

PROGRESS.

VOL. IV., NO. 161.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Handy
Thing

a cake of SURPRISE
dirt out of clothing with
"Surprise way" without
it makes linens, cottons,
why not READ the di-
rections

purpose in any way.



THORNE,
m Street.

lecting your purchases
ices to suit all, of
LATED WARE,

PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

ers are now open for Ice Cream
Lovers.

avors always on hand. Large Orders
filled promptly.

GH P. KERR,
KING STREET.

OR WOOL.

in exchange for P. E. Island

and Clothing.

selling their Wool, Butter, Eggs,

on the best goods in this market, quite as

who buy from Jobbers.

Clothing, and pay Cash for Wool.

12 CHARLOTTE STREET,

J. A. REID, MANAGER.

T,

ROCKER,

UDENT'S CHAIR.

R CASH.

YNOLDS

STREET.

er weeks after the prize has been

d, and many answers have been laid

this account.

ers to History Questions, No. 12.

is the first regularly commissioned

New Brunswick and when was he ap-

Major-General Sir George Tracy Smythe,

1818.

was the political leader in Lower Canada

from 1824 to 1837?

M. Louis Papineau.

are did "Montgomery's Tavern" stand, and

it become noted?

"Montgomery's Tavern" was situated on

street, the road running north from Toronto

is noted for being the place near where the

under Lyon McKenzie was defeated in

commanded the American revolutionary

at attacked Quebec in 1775?

General Richard Montgomery.

RY QUESTION COMPETITION

No. 14.

whose reign was the battle of the

ought, and who was the English

?

he were the leading statesmen

the American war?

explain what is meant by the Sep-

al act, and in whose reign and year

passed?

in what century did the Gothic style

architecture arise?

Been Out to See a Man.

surpriser—You see, ladies and gentle-

the dollar has vanished. You will

find out where it has gone. You,

countryman over there, just put

ALWAYS ON THE STREET

THE FAKING PEDLARS AND THEIR GOODS

Promenade the Outskirts of the City, and Call as Soon as Breakfast is Over—Don't Let Them Cross the Threshold or Their Victory is Certain.

"Fakers on every street!"

That was the terse exclamation of a merchant this week when he began to discuss business prospects with the writer. Progress, he said, had estimated the number of pedlars at 160. To his almost certain knowledge there were more than twice that number.

The unlicensed pedlar is becoming a serious hindrance to legitimate trade in St. John. He walks the street from daylight until dark and plys his importuning business with a certain desperation. Nothing is too small or too cheap for them to handle. A sheet of note paper or a carpet—it matters not—if they don't have it with them they can get it, and if you cannot pay them at the time, tomorrow or next week will do. They are as obliging as it will pay them to be, and in most cases it pays them well.

The merchant in question turned to his counter and picked up a number of small articles and said, "Look at these, they are in them in their pack and can afford to them at a cent or two above cost. They pay no shop rent and no taxes: go and come when they please, and are an incessant and hurtful opposition."

Upon making some further inquiries Progress learned that the outskirts of the city are most frequented by these gentry who start out in the early morning and appear at many houses before the breakfast is cleared from the table. It is a pity the master of the house is not always around, because when they find that he is at work they make up their minds to worry the woman into buying something. Once she consents to let him get one foot within the threshold and she will have a hard time to escape. The pack is lowered from his shoulder and his goods are displayed. The methods are so well known that Progress will not begin to recite them. In nine cases out of ten, however, they leave an angry and disappointed buyer behind them, for no sooner is she clear of the glamor of his phrases than she begins to examine the article and finds it nearly always a mere imitation.

Progress publishes these facts simply to warn the people to keep the door shut upon such gentry. They have no right to do business in that fashion, because they are for the most part unlicensed vendors, and thus interfere with the regular merchant who pays the taxes that supports the city.

It would indeed be a good-sized contract to undertake to catch these fellows and make them take out a license. They fit here and there and always have an eye about for suspicious people or officers. Something should be done with them, however, and that immediately.

An Old Crank Talks.

"I thought there was to be no more professional ball," said a gentleman to Progress this week. "If that is the case why was Pusher behind the bat on the 25th?"

"Pusher was not engaged by the club," was the reply.

"Does that make him any the less a professional?"

"No. I guess not."

"Was he not engaged by club members?"

"That may be true."

"It strikes me as absurd," continued this old-time crank, "that the club should pass a resolution resolving not to engage a professional, or to that effect, and that members of the club should band together and import Pusher for the first game. It would almost seem as if the club's objection was not so much against professional ball players as against the salary of those gentlemen. I am, like a good many other members of the club, an unbeliever in hasty resolutions, but when they are on the books, stick to them and do not try to get around it by club members doing what they would not allow as a club."

The Speed of the Boston Boats.

"How fast do such boats as the State of Maine and Cumberland run?" asked one gentleman of another. "I should think fifteen or sixteen miles an hour," was the reply. "Well, I'm informed," said his companion, "that they do not average more than twelve miles an hour in summer and ten in winter." This conversation took place Thursday, and the steamer had just arrived from Boston without touching at Portland, making the run of 850 miles in about 26 hours. That would give her an average speed of between thirteen and fourteen miles, but the run might be called an exceptionally good one.

Of Interest to the Ladies.

There is a very attractive half page dry goods announcement on page 12 which will be sure to interest every lady reader.

TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.

A Fredericton Man With Very Solicitous Neighbors.

Fredericton has a sensation at last and expects to be able, on the strength of it, to worry through the dog-days in fairly good shape. A few months ago one of its citizens, who has been for many years connected with an uptown business, went to the States on a visit. A few days since the said citizen returned to the celestial city somewhat unexpectedly. It cannot be said that he was overjoyed at his reception, nor that anyone was overjoyed to see him. It appeared that his absence had not interfered with the maintenance of his domestic establishment. In fact it had been maintained on a more extensive scale than ever. His wife and three children were still present when he returned. But these were not all.

It appears that a gay Lothario in the dry goods business had contributed to the maintenance aforesaid. This was generous for his habits of life were such, that it was all that he could reasonably be expected to do to maintain himself, without assuming the arduous responsibility of maintaining another man's wife. But he did it cheerfully.

There were others who were willing to share the responsibility with him. Among them an ex-official of the Celestial city, prominent in church and social circles. It is believed that he chipped into the maintenance fund liberally. This was laudable, for he had never been known to chip into anything liberally before.

All this the returning husband learned. Strange to say he showed no gratitude towards those who had taken such an interest in his domestic concerns. There were stormy scenes. There were feminine tears and masculine oaths, and a juvenile chorus. There were and still are threats of divorce. And the end is not yet.

ASTRA AND FRECKLES.

A Queen's Holiday Soliloquy, from "Astra's Talks."

Well girls! I hope some of you tried the freckle lotions, and are by this time, fair as lilies. It is a case of "physician cure thyself!" this morning, because I have been out in the garden since breakfast planting all manner of things, and as I forgot to put on a hat, my speaking countenance is speckled like a turkey's egg. The fact was that as we were keeping today as a holiday in honor of her gracious majesty's birthday, I was sanguine enough to think I might possibly get a little work out of "Geoffrey" but I found I did not know that gentleman as well as I thought I did. He lounged out in his slippers and leaning against the front fence he jeered at my horticultural methods, said it was just like a woman to dig up a whole garden with a little piece of stick four inches long and one inch thick, and when I took the implied hint by bringing him the garden fork and a spade, with the most tender solicitude, he said he had to go away in a few minutes to play a game of tennis, and he must keep his hand steady, as he did not suppose I wanted him to disgrace himself by being on the losing tide. I answered that I should like to play tennis too, but he said no! I wasn't strong, and tennis was very hard work, and would be sure to make my back ache, so I had better stay where I was, and finish the garden; I would find it much better fun in the end, and he did hate to see me tired out. "And what the deuce are you planting sweet peas for, Astra? You might as well plant peas; they grow three feet high, and they are for neither use nor ornament." What a transparent thing the masculine mind is! Geoffrey is afraid I'll expect him to get me poles for those sweet peas, and he thinks an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; so he has got himself up in his most utterly fetching tennis costume and gone off till dinner time. Thank goodness the red haired hour is out of town! So he can't get into very much mischief; but if I ever have a chance to marry again, I will choose some one less attractive and not quite so lazy.

The Council's "White Elephant."

The aldermen of the North End appear to be greatly exercised over the exhibition buildings, and some of them even go so far as to want to present them to the association. They are a "white elephant" according to one alderman. That is just what they are unless they are made use of. If the council had made the grant the exhibition association would have been helped to a position where they would have been able to take over the buildings and keep them in repair. As it is now even if the council made the offer of the gift it is very doubtful if the association would accept it.

Escape Your Fines.

Those who patronize the Free public library will please take heed and save half a dollar fine by returning their books before May 31st which comes on Sunday this year.

Have Wilkins & Sands Figure on your Painting, inside and outside—Union St.

WENT THE ENTIRE HOG.

HOW THE CURTAIN FELL ON THE "DEVIL'S HALF ACRE."

It Descended Upon Mr. Blair and Mr. Wells With a Dull Thud—A Jury That Cared Nothing for Eloquence—Daniel is Radiant and Thinks of Starting a Sheep Ranch.

The curtain fell on the comedy of *The Devil's Half Acre* on Tuesday last with a dull thud. So heavily did it fall that the leading performers, such as Mr. Blair and Mr. Wells, were somewhat bewildered. One of the actors, however, was radiant. His name was Daniel Lionel Hanington. Whether, on the strength of the verdict, Daniel contemplates buying a new farm or making a sheep importation, has not yet transpired.

Those who were present at the closing scenes say that Mr. Blair's address was the finest ever delivered in the court house. It was eloquent, logical, persuasive and adroit. It aroused the enthusiasm of the legal men present to a high pitch. Its effect upon Mr. Hanington could best be judged by the way that lusty gentlemen squirmed in his seat and the glance of rage he cast about him. But upon the jury it fell as upon a stone wall. They were poor judges of elocution and they thought they knew the facts already.

Daniel is not always sagacious, but he showed some sagacity when he endeavored to show that Mr. Gallagher's dismissal was a political one. All through the court he waved the red flag before the jury, while Charlie Palmer, who rather knew a good opposition jury when he saw it, rubbed his hands gleefully. It was shown that the council which dismissed Mr. Gallagher was largely conservative. It was shown that Warden Ogden, who fathered the proceedings against him, was a conservative, and that the committee who asked him to resign was entirely composed of conservatives. Indeed, it was shown that the only man who had said a word in favor of Mr. Gallagher when he was dismissed was Mr. Gallant, who was so unfortunate as to be a "grit." But the mischief was done, and though his honor the judge said not one word as to the political question, the seed had been sown and was germinating.

The jury went the whole hog. They found that Mr. Gallagher was damaged by being discharged \$457. They found that he was entitled to legal and other expenses to the amount of \$363.80, including those of the *quo warranto* proceedings instituted against Early Worm Kaye. They found that he was damaged to the extent of \$300 for being prevented from discharging his duties as valuator. This made a total of \$1120.80. Why they refrained from finding another \$1,000 because of the Ritchie appointment, or the Leary telegram is a mystery to Mr. Blair. Perhaps they will do it next time, for the case is being prepared for argument at the supreme court, which meets ten days from now at Fredericton.

Some Information about Millford.

A Millford subscriber writes to Progress in the following strain: In reading last week's Progress, I was very much struck with the manner places are represented, and the graphic pictures given of the different towns. Some of them I have never seen, but from reading Progress have become quite familiar with them. I have, however, been very much struck lately, in talking to some of the gentlemen of your city, when the question has been asked, "Where is Millford?" I would just say it is a short distance from the new cantleiver bridge after going through Fairville. Millford and vicinity do quite a large lumber business. We have five mills working at present giving employment to about 700 hands—men and boys. We have also a blacksmith shop, also eight stores, a post office, and a councillor who looks after the roads and makes it pleasant for pedestrians coming across the ferry on Sunday.

Rev. Father Davenport Will Go.

Very many people in the city, and especially those connected with him in his work, have learned with much surprise and regret that there is hardly a doubt of Rev. Father Davenport accepting the call to Philadelphia. It is not too much to say that the Mission church will find it next to impossible to fill his place. Progress understands that it may be September before Father Davenport will leave for his new field, where, in the meantime, a temporary appointment is in charge.

It is all on Hand.

A cool five or six hundred dollars in the treasury was the gratifying result of queen's holiday games with the A. A. club two or three years ago. But there was excitement in the air then. People did not ask are you going to the game, but which game are you going to? The net proceeds of Monday's sport was between \$100 and \$150. And yet there is considerable consolation in the fact that there are no salaries to be paid out of that.

Right now, have your Painting done.—Wilkins & Sands, Union St.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

A Week of Surprises, Many of them Sad Ones.

Seldom has a week produced so many accidents and sudden events as the one that is just about closing. The holiday, of course, opened the list with its small and numerous accidents, the result of the celebration. Progress is glad to note that one of them, which befell young Robertson, will not result so seriously as was feared at the first. His father, Mr. George Robertson, was very anxious up to Wednesday, when he said in response to an inquiry, "I am as happy as the day is bright, for the doctors tell me that, barring any unforeseen drawback, my boy's eyes will be saved."

Then that well known figure Miles Hancock went out of life at his daily work, and fell dead from heart disease. Hancock's work was uncongenial both to himself and the public. A city marshal always has a rougher time than any person imagines. A delinquent tax payer does not blame the corporation, but the constable for wanting his taxes. Even those who did not appreciate his keen lookout in the path of duty, were filled with regretful surprise at his death. Hancock had a rough exterior but a kindly heart.

Then the mail car of the Boston train arrived riddled with bullets, and a small boy enjoying a ride on a grocery team was thrown against a telephone post by the runaway horse and taken to the hospital with a fractured skull. Similar news comes from Fredericton, and a few miles from the city a drunken Indian finds his way to the railway track for a last long sleep.

Only a few days before, those who passed down Princess street one morning saw Mr. R. W. Thorne standing in his window. They read of his death in the next morning's paper. One of the happiest recollections of his wife and children now is the pleasant evening but a few hours before his death. They were all together, and he was one of them mingling in their enjoyment and apparently as bright and cheerful as ever.

THEY HAD TO MOVE.

But the Band Played, the Lasses Sang and the Service Was Not Interrupted.

The salvation army is at liberty to parade the streets, and furnish as much vocal and instrumental music as it pleases, so long as it doesn't frighten horses or raise a disturbance of any kind. But the army cannot hold meetings in the street before anybody's door, if anyone in the neighborhood objects. Mr. John Walsh of Mill street is thoroughly acquainted with the law in this respect, and he always objects. He has objected since the army first made its appearance in town, and has never wavered in his opinion in regard to the army as a public nuisance.

Smythe street, near the corner of Mill, is a most desirable place for army meetings. This seems to be the opinion of nearly every army officer who has ever led his happy comrades in the direction of Mill street. There is always a number of people in the vicinity of the depot, and it would not require many strokes of the drum to bring them together. But the army never stands long enough at that particular place to give the crowd time to gather.

One evening this week the Paradise row division made a halt on Smythe street; the band played, the lasses sang, and the crowd began to gather. But not for long. Officer Baxter appeared and whispered something to the captain. The idea of a policeman taking part in the service aroused even the most listless of the loungers at the posts that guard the depot, and everybody crossed the street to enquire "what was up." Still the band played and the lasses sang. They didn't even stop when the order to march was given, but stepped off to the same tune, while word passed through the crowd that Mr. Walsh had objected to the army holding a meeting before his door. The army moved a block and held a meeting before somebody else's door on North street.

Rothessay's Holiday Population.

Mr. Fred Hanington, of the I. C. R. ticket office, had a busy day Monday. He had an idea that everybody was leaving town, and it probably surprised him to learn that over 2,000 stayed in the city to attend the ball games on the A. A. grounds. The trains were crowded from Saturday until Tuesday. A very large number of picnic parties went up the I. C. R. to different stations, but Rothessay had the largest crowd of pleasure seekers. Over 200 tickets were sold for that station on the holiday, and the village was considerable of a town for one day at least.

In That Vicinity.

A number of people were attracted to Edgecombe & Son's warerooms in this city by the notice in Progress of last week. Instead of the corner of Waterloo and Union, the address should have been corner of Brussels and Union. They have some new carriages on hand now and the display is a fine one.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

INTO LITTLE NICKEL BANKS AND UNIFORMS.

A Scarcity of Ten Cent Pieces—They Are Being Carried Round in People's Pockets—What the City Bands Are Doing in the Way of Getting Uniforms.

"Got any small change?"

As a rule Progress likes to hear this question before ten o'clock on Saturday mornings. The newsboys leave a supply of small coin at the office that is sometimes embarrassing, and anybody who wants any of it in exchange for paper currency is always a welcome visitor. Recently, however, it has become as scarce in Progress office as it appears to be everywhere else. Even the newsboys laid down bank notes on the counter in payment for papers, and last Saturday more paper money was received from them than in any one day since the paper started.

What has become of all the small change? It is rather a difficult question to answer, as regards the five cent pieces and coppers; but everybody knows where the ten-cent pieces are. They are making the people wealthy. Every other person one meets is saving money, and they cannot do it with anything but ten-cent pieces; so that particular kind of money is in great demand.

There are probably thousands of dollars in ten cent pieces being carried around in people's pockets today, yet a man may have a couple of dozen of them, and yet be unable to buy a cigar. They are sealed away in pocket savings banks, and every ten cent piece must have 49 companions before it can be induced to come out.

These little banks are all the rage. Hundreds of them have been sold in St. John, and there are scores of people anxiously awaiting the arrival of more. But the craze is not confined to St. John alone, and the banks are almost as scarce as the ten cent pieces. All over the country there is a demand for ten cent pieces, yet some savings banks which take small deposits have so many of them that they have become bothersome.

The pocket savings bank is a small nickel novelty two or three inches long, and a little larger round than a ten cent piece. A slot at the top admits the coin and then a little device inside keeps it there. An indicator registers every coin as it is deposited, so that one knows just how wealthy he is all the time. When the fiftieth ten cent piece has been deposited the bank opens, and its owner is just \$5 better off than he otherwise would have been; for there is nothing that seems to have a greater objection to being tossed about in one's pocket than a small piece of silver. It always manages to get out no matter how anxious one may be to save it. When it once gets into the bank, however, the chances are that it will stay there until it has lots of company.

GOLD BRAID AND PLUMES.

The City Bands Discussing and Securing Attractive Uniforms.

Attractive uniforms seem to be finding favor among city bandmen. Some time ago the Citizens band discussed the question at some length, and although the older members did all the talking, and were in favor of a plain uniform the younger members "got there" by a large majority in selecting a uniform that they thought would surprise the town.

Now the City Cornet band is coming to the front in this respect. The members propose to spend some hundreds of dollars on a parade uniform, that they think will surpass anything ever seen in St. John. Since the band got their short fatigue coats a few years ago, the long Prince Alberts have been laid aside. These coats, however, are almost as good as new, and it is proposed to press them into service again with a large amount of money expended on them. The fronts of the coats were formerly trimmed with black, but this will be replaced with gold braid an inch or so wide, and lots of it. Other improvements will also be made in the coats. The uniform hats, with the large blue and white plumes will be worn with the new uniform, and the combination will have a great effect. No finer plumes have ever been worn in the city than those owned by the city cornet band. They are what is called the fountain plume, and are very expensive. The band found this out when they purchased them some years ago. It happened that when they arrived here, they were two or three short of the number wanted, and the band sent away for more. There was some trouble in getting them, and it cost \$6 for each plume that adorned the bandmen's hats.

The members of the band say that these uniforms will only be used on parade, as on other engagements it would take all their time looking after them.

Notice To The Public.

Eugene V. Harrington, who for some weeks was engaged on commission canvassing for advertisements and subscriptions for Progress newspaper, is no longer connected in any capacity with this paper. EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher Progress, May 28, 1891.

WHICH DO YOU PREFER?

A Question That Appeals to All of "Progress" Readers.

A bright young lady has sent a question to Progress' letter box which is too wide and deep for an editorial answer. "Astra" could, no doubt, handle it in her own bright and inimitable fashion; but the question appeals to a wide circle of Progress readers, and it is only fair that every one who pleases should contribute his or her ideas upon the subject.

"Which is preferable, a long or a short engagement?"

That is the question and Progress fancies that every young man and young woman will hold up both hands and cry aloud, a short engagement! But stop and think if that is the meaning of the question. Which is to be preferred—taking into consideration a happy married life—a long or a short engagement? There are so many points to view it from that Progress imagines there will be a wide difference of opinion. The experiences of the "engaged period" are often the pleasantest in the lives of some men and women. They will probably say they wish the engagement had lasted for ever. The experiences of married people and the opinions of unmarried people will no doubt differ widely and both be interesting and entertaining. Progress wants every man and woman who has an opinion on the subject to send it forward for publication. No name need accompany the article except some *nom de plume*. The opinions should be as concise as possible, and the earlier they reach Progress office the better chance they will have of appearing in the collection of opinions published in next week's issue.

He Agreed With the Preacher.

Last Sunday morning a Richibucto preacher was discoursing from the story of Ahab and Jezebel. Towards the close of the sermon he addressed himself particularly to the male portion of the congregation, exhorting them to choose for their life partners the quiet, meek, plain woman and not be attracted by great show of dress and ornaments, which should rather serve as a reason to warn them away. At this juncture a gentleman, who has been on the sea of matrimony and is said to be seriously thinking of making another voyage, cried out in an election-campaign voice, "Hear! hear!"

The Prices of Several Gates.

According to the report of the committee each Boss Chesley and Boss Kelly \$80 cost to go to Ottawa and return. The itemized bill would make interesting reading. Still, according to the public accounts, Solicitor-General Pugsley's record about in one's pocket than a small piece of silver. It always manages to get out no matter how anxious one may be to save it. When it once gets into the bank, however, the chances are that it will stay there until it has lots of company.

Going to Start at Last.

There is a statement abroad to the effect that the new company behind the New York line of steamers is a very strong one. It is also said that one or two gentlemen largely interested in the International line have much stock in the New York line. The advertising done by the company since last fall has cost them a pretty good penny, and all the time there was no boat on the route. The wharf rent was paid promptly, and so will the other accounts, Progress understands.

Another Carload for "Progress."

Progress has used more than 250,000 sheets of paper in the last three months, and in the station today there is another carload of fine white paper for its use. This is the best answer that can be made to those who doubt or question the circulation of this paper. There are very few who do so, because they have only to use their eyes either in St. John or anywhere else in the province, to know that it is more largely circulated than any paper printed in the city.

They are Fast Friends, Now.

Some of the policemen if they must wear white gloves, want to have them clean and bright looking. With only one pair of gloves this is a difficult task, and some of the men say they are tired washing them. Others, however, have struck a better idea. They have become very friendly with the city coachmen. These gentlemen always have a stock of white gloves. They get a pair at every funeral they attend, and have no further use for them, unless they join the force.

A Chance for the Boys.

To earn some money is the ambition of every boy. Many of them in the country are doing this selling Progress. The number is increasing every week, and when a boy is once started, he does not appear to have any trouble getting customers.

Umbrellas Repaired. Dues, 949 Union Street.

Umbrellas repaired. Dues, 949 Union Street.

2 IN CHURCH OR AT HOME.

WHERE WILL YOU DECIDE TO BE MARRIED?

In Your Home or Before the Altar?—A Question of Some Importance to Brides of the Near Future—The Different Effect in Different Places—Small Weddings.

After a bride has settled the first and most important point concerning her wedding—after she has named the day—the next question for her to consider is: Where shall the ceremony take place? Shall she be married in church or at her own home? It might seem to one who has not carefully considered the subject, as if this question were primarily one of expense, and it would be so if all the church weddings were on the elaborate scale with which dwellers in large cities are now familiar.

But as it is entirely possible to be married in church in an extremely quiet and unostentatious way, in the presence of half a dozen witnesses only, and as home weddings are sometimes magnificent affairs, it is evident that expense is not the primary condition in this matter.

The question of where a wedding ceremony shall take place is largely a matter of individual feeling and sentiment.

Every one desires to defer to the wishes of the bride on the most important day of her life, and, as she will be the "white star" of the occasion, it is fitting that she should arrange all the details of the great event in accordance with her own tastes and feelings. As she is the person principally concerned in the drama which is to be enacted, no one will think her selfish if she does so.

It may be held that the bridegroom should take an equal interest in the ceremony, but he usually does not, and, as we all know, little attention is ordinarily paid to him. It would take too long to analyze the reasons of this different attitude of public sentiment toward the bride and the groom, which we must accept since it exists.

A bride who is wise and kind will not in this or in any similar matter, go counter to the wishes of her future husband where he has decided views and finds it hard to relinquish them.

According to the belief of some religious denominations a peculiar sacredness attaches to a church edifice. This Roman Catholics and Episcopalians hold that after a building has once been formally consecrated to the service of God—which cannot occur until it is free from debt—it is essentially holy, and different from all secular buildings.

A young girl who was about to be married, was urged by a ritualist friend to have her marriage solemnized in church. She was on the point of yielding to the representations of the latter, when a third young girl said, "You speak of sacred places. Is there any place more sacred to you than your home?" The bride was so much impressed with the remark that she decided to be married in her father's house.

When a young lady does not consider it as a religious duty to be married in one place rather than another, she will, if she be a person of sentiment, consider the influences, both solemn and joyful, to which she and her friends will be subject in church and at home.

The wedding ceremony is a peculiar one in that it involves such a variety of emotions in the hearts, not only of the bride and groom, but of the whole bridal party, and it is the beginning of a new life. But as it is, therefore, the ending of the old life and change from old to new conditions, it is an occasion from which sadness and solemnity are never absent.

A bride will wish to have her wedding a bright and happy affair, but she will wish it to be impressive also to others as well as to herself. Therefore, she will weigh the matter carefully in her mind before she decides between a church wedding and a ceremony performed within the walls of her own house. She will weigh the former as usual, and arrange to have the grand tones of the organ bursting out in a wedding march, seems to give a special blessing to the occasion. To those who love music it is an indispensable adjunct of all high festivals. A quartette, or chorus of voices, is sometimes employed at a house wedding, and the effect of this arrangement is often very good.

The marriage service is addressed to the eye, however, quite as much as to the ear, and the bride will naturally desire that the scene shall present a beautiful and impressive picture to the eyes of her friends. It is very certain that a house wedding has an individuality and a charm about it which we seldom find inside of a church edifice. Church weddings are very much like one another, because churches are very much alike, and because their interiors cannot be as easily modified and changed as those of dwelling houses. Of course much depends upon the church and upon the house. Ascension church in New York, for instance, with its wonderfully beautiful painting rising to the ceiling behind the high altar, lends itself admirably to the decorative effects, especially where a wealth of tall palms soften the view and decorate the chancel steps. A wedding party standing against this background presents a beautiful picture.

A bride will naturally pay attention to questions of expediency and convenience. If she lives in an apartment or in a small house, and if she has a large number of friends whose presence at the wedding ceremony she desires, she will probably prefer to be married in church.

But—and here we return again to the question of individual feeling, which is deeply interwoven with our whole subject—some brides object so strongly to the publicity of a church wedding that they cannot consent to being made a target for the eyes of all men—strangers as well as acquaintances—even for the sake of gathering around them the full number of their friends and well-wishers.

In a city a bride is often stared at as she drives through the streets or alights at the church door, in a manner that is unpleasant to her feelings. She is sometimes jostled in the church porch, or commented upon by rude urchins or street ruffians in a way which jars upon her highly wrought nerves. A young woman who is a belle and a beauty, and about whom public interest is much aroused, often objects, therefore, to "making a spectacle of herself," as she calls it. Many modest and charming girls, however, are married in church, as I need scarcely say.

Some persons consider that a home wedding is a more trying ordeal than one in church. They say that in a drawing room the bride stands so much nearer to the rest of the company that she is obliged to pass so close to them—as she stands at the altar—she feels much more embarrassment than she would in a church where the broad aisle separates her from her guests as she passes up it, and where none but the bridal party can be near her as she stands at the altar. We must remember that the separation which a church wedding effects between

WHAT COULD BE DONE

IF NOVA SCOTIANS WOULD WAKE UP AND INVEST MONEY.

The Young Men Would Stay at Home, and the Country Would be Prosperous—The Results of Inactivity and Drowsiness—Leaving for a Worse Country.

HALIFAX, May 27.—The papers the other day announced that a young business man, who had acquired a comparatively comfortable share of the world's goods, had sold his property and interests here and left for the western states to speculate in silver mines at Nevada. The announcement is silver mines at Nevada. The announcement is silver mines at Nevada. The announcement is silver mines at Nevada.

But to leave Nova Scotia just at this stage of her life is, in my opinion, a mistake; we are, I think, on the verge of an epoch. An epoch of progress. The people are becoming better educated into the worth of their country, and it only needs a little patriotism and speculation to commence a glorious boom.

Let me in conclusion quote what Sam Slick said on this same subject, a few generations ago. "Now as a disinterested man," said the clock maker, "I say it the richest and most profitable, instead of raising 'up ghosts and hobgoblins to frighten folks with, and to show what workmen they be, a cuttin' and thrustin' at phantoms that only exist in their own brains, would turn to, heart and hand, and develop the resources of this fine country, facilitate the means of transport, promote its internal improvement, and encourage its foreign trade, they would make it the happiest and greatest, as it now is one of the happiest sections of all America. I hope I may be skinned if they wouldn't—they would, I swan." MAC.

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HALIFAX BIG CITY DEBT.

Ald. Sweet—I must find room on the load for this little loan for water supplies. Halifax—How much more do they think I can bear? My back is almost broken now.

bride and her friends, has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. The solemnity of feeling which almost every one feels in a church, erects a barrier between the bride and her friends, and although this may save her from some embarrassment, it also deprives her of the privilege of receiving the expression of the sympathy of her friends when her emotion and theirs is at its height.

Why should we not give way to simple, natural feeling? Why should we not rejoice in sharing it with our friends instead of keeping them at arms length? The English custom of repairing to the vestry-room, and there having the registry signed by the bride and groom, is a method which usually prevails in this country.

It must be said that church weddings are now very much in fashion, largely, I think, because they give an opportunity for display. If a bride wishes to have a bridal procession with a number of bridesmaids, if the wedding is to be a showy and expensive affair, a church will probably be selected as the scene of the ceremony, because there is more room for display and a larger audience can be accommodated.

Where an intended bride deserts her own church because it is "stuffy" or "unfashionable," and selects instead some more fashionable place of worship, does she not show herself wanting in true feeling on the day when a display of worldliness seems most incongruous and unfitting?

One advantage of a large wedding over a small one, and therefore, in most cases, of a church wedding, is that the bride is likely to receive a greater number of presents. While it is not necessary for all who are invited to a church wedding to send wedding gifts, many prefer to do so, and the invitation serves as a reminder to their friendly offers.

A marriage, however, which is to be a true marriage—one of mutual affection and respect, should not be arranged with a view to fashion nor yet to worldly gain, in the matter of presents or in any other matter. Let every intending bride take her own heart as her guide, and arrange to have a festival of her life in a way that will give to herself and others, the greatest peace and happiness, not only at the moment, but as a bright and cheering memory throughout life.—Florence Howe Hall.

A Change for the Better. Mr. John C. Miles now has his studio in the telephone building on Prince William street, and the change has been for the better. The new rooms are larger, better lighted, and in every way more suited for good work. The summer term has just commenced, and a very large number of pupils are in attendance daily, receiving instruction in drawing and painting, and many of them are making remarkable progress. Miss Annie Hart, one of the pupils, is at work on a large painting of the Madonna for the church at St. Stephen, and Miss McCarty of Portland is painting a life size portrait of Hon. John Costigan, both of which give promise of being valuable pictures when finished. Messrs. John C. Miles and Fred H. C. Miles instruct their pupils personally, and have succeeded in awakening a remarkable interest in art in this city.

The Sailor at the Ball. They gave a ball up town last night; I had a girl in And she was rigged right up in style, I'll have you all to know; She had a bran new suit of silks, from scupper up to truck; And held her eye right in the wind, as dainty as a duck. Her dress was bent on to her arms with bands in some queer way; And then 'twas cut down fore and aft, which means decolletay.

They must have got the thing too long—you never saw such gear— It had a dozen reefs in front, and yet it wasn't clear; She had it guyed up in the ways—it hung off in her wake; And rose and fell just like a swell, without a sign of break. 'Twas made of figured satin and in all respects was chaste; But when I swung the girl around, the gear, as I could see; Was not cleared up altho' she, as such stuff like that should be; And if I'd been less careful with that silk and satin dress; Her halliards might have parted and there'd been a pretty mess.—Tom Masson in Cloak Reeler.

For use of K. D. C. is convincing proof that this the sample package send three cent stamp to

THE GREAT SUMMER OF CURES EFFECED BY

MONIALS WITH OUR GUARANTEE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS

They don't seem to be able to see beyond their quaint of codfish or hog-head of rum. They are not enterprising, and they won't be pushed into activity. So the better class of our citizens, who deplore this inherent Acadian drowsiness that characterizes our older men and leaders, cannot blame the young men for pulling up their staves and seeking more propitious surroundings.

But to leave Nova Scotia just at this stage of her life is, in my opinion, a mistake; we are, I think, on the verge of an epoch. An epoch of progress. The people are becoming better educated into the worth of their country, and it only needs a little patriotism and speculation to commence a glorious boom.

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

THIS GENT Looks satisfied, pleased, and contented. What makes him so? He's in a nice fitting suit, a nice looking suit. One of ours, like this, would look well on you. Try one on sometime—you may buy it if you see it. They're so nice. If you want a business suit, why we can fix you—Outing Summer Suits, in large lots, very cheap, from \$3.75 up. A nice Blue Serge Suit, very cheap. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO. COR. KING AND GERMAIN.

A Boon to Health! AND A HOUSEHOLD SAFEGUARD. "PEARL" WATER FILTER. WHY persist in drinking unfiltered water, polluted with animal and decaying vegetable matter, and in large towns with factory refuse, sewers and impurities from adjacent dwellings, thus breeding typhoid, malarial fevers, bowel diseases, cholera, and a whole train of kindred evils, when you can purchase a "PEARL" WATER FILTER FOR \$1.00. If your faucet has not a thread upon it, we can supply at small cost an adjustable thread, which is always handy. Price of Filter, \$1.00. Adjustable Thread Connection, 35c. Get one, and ensure pure water. MANUFACTURED BY T. McAVITY & SONS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Brantford Safety Bicycles Take the Lead. THEY ARE BUILT FOR CANADIAN ROADS, NOT ENGLISH WALKS. THIS LETTER SPEAKS VOLUMES. MONROE, May 7, 91. Messrs. C. E. BURNHAM & SON, St. John, N. B. GENTLEMEN.—In answer to your inquiry as to what is my opinion of the BRANTFORD SAFETY BICYCLE, I have much pleasure in stating that the BRANTFORD SAFETY, purchased in the Spring of 1890, has given me entire satisfaction. I have been riding for several years past, having ridden the same in all the national and provincial championships, and had a wheel that could stand on rough roads, or give me the comfort and satisfaction of a "Light" or "Road" SAFETY. Writing you a large sale for 1891. I remain, yours, etc. W. C. TOOLE, P. O. Dept., Moncton, N. B.

Brantford Safeties, Ladies' Safety Bicycles, Rob Roys, Little Giants, cone and ball bearings; Rockets and Pet Safeties. Full stock on the way from the manufacturers; a limited supply on hand. Send for complete catalogue, which includes Tricycles, Velocipedes, and Cycle Sundries, to suit all wants. C. E. BURNHAM & SON, - - - - St. John, N. B. N. B.—For the accommodation of our friends, especially outside of the city, who will like to see our Stock on the Queen's Birthday, we will open on May 25th, from 7 a. m. to 12 o'clock. The Ladies' Safeties will be in them.

Have You Seen Our New Roaster? If not, this cut will give you a fair idea of it. MADE IN FOUR SIZES, For Roasting Meats, Game, Poultry, Etc. For Baking Bread, Biscuit, Cake, Pudding, Etc. Every Housekeeper should have one. The price is so low as to be within the reach of all, and runs from \$1.20 to \$2.00 each.

OUR PRESENT STOCK OF TINWARE, HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE, AND NOVELTIES, HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALLED BEFORE. EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince William Street. P. S.—Now is the time to buy a Refrigerator. We have 12 sizes, ranging from \$10.00 upwards.

THORNE BROS. SPECIALTIES IN HEADWEAR. Uniform Caps, Tennis Caps, Children's Caps, Embracing many attractive novelties. GENTS' FINE FLEXIBLE STIFF HATS. CHILDREN'S STRAW AND LEGHORN HATS. Thorne Bros. 93 KING STREET.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 Germain street, St. John, N. B.

The subscription price of Progress is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Discontinuances.—Except in very few localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

The circulation of this paper is over 9,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every part of the cities, towns and villages of the Province.

Liberal Contributions will be given to agents for subscriptions. Good men, with references, can secure territory, by writing to the publisher.

Remittances should be made by Postal Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 30.

CONCERNING SKEPTICISM.

THE REV. CHARLES SHAKESPEARE attributes all progress to "a wise and rational skepticism." It is stating the case too strongly to say that skepticism is the working of the divine within us? The word itself frightens people. To the preachers of a school, now dying out, no corner of Hades was hot enough for the skeptic.

The days of these super-orthodox people is fast passing away, not without much lament on the part of those timid people who think the universe will go to pieces if it is not run according to their notions. We have no right to assume that it was any part of the divine plan to give mankind an absolute and infallible guide.

Money talks. The CZAR has been running things with a pretty high hand, setting first one power and then another at defiance, but he reckoned without his host when he began his recent prosecution of the Jews.

Some time ago an astronomer named HALL discovered that Mars had a set of moons which revolved around the planet in a direction contrary to that in which all other known planetary bodies move.

ence, which many persons affect nowadays, there is a profound difference. In religious thought a constant evolution is going on. Our conception of things are broadening, and one of the lessons the world is slowly learning is that differences of opinion, hitherto thought to be irreconcilable, may be made to harmonize, that many of the disputers that have vexed pious souls have been simply matters of words, without any real principle involved in them.

MEN AND THINGS.

A passenger was killed on the Canadian Pacific railway the other day. This is the first case of the kind in the history of the railway. That is a wonderful record, and shows how safe it is to travel by rail.

There are four transcontinental railways completed and running at least one train each way daily. These trains deliver daily their transcontinental terminus at least 2,000 people every day, who have crossed from ocean to ocean. Now think of it. Every day two thousand men, women, and children complete a journey of from 3,000 to 4,000 miles in perfect safety.

The Prince of Wales owes a million and a half dollars, principally the result of losses at cards and on the turf; at least so say the correspondents of the American papers. H. R. H. is a constant source of trouble to our neighbors.

A learned officer of the Smithsonian Institute has succeeded in demonstrating that it is scientifically possible for a man to navigate the air. He shows that it is simply a question of motion, that theoretically at least it is possible with our present steam engines to develop speed enough to keep them aloft in the air.

The president of the New Brunswick university announces that \$600 has been secured for five years toward supporting the new chair of philosophy, and that a committee will soon begin to ask for the additional \$400. What then, Mr. President? When the five years have expired, will the new chair follow their example?

tatoes came, and he has laid the continent from the mountains to the Atlantic under tribute. But he has never gone west. Whether the Rocky mountains were too lofty to be scaled, or pioneer society was ungenerous, the fact remains that this little striped nuisance has treated the potato fields of the Pacific coast with absolute contempt.

President HARRISON has finished his great excursion. On the way he had the usual assortment of addresses presented to him, in many of which he was congratulated that the fact of his travelling without a body guard was a proof of the esteem in which the government was held by the people, and a contrast was in some instances made with the European nations.

The president in his replies did not show much judgment. He seems to have accepted the compliments as a matter of course, and to have talked chiefly about himself. Everyone else knew that the people did not turn out in compliment to BENJAMIN HARRISON, personally, but to see him as the chief officer of a great nation; but such a notion never seemed to enter the presidential noddle.

The excellence of Maxwell Grey's great novel The Silence of Dean Maitland prompts one to purchase in the Heart of the Storm which has just been issued in the "red letter series," and is for sale at Alfred Morrissey's. While it cannot be called equal to his first book, In the Heart of the Storm is far above the average novel, very interesting and well worth reading.

Criticism and Fiction by W. D. Howell's (Harper and Bros., New York) comes to us from Messrs. J. & A. McMillan. It is one of the handsomest dollar volumes we have ever seen. The title and author, of whom there is a delicate etching for a frontispiece, are sufficient to commend the book to the attention of any reader of good fiction.

NOUVELLES FRANCAISES.

L'Anniversaire de la Naissance de la Reine qui est le plus fatigant, un jour de travail ordinaire, mais on en juge par les mots que l'on rencontre le lendemain d'un jour de fête un dirait que c'était le dernier.

On dit que c'est une preuve spéciale d'une civilisation avancée que de pouvoir faire les choses anglaises d'une manière agréable, mais si cela est, car on dit également que c'est la marque d'un anglais de prendre tout même ses plaisirs sérieusement. Mais peut-être quelque chose à désirer dans la civilisation anglaise? Cette réflexion est inopportune, on ne peut pas croire cela.

Un de nos amis nous a écrit une lettre très intéressante sur la situation de la France, et sur les relations de la France avec l'Angleterre. Il dit que la France est un pays qui a beaucoup de ressources, mais qui ne les utilise pas suffisamment.

POEM WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

My Grandmother. My grandmother's lost her youthfulness, Her locks are now turned grey, And wrinkles take the place of smiles— She's fading every day.

My grandmother's lost her youthfulness, Her eyes grow dim with tears, Yet still within her heart there shines Some light of other years; For oft she'll speak in merry tones, Smile, as in youth she smiled, And o'er her heart some memory steals Of when she was a child.

My grandmother's lost her youthfulness, Her step has grown slow, The graceful form has learned to stoop, The bright cheek lost its glow, Her weary hands have grown so thin, Her dear hand trembles now; "Passing away" in sad, deep lines, Is traced upon her brow.

My grandmother's lost her youthfulness, Her smiles are just as kind, Her tones to us are soft as erst— Where should we despair find. But as we note the trembling tongue, And mark the stooping form, A sad voice whispers to our hearts— "Ye cannot keep her long."

My grandmother's lost her youthfulness, We see it every day, And feel more dearly the truth, She soon must pass away. Ah! even now the "boatman pale" We fear is hovering high; Waiting, with white sails all unfurled, He will not heed our cry.

But gently bear the weariest form Into the phantom boat, She will not fear—Christ be before, The way will not be dark; And safe beyond the troubled stream, Her tired heart's strife o'er, My angel grandmother, glorified, Will grow old nevermore.

SARAH H. MCKEE.

When he was here, All nature teemed with glad delight; The wintry day shone warm and bright; Less dark and drear the wintry night— When he was here.

Since he has gone, The happy hours are fraught with chill; A mockery is each gay bird's trill; While sadly parts the silvery rill— Since he has gone.

When he was here, The happy hours sped quick away; And shorter seemed each joyous day; The precious moments would not stay— When he was here.

Since he has gone, How slow doth old Time wing his flight! The day lags on and ne'er seems bright; And tears rain thro' the long, long night— Since he has gone.

CASEY TAP.

A SONG OF LONG AGO. A song of long ago, sing it lightly—sing it low— Sing it softly—like the lapping of the lips we need to know,

Like the fragrant summer breeze, and the leaves of locust trees, And the apple buds and blossoms, and the wings of all palpitate with glee, till the happy harmony Brings back each childish joy to you and me.

Let the eyes of fancy turn where the tumbled grass lies burn Like embers in the orchard's lap of tumbled grass and fern; And let the wayward wind, still singing, plod behind The cinder press—the good old-fashioned kind!

Blend in the song the moan of the dove that grieves alone, And the wild whirr of the locust and the bumble's drowsy drone. And the low of cows that call thro' the pasture bars, when all The landscape fades away, at eventide.

Then, far away, and clear, thro' the dusky atmosphere, Let the wailing of the kidee be the only sound you hear. Oh, woe, and sad and low, as the memory may know, Is the glad, pathetic song of long ago!

—Jas. Whitcomb Riley.

Chats With Correspondents. Moncton, Halifax, Amherst and Windsor correspondents arrived so late this week that it came very near making the acquaintance of the "waste basket." That would be a most undesirable introduction, but our bright contributors must remember that mails and trains wait for no newspaper, and that it is not the press but the post that is the enemy.

What a Neighboring Town Thinks. The St. John Progress contains a well written sketch of the booming town of Amherst, also cuts of the town and many of its most pushing business men. As an advertisement it is worth thousands of dollars to Amherst. We hope Progress will "do" Pictou.—Pictou Standard.

The Only One in Town. John Frodham, on Waterloo street has the only feather bed renovator in town. This is worth knowing, and people who have tried to make a feather bed like it should be, have recognized this fact.

Is History as Charitable? A professor's little daughter in Vermont was asked at school to find out everything she could about Napoleon Bonaparte. When, accordingly, she plied her father with a multitude of eager questions that evening, he stipulated that first he should know all she knew herself.

Imprecious Artist.—"Never—no, never no more will I enter that low shop again. To ask me to take the picture out and then he'd lend me a trifle on the frame! The madness of revenge is on me; I'll to another shop."

Neat nomenclature isn't a thing confined to racing circles. A woman in the suburbs has just named one of her hens Macduff, so that it may lay on.

"I'm not in it," as the poor woman said on viewing a sealskin jacket in a shop-window.

MR. COLUMBUS OF CHICAGO.

The Many Difficulties and Dangers Which Surrounded His Voyage of Discovery.

At last our worst fears are realized. The wires bring us intelligence this morning which confirms the report of the death of the celebrated navigator, Christopher Columbus. The late Mr. Columbus was born in 1435, or 1436 A. D., if my memory does not fail me. Though his parents were democratic in their religious tendencies, they managed to secure for him a good education, and in his later years he often boasted that his inshoots and up-curves were never successfully gotten "on to" by his fellow-students.

One day the late Mr. Columbus received word that his Blankiana Lottery ticket had drawn a long breath, merely, and he conceived the idea of a western passage to India. But he could get no assistance to carry out his project, though offering to write his patron's name in ten-foot letters across the continent, in India ink. The shocking hurry in which the necessary colonial letter did not fly to his arms greatly grieved the sturdy Genoan.

Isabella of Spain saw his project in a favorable light and provided him with three vessels—the Pinta, the Nina and the Ponce. On August 3rd, 1492, he sailed with the vessels and sighted St. Salvador island on the 11th of October, and Cuba on the 28th of the same month. When he returned, the Spaniards called out the city cornet band and walked him (Mr. C.—, not the band) around the market square two or three times, and a blond-haired young poet in St. John, N. B., wrote him for his autograph, sending him a steamed sonnet as evidence of his honorable intentions.

Of course Columbus could not have reached such eminence and fame without exciting envy in the breasts of less fortunate or courageous brethren. While on his second trip, many evil stories were circulated concerning him. Some said that he was contributing direct poetry to the leading weeklies of the country, while others said he was secretly advocating the annexation of Cuba to Canada, with Sir John A. Macdonald as Mudir of Havana.

The discoverer's return in 1496 stifled these rumors, especially as he returned with great treasures, such as \$5,000 post offices and other gems. While on his third voyage, these stories became so frequent that the Spanish court sent out Dan U're Piktchir to the new world to investigate. The Don arrested deceased and brought him to Spain. The Spaniards gave him his liberty, but divested him of his authority as minister to Washington, which post was given to Don Nicholas Ovando, of Ohio. Thus, after acquiring much fame and wealth for the king and queen of Spain, he was the great navigator displaced.

Their promises to further his expeditions were, however, kept, and in 1502 he left on his fourth voyage in charge of four small caravels, the largest of which was of only seventy tons burthen. During this trip he was shipwrecked and underwent great physical suffering. He noticed in a newspaper that Sears's Post cured a man's only daughter whom the doctors had concluded to let alone, and Columbus decided to try it. When sufficiently recovered he set sail and reached Spain on November 7th, 1504. In vain he looked for reward for his services.

Isabella has gone over with the silent majority, and her husband was subscribing to several matrimonial journals and couldn't possibly attend to Mr. C. This disappointment, added to his bodily infirmities, hastened his death, and on the 20th day of May, 1506, Christopher W. Columbus breathed his last. (This last is now in writer's possession, where it can be seen by visitors on Sunday afternoons.) His services were indeed important. He had discovered America, with its beautiful authorized lotteries and timber-limit concessions; and in his last personally-conducted tour he had received intelligence of Mexico's immense wealth, which was destined to largely augment the revenues of Spain. His loss will be most keenly felt, in 1893, at Chicago (one of his discoveries) upon which occasion the whole world shall pay fitting homage to the memory of its most illustrious navigator, and hotel accommodation shall be quoted at 5 @ 20. CASEY TAP.

KEEPING CITY BOARDERS.

An Industry at which Enterprising Country Women Make Money.

It does not seem to be generally understood by country people that the keeping of boarders is as much a branch of regular trade as the selling of dry goods or the running of a newspaper. It is said to be the third largest industry in the State of Maine, vying in its results with those of the lumber, ice and hay crops there. Hundreds of other women would be glad to do the same thing if they only knew how. At the risk of saying much that is stale, these few words have been prepared with a few to helping such women. The keeping of summer boarders is a legitimate branch of money-making. Others have prospered at it. Why may you?

In the first place, your house should be well situated, where no suspicion of malaria can touch it. The barn should not be too near. You are fortunate if your rooms are large, but even if they are not, if other circumstances are favorable, this objection may not prove a bar to your success. If the nights are cool in your region, it makes little difference about sleeping rooms so long as they are clean and well furnished. Mattings are best for the floors, with rugs—home-made rugs, or pieces of rag carpet will do. It is well if you can have pretty furniture; if you cannot, be sure that it is strong and clean. Be certain of these things, or any light material. Your beds must have springs. If you cannot afford expensive hair mattresses, get good fresh ones of some other kind. Most city people are prejudiced against fresh ones. Try to provide an abundance of sheets, pillow cases, towels and table linen; in case your supply is not large, wash often those that you have.

Most city people do not care to breakfast before half past seven or eight in the morning. By breakfasting yourself at half-past five or six—and do not try to work until you have eaten—you can accomplish much of the heaviest part of the work, before your boarders are astir. If you do this, however, retire early at night. You must have sleep.

Try to use blankets as far as possible, instead of comfortable, which are much less wholesome. Many of our best hotels are buying their towels in the piece, cutting them off and hemming them. Such towels wear better than fringed ones. Fringed household linen of any sort, unless it be dollies, is not an economical investment for hard-worked people. All towels and napkins should be as large as can be afforded. Do not try to do too much work with your own hands. Even if you have only three or four in your family, unless they are all able to help you, do not undertake to care for more than one or two outsiders without the services of a strong woman. Often, a little girl or boy can be trained to wait on the table, to perform many little services in the kitchen, and to attend to the extra fires so often required in country houses; but too many helpers are a hindrance. Train all your assistants to be quiet in their motions, especially in the early morning. A house where everything is knocking and banging about is distressing. Arrange to have all helpers and the men who work on the farm, eat at a different hour from the boarders. See that screens are provided for every door and window. The plague of flies may neutralize all your efforts.

Serve the dinner in courses, even if there are only two, removing all traces of the first course before putting on the second. A clean napkin and a plate will answer for brushing off crumbs, if possible, which are set in puddings and jellies are served, should be in plates. Hot courses should be always served in hot plates. The food set before your boarders will most influence their opinion of your place. They will often endure annoyances in other respects, if they have wholesome and well-prepared fare. They want, especially, distinctively country products—milk and cream, eggs, fruits and vegetables. Plant plenty of peas, beans, lettuce, beets, squashes, tomatoes and sweet corn—and plant them early, starting them in the house or in a hot-bed, if possible. Though you should own a good modern cook-book and know how to make a variety of cakes and desserts, yet your boarders will not require much "made food" if they can only have an abundance of ripe fruit. Early apple-trees are a fascinating feature to city boarders; so are pear, plum and peach-trees.

Good soups, particularly the various cream soups now so fashionable, can be made at slight expense, and add a great deal to the appearance and enjoyment of a dinner. From your flock of chickens, if cooked in different ways, the main feature of two or three dinners each week can be procured. Fresh meat of some sort must always be served at dinner.

If there are any natural curiosities, any fine views, or anything worth seeing in your vicinity, find out all about them, and be ready to direct your guests to them. If you must charge something for the moderate use of your horses and vehicles, make the price small. Reaching shakes confidence at once. Some safe person should be employed, if necessary, to bring the mail at least as often as once each day.

Ice is a great help, but can be dispensed with if your drinking water is from a cool spring, and if you have a cool place in which to keep your supplies. The people who go to these quiet farmhouse houses are usually mothers with young children, often ill-behaved and trying; or invalids who are full of whims. But remember the arrangement between you and them is purely a business one, and that in the way of business one must be brought in contact with all sorts of people.

The cost of board at farmhouse varies, according to the fare and accommodations provided, from three to seven dollars per week, five dollars being the common rate. Clean, comfortable beds, savory food, and the evidence of a sincere desire on the part of hosts to make their guests happy; keeping a pleasant parlor neat for them, level grounds in order for their games, hooks for their hammocks, and as many inexpensive devices as possible for their comfort; these will be pretty sure to produce satisfaction on both sides.—Ladies' Home Journal.

"Hark! Somebody is playing a delightful bit of Wagner." "O! that's only Janies shovelling coal into the furnace."

Advertisement for 'Making' products, including LOGAN Indispensable for all Made on WIRE, REFRIGERATOR WATER SHERA, and I GO TROUT Camp Blankets. BE SURE AND ESTEY & CO. PEARL WHITE.

CITY BOARDERS.

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LOGAN'S IDEAL SOAP. Full Pound Indispensable in every well regulated family for all Household and Laundry purposes. Made only by W. LOGAN ST. JOHN, N. B.

WIRE FLOWER STANDS. WIRE HANGING BASKETS, from 10c. to 25c. Wire Flower Trainers, Hooks for Hanging Baskets, Lawn Vases, with Reservoirs, Wire Window Screens.

REFRIGERATORS, FROM \$9.00 TO \$30.00. WATER FILTERS, WATER COOLERS, ETC.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 39 KING STREET.



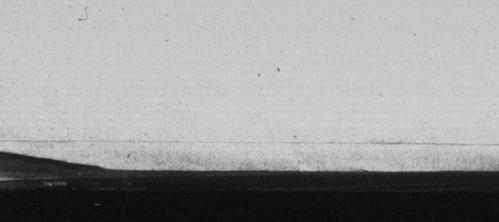
FRY'S COCOA

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS DEALERS. I GO A FISHING! SEND IN YOUR ORDERS EARLY FOR TROUT AND SALMON TACKLE OF ALL KINDS. Camp Blankets, Wading Pants and Boots; Leather Jackets, Rubber Coats.

ESTEY & CO. - 58 PRINCE WM. STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

C. FLOOD & SONS, ST. JOHN. Base Balls, Lawn Tennis, Cricket, Croquet, Footballs, Archery, Etc. Sporting Goods of every description. Hammocks; Tennis, Cricket, and Running Shoes. Send for Catalogue.—wholesale and retail.

PEARL WHITE TEETH LADIES who would like Pearl White Teeth, should use ENAMELLINE. An exquisitely Fragrant Preparation for PRESERVING, WHITENING, AND BEAUTIFYING THE TEETH. ENAMELLINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price 35 Cents. T. B. BARKER & SONS, PROPRIETORS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.



St. John—South End. It was undoubtedly queen weather on Monday last on which the queen's birthday was celebrated, and boats and trains were crowded with pleasure seekers who wished to get their first breath of country air. A great many picnics were given, and Rothesay seemed to be the favorite resort, but I do not know by whom they were all given. One, however, was given up by Mr. D. Russell Jack and Mr. Thomas Millidge at their camp at Rothesay which they have fitted up in a comfortable though rustic style for the summer. A handsome lunch was provided by the hosts, who were assisted in laying the table and cooking meals, etc. by some of their lady guests, which redounded no little fun and merriment. Boating was enjoyed by many on the river, and before leaving for town the whole party was photographed by Mr. Herbert Tilley. Amateur photography is now so fashionable that no picnic seems complete without a camera. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Louis Millidge, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gilbert, the Misses Gilbert, Miss Walker, Miss Rosa Street, Mr. B. Gilbert, Miss Annie Puddington, Mr. I. Allen Jack, Mr. Wm. Jack, Miss Marion Jack, Mr. A. Hagen, Mr. B. Hagen, Miss Travers, the Misses Parks, Mr. W. Parks, Mr. Gillis Keator, the Misses Millidge, Mr. Herbert Tilley, Mr. J. McDonald, Miss F. King, Miss Josie Troop, Mr. A. Thomson and others.

Another pleasant picnic also took place at Rothesay, which has become an annual affair on the queen's birthday, and is got up by Mrs. J. C. Allison, the Misses Smith and other friends. Each lady provided a basket of refreshments and the usual picnic pastime—boating, sailing and playing games—were indulged in. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Allison, Mrs. R. C. Grant, the Misses Smith, the Misses Snider, the Misses MacLaren, the Misses DeVeber, Miss Hazen, Miss Robinson, Mr. Short, Mr. Hart, Mr. G. Ruel, Mr. Bowser Smith, Mr. H. Robinson, Miss Albro, Miss Adams, Mr. P. Starr and others. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bayard (Welford) spent this week in St. John, the guests of Dr. Bayard, Germain street. Mr. Harry Scovill, son of Mr. E. G. Scovill, has returned home from Nebraska. Mr. Ford, organist of St. John's church, has returned home from a pleasant trip to Boston. Mrs. H. M. Hazen returned from Engand this week. Mrs. Chas. Merritt has gone to visit friends at Boston. Mr. J. Miller returned from Florida last week much improved in health. He left for Truro the day after his arrival, and will probably return to St. John with a bride. Mr. H. J. A. Godard left this week for Montreal, where he expects to reside. Mrs. Murray MacLaren and Miss Sara Nicholson left for Boston on Tuesday last. I regret to hear of the death of Mrs. Walter Purdy, which occurred on Wednesday last at her residence, Rothesay. Although an invalid for some months it was not thought her end was so near. Mr. Murray-Boyd has returned home from a holiday trip to Boston. Mr. Wylde, Halifax, is visiting in St. John. Mrs. Murray and Miss Katie Murray have returned from a visit to New York. Miss Wood (New York) is the guest of Mrs. Murray, Princess street, and Miss Bessie Schofield. Mrs. F. Burpee and Miss Kate Burpee spent Monday at Fredericton. Miss Helen Walker is visiting friends at Fredericton. Mr. Edward Allison is visiting St. Stephen, the guest of Mrs. Chipman. I understand Mr. Manchester, of the firm of Manchester, Robertson & Allison, has purchased the land on the corner of Orange and Carmarthen streets known as the Waterbury property, and intends erecting a handsome residence on it. The sad and sudden death at Winnepeg of Col. Taylor was heard with deep regret by many old friends in St. John. He was seized with a sudden stroke of apoplexy while on the march. He was well known in St. John, where he was stationed as deputy adjutant general. DEPARTURES. Mr. Thomas Barry and Mr. Edmund were the guests of Mrs. Perley, Pitt street Sunday evening. Mrs. Robt. Thompson, Garden street, is visiting friends at Upper Cambridge. Mrs. J. N. Dearborn, who has been sick with inflammation of the lungs since March, is able to be about, and will soon be out again on her trip. Mr. Dearborn and her nephew, Master Carroll Cragin, left last Friday by boat for Boston, and will be joined by her husband, Mr. Charles H. Dearborn, who has been in St. John all winter for his health, from there will go to Woodstock, Vermont, and visit his parents. Miss Bessie Purley and Miss Bessie Schofield have returned home from Halifax, where they have been attending college, on account of diphtheria there. Mr. Edward Sears and son (Albert) returned home Tuesday morning in absence of three months in New York. Mrs. Edward Sears and Master Ned Sears are well. Mrs. Sears will leave shortly for Toronto and Kingston, returning home by the way of Montreal. Notes: Notes: Lehigha Note, colored, all shades and made into the popular Fair Ship at Amherst Factory, Cor. Rydney and Leinster Sts., City. St. John—West End. Mr. Ronald Clark and Mr. W. Moore, of St. George, are spending this week at "La Trobe Place." Senator Lewin and Mrs. R. Lewin left for Ottawa on Monday. Mrs. Robertson, east end, held a very pleasant picnic at her summer residence, Mahogany road, on Monday. Her guests spent a very enjoyable day. Dr. Wille's sister from Springfield, spent a portion of last week with him. Mrs. Wm. Colwell is very ill at her home on King street. Miss Strange is at Westfield for a few days. Mr. G. H. Wright was called to Nova Scotia on business, almost immediately after his return from the Pacific coast. Dr. Henry Taylor, of St. George, spent a few days with his parents at West End. He returned to his home on Tuesday. Mrs. Harry Leonard, who has been quite ill, is improving. We are to have two weddings next week. On Wednesday the nuptials of Mr. W. H. Harding and Miss Coy will be celebrated, and on Thursday Miss Minnie Noble and Mr. Charles Letch will be united. The Misses Wilmot gave a delightful party at their father's summer residence on Monday. The party left town on the steamer Acadia, arrived at Woodman's Point about half past ten, where they went ashore and spent a most delightful day. Sports and amusements of all kinds were provided, also a most sumptuous dinner. I heard that they lost the down steamer. Oh! what thoughts, anxious thoughts, must of gone through the minds of some, until they found out they could get a train. The walk to Westfield was enjoyed by the whole party, who were accompanied by the train. The arrival in St. John about nine o'clock. The following are the names of the guests: Miss White, Miss Noble, Miss Stebbins, Miss Beasley, Miss Feters, Miss Fanny Scoboria, Miss Gertrude Scoboria, Miss Clark, Miss Mayne, Miss Beasley, Miss Elkanon, Miss Thompson, Miss Estey, Miss Katie Wilton, Miss Gregory, Miss Griffiths, Miss Olive, Miss Ritchie, Mr. Seashy, Dr. Kenney, Mr. Leitch, Mr. Cowan, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Baskin, (McAdam) Mr. Edin, Dr. Emerson, Dr. H. McLaughlin, formerly of West End—Mr. Clark, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Gregory, Mr. C. B. Allan, Mr. Olive, Mr. Brown, Mr. McLaughlin, Mr. Mayne, and others.

St. John—North End. Mr. Harry Wisely was the guest of Mrs. Taylor, of St. Stephen last week. Capt. Chalmers is home after a long absence. Messrs. Allan and Frank Courtney enjoyed a short vacation in Calais, this week, the guests of Mrs. Yeates. Miss Maggie Nash, who has been spending the winter with Miss Ford, of Boston, returned home this week. Dr. Maher spent a few days in St. Stephen this week. The first Tuesday in June I believe the day set for the marriage of a prominent young hardware merchant to a young lady, also of this end. Mr. Frank Watson, who has been spending a few days in Calais returned home on Wednesday. There was a large attendance at the lecture on "Waste" given by Rev. J. G. Stewart on Wednesday evening last in which the rector displayed a thorough knowledge of the subject. The Music Union of the city rendered some excellent music. Miss Jennie Hall in the solo "Turn thy face from this time," captivated the audience, and was warmly applauded. PEANUTS. FREDERICTON. [Peanuts are for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. T. H. Fensholt on the corner of St. John and St. George streets.] MAX 27.—The 24th was a gay day in the city. Not only was the sun alone forth with such splendor as it did on that beautiful day. The first thing heard in the morning was the tune of "God save the queen," well rendered by the military band which played in the officers square. A short time after the red coats assembled for review on the same square, and they did indeed look beautiful as the bright morning sun flashed on their bayonets. A little later on in the morning, the Citizens band struck up the same tune as they marched to head the procession of the Ancient Order of the Hibernians, which society had assembled to accompany the body of Mr. Frank Martin to his last resting place. It was a very pretty procession. Over a hundred members marched after the band in beaver hats and black suits, followed by great numbers of citizens. It was much quieter in the afternoon, as the base ball match between the soldiers and Lone Stars was a great attraction. Miss Plant, who has been spending the winter in Dorchester, is visiting her friends here. She is the guest of Mrs. Parker Glaiser. Miss Grace Winlow has gone to Hampton to make a short visit. Miss Bridges of Sheffield has been spending a few days with friends in the city. Miss Ada Henry and Miss Leighton of Woodville are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Lunn on Queen street. Mr. Smith of St. John spent Sunday and Monday with friends in Fredericton. Miss Susie Gregory is home from Boston and Portland. Miss Mary Robinson, who has been visiting friends in St. John, has returned home. Mrs. Forrester expects to leave next week for her new home, Quebec. Dr. Hyde will leave next week to visit some of the larger Canadian cities before he sails for his home on the other side of the Atlantic. Dr. Hyde has made hosts of friends during his short sojourn among us, and universal regret will be felt at losing so genial and entertaining a gentleman. His many friends may carry away with him some pleasant recollections of his Canadian winter. Miss Babbitt returned home from St. John last Friday. Mrs. Annette of St. John is here spending a few days with her friends. Miss Bessie Babbitt is going to St. John next Tuesday to visit friends. Miss Bessie Nell is home from the Ladies College of Halifax. Dr. Bailey left home on Monday for Montreal, to attend a meeting of the F. R. S. C. Mrs. Roberts, mother of Canon Roberts, is very ill at her son's residence. Miss Grace Winlow had quite a large picnic on Saturday out in the grove. Messrs. J. L. and W. M. Bailey expect to return home about the 1st of June to visit their parents. Mr. Henry Fair left on Monday for a fishing trip and expects to return on Saturday. Rev. Mr. Fraser, who officiated on Sunday, was the guest of Mr. Leonard Johnson during his stay in Fredericton. Mr. Turning will return to Fredericton next week for a short visit. He has been spending the winter at the Infantry school in Kingston, Ont. (Continued on Eighth Page.)

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. 61 AND 68 KING STREET.

FOR SMALL BOYS: ENGLISH JERSEY SUITS, With Blouse, Pants, and Cap, complete. Worth \$4.00 per Suit, will be sold by us for \$2.00. Get your Boy's Suit early, for the Sizes will soon be broken up. MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

12 KING STREET. TRUSTEES' SALE

TURNER & FINLAY STOCK We invite the Public, and our old Customers to share in the Bargains, each day brought to the front to be closed out. Remember also, this fact, all the goods ordered last November for Spring, are now open, viz.: Black Dress Goods, New Spring Shades in Serges, Cashmeres, and choice materials are now on our counters; 300 pairs Nottingham, Lace Curtains, made by Glasgow makers; Table Linens, Towelings, Shirts, White Cottons, Sheetings, Fancy Velvets, Black Brocades, Etc., Etc.

ALSO THESE FIVE LINES: AMERICAN SATINES, 12c. SAINT CROIX SHAKERS. LOT NO. 1. 90 Pieces, 2 1/2 inch, Printed Satines, all choice quality goods, in handsome styles. Positively the greatest bargain ever seen in cotton goods; regular retail price, 25c., to be closed out in our First department at this sale, at only half-price, 12 1/2 cts. GIBSON'S SHAKERS, 6c. LOT NO. 2. Choice quality, full width, choice patterns, the best quality ever offered by makers at any such value, at only 5c. AMERICAN SATINES, 9c. LOT NO. 2. 90 Pieces, 2 1/2 inch, printed choice stripes, small patterns and figures; this season's designs, summer colors. Just the thing for June meadows. Well worth 20c. yd. retail, offered at this closing out sale at only 9c. GIBSON'S SHAKERS, 6c. yd. LOT NO. 2. Same quality of cloth. More stylish patterns, only about one inch narrower; to close out this sale, at only 5c. yd.

SAMUEL C. PORTER, JAMES T. GILCHRIST, TRUSTEES.

Call and Examine our Ladies' Cloth Surface Waterproof Cloaks, Which we are selling at \$2.00 each; best value ever shown, are worth \$3.50. Our Dress Shields are extra good value. Save Eleven cents on every pair you use. A 20c. Shield for only

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE WATERPROOF AND ODORLESS 9 Cents pair, warranted.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE 65 CHARLOTTE STREET. Opp. King Square.

4 LINES OF LADIES' BUTTON BOOTS. Ladies' American Kid Boots, \$1.35 Ladies' Dongola Button Boots, 1.75 Ladies' Dongola Button Boots, 2.50 Ladies' French Kid Boots, 2.90 4 LINES GENTLEMEN'S BALMORALS. Gents' Grained Dongola Balmorals, \$2.50 Gents' Cordovan Button Boots, 2.50 Gents' Cordovan Balmorals, 2.75 Gents' Dongola Balmorals, 2.25 4 Misses' Button Boots, only 95c. Misses' Spring Heel Boots, \$1.10 Misses' Fine Button Boots, 1.08 Misses' Fine Calf Balmorals, 1.25 Children's Button Boots, 35c. 4 Boys' Rock Island Balmoral, \$1.25 Boys' Buff Balmoral, 1.30 Boys' Fine Balmorals, 1.65 Boys' Fine Calf Balmorals, 1.75 Youth's Balmorals, tap sole, 72c.

G. B. HALLETT, - - 108 KING STREET.

SUNSHADES! Having become a real necessity, we ask the careful attention of buyers to our immense stock, now being shown. We think that our prices are lower than asked for same quality goods elsewhere. Variety of handles so large that everybody will be sure to find something to strike their fancy; the Coverings are made of a silk warranted to give every satisfaction.



DANIEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1891.

MANAGING A CANOE.

HANDLING THE CRANKY CRAFT IN AND OUT OF WATER.

Good Advice from an Expert—The Birch Bark Canoe and How to Treat It on a Long Journey—The Art of Paddling—Working With Two Paddles.

A canoe is a dangerous thing for a greenhorn to meddle with, but a very safe thing in the hands of an Indian or an expert. The first rule of safety is to keep your own weight and the weight of your load close to the bottom of the canoe. If this caution is followed few accidents need happen; for the lower the weight-centre of the cargo is kept below the water line the more will the buoyancy and lightness of the craft tell in favor of seaworthiness; she will ride the waves like a duck. The birch bark canoe is the model of all open paddling canoes, and one who has become thoroughly at home in that ship of the woods may safely trust himself in any other.

The ordinary birch bark canoe, such as is made by the Indians of Maine, that home of canoeing, is about twenty feet long, and will carry two paddlers with a couple of hundred pounds of baggage. It can be bought for \$15 or \$20, fresh from the stocks; a few years ago \$10 or \$12 would buy a small one, but as the bark gets scarce and long journeys have to be made it gets it, the cost increases. Let us suppose we have one of the beautiful pieces of handicraft, finished only yesterday, and delivered this morning in your riverside dooryard. How shall we get the most pleasure out of it and keep the frail thing tight and neat for four or five years, the extent of a canoe's life?

First, while the shining yellow cedar ribs and lining are fresh and clean, give the inside, the bars and the gunwales, a good coat of raw paint oil. This may be renewed at mid-summer, and each spring thereafter.

The outside may with advantage be given a coat of oil, varnish and drier, mixed in equal proportion; this will preserve the small eyes of the bark, and effectually keep the bark from getting water soaked on a long journey, as old canoes are apt to do. The rosin for mending seams and leaks should be melted with about one eighth its bulk of clean lard or paint oil. The exact proportion can best be learned by rule of thumb, as it must vary with the season; in hot weather more rosin will be needed to keep the mixture from melting in the sun after it is applied, while in cold

weather more grease will be needed to keep it from cracking and chipping off through brittleness. In all cases it must be put on as hot as possible, with a sliver of wood, and care must be taken to have the cracks or eyes perfectly dry when it is applied. Now if our canoe is ready and tight from stem to stern (as you can easily see by putting a couple of buckets of water



POLING THE CANOE.

in her, and watching for any drops to leak through) let us have a first lesson in paddling.

To get our vessel to the river, stand by the canoe as she rests on her keel on the ground, grasp the middle bar close to the gunwale with your right hand, and at the center with your left hand; raise the canoe to your knee and give it a flip as if you were throwing a rail across your shoulder; let the middle bar fall into its place on the thick muscle between the neck and the bony point of the right shoulder, at the same time letting go with the left hand and shifting it to catch the gunwale a couple of feet in front of you on the left-hand side extending the arm far enough forward to give you command in balancing the load; the right hand may now be shifted from its hold on the bar, and the gunwale grasped with it (the fingers on the inside of the canoe) about a foot in front of you. You will now find the canoe resting lightly on your shoulder, the middle bar extending across the hollow of your right shoulder and out onto the muscle of the right arm. If you are strong, a little practice will enable you to carry the canoe, using the right hand alone; you may stop and pick up your paddle with the left, and march off.

Then when we come to the water; you must set her afloat lightly from some landing place, taking care not to let her touch the load as low as possible, and mass it amidships as far as is convenient. Let your bowman get in and sit down on a cushion on the bottom of the canoe, with another cushion at his back. Upon no account allow him to kneel up against the bar or to sit on his heels; this rule is imperative; the Indians never violate it unless perhaps in racing. More accidents occur through the bowman kneeling up than any other way. It looks clumsy and top-heavy and is always dangerous.

In stepping into a canoe never stick your paddle in before you and lean on it; lay it across the gunwales in front of your place; put a hand on each side of the canoe and step in properly. You are now in the stern where the canoe is just wide enough to allow you to kneel sitting on your heels with your toes together, close back against the end bar. A thin cushion under your knees if you wish; a thicker one under your instep will give most comfort. The gunwales of the canoe ought now to come close to your waist just above the hips, and should fit so snugly (without perhaps actually touching you) that you can by a twist



WORKING WITH TWO PADDLES.

of your body control the rolling of the canoe in a sea. When you become thoroughly at home in the birch you will find this a great help in climbing the shifting hills.

Now, for the paddle. It is made of rock maple. The oar is it, the better, for it will be dry and light and springy. A new paddle is apt to be good for a couple of hours only; then the blade twists, and the spring will all be gone out of it. But an old stager, brown with age and oil, is a treasure to be guarded. The paddle cannot

be oiled too often. As to size it should be the length of the paddler, though some prefer a short handle. It should balance in the hand when held just where the blade joins the haft.

When you are seated in the canoe, with the paddle lying across the gunwales in front of you, I will suppose you are to begin work on the left or port side, your bowman, of course, paddling on the star-



LIFTING TO THE SHOULDER.

board. Take the paddle in your left hand at the thickest part, just above the blade, the fingers and thumb uppermost; the right hand may be placed in the same position on the upper end, or flat handle, or it may be shifted a little so that some of the fingers go over the end of the paddle; lift the left a little, swing the right into the air a little back from the face until it is somewhere in front of your right eye; let the blade go sharply into the water, taking hold as it cuts down; pull hard back with the left, letting this lower hand just clear the water; push ahead with the right; keep your back hollowed, and the stroke is half done. Then comes the curl at the end, which enables you to steer. Evidently when paddling alone, if a single bladed paddle is used, every stroke on this left side will drive your craft to the right, but the effect is counteracted constantly by the twist of the paddle. By turning your wrists, turn the outer edge of the blade forward into the back or rear side of the paddle is so completely turned as to catch the water and act as a rudder. This you will do more easily by pressing down and to the right with the right hand, and (at first at least) allowing the haft of the paddle just above the left hand to come against the gunwale, giving the right hand a leverage in steering. This turn of the paddle is the only difficult thing to learn; once mastered the rest is easy; it should be begun when the stroke is half through, and should be done so instinctively that absolutely no halt is made in the stroke from beginning to

end. The paddle should be swung out of the water at a small angle; the right hand well down, the point of the blade skimming the water, and the left hand carrying the haft swiftly forward again. The thumb of the lower hand need not be placed around the handle unless it is rough weather; then it is necessary or you may have your paddle knocked out of your hands.

The bowman makes the same stroke as the sternman, except that there is no twist in it, as he has nothing to do with keeping the course of the canoe. Whatever you do, don't lean over the side towards the paddle. The only motion of the body must be fore and aft, throwing its weight into the end of each stroke. You can tell a white man from an Indian a long distance off by the difference in the paddling. A white man paddles more with his arms and less with his body than an Indian.

Here is a test of good paddling. When you think you are thoroughly proficient, watch your blade as it goes into the water; if it makes a single tiny eddy as it comes aft in the stroke, you have not reached perfection. In a year or two you will see it cut the water without a ripple, and fairly sing and swish as you drive it down.

The best canoeing clothes are a woolen shirt, woolen socks, red leather or canvas



THE CARRY.

shoes and trousers of homespun or corduroy.

In smooth water you may kneel up, resting against the bar or you may even sit upon it with your feet out ahead of you, but in rough weather the place for you is low on your heels as I have described; for

you thus have far greater control over your craft.

On landing at night at the end of a day's journey, after unloading the canoe, lift her out and turn her over to rest on one gunwale and her two bows, or better still turn her over a couple of old logs resting evenly on both gunwales. In the day time when in camp if it's hot and the rosin is in danger of melting, the canoe may be left in the shade resting on her bottom among the small bushes or on the grass. She will come to no harm so long as no weight is inside her.

As to trimming a canoe, the load should be so placed as to make her a little heavier aft than forward, or she will not steer, but will yee-aw about in a most aggravating way. In running down a rough stream, however, where a pole has to be used, it will be found necessary to have her loaded slightly by the head, or else the current will catch the stern and slew it round unmercifully.

In poling a canoe up rocky streams, through rapids, a "setting pole" of spruce is used. This should be about ten feet long, and about an inch and a half diameter at the thickest part. Poling is very hard to learn, but when once the art is required it is a delightful exercise. You may pole, as you may paddle, on either side. If it is to be the left side again, where we began our lesson, stand erect in your place in the stern, facing almost square out over the left gunwale. Take the pole in your left hand about four feet from the top, thumb to the front and clashed about it, allowing the lever end of the pole to trail overboard towards the stern; raise the left arm and swing the lower end of the pole forward and out over the water to bring it in a curve up to a point a few inches from the side, a couple of feet ahead of where you stand, at the same time grasping the pole with the right hand about a foot below the left; the right hand now does the business of driving the pole down to a firm setting on the bottom, the left hand sliding up for a new hold near the top of the pole; next the right hand is shifted above the left and the weight of the body thrown on the bending white spruce, while the canoe trembles and springs ahead up the steep foaming track. To steer her is difficult; if you wish to go to the right the end of the pole must be set well under the bottom of the canoe and you must draw yourself and the stern of the canoe towards the pole as you give the last push; to alter the course to the left, the pole will be set sloping down from the canoe, some little distance from the side, and you will push the stern away from the point where the pole is set, thus driving your bow in the desired direction.

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By J. Fitzgerald Molloy,

Author of "How Came He Dead?" "That Villain Romeo." "A Modern Magician," &c.

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CHAPTER XX.—MEG ARGUES.

On the same morning that Lady Fothergille narrated her troubles to the sympathetic ear of Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Crayforth sat in her dressing-room in the abbey, triumphantly contemplating the mischief she had helped to bring about. Her revenge on the man who had slighted her advances, and the woman who occupied the place she desired to fill had begun; a few months would, she hoped, see it accomplished, when Sir Danvers gained his divorce. He would then be free again to make his choice of another wife, and it was possible she might yet secure the position she coveted so ardently. She certainly would not fail to win her game from lack of courage or want of skill.

So far she was satisfied with the work she had accomplished. Unseen she had detected the love affair existing between Ethel and Lord Hector. Unsuspected she had sought and produced proof of Lady Fothergille's weakness, which, though it may not have amounted to guilt, was yet sufficient to outrage an already jealous husband, and banish her from his home, and so fling her into the arms of her lover.

She smiled in self-congratulation at her reflection in a large mirror, admired her brilliant complexion and plump, upright figure, and took comfort in the consideration that she was yet a woman of many attractions, who had a future stretching before her. Her boxes already packed and corded lay around her, for under the circumstances she could not remain at the Abbey, and had therefore determined to leave immediately after lunch. In the atmosphere of her own home she deemed it freer to indulge in the high spirits which she was here obliged to subdue for decency's sake.

As soon as the news of Lady Fothergille's departure spread through the abbey a sense of restraint and solemnity fell as a weight upon the household. Sir Danvers had breakfasted alone at an early hour and immediately after shut himself up in his study. The night had passed for him in silent misery, the memory of his wife's truthful eyes and gentle face striving in vain to rout the dark suspicions of her disloyalty, that ever and anon deepened to convictions of her guilt. She had professed to love him and betrayed his love; she had uprooted the implicit faith he held in her, she had banished his peace, and dragged his honor in the mud, and yet, wringing as his heart was with pain, it turned towards her lovingly, pleaded for her affection, craved for her presence.

Even when morning came he could think of nothing but of this loss, which left his life more empty than if he had never loved; dwell on nothing but his wrongs which were to him greater than all other injuries he could endure. In vain he strove to brace himself to meet his fate and bear it manfully; in vain he called philosophy to his aid with the assurance that he was not the only man who had suffered such deception and misery at the hands of a woman loved and trusted.

It was almost midday when he heard a gentle tap at his study door. His head was buried in his arms outstretched on the desk before him, but he instantly started at the sound, thinking, hoping, it might bring him some news from her.

"Father, dear," a voice said before he could reply, "open the door and let me come in."

"I am engaged, Meg, I cannot see you now," he answered.

"But I want to see you, I have something to say," she pleaded. "Let me in, dear. I must speak to you."

He went to the door, withdrew the bolt and admitted her. Without speaking she turned her eyes to his face, haggard, pale and melancholy; and he, reading the anxious love and pitiful sorrow of her gaze, turned away his head. After a few seconds spent in silence at the window, he returned to his chair before the desk, and his daughter standing beside him put one arm round his neck. Understanding the affection she would fain express, and the sympathy that drew her towards him, he took in his hand which lay upon his shoulder. The girl bent down and kissed his forehead.

"Dear father," she began, "I want to speak of what is nearest our hearts—of Ethel."

"Have you heard anything new," he asked, anxiously.

"No, I know nothing except what you have told me; and the more I think of it, the more convinced I am you are laboring under some mistake."

"Would to God I was," he cried out; "she has deceived me; she was unworthy of the love I gave her. Let us speak of her no more," he added, his voice expressing the grief he felt.

"Why not?" Meg asked. "If it will give you relief, some good is gained by talking of her. Tell me, what proof have you that she has wronged you?"

By way of reply he opened a drawer of his desk, and taking from it the photograph the captain had given him, handed it to her.

She gazed at it for some time, read the words on the back, and noted the address on the envelope.

"She loved this man, Hector Maynes, before I ever saw her," he burst out, his wrath kindling once more; "and she loves him still. This photograph was sent him three weeks before he came here, and yet she simulated surprise at his appearance. When I accused her of her falsity she had no reply to make, save to express surprise at my discovery; and when I said she should henceforth live apart, she fled without one word of defence."

"Did you bid her leave your house?" Meg asked sorrowfully—her faith in her stepmother had received a hard blow.

"I told her she must live elsewhere, that I should leave the Abbey this morning, and should not expect to find her here on my return."

"Father, dear, you have done wrong; you have been hasty in acting on your suspicions of her guilt. Supposing she was innocent after all, you would never be able to forgive yourself."

pointing to the inscription on the photograph.

"She may have been foolish, but nothing worse; this may have been a friend and nothing more."

"Good heavens, Meg, do you want to drive me mad?" he exclaimed.

"No, father; but I want you to be just. After such words as you addressed to her, how could she have done otherwise than leave you?"

"But she did not say or write one word of explanation or denial."

"If she was innocent, as I cannot but believe her to be, she was probably too proud to defend herself. Had she been a guilty or a cunning woman, she would have sought to disabuse your mind of its convictions."

Sir Danvers groaned aloud; his mind was tossed in a whirlpool of doubt; his heart beat with fresh pain.

"Do you see, dear father, what you have done?"

"What do you mean?" he asked. "I have not acted wrongly."

"I fear you haven't acted wisely. If Ethel was inclined to love this man, you have by casting her from your thrown her into temptation. If her husband has disowned her, she may seek him."

"Good heavens, I never thought of that," he exclaimed, rising hastily. "I have been a fool—a blind, weak, headstrong fool. But no, no; she loved him already, and would have sought him sooner or later."

He walked up and down the room excitedly, seeking comfort and finding none.

"I fear you are, dear," Meg said gently; "but you may be able to remedy your mistake before it is too late."

"How?" he asked, pausing in his walk and facing his daughter.

"By going up to town in search of her."

"I cannot do that—it is impossible after what has happened."

"Then let me go," she said.

"You; how could you hope to find her in London, and if she—no, no, the idea is not to be entertained."

"Then you ought to seek her; you are still her protector; she is yet your wife. One interview might help to bridge over and reconcile what may be a misunderstanding and not a misfortune." Meg pleaded.

"There can be no misconception," he replied, striving to strengthen himself in his convictions. "Here is proof," he added, pointing to the photograph.

"For all that, my woman's intuition prevents me believing she has done wrong; and if she is innocent, think what a wrong you are doing her. I know she loved you, I feel sure she loves you still," his daughter replied, striving to comfort him.

He went to the window and gazed out across the park, now in the fulness of its summer beauty. A thousand memories of his wife as he had seen her on the terrace, and under the tree, rose in his mind and pleaded for her; but the old conviction of her disloyalty to him returned and routed the tender recollections. She had deceived him, she loved another, were the refrains that repeated themselves again and again in his brain.

But yet a still small voice within, the voice of his unquenchable love pleaded for his object. The photograph, with its inscription and lock of hair did not prove her guilt; what if she were merely weak; if the memory of an old friendship and a former love had prompted her to give Maynes these mementoes, and she yet remained true to her marriage vows, he, her husband, could take her to his heart again. The mere thought begot hope. If he had acted unjustly in hastily condemning her, it was his duty to speedily repair that fault; and if, indeed, she was what his worst fears forebode, the sooner he satisfied himself of the fact, and relieved himself from the torture of suspense the better.

His mind was as a sea torn by the storm of contending winds, and he could come to no decision as to the step it were best for him to take. He turned wearily from the window to his daughter, who expected an answer to her arguments, she expected, "I must have time to think," he said; "if she is innocent she will surely write."

"And what do you intend doing, father?"

"I shall wait a day or two, you or I may possibly hear from her," he murmured, the expression of his pain deepening on his face.

"But you ought to act," the girl responded.

"Say no more, Meg. I cannot bear it today; leave me, I must be alone."

She lingered a moment, kissed him again, and reluctantly left his room. The object of her visit had failed.

Meanwhile Capt. Fothergille, who on this bright morning was in the enjoyment of excellent spirits, having ridden soon afterwards to Lowbridge, was now on his homeward way. The success of his tactics in banishing Lady Fothergille had been more prompt than he had dared to hope; and he congratulated himself heartily on the part he had played. He had but little faith in human nature, and it seemed to him the most probable circumstance in life, that Ethel having left her husband had sought the protection of Hector Maynes. This action must of course lead to a divorce, when he would then remain heir presumptive to his cousin, for it was not probable Sir Danvers would venture to marry again after such an unhappy experience. The success of his tactics leading to contentment; so long as no heir came between him and the prospect of succession his creditors would give him no uneasiness; and then the chances were probable of his outliving the baronet and succeeding to his roll.

Altogether he felt satisfied with himself and with the world at large this fair summer morning as he entered by the lodge gates and trotted his horse on the soft springy sward of the park. As he rode past under the shade of some thickly planted trees, he suddenly saw the figure of a telegraph boy leisurely taking his way towards

the abbey. The captain slackened his pace as he approached him and said, "Anything for me?"

The boy touched his cap as he answered, "No, sir, only a message for Sir Danvers."

"For Sir Danvers," repeated the captain musingly, adding in a careless tone as he could command, "I am going straight to the abbey and will give it to him," saying which he stretched out his hand.

The boy taking the telegram from his pouch gave it him, and in return received half-a-crown. Capt. Fothergille looked at the orange-colored envelope suspiciously, and putting it into his breast pocket, set his horse in a gallop and rode away. "It may contain something of importance which I had better see," he muttered to himself. "Perhaps some clue to the robbery, or some news of Ethel's elopement."

Arriving at the stables he flung the reins to a groom, and hurriedly entering the abbey at once sought his own rooms. Here, having carefully locked the doors, he took to his bed, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. He was not to be wakened until the next morning, when he awoke with a start, and found his eyes wide open as if fixed on some terrible sight, his breath coming hard and quick, his pulse beating high.

"Curse the fellow," he said, between his teeth; "he has given me a bad half-hour." Chilled and miserable he rose up, stretched his arms and legs and glanced around as if to make sure of his surroundings; then, looking into a mirror, started at seeing the pallor of his face.

"Strange that a dream should frighten me," he said. "I feel now just as I did after that affair with Hawkins years ago. The bravest of us may tremble at a dream or shrink from a shadow. I'll go and get some brandy."

He hastened downstairs, drank a couple of glasses of brandy, lighted a cigar, and went out of doors, little suspecting what would happen within the next hour.

To be continued.

Boy—"Mister, will yer please tell me the time?" Pruggist—"Why, yer were in here only two hours ago asking for the time, and I told you then." Boy—"Yes, I know; I was asking for Mrs. Muggins then; now I want it for another woman."

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

"I have much pleasure in stating that I believe the waters of the Wilnot Spa Springs to be medicinally beneficial to invalids. Kerr's Evaporated Vegetables are the base of Wilnot Royal Balmist Ginger Ale."

THROUGH THE WOOD.

Margaret Barron walked alone along the pathway leading through the wood. It was midsummer and the yellow sunlight, falling through the leaves, lay still upon the ferns and the glossy leaves of anemones and of drooping vines that half concealed their red berries. The repressed tears of a patient despair made dark pools in the shadowy depths of her eyes. She was returning from the post-office and along the path behind her lay the fragments of a letter torn in her sudden pain.

"Did you know," wrote Grace "that your dear friend Allan was engaged to that simple little May Jennings? If you had not left college when you did you would have had more to say about it. He took your place as class poet on commencement day."

There were other words in the letter, but Margaret had forgotten them. Faithfully she had given herself to her duty during the past year and Allan, the playmate of her childhood, the brother of her girlhood, the idol of her womanhood—she had forgotten her—and for that silly May. Allan with his strong man's heart and hero soul would go about his life's work with hands tied by her. It had seemed to Margaret that only she could aid him in his work; that only she could help him to keep his hands free from evil. And now she was here with no beauty in the world. She longed to hide from it all. Beyond a meadow lake flying straight toward the sky sang a strain of gladness that to her was keen pain. The leaves twinkled above her, rustling in the slight wind. The tears came nearer to falling as she thought of Sidney Lanier's exquisite fancy:

"Ye ministers meet for each passion that grieves,
Friendly, sister, sweetheart leaves,
Teach us the terms of peace, preach me
The passion of patience; sit me; impeach me;
As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned in the air,
Pray me a myriad prayer."

It was Allan who had first read that to her—Allan who had opened her young eyes that they might behold beauty. Her eyes saw not what she went, but her feet, so familiar with the path, brought her to the old stile. And there sat a young man upon whose lips there seemed to be an arrested whistle. As Margaret's eyes rested upon him he arose and removed his hat with grave courtesy, then he flushed and blushed, and she saw that he was not to be trifled with, and that he was a man of some consequence.

Miss Barron felt to whether or not he should offer to help her over the stile, for Margaret was a beautiful woman, but she, glancing quietly at him, stepped gracefully over the stile and went her way. The sorrow was deep in her eyes. To her he might have been a part of the fance. But she pressed it tenderly to mark her watchful her until at turn of the path led her from him. He thought he had never seen a woman move with such perfect grace.

"She is a lady," he thought; "whatever she is doing in this wilderness?"

Then he resumed his meditations. He was a rather handsome fellow, fair with close curling hair and deep blue eyes. He had recently been admitted to the bar, and he held in his hand, not a volume of the revised statutes, but a sketch book. He had been thinking and whistling up to the time he caught sight of the graceful figure coming through the woods and now again the strains of "Willow" met his ear, and "willow" rang through the woods and silenced the lark in the meadow; but it required no mental effort for him to whistle; it never does require much effort; men with no minds at all whistle frequently.

As at the time he was thinking, "Now, if I could only get that face for my St. Margaret; a cloud background—rather an atmospheric background of Payne's Gray, and that face up-lit, the light in those eyes, 'And that's what I mean and I sigh as I sing, oh, both those things cannot get away from 'em even on this fence. I wonder now how Sepia would do for the dead leaves under the green? Now people seem to think I couldn't argue a case. If I could have an opportunity they would be surprised. Why could not Art and Jurisprudence go hand in hand? There is that railway accident case. I had held brief for the plaintiffs I might have gotten up some fearfully realistic pictures arranged to move one after the other like the scenes in a play; a train passing over the bridge (exhibit 'A'); another bridge (exhibit 'B'); the wreck with mangled bodies; and I would be a-saying, 'Gentlemen of the Jury, that might not be good oratory, but mighty fine sarcasm and so on, until I got to exhibit 'B' and then I would have a photograph handy. 'Gentlemen of the jury, men of Canada, these shrieks (turn the crank, Mr. Crier,) and groans rent the air, and so on, 'and men of Canada it is for you to say whether this giant corporation, with its webs of fate spun all over this fair land of ours, shall have the power to drag down your brothers, your orphans and your widows to destruction and without indemnity therefor. It is for you to say, I say it is a confounded shame that these caterpillars can't let a man alone. Now, how am I to get to that, anyhow? It is about my 'willow'—here, here, and here. Jerusha Jane wants to take to some honest calling, said Zeb Jennings had got a position to sell patent medicines out west; that might do for me and I could be doing some good in the world. There is no use in trying to make Jerusha Jane see the usefulness and the dignity of the legal profession; she says I might hire out to the neighbors in haying time and teach the 'destrict skule' in the winter. Nor can Jerusha see any beauty in my pictures. Now, if I could show 'em to the Lady of the Woods who just passed. Poor Jerusha Jane! I have got to take under my wing—I guess it is about dinner time, and he shut his sketch book, took his walking stick, and stepping over the stile, followed the pathway along which Margaret had walked.

At length he received permission to show his sketches to Margaret, and went and fetched them to her. They were crude but possessed of some merit. With ready sympathy she pointed out errors and made suggestions in a manner that made Paul feel that he really could paint it he tried.

The time went on, day by day, and Paul and Margaret became better acquainted and more in sympathy each with the other. A portion of each day Margaret devoted to her work, and during that time Paul was at the old stile, he was trying vainly to catch the expression of gladness after deep pain that he wished, and meanwhile Margaret was half unconscious of the great disappointment, the emptiness at her heart. The world about her was beautiful, and Paul



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the outline of a graceful head. He came nearer. "Great Scott!" he said. It was the Lady of the Woods who sat there. He went to his room and proceeded to arrange his blonde curls as gracefully as possible. He was glad that there was sunburn on his face. It made him look handsome. He forgot to be amused at the pile of drawers that served as a dressing table, the great feather bed and motto written in green and purple announcing that the Lord would provide. He felt a peculiar feeling of heat to go down to the sitting-room that served as dining-room, when presently the shrill toot of a tin horn announced that dinner was ready.

He went down at last and entered the dining-room. Mrs. Peet, Mr. Peet, Jerusha Jane and the hired man were seated and he, scarcely daring to glance at her, knew that his Lady of the Woods was also sitting there. His vacant place was next to hers. He felt a slight awkwardness in taking it. But Mrs. Peet commenced:

"Now this is what I call a real treat. Miss Barron let me introduce you to Mr. P. Simons Stuart. Mrs. Hay told me that your father's sister, she that was Harriet Barron, set great store by her mother, she that was Julia Howe, when they both went to our stunk skule house; and I make no doubt that ye will be a sight of company to each other, ye busy wretches! that lecture or smethin' for some paintin' magazine and be everlastingly painting things as he is. Oh, Miss Hay told me all about ye, Miss Barron, and I feel real well acquainted with ye. She said ye ain't none of them sudden stand-offish sort of folks that comes here in the summer; said ye took right hold once when her Almira was sick and worked as if ye knew how, so I can't make no stranger of ye. And Paul here has been as one of the family most, ever sense he come. Now Lem, do pass them beans to Paul and please Miss Barron would like some more of that Johnny cake. Miss Hay said she was a dreadful hand to eat Johnny cake. Jerusha Jane, run out and sho that hen often my verbeny bed. I declare them hens do beat all creation to scratch. Talkin' about paintin' things—Miss Barron did ye notice them dogs painted onto yer headboard? That was done by a artist, he calls hisself, come up here about plantin' time. Ye see, he was a dretful hand to paint dogs. But land! nobody ever did see sich dogs as them in this world. That biggest dog on yer headboard, p'rhaps ye didn't notice it is sorter pink round the head and some blue, like Jerusha Jane's best dress, only a little lighter tinge down the back. Think of it! Pink and blue dogs; but then mabe it takes a artist to understand a artist's dogs. What is the matter with ye, Jerusha Jane, ye don't seem to be a-catin' as much as common? Hiram, just pass yer yer cup for some more tea. Lem, I want ye to stop to the store for me when ye go by; I want another half pound of tea; it does beat all, the sight of tea we use. Wall, she added, as she arose, "I guess I will leave you young folks to entertain each other. Jerusha Jane and me's got to git the work done up."

"Miss Barron," said Mr. Stuart, "may I take your chair out to the piazza? It seems a pity to remain indoors today."

"Thank you," she answered, "but indeed there is work that I must do."

"Oh, Miss Barron," said Mrs. Peet, "Jerusha Jane and me laid out to kinder fix up yer room today and if it's so as ye could stay outen it this afternoon ye will oblige me wonderful!"

Margaret said nothing but as Mr. Stuart put his hand upon her chair she turned and walked out upon the veranda, he following with some chairs. He glanced at her quiet face in desperation, it seemed that he could not go away.

He said, "Would you mind if I remained here with you for a short time? I—It has been so long since I—since I have seen anyone I could talk to—and we could talk over old times—for your aunt and my mother—"

A glance of amusement came into Margaret's eyes. "Surely you may stay," she said.

Mr. P. Simons Stuart sat himself down, and if ever an undeveloped artist and a barrister labored without apparent effort to make himself agreeable for one whole afternoon, Mr. P. Simons Stuart was that undeveloped artist and that barrister.

At length he received permission to show his sketches to Margaret, and went and fetched them to her. They were crude but possessed of some merit. With ready sympathy she pointed out errors and made suggestions in a manner that made Paul feel that he really could paint it he tried.

The time went on, day by day, and Paul and Margaret became better acquainted and more in sympathy each with the other. A portion of each day Margaret devoted to her work, and during that time Paul was at the old stile, he was trying vainly to catch the expression of gladness after deep pain that he wished, and meanwhile Margaret was half unconscious of the great disappointment, the emptiness at her heart. The world about her was beautiful, and Paul

was pleasant. It pleased her to see him smile; he seemed so full of strength, young life. Yet, sometimes would come to her a glimpse of the desolation of her soul, but this she would shut from herself with a resolute hand. And Paul loved her with all his heart. This she would have known had she but opened her eyes and looked at him.

Paul knew it with ever recurrent hope and despair.

Jerusha Jane knew it and she went about her work in sullen anger, and often she had gusty fits of weeping.

Mrs. Peet knew it, and flattered herself thinking of the approbation of her that was Harriet Barron and her that was Julia Howe.

But Margaret did not know. It was the last day of summer, and she, sitting on the stile, waited while Paul put what he said were the finishing touches on his picture.

"It is of no use," he said at last looking up; "I cannot get this sad expression from your eyes. The saint looks as though she was patiently going to martyrdom rather than gladly going to Paradise. Will you look at it?"

Margaret went to his side and looked at the picture. On a indefinite, ethereal background was a beautiful face with eyes looking upward into the light. The spreading drapery gave the effect of ascending motion, but the eyes were infinitely sadder than he had ever seen Margaret's eyes, although they often had that look in wakeful nights.

They stood together looking at it. Suddenly he bent toward her and touched with warm trembling lips the sweet curve of her own. She started back from him with a sudden cry. Surprise and anger shone in her eyes. But he took her hand holding her.

"My Margaret, will you not try to care for me? Dear, I want to make you happy; I want to give you all my life. Oh, my darling, you know that I love you, you will not send me from you—you cannot now. Do not be angry with me. See, dear, I have no life apart from you."

"Hush, oh hush," she said, and tried to draw herself from him.

"Can you not care for me?" he demanded of her, holding her eyes with his. "No, oh no, it is impossible what you ask—"

"Why, why is it impossible?"

"Oh, do not ask me; there is another; no, it is not as you think, he never cared for me." Her voice broke in a sob and a deep crimson flush swept over her face, she drew herself from him and the branches swayed back and she was lost to his sight.

Through the tangled wood she went and came at last to her own room. There was a remore in her heart for Paul's sake and shame seemed to weigh down her head; but beneath it all she was conscious of a feeling of exultation that she had escaped from Paul—that she had not allowed him to win her. She was glad that her love for Allan could not be removed by a love for a lesser man. She sank upon the floor and hid her face in a low chair.

When at last she arose, dim-eyed and weak with tears, she saw upon her table a letter addressed to her in the handwriting of her friend Grace.

Litely she opened it and carefully read a few lines, and then it seemed to her that for one instant her heart ceased to beat. "That was all a mistake about Allan's engagement to May," her friend wrote. "May gave that impression to make Charley Ward jealous. Allan was never looking for you this week. He has received a professorship in a western university. He is going to find you, he will be there Thursday I guess."

Over the soul of Margaret rolled a great flood of joy. "Thank God, oh, thank God," she cried, reaching out her arms in the stillness. Then she went to the western window and drew back the curtain. Tears swelled to her eyes, but golden laughter bubbled to her lips. The sun was near the horizon in a great sea of amber. He was coming Thursday—why, this is Thursday and the train came at five o'clock; if she hastened she might meet him coming through the wood. How glad looked her eyes as she glanced in the mirror, putting on her hat. Whither had vanished the sad look she saw there that morning? Ah, she was about to enter Paradise! She had forgotten Paul; she had forgotten that she had left him at the stile.

She took the path across the meadow to the wood—the old path that led to the stile. She walked slower as she drew near to it, for now she remembered Paul. There was no one here. The level light lay across the path and over the light the long shadows wavered.

There was someone coming along the path beyond the stile—perhaps it was Paul. Oh, if it were Allan! She raised her eyes for a clearer look. Oh, yes, it was Allan—it was Allan. Then she went to the western window and drew back the curtain. Tears swelled to her eyes, but golden laughter bubbled to her lips. The sun was near the horizon in a great sea of amber. He was coming Thursday—why, this is Thursday and the train came at five o'clock; if she hastened she might meet him coming through the wood. How glad looked her eyes as she glanced in the mirror, putting on her hat. Whither had vanished the sad look she saw there that morning? Ah, she was about to enter Paradise! She had forgotten Paul; she had forgotten that she had left him at the stile.

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SUNDAY READING

BIBLE QUESTION COMPETITION.

This competition is open to all the readers of PROGRESS, and is more especially intended to interest the young people...

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

- 1. A prize of one dollar will be awarded every week for the first correct answer that reaches the office...

Miss W. A. Cowperthwaite is the successful competitor for Prize Bible Questions...

The questions were answered correctly by the following eighteen: Miss N. A. Cowperthwaite, Bathurst; Miss J. Blanchard, Hillside, Truro; Miss Jessie A. Lawson, Carleton; Miss Nellie Flaglor, city; Miss Katie J. Beverley, city; Miss K. H. Travis, Hampton; Miss Katie Newnam, St. Stephen; Miss Marie Boyce, Fredericton; Master Archie B. Fraser, Chatham; Miss Garnet A. Chapman, Amherst; Miss Nellie Flewelling, Centreville; Miss Louise Wetmore, Clifton; Master E. A. Forbes, Moncton; Master W. H. Estano, Moncton; Miss Annie M. Risteen, Fredericton; Miss Mary B. Clewley, St. Stephen; Miss M. A. Thorne, city; and Miss Minnie Whiting, city.

In answer to the third question very many of our Saviour's beautiful quotations from the minor prophets were given by all. Mary Magdalene was given in answer to scripture character No. 2. Now No. 2 statement could not possibly refer to her. I must say these questions have been answered very excellently by all—the best answers I have yet received.

Answers to Prize Bible Questions No. 14. 1. It is said in Genesis iv. 21, that Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ...

2. Lois was the name of the pious Jewess, whose "unfeigned faith" was traced by Paul in his daughter and grandson. Eunice was a pious Jewess who transmitted to her son Timothy the lessons of truth she herself received from her mother Lois.

3. Who were the ancestors of the Sabeans and Dedanites? 2. Give the name of a tribe of merchants whom Isaiah speaks of as "travelling companies."

3. Who was censured by John for his jealous ambition, and his rejection of Christians? 4. Scripture character No. 4. To whom do the following statements refer, and where are the facts recorded? 1. She was a prophetess and a wife. 2. She dwelt under a palm tree. 3. She directed a man to achieve a mighty work, promising him victory. 4. The success of the undertaking was imputed to her. 5. She composed a triumphal song.

FROM FAITH TO FAITH.

(From an address to business men, by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D.)

There is in the souls of men who deal with christianity one secret conviction, deep and strong, and it is that the christian religion cannot be that which it presents itself, because it is so rich in the offers which it makes and the enjoyments which it promises to human life.

enter it in the dark? It sometimes seems as if christianity were so high-pitched that it is impossible man should attain to it...

How do you get within the power of any force? You look out of your window and see your neighbors wrapping their clothes more tightly around them, as if it were cold; and you see that a storm of wind is blowing, and that others are sheltering themselves against them.

God help us to stand in the world with natures opened upwards to receive the divine gifts, with natures opened outward to catch every humblest opportunity which life affords.

How full of mystery and light our life becomes as we go into it, not knowing that through it all, He will be with us and in us, giving us His commandments, and resolved only on this, that whatever He shall say to us, we will do it always.

Conscience makes cowards of us; but conscience makes saints and heroes too. Faith in tomorrow instead of Christ, is Satan's snare for man's perdition.

Light, more light, for clouds are gathering; Light, and more light, but still the light of life; Light, more light upon my cross, and His Whose dying was the life of men, and His...

Fountain of truth and grace who visitest the world with times of refreshment. Thy presence, and so dividest Thy word as to kindle the fire of all hearts; come with Thy various energy into our midst; whether as the rushing wind to cleanse and brace our souls, or as the hovering dove to quicken our faith, and hope, and charity.

That God is precious, above all things. And in all things, to him that loveth Him. Behold! My God and my all. What would I more, and what greater happiness can I desire?

That overruling Light, surpassing all created lights, dart the beam of the brightness from above, to pierce all the most inward parts of my heart. Purify, rejoice, enlighten and enliven my spirit with all the powers thereof, that I may cleave unto thee with abundance of joy and triumph.

So long as this is not granted me, I shall not have perfect joy.

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4 Thousand Pairs in Stock.

But Thou that rulest the power of the sea, and stillest the rising of the waves thereof, arise and help me.

You can be idle for Him if so He will, with the same joy with which you once labored for Him.

Abide With Me. The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide; When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Hold Thou the cross before my closing eyes; Strengthen from the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

God help us to stand in the world with natures opened upwards to receive the divine gifts, with natures opened outward to catch every humblest opportunity which life affords.

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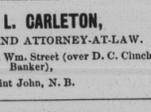
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OATS. OATS. Our faith in high prices led us to purchase very largely in the early part of the season. Our stock is now coming forward rapidly and can offer dealers at...

LOWEST PRICES, with the advantage of having a large number of cars to select from. We predict sixty cents per bushel later, and would advise our friends to put away all they require for winter and spring.

Standard Trading and Mt'g Co. LIMITED. J. D. SHATFORD, General Manager.

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23 GARLETON STREET, ST. JOHN. SWANN & WELLDON, Artists, PHOTOGRAPHERS. SITTERS ASSURED SATISFACTION. Pictures of every kind copied and Antiquated in EVERY Style.

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before buying elsewhere. Prices are low on all kinds of Furniture, and you can have TEN PER CENT OFF FOR CASH.

CHAS. S. EVERITT, - 13 WATERLOO ST.

SEE SEE

Our Gents' Furnishing. A truly good Stock. We've got the newest and latest Styles in COLLARS, CUFFS, SHIRTS, TIES, and everything a Gent needs.

JAS. KELLY, 5 MARKET SQUARE.

You want a new parlor suit this Spring? If so, give me a call and look at my prices, before buying elsewhere. Prices are low on all kinds of Furniture, and you can have TEN PER CENT OFF FOR CASH.

CHAS. S. EVERITT, - 13 WATERLOO ST.

SEE SEE

Our Ready-made Clothes. A new and beautiful Stock, well-selected Children's Goods, Boys' Clothes, Men's Suits, all that any heart could wish we have. Be kind enough to see them.

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YOUR ROOMS WANT PAINTING TODAY. DON'T WAIT, BUT HAVE IT DONE NOW.

We want you to know that our work is the very best, and we guarantee to give satisfaction.

A. G. STAPLES, - - CHARLOTTE STREET.



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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

PHYSICIANS SAY THAT ESTLEY'S EMULSION is the most perfect preparation of Cod Liver Oil that has ever come under their notice. It is almost as pleasant to take as milk, and will agree with the most sensitive stomach.

Cures Consumption, in its first stages; Coughs, Colds, Scrofula, General Debility, Eruptions, Spinal Diseases, Rheumatic Gout, Deficient Nutrition.

Our Parlors are now open for Ice Cream Lovers. Favorite Flavors always on hand. Large Orders filled promptly.

ICE CREAM HUGH P. KERR, MADE BY ELECTRICITY. KING STREET.

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MOST advertisers have made success by using illustrations and cuts in their "ads." Do you?

MEN who advertise, and want good advertising, have original designs for their "ads."

We originate designs. Make wood cuts and electros. Reproduce, enlarge, and reduce engravings of all kinds

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CATARRH. The Best Remedy for Catarrh is the Best. Catarrh is the most common of all diseases. It is a disease of the mucous membranes, and is caused by a variety of causes. It is a disease of the mucous membranes, and is caused by a variety of causes. It is a disease of the mucous membranes, and is caused by a variety of causes.

TRUSTEES' SALE. TURNER & FINLAY'S STOCK.

Sale begins at 8.30 a.m. every day, and continues until the Stock is sold out.

24 Unapproachable Bargains!

A SALE which all ST. JOHN should attend.

BLACK CASHMERE.

NO. 1. Lots of BLACK UNION CASHMERE. Elegant Quality; 50 inches wide. Cannot be equalled in the city.

40c. to 55c. Per Yard.

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SERGES.

NO. 3. All-Wool French Cashmere Serges, in all the newest and most fashionable colorings. A Bargain that every customer should see. We have 100 cents. Now being offered at

55c. to 80c. Worth

LACE CURTAINS.

NO. 5. Nottingham Lace Curtains; new goods, handsome patterns; all this season's importation. We are offering the entire stock at prices that it will be to the advantage of every lady to see them. Prices from

45c. to \$4.50 per pair.

BLACK HOSIERY.

NO. 7. See the old standard makes. We have always kept for Ladies, Girls, Boys and Gentlemen Sox. Note you save a sure 20c to 30c. on each dollar's worth.

Full fashioned. Double & JOLLY make. — Is this worth your care?

REAL FUR MANTLES.

NO. 9. We do not keep hare, rabbit, dog, cat, and sell them as choice, fine selected Fur-lined garments. What we offer are Furs; good, sound, selected skins, in seven styles.

It is the Fur, not the Cover is the value, and you can get Bargains. See Them.

BOYS' SUITS.

NO. 11. "Dollar saved is money made." If a dollar saved is two made, our reduced prices are actual and real. The stock must go. Batt's all right, boys.

Sizes 1 to 12 years.

FRENCH CASHMERE.

NO. 2. We are offering some of the most celebrated makers' goods known in the world. Extra wide widths. The prices will be found very much lower than the same class of goods ever shown in the city.

70c. to \$1.25 Per yd.

REAL LACES.

NO. 4. Choice patterns; Maltese, in Silk and Cotton. Also Duchess Flouncing. Now is your opportunity.

Real Spanish, White, and Black Collars and Handkerchiefs. See them.

ENGLISH THREAD.

WHITE COTTONS AND GREYS.

NO. 6. It is surely worth the attention of all prudent persons that they can save 1 to 2c. a yard on every yard of Grey, White and Shirtings they buy. Shirtings and Pillow Cottons, 5 to 10c. a yard.

A Word to the Wise is quite enough. See them.

LADIES' HOSIERY.

NO. 8. A lot of Ladies' fine quality Undervests are being sold out at

35c. each. Worth Look.

Finer goods to best, you save 25c. to 30c. on each dollar.

TABLE DAMASK.

NO. 10. Loom Table Damask, all pure linen, 62 inches wide, and extra heavy, actually worth and retailed elsewhere at 55c. to \$1.00 per yard, to be sold by us at this special sale at only

40c. to 75c. per yd.

RIBBONS.

NO. 12. Pieces Best Quality All Silk Ribbons, for hat trimmings, consisting of Plain Gros Grain Ribbons, Satin Edges' Gros Grain Glass Ribbons and Fancy Ribbons, 1 to 3 inches wide, an elegant assortment of shades, sold elsewhere at 50c.; our special price only

6c. to 25c. per yd.

New Goods at the Lowest Prices Ever Heard Of!

PARASOLS.

NO. 13. Also Sunshades. You will save a lot of money, and not much said about it, if you wish either of the above articles. The reductions are.....

Real, not Sham, and June and 1st July sure to come. See Them.

GIBSON'S SHAKER FLANNELS.

NO. 15. In handsome stripes, cool at 6c. per yard, to be closed out at only

6c. per yd.

SHAKER FLANNELS.

NO. 17. Gibson's and Sr. Croix; best make and finest quality, stylish patterns, absolutely worth 12 1/2c., to be sold at this sale for.....

8c. per yd.

GINGHAMS.

NO. 19. Genuine Zephyr Gingham, without question the best bargain in Dress Gingham ever offered, positively worth today from 40c. to 60c., to be offered in our Print Department at only

20c. and 30c. per yd.

CHOICE DRESS ROBES.

NO. 21. The only fault we ever heard was, they are so elegant and over what we can give. We have cured all the trouble, we have cut the prices down and left all the style.

Best Line to select from in Canada, today, for Style and Beauty.

BLK. & COL'D. VELVETEENS.

NO. 23. The best makes in the world to select from, and at half what it ever cost to put into St. John—To be found in black and all new and art shades.

See Them and Note the Quality.

RUBBER MANTLES.

NO. 14. We keep sound, rain-proof Mantles that keep rain out, and the prices for an honest and fit garment will be found that

Even the lowest sham will not do it. \$1.50 to \$10.00

GIBSON'S SHAKER FLANNELS.

NO. 16. Handsome patterns, a bargain that every lady should be sure to examine, are being sold at.....

6c. to 10c. per yd.

NEW PRINTS.

NO. 18. In light and dark colors, stripes and figures. The entire stock must be sold at once. To accomplish this we offer prices that will make this sale the shopping event of a life-time. The regular prices are from 10c. to 17c., now offered at.....

7 1/2c. to 10c. per yd.

CAMBRIGS AND PRINTS.

NO. 20. The absence of summer weather has made many thousands defer their summer shopping, in consequence of which we have on hand a large stock of the NEWEST goods, which we must now force out at only.....

12 1/2c. to 18c. worth

FANCY SILK VELVETS.

NO. 22. One of the most perfect stocks ever shown to select from, and in this day of style and dash you will find White, Cream, Colored, Black, in Brocades, colors and fancy without end; the Rainbow, the variety.....

At Prices the Goods never left Leons at. See Them.

BOYS' OVERCOATS.

NO. 24. Only the best left over, but they must go, and to do so the price will make some careful and thoughtful mothers buy and hold over until next winter.

Prices, \$1.75 to \$5.50. But see them.

THE EDITOR AND WOMEN

HE IS THEIR BACKER IN ALL THEIR UNDERTAKINGS.

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NEW YORK, May 25.—One of the most noticeable things about the American press is the good understanding that exists between it and the American women. The editor is the invariable backer of his fair country-women in all their undertakings. He assures them daily that they are the brightest and most beautiful specimens of womanhood in the world, besides claiming for them an original and universal charm, which he calls their *je ne sais quoi*, that is in itself sufficient to atone for the lack of all others.

The reporter into whose lot has fallen the painful duty of describing a woman who has not a decent feature in her face, candidly admits her defects, but he adds, "she possesses a *je ne sais quoi*" that makes her unutterably lovely, and the young woman as she reads the description, rejoices more in the possession of the unspeakable fascination thus implied, than she would in being pronounced a modern Venus. Girls who know they possess neither beauty nor wit, console themselves with the certainty that at least they have the *je ne sais quoi*, and as belief in one's self is said to be half the battle, the confidence with which they are thus inspired is of inestimable value to them.

In consequence of these delightful relations, the American woman is always at home to the interviewer, and receives him with her brightest smile and her prettiest poses, so that he always sees her at her best, and his devotion is probably entirely sincere.

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At all the recent outdoor festivities real goddesses clad in cutaway coats, glossy shirt bosoms and four-in-hand ties, awfully suggestive of "the fellows," were to be seen sitting alone, and in spite of their best efforts looking a trifle sulky, while ordinary girls who had had the discernment to swathe their moderate charms in the lace and muslin flippers so completely suggestive of woman, were surrounded by an unbroken cordon of admirers, and in consequence many an expensive masculine "get up" has been handed over to their maids by shrewd young women who are not g-

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6c. per yd. The *N. Y. World* has purchased Mrs. Cruger's last story, *A Puritan Pagan*, and is publishing it in its Sunday edition. The editors of the monthlies are hustling to secure her work, and it was a distinct triumph for newspaperdom. It lends some color to the claim that the monthly which has crushed the quarterly, is itself in danger of being suppressed by the weekly newspaper.

With regard to the beautiful authoress—for she is really a very beautiful woman, and was a famous belle before she outshone herself as a famous writer. She is today the most prominent producer of fiction in America. Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood in *Lippincott's Magazine*, Wander Matthews in the *Cosmopolitan*, and M. W. Hazeltine in the *North American Review*, have unanimously agreed that the long-expected writer of the great American novel is at last among us. What pleasure it would have given Washington Irving if he could have foreseen that the much talked-of volume, even then anxiously looked for, was to materialize in the brain of his grandniece.

Chas. B. Lewis, otherwise known as M. Quat, from the *Detroit Free Press*, is now a citizen of the metropolis. We get his jokes with the bloom on, and he seems to find our city swarming with the class of subjects most inspiring to his wit. He has already discovered in Union square a "peddler of patent towel-racks," in every way worthy of a place among the immortal brethren of the "Lime Kiln club."

The Duchess of Marlborough has a girl baby. It was born two weeks ago at Blenheim castle, the nation's gift to its distinguished ancestor, John Churchill. One of the most interesting things about her little ladyship is the state of destination to which she is born, as far as prospective inheritance goes.

Her noble father has disposed of all his possessions, and by invoking the aid of special legislation has been enabled to sell some of the entitled property pertaining to his inheritance. His son by his divorced wife will get everything that is left. Lord Churchill, who also married a New York heiress, Miss Jerome, is the next in succession.

UP IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A ST. JOHN MAN WRITES ABOUT A NORTH CAROLINA CITY.

AN ALL IN THE YEAR ROUND RESORT. Where it is Cool in Summer and Pleasant in Winter—How the Vanderbilts Build a Summer Residence.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., May 26.—In western North Carolina, between the Blue Ridge on the east and the Alleghanies on the west, lies the beautiful valley of the French Broad river. Asheville, the metropolis of this region, is a prosperous city of 15,000 people. It is situated on the eastern side of the river on a rolling plateau 2,350 feet above the sea.

The trip to Asheville can be made in Pullman palace cars over the Richmond and Danville railroad with as much ease and comfort as to any other part of the country. It is safe to say that the mountain scenery along this road, particularly in the vicinity of Asheville, cannot be surpassed for beauty and grandeur in America.

Asheville has long been favorably known for its healthful climate, especially for its beneficial effects in pulmonary affections; but of late years its fame has become so widespread that it is now visited by about 55,000 health and pleasure seekers annually.

The mountain air is pure and bracing, there being a large majority of sunny days when out-door exercise—so very important for those who suffer from lung troubles—can be indulged in.

It is an all-the-year-round resort, as the mercury seldom rises above 90° F., or falls below zero. The nights are always cool, permitting refreshing sleep.

Here they have several institutions for the treatment of consumption in all its forms; the "Winjah Sanatorium," without doubt, heading the list. In this house, under the care and treatment of the celebrated physician, Dr. Carl von Ruck, who for the past four months has been using, with wonderful success, Dr. Koch's lymph, are about 75 patients, all improving.

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KAISER AND SUBJECT.

How An Old Woman's Appeal in Behalf of

A Curious Incident occurred at Berlin recently. An old woman called at the Imperial Schloss and asked to see the empress. The guards, of course, refused to admit her, as she declined to state her business. The woman thereupon said she would wait for their majesties in the courtyard, and when, after two o'clock, the gates were being closed and she was requested to leave, she protested so vigorously and made such a noise that the kaiser appeared at one of the windows to inquire what was the matter. The moment the old woman saw the face of the emperor she raised her voice and begged him to grant her an interview, if only for one minute.

By the direction of the Kaiser, the old woman was admitted and conducted up stairs, where she found the empress in the study of his majesty. The old woman fell upon her knees and begged her majesty to exercise her influence with the Kaiser. It turned out that she was the mother of a soldier, who had been sentenced to five years imprisonment for desertion. The suppliant had walked over 100 miles, begging her way along to state her case and implore pardon for her son. The Kaiser received her with a smile, and she handed her his decision in writing. He then gave the old woman 100 marks to pay her travelling expenses home again.

But this was not all. The empress told one of the servants to take the "good mother" to the kitchen, and not only provide her with a meal, but to see that she received a package of bread, wine and meat for her journey. Her majesty also directed that clothes and new boots should be given to the old woman.

Mr. Gladstone as a Boy.

John Gladstone, the father of the ex-Premier of Great Britain, trained his children to give a reason for every opinion they offered. It was in this way that William E. Gladstone was early trained to debate. On one occasion William and his sister Mary disputed as to where a certain picture ought to be hung. An old Scotch servant came in with a ladder, and stood irresolute while the argument progressed, but as Miss Mary would not yield, William gallantly ceased from speech, though unconvinced, of course. The servant then hung up the picture where the young lady ordered, but when he had done this he crossed the room and hammered a nail into the opposite wall. He was asked why he did this. "Aweel, miss, that will do to hang the picture on when ye'll have come round to Master Willie's opinion."

The family generally did come round to William's opinion, for the resources of his tongue-fencing were wonderful, and his father, who admired a clever feint as much as a straight thrust, never failed to encourage him by saying, "Hear, hear! Well said! Well put, Willie!" If the young debater bore himself well in the encounter.

If you decide, from what you have heard or read, that you will take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any substitute instead.

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THE SUMMER S

IT BRINGS OUT B GIRLS IN BRIG

They Are the Joy Foreve Dressmaker, the Jewel ion Column—Costumes Mollies and Lawns.



of beauty that are the lover, the dressmaker, wandering fashion rep like bright birds of daz their embroideries of g flowery wealth and fes capes with golden dots and insects; their p ringed and festooned; coat tails standing out wings their big hats a and the gay panorama sparkling tinsel which tore the gaze.

In the golden light of all the year there ward creature in a fro figured with true lover The sleeves, hodie ar of the skirt were all v A hat of black lace w and wild roses went f parol in billowy puff ribbons. The frame gilded, and the black gold, was set with fr rosy red and then pal

There is a new nam know it? You say cr a dark, splendidly ro skirt of narrow strip color color. If I wish should say her skirt w is only another way, making clear to you t peries were striped a were narrow. There h the hips and there w hind. There was a ored satin brocade

laying out extensive roads and drives and planting orchards. He has about 500 men employed in this work. When completed it is estimated that his Asheville home will have cost him nearly \$3,000,000.

There is an electric street railway here that gives excellent service.

The livery stables keep a splendid assortment of turnouts, and as riding and driving among the mountain roads and along the river are the favorite pastimes of those who visit Asheville, they do a large business.

In closing, allow me to mention, without details, a few institutions of the city. It has paved streets, lighted by electricity; a splendid system of water works; an efficient fire department and Gamewell fire alarm; a handsome new city hall; four banks; a public library; a Y. M. C. A.; about sixteen churches; public schools for white and black; a gas company; an ice factory; a large cotton factory; five tobacco warehouses, and about twenty other manufacturing and lumber concerns.

Many other advantages peculiar to prosperous cities, surrounded by beautiful country seats, are characteristic of Asheville, N. C.

To Clean Matting and Carpets. Matting is washed with salt and cold water, and carefully dried. Rub the very dirty spots first with water and corn-meal. If white matting has turned to a bad color it can be washed over with a weak solution of soda, which will turn it a pale butter-yellow. Use a pint of salt to a gallon of water. Use a flannel cloth, not a brush.

If a carpet is wiped over now and then with a flannel cloth wrung out of warm water and ammonia (a pail of water and a tablespoonful of ammonia), it will always look bright. It must be wiped dry with a clean cloth. After a carpet has been well shaken, it will clean and brighten it to wipe it over with a flannel cloth dipped in high-proof kerosene, and well wrung out; until perfectly dry, say for 48 hours, no matches or fire should be allowed in the room. Tea leaves and wet bran, sprinkled over a carpet before sweeping it, are wonderfully cleansing; but if the carpet is of delicate tints either of these will stain it. If ink is spilled on a carpet, cover it immediately with blotting paper, and renew it as soon as soiled. A velvet carpet is cleaned by sprinkling it thickly with damp bran and brushing it off with a stiff broom.

Another plan for cleaning carpets after they have been beaten and laid down again, is to wash them with one pint of water to a full pail of warm water. Soap a piece of flannel, dip it in the pail and rub a small part of the carpet; then dry with a clean cloth before moving to another spot. Before laying carpets have the boards scrubbed with two parts of sand, the same of soft soap and one part of lime water. This will keep away insects. To remove grease from carpets, cover the spots with flour or dry cornmeal, and pin a paper over it. Repeat the process every six hours until the grease is drawn out, brushing the old flour off each time.

Pearl White Teeth are indispensable to a lady. Use Examoline.

THE SUMMER SUNSHINE.

IT BRINGS OUT BLITHE YOUNG GIRLS IN BRIGHT GOWNS.

They are the Joy Forever of the Lover, the Dressmaker, the Jeweler and the Fashion Column—Costumes at a Wedding—Mullins and Lawns.

In the parks the bride paths ring with the hoofs of horses and the walks are thronged with men and women; the sparrows quarrel, the squirrels chatter and the young leaves give down their shade, but the fairest things the sun's rays seek in all their wanderings are the young girls—the girls who have entered to pass their teens and have not reached their thirties. Theirs are the forms and theirs the faces it is sweet to look upon. They are the things



COSTUME SEEN AT A WEDDING.

of beauty that are the joy forever of the lover, the dressmaker, the jeweler and the wandering fashion reporter. They look like bright birds of dazling plumage, with their embroideries of gold and silver, their flowery wealth and feathery grace; their capes with golden dots and glittering stars and insects; their parasols puffed and ringed and festooned; their jackets with coat tails standing out at the sides like bats' wings; their big hats and their little ones and the gay panorama of costly tissue and sparkling tinsel which they cause to flit before the gaze.

In the golden light of the sweetest month of all the year there was one delicious wayward creature in a frock of pale mauve figured with true lovers' knots in rose pink. The sleeves, bodice and flounce at the foot of the skirt were all veiled in black tulle. A hat of black lace with mauve ribbons and wild roses went fitly with a black tulle parasol in billowy puffs strapped with rose ribbons. The frame of the parasol was gilded, and the black handle, tipped with gold, was set with fire opals that flashed rosy red and then paled.

There is a new name for cape; do you know it? You say, camel, and there was a dark, splendidly rosy young woman in a skirt of narrow stripes of black and pale coral color. If I wished to be technical I should say her skirt was pekin; for this is only another way, you understand, of making clear to you the fact that her draperies were striped and that the stripes were narrow. There were a few folds at the hips and there were organ pleats behind. There was a waistcoat of coral-colored satin brocaded with gold, with a corse-



LAKE HAT AND PALETO.

let of black velvet and sleeves of the striped skirt material. There was a camail of yellowish drab cloth, glittering with gold dotted embroidery, and there was a mite of a toque in black tulle embroidered with gold cornflowers.

There was a pretty maid who walked quickly and carried—she was a careless maid—a pocketbook in some delicate flesh-tinted leather loosely in her hand. Her dress was in Indian silk of the shade you now call, if you take pains to be wise on such matters, anemone; that is pink with a soft old rose shade. You distinguish, I hope, all the different pinks from one another carefully. Their name is legion, for pink is the color of June "Azalea" is pinked touched with silver, and Venus is pink paled to a rosy flesh and shepherds pink has a hint about it of lavender, and the pink that is named after the Fourteenth Louis is a reminder of the sweet pea blossom. But to return to the pretty maid.

Her frock was straight and simple, and about the bottom it had a deep flounce that was pinked and set on with a pinked heading. The bodice was cut deep and pointed in front and made loose and blouse like with a waistband of supple

fold of soft silk of a flesh tinted shade. About the throat and rippling down to the waist was a full jabot of flesh tinted tulle. The sleeves fastened with little round gold buttons to the elbows, and about the elbows they were full. The pretty maid wore a wide-brimmed hat of fine gold straw covered with pink tulle gathered about the crown with a heading. Sprigs of mimosa and sprays of flesh-tinted roses completed the trimmings.

There was once a lady whom Sidney Smith immortalized; he said of her that she was "blue to her very bones." That is the way with fashion this summer; she has become an aristocratic goddess and it there is anything she scorns above any other thing it is cottage simplicity. The frocks for June are superb in their coloring. Flower petals in gold and silver are run on black net, and the dew drops that twinkle upon them are brilliant. Rows of green leaves veined with bronze form the borders to black lace dresses, and over the leaves creep jeweled beetles and spiders. A black striped grenadine will have flowers in cut jet to form the insertion, and white crepe or tulle will be studded with crescents of jeweled silver. Forget-me-nots are carried out quaintly in turquoise and cornelian upon silvery cashmere. Girdles of all sorts are gorgeously with gold fringe. Ribbons in scarlet and black and black and gold are worn with toilettes meant to look as if taken from the portraits of Velasquez; twisted metal cords are brought into edge draperies, and where the cords knot they hold moonstones of American emeralds.

At a wedding reception a few days ago the drawing room was pink and white with laurels, the glorious mountain laurel that blooms nowhere so bright and beautiful as under the Palisades. The mantel was a laurel bank, the delicate clusters lifting their dainty heads from a rich dark setting of their own glossy leaves. In the fireplace below was a grotesque jug in creamy porcelain with golden lizards in relief upon its surface; this, too, was overrunning with branches of laurel. Laurel twigs tied with pink ribbons were thrown across the tables, and laurel branches were crossed upon portieres and curtains.

Very picturesque and striking were the gowns of the quartet of lovely bridesmaids, as they entered in laurel pink and white silks, the flowers that had been the favorites of the bride from childhood scattered with lavish hand over their round waists and gored skirts, which had deep frills to finish the hems and bits of rich lace at the waist and on the sleeves. The bride carried laurel blossoms tied with white ribbons for her bouquet, and the bridegroom had a sprig of laurel at his buttonhole.

One of the most effective costumes noted among the wedding guests was worn by a



A PRETTY MAID IN MAY.

young girl with a clear, delicate profile. As she sat, her face turned to give me a side view, I noted it before and after her gown, and though indeed the bodice of black silk, covered full with black silk net, worked with yellowish pink honeysuckle sprays, may prove more generally interesting. This bodice was worn with a skirt of black India silk, covered like the net with honeysuckle blossoms. The sleeves were bunched high at the tops, and about the waist was a sash of honeysuckle pink ribbon with a great rosette bow in front, and a third on the hat of fine black rice straw, which lay flat on the forehead. This hat was lined with pleated black tulle and at the back it had a half-wreath of honeysuckle flowers which looked as if twisted about the hair. Five feather tips of honeysuckle gave the trimming on the outside.

Tailor-made silk coats are among the new things one sees. Hungarian coats of black brocade are introduced, and, and open over waistcoat fronts of rich Chantilla. A pale coat of pale fawn corded silk is very attractive. It has a double breasted front and fastens with loops of gold cord and round balls of gold buttons. In fine weather these fronts are left open at the top, and the jeweled which runs about the collar. A tulle cravat in golden brown fills in the space at the throat, and the colors are repeated on the brown tulle hat, with its trimmings of rosettes and gold tinsel.

The old-fashioned lawns which come back to us are pretty, and so are the limp muslins, sheer and silky and copied from those beloved of our grandmothers. Russet and lilac is a combination shown in all this summer fabrics, though less frequently perhaps than lilac and gold, or pink and cream, or pink and green, this last effect requiring a very careful eye to bring it out successfully. Foulards meet one in shimmering with green that runs into gold, just as the young grass does when the sun strikes it of a morning and the wind ripples it on a not too-closely cut lawn. Shell-like designs in cream white appear on many fabrics, with rocco bow-knots and masses of flowers.

A dark blue ribbed wool made a pretty frock that was noticed yesterday. The skirts were draped a bit on the hips, and the pointed corselet laced behind. This back are three sprays of purple and white lilies which look as if newly ravished from an old bush in a village garden. Blue and purple—Ye gods, what a marriage, and yet arranged with such consummate art that the colors do not sweat at each other, but seem to blend in a delicious symphony of delicate hues.

Why not have long selected ones in you. Cheaper. Lasts longer, cheaper. Duval, 249 Union street.

SOME PRETTY BONNETS.

A WOMAN'S HEADRESS HER POINT OF VANTAGE.

Parasols That are Not Screens Against the Sun, and Decorations That are Not Proof Against Freckles—Pretty Costumes Worn by Pretty Women.

Watteau did not deem it beneath his dignity to paint fans for fine ladies, neither do Parisian artists consider it derogatory to use their brushes in the decoration of these airy nothings which women hold over their heads. Parasol means a screen against the sun, but the parasols of today mean nothing; the sun sits through the diaphanous meshes and touches the pretty face with his warm fingers, all indifferent that each touch means a freckle, or an un-



sightly blotch of sunburn. The floating masses of lace or gauze that lend a flimsy pretense against the sun, are, it must be admitted, ravishingly becoming, and form a frame rather than a protection to the head beneath.

Trails of flowering asbustus, great sprays of lilacs or knots of purple violets bloom everlastingly upon some of these so-called sunshades, the flowers wrought by the hand of a cunning artificer.

Women with a love of nature and extravagance, make the florist shops subsidiary to their whims, and deck their lace and silken parasols with real and not simulated blossoms. Alas! the sun whose ardent rays only adds to their brilliant bloom when growing in their native soil, soon withers and destroys them in their artificial transplantation, so that one sometimes sees a mauve garbed woman with a parasol strewn with wilted violets which for all the world might pass for dead flies.

Billowy soft effects in gowning are all the rage for light fabrics; the straight lines of the umbrella-case-skirt are left to the tailor-made woman who prefers walking to driving and airy flouncings, duffy jackets and coquettish cravats are seen on carriage and reception toilettes. There is a veritable craze for thinness, not of body but of texture, until one wonders whether the world is not returning to the age of the 1st empire when a fashionable dame rubbed herself in a Greek gown and neglected to put on that now disused garment known as the chemise; perhaps we have not yet arrived at this stage, but the fashionable woman gets quite as near it as possible, without actually doing it.

The woman's point of vantage after all lies in her bonnet; she may wear an unbridled gown, her gloves may not come from Jouvins, nor her jewelry from the udele la Parix, but if she wears one of Rosamond Bassett's inimitable creations her reputation as a beauty is made.

Such bonnets are materialized dreams, deft bits of handiwork which owe their elegance to the pretty fingers of the milliner. Imagine a charming woman in a gown sparkling with cabochons, with the air of a duchess; Bassett is noble so no one marvels at her air de grande dame, and she shows you a bonnet as if she were conferring a favor. Ah what exquisite things are these lovely bits of nothing, a scrap of gold wrought net, a suggestion of a jeweled crown, and a brim of airy tulle with golden wires glistening through. Odd flowers that seem nowhere else nod upon the bonnet, and tiny bonnets with new and strange combinations of color and material.

Behold a big hat covered with tulle as pale as the blue of the morning sky and dotted at intervals with great cabochons of scintillant jet, while nodding from the back are three sprays of purple and white lilies which look as if newly ravished from an old bush in a village garden. Blue and purple—Ye gods, what a marriage, and yet arranged with such consummate art that the colors do not sweat at each other, but seem to blend in a delicious symphony of delicate hues.



A WOMAN'S HEADRESS HER POINT OF VANTAGE.

Parasols That are Not Screens Against the Sun, and Decorations That are Not Proof Against Freckles—Pretty Costumes Worn by Pretty Women.

Watteau did not deem it beneath his dignity to paint fans for fine ladies, neither do Parisian artists consider it derogatory to use their brushes in the decoration of these airy nothings which women hold over their heads. Parasol means a screen against the sun, but the parasols of today mean nothing; the sun sits through the diaphanous meshes and touches the pretty face with his warm fingers, all indifferent that each touch means a freckle, or an un-

sightly blotch of sunburn. The floating masses of lace or gauze that lend a flimsy pretense against the sun, are, it must be admitted, ravishingly becoming, and form a frame rather than a protection to the head beneath.

Trails of flowering asbustus, great sprays of lilacs or knots of purple violets bloom everlastingly upon some of these so-called sunshades, the flowers wrought by the hand of a cunning artificer.

Women with a love of nature and extravagance, make the florist shops subsidiary to their whims, and deck their lace and silken parasols with real and not simulated blossoms. Alas! the sun whose ardent rays only adds to their brilliant bloom when growing in their native soil, soon withers and destroys them in their artificial transplantation, so that one sometimes sees a mauve garbed woman with a parasol strewn with wilted violets which for all the world might pass for dead flies.

Billowy soft effects in gowning are all the rage for light fabrics; the straight lines of the umbrella-case-skirt are left to the tailor-made woman who prefers walking to driving and airy flouncings, duffy jackets and coquettish cravats are seen on carriage and reception toilettes. There is a veritable craze for thinness, not of body but of texture, until one wonders whether the world is not returning to the age of the 1st empire when a fashionable dame rubbed herself in a Greek gown and neglected to put on that now disused garment known as the chemise; perhaps we have not yet arrived at this stage, but the fashionable woman gets quite as near it as possible, without actually doing it.

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Why not have long selected ones in you. Cheaper. Lasts longer, cheaper. Duval, 249 Union street.

THE BOY'S DELIGHT

Is the great School Shoe. All boys like them. They're so strong, and yet they're light. Makes no difference what kind of a school shoe they want, we've got them. 85cts. buys a good Boy's Shoe. They're better than some 125ct. goods. Good shoe at \$1.00, \$1.25, and upwards, all give good wear.

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WEDDING INVITATIONS

GET YOUR WEDDING INVITATIONS AND WEDDING CARDS NEATLY AND FASHIONABLY PRINTED BY

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For the solid condition of the North American Life, read the last Government Reports.

MESSRS. VROOM & ARNOLD, Agents, St. John, N. B.

T. B. LAVERS, Provincial Manager.

MAY BONNETS AND HATS

are now on the rush. Our beautiful new Hats are meeting the approval of the ladies. The new "MAY FLOWER" Hat is getting to be very popular; it is in different shapes, trims beautifully; it is different to see them, along with our other Spring Millinery.

MME. KANE, OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, UNION STREET.

A KISSING ACCOUNT.

A Remarkable and Variable Record of Conjugal Affection.

A Frenchman recently died who, it is narrated, on his wedding day, some twenty years ago, took the original—perhaps it may be said rather imprudent—resolution to keep a yearly account of the number of kisses exchanged with his wife until their union became severed by the death of one or the other. He was destined to be the first to go, but when on his sick bed, foreseeing that he would not recover, he begged a friend to let the world know the result of his twenty years' account keeping. During the first year of wedded life the kisses exchanged reached the colossal figure of thirty-six thousand five hundred, or a hundred a day on an average; but in the following twelve months there was a notable decrease, not more than sixteen thousand being inscribed on his register; whilst the third year shows a still greater falling off, the average number of kisses being about ten a day. And after the lapse of five years a further reduction is recorded, and the account-keeper's task was simplified, for only two kisses were exchanged during each twenty-four hours—"one on rising, one on retiring to rest." Later on, during the last ten years of his married life, "they only kissed each other on leaving for, or returning from a journey," and he had very little trouble in making up his annual domestic statistics.

Ploughing in Italy.

The fields, being without fences, have an open look; and the mingling of men and women together in their cultivation gives them a chequered appearance, and renders them very picturesque. In the middle of a large green wheat-field would be a group of men and women weeding the grain; the red petticoats and blue specers of the latter contrasting beautifully with the color of the fields. In one plot of ground I saw a team and a mode of ploughing quite unique, yet withal very simple. The earth was soft as if already broken up, and needed only a little mellowing; to effect this, a man led

Looking on the Bright Side.

Mr. Jones has a craze for buying bargains at auctions. This has troubled Mrs. Jones for a long time, but she has refrained from speaking about it. The other day, however, when Mr. Jones brought home an artificial leg which he had bought somewhere, the good lady grew angry and spoke sharply to her husband about his weakness.

"I got it dirt cheap," he said, apologetically.

"Yes, but what's the use of it?" "There ain't any use for it now, I admit, but let's hope that one of the two of us will need it soon. Be like me and look on the bright side of things."

"Look here, Pete," said a knowing darkey to his companion, "don't stan' on the railway lines." "Why, Joe?" "Kase if de trains see dat mouth of yours, dey will tink it am the station, an' run right in."

An Irishman once undertook to show an exciseman a private still, and introduced him to his brother, who had been twelve years in the army, and was a private still.

The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful. It purifies the blood, restores vitality, and gives energy to the system. It is a most valuable remedy for all ailments of the blood, and is especially recommended for those who are suffering from weakness, indigestion, and other ailments of the system. Do not continue in a state of ill-health, but get well by using Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will do for you what no other medicine can.

TOCK.

A SALE which all ST. JOHN should attend.

BOYS' SUITS. "Dollar saved is money made." If saved is two made, reduced prices are actual. The stock must go. All right, boys.

6c. 25c. Pieces Best Quality All Silk Ribbons, 1 to 3 inches in width, in all colors, at special price only.

Of!

& COL'D. VELVETEENS. The best makes in the world, and at half what you can get put into St. John. The stock must go. All right, boys.

BOYS' OVERCOATS. Only the best left over, but they are to do so the make some careful thoughtful mothers buy to until next winter.

KAISER AND SUBJECT.

Old Woman's Appeal in Behalf of Her Son Was Received.

A curious incident occurred at Berlin recently. An old woman called at the Imperial Palace and asked to see the Emperor. The Emperor, of course, refused to see her, as she claimed to be a subject. The woman thereupon said she had written to the Emperor for his majesty in the court, when, after two o'clock, she being closed and she was released. She protested so vigorously that the Kaiser, who was at one of the windows to inspect the matter. The moment she saw the face of the Emperor she voice and begged him to grant her request, if only for one minute.

The Kaiser, the old woman admitted, and conducted up where she found the Emperor in his majesty. The old woman fell on her knees and begged her majesty to see her. The Kaiser, it is said, that she was the mother of a boy who had been sentenced to five years imprisonment for desertion. The Emperor walked over 100 miles, bag and baggage, along to state her case and pardon for her son. The Kaiser looked into the matter and sent a messenger in writing. He then gave her 100 marks to pay her travelling expenses.

Mr. Gladstone as a Boy.

Mr. Gladstone, the father of the ex-Prime Minister of Great Britain, trained his son to give a reason for every opinion. It was in this way that Gladstone was early trained to give a reason for every opinion. He was so trained that he was never disputed as to where a certain right ought to be hung. An old Scotch man in with a ladder, and stood while the argument progressed, and Mr. Gladstone would not yield. William Gladstone from speech, though unaided of course. The servant then brought a picture where the young lady had when he had done this he room and hammered a nail on the wall. He was asked why "Aweel, miss, that will do to picture on when ye'll have to do to Master Willie's opinion." Gladstone generally did come round to opinion, for the resources of his mind were wonderful, and his admiration a clever feint as much as thrust, never failed to encourage saying, "Hear, hear! Well put, Willie!" if the young fellow were himself well in the en-

from what you have heard or read. Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be any substitute instead.

INSURANCE.
IAN BORN OF WOMAN,
most men are, are of few days and full of...

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK.
SHELDON, 75 Prince Wm. Street, St. John.

FIRE INSURANCE
PLATE GLASS
INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE
R. W. W. FRANK
78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

MANCHESTER FIRE ASSURANCE CO.
OF ENGLAND.
CAPITAL, \$7,500,000.
ESTABLISHED 1824.

R. JACK,
GENERAL AGENT,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

Dissolution of Partnership.
IT IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned...

ROBERT TURNER,
ANDREW FINLAY,
April, 1891.

TRUSTEES' NOTICE.
IT IS HEREBY GIVEN that ROBERT TURNER, of the City of St. John, Dry Goods merchant...

DREW PAULEY,
CUSTOM TAILOR,
for the past nineteen years, cutter for JAS. S. Y. & SONS...

FRANK J. McPEAKE,
Superintendent,
Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., 13th March, 1891.

STAR LINE.
For FREDERICTON, Etc.
SPRING ARRANGEMENT.
Three Trips a Week for BOSTON.

INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP CO.
SPRING ARRANGEMENT.
Three Trips a Week for BOSTON.

THE BLUE STORE, PORTLAND,
can show you an elegant stock of Ready-made and Gents'
Furnishings. Very low prices, good values, quick sales...

THE BLUE STORE ON THE CORNER.
HOT WATER HEATING!
NOW is the time to prepare for comfort in your dwellings next winter...

THOS. CAMPBELL,
PLUMBER, HOT WATER AND STEAM FITTER,
79 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

HACKNOMORE.
The Best Cough Cure Made. Price 25c. and 50c. a bottle.
CURES COLDS, COUGHS, CROUP, HOARSENESS, WHOOPING COUGH, BALTIC ASTHMA...

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Domville Building,
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Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches,
French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc.
JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED
76 KING STREET.
ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

THE PRICES OF WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PAINTING AND GRADING are very reasonable—Union street.

AFRICAN CURRENT.

More Curious Than Convenient Representations of Values.
I have procured some of the country money; it is more curious than convenient.

The "manly," worth a dollar and a half, would be a fearful currency to make large payments in, being composed of old brass kettles melted up and cast in a sand mould.

Up in the parlor the young folks sat;
With each hour their words grew sweeter,
While her father, grim,
With a lantern dim,

London now has a number of women of aristocratic lineage who are in trade as milliners or dressmakers. The pioneer of them all is Lady Granville Gordon, who six years ago opened a little shop in Park street.

Edwin Booth in a plain, ordinary suit of gray and a soft black hat is frequently seen these days about the New York thoroughfares.

The king of Dahomey is the proud possessor of a brass helmet with a flowing green plume which he considers of more consequence to his dignity than troops or guards or a park of artillery.

Vidal, the blind sculptor, is one of the wonders of the French capital. He has been blind since his 21st year. To be a sculptor it is generally supposed that one must have the "mechanic's eye" and the artist's taste and perspicacity.

Mrs. Nancy M. Johnson was the inventor of the first ice cream refrigerator in this country. Before her invention ice cream was made by a spoon constantly kept stirring up the cream.

The Princess of Wales adds to her various accomplishments, which include practical dressmaking, a technical knowledge of carpentering, brass hammering, etc., and she spends some time teaching in the school she has established on the estate.

Phillips Brooks was asked some time ago to furnish a sketch of his career for the record of his class in Harvard, and replied in the following characteristic manner:

It is a coincidence. Surely this is not a coincidence merely, or if so, a very remarkable one indeed.

The average man usually finds himself at sea when he undertakes the description of a lady's dress. An old farmer, returning from the wedding of a niece in a distant town, was eagerly questioned by his family as to the bride's costume.

It was a Scotchman who said that the butcher of her town killed only half a beast at a time. It was a Dutchman who said that a pig had no marks on its ears except a short tail.

It was an American lecturer who solemnly said, one evening, "Parents you may have children, or, if not, your daughters may have."

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and all points in Canada, the Western States, and Pacific Coast.

For maps, time tables, tickets, sleeping car berths, and all information, apply at City Ticket Office, Chubb's Corner, or Union Station, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.
1891—Winter Arrangement—1891.
ON and after MONDAY, 16th MARCH, 1891, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7.10
Accommodation for Point du Chene..... 10.20

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.
Express from Sussex..... 8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 9.55

SHORE LINE RAILWAY.
ST. JOHN, ST. GEORGE AND ST. STEPHEN.
Until further notice trains will leave St. John (East) at 2 p.m. West Side, 2.20 p.m. Arriving in St. Stephen at 6.50 p.m. Leave St. Stephen at 7.45 a.m. Arriving in St. John 12.10 p.m. Freight trains and delivered at Moncton's, Water street, Eastern Standard Time.

STAR LINE.
For FREDERICTON, Etc.
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JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED
76 KING STREET.
ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

Advertisement for various goods including China, Glass, Lamps, Oil & Kitchen Furnishings, Music Store, Sheet Music, Fashionable Millinery, and GORBELL ART STORE.

Advertisement for 'SURE' cure for various ailments including Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, and Liver Complaints.

Advertisement for The RUDGE Cycle Company, Limited, featuring bicycles and other machinery.

Advertisement for T. H. HALL, - AGENT, - ST. JOHN, N. B., featuring various goods and services.

Advertisement for A BIG PRICE FOR WOOL, featuring clothing and other goods.

Advertisement for THE POPULAR 20TH CENTURY STORE, 12 CHARLOTTE STREET, featuring various goods and services.

Advertisement for GET A NICE PARLOR SUIT, BUY A NICE CARPET ROCKER, SEE OUR NICE STUDENT'S CHAIR, ALL CHEAP FOR CASH.

Advertisement for CHAS. E. REYNOLDS, CHARLOTTE STREET, featuring various goods and services.

Advertisement for ENGLISH CLOTHS and Scotch Goods—beautiful and stylish. Made up in our own Custom department, you'd almost think you were getting a suit for nothing at our prices.

Advertisement for THEN THE BLUE STORE, PORTLAND, can show you an elegant stock of Ready-made and Gents' Furnishings.

Advertisement for HOT WATER HEATING! NOW is the time to prepare for comfort in your dwellings next winter.

A GOLDEN DREAM.

By G. Manville Fenn,

Author of "A Mint of Money," "Black Blood," "The Master of the Ceremonies," &c

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CHAPTER XIV.—A STRANGE HOME.

The time glided by, and now that the first shock of surprise and what nearly approached to horror had passed, Aube found her surroundings less painful, though at times she shrank from the idleness with which she was treated by the people who came about the place. It was little less from her mother and Cherubine, though her mother's tenderness was now mingled with sadness. There was a deprecating apologetic feeling in all her approaches which caused Aube no little suffering, and she strove hard to make her feel that she was happy and content.

Among the blacks and mulattoes who came to the house, there were only two who appeared strange. One of these was the tall handsome mulatto girl who seemed to have some strange influence over Nousie; and the other was the gigantic black with the knotted hair, who scarcely allowed a day to pass without making his appearance; and Aube noticed that he always watched her strangely, and on one occasion as she sat playing one of the old pieces which brought back her life at the convent, she saw that the room was darkened and that some one was looking in.

She shrank back into one corner of the room with her heart beating fast, for she had caught sight of the fierce black face and opal eyeballs of the man who had startled her before. Then the light came unintermittently again, and the dread passed away as she thought of the love of the black people for Nousie, and that the chords she had been playing had attracted the man to the window.

Madame Sainstone came again and again, but always to meet with similar refusals, all of which she took good-temperedly enough, announcing that she should return to the charge until she succeeded; and her invitation had been supplemented by others brought by her son, whose visits to the cabinet were now daily.

They caused Aube but little uneasiness, only vexation that Madame Sainstone should be so pertinacious, for in the midst of Nousie's passionate affection for, and worship for her child, it was plain enough to see that there was a nervous expectancy and dread lest she should be won over at last, and be ready to forsake her home.

Aube only encountered Sainstone twice. He was enthusiastic, and aired all his graces and attractions to make an impression upon his mother's selection, but Nousie, who watched every look and word jealously, had no cause for suffering, as it was plain enough that Sainstone's visits annoyed Aube, and he went away mortified and ready to declare that she was weak and unimpressible, or his visits would not have so far been in vain.

But after swallowing his disappointment he was ready to come to the attack again, his vanity seconding the feeling of passion lately evoked.

It was a strange life, and Aube would sit by her open window at night listening to the weird sounds which came from the forest, and ready to feel at times that sooner or later she would awaken from her last dream.

Then she would sigh and think that it was no dream, and sit and recall her peaceful life at the convent, her happy days with Lucie, and a faint glow would flush her cheeks at the thought of Paul.

Then the hot tears would come as in her heart she felt that she might some day have loved him, but that this was indeed a dream never to be realized—a something pleasant belonging to the dead past.

She had written to the lady superior and to Lucie twice since she had been out there, but her letters were gaily returned. The allusions to her mother and her home, were brief, but she dwelt at length upon the beauty of the country and the tender love showered upon her by her mother and her old nurse. But there was no mention of her position, and the agony she had suffered—no word to show that she was not happy.

"Why should I speak of my disappointment and the dissipation of all my illusions?" she asked herself. "I built up all those castles in the air; it is not her fault that they have all come tumbling down."

CHAPTER XV.—"NO ONE MUST COME BETWEEN US."

Nousie was seated at the back of her buffet one morning when all without was glorious sunshine, and in her heart all looked dark. The place and her avocations had suddenly grown distasteful, she hardly realized to herself why; and the great object of her life achieved, she sat wondering why it was that it hadn't brought her joy.

There were endless things to distract her. She was jealous of Madame Sainstone, and she shuddered when Etienne came, but always after their departure she commended with herself as to whether she ought not to forgive the past and encourage her child to accept the intimacy at all events with Madame Sainstone, who could offer her social advantages such as were wanting now.

Then she thought of leaving the place altogether and beginning a new life, but these thoughts were cast aside despairingly, for if she did this, her income would cease, and worst of all the gap between her and her child would not be bridged.

"I can see it—I can see it," she sighed. "My poor darling; she is struggling hard to love me. I never thought of it, but she is so different, and I can never be anything else but what I am."

Her musings that morning and the thoughts which always came to her when she was alone were interrupted by the entrance of Eugene and the great black, who, after making sure that they would not be overheard, seated themselves, the black refreshing himself with a glass of rum, and Genie leaning over the buffet counter to speak in a low tone to Nousie.

"Where is Cherubine?" she said.

"She has not been up to us lately."

"No; she has been so busy here."

"Ah, yes, the pretty lady from over the sea."

"Yes," said Nousie uneasily, and avoiding further allusions to her child, she entered at once into the business of her visitary call, receiving certain orders from her which she undertook to fulfil. Then she

woman rose, made a sign to the black, and he followed her without a word for some distance along the road, till they were quite out of sight of Nousie's home, when she pointed up a side path.

"Go on, now," she said.

"You coming?"

"Not yet. Go on, and don't watch me."

The black laughed rather consciously, and turned up the path, to go for some distance before turning sharply round, and he was about to plunge in among the trees as if to retrace his steps, when he became conscious that the mulatto girl had followed him a little way, and was watching to see if he really went.

The black laughed and went on again, while after making sure that she was not being watched in turn, the girl returned to the road and sat down where she could command the way to the port and see who came.

She had not long to wait before she caught sight of Cherubine toiling along in the hot sunshine with a great basket on her head. She was singing merrily as she came, and from time to time raised and smelt a great bunch of flowers, smiling with satisfaction, and then she began singing again.

She was in perfect ignorance of the presence of any one else till she was abreast of the clump of thick foliage where Genie was standing, and then she started so violently that she disarranged her flowers by clapping both hands to her basket, which nearly fell.

"You, Genie?" she said. "You frighten me."

"I want to talk to you."

"Yes," said Cherubine, beginning to look uneasy, and trying to hide her perturbation with a curious laugh.

"You have stepped away from us," said Genie, sternly. "Why?"

"Oh, been so busy with young missus," she said hastily, "but coming again soon."

The mulatto girl fixed her with her eyes, and said in a low whisper:

"The serpent grows angry with his children who do not come; and it they stay away too much they grow sick and die."

"Oh, I come soon," cried Cherubine, trembling visibly now, and her black shiny skin seemed to turn dull and strange, as white rings appeared round the pupils of her dark eyes. "You tell him I'm not going to stay away any more."

"I take care then," said the mulatto girl, keeping her eyes fixed on the trembling woman. "You have not been since the two new white brothers came to us."

"No, no, not once," said Cherubine, trembling, "but I come next time."

"Yes. When did you see him last?"

"Yesterday," said Cherubine, eagerly.

"Where?"

"He came to Nousie's."

"I thought so," said Genie, in a low voice. Then added, "How many times has he been?"

Cherubine balanced her basket carefully on her head, and counted rapidly on her fingers.

"Eight times."

Cherubine smiled, then looked horrified.

"Don't look at me like that," she said, hastily, as she tried to take her eyes off her sister, but stared at her again as if fascinated.

"I am not looking at you," said Genie, slowly; "it is the serpent looking out of my eyes. He is everywhere. He is asking with my lips why Etienne Sainstone comes to Nousie's house."

"I—I don't know," said Cherubine, shuddering, and the rings about her pupils grew more defined.

"Mind what you are saying," said Genie, sternly.

"I only think," said Cherubine, hurriedly—"I think he has in love with little missus. An' it's very dreadful," she said, in a whispering tone, as she stood shivering in the hot sunshine, and watching Genie, who as soon as she had spoken turned suddenly, and went up the narrow path taken by her black companion. "Wish sometimes I never went to Vouduous. Frightens me."

For the next few minutes as she continued her journey back, the flowers seemed to have lost their sweetness, and she remained perfectly mute, but with the natural carelessness of her race, all was forgotten again in a short time, and she reached the house singing, to go straight to the window of Aube's room, call her by name, and laughing merrily she thrust in the bunch of flowers, kissed the little white hand which took them, and then went into the front room behind the verandah, where, in the dim light, she saw her mistress hastily put away a handkerchief, and on going closer with her basket, which she now held under her arm, she said, sharply:

"What missus cry about?" the sight of Nousie's red eyes completely chasing away all thought of her late encounter.

"Oh, I don't know," said Nousie, sadly.

"I'm not happy, Cherub."

"Nousie ought to be happy then," cried the woman. "Got lots of money, big house, and beauty once again."

"But she is not happy," cried Nousie, passionately. "Oh, Cherub, it is killing me to see her look so quiet and sad."

"Ah, nonsense!" cried Cherubine, sharply. "She laughed just now when I took her flowers."

"Laughed?" cried Nousie, eagerly. Then with a sigh, "She only tries to smile when I take her anything."

She looked wistfully at her faithful old servant, for the revelation was coming fast with all its painful enlightenment, and the making clear to her of complications of which she had never dreamed.

Cherubine looked at her wondering, for she could not comprehend her mistress's trouble, and setting it down to one of her old fits of the revelation such as had often come to her since the terrible day when she had seen her husband shot down before her eyes, the woman took her basket into the house as horses' hoofs were heard, a shadow was cast across the verandah, and Sainstone dismounted, threw the bridle across a hook, and entered the place.

Nousie looked at him sharply, as at a fresh source of trouble at a time when her spirit was very low; but the young man

came up to her with so smiling and friendly a look that she was disarmed.

"What a morning!" he said cheerily; "and how well you look, Madame Dulau."

She winced, for his words and tones brought back compliments paid her by her husband's friend.

He noticed her manner and became serious directly, as he said in a half-reproachful tone:

"I thought that when a man joined you, he found help and friendship, but you always look at me as if I were an enemy."

"Ah, no," said Nousie, forcing a smile, "you are mistaken. What do you want me to do? You can help yourself now without going to anyone."

"Don't play with me, Nousie," he said, leaning over the counter and catching her hand, which she tried to snatch away, but he retained it. "You know why I came. You must see that my mother approves of it, and though I am not good enough for her, still I would indeed be to her the best of husbands, and it would be for her good. There, I am very poor at this sort of thing, but you know I love her, and I ask you to help me to help her."

She looked at him wildly, for his prayer to her seemed horrible, bringing back as it did the past, and she shook her head.

"Oh, come," he said, "you say no because you think of that Vouduous business. I tell you frankly I got you to take me up that I might join them solely to help me in my election. You must not think about that. And yet," he said, with peculiar look, "I might say to you, do think about it, for I want your help."

"No," she cried hastily, "I am not one of them. I am their friend, and help them and they trust me, but I do not belong."

"They think you do, and treat you as one of them," said Sainstone, drily; "but I am going to put pressure on you in that way, Nousie—Madame Dulau, if you like to believe my father and your husband were friends once."

"Oh!" she exclaimed wildly.

"Ah, yes; I've heard they became enemies, but what of that. They would have made it up again, so what is that to us. Let me speak plainly. I love Madame Sainstone. My mother has tried again and again to make us all friends, but without avail. Now I have come myself; first of all as her messenger, to ask if she may send the carriage for mademoiselle this afternoon."

"She would not come," said Nousie, quietly.

"You have not asked her. I am not going to press my suit. I'll be as patient as you like, but let her come. The packet came in the morning and we are to have the captain and a few friends. It would be cheerful and pleasant for her, and she would meet some of our best people. You will let her come?"

Nousie's hand contracted, and she shook her head.

"Ah, but you are hard," he cried. "You are jealous of me. You think I am going to take her from you, but listen, Nousie: she is the dearest, sweetest lady I ever saw. Are you going to keep her from such these blacks, and condemn her to such a life as this?"

She gave him an agonised look, for he had struck the chord which thrilled through her; and as she stood there suffering she felt that his words were right, and, growing weaker beneath the pressure put upon her, she withdrew her hand to stand with brow knit thinking:

"Ought she not to forget the past and accept her fate? She knew now that by her own act she had raised Aube far above her, and while her heart bled in its agony she acknowledged that she was dragging her child down."

"You do not speak," said Sainstone.

"I was thinking," she replied, dreamily.

"You say Madame Sainstone sent you."

"Yes," he cried eagerly.

"I will ask her."

"No; I don't ask her; let me plead to her," cried Sainstone, fearing to lose the slight hold he had gained.

"No; I will ask her myself. You need not fear," she added with a sad smile. "She shall go if she likes. I will be fair."

She left the buffet, and went thoughtfully to her room, the place that was sacred to her, and pressing her lips together and trying hard to force down the agony within her, she closed the door behind her.

Aube had started to her feet and was looking pale and strange.

Nousie, softly. "He says he loves you, and Madame Sainstone asks if she may send the carriage for you this afternoon. What shall I say?"

"That I will not go," said Aube, firmly.

"Stop," said Nousie, now, fighting down the desire to go straight to the window herself that her child might be happy. "He said to me what I have just begun to think, that I had made you a lady, and asked me if I was going to keep you down to such a home as this, here among these wretched people. Aube darling, I feel as if I could no longer love you, but not be best for you to leave you—I will not go."

Nousie's fingers worked, and her lips trembled, but she mastered herself again.

"You must think of what you are saying, my child. His mother wishes you to go—she would love you for her son's sake. He asks for you to be his wife."

"Mother!"

"Listen, my child; he will make you rich me—a lady—the best people in the place who look at me will welcome you, and as his wife—you could love him."

"Mother!" said Aube, "are you going to be cruel to me now?"

"I, my darling?" she cried, catching Aube to her breast, "who would die for you?"

"Then why do you talk like this? You do not wish it?"

"I wish to make you happy, dearest, and to try and mend my poor mistake."

"Mistake? What are you saying. I could not love that man. His mother frightens me. She seems false and strange to me, and her daughter hates me in her heart. You wish me to leave you and go among those people. No, no; send me back to the peaceful old convent once again."

Nousie started, but controlled herself still, and after an effort.

"What an I to say then to this man?"

"That it is impossible. That I cannot go—that he is to leave us in peace."

"Is this from your heart, Aube? Look

at me before you send me with such a message as that."

"Look at you?" said Aube, tenderly, as she softly threw her arms about her mother's neck. Do you think I do not consider all that you have done. Mother, dearest, your letter rests here upon my heart. I look at that sometimes, and kneel down and pray that I may learn to repay you for all your suffering in the past. What are these people to us that they should try to come between us when we are so happy as we are?"

"I try to be," she said, with the tears flooding her eyes, "but you make me sad sometimes when you look troubled, and as if you were not content with me. Mother, I do love you with all my heart."

"Aube—my darling!"

She clasped her passionately to her heart, and Aube drew her face closer to her own.

"Yes; love me always like that, mother," she whispered, "I am happy now. Tell this man to go and trouble us no more. We have been parted so long, and I have come back again. Mother, dearest, nobody must come between us here, and as she reached the door, she turned, ran back, and kissed her child again before hurrying out to where Sainstone was impatiently waiting.

He stared as she came toward him, erect and proud looking, and as if some sudden change had taken place in the brief time she was gone.

"Ah," he cried, joyously, "She will come?"

"No, Monsieur Sainstone," said Nousie firmly. "My child refuses, and asks you and your mother to leave us in peace."

A look of rage crossed his face, and he turned upon her fiercely.

"It is not true," he said. "You have been setting her against me. I'll speak to her myself."

He made for the door, but Nousie interposed—at bay now to spare her child.

But her manner changed, and it seemed to Sainstone no longer Nousie, the keeper of the cabinet, but Madame Dulau, wife of his father's old friend, who said firmly, and with a dignity of men which startled him—

"Stop, sir!"

"You shall have it from her own lips."

She went through the door, leaving him pacing the room, and in a minute she came back, leading Aube, no longer the shrinking, timid girl, but calm and self-possessed, and looking more beautiful in his eyes than ever.

"Ah, Mademoiselle Aube," he cried, as he stepped forward and tried to take her hand.

"You wished to hear from me," said Aube gravely, "the words my mother said. Let me then say, monsieur, that I thank Madame Sainstone for her kindness, that I cannot accept her invitations, and that all you wish is impossible."

"No!" he cried, hotly, "it is not impossible."

"Impossible," repeated Aube, and she turned from him to whisper, as she clung to her mother's arm, "No one must ever come between us now."

And the door was darkened as a man appeared dark against the sunshine which hindered him for a moment from seeing the group before him.

"Is this Madame Dulau's?" he said, as he stepped forward.

Aube uttered a wild cry, while Sainstone's eyes half closed, and his lips tightened, as he looked from one to the other, saying beneath his breath—

"Who is this?"

CHAPTER XVI.—A RIVAL.

Everything was dark and strange to Paul Lowther, coming in as he did from the glaring tropic sunshine, but he rushed forward excitedly at Aube's cry, and dimly made out a figure in white, whose hands were eagerly stretched out to him, and, obeying the natural instinct of the moment, he clasped the figure in his arms.

"Aube, my darling!" he cried.

She shrank from Paul's embrace trembling and confused, as Nousie looked wildly on, and a loud, angry ejaculation came from Sainstone, which made Paul turn upon him, seeing more distinctly now.

But this glance at the strangers was only momentary, and he turned again to Aube, looking wonderingly at Nousie, then at the place, and back at Aube, whose hand he still retained.

"I could hardly find you," he said, "I have only just landed from the packet."

"Mr. Lowther!" faltered Aube, as she gazed at him wildly. "Why are you here?"

"Can you ask that?" he said. Then, with his eyes wandering once more about the place, "But my dearest girl, why are you here? This gentleman—will you introduce me?"

As the words left his lips Sainstone could contain himself no longer. Half maddened before by Aube's firm refusal, the sight of this stranger who had been so warmly welcomed roused him to a pitch of fury, and he raged forth—

"Aube! Who is this man?"

"My friend, Mr. Paul Lowther, sir," said a sharp voice from one who had come forward unbidden, "and my name is Durham—Englishman—at your service. Who are you?"

Sainstone glared at the speaker in astonishment, but turned back directly to Paul, who changed color, as he said:

"I beg pardon if I have come unceremoniously, but I thought this was a cabaret. Mademoiselle Dulau, in heaven's name, why do I find you in a place like this?"

Aube's lips parted, but her emotion checked her utterance, and she crept to Nousie's side, catching at her arm for support.

"Oh, I beg pardon," cried Paul hastily, as she struggled with the undefined apprehension which attacked him, and Nousie stood motionless and listening as a prisoner awaits the death sentence from his judge.

"Is this from no shrinking at her task, for

Aube's heart beat loyally and warmly then. She had chosen her path, and, martyr-like, she was prepared to pace it to the end, but no words would come. She glanced at Nousie, and saw that she was white and trembling. She could see Paul's colour coming and going, but the agitation of neither broke the spell which bound her, and her eyes wandered to Sainstone, who was gazing at her fixedly, with a sneering laugh faintly appearing about his lip.

That aroused her just as Paul said again rather sternly—

"Is it your servant? Am I wrong in asking what I did?"

"No," said Aube simply, as she passed her arm round Nousie's waist. "Mr. Lowther, that is my dear mother, Madame Dulau. Mamma," she continued, quietly, "this is Mr. Paul Lowther; dear Lucie's brother; and his friend."

She held out her hand to Bart., who drew a long breath after watching her keenly.

"You brave little darling," he said to himself, as he took her hand, and then "I bring you dear Lucie's love. My dear Miss Dulau, I am glad to see you again. Madame Dulau, I am afraid we have taken you by surprise."

He held out his hand now to Nousie, who drew a long breath too, and caught it eagerly, and held it for a few moments smiling pleasantly in the face whose frank honesty impressed her.

"Yes," she said quietly; "it was a great surprise to us both. Lucie's brother and his friend? You are very welcome to my poor home."

Paul seemed dumbfounded, but at last, evidently suffering painfully, he held out his hand to Nousie, conscious that under her mask of calmness, Aube was suffering agony, and watching her, wondering what she would say or do.

Nousie's brow wrinkled, and her face puckered a little with a deprecating smile as she looked at the extended hand, but she did not take it. It was not from malice, but Paul's words had cut deeply, and she could not help saying with a slight shrug of the shoulders—

"You wish to shake hands with me?"

"Yes," stammered Paul. "With Aube's mother, I beg your pardon, I did not know."

"No," she said simply; "how could you? I am not a lady. Only the keeper of this poor place."

She laid her hand in his for a moment, and as his own was more free, Paul looked confusedly from one to the other.

His eye lit upon Sainstone, who stood watching them sagely, and as the young man's gaze encountered Paul's confusion passed away, for instinctively he knew that he was face to face with a rival.

"Will you come in, gentlemen?" said Nousie, quietly. "Mademoiselle Lucie's friends are very welcome here. Aube, dear, show the way. Monsieur Sainstone," she continued, "I will not ask you to join us, after what has passed."

"I understand," said Sainstone, speaking to Nousie, but with his eyes fixed on Paul. "Madame Sainstone, I beg your pardon, I did not know."

He nodded at Aube, who looked at him calmly, and walked towards the door, but turned back directly.

"Ah," he said, "I really forgot. Did I have anything to drink?"

As he spoke he threw a coin on the front of the buffet.

"No, Monsieur Sainstone," said Nousie, calmly, and she took up and held out the piece.

"Keep it," he said, contemptuously, and the blood flushed in Aube's cheeks at his manner towards his mother. Then in a whisper Sainstone continued, "Send those men away while their lives are safe."

Nousie looked up at him sharply, and he returned the look as if there were a peculiar and well understood import to all this.

"I am one of you now," he continued in the same tone, "and I am not going to be cast aside like this."

CHAPTER XVII.—FOLLOWED!

Back in the evening, through the dark shadows of the great leaves, where great moths flitted over the cloving scented flowers, and the fire-flies scintillated among the bushes as if there had been a shower of tiny stars.

"It's maddening, I tell you, maddening!" cried Paul, hoarsely.

"O, I don't know," replied Bart. "Rather warm though here. Paul, old chap, if we stop here long I shall take to collecting. Look at that moth. Why