

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## THEY DID IT IN STYLE.

### HOW THE COUNTESS COUNCILLORS MET AND CONDOLED.

An Address that Rises Above the Commercial Aspect of a Telegram—The Consensus of Opinions which Resulted in An Address to the Queen.

"I say," said Councillor Cate, of the municipality of Somewhere, to Councillor Queer of the same eminently respectable body. "I say, we ought to do the decent thing about the death of the duke. It may be all very well for the mayor to telegraph the governor general to convey an expression of sympathy to the queen, but we ought to do something more dignified. A telegram has a commercial aspect and looks as though we were in a hurry. We are not; we never were, in an official capacity, and we never will be. Let us put our heads together and get up an address."

"Yes," said Councillor Queer, "the people expect something of the kind. The eyes of the nation are upon us. If we send a telegram it will be forwarded like everybody's telegram. We will put our thoughts on permanent record to be preserved in the royal archives for all time to come. We will retain counsel, if necessary and do the thing in style. There are no files on the municipal council of Somewhere."

So Councillor Cate and Councillor Queer called upon the other councillors, and they all put their heads together to get up an address. They resolved themselves into a committee of the whole and unanimously carried a motion to begin. Councillor Quill was requested to act as secretary and instructed to write down the suggestions of each councillor until the address was complete.

"How shall I begin?" asked the secretary.

"In the usual way," said Councillor Grump. "Say, at a meeting of the municipal council held this day, the following were present—"

"No, no!" interrupted Councillor Bang. "I should start it this way: Whereas, it has pleased—"

"Gentlemen," remarked the warden, "deliberative bodies are supposed to follow precedents. We should adhere as far as possible to the language of the last address we passed on a similar occasion. Does anybody know when that was?"

"Nobody knew. There had not been a death in the royal family for a long time, and it was very doubtful if a copy of any direct address to the queen on such an occasion could be found in the archives of Somewhere. A good many other kinds of addresses and memorials were hunted up, but none of them seemed available as a form in which to build another for this occasion. It was unanimously resolved to invent one, and each councillor was requested to lend a hand in the construction of it.

"Shall I begin with whereas?" asked the secretary.

"Not at all," replied Councillor Cate. "Address it to the queen direct."

"I think that official documents usually start with 'Victoria by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, defender of the faith,'"

said Councillor Queer. "How will that do?"

"Let me alone!" replied the secretary, "and I will read it as I go along."

So he wrote for a while and then he read:

To Her Most Gracious Majesty, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, etc., etc.

May it please Your Majesty:

We, the warden and council of the municipality of the city and county of Somewhere, in the province of New Brunswick, Canada, humbly desire to approach your majesty with the expression of our firm attachment to your majesty—

"There—I'm stuck for a word. What will I say next?"

"Put in something about throne and power," suggested Councillor Wigwag.

"To your majesty, throne and power," continued the secretary.

"Is that good grammar?" asked Councillor Kicker.

"It sounds fine," said Councillor Cate. "Let it go. What next?"

The secretary continued:

And at this time of bereavement and sorrow, of our deep and respectful sympathy and condolence at the untimely and most lamented loss which you, your family and the whole realm have sustained in the death of your majesty's grandson, His Royal Highness Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale.

"What will I say after that?"

"Make some remark about his being in the prime of life, or budding manhood, or bloom of youth, or something of that sort," said Councillor Wigwag.

The secretary wrote awhile and read again:

Taken off as he was in the bloom of youth under circumstances peculiarly distressing, and of deep concern to all your majesty's world wide subjects. While we beg earnestly to assure your majesty that no bereavement and no grief could come to your majesty or the royal family which would not call forth our deepest sentiments of regret, we humbly feel that in common with all your subjects we have a more absolute and personal share in your majesty's present affliction.

## TO SIMPLIFY THE CODE.

### HON. CONCUSSEY PYNE HAS A SUGGESTION TO MAKE.

Amendments to the Criminal Procedure which will Add to the Labors of the Judiciary—The Functions of Judge, Jury and Executioner to be Combined.

Hon. Concussey Pyne was in town this week. He reports rather dull times at Hogback Settlement, and says that unless there is snow before long there will be very little lumbering done in that section this season. Many of the neighbors are ill with the gripe, and the recent death of Squire Grubhanter has cast a deep gloom over the entire community.

"I have been trying to see Mr. Foster," continued Mr. Pyne, "and I expect to have a talk with the St. John members before I go home. The fact is I have an idea that a good deal of money can be saved to the country in the administration of justice. It costs a tremendous lot as it is. When a crime is committed there is this and that preliminary at the outset, before the case is sent to the higher court. Then there is a grand jury, a petit jury, a judge, a sheriff, a jailor and at times an executioner. There is no need of all this red tape, and my idea is to dispense with most of these officials."

"Quite an original idea, if it will work, isn't it?"

"No, I am free to say that the idea is not original with me. It has been suggested by Judge Tuck. I read in the papers that when he sentenced Maud Lindsay to imprisonment for life, he apologized for having to let her off so easy. He remarked that he had been jury as well as judge, and he would have had no hesitation in finding her guilty of murder. I take this to mean that any pleasure the occasion had for him was marred by the thought that he could not have the woman hanged. Now, I suppose that is natural enough, and if I were a judge I should like to have a hanging case now and then, and Judge Tuck hasn't had one yet. That he should come so near it, and be fooled by a chicken-hearted jury is enough to rile any man. Why, my dear Progress, at the rate things have been going, he may finish his judicial career without ever pronouncing a death sentence. It wasn't so in olden times, when there were hangings enough to suit the most exacting taste. We can have the old time back again if we combine the functions of the judge and jury."

"That would be something very novel, wouldn't it?"

"Not at all. It would be only returning to mediæval methods, when the accused was dragged before the judge, condemned by him and executed in his presence. I think that is the custom in some Eastern countries to this day. Why it used to be a common thing for the judge to attend in the torture chamber to see that the victim got all he was entitled to, and I would have that praiseworthy custom revived as well."

"How in the world can you do that?"

"Easily enough. Judge Tuck had another prisoner before him—a colored lad, whom he sentenced to receive a lashing on the bare back. Now, I see by a daily paper that the judge has said he will be on hand when the whipping takes place, to see probably, that no measly motives of mercy actuate the man who does the thrashing. The arrangements are supposed to be in charge of the sheriff, but the judge appears to think that he may not make the victim suffer enough, so he will boss the job himself. I suppose, if there were any need of it, he could do the flogging with his own hands, and then he would be sure it was well done."

"Oh, no. A judge of the supreme court would never go that far. What do you suppose Sir William Ritchie or Sir John Allen would have said if such a suggestion had been made to them at any time in their career? They would have resigned sooner than take upon themselves the functions of a common hangman, and I very much doubt if they could have been induced to attend as spectators."

"Likely enough. They belong to the old school and have a lot of notions about the dignity of the bench. Judge Tuck is more practical in his views, and when he gives a prescription he wants to see it operate."

"Do you suppose he would have superintended the hanging of Maud Lindsay, if he had found her guilty in the capacity of jury and sentenced her to death in the capacity of judge?"

"You will have to ask him about that, but why should he not? Why, indeed, should not my idea be carried out so that a judge of the supreme court should, ex officio, be jury and executioner as well? Give him an extra allowance, if necessary. Don't you know that it is sometimes hard work to get a man to do the flogging, because even the average jail prisoner does not take much pleasure in torturing his fellow. Now, a judge of the modern school ought to be so strictly impartial and rise so superior to merely human emotions that he could carry out his

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### THE SECRETARY REPRESENTS THE ST. JOHN VICTIMS.

At the Exciting Meeting of the Bay State League at Boston—The Members Unwilling to Drop Any More into the Bottomless Pit.

When the members of the Bay State League in this city were notified of the embarrassment of the head officers in Boston, and asked to send a delegate to take part in the last act of the tragedy, the St. John men decided to let well enough alone, and keep what money they had left after paying all their assessments.

In fact, none of the members seemed willing to take the responsibility of representing the lodge. All had excuses, and the local officers were quite positive that they could not spare the time to make a trip to Boston. This was the understanding when the meeting broke up, but at the last meeting of the St. John lodge, the secretary presented a report that had at least the novelty of being news to many of those present.

The secretary had been to Boston and had represented the St. John victims at the very lively meetings held there. The exciting scene when the furious delegates from all parts of the country met face to face with the supreme officers has already been graphically described in the despatches. The secretary's report was also interesting, and differed from that in the newspapers inasmuch as the latter neglected to mention the part taken by the St. John man. The two reports differed very materially in this respect. The part taken by the St. John representative was of incalculable importance, according to his report.

The most interesting part of it, however, was the explanation as to how he happened to go to Boston after the members deciding that it was unnecessary to send a delegate.

After the meeting to consider the matter it was found that there was about \$15 in the funds of the St. John lodge. When the discovery was made the secretary decided that he could perhaps find time to go to Boston after all. A number of members who evidently thought they could afford to drop a few more dollars into the bottomless pit of the Bay State league, were curious, and hoped there might be a chance of recovering something if they were specially represented. So they clubbed together and added enough to the amount in the treasury to bring the sum up to about \$34.

With this the secretary started for Boston and spent four days there looking after the interests of the St. John victims of the league.

The amount just about covered his expenses, so he said, and asked the lodge to uphold him in what he had done. Meanwhile some figuring had been done, and he was able to tell the members just how much each one would have to be assessed in order that they might share the expense of the trip. The amount of the assessment is not very large, but from all accounts, the men who "put up" the money will have to stand the loss, for the majority of the members have evidently come to the conclusion that they have dropped enough money into the Bay State league.

The secretary was about the only one in town who derived any benefit from it, as he was exempt from all assessments, owing to the position he held. And he had a very pleasant trip to Boston into the bargain.

Don't Like Typewriter Letters.

"I beg to second the motion," writes Ilay Blend, "of the lady in Progress, who says, 'don't write your letters on a type-writer.' No, please don't! To my mind such an epistle possesses about as much individuality as a lamp-post, and no matter how tender the words they never appeal to oneself, as do the most straggling, erratic lines that somehow bear the character of the scribe. To begin with, whose mental nose does not take an upward turn at the color of the production? Blue ink! Besides, I always have a lurking conviction that the whole thing has been dictated in cold blood to some flippant type-writer, who clicked it off all in the way of business, at so much per folio. Far rather would I extricate my letter from the meshes of the worst penmanship, than have it stare me coldly in the face all neatly printed in blue ink. As for a love letter—but that is absurd, as Euclid says, and he is right!"

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For Somebody With Time to Spare.

A correspondent wants an answer to this conundrum: Sold a horse for \$52 and made as much per cent. on him as he cost. What did he cost?

## HE DID NOT OWE THE AMOUNT.

### Yet He Got Into Jail and Came Near Having to Stay There.

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"You are doubtful, then, whether the letters reached their destination?"

"Well, no; but I don't think much of the letter box system of this town. I know a man who put a letter in a box on Garden street before Christmas and it hasn't reached its destination yet."

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The snow was a great boon for the market square and Indian town hackmen. They had their sleighs out before there was enough snow on the ground to hide the mud on the pavement, and have been making the best possible use of it. The "spring like" weather was all right for the horse cars, but now the laugh is on the other side. Everybody takes the sleighs, but that does not prevent the hackmen from doing as much canvassing as ever. One jehu orator caused some amusement the other evening by driving alongside a horse car and shouting with all the vocal power on his command, to the people inside: "Come on, come on, now gents, don't wait for them boxes." And they didn't, but filled the sleigh.

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The bear that fell into the hands of the Dominion express men, has had a varied and exciting experience since he started on the road, and although he has been decorated with tags and sealing wax until his own mother wouldn't know him, and has travelled all over the continent in that condition, he has never uttered a complaint. But even this did not satisfy the express people. Now some cruel wretch has written poetry about poor bruin. This is more than even a bear can stand.

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The hall was tastefully decorated with Chinese lanterns, and three or four large tables set off with fancy articles, refreshments, and other things attractively displayed. But the great attraction was the queen, a colored girl, who sat in Noble Grand's canopy of the lodge room, shut off by curtains, which would be drawn aside and the queen shown for the small sum of five cents. On Thursday evening the proceedings did not seem to be so brisk, but the little colored girls were as active as those usually found at church fairs, and invariably produced the grab-bag—five cents a grab—when anything from a tin whistle and piece of gum to a diminutive pewter spoon was among the probabilities. After the auction, at which Mr. Hamilton got a bargain in two beggies of scotch for fifteen cents, because nobody seemed to be interested in that particular article, the floors were cleared for dancing, and there was a hustle for partners. As is usual on such occasions there were hapful people who could not dance, and the inevitable lack of male partners. Nevertheless once the ball was set in motion, she went with a swing, and dancing was kept up to the morning.

All Were Disappointed.

There was a good deal of disappointment on City road one day last week, especially among the small boys. A report had been industriously circulated that a widow who keeps a bar room in that locality was going to be married and a day had been set for the event. Some persons had even gone so far as to lead a number of people to believe that they had been invited to the wedding, and the small boys, who never take a back seat worked hard in making a formidable collection of barrels for the bonfire. Strange to say, no one had approached the widow on the subject, and when the night arrived and everybody was in anticipation of a good time, it was suddenly discovered that there was no truth in the report. Hence the disappointment.

They Want More Light.

The patrons of the electric light companies have been doing some talking lately and it is not all of a very complimentary character. The lights are not giving the satisfaction that was expected, and all want to know the reason. Perhaps things will be better when the consolidated company gets down to business, but in the meantime many of the stores with the incandescent lights should look brighter, than those of people who are not so modern in their ideas and still illuminate with kerosene and gas.

Conversation on Chubb's Corner.

What was the name of that crank who used to carry a lantern around in the daytime when he was looking for a man?"

"Diogenes, the cynic philosopher."

"Well, it he were here now, I could give him a permanent job at night in trying to help the incandescent lights in my office when I have to do any writing. A good old-fashioned lantern would be a valuable aid to the student nowadays."

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KNOWN AS A HUMORIST.

FRANK H. RISTEEN AND SOME OF HIS LITERARY WORK.

One of the contributors to "Progress" from the First-A Poem that gives an idea of his versifying when he has a happy inspiration.

What does a funny man look like when he isn't trying to be funny? A recent number of the National Steenographer, published in Chicago, gives a practical reply to the question by showing a portrait of Mr. Frank H. Risteen, a supreme court stenographer of New Brunswick, with a sketch of his record as a short-hand writer.

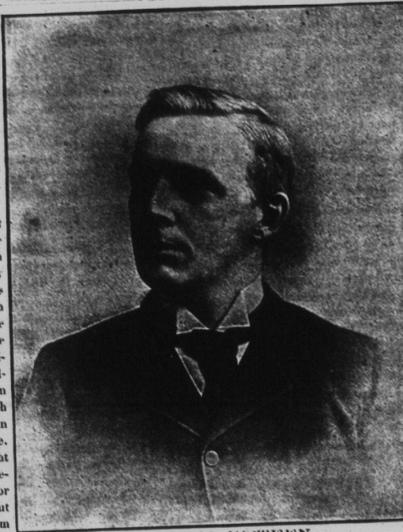
Mr. Risteen's picture, a copy whereof is hereto annexed, represents him in his official capacity, as a man who has written 1042 words in five minutes, and been able to read them without an error. It is not every man who can do that, and there is probably not another in the world who can anywhere near it with the Scovil system. Most of the men who would declare such a feat impossible, but the record has been made and will stand investigation.

Mr. Risteen first came into notice as a reporter on St. John daily papers, but was fortunate enough to get out of the business before he reached the position of a journalist, where a man knows so much that he never can learn any more. Mr. Risteen might in time, have become a city editor at \$12 a week, but it seemed to him that there were even greater possibilities to a young man with an intelligent mind and a ready pencil. He studied the Scovil system, as a good many have done, and became an expert, which has been the luck of very few. Since then he has done a good deal of official reporting, and not a little humorous writing. He was among the early contributors to Progress, and has maintained a connection with it ever since. Some of his sketches have given him a wide reputation, and many of them are worthy of presentation in a more permanent form than any periodical can give them. Others, written by happy inspiration for special occasions, have been most telling in their hits, and then again there have been bits of bright humor, not dependent on locality for their point, and which would be appreciated by readers everywhere.

It takes all kinds of humor to suit the public, and Mr. Risteen manages to suit widely differing tastes at one time or another, as do a few others even of Progress' writers, and they are a versatile lot. "Bildad," for instance, strikes in a different way from "Jimmy Smith," and yet each has his good points. It is as a writer of verses that Mr. Risteen has made some of his most palpable hits. Certain of his poems have a humor which it would be difficult to surpass. Here is one which is especially happy in its tone and which will give a good idea of the style of the writer:

Wreck of the Heather Bell.  
(To Commodore J. L. Stewart, the father of New Brunswick Marine Poetry, by whom your youthful

Mass was mowed, cradled and frequently spanked,  
This deathless rhyme is humbly dedicated, by the author.)  
It was the woodcock Heather Bell,  
That plowed the wintry main,  
And the skipper his name was Bourse,  
And the crew his name was Kane.  
Who was her deck with the clinging frost,  
Her sails and her masts all white,  
And over her bow in the darkling gloom  
These glimmered her signal light.  
The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe in his mouth was set,  
While a grove of matches lay strewn around  
He had scra'ched on his pipe-stem.  
And with every squally gust that blew  
He would light another match,  
And for every grating law that flew  
His gable end he'd scratch.  
Then up-spoke the skipper's mate,  
(Likewise his name was Kane),  
"I pray thee put into Opunabog,  
For I fear a laryngitis."  
The main sail sheet is frozen stiff,  
And the masted sails look fast,  
The piston-rod is smashed in swan,  
And the spinnaker yaws the mast.  
"Then haul the bob-tail hard in port  
And hammer down the hatch,"  
And the skipper laughed a scornful laugh  
As he lighted another match.



FRANK H. RISTEEN.

But whither and whither came the gale,  
And the darkness and the rain,  
Twin specters spread o'er the main,  
Their wings spread o'er the main.  
Then up-spoke the boatswain bold,  
(His name likewise was Kane),  
"I, let us take the larboard tack,  
The chance we may gain."  
"Go hoosen up the collar beam,"  
The skipper roared at all,  
"And tightly reef the larboard valve  
And lie the skipper aboard!"  
And still from off the Devil's Back,  
And o'er the reach it blew,  
And down the vale of Nervus  
The force to-morrow flew.  
It swept the jilpoko of the poop,  
It ripped the sails like tow,  
It stove the gangway into thirds  
And bilged the dynamo.  
Or over the wind blew fierce and fast,  
Or over the blast blew raw,  
The skipper cheerily scratched and scratched,  
But that pipe would never draw.  
"Oh, captain, I hear the church-bells ring,  
O' say what may it be?"  
"Tis the last express on the C. P. R.,  
The hours late," said he.  
"Oh, skipper, I hear the sound of guns;  
O' say what may it be?"  
"Tis a Nerepis mauler chewing gum  
And cracking her teeth," said he.  
"Oh, however, I see a gleaming light;  
O' say what may it be?"  
"Tis the old Scoulanges on our bows,  
And dead-end sailing," said he.  
That fierce collision swept the crew,  
Most crewmen from the deck,  
And of the blooming mate it made  
A "dead mate shipment" quick.  
At daybreak on the Long Reach shore,  
The inhabitants gazed aghast  
At the remains of a manly form  
Lying close to a broken mast.  
Fixed were the limbs and fixed the eyes  
That met their startled sight;  
And fixed in the stern, unblinking mouth  
Was the pipe he had tried to light.  
A!e! thou matchless mariner  
Thy piping days are past;  
Your end is endless as the sea;  
You're gone to Scratch at last.

ed of small boys in various parts of the town whither he should journey to the printing office. The boys, who did not appreciate this explanation sent him journeying in several different directions, but at last he reached the office of the Leader and handed in his advertisement.  
The rector of Parrsboro was considerably surprised upon reading this announcement after dinner the next day, as Friday evening is his night for holding bible class in the school house, and he had not seen Mr. I. S. Holmes. A little later, however, this gentleman called, and after a short conversation, in which the rector found that there were more things in heaven and earth than he dreamt of in his visitor's philosophy, Mr. Holmes was persuaded that Parrsboro was not the best battleground.  
"They tell me," said Mr. Holmes that evening, "that Parrsboro has only two thousand inhabitants, and, I think, I could do more good in Windsor. I will journey toward Windsor in the morning." As the student seems able to fight only one battle a year, the people of Parrsboro were disappointed, but consoled them selves with the pious reflection that what was their loss was Windsor's gain. A prominent Baptist had armed himself for the fray, which promised to be lively.  
The bible class was well attended last Friday evening.  
"I never was defeated in an argument in my life," said Mr. Holmes, just before starting for Parrsboro. "My special gift is in making things plain. Books don't make things plain; neither do ministers. But you'll see in the papers how I beat the rest of them in Windsor."  
The conductor shouted "All aboard" and Holmes, sweet Holmes, went journeying home.  
Parrsboro, N. S., Jan. 18, 1892.

Why His Annual Assault on all Denominations was Postponed.  
Mr. I. S. Holmes, collegiate student, will deliver a lecture in Parrsboro on January 23th, in which he will prove that the Church of England is the best and teaches the most of holy writ. He intends to challenge and defeat all other denominations as he did in Kings Co., N. B., last year.  
This modest announcement was in the Windsor Tribune a month ago, but it was not until last Friday that it appeared in Parrsboro's local paper, with the additional information that the annihilation of the Philistines would take place in St. George's church school house, at 7 o'clock that evening.  
The modern Samson arrived in Parrsboro on Thursday night, and followed the crowd from the train to the station platform. He was at all, this man, with a large grey scarf tied over the back of his overcoat. Looking through his spectacles he asked, "And is this Parrsboro?"  
"No," said a humorous bystander, "this is Mill Village; Parrsboro is further on."  
Back into the car went the student, and spent considerable time waiting for the train to start. He was discovered by a railroad official, who asked, "Are you going any further on this road?"  
"Yes," said Mr. Holmes, "I purpose journeying to Parrsboro."  
The collegiate student was with difficulty made to understand that what was formerly Mill Village was now the most flourishing part of Parrsboro, and the southern terminus of the Spring Hill and Parrsboro railway.  
The warrior then went forth and inquired

HOW TO BECOME A NURSE.

Points for Girls Who Wish to Be Trained for the Work.

In none of the many professions entered by woman is she more successful than in that of nursing. She seems peculiarly adapted for this work and the large number of nurses annually turned out by the training schools in hospitals speaks for itself.

A few years ago anyone was considered good enough for a nurse, but higher education and the refinement following it has now done away with that idea. The refined and cultivated do not want a coarse or stupid person to attend them when ill; for that is just the time when anything unpleasant seems so terribly discordant to the sensitive nerves. Refinement, sympathy and requirements of all nurses.

Of course any one can nurse in a way, but to make a successful nurse, that is to pass through one of the training schools and afterwards to make it a profession, requires perfect health, average intelligence and also a certain amount of strength of mind. It is only those with good health who can stand the training, for in some of the larger hospitals especially, the routine work is very hard and the constant strain of ceaseless activity soon begins to tell on a delicate constitution. Besides the danger from infectious diseases is much greater than those whose health is in any way impaired.

Education is not the most important requirement, but it is good so much the better. During the course of training in most hospitals, nurses are expected to attend a weekly lecture given by a doctor and learn a weekly lesson in some standard class book on nursing. In the two years' schools these examinations are oral with the last one, in others again they are all written. If they make one-half the highest possible number of marks they pass, if not, they study one month longer and are then examined again. In these examinations, but they sometimes have to be examined the second time, as the best nurses have been known to fail at the first one.

The sights and sounds of hospital life are rather trying at first, especially to a timid person, but most nurses soon get accustomed to them and become equal to any emergency. A characteristic of well-trained nurses is their power to command, and they probably acquire it from having first learned to command themselves.

When one wishes to enter a training school, the first thing to do is to write to the superintendent for the application papers, which are filled out and returned, together with the names of two references, when these have been satisfactorily heard from, a list of the articles required for the wardrobe and a statement of the wages given in the hospital are received. Then their name will be put down with the regular class, which begins generally twice in the year; or, if they wish it, on the accidental list. Then they must be in readi-

ness to go at any time, and when a nurse drops out of the school they take her place.

In most training schools the course is two years. The girls go the first month on probation, and whether they are accepted or not, they do not receive any wages for it. After the probation month, if accepted they don the cap and uniform and begin the studies and lectures. The remuneration varies in the different hospitals but generally it is about \$10 per month for the first year and \$14 for the second. They are told that this is only for their books, etc., but their expenses are so light that most nurses make it cover all their outlay.

The wardrobe is a very simple affair as their dresses, when on duty, have to be either print or gingham. In most hospitals they have a regular uniform dress of some particular pattern which they don after the month of probation. Ten or twelve large aprons made of the double width cotton are also a necessary part of the outfit.

The hours of duty are long. For the day nurses they are from 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. with one hour off for recreation. Then they are allowed one afternoon and one evening during the week, and some time on Sunday for the purpose of attending church. Night nurses serve from 8 p. m. to 7 a. m. Day duty generally lasts three months and then comes one month of night duty.

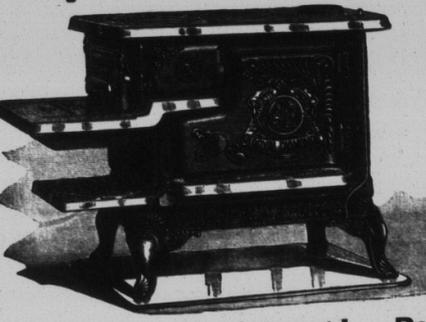
The following is a list of some of the hospitals and training schools for nurses in connection with:  
Massachusetts General hospital, City hospital and children's, Boston; Newton Cottage hospital, Newton, Mass.; City hospital, Waltham, Mass.; City hospital, Bellevue hospital, and Mount Sinai hospital, New York.  
What has been said in regard to wages, hours, etc., has reference to the American hospitals, and do not necessarily apply to the training schools in Canada. VIOLA.

The Little White Hearse.  
As the little white hearse went glimmering by,  
A stranger peeped a ragged child  
In the crowded walks, and she knew not why,  
But he gave her a coin for the way she smiled;  
And a bootblack thrilled with a pleasure strange  
As a customer put back his change,  
What a kindly hand and a grateful sigh,  
As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

The Holidays.  
are over and they are still in the ring with all things in season—Roll Butter, Fresh Eggs, Dunn's Hams and Roll Bacon, Christie's Biscuits, Fruits, Canned goods, etc., at 32 Charlotte St. J. S. Armstrong & Bro.

CANNED Salmon, Lobsters, Oysters, Corn, Tomatoes, Peas, Beans, Peaches. 1400 Cases. In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

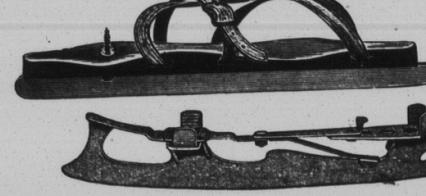
THE Royal Diamond Wood-Cook



Newest! Handsomest! Best! Has all the latest improvements, and works like a charm. The sales of this Stove during 1891 has proven its wonderful popularity. If you require a new Stove and wish to burn wood, come and see it or write for circular.

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

SKATES! SKATES!



LONG REACH and ACME patterns. All sizes in Stock. T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 and 15 KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

OAK HALL RED FIGURE SALE Of Fine Tailor-made Clothing and Furnishing Goods.

Men's Suits. That are made in the best manner, of material exactly as represented and at acceptable prices may always be found here. Some extraordinary bargains at prices that cannot fail to prove most interesting.  
\$ 3.90 reduced from \$ 5.00  
4.90 reduced from 7.00  
5.80 reduced from 8.25  
6.90 reduced from 10.00  
8.60 reduced from 12.00  
10.90 reduced from 15.00  
\$12.00 reduced from \$18.50

Men's Reefers. Our Clearing Sale will save you many a dollar. Nice clean, fresh goods, no musty odds and ends. Prices that have been \$10.50 now \$7.75. Heavy Beaver Reefers that were sold for \$8.50 now selling at \$6.60. Blue and Black Chinchilla Reefers sold the first part of the season for \$5.50 have been marked down to \$3.90, and one lot of President Reefers broken sizes will be sold now for \$2.50. The assortment comprises two hundred and fifty reefers, and at the reduced prices they are veritable bargains.  
Boys' Reefers. Only a few left and sizes broken.  
Lot 1. \$2.50 former price \$3.75  
" 2. 2.75 former price 4.00  
" 3. 2.90 former price 4.25  
" 4. 3.90 former price 5.25

Trade Brisk, Brisk all over the house this week. Changed prices when made by this store have character, standing. They are accepted at par. We make and sell a known kind of Clothing. Changed prices on the suits now, you know, and we're busy selling them—(Suits and Trousers), although the news has hardly gotten around yet. Some are \$2 off, some as much as \$6, \$4 and \$3.50, some cases \$6; Trousers for \$4, \$5 cut to \$3. But especially busy selling Overcoats at our changed prices. The news about them has had a fortnight to get around. \$3 off some, \$5 off others \$7 off a few kinds. When we say Overcoats, we mean the fashionable shapes, single and double breasted, dressy Kerseys and Meltons, soft Naps, Black Corkscrews, Ulsters, Storm Coats, Cape Coats. Three new lots to-day to fill up some entirely sold out, just as great.  
150 Dozens Men's All Wool Shirts and Drawers.  
Lot 1. 39c former price 50c  
" 2. 45c former price 60c  
" 3. 50c former price 75c  
" 4. 75c former price 90c

Gloves. The weather has not been favorable towards them, but now that it has set in, you can afford to buy a pair at the prices now offered by us, regular \$1.50 Gloves for \$1; all the other lines reduced in like manner.  
250 Dozens Men's 4 ply linen collars in fifteen popular styles 10 cents each, regular prices 18 cents 20 cents and 25 cents.  
50 Dozens Men's 4 ply linen cuffs in prevailing shapes, 20 cents a pair; same quality usually sells at 30 cents and 35 cents.

125 Young Men's Cape overcoats, age 13 years to 20.  
Lot 1. \$4.40 former price \$6.50  
" 2. 4.60 former price 6.75  
" 3. 4.90 former price 7.50  
" 4. 5.25 former price 7.75  
" 5. 8.90 former price 12.00  
85 Young Men's Overcoats without Capes, age 13 years to 20.  
Lot 1. \$4.00 former price \$6.00  
" 2. 4.50 former price 6.50  
" 3. 4.75 former price 7.00  
" 4. 5.50 former price 8.25

We Hold Our Trade. Not by proclaiming that we are giving things away, but by never sacrificing the purchaser's interest in order to advance our own. We sell our Children's Clothing on the same principles that would govern you under similar circumstances, and we let no customer leave our store without feeling satisfied that he has been a party to an honest, legitimate and fair transaction, in which they were treated with absolute squareness. Prices have been slaughtered before and prices will be slaughtered again, but it isn't often the knife goes so deep as this.  
Children's Suits.  
Lot 1. \$1.75 former price \$2.75  
" 2. 2.25 former price 3.00  
" 3. 2.50 former price 3.50  
" 4. 2.75 former price 4.00  
" 5. 3.50 former price 4.75  
" 6. 4.30 former price 5.25

Boys' Overcoats WITHOUT CAPES.  
Lot 1. \$1.50 former price \$2.75  
" 2. 2.00 former price 3.25  
" 3. 2.50 former price 3.75  
" 4. 2.75 former price 4.00  
" 5. 3.00 former price 4.50  
Boys' Overcoats WITH CAPES.  
Lot 1. \$3.00 former price \$3.90  
" 2. 3.50 former price 4.75  
" 3. 3.90 former price 5.00  
" 4. 4.00 former price 5.75

OAK HALL. OAK HALL. OAK HALL. This is Winter Stock that we are going to sell at, and below the cost of the manufacturing, rather than have to carry it over; so that you can readily understand our object in disposing of it at the Prices named here. The money is much easier to handle than this stock would be after the season is over; besides it gives us Fresh Stock and New Styles for another season. Every Garment in our store is marked in plain Red Figures, you don't have to ask us the price you can see for yourselves. Children as well as Parents can buy goods from us as we have One Price and One Price only. Parents can buy goods from us as we have One Price and One Price only. OAK HALL. OAK HALL. OAK HALL. Scovil, Fraser & Company, CORNER KING AND GERMAIN STREETS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

On reading the account of the promoters of the concert to give up all ill civilization a failure; that, in a city of the size there should be so few to calarge on these here, wherever she has seen Atlantic, she has always utmost enthusiasm and has the promoters select the idea of the concert personally canvassing on that as it may, it is too late and St. John people possessing sufficient grasp such a real treat was had special reference to of Clarence. At St. John special music was re- March" played by Mr. style. At the Mission ch them "What are These" and the "Dead March" was most impressive. A funeral service was held well attended; but the six and originally lacked re- day next when it will be suffering from its gripe, recovered its next week. The Oratorio society has heard, taking Rome's their subject for the day they propose holding the The Philharmonic club practices this evening have been prepared for re- eral concert in the I hear that the minist- last week were so succe- tives into a regular club. Mr. Hegan. They inte- from time to time, and ed to supply a suitable bers may meet for mus- chie is used of singing and with careful manag- supervision should prove ly the way, it is to be and choir of St. John's opportunity of hearing so- Fianon tide. We all re- given us by the perform- Judo last year, and are- areas of the same kind th

TALK OF THE TOWN. There is often con- in an audience as to kisses of the stage are have been written about ing story now going the settles the "real tears" Adelaide Neilson is co- "There never was command her lachrym- Neilson could," says Jefferson's company. man at one time," con- learned her pen name, as my cost. At that time myself, don't you know Romeo and the like, siderable expense in ing. For Romeo I had silk, satin and lace evening shades, as a delicate pale-blue jac- in one of the blue jacks and Juliet, and I was it before the season was the beautiful pale blue my costume was. There were long streak not account for. That were in one of the pal- "Romeo and Juliet." on my breast. She look- face to the audience, once burst into most t- When she turned her checks. I glanced at the cause of the stains. break wet at naps on blue silk made by Jul- to hold her head away umes had to be sacrific- the season was over my instead of a plain blu- having been caused by weeps." Although a circus ca- as a "theatrical attrac- interested in the ring "deal" has recently b- United States by which Bailey, controls more ci- the "great showman" New York Press in giv- for the season tells f- fashion: There was a ten year- Barnum & Bailey and for the division of ter- their respective shows. Then Mr. Bailey bought Adam Forepaugh show, leaving in his will specifi- his investment in circus- be disturbed owing to had been entered into by Mr. Bailey bought half- paugh show, and without whatever Mr. Bailey has management of circus bu- States. He controls the show and also the con- Forepaugh. He has n- other half interest held b- has brought it all into of the old employes put it came down town in the surer and general mana- as night the owner of ha- show." The result is th- more circus property th- did. He is the absolute shows. They will start Baraum show opening



PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday from the Hamilton Building, 300 George Street, St. John, N. B.

SIXTEEN PAGES. CIRCULATION, - - 11,150

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: Cor. GRANVILLE and KNOWLES BUILDING, GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 23.

CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

Is it possible for any human code of laws to provide adequate punishment for crime? The world has been grappling with the problem from the beginning, and a satisfactory solution seems far away as ever.

In the recent case of MAUD LINDSAY, Judge TUCK made the statement that, had he been jury as well as judge, he would have had no hesitation in finding the woman guilty of murder.

It is possible, though far from certain, that the lash as a punishment for some kinds of crime has a deterrent effect, but the whipping of criminals is a brutal business at best.

It is, however, fortunate for the prisoner, in many cases that the judge has some discretion, as the law cannot possibly provide that justice will be dealt out when a definite, invariable penalty is affixed to a conviction for a specific offence.

hanged, but supposing she were, does any one pretend that her crime is equal to that of BIRCHALL, who was hanged in Ontario a year or so ago? The law makes no distinction between one who plans and carries out a cold-blooded deed and one who is actuated by passion and has not paused to consider the nature or consequences of the act.

ADDRESSES TO ROYALTY.

Not long ago, a carefully worded and elegantly engrossed address to the Marquis of Lorne was found in an Ottawa junk shop, greatly to the disgust of the eminently respectable body by which it had been presented some years before.

It may be that the address nuisance will be continued as long as there are great men and grateful people. There are and will be times when addresses from certain bodies to certain exemplars of earthly greatness are in perfect order.

That the nation sympathizes with the queen and the royal family is beyond question. That a simple expression of that sympathy by telegrams from mayors of leading cities is proper cannot be denied.

It means well enough, but the effect is the reverse of what it ought to have been. The work of its framers went too far in one respect and not far enough in another.

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PROGRESSIVE HUMOR.

It's So Changeable, You Know. "John will you look out and see how the weather is?" "Why it was freezing when I came in."

Not Necessary to Call on Him. Manager—When did Harpaz promise to settle that account? "Next week, sir."

Patriotism Forced Upon Them. Bones—"I say Mr. Lockier, I see where they actuate to put flags on the school houses. Yab, to stimulate patriotism."

Due to the Mild Weather. One of the results of the continued soft weather is that the morning dailies have not had a chance to use the headline "Skated to his Death," since the winter breaks.

The Worm Will Turn. We certainly gave our contemporary credit for having suffered gentlemanly privacies in its staff to keep a vile slander on a widowed lady out of its columns.

In Darkest Monoton. Meantime it will be well to caution all strangers to avoid places of doubtful resort, the fact apparently being that in such places people are sometimes robbed and kicked outdoors, the law being apparently, in the few cases where appeal is made to the lawless to protect the assaulted or to punish the assailants.—Times.

On His Vacation. A very large loon was enjoying our mild weather, in sweeping over Shelburne with his widely extended wings, on Tuesday last.—Shelburne Budget.

Green Panicles in Bloom. A couple of grass panicles were left at this office this morning. They are in full bloom and look as green as any time in summer.—Moncton Times.

Next Summer This Winter. We saw a rose bush belonging to Mrs. Delaney Genser, which last week became clothed in its next summer's foliage.—Bridgetown Monitor.

Pertinent and Personal. Progress records the death of Mr. E. S. Ford, of Sackville, who recently went south for his health, with much regret.

The death of Mr. J. W. Brayley of Montreal was unexpected in New Brunswick, where his friends can be found on every side. When Mr. Brayley went to Montreal he left behind him a name widely known and honored.

Pen, Press and Advertising. For the pecuniary benefit of the guild of St. James' church, Kentville, but, really for the benefit of all busy churchmen, the Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., rector of Horton, has had his recent admirable lecture published.

The Editor of a Farmers' Paper. We next come to the Farmer, and shall content ourselves with saying that the editor is on the whole a genial, obliging fellow, and knows about as much of practical farming as Mark Twain who advised farmers, that the best way to gather turnips was to climb up the tree and shake them down.

Its Suggestion. The Post Master General of the United States says the exclusion of lottery matter from the mails causes a decrease of a million dollars in the post office receipts. This fact suggests the terrible extent of the lottery evil.—Ez.

CRESTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

A Correspondent Who is Anxious to Keep Up With the Times.

To the Editor of Progress: What remarkable changes have occurred in the "Society" of St. John, since the great families who up to that period had been social leaders, have either died or left the province, or have sunk through extravagance or misfortune into a lower stratum of life, while their places have been filled by those whom they had treated as their inferiors, but who now constitute a portion of what is commonly termed "society," in this city.

Now, Mr. Editor, I will acknowledge that my family is one of the late additions to the noble "Four Hundred" of the city and my wife and daughter have now the privilege of meeting our bank officers and other fashionable young men on equal footing.

The latest "fad," and one, I believe, extensively "Bluenose," is the use of some heraldic device on cards of invitation. You may recollect that, many years ago, the "Upper Ten" of England adopted the habit of emblazoning their crest on their note paper and envelopes, with all manner of heraldic devices, the result being that in England at the present day, the use of crests on note paper is pronounced decidedly "snobbish."

Now, Mr. Editor, my wife and family have come to the conclusion, that unless we keep pace with the ways of society, we shall not be able to retain the influential position we at present enjoy, and therefore after a week of profound deliberation we have resolved that for the future, not only our cards of invitation but also our visiting cards shall be adorned with a crest and motto, just as soon as we can select such as may be appropriate.

I know nothing of "heraldry," and I am afraid to trust my own judgment in the selection of a crest, having in mind the unfortunate blunder of a worthy old gentleman in Halifax, who some forty years ago built for himself a magnificent stone mansion and having obtained from a master painter an old book containing some wood cuts of family arms, he selected therefrom the arms of a Scottish peer and had them carved in stone on the front of his mansion, where they remain to the present day, a frequent object of inquiry to the passing stranger.

THE PRINCE'S PIANO. Its Owner Will Donate it to a New Prince's Lodge.

To the Editor of Progress: I have just been reading "Historicus" in your issue of 2nd instant, and agree with his patriotic suggestion anent the restoration of Prince's Lodge. What greater tribute could be paid to our loved queen than such a mark of respect to the home of her royal father, by her loyal subject of Halifax.

A goodly kiss is a little thing, With your hand on the door to go, But it takes the venom out of the sting Of a thousand words or a cruel fling That you made an hour ago.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Weep Not: Luke 7, 13. Why will we mourn departed friends, though dead, Who passing safely through this troubled sea, Have reached the promised land, where Christ is near, In search of realms of bliss eternally.

Robert Browning. He was a prophet. Though he only breathed But seven short years beyond the time that God Appointed for us, yet he gave us food For thought far in excess of poets wreathed With laurel in the days gone by; he breathed To us a message—strange as it is good.

A Song Requiring. The author having been requested to contribute something for entertainment at a masquerade installation, attempted the following rhymed version of the unrhymed lyric of Walt Whitman, beginning: "Come, I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shows upon."

Come, I will make the nation one With all the lands beneath the sun, Wherever manly blood doth run, With the true love of comrades.

My hand, Walt Whitman! while you sing, With you I touch and try my string; Let all men strike warm hands and bring The life-long love of comrades!

PASTOR FELIX.

When You Want to Borrow a Knife—Have You Ever Noticed It? Why, certainly, if it's any use to you, I've got a kind of a knife, but you can't do much with it.

Yes, I've had this knife over 20 years. It's as dull as a hoe, but I wouldn't like to lose it. I have, but it's not much good. I was thinking of getting a good one.

Little Things. A goodly kiss is a little thing, With your hand on the door to go, But it takes the venom out of the sting Of a thousand words or a cruel fling That you made an hour ago.

REASONABLE RECEIPTS.

Timely Suggestions Applicable to our Own Machinations.

Valuable culinary information will be given in this column every week by an experienced Maître D'Hotel. Housekeepers would do well to preserve these for reference. Questions on this subject will be answered in this column if addressed to the "Editor Seasonable Receipts" not later than Monday of each week.

What Shall We Have for Breakfast? There is nothing nicer for a change than calf's liver and bacon, if it is properly prepared. The calves "harlots" are not plentiful yet, but by leaving an order for one with your butcher it will not be many days before it is forthcoming.

How To Cook Potatoes. There is scarcely such a thing as a bad potato unless manifestly the victim of disease. The best part is usually taken off with the peelings. To be perfect they must be boiled in their skins with a big handful of salt in the pot, thus raising the temperature to about 216 degrees.

The smelt is a small, delicately formed fish, highly esteemed, which, when perfectly fresh, possesses an odour said by some to resemble that of violets, by others that of a freshly cut cucumber.

Points on Frying. Use plenty of fat—enough to cover what is being cooked and let it be boiling before the meat is put in. Drizzlings, lard or oil can be used and if strained can be used over and over again, so there is no waste.

The Latest Thing in Chops. Those who would enjoy a mutton or lamb chop should have their butcher saw them instead of cutting or chopping them. Sawing through the meat causes the blood to coagulate on the outside and what is in remains in and the result when carefully broiled is a delicious juicy chop unless, of course, your cook is turning the chop on the broiler sticks a fork in it and lets out all your gravy! Alas, how often is a boiled or roast joint spoiled in the same way by sticking a fork in to turn it over.

A Russian Tea. A novelty in the way of entertainment will be given in the school room of the Union street Congregational church next Tuesday evening the 29th inst., under the auspices of the young people's society of christian endeavor.

Was With the Minstrels. Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar instruction. T. C. Wild, 20 Horsfield street.—Advt.

WAS... Takes Little L... ASK... HAPPY T... The "CELEBRATED" "RICHELIEU" SHERATO 38 King Street

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INDIGESTION CURE FELLOWS' DYSPEPSIA BITTERS. Follows' Dyspepsia Bitters are highly recommended. Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Stomach, Liver Complaint, any disease arising from indigestion. PRICE 25 CENTS.

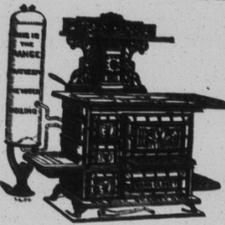
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Wash everything. It cleans easily and thoroughly. Makes a complete job of anything it touches. It washes one thing as well as another, and does it WELL.

Takes Little Labor and Time.

**ASK** Your Grocer for it. If he offers you a substitute, tell him you did not come to him for advice but for Ideal Soap. You'll get it if you ask for it that way. There's no substitute; you'll say so after using it.

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And in every way equal to our celebrated Jewel Range only smaller in size.  
Every Range Guaranteed to be as Represented.

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"I like my Calligraph better every day."  
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"I would purchase a machine every year if needful, rather than be without it."  
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"It is much easier to compose than when writing with a pen. I should be really sorry to have to do without it."

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**FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE**  
CURES  
Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs, Splints, Sprains, Swellings, Bruises, Slips and SHIF Joints on Horses.

Numerous testimonials certify to the wonderful efficacy of this great remedy; and every day brings fresh testimony from horsemen in all parts of the country, proving that FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE is without a rival in all cases of Lameness in Horses for which it is prescribed.

PRICE 50 CENTS.



Mrs. Cowan is living a few miles out of Montreal at present.

A very large number of invitations have been issued by Mr. and the Misses Jones for their ball on Tuesday next. This promises to be a very brilliant affair. I understand the music for dancing will be furnished by members of the Artillery band.

On Wednesday last a meeting of one of the white clubs was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. K. McLeod, Orange street, and was a very pleasant gathering. An elegant little supper was provided by Mrs. McLeod.

What seems to be the favorite pastime of both young and old this winter. A most enjoyable white party was also given by Mr. and Mrs. J. DeWolf Spurr on Wednesday evening at their residence Green street, and all their entertainments were very elegant.

A very pleasant meeting of the Half Hour Reading club was held on Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. MacLaren, Charlotte street. A large number of the members as well as their friends were present. Light refreshments were provided before the party broke up.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Maule Drury entertained a few of his young friends at his mother's residence, Coburg Cliff.

A juvenile party was given by Mrs. Charis Halton on Wednesday evening for the young friends of her children.

The death of Mrs. McNeill, wife of the Rev. I. G. McNeill, occurred at her residence, Duke street on Wednesday last. She has been in failing health for some months having had several severe attacks of hemorrhage of the lungs, which finally caused her death. Mrs. McNeill was 42 years of age and will be much regretted by a large circle of friends.

The death of Miss Emily Wheeler, sister of Mrs. Ratchford and Miss Mary Wheeler, also occurred this week at her residence, King square. This was not entirely unexpected, she having been an invalid for some years.

Mr. R. T. Clitch was on Wednesday last seized by a slight paralytic stroke while at the Union club. He was attended by Dr. John Berriman who hopes he will soon recover from it.

Very interesting souvenirs, in the shape of handsome memorial medals, have been distributed among the teachers and pupils of Trinity church Sunday school. One side of the medal bears on it a representation of the old church in 1791, the other shows the present church.

Mr. D. Russell Jack has been confined to his room at the Victoria hotel for several days by illness.

Rev. Mr. Cooley, of St. Paul's (Valley) church, has gone to spend a fortnight with his friends in the States.

Mrs. T. D. Turner met with a very painful accident a few days ago. She was just entering a coach when her hand was caught in the door in such a way as to take the top of one of her fingers off. She was of course obliged to return to her home.

Mr. D. S. Fisher left last week for a visit to Sackville.

Rev. John deSoyres made a short visit to Halifax last week.

Mr. W. C. Simpson has been presented with a gold pen and address by the members of the Y. M. C. A. bookkeeping class.

The first meeting of the ladies of St. Paul's Needlework Society was held on Monday evening last at the residence of the president, Mrs. H. DeVoor.

Col. D. J. Lochrane and his bride arrived in St. John a few days ago en route to Fort Macleod, Alberta, Col. Cochrane was for two years connected with the north west military police.

Mr. William Roberts of Liverpool, England, has sent a donation to the present church, an asylum of this city.

Mr. John Rankin continues very ill, and his condition is causing his friends much anxiety.

The presentation of a gold headed ebony cane has been made by Vice section to Mr. W. H. Smith.

Mr. Joseph Allison has been appointed one of the directors of the Home for the Aged in the city of the late Mr. T. W. Daniel.

Mrs. Geo. H. Treisman, who has been so ill with la grippe, is at last glad to hear recovering.

Among other sufferers from the prevailing epidemic, are Mr. W. W. Turner and Mr. Arthur P. Tippet.

I hear that Mr. James J. Kaye of Peel street, who has been confined to the house through illness for some weeks, still continues an invalid.

Rev. Father Casey was lately presented by the Father Matthew society with an address and a well filled purse.

Mr. C. P. Harris of Moncton, is in St. John this week.

I hear of the engagement of a popular young society lady, the daughter of one of our judges, to a gentleman who is not a resident of this city.

Mr. William Cummins has been presented by the members of No. 3 hose company with a very handsome mercantile watch.

Mr. W. C. Miller of Sackville, came down to St. John on Tuesday.

Mr. Fred Stone, son of Mr. Joseph R. Stone, left this week for Worcester, Mass., where he purposes attending school. He will be much missed among local athletes.

An address of sympathy has been forwarded to Mr. T. W. Daniel by the members of St. George's society.

Mr. William Black is confined to his house through serious illness.

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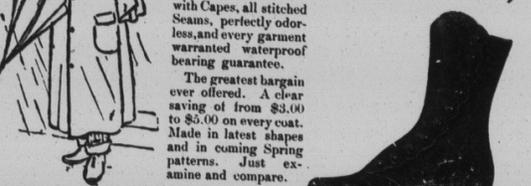
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**Perrin's - Kid - Gloves!**

Perfection attained! Perrin's Ladies' Kid Gloves with their lacing studs do not catch, do not unfasten, do not cut the lacing.

All genuine Gloves have their Patent Lacing Studs, and are stamped as above in every pair. Demand gloves with Perrin's Lacing Studs, and you will appreciate the great improvement over lacing hooks. Easily identified, on the gloves being smaller and much neater in design.

See Evening Papers for description of our New Materials for Ball, Party and Reception Dresses.

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The greatest bargain ever offered. A clear saving of from \$3.00 to \$5.00 on every coat. Made in latest shapes and in coming Spring patterns. Just examine and compare.

Ladies' Fine Jersey Overshoes only \$1.75, Storm Rubbers from 25 cents a pair, Men's Rubbers 65 cents.

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**COLES, PARSONS & SHARP,**  
90 Charlotte Street.

**This Table \$5.50.**  
Is quartered Oak and Walnut, finely finished, well made, and pretty. Will sell for \$5.50. Then we've other different styles of make, some very pretty styles in both Oak and Walnut, at \$4.75, \$5.00, \$5.25, \$5.50, \$6.00 and \$6.50. Cheap Centre Tables from \$2.75 up. Rattan Chairs from \$3.00 to \$10.00.

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**Don't Pass The Little Shoe Store** at the head of King Street, if you are looking for anything to make the feet comfortable. Come right in, it will save you a walk, and you will find what you want right here, at the LOWEST PRICE.

Ladies' Overshoes make a nice Present. GENTLEMEN'S SLIPPERS. (We have all the latest Styles.) Just look in the window and see a few of the Styles we have.

**Storm Rubbers, Marvel Rubbers.**  
**G. B. HALLET, 180 KING STREET.**

**FOR Weddings, Receptions, Balls and Parties,**  
WE ARE SHOWING A SPLENDID VARIETY OF GOODS IN  
**Silk, Silk and Wool, All Wool, Silk Nets and Laces.**

Chiffon for Neckwear, White, Cream, Nile, Sky, Coral, Gold and Black.  
**CUT STEEL, GOLD and SILVER GIMPS,**  
FINE QUALITY AND NEW DESIGNS.  
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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1892.

THE DEVIL'S HALF ACRE.

IN FULL BLAST AT DORCHESTER WITH A CHANGE OF ROLE.

New Scenes and New Actors—The Evidence of a recent Harriet Smith—Mistah Lig-gare and the Gentleman and the Gentleman's Lanchers—Buttermilk Night from the Church.

The celebrated play of the Devil's Half Acre was on the boards again last week at Dorchester. The trained roster orchestra of former days was lacking, as well as some of the leading actors—in fact there was almost a complete change of role. The Heavy Villain was resting his tired lungs in his legal den across the Square, chuckling no doubt, in a thoroughly human way, over his latest verdict. His absence, however, served only to bring into more lurid prominence if that were possible, the sombre Corsican features and Communicative hair of Napoleon Emerson. Philosopher Powell, friend of man and the enemy of the gods, was missing from the cast, and, after gazing wistfully from behind the wings a spell, went forth into the outer void to indulge in a few torrid imprecations having reference to the last local election in Westmoreland. The Pelican, too, in gloomy state, was lingering upon the shore of Time, awaiting a human minnow. But the Ancient Mariner was at his post, robust and rubicund, and in the foreground was old King Cole, the critic, guarding the jury with his club and ready to bless the Queen or d—n the weather at a moment's notice.

The charge was one of larceny preferred by that very litigious lady the queen against one "Priest" Wilbur, (of all men most unprincipally), upon the information and complaint of an individual named Legere. Mr. Legere related how he had in sober fact, but not in sobriety, gone forth upon a "batter," how he had loitered amidst the classic shades of Telegraph street, Moncton, where he had "had his leg pulled" and his pocket emptied. He spoke of a vast number of drinks which he had absorbed on that occasion. And he mentioned that he had imbibed a few within the groto of Mistress Harriet Smith.

Mistress Harriet Smith is lady of so pronounced a brunette type as to suggest the extreme probability of her having first seen the light of day in the night-time. She was present in the Court and surely the Queen of Sheba, when she went to spark with cousin Solomon, was not arrayed like unto her. A brocaded silk dress with accommodation train adorned her person, together with a smile whose promising career was terminated at her ears. She kissed the book so convulsively that old King Cole leaned on his club in a scared and helpless manner. Then she mounted with the stride of conquest the platform on which His Honor sat. Her gossamer she threw across the railing and her umbrella fell against the sad stenographer. Upon Judge Landry, who occupied the dais as a favored guest, she beamed with gracious tolerance. Finally, and with a skillful wriggle, she swept her train in place and composed herself in the seat. The faintest possible suggestion of whole oil might be detected in the room.

Whereupon Mr. Blair arose from the table and the examination began. "You live in Moncton?" "Yes, sah." "And you have a place there that you do business in?" "Yes, sah, when dars bizness 'o' to do." "What business do you chiefly carry on?" "Why, bress yo' heart, candy and apples, taters and fish and beah, and buttermilk and sweet milk, and tea and sugar, sah." "This was greeted with a hum of applause and a very audible snicker from the audience. "You are quite positive that buttermilk is a part of your stock in trade?" "O, yes indeed, sah, right from de churn." "Do you keep boarders?" "Well, not dizackly, sah. Gentleman lanchers, sah." "When Mr. Legere came into your store what did he call for?" "Called fo' nuffin, sah! Called fo' nuffin."

This was said with a dramatic eye and expression that cannot be described, and created a storm of laughter. "Then I would assume you had no difficulty in serving him?" "No, sah, no. Why, sah, he come in like a fox and went out like a bird." (Great laughter.) "You might explain how it occurred?" "Well, sah, de gentleman lanchers was a-stittin' down to tea and I goes out to de beah, sah, and when I was a-openin' 'o' de doah, I see dis hyar Mistah Lig-gare, and raley, sah, I got sich a start, and I sez Hullo, what you doin' hyar, Mistah Lig-gare? but I raley couldn't say on my solemn oath, yo' honah, wedder he opened his chaps er not; I was all of a tremblin' so. Jess then, sah, a gentleman come in de shop and he sez, Hattie, sez he, You got some seegars? and I sez, Why yes, jess walk right inside, sah, till I serve de gentlemen lanchers, and den I will git you de see-gar. So de gentleman went in and took a seat and I was jess comin' out to get de see-gar when dis hyar Mistah Lig-gare he went out de doah like a flash—jess like a bird on de wing! (Laughter) Well, sah, I have a great fashin when a gentleman goes out de doah, sah, jess to take a squint aroun' de casin' after him, sah, and so I showed my head out de doah, sah, and hyar Mistah Lig-gare was a-goin' up de street jess like a shot, sah, jess a-climbin', sah, like 'o' if de debil kicked him endways! (After this remark it was some time before the noise in the court had subsided so as to allow the witness to proceed.)

"When Mr. Legere went out can you call to mind whether he went through the form of opening the door or did he go through it?" "Ha—ha—ha! He—be—be—be! Now, shorly youse a-jokin', sah, I raley think he would have took it wid him, sah, if it hadn't been open, but de doah was left open, sah, which it aint good mannahs, sah,

THEY TAKE LIFE EASY.

THE HOMES AND OCCUPATIONS OF THE PORTUGUESE.

The Women Frivolous, the Men Lazy, But They Live Well and are Happy—Some Superstitions of the Country—How Travellers are Welcomed.

My Gallegan guide, servant, companion and friend, honest Dobrado, became so enamored of our loitering sort of wanderings, that, on leaving Beja, I had no difficulty in overcoming his scruples against travelling on foot. And so our way to the southern seacoast of Portugal, perhaps 150 miles by windings of the quaint old thoroughfares of the country, was made from Beja in this delightful manner. In no strange land have I walked that distance with such a continuous sense of elation of interest. There are early October days in our own land which all these days and nights recalled—days when the verdure is still rich upon the trees; when the aftermath has pushed above the stubble of the fields and spread an emerald carpet beneath the purple pillows of the West; when are cloudless and of wondrous depth of blue; and when an aroma that hints of fruit or of wine in the bracing air; evenings when the whole sky is ablaze from the setting of round red suns that seem to wait huge and glorious before plunging beneath the purple pillows of the West; and nights when the gleaming lights from farms and hamlets quickens the footstep of belated wanderers, and unconsciously makes more eager all home-gatherings where firesides are already taking on a bit of the winter glow.

This is the only winter central and southern Portugal know. There is a tender claret in it. You unconsciously breathe great draughts of the exhilarating air. Your head is erect and you walk in fine strong strides. Then there are countless sights and scenes which charm and enthrall; of cloud-capped sierra, of heath-covered moor, of boundless forest, of valley-landscape, of mountain-side, hamlets strung together as on a gaudy thread by strange processions; of huge old windmills as in Holland, of gigantic waterwheels creaking and swinging and oxen circling about their endless tread, of walled-in farm-houses built as if to withstand a siege, and of every form of peasant labor and pastime, always of deepest interest because telling the story of everyday life and living of the humble folk of any land, upon whose social and governmental superstructure of any nation is laid.

A sunnier land in which to travel does not exist. Hospitality is universal and intense. It is so extraordinary a characteristic among all classes that it often becomes an impediment to progress in travel. Between Evora and Tavira, about 250 miles by road, we were literally compelled to enter more than one hundred homes. In a dozen of these we were quartered for the night, and in all the other refreshments were offered and partaken of. Most interesting were the visits to ruinous old mansions. Dobrado tells me this boundless hospitality is a changeless part of the Portuguese religion; that they have as a common saying, "Curses follow illy-women travelers;" and that the belief in general here, of good fortune and good degree to the bountiful entertainment of strangers who may chance among them. I have found the same custom and belief prevailing in only one other place in Europe. That is the West of Ireland, and here, too, the great-hearted folk of lone and rugged Connemara.

But of deeper interest than all else are the lowly folk of this fair land. I have not seen in town or city an instance of what we know as want and suffering. The lowly in Portugal possess nothing; acquire nothing; have burning ambitions for nothing. A bit of corn-meal or rye bread washed down with water is a repast. Add to the bread a bit of fish, a handful of olives or a few swallows of wine, and it is a feast. The mountains and valleys of Portugal give home to a folk possessing all the widely-kept secret of the world, which has long been employed for imitating articles made of horn, shell, ivory, and even marble. It has the immense advantage that it can be welded, melted, moulded, and shaped without difficulty, and it is, for this reason, now largely employed for the manufacture of walking-stick handles, umbrella handles, piano keys, etc. It has also been used for making rulers, set squares, and other similar instruments of precision, for it has been shown that the expansion of this substance is much more regular and uniform than that of wood, and that errors, previously unavoidable, can be eliminated by its use. This industrial product, now indispensable for a number of articles of everyday use, is simply made up of nitro-cellulose, camphor, and water. It was invented in 1869 by two Americans, the brothers Hyatt, who soon endeavored to bring their invention into general use by establishing works in the State of New Jersey, in a small locality known as New Arch, which owes its increase and prosperity to this industry. In 1876 the brothers Hyatt introduced their industry into France, and established a similar manufactory at Stains, near St. Denis. France now has two large works where celluloid is made, together with a number of others of less importance, and the product turned out by these is considered the best in the market. Germany also possesses two large factories, the chief of which is that of Magnus, at Berlin, while the largest in the world is in London.

The Best Authorities, Such as Dr. Dio Lewis, Pro. Gross, and others, agree that catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It therefore requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which effectually and permanently cures catarrh. Thousands praise it. Hood's Pills cures liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation, and all troubles of the digestive organ!

THE TEMPLES OF INDIA.

Some of them Are Nearly Four Thousand Years Old.

I should judge that we must have passed through miles of temple, halls and shrines, and a great room, where little children meet their doom and the hall of a Thousand Columns. It was all the same—dark covered stone vaults, supported by columns more or less badly carved, especially in the large halls, crowded for space. We saw many idols of stone and wood; they say the sacred and unseeable idol has eyes of diamonds and clothes of pearls and precious stones. Those we did see were greasy, black with oil and incense or daubed with red ochre, fragrant to an extreme with the odor of the temple flower. Worshippers lounged and slept or prayed before their offerings of rice, water and incense, ready to entertain a "god un-aware."

In one court three elephants decorated with the distinguishing mark of the god Shiva, in whose temple they lived, heading a procession. They are returning from the river after drawing the water for the temple use. The priests insist that the dignity of the place shall be maintained, but the present paltry show of three beasts with their faded trappings show only too plainly "how have the mighty fallen," for in former days these temples and priests were wealthy, and a stud of 100 elephants, with all their gold-mounted trappings, were a mere nothing. Upon catching sight of the white faces of our party the elephants were brought to a stand and levied blackmail upon us; the whole ceremonial was nothing to the chance of forcing a few annas from our pockets. The keepers were anxious to put the beasts through the usual circus tricks and invited us to ride, but we declined, and the procession passed on.

Still a hundred miles north is another temple called Srirangam, built on an island in the river Cauvery. It is dedicated to another member of the Hindoo trinity—Vishnu, the preserver, and next to Benares, is probably the largest and most sacred in the land. One writer places the foundation as far back as B. C. 2900. It is more than a temple; it is a city, a square, the outer walls extending over four miles. In fact, it consist of seven distinct sections, each a square surrounded by a wall, one within another, growing more and more holy as they approached the central shrine. The sight from the top of a gopuram is grand. A fair idea of the place may be obtained and twenty-one enormous pagodas can be seen. Some ancient elephants, who are said to have existed on temple straw for over sixty years, are trained to pick up with their trunks a two anna bit, a piece about as small as a silver three-cent coin. Like their fellows at Madra, they bear the mark of the god in whose temple they serve; the mark of Vishnu, in daubs of yellow and white paint. Many pilgrims attend worship at all seasons. We saw them along the road, pilgrims of all qualities and castes, from the poverty stricken takir, with his long hair and tin cans, making a business of his extreme hollowness, torturing himself, nominally to acquire all knowledge, all goodness, actually to obtain a few coppers or a pinch of rice; to the rajah riding in his landau with outriders and footmen.—Mail and Express.

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the discovery of the culprit, who confessed, and after explaining the delightful effect produced by the liquor, was fully forgiven by his majesty. He ordered a generous quantity of wine to be made, and, with his court, revelled in the delights of wine-drinking for many years thereafter. From that time to the present day the Persians call wine Zehereh-Kooshon, which signifies "delightful poison," thus perpetuating the story of its peculiar origin.—Detroit Free Press.

ORIGIN OF SILK CULTURE. The Chinese Kept the Secret for a Long Time. Silk culture originated in China and ancient chroniclers inform us that the empress of that country, surrounded by their maids, employed their leisure hours in rearing silk worms, winding the silk and weaving into delicate, filmy tissues. For several centuries the Persians supplied the Romans with this commodity which was brought overland from China by means of caravans, which crossed the Asiatic continent in 243 days. Notwithstanding the fact that an immense trade was thus carried on between the two empires, the knowledge of the silkworm or the manner in which the silk was produced remained a secret with the Constantinople, they informed the emperor of the wonderful discoveries they had made, and minutely described every process. He promised them a princely reward if they would obtain a number of the worms and thus establish the making of silk in the capital. This arduous task was successfully accomplished; the monks returned to China and by recourse to strategy procured a quantity of silk-worm eggs, which they hid in the hollow of a bamboo cane. In a short time vast numbers of silk worms were reared in various parts of Greece and Turkey, and the raw silk produced by them was manufactured in Athens, Corinth, Thebes and other cities. The breeding of the worms rapidly extended to Italy and Sicily, and in every instance proved highly successful. Large factories were established in many of the towns in both these kingdoms, and very soon after the Chinese and Persians found that their silk trade had been monopolized by the Europeans. Extravagance in India. It is said to see how they live, perhaps on a bit of fruit or a mouthful of millet, dying of disease, earning little and wasting what they earn. Their meager savings are too often spent for jewelry or religious ceremonials, the curse of the country. One miserable dancing girl, recently complained to the magistrate that she had been robbed of her jewels, and when recovered they were found to be worth about 25,000 rupees, over \$8,300; and it is quite a usual sight for the filthy women in the streets, collecting the droppings for fuel, to be seen wearing gold nose-rings and anklets of silver. An editor at Bombay, in speaking to me of the poor and their extravagances, said that a native servant getting 15 rupees a month wages asked a loan of 200 rupees for the wedding festivities of his daughter, and wanted to contract a debt which he meant to pay off nearly a year and three months' earnings. The same extravagance is expected in gifts to the priests and in funeral expenses. They starve for vanity's sake. Perhaps these facts may help account for the horrible want and excessive mortality during times of drought.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

Ladies' and Misses' Evening Wear. Bengalines, Faille Francais, Pongee. Brocade Silks, Nets and Crapes. Flowers, Cloves, Hosiery and Fans, Of the Latest Designs and Colors. Opera and Evening Wraps, Made to Order.

THE TEMPLES OF INDIA.

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THE BALUSTERS.

Over the balusters bends a face, Darling! sweet and beguiling; Somebody stands carelessly gazing, And watches the picture, smiling. Tired and sleepy, with drooping head, I wonder why she lingers, After when all the good nights are said, Why somebody holds her fingers. Holds her fingers and draws her down, Suddenly growing bolder, Till her loose hair drops in masses brown Like a mantle over its shoulder. Over the balusters soft hands fair, Brush his cheeks like a feather; Bright brown tresses and dusky hair, Meet and mingle together. There's a question asked, there's a swift answer, She has flown like a bird from the balcony, But over the balusters drops a "Yes" That shall brighten the world his way.—College Song.

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RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

JOSEPH HOWE AND HIS TIMES.

And Incidental References to Some of His Prominent Public Contemporaries.

By "Historicus," Fredericton, N. B.

NO. 12.

Nova Scotians in New York—Silver Cup. As soon as the news of the trial and its result reached New York, upwards of one hundred Nova Scotians doing business there called a meeting to express their sympathy and jubilate over the victory.

For be it known that at this time the House of Assembly contained a number of men who for their talents and abilities, and place," he might as well have expected sympathy or mercy from the Turks, had been bold enough to have gone into their midst and disputed the tenets of their Koran.



PITCHER PRESENTED TO JOSEPH HOWE.

speaking powers, would have shed lustre upon a much more pretentious Parliamentary body—such as Alexander Stewart, James B. Uniacke, William Young, (late Sir William) Mr. Marshall, Mr. Dodd, Martin Wilkins, J. W. Johnston, the great lawyer, and several other brilliant men—all of whom (except Young) were in opposition to the young Reformer and inexperienced beginner.

Before we go with him into the House of Assembly, where after all Howe's great trial was to begin, let us for a moment or two inquire why this young man should take upon himself to wage war upon a system of government which had stood the strain of upwards of one hundred years, and no one till now had any complaints to utter, and thus incur the enmity of nearly the whole community—for every strand in the great political cable was compactly knit and bound together without the possibility of a break.

Thomas Forrester, an extensive dry goods merchant (doing business opposite St. Paul's Church) and afterwards member of the Legislature, was requested by letter to make the presentation, which took place at the Exchange in the old Court House building, Market Square. According to the newspapers of the day the room was crowded—speeches were delivered by several of the leading Liberals all highly complimentary of the contributors and the occasion. Mr. Howe of course accepted the present in a modest becoming manner.

Mr. Howe Elected a Member of the Legislature.

The House of Assembly was dissolved by Proclamation in 1836, when Mr. Howe for the first time offered himself as a candidate for the County of Halifax, and was elected by a thousand majority over his next competitor, which showed that the popularity he had achieved in his libel suit did not only continue, but was growing in strength every day. Instead of the elections being all got through with in one day and simultaneous at the time of which we are writing—when Howe was elected in 1836. Every party or faction had its shibboleth by which it was recognized far and wide. On the banners of the Howe party were inscribed "Joe Howe, our Patriot and Reformer." The sobriquet "Joe Howe" now became household words in the County of Halifax, but throughout the Province. It was "Joe Howe" here, there and everywhere—nothing could be done without Joe Howe's presence. He was the Jupiter Olympus on all ordinary as well as extraordinary occasions. By one leap and bound in the course of a single year, he cleared all obstacles and became the most prominent man and loudest talked of in all Nova Scotia.

Having thus been elected to the Legislature at the early age of 32, Mr. Howe now had his feet firmly planted in the stirrups, upon which he could give reins to his ambition, no matter what the character of the pacers he might encounter upon the road, and these were not a few nor less fast full of fire than himself. "The mills of the gods grind hard, and Howe in his novitiate must expect nothing but hard pressure between the upper and nether millstones of the House, so that he must depend altogether upon his powers of resistance. It is true Howe had the metal and the bottom, but a mishap, or slip, or stumble, a mistake, an error of judgement, might at any moment precipitate him to earth; for those "old stagers" he would be required to face, well versed in all the technicalities and practices of the Parliamentary arena, and of great experience, from their long service in the Legislature, would have no bowls of compassion for poor Howe, "the upstart" and obnoxious intruder upon the rights and franchises of the old noblesse and monopolists—so that it he tripped or got himself into what is commonly called a "tight

through forest agitation. It was the ambition of Gladstone (for many years the leading statesman of Europe) who at the age of 32 is struggling among his countrymen for Irish autonomy and other important measures, all of which he is destined to see accomplished. In short, it was the ambition of a great heart and a great mind so essential to all great patriotic undertakings that actuated Howe throughout.

The Legislature convened in January, 1837. The Reformers commenced to stretch their hands almost immediately, Laurence O'Connor Doyle, moved a series of resolutions, one of which was in opposition to the doors of the Legislative Council being kept closed to the public.

The Council in its reply to the House spoke in this wise: "His Majesty's Council denies the right of the House to comment upon its modes of procedure. Whether their deliberations were open or secret was their concern, and their's only." This is a mere specimen of the language employed, to which taunts were added to open defiance. Here then was the commencement of a fierce wrangle between the two branches which lasted for several years, before the Council doors were forced open by the Reformers.

When the duration of the House was for seven years as in England today. In order to get the time reduced to four years the Reformers had many a hard up hill fight. "Annexation" was not then one of the war-cries—the Reformers were all "Republican" in their politics. In 1836, however, bold enough to suggest "Independence," he would have been throttled by both parties alike, and probably have the tongue cut out of his mouth in a figurative or figurative sort of way and been silenced forever.

When the Bill came up for reducing the term of the House to four years, Mr. Alexander Stewart, (afterwards Master of the Rolls) on the 17th of March, 1836, led an attack upon Mr. Howe. Now Stewart had a sharp tongue, good voice, and was an effective speaker; but like many of the legal gentry of whose fluency of speech and the reading of the same speech in print, are so dissimilar as though two distinct individuals had been concerned in the manufacture, Stewart appeared more formidable than he really was. He took occasion now that he had Howe before him, and a chance to pay him off, or give him what is not inaptly called a good dressing—to resent the Editor's old newspaper criticisms upon the conduct of the last House, and he did this with great bitterness and severity, and there and then challenged Howe to a discussion of the points involved and to a defence of his opinions upon that floor.

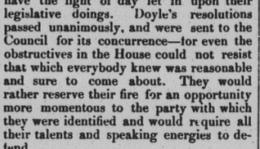
Stewart's speech occupied over an hour, three-fourths of which was devoted to pouring cayenne pepper and vitriol upon poor Howe's head, whose friends in the House and gallery were numerous, and felt for their champion, and so an impromptu reply was impossible from so inexperienced a young man as Howe. He rose then with a breathless silence; while his enemies chuckled in their sleeves over Stewart's scathing victory as they were sure Howe's friends on the other hand trembled as it were at the awkwardness of the situation; for their man to be flayed alive in their presence, after he had been in the house only four days and never before engaged in a public encounter. But once on his legs, and his feet firmly planted, he stood forth like a giant refreshed with new wine.

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Witchcraft in Russia. In Russia the popular belief in witchcraft resembles that of the whole world many centuries ago. Ralston in "Songs of the Russian People," states—"But a little time ago every Russian village had its wizard, almost as a matter of course, and to this day it is said there is not a hamlet in the Ukraine that is not reported to keep its witch." When I was travelling in the interior of that country, accompanied by a master of the Russian language, I found that the peasants still believe that witches and wizards can steal the dew and the rain, send whirlwinds hide the moon and the stars, and fly through the air on brooms and tongs. Their chief meetings take place three times a year, on "bald hills," and there are thousands of stories of witches going up chimneys and flying through the air. An analogy exists between these and the ancient German legends on the same subject. They chalk crosses on their huts and windows, hang up stove-rakes for protection, tie knots, and wear amulets. Plagues in men and cattle are popularly attributed to witches. Epileptics, and those afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, are supposed to be bewitched. According to popular belief in Russia, witches assume the form of dogs and cats and owls, but the shape they like best is that of a magpie. The Metropolitan Alexis solemnly cursed a magpie, "on account of the bad behaviour of the witches who have assumed its plumage."

Do You See THE POINT? ALTHOUGH Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1810, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment could not have survived for over eighty years unless it possesses extraordinary merit. UNLIKE ANY OTHER For INTERNAL or EXTERNAL use. It is soothing, Healing, Penetrating. Once used always wanted; and dealers say "Can't sell any other."



Every Mother should have Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in the house for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Catarrh, Toothache, Headache, Stomachic, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Pains in the Limbs, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, etc. Price 25 cents a bottle. Sold every where. Free to write for a bottle. Free to write for a bottle. Free to write for a bottle.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50c. AND \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

INSTRUCTION. Thirty boys and girls are learning the new Shorthand, it is that simple. But why spend a year when it can be learned in three months? SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Windsor, N.S.

Shorthand LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and Typewriting and an acquaintance with the latest business amanuensis, should enter for our evening course—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to J. HARRY PEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute.

DAY and EVENING CLASSES Will reopen on MONDAY, JANUARY 4. I WISH to thank the public for the generous patronage received during seventeen years of faithful service. I will gladly welcome in the future all who are willing to labor earnestly with me for laying broad and deep the foundation of usefulness and success. I propose to devote to all such all my energies, skill and time. Send for Circulars. S. KERR, Oddfellows' Hall, Principle.

SAINT JOHN Academy of Art. Studio Building: 65 Prince William St. ST. JOHN, N. B. The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in DRAWING AND PAINTING. Pupils can commence at any time—week, month, or by the year. PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A. ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES. Send for circular.

Do You Wear GRANBY Rubbers? They are the best. Good Material. Honestly Made. Perfect Fit. Latest Styles. Beautifully Finished. All Dealers Keep Them. Everybody Wears Them. Have You Tried Them?

JUST TAKE THE CAKE of SURPRISE SOAP and use it, or have it used on wash day without boiling or scalding the clothes. MARK how white and clean it makes them. How little hard work there is about the wash. How white and smooth it leaves the hands. YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE A CAKE.



An Important Speech Speaking in public is out of our line. (When requested to do so we always decline) But this time we've something important to say And we'll try to get through without running away. You'll observe that our faces are rosy and bright? Our hands very soft and uncommonly white? While our aprons and dresses, without being showy, Are not only clean but remarkably snowy. If you've noticed all this you'd perhaps like to know How our mothers can manage to keep us just so— The reason is this— please bear it in mind. At Ungar's they're washed, then starched and ironed.

BE SURE and send your laundry to Ungar's Steam Laundry, St. John Granite street. 147 to 152, Telephone 55. Or Halifax: 62 and 64.

Through Stock Taking! And all Goods Marked Below Cost. Men's Overcoats and Reefers at Prices never before dreamt of. Men's and Boy's Suits at less than actual Cost.

500 Pairs of Pants at a sacrifice, to make room for Spring Stock shortly to arrive. CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL, 51 Charlotte St. and BLUE STORE, cor. Mill and Main Sts., North End. T. YOUNGCLAUS. N. B.—During the Winter months we will make up goods in our Custom Department, 51 Charlotte Street, at greatly reduced prices.

ENGRAVING. PORTRAITS, STORES, HOUSES, ADVERTISEMENTS, "PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Do You See THE POINT? ALTHOUGH Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1810, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment could not have survived for over eighty years unless it possesses extraordinary merit. UNLIKE ANY OTHER For INTERNAL or EXTERNAL use. It is soothing, Healing, Penetrating. Once used always wanted; and dealers say "Can't sell any other."

Every Mother should have Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in the house for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Catarrh, Toothache, Headache, Stomachic, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Pains in the Limbs, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, etc. Price 25 cents a bottle. Sold every where. Free to write for a bottle. Free to write for a bottle. Free to write for a bottle.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50c. AND \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

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Our friends upon Cain's mind and so at last he to God's face when and to say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" This goes a long way towards explaining some of the fiercest calumnies made will appear to have heard it, doubtedly commended that he looked li stood up before quietly, they said could do. I remember that an innocent have been calm, occasioned to an under such a char his having the co played by the gu of its being any that a man wear

when charged with wise men be co against him. W ationate and unmo so feeling as to be begin deni guilty of the sin before God; and to be performed, or to try to make ence, are we not ence we stand? at what Cain said. I. First it is to

Not His in some sense, must bear his own acts before possible for a shoulders to the indignation of the to the law of God dered, or a ma matter how holy ous his mother, stand upon his himself before the ally believe in the else can believe t pent for him, or or become a chr himself personally ally believe in the converted, and per vice and glory o stand on its own b dle attempts

To shift t to a certain ord priests, or clerg according as the case be done. Each his own—himself foot of the cross personal Saviour? And again, no of the salvation of a even have a hope friend, so long as believing. O once pray for you, ce you by his spirit, with you ourselves be answered until confession of your salvation. It is, blessing to have names upon any ce do not have any c

Other Pe while you are pray since we cannot co are not responsible do, and hence we keeper so fully as his acceptance or It is proper here earnest minister o push the idea of hi such an extreme a for his work thro his position. If h the gospel, and hi let him preserve in himself. I remem labored to feel the soul's upon me, I in spirit, and the to give up the we that responsibility neither do I wish any who are unait case I saw that I of my nature till I

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SERMON.

Our Brother's Keeper. BY REV. C. H. STURGEON.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Gen. 4: 9. To what a shameful pitch of presumptuous impudence had Cain arrived when he could thus insult the Lord's God!

Hardening Influence of Sin upon Cain's mind must have been intense, and so at last he was able to speak out to God's face what he felt within his heart, and to say, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

A Fallen Friend when charged with a crime, it should by wise men be considered to be evidence against him. Well may he seem dispassionate and unmoved who has already been so unfeeling as to dip his hand in blood.

Not His Brother's Keeper in some senses. For instance, every man must bear his own responsibility for his own acts before Almighty God.

To Shift the Responsibility. A certain order of men who are called priests, or clergymen, or ministers, according as the case may be; but it cannot be done.

Other People's Prayers while you are prayerless yourselves. Now, since we cannot convert other people, we are not responsible to do what we cannot do, and hence we are not our brother's keeper so fully as to be responsible for his acceptance or rejection of Jesus.

Where is Your Brother? You my dear sisters have very great power over brothers, more power than brothers have. When a dear mother—let me put the question very tenderly to you—where is your child, your son, your daughter?

do good, for I became so unhappy that the elasticity of my spirit departed from me. Then I recollected that if I had

Put the Gospel Faithfully before you all and pressed it upon you, if you refused it I had nothing more to do with the matter except to pray for it: if I earnestly entreated the Lord and a blessing, and tried again and again to plead and urge with your consciences that you would be reconciled to God, and if still I failed, I remembered that I should not be held responsible for not doing what I could not do, namely, turn hearts of stone to flesh and quicken dead sinners into life.

There is, however, a sense in which we are our brother's keeper, and of that I am now going to speak. You will bear my caveat in mind, and it will not weaken the force of what I say, but it will increase its weight, because you will feel that I looked at the subject all around.

A Calistah Spirit which prompts us to think otherwise and to wrap ourselves up in hardness and say, "It is no concern of mine how others fare. Am I my brother's keeper?"

Far from that spirit let us be. For, common feelings of humanity should lead every christian man to feel an interest in the soul of every unsaved man. I say, "common humanity," for we use the word "humanity" to signify kindness. Such a man, we say, has no human feeling. I am not quite certain whether human feeling is always so human as the words would seem to imply.

Power Involves Responsibility. A second argument is drawn from the fact that we have all of us, especially those of us who are christians, the power to do good to others. We have not all the same ability, for we have not all the same gifts, or the same position, but as the little maid that waited on Naaman's wife had opportunity to tell of the prophecies which she had heard, so every christian man has not a young christian here but what has some power to do good to others.

Followers of Christ. To the christian man perhaps the most forcible reason will be that the whole example of Jesus Christ, whom we call Master and Lord, lies in the direction of our being the keeper of our brother; for what was Jesus' life but entire usefulness? What was said of him at his death but that "he saved others: himself he could not save?"

Let the thought next rise in our minds that we are certainly ordained to the office of brother-keeper because we shall be called to account about it. Cain was called to account. "Where is Abel thy brother?" I would to God, dear friends, that you could now hear the Lord speaking to you and saying, "Where is Abel thy brother?"

Where is Your Brother? You my dear sisters have very great power over brothers, more power than brothers have. When a dear mother—let me put the question very tenderly to you—where is your child, your son, your daughter? Not all that you could wish, you say. But can you say if your dear child were to perish that you are clear of his blood? Father, the boy grieves you: are you quite clear that you did not help to sow in him the sins which are now your trial? Come, have you done all that should be done? For my part, I deprecate the spirit which takes a christian mother from her children to be doing good everywhere except at home. I dread the soul of those who can run to many services but whose households are not cared for; yet sometimes such is the case. I have known people very interested in the seven trumpets and the seven seals who have not been quite so

particular about the seven dear children that God has entrusted to them. Such things ought not to be. Where is Abel thy brother? Thy son? Where is thy daughter, thy sister, thy father, thy cousin? See to this, that ye begin at once seeking the salvation of relatives.

Extends to all Races, races, and conditions; and according to each man's ability will be held responsible about the souls of others whom he never saw. Where is Abel thy brother? Down in a back street in London. He is just going into the saloon. He is half drunk already. Have you done anything, friend, toward the reclaiming of the drunkard? Where is your sister? Your sister who frequents the midnight streets? You shrink back and say, "She is no sister of mine." Ay, but God may require her blood at your hands, if you thus leave her to perish. Have you ever done anything towards reclaiming her? She has a tender heart despite her sin. Alas, many a christian woman, many a christian man who comes across the path of such will draw themselves up with a kind of Pharisaism, shake the dust off their feet, and feel as if they were contaminated by their very presence.

Some of you who get rich in London go and live out in the suburbs directly, and I cannot blame you. Why do you not? But if you leave the heart of London, where The Working People are without any means of grace—if you are content to hear the gospel yourselves and withdraw your wealth from churches among the poor, God will one day say to you, "Where is thy brother?" One thing more upon this calling to account. The more needy, the more destitute people are, the greater is their claim upon us; for according to the account book—need I turn to the chapter? I think you recollect it—they are the persons for whom we shall have mainly to give an account: "I was an hungry, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me not; naked, and ye clothed me not." These objects of charity were the most destitute and poor of all, and the greater question at the last day is about what has been done for them. So if there be a nation more ignorant than another, our call is there first; and if there be a people more sunken and degraded than others, it is concerning them that we shall have to give account.

Keeper of Murderers. Last of all, it may turn out—that it may turn out—that if we are not our brother's keeper we may be our brother's murderer. Have any of us been so already? When were you converted? Will you kindly look back to your sins before conversion? He must be a very happy man who did not, before conversion, commit sins which injured others; and there are some persons whose lives before they turned to Christ were frightfully blended with the career of others whom they have left in the gall of bitterness to perish. I have seen bitter tears shed by men who have been of ill lives when they have recollected others with whom they sinned. "I am forgiven: I am saved," one has said to me. "But what about that poor girl? Ah me! Ah me!" One man has been an infidel and he has had other infidels, and he has been saved but he cannot bring those back again whom he tutored in atheism. Before conversion you may have committed many a soul-murder. Ought not this to stir you up to seek now, if possible as much as lies in you, to bring those to Christ whom once you led away, and to teach the living word since once you taught the deadly word which

Retained Souls? But what shall be said of our conduct since we have been converted? May we not have helped to murder souls since then? I tell you a cold-hearted christian makes worldlings think that christianity is a lie. Inconsistent christians—among these are such—wot that it should be so!—bad-tempered, covetous people, cross-grained, sardonic, snarling persons, who we hope may be the Lord's people, who shall we say of these? How little they are like their Master, they are the propagators of death. Perhaps some of you have backslidden since conversion, and you have committed acts which have made the enemy to blaspheme the name of Christ. I charge you by the love of God repent of this iniquity. Look at what you have done. Look at how you have led others astray.

You Ought to Speak and be sinfully silent, and who knows how much blood will be laid at your door. Do you not think that to deny a cup of cold water to a man and let him die of thirst is a murder? To deny the gospel, to have no word to say for Jesus—is not this soul-murder? God accounts it so. Well, say some, "I could not speak or preach." No, but do you pray for the conversion of others? Some people also have money entrusted to them; they cannot go to India or China, but many other men are ready to go, and they ought to assist in sending them. I have men in the college ready to go, and they ought to assist in sending them. Is there no crime in all this? Does not the voice of your brother's blood cry unto God from the ground? I believe it does. You are not to do what you cannot do, but what you can do.

Notice. DANIEL & BOYD (LIMITED) having purchased the Stock and good will of the business of DANIEL & STOKES and the future business will be conducted at the old stand, Market Square, under the name and style of DANIEL & BOYD (LIMITED).

Notice. THOS. H. SOMMERVILLE, Secretary. St. John, N. B., Dec. 21, 1891.

Complexion Powders. Ayer's Recamer Cream, Pozzoni's Complexion Powder, Fellows' Swandown. R. W. McCarty, Druggist, 185 Union St.

FRAGMENTS OF THOUGHT.

Silence is as deep as eternity; speech is as shallow as time.—Carlyle. He that hath light thoughts of sin never had great thoughts of God.—Dr. Owen. Be sure, my son, and remember that the best men always make themselves.—Patrick Henry.

The great secret of success in life is for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes.—Divine. He lives long that lives well; and time misappreciated is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than His promise; if He takes from him a long lease and gives him a freehold of better value.—Fuller.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way. There is no action so slight or so humble but it may be done to a great purpose and ennobled thereby.—George Macdonald.

Obedience must be the struggle and desire of our life; obedience, not hard and forced, but ready, loving, and spontaneous; the doing of duty, not merely that the duty may be done, but that the soul in doing it, may become capable of receiving and uttering God.—Phillip Brooks.

Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom from freedom, but virtue, virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge, has any vigor or immortal hope, except in the principles of the christian faith, and in the sanctions of the christian religion.—Josiah Quincy.

Be, not try to be, but be, christians. What we want to be is not to look christians, or to pretend christians, or to profess christians. Take on anagram; read it from the right or from the left, or from the top or from the bottom; it reads the same thing. Take a christian; look at him at one angle, or look at him from another angle; look at him in any light or in any direction, and he is a christian still.—Cumming.

Notice of Dissolution

The undersigned hereby give notice and certify that a certain limited Partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, conducted under the firm name of "W. C. PITFIELD & Co.," for the buying and selling of wholesale of dry goods and other merchandise, and generally a wholesale dry goods and general jobbing and commission business, which by the certificate of Limited Partnership registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds of the City and County of Saint John in the said Province, was to commence the Twenty-eighth day of December, A. D. 1889, and terminate the First day of January, A. D. 1892, did terminate and is and was dissolved the said First day of January, A. D. 1892.

Partnership Notice. The undersigned, desirous of forming a Limited Partnership under the Laws of the Province of New Brunswick, hereby certify: 1. That the name of the firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is "W. C. PITFIELD & Co."

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THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN St. Jacobs Oil A CURE IN EVERY BOTTLE IT CONQUERS PAIN Rheumatism & Neuralgia

Full Dress Suits TO ORDER, From \$25.00 to \$40.00. The Dress Suit is to-day an absolute necessity to gentlemen attending weddings, receptions, parties, etc. It is the only correct dress on such occasions. Every gentleman should own a Dress Suit. Now is the time to order, as the social season opens immediately after the Christmas Holidays, and there is nothing like being prepared. Correct style and first-class workmanship. E. C. COLE, PALMER BLOCK, 178 Main street, - - Moncton.

MARINE INSURANCE. Insurance Co'y of North America, PHILADELPHIA. CAPITAL, \$3,000,000 SURPLUS, as regards Policy-holders, 5,500,000. MERCHANTS' INSURANCE CO. BANGOR, MAINE. Policies on Hulls, Cargoes and Freights, and Sterling Certificates payable abroad at current rates, issued at St. John by THOS. A. TEMPLE, Agent, - 128 Prince Wm. St.

Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors! A CHARMING SET OF BOOKS, EMBRACING 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 thus

Our Liberal Premium Offer! We will send the ten great novels above named, comprising the splendid complete set of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," also PROGRESS for one year, upon receipt of only \$2.50, which is an advance of but 60 cents over our regular subscription price, so that you practically get this beautiful set of books for only 60 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 anyone sending us a club of two new yearly subscribers. This is a great premium offer—a great chance for our readers. Do not miss it. Perfect satisfaction is guaranteed. Address all letters. EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher PROGRESS, St. John, N. B.

COME TO STAY A YEAR.

THE PRINTERS' ART AS SHOWN IN CALENDARS.

The Work of Many Hands in "Progress" Collection—Bright Ideas in Colors and Design—The Individuality of English, American, and Canadian Work.

Every year the search for attractive and artistic designs for calendars and advertising novelties is carried on with greater vigor by the men and firms who take this method of keeping their business before the public. With the insurance companies calendars will hold first place and this year the number of pretty "daily reminders" has been larger than ever.

The newspaper offices are always remembered by the firms who send them out, and this year PROGRESS has given them more attention than usual. One wall of the business department has been decorated with them, and visitors find it one of the attractions of the office.

They do not object to "waiting awhile," although it is seldom necessary, for there is a great collection on the wall to look at and admire. They see the work of printers, lithographers, and engravers in all parts of Canada, the United States and England, for many of the big English insurance companies send out their calendars from the head office.

In such a collection it would be impossible to make comparisons. What would strike one person as being the finest calendar in the lot would not find favor with another. They would differ on the colors, design, and a hundred other points, while one calendar might suit the fancy without their being able to give any reasons for it.

One of the most remarkable features of the collection is the easiness with which one can distinguish the English work from the American, and the Canadian from them both. The artists in each country seem to have ideas of their own as to color and design, and the difference is most pronounced.

The calendars of the English companies are, as a rule, printed in dull, heavy colors blended in an artistic manner, and appear as solid and matter-of-fact as the great monied institutions that send them out. As a rule they are not so handy for office purposes as those sent out by the American and Canadian concerns, the leaflets apparently being a minor consideration.

The calendars sent out by the American companies are as characteristic of the country as those of the English concerns. With them light, gaudy colors find most favor, bright red getting more or less prominence with them all. The Canadian work is also in this line, but has an individuality that a critical observer would notice at first sight.

Calendars that depend upon the work of the printer for attention are not so numerous of late years, the lithographing companies now coming in for the major portion of this class of work. Nevertheless the printed calendar always finds hosts of admirers. Of all those in PROGRESS' collection, none receive more attention than the one sent out from the St. John Globe office. The coloring is both harmonious and attractive, while the design, in which a view of St. John is shown without being given a prominence that spoils the effect of the fine rule work, will compare with the best work of the lithographers.

McMillan's calendar has always been sought after by business houses and is never discarded till the year is out. The large, attractive leaflets make it invaluable in an office, while the card is always printed in light, rich colors that make it harmonize with the best fitted out business places in town. The design in McMillan's has not been changed this year. New colors have been introduced, but whether they are an improvement on those of last year is a question.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison sent out a large view of the city this year, the work of the Toronto lithograph company, but it can hardly be said that the workmen did justice to the enterprise of the firm, as the impression of the city one gets from it is not as favorable as that received by people who sail up the harbor for the first time.

W. C. Pitfield & Co. have taken the colored lithograph into their favor this year, and on each side of a pretty lake scene leaflets for the year make it useful as well as attractive.

Another attractive lithograph, a picture of domestic life that one can look at for some time and still find something new, was received from L. Higgins & Co., of Moncton, but the calendar part of it is almost too small to be serviceable.

It would be almost impossible to enumerate all the calendars in the collection, or speak of the many ideas that artists have sought with more or less success, to convey; but for all that, although one perhaps could not find as much to interest him as he might during a visit to the Owens' art gallery, he can spend some time in catching the ideas of clever artists. For instance, in the commanding presence of the Marquis of Salisbury, as seen on a lithograph sent out by J. M. Humphrey & Co., one finds much to contemplate and admire, while a picture of a street Arab with a characteristic expression on his face, received from the same firm, reminds us of another portion of humanity that is at all times interesting. Again we have the contribution of Daniel & Boyd, a street scene in Trafalgar square, in which a policeman, sandwich man and children of the streets are grouped together in a way that would perhaps be more familiar to Londoners, but nevertheless is full of interest to us.

Then again groups of merry little children look out from calendars and announcements on all sides, in a way that never fails to challenge attention; the dumb animals claim their share of attention; and again we are brought face to face with shields, crests and trade marks of the more matter-of-fact concerns. In this latter class one cannot deny the originality of design and excellent execution of a calendar turned out by the Maritime lithograph company for Thos. A. Temple, in which the different lines of insurance he represents are brought out with good effect. It is simply a "black and white," but it compares favorably with any of the "foreign" work in the collection.

Politicians, statesmen and the imposing homes of wealthy companies all find a place among the calendars and announcements, some of them the work of artists. All go to make up a collection that has been worth the time spent in finding them a place on the wall.

Calendars received: From Manchester, Robertson & Allison, W. C. Pitfield & Co., Union Assurance Society, per C. E. L. Jarvis; Eastern of Canada, per A. P. Tippet; North American Marine and Quebec per Thos. A. Temple; Queen and North American Fire, per C. E. L. Jarvis; Eastern of Canada, per J. M. Robinson; J. & A. McMillan, Daniel & Boyd; Phoenix of London, per Hall & Fairweather; Lancashire and Scottish Union and National, per J. M. & C. W. H. Grant; J. M. Humphrey & Co.; North, British & Mercantile, per D. R. Jack; Imperial, per E. L. Whitaker; L. Higgins & Co., Moncton; Mario Peptonian Porter; Phoenix of Hartford, per Knowlton & Gilchrist; St. John Globe; Travellers, per T. B. Robinson; West-ern, E. W. W. Fink; Liana, Geo. E. Fairweather; Marigold Printing Company, Bridgeport, Conn.; Carter's Ink, per J. & A. McMillan; Welsh, Hunter & Hamilton, Geo. H. McKay.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Don't Worry—Do Things Systematically—Rest Frequently.

Do not, while sitting or lying, allow your mind to plan what work you will do next, how you will do it, how soon you will be sufficiently rested to get up, but simply rest and grow heavy. Let your imagination help, and "play," like a child, with ideas are a mountain or something else which occurs to you.

The greatest rest comes from freedom of mind. We can keep our minds free if we will let them go. Let them take up one thing at a time, and be content. Nothing is more sure to slow poison to the system of American women, with their consciences and their nerves, than the game of "laps and slams." When you stir cake, do nothing else; when you make it, rest if you need it. Do not stand around wasting good muscle and nerve "waiting."

Plan your work in your brain; then let your brain rest, and it will be again ready for work when your body is tired and its work is done.

Cultivated women do not work with the same good results physically as peasant women, for the latter work with their minds free from all thoughts but of their work, while the former work wishing often they were anywhere but where they are; or it is not this, still their minds are working in many different lines of thought.

When you find you are not taking things one at a time and simply, and therefore there is confusion and fatigue, stop short! Take ten minutes' rest, lie down with thought of your weight only, and you will be astonished at the results. Everything will clear and you will start fresh as if after a good sleep. The day that is most full of pressing care is the day when you cannot afford not to take at least one such rest.

To prevent this confusion, cut off each duty from its successor; begin anew with each task and get in a deep, slow breath before each change of work.

These are the simplest directions, but if followed they will surely prolong the lives of all our faithful newspapermen, and a set of fresher faced old ladies will grand-mother the next generation.—Philadelphia Times.

Naming the Baby.

A Hindoo baby is named when it is twelve days old, and usually by the mother. Sometimes the father wishes for another name than that chosen by the mother. In that case the names are written on separate slips of paper and a lamp placed over each. The name over which the lamp burns brightest is given to the child. Egyptian parents choose a name for their baby by lighting three wax candles; to each of these they give a name, one of the three always belonging to some dignified personage. The candle that burns the longest bestows the name upon the child.

The Mohammedans write desirable names on slips of paper and place them in the Koran. The name upon the slip first drawn out is given to the child.

The Chinese give their boy babies a name in addition to their surname, and they must call themselves by these names until they are 20 years old. At that age the father gives his son a new name, usually characteristic. They care so little for girl babies that they do not give them a name, but just call them No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, according to their birth. Boys are thought so much more of than girls that if you ask a Chinese father who has both a boy and a girl how many children he has, he will always reply, "Only one child and a girl."

German parents sometimes change the name of their baby if it is ill, and the Japanese are said to change the name of a child four times.

Origin of Tariff.

At the southern point of Spain, and running out into the Strait of Gibraltar is a promontory which, from its position, is remarkably adapted for commanding the entrance to the Mediterranean and watching the entrance and exit of all ships. A fortress stands upon the promontory, called now, as it was also called in the Moorish domination, "Tarifa." It was the custom of the Moors to watch all merchant ships going into or coming out of the midland sea, and issue from this stronghold to levy duties, according to a fixed scale, on all merchandise passing in and out. This was called, from the place where it was levied, tarifa, and from this comes our word, "tariff." Tariff is a list or table of duties to be paid on goods exported or imported, whether such duties are imposed by the government of a country, or agreed on by the princes or governments of two countries holding commerce with each other.

The Pope's Beverages.

The Pope's health is reported to be much improved since he has commenced to drink goat's milk—a him for the weak as well as for fatality. The animal is chained on a plot of grass in the garden of the Vatican. In addition to this milk His Holiness drinks much beef tea. This is the only beverage served to the Cardinals who may be working with him. At dinner two glasses of claret, the produce of a little vineyard attached to the convent of St. Ann, in the Mediceo, whose barrel of wine is annually forwarded to the Vatican—not that the cellars of the latter are empty. They are filled with presents of the choicest wines from all parts of the world, and, so deeply are the hogsheads and bottles cobwebbed that it would require an archaeologist to discover their age.—Pittsburg Press.

WOLFF'S FIRST ARTICLE.

How the Great Parisian Critic Cajoled the "Figaro."

The story of the late M. Albert Wolff's first contribution to the Paris Figaro would form an interesting addition to any new collection of "The Struggles of Authors." The article was in unalloyed and Wolff, who was horribly poor, watched hungrily its appearance.

At length it was published and the grateful journalist walked down to the office to claim the \$20 (100francs) which he had been told was the regular remuneration for articles of the description he had written. To his dismay the clerk handed him \$7.56 (37f. 80c.). Wolff expostulated with the cashier and then lost his temper. Forgetting his empty pockets, he declared that he would rather make Villemessant—the famous editor of the Figaro—a present of his article than to accept so paltry a sum. On returning to his lodgings, however, he thought better of his resolution.

He had nothing to eat, no money and little credit and it was obviously to his advantage to put his pride in his pocket. Accordingly he sat down and wrote as follows to the publisher of the Figaro:

Sir: I have just been informed that an imposter has presented himself at your office and applied for the money due to me for my article (37f. 80c.). Of course he thought the remuneration would be 100f. I do not care myself how large or small the honorarium is, for I lay greater stress upon the fact that my article was considered worthy of publication in your journal. That knowledge is more precious to me than all the treasure of the world.

A few days later he received a check for a hundred francs, accompanied by a letter from the great Villemessant himself, stating that 37f. 80c. were in payment for the literary contribution, while the balance was for the ingenious letter he had written. This story has the merit of being authentic, for M. Wolff himself tells it.

Catholic Church Statistics.

There are at present 59 cardinals of the Catholic church, including 6 cardinal bishops, 47 priests, and 7 deacons, all of whom, except 3 cardinal priests and 7 deacons are patriarchs, archbishops or bishops.

Of these 59 cardinals 34 are Italians, 7 Austrian, German or Polish, 5 French, 4 British subjects, 4 Spanish, 2 Portuguese, 1 of the United States, 1 Belgian and 1 Swiss.

The four British subjects in the Sacred College are Edward Howard, Cardinal Bishop of Frascati, and Henry Edward Manning (Archbishop of Westminster), Patrick Francis Moran (Archbishop of Sydney), and Elzear Alexander Taschereau (Archbishop of Quebec), who are cardinal priests.

In the Catholic church there are 10 patriarchs, with 13 patriarchal sees, 8 of the Latin rite and 5 of the Oriental rite; 184 archiepiscopal sees, 167 Latin and 17 Oriental; 700 episcopal sees, 705 Latin and 55 Oriental.

Besides these 957 residential sees there are others called titular, for the most part assigned to archbishops and bishops governing apostolic delegations, vicariates or prefectures or to the office of coadjutor, auxiliary or administrator.

There are 7 delegations, 117 vicariates and 41 prefectures apostolic.

The total of patriarchs, archbishops and bishops on January 1, 1891, was 1,222.—St. James' Gazette.

Melissa Garments for Ladies. Everybody is asking for "MELISSA" Rain-proof Garments. Ladies will now have them as well as the men. The Melissa Manufacturing Co. have received many letters from all parts of the Dominion, asking if they intend manufacturing MELISSA CLOAKS for LADIES, or if Melissa Cloth can be procured for that purpose. In answer to these inquiries, they desire to say that, although not ready to manufacture Ladies' Garments, they have decided to sell the Melissa Goods by the piece and are now preparing a choice range of patterns, which will be offered to the trade in January, 1892. Melissa Cloth is admirably adapted for women's wear, as it can be made in any weight desired, and in an infinite variety of patterns and shades. Women will no longer have to put up with the disagreeable odors, discomfort and danger of wearing the old, air-tight, rubber waterproof. The TRADE MARK which will be stamped upon every piece of Melissa Goods is an absolute guarantee not only that the Cloth is Rain-proof, Porous and Odorless, but that it is PERFECTLY PURE and FREE FROM ALL DELETERIOUS SUBSTANCES, neither SUGAR of LEAD nor any other poisonous ingredient is used in its manufacture, and ladies can wear garments made of the cloth with a sense of perfect security that both health and comfort will be assured. THE MELISSA MANUFACTURING CO., MONTREAL, J. W. MACKEDIE & CO., MONTREAL. SOLE AGENTS FOR THE DOMINION.

A Full range of MELISSA GOODS, Men's, Youth's, Boys', now in Stock. MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

A. & J. HAY, HOT WATER HEATING! THOS. CAMPBELL, PLUMBER, HOT WATER AND TEAM FITTER, 79 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA What an amount of interesting Reading there is in a good Dictionary. It is not as dry as most people imagine, although it is filled with HARD FACTS from cover to cover. You can spend a whole evening much more pleasantly than you imagine by looking over the HUNDREDS OF ILLUSTRATIONS in the large Webster offered by Progress with a subscription to the paper for \$3.95, and the information received will be valuable to you every day in your life.

THIS BOOK and PROGRESS 1615 For \$3.95. The Dictionary is Handsomely Bound, and all who see it express surprise that such a book can be sold for so small a sum of money. HUNDREDS HAVE BEEN SOLD! Call and see the Dictionary and you will not wonder that people have been quick to take advantage of this unparalleled offer. The book is all that it is claimed to be, and the illustration hardly does it justice. Call at the office and examine the book, or some of your friends who have them will let you examine theirs, for the Dictionaries can already be found in the homes of PROGRESS readers in ALL PARTS OF THE PROVINCES. Send for a Dictionary at once. It is a work that should be in every Home and Office for reference. EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher "Progress," St. John, N. B.

THE COLOR HOW TO STUDY AND CO. And Get Shades of Blondest, Demi-Blonde, and the Other Types that Women Should. Colors that can be subject that is recent, women who taste. If there were many colors there would require little or colors; but when the bewildering array nothing about the from these colors, the pleasing and complacency and a thoroughness, will extricate a confounding array. The woman who subject should, in the hair, eyes and complexion whether she would yellow, warm or demisallow, warm or demicolors are the most. A colorless blonde hair, light, pale, eyes, complexion, a every respect, absolute shades of pink and red she can wear nearly blondes, these warm color, bring out eyes and glint of are really her mo. She should carefully or very light shades, many blondes with included in her list every vestige of color "washed-out" look. The yellow blonde hair, blue eyes and a tints of pink under the possessor of the and will find navy and green, mode, helio wood-browns, white, gray, Rembrandt-red her most becoming out pale blue, which blondes, is now com most unbecoming shad ferable, and can, with delicate shades of Ni be safely worn by ma of these two types of much color, and, of ti something that will in what little they have, little from them. Th more becoming with rose near the face; cloth on a green, navy will make it particular or any woman with a complexion. The warm blonde in or Auburn hair, light and rosy-red complexion wear any color given light blues, and pink colors should be given as a rule, her color r Black, by many, is ca the ambers and warm later are universally The pale brunette, eyes and clear white most favored type of as audacious as she color she fancies. The warm brunette and eyes, and red favored almost as n color is very deep, a warm reds, deep pink. These colors have a her color, which, of the tan, heliotrope, brown, effectually do this. The allow brunettes and allow skin, will reds, deep pinks, green, rich, warm bro very becoming; but sh old gold, orange, tan pale pink, blue or greens. The woman with a complexion, no matter wh and hair, must avoid th will change her complexion, regardless should make her choice reds, wood or warm br ecru, mode navy-blue of gray. Black, thou to be universally becom worn by those with cith when necessary. Neit coming to them, thou black or any color that of yellow. A demi-blonde prof golden, brown hair, cle and dark eyes; a dem dark hair, fair or oliv light eyes. Those with light brown or chestnut are also called demi-bl with dark or medium-d nut hair and light eye. Either can wear any sh type, and oftentimes any Her guide must be her she will do well to reme just given for different is, that cold colors, a women styles, are ac women with brilliant that she who laquires all the enliven rich colors give; and the low or muddily complexion avoid cold and yellow sh improve her looks with by warm, deep colors. The woman with whi plentifully sprinkled with the sombre, inconspicuous the most becoming, but for her wear. Here again must be her guide, if she light or bright colors.



# THINGS WORTH KNOWING

The income of the Church of England is \$1,000,000 a week.

Queen Victoria's household consists of nearly 1,000 persons.

The word liquorice means "sweet root," and is of Greek origin.

It is said that only eleven per cent. of flowers emit a perfume.

In Tornea, Finland, Christmas Day is less than three hours in length.

Garlic, salt, bread, and steak are put into the cradle of a new-born babe in Holland.

There are now about two and a quarter millions of acres in Scotland occupied by deer forests.

During the period of twenty years, from 1867 to 1886, inclusive, there were granted in the United States 328,716 decrees for divorce.

The total population of Alaska is 31,000, made up as follows: Aleuts, 900; Indians, 5,000; Eskimaux, 18,000; Chinese, 2,800; whites, 4,800.

There are in the United States 1,797 distinct railroad corporations, but the gross earnings of seventy-four of them represent over 80 per cent. of the total amount.

The great American tower, as it will be called, to be erected on the World's Fair grounds, will be 1,120 feet high. Its base will be 400 feet square. The tower will be capable of entertaining 40,000 people at one time.

In the southwestern islands or Japan the women are the laborers. Their hands are rough and tanned with heavy work, while the men are delicate and white. The men play the samisen while the women dance, but it is considered a disgrace for the women to play.

If a well could be dug to the depth of 46 miles, the density of the air at the bottom would be as great as that of quicksilver. By the same law a cubic inch of air taken 4,000 miles above the earth's surface would expand sufficiently to fill a sphere 2,000,000,000 miles in diameter.

An authority on the subject states that 25,000 hands are employed at making gloves within a radius of forty miles at Grenoble, France, and they turn out 1,200,000 dozens of gloves every year. Twice the latter number of hands, therefore, are employed in wearing the gloves.

A man weighs less when the barometer is high, notwithstanding the fact that the atmospheric pressure on him is more than when the barometer is low. As the pressure of air on an ordinary sized man is about 15 tons, the rise of the mercury from 29 to 31 inches adds about one ton to the load he has to carry.

Thirty years ago, there were something like 2000 lepers in Norway, but that number has been reduced to about 1500, the cases being distributed over three hospitals, situated at Bergen, Molde, and Trondheim respectively, each of which is supported by the State, assisted by certain endowments.

Woman's paradise is in the interior of Sumatra. A law there exists under which a man's property cannot be inherited by his children, but must go to his parents, while that belonging to his wife descends to the offspring. Of course, the men evade that law by putting all their wealth into the hands of the women.

For military service the Germans employ electric lighting wagons, which contain everything that can possibly be wanted for lighting up any such military engineering operation as bridge building, throwing up earthworks at night, etc. The wagon weighs three and a half tons, and can easily be drawn by horses.

A new paving material introduced in London is composed of granulated cork and bitumen, pressed into blocks, which are laid as brick or wood pavements. A pavement of this material is very elastic and pleasant to the feet and affords an excellent foothold for horses. There is almost an entire absence of noise.

A French statistician calculates that the aggregate wealth held by millionaires in civilized countries amounts to about \$5,000,000,000, the entire number of millionaires to be about 950, of whom 250 are in Great Britain, 200 in the United States, 100 in South America, 100 in Germany, 75 in France, 50 in Russia, 50 in India and 125 in other countries.

Different authors disagree in describing the seven popular wonders of olden times. At present the Pyramids, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Temple of Diana, the Mausoleum, the statue of Jupiter, Olympus, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, and the Pharos, or watch-tower of Alexandria, are usually reckoned as the "Original Seven Wonders." With the single exception of the Pyramids all the above have disappeared.

The people of Paris consumed within the past year 21,291 horses, 229 donkeys, and 40 mules, the most weighing, according to the returns, 4,615 tons. At the 180 shops and stalls where such food is sold the price has varied from two sous to a franc a pound, the latter being the price of the best horse steaks. Only about one-third of the meat is sold fresh and undisguised; the rest is used in making sausages, 412 horses having been seized and condemned as unfit for food before being turned into sausage.

The annual mortality of the entire human race amounts, roughly speaking, according to a French medical journal, to thirty-three millions of persons. This makes the average deaths per day over ninety-one thousand, being at the rate of 3,750 an hour, or sixty-two people every minute of the day and night the year

round. A fourth of the race die before completing their eighth year, and one half before the end of the seventeenth year; but the average duration of life is about 38 years. Not more than one person in a hundred thousand lives to be a hundred.

**"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.**  
Brown—How's your baby's health, Newpop? Sound, eh? Newpop—Yes, I sometimes think he's all sound.

The plough breeds a hayseed, the city a cad; 'Tis the same from Liverpool to Dan—The town boy's a man when he should be lad And a child when he should be a man.

Sunday School Teacher (sadly)—I'm afraid Johnny, that I will never meet you in heaven. John—Why? what have you been doing now?—Harpers Bazar  
Bartender—"I speak seven different languages. What'll you have as a starter?"  
Rounder—"Well, you might give us a little hot Scotch."—Binghamton Leader.

"Some of the animals in the ark were of a religious disposition," observed Dinwiddie. "You don't say," replied Gaswell. "Yes; many were beasts of pray."

Tomson (who has just sung)—"Does your friend Wilson sing, Mr. Johnson?"  
Johnson—"No, he makes himself disagreeable in some other way."—Yankee Blade.

"Your hotel is a regular fire trap, sir," said a guest to the proprietor. "If that is true it is a very poor trap, for it has never caught fire yet," was the reply.—N.Y. Sun.

"I've had a good deal of trouble," said the milkman, confidentially. "Yes, replied the cook, "I've noticed that even your milk has the blues."—Washington Post.

Trotter—"I hear that Miss Shear's father didn't approve of your suit." Barlow—"No; he's too blasted critical. Made his money as a tailor, you know."—New York Herald.

Cause for Laughter—Jessie—"What are you laughing about?" Bessie—"Before Chappie went away he told me whenever I felt sad to think of him."—New York Herald.

"Mr. Blight," said the landlady to the new boarder, "if you have finished your dinner, please leave the table." "I have no intention of taking it with me," growled Mr. Blight.

Van Arndt—"Do you believe second thoughts are best?" Van Dunse—"Weally, ye know, I nevah have them. Even first thoughts are a dooced boah."—St. Joseph News.

Misunderstood—Justice—"Officer, what is the prisoner charged with?"  
Officer Lafaerty—"Well, your honor, I'm not much of a judge, but it smells a good deal like whiskey."—Lile.

"God can do all things," said mamma. "No," said Marjorie. "God cannot steal." "Why?" said mamma, expecting the reply. "Because he is good." "Because," said the little sage, "everything is his."

Overheard in the railway station. First Young Woman—Oh, don't go into that car, Mag. That's all full. Plenty of seats in the next car. Second Young Woman—Oh, come along! Some fools will get up and give us their seats.

A Dazz Horse—"What! You gwine to put dat little brack imp in de baby show?" "Yes indeed. 'Bout de time de mudders o' all dem white younguns gits after dat committee dey'll be mighty glad to compromise on my little 'Rastus, an' 'doun' you fer git it!"

Farmer's Boy—"There's going to be a minstrel show in Pinkinton next week. Can I—" Old Hayseed—"Get whittaker! It ain't a month sence you went to th' top o' th' hill to see th' clipse of th' moon. D'yuh wanter be always on th' go?"—Good News.

Little Dot—"Papa says Edison is making an engine wot will go two hundred miles an hour." Little Dick (son of a railroad president)—"There won't be any body buy it." "Why not?" "Cause it won't give the conductors time to take up tickets."—The Hackett.

Mr. Younghusband (coming home finds his wife at the stove)—"So you are doing your own cooking? Tell me, now, what is that you are cooking at that stove, Molly?" Molly—"You musn't have so much curiosity. I don't know myself yet what it is going be.—Texas Siftings.

A good anecdote is told of an English missionary in Cairo during his efforts to teach some little donkey boys the way to heaven. "Is heaven a good place?" asked one. "A very good place," replied the missionary. "Then why doesn't England take it?" shrewdly asked the little Arab.

He was profoundly interested in writing a letter. "Weren't you up to see your girl last night?" asked the man next to him. "Yes. I'm writing to her father now." "That so? Asking him for her?" "No. Asking him for my overcoat and hat he didn't give me time to get as I went out."

She had been to Europe for a year and had lost the run of things at home somewhat. One morning she met a girl who was in the sweetest period a year before. "Ah," she said, "howdy do? Just as much in love as ever, I suppose?" "Oh, no," was the innocent reply, "I'm married now."

Museum manager—"The preacher at our church last night talked about Mr. Lot who had been turned into a pillar of salt." Assistant—"Yes, I've heard about it." Museum manager—"Well, why in thunder didn't you let me know about it? I'll bet four dollars some other museum will get hold of the freak before we do."—Judge.

The managing editor was getting some stuff ready for the Sunday edition and was calling on his force for extra material. "Trotleigh," he said to the horse reporter, "I wish you'd give me a story of say half a column." "What about?" asked Trotleigh. "Oh, anything so long as it is a story that hasn't any moral." "Good enough," grinned the reporter; "I'll write up a sketch of the life of a politician."—Detroit Free Press.

## MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The Princess of Wales has thirteen wigs, and sends them to Paris to be dressed.

Alexander Dumas has the reputation of being extremely orderly, and has even been found in his shirt sleeves dusting his own room and "putting it to rights."

A little daughter of a San Francisco millionaire was baptized the other day with water brought especially from the river Jordan in a basin of hammered gold.

Joaquin Miller, the "poet of the Sierras" has three children—George Golden, Harold and Maud. Of these George Golden is a rancher, Harold is accused of being a stage robber, and Maud, now the wife of London McCormick, is an actress.

Queen Victoria's bedroom at Buckingham palace is one of simplicity, and were it not for a few paintings of her crowned relatives upon the wall one would take it for the room of an old maid who disliked the finery and knick knacks so dear to her younger sister.

Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, the widow of the general, is soon to issue her much-talked-of volume of memoirs, for which her publishers pay her \$50,000 cash and promise her as much more in future royalties. Mrs. Grant says, in the preface to the profitable work, that she herself wrote every line of it, not even dictating any part of it to an amanuensis.

James Whitcomb Riley was in his younger days an enthusiastic and clever amateur actor. It is believed that had he gone on the stage permanently his career would have been famous. One of his friends says that at one time, when Riley was cast for the character of an old man, he went about the street for weeks studying the gestures, poses and utterances of an aged acquaintance instead of trusting to mere imagination.

The Archduke Josph, heir to the Austrian crown, has recently shown his interest in the gypsies by founding a colony of them in the finest of white linen cloths bordered with lace, showing a tint through its meshes of the shade of glorie de Paris roses, which are used for the table decorations.

The most valuable dinner set in the world is said to belong to Queen Victoria. It fills two rooms in Buckingham palace and is guarded by two men continually. Mrs. William Astor has a gold dinner service valued at \$50,000, and the service, in lion and unicorn repousse work, is used upon the finest of white linen cloths bordered with lace, showing a tint through its meshes of the shade of glorie de Paris roses, which are used for the table decorations.

Fanny Crosby, who has written more Sunday school hymns than any other ten living writers, has accomplished this extraordinary work in the face of one of the most serious of human afflictions—blindness. For fifty-three years she has been producing song-verses, many of which secured most unusual vogue. Her gift for rhyming showed itself early, and her first piece was composed at the age of eight. She says it is her motto of her life "to be true to the secret of her cheerfulness."

The Marchioness of Westminster, who died recently, was a wonderful old lady. Until her health gave way, about a month before her death, she was extremely active, in spite of her 94 years, and took an active share in the management of her property and in the concerns of the poor on the estate. Born in 1797, she was married in 1819, the year of Queen Victoria's birth, and became the mother of four sons and nine daughters. Since her husband's death she has had an income of \$200,000 a year, and it is said that the death of no other member of the English nobility could have put into genuine mourning so many noble families as hers has done.

Count Tolstoi is practising his precepts in Russia. He preached that of labor and the sacredness of suffering. It was his fancy to mingle with the peasants and assist in their work. He dressed as they did, and affected the greatest simplicity. Other men and some women have done likewise, but he was in earnest, and he acted as a charlatan or a Gautama seeking to save.

W. S. Gilbert, the librettist, tells of his first meeting with Sir Arthur Sullivan as follows: "I had written a piece with Fred Clay, 'Ages Ago,' and was rehearsing it at the Old Gallery of Illustration. At the same time I was busy on my 'Palace of Truth,' in which there is a character, one Zoran, who is a musical impostor. Now, I am as unquippable as any man in England. I am quite incapable of whistling an air in tune, although I have a singularly good ear for rhythm. I was bound to make Zoran express his musical ideas in technical language, so I took up my Encyclopaedia Britannica, and turning to the word 'harmony' selected a suitable sentence and turned it into sounding blank verse. Curious to know whether this would pass muster with a musician, I said to Sullivan (who happened to be present at rehearsal, and to whom I had just been introduced), 'I am very pleased to meet you Mr. Sullivan, because you will be able to settle a question which has just arisen between Mr. Clay and myself. My contention is that when a musician who is master of many instruments has a musical theme to express, he can express it as perfectly upon the simple tetrachord of chord of Mercury (in which there are, as we all know, no diatonic intervals whatever (as upon the more elaborate diapason (with the familiar four tetrachords and the redundant notes) which need not remind you) embraces in its simple consonance all the single, double and inverted chords.' 'He reflected for a moment, and asked me to oblige him by repeating my question. I did so, and he replied that it was a very nice point, and he would like to think it over before giving a definite reply. That took place about twenty years ago, and I believe he is still engaged in hammering it out."

## "August Flower"

"I have been afflicted with biliousness, constipation, and stomach pains for fifteen years; first one and then another preparation was suggested to me and tried but to no purpose. At last a friend recommended August Flower. I took it according to directions and its effects were wonderful, relieving me of those disagreeable stomach pains which I had been troubled with so long. Words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold your August Flower—it has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Such a medicine is a benediction to humanity, and its good qualities and wonderful merits should be known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia or biliousness, and it has proved a perfect cure.—Yours truly, Mrs. ELIZABETH MCCARTHY.

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**PROFESSIONAL.**  
**DR. F. W. BARBOUR,**  
DENTIST,  
FAIRVILLE, Office Hours: 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.  
186 Princess Street, St. John, Office Hours, 2 to 4 p. m., 1 to 2.30 p. m.

**DR. S. F. WILSON,**  
Late Clinical Assistant, St. J. Hospital for Diseases of Women, &c., London, Eng.  
143 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.  
SPECIALIST, DISEASES OF WOMEN.  
Electricity after Apostoli's methods used in suitable cases before resorting to surgical interference.

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73 Sydney Street, corner Princess Street,  
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DENTIST,  
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Office: Pungley's New Building,  
St. John, N. B.  
Money to loan on Real Estate.

**H. B. ESMOND, M. D.,**  
(F. S. S., LONDON, ENGL.)  
Specialist in the treatment of CHRONIC DISEASES,  
No. 3 MARKET SQUARE, HOUSTON, MAINE.

**CANCERS**  
removed without the use of the knife, loss of blood or pain. Old Sores and Ulcers permanently healed. Write for particulars.  
ESTABLISHED 1886.  
NEW BRUNSWICK COFFIN AND CASER  
FACTORY W. WATSON ST. JOHN N.B.

**MY SLIDING GLASS COFFINS**  
ARE SOMETHING NEW.  
Consult D. HARRIS  
ENGLISH OPTICIAN,  
53 Main St., St. John, N. B.

**TURKISH DYES**  
EASY TO USE.  
They are Fast.  
They are Beautiful.  
They are Brilliant.  
SOAP WON'T FADE THEM.  
Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced.  
One Package equal to two of any other make.

**CAFE ROYAL,**  
Domville Building,  
Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.  
MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.  
DINNER A SPECIALTY  
Pool Room in Connection.  
**WILLIAM CLARK,**  
SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS,  
84 PRINCE STREET.

Ladies' and Gents' Ware Cleaned or Dyed at short notice. Feather Dyeing a Specialty.  
**C. E. BRACKETT, Prop.**

**THE CANADA Sugar Refining Co.**  
(LIMITED).  
**MONTREAL**  
Offer For Sale all Grades of Refined Sugars & Syrups  
Of the Well-known Brand of  
**Redpath**  
Certificate of Strength and Purity:  
CHEMICAL LABORATORY,  
Medical Faculty, McGill University.  
To the Canada Sugar Refining Company.  
GENTLEMEN—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.558 per cent of pure sugar, and it is precisely as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.  
Yours truly,  
G. F. GIRDWOOD.

**SHARPS BALSAM**  
OF  
HOREHOUND  
AND ANISEED.  
**GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS, OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.**  
**ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.**

**Kumiss Face Cream</**

# Five Thousand Dollars

WILL BE GIVEN TO ANYONE

## Following Testimonials are not Genuine!

WITH SUCH A RECORD WE MAY SAFELY SAY THAT

# Phospholeine

IS THE ONLY PERFECT EMULSION FOR THE CURE OF  
**CONSUMPTION, PARALYSIS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,**  
Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration.

WEYMOUTH, N. S.  
Dear Sir,—I have used your Phospholeine in many cases for which it is recommended, and am well pleased with the way in which it acts. In a case of the most obstinate Chronic Bronchitis (the disease had baffled the usual treatment in such cases) your Phospholeine acted like a charm, and I ascribe the recovery entirely to the use of it. From my experience of it I feel justified in saying that it is an important remedial agent in all cases of Wasting Diseases, and I can heartily recommend it to the notice of the profession and public as a remedy of real merit.  
M. F. Egar.  
HENRY D. RUGGLES, M. D.  
HEALTH INSTITUTE, 272 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed find P. O. order for amount due for last gross of your Phospholeine; it was not received for a month after being shipped by you. I find it all and EVEN MORE THAN YOU RECOMMEND IT TO BE.  
E. A. TEFFT, M. D.  
M. F. Egar.  
Dear Sir,—Nearly out of your Phospholeine. Please send another gross as soon as possible.  
E. A. TEFFT, M. D.

YARMOUTH, N. S., July 30th, 1882.  
M. F. Egar, Esq., 157 Hollis street, Halifax.  
Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to state that I have been prescribing your "Phospholeine" or "Cod Liver Cream" during the last two years, and the longer I use it the more gratified I am with the results.  
H. L. KELLY, M. D.

TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL.  
Established, 1819.  
(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)  
M. F. Egar, Esq., Halifax, N. S.  
Dear Sir,—I am very highly pleased with the action of your Phospholeine. It has been used in this Hospital in Pulmonary and other wasting Diseases with success, and, being so palatable, is a splendid substitute for the Crude Cod Liver Oil. Will you kindly let me know the lowest wholesale rate for a quantity for Hospital use?  
Yours truly,  
(Signed) C. O'REILLY, M. D., C. M., Superintendent.

Toronto, Nov. 30, 1880.  
I have often prescribed Egar's Phospholeine, and as it has been invariably beneficial in the cases under my own observation, I have great pleasure in recording my testimony in its favor. Being a perfect emulsion it is easy of digestion, without producing nausea, which is of the very greatest importance in the class of Wasting Diseases it is especially designed to benefit. I have frequently seen it retained by the stomach when almost every other similar preparation has been tried and rejected.  
R. ADLINGTON, M. D. (Edin.),  
M. R. C. S., England.  
Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario, &c.  
Bedford, N. S., May 15, 1880.

PRICE 50 cts. per Bottle  
CONTAINING 60 DOSES.

Medical Electro Therapeutic Institute,  
Corner Jarvis and Gerrard Streets,  
Toronto, Ontario.  
Mr. M. F. Egar, Halifax, N. S.  
Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure that I can recommend your Phospholeine. In every case it has met my expectations, and is the FINEST PREPARATION OF THE KIND THAT I HAVE EVER USED. Some of my patients come to like the taste, and none call it unpleasant, which is very greatly in its favor. Enclosed, please find Post Office Order for \$36.05, to balance my account to date, and oblige me by sending another gross.  
Yours very truly,  
E. A. TEFFT, M. D.

SECOND CERTIFICATE FROM DR. SLAYTER.  
Since giving you my last certificate I have had many opportunities of further testing your Phospholeine, and of comparing its action with the Emulsions and preparations of other brands. I may state that I BELIEVE IT TO BE THE BEST PREPARATION NOW OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC, the drugs and oils used being of the finest quality, while the facilities and machinery used for mixing them are of the most perfect kind. I have no hesitation in stating that where oil is indicated, Egar's Cream (Phospholeine) will be found to be EVERYTHING THAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT BY ITS PROPRIETOR.  
W. B. SLAYTER, M. D.,  
Halifax, January, 1881.  
&c., &c., &c.

BATHURST VILLAGE, N. B.  
M. F. Egar, Esq.  
Dear Sir,—Your Phospholeine has given me entire satisfaction, my patients too like it better than any other Emulsion. Its results are sometimes surprising, especially in wasting Diseases of children. Forward to me, per I. C. R., two doz. Phospholeine, and two doz. Wine of Rennet, enclosed find \$36.00, and oblige.  
Yours truly,  
G. M. DUNCAN, M. D.

Dr. Purdy, of Moncton, N. B., writes:—"I have tried Egar's Phospholeine in many cases for which it is recommended with satisfactory results. I had a patient whose stomach absolutely refused to retain any preparation of Cod Liver Oil which I could devise, but so soon as EGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE was administered no further trouble was experienced. I feel justified in saying that it is an important remedial agent in all cases of Wasting Diseases where nerve element and vital force requires nutrition."  
FROM REV. DR. HILL.  
HALIFAX, N. S., June 25, 1883.  
Dear Sir,—I feel it is duty to you that I should say publicly what I have said privately very many times, namely, that I firmly believe your PHOSPHOLEINE was the means of restoring a near relative of mine to ordinary health. The patient was apparently in the last stages of Consumption, but with the concurrence of skilled physicians your PHOSPHOLEINE was tried, and, I am happy to say, with results that I certainly did not anticipate. My friend is today in the enjoyment of excellent health.  
Believe me, yours very truly,  
GEORGE W. HILL, D. C. L., Rector St. Paul's.

For Sale by the following Wholesale Druggists:  
Campbellton, N. B., A. McG. McDONALD.  
Moncton, " CHAS. T. NEVENS.  
St. Stephen, " W. H. CLARE.  
Woodstock, " H. FAYTON BAIRD.  
St. John, " A. CHIP. SMITH.  
" C. P. CLARK.  
" C. McCREGOR.  
" GEO. C. HUNT.  
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" E. M. LOCKWOOD.  
" A. B. CUNNINGHAM.  
" G. R. THOMPSON & Co.  
" C. T. G. TAYLOR.  
" And all Druggists.

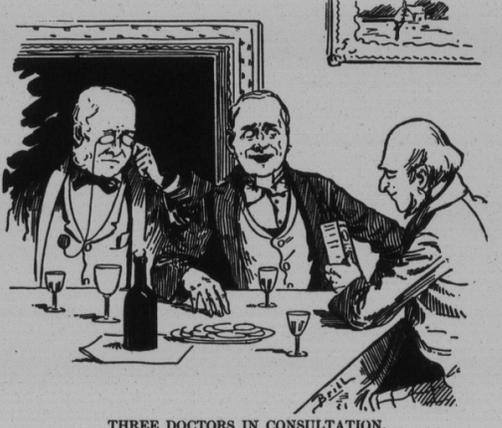


PARTIES WHO HAVE BEEN CURED, GOING ON THEIR WAY REJOICING.

PLYMOUTH, PENOBSCOT, MAINE, C.  
Nov. 26, 1883.  
Mr. M. F. Egar.  
Dear Sir,—While away from home hauling bark last winter I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs. I was a stout, rugged man, never was sick hardly a day in my life, but this cold got the better of me; I could not get rid of it under the usual treatment. I began to grow worse, coughed a great deal and became very weak, so that I had to give up work. I was so hoarse I could not speak aloud. I consulted several physicians. I took their medicine but received no benefit, but gradually grew worse. The last physician consulted said I could not live. About this time my attention was called to the Phospholeine by your agent in this place, who induced me to try a bottle, which I did with marked results. To tell the truth, I had but little faith in it, I have tried so many medicines without relief. Before I had finished taking one bottle I began to feel better and to gain in health and strength. After taking a few bottles I was able to work in the hayfield, and have since been steadily improving; my hoarseness is nearly all gone and I have gained nearly 25 lbs in weight.  
Please accept this as a grateful testimonial from one who has received great benefit from your valuable medicine.  
Very truly yours,  
PARKER HOLT.

FROM REV. H. J. WINTERBOURNE.  
HALIFAX, September 11, 1882.  
Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellency of your "Phospholeine." It has been most beneficial to me at different times when suffering from debility, etc. I may add that it is pleasant to the taste, which, of course, is a great advantage. I can confidently recommend it as a really good preparation for building up the system.  
Yours very truly,  
(Signed) H. J. WINTERBOURNE,  
Rector of St. Mark's and St. John's Parish.

TUBERCULOUS DEGENERATION OF THE LUNG.  
Dear Sir,—Last summer I was troubled with a cough, and my physician says unmistakable symptoms of consumption, including debility and loss of flesh. I lost 30 pounds in weight in a few weeks. My physician, who examined me, advised me to use your Phospholeine, and I am happy to be able to inform you that it has produced a complete cure, and I have regained from 124 to 164 pounds in weight, and am now enjoying good health. I drove 65 miles at night across Cape Breton during a snow storm in December without suffering from it in the least.  
I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,  
E. R. HARRINGTON.



THREE DOCTORS IN CONSULTATION.  
WELL GENTLEMEN I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT NO PREPARATION HAS EVER GIVEN SUCH SATISFACTORY RESULTS AS I HAVE OBTAINED FROM PHOSPHOLEINE.

TRAIN DESPATCHER AT VANCEBORO'.  
M. F. Egar, Esq.  
Dear Sir,—My wife, Laura A. Finson, was taken ill early this year and suffered severely with a bad cough, accompanied by expectoration of mucus containing blood and great weakness of the chest, general prostration and clammy night sweats, and continued to grow worse until I was recommended to procure for her some bottles of your Phospholeine, and Wine of Rennet. This I did, and after using about five bottles of the Phospholeine, taking a teaspoonful at a time in a wine glass of milk, increased afterwards to a tablespoonful, and shortly after each dose a teaspoonful of your Wine of Rennet, she became thoroughly well, her improvement commencing after the first half bottle had been taken. She can now superintend her household duties without any inconvenience, eats and sleeps well, and every symptom of consumption has vanished. I have to thank your medicine for her restoration to health.  
WALTER R. FINSON,  
Vanceboro', Maine, U. S.  
The statement of facts contained in the above certificate is in all respects accurate. I feel assured that I owe my cure to your medicines.  
September, 1882.  
LAURA A. FINSON.

RIGHT LUNG CONSOLIDATED, ONLY SIX YEARS OLD.  
ASHDALE, HANTS CO., Nov. 13, 1889.  
M. F. Egar, Halifax, N. S.  
Dear Sir,—Last winter my son, aged six years, caught the whooping cough. The disease settled on his lungs, and for some time we almost despaired of his life. Our doctor advised me to give him your Phospholeine, and under its use he completely recovered.  
Yours truly,  
LEWIS DIMOCK.

PLYMOUTH, MAINE, Nov. 26, 1883.  
Dear Sir,—At the time I first sent you for the Phospholeine in June, 1882, I had a cold that I contracted in March. I coughed considerably and was reduced in weight. I tried several cough medicines without much benefit, my cough had become chronic, I commenced taking the Phospholeine and received immediate relief and soon commenced to gain in flesh. After taking four (4) bottles I felt like a new man, had gained 20 lbs. in weight and have not felt so well for several years, and have enjoyed very good health since. One thing more I wish to mention, for several years past I have been troubled with a numbness in the two middle fingers of each hand, sometimes the pain was quite severe, extending to the elbow. I consulted a physician who gave me some medicine that afforded only temporary relief. I am happy to say since taking the Phospholeine I have not had a recurrence of the trouble.  
Very truly yours,  
CLARENDON BUTMAN.

OLDHAM GOLD MINES.  
Dear Sir,—I have been suffering from pain in my lungs and chest for past three months, with hard cough, loss of appetite, unable to work; obtained no relief from the Emulsions and other medicine which I have taken; received treatment from leading physicians without benefit, but growing worse and weaker. I was advised by Mr. Baker of this place to try Egar's Phospholeine. I got a bottle, and the first dose my appetite improved and returned, pain left my lungs and chest, and I am now as well as ever. I consider that I owe the restoration of my health to Egar's Phospholeine.  
I am, dear sir, yours truly,  
W. C. MORRISON, Practical Engineer.

PRICE 50 cts. per Bottle  
CONTAINING 60 DOSES.

SCROFULA AND SALT RHEUM.  
Dear Mr. Egar,—I have much pleasure in giving you a record of the effect produced by the use of your Cod Liver Oil Cream. The following cases have come under my particular attention while visiting the sick and poor: A Case of Hereditary Scrofula.—The patient had tried most of the blood purifying remedies and Sarsaparilla in use, but for the past 19 years obtained no relief. After taking three bottles of your Cream (Phospholeine) his flesh became smooth and healthy, and he is now completely cured. A case of severe cough in the last stages of Consumption.—The cough was eased, and patient regained flesh and strength. This case is past curing, and the patient was pronounced so by the physicians; but had she obtained of your medicine sooner, would no doubt have been cured. A case in which the patient had given up the use of alcohol.—The craving was cured, and the patient was regaining health and strength. A case of loss of flesh, great weakness, and indisposition for exertion of any kind, has been restored to health and strength by using your Cream (Phospholeine). I have also recommended it to many who have been suffering from Dyspepsia, loss of strength and flesh, and in every case it has effected a cure. I have derived much benefit from the use of it myself.  
I remain, yours &c.,  
E. C. NEWBERRY.

CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.  
Dear Mr. Egar,—I caught a severe cold the first of this winter, and having suffered from Congestion of the Lungs, I became somewhat alarmed. I tried the usual remedies, but they did not seem to relieve me, and not being able to take Cod Liver Oil, I thought I would try your Phospholeine, which I found very pleasant to take, and with good results, as in a few days my cold and cough left me, and I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to any person whose lungs are affected in any way.  
I remain, yours respectfully,  
Halifax, June 20, 1879.  
S. H. SUGATT

NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL PROSTRATION  
Egar's Cod Liver Oil Cream, with Hypophosphites Phospholeine.—Mr. Blum, who lives on the Rosebank Farm, says:—"You can publish the fact that Egar's Phospholeine has effected a complete cure of my wife. Her cough is gone, distress in the chest removed, and health, strength and flesh is regained, and she has not yet finished the fourth bottle." He says it is the best medicine that he has ever seen.

COLD IN THE CHEST.  
HALIFAX, March 16, 1880.  
M. F. Egar, Esq., Chemist, &c.  
Dear Sir,—Having been attacked by a bad cold, which settled on my chest as no other cold had ever done with me before, I was induced from the many favorable reports I had heard of it, to try Egar's Phospholeine, and am glad to say that it has completely cured me. I may say that it is a remarkably pleasant medicine to take.  
Yours truly,  
ALEX. S. BAYER.

Also by all dealers. Don't be induced to take substitutes, and if any reader should not be able to secure it in their district, write to 181 and 183 Lower Water St., Halifax, N. S.

# HER LAST APPEARANCE.

Stage love? You do not believe in stage love? Then you have not heard my story.

You may remember a period when I was very young, when strained relations existed between the college faculty and myself, and when I disappeared for a time from the world that knew me. It was then that I was graduated from the amateur to the professional stage.

Beddoe, whom you met here last week, dear old Horace Beddoe, kindly allowed himself to be persuaded that I intended to devote my life to dramatic art, and enrolled me in his company. I well remember the pomp with which he introduced me to the other members of the company.

"Miss Lane, Miss Lovell, Miss Fitz-Clearance," he said proudly, "and Miss Fane." I turned to behold Miss Fane.

When I saw her, Horace Beddoe and all the rest seemed to disappear; a glory of golden hair lit up the dingy stage; then I saw one face, heard one voice make sweet, brief music, and felt that I should like to look and listen forever: for Miss Fane was my Beatrice.

Little aristocrat that she looked that morning among the other women in her plain stuff gown with its white cuffs and collar, and her boy's straw hat with the blue ribbon round it.

"A princess in disguise!" I thought, while I stood talking to her for a minute or two. "How on earth does she come here?" The very question, as I knew afterwards, Miss Fane was asking herself about me.

"Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, cried the stage manager, coming down briskly after a colloquy with the head carpenter: 'now, then, we'll begin, if you please.' To this day I've very little notion what the piece was about. I saw from my own part that Helen Carew, that is, Miss Beatrice Fane, and I had one scene—a love scene of course—in the second act; gathered that the said Helen was a descendant of Mrs. Fleming's (a flirting widow, with a husband supposed to be dead years ago turning up from Australia just in time to bring down the drop on the first tableau); that she fell in love, after the proper amount of resistance, with the wrong man, Bertie Vivian (myself); and that, after the equally necessary amount of imbroglia, all ended happily as far as we were concerned, she and I. Altogether mine wasn't a bad part, I thought; and it proved even much better than with my knowledge of the author of 'Facts for Himself,' I had dared to anticipate. This was only a book rehearsal, and ran off pretty quickly and smoothly. In the first act I was only on to make up the tableau; in the second I had to make passionate love to Helen Carew—a duty that of itself.

At the end of the scene I got a "bravo!" from Beddoe in the front, a nod of approval from Melville, the stage manager, at the O. P. wing; ironical congratulations from Mrs. Leycester, who hated my Helen; and a most complicated scowl from Charles, my friend, in the person of Howare Belverstone. So I considered I might conclude that the scene had gone well. Odd if it hadn't, with my little princess in disguise to play to. She was delicious; a born actress, and a born princess to boot. I could have sworn. Again I marvelled how she came to be where she was. Of one thing, though, I felt certain, that after the first rehearsal Bertie Vivian ought to make a hit. It was just that part I could play, especially now I had seen my Helen—Beddoe thought so too.

"You'll do!" he said, when we left the theatre presently together; "I was mistaken in you. You'll make that rather a crack scene with little Fane, when you've looked it over a time or two, I shouldn't wonder."

"Thanks to her then," I returned modestly. "By the way, who is Miss Fane?"

The manager glanced at me sideways out of his shrewd eyes. "Who is she?" he repeated; "my ingenue."

"Pooh!" I said, wondering what he was fenceling for; "I know that; what else is she?"

"A very good little girl," he returned demurely; "clever and popular"—the managerial notion of talent, this—"and draws well."

"That's all you know about her?"

"What else should I know to know?"

"Something more than you've told me. Somehow she seemed rather out of her proper element."

"Among those other women, you mean, eh? Well, I've thought so myself. She keeps them pretty well at arm's-length, though; has no friends; and no enemies, either. I believe. They all like her, the women do; but the Leycesters, perhaps, who're jealous of everybody. And the men more than like her, without one of 'em daring to make love to her. Yes, I don't wonder you fancied she looked out of place among that lot. However, here we are at your door. Come and dine at five, and be presented to Mrs. Beddoe, will you?"

In due time I made my debut. It was a success. The audience kindly took to me from the first; and I had them all safe when the act-drop fell on the scene between Vivian and Helen. They called us both; the whole house was shouting my name and hers.

"Go on, man," Beddoe said, pulling back the guy wire of the drop with his own hands in his excitement. "Go on! Lead her on! They're so pleased, you ought to get a double call. Now, then!"

I led her on, all quivering with the nervous strain of that last ten minutes, with her hair all loose upon her shoulders, as it had fallen when I had caught her fainting in my arms upon the stage in the course of the scene. My own pulses were beating fast and hot. They cheered us again and again. It is worth living for, that. We were back out of the footlights, out of the sight of that sea of faces, in the shelter of the prompt wing; the storm of applause dying away slowly.

"In so glad!" her eyes said more plainly than her lips to me as I let her go, and she passed on to her dressing-room.

"And I so thankful—to you," I returned. "Gallant!" Mrs. Leycester's voice said mockingly at my elbow, at Miss Fane's retreating figure. The leading lady hadn't had a call this time. I answered her with much presence of mind. "No; only grate-

ful, Mrs. Leycester. Guess what I must be to you."

"Tell me." The bold blue eyes looked a challenge. Prudently I declined to accept it. "I dare not," I said.

I went home that night under an engagement to Horace Beddoe for the remainder of the season.

I think I fairly earned my money. I worked hard, played all sorts, and lived a pleasant Bohemian life. My fellow players fraternized after a bit, Howard Belverstone and all; the last chiefly, I fancy, because I resolutely declined the flirtation which Amy Leycester wished to engage me in. The merit was certainly not mine.

What did I care about the Leycester's eyes when I had only eyes for my little Beatrice? How could I be anything but blind to her tolerable undisguised advances when I was in hot pursuit of some one else? For that was exactly what I was engaged in; it was just that pursuit that made the time such a happy one to me. I had found out all about my little princess. She was a princess, as I had guessed directly I saw her. I loved her all the more when I knew how it was she came to be where I found her. I had only hit upon the cause the first night. Horace Beddoe was cognizant thereof, it seemed. It was either his discretion, or some notion that I might be wanting to take her away from him, the best ingenue he had ever had, that had made him fence with me when I spoke to him of her.

That notion of his turned out to be a correct one. I did want, and did mean, to take her away from him—to take her to myself, if she would let me. One day I told her so.

"For one moment I held her in my arms, and my lips held her lips. The next she had broken away from me, stretching out trembling hands to bar me back from her."

"My wife? How could I marry her? I should go back by-and-by, she said, to the world I had left; and I take her with me? Would she not be pointed at, spoken of, as one who had no right to be there? Ought my wife to be liable to this? No; for my own sake I must go back alone, leave her and forget her."

"I told her I would never go back at all but with her, and I pleaded hard. But she would be hard, too; all the harder because she loved me. She kept out of my sight as much as she could, gave me no words but those she had to speak to me—such bitter mockery some of them seemed—on the stage; and I could not see her longer mine, home at night; in short, half broke her little heart, and was utterly merciless to me. It was no longer a pleasant time. I grew savage under my punishment at last, and the day of my deliverance from my bondage to Beddoe being near at hand, I could leave the company, and go away from her—I knew not whither."

Mrs. Leycester, I found out afterwards, had a good deal of this to answer for. In her spite, or her jealousy, or whatever ill-feeling it was, she set things afloat concerning my Beatrice and me that hardened the girl's heart yet more, and played the very mischief with the course of my true love. However, never mind Mrs. Leycester. I pass over those evil days and come to the last of my stay with Beddoe.

Every dead wall in the place was covered with huge posters, wherefrom he who ran might learn that to-night was positively the concluding night of Mr. Wilfred Severne's engagement, and that that individual would play Come Priuli in Retribution, supported by the company.

Beddoe had chosen the piece, expecting that it would prove a success after the light comedies with which he had been favoring our houses of late; and as I had played Priuli often and liked the part, I made no objection. It rather suited my present frame of mind, too; and I went down to the theatre that morning for a final rehearsal—very much the count indeed. Retribution had been very liberally mounted; and I could hear Melville drilling his fellows over the intricate working into place of the bouffeur and moon-lit garden scene of the third act, which was to bring down the house, as I made my way through the white-washed, grave-smelling passage on to the back of the stage.

As I came down toward the rampe, I could hear some one else—Horace Beddoe, manager—in a great rage, and using strong language with unusual freedom.

"What is the meaning of this, I should like to know?" he was asking everybody within hearing, apparently. "Hill! Stuff and nonsense!" She played well enough last night; and now I'm to believe she's ill! It's a lie! She can't be! It's sheer spite. She knows she can put us in a hole; there ain't any one else to play the part; and she's ill! Yah! it's sickening; it is, upon my soul!"

And Horace Beddoe swore again, and executed a short wax dance, expressive of fury and disgust. His last writh brought him face to face with me.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Trouble? Read that, sir!" He thrust a piece of paper into my hand and danced off again. The other people looked on, impressed. No one had ever seen Beddoe in such a state before.

The next moment I had made my entry through the center folding doors of the salon. She had to turn to see me—the alone—to turn, and stand there with her eyes on mine, stricken dumb and motionless at a sign from me, while the other people chattered. White, almost haggard in his feverish emotion, her face seemed not her face, but the man's woman's.

Melville had come down with this time from his carpenter's rehearsal. Even he, clever at expedients as he was, had no suggestion to make, but stood staring blankly at his chief.

"It's no use," the latter said, after a long pause; "we can't make her play, I suppose, and we can't play the piece without her—confound her! We must do the best we can and improvise a bill some how; and yet, after all the bother and expense—"

"Yes, Melville chimed in, "it is provoking. Still, I don't see how we can do it without her, as you say; play," he broke out suddenly, struck with a brilliant idea; "unless—"

"What?" Beddoe asked eagerly.

"Get Miss Fane to play Clarisse," Melville returned, triumphantly. "She'll do

it—do it better than Mrs. Leycester. And there'll be time for her to run through a rehearsal this morning. She'll pick up the part at once; and you can have a line in the bills asking their kind indulgence—moment's notice—that sort of thing. Don't you see?"

"The manager's face brightened at once. "The very thing, ain't it?" he asked, turning to me.

"Yes," I answered as coolly as I could. Melville's proposition had sent such a strange thrill of pleasure through me that I could have hugged the stage manager then and there. My last night, and Beatrice Fane for my Clarisse—what a prospect!

"Ha!" Horace continued, "when Mrs. Leycester hears this, I shouldn't wonder if we have her down here again quite recovered and ready to go on. She thought we couldn't do without her. When she finds in the merit was certainly not mine. What did I care about the Leycester's eyes when I had only eyes for my little Beatrice? How could I be anything but blind to her tolerable undisguised advances when I was in hot pursuit of some one else? For that was exactly what I was engaged in; it was just that pursuit that made the time such a happy one to me. I had found out all about my little princess. She was a princess, as I had guessed directly I saw her. I loved her all the more when I knew how it was she came to be where I found her. I had only hit upon the cause the first night. Horace Beddoe was cognizant thereof, it seemed. It was either his discretion, or some notion that I might be wanting to take her away from him, the best ingenue he had ever had, that had made him fence with me when I spoke to him of her."

The manager kept his word; it was Beatrice Fane who played the count's Clarisse that night.

She appeared presently in response to Melville's hasty summons. A quick flush crossed her pale face when they told her what they wanted of her, but she agreed at once.

The last rehearsal began, the only one Clarisse would get. She hardly needed that. She gave such a reading of the part as quite astonished Horace Beddoe.

"She ought to have had this line before," he said to Melville. "The Leycester can't hold a candle to her. She'll do something tonight, the little one will. The third act will electrify them—electricity 'em, sir!"

I knew that, too. The audience could not but catch something of the fire that made the little hands that clung to me burn and throb. My Clarisse was shivering with fever. Madame de Beaupre was likely to be only too real.

That long, wearisome rehearsal ended at last. She drew her cloak about her and moved away. I followed, in time to see her sink down on a sofa that stood ready to be moved on for the opening scene of the play. Madame de Beaupre was likely to be only too real.

"Ought my wife to be liable to this? No; for my own sake I must go back alone, leave her and forget her."

"I told her I would never go back at all but with her, and I pleaded hard. But she would be hard, too; all the harder because she loved me. She kept out of my sight as much as she could, gave me no words but those she had to speak to me—such bitter mockery some of them seemed—on the stage; and I could not see her longer mine, home at night; in short, half broke her little heart, and was utterly merciless to me. It was no longer a pleasant time. I grew savage under my punishment at last, and the day of my deliverance from my bondage to Beddoe being near at hand, I could leave the company, and go away from her—I knew not whither."

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"What?" Beddoe asked eagerly.

"Get Miss Fane to play Clarisse," Melville returned, triumphantly. "She'll do

ful, as I said just now; it startled our audience into enthusiasm, that waxed wilder and wilder every moment.

You know the piece; you may guess how our scenes went. We have two in the first act, the one with a vengeance and the neglected girl-wife of that gay profligate, De Beaupre, for whom retribution to match his crime is preparing. What that retribution is, you begin to gather when Morisset has left the pair alone for a moment. No love in his tone when she is learning to love, despite all—to love even while she shrinks from him in a vague terror; but a deadly hate when he speaks of her husband who, he tells her, is deceiving her to-night as he did yesterday, as he will to-morrow. She asks for proof in one breath, and then in the next denies desperately that what he says can be.

The proofs are ready when she chooses, the answers; and the curtain falls on her promise to receive them, on those muttered words of his, that tell her whole story, as he watches her off, and crushes the broken fan in his cruel hand. "She's mine at last! Her heart is in my grip!"

The curtain rises on the third act. The scene is Madame de Beaupre's boudoir. Clarisse sits there alone, thinking of that dark, stern man who is coming there to-night at her summons—thinking of him and trembling for herself. What does she do when he comes? The wall is too high to climb. Yes, she will prevent his coming. She will see him in broad daylight, when—when it will be safer.

She waits—white and with strained eyes and ears—while Baptiste locks the garden gate and brings her the key. Then she sinks down, shivering, but with the deep sigh of a great relief. "Safe for tonight at least," she muttered. And at that moment the man she dreads and loves so strangely is standing on the balcony outside the window, with the pale moonlight on him, watching her.

He opens the window and comes toward her, so softly that she never hears him. Yet she feels as if his eyes were on her now. Slowly, shudderingly, she turns her head, and sees him.

Not a scream for he lifts his hand to stop her, but a low, faint moan, as she cowers down before him.

And then begins the great scene in the piece—at last, our great scene that night.

The silent, breathless house hung on every word of it, utterly carried away by the strange reality of what was passing before their eyes.

I, like the real man, spoke out of a love I thought lost; the hot, bitter words put into the count's mouth came hotly and bitterly enough from mine.

And that child there, with the fashion of her face all changed, with a wild, broken voice I could not recognize, with a helpless wringing of her little hands, was crouching at my feet—was dragging herself on her knees towards me, praying me to spare her.

"Yes, I will go, if she bade me."

"Not in anger, and her arms were stretched out passionately to stay me. And I stop, and take the hot hands in mine. Ah! and hold them still, for she is quite powerless now, when I tell her what my love for her must bring upon her."

"Quite powerless she lies there; her fate must be what I will. And I grasp my vengeance at last."

A step on the stairs without—De Beaupre's. In another moment he will be in the room, and she will be lost. And then—the child is so helpless and so innocent—comes a tardy pity for her; and the count looses his hold and lets his revenge slip, and leaves her.

And on him, as he stands for a moment dark in the moonlight, looking through the open window from the balcony, on her, as she falls sobbing hysterically into her husband's arms, the act-drop falls.

A thunder-clap broke the breathless silence in the front; peal after peal of passionate applause rolled round the house. It called for her again and again.

When I made my way round from the back on to the stage I found her with a countenance about her, lying half unconscious in the fauteuil, where she had slipped from Belverstone's arms.

The manager was standing a little apart, looking excited and a little frightened.

"It's been too much for her, that last scene," he said to me. "She flung herself into the part, little too far. I'm afraid she's fainted. But, by Jove! she electrified 'em, didn't she? I said she would."

I pushed my way with scant ceremony through the group. One of the women was bathing my Clarisse's forehead with cologne and water; the others stood looking on helplessly. I cared little enough for their presence. I bent over my poor, pale darling, and called her by her name, and said, God knows what, but words that brought her back to life again, anyhow.

Beddoe hurried up.

"Better, Miss Fane?" he asked. "That's right. You were magnificent—played only too well. Take her on," he whispered to me; "they're yelling for you both like mad. They'll pull the house down if they don't see her."

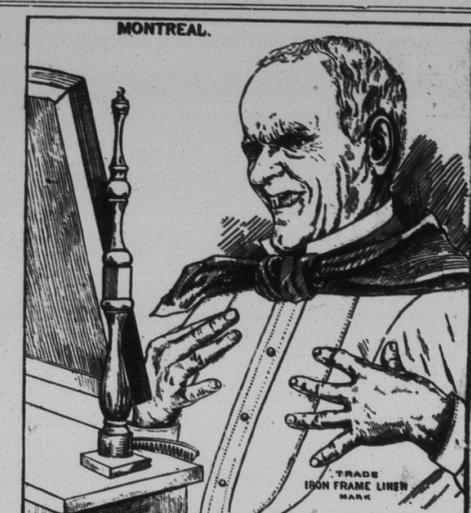
"Let them," I answered, angrily. And then, as I drew her hand under my arm—"Let me take you away from this Beatrice; take you home. You shan't go on!"

"Take her away! Shan't go on!" Beddoe repeated, in high wrath. "Perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what the devil you mean by that, Mr. Severne. I'm master here, I think."

And Horace Beddoe raged away for some little time. I believe; I neither heard nor replied to him. The cries for her in the hall grew fiercer every moment. Melville hurried back to us from the prompter's wing.

"Now, Miss Fane," he said in his sharp, business-like tone; "they will see you. The piece can't go on till you're shown."

I broke out with something that made Melville stare, and the manager was wild. But he answered, drawing her hand from my arm as she spoke:



## CHEERFULNESS.

A man can face a cannon or a "dun" with cheerfulness, but when a man's shirt fits him badly, or his collar is a different size from what it is stamped, he becomes misanthropical, his view of things is gloomy, his temper is savage, life is wretched.

Avoid this miserable state of existence by wearing Tooke Bros.' Shirts, Collars and Cuffs. For sale by the leading wholesale and retail firms throughout the Dominion.

**RAILWAYS.**

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**

**Popular One Way Parties TO THE PACIFIC COAST!**

**TWOIST SLEEPING CARS LEAVE MONTREAL ( Windsor Street Station ) at 8.15 p. m.,**

**Jan. 6 and 20,**  
**Feb. 8 and 17,**  
**Mar. 2, 16 and 30,**  
**April 13 and 27,**  
**1892.**

For further particulars enquire of Railway Ticket Agents.

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

**Intercontinental Railway.**

After Oct. 19, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 1.00; for Point du Chêne, 10.30; for Halifax, 11.8; for Sussex, 10.30; for Quebec and Montreal, (except Monday), 8.30 from Point du Chêne, 12.30; and Montreal, 12.30; from Halifax, 12.30.

Who thinks to buy villainy with gold shall find such faith so bought, so sold.—Marston.

Kerr Evaporated Vegetables have allowed Miners, Soldiers, and Sailors to enjoy delicious soup when thousands of miles from the fields.

No civilization other than that which is Christian is worth seeking or possessing.—Bismarck.

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

A man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with that of the king.—Saville.

Extract from letter from Sir Chas. Tupper. "Your samples of Kerr Evaporated Soup Vegetables were transmitted to the Naval authorities who pronounced them a very superior article."

Loving kindness is greater than laws; and the charity's of life are more than all ceremonies.—Talmud.

To all persons suffering from Kidney troubles I most confidently recommend the use of Wilmot Spa Waters, as I believe from my own experience, that they are a specific.

Mrs. F. BENT.

The cheerful live longest in years, and afterwards in our regards. Cheerfulness is the offshoot of goodness.—Bovee.

Letters from home—

A. I. Rice, Photographer, New Glasgow, N. S., writes:—"I have much pleasure in adding my testimony to those already given that K. D. C. is a positive cure for indigestion and dyspepsia. My own trial of the medicine proved a case of instant relief. I find the same is said of it by all who have tried it."

K. D. C. Co., DEAR SIRS—Having been positively cured of dyspepsia by the use of three packages of K. D. C., I would cheerfully recommend it to any, suffering from this dreadful disease.

J. FISHER GRANT, Merchant, New Glasgow N. S.

Mrs. ALEX. CAMERON, New Glasgow, N. S., says:—"K. D. C. cured me after 16 years of suffering."

E. COLLISHAW, Merchant, New Glasgow, N. S.,—"I have retained nearly 600 packages of K. D. C. in about one and a half years and don't know of a single case where it fails to benefit."

K. D. C. Co.,—DEAR SIRS—I had been a sufferer from dyspepsia for two years. Two packages of K. D. C. cured me after trying many other remedies without deriving any benefit from them. I gladly recommend it for the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia.

JAMES ROY Merchant.

**International Steamship Co.**

**WINTER ARRANGEMENT.**

**TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.**

COMMENCING Nov. 2, the 8 corners of this Company will leave St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 1.30 local time, for Digby, and Annapolis, returning same day sailing from Annapolis upon arrival of the morning Express from Halifax, calling at Digby.

Returning will leave Boston same days, at 5.30 a. m., and Portland at 9. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

**C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.**

**WINTER SAILINGS.**

**BAY OF FUNDY S. S. COY.** (Limited).

**S. S. "City of Monticello."**

ROBERT FLEMING, Commander.

WILL, on and after MONDAY, the 2nd day of November, sail from the Company's pier, Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 1.30 local time, for Digby, and Annapolis, returning same day sailing from Annapolis upon arrival of the morning Express from Halifax, calling at Digby.

These sailings will continue until further notice.

HOWARD D. THOMP, President.

**HARD COAL!**

To arrive from New York, per schooner "Sara and Wendell Bayne"

**350 Tons Best Quality Anthracite.**

In Broken, Stove and Chestnut Sizes.

**IN YARDS: Reserve (the best Cape Breton Coal), Old Mine Sydney, Caledonia, and all sizes Hard Coal.**

**Morrison & Lawlor.**

Corner Union and Smyth Streets.

**FURNITURE.**

Bedroom Suits, Parlor Suits, Lounges, Bed Lounges, Tables, Chairs, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Stoves, Spinning, Baby Carriages, etc.

Prices low as any and on easy payment if desired.

**F. A. JONES, : : 34 Dock Street.**

**DAVID CONNELL,**

Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St

Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.

App. Harness and Carriage on hire. Terms Flexible on short notice.

### VOL. GAVE

IT WAS A... Mr. Porter... Victoria C... Old Age... Pleased... The Jan... county... cillors from... to be congratu... inces like m... their many... further cong... congratulati... at their mee... patience with... abuse of our... present repr... legislative a... The electio... unanimous o... Grand Falls... began work... had been f... rmond co... pursuant to... in such case... committee of... ed doors add... conveniently... to the board... fault mathem... votes could... containing... and threw the... their fellow c... somewhat pu... by requesting... to retire.

Next a pe... Councillor Lo... and referred t... Mr. Lovely n... and recommen... life—he was r... took Lovely's... right to do s... the next high... The warden m... Mr. Soc... be there. W... the constable... latter decid... tired.

The work of... air seemed fil... but suddenly t... The finance... balance of \$800... cillors were... each other an... the pleasant f... pleasant by co... previous years... meetings of cr... creditors. Su... and asked to be... councillors who... jected to a go... abuse on account... to bear him, a... relations with... they had rec... Mr. Porter ha... congratulate a... himself in the... ing.

Mr. Porter to... been done wher... council, and ma... nces to some o... Sharp relies... of the councillor... ment was voted... scarcely been th... lie" rang thro... being Mr. Porte... remark made by... The present au... of his book and... book seemed to... years about the... "You are a d... forcible argumen... been at the coun... member present... something abou... "Warden Me... him. He (l... the board as long... "You are a... schemer," again... accompanying his... of his fist in... the warden is a... years, and Port... 45, this last may... and emphatic to... and respect for... tined some tin... appointment by... dozen or more... citizens to the hon... of d—d liars, the... ner.

The last hour... upon the report of... ed at last: session... water for the court... substance of the... Having decid... court house by me