done, in the light of expediency, is part of the liberty with which Christ has made us free. There is not an absolute unvarying rule applying to all the contingencies of human conduct, and all the varying circumstances of life; but there is a certain discretionary freedom which belongs to christians—a freedom to act according to what seems best and wisest. That, then, is one view which the apostle propounds on the subject of regard to expediency—that it is essential to our freedom that we should give due regard to it. But, when we return to the other passage in which the words of my text are used by St. Paul, we find them used in a different connection, but one which is equally instructive. He says, in the tenth chapter of this same epistle, "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient; all things are lawful for me, but all things edify not." That is the social view of expediency—its claims as a duty to our neighbour. There are hundreds of things which are perfectly right in themselves; but which may be so out of season, and so unwise, that they tend to do harm instead of good. Thus, for example, there can be no doubt that beneficence to the poor and suffering is one of the most imperative of all obligations. And yet there is just a little doubt that, unless that virtue is exercised with the greatest care—unless there is the most anxious watchfulness as to the application of charity, it is extremely apt to do harm. Or take the case of persons who are very zealous for the promotion of religion. Nothing could be more christian in itself than that. And yet there are many instances in which the most earnest people, in their efforts to advance the cause of religion, really act to its prejudice; just because they have not that regard to the fitness of things, or the tendencies of human nature, which is needed to make their work effectual. In short, over and above the question of what it is lawful to do in our relations to others, there is the question of what is expedient to do. There is a very wide region of social duty, which is covered by considerations of prudence. There are many points occurring in the common course of everyone's life, where the great thing needed is to act so as to promote the highest good—so as to subserve the truest advantage, the truest interests—of our fellow-men. Well, as regards all such matters, we are to be guided by the question of expediency. No precise rule can be laid down with reference to them. They require the exercise of that discretion, which alone can direct us what it is best for us to do amidst the varying circumstances of duty. The distinction, therefore, which the apostle makes when he says, "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient," opens up a subject of wide interest and importance. There is a certain province of human conduct which is clearly marked; its outlines are so distinctly defined that we cannot mistake them. But, on the other hand, there is a large number of things, in regard to which there is no law, except the law of spiritual wisdom—the law of that apostolic precept, "Be ye not unwise, but understand what the will of the Lord is."

I ask you to look, in the first place, at the circumstances in the condition of the Corinthian church, to which St. Paul applied this distinction; and we shall afterwards consider some of the lessons which it has for us in the conduct of our daily lives.

1. The special circumstances which led St. Paul to make use of the words of my text are as remote as possible from the conditions of religious life at the present day, while, at the same time, they present certain strong points of resemblance to modern experience. It appears that a violent controversy had arisen in the Corinthian church, which was produced by the heathen surroundings amidst which it was placed. It is difficult for us, in the altered conditions of life in which our lot is cast, to realize that a christian community could be rent asunder by a matter so trifling; but we know that this often happens still—that very small matters often awaken bitter controversy. The case was this—of the meat which was offered for sale in the public market of Corinth, a considerably part consisted of bodies of animals, a portion of which had been offered for sacrifice in the heathen temples. Well, many of the christians said that it was wrong to buy and partake of such meat. They argued that, having been used to provide sacrifices to idols, these carcasses had been defiled, and that to eat of them was to commit sin. On the other hand, a number of the christians—

would have defended themselves in indignant terms. But see what Christ does. He offers no defence; he speaks the parable of the Prodigal Son, and the murmurs of His enemies are effectually silenced, and all the people rejoice at His gracious words. Or—to take one more instance—you remember Christ's treatment of Zaccheus, who bore the bad reputation of having lived a dishonest life. Most moral teachers would have denounced the offender for his misdeeds. But Christ said, "Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for today I must abide at thy house," and that day salvation came to the repentant Zaccheus. Let us learn, then, a great lesson from all this. Do not forget that there is a wrong way, as well as a right way, of doing what is good. Many things which are lawful are not expedient. Even those things which are good and right in themselves, if they are done in the wrong way, or at the wrong time, will cause what is good to be evil spoken of. Let us then learn the lesson of christian expediency as a rule of life. Remember that, as in a picture, each single detail must not only be well executed, but must be in harmony with the surroundings, so there is a rule of spiritual wisdom in life. The unwise zeal, which selects an unseasonable occasion, or an imprudent way of acting, may be as disastrous in its results as the intentional doing of wrong.

Let the effect of our consideration of this subject be to teach us that christian duty requires our regard as to what is expedient not less than what is lawful. The secret of the highest christian influence lies in the "understanding heart," which chooses the right time and way to act, as well as the right thing to do. Let us seek to imitate the example of our Master, whose converse with men was pervaded by the wise discrimination that made His words and actions instinct with divine beauty. Let us ask the guidance of the Spirit of God, amidst the ever-changing conditions of life, so that we may wisely speak and act, and may exemplify not only "whatsoever things are true and just," but also "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report."

The Jewish Sabbath.

The law fended round the Sabbath with a thousand petty rules and troublesome ceremonies that found no place in the mind of Moses when he brought down from Mount Sinai, amid the thunders of heaven, the beautiful commandment to keep the seventh day holy. I will tell you a few of the many little laws, but the whole of them would fill a book. Some of them are wise and good, and are to be found in the Old Testament; but a greater number were added long after the Jewish ceremonial law had been ordained. A Sabbath journey was one thousand paces. No man might walk farther than one thousand paces on the Sabbath. No burden might be carried; and nails were forbidden in his shoes, because they were considered as a burden. A tailor must not have his needle in his pocket towards sunset on Friday, lest the sun should set while he was not thinking about it, and he should find himself with the burden of his needle still on his person. Indeed, all persons carefully emptied their pockets, lest they might carry about with them some forbidden burden. The amount of weight that might be carried was specially ordered, and no one dared go beyond what was permitted. Thus one man alone might not carry a loaf, but two men together might, as they divided the weight. Only particular knots might be tied on the Sabbath. The sailor's knot and the camel-driver's were both forbidden; and no knot might be untied that required the use of both hands, but as it could be unfastened by one hand it might be done. No food might be cooked on the Sabbath, no vessels washed, and no fires lighted. All these things had to be done during the Friday night before the sun set, in preparation for the Sabbath.—The Child's Life of Christ.

A Significant Omission.

Many years ago, at a time when infidelity was rife on the continent, and when Voltaire had filled the minds of men with blasphemies, it was ironically said, "where is Nineveh, the great city of three days' journey?" The answer to that question has been given within the memory of many now living. An enterprising traveller (late English ambassador at Constantinople, Sir H. A. Layard) dug down and down into the sand heap that covered the reported site, until at last Nineveh in all its ruined magnificence was disclosed to view. But Rawlinson, the great oriental traveller, did more than this. He found out the meaning of the hieroglyphs inscribed on the walls of the buried city, and from the records on its stones was enabled to have the whole history of Sennacherib, king of Assyria. There was, however, one particular fact omitted in the stone history. The reason for that omission may be found in 2 Kings, xix, 23, 33: "Therefore thus saith the Lord concerning the King of Assyria, He shall not come into this city, nor shall he shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shield nor cast a bank against it. By the way that he came, by the same shall he return, and shall not come into this city, saith the Lord." Although Sennacherib took all the fenced cities of Judaea, and that fact is recorded, his failure to take Jerusalem is passed over. God, as appears in the Bible, sent forth His angel and destroyed his army; and the king went back ashamed to tell of his defeat.

How to Help the Memory.

"I don't know," said a gentleman to Andrew Fuller, "how it is that I can remember your sermons better than those of any other minister; but such is the fact." "I cannot tell," replied Mr. Fuller, "unless it be owing to simplicity of arrangement. I pay particular attention to this part of composition, always placing things together that are related to each other, and that naturally follow each other in succession. For instance, suppose we were to say to my servant, 'Betty, you must go and buy some butter, and starch, and cream, and soap, and tea, and sugar, and sugar, and cakes.' 'Betty would be very apt to say, 'Master, I shall never be able to remember all these.' But suppose I were to say, 'Betty, you know that your mistress is going to have some friends to tea tomorrow, and that you are going to wash the day following; and that for the tea-party you will want tea, and sugar, and cream, and cakes, and butter, and for the washing you will want soap, and starch, and blue.' Betty would instantly reply, 'Yes, master, I can now remember them all very well.'"

He Drank Water.

John Wesley's views on temperance were whole-hearted and thorough. He writes in his journal,—"I can hardly believe that I am this day entered into the sixty-eighth year of my age! How marvellous are the ways of God! How has He kept me even from a child from ten to thirteen or fourteen. I had little but bread to eat, and not great plenty of that. I believe this was so far from hurting me that it laid the foundation of lasting health. When I grew up, in consequence of reading Dr. Cheyne, I chose to eat sparingly and drink water. This was another means of continuing my health." In a letter to the Bishop of London in 1747, he says:—"Since I have taken Dr. Cheyne's advice I have been free—blessed be God—from all bodily disorders."—Heroes in the Strife.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Makes the hair soft and glossy.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty-five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from falling out.

"A number of years ago, by recommendation of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop the hair from falling out and prevent its turning gray. The first effects were most satisfactory. Occasional applications since have kept my hair thick and of a natural color."—H. E. Basham, McKinney, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Restores hair after fevers.

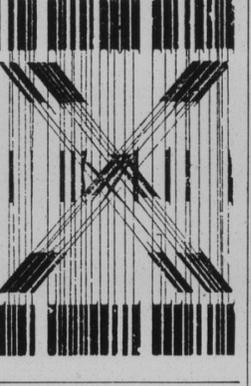
"Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray. I tried various remedies, but without success, till at last I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."—Mrs. A. Collins, Dighton, Mass.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from turning gray.

"My hair was rapidly turning gray and falling out; one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor has remedied the trouble, and my hair is now its original color and fullness."—B. Onkrup, Cleveland, O.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Verturers.



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SOON TO BE MANUFACTURED IN ST. JOHN, N. B.

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Dyspepsia Cure Company (LIMITED).



G.B. CHOCOLATES AND FINE CREAMS.

Chocolate Cream Drops are the most delicious sort of confectionary if you get the right kind. G. B. is that kind. They are always the same. You can tell them. G. B. is stamped on every Chocolate.

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Every Table at the Blue Store is a Bargain Counter.

At the Blue Store you will not find old goods to be sold at half price, but everything New, which are now selling at BARGAIN PRICES. Everything is cheap. But Children, Boys' and Youths' Clothing have our special attention.

Men's Suits from \$4.00 to \$16.00.

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II. MODERN.—English, French, German, Mathematics.

III. COMMERCIAL.—English, French, German, Arithmetic and Commercial Subjects. Phonography, Book-keeping, Writing and Drawing taught to all pupils.

MICHAELMAS TERM COMMENCES SEPT. 1, 1892.

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"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," Providence, St. John.]

ROLLING STONE, St. John.—Thank you for your confidence. No, I do not know the name at all, you know I am quite a stranger. I should think you would be much better in a drier climate, fog is so very bad for anyone of the kind. I am glad that you keep on trying, nothing could be better than practice. Perhaps I too may be converted some day to the delights of an *afresco* existence, but just at present I think I prefer four good strong walls and a roof. I hope the coming venture will be successful. Be sure you measure, as I shall be anxious to hear. I have met your guardian. Don't imagine I don't fond of the country. I love it, but I am not sure I should care for camping out.

MISS BORED.—I do not wish to seem disagreeable, but of all the troublesome letters I ever received yours was certainly the very worst, and I only wonder at myself for answering it at all. True, you did not write on both sides of the paper, in the ordinary sense of the term, but you did much worse; you took two sheets of paper, put one inside of the other, and then wrote over one side of each page in the proper order of sequence, turned it over and wrote on the other side upside down, as if you had been exerting all your ingenuity in trying how much trouble you could give me. I do really think the girls who write to me should take the trouble to comply with the two very easy rules I have laid down, namely, that their letters shall be written "straight ahead" and on one side of the paper only, and letters must be in the office on Friday of this week, if the answer is expected in the next week's issue. From what I succeeded in gleaning from your "tale of woe" you are indeed an object of sympathy, and if you are averse to the use of an Indian club as a discourager of the youth's too ardent attentions from humane motives, why not tell him plainly when he annoys you that you have another engagement? Be very decided and shake him off emphatically when he shows a disposition to attach himself to you. If I had been in your place on the occasion you mention I should have told him I was going to meet a friend, and bowed a very decided good evening to him. I fear you will be more than satisfied with the number of defects I have pointed out to you in your letter, but I trust you will not take my objections to your style of writing so much to heart as that. The dog would be very indignant if he knew you spoke of him as a poodle. He is a spaniel and a very handsome specimen of his kind.

J. C. S. Halifax.—I am sorry to say that I cannot give you the authorship of the quotation, nor would it be much use for me to look it up. Nothing is more difficult to find than a prose quotation, except perhaps the proverbial needle in a bundle of hay. If you have chance to come across it in the course of your reading, and remember it well and good, but otherwise you might search for days and never find it, so many extracts of that kind are taken from the speeches of great public men, that they are very difficult to place. I am glad you enjoy reading our "Talks." Yes, some of them are more than foolish, they are maddening. Will any correspondent oblige J. C. S. with the names of the following quotation and if possible the name of the person to whom it refers?

"He was more admirable as a man than any I had ever known. He is thoroughly in earnest and for the right and the good—his hypotheses are easy in his presence."

PERFECTION, St. John.—What a conceited girl you must be, to be sure, if you really think you are perfect although I am sure you are very nice. (1) Yes, I think it is decidedly too young, she should be still in the schoolroom. (2) Not more than four, unless you wish to make yourself rather conspicuous, or are engaged to the young man. (3) My dear child it is two or three months too early yet, to know, or even predict anything about the winter fashions you must wait until October for that. (4) No, it is very forward and disrespectful, unless the case is a special one. For instance, if one school friend was writing to another, and the former's brother should be near and say, "remember me to your friend," there would be nothing at all out of the way in his doing so, since it is probable they have both heard of each other, but for an utter stranger to do so would be very bad form indeed. (5) Every time you wash your hands in cold water, and rub till it forms a paste all over your hands, then wash it off in pure water; keep a box or pot of oatmeal on your washstand and also rub your hands with it with lemon juice on going to bed. (6) It has become the custom now, but still I confess that I scarcely like to see a lady so engaged, it does look masculine. (7) Your writing is lovely, so you must not believe all that people say, at least I think so. I hope that now you have broken the ice you will no longer require so much courage to write again.

TRINA, Halifax.—I am glad to know you enjoy our corner of the paper so much. I am afraid you have come to one of the last people in the world to advise you about the making of children's clothes, but I should think the model you suggest would be very effective and pretty. I think Geoffrey would agree with you perfectly as he is foolish enough to be quite satisfied.

A Word About Washing.
A skilled laundress who is very successful in doing up such cotton dresses as gingham and dark satines and prints uses no soap, but cleanses the fabric by using flour and water. If two dresses are to be washed, she makes starch by mixing a cupful of flour with a pint of cold water, and then adding three quarts and a pint of boiling water. Put half the starch in a tub holding four gallons of warm water and wash the dress in it, in the usual way. Rinse in two clear waters and dry.

The dress will be stiff enough without additional starch, which is little used for petticoats and wash dresses, except in the form of starch water. A stiffly starched dress or skirt marks a by-gone fashion. White dresses and light prints are not washed in this way.

Wash the second dress in the same way as the first, using fresh water and the other half of the starch.

It colors run, put half a cupful of salt in the last rinsing water. A faded blue is sometimes restored by adding two table-spoonfuls of vinegar or acetic to the last rinsing water.

The white suede shoes and gloves so much worn this summer both for morning and evening may be cleaned by the use of pipe clay. Buy a few cents' worth at the drugist's, dip an old toothbrush into the clay, rub with all your strength, the harder the better—care must, however, be taken to rub with the grain of the kid. Dress trimmings of white broadcloth, even when much soiled, may also be cleaned with the clay, which in this case must be used wet. At first you may think you have made a bad matter worse, but continue to rub with a clean brush and an abundance of clear water, and when dry the cloth will be white and clean. This method of refreshing white gloves and trimmings is used by the men in the British army in keeping their uniforms spotless. Gloves of white chambray are washed with white castile soap and tepid water, and rinsed thoroughly in water of the same temperature.

Chinese Women's Small Feet.
The dragon festival is a grand fete in the Chinese garden outside of Shanghai. In the procession was a gaudy dragon 60 feet long. Here I saw women with all kinds of feet—little feet four inches long, medium feet, and big feet. I find there is no caste connected with little feet. Poor women in obscure and filthy quarters have them as often as the wealthy classes. It is simply vanity. It is common to see women in rags hobbling along on stumps of feet as ungainly as a man walking on wooden legs. If it were not for the jimrikhas and wheelbarrows many of them would never go a square from home. They are proud of the deformity, and grin all over when an American lady notices them.

I have been told repeatedly in China that no Chinese lady ever allowed a photograph taken of her feet. Today, after buying a pair of rich China merchants. I prevailed upon him to let a Kodak be taken of his wife's little feet.

"Such pretty, pretty feet," I said, admiring the little silk baby shoes.

He assented after much reluctance, and his wife sat for the first photograph of the tiny feet of a Chinese lady weighing 150 pounds. Her feet are only four inches long. I found the four small toes rolled under and entirely embedded in the bottom of the foot. Only the big toe went to the toe of the shoe. It was not a foot, but more like the thigh bone of a chicken, a triangle of solid flesh and bone, the lady could walk very well, but with a hobbling gait.

Nothing allays nervous irritation quicker than the judiciously administered bath, whether it be the invalid or the supposedly strong and healthy person that is made the subject, says *Good Housekeeping*. How often the fretful, moaning invalid, weary and worn by the simple friction of the nervous system, finds comfort and refreshment in a gentle sponge bath, and yields to that restful sleep which brings strength no medical agent can supply! The busy housewife, perplexed by a multitude of cares, and sweltering in the heat of her narrow rooms, can find no better source of strength than to leave care for a brief half-hour and enjoy the luxury of a bath, from which shall be banished all thought of haste, all consideration of fretting time, or whatever else may enter to annoy and distract. Coming from the bath chamber, renewed in body and in spirit, she will find that half the terrors of her former state have vanished away, while she is inexpressibly stronger to meet those which remain.

A Gipsy Burial.
A gipsy burial took place at the catholic cemetery in Weissenau, near Berlin. The son of the gipsy chief was carried to the grave accompanied by members of the race from far and wide. A band of music opened the procession, followed by gipsies playing the fiddle or clashing cymbals. The splendid metal coffin was carried in a first-class hearse, on each side of which the cousins and uncles of the dead man rode on horseback, their bridles and saddles being covered with crapes. Close behind the coffin rode the six oldest members of the clan, beating tambourines, while they muttered prayers. Then came a troop of gipsy men, women, and children in carriages on horseback, or on foot, clad in their picturesque costumes. The procession was closed by the parents of the deceased, accompanied by four "mourning women," who raised a fearful howling. The sight attracted thousands of spectators. The burial was accompanied with the usual catholic rites, but afterwards the gipsies offered up a dog as a "sacrifice to the moon," in an open field near by.

A TONIC
HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.
A preparation of the phosphates, that acts as a tonic and food to the exhausted system.
There is nothing like it; gives great satisfaction.
Trial bottle mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

SEASONABLE RECEIPTS.

Specialty Prepared from Practical Tests for the Lady Readers of "Progress."

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Editor Progress," Providence, St. John.]

A Tempting Table in Warm Weather.

"During the hot weather housekeepers should constantly bear in mind the wisdom of appealing to the eye as well as the palate," says Maria Parloa in her *Kitchen Companion*. "The sight of broken ice and something green is refreshing, especially on the breakfast table. Berries and such dishes as sliced tomatoes, cucumbers, water-cress, lettuce and other uncooked vegetables are alike refreshing to the sight and taste when cracked ice is used as an accompaniment, and when such dishes have been thoroughly chilled before being served. It also gives the table an appearance of coolness."

I am led by Miss Parloa's remarks to supplement the following information about ice decorations which is not generally known: For luncheon or dinner tables a very pleasing centre-piece can be easily and cheaply made out of a block of clean ice about nine inches square and eighteen inches high, tapered to the top like a pyramid, with an ice shaver, or even with a hatchet. Ferns laid on the sides of the pyramid will adhere, and add greatly to the beauty, while moss makes a pretty base for it and also conceals the tin dish on which the block should stand.

To Make a Dome of Ice.

Another inexpensive, but beautiful ice ornament for the centre of a luncheon, dinner or supper table (and this has the merit of being uncooked) is a hollow dome of ice with an electric lamp or fairy lamp burning inside. It is made as follows: A copper beating bowl with a round bottom is the best thing in which to warm the shape, but as few private houses possess one of these most useful of all culinary utensils; and this is one reason why professional cooks make better work than domestic cooks, they must have proper utensils to work with. It wears me to see a woman trying to whip cream in a deep bowl on her lap, when she ought to have a copper beating bowl set in a pan or pail of pounded ice. Lower cooks must be full of resources; if you haven't a beating bowl, take a common glass dome such as is used for covering wax flowers, handle it carefully and it will answer the purpose. It should be about eight or nine inches in diameter and eleven or twelve inches high. Fill it nearly to the brim with water and mix in a dessert-spoonful of cochineal. Set the vessel in a freezing mixture of crushed ice and coarse salt in the proportion of one part salt and three parts ice, and let it freeze to the thickness of a little over an inch. Pour out the water in the centre, and with a red-hot poker make a small hole in the bottom, so that, when inverted, will be the top. The heat of the room will generally be sufficient to loosen the ice from its mould, when it can be slipped out. The cold causes the cochineal to fall slowly to the bottom while freezing, and the result is a beautifully tinted snow. It may be ready to be placed on the table. It costs, of course, stand on something suitable to catch the melting ice, which stand can be covered with moss.

Real Ice Dishes for Fruit.

These are very much easier to make and while scarcely ornamental they are more useful for serving various fruits and ice cream. The common two pound coffee tin if not in the house, a readily obtainable from the grocer. Take as many as will be needed, fill with water, colored as for the dome, and freeze in the same way an inch thick, pour out the unfrozen water in the centre. Set your ice dishes thus made, on any flat dishes or even plates with a dolly between, fill them with fruit or ice cream spooned up out of the freezer, piled high and rough, and sprinkled with granulated sugar that has been made pink by mixing with a few drops of cochineal or other coloring matter. Time to freeze about two hours. Coat, nothing but the water, cochineal, and the very little trouble, besides the ice and salt.

Delicious Cherry Cream.

As cherries are now plentiful I would recommend this delightful summer dish to those who do not mind taking a little pains to secure something uncommon.

Stalk and wash a pound of cooking cherries, stone them, then crush the stones. Give all a boil up, press them through a fine wire sieve with a wooden spoon until only the skins and shells are left. Again put the fruit into a clean stew pan over the fire; add enough sugar to sweeten, and when dissolved pour into an earthen dish to cool. Then take a pint of cream in a basin, add one ounce of sugar, and a dessert spoonful of orange flower water. When the sugar is dissolved, beat in the whites of two eggs. Stand the basin in a larger one, half full of small broken ice; this helps to bring the cream close to a froth. Beat the mixture with a wire egg whisk, and as it rises remove the froth with a perforated spoon or skimmer, put it on a hair sieve reversed over a plate to drain. Place that which remains on the top in the centre, or as a border to the dish containing the cherries, and serve.

A Stimulating Drink.

"Cousin Madge" in the *London Truth* says: "If you ever feel thoroughly run down do not fly to a B. and S. as so many women do nowadays, and also eschew wine, for these are stimulants only imparting fictitious strength and energy for the short time, only to take them away again with dreadful suddenness. Try the following mixture, and you will ever thank me for having introduced it to your notice: Half a teaspoonful of Frame Food Extract, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Mix well together, and pour upon them sufficient boiling milk to fill a breakfast cup. Stir vigorously and drink it off when cool enough. You will feel wonderfully invigorated after it. I have tried it and know." This struck me as a valuable item, but being unable to get the Frame food extract called for in the receipt I experi-

A Thing Greatly Abused.

HARDLY anything receives less thanks and more abuse than a shoe. It is never thanked for the protection it renders against the cold of winter, the heat of summer, against thorns, tacks, glass, dust, sticks and stones. It is kicked about, scoffed at, trampled under foot, knocked around and thrown violently here, there or anywhere. Its eyes are blinded, its tongue torn out, and its very "sole" ground to powder in its constant, uncomplaining servitude.

The shoe, like sails to a ship, or wings to a bird, permits man always and with tireless motion, to push on towards the far objects of his measureless ambition. Let the ship thank its sails, the bird thank its wings, and man thank his shoes, and when they are worn out get them replaced at WATERBURY & RISING'S, where you can find an assortment of Russia Leather—Tan—Canvas and Kid Boots and Shoes suitable for this season.

WATERBURY & RISING, 34 King and 212 Union Sts.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS COMPANY.

Lace Curtains Cleaned & Dyed by a French Process

Office—South Side King Square, Works—Elm Street North End, St. John, New Brunswick.

"To Castile and Leon, A New World gave Colon."

This noble legend was ordered on the Coat of Arms of

The Great Discoverer

By the royal pair of Spain, Ferdinand and Isabella, in recognition of the inestimable gift to Spain of the American Continent.

St. John grants the Palm to R. W. Leetch

for having introduced into this place the

Era of Low Prices.

And although he has no coat of arms on which to inscribe the story of his discoveries, he gratefully acknowledges the honor by wearing the legend, inscribed by his Low Prices in plain figures and one price only.

R. W. LEETCH,

47 King Street, St. John, N. B. New Royal Clothing Store.

mented with the various meat essences in our market and the one most agreeable to my taste is clam bouillon. The invigorating quality of this preparation is well known, or rather is not as well known as it ought to be. When used according to the directions on the label it is excellent, but as a summer drink prepared as follows, it should be popular. Use half a wine glassful to a cup of milk; sugar to taste and set on ice until quite cold. In order that it may be ready to drink when needed, a quantity could be made in the morning sufficient for the day's consumption and kept cool.

Market Gardeners Wanted.

St. John needs one or more market gardeners who understand their business. Our supply of spring and summer vegetables is altogether too short, and the variety too limited. The green peas and beans this year have been hardly fit for table use. The former for the most part being too full grown, and the latter stringy and full of blight. There has been very little spinach and as for that delightful vegetable, brussels sprouts, I have not seen them in the market at all since I have been coming to it. There was some late rhubarb in the city market last week, and contrary to my expectations, it was excellent. It was so large, and so late in the season, that I expected to find it tough and flavorless.

Australian vs. American Beauties.

American girls in search of foreign titles must now look to their laurels, for the Australian beauties are beginning to attract the attention of titled Englishmen. Miss Maud Wilson, whose engagement to the Earl of Huntingdon has been recently announced, is said to be the first Australian girl wooed and won by an Englishman of title in England, though other colonial marriages and engagements have occurred in Australia.

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THE TIME THAT YOU WILL FIND THE
Wilmot Spa
beverages grateful. They reduce thirst and regulate the system. An agreeable change from the Ginger Ale and Lemonade will be found in the new drinks.
FRUIT SQUASH,
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The latter a remarkable palatable and efficient tonic in the morning, or at any time. All are made from the Wilmot Spa Waters with the best of extracts.
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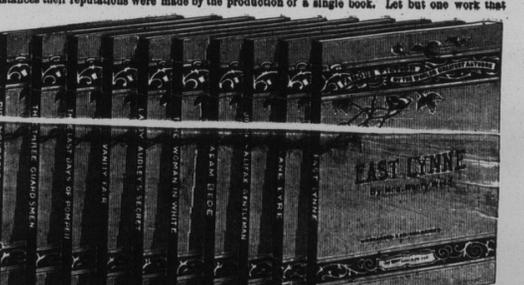
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Dealer in Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces,
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CLEANLY PRINTED.
CLOSELY READ.
The BEACON
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Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors!
A CHARMING SET OF BOOKS,
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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—a masterpiece—emanates from an author's pen, and though his future efforts 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 in our authors upon terms which make them almost a free gift. Each one of these famous novels was its 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 Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," are as follows:

- HAST LYNN, By Mrs. Henry Wood.
- JANE EYRE, By Charlotte Bronte.
- JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN, By Miss Mallock.
- ADAM REDE, By George Eliot.
- 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 GUARDSMEN, By Alexandre 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, unexpurgated and unaltered, in less appropriate 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 delightful set of books, and we are most happy to be enabled to afford our subscribers as opportunity of obtaining such splendid books upon such terms as we can give.

Our Liberal Premium Offer! We will send the ten great novels above named, comprising the complete set of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," also over our regular subscription price, so that you practically get this beautiful set of books for only 50 cents. Subscribers desiring to take advantage of this offer whose terms of subscription have not yet expired, by renewing now will receive the books at once, and their subscriptions will be extended one year from date of expiration. We will give the complete set of books free to any one sending us a club of two new yearly subscribers. This is a great premium offer.
EDWARD S. CARTER.

The Steinway Piano
PLAYED AND ENDORSED BY
The World's Most Eminent Musicians and Pronounced
by Them
THE MOST PERFECT PIANO MADE!
STEINWAY & SONS, St. John, N. B.
Agents for the Maritime Provinces.

HOW BUCKSKIN FIRED THE GUN.

The Corporal Tells a Remarkable Story and Offers Evidence of Its Truth.

When the Old Soldier Club had been called to order by the veteran, he announced that Corporal Buckskin, whose real name was Boogense, would narrate one of his experiences—that experience, in fact, which had made him a corporal.

The corporal blushing pulled the soap box he was sitting on, out in the middle of the floor and began:

"It happened down there on the Potomac," he said, "one day when there wasn't much going on—a sort of between-meals affair, but not pleasant while it lasted. The enemy had bunched over in some woods and about forty of us hauled up a twenty-pound smooth-bore gun and thought we would have some fun dialoguing them. There was a small frame house not more than 200 yards away and we tried to get behind it, but we couldn't reach it and they couldn't. We got the gun in position in some bushes, with a low heavy tree right over it, and blazed away once without much damage, and while we were loading the second time, thinking we had it all our own way, they made a rush, about fifty of them, and got into the house. Then they opened on us, and though we had got the gun so it covered the house and had it all ready to touch off. I'll be blamed if they didn't make it so hot for us we had to skedaddle. That is to say, everybody did but me, and I went up the big tree and hid in the leaves. I didn't want to be there a bit, I can tell you, but there was no help for it; I was treed and nothing short of Providence was going to save me. I hugged the tree close and was scared half to death, until they let up shouting, and then I got cooler and began to look around and figure on getting away. The cannon was right under me, almost within reach, setting in the sun as harmless as a baby on a fence, and likely to remain so as long as the other fellows were in the house, and our fellows were hid in the bushes out of sight, waiting for night to come on or for something to turn up to change the situation. In the meantime, I was doing a deal of thinking up that tree. I was hugging a limb so tight that after a while something in my pocket began to hurt me in the ribs, and I reached in to see what it was, and found a sun-glass some of the boys had picked up and had traded me for a jack-knife. I had the uncomfortable thing out in half a minute and was going to throw it away, when all of a sudden I noticed the cannon down there in the sun all ready to be fired if only anybody could set a match to it. I think I to myself, what the good of a sun-glass? So I crept out on the limb as quietly as I could and got close to the gun to get a focus on the touch-hole. It was most too far away, but I held her on the best I could for about five minutes, when bang went the cannon, and as I'm sitting here, I tell you, it blowed that house clean over and full of holes and didn't leave a man that could run. Nary a man, and before anybody had time to move on the other side our fellows jumped out of the bushes and yanked that cannon under cover and kept it there. The jar of the shot knocked me off the limb and I broke my arm in the fall, but the stripes they put on it cured it pretty quick and I didn't complain." Corporal Buckskin's story excited some doubt in the minds of a few of his listeners, but when he pulled a big sun-glass from his pocket and showed it as the identical glass, the testimony was considered competent, and everybody came forward and congratulated him—Detroit Free Press.

A Conjuror's Greatest Mystery.

A London, England, newspaper reporter recently interviewed M. Servais le Roy, the celebrated conjuror, who, at the time, was playing at the Royal Aquarium in that city. During the conversation the reporter asked him if he had any new ideas. M. Servais le Roy laughingly replied:

"Why, of course, I always have new ideas. Don't you know that a conjuror must always try to be original? Stop a bit and I will tell you a great secret. No one knows of it yet—that is, of the general public. I hope shortly, at a well-known London music-hall and theatre—the Empire, in fact—to produce my greatest mystery. It will cause a great sensation. I will pledge myself to do this. To 'vanish,' in the presence of the audience, and in the hundredth part of a second, a full grown, live elephant, with two native riders on its back."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, "but it is impossible."

"Not in the least," said he; "I have done it here, on this very stage—privately of course. But the third time the weight of the elephant broke the stage, and the poor beast collapsed altogether. It wasn't hurt, but it frightened it so much I have not been able to persuade it to try again. But I have some more elephants 'up my sleeve,'" he laughingly added. "I have been practising the trick in my garden at Brixton. I made a huge wooden elephant, and every day for months, a dozen times a day the neighbors have seen the elephant disappear till they are fairly tired of it."

"I overheard a conversation once which much amused me. A stranger happened to pass just as this huge wooden beast melted from his sight like a flash of lightning. He couldn't make it out a bit."

"Why, it's gone," he cried.

"Yes," retorted a resident, packed up his trunk and gone again. That elephant does that twenty times a day."

"I have just concluded an arrangement for a two years' engagement in America, when I shall be paid at the rate of \$300 a week and all expenses."

Egyptian Divorces.

Egyptian divorces are worse than those of Dakota. A wife may be divorced twice and return to her husband in Egypt, but if he divorces her a third time, and with a triple divorce declared send her away, she cannot live with her again until she has been one month married to another man. After the third divorce the husband must pay the part of the dowry which was set aside for the wife before marriage, and he must support her out of his house during the three months in which she may not marry again. If the wife is separated from the man and not divorced she receives a weekly allowance from him. A divorced woman may, after divorce, retain her son, under 2 years of age, and custom gives the child to its mother until it is 7 years old, then the father must claim his son. When a man forfeits an engagement to marry he must pay the woman half the amount of the customary dowry.

THINGS OF VALUE.

A dentist may be a jolly fellow to outside appearances, but he has a way of looking down in the mouth that is striking.

Write to the proprietors of Puttner's Emulsion for copies of testimonials to the excellence of Puttner's Emulsion from the most skilful physicians and prominent citizens of Nova Scotia.

Money makes the mare go, and the average horse also makes it go at the summer race meets.

Are you troubled with head-ache, heart-burn, acidity? Take K. D. C., the King of Dyspepsia Cures. It is guaranteed to cure you.

A musician never knows how much his playing is not appreciated until the folks in the next flat complain to the janitor.

A sample package of the wonder-working K. D. C., the King of Dyspepsia Cures, mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

A canvas-back duck prefers to eat the wild celery from the bottom of the rivers and creeks for divers reasons.

Are you troubled with sour stomach, nausea, nightmare? Take K. D. C., the King of Dyspepsia Cures. It is guaranteed to cure you.

A maiden may chain a man with a glance, but it does not always follow that she is links-eyed.

When the brain is weak, the nerves unstrung, the stomach out of order, use K. D. C. Free samples to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

An anti-cancer league has been organized in Paris, its purpose being to seek means of relieving humanity from one of its most dreadful scourges.

Are you troubled with bad taste, belching, burning in the throat? Take K. D. C.—the King of Dyspepsia Cures. It is guaranteed to cure you.

The Danish government has issued a decree forbidding the importation of dogs from any foreign country except Sweden and Norway.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gentlemen.—For years I have been troubled with scrofulous sores upon my face. I have spent hundreds of dollars trying to effect a cure without any result. I am happy to say one bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT entirely cured me, and I can heartily recommend it to all as the best medicine in the world.

RONALD McINNES. Bayfield, Ont. It is strange how crowded the thoroughfare looks to the man that's chasing his straw hat down the street, says the Binghamton Leader.

PELEE ISLAND Co.'s Grape Juice is invaluable for sickness and as a tonic is unequalled. It is recommended by Physicians, being pure and unadulterated juice of the grape. Our agent, E. G. Scovill, Tea importer and liquor merchant, No. 62 Union street, can supply our Brands of Grape Juice by the case of one dozen, or on draught.

When cupid has full possession of the heart his victim may be led to almost any extremity, according to an exchange.

Was troubled with dyspepsia for twenty years, tried almost everything but did not get anything to do me any good, saw your K. D. C. advertised and decided to give it a trial. I bought two boxes and took them according to directions and was completely cured. That was nearly two years ago, have not been troubled with it since and consider myself thoroughly cured. TIMOTHY McLELLAN, Proprietor Sterling Hotel, Tatamagouche, N. S. March 28th, 1891.

Don't try to fight your friend's battles.

Boys' Velocipedes

Given for two new subscribers and \$3.50 additional.

Every boy is not able to buy a velocipede and pay the cash for it much as he would like to. We open a way for him to possess one for a little work and a small amount in cash. For two new subscribers and \$3.50 additional any boy can obtain this tireless companion. Retail price \$7.50.

GIRLS' TRICYCLES

Given for three new subscribers and \$5.00 additional.

There is no thing so enjoyable or more healthful for young girls in Summer than exercise on the tricycle. We can give a splendid 20 inch wheel tricycle, metal tired, strong and durable in every particular for a club of three new subscribers and \$5 additional. The retail price of this tricycle is \$10.

N. B.—We have a larger tricycle for larger girls, 30 inch wheel, metal tired, which will be sent for a club of three new subscribers and \$9 additional. Retail price \$14.

SIX BALL CROQUET SET

Given for one new subscriber and 65 cents additional.

Croquet is fashion able again. With many people who love a quiet and enjoyable garden game it never went out of fashion. After all, there is nothing like Croquet for an interesting, comfortable out of door game. This is a splendid opportunity to secure a good field, six ball Croquet, packed in a hinged cover box with balls, mallets, wickets, stakes, wicket pegs all complete. Retail price \$1.00.

Are You Trying For This?



The engraving printed above is an exact representation of the beautiful Silver Service offered for the most coupons cut from Progress from next Saturday (July 9) to Saturday, September 24th. Although this paper has a circulation larger than any other paper in these provinces the publisher has good reason to think that it can be increased two or three fold, and to that end—to gain new readers for the paper—to make new acquaintances for it, this beautiful prize is given. There is hardly a reader of Progress who does not know of some

of their friends who do not take Progress. This prize is offered with the hope that they will induce them to buy it and give them the Coupon, which will be printed upon the first page of each issue beginning July 9. Do not imagine that if you live in a small town you have not the same chance as your rival in St. John or Halifax. You have just as good a chance because there will be so many try for the prize in the larger places that the coupons will be more eagerly sought after. Besides this there will be a natural and family rivalry between the

different towns that Progress has agents in to see which will bear off the trophy. This will be increased by the fact that that agent of Progress who succeeds in increasing his order the most will receive a check for \$20 when the silver service is given. So help yourselves and your agent at the same time. Here is one hint that any one can make use of: Remember to write and tell your friends in other towns that you are in for the prize, and ask them to send you all the coupons they can collect. This is but one of a score of good ideas that will occur to the competitors. The

only conditions in connection with the contest is that no selling agent of Progress or any one in the office can compete for the prize. It is the intention of the publisher to exhibit the Silver Service in all the towns where Progress is sold—as far as possible—but do not wait until you see it before you begin to work for it. Rest assured that it is guaranteed by Messrs. Ferguson & Page, that it was selected and imported for Progress for this prize; that it is the best quadruple plate, and that its value is not less than \$45.

"Progress" Silver Service Contest.

"Don't Put off Until Tomorrow what You can Do Today."

Get a Dictionary and Look it up.

PROGRESS has a large subscription list, but it does not include all the families in the three provinces. That is the aim of the publisher, and it is being accomplished slowly but surely. It is quite a contract, but when people get hold of a good paper it does not require much exertion to get them to become subscribers.

Here is an Opportunity.

Some time ago arrangements were made to give subscribers a large Webster Dictionary, at a low cost, so low as to make it ONE OF THE GREATEST OFFERS EVER MADE in the Maritime Provinces.

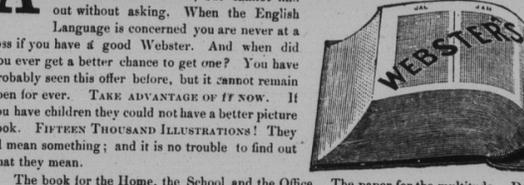
Hundreds Have Taken Advantage of it. Every week Dictionaries are being sent out to different parts of the Provinces. This is a big dictionary, containing 1615 pages, 1500 illustrations and an appendix of 10,000 words. The subscription price of PROGRESS is \$2.00 a year, but you can get it and the book for \$3.95. Note well the price. This is an offer that cannot remain open for ever. The sole idea is to get new subscribers for Progress. We want the largest subscription list that a provincial paper ever had, and are bound to get it.

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

A BIG BOOK. A BIG PAPER. A BIG COMBINATION.

Something Everybody Needs.

A BIG DICTIONARY In your possession does not necessarily mean that you will astonish your friends with big words, but there are hundreds of things you should know and want to know, but cannot find out without asking. When the English Language is concerned you are never at a loss if you have a good Webster. And when did you ever get a better chance to get one? You have probably seen this offer before, but it cannot remain open for ever. TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT NOW. If you have children they could not have a better picture book. FIFTEEN THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS! They all mean something; and it is no trouble to find out what they mean.



The book for the Home, the School and the Office. The paper for the multitude. Don't forget the price. E. S. CARTER, Publisher "Progress," St. John, N. B.



Extra Quality Twine Hammock Given for one new subscriber and \$1.05 additional.

Hammocks are some of the pleasant accompaniments of summer. Without one the country retreat lacks something; with it there is a variety of enjoyment. Our premium hammock has been selected especially for its strength and durability. It is of extra quality twine, regular length. Retail price \$2.25. Given for one new subscription to Progress and \$1.05 additional.

1 Posts. BALUSTERS, SHUTTER... PAULEY, TAILOR... FRESH STOCK OF Woolen... ERVE! Coal... BATH... INSURANCE... NAILS... Dock Street... HAY... COLEMAN, Proprietor... JONES, Proprietor.

A GARDEN OF ROSES.

It was a settled thing in the minds of the villagers of Bracebridge that old Holloway was "all alone in the world." None came to visit him, and during the two years he had lived at Bracebridge he had never been absent from home for a day.

Old Holloway had two sources of happiness. His tiny cottage was known as Rose Glen. If you ever went to Bracebridge you would never dream of going away without looking over the wicket gate and inhaling the sweet perfume of the old man's roses.

But he loved the children more. He once said that, when their tiny faces were looking up at him and smiling, they, too, were flowers. Every child in Bracebridge knew old Holloway.

The old man heard their voices and came to the door. How those children danced and sang! They got hold of both his hands and his coat, and with merry laughter, pulled him across the lawn to his favorite tree.

Again the children took hold of him and pulled him along the path toward the wicket gate. They opened it, and the woman was still standing there, her pale face now flushed, her once dim eyes brighter still.

"My daughter, my darling Marion! I was cruel to send you away, very cruel. A father's love for you made me think it possible for even a husband to love you as I did.

On the morning of the next day the children were on their way to school. They always passed Rose Glen, and old Holloway would invariably be at the gate. But this morning the children seemed more excited than usual; something had evidently happened, or was about to happen, which made their little hearts beat faster than ever.

It is a mistake to hurry about anything in this weather, to worry is still worse. When thirsty don't forget the claims that water has upon the attention. Brief cold baths are strengthening as well cooling.

"Would you like to see my little boy?" she asked. And all the children gathered round while the mother drew aside the scarf from round her baby's neck, so that they might see it the better. It, too, had tiny black bows on its little hat.

"Oh, how grandfather would love to see him!" cried one of the children. "May we take him to grandfather? It's his birthday today. It would make him so happy."

"And who is grandfather?" she asked. "You don't live here, do you?" questioned one of the youngsters.

"No," the woman answered. "I am quite a stranger here. But why do you ask?"

"Because you don't know grandfather," came the logical reply.

"Well, tell me who he is."

Then one of the children took the woman by the hand and led her to the corner where the hill started towards the spot where the roses grew. The cottage was pointed out to her.

"That's Rose Glen," the child said. "Yes, I can smell the roses here. Oh, how sweet!" the woman murmured, looking at the cottage.

"That's where he lives," the little one went on.

"Yes," said a child older than the others. "Mr. Holloway—"

The woman gave a wild scream, which almost made the children run from her in dismay. She had nearly fallen to the ground. But she was herself again in a moment.

"Oh! my children, my children," she cried, pitifully, "don't turn from me—don't be frightened—don't be afraid of me! I love you, every one. Come nearer to me."

"That's right. I love you, every one. I know—I know it's his birthday to-day. And would he—would he love to see my little one, would it make him happy? Do you think he would kiss it just as he does you and give it a smile the same as he gives you? Would he take it in his arms like the tiniest of you?"

She won the sympathy of the children about her and they all cried out: "Yes, Yes; let us take it to him."

A wild gladness overspread her face. Her lips quivered, her eyes sparkled. Some sudden resolve had come to her. She drew her hand nervously across her eyes; then, turning to the little ones about her quickly, she asked:

"And if I let you take my child to him—what will you do?"

"They were quiet for a moment. Then the elder child, who had spoken before, said: "I will carry him ever so careful. You can come, too."

"I can come, too," she murmured; "I can come, too."

Silently she placed the baby in the little girl's arms. The children trooped down the hill toward the house, the woman following them with hesitating steps. The children had reached the cottage gate and the woman stayed without, looking through the hedge-row and watching her little one with anxious care.

One of the children, carrying the baby in her arms, crossed the lawn toward old Holloway's favorite rose tree. "Marion!" There was just room for the child to stand beneath the great covering of green leaves and flowers. The other children ran to the porch. They cried out: "Grandfather! grandfather! Many happy returns of the day! many happy returns of the day!"

The old man heard their voices and came to the door. How those children danced and sang! They got hold of both his hands and his coat, and with merry laughter, pulled him across the lawn to his favorite tree.

Then they all turned to the old man and covered his tiny face with kisses. He looked round about him, not knowing what to do or whether to turn, but his lips were muttering one name.

The children took hold of him and pulled him along the path toward the wicket gate. They opened it, and the woman was still standing there, her pale face now flushed, her once dim eyes brighter still.

"Marion! Marion!" the old man cried. She fell on his shoulder, with her arms about his neck. Just then the school bell rang out, and away the children ran up the hill, their voices shouting all the way.

"Many happy returns of the day, grandfather! many happy returns of the day!"

The old man, caressing the child as he carried it close to his breast, with his daughter's arms still clinging to his neck, walked up the path toward the house. The woman seemed to peep out from all the other crimson blossoms. They entered the house together.—Strand Magazine.

Involuntary Imitation of Handwriting. Believers in graphology, or the expression of character in handwriting, will have to labor with Miss Mary E. Wilkins, the novelist. That lady says that she has been aware of the fact for some time that her penmanship varied greatly, but it was only recently that she gave any thought to the matter.

Then, happening to be directing a note to the mother of a young friend who was with her, the daughter stood watching her do it. Finally the girl exclaimed, "Why, that is mamma's handwriting!" and when Miss Wilkins looked at it closely she saw that it was. On observing herself further, Miss Wilkins discovered that she instinctively imitates in answering letters the handwriting of the person whom she is addressing.

According to the laws of graphology Miss Wilkins must be an encyclopedia of characters or there will have to be a new principle introduced into this science to account for such a multiplication of variation.—Boston Journal.

Hot Weather Suggestions. It is safer to walk on the shady side of the street. It is a mistake to hurry about anything in this weather, to worry is still worse. When thirsty don't forget the claims that water has upon the attention.

Brief cold baths are strengthening as well cooling. Your system does not need alcohol in any form when the mercury is in the nineties.

Wear as few and as light garments as the usages of society permit. Don't grumble or swear at the weather, or watch the thermometer. It makes you more uncomfortable and the weather does not mind it a bit.

Remember that it will be cooler after awhile.—N. Y. World.

A Reminiscence. "Forty years ago," said Wilson Barrett, "three little boys advertised a show to be given in the barn belonging to the father of one of them, near Manchester, England. The price of admission was three pence, or six pence for a reserved seat. The play was an adaptation of 'Julius Caesar,' and the parts of Caesar, Mark Antony and Brutus were taken by the three boys, none of whom was over four years of age. A retired actor, then living in Manchester, came to see the children play, and after the performance remarked that he had never seen anything just like it before."

"He died too soon to see his prophetic words come true, for one of those children was myself, the others were my dear friends Henry Irving and John Toole."

LONG LIFE

Is possible only when the blood is pure and vigorous. To expel Scrofula and other poisons from the circulation, the superior medicine is AYER'S Sarsaparilla. It imparts permanent strength and efficiency to every organ of the body. Restoration to perfect health and strength

Results from Using

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Kas., writes: "I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried three other proprietary medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The result was a complete cure. Since then I have recommended this medicine to others, and always with success."

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

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

CHECKMATED.

Dudley Smith, of Mangrove House, Sydney, was a young, handsome fellow with plenty of money. One morning he sat in his library and pondered, as he had often pondered before—and on the same subject—viz., how to get a wife. There were enough young ladies who would bless their lucky stars for the privilege of becoming mistresses of his luxurious establishment; but he also felt assured the home was all they cared for. For the fortune they would wed it was their own.

"Hang the money," he exclaimed, "I wish I'd never had a penny, and then—both, but then I should have been too poor to marry at all. Why couldn't I have just wealth enough to satisfy my wants and nothing more? By Jove! a fine idea. I'll toil them—the mean adventuresses!"

A furious pull at the bell-rope brought the housekeeper to the room in a hurry. "Pack up your traps, Mrs. Bull," he exclaimed abruptly, "for I am going to close the house for the present. Meanwhile, your wages can still go on, and that of such domestics as you consider indispensable."

A week later saw Mr. Smith safely domiciled in a quiet, second-rate lodging in Surrey Hill, and shortly afterwards he began to sell his diamond rings, pins, seals, and other paraphernalia of fashionable life. His grand clothes soon began to appear seedy and threadbare, and these he replaced by cloth of rougher cut and plainer hue.

Mr. George soon got afloat that his money and property had been lost through unlooked-for speculations, and as a natural consequence he lost friends rapidly. By twos and threes they ceased to know him as he met them in the street. Fashionable dandies, who hitherto were delighted to stop and shake hands with him, turned aside now as he met them "doing the block" or saw them riding by. Our hero only laughed and snapped his fingers at them behind their backs, though had his adversity been real he would not have felt inclined to do so.

Then came the time when of all his former friends who had smoked his cigars, drank his wine, and borrowed his cash, only two still clung to him in his adversity. It is no wonder that he grew misanthropic.

In George street one day he met a carriage containing some of his former friends, who had been absent from town since he closed his house. He thought they would notice him, but each inmate of the carriage bowed politely as of old.

"They have not heard the news," he muttered cynically. He was mistaken. That night the owner of the carriage called to see him. "Rather close quarters, my friend," he said, as he took a calm survey of Dudley's not very pretentious surroundings.

"Pretty close indeed," answered Dudley, with an icy smile; "but since I lost my property, of which I suppose you have not heard, I have become quite economical."

"But I have heard, my dear fellow," cried his auditor, abruptly, "and that is why I came. I know you needed friends now, if ever; and the fact is—my daughter Rosa—that is, sir, I mean I came to offer you the position of head clerk in my business establishment. Will you accept it?"

"Alone! well, I will think of it. But it is a long way from my lodging-house."

"Hang your lodging-house! You can live in my family as a—well, a sort of guest, you know."

Dudley Smith looked keenly at his visitor. "Sir, you are one man out of ten thousand," said he, slowly.

"Tut, Mr. Smith; sympathy is a strong feeling, and I feel deeply for your unfortunate case, believe me."

Again Dudley looked at him.

Eagar's Wine of Rennet.

It makes a delicious Dessert or Dish for Supper in 5 minutes, and at a cost of a few cents. This is the strongest preparation of Rennet ever made. Thirty drops will coagulate one Imperial pint of Milk.

BEWARE of Imitations and Substitutes.

Mr. Baitman was a wealthy man—very wealthy, he was called—and of course Mr. Smith thanked him, and he accepted the offer. Once cozily settled in the Baitman mansion, it was not long before he began to wonder why he had not mentioned Rosa Baitman before. She did not seem to feel above him, notwithstanding the wide difference in their positions; and she treated him as cordially—more cordially, he thought—than heretofore, before the change in his fortunes. He would not have been human had he not learned to love her.

The climax came when she gave a grand party. Then, before the eyes of the whole city, she did not hesitate to receive attentions from him on which but one construction could be placed. One cannot wonder he thought her a heroine, and asked no further proof that she could love him. Next day they met in her father's library, where he waited to see her.

"Loss," he said, as soon as the usual courtesies had been exchanged. "I come to you this morning to learn my fate. I know the difference in our positions and would not urge you—only let your heart decide. My heart I lay before you."

She blushed prettily, but seemed quite composed; then she gave him her hand. "I have loved you so long," she said; "and I loved you never love me."

You were so suspicious before you lost your wealth that all women were mere adventuresses; I was heartily glad when papa said you had lost it, and—

"You sent him to negotiate with me?" cried Dudley, finishing the sentence intuitively, and giving it labial emphasis.

"I loved you so," she murmured deprecatingly.

"I do not doubt it, dearest," and Mr. Dudley Smith believed himself the happiest of men.

They were married. The wedding was very unpretentious, as became the bridegroom in strained circumstances; and he was in constant ecstasy as he thought of his fortune still remained. He sent for Mrs. Bull to return and re-open the house and put it in full condition, receive its mistress. Meantime they remained at her father's residence.

"Dudley," said his wife, one day, "I have a favor to ask of you—will you grant it?"

"I will, if it be in my power so to do, darling," he exclaimed.

"Well, poor papa is rather short of money—won't you lend him a few thousands?"

"Me! why, you know—"

"Oh! I know what you have been pretending," was the quick reply; "but then you see, dear, it wasn't so—you never lost your money."

Dudley Smith leaped from his chair as though he had been shot.

"How did you find that out?" he gasped.

"I knew all the time. When I heard that you were penniless, papa went directly to your banker and learnt the contrary. I think we managed the game very shrewdly, dear husband."

"I think you did, rather," answered the dear husband, glancing upon his better half; "you have checkmated me with a vengeance; but do not flatter yourself, madam, that I'll endure it."

"How can you help yourself, dearest? We are married now. Will you take a trip to Fiji, or to England, or will you apply for a divorce?"

"No, I will do nothing of the kind."

"Then what will you do?"

"Answer me one question, Rosa. Do you really love me?"

"Yes, I really do, Dudley."

"Well, if you love me, we will drop the subject."

"I think we had better," said she quietly.

"We think so too.—Ex.

Extracts from Letters:

One says:—"I would not be without your Wine of Rennet in the house for double its price. I can make a delicious dessert for my husband, which he enjoys after dinner, and which I believe has at the same time cured his dyspepsia."

Another says:—"Nothing makes one's dinner pass off more pleasantly than to have nice little dishes which are easily digested. Eagar's Wine of Rennet has enabled my cook to put three extra dishes on the table with which I puzzle my friends."

Another says:—"I am a hearty eater, but as my work is mostly mental, and as I find it impossible to take muscular exercise, I naturally suffer distress after a heavy dinner; but since Mrs. — has been giving me a dish made from your Wine of Rennet over which she puts sometimes one, sometimes another sauce, I do not suffer at all, and I am almost inclined to give your Rennet the credit for it, and I must say for it that it is simply GORGEOUS as a dessert!"

Another says:—"I have used your Wine of Rennet for my children and find it to be the only preparation which will keep them in health. I have also sent it to friends in Baltimore, and they say that it enables their children to digest their food, and save them from those summer stomach troubles so prevalent and fatal in that climate."

Factory and Office 18 Sackville Street, Halifax, N. S.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

ON THURSDAYS the Steamer will make excursion trips to Hampton, leaving Indianston at 9 o'clock a. m. Returning will leave Hampton at 2.30 o'clock p. m. same day. Steamer will call at Clifton and Red's Point both ways, giving those who wish an opportunity to stop either way. Fare for the round trip, fifty cents. No excursion on rainy days.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. DAILY LINE (SUNDAY EXCEPTED.) FOR BOSTON

COMMENCING JULY 4th, and continuing until September, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston as follows: Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, Mornings at 12.30 (Standard) for Eastport and Boston. Tuesday and Friday Mornings for Eastport and Portland, making close connections at Portland with B. and M. Railroad, due in Boston at 11 a. m. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. For further information apply to C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO. (LTD.)

SEASON 1892. The following is the proposed sailings of the S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commander. MAY.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. JUNE.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. JULY and AUGUST.—From St. John—Daily Trips, (Sundays excepted). SEPTEMBER.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Steamer sails from St. John at 7.30 a. m., local time, return trip, sails from Annapolis upon the arrival of the morning express from Halifax. (Sg) HOWARD D. THOMP, President.

Travellers. APPLETON'S Canadian Guide Book.

Part 1, EASTERN CANADA. Part 2, WESTERN CANADA. Modelled after the plan which experience has proved the most satisfactory for Tourists and Travellers. Price, \$1.25, each part. For sale at the Bookstores or mailed upon receipt of price by J. & A. McMillan, - St. John, N. B. Office for Agriculture, Fredericton.

Harry Wilkes, 1896.

THE Standard Breed Hambletonian Stallion HARRY WILKES, the property of the Government of New Brunswick, will make the Season of 1892 at St. John. TERMS—\$25.00 for the season, to be paid at time of first service. Harry Wilkes, 1896, is by George Wilkes, 610, dam Belle Hite by Whitehall. He will stand at Ward's One Mile House on the Marsh Road. The intention is to send the stallion down about the first of May. Should be he made to send him down earlier by applying at this office. JULIUS L. INGRAM.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, EASTPORT.

I have had Rheumatism for five years. I found nothing to give satisfactory relief until I used Scott's Cure for Rheumatism, and it has proved a perfect cure.—Yours truly, MRS. ELIZABETH MCCARTHY.

Scott's Cure FOR RHEUMATISM

is the greatest discovery of the age for the immediate relief of RHEUMATISM. Applied to a bruised surface, it will instantly relieve pain and allay inflammation. Scott's Cure is a preparation that no household should be without.

Scott's Cure is prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, King Street (West), St. John, N. B. For sale by all Druggists. Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50.

GRAND EXCURSION

THE BEST OFFERED IN ST. JOHN. Eastport, St. Croix River, St. Andrews, Calais, St. Stephen, St. George and Lepreau. Tickets for the round trip good for Eight Days with liberty to stop over.

Only \$2.50. The Shore Line Railway and International Steamship Company have united to give the people of St. John the biggest trip for the smallest money ever offered, viz:

ST. JOHN TO EASTPORT, by the splendid steamers of the International Steamship Company, thence up the picturesque and historic St. Croix River to St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen, and return to St. John by Express Train of the Shore Line Railway.

The trip can also be made from St. John outwards via the Shore Line Railway, leaving St. John East, per Ferry, at 11.15 a. m.; West, at 1.30 a. m., conveying from St. Stephen to St. Andrews or Eastport by the Frontier S. S. Co., and returning to St. John by the I. S. S. Co. Steamers daily for Eastport.

Special Saturday Excursions—Persons can leave St. John by International Steamship, Saturday morning—visit Eastport, St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen, and return by Special Train, arriving home Saturday evening. These tickets however good only on date of issue.

ON SATURDAY ONLY \$2.00. Tickets for sale at George Phillips, Fredericton, Street and at the Ticket Office of the International Steamship Company and Shore Line Railway. For special terms for large parties, apply to C. E. Laechler, Agent I. S. S. Company or G. G. Ruel, Treasurer Shore Line Railway.

HARVEST 3 Excursions

—VIA THE— CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. —TO POINTS IN— MANITOBA —AND THE— Canadian North West, Leaving ST. JOHN, N. B. at 4.25 a. m. AUGUST 16th and 23rd, SEPTEMBER 6th, 1892.

Tickets will be good to return at any time within 60 days from date of sale. For rates of fare, and all other particulars, see advertising matter or inquire of nearest Railway Ticket Agent.

D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Ass't Gen'l Agent, ST. JOHN, N. B.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y. Summer Arrangement.

On and after Monday, 27th June, 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11.50 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11.50 a. m.; LEAVE ANnapolis—Express daily at 1.05 p. m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 4.45 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth daily and Saturday at 8.50 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth 11.05 a. m.

Through tickets may be obtained at 150 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BRONWELL, General Superintendent Yarmouth, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway.

After June 27, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.00; for Point St. Charles, 10.30; for Halifax, 12.00; for Sussex, 12.45; for Quebec and Montreal, 22.10. Will arrive at St. John, Monday, Tuesday, 6.30; from Quebec and Montreal (excepted Monday), 2.45; from Point St. Charles, 12.40; from Halifax, 12.50 from Halifax, 8.5.

KEEP COOL! ICE

Wholesale and Retail. ORDERS through Mail or Telephone promptly attended to. Telephone No. 414. Office: Leinster Street. Parties going out of town, can have ice delivered at regular rates until their departure and upon their return to the city. 3 mos. MR. R. WERTS L.

Creaser's Juvenia Soap. Marvellous Effect!! Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion. DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT. The ingredients are perfectly pure, and we cannot speak too highly of them. The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL. JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any coloring matter, and contains about 100 times as much water as ordinary soap. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank among the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. REDWOOD, F.R.S., F.L.C., F.O.A.; 7, ROSS STREET, F.L.C., F.O.A.; A. DE HAAS, F.L.C., F.O.A.

VOL. LEE AN

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