

PROGRESS.

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SACKVILLE'S MYSTERY.

THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF EDWARD COGSWELL.

One of the most prominent residents of the town has disappeared. He was Agent of an Estate Worth Half a Million Dollars.

Edward Cogswell, of Sackville, left his home last Monday morning, about 10 o'clock, and has not since been seen, though hundreds of willing searchers have been engaged night and day seeking to find some trace of him. A hat, believed to be his, was found floating on the tide where the Tintamarre river winds through the marshes between Sackville and La-Asc, and the belief is that Mr. Cogswell has gone to his death, though in what manner has yet to be explained.

Sackville is a place gossip readily circulates, and all kinds of rumors and suppositions have been current. To give publicity to these in the absence of positive knowledge would be premature, if not unjust. Few men can disappear mysteriously and leave no grounds on which to base a theory. It is a fact that Mr. Cogswell was one of the best known and most respected residents of this part of Westmorland. He was a devout churchman, of quiet disposition, with cultivated tastes, and of a gentlemanly bearing which impressed all who met him. His courteous demeanor provoked no antagonism, and he had no enemies. He was considered scrupulously exact in his business transactions, and his word had only to be given to be accepted without doubt. He lived a peaceful and apparently a happy life amid pleasant surroundings. His home, "Marshlands," was on Bridge street, near the business centre of the village. It was a roomy mansion on a gentle slope of grass land, while the handsome trees made beautiful the street which ran along the front of the grounds. On this street near the gate of the grounds was the small wooden building used as an office.

Mr. Cogswell was a man about 70 years old, and had been known for a long period as the agent of the great Crane estate. He had a number of other business interests, however, and chief among these was the Enterprise foundry, or the Colonial, as it used to be called. He was also interested in several of the Moncton enterprises of the past and present, some of which have proved rather unfortunate investments for all concerned. It was as the agent of the estate, however, that he was chiefly known to the general public, for the name of that estate is largely interwoven with the history of this part of the country.

The Hon. Wm. Crane was a pioneer Sackville merchant and one of the noted public men of New Brunswick, half a century or so ago. He represented Westmorland for many years, and was the owner of a very large amount of real estate. A man of great wealth, he had many singular characteristics, some of which are current as traditions, though it is forty years or so since he died. His residence was the substantial stone mansion at the head of Bridge street, known in later years as the residence of Josiah Wood, M. P. It is called Crane's corner to this day. The Crane estate, at present times consists chiefly of valuable marsh and farm land. Some years ago, during the course of certain litigation, the money value of the estate was ascertained to be about between \$110,000 and \$120,000 currency or about \$450,000.

Mr. Crane was married twice. Mr. Cogswell's first wife, who died about twenty years ago, was a daughter of Mr. Crane's first wife. Mr. Crane's second wife was an English lady, whose marriage to him seems to have been the one romantic incident of his life. While on a business trip to England, he was taking a ride in the country, when he was thrown from his horse and broke his leg. The accident happened near the residence of a gentleman who had him taken thither and cared for until he recovered from his injuries. During his convalescence he fell in love with a daughter of the house, to whom he was afterwards married. On the death of Mr. Crane, his widow and children returned to England where the heirs of the estate now reside.

One of these heirs, Mr. William Crane, recently arrived in Sackville, and was to have a business conference with Mr. Cogswell on the day the latter mysteriously disappeared. This coincidence has naturally occasioned talk, whether justly or not. It is alleged that Mr. Cogswell's business affairs have been in a very unsatisfactory condition, and that he has been much worried and depressed of late. A severe illness, some time ago, seemed to affect his mind to a considerable extent, and while he had always been a little peculiar in his ways, he had of late acted in such a marked way as to occasion some slight anxiety among those who knew him best.

It is also said that Mr. Cogswell

was in his office during Sunday, and that there was smoke from the chimney as if of burning paper. He was a man who was usually very strict in his observance of the day, and the very fact of his going to the office to work on that day was a remarkable circumstance.

A man walking on the marshes may be seen at a long distance, as he keeps on the top of the dykes, where possible, where the footing is dry and firm.

Mr. Cogswell's tall, well known figure would be recognized a great way off and there seems every reason to believe that Thomas Patterson is correct when he says he saw Mr. Cogswell standing on a dyke which ran along the side of the river. At this place too, have been found marks in the soil clay as if somebody had gone down to the water. The tide was on the flood when Mr. Cogswell left home, and it was high water a little later on. The tides were very high, and if he met his death by drowning, the rush of the ebb would in all probability carry the body out into the bay. Like all the tidal rivers at the head of the bay, the Tintamarre is narrow and deep, with a swift rush of water when the tides are entering or leaving.

Mr. Cogswell appeared to be in his usual health of body and mind when he left his home Monday morning. He gave no intimation of where he was going, nor was anything thought of his absence until long after the dinner hour had passed. Inquiries were then made, but there was no trace of him around the village, and when it was learned he had failed to keep a business appointment he had made for ten o'clock that morning his family and friends became greatly alarmed. In a man of such regular and punctual habits such circumstances must mean that something very unusual had happened. Upon further inquiry it was learned he had been seen walking on the marsh in the vicinity of the river, during the forenoon. As it was not an unusual thing for him to walk on the marshes, and his health not being good, it was thought at first he might have taken ill and been found prostrated on the ground, but a thorough patrolling of the marsh made by hundreds of willing friends failed to find him. It was then believed he must have disappeared in the river.

As usual in such cases, there are rumo- lers of the missing man having been seen later in the day. One report was that he was walking on the railway track, but a man so well known as he could not go far in any direction without being recognized by many different parties. It seems certain he did not go away by any train. The almost positive conclusion is that he is very long since dead. Acting on this belief a very diligent search of the river and shore is being made by large and well organized parties.

Should the worst of that is feared prove to be true, there will be an earnest and widespread feeling of sorrow. How Mr. Cogswell met his death, if he is dead, may never be known. Even should the body be recovered it will be impossible to say whether his fate was the result of some accident, such as might befall anybody, or whether, laboring under temporary aberration, he compassed his own fate. In any case, his loss will be regretted, and a very deep sympathy will be felt for the family so suddenly and terribly bereaved.

Cat-idolatry at Caronville.

Caronville, the Sleepy Hollow of Kings county, is a veritable paradise for cats. There the feline community is regarded with almost Egyptian reverence, and men and women vie with one another in their culting of cats. The cats in turn respond with an unusual amount of intelligence to the care so lavishly bestowed upon them. In one house there are two pussies each of which is a genius in its way. The older cat hunts the cows at milking time like a trained dog and brings them into the barn-yard. The younger cat, unused to the novelty of motherhood, deserted her own kittens to adopt a hatching of young turkeys. It was with difficulty that she could be kept from carrying the old turkey's brood away to the box where the deserted kittens lay. In another house the old tom-cat eats raw potatoes and considers them a delicacy. In still another, the head of the feline family lights on the door knob when he wants the door opened. Altogether Caronville makes a specialty of cats; and yet there are not many old mids to justify this cat-idolatry.

A Holiday Pointer.

Those wishing a pointer on how to enjoy the holiday, July 1st, should read the steamer Clifton's announcement in the issue. No excursion can surpass the beautiful sail from St. John to Hampton, and it should be patronized by all pleasure seekers.

To Partridge Island.

The Orangemen go to Partridge Island Dominion day and promise an excellent day's outing for all who attend. The boats are to make half hourly trips and a good programme of amusements has been arranged.

ZION IS NOT SET APART.

WILL REMAIN UNDER THE WING OF EXMOUTH STREET.

One of the matters which has been a live topic in Methodist circles—the Conference has declined to create any new Circuits in Halifax.

The Methodist conference in session at Marysville this week has before it an interesting problem that would have determined to some extent the future fortunes of two churches of this city. They are the Exmouth street church and Zion church.

A year or so ago Owens Art Gallery was transformed into a church in connection with the Exmouth street circuit. It was placed in charge of a board of trustees, and the pastor of the circuit was given the supervision of the affairs of the church. Rev. Dr. Wilson, one of the supernumerary ministers of the city, was chosen pastor and afternoon services have been held regularly at the church.

Of late there has been a feeling among members of the body that they would like to occupy the position of an independent circuit. They desired to enjoy the privileges of self government, and they were willing to shoulder the responsibilities. The congregation is composed chiefly of the poorer classes, but in proportion to their means they are fairly liberal givers, and the church has been progressive. Rev. Mr. Benton, of Exmouth street, exercises supervision over the affairs of the church, and though they have found nothing objectionable in his connection with them, they have felt that they would sooner be free from oversight.

They considered the matter carefully and at length decided to take action. They therefore went before the district meeting which was held recently, and there they asked to be established into a separate circuit.

They met with opposition from the members of Exmouth street church, who preferred that things should be as they were. They were afraid that their strength as a church would be diminished by the separation of Zion into a new circuit. People might be drawn away from their congregation, and they felt that with the large church they have, accommodating 1,200 people or more there was room for all within their fold.

At the district meeting therefore, they opposed the step strenuously. Many being opposed to other city churches were in favor of dividing the Exmouth street circuit, and they supported the request of the Zion church people. The district meeting concurred with the proposition to establish a new circuit, and made a recommendation to the conference to that effect.

The members of the quarterly board of Exmouth street have been busy presenting their side of the case. They have held meetings and one was held within a few days, when it was decided to send a delegation to Marysville to oppose the move. It has been learned that the conference did not pass the recommendation of the district meeting, to establish a separate circuit. The matter came before them early in the week and there were present members of the Exmouth street quarterly board to oppose the measure. The whole proposition was to form into one circuit Zion church Millidgeville and one of the city missions with Dr. Wilson as pastor.

It is a matter that was expected to arouse quite a debate, for the pastor of the church, Rev. Dr. Wilson, is known as one of the liveliest debaters and fighters in the conference. He has at times taken just as active an interest in politics as he has in theology, and of course as a result he has opponents who would try to frustrate his efforts to have his charge separated from the circuit.

Any way, the question has been one of the most live ones to St. John methodists that has come before the conference.

Quoted Historical Precedents.

HALIFAX, June 27.—The last of the batch of non-license paying hackmen came up for trial before stipendiary Fielding on Monday. McPhee was not on the list of protected culprits; he pleaded "guilty" and was fined \$5. After imposing the magistrate gave a parting shot at the mayor and those who had been instrumental in having the law evaded. He said one King of England had lost his head and his crown for interfering with the first administration of law and that some civic dignitaries in Halifax might find themselves in peril if they were not careful to respect the majesty of the law. He called attention to the fact that if it is wrong to seek to evade the law in great things it is culpable also in lesser matters.

Low Churches Stand High.

HALIFAX, June 27.—The most liberal episcopal church in this diocese is St. Paul's, Halifax. It gives a large percentage of the total contributions to the enterprises of the church of England in Nova Scotia. This church annually gives between \$12,000 and 18,000 for religious

and benevolent purposes at home and abroad. Bishop Courtney's salary which is chronically so far in arrears would be nearly 25 per cent worse were it not for St. Paul's. And yet in church practice this liberal church is conservatism itself. There is no room for ritualistic advance in St. Paul's, whose rector, Rev. Dymon Hague, is one of the strongest champions of evangelicalism. Thus is a rule which holds good all through this diocese that so-called "low" churches are the highest givers, and vice-versa.

SULLIVAN IN ST. JOHN.

The Famous Fighter is to Appear Here with His Dramatic Company.

As everybody knows, the approaching event in St. John, in amusement circles, is the appearance of John L. Sullivan, in company with Paddy Ryan in the dramatic company which bears the great ex-champion's name.

Sullivan is a Boston boy, and was born



JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

these 37 years ago. He had good educational advantages and was for nearly a year and a half a student at Boston college. It had been the wish of his parents, when he was a lad, that he should prepare for holy orders, but he had other inclinations, and when he left college he started to become a plumber. Later he tried the tinmith business, but remained at it only a year and a half. When he entered into professional sports he seems to have felt that he had found his vocation.

Boxball was the first sport that claimed Sullivan's attention, and sixteen years ago he had an offer of \$1,300 from the Cincinnati club. His first appearance as a boxer was at the Dudley street, opera house, Boston, when he was nineteen years old. Here is how he describes the events.

"I was working at tinmithing then, and had no nights nor had made any arrangements for boxing, but simply took off my coat, rolled up my shirt sleeves, and put on the gloves. When we put up our hands he hit me a crack on the back of the head, and the first thing I did was to punch him as hard as I could, knocking him clean over the piano which was on the stage. This was the first actual experience of mine at boxing, and I never forget this experience, nor do I think he will."

In December, 1880, after several minor victories, Sullivan issued his challenge "to fight any man breathing, for any sum from \$1,000 to \$20,000, catch weight. This challenge is especially directed to Paddy Ryan."

Ryan declined to notice him as a foe man worthy of his knuckles, and Sullivan set out to gain a reputation. He did so, and then came the great fight on Feb. 7, 1882. Ryan went down in eleven minutes, after nine rounds. Ryan lost the championship and between \$100,000 and \$200,000 changed hands on the result.

The fight with Corbett is a matter of recent history, familiar to all interested in the ring.

The appearance of Sullivan and Ryan on the same stage in St. John will be an event of unusual interest to many classes of citizens.

A Wanderer Who Wandered.

HALIFAX, June 27.—That was a melancholy occurrence at the Wanderers' grounds on Saturday afternoon, when two or three of the club members, acting with Detective Power, discovered a fellow member stealing from the pockets of clothing belonging to men at play on the field. And the young man is well connected too. For some time articles had been missed, and a trap was set on this occasion. While the pavilion was apparently vacant, eyes in ambush were keen. Soon they saw a clubman at a pocket where they had placed marked money. They sprang from their hiding and the detective took the young man. No proceedings will be instituted and it is sincerely to be hoped that this will be a lesson which will never be forgotten by the young fellow. It is never too late to mend; let him turn over a new leaf now.

Unavoidably Omitted.

An unusual pressure on the columns of PROGRESS this week compels the omission of the social and personal notes from several places, as well as of other correspondences from points outside of St. John.

WHERE A REFORM HIT.

THEY SHOT AT CAPT. TAYLOR AND HIS CLERK SUFFERS.

The Great Committee on Economy Cut the Harbor Master's Salary. The Effect on the Clerk Who Does a Big Share of the Work of Collecting the Revenues.

There was a great cloud of dust on the first day of May 1894, when his worship the mayor made his inaugural address. The era of reform had come and there was to be a general sweeping and garnishing of all the civic departments. His worship suggested, as a "pleasing duty," a thorough enquiry into every department of the city government, with a view to the abolition of all unnecessary offices and expenditures, but ventured the opinion that no "cheese-paring" should be made in the salaries of faithful, competent and hard working officials.

The investigation was to be made at the earliest possible moment. A committee was therefore appointed and spent nine months in the task of finding out what was going on in the various departments and among the officials. Having done this they, with an appreciation of the fitness of things, sent the council two valentines, in the way of reports bearing date the 14th of February last. The valentines were, comical ones, for they showed that all the investigation had ended in finding nothing; which needed investigation. Only one official had his salary pared, and he was the harbor master. THE REFORMER.

That gentleman is Captain Charles S. Taylor, who has held the position for more than 21 years, and has been at least a "faithful and competent," if not a "hard working" official. Before the committee got after him he was in receipt of a salary of 1,200 a year and five per cent commission on the collections of revenue from the principal harbor properties belonging in the city. These commissions of recent years, averaged between \$900 and \$1,000 a year. In 1893, they were \$1,083. Thus the committee found that Captain Taylor, whose duties were neither difficult nor wearisome was getting a salary greater than that given to any other official in St. John, and that it was nearly all clear profit into the bargain. The city paid his office rent and allowed him \$300 for a clerk. They decided that here was a chance for them to begin and end the great scheme for reduction of official salaries.

So they recommended that the salary be reduced to \$1,000 and commissions and that the harbor master pay his own clerk. The recommendation was adopted, and thus the city was the evident gainer to the extent of \$800.

Captain Taylor's clerk is credited with doing much of the work for what the harbor master is paid. With a few exceptions, where calls are made on large shipping firms to receive cheques, the clerk does the work of collecting. Captain Taylor used to pay him \$250 a year for this, so that his total salary was \$550 when the committee began its work of reform. It was little enough for the work of daily attendance at the office and miles of weary tramping to collect revenues from the public wharves.

When Captain Taylor's salary was reduced \$200, however, he seems to have taken the view that his clerk should have his salary reduced as well. He therefore lowered the total of it to \$400, at which it now stands. It will thus be seen that of the \$500 saved to the city \$150 comes directly out of the pocket of a clerk whose salary, at its highest, was less than it should have been. Captain Taylor, it is true, pays his clerk \$150 more than used to come out of his own pocket, and this in addition to the \$200 cut in the harbor master's salary makes Captain Taylor \$350 worse off than he was before the reduction. Probably the committee had an idea that they were reducing the harbor master's salary to the extent of \$500, not supposing that he would make his clerk bear part of the burden. They may have had an idea that, as Captain Taylor was reputed to be wealthy, he would manage to worry along on a salary about equivalent to that of the chamberlain without finding it necessary to make a reduction of the salary of his subordinate. He has done so, however, and that is how the only reduction of the tax reduction council has worked so far.

This reduction affects the harbor master only as regards his fixed salary, which is now \$1,000 where it was formerly \$1,200. His commissions are as large as before, and possibly they will be larger this year. As already stated the committee found the commissions in 1893 were \$1,083. Last year they were \$1,106. This year there is every reason to believe they will be much larger, because of the unusual number of large vessels in port so far this season. It is estimated that the big ship Liverpool, for instance, will pay about \$800, while the Scottish Lochs, Senator and Attilla have yielded from \$300 to \$500 each, and doubtless others might be mentioned on the same category. This will be a good season for the harbor master, but none the better

on that account for his clerk, unless Captain Taylor voluntarily raises the latter's salary. That, of course is a private matter with which the city has nothing to do.

The work of collecting the revenues, amounting to about \$30,000 being chiefly done by the clerk, it seems a pity that the investigating committee had not considered that aspect of the subject in connection with the reduction of the harbor master's salary.

The labors of the committee seem to have had no better result than to deprive a poor clerk of a portion of his none too large salary, without altering the fact that the harbor master is still one of the best paid and least worked officials of the city.

Did Not Talk About It.

Halifax Makes a Distinction Between the Englishman and the German.

HALIFAX, June 27.—The papers rang with the doings of the German Kunz, who victimized the Queen hotel and a number of confiding "friends" who let him money on the strength of his story that he had been left half a million dollars, and that the money was on the way to him at Halifax. But not one word, has been written of that other young man who not long ago left Halifax after a residence here of about three months. He lived in great style, was wined and dined by upper tendom and when he departed there were many mourning creditors. One difference between the German and the Englishman was that when the latter departed his friends lost no time in paying all the debts of the last-living young man, who is said to have had a habit of giving rich suppers and before the "function" was over leaving a tax of from \$10 to \$20 per head on his guests in the shape of a loan to him.

It would have taken a pretty big fortune to prevent a deficit in the exchequer of a man who lived as did this young fellow, and the deficit came. One of the most exalted naval officers on the station is a near relative of the young man and he has yet nearer relatives further down the official scale on a warship in port, and he has high literary connections. His good social connection was sufficient to obtain for him the entree to the best houses in Halifax, official and otherwise, but his social position was not equal to enabling him to pay his many bills. Yet his friends were rich enough, as soon as the young man was prevailed upon to tie himself away from the city, to pay every claim. A member of a leading legal firm went quietly round to all the creditors that could be found, and they were all easily within reach when it came to a statement of claims. The question was asked: "How much did he owe you?" and forthwith the money was paid. So the creditors were quickly transferred from the mourning to the rejoicing state.

Probably the circumstances surrounding the arrival and departure of the German and the Englishman were sufficiently different to make it quite the proper thing that the conduct of one should be read by every body and that the doings of the other should be kept as quiet as possible. The German is not wanted back while the Englishman, with the same friends at his back would be welcomed to repeat the extravagant programme.

Important, if True.

According to yesterday's Sun, the police report that there is a dead dog on the beach at the foot of Sidney street. This is a significant statement, when it is considered that there was a dead cat on Coburg street earlier in the week which was neither reported by the police nor made the subject of attention in the daily press. The official announcement that there is a dead dog on the beach at the foot of Sidney street is important if true, and at once opens a wide field for speculation. Sidney street leads directly from both King and Queen Squares, and the question arises whether the police acted on Ald. Millidge's idea and chased the dog until it dropped dead, or whether it leaped there would do so and went to the beach to drown itself.

"Go Across the Bay on Dominion Day."

The Bay of Fundy S. S. Co., will run another of their popular excursions to Digby and Annapolis, on Dominion day, and all who have not yet attended one of these pleasant outings should not fail to do so. This enterprising company have spared no pains or expense to make all who attend enjoy themselves. The City Cornet band will accompany the excursion and discourse sweet music and the sail across the bay, up the Digby gut and then a short stop at Digby. Afterwards the delightful sail up the Annapolis river, offers to the excursionist a combination of beautiful scenery unsurpassed by any other excursion. For further particulars see advertisement.

More Than Enough.

At a recent social gathering in this city, the number of gentlemen present was so greatly in excess of the number of the ladies that one young lady had no help but to have to escort her home.

MADE MONEY ON A ROPE.

SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE GREAT BLONDIS.

How the Famous Walker Laid the Foundation of His Fame and His Fortune—His Great Feats on the Tight Rope in America and Other Places.

Blondin, the daring tight-rope walker and performer, who made such a sensation in the country in the fifties, when he danced across Niagara Falls on his spider-thread bridge, is still living and is now over seventy years of age...

Blondin began to walk along a rope when he was only four years old, and at twice that age gave a special exhibition before the king of Italy and Turin. And last Christmas, although over seventy years of age, when performing on the high-rope in the Agricultural Hall, Islington...

He went to America in 1855; and it must have been about four years later, when looking across the Niagara Falls, that he remarked to Mr. Ravel (his manager): 'What a splendid place to bridge with a tight-rope!'

He crossed for the first time on June 30, in the presence of what was said to be a concourse of fifty thousand people. On July 4, he crossed again, his body enveloped in a heavy sack of blanket; with eyes thus blind-folded, his step was as steady as if he saw...

On September 2, he crossed at night, and stood on his head amid a blaze of fire works. In the summer of 1860 he crossed below the Suspension Bridge; but previously he had great difficulty in adjusting his one-inch rope, and nearly lost his life in fixing the lateral guy-ropes...

The Prince of Wales afterwards sent Blondin a special cheque; another of his gifts was a cluster diamond ring; and the village of Niagara presented a costly medal. Since his triumphs at Niagara, Blondin is said to have given more than four thousand performances in parts of the world, without the slightest accident.

Apparently, Blondin does not know what nervousness means, and his secret has been described as confidences in himself, obtained by long habit in rope-walking. There is no doubt some of the victims he has carried across his rope have suffered. He would talk to them on the most indifferent subjects; tell them to sit perfectly still, and avoid clutching him round the neck...

In a fragment of autobiography written some years ago, Blondin tells us that the rope he generally used was formed with a flexible core of steel wire covered with the best Manila hemp, about an inch or three-quarters in diameter, several hundred yards in length, and costing about a hundred pounds. A large windlass at either end of the rope served to make it taut, while it was supported by two high poles...

flexible core of steel wire covered with the best Manila hemp, about an inch or three-quarters in diameter, several hundred yards in length, and costing about a hundred pounds. A large windlass at either end of the rope served to make it taut, while it was supported by two high poles. His balancing-poles of ash wood vary in length, and are in three sections, and weigh from thirty-seven to forty-seven pounds. He is indifferent as to the height at which he is to perform. Blondin has never confessed to any nervousness on the rope, and while walking, he generally looks eighteen or twenty feet ahead, and whistles or hums some snatch of a song.

HOW TO REST OURSELVES.

An Accomplishment in Which Most of us are Sadly Deficient. The trouble with many of those who are perfectly willing to take physical rest is they do not know how to go about it. Our household furniture was fashioned to suit the notions of our ancestors, who were not in the habit of resting. Chairs were merely benches or stools with backs to them, while sofas were simply longer benches with shorter backs.

As many of you know from experience, the old-fashioned chair had a straight back. It was thought that this would in some measure counteract the tendency of men and women to become hump-backed. It did not occur to them that this deformity was due to the exhaustion of physical energy, and not to carelessness on the part of the individual. Round shoulders and hollow chests are due to the relaxation of the muscles of the back, and no amount of straightening up will remove the cause.

When the muscles of the back become weak from loss of energy, the muscles of the chest naturally pull the shoulders forward. To restore the body to a perpendicular position, the muscles of the back must have their energy restored. Lying flat down and stretched out at full length is the most restful position the human body can take, because it requires no effort whatever to maintain this pose.

The Japanese understood this, and they make good use of their knowledge. Instead of having their houses full of stiff-backed chairs, they spread mats, skins, or cushions on the floor or low platforms, upon which they recline when resting, reading, or whiling away the time. In this way they stop the waste of the energy necessary to keep one in a bolt-upright position.

We must rid ourselves of the notion that it is a sign of laziness to lie down or lounge about on the floor, or cot, or bed; also that it is not proper for women to lie down when tired. Were our women in the habit of taking more rest, and taking it properly, they would not be compelled to wear stays in order to keep them straight. Having to wear these constantly, the muscles of the chest and back do not develop normally, and are, therefore, weaker than other muscles of the body.

PHOTOS FOR BALD HEADS.

An Artist Hides the Defect Very Ingeniously. An agent soliciting trade for a Broadway photographer recently called at the Park Avenue home of one of New York's best-known physicians and tried to convince the doctor that he should have his picture taken. He was selling—his photograph coupons. The physician has a terribly bald head. Nothing but a trefal fringe of hair remains on an erstwhile head of hair. On that account he had long ago given up having photographs of himself made, so he replied: "No; thank you, I want none of your coupons. I have broken myself of the photograph habit. My head is too bald for the business."

But the agent was persistent, and finally the physician said: "I will make you a fair proposition: I will take a double dose of your coupons if you will promise to fix my pictures so the bald spot will not show." "All right," said the agent, after a moment's reflection. "Mr. — can arrange that. Such things are done every day in our business. Here are your coupons. Come to the gallery for your sitting next Saturday."

When he went to the photographer's studio the following Saturday, "Ah," said the man in charge of the cameras, "this is Dr. —, is it not? The man for whom we are to make photographs which will not show the baldness of his head, as our agent promised. Just kindly step over to the other end of the room. No, do not lay your coat and hat down. Keep the overcoat on your arm and kindly place your hat on your head. That's right; now look pleasant, please. There! Your picture's taken."

"Well! I hope I can get home without being taken in by a gang of bunco-steerers," said the physician, after he realized that he had been made the victim of a clever trick—New York World. "Say Uncle." A man of New Bedford, whose niece had coaxed him to buy her a parrot, succeeded in getting a bird that was warranted a good talker. He brought it home, and after putting it in a cage, stood before it and said "Say uncle, Folly!" The bird did not respond, and after repeating the sentence a dozen times or more, with no better success, the uncle put his hand into the cage and grabbed the bird by the neck, shook him until his head wobbled around, all the time yelling at him: "Say uncle, goll don yer, say uncle!" The bird looked limp and lifeless, and, disgusted with his purchase, the old fellow took the parrot out into the yard, where he had a coop of thirty chickens. Thrusting the half-dead bird in with the chickens, he exclaimed: "There by gosh! You'll say uncle before

you get out!" Next morning the uncle went out to see how the parrot was getting along. Looking into the coop, he counted twenty-nine dead chickens, and in the centre of the coop stood the parrot on one foot, holding the thirtieth chicken by the neck and shaking it till its head wobbled, and screaming: "Say uncle, goll darn yer, say uncle!"—Boston Herald.

HIS AUDIENCE OF ONE.

One of the American Experiences of a big-headed English Writer. Several amusing stories are told of the slim audiences which greeted Sir Edwin Arnold in some of the Western cities. But it remained for Omaha to give the author of "The Light of Asia" the slimmest of all. Sir Edwin had travelled all night from Indianapolis to Omaha, and expected great things of the people of the latter city. He had been greeted by a respectfully sized audience in Minneapolis, but in some way or other the famous author had pictured Omaha to himself as an enormous metropolis, whose citizens would flock to hear him. Upon reaching his hotel early in the morning Sir Edwin said to his hotel manager when he called upon him: "I suppose we'll do well here, won't we?"

"Well, I don't know," said the manager, in rather a crestfallen way. "I have just been to the place where the advance sale has been going on for ten days, but the rush has not been very great." "Oh, well," said Sir Edwin, encouragingly. "It can't help having been tolerably large. How many seats have been sold?" "Well, since you ask, Sir Edwin, so pointedly, I will tell you. We have just sold one seat, and the buyer of that is now waiting down stairs to see you."

The English poet was crestfallen, but, recovering himself, he asked that his visitor be shown up to him. It turned out to be a young woman who was an intense admirer of Sir Edwin. He kept his visitor there for two hours, reading to this audience of one the entire lecture. Then, bowing his audience out, he called his manager and said: "Well, I have delivered my lecture. Why should we stay here?" This struck the manager as rather a sensible idea, and hurriedly arranging with the owners of the hall, the lecture was cancelled, and by noon the lecturer and his manager were off for the next stop. In the evening just four people turned up at the hall, to be met with the notice that there would be no lecture.

SCOTLAND'S THISTLE.

How it Came to be Adopted as the National Emblem of old Scotia. Nearly every nation has some emblem which is patriotically revered as a symbol of the country itself. The lion and the unicorn are emblazoned on the shield of England. The fearless, bald-headed eagle is wrought on the arms of the United States, Persia, Austria, Russia, and France have adopted an eagle as a national military symbol.

The eagle of Russia has two heads displayed, the whole imperially crowned. The eagle of Austria is also displayed with two heads; the Prussian eagle has one only. The shamrock is the emblem of Ireland, and the thistle of Scotland. Why the Scots chose the thistle is told in this legend: It was at the time of the invasion, when the destinies of Scotland hung upon the result of a battle soon to come. The invaders were upon the soil, and if they gained the victory in the first encounter, they might not afterward be overcome. The invaders knew the Scots were desperate, and if they could surely conquer them they must fall upon them suddenly.

To this end they availed themselves of a dark night, and planned to fall upon the Scots all at once. They would have succeeded in destroying the Scots, but an accident betrayed them. When near the Scottish camp, the foremost of the invaders removed their heavy shoes from their feet, so that their steps would not be heard; and thus stealthily advancing barefooted, a heavy, quicktempered soldier trod squarely upon a huge thistle, the sharp points of which gave him such sudden and acute pain, that he cried out with a curse in his agony. His cry aroused the outlying Scots, and apprised them of their danger.

With wonderful alacrity they sprang to their arms, and meeting the foe so widely divided they were prepared to overcome them which they did with great slaughter. When the Scots discovered that it was to a thistle they owed their victory, they resolved to adopt it as their national emblem.—The Young Idea.

Still Figuring it in Scotland.

The other day, at a trial of divorce case the parties to which were a nobleman of advanced years and his young wife, the judge remarked that this was another instance of the evil effects of "marriages contracted between May and December." Shortly afterwards the learned judge received a letter from the secretary of a Scotch statistical society, intimating that that body would be obliged if he would favor them with an account of the facts from which he derived the singular rule enunciated by him as to the infelicity of marriages solemnized during certain months of the year, and adding that some of the members wished to utilize the information which might thus be afforded them in the shape of a paper to be read before the society, with a view of public discussion.

This Dog Buys Oranges and Eats Them. "Do you want a good story?" asked a well-known man last evening. "Well, here's one about a dog, and it's a true one, too." "The dog's name is Sam. He is a setter, and belongs to a man named McCormick, who keeps a restaurant down at Atlantic City. I was down there last week and saw the dog going through a remarkable performance. It solicited wine direct for full parcels, and kept a restaurant down at Atlantic City. Who knew you in a few months. One's name is 124 King St., West, Toronto, Ont.



Effect of the French Treaty. Wines at Half Price.

The Bordeaux Claret Company, established at Montreal in view of the French treaty, are now offering the Canadian connoisseur beautiful wines, at \$3.00 and \$4.00 per case of 12 large quart bottles. These are equal to any \$6.00 and \$8.00 wines sold on their label. Every small hotel and club are now handling them and they are recommended by the best physicians as being perfectly pure and highly adapted for invalids' use. Address: Bordeaux Claret Company, 30 Hospital Street, Montreal, Bordeaux Office: 17 Allee de Bostant.

performance. A man in a crowd of six or eight people will take a nickel from his pocket, wrap it in a piece of paper, and give it to the dog. Sam then trots off to the corner, where an Italian keeps a fruit stand. The Italian places an orange in a paper bag and pretty soon Sam comes trotting back with his purchase, wagging his tail and tickled to death. He will then hunt out the man who gave him the nickel, never making a mistake, apparently wishing to show that he hasn't squandered the money foolishly. After that he takes the orange from the bag and plays with it until he gets tired. Then he eats it. He first bites a piece out of the skin, just as a man who has no knife might do, and then breaks it in two pieces. He is fond of oranges, but although he manages to get the meat of the fruit, he will never swallow even a morsel of the skin.—Phil. Record.

WANTED Seven Bright Men for two or three months, for a personal canvass on a social-political issue. From \$60 to \$150 per month, according to the volume and value of reports. Ad dress, for full information, POLITICAL BIOGRAPHER, DRAWER 29, 68 2nd St. BRANTFORD, ONT.

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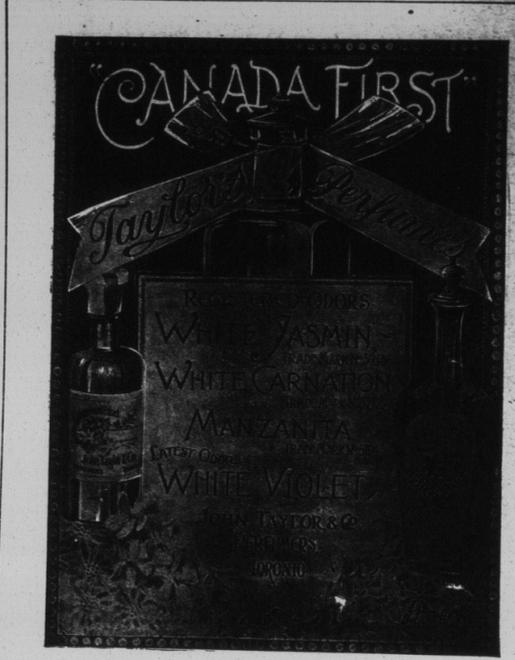
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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Oratorio society is indulging in summer inactivity these days. There is an improbability that the society will give any public production before next fall...

Understand there will be special musical attraction in the Exmouth street Methodist church tomorrow (Sunday) evening, in the fact that Mrs Spencer is going to sing there.

Next Sunday, will be the last occasion on which Mr. Wilson will preside at the organ in the Mission church.

Prof. Fisher closes his engagement with St. Andrews church next Sunday, and will spend his summer holidays in England.

A collection will be taken up in behalf of the Sailors' mission. The following is the programme of music:

Organ (a) Allegro Vivace—Post Communion, (b) Cantata—The Angel's Serenade, Brass

Miss Sybil Sanderson has given up the stage for the present, and is living in retirement in a small town near Paris.

Suppe has left an almost finished opera, composed for a libretto taken from a book by Ludwig Held and Victor Leon.

Offenbach's "La Perichole" has been revived with great success in Paris, with Granier in the part created by Schneider.

The New York Sun says: "Why can't we raise our own tenors and sopranos? Why should it be necessary for us to import them every year? They are costly.

Messrs. Leoncavallo and Mascagni have been at loggerheads. It appears that the author of an anonymous article recently published in an Italian paper, charging the composer of "Cavalleria, Rusticana" with quite a number of "appropriations" from other composers in his different operas.

It is stated that Mme. Calve is seriously ill in Paris. She is so weak that she is incapable of moving, and requires the services of two attendants.

even doubted it she will be strong enough to visit this country next season. Herr Willy Burmeister, the violinist, has made an immense success in London.

A mulatto has been promoted to the position of director of a Prussian regimental band. Sabec-el-Cher is the son of a black servant belonging to the late Prince Frederick Charles.

Mlle. Lejune, the young Belgian soprano who recently made her debut in "Le Prophete" in London, is only 23 years of age, and has studied entirely at the conservatory in Liege, her native town.

The following is the programme for the "Pops" concert in music hall, Boston, last Monday evening:

Portia march, Strauss; Overture, "Light Cavalry," Suppe; Waltz, "Kaiser," Strauss; S-jacques, "Fidelita," Suppe; Overture, "Banditenstraiche," s. Fly minuet, Catalba; s. "A. Ito," Godal; Florentine serenade, Strauss; Selection, "Merry Was," Suppe; Overture, "Post and Pessant," Suppe; Waltz, "Fishes," Lasser; Polka, "Les Fleurs," Zuber; March, "Jonathan," Millocker.

Miss Fatmah Diard, a former prima donna of the Boston Idealis is the wife of J. J. Jaxon, of the Castle Square theatre, Boston. The lady is now studying in Paris.

Carl Zerrahn will return to the United States in August. His health has much improved.

Fifteen librettos were sent to the jury on the competition for the Prix de Rome at the Paris conservatory this summer.

"Men and Women" is the title of the play with which W. S. Harkins company opened this, the second week of their season and if by chance, any doubt as to the abilities of the members of this company had surpluse in the minds of any one, it was only necessary to see them in this great play.

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During the performance of a popular English opera at Winsor Castle, a comedian, being ambitious to make his royal auditor laugh, exerted himself for the purpose of creating several fresh witticisms.

"The Indiscreet Mrs. Brown" is the name of a new comedy by Mrs. Facheo which Charles Dickson has accepted for production. Is not the title—nothing more—suggestive of the Pinner infusoria?

little too bourgeois" for the part of Camilla. Haddon Chambers is hard at work on a new play for the Messrs Gatti, of the Adelphi theatre, London.

Ada Rohan's next season will open in Chicago on 22 September. A theatrical company which contemplates a six weeks tour through Nova Scotia has recently been organized in Boston by Messrs George Neville and Bryan Darley.

Alice Pierce, the child actress, will appear next season in a drama now being written by Charles Hoyt. The Boston Theatre will reopen 10th August.

The role being played by Nanette Comstock in London in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," is Wilbur's Ann. Piner, the dramatist, is rusticating in an old fashioned corner of Kent, England.

"Macbeth," "Becket," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Louis XI." "The Bells," "Charles I.," "Nance Oldfield," "Faust," "The Corsican Brothers," "King Arthur," and give several performances of his latest success, the triple bill including "Don Quixote" and "A Story of Waterloo," "Nance Oldfield" and "The Bells," and "The Merchant of Venice" have just had a week's run each.

Miss Radcliffe of the Harkins company will go with Sol Smith Russell next season, Miss Ethel Knight Mollison (Mrs. E. C. Moore) who was a member of Miss Olga Netherese's company, in the United States has returned to his native city, for a vacation. Miss Mollison will play with the Harkins company, in the opera house, four evenings next week.

With reference to Henry E. Dixey, not being a member of Daly's company this summer, an English sporting paper says we are not at all sorry Daly's company will not be reinforced in its approaching visit by Mr. Henry E. Dixey."

The Pall Mall Gazette of recent date says: "To see Mme Sarah Bernhardt in 'Magda' is a liberal education. Suter-mann, with his wholesome brutality, his insight behind and beyond the kleinstadish foolish figments which spoil life, has written a lesson that the world wanted. Mme. Bernhardt enforces it in a voice to which the world must listen; that wrong cannot be cured with wrong; that there are more things in heaven and earth than any individual wots of; that the insolence of formal virtue ought to be its own damnation, these are some of the artless, but forgotten axioms that the sound and sight of Mme. Bernhardt's genius will teach you never to forget. Magda's sin is the sorrow of angels her sorrow is the sin of the world, and when her errant and misguided father dies of a moral apoplexy brought on by an overdose of truth, one grunts an Out! of pleasure and prays for the propagation of such a malady."

The late Franz Von Suppe was an Epicure and preferred Italian cooking. He knew all the places in Vienna where good Italian wines were to be had, and it is asserted that the motives for his trip to the Italian cities as far as Naples a few years ago were gastronomic, scenic and artistic in about equal proportions. He had not seen Italy for half a century, and was surprised to find his "Fatinizza" and "Boccaccio" so popular there. These two operettas brought him a handsome fortune, whereas his most famous orchestral piece, the overture to "Post and Pessant" (which has been arranged for 59 different combinations of instruments) was sold by him for 20 florins (about \$8). For his song, "O du mein Oesterreich," on the other hand, he received 40,000 florins. His conviviality is illustrated by an incident which he often related. After the first performance of Lotzing's "Waffenschmidt" in Vienna, he went with the composer to a tavern to celebrate the event. They "celebrated" 20 continuous hours, till Lotzing suddenly remembered that he must go to conduct the second performance. He was just sober enough to know that he was not sober enough to do it; so Suppe, who c'ld stand more, volunteered to take his place. But the performance came to grief just the same.

Her Majesty and Mr. Smithers. During the performance of a popular English opera at Winsor Castle, a comedian, being ambitious to make his royal auditor laugh, exerted himself for the purpose of creating several fresh witticisms.

The Queen looked puzzled instead of pleased. She studied the libretto with the greatest care and gazed ear early at the comedian, who was beaming at the idea of having made an impression. Finally she sent for the manager of the company.

"What does this mean?" she asked, greatly perplexed. "Why does this player put in words and phrases that are not set down in the book?" "May I please your Majesty," said the manager, "this is our famous comedian, Mr. Smithers, and these are what we call

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A well-known Bohemian visited his friend, Professor Price, at the latter's laboratory. The professor was examining a dark brown substance spread on paper. "Say, Petie, would you kindly let me place a little bit of this on your tongue? My taste has become so vitiated by tasting all sorts of things."

"Certainly," responded the ever-accommodating Petie, trusting out his tongue. The professor took up a little of the substance under analysis and placed it on Petie's tongue. He worked it around for fully a minute, tasting it much as he would a fine confection.

"Note any effect?" inquired the professor. "No, none." "It doesn't paralyze or prick your tongue?" "Not that I can detect." "I thought not. There are no alkaloids in it, then. How does it taste?" "Bitter as the dickens." "Um-m; all right." "What is it, anyway?" inquired Petie, as he spat out the hold-over taste. "I don't know. That's what I'm trying to find out. Some one has been poisoning horses with it over at the mission." Petie rushed to the telephone and called up a veterinary surgeon.—San Francisco Post.

Has a Useful Appetite. In the South seas there is a fish that, from its many bright colors bears the popular name of the parrot-fish. It seems to have but one aim in life, and that is to prevent the growth of coral reefs. Thus it well deserves to be called the friend of man, for these below-the-sea reefs would,

were their extension not checked, prove a source of danger to the numerous ships that plough the Pacific. These pretty Poll fishes break up the new coral with their strong teeth—in a sense actually feeding upon it, for they digest the animal matter which it may happen to contain.

THE "TELEPHONE" EAR.

It is somewhat strange that the new malady which has appeared in the American Telephone Exchange is most prevalent in California, while being almost entirely unknown in the Eastern States. The fatigue of listening continually at the receiver produces a humming in the ears, headache, and, finally, abscess of the tympanum. The employe has to rest every two or three hours, and sometimes to cease work altogether for some days. It is not yet explained whether the affliction is due to defective apparatus or to overwork. Further light on this subject is especially desirable, as it may give most valuable suggestions to doctors who are now treating certain ear affections by sound vibrations produced through tin-telephone. The idea is favored by some leading practitioners that in many cases abnormal tissue can be stimulated to healthy activity by the concentration upon them of vibrations of exactly suitable pitch and strength. In many of the best equipped telephone exchanges a clever provision has been made for reducing the ear fatigue of the operator, by the use of a small electric lamp, which working in the call wires, indicates "through," and so obviates the voice calls, which are sometimes so irritating to the subscriber, as well as wearing on the "central," by their inevitable repetition.

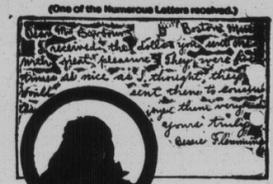
Important to Wearers of Crises: The stick must now be carried handle up-ward. The shepherd's crook, dark, plain wood, with single silver band and tassel, is smart, and the plain stick of polished wood, with round silver top, with monogram, is good for older men. The crook is small at the end, like a tiny snake.—Fashion Journal.

RECIPE—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost. Adams' Root Beer Extract, One Bottle; Fleischmann's Yeast, Half a Cake; Sugar, Two Pounds; Lakeland Water, Two Gallons. Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; put in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice when it will open sparkling and delicious. The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, JUNE 29.

CALLING OFF THE DOGS.

The dog problem seems to be assuming serious proportions. The ladies have given it their consideration and the result is a petition to the council for more stringent regulations. This petition has had the serious contemplation of the board of public safety, and that body is of the opinion that dogs should not be allowed to run at large through the square and damage the flower beds.

Having reached this conclusion with great unanimity, the board finds itself just where the mayor and corporation of the ancient city of Hamelin rested before the Pied Piper came to rid the place of its rats. The mayor, however, seems to have laid aside some of the other cares of civic state for a time to devote his energies to the matter, and has officially declared that the nuisance is one which the council should grapple with at once.

Not being himself a dog fancier, he has been quite willing that the license fee should be put at ten dollars a dog, but in deference to many dog owners who are not capitalists he is now willing to make the amount two dollars for male dogs and four for those of the other sex.

Ald. Millidge, however, has come to the front with a suggestion more practical than any heretofore offered, if it is fully carried out. He wishes the council to direct the chief of police to instruct his men to drive off the square all dogs running over the grass.

There is something in this idea, but just how much it is hard to say. It is found how many men the chief has available for the purpose. The force has now five men, more than the council has now needed, and there is the nucleus of a dog chasing squad, to begin with. Then there are two so called captains, for whose titles there is no authority, but who might have charge respectively of the dog chasers King and Queen squares.

name and number on it. Then hold the owner responsible for that dog's behavior. In the meantime, the citizens are looking forward with interest to the proposed police chase.

THE NEW WOMAN'S FLASK.

It behooves our esteemed friends of the W. C. T. U. to be on the alert for what is said to be a growing tad on the part of the New Woman. She carries a flask, the contents of which are brandy, whiskey, wine or cordial, as the case may be. Sometimes it is only a quinine tonic. Seldom, or never, it is hoped, is it the odorous and potent gin.

When a man carries a flask, he stows it in his pocket, as a rule, because he is not anxious for the public to see it. He is furtive and deceiving in this matter, as he is in many others where he does not want his fair friends to know him as he really is. It is otherwise with the New Woman. She does not carry her flask in her pocket, but in plain sight, as it is so proud of it. The wears it on her chain, and it is along with a lot of silver chains, a bon-bon box, various tinkling knick knacks and possibly a cork-strew. The flask is of glass encased in silver. It is a small affair. At the best it would hold no more than a fair sized snifter for one of the coarser sex, but big or little it is a flask, and said to say often a flask with a potentiality for producing a vicious exhilaration.

When the governor of New York was overcome by heat at a recent public function, his revival was hastened by a lady's flask of Kentucky spirits, and since then the habit of carrying these appendages has become more pronounced than ever. The flask is likely to be common in good society, though it need not contain either wine or spirits. It may indeed, prove to be a friend to those who have hitherto been seriously inconvenienced by having to omit taking medicine at the regular hours, because they could not carry their bottles around. The flask will be welcomed by such as the solver of an important problem.

The only difficulty in the case may be that the woman who has medicine only may get the credit of having whiskey, while the woman who really does carry whiskey may artfully pose as a bearer of celery compound. This is one of the difficulties which our friends of the W. C. T. U. will have to struggle with, and devise ways and means to meet it at the outset.

A SAD STORY OF WAR.

A pathetic story is told by some of the sufferers by the late war, and it is well that the world should know of it. They have written letters which partly show the disastrous results of the struggle, and in private conversation some of them have given a still more graphic picture of the situation. They have been forced to expose to the world the dire straits to which they have been reduced by the inordinate ambition of warring factions.

The phrase "the late war" does not refer to the struggle between China and Japan, nor to the Armenian atrocities. It was the great war which appears to have begun in our own America in 1891, and which is still raging despite the fact that the daily papers give its battles no prominence in their columns. The full extent of the devastation wrought so far is thus concisely summed up by one in a position to speak with authority. He says:

The affairs of the Milwaukee and Chicago Breweries (limited) are not as prosperous as could be desired by any means. The beer was raised to its former price in 1891, and while the business has not been as poor as at that time, still as the report shows, the decrease in sales in the past six months ending March 31 has, although not causing any very severe loss, been sufficient to force the company to delay payment on the 5 per cent accumulative interim dividend. These dividends are payable semi-annually, 1 per cent in June and December.

The authority in question is the secretary of the Consolidated Brewing Company the American branch of an English syndicate and he proceeds to show the injustice from which the hardy sons of toil who run the syndicate have suffered through the pernicious activity of the independent beer makers. "The history of the beer war is known to most people," he says, and he proceeds to lament that during and after the World's Fair a number of new breweries started. The sharp competition by independent brewers to secure custom is the cause of the melancholy depression in the beer trade. Beer is flat and unprofitable. The selling price during the past year has been forced down to four dollars a barrel, and thus the poor syndicate has had to suffer. It is cherishing, however, to learn that the unfortunate capitalists are not reduced to utter despair. "We hope soon to crush the smaller fry and eventually raise the price to at least \$5," says the secretary. This, alas, seems to be the present limit of the hope of those who pocketed \$6 a barrel two years ago, but it may be that the future has still brighter days in store for the sufferers. "There is a determination to fight it to the bitter end," exclaims Hon. REGINALD PARKER, one of the English directors, "and we hope to win."

A great and general expression of sympathy appears to be due to this unhappy band of beer makers, who cannot declare an eight per cent dividend on the sweat and toil they had to endure in disposing of nearly 270,000 barrels of beer last year. They seem to have been oppressed by two troublesome forces of the enemy. One of these is composed of brewers who, being independent of them, have no conscience in putting down the price, and the other is composed of the people who are not swallowing enough of beer to allow all the brewers a living profit. "It must be taken into consideration that the masses have not been very well supplied with surplus cash this last winter and that the sales 'ropped off during the winter season at least one third," says the secretary of the oppressed and persecuted syndicate. "Thus it is that the 'masses' are not content to be poor themselves, but would 'rain reduce the earnings of the brewers by economizing in the consumption of beer, while it may be they have made little effort to deny themselves such things as beef, bread and tea which bring the syndicate no profit whatever. The history of all nations proves that the masses are apt to be unreasonable in the time of a great crisis.

Brighter days may be at hand. The war may be fought to a bitter (beer) end, the small fry crushed and the masses brought to drink enough of the syndicate's beer to enable the eight per cent dividend to be paid. When this happens, fair-haired peace may smile upon the ill-used beer boomers, and joy come again, when this cruel war is over.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Palms of Elim. Last sun rays like red rose leaves spread. O'er desert sands afar; Above the palms of Elim shine, And on the twilight star.

The tall and graceful palms how sweet, How cool their fragrant shade; Where streams from bubbling fountains flow, Adown the peaceful glade.

The bitter stream lay far behind, Their marsh home was past, So kneaded trials ever grove, But blessings at the last.

Dark clouds in sorrows sky may rise, Winds o'er the desert blow; The palms of love's undying love, In sunny meadows grow.

What though life's waste of drifting sands, Myriads yearly pass by, And anguish like a marsh flood, Our faith and patience try.

Our Elim hath its atrol beam, Its bright unending day; Its vales and fountains fresh and sweet, And many a sunny way.

What though the driving wind and rain, And darkness fill the night; Lift up thy soul, love's Elim pains, An' wells are just in sight.

The fire and the silver cloud, Lead ever as of old; God's presence entrance give to thee Within the gates of gold.

Our Elim hath its vista's fair, Its gardens fresh and sweet; It hath the dear ones of our hearts, We shall breathe more sweet.

It hath the voices of its food, The saunty seas of flow; Yet here they will abide as stay And call as still their own.

Life's Dream. Such, as old enchanters tell, Is wrought by a raining stream, Till the glimmer's light is broken, That all we see is but a dream.

By it we wander from the shore, Up through a pathway shaded o'er, And all we see is but a dream, Till the morning sun is seen.

Deep in the valley of the night, My eternal love does pure and bright; O'er it no magic bridge is cast, And when we try to ford the stream, Swiftly fades the changeful dream, And the spell of life is past.

Two Loves. The woman he loved, while he dreamed of her, Danced on till the stars grew dim, But alone with her heart, from the world apart, Sat the woman who loved him.

The woman he worshipped only smiled, When he poured out his passionate love, But the other, some when, kissing her treasure, most rare, A book he had touched with his glove.

The woman he loved, betrayed his trust, And he wore the scars for her sake, And he cared not, nor knew, that the other was But no man called her his wife.

The woman he loved loved festal halls, While they sang his funeral hymn, But the sad bells tolled, ere the year was old, For the woman who loved him.

It Never Comes Again. There are gains for all our losses; There are balm for all our pain; But when youth, the dream, departs It takes some thing from our hearts, And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better Under manhood's sterner sign, Still we feel that something sweet Followed youth with flying feet, And will never come again.

Some one has said that the best way to get a bad law repealed is to enforce it strictly. That may be the motive in prosecuting the people who sell beer and cigars on Sunday, so that if the hundred-years old servile labor statute is no good, the right kind of legislation may be obtained.

THE PALMS OF ELIM.

The tall and graceful palms how sweet, How cool their fragrant shade; Where streams from bubbling fountains flow, Adown the peaceful glade.

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The cost of these various, of course, and may run from £20 to £200, according to the amount of work put into them and the artist engaged to paint the scene.—English Paper.

Duplicating Apparatus Patents. The A. B. Dick Co., of Chicago, in manufacturers of the Edison Mimeograph & Edison Automatic Mimeograph have just achieved quite a victory in the sustaining of their patent rights infringements. A decision in their favor was handed down on June 16 granting a permanent injunction against the Pomeroy Duplicator Company, Charles T. Pomeroy, William C. Hardie and William G. Paerth, in favor of Thomas A. Edison's patent No. 224,665 for a "Method of preparing Auto-graphic stencils for printing," in which a file plate and stylus are used. This injunction was sustained in a suit in the United States Circuit Court district of New Jersey, and as the matter now stands the Mimeograph method of making both Auto-graphic and Typewriter stencils has been patented by the Courts in favor of the Edison patents, all infringements must therefore be stopped.

The dealer and user of an infringed device are as much liable as the manufacturer. As the Mimeograph is now completely protected by patents, which have been sustained by the Courts, parties requiring such apparatus, should secure for themselves and further particulars, to Ira Cornwall, General Agent.

A Great Excursion. The railways are exceedingly liberal in the matter of excursions this year. For example the Intercolonial issue excursion tickets at one first class fare from June 28 to July 1st—Friday until Monday and they are good to return until the fourth of July—a full week. This is an opportunity that many people will embrace to take a holiday and visit places and friends. Thousands of Progress readers who live along the lines of the I. C. R. will do well to note the fact and make the most of it.

Throwing Dice for Bibles. At St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire England, the Sunday school children met in the church recently to throw dice for Bibles in the presence of the rector and the church warden. By the terms of an ancient bequest, \$15 must be spent yearly for twelve Bibles, to be given to six boys and girls of good report making the three biggest throw. The rector receives \$2.50 for preaching a special sermon. At first the dice throwing took place on the communion table, but that part of the ceremony has been given up.

Insuring Delivery. When the wind blows from the south and one of the islanders of South Iceland wishes to communicate with the mainland, he puts his letters into a well-corked bottle, and to insure their delivery he incloses at the same time a plug of moist tobacco or a cigar. The wind speedily impels the bottle to the shore of the mother island, where people are generally on the lookout.

Reduction in Millinery. Messrs. Chas. C. Cameron & Co., advertised in today's issue their first announcement of reduction in millinery. Mr. Cameron always has a reduction in prices at this season, and very many find to their advantage to look for bargains there.

AGAGANOE. June 23.—Miss Annie N. Davidson, of St. John, who has been spending the past six weeks with her mother on "Apple Hill" returned to her home on Saturday.

Miss Maggie Leakes is at present visiting relatives in Sussex. Mrs. Richard H. Wren, of Sussex, spent last week in town visiting relatives here and at Portage.

Miss Lizzie Hochen and Miss Fanny Davidson, of St. John, are visiting Mrs. Geo. H. Davidson. Messrs. Charles Trilles, of Pictouville, and Horton Price of Campbellton, spent last Friday with friends on "Apple Hill."

Miss Stella Davidson and Mr. A. Davidson who were spending a week or so with friends in Albert Co., have returned home. Miss Dorothy Matthews of Pictouville, spent last week here the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Chisholm.

CHIPPAN. June 23.—Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Jones, of Apohaqui are spending a few days here and at Portage. Miss Lizzie Hochen and Miss Fanny Davidson, of St. John, are visiting Mrs. Geo. H. Davidson.

Harry Porter is spending a few days in Fredericton. George Fowler, of Montreal, who has been seriously ill, has reached this place safely.

GRAND MANAN. June 24.—Mr. A. M. Covert who has been attending McGill College Montreal, arrived home on Tuesday. Its cost was about £600. It is made of boiler plate, is entirely fire-proof, and weighs no less than six tons. No fire can get from the stage to the auditorium or vice-versa, as the top and bottom of the curtain respectively rest against and upon a solid wall of brickwork. I believe this, as well as other curtains of the same kind, was the invention of Mr. C. S. Phipps, the theatrical architect.

Perhaps the most beautiful theatre curtain in London—where the finest curtains in the world are to be seen—are those at the Lyceum, to which I have referred, the Palace Theatre of Varieties, and the Savoy. The Palace curtain is a real work of art, and Mr. D'Oyly Carte must have lavished a small fortune upon it. It is a beautiful dream of gold and various other colored silks, and something like 600 square yards of silk were used in its manufacture. I am told that the director of the Paris Opera was almost thunderstruck when, during Mr. Carte's production of "Ivanhoe," he saw curtain for the first time.

The Savoy curtain must have cost £200 if a penny, its material being of the finest gold plush. Another expensive curtain was that bought by Mr. Cnas. Wyndham for the Criterion. It cost over £120, being made by Maple.

Most of the other London houses' and probably all the country theatres, content themselves with the old-fashioned curtain of canvas, sometimes with a scenery and some times with imitation curtains painted upon it.

Public Lib of the deceased senator was particularly upright and in every respect commanded the admiration of all classes. The funeral which took place on Tuesday was attended by over twelve hundred people, including many prominent men of New Brunswick. The solemn requiem service of the Catholic church was conducted by Bishop Macdonald.

A large number of telegrams expressing sincere sympathy for their loss were received by the deceased senator's family, having the heartfelt sympathy of all.

Social and Personal.

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP THE ORIGINAL TRY IT. TRADE MARK SOAP FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

THE SCIENTIFIC HOME GARDEN CO., Wolfville, N. S.

Are laying out, under careful survey, SUBURBAN ORCHARD PARKS, with best attention to landscape effects and setting with Fruit and Nut Bearing Trees.

W. C. ARCHIBALD, General Manager and Secretary, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

MONTSEERRAT LIME FRUIT JUICE FOR HOT WEATHER. CHEAPER THAN LEMONS.

STOWER'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL DELICIOUS, HEALTHY & REFRESHING.

NO MUSTY FLAVOR. Absolutely Pure, Non-Alcoholic. A Delicious Beverage, Purifying to the Blood.

AMERICAN OIL STOVES.

BRIGHTEST & BEST. First-Class American Oil Stove? Ovens, Extension Tops.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER, 38 KING STREET.

ST. JOHN—South End. Mrs. Fred Green is spending a few weeks at the Cedars. Mrs. Charles Dearborn who was called to Shelburne...

Among the very pretty dresses worn at the students ball in connection with the closing of King College, Windsor, were those of Miss Skinner who wore pink silk with black trimmings...

Mrs. A. Blaine and Miss Jennie Blaine are visiting friends in Woodstock. Mrs. Edgcombe is visiting her parents in Fredericton but expects to return home this week.

Mrs. J. A. Blythe and family left Thursday for their summer residence at Long Island, on the St. John river. The Misses Dawson, who for the past three weeks have been the guests of Rev. J. and Mrs. Shenton...

Next Sunday Rev. J. Shenton will enter upon the second year of his pastorate in the Episcopal Methodist church; Rev. Mr. Shenton and Mrs. Shenton are very popular and highly esteemed...

Five o'clock teas seem to be about the only form of distipation, or amusement, which ever you find at society seems to be at present, with the exception of a picnic or two to the various pretty spots...

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(CONTINUED ON SEVENTH PAGE.)

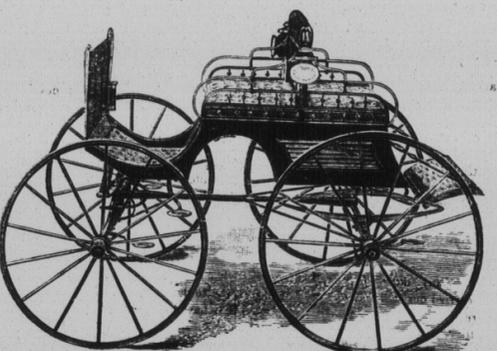
MILK GRANULES WITH CEREALS.

A Perfect Food for Infants and Invalids. This food is a combination of "Milk Granules," the perfect equivalent of Mother's milk and carefully selected barley...

Turn Up Your Toes! WEAR THE SLATER \$3.00 SHOE. Look at them, Sir. Note each horny, corny deformity. Ill-fitting shoes did it.

A NOBBY TURN OUT.

One of the many styles made in the Edgcombe Carriage Factory.



English Dog Cart.

Will hold Four Persons, back to back. Is easy to ride in. Nobby and stylish. Turns very easily and in small space.

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

All-a-Samee Cheroots 4 FOR 10c

All Imported Tobacco. Better than most 5 Cent Cigars. As good as the ordinary 10 Cent Cigar. It is the manufacturer's profit that has to be cut down when...

TAYLOR, DOCKRILL & CO., ST. JOHN, N. B. Sole Agents for New Brunswick.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

E. G. SOOVIK, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B. Dear Sir—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE...

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY
Pacific Express
 P. M., Week Days,
 Montreal at 8.20 next P.M.,
 connections for all points
 East, Northwest,
 Pacific Coast. Wednesday's train
 Weekly Tourist Sleeper for Seattle,
 via BOSTON at 7.30 next a.m.
 connection for New York and South
 Pacific Coast. Sleeper to Fullerton
 Boston. Dining Car to Fullerton
 connection at Ticket Office.

DR. FOWLER'S
EXT. OF WILD
STRAWBERRY
 CURES
COLIC,
GRIPS,
CHOLERA,
DIARRHOEA,
DYSENTERY,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
CHOLERA INFANTUM
 and all Summer Complaints and Fluxes of the
 Bowels. It is safe and reliable for
 Children and Adults.
 For Sale by all Dealers.

DR. FOWLER'S
EMULSION
 WILL RESTORE
 Weak and Emaciated
CHILDREN
 normal condition of HEALTH,
 and bring back the
 YOUTH more quickly than
 any other medicine.
Flesh Restorer,
 Emulsion has no equal
 in substance and tone to the
 wasted muscles.
 Keep it. Price 50 cents
 per bottle.

an Open
Letter.

ANTONIN'S, QUEBEC,
C. RICHARDS & Co.
 of London. Last November
 unfortunately stuck a
 "knee", and for some
 thought he would lose
 it. I was advised to take
 and have the
 treated to save his life.
 bottle of your **MINIMENT,**
 and within
 my child was all
 feel so grateful that
 to use this testimonial
 others may learn the
 your wonderful in-
 ours gratefully,
LOUIS GAYNER,

NATIONAL S. S. CO.
TRIPS A WEEK
Boston.

COMMENCING April 29th
 the steamers of this
 will leave St. John for
 Boston, Portland,
 and Forter every
 Monday, Wednesday,
 Friday
 mornings at 7 a. m. (stand
 and). Returning will leave
 Boston same days at 8 a. m.
 daily up to 8 p. m.
E. LAPOINTE, Agent.

WICKS
BEAUTIFUL
DEPARTMENT
Opened.

ON EXPRESS
COMPANY,
R. Short Line)

ables and Money to all parts
 Pacific By and branches, In-
 China and Japan. Best con-
 Ireland, Scotland and all
 principal towns in New Brun-
 swick.
 Pacific By and branches, In-
 China and Japan. Best con-
 Ireland, Scotland and all
 principal towns in New Brun-
 swick.

PROGRESS, SATURDAY JUNE 29, 1895



had charge of the training, every part being of a high and refined order, indicating months of study and practice. The music which occupied the greater part of the programme was excellent, especially the solo work which showed great scope of vocal powers. A very subtle part was the broom song, composed of eight Misses whose appearance, on the stage presented, a very graceful bearing their movements being very pretty and accurate to the singing of a broom song and with a loud song. The solo work which showed great scope of vocal powers. A very subtle part was the broom song, composed of eight Misses whose appearance, on the stage presented, a very graceful bearing their movements being very pretty and accurate to the singing of a broom song and with a loud song. The solo work which showed great scope of vocal powers. A very subtle part was the broom song, composed of eight Misses whose appearance, on the stage presented, a very graceful bearing their movements being very pretty and accurate to the singing of a broom song and with a loud song.

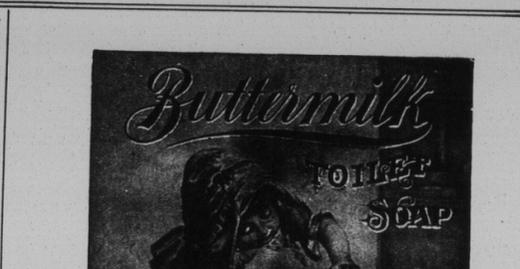
POSTER, Miss Hayward, Miss Alloway, Miss Will-
 Miss Abbott, A. McLeod, Doctor P. H. Calkin, P. O'Donnell, A. W. W. Murray; the kings prizes were carried off by Miss Abbott, and Mr. Foster: Booby prizes Miss Doonie Alloway and Doctor Fairbanks.

Mr. Fuller returned from Halifax, on Sunday. Dr. McKay, of Wallace, has been appointed Colliery Doctor in the place of the late Dr. Byers and will assume his duties on the first of July.

Sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. R. McDonald, on the death of their daughter Minnie which occurred on Tuesday morning.

Miss Hayward expects to leave next week to spend the summer visiting friends in Toronto. The station was a mass of red coats on Tuesday; the 3rd Battalion left for Parraborro, where they have their summer drill; they were accompanied by the band.

The Sunday schools are to have the annual picnic to Parraborro, on Saturday.



GREENWICH.
 June 25.—Sister Eunice, of the Mission church and Miss Massie are at Elmwood, for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. John White and Miss Jean, are again at Elmwood. Miss Hay is also at Elmwood. Miss Nellie Emery of Lancaster Heights, spent a few days here visiting friends, last week.

Miss Nellie Whelpley, returned from St. John, on Saturday.

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Mr. A. L. B. McKie, was in St. John, on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Harrison, of St. John, and Mrs. MacPhail, of Antigonish, were visiting here.

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Dr. McKay's family and Miss McAvenny are expected at Willow Point for the summer.

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PHONOGRAPH for sale at Amherst by Master A. D. Campbell.
 June 25.—The organ recital and concert which was given on Monday evening in the Presbyterian church by Prof. S. V. and choir was a very great musical treat and it was a pity more did not avail themselves of such a chance to hear good music. The different choruses Venite, in F. O. Holy Jesus, and Jesus, word of God, were very well rendered by a choir who were as follows: Mrs. C. O. Tupper, Mrs. M. J. M. Sterne, Mrs. Mowat, Mrs. Arthur Chapman, Miss Main, Miss George, Miss Annie Black, Miss Little, Miss Emery, Mrs. McKeen, Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Geo. Andrew, Miss Mackin, as solo. The tenors were Mr. W. Moore, Russell Embree, Mr. Chesley Mr. T. N. Campbell and Mr. Caldwell while the basses were Mr. J. H. Gass, Mr. Munro, Mr. Fitz Maurice, Mr. H. A. Elliott and Mr. Brownell. The ladies quartette, Thea O. Lord, Brown, was sung by Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Mowat, Miss Hockin and Miss George, in a very pleasing manner, an organ quartette Lord remember me, Lange, by Mrs. Tupper, Mrs. Andrew, Mr. Caldwell and Mr. J. S. Gass was equally as good. The Kaiser Wilhelm march, Hertzog, on the organ by Prof. Sterne, was played in such a manner that one almost looked for applause forgetting it was out of the order, Mr. J. A. Black's selection Kyrie Eleison, by Mowat, was very nicely played. Prof. Sterne presided at the organ throughout the work of the evening and closed all too soon for those that were present, who earnestly hope that it may not be long until they are afforded the pleasant opportunity of hearing an organ recital in St. Stephens church.

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ST. ANDREWS.
 June 25.—Mrs. W. G. D. Parker and her daughter have returned from Windsor, N. S.

Mrs. B. L. Stevenson, is visiting friends in St. Stephen, and will go to St. George before returning to St. Andrew.

Mr. and Miss Sharp have been visiting St. George friends.

Mrs. Eaton has been spending a few weeks very pleasantly in St. John.

Miss Emma Suberland accompanied by her cousin, Mr. Edmund Billings, returned to their home in Boston on Wednesday.

Miss Ketchum has returned from Woodstock and is being warmly welcomed by a large number of friends.

Miss Minnie Peacock, of Lubig, is the guest of her uncle, Mr. Robert Peacock.

Capt. George Jackson and Mrs. Jackson, have returned home from Boston.

Dr. Nevers, of Houlton, has leased a cottage here and will occupy it with his family this summer.

Shed Stewart is paying a short visit to St. John friends.

Mrs. Boyd of Fredericton, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McCurdy.

A number of young folks spent a few hours very pleasantly on St. Andrew's Island on Friday evening.

Rev. A. W. Mahon went to Prince Edward Island on Monday. Before his return he is to be one of the principals in an interesting event.

Miss Elias Smith is visiting friends in St. John.

Mr. George McCurdy is very ill at his brother's residence.

Mr. George F. Jones, of Brookline, Mass., will spend the season at Miss Sprague's.

Mr. John S. Magee returned from Ireland on Monday.

Mrs. J. A. Bowes, of St. John, and Mrs. Nugent, of Philadelphia, are the guests of Mrs. Wm. Morrison.

STAR LINE STEAMERS.
 For Fredericton and Woodstock

MAIL STEAMER David Weston and Olivelette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. or Fredericton and all intermediate landings. Arrive at Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for St. John. Steamers will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 8 a. m. for Woodstock, and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 8 a. m. while navigation permits. Connecting JOHN EVERY SATURDAY at 8 p. m. for Hampton and intermediate landings and will leave Hampton every Monday morning at 8 a. m. due at Indianapolis at 8 a. m.

GEO. F. BARR,
 Manager.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues
 RECEIVED THIS DAY

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1895.

chanics' Institute July 1st, 2nd, 3rd. L. Sullivan's COMEDY CO. Metabolic Exhibition. LIGAN'S MISHAPS. FUNDY S.S. CO. Ltd. Dominion Day JULY 1st. Excursion. City Cornet Band. NOTICE. THE UNION. Assurance Company. Crayon. Erbs'. D. HOWE. Furniture. Partnership Notice.

SIX BANDS IN HALIFAX.

ONE IS THOUGHT BY SOME TO BE EQUAL TO SOUSA'S.

Better Bands Have Been There in the Past—Some Points About the Different Organizations and the Relative Merits of Their Music.

HALIFAX June 27.—Halifax has long had the reputation of being a musical city, vocally and instrumentally, and her people consider themselves good critics. Much of this criticism, and more of it than many would admit, is not founded on a correct knowledge of what constitutes good music but is prompted either by a desire to appear learned in this subject, or is the outcome of that condition where ignorance being bliss wisdom is folly. The visit of Sousa's band set everybody comparing that organization with the King's band. Before Sousa came there were many who said his band would be found in no wise superior to the band of the King's Liverpool regiment. Since Sousa's departure the number who held this view has diminished, but there are yet some who refuse to put the King's band in a second position compared with Sousa's. This comparison makes a glance at all the musical bands of this city not uninteresting.

There are six full bands here—a pretty good collection for a city of the size of Halifax. Our instrumentalists have an advantage in this respect over most other places, because here we have a band of the British army which attains a high degree of perfection and which serves as a model for others to copy and emulate. Besides there are two orchestras. Here are the names of the bands in the order of merit:

- King's Liverpool band—50 instruments—W. S. Saunders bandmaster. 66th P. L. F. band—37 instruments—R. Carleton bandmaster. 93rd Halifax rifles—20 instruments—H. Hanson, bandmaster. Halifax garrison artillery—30 instruments—W. Blackman, bandmaster. St. Patrick's band—15 instruments—J. Hopewell, bandmaster. St. Mary's band—W. Delaney, bandmaster.

The King's band is a good military band in itself or compared with its predecessors in this garrison. But it is not equal to some that have gone before it. The 60th Rifles, the 87th or the 101st all were better bands than the King's. The good bands of old times had an advantage not possessed by the British bands of today. Now the bandmaster is an enlisted soldier like any other member of the band, ranking not as a commissioned but as a warrant officer. The time was when the British regimental bandmaster was a foreigner, and the band committee could select the best available man. Now the bandmaster enlists, he graduates in a musical college, and he will no doubt be a thorough musician, but the number from which the bandmaster can be selected is necessarily limited. There is only one regimental bandmaster in the British army who ranks as a commissioned officer—Dan. Godfrey of the Grenadier Guards. Bandmaster Saunders is one of the best British bandmasters, his band is almost as good as the best we have had in this garrison and there is hardly room for comparison between it and the other bands in this city. They are, of course, not in the same class. By the way, though a British bandmaster is not an officer, in nine cases out of ten he has far more claim to the title of "gentleman" than three-fourths of the officers in the regiment.—That is a fact very few will deny.

The best of our local bands is that of the 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers. It did not always hold this exalted position but during the last two or three years has quickly come to the front. The officers of the 66th take a keen interest in their band and they give its bandmaster and members lots of encouragement in their struggle for artistic preeminence. It is said that the 66th is the only band with which the King's will amalgamate to play a piece. The 66th band renders more difficult music than any of the others, and gives it in good style. Bandmaster Carleton is a good cornetist and an excellent trombone player.

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There is another temperament of this order. From the time this surgeon recognizes that an operation is necessary there passes through his mind all the complications which could possibly come up, and he wonders if there are not more which he has not thought of. He is by no means sanguine of a happy result. He fears this and that and the other thing. As the hour approaches he dreads to commence the work more and more. But when he is before the subject his nervousness leaves him. He commences intelligently, reflecting upon what might arise. He does not hurry or get excited, but he is intensely interested, wholly absorbed by what he is doing. I remember witnessing an operation by one of the most celebrated surgeons I ever knew. It was a most difficult operation and the amphitheatre was filled with doctors who had come to see it performed. A few moments before the surgeon was to commence he was presented by a friend to two doctors who had come from a distance to see him operate. He bowed politely and spoke a few words. Shortly after that he commenced operating.

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ment from the rifles has been hard at work with the H. G. A. The result of his work is apparent in the increasing efficiency of the band. It is less frequently heard than the other bands but in future will be oftener heard. This band's street marches are good and are rendered in catchy style. If Colonel Curran and his officers determine that their band shall become the best in Halifax there is good ground for predicting that they will succeed for their determinations are usually carried into effect.

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Excellent to prevent new Corsets from being broken. Makes old or broken Corsets as good as new. State size of Corset if ordering.

The best Infant's and Child's Waist in the trade. Fine strong materials well made, easily laundered. Corded heavy, giving good support to the child.

- No. 7, White only, 20 to 24 inches for Infants, 6 to 18 mos.45c. No. 8, White and Drab, 20 to 25 inches for Child 18 mos. to 3 yrs50c. No. 9, White and Drab, 20 to 27 inches for Boys or Girls, 3 to 6 yrs60c.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

come of any operation. A frail little woman that one would almost say a breath of wind would blow away will survive the most painful and dangerous operation where a rough, stocky, iron-built peasant woman that one would think could survive almost any possible operation, will die from something which is not, as a rule, considered dangerous.

"The students in a medical college always have a nickname for all the professors. My first professorship in any medical college I held when I was a very young man. In fact, I was the youngest man in the faculty. In consequence of my extremely youthful appearance the boys dubbed me the old man. I was one day operating on a woman. The operation was exceedingly difficult and dangerous. I had a more than usual dread upon me that day. I was operating and lecturing at the same time and I came to a difficulty which demanded all my attention. My voice ceased and there was a dead silence in the amphitheatre. I heard one of the students whisper to his chum:

"Did you ever see the old man's hand shake?"

"Not he," said the other. "He hasn't got a nerve in his body."

"At that time I was a bundle of nerves—a highly nervous organization; but I had my nerves under control."

"Do young doctors willingly undertake their first operation? you ask. I think not. Even if they seem willing they are not. It is not an unusual thing for young students, and even young graduated physicians, to faint at the sight of another surgeon operating. Where such inherent susceptibility is manifested a young man usually drifts into the general practice of medicine, and leaves surgery to his more stout-hearted comrades. Apropos of fainting, it may surprise you to learn that men are more apt to faint at the sight of an operation than women, which is a certain indication that men are both more imaginative than women. Their dread of fatality, as it strains their sympathy to the fainting point, but imagination must be allowed to play, for every doctor knows that a patient who is completely under the influence of chloroform or ether does not suffer."

"How about women as surgeons; are they a success?"

The surgeon hesitated and then said: "It is quite impossible to say that rank women would take in the science of surgery if the doors of medical colleges and the operating rooms of hospitals had been open as long to them as they have been to men. Of course, as matters stand now, there are no really world-wide famous surgeons among women. There are, however, in our own country women surgeons who have performed some difficult operations very creditably. There are a great many more men doctors than women doctors. Whether the proportion of surgeons among the women is as high as it is among the men I cannot say."

Origin and Growth of the Habit of Eating Pie with a Knife.

G. Wilfred Pearce, of Boston sends an interesting letter to the New York Sun on the rise and decline of the great pie eating industry in New England. He says:

Several descendants of the Puritans who landed at Salem told me to-day that all the Puritans ate pie held in their fingers. The Pilgrims, an inferior people, who landed on the south shore of Massachusetts Bay, acquired the habit of eating pie from the Puritans, who imported the first seeds for pie fruits into this country, as may be seen by the manifest of the first ship sent out by the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The original manifest is in the archives at the State House in Boston; and it shows that "64 pyle planters and 300 pyrs of Irish woolen stockings" were packed in one box set in a case of apple, cherry, and other seeds. After the Puritans and Pilgrims inter-married, the custom of eating pie with knives was introduced for indoor meals, but for fishing excursions, clambakes, and militia musters the good old custom of taking pie in the hand continues from Newburyport even unto the far end of Cape Cod.

All sorts of juicy fruit pies are eaten on Cape Cod in this way. The cut is carried to the mouth by the right hand; the left hand is held underneath the right as a reservoir for the juice. The true art of eating fruit pie is only understood by Cape Cod girls, who never slip a drop of berry juice on their gowns, nor drop a flake of pie crust on their chins.

When the custom of eating pie with knives was introduced by the Anglo-Americans of the eighteenth century, many accidents befell the knife user, who became soared

all about their mouths by cuts from the sharp scimitar-pattern steel knives made in England. After a time dulled knives were introduced; then an inventor made a knife with a straight blade and rounded point; next came the fashion of silver plating the dulled knives, and for forty years 90 per cent of the table knives used in this Commonwealth have been as dull as hoes; all on account of the necessity of catering to pie eaters.

Steel knives with sharp blades are never seen hereabouts, except in fashionable clubs, the mansions of cultivated persons, and in hotels patronized mainly by New Yorkers, Westerners, and Southerners.

Pie has been banished from seven clubs and four hotels in Boston. The consumption thereof has declined 50 to 75 per cent. In the past decade in three famous downtown hotels in Boston, "Parker's," in the days when Daniel Webster taught Harvard Parker how to make fish chowder and Bunker Hill punch, used to list twenty kinds of pie on its bill of fare. In those days a cook was judged on the goodness of his pork and beans, chowder, fried scrod, cream of tartar biscuit, and pies. Now-days the chief finds no place in his menu for those toothsome delicacies of the long ago, except at Parker's or Young's, where nine kinds of pie and two kinds of chowder are made. But if old Daniel Webster were risen from the dead and see the pie and chowder of today, he would groan in heaviness of spirit.

Measured to a Nicety.

A two-foot rule was given to a laborer in a Clyde boat yard to measure an iron plate. The laborer not being well up in the use of the rule, after spending a considerable time, returned: "Noo, Mick," asked the pier, "what size is the plate?"

"Well," replied Mick, with a grin of satisfaction, "it's the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick and the breadth of my hand and my arm from here to there, bar a finger."

There's Nothing Looks Neater.

Cooler or more comfortable on the average woman than a Jacket or Shirt Waist. Of course to look well it must be welllaundered. UNGAR will give you satisfaction and guarantee the most delicate shades not to fade.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS. 28-34 Waterloo St., St. John, N. B. 66 70 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S.

Consumption. The collection of dolls at the national museum is the largest in the world. Some of the Washington, Eskimo dolls are probably the most valuable, and they certainly are instructive. Among these is a tr. ck doll, with a string attachment, to move its head from one side to the other. One of these dolls is from Point Barrow, Alaska, and it is fashioned from drift wood, which the natives of that region picked up on the beach. The dress of the doll is made of seal gut. Some of the dolls are made out of ivory, whole Eskimo families interesting themselves during the long northern nights

Deafness. and Head-Noise Cured by our new Improved Ear Drum. We have discovered a new and effective method of curing deafness, and our new Improved Ear Drum is the only one that will cure deafness, and our new Improved Ear Drum is the only one that will cure deafness, and our new Improved Ear Drum is the only one that will cure deafness.

EPHRAIM BIMM'S GOLD.

Ephraim Bimm had been a miller. At the time of the happening of the events here chronicled he was a miser; though few people—any—knew it. The greed of gold had brought about his downfall. He erected enormous mills worked by steam, and plunging cut of his depth, lost his all. From this shock he never recovered. The blow seemed to have stunned him and paralyzed his every energy. Penniless as he declared he was, he turned for assistance to the neighbours who had known him in his prime, and, at last, came to suit almost entirely on charity. The local vicar, pitying the old man's misfortune, and not unmindful of the fact that his church owed no small title of its importance to the stained glass window that the miller had erected to the memory of his late lamented spouse, allowed him to live rent free in a little isolated cottage, not far from the village. Despite his seeming poverty, persons there were who declared their belief that Mister Bimm, with the cunning he had ever displayed, had not let quite everything slip from his grasp when the crash came. Occasionally when a shilling or two was needed, and there was no kind friend near to advance it, Ephraim would somehow or other find the money. "The very last coin he'd got" as he would dolefully declare. And amongst those who sometimes raised the query in their minds and yearned to find an answer was Jim Blogg, the hedge-trimmer. "Wonder if the ole chap" as really got any coin?" said he to himself one autumn afternoon as he was preparing to knock off work. He had been employed the last two days in the fields overlooking the cottage, and knew quite well that the old man lived by himself, and was only visited every day by a woman from the village who came to tidy up and prepare food for him. "When it's a bit darker, 'anged' I don't go and see what I can see," said Jim Blogg, and then stole across to the cottage, picked his way carefully amongst the vegetable beds which the miser so tenderly cultivated, and cautiously climbed on to a convenient rain-water tub, till he could put his eye to a chink in the shutters. And an interesting scene rewarded his efforts. Attired in his shirt sleeves, Ephraim Bimm was just descending through a little trap-door that opened in the very centre of the floor of the cottage. A heavy iron stove that had evidently covered the aperture had been shifted to one side, and the old man disappeared from view, treading apparently on a ladder fixed below. A second afterwards he reappeared, bearing carefully in his hands, much to Jim Blogg's disgust, a flower-pot filled to the brim with mould. Seven times did the old man repeat the operation till seven red flower-pots, all full to the top, were ranged on the table before him. Then, sitting down beside them, very carefully he began poking his long lean forefinger into the mould of each and peering eagerly into the little holes thus made. "Curse it!" muttered Jim to himself. "Mushrooms, I suppose, and he's fidgeting to know how they're a-comin' on." And, greatly disappointed at the trivial results of his investigation, he was preparing to descend, when the loose lid of the water-butt tilted a bit, and Jim, to save himself, claved noisily at the shutter. Fearful lest he should have alarmed the old man he took a hurried peep again through his spy-hole. "Ah!" The miser, with hands outstretched and eyeballs glaring, had started up at the sound, trembling in every limb. And in his alarm, as he leaped to his feet, his elbow had knocked over one of the seven red pots. The mould had fallen away, and right across the table shot a stream of yellow golden money. Ruffian as he was, Jim Blogg was a coward at heart. He didn't dare the job alone and so he took in a "pal," a tramp who happened to turn up at the right moment. And late next night, armed with stout sticks and with caps over their brows and their red handkerchiefs tied round their faces to prevent recognition, the two accomplices a cool outside the miser's door. "We don't want to do for 'im if it can be 'epit'!" amiably explained Mr. Blogg. "That'd raise no end of a bother. But, if we can only handle the shiners without 'urtin' 'im, 'art the people as 'e tells the tale to won't believe 'im." The windows of the cottage being small and some distance from the ground, it was resolved to attack the door. It might be securely belted but the woodwork itself appeared cracked and old. "One! Two! Three! Now!" Together they hurled themselves at the door. It splintered like matchwood, and Blogg and his partner fell headlong into the room. Before they could regain their feet, a thin white figure raised itself from a little bed in the further corner, a shrill scream of fright rang out, and the figure dropped back again. Then all was still. "Why, Bill," said Blogg, as he held up the little lamp that had been burning upon the table. "The fright's killed 'im." "All the better," growled Blogg. "No bruises, death from ut'ral causes." In a trice Blogg had removed the stove, pulled out the pin that fastened the trap-door, and thrown it back. Down into the cellar he went, striking a match to enable him to see around. The place was very narrow and a long, solid wooden box occupied nearly the whole of the floor. He uttered a sudden oath. "They're in a box, and locked." "But it open," came the advice from above. "And down the lamp then." The light was handed down, and for some seconds sounds of heavy breathing and creaking and straining were heard. "Can't be done. There ain't no room to work." "Well, Luz, 'ere's bloomin' thing up 'ere then." Now if the man at the top of the step had happened to glance in the direction of the bed, after he had plunged the room into almost total darkness by lowering the lamp to his companion below, he would have seen a white figure raise itself silently up, and slip, without a sound, to the floor. But he was too intent on what was going on below him. "Cop'gold," came Jim Blogg's voice

from down below, as with a great effort he raised the box on end, causing the flower-pots to overturn and their contents to rattle and jingle alluringly. "Cop' old fat 'ead; it's 'eavy." "Right you are," answered his companion cheerily, descending two steps to meet the burden. He seized it in his arms, and raised it up—crash! a rung of the rickety old ladder gave way under the strain and the man dropped a foot lower. A sudden smothered cry sounded in the room above; a white figure launched itself at the upraised trap, which crashed heavily down upon the head of the man below, sending him violently to the ground. With mad, skurrying fingers the miser seized the iron peg that secured the trap. Next he urew to him the big kitchen table, overturned it on top of the flap, and with much exertion mounted the heavy stove upon it. A candle had rolled toward him with the upsetting of the table, but he had no watches with which to light it. From below terrible imprecations ascended. Then one man took off his heavy hob-nailed boots and commenced to attack the trap-door above him. The wood splintered readily but there was the table behind it, and he soon desisted. All was quiet for a few minutes and then a smell of burning arose. By the aid of the lamp they were trying to set the wood on fire. With almost a smile upon his face the old man shifted his protecting table a trifle to one side and calmly lighted his candle at a little spurt of flame that came through an opening in the shattered flap. Then, piling everything he could seize upon the upturned table, he went softly across the room and as quietly took up a length of hose used in his gardening operations. Cautiously protecting his candle from the draught, silently he went out into the darkness and fixed one end of his indiarubber tube to the tap of the water-butt. Returning to his post, he removed his thumb from the end of the hose and allowed the water to trickle merrily through the shattered trap on to the men below. "Say when you've had enough," he even ventured to exclaim. Finding their efforts in vain the two prisoners ceased their attempts at incendiarism; and, having at last succeeded in breaking open the box, began filling their pockets with the gold, on the chance that fortune might yet favor their getting away with some of it. Shivering in his night-shirt on top of his miscellaneous heap of goods and chattels, Ephraim Bimm, in reality feeling extremely light at heart, sat through the long hours of the night silently ruminating, and by the time the first streak of dawn appeared he had arrived at some remarkable conclusion. It would be impossible for him to live longer in his isolated cottage now that these men knew of his wealth. As for the ruffians themselves, if he handed them over to the police, the whole country would know of his having money, and his customary supplies and donations would be stopped forthwith. And to avoid that great evil Ephraim soon hit on a very notable scheme. "Down below there?" "Hells!" came the surly response. "I'm afraid you've had rather a bad night," he said, "and I hope it will be a warning to you. I'm a tender-hearted man and should be sorry to be eating my victuals in comfort thinking that a fellow creature had been sent to goal by any effort of mine. In fact, I couldn't do it. And if you agree to my plan I will give you your liberty." "What's the game?" said one to another. "It's this," said Ephraim, speaking with much precision. "In an other half hour Mrs. Puddlefoot from the village will be here, and if you disagree with my scheme she will return at once to the police station for assistance and you will be committed to long periods of penal servitude for burglary, theft, attempted murder, arson, trespass, and illegal entry. Of my money you will not get a single coin." "Cut it short gov'ner. What's the hopion?" asked Jim Broog his mouth close to the trap door, seeking the air. "It is this, said the miser triumphantly, as he broke off a piece of the woodwork just large enough for a human hand to come through. "Up this opening you will pass my money to me. I will then remove all obstacles from your path, and you can clear out undetected." For a few seconds hoarse whispers proceeded from the regions below. Then there was a clinking of money and a grimy hand came up full of sovereigns. The miser smiled, and opening the iron stove, counted the coins into his interior. Slowly the process went on, till at last Blogg's voice said decisively— "That's the lot, gov'ner." There are fifty-three pounds more, if you please," was Ephraim's answer. Again the process commenced, to be again interrupted by the declaration— "Straight. That finishes 'em." "If you choose to go to prison for the sake of fifty shillings it's not my fault," said Ephraim, and the last three golden coins came up and were duly dropped into the stove. Hardly was the operation completed when Mrs. Puddlefoot knocked at the door, and to her Ephraim explained that someone had thrown a huge clod of earth at his door in the night and that he could live in the lonely cottage no longer. "Get a room for me in the village and bring old Corbyn's cart back with you at once for my things." Late in the morning a waggon, piled high with the miser's effects, the miser himself, with his legs around an ancient iron stove, sitting perched on top, made a triumphant entry into the village. Leaving his goods behind, Ephraim, still caressing his stove, was driven on to the town, where, stopping at the bank, he explained to the manager who courteously stepped out to see him that, if he might smuggle in his gold on a pretext of having bought a stove which he had sold for the manager's use, he would open with the branch an account of four hundred pounds. Half an hour after the Ephraim Bimm climbed back into the cart with his chest, book in his pocket; and at exactly the same time, two grimy-looking individuals with clothing half wet through, who had sneaked unobserved from the miser's late habitation, obtained a free lift in an empty cabbage cart that took them out of the country.

HIS OPINION OF SNAKES.
One American Writer Has Some Practical Advice for Mr. Chambers.
"Snake Taming" is the title of an article in the late number of Chamber's Journal. I don't know if Mr. Chambers writes all the pieces for his periodical, but he is responsible for them, anyway, and I shall deal directly with him in this matter. What have you the idea that people do to learn how to tame snakes anyway? Do you really suppose, for instance, that when I get back to Brooklyn at 5 p. m., after a hard day's work over in the city, I want to occupy myself until supper time by teaching a long, thick-necked, yellow reptile with brown spots on him as big as overcoat buttons, to love me and to come and eat out of my hand? Not on your life, Mr. Chambers!—not while I can go out to Prospect Park and get into a rattling good game of croquet. "The first endeavor of the serpent fancier," you say, "ought to be to render his proteges tame and fearless of his presence and manipulation, since they are much more likely to feed when free from nervous apprehension." That is all right, but whom are you talking to? We—and I make bold to speak for your readers at large—are not serpent fanciers. Personally, I do not want a snake to be fearless of my presence. I want him to hate, despise, fear and shun me. Whatever his opinion is, I don't want him coming around and expressing it to me as a pair of nimble yellow tongs. And as for his feeding, to be perfectly frank with you, I don't care whether he ever feeds at all or not. You further remark: "A very old python in my collection, formerly so quiet that a baby could and did play with it, and a most valuable specimen for handing around at lectures, has developed cataract in both eyes of late years, and a decided infirmity of temper." As I said before, Mr. Chambers, you may mean well; but if you have nothing better to do than to "hand around" an elderly python with sore eyes at lectures, I have no use for you. And I will say to you further, and in all kindness, that you would have to be a better sprinter than I think you are to hand me that python. Honestly, Chambers, I wouldn't let the best friend I've got in the world hand me a python—say nothing of a perfect stranger. Speaking of the Cobra de capello, which, to me, sounds more like a Spanish dance than a snake, you say: "Four large specimens and five babies born on the voyage, What of it? I have just reached me safely." I don't want to hurt your feelings, Chambers, but I should be prouder of a case of beer, any day. And how about this? "Babies, by the way, will stand play with snakes unharmed, where grown-up people would be bitten." Oh, no, they won't, at least mine won't. That's a nice thing to write down, isn't it? Is that a father's love, I ask you? I don't know anything about your babies, Chambers, but mine won't "stand play with snakes unharmed"; not while I can buy them innocent woolly hores and jumping-jacks and red-and-yellow choo-choo cars. You say there is no great secret or mystery about snake-taming, and that you once caught a sixteen-foot anaconda with your bare hands. All right, old man; that may be as good a way as any to want to catch an Anaconda but what did you want to catch him at all? And why should you that that other people want to catch anaconda is a little childish in your opinion. No anaconda has anything to fear from me. If I found myself on the same acre of ground with one I might fight him to death in my efforts to get over into the next county; but I would never lay an untried hand on an anaconda. You are at liberty to make whatever use you please of this information. You say that snakes are "sasily angered when you call,"—that is I presume you mean to say, they easily get hot when called. You may be right, and if I had to keep snakes around the house, I should wind them up off a hose reel and keep them right back of the stove; but I don't have to, no man has to, so what of it? What you want to do, Chambers, is to get this snake business out of your head. Don't think you can gloss it over by calling it "opinion psychology." That won't do a thing for you, once for all, and that your readers do not care to your around the house trying to win the respect and approbation of a long, damp reptile which you yourself admit "rarely becomes perfectly trustworthy." Let up on snakes. Tell us how to tame the savage flat-janitor, the relentless, headstrong trolley-car, or the elusive, restless and treacherous bicycle, or any of the other evils which we are forced to combat in every-day life. Don't send us into the jungle looking for trouble, where we have it at our own residence. I say this to you as man to man.—H. L. Wilson in Puck.

STARVED INTO MUTINY.
A famous mutiny on shipboard came to pass in this way: When the ship, which had sailed from London, was well down the Channel, it was found that the provisions intended for the use of the crew were rotten and, of course, uneatable. The men complained to the captain, who promised to put into some near port and exchange the bad stores for good. He failed to keep his word, and as the poor sailors couldn't sail the ship 10,000 miles on empty stomachs, they killed the captain and the mate, helped themselves to the cabin provisions, held high jinks for a few weeks, and finally scuttled the ship, put off in the boat, and were all lost. But three. The captain could have prevented this if he had chosen to pull to the owners and he had put up the bad job on the men. Very likely, and got served out for it. They were both criminals and fools. But there are ships that must needs sail to the end of the voyage with only the original stores. Come what may, they can't go back or put into any port. S'ms are well found and others badly; so the voyage differs. To modify the illustration, the latter kind of vessels are human beings. At birth we sail on a voyage, which by rights ought to be serenely years long. But how many of us continue on the Sea of Life that long? Very few comparatively. Most of us go down sooner, or ignorantly waste the stock of vital force with which Nature endows us at the start. There are no meat shops or bakeries on the Atlantic, nor are there any places after birth where we can beg or buy more "life." This is perfectly plain to me. Is it plain to you? I am afraid it isn't. Let's see whether a little incident will throw light on it. Mr. Henry Fish had been a fortunate man. His forbears had done well by him. Up to the Autumn of 1890 he could say, "I have always been strong and healthy." For thirty years he had worked as a painter for one employer. He must have been not only a healthy man, but a good painter. So far his "vitality," his constitution, had been equal to all that he had to do. It had endured a lot of hard work, resisted the weather, and digested his food. Then it refused to go on. It struck work. It wouldn't make sail on pull an oar. In plain English the symptoms or signs of the trouble were these: Loss of appetite, bad taste in the mouth, terrible pain after eating, yellow eyes and skin, and rheumatic gout in the feet. His legs and stomach became feebly swollen, and his heart palpitated and thumped frightfully nearly all the time. On account of distress given him by solid food he could get up, and not much strength can be got out of them. By-and-by the best he could do was to hobble about on crutches. He could not lie abed at all, because he couldn't draw his breath when lying down. For over a month he snatched what sleep he could when supported upright on his crutches. Just think of that, and be thankful it wasn't your case. He wasn't able to lift his hand to his mouth, and had to be nursed night and day. He got so low (inspire of doctors attending him) that he didn't expect to live, and didn't desire to. One doctor said he had heart disease, and that his heart was as big as a bullock's, which was nonsense. During all this illness Mr. Fish had a professional nurse from a convalescent home. When he had sunk so low as to make it a wonder how he kept alive at all, he first heard of the medicine which finally cured him. In concluding his letter he says, "After beginning to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup I never looked behind me. I got stronger every day, and have allied nothing since. This medicine saved my life, and I want the public to know it. (Signed) Henry Fish, Great Malvern, County of Worcester, January 12th, 1893." Only a word more. We spoke of men and women being like ships that sail to the end of the voyage with what supplies they start with. By that we mean, not supplies of food, but supply of power to digest food. You see the difference? Bread and meat are no better than lead and leather if you can't digest them. In Mr. Fish's case it was not food that failed, but power to use it. He felt indigestion and dyspepsia. The wonderful remedy discovered by Mother Seigel stopped the waste of vitality caused by the disease, and enabled Nature to use food to build up the perishing body. He will now proceed, we hope, towards the port of Old Age, with favoring winds. Yet, save for timely rescue, he would doubtless have gone down, as millions do, leaving but a momentary eddy over the spot where they disappear. Embracing a Great Deal. A well-known vicar gives a curious experience which is well worth relating. It was his custom to point his sermons with either, "Dearly-beloved brethren," or "Now, my brothers," until one day a lady member of the congregation took exception to this, and asked him why he always preached to the gentlemen and never to the ladies. "My dear lady," said the beaming vicar, "one embraces the other." "But not in the church!" was the reply of the astonished lady.

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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.
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Sunday Reading.

OLD FOUNDRY CHAPEL.
 How They Succeeded in Making it Some-
 thing More Than It Had Been.
 Just a fortnight after the Rev. Ward
 Paxton had entered on his duties as the
 new pastor of Foundry Chapel—a dingy
 old church in a foreign city—the Northside
 House opened on the next square. The
 House was to be operated by a little band
 of college men, the most active of whom,
 John Calvert, has been a classmate of Paxton
 at the university. It was an old, two-
 story frame, dwarfed by tall rows of neigh-
 boring tenements, that had been offered to
 Calvert, rent free, by one of his clients who
 was interested in his schemes of social re-
 form. Before the opening, offices, club-
 rooms and reading-rooms had been fitted
 up and made as attractive as fresh paint,
 cheap wall paper and tasteful, inexpensive
 furniture could make them.

"You see it is simply a bit of secular
 effort to embody the command, 'I love
 my neighbor as myself.'"
 Calvert explained to Paxton, a few nights
 after the opening, by his study fire.
 "But in singing out the second command,
 my dear fellow," Paxton replied, "won't
 you make the temporal welfare of this
 neighborhood your chief concern and let
 the other things go?"

"I know you would rather see me dol-
 ing out bouquets with Scripture texts
 tied to them instead of bread," Calvert
 said, with a good-natured laugh; "but your
 churches have alienated the poor by for-
 getting that men have bodies as well as
 souls."

"Yet in mending matters isn't there
 danger," Paxton asked, taking the poker
 and stirring up a flickering blaze, "of
 forgetting 'the life is more than meat
 and the body more than raiment'?"
 "I haven't much faith in your external
 remedies that don't reach the sin that lies
 back of so much of the misery and want
 in the lives of the poor. And in case of
 sickness and death, what are you going
 to offer these people?"

"I'm afraid you will find a hundred causes
 of suffering worse than death among
 the poor," Calvert said, grimly, raising to go.
 "If we can show them that life after all is
 worth living," he added, in a different tone,
 "that will be something, won't it?"

"God bless you, old fellow!" Paxton
 said, extending his hand. "And if I can
 ever personally serve you, let me know."
 "Thank you," said Calvert, with a hearty
 handshake, "I may call on you. Good-
 night."

A few moments later Calvert was going
 up the street at a rapid, swinging gait, con-
 fident in the success of his new venture,
 and revolving ways in which the little
 world lying about the Northside house
 could be made more sanitary and habitable,
 how the conditions of the lives of the people
 could be made easier, how, in fact, a bit of
 Eden could be made to blossom in the
 dreary waste of tenements.

Paxton sat thinking, and it was late
 when he blew out the lamp in the study.

The Northside House had been in
 operation for three months, and in that
 time it had proved it had a mission to the
 Northside neighborhood that the old
 Foundry Chapel had never filled. Young
 women had taught the housewives of the
 neighboring tenements how the most
 cheerless quarters could be made very
 clean and attractive. Co-operative clubs
 had furnished their members with coal and
 other commodities at wholesale prices.
 Manual classes for boys and taught them
 how to knot hammocks and weave willow
 baskets for which purchasers were found.
 A young physician had given a course of
 lectures, with lantern-slides, on "Microbes
 and the laws of health and sanitation."
 Social inequalities and industrial questions
 had been discussed in a men's club that
 met every week. Sacred concerts had
 been given on Sunday afternoons by amateur
 talent; and when there was no other
 attraction the reading room had drawn a
 fair share of patronage.

But no one derived quite the direct bene-
 fits from the House that were enjoyed by
 the Schallers. Calvert had found them
 just as they were about to be evicted from
 a neighboring tenement, and had found
 work for Schaller after they were installed
 in the two rooms over the reading-rooms,
 for which they were to pay in janitor ser-
 vices. From the first they had taken a
 proprietary interest in the House that had
 led him to look on them as his special
 proteges. But when at the end of three
 months the novelty of his enterprise had
 begun to wear off, Calvert did not suspect
 that it was the Schallers who were to show
 him where his work, when weighed in the
 balance, would be found wanting.

It was late one Saturday afternoon when
 Calvert knocked at Mrs. Schaller's door to
 ask her help in arranging a big bunch of
 ragged chrysanthemums he had bought at
 the flower market for the sacred concert
 the next afternoon.

"I can go right down with you now," she
 said, trying on a fresh apron. "I tucked
 my bird in its nest early tonight," she
 added, stopping at the little iron bed where
 four-year-old Martha lay fast asleep.
 "She has taken a little cold that has made
 her feverish," she explained, closing the
 door quietly.

"I've been wishing for the chance, Mr.
 Calvert, to tell you," she added, slowly,
 a few minutes later, arranging the long stems
 of a bunch of yellow chrysanthemums in a
 glass bowl, "that I'm afraid August is get-
 ting back into the old ways he fell into
 when he was out of work."

"You mean he has been drinking?" Cal-
 vert asked. "I was afraid of it when I mis-
 sed him from the reading-rooms."

"It isn't that the rooms are not bright
 and pleasant enough."
 "I know," interrupted Calvert, looking at
 the yellow gold of the flowers glowing in
 the firelight, "though I'm afraid we've been
 counting too much on some magic or en-
 chantment in these things to save the men
 from themselves. Of course, I can remon-
 strate with August, but I can't free him
 from his bondage, if he makes himself a
 slave to drink."

Mrs. Schaller looked troubled, but went
 on arranging the flowers.
 The next day Calvert learned that
 Schaller had been brought home that night
 drunk, and left a sudden distrust of a
 creed that did not have any theory of
 personal conversion and provided for no
 appeal to supernatural help. To this new
 sense of helplessness was soon added a
 grave concern for little Martha. The
 doctor had been called in, and pronounced
 what Mrs. Schaller thought only a cold a
 case of malignant diphtheria. The front
 shutters were closed, for the health officers'
 white placard hung on the house, and
 everything had been suspended.

Days and nights of dread suspense
 were spent by the little white iron bed
 where the child lay, as the pitiless disease
 ran its course—days and nights when
 Calvert felt the futility of his work and
 saw how little it meant to the Schallers in
 such a crisis that the outward aspect of
 their lives had improved. The evening of
 the third day after the doctor's first visit
 Calvert was sitting by the fire in the
 reading-room, resolving for the hun-
 dredth time that if little Martha died he
 would abandon philanthropy forever for
 law, when he started up at the sound of
 the doctor's foot on the stair.

"It's all over," the doctor said, hoarsely,
 in reply to his anxious look of inquiry
 when he entered the room. "Perhaps you
 can something to the woman," he said,
 looking quizzically at Calvert. "She
 thinks I might have saved the little one."
 God knows I tried."

"I might have sent for you sooner," Cal-
 vert said opening the door mechanically
 and letting the doctor out into the night.
 When he closed it, he paced up and down
 the reading room, thinking of the man and
 wife upstairs alone with their grief. Was
 there no balm in Gilead, no physician?
 Suddenly, inspired by a thought, he took
 his coat and hat down from the rack and
 started rapidly in the direction of the pa-
 rsonage. Paxton was in his study, complet-
 ing his preparation for Sunday, when Cal-
 vert entered, and, crossing the room to the
 fireplace, said abruptly:

"My experiment, Ward, has failed."

"What experiment?" Paxton asked, push-
 ing his manuscript back and raising to give
 Calvert a chair.

"My plan for the salvation of the poor."
 Then he related briefly how Schaller had
 been drinking and little Martha had died.

"You see my plan made no provision for
 sin or sorrow," he said. "Can't you offer
 them some comfort now, when they don't
 know where to turn?"

"I promised to help you in case you ever
 needed me," Paxton said simply. "Shall I
 go back with you now?"

A few minutes later Paxton was walking
 in the direction of the House alone, for
 Calvert had left him to order a little white
 satin-lined casket, a profusion of trailing
 white buds, and a tall form that he saw in
 a florist's window, fashioned of white flowers,
 with "Our Baby" lettered in violets.

When he reached the reading-room
 again he could hear Paxton's voice pleading
 "in His name." No one had name of Christ
 on their lips since the House had opened,
 but Calvert felt that the little room
 had suddenly become the presence cham-
 ber of the Most High.

At the simple burial service the next day
 Paxton talked from the text; "He hath
 sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to
 proclaim liberty to captives, and the open-
 ing of the prison to them that are bound."
 The Northside House did not reopen
 after the funeral; but at the department of
 Mercy and Help in the Epworth League of
 Foundry Chapel, John Calvert found a
 new inspiration for work that grew out of
 a new sympathy for Christ's great anger
 for men, and a longing to be a co-worker
 with Him. But Ward Paxton learned his
 lesson too. And the spirit of the House
 did not die, for the old Foundry Chapel
 became an Institutional Church.—Zions
 Herald.

TRIED AS IN A CRUCIBLE.

Why People are Subjected to Long Con-
 tinued and Severe Trials.

In these days of wonderful scientific ex-
 periments, Henry Moissan, the celebrated
 French chemist, has actually succeeded in
 producing small diamonds! He subjects
 iron and carbon to the prodigious heat of
 6,400 degrees Fahrenheit, and when he
 takes the crucible out of this hotter than Ba-
 bylonian furnace he finds that certain small
 crystals are produced which are veritable
 diamonds as any found in the minds of
 South Africa! This is a marvel of scientific
 experiment; but just what Moissan is
 doing with iron and charcoal our Heavenly
 Father has always been doing in the realm
 of grace. He subjects his people to the
 seven times heated furnace, and lo! the
 jewels of rarest lustre come forth. His
 diadem will bear innumerable precious
 stones of this sort from the days of Daniel
 and of Paul, on to the last saint who will come out
 sparkling and splendid from His Crucible.

There may be some readers of this article
 who are wondering why a just and loving
 God is subjecting them to such severe and
 long-continued trials. The only dis-
 coverable answer is that the Divine Pur-
 fier is at His work and holy work upon
 them. It is a familiar fact that the
 metallurgist who is purifying silver always
 keeps the crucible over the flame until he
 can see his own face reflected in the
 molten metal, as in a mirror. Dear
 brother or sister, when Jesus Christ, who
 "sitteth as a refiner" over your heart, can
 see His own image reflected in you, then
 the chastisement and the discipline will
 have wrought their blessed purpose.

Then He may pour thy spiritual gifts and
 thy influence into such a mould as may
 please Him best. Learn to let God have

CHIHUAHUA CATHEDRAL.

The Story of the Artist who Executed the
 Wonderful Filagree Work.

Perhaps the most extraordinary cathedral
 in the world," says the Sunday Companion,
 is that which stands in the principal square
 of Chihuahua, one of the leading cities of
 Mexico. Its slender, graceful towers rise
 high above the trees and glisten, cool and
 white against a back-ground of bleak moun-
 tains and bluest sky. "Graceful, massive,
 beautiful, magnificent!" exclaims every
 visitor; but if the grand cathedral itself is
 extraordinarily attractive, its history is no
 less so, for it is as strange as if made during
 the days of the Pyramids. As the walls of
 the cathedral slowly rose, thousands of
 slaves and soldiers built a huge inclined
 plane of earth all around the building.
 This mountain of earth rose in the same
 proportion as the building, and up the
 inclined plane every stone was rolled by
 human hands. As the towers rose to a
 height of over 150 feet, the inclines from
 each were over half a mile long, and the
 earth fell over and covered the church.

By the time the towers reached their full
 height of over 200 feet, the church had dis-
 appeared in a vast mound of earth. For
 seven or more long years the patient workers
 toiled to remove the mountain they had
 themselves built up sack by sack, and thus
 dug out the marvel they had themselves
 constructed.

The front of the Cathedral is a perfect
 dream of filigree stone-work. It is
 the work of an artist who was sent
 to death for some crime, but was
 promised that the sentence should not be
 carried out until he had completed orna-
 mented the front of the cathedral. For
 twenty-one years the artist stood
 upon the platforms and cut into
 stone his beautiful dreams; and for
 twenty-one years armed sentinels paced
 the walks down below, and conveyed
 him to and from his prison. At last, old,
 broken down, and sick he notified the au-
 thorities that his work was done, and he
 was ready to die. Then came pardon,
 banquets, and honors with mocking rapid-
 ity; but it was too late, and his eyes closed
 before he reached the ship, that was
 to carry him to sunny France; and today
 even his name has been erased from the
 manuscripts and from the cathedral that is
 his monument.

During one of the numerous Mexican
 revolutions, the biggest bell in the cathed-
 ral tower was cracked by a cannon ball.
 An examination proved the interesting fact
 that the bells had all been cast in the
 towers when the church was built, and
 now that there was no way to get them out
 without tearing the towers down.

Friendship of Christ.

Any man, any soul, may have the friend-
 ship, or His words are without meaning.
 His heart aches with pity for our loneliness,
 and for the weary that are missing their
 riches. He will listen to what we have to
 tell Him; He will take what we have to
 offer Him, however simple the story, how-
 ever humble the fare. And he will give
 to us the heavenly food wherewith his
 life was sustained—the meat men know
 not of. They who have set wide the doors
 of their being to Him have caught from
 the presence of this divine guest their
 first hint at the possible rapture of living,
 they have had in the face of Christ their
 first true glimpse of God.—Lucy Larcom

Hands Made Strong.

But if you will only go to your daily
 fight with yourself and the world, with
 your hand grasping God's hand, you will
 be able to withstand in the evil day, and
 having done all, to stand. The enemies
 may compass you about like bees, but in
 the name of the Lord you can destroy
 them. Their arrows may fly thick enough to
 darken the sun, but the word of the Lord
 shall have it, "then we can fight in the
 shade;" and when their harmless points
 have buried themselves in the ground, you
 will stand unbent, your unshivered bow
 ready for the next assault, and your hands
 made strong by the hands of the mighty
 God of Jacob. Alexander MacLaren.

To Inspire The Young Men.

I have not so far left the path of youth
 to travel inland but that I can very well
 remember the state of young manhood,
 from an experience in it for some years,
 and there is nothing to me in this world
 so inspiring as the possibilities that lie
 locked up in the head and breast of a
 young man. The hopes that lie before
 him, the inspirations above him, all these
 things, with the untried pathway of life
 opening up its difficulties and dangers,
 inspire him to courage, and force and
 work.—James Garfield.

By Rail to Gehenna.

A railway station at Gehenna is one of
 the latest developments of the re-peopling
 of Palestine, which is now going on in
 fulfillment of the prophecy. The line from
 Jaffa to Jerusalem has its terminus in the
 Greek equivalent. This is the place where
 for ages fires were kept perpetually burn-
 ing for the consumption of the offal of
 Jerusalem. The word "Gehenna" is sev-
 eral times translated "hell" in the New
 Testament, and its "ever-burning fires"
 were taken as an illustration of the burn-
 ings in hell.

Worshipping on the Soil.

The Japanese religion demands that a
 man may not worship on the soil every day.
 Noblemen and rich men evade this by
 sprinkling a little dirt in one corner of the
 room, on a square of cement made for the
 purpose.

A Message From God.

"I am poor and needy; make haste unto
 me, O God; thou art by help and my deliv-
 erer; O Lord, make no tarrying." Psalm 70:5

The "Bug" Bible.

A Bible printed in London in 1551 was
 nicknamed the "Bug" Bible from the fifth
 verse of psalm 91 being translated, "So
 that thou shalt not need to be afraid for
 any bugges by night." The authorized

version is "Thou shalt not be afraid for the
 terror by night." This is the root idea of
 a word that has become hopelessly vulgar-
 ized by later associations. We retain the
 original meaning in the word "bug-bear."

Nervous Women

Their Life is Not a
 Happy One.

At Home and Abroad They
 are Miserable.

Paine's Celery Compound
 Gives Them a New Life.

MAKES THEM HAPPY AND STRONG!
 BRIGHT AND VIVACIOUS!

Every Woman Should Try It.

The life of a nervous woman is a most
 unhappy one. She is continually miser-
 able, and is frequently a burden to her-
 self and family.
 Nervousness produced by a great
 variety of causes. Headaches, biliousness,
 constipation, dyspepsia, vertigo or giddi-
 ness, insomnia, despondency, and a host
 of other ailments.
 As a rule, the use of drugs and medi-
 cines containing strong narcotics, only
 cause afflicted ones to sink deeper in
 suffering and agony.

Nature's true and permanent cure for
 all diseases is Paine's Celery Compound
 a medicine now freely and wisely pre-
 scribed by the best physicians. The pro-
 prietors of Paine's Celery Compound
 have more testimonials from the women
 of Canada than have ever been given in
 favor of any other medicine in the world.
 Thousands have been saved who were
 once declared to be hopeless and incur-
 able by the doctors.

Mrs. Joseph Valliant, of Cache Bay,
 Nipissing District, Ont., who was recent-
 ly cured of nervous prostration and
 neuralgia of the heart, writes as follows:—
 "I was a length of time suffering very
 much from a nervous prostration and
 neuralgia of the heart, and was unable
 to get regular sleep and rest. I used
 your great medicine, Paine's Celery Com-
 pound with most beneficial results. I
 am happy to say that my condition of
 health is wonderfully improved; my
 sleep is sweet and natural, and the pains
 and nervous fears that troubled me are
 banished. I can't speak too highly of
 Paine's Celery Compound."

PHONOGRAPH PREDICTED.

A Clever Frenchman Hit the Idea About
 Five Hundred Years Ago.

In a communication to the popular Sci-
 ence Monthly, Dr. Frank L. James gives
 a curious illustration of how extraordinary
 geniuses in times past sometimes fore-
 shadowed in their writings the marvels of a
 later era in the world's affairs. Of all the
 latest wonders of man's ingenuity the
 phonograph, he says, would seem to be at
 least one that was not subject to the dictum
 of Solomon. "Nothing new under the
 sun;" and yet a few months ago, while
 among myself with Cyrano de Bergerac's
 Historic comique des Etats de France de
 la Lune et du Soleil (Paris 1660), I was
 amazed to come across the matter quoted
 below, which surely foreshadowed the
 phonograph as closely as do Baron's words
 the steamship and railway.

The author (De Bergerac) is on a voyage
 over the moon. Left alone a little while
 by his guide the latter gives him, to help him
 while away the hour, some books to read.
 The books, however, are different from any
 seen on earth. They are, in fact, little boxes,
 which Cyrano thus describes: "On opening
 one of these boxes I found I know not what
 kind of metal (apparatus) similar to our
 clockwork, composed of I know not how
 many little devices and imperceptible
 machinery. It was a book, certainly, but a
 most marvelous one, which has neither
 leaves nor characters; a book to understand
 which the eyes are useless; one needs only
 use his ears. When one wishes to read this
 book he connects it by a sort of little nerve
 to his ears. Then he turns a needle to the
 chapter that he wishes to hear, and immedi-
 ately there emerges from the instrument, as
 from the mouth of a man, or from a musical
 instrument, all the words and sounds which
 serve the Grande Lunaire for language."

Honoring His Benefactor.

Some few years ago the mayoral chair of
 Stockport, England, was occupied by a
 gentleman of great generosity. Amongst
 those who sought assistance from him dur-
 ing his year of office was a well-known
 local character of somewhat eccentric hab-
 its, known as "Talking Jim," who asked
 the loan of a few pounds in order to buy a
 donkey and cart, and set up in the rag,
 bone, and salt business day.

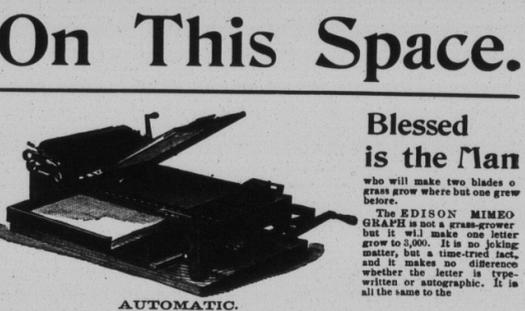
"Well, Jim," said the mayor, "if I find
 you this money, how will you be able to
 repay me?"
 "This was a poser. But instantly a bright
 thought struck Jim, and he blurted out:—
 'I'll tell you what, sir; I'll name the
 donkey after your worship!'—Tib Bits.

Not That Kind of a Bar.

"Where's the bar?" asked a dirty-looking
 stranger of a waiter at an hotel the other
 day.
 "What kind of a bar?" asked the latter.
 "Why, a liquor bar, of course; what do
 you suppose I mean?"
 "Well," drawled the boy, "I didn't know
 but you might mean a bar of soap."—Tib Bits.

If You Wish to be
HAPPY
 ...KEEP YOUR EYE...
 On This Space.

Blessed is the Man
 who will make two blades of
 grass grow where but one grew
 before.



EDISON MIMEOGRAPH

It is one of Thomas A. Edison's inventions, and
 will reduplicate letters, postal cards, music, draw-
 ings, designs, tabulated statements or anything that
 is run through a typewriter or made with a pen.
 Don't you believe it? Ask the 100,000 users.
 Send for catalogue and samples of work.

Ira Cornwall, Gen'l Agent,
 Board of Trade Building, Canterbury St., St. John, N.B.

Sea Foam
 It Floats.
 A Pure White Soap.
 Made from vegetable oils
 it possesses all the qualities
 of the finest white Castile
 Soap.
 The Best Soap for
 Toilet & Bath Purposes,
 it leaves the skin soft smooth
 and healthy.

ADAMS' LIQUID ROOT BEER!
 THIS BOTTLE MAKES TWO GALLONS.

The Canadian Specialty Co., 36 Front St., East,
 Toronto, Ont.,
 W. S. CLAWSON & CO., St. John, N. B., Agents for
 New Brunswick

Advertise in—
'PROGRESS'
 It Reaches the Homes.
 It Gives Results.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

There is so much forced wit, and would-be-humor going the rounds of the press now days on the subject of the pretty typewriter and her susceptible employer, that the mother-in-law, and the young wife whose biscuits were used for paving stones, seem to be enjoying a well earned rest.

I don't think anyone who has ever sat in a circus tent, and listened to the inexpressible dreariness of the clown's jokes or who has read the still more melancholy plattitudes which the famous "Punch" serves up to its readers under the name of fun, can doubt that human nature is easily amused and very ready to laugh at nothing, otherwise the clown would be mobbed, and "Punch" be without a subscriber. Considering that both the circus and Punch cost money, I suppose there is some excuse for their patrons trying to get the most they can for their investment, and seeing as much fun as possible in the weak jokes provided for them. But how in the world an intelligent public has ever managed to see anything funny in the deluge of nonsense which has flooded the press on the typewriter subject, I am at a loss to understand.

We all know that a limited number of men have married their typewriters, but when one considers the number of business men in the world who employ female typewriters, the percentage is too small to be worth considering. And while there are doubtless a fair number of pretty girls operating the clicking machine, it stands to reason that the great majority of them are not more than passably comely, as we all know that the pretty girls in the world are outnumbered by the plain ones. Then consider the fact that fully two thirds of the business men who are in a position to keep a typewriter constantly employed, are sober, respectable married men with families, and I think the typewriter witticism will be acknowledged to have very little foundation to stand upon, and less reason for its existence at all.

I have listened with very deep respect to the opinion of a typewriter herself, upon the subject at issue, and this is what she said. "If the people who are so fond of making funny speeches at the expense of typewriters and their employers could change places with one of us for a few weeks I think their views would be very much modified. The relation between us is first of all, a business one, and that in itself is not at all favorable to romance. A man employs a girl, to do a certain amount of work, and he is naturally much more interested in seeing that she performs her part of the contract, and renders him a full equivalent for the salary he pays her, than he is in finding out what the color of her eyes may be, or whether she happens to have a pretty mouth. And she on her part is sure to think more about getting through her work well, and doing it to the satisfaction of her employer than of the possible impression her physical charms may be making upon him.

"I am afraid we are none of us inclined to be too fond of our employers, we look upon them almost as enemies in disguise because they hold so much of our fate in their hands; and nearly every working girl is more apt to be concerned about meriting an increase of salary than attracting the attention of her employer with a view to winning his affections.

"My idea is that people must know each other a little before they can think of falling in love, and the great obstacle to romance in a business office is the fact that the girl is likely to know the man too well altogether while he knows nothing of her beyond her business qualifications, and the very slight additional characteristics that she is either good tempered, and anxious to please or else, full of her own importance and disliking as far as she dares to be. "No, the jokes about the pretty typewriter and her susceptible employer have very little point, or sense either, and they go a long way towards making the position of a girl who has to earn her own living, more unpleasant than it would be otherwise. A certain class of people seem to imagine that the only thing which ever induces a girl to take up typewriting as a business in the hope that she may some day succeed in making a conquest of some wealthy business man she is working for, when in reality the poor girl may be struggling only to earn a decent living for her widowed mother and herself.

"Apart from the business aspect of the matter, an office, during the busy hours of the day, is scarcely a favorable place for judging of a man's attractions; there is too much of the bare, unvarnished human nature visible, and the best of man do not show to advantage where most of the restraints of society, and conventionality are relaxed, and he shows himself as he really is. The man in his evening dress moving easily and leisurely amongst his own social set, with nothing to do but make himself agreeable, and be amused, is one person, and the anxious worried man of affairs, in his down town office and business suit is quite another, so different indeed that I doubt if his young lady friends of the West end would recognize him readily. He is amongst those whom he regards as his social inferiors, and as he feels perfectly free to say and do exactly as he likes, he

must be indeed a ra'avis amongst men if he preserves the same demeanor, and shows the same attractive qualities there, as in the drawing rooms of his up town friends."

I think there is a good deal of practical common sense in this view of the subject, and if more people would look at it from a rational standpoint we should hear less twaddle about it.

There is certainly a curious latent antagonism which seems to exist almost unconsciously between employer and employed. I suppose it is because they represent capital and labour and the spark of an old enmity is always smouldering, but somehow the conditions are so unfavorable for falling in love, on either side that I am filled with admiration for the coldness of those writers who take for their theme the rapid conquest of a young and wealthy merchant, by his penniless, but well born, and beautiful typewriter. Sometimes indeed, it seems to be as if the business office would be a much better place for ending than beginning a love affair, since, if the gay society girls amongst whom the average young business man spends his leisure hours, could only see the real man as he appears to those who work for him, when he is not on his best behaviour, it is possible they might not find him so attractive a being as they thought. The average man is apt to feel that if there is one place in the world, besides his home, in which he may venture to be hit real self, it is his office, and if the real man does not happen to be a very nice one, why so much the worse for those who work for him.

Therefore, there is just one point in favor of that rare romance, a marriage between the typewriter and her employer—the bride knows her husband's disposition, and all his failings much better than most girls do, before they are married, and she is not so apt to be disillusioned afterwards. I am fond of the typewriter whether pretty or plain, I have known some very fine specimens of womanhood who were longed to the gulf, and I wish with all my heart that the day would come when she will be seen seriously and respected as she so often deserves, and recognized as a valuable, and respected member of society.

The fashion of lining all organdy, and muslin dresses with silk, may be a very dainty and stylish one, but it is also very expensive, and sure to bring the dress, so treated up to a sum far beyond the reach of the woman with a moderate purse. I actually heard the other day, of a dressmaker who used 45 yards of taffeta silk in the lining and interlining of one costume! I once knew a lady who had a friend send a plain white tarleton dress to our own revered Hammond to make, and when the dress came home it was a dream of beauty but was accompanied by a bill for 70 dollars for making, and "findings." As the original material had cost just four dollars the owner's surprise can be imagined, but the dress had been made up over rich white silk, and trimmed with expensive lace, it is not to be wondered at that it had increased in value.

I thought that a very wonderful story, when I heard it, but I really think the 45 yards of silk goes a step beyond. However, the clever woman with a gift for economising generally manages to keep abreast of the fashions without ruining herself financially so she has hit upon the pearl which quite does away with any difficulty about silk lining, as far as light blouses are concerned. She has one well made, and well fitting silk under-bodice made, and of course it will answer as a lining for all her mul, or organdy, or batiste blouses.

Speaking of organdy, and satiste, the latter is one of the most fashionable materials worn this summer. It comes in the prettiest colors and both plain, striped, checked and embroidered. It is made up into all sorts of simple and fancy waists to be worn with different skirts, and also in entire gowns. Some of the prettiest waists seen, are of cream white embroidered batiste, made up sometimes in the most elaborate fashion over colored silk linings, and sometimes, where coolness is more desired than style, unlined, and in simplest blouse shape. These blouses are luted a good deal at neck and belt, or else made with a yoke, and finished at the neck, belt, and elbow sleeves with white, or Dresden ribbons. For the entire costume of batiste, Holland colors, and dark ecru are the favorites, and a New York model in the former color was made over a lining of pale green silk, with a blouse of green silk, finished at the neck, belt, and each side of the front, with a band of white satin.

Hand painted batiste is the very latest novelty, but as it can scarcely be said to be in very good taste, I do not imagine it will ever attain much popularity even with those who are in a position to paint their own costumes at a very small cost. Elbow sleeves are almost exclusively worn with all summer costumes, even on the street they are considered quite the correct thing, but of course the gloves worn with them are long enough to meet the sleeve.

Strange to say crepon is not nearly so popular as it is promised to be at the be-

ginning of the season; in basinet color it retains its hold in public favor, but in black, it is less and less seen. I think the reason for its decline lies in the fact that the markets were flooded with cheap qualities of crepon early in the season, and the result has been to cause the best dressed woman to avoid the material altogether.

Close fitting bodices are the exception this summer, the loose fitting models being the rule, but there is no danger of the loose front becoming monotonous, as their variety is simply endless. From the closely fitted front, over which is laid a carefully drooping box plait, to the elaborately puffed, and bagged front, there is a wonderful choice. These loose fronts offer great advantages in the shape of remodelling last year's dresses, as there is nothing easier than adding a baggy front to a plain tight bodice, and it may be either of material which matches, or contrasts with the bodice. A folded collar, from which depends either a boxplaited, or loosely bloused piece of material, is all that is required, and the fulness is gathered at the belt either into a belt, or a small folded piece of the material, finished with a rosette on each side, and furnished with hooks on the under side to attach it to the lower edge of the bodice, and at the sides two or three carefully concealed hooks fasten into loops worked on the bodice beneath, serve to keep the draped front in place.

CARE OF HANDS AND NAILS.
Useful Suggestions by Which Anybody May Learn to be a Manicure

Hot water is the first requisite, and a thorough washing or soaking of the hands. This is best attained by having the hot water poured into a basin continually for two or three minutes. The hands must be allowed to soak for fully five minutes, and it is well, instead of soap, to wash the hands very thoroughly in bran, which makes the skin soft and white. After the hands have been thoroughly cleansed, the nails should then be attended to. With a piece of orange wood stick sharpened to a point, and a bit of jeweller's cotton rolled around the point and wet with acid that comes for this purpose, every particle of dirt and stain should be removed. The hands must then be washed, this time in warm, not hot, water. Scissors, very sharp and fine, must then be taken, and all loose flesh at the side of the nails carefully trimmed. The nails must be shaped in a pointed oval. All roughness must be filed away, and the flesh at the base of the nail pushed smoothly and evenly back, so that the half moon, supposed to be a point of beauty, can be discerned.

It is no longer considered good form to have so much polish on the nails that they look as though they had been buttered, as was the fashion two or three years ago. But a certain amount of polish is necessary. Kerosaline put on over the entire nail and the finger, then washed off again, and the nails polished briskly with the polisher, makes the hands look very trim and pretty. The first manicuring is by all odds the most difficult. After the nails and hands are once got into good condition, fifteen minutes each Monday morning will keep them in proper condition, all the week through, if only ordinary care in washing the hands, with an occasional rub with the polisher, is given.—Harpers Bazaar.

NEEDS AIR AND EXERCISE.
The Best Remedy for a Woman When she gets into a Brooding or Reticent Mood.

A scientific journal has some timely remarks on what it calls "house nerves"; that is to say, the low spirits and brooding, irritable, morbid habit of staying-at-home or sedentary people.

Women, especially women who are delicate and afraid to go out owing to the weather, are those who suffer most from this malady. They grow anxious for their husbands, and conjure up accidents, analyze their feelings, and lose their power of will.

"A woman who studies herself, her wants and desires, her ailments and loneliness, is on a fair road to an asylum did she but know it," says the journal. Imaginative children have a tendency in the same direction, and should be sent to play with merry companions.

The cure of "house nerves" is very simple if people would only follow it. It does not lie in medicine or doctors, but in visiting others, long walks in the open air and sunshine, repression of every morbid thought as it rises, or expulsion of it by thinking of a necessary duty, and gaiety, innocent amusements.

Useful Hints.
In making hard pudding-sauce, add sugar gradually to butter, and it will cream more quickly.

Sponge cakes somewhat passe may be rejuvenated by steaming or toasting, and in a Charlotte Russe, or queen of puddings becomes a "dainty dish to set before a king."

The saucer of cold peas, combined with English walnuts and enveloped in a Mayonnaise dressing, would bring Epicurus to earth if anything could, and a little cold tea added to the next apple-pie will elicit the call for another just like it.

Watermelon-rinds make an excellent substitute for citron. Cook rich and thick with plenty of sugar, and can. When ready to use, take out a little, dry in oven and add to cake, pudding or pie.

Wash off eggs before breaking and save the shells for setting coffee.
Reserve the oiled papers that come over lard or butter for papering cake tins.
To cleanse fine laces, rub thoroughly in hot flour (not brown), then shake.
Save the liquor, remaining in ham is boiled for the foundation of pea soup.
After boiling corned beef save the water until next day, when a solid surface of fat can be skimmed off to utilize in frying.
If any mutton fat is left, clarify it, add one third as much camphor and a little beeswax, and you have a good camphor ice.
Sour milk often shows off to a better advantage than sweet in shortcakes, pancakes gingerbread, or Dutch cheese.—The York World.

Last Week

We sold a great many Four and Five Dollar Boots for Two Dollars. Many customers could hardly believe the reduction was genuine. The explanation is they were goods that should have been sold last year—and instead of taken in stock at cost prices we took them at less than half cost. They were not shoptowns, but the larger sizes were sold out. Now in just the same way we place on our special counter for immediate clearing about Two Hundred Pairs of Ladies Oxford Shoes that regularly sell at \$2.00 and 2.50 marking the lot a the very low price of

\$1.00 Per Pair.

Waterbury & Rising,

KING AND UNION STREETS.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

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



R.I.P.A.N.S. ONE GIVES RELIEF.

CLOTHES FOR THE COUNTRY.

Valuable Pointers as to What a Man Really Needs When on a Holiday.

Special traveling rigs are had form says a fashion article. Well-dressed men wear on ship board or rail a lounge suit of tweed tan shoes, and soft hat. So that question is settled, but then comes another so the man who is asked to spend a few days at a country house. What shall he take? One who knows everything is kind enough to answer even this, and gives advice galore. A man, according to this authority, should not start on the longest journey as if he were merely taking the cable car to go to his business, but he should be accompanied by luggage containing wearing apparel for all emergencies. There should be an evening suit and dress jacket, a golf, tennis, or wheeling suit, according to what may be expected in the way of amusement. A black Vienna frock coat and waistcoat, with trousers to suit, for afternoon or church wear. Half a dozen white ties in case of emergency, and as many handkerchiefs as he can well afford to carry in his bag will hold. Gloves for every occasion there must be, and all the accessories of the toilet, such as sponges, brushes, and soap. And a box of sweets for the hostess must always be remembered.

Many men, while bowing meekly enough to all other deities, try to evade the dress suit when the visit is to be of short duration, and for their benefit this bit of advice from an English authority is given: "On the whole, it would be wise to pause, in packing your portmanteau, before discarding the dress coat as superfluous; there is no knowing how soon it may be required. Even though you box, run, shoot, ride, row, and sail from pole to pole, eat and drink and are jolly in the open air, it advantages you nothing if at a critical moment—less conveniences demanding it—the prescribed uniform of English gentility be forthcoming to testify of your right to a place in its ranks. You may 'wire' it is true; but 'wiring' for a coat is not so satisfactory as having one's own coat with one in one's own portmanteau.

The Unvarnished Fact.
He—"Arctic explorers are the safest people in the world to trust yourself to."
She—"Why so?"
He (with a haw haw)—"They are always cool in the time of greatest danger."

In the DOMINION OF CANADA



DIAMOND DYES

are the great favorites with the ladies for home dyeing.

Why they are Popular.

They are the easiest to use; they give the brightest colors; they make colors that last till the goods are worn out; the colors never crack or fade, and will stand soap and washing. Ask your dealer for the "DIAMOND"; receive imitations.
Sole Importers, 227 Direction Book and sort samples of colored cloth free.
WELLS & RICHARDSON Co., Montreal, P.Q.

"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."



COMPOUND

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

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

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

For sale by all druggists.

Prepared by the

A. M. C. MEDICINE CO.,

136 St. Lawrence Main St.,

Price 75 cents. Montreal.

Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

I CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent Free in any letter. 100¢ Express and Post Office address. H. G. ROOT, 115 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock,

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Lacchetky Method"; also "Synthetic System," for beginners.

Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

PATENTS, FOR INVENTIONS.

Applications for Patents, Trade Mark and Designs, searches made, Defective Patents re-issued. Opinions on infringement, validity, scope, etc. Reports on state of art and improvements on any subject. Assignments, licenses, contracts, etc. Drawn and recorded. Expert testimony prepared, arbitration conducted.
Office, New York Life HANBURY A. BUDDEN, Building, Montreal. (B.A., B.C.L., A. Can. Soc. C.E.)
Cable address "Brevet." Advocate, Patent Attorney.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 24th June, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax (Monday excepted) 7:00
Accommodation for P. du Chene 10:10
Express from Suxex 11:30
Express for Quebec and Montreal 11:30
Express for Suxex and Montreal 12:10

A Buffet Parlor Car runs each way on Express train leaving St. John at 7:00 o'clock and Halifax at 7:30 o'clock.

Buffet Sleeping Cars for Montreal, Lewis, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 22:10 and Halifax at 18:40 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted) 5:00
Through Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted) 8:05
Express from Suxex 11:30
Accommodation from P. du Chene 11:30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton 12:40
Buffet Sleeping Cars from Sydney and Halifax by train arriving at St. John at 5:00 o'clock will be allowed to remain in the sleeping car until 7:00 o'clock the morning of arrival.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are hauled by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Halifax Office, Moncton, N.B., 20th June, 1895.

Dominion Atlantic Ry

LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE.

THE POPULAR AND SHORTEST LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX.

(Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.)

On and after Monday, 24th June, 1895, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

DAILY EXPRESS TRAINS.

Leave Yarmouth, 8:15 a.m.; Digby 10:08 a.m.; Arrive Halifax 5:45 p.m.
Leave Halifax, 6:30 a.m.; Arrive Digby 1:25 p.m.; Yarmouth, 4:10 p.m.
Leave Kentville, 8:20 a.m.; Arrive Halifax, 8:30 a.m.
Leave Halifax, 3:10 p.m.; Arrive Kentville, 6:10 p.m.

Buffet Parlor Cars run daily each way between Halifax and Yarmouth on Express trains.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.

Leave Annapolis at 5:30 a.m.; Arrive Halifax, 5:25 p.m.
Leave Halifax, at 6:00 a.m.; Arrive Annapolis, 6:25 p.m.
Leave Yarmouth, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 12:15 p.m.; Arrive Annapolis, 6:30 p.m.
Leave Annapolis, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 5:45 a.m.; Arrive Yarmouth, 11:40 a.m.

Fundy Steamship Company: at Yarmouth, where close connection is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Cape Sable Valley Branch for Centreville and Kingsport, for all points in N. E. Island and Cape Breton, at W. Junction and Halifax with Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for points West.

For Tickets, Time Tables, etc., apply to Station Agents, to 120 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to the City Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B., 120 Washington Street, Boston.

W. R. Campbell, General Manager.
K. Sutherland, Superintendent

HAVE YOUR FISH Re-Iced

AT ST. JOHN BY

JONES BROS.

DEALER IN DISEASES.

A London Man who Supplies the Doctors With all Kinds of Subjects.

"Yes! I deal in diseases, corpses, and physical phenomena of all kinds," said a London doctor to a correspondent of Tit-Bits. "I have on my books names of some of the first surgeons in this country. To you it must seem an extraordinary profession, but it is a most valuable and important one for the promotion of scientific knowledge. It is impossible for a surgeon to be a skillful operator from theoretical knowledge only; he must have practice, and the passing and revising of laws during the last few years have greatly reduced the number of corpses that fall into the surgeon's hands for dissection. Therefore I maintain, I supply a great necessity.

"If a surgeon is in want of a corpse, a leg, an arm, or a head, he informs me of the fact, and I find it, when possible, for him. It is very difficult sometimes, but is not often I have to disappoint a client.

"If a man is in want of money, and suffering from a disease which must cause his death in a reasonable time, I pay him or his friends or relations a sum, small or large, according to the peculiarity of the disease, on his or their signing an agreement that his body is to be given up to me at his demise."

"But do you not know it is purely hypothetical that a man can legally mortgage his body?" I said.

"I certainly prefer buying dead bodies to living ones, for in the latter case it not infrequently happens that a person I have pronounced to be effected with a fatal disease has recovered, and I have lost my money. And I have also had cases when a man has received payment for his body and then taken himself off."

"How do you obtain abnormal cases?" "Well, you see, this is the poorest district in all London, and I am almost as well known here as the tax-collector. I give medical treatment to anyone free of charge, and when a person comes to me suffering from a fatal disease, he is very often glad to enter into an arrangement with me. As often as possible I treat with the relations or friends of a person, to spare the affected one unnecessary pain, for by this means he remains entirely ignorant of the compact. Of course, when I have bought a person's body I no longer treat him, for obvious reasons.

"What is a corpse worth? It all depends. The corpse of a person who has had no abnormality is not worth much; £5 or £6. On the other hand, a really unique disease or growth will bring the price up to perhaps £20. The head of a person who has suffered from a growth upon the brain is especially valuable, while a corpse internally misconstructed will sometimes be worth £50 or £60, for they are remarkably uncommon."

NOT A MODERN IDEA. Twenty-four Hour Time was in Use in Italy Hundreds of Years Ago.

Several years ago there was a good deal of interest manifested on the question of making clocks and watches to run from one up to twenty-four, instead of from midnight up to twelve noon, and then, beginning again, up to twelve midnight.

The idea was a good one, and a few time-pieces were constructed on this plan; but it did not prove to be popular, and failed of success. The few clocks made were simply regarded as curiosities. Canada was one of the first countries to adopt the system, and their railways still use it.

In Italy it is declared by Act of Parliament to be the official method of marking time. A session of Parliament is reported to have opened at Rome on the 23rd of December at 15.30 and closed at 17.40. Their railway train indicators now mark time from 0 o'clock to 24 o'clock. For instance, a train starts from Rome at 8.10, passes Genoa at 18.48 (6.48 p. m.), Ventimiglia at 23.35 (11.35), and reaches Nice at 0.52 (12.52 a. m.).

Everywhere in Italy watches and clocks are being rearranged and new ones manufactured to correspond to this system. But it seems that this is only a return to an old system of marking time which prevailed in Italy up to a period about one hundred years ago.

A familiar Italian proverb speaks of one "looking for noon at 14 o'clock," i. e. one who is always behind time—the helplessly lazy fellow.—Cassell's Journal.

Nautical New Bedford. New Bedford is a true city of the sea. Everywhere within its limits nautical instinct instilled by years of contact with sailors and whaling crews, is apparent. Every citizen is himself a full-rigged ship, and the way he steers himself about the city would tickle the heart of a veritable seadog. He goes "north," he goes "south" he goes "east," he goes "west,"—in fact all his movements are made by the compass. Let a stranger inquire for a certain house and he will receive the minute directions, "Two houses east of the southeast corner of — street. Ex.

Persons with delicate throat or lungs need to be very careful at this season and have a supply of Hawker's balsam for prompt treatment of the first symptoms of cold or cough.

BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS. CURES DYSPEPSIA, BAD BLOOD, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY TROUBLES, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS.

KNIVES, FORKS, AND SPOONS STAMPED 1847, ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

DRUNKENNESS. Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific.

Worth A Trial. Hundreds of business men in this city read Progress who do not advertise in any paper. They do a certain amount of business and doubt the power of printer's ink to increase it.

Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to Progress. We will give you a handsome, well written advt., a splendid circulation, and if the people want your goods then there should be no doubt about the result.

A. & J. HAY, Dealers in Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, Fancy Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED. 76 KING STREET.

Spring Lamb, Turkeys, Fowl and Chickens. THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

JAMES S. MY & SON, Tailors, Denville Building, 69 PRINCE WM. ST. Telephone No. 748.

SPECTACLES, EYE GLASSES, OPERA GLASSES, CLOCKS AND BRONZES, SILVER GOODS, JEWELRY, WATCHES AND DIAMONDS, AT 43 KING ST., FERGUSON & PAGE.

DAVID CONNELL, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES, 45-47 WATERLOO STREET. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Repairs and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit Out. at short notice.

CAFE ROYAL, Denville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY WILLIAM CLARK

ONE MILLION DEMIJOHNS.

The Greater Number of Them do not Contain Anything Stronger than Water.

Demi-johns are made bottle-shaped and flask-shaped, says the N. Y. Sun. The bottle-shaped demi-johns come in seven sizes, ranging from one pint to five gallons. The flask-shaped are made only in the larger and smaller sizes, and pint, quart, and five gallons are virtually its standard sizes. A great many demi-johns, both flask and bottle-shaped are used for the distribution of pure water, spring and sterilized. In this country more large demi-johns are used for water than for wines and liquors, and the number so used is steadily increasing.

Next in numbers to the large demi-johns used for water are those used for wines and liquors. Chemists and druggists use many large demi-johns; grocers use them for vinegar and oils, and many are used for distribution of fruit extracts to bakers, confectioners, and dealers in soda water. The smallest sized flask is used as a safety package, as a pocket flask for liquor, and quite extensively for perfume. When used for perfume and cologne the small flasks are covered with a finer class of reeds and willows. Within a year some liquors have been put out in pint and quart sized bottle-shaped demi-johns.

With the growing use of demi-john water there has been a growing demand for a covering through which the water could be seen. Various demi-johns of this kind have been made. In one the bottle is placed in a wooden crate with a hinged cover in another the bottle is hooped with wood, in a third it is held in a frame of reeds.

Gradually the shipping demi-john has been developed. The ordinary manner of packing demi-johns in boxes was to pack them in hay or straw. Demi-johns are now packed in boxes specially designed for the purpose. The demi-john is protected by springs of cushions of steel or rubber. There are both flask and bottle shaped shipping demi-johns, in various styles, and with variety of cushions and fastenings. There are thirty or more patents on shipping demi-johns.

The annual consumption of demi-johns in this country is estimated at one million. Much the greater number of these are made in this country; the imported come from Germany. The American demi-johns are mostly covered with rattan, the majority of those that come from Germany are covered with willow, which is cheaper there. Demi-johns are made in this country in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and a few in Maryland. Demi-john covers work in places where the manufacture of glass is carried on. The materials used are prepared by machinery, but the actual work of covering the bottles is done by hand. Some glass manufacturers have of late taken up the making of demi-johns on their own account, at that season of the year when the bottle manufacture slacks off.

In the East demi-johns have largely taken the place of jugs. In the far West jugs are still used, but demi-johns are gradually ousting them in the South.

STEAMER CHAIRS.

One man who made a Small Fortune by Selling Them in the Smaller Days. Steamer chairs were, when first made in this country, called Devonshire chairs, says a New York paper. They were fashioned after a chair used in Devonshire, England, on verandas and lawns and in smoking rooms, and were first made here for the same uses.

The use of the chair of steamers was begun about twenty five years ago. It soon became so popular that it received its present name. Chairs of this kind are still sold for land use both for indoor and outdoor, and their use ashore is increasing. The principal manufacturer of these chairs in New York sells them in almost if not every State in the Union, and in Central America, South America, and as far away as Australia.

Steamer chairs are made of maple, of oak, and of walnut, and they range in price at from \$2.50 to \$6. Children's steamer chairs were introduced not long ago, but not many are sold. When steamer chairs first began to be used one man in this city made a small fortune by selling them on the piers on sailing days. As much as \$15 was paid to him for a chair. For some years this man controlled the best of the chair-selling privileges, but others took up the business, and his profits were soon materially cut down by competition.

For a time sellers of chairs on the piers handled more steamer chairs than the regular dealers. The practice which then sprang up of offering chairs in the street on sailing days, in the open space in front of the pier shed, is still continued to some extent. This space is called the farm. There are offered there on sailing days fruit, tinware and other supplies such as steamer passengers might require, and steamer chairs and other folding chairs.

There is a company that makes a business of renting steamer chairs. A number of the larger steamship companies now rent steamer chairs to passengers. The charge for a steamer chair across the Atlantic is from 50c. to \$1. Common as their use has become it is estimated that not much more than half the total number of ocean travellers provide themselves with steamer chairs.

At the Cook's Mercy. New Boarder—This dinner is abominable not half-cooked. Landlord—I have told the cook for years that she is no cook. New Boarder—Why don't you discharge her? Landlord—I can't she's my wife.

MINARD'S LINIMENT. I CURED A HORSE, badly torn by a pitch fork, with MINARD'S LINIMENT. EDWARD LINLEY, St. Peter's C. B. I CURED A HORSE OF A bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT. BIGHAM, N. B. THO. W. PATTER.

Chase & Sanborn's



Seal Brand Coffee. Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World. The only Coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR. CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

HERBINE BITTERS. Cures Sick Headache. HERBINE BITTERS Purifies the Blood. HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion. HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend. HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia. HERBINE BITTERS For Biliousness.

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to Sold in St. John by T. B. BARKER & SONS, 5, MCDIARMID and E. J. MAHONEY.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

IS HAPPY, FRUITFUL MARRIAGE



Every Man Who Would Know the Grand Truths, the Plain Facts, the New Discoveries of Medical Science as Applied to Married Life: Who Would Atone for Past Errors and Avoid Future Pitfalls, Should Secure the Wonderful Little Book Called the "COMPLETE MARRIAGE" and How to Attain it.

"Here at last is information from a high medical source that must work wonders with this generation of men." "I've book fully describes a method by which to attain full vigor and manly power. A method by which to end all unnatural drains on the system. To cure nervousness, lack of self-control, despondency, etc. To exchange a jaded and worn nature for one of brightness, buoyancy and power. To cure forever effects of excesses, overwork, worry, etc. To give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body. Age no barrier. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. The book is purely medical and scientific, useless to curiosity seekers, invaluable to men only who need it. A despairing man, who had applied to you, soon after wrote: "Well, I tell you that the first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday and my new self born to-day. Why didn't you tell me when I wrote that I would find it this way?"

And another thus: "If you dumped a cartload of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method I have done." Write to the ERIC MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y., and ask for the little book called "COMPLETE MARRIAGE." Refer to this paper, and the company promises to send the book, in sealed envelope, without any marks, and entirely free, until it is well introduced.

The Sun. The first of American Newspapers, CHARLES A. DANA Editor. The American Constitution; the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever.

The Sunday Sun. is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy; by mail \$2 a year. Daily, by mail - \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, - \$8 a year. The Weekly, - \$1 a year. Address THE SUN New York.

SOME STATISTICS OF FISHERY.

The United States Lead the World in the Fishing Industry.

The United States stand at the head of the nations of the world in respect of the amount of fish caught, the value of the same, and the number of men engaged in fisheries. In respect of the number of ships employed in fisheries, there are 50,000 in the United States, 35,000 in Great Britain, 31,000 in Norway, 25,000 in France, and 18,000 in Italy. The world over, 1,000,000 men maintain themselves from the labors of fisherman, and of those 150,000 are in the United States. France follows with 140,000, Great Britain with 130,000, and Norway with 120,000. The next highest is Russia, with 68,000. In respect of the number of tons of fish caught each year, the United States stand first and Great Britain next.

The average value of the fisheries of the world is, in a year, \$150,000,000 and to these figures the United States contribute nearly \$50,000,000. With fish, of course, are included oysters, clams, scallops, crabs, lobsters, and shrimps. The whole fisheries do not amount to much nowadays, and no States may be said to monopolize the whole fisheries of the United States—Massachusetts and California. In the catch of fish, Massachusetts stands at the head of the political divisions of the United States, and Alaska comes second. Twenty-eight of the forty-four States have a revenue of some sort from fisheries, this being highest in Massachusetts, with \$8,000,000 a year, and lowest, among the states in Minnesota, with \$25,000.

The herring fisheries of Scotland are at the head of the list for herrings. They amount in a year to 70,500,000 tons. In the catch of codfish Norway comes first. Haddock is largely caught in the waters of England, salmon in Ireland, and sardines in Spain, Italy, and France. In the United States, California is making the largest stride in the development of its fisheries. The last year gave 40,000,000 pounds as the amount of salmon consumed for canning purposes in a year in the three Pacific States of California, Oregon, and Washington. The transportation of fish from one country to another is an important item of commerce, and it has become more so since the increase in canned fish, which has very largely taken the place of the salted article.

THE RAG CARPET.

It is old Fashioned, but Still Serves Many Very Useful Purposes.

Rag carpets are still made and serve a useful purpose in the farmer's wife's economy. The who believes in them will continue to sew rags in spite of protests. Indeed, for a room that gets rough usage, they wear longer and look better than an ingrain at the same price—or a little more. The country Gentleman describes a rag carpet made for a blue room by a woman who had many rags of denim and indigo print. She made them up "hit and miss" with white, so that her carpet contained only shades of blue and the white. Then she had the warp colored indigo blue, and the result was a very pretty floor covering, which harmonized nicely with the furnishings of the room.

Another carpet was made of all-white rags dyed drab with maple leaves, with white warp. With many light rugs spread about it was pretty, too, and went well with the old-rope cushions, bureau-spread and other articles in the room, the wall-paper having a touch of rose in it also. You will notice that the gorgeous "stripe" over these color combination our mothers and grandmothers waxed anxious, and which cost them so much disagreeable work among the dyepots, is hopelessly out of date. A new carpet generally dominated everything else in the room, and that rainbow stripe had the effect of a blow between the eyes—stunning you know. The carpet we now know should be the least noticeable thing in the room to be in good taste.—Farm, Garden and Household.

Do You Vote, Grit or Tory?

Will be a question which before long perhaps, will be put to the people of this country. 'Tis important, possibly, but the daily needs of the citizens are the vital things with which we have to do. And one of these needs in the early spring, is a Rigby coat. We want rain to break up the ice, but we do not want it down the nape of the neck, because we want to live. Rigby Porous Waterproofs are simply the best in the world. Practically Rigby is without serious rival to-day. The best advertisement is the satisfaction which Rigby has giving to the thousands who have worn it. Think of its dual character—a perfect water proof; a handsome tweed overcoat, with unlimited choice of patterns. Nothing clammy about it. Porous, light, and warm. Rigby is indispensable.

His Address was Contingent. "Here's a poem on the 'Inerard Oiale,' sort," said a frayed-looking individual to the editor of a weekly newspaper in a large town; "an 'it's hopin' you'll take it, O'iam." "What is your address?" inquired the editor. "That depends entirely on you, sorr." "Depends on me?" echoed the editor; "what do you mean?" "If yez take the bit poem, sorr, me address will still be nivinty-wan King Shtrate," replied the sanguine poet; "but if yez don't take it, it's meself that'll be lit without any address to me name, if me landlady kapes her wurd, sorr!" She Had Elites Herself.

About a quarter of a century ago Beranger's "Grisette" was performed at one of the theatres. The part of Lisette was allotted to Virginia Dejazet. This popular actress, then advanced in years, had lost all her teeth, and to do justice to her new role, she had ordered a fresh set. As the teeth felt uncomfortable, she took them out when the play was over and put them in his pocket. When in the green-room she insensibly sat down, and immediately jumped up, with a scream. "What is the matter?" inquired our jolly old friend, Adolphe Dennery. "Nothing," said Mlle. Dejazet. "I have only bitten myself!"



THOMAS A. JOHNS. CURED BY TAKING AYER'S Sarsaparilla.

"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as

Free from Eruptions as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without a coat, but the trouble has never returned.—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Bradford, Ont.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla. Admitted at the World's Fair. Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

MENTAL FATIGUE. relieved and cured by ADAMS TUTTI FRUITI. Insist on getting the right article.

I CURE FITS! Valuable treatise and lot of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. One Express and Post Office address. H. C. ROOPE, M. C., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

EPILEPSY Fits, Nervous Debility. Causes, Symptoms, Results and How to Cure. Treatise free on application to M. G. ROOPE, 36 de Salaberry St., Montreal.

FOR THE TEETH & GUMS. TEABERRY. ZEPHORA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.

SHARPS BALSAM OF GORREDOH AND ANISEEL. GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS, OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, 647 KING ST. W. E.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed. Fits a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when he is shabby and indifferently clothed.

Newest Designs Latest Patterns. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street, (1st door south of King).

PROFESSIONAL. REMOVAL. DR. J. H. MORRISON, New York, London and Paris. Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. 128 Germain Street, St. John.

GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC. Collections Made. Remittances Prompt. Harcourt, Kent County, N. B.

HOTELS. BALMORAL HOTEL, 109 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B. A. L. SPENCER Prop.

CONNORS HOTEL, CONNORS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B. JOHN H. MOINEENEY, Proprietor. Opened in January. Handsomest, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.

BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. J. SIMER, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDRICKTON, N. B. J. A. J. WARD, Proprietor. Fine sample room in connection. Fine class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

QUEER

ODD INQUIRIES.

Curious Anecdotes. Have Passed Been Signed Have Often. Two hundred average number business transactions York for a six. As there are than brains not always slips of paper amounts may present many penmanship. quite intellig most laughable. Witness the order that a has been drawn years: On the order of they the back is a rather than the checks, and ignorant that Signatures portant part means an ur to pass thro discovered? Away back for \$100,000 er's hands the Clearing House was not dis book balan when he dis Lane for m Railroad, at he had forg Savings Ba due as inter gave him a through th was noticed the Union these error ials and fir specially c pearance o ar they are. An old little exper not long ag he has wri in paying things diall The story "There w for m on next day he became. Had a not money as to run aw wrote out of his m I knew be and get it I wanted ing run at there in his morning, call me u cause the my handi Would I think don't Well I w afford to down and scheme n Small fractional disfavor, formerly deposits general s on to the For small venence just as he checks to so all checks, are draw by the y which fac ized for colored p were am receiver good des ber of o names of chapter ture. Meshoech June 1 "Boozie Lincoln The t or so he the num them, p months cashier plained very sm town b due to i banks a When t and w of emb some of enclosin to them endorse and the up in M Chee names that th bear on check differ back addition check in the

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QUEER BITS OF PAPER.

ODD INCIDENTS IN REGARD TO CHECKS ON BANKS.

Curious Anecdotes of Some of Them Which Have Passed Current Without Having Been Signed—Other Irregularities Which Have Often Been Noticed.

Two hundred thousand checks is the average number that is required for the business transactions of the city of New York for a single day, says the N. Y. Sun. As there are lots of men with more money than brains, and as dollars and sense do not always go together, the sixty million slips of paper every year, that represent amounts ranging from a penny to a million, present many curiosities in spelling and penmanship. Many people, too, who are quite intelligent in most matters, make most laughable errors in drawing checks. Witness the numerous checks to his own order that a prosperous east side merchant has been drawing for the last twenty-five years: On the face they read, "Pay to the order of myself," and the endorsement on the back is always "Myself," but the bank, rather than offend an old customer, honors the checks, and the merchant is blissfully ignorant that he is not doing the right thing.

Signatures are regarded as a very important part of a check, and yet it is by no means an unfrequent occurrence for a check to pass through several banks before it is discovered that the signature is missing. Away back in the seventies a check calling for \$100,000 in gold passed from its maker's hands through two banks and the gold clearing house and the lack of signature was not discovered until the man had his book balanced and got the check back, when he discovered it himself. Milton G. Lane for many years President of the Third Railroad, at one time presented a check he had forgotten to sign for a large sum due as interest on mortgages. The bank gave him a receipt, and the check passed through three banks before the omission was noticed. Mr. Charles E. Sprague of the Union Dim Savings Bank ascribes these errors to the fact that many individuals and firms, doing a large business, have specially engraved checks, with the appearance of which tellers become so familiar they are apt to become careless.

An old contractor on the west side had a little experience with an unsigned check not long ago that did not result quite as he had wished. He is always very prompt in paying sub-contractors, and above all things dislikes being run after for money. The story as told by himself, is as follows: "There was a man who did some painting for me on a couple of houses, and the very next day after he finished work on them he came rushing into my office about twenty minutes to 3 and wanted his money. Had a note to meet at the bank, he said. It vexed me to have him chasing after his money as though he thought I was going to run away with it, so I sat down and wrote out a check. He didn't sign it, and I knew he would not have time to get back and get it signed before the bank closed. I wanted to teach him that I didn't like being run after for money. Well, I waited there in the office till after 5 o'clock expecting him but he did not come. I went out in the morning, blamed if the bank teller didn't call me up and tell me that they had taken one of my checks without signature because they recognized my check head and my handwriting in the body of the check. Would I please drop in and sign it some time during the day as a matter of form? Well I was honestly beat, for I could not afford to get out with the bank and I went down and signed it, but I'll try another scheme next time."

Small checks, such as checks for the fractional part of a dollar, were formerly in disfavor, principally for the reason that formerly the number of people with bank deposits was much less than now, and the general custom was to take a check in person to the bank on which it was drawn. For small checks this was a great inconvenience. Under the present system, it is just as easy for a bank to send 1,001 checks to the Clearing House as it is 1,000, so all banks readily accept the smallest checks, no matter upon what bank they are drawn. Perhaps the most curious lot of small checks ever seen were those issued by the receiver of the Freedman's bank, which failed years ago. It had been organized for the purpose of saving the colored people, and most of the deposits were small, and the checks issued by the receiver through the Sub-Treasury were a good deal smaller. There were any number of one and two cent checks, and the names on their face made an excellent chapter on American ethnology.

One was payable to "Shadrach Meshech Abednego," another to "Sweet June Bells Society," and another to "Beelzebub George Washington Abraham Lincoln Jones."

The tip-down banks within the last year or so have noticed a decided increase in the number of small checks drawn upon them, particularly during the summer months. Mr. Andrew E. Colson, the cashier of the Sixth National Bank, explained it thus: "The large number of the up-town banks now receive is undoubtedly due to newspaper advertisements. These banks all have numerous women depositors. When the ladies are away for the summer and want a box of hairpins or a few spoons of embroidery silk, they send a letter to some of the big stores that advertise prices enclosing a check, and the goods are mailed to them. Here, for instance, is a check endorsed by Macy's for seventeen cents, and the woman that drew it is somewhere up in Michigan at the present time."

Checks are great travellers, and their names are attested in much the same way that the trunk tags of European hotels bear out traveller's tales. Occasionally a check turns up which has had so many different endorsements that the whole back has been covered with writing, and an additional strip of paper has been glued together, when plaster is poured in and an exact likeness of the hand obtained. The oil on the inside of the mold prevents the

new plaster from adhering to it. There are several preparations for making casts of snakes, of which the museum has a large and extensive collection. For the dark or red-skinned races the casts are easily tinted or painted to represent the desired color.

How often the remark, "Oh, my head aches," and there are so many varieties of aches and pains the head is subject to all along the line from the dull and heavy and oppressive feeling over the eyes to the persistent, racking and torturing misery of Sick Headache. The cause is in most cases the same, the overflow of poisonous uric acid is not extracted from the blood by the kidneys, and accumulating in the blood, causes high and irregular pulse, headaches, mental depression and nausea. Chase's Kidney & Bladder Pills tone and restore the kidneys, excrete poisonous matter from the blood, sending it on its way pure and health-giving, curing Headache, and removing all the attending symptoms from its walk. Mrs. G. Bird, Harrison, Ont., while attending the 1894 Fall Exhibition at Toronto, was taken very ill with Sick Headache and dizziness. She was subject to these attacks for years, compelling her to take to her bed. In this case by using Chase's Pills relief was immediately obtained, and the usual days of misery and prostration avoided. Thousands of such cases can be referred to where Chase's Pills have cured Sick Headache and its attendant symptoms. 25 cents a box of all dealers, or by addressing Edmanston, Bates & Co, 45 Lombard St., Toronto.

Man in Plaster Cast. Some queer likenesses of human beings of many nationalities and countries have been collected in plaster by the scientists of the Washington Post. In size, says the Washington Post, these range from the heroic to miniature, the last class including a large number of dolls, which illustrate the different races of mankind. Masks taken while the subject is in excellent health, are the best means known for preserving the features. Death masks are unsatisfactory, because the face is then usually contracted, and the eyes sunken. Life expression is then far from satisfactory. Life would also be of great assistance to sculptors in moulding busts and statues.

The sculptor has to exercise much care in preparing his casts from living subjects. Take the hand as an example. It has first to be carefully oiled that all the hairs may be smoothed down. If this were not done they would become fastened in the plaster and the process of taking off the mold would be little short of torture. The molds are cut open and sometimes broken in being taken off, but they can then be glued together, when plaster is poured in and an exact likeness of the hand obtained. The oil on the inside of the mold prevents the

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What Causes It and How Overcome. How often the remark, "Oh, my head aches," and there are so many varieties of aches and pains the head is subject to all along the line from the dull and heavy and oppressive feeling over the eyes to the persistent, racking and torturing misery of Sick Headache. The cause is in most cases the same, the overflow of poisonous uric acid is not extracted from the blood by the kidneys, and accumulating in the blood, causes high and irregular pulse, headaches, mental depression and nausea. Chase's Kidney & Bladder Pills tone and restore the kidneys, excrete poisonous matter from the blood, sending it on its way pure and health-giving, curing Headache, and removing all the attending symptoms from its walk. Mrs. G. Bird, Harrison, Ont., while attending the 1894 Fall Exhibition at Toronto, was taken very ill with Sick Headache and dizziness. She was subject to these attacks for years, compelling her to take to her bed. In this case by using Chase's Pills relief was immediately obtained, and the usual days of misery and prostration avoided. Thousands of such cases can be referred to where Chase's Pills have cured Sick Headache and its attendant symptoms. 25 cents a box of all dealers, or by addressing Edmanston, Bates & Co, 45 Lombard St., Toronto.

THE INDIGNATION OF THE OWEN WHEN THEY TOLD HIM ABOUT IT. There is a French story of some travelers in Africa who, while on an exploring expedition, ran out of supplies. By chance they came upon a native hut, but it was empty, and the only visible edibles in it were several strings of mushrooms suspended from the rafters to dry. For lack of anything better or more substantial they stewed these and made a meal of them. After a while the owner of the hut, who was a powerful native chief and warrior, returned from a hunting expedition and, having greeted the explorers in a friendly manner, set up a wild howl of despair.

"What is the matter?" asked the explorers. "They are gone. My evil spirits have stolen them," wailed the chief.

"What are gone?" "Those, those," shrieked the chief, pointing to the cut cords on the rafters. "Why, no evil spirit took them," said the explorers. "We ate them." The chief seized his stomach in both hands and rattled the bones inside his skin.

"Ate what he?" he gasped. "Those dried mushrooms." "Oh! suffering Moses!" roared the warrior, or words to that effect, "why, you fools! you've eaten the ears of all the enemies I killed in battle!"

Dog, Door, and Doormat. A collie in Scotland, whom I know well, is in the habit of fetching from his master's room slippers, cap, keys, or anything he is sent for. One day, sent on the usual errand, he did not reappear. His master followed, and found that the door of the bedroom had blown to and that the dog was again told to fetch something; and as the wind was high, his master after a few minutes' delay followed him. He found him in the act of fixing the door firmly back with the door-mat, which he had rolled up for the purpose, and having taken this precaution, the prudent animal proceeded to look for the slippers. This same collie, when walking with me, ran on in front and rang the gate-bell of

the house to which I was going, so that I had not to wait.—London "Spectator."

GRATIFYING INTELLIGENCE. Word Received of the Complete Recovery of Mrs. John Dowly. OWEN SOUND, June 24.—Word has been received here of the complete restoration to health of Mrs. John Dowly, wife of a former well known and esteemed resident of the town. The intelligence has been very gladly received as Mrs. Dowly has many friends here who are well aware of her lamentable condition of her health during the past six or seven years. Her illness has been found to result from a severe kidney complaint and she has been restored to health by a judicious use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, a remedy which is now well known to most of the residents in this locality as having previously affected some very extraordinary cures.

A Careful Analysis. Of eight samples of the principal Canadian, American and English salts convinced one of the best chemists in the country that in this locality as most of the residents in this locality as having previously affected some very extraordinary cures.

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THAT ACHING HEAD.

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