

POOR COPY

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

AN HOUR IN SPIRIT-LAND

A "PROGRESS" REPRESENTATIVE WAS WANTED

Under the subtle spell of Madame Berwick of the United States, Her's Deceit and Trance Medium, "More Agreeable Seances than that of the Romanoffs."

Madame Berwick of the United States is in this city. Madame Berwick does not confine her citizenship to the United States. She is broader even than any cosmopolite, since she dwells in spiritland as well as on the earth. Her friends in that misty realm entertain her with magic lantern shows and she retails to patrons accounts of what she sees at these shows at the rate of fifty cents a sitting. The scenes that are depicted flow before her vision and the factor the half dollars flow in the faster flows the show.

Stated in brief Madame Berwick is a trance medium and herb doctor. She has been in St. John for some weeks past, engaged in the laudable pursuit of painting golden futures for people of various sorts and conditions. On paper she possesses many wonderful gifts and the hand-bills tell the many things that she can do. She tells the past, present and future: she can disclose where things lost can be found and whether absent friends are living or dead; she can tell what business you are adapted to and whether your companions are true or false; she locates the disease of people who are suffering from any unknown complaint and her cures are infallible.

Filling the philanthropic role of public protector PROGRESS sought the boudoir of Madame Berwick to learn the nature of her revelations. When he was ushered into her presence he was surprised. From his reading of fiction he had expected to see an ethereal looking woman with a far off gaze and other evidences of being only a transient boarder on this mundane sphere. But instead of this spirituelle appearance the reality revealed a very natural woman of substantial avoirdupois and a very earthy appreciation of the advantages of getting fifty cents in advance. She was considerably past her prime and did not betray in her countenance intellectuality of a high order, though that is not to say that she does not possess that attribute.

She opened the interview by stating that she proposed to go into a trance and in that state she would disclose the future. It would pass before her like a panorama and she would relate what she saw while it was passing. If her hearer wanted to ask any questions they would have to be asked while the trance was on her, for when she came out she never knew what she had told.

Speaking thus, she folded her hands and closed her eyes. She did not assume any strange appearance and a woman in a trance proved to be a very ordinary sight. Soon she commenced to speak and told a tale that abounded in "glittering generalities," but did not show that her spiritual friends had given her any inside tips as to the past or present of the scribe. It was one of the stock prophecies of an ordinary fortune teller and gave the usual information about a golden future, a good business offer, money that was to be inherited, good friends, happy marriage and life. She certainly predicted fifty cents' worth of prosperity, but the absence of particular information was very noticeable, and when she was asked for details she had no reply. For instance when she was questioned as to what business her patron was going into she had to respond that it was not revealed to her.

Like all other spiritualists Madame Berwick has an especial spirit who informs her in regard to the lives of her patrons. She described to her interviewer who he was. She was a lady who died about a year ago and was a great friend of the madame's.

The days when Madame Berwick was at the zenith of her power have passed. She has now been attending these spiritualistic panoramas for the benefit of humanity for seventeen years and there was a time when she could tell the name of any one who called on her and all about him. She cannot do that now, but her old power is returning. She was ill for a long period some time ago and lost her second sight entirely. But now it is coming back and she expects to have her gifts with the old time intensity.

Then she told of the faithful guardian spirits who were watching over her hearer and concluded with telling him his lucky number and a date on which he might make a wish that would come to pass within seven days.

At length her hands began to twitch, her eyes opened and she was out of the trance.

She explained that the lucky number which she tells in her trance frequently wins prizes in lotteries for those to whom they are told. She told of other ways in which her revelations were of financial advantage to recipients. Men frequently consulted her on business matters and allowed her orders thereby. The more

a person consulted her the better she was able to obtain from the spirits the desired information respecting them. She frequently reveals fortunes that have afterwards come and she has sometimes received large presents from those who have acquired fortunes according as she predicted.

She proposes to stay here about a week longer and will then go to Fredericton. Women are her chief patrons, but a great many men consult her and in some places she has had more male callers than female. As the interviewer took his departure he reflected that a great thing it would be if he were a trance medium and had some friendly spirits to hustle around after news while he stuck his feet upon the sanctum desk and smoked.

WORKING FOR THE SEMINARY.

Energetic Efforts Being Made to Improve the Institution.

The committee in charge of St. Martin's Seminary, Mass., have been taking steps to greatly increase the efficiency of this institution and to remove its present ineffectiveness. They have also thoroughly renovated the building, refitting the furnaces and adding other repairs of an extensive character, to keep it fully abreast of the times and to afford every convenience for those who may attend its courses.

Recently they have engaged as preceptress Miss E. M. Fletcher, of Mt. Hermon, Mass., who has taught Greek for the last three years in the institution founded by D. L. Moody. Miss Fletcher is an M. A. in honors of Colby University and furnishes high testimonials from Drs. Pepper and Small and other prominent scholars of New England. She now has charge of the Latin, Greek and French classes at St. Martin's, and her coming has infused fresh enthusiasm in the work connected with her department.

Mr. S. J. Case, a B. A. of Acadia, conducts the classes in mathematics and science, and is highly popular with the students. He is also uniting in his efforts to interest the young men in their studies and to inspire them with a desire for attaining the highest and noblest ideals of life.

Instruction in English literature, rhetoric and German, is given by Miss Lizzie E. Hughes, a former student of both St. Martin's and Acadia seminaries. Then, too, there is a type-writing and shorthand department, conducted by Miss Lizzie L. Bridges, who has, until recently, been following her specialty in Maine.

The Misses Vaughan, of St. Martin's, also have classes in music, painting and drawing, and maintain the high standard hitherto sustained by the school. Miss Ann's Vaughan, having acquired the German method of teaching practised by Fraulein Meyer, is now prepared to give courses in this system, as also in those in common use in the most select English and American schools.

A preparatory department is added for such students as may not be sufficiently advanced to take the regular course. The location of the seminary is among the finest in the Maritime Provinces. The air is wholesome and entirely free from malarial taint, while the scenery as viewed from the heights where the institution stands is indescribably beautiful.

The next term is announced to open Wednesday, January 31st. Rev. W. E. McIntyre, B. A., is the principal.

SOFT ACT vs. THANKSGIVING.

The town of Sussex has always had a union thanksgiving service on the day set apart for it. Last year the service, was largely attended, and no doubt, was productive of good. Five of the clergymen of the town joined hands, and held service in one church. A large congregation resulted. Since that time one of these gentlemen has removed from the town, but the new pastor and two others who took part last year will conduct the service. Why do not the others take part as on former occasions is the question asked by many persons. The reason is obvious. When one of the reverend gentlemen read resolutions after a union prayer meeting last year three of the five clergymen present left the church before they were read. These gentlemen knew what the resolutions contained, and had expressed themselves unfavorably to them. But nothing daunted the resolutions were read, and the gentleman who framed and read them was charged with criminal libel. The case excited a good deal of interest, but ended in the person who framed the resolutions being acquitted. Of course this was an occasion for rejoicing and a big meeting was held in the hall, and a purse containing one hundred dollars presented to the defendant to help him delay senses connected with the case. For not thinking the same as their brethren three of the ministers will conduct the service this year, instead of five.

Another Week Will Finish It. Moving a printing office is slow work. PROGRESS counting room is not in its new quarters yet but expects to be before another issue. The old offices on German street are still in evidence.

AN OFFICER'S FACE CUT

BY AN ENRAGED DALHOUSIE UNDERGRADUATE.

The Causes Which Led to the Action—The Lieutenant Slapped the Collegian in the Face for Insulting that He Struck a Cripple—Happiness Now Restored.

HALIFAX, Nov. 15.—The students of Dalhousie college and the garrison have always been friends in sporting matters. They do their best to defeat each other at football, but there is none of that intensity of feeling which marks the struggle between Wanderers and collegians. There is reason for congratulation that the unpleasant incident which occurred at the close of the match last week between the Wanderers and Garrison football teams will not mar this friendly feeling, for the two men specially interested have acted like thorough gentlemen, and in mutual regrets and mutual explanations have agreed to forget that the disagreeable episode occurred.

The dramatic persons in the affair were Lieutenant Smith, R. E., of the Garrison football team, C. P. Fullerton, and a crowd of students and soldiers. The scene was outside the ropes at the close of the match on the Crescent grounds. Lieutenant Smith, R. E., came to the grounds in a bad humor, and no wonder, for it is said he was just in receipt of news from England that he had failed in an examination for promotion. His ill humor increased when he found that the game had begun, for he intended to be one of the players, and now, owing to his lateness in arriving, he had to become a mere spectator outside the ropes.

Mr. Smith nursed his feelings till near the close of the game, when he saw a boy teasing the officer's dog, and then to relieve his feelings he shook the little fellow by the shoulders and pitched his cap over the fence. Mr. Smith did not notice that the boy's arm was broken, and that it was in splints and slings. But Dr. Currie's coachman did, and he remonstrated with the officer. It was doubtless an awful thing for a coachman to utter such a protest against an officer, and Lieutenant Smith promptly slapped his face. A threat that the officer would be made to answer in the police court for his conduct was all the coachman did, as he rubbed the place where the officer had struck him. The fracas did not end there, however. The crowd began discussing the affair, and Smith's name was frequently used. It was but a work of seconds, not minutes, when Lieutenant Smith rushed to Mr. Fullerton, and demanded the reason why he was taking liberties with his name. Mr. Fullerton is quick-tempered and though he denied the offence charged against him he added, very sarcastically, "But perhaps you'd like to strike me as you did the cripple." That was the spark to the gunpowder and it seemed to raise Smith's hand and bring it square across Fullerton's cheek. The student was just as prompt. He held a cane, and with that he dealt Smith a blow which fractured the cheek bone and made a ghastly cut under the eye. The officer was knocked out. The soldiers immediately made hue and cry and Surgeon-Captain Barefoot shouted, "Police, police, arrest that man!" He tugged at Fullerton's coat as if to give him in charge. It looked as though a free fight would be started, for the cry was raised "Dalhousie, Dalhousie," and a score of students surrounded the collegian and faced the gathering soldiers and friends of the officer. Further blows fortunately were avoided, the officer was removed to his quarters and Fullerton was escorted to his lodgings. There were rumors of arrest but nothing of the kind was contemplated. An ardent Dalhousian who practices law in New Glasgow, hearing of the threatened police court proceedings, telegraphed to the college that if any fine were inflicted on Fullerton he would pay it.

There was to be a match between Dalhousie and the Garrison on Saturday and it was a serious matter to decide what should be done, for Mr. Fullerton is one of the best forwards of the college and it was considered that it would be unwise for him to play unless some satisfactory understanding were arrived at with the military. Happily there was no occasion for uneasiness, for though afflicted with hot tempers, both officer and student are gentlemen. A calm discussion among friends of each showed that the officer was entirely in the wrong, and his regret for what he had so hastily done was only equalled by that of Mr. Fullerton, that when struck, he had not dropped his stick and used his fists. Lieutenant Smith and Dr. Fullerton met, mutual explanations, regrets and apologies were exchanged; the telegram from New Glasgow was taken down from the conspicuous place where it had been posted on the college walls, and friendship all round was once more established.

If all misunderstandings and mistakes were quickly settled in the honorable, gentlemanly way in which the trouble was

disposed of, it might often prevent many unnecessary heartburnings and petty feuds.

A BIG BLANDER SUIT.

In Which Two Harvey Parties Will Figure Prominently.

York and Westmorland county people are considerably exercised over the fact that a suit has been entered in the county court at Fredericton in January next in which a prominent doctor of that county and a well known farmer and store keeper are concerned. Both parties belong to Harvey Station.

Dr. B. N. Keith, the physician in question is a native of Butternut Ridge, Kings county, and has many relations in that locality. He married Miss Maud Gray, daughter of P. J. Gray, the well known railway contractor, who also figures prominently in the suit.

Thomas Robinson, the plaintiff, is keeper of the grange store at Harvey station. He has filled the offices of school trustee, magistrate, and other parish offices, and has offered for county councillor. No man in his part of the county has more friends than "Tom," as he is called.

But to the story, the cause of the suit. Robinson has entered a suit for libel or defamation of character and all the other counts that usually attach to such a complaint.

Shortly after Doctor Keith was married, about eight years since, he removed from Westmorland county, where he was then practicing his profession, to Harvey station. He was well received by the people, and having a certain amount of skill got a good practice and did well. He built a substantial dwelling and to all appearance was a happy and well doing man. But he was not the former, at least. There were troubles at home, in the family.

For some reason he and Mrs. Keith did not agree. There were quarrels so the neighbors say, and as the years went on these grew greater and became very frequent. But during the last fourteen months they have been unusually prevalent. The neighbors have heard much of the bickerings, and the quarrels became so frequent that they ceased to cause much comment. All the people were apparently on the side of Mrs. Keith, and it is a difficult matter indeed to find anybody who will or does charge her with wrong doing. So it is alleged in the complaint.

The doctor, whether jealous of his wife or not, has connected her name with that of Robinson in a way not complimentary to either and as soon as this came to the knowledge of Robinson there was trouble. The story is told that Keith in Robinson's barn, charged the latter as above alleged, and Robinson had some difficulty in refraining from striking the doctor. Robinson says that he was not hasty in the matter, that he told Keith that he would not proceed against him unless he had to; that if the story became public he would at once appeal to the courts. He said the statement was infamous, that Mrs. Keith was not a woman of that kind, and that the doctor should go home and try to behave himself and do better. Robinson thought that was the end of it. He knew the doctor was an obstinate man and that he often lost control of his temper, and he thought it was but a "word spoken in anger" and would soon blow over.

In a few days the town became alive with the rumors and then Robinson saw that to protect himself he must take legal steps. And he did so.

Among the stories told is that a detective was hired to watch the doctor's residence and that he has testified to the fact that one night when lying behind a fence watching the house during the doctor's absence, he saw a man come up to the window and talk to someone inside. After a few minutes, the visitor exclaimed "we are late," and ran away. The detective, it is said, declares that he did not try to catch the man, that it was not what he was sent there for. All he had to do was to see some one go to the window and he did so. It is also said that other parties were placed to watch the house and that buck-wheat meal was spread on the stairs and platform so that if any intruder appeared his tracks would be plainly seen.

Mrs. Keith went home and the partying was not such as usually occurs between the general run of men and their wives. In fact she has gone home several times and it is evident has tried to fulfill the marriage vow of "till death do us part," as well as she was allowed.

If the doctor believes that his wife has been unfaithful he is the only one who does so.

There are about thirty witnesses to be examined and the stories they will tell will be racy in the extreme, but they are all of the opinion that the doctor has no reason to make such charges against his wife. Harvey station is divided on the matter, the majority however favoring the wife and completely exonerating Robinson from all blame. It is not probable that Mr. and Mrs. Keith will again live together. The two boys, the fruit of their marriage, (Continued on Fourth Page.)

SPIKE'S PATENT MUZZLE.

HOW HE TRIED TO APPLY IT TO "PROGRESS"

By Serving Writs on the Halifax News Dealers—Mr. Percy Lear Follows his Example—"Progress" Ready for the Fray—The Fun is but Begun—Plenty of Facts.

Nine or ten newsdealers in Halifax have been passing through an experience this week. All of them have been presented with little slips of paper called writs because it is alleged that they sold PROGRESS which contained an expose of the doings and troubles of an individual named Spike. More than that, one of Mr. Spike's latest portraits in some way or other came into PROGRESS' possession and, engraved in the best style by its engraving bureau, found a place in the article. PROGRESS is not aware whether Spike was dissatisfied with his looks or his actions. Both were pictured in PROGRESS "true to life" and yet the owner is not happy. Instead he has pounced upon a lot of business men whom he suspects did, in the ordinary course of their business, sell this fearless newspaper, PROGRESS. He does not imagine for one moment that these newsdealers have anything against him—in fact he knows all of them well enough to be convinced to the contrary, but he seeks through them to aim a blow at the newspaper that exposed him. Certainly he and his astute attorney, C. Hudson Smith, are unique in their methods and their very course will be the biggest and best advertisement PROGRESS ever received in Halifax.

In the meantime, gaining a hint of what was likely to happen, PROGRESS wrote to each of the newsdealers asking that the matter be referred to the publisher who was prepared to prove all the paper had stated and a good deal more.

It may be worth while to go back for a little and recall what PROGRESS did say. Careful readers will remember that a few weeks ago a paragraph appeared in these columns stating that a gentleman of this city who owned considerable real estate in Halifax was represented by a man who collected a mortgage and failed to account for it to him, who did not give a release of the mortgage and who was found out after a long time by direct application for a release. This was absolute truth and but small part of it was stated. PROGRESS has in its possession the name of the party who paid the mortgage and is prepared to prove every line that appeared in its columns. More than that all of the delayed remittances of Mr. Spike for rents collected will be interesting evidence in the event of the trial of these newsdealer suits. The facts that PROGRESS printed were common property. The Halifax newspapers knew much about them but were not in a position to have the same exact information that PROGRESS possessed. If they had had that information, they could not have done their duty as newspapers and withheld it. But still more; Spike is associated with Short's insurance agency and the latter made certain charges against the former. A minor difference had already been in the court but that was nothing compared with what was behind. Spike himself acknowledged his shortcomings. These are solid facts—the evidence of which will be easily procured. Nobody knows this so well as Spike but he seeks to intimidate the people whom he alleges handle PROGRESS and thus hamper its sale in Halifax. What a job he has!

What a contract he will have to muzzle a live and fearless newspaper! Why if every newsdealer in Halifax thought it in his interest not to handle PROGRESS, the paper would still be sold. Only last week there were a hundred applications direct from the city of Halifax alone. The supply was exhausted long before the demand was filled. It will probably be a consolation to Spike to know that his actions have such an attraction for the people.

But this is not the first suit for libel that Spike has brought in the same connection. The Sun of this city printed a few plain facts about him before the article appeared in PROGRESS, and Mr. Spike's attorney, a Mr. Morrison, wrote and demanded the name of the Sun's correspondent. The reply he received was that the name of the Sun's correspondent was the property of the newspaper, that he was reliable and reputable, carefully inquiring into his facts. Mr. Spike's request was not complied with. Then Mr. Morrison asked for the name of the Sun's attorney and the information was furnished him so promptly that it took his breath away. At any rate no suit has been begun. But the Sun does not circulate in Halifax through newsdealers, to any extent, and so Mr. Spike was deprived of the satisfaction of annoying them on its account.

PROGRESS would have been much better satisfied had Mr. Spike brought his libel suit direct. No doubt he was not thinking of satisfying this paper but yet if he so wishes PROGRESS will try the suit out

with him provided he will give a bond for costs and in return for that the publisher of this paper will satisfy him and his attorney that if he gets a verdict it will be paid. If Mr. Spike accepts this challenge let him drop the suit against the newsdealers who sell all papers and who are not supposed to guarantee the truth of every paragraph in them.

But perhaps the most amusing part of the whole business was the issue of another writ at the instance of Mr. Percy Lear, who has caught the prevailing epidemic and wants satisfaction from the newsdealers. Perhaps PROGRESS statements were not full enough to satisfy Mr. Lear or can it be that he is dissatisfied with the fact that the portrait of his attractive better half was printed while his was not. This is truly a simple complaint and one that PROGRESS will try and remedy. It seems that Mr. Lear has confined himself to one agent and him PROGRESS will have much pleasure in defending. In fact PROGRESS has instructed all of those newsdealers who have been favored in this special manner that the publisher will engage the best counsel he can obtain and defend these suits.

The fun is not one sided nor is it ended yet by any means.

TURNUED THINGS INSIDE OUT.

The Minister of Militia Calls General Herbert "Down."

One of the most interesting incidents of the visit of the minister of militia has not been circulated in the current gossip of the day and it is too good a morsel to keep away from the public palate. It throws a strong side light on the present position of General Herbert as a culmination of his constant broils with the military men of Canada. Ever since he took charge of military affairs in Canada he has been very much in evidence and usually in connection with some disagreeable business.

This province has experienced this fact. The disbanding of the Fredericton military band and the removal of their instruments created quite a furore and there was rejoicing when this arbitrary act was reversed by the minister of militia and the instruments were returned. It was thereby shown that General Herbert was a subordinate person after all.

But this is not the incident referred to. In another instance on his trip here he reversed an order of General Herbert and accompanied his action by rewards which showed that the general's position was rather insecure. It appears that when General Herbert was here some months ago on a tour of inspection he ordered Major Armstrong to remove all the guns from the different forts and store them. When the minister of militia came here recently and talked with Major Armstrong he countermanded this order, telling him to leave the guns where they were. He also directed the major in future to take his orders from him, as he did not think that General Herbert would be in the service much longer. It would appear that the autocratic general is shorn of his authority and that he is shortly to be de-capitalized entirely.

Mr. Patterson also told Major Armstrong that he wanted to see flags flying from all the different forts every fine day and, if they hadn't them, he promised to send them from headquarters.

These Names Sound Alike.

It all the curious and annoying errors that appear in newspapers, were collected what a volume they could make! PROGRESS contains its share of them and last week when a good citizen, Mr. Barclay Robinson saw his name figure in a sketch in this paper one of these errors became very pronounced to him. Newspaper men will get astray, sometime without excuse, and perhaps there is no excuse that will sound reasonable to the gentleman thus annoyed, that contounded the name of Mr. Barry Robertson with his own. There was nothing in the sketch to offend even so particular a citizen as Mr. Robinson, but as he had no part whatever in the passing incident that furnished the material for the sketch, no one can blame him for wishing the error had not occurred.

Working on a Big Circulation.

The Daily Record reminded its readers a few days ago that its issue for that day was 4,000 copies, more than 3,000 of which it said were regular subscribers and purchasers while the rest were specimen numbers. The Record's stride is wonderful in the favor of the people, and by means of a unique scheme succeeded in placing it every night in nearly 2000 homes by its carrier boys alone. This is a remarkable delivery list. The Record carrier boys are more than 20 in number and yet all the city has not been canvassed. When it is, the assurance that the Record will have a splendid circulation, larger than that of any daily paper in these maritime provinces can readily be believed.

"Progress" is for sale in Fredericton at Daniel Brophy's grocery.

LADY ABERDEEN TALKS ABOUT HER EXPERIENCES OF A CANADIAN WINTER.

The Countess Gives a Delightful Description of the Quebec Carnival, and Many Other Things She Has Seen Since First Coming to this Country.

Our first winter in Canada! What a medley of memories it brings up!—new experiences of many kinds, a new home, new friends, new work; are all associated with bright skies, an ever glittering scene of snow and ice, and bevy of eager-faced youths and maidens, intent on some one or other of the sports which have made Canadian winters so famous.

But the cold? Do you not feel the cold very severely? I hear some one ask. Well, to that question I can reply with no uncertain sound. The cold may be severe, the thermometer falling once or twice during last winter to 26 and 30 degrees below zero at night in Government-house gardens; but the fact remains that one does not feel it more cold than, it so cold as at home. It is of a different quality; and our coachman, whose opinion may be considered impartial, as he has frequently to bear night exposure, says he has often felt more chilly when driving on a winter night in Aberdeenshire than in Canada. Of course one has to adapt oneself to the climate's requirements; but all the arrangements for protection against cold are so complete that there is more likelihood of suffering from too much heat than cold in the Canadian houses and railways and places of public resort. So never let fears of the severity of the climate deter anyone from making their home in Canada. Only let them come clad in the woollens which wise people wear at home as well in Canada, and be ready to adopt simple precautions to preserve ears and fingers and toes from frost bites.

There is a material made in Canada called blanket cloth, which is admirably fitted for winter wear; it is in fact, an adaptation of the blanketing worn by the Indians, and has been great in vogue amongst the merry tobogganers. But we are disposed to think that it is not sufficiently appreciated or worn by the general public. We think that the members of the government house staff never look so well as when they turn out in their dark blanket suits striped with light blue, or, on very smart occasions, in white, with the same blue, and with many-colored scarfs, woven in times gone by the French peasants, wound round their waists. It is a pity that a picture taken of our own family should not have been rendered in colors to illustrate the variety that may be obtained in these costumes—three of the children in bright blue and white, our eldest boy in red and white. His Excellency in dark and light blue, and myself in brown and yellow. But it is to the Ice Carnival time in Quebec last January that we owe our most picturesque recollection both of blanket-clad snow-shoers and of the pleasure of a Canadian winter generally.

It was the first time that one of the carnivals had been held in the quaint, historic old city overlooking the St. Lawrence, and her citizens had determined that the event should be a success. Not only in the main streets, but in the by-ways, it would be seen that the inhabitants were vying one with another as to who should do the most for the occasion. Decorations there were in abundance, also all manner of snow fortresses and buildings, arches, marvelously carved ice statues of the old heroes of Quebec, an ice model of a lion, and to crown all, an ice fortress, built of huge blocks of transparent green ice, with fortifications all around it and glittering and shimmering in the sunlight, a constant thing of beauty to all beholders.

The reality of the reign of King Winter was demonstrated on the day of our arrival by a furious blizzard of snow and hail, which delayed our train for six hours, but which at the same time gave the finishing touch to the carnival preparations by frosting over the whole. In spite of the tempest, all the snow shoe clubs had assembled in their many colored blanket costumes of white, red blue, and black, brown, and green, and purple, to receive us at the station, and insisted on themselves dragging our sleigh up the precipitous streets to the finely-designed, newly erected Chateau Frontenac—the hotel put up by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which has the distinction of adding to the beauties of the place instead of detracting from them as such edifices are wont to do. At the head of the snow-shoers, as president of the carnival was a notable figure, M. Joly de Lotbiniere, an ex-Premier of the Province, a handsome old gentleman of 70, who proved to be the very life of all the proceedings, cheering, encouraging, here, and there, everywhere, forever amongst his "boys," as he called his stalwart army of snow-shoers. He was ably supported by his lieutenants, and all the organizers of the carnival must have been proud of the results of their efforts, and of the conduct of the people. Though often waiting for long hours to see the processions, or the illuminations, or whatever it might be, never did we see the slightest disorder, or any behavior which could cast the least discredit on the character for orderliness and courtesy of the inhabitants of Quebec—no, not even on the greatest night of the attack on the ice fortress,

followed by a midnight parade of the streets.

I wish I could give a faint idea of the beauty of that scene. The fortress was lit up from within by a succession of colors—rosy pink, changing to fiery orange, and then again sea green, with aæthyst gleams flashing across it, as if the garrison within were holding high festival. And then, presently, came in sight the long defile of the attacking host, some 2,000 in number, each with torch in hand, and at last taking up their position right in front of the walls. A few minutes' suspense, and then poured forth a very shower of fire on the devoted defenders; every manner of firework was launched forth over the fortress, and myriads were the stars of many colors which poured down out of the sky. The fortress answered boldly, and two little redoubts took their part in answering fire for fire, until at last it appeared as if the whole fortress was enveloped in lurid flames, lit from within by crimson lights, and deluged with a final volley of rockets. The moment of surrender had come. M. de Lotbiniere was ascending the fortress and planting the flag of the conquerors on its turrets, and the flames faded away, leaving the fortress a cold mournful grey. The joyful troop of the jubilant snow-shoers filed down through the streets, filling the night with their shouts of triumph and their songs. We were taken around on a model locomotive belonging to one of the snow-shoe clubs, which had figured in the great procession of the day before—which I have not space to describe, but in which there were over 100 emblematic cars, also typical parties; the voyageurs, the lumbermen, the hunters, and other pioneers in Canada.

As for the games and the competitions of all sorts which were going on, I could not attempt to describe them. Hockey, the premier winter game of Canada, was of course well to the fore, exciting the wonted enthusiasm of its devotees, though the roughness which accompanies it when the full excitement of the game is aroused, tends to detract from its charms and from one's admiration of the skill with which it is played; curling, another Scottish game adopted so thoroughly by Canadians that they almost consider it their own; lacrosse, played for the first time on ice, tobogganing, coasting, and skating in its perfection. Ah, what skating! If you visit one of the great skating rinks in Canada, you will find out what skating means. Waltzing is mere child's play, and dancing the lancers a pastime; but just watch the more serious skaters cutting figures of impossible nature with the utmost grace and ease, darting in and out like swallows; and presently, at a signal from the band which is always present on high days, the whole company assemble for what is called "a march," and twist in and out, and backwards and forwards, and across one and another, with a precision and a finish which appear the perfection of the art.

From time to time, as on the occasion of this carnival, or for some special night as we had at Ottawa, a skating masquerade takes place, and the skaters will appear dressed in character; and sometimes the children get an afternoon devoted to them, and appear as Red Ridinghoods, princes and princesses, clowns and sailors, and red Indians, and so on. These children seem to be brought up on skates, and their little figures in vivid colors flashing past, skating hand in hand, backwards and forwards, make one feel amongst the fairy-talk in very deed.

At Quebec the bob-sleds used for tobogganing purposes down the steep slopes are not the usual flat, wooden toboggan curved at one end, but are iron-tipped, and curved at both ends. But it is the ordinary toboggan which is used on our slides at Government House, where we have had many merry gatherings both by day and by night.

I must leave to some one of more experience to tell about the merry Canadian winter life, of the fishing through the ice-bound waters, the pursuit of the moose, and the methods of winter travelling by means of dog-sleds, adopted by the hardy Hudson Bay Company hunters and the devoted missionaries of the North-West. I have only been able to give a glimpse of first impressions of the winter's recreations of the townsfolk, and even so, I fear, I have not at all conveyed an impression of the condition of things which make this sort of life possible. The sun is a great factor in a Canadian winter, and Canadians tell us how they miss it when they spend their first winter in England; and then the snow, it is not the wet, penetrating snow we know, but the dry, crumbly, shimmering substance, in which it is a pleasure to roll, or to be upset from a toboggan; the deep rivers, too, become permanent roads not only for the snow-shoers (with their long netted snow-shoes, which look rather like lawn-tennis racquets made in the shape of a flat fish), but for carts and wagons and traffic of all kinds; and, in the centre of the river, you can watch huge blocks of ice being hewn out for the butchers and other provision merchants, who keep all their meat, fish, etc., frozen.

But if the winter is enjoyable, let me add a word to describe the beauties of the first Canadian spring. King Winter had, after all, only reigned three months, from the beginning of December, when crash! came the end of his power. And by the middle of March the sledges were discarded,

and the Governor-General could use a carriage and four when going to open Parliament on the 15th of March. What a sight the rivers were about that time! With what cracks and groans did the huge masses of ice break up and drift down the waters, and hurl themselves over the rocky heights. And then, almost before we were aware of it, the woods around Government House were one mass of glorious wild-flowers; the Canadian robin (a bird of the thrush species, for our own little pert robin friends are not known there) were singing in the trees, and tapping on the lawn for their worm victims, and the lovely little blue birds were delighting us with their sweet notes. We were told that there was no spring in Canada—that we should find that summer succeeded winter with a hop skip, and a jump. But I can but record our experience. Certainly we could never wish for six weeks more of perfect and substantial spring weather than we experienced at Ottawa from the end of March.

But I may be asked whether the note of gaiety, on which I have dwelt, is so predominant a feature of Canadian life that it throws all else into the background. Well, frankly speaking, I think this general gaiety and buoyancy is a national trait in Canada, which impresses the newcomer very vividly; but let it be remembered that in a country like Canada all relaxation and recreation must perforce take its proper place. There is happily no room yet for loafers; it is a young country, where all must work who would live, and this applies not only to the men but to the women; and the young ladies who issue forth in brave array for their amusement in the afternoon or evening, are usually very conversant with the details of household work in the morning. If the difficulty of finding and retaining good servants has been felt a real hardship and difficulty, yet it has produced a race of mistresses, whose glory it is that they can, if the necessity arises, be independent of servants altogether. And so long as there is this background of definite work in the lives of the people, it is surely a matter for rejoicing that there should be that capacity for enjoying simple pleasures, and for entering heartily into healthy outdoor amusements, which tends to give proper balance and development to both mind and body, and fitness to perform aright the more serious duties of life.

An Utimation. In the feudal days of Scotland, when noblemen thought it no disgrace to steal their neighbors' cattle, a baron protected his vassals from the aristocratic cattle licker by hanging outright those taken red handed, while waiting for the slow process of the law. When Sir William Scott was a young border laird, he made one night a foray on Sir Gideon Murray's lands. While driving off a herd of cattle he was caught, and, being brought before Sir Gideon, ordered to be hanged. Hanging a cattle thief was such an everyday affair that Sir Gideon went about his ordinary business. But his wife, hearing that a handsome youth of a good family was to be executed, sought her husband and indignantly exclaimed: "Hoot, George, what do I hear? You tak' the life of the winsome young Laird of Harden, wi' three ill faured lassies in the house o' yer ain to marry?" "Ye're richt, Maggie, my dear," replied the baron, grasping the situation. "Wallie shall tak' our muckle mou'd Meg, or else he'll stretch for it."

The helpless prisoner consented, and much to his father's surprise, returned home with a bride from the neighbor's house he had ridden out to harry.

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Sacred Concert and organ recital in St. Andrew's church last Tuesday evening was, as anticipated, a pleasurable occasion to a large number of the citizens. The church was filled almost to its capacity and by an audience altogether in character and appearance quite apart from what one so often sees in attendance at operatic performances. It was a cultivated audience and the ordeal of solo-work by those who made what may be called their first public appearance may be rightly designated as a trying one. Of the soloists special praise is due to Miss Forbes for the admirable manner in which she interpreted and sang her not so easy "The Chorister" by Sullivan. The young lady has a pleasing quality of voice and a particularly nice articulation, which in itself is as beautiful as it is rare. Although applause could not be indulged in owing to the character of the edifice, it was quite evident that Miss Forbes' singing produced a very favorable impression and many indulged the hope that she may soon be heard in concert again. I do not remember having heard Miss Lugin singing on any previous occasion but I like her voice, especially in the duet "O Lovely Peace" from Judas Maccabean, which she sang with Miss Pidgeon. The choruses were at times somewhat unsteady, which can be fairly attributed to the fact that they were sung without a conductor. The chorus "Send Out Thy Light" was quite well given and was in my opinion best of all the choruses. A number of organ solos were well played by Mr. Fisher, the organist of the church, and in the last piece on the programme, the fantasia "Austrian Hymn" by Haydn-Chipp, the audience were treated to a specimen of organ pedal work such as perhaps none present ever heard in this city before. Of such well known soloists as Miss Pidgeon and Mr. Lindsay it is not necessary to speak—their work is well known, but the new voices, including Messrs. Ross and Allan, all acquitted themselves to say the least satisfactorily. I observed among the audience a large number of well known musical people, some of whom have been identified with the greatest musical successes the city has ever enjoyed.

The engagement of Harry Lindley's company at the opera house for Thanksgiving week is cancelled and at this present writing there is nothing absolutely booked for that week.

Tones and Undertones.

Seabrooke will let well enough alone and stick to "The Isle of Champagne" and "Tabasco."

Eugene Udin, the singer who died in London on the 4th inst., was born in New York February 24th, 1858.

Madame Nordica had a triumphant reception at the Royal opera, Munich, on Oct. 11th as Elsie in "Lohengrin."

A new opera is being rehearsed at the Boston Museum. It is entitled "Westward Ho" and is by Woolf and Ware.

Ysaye, the eminent Belgian violinist, has an old Guarnerius violin that once belonged to Paganini. It is now valued at \$6000.

William Furst, the composer of "The Isle of Champagne" and Della Fox's "The Little Trooper" is at work on an Irish operetta.

Francis Wilson will take his entire light opera company to England with him and will open at the Lyceum Theatre, London, on April 29th.

Souza's band will give concerts in the Boston theatre, Boston, Mass., on the evenings of Sunday, 18th and 25th. This is probably the finest band in America.

Grace Hawthorne, the English actress, has gone to India with a company on a tour which may continue around the world. She opened in Calcutta on the 10th inst.

"The Silver Wedding Company" of which Miss Mamie Taylor, of operatic distinction, was a member, has gone out of business. The manager decamped with the funds.

The tour of the Calve opera company now being organized, will begin in the United States shortly after the close of the Madame's engagement at Covent garden.

"A musical comedy written around the army and navy headquarters" is the description of "The Shop Girl," now in rehearsal at the Gaiety Theatre, London, Eng.

When Beerholm Tree begins his American engagement he will probably open with "The Ballad Monger" and "The Red Lamp" as played recently by him before the Queen.

The Carl Rosa Opera company purposes producing at Christmas time in London, Hamperdick's fairy opera "Hansel und Gretel," the German "Babes in the Wood." It is a great German success.

"The Queen of Brilliants" (Lillian Russell's opera) has been partly reconstructed, a strong dramatic plot having been added. It is said that in its present shape it should be a New York success.

The manager of the Marie Tavy grand opera company, which by the way is the only organization of the kind on tour, says, "As a rule singers are a peculiar lot; the word 'independent' scarcely defines them.

They would prefer to starve all winter, or live on Fourth street, New York, on soup, rather than accept an engagement on terms that do not exactly suit them."

John Williams is the name of a tin worker who has been discovered by Patti, who considers him a musical prodigy. She says he has a wonderful voice and she will bring him out at her concert in Albert Hall.

"His Excellency," the new opera by W. S. Gilbert and Dr. Carr Osborne, is a two act affair. The first scene is a market place, Elinore; and the second, the courtyard of the same Danish town. The period of the play is 1807.

The coming opera season in New York is to last for thirty-nine evenings and thirteen afternoons. Among the promised novelties are "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saens, and "Phryne" by the same composer. "Les Huguenots" will be one of the great events with a special cast, which will include Nordica, Melba, Scalchi, Jean and Edward de Reszke, Piancon and Maurel.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Kate Bateman was the original Leah in this country.

Louise Thornyke Boucault, the widow (?) of the late Dion Boucault it is said will soon be married to a Baltimorean.

A new comedy by F. W. Sidney entitled "American Assurance" has recently been presented at Eastbourne, England, for copyright purposes.

Grace Vaughan, a former member of Thos. Q. Seabrooke's Company, has been recently committed to an insane asylum in Cleveland, Ohio.

Ella Chapman, a well known American actress who has been residing in London, England for some time past, has gone on the music hall stage.

Julia Marlowe Taber is playing the role of Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal" with particular cleverness and abundant success in the Western States.

When in New York and during his April engagement in that city Alexander Salvini will produce his new play entitled "The Student of Salamanca."

Charles Collins, who will be remembered by theatre goers in this city as a member of "The Crust of Society" company, is now a member of Julia Marlowe-Taber's company. He plays "Sir Oliver Surface."

Sardou has been so much annoyed by American actors and actresses asserting that he is writing plays for them, that he now gives notice that he is doing no work for America except for Fanny Davenport and Daniel Frohman.

It is observed that nearly all the first rate comedies are the work of very young men. Those of Congreve were all written before he was twenty-five; Farquhar produced "The Constant Couple" at twenty-two and died at thirty; and Sheridan crowned his reputation with "The School for Scandal" at twenty-six.

The reason Emperor William of Germany does not travel as much as formerly is said to be one to the audacious criticism of a singer who appeared in a Hamburg music-hall in three different costumes. After representing William I. and the Emperor Frederick he impersonated a young man with a long blonde mustache. Rushing upon the stage, he cried: "Michael, fix my valise. We shall start on another voyage." The people applauded. As the artist was on the point of leaving the hall he was arrested and thrown into prison, where he remained fourteen days. The emperor was deeply stung by the criticism.

BOSTON'S LATEST JOY.

The Castle Square Theatre, the Prettiest in the City.

Among those who enjoyed the hospitality of Manager E. E. Rose, at the private opening of Boston's latest and in some respects prettiest theatre, last Saturday evening, was your correspondent. The following description, condensed from the Boston Evening Transcript will probably be of interest to your readers.

The Castle Square Theatre, the latest addition to the Boston playhouses, and the largest amusement structure with a single exception in New England, was opened last Saturday for the inspection of the press and the members of the City Government, preparatory to its formal opening Monday evening with "Captain Paul" as the attraction.

The stage can be completely cut off from the auditorium by fire curtains. Adjoining the theatre is a hotel and through this part of the structure runs the main entrance to the playhouse, fashioned as an arcade. The hotel is six stories high, of white brick and terra cotta, in colonial style.

Within the great arch is an illuminated stained-glass window measuring 323 square feet. The upper part of the window bears the representation of a castle, suggestive of many a feudal tradition. The chief ornamentation is a flowery festoon of olive green. Below in letters of blue and gold, the words "Castle Square Theatre" stand out strikingly on a background of opalescent glass. The border is executed in the

style of the Renaissance of different textures of glass in lighter shades. The outside doors are enamelled white. Passing into the loggia, twenty feet wide, the box office is seen on the right, with the manager's office in the rear, and at the left a dainty inglenook with onyx fireplace. The mosaic tile flooring has a border of fleur de lis pattern, while the ceiling is in sky effect with cupids. The wainscot is of Sienna marble. A second set of doors gives entrance to the lobby, the decoration of which is after the fashion of the sixteenth century. The lobby is seventy feet long, twenty feet wide and thirty feet high. The wainscotting is of Sienna and Italian marble and the cornices are supported by pillars executed in white and gold. The cases leading to the first balcony are of Italian marble and the walls are finished in tapestry design. At either side of the main entrance are large drinking fountains of Sienna marble. The cornice in the main lobby is supported by a series of Corinthian columns. Especially artistic are the three Guastavino domes in the ceiling of the grand lobby each eighteen feet in diameter, and are in sky effect; that in the centre bears life sized figures typical of comedy; the others allegorical paintings. Plate glass mirrors extend from the stairway landing to the base of the domes and across the whole foyer.

Through a series of mezzanine lobbies opening from the grand lobby are reached the coat, smoking and toilet rooms, the floors of which are a mosaic tiling composed of over one thousand pieces of marble. The smoking-room has a massive fireplace of colonial design. The women's parlor is exquisitely furnished.

Entrance is gained through nine doorways to the auditorium, which is extremely broad for its depth. The act drop-curtain harmonizes, being of plain old rose Titian velvet. The chairs are of greater width than is usual in our theatres and all command an uninterrupted view of the stage. The pitch of the floor is such that every row of seats is sufficiently elevated and the aisles are comfortably broad. There are boxes each of which is over a foot higher than that in front. Drawing rooms open from each of the boxes, the prevailing color-tone of which is a restful lightness. The great dome, forty feet in diameter is seventy-one feet from the floor. The beams on the ceiling break in circular lines, forming the base of the dome, and all decorated with Cupids.

Above the boxes are windows of stained glass, bearing figures symbolical of music and drama. Three-cornered boxes between the boxes and balcony add to the effect. The proscenium springs in a striking curve from a base in the form of a panel of white stero-relief. The sounding board bears twelve female figures of heroic size, representing in allegorical form the hours.

This is the seating capacity of the house, as officially stated: Orchestra, 752; first balcony, 450; second balcony, 585; the boxes bring up the total to about 1900.

The great electrolier is a wonder of mechanical ingenuity and artistic design with new conceits in form and devices for using all or part of its power at will. Most of the lights about the auditorium, including those in the great electrolier, are softened by frosted globes.

The stage has a proscenium opening forty feet in width and thirty-two feet in height and is seventy feet between walls, and fifty-two feet from footlights to back wall. That portion known as the sectional stage is 40x23 feet and holds nine traps, twelve feet deep, and six bridges, which may be raised to an altitude of ten feet. The depth from gridiron to stage is seventy-two feet leaving forty feet above the proscenium which will permit all drops to be lifted without rolling. The counter-weight system, arranged by Peter Henderson, who built stage, has been adopted. It provides for the raising and lowering of drops by the manipulation of ropes from the stage, which are so under control by the weights that a very slight power is necessary to work them. This arrangement, as the switch-board, is on the opposite prompt side, so that the stage manager has the entire stage in his control from this side alone. There are thirty-five dressing-rooms, each equipped with set marble bowls, and provided with running hot and cold water.

The Castle Square Theatre is built entirely of unflammable material—steel and iron frames, giles, fire brick—and is constructed with the latest views of engineers and architects, so as to get the maximum of thought with the minimum of material. This is especially noticeable in the balconies which are supported on cantilever trusses, so as to use as few posts as possible. The highly approved methods of heating and ventilating are employed. Fresh air, drawn from the outside, is passed over coils of steam pipe and then driven by fans into the house, through ducts leading into the chair legs, which are hollow. To rid the house of foul air, blowers and fans, set in the dome of the house, are operated, drawing the air through openings in the ceiling of the auditorium. In warm weather the apparatus for pumping in warm air can be used to supply cool air to all the house. The appliances are so adjusted that any required degree of heat can be produced or excessive warmth moderated at will.

As already noticed the opening attraction was "Captain Paul," a romantic drama, written by Mr. Rose, the manager of the theatre. This week's performances

are under the care, and for the benefit of Boeten Lodge of Elks.

As a matter of record I attach the cast: Captain Paul, a soldier of fortune.....E. J. Henley Ben Tronides, his lieutenant.....George Fawcett Philip Breville, his friend.....E. J. Morgan Marquis D'Andray, the last of his kind.....Edward Dennison Emmanuel D'Andray, son of the Marquis.....Sheridan Black Viscount Ormondie, an English spy.....Leighton Baker Romany, a gypsy vagabond.....Robert Paton Gibbs Andy Moran, servant to Ormondie.....Eugene O'Rourke Jean, an old servant to the D'Andray house.....William Fairbanks Boatwain, of the ship ranger.....Hubert Atley Marchioness D'Andray, wife of the Marquis.....Miss Helen Tracy Marguerite, her daughter.....Miss Mabel Eaton Ninette, a maid.....Miss Mildred St. Pierre Irene Vernon, an American girl.....Miss Minnie Seligman PROSCENIUM.

The Goodness of Clothes.

Perfection is attained by no man. We do not pretend that our clothes are perfect, but they are as near it as a man can get, with a pair of shears and a piece of horset cloth. They lose nothing in the sewing, nothing in the finishing and trimming. Each stitch is honestly taken, each button is put on with an intention of having it stay and do work. We don't know how to get any more goodness into men's raiment than we put in ours. We sell just as cheaply as we can. If you can find a fault in our work, tell us—we'll right it. GILMOUR, Tailor.

Mme. Patti, having no children, is still troubled with persons who write begging her to adopt their babies. Hundreds of such offers come to her in the course of a year.

A PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MIRACLE.

A Mount Pleasant Lassie Saved from Death, and Restored to Health in a Wonderful Manner—Her Parents Give the Particulars of the Case.

(From the Summerside Journal.)

The readers of the Journal can hardly fail to have been interested in the series of well authenticated wonderful cures in different parts of Canada, reported in these columns, but probably very few of them knew that as marvellous a cure as any of those described was being effected right here on Prince Edward Island. A short time ago, however it became noised abroad that little Bertha Mabel Robinson, of Mount Pleasant, had been brought back from what seemed certain death to health and strength. This rumor having caused no little commotion, we determined to investigate the matter, and the result is a complete confirmation of the remarkable story.

A very enjoyable drive through several farming settlements brings one to the comfortable farm home of Mr. Horatio N. Robinson, Mount Pleasant, one of the most prosperous and progressive farmers of the western part of the Island. Here we receive a hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. "This is the little girl," says Mr. Robinson, "whose restoration to health is little short of miraculous. Some time ago she lost the use of her left limb entirely, and could not use it in any manner whatever. About a year ago it was that her leg became useless, and she had to be lifted in and out of bed. We were naturally much alarmed and tried various doctors and remedies, but without the least particle of benefit. We had frequently read of the cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and at last made up our minds to give them a trial, though our hopes were faint where so many other remedies had failed. We sent for a supply and before a half dozen boxes were gone, Mabel was able to walk and play without her crutches. She is now quite lively, eats and sleeps well, and is in good spirits, and we are satisfied that she is far on the way to complete recovery. I am perfectly satisfied that if we had not given Pink Pills a trial she would have been a cripple for life, if indeed she had survived the illness, and I shall be greatly pleased if our experience proves of benefit to others." Mr. Robinson also informed the Journal that his brother, Mr. Peter W. Robinson, of Brackley Point, was in the spring greatly debilitated, and suffering severely from rheumatism. He began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and is now about as well as ever. The facts above related are indisputable and can be confirmed by the neighbors of the worthy persons on whom the cures have been effected.

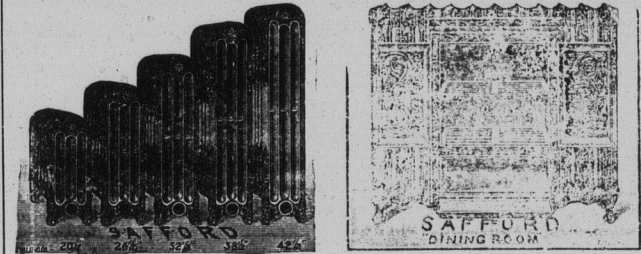
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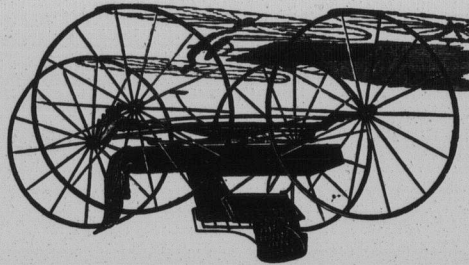
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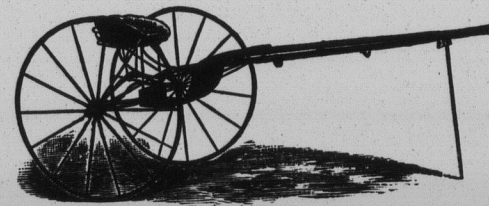
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In the spring of the year especially, a road cart, such as that shown above, should be owned by every man who owns horses. It saves a carriage, is convenient for exercising and the preliminary training of a speedy horse. Well built, handsome and easy to ride in.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 38 and 40 GERMANS STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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The circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; 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 very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 17.

LET THE LORD BE THANKIT.

There are few things more gratifying to the human mind than thanks for benefits bestowed. And many a verse of scripture shows that gratitude to the Giver of all good is especially pleasing to that Bountiful Father. "Sae let the Lord be thankit."

"The first observance of a day of Thanksgiving," says a contemporary, "was that at Charleston in October, 1631." The general idea is that to America belongs the credit of the first Thanksgiving day, but this notion is erroneous. A day of thanksgiving was specially set apart by the authorities of Leyden after the relief of that city, in the preceding century. America's second thanksgiving day was in February, 1632, when Massachusetts celebrated the passing of an act in England that was particularly advantageous to the colonies. Ireland was the third country to have a day of thanksgiving.

Canada early adopted a permanent annual Thanksgiving day. She still continues it in the old spirit, for the has much to be thankful for. During the past year, she has had particular cause for thankfulness. She has had no wars, nor have rumors of war materially affected her. The most of her vast territory has been, as ever, singularly exempt from the natural disturbances which create so much havoc in other lands. Times have been hard, but not nearly as hard as in many other countries; "Sae let the Lord be thankit."

There are some people who are frequently represented as making Sunday the one day in the week on which they practise religion. The religious muscle of these people is, from want of development, extremely flabby. So is it with people who do the most of that important religious service—thanksgiving—on the day set apart by it by those in highest state authority. Mr. HOWELLS—or rather Mr. HOWELLS' little girl—was the originator of a scheme of having Merry Christmas all the year round. And if Christmas, why not Thanksgiving?

The whole secret of happiness is thankfulness. Thankfulness is the quintessence of contentment. Its effect on the thankful and the thanked is most beneficial. "It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes." It is the key to the beauties of nature, and to all the other joys of living. Thanksgiving should be, like Christmas, essentially a home festival. It is for this reason that the colleges of the United States—and occasionally those of Canada—show bad taste in allowing members of football teams to go to other places to play on that day, instead of going to their homes. If JOHN HOWARD PAYNE were alive, he would soon show his countrymen their folly in this regard by a song of Thanksgiving day, and its intimate relations with home, sweet home.

There are, perhaps, many saddened homes this Thanksgiving. In some there is a vacant chair which was, perhaps, filled at this time last year. It was thus on the first Thanksgiving day that America saw the hearts of the Puritans were sad because of the death of the sweet ROSK STANDISH. But in the passing away of that beautiful maiden the Puritans recognized the same hand which had bestowed so many blessings upon them in the year that ended with the first Thanksgiving, and their hearts, in touch with the wisdom of the Father, were none the less thankful.

THE OSCAR WILDE OF TODAY.

OSCAR WILDE threatens to come to America on another lecture tour, but he may be persuaded to restrain himself. Conditions are not what they once were. For instance, Mr. Wilde has a great deal less hair, and the American women a great deal more sense than they used to have.—New York Herald.

OSCAR WILDE, at the time of his tour through the United States and Canada, was an aesthete who made himself considerable of an ass although he probably got some money by the venture. To make oneself so cheap for the sake of money is not con-

sidered by the majority of wise men a very wise proceeding, however.

The comic artists did more to make OSCAR did himself. Mr. DU MAURIER in England, and Mr. NAST in America, were the two who helped to give the aesthete notoriety by means of their clever pencils. And Mr. DU MAURIER's drawings inspired "Patience."

It is true, as the Herald intimates, that Mr. WILDE was the object of considerable gush on the part of some silly American women, and it is also true that the American women seem to have a great deal more sense than they used to have. They seem to have restrained their admiration for penniless and rascally counts to some extent, and it is not now their custom to run off with coachmen. And it OSCAR came back as of yore, with the sunflower in his button-hole, and the long hair, and the agony, the ladies of the United States would not become as soulfully intense as on the occasion of his former visit. But the likelihood that the American woman should not be as amorous of Oscar as formerly, does not prove that she is any more sensible. Let some new fad arise, as silly as any that she has already received, and it may get as cordial a welcome as those which have gone out of fashion.

Whether or not the ladies of the States are more sensible than they used to be, there is no question that the cutting of OSCAR's hair had a different effect from that of the cutting of SAMSON'S. Mr. WILDE was shorn of his weakness. And as in the case of SAMSON, a woman was the cause of the change. "Women," says TROWBRIDGE, "can move men any way they like, for good or ill." The lovely Mrs. WILDE did much good for her husband by sending him to the barber.

Then Mr. WILDE began not only to be serious, but to be considered as serious. He wrote an article for the Nineteenth Century entitled "The Decay of Lying." A man has to have wonderful discernment to discover any decay in lying at present, and the gravest people began to nod approval at the man who had overstepped HORACE'S limit laid down for wise men who play the fool.

This article, therefore, was OSCAR WILDE'S first step to an enviable fame. He is now recognized as a piquant epigrammatist who reminds one of LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. He is known as a poet of high order. He is considered something of a playwright. And the wise and bespectacled Boston girls would now give Mr. WILDE an even more hearty reception than that once accorded him by her sillier American sisters.

The Bangor News says that the trouble in literature is that "lots of people who have no more business with a pen than with the heavenly harp are trying for places in the niche of literary fame. They are bound to get there, they think, and, being unable to create anything of their own, merely turn back the leaves of old books and appropriate something of their liking—just as they would pluck a rose from another man's garden." The News cites as an example a song entitled "Days of Yore." "H. HEINE," says the News, "was given as the name of the author—the man who wrote the words." Then it quotes a verse from "Days of Yore," and a verse from another song, which greatly resembles the song of HEINE. The News says that it does not know the name of the author of the other song.

The critic continues, "and it may be that it is his verse that has been used in the song and that the other was made from it, but perhaps the song writer is some other HEINE, who has appropriated the pretty idea and words from the unknown writer. Anyway, one of them is a thief. This is plainly apparent." There is only one H. HEINE who has given to the world such admirable poetry as that quoted by the News, but that the writer of either poem is a thief is by no means apparent. Both pieces are translations from a poem of HEINE, and both are, in most collections, credited to him. It would be indeed remarkable if two translators did a German poem into English verse, using exactly the same words. If such was the case, a suggestion of plagiarism would seem to have a more solid foundation than in the case quoted by the News.

The Chatham World severely criticises some verses which recently appeared in a St. John contemporary, and also says that the editor of the paper published them because he was "unable to resist the temptation of making one man happy and a whole town laugh at one stroke." It seems a little hard that the World should make such remarks, simply because its chief poetical contributor is one of the most sublime singers of any age—a man who in originality of rhythmic diction is second only to JOHN CALLAHAN McCARTHY — the renowned MICHAEL WHELAN of Renous River. This modest bard lately gave to literature, through the columns of the Chatham World, a poem which he himself pronounced far superior to the "Elegy" of Mr. THOMAS GRAY. It is needless to say that the "Elegy" does not now occupy the high position in literature that it so long held. If GRAY had read the lines of the Swan of Renous River he

would not now be "resting his head upon the lap of earth." Robbed of the last leaf of his laurels, there would have been no rest for GRAY, even in the grave. So that it does not show a right spirit for the World to criticise the poetry of less favored journals.

Perhaps the funniest of all the many funny predicaments that extremists in all things frequently find themselves in, is that in which English prohibitionists have recently placed themselves. In a circular in which they commented upon GLADSTONE'S recent endorsement of the Gothenburg system, they alluded to the grand old gentleman as "one of those who are unfortunately accustomed to take intoxicating drinks, and have been brought up to believe in their necessity and utility." The organs of the liquor interests are largely quoting and circulating this indiscreet remark, with the somewhat natural comment that GLADSTONE is at the age of eighty-four mentally and physically a grand old man.

In a Thanksgiving tale in the last number of the Boston Household this passage occurs: "You especially, my child, should give thanks," said Mrs. JAY, with fervor. "You are a Stou, one of the ancient owners of the continent. This nation makes you its ward, gives you its learning, its civilization in return for your land. Your position is a noble one in the eyes of the world." This remark of Mrs. JAY is singularly like that of JOHN BULL, as overheard by that astute reporter, MAX O'RELL. The following extract is from the first chapter of "John Bull and his Island": "You give me your territory," says JOHN, "and I give you the Bible." Exchange no robbery.

The Religious Intelligencer, in remarking that "Princeton has abolished the brutal practice of having and Harvard is following her good example," intimates that Canadians, who, according to the Intelligencer, "are not behind in imitating some of the faults of our neighbors," should pattern after Princeton in this particular. The Religious Intelligencer is evidently not aware that a New Brunswick college abolished having nearly two years before Princeton.

London Tid-Bits often offers prizes for the best "bulls," but there appeared one in their last number, under the head of "Tid-Bits of General Information," which was due to the editor, and was not submitted in competition for a prize. In it readers are informed that "out of the seventeen existing cables, ten have been destroyed."

The Union Baptist Seminary deserves the cordial support of all the denomination. We are convinced that if a strong and determined effort was made to pay off the debt that in a short time the members of the church would have the satisfaction of seeing this promising institution upon a firm financial basis.

Yankee inventors are ingenious, but it was reserved for a Canadian to invent a mowing machine to be run over the bottom of the bed of the Erie canal and cut the long grass which grows there.

The newspapers of Russia are unanimous in praise of the late czar. They have to be.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Harvest Hymn. Let us sing of the sheaves when the summer is done, And the farmers are stored with the gifts of the field, like the voice of the sea. Let us join with the reapers in glad jubilee— Harvest home! harvest home! harvest home! He hath grown in the valleys our treasures of bread, That owner might reap, and the stranger might glean For the days when the cold of the winter is keen.

For the smile of the sunshine again and again, For the dew of the evening, the showers on the plain, For the year, with its hope and its promise, that end Crowded with plenty and peace, let thanksgiving ascend.

We shall gather a harvest of glory, we know, From the furrows of life where in patience we sow; And its seeds scattered here will be sheaves in the skies.

A Song of Thanksgiving Day.

Thank God that on a thousand hills His summer gift the landscape fills; And reapers in the joyous corn— Are busy with the ripened corn.

Thank God for coverlets of snow That kept the corn seed warm below; And that the season's gray and gold Brought increase of a hundred fold.

Thank God for all the generous rains, And the hot sunshine on the plains; And that the season's gray and gold Brought increase of a hundred fold.

Thank God for all the corn that stands In other fields of other lands; And that wherever his children roam Some grateful hearts sing, "Harvest Home."

Thanksgiving.

'Twas King George's prime minister said it To the king who had questioned to heat What he meant by appointing Thanksgiving In such times of ill luck and defeat. "What's the cause for your day of Thanksgiving, Buried love in the field of the heart never die. Said the minister, "This is the reason: That things are no worse, O my sire!" And whatever of care or of sadness Our life and our duties may bring, There is always the cause for Thanksgiving: Tell me, pray," said the king in his ire. "This is a lesson to sing and remember: Can cheer us when days are the darkest— "That things are no worse, O my sire!" HELEN ELYS JACKSON.

An Uncommon Rowing Match.

A British man-of-war lately put in at an out-of-the-way Scottish port, and her blue jackets challenged the local fishermen to row a race with them. The fishermen refused, not because they were afraid of being beaten, but because, in order to make the contest more even, they wished to let their wives row instead. Under these unusual circumstances the match took place, and the blue-jackets were beaten!

A CRITICAL MAN ABOUT TOWN.

He Reads All the Reports of a Recital and Compares Them.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—The following are clippings from the St. John newspapers of Wednesday, 14th inst., and each is supposed to be a report of an organ recital and sacred concert, given by the organist and choir of St. Andrew's church, assisted by their friends, on Tuesday evening last.

(Telegraph.) ORGAN RECITAL.—St. Andrew's church was packed to the doors last evening to hear the organ recital given by Prof. Fisher and the members of the Oratorio Society. All the pieces were admirably rendered. Prof. Fisher's execution in the Austrian War March was particularly fine. The proceeds of the recital go to aid in the purchase of an electric motor for the organ. At the close of the entertainment the ladies handed refreshments around. Rev. Mr. MacNeill made a few remarks complimentary to those who took part in the affair, and stated that the choir of the church would be glad at any time to assist any other choir. Remarks were also made by Rev. Mr. Mathers of the Wiggins Male Orphan Asylum.

(Sun.) An organ recital was given last evening in St. Andrew's church. There were very few vacant seats in the building. The programme as already published was carried out without the slightest hitch, in fact it was one of the most successful recitals held in the city for some time. The duet "O Lonely Place," by Miss Fidgeon and Miss A. Lugin, delighted the audience. Miss Forbes sang The Chorister very sweetly. Mr. Lindsay was in good voice and his rendition of "Come Let Us Worship," was well worthy of an encore had such been permitted. At the conclusion of the recital the ladies and gentlemen who took part were served with refreshments and Miss Fidgeon and Miss Lugin favored them with a duet.

(Globe.) The organ recital and concert in St. Andrew's church on Tuesday evening was a very successful affair, both musically and financially. The commodious church was well filled, and those present heartily enjoyed the excellent programme. Mr. Fisher's organ selections were all compositions of high order, and his rendition of them was masterly. The solos by Miss Annie Lugin and Miss Forbes were nicely rendered, and the solo "O Come Let Us Worship" from the 95th Psalm, sung by Mr. Lindsay, was a fitting prelude to the beautiful choruses that followed it. The duet "O Lonely Place" from "Judas Macabean," sung by Miss Fidgeon and Miss Lugin, was one of the gems of the concert. The duet "Now We Are Ambassadors," sung by Misses Ross and Allen, was also very pleasing, and the choruses "O Holy Love" and the Messengers," which followed it, was probably the best sung chorus of the evening.

(Gazette.) PACKED TO THE DOORS.—St. Andrew's church was packed to the doors last evening with people to hear the organ recital given by the members of the Oratorio Society. The recital was a grand success, all parts of the programme being well received. The solo given by Miss Nettie Fidgeon of North end was remarkably well sung. After the entertainment refreshments were served. Rev. L.G. MacNeill complimented those who took part.

(Record.) MOST SUCCESSFUL RECITAL.—An organ recital was given last evening in St. Andrew's church and the programme that was presented was an excellent one. There was a large audience present and they expressed their appreciation by enthusiastic applause. Prof. Fisher, Miss Fidgeon, Miss A. Lugin, Miss Forbes, Mr. Lindsay and in fact all who took part rendered their parts admirably. At the conclusion of the recital the ladies and gentlemen who took part were served with refreshments. The proceeds of the recital go to aid in the purchase of an electric motor.

The Telegraph starts off with the statement that an "organ recital was given by Prof. Fisher and the members of the Oratorio Society," and goes on to say that Mr. Fisher's execution in the Austrian "War" march was particularly fine. Now as a matter of fact there were none assisting at that concert excepting friends of the members of the choir, and of course the Oratorio Society, or any member thereof, had nothing whatever to do with it. It may be that some of those friends who did assist are members of the Oratorio Society, but it certainly was not in that capacity they were present on Tuesday evening. The programme, of course, gave the information that the concert was being given by the choir and friends, but it seemed to be unnecessary for the reporter to see a programme as he apparently knew all about it. Had the Telegraph reporter said that "Prof. Fisher's execution in the Austrian War Dance was particularly fine," he would have been as nearly correct as he was in what he did say.

The Sun reporter would do well to obtain a copy of Tuesday night's programme and betake himself to "a lonely place," and after having read that programme over carefully, deliberately take and kick himself. His misstatement that Miss Fidgeon and Miss Lugin sang a duet after refreshments were served, would seem to indicate that the report was of a convivial nature.

The Globe report was as nearly correct as it seems possible to have a newspaper report. Its only mistake would appear to be an error of the proof-reader in designating "Messrs." Ross and Allen as "Misses" Ross and Allen. In a city where "the proportion of ladies is so large such a mistake can be understood.

The Gazette report seems pretty much like that of the Telegraph's, with two notable exceptions. First, it was careful to state that the church was packed "with people"; and secondly, it strikes out on its own account with the bold assertion that "a solo given by Miss Nettie Fidgeon, of the North end, was remarkably well sung." Could the gentleman responsible for this find time to accompany the Sun reporter and perform with him the physical exercise above suggested?

The report of the Record, like that of the Globe, was not very bad, but it would be well for the reporters on the Record to remember that it is unusual for an audience in a sacred edifice to express its appreciation by "enthusiastic applause"—at least I can assure them that it is so with an audience in St. Andrew's church. It may

have been the lingering sounds of the Australian "War March," or the killing effect of the duet "O Lonely Place" that gave the reporter the idea that he heard enthusiastic applause.

So far as I am aware no applause was heard by any other person present.

Now sir, it is not for the purpose of lowering reporters in the estimation of the public that I address this letter to you, but for the purpose of shewing just how ridiculous a matter may be made to appear on account of a little carelessness. It, of course, goes without saying that the reporters do not intend to misrepresent anything they report, but a little more care in small matters would prevent silly mistakes from occurring. Apologizing for trespassing on your space to such an extent.

HE HAD A SORE THUMB.

That Was the Reason That Alcohol Was Required.

It was nearly Sunday morning, local time, by the clock in the drug-store into which a PROGRESS representative stepped, just behind a man with a look of intense longing on his face. "I hurt my thumb," he said, holding one of those members aloft. "Have you anything that's good for it, any alcohol, for instance?" "I can't give you any alcohol without an order from a physician," said the druggist.

"You can't, to a man that's suffering? To a man that's suffering with his thumb especially?" asked the man.

"I can't, without a doctor's orders," said the druggist, firmly but kindly.

"Well well well. Haven't you got something else that would do the thumb good?" "Why, yes, I have some liniment that would be a good deal better for it than the alcohol."

"No, I'm feared that won't do any good. Would Dr. — (naming a well-known physician) do?"

"Yes," said the druggist.

"Well, I'm afraid I won't be able to find him. It's pretty late at night. But anything's better than suffering from a sore thumb," said the man, as he went out into the night.

"I used to be in the drug business myself," said an old gentleman who was in the store, speaking to the reporter, "and used to have a good many calls from those fellows. It's the same old yarn. The bars are mostly closed, and anyhow, alcohol is pretty strong liquor. And if he diluted it with water, he'd get a mighty cheap drink."

"Now, perhaps you're doing that man a profound injustice," mused the reporter.

"The druggist would better have strained a point of law, acted the Good Samaritan, and given that fellow his alcohol. His class of muscle is not improved by liniment; it requires alcohol."

"See here," said the retired druggist, "after you've been in the drug business a while you'll be able to spot those fellows without any trouble. They all have sore thumbs, and they all have other marks of dissipation."

Just as the clock struck twelve the man with the sore thumb reappeared. "I couldn't get the order," he said, "but couldn't you let me have some alcohol for my thumb?" "I could not," said the druggist.

"Then," said the injured man, "couldn't you give me a drink of ginger wine?"

The proprietor of the store smiled at the bad give-away, and the retired druggist looked triumphantly at the reporter.

"I haven't any ginger wine," said the proprietor.

"And you can't give me any alcohol?" "Not a drop."

"Ooh-oo-wow!" said the invalid, as he made for the door, holding his thumb in the air, "but it hurts awful!" And, to make up for this outburst of feeling, the man gave a sublime example of stoicism in grasping the door-knob with that sore thumb, without a whimper.

"What on earth did he mean by 'ginger wine'?" asked the reporter of the retired druggist, as both went out of the drug store. "Jamaica ginger," was the reply.

"Anything that has a bit of alcohol in it, it doesn't matter what, or he'd have taken raw turpentine if this gentleman had given it to him."

Philosophical.

Dickens, who sketched the character of Mark Tapley, jolly in dull circumstances, but taking no credit for it unless the state of affairs was most depressing should have known a certain old whaling captain. This jolly old sea dog never permitted ill-luck to dampen his good spirits. Returning home from a three years' whaling voyage with an empty hold, he was boarded by the pilot, an old acquaintance. "Well, cap'n, how many bar'ls? Had a good voyage?" asked the pilot, shaking him by the hand. "Not 'zackly," answered the captain cheerily. "I haint got a bar' of ole aboard, but I tell ye, I've had a mighty good sail."

According to Galton, the patterns on the finger-tips are not only unchangeable through life, but the chance of the fingerprints of two persons being alike is less than one chance in 64,000,000,000.

"It's a great building," said a man who is working on the new post-office, in a town not far away. "It'll come pretty near lasting forever." "Well," said Mr. Dolan, "if it lasts till it's done, o'tink it'll live too."

Some men in Belgium have three votes at each election. Some Canadians can beat that.

A BIG SLANDER SUIT.

(Continued from First Page.)

are with an uncle in Westmorland and a little girl, an infant, is with its mother at Siblebury. The doctor lives in single-blessedness at Daniel Holland's, sleeping in his own house. Some of the hired girls will be called on to tell what they know. It is probable the doctor will hear more of his doings for the past two years than he has ever heard before.

Robinson is determined to push the matter to the extreme limit of the law and will bear of no settlement of the matter, only a complete refutation of the charge on the part of the doctors, publicly attested to.

After this suit is over it is said Mrs. Keith will enter one for alimony and the custody of her children, and it is believed will have no difficulty in winning.

Attorney General Blair appears for the plaintiff, and G. F. Gregory for the doctor.

A WISE ELEPHANT.

How He Speedily Detected that the Cake Was Underweight.

One day, says a writer of English military experience a heavy gun stuck in the muddy bottom of a stream, and the tandem elephant was unhinged to shove behind, or lift the muzzle of the gun with his trunk. But he would not; he only belched and swayed uneasily, shifting from one foot to the other in the sticky mud. At last, with piteous shriek trumpeting, he touched the sharp point of the iron on the muzzle.

"He says he is afraid of burting himself," explained the mahout.

"Well," answered the officer in jest, "tell him to spoke the wheel."

"Promise him backbeeh, and he will." "Very well."

The elephant carefully found a secure footing, curved his trunk round to lower spoke, and made the wheel revolve; then the shaft elephant put in his ponderous weight and the gun slowly rose out of the mud and rolled up the opposite bank.

The triumphant mahout demanded backbeeh for his Hooshiar Hatti (wise elephant).

"You scamp! You want the backbeeh for yourself."

"No, sahib, I dare not cheat him, and if you don't give him backbeeh he will remember you are no gentleman and will never work for you again."

"All right," said the officer, tossing the man a couple of rupees in succession. "How shall I know you don't cheat him?" "Come and see him fed this evening, sahib."

That evening by moonlight the officer was summoned to see Hooshiar Hatti eat his supper. The elephant was swaying to and fro, fanning himself with a branch and round the fire stood huge chupatties—flat cakes of flour, butter, and sugar—purchased with the backbeeh for the Hooshiar's supper. The mahout took up one of these cakes and offered it to the "wise one," who weighed it carefully in his trunk and then deposited it with a satisfied smack in his mouth.

Now, sahib, this second chupatti is light weight. See him find it out."

The elephants are accustomed to a certain ration weight, and when the Hooshiar took this cake by the edge an angry wrinkle came into his wicked eye, and, quick as lightning, he slapped the mahout in the face with the leathery mass.

"See, sahib," cried the man in glee. "I dare not cheat him! And he got up and offered a larger chupatti. 'Here, you foolish one! Don't ever cheat you? This one is overweight.'"

The elephant understood, and ate in forgiving tranquillity.

A Book Weighing Half a Ton.

Probably the thickest book in existence is one prepared in the United States a few years ago, which is four feet in thickness. It is a petition of the voters of the City of Albany for the ballot reform. It consists of six thousands pages of 2 1/2 square, and contains over 40,000 names, the weight of this large volume being 1,000 lb. The Queen's Jubilee Address Book is 18 in. thick and weighs 63 lb. The reference Catalogue for 1894, published by Whitaker, is one of the thickest books in the world. This year it is 10 1/2 in. in thickness, or about half as thick again as the "London Post-office Directory" (which itself is a monstrously thick book), and weighs 14 lb. 2 oz. The book lists and catalogues of 156 publishers are bound up in one octavo volume. The largest page upon which any book has ever been printed is "Hooker's Botany," on elephant sized paper—6 ft. by 4 ft. Robert's "Illustrations from the Holy Land" has plates printed on paper 3 ft. by 2 ft.

Settled by Law.

Of late years there has been so much discussion and disagreement concerning the fees of medical men in Russia, that at last the Government has taken the matter in hand, and has settled a certain special scale of charges which doctors will in future be entitled to make in that country. Medical fees will now be chargeable in proportion to the income of the patients, and districts and classes have been duly arranged in view of this new regulation.

Not Empty-Handed.

Ambulance Surgeon (reporting)—Not being in that last call. Feller was insensible from drink. Brought him to with ammonia and come back.

House Surgeon—But you've got a case in the wagon there.

Ambulance Surgeon (carelessly)—Oah, that's a fellow we run over coming back!

Canoe.

Maud—What is the trouble between Alice and Kate?" Ethel—Why, you see, Alice asked Kate to let her just what she thought of her."

Maud—"Yes?" Ethel—"Kate told her."

In China, England is known as King Kuo, the flourishing country; France, Fa Kuo, the law-abiding country; and Germany, Te Kuo, the virtuous country.

THE HOT... OU... hor... or... wo... H... CO... WA... T... \$... bec... Sp... AME... Use... OU... BRAN... E. G. SCOV... Dean... during the p... have ever tri... house... E. G. H... J. S. H... Ottawa... New... Re... N... Ne... JACK... in all the... Our Stock... Ladie... Includes... Best Values... S.

Social and Personal.

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP. FOR FAMILY USE. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

HOT or COLD, WHICH?

If YOU want keep warm this winter, come to our store and buy a HEATING STOVE, and your home will be warm.

COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street

WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS

To Re-dye and Finish Gents, you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape.

American Dye Works Co., Works: Elm Street, South Side King Square, North End.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wines.

THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

E. G. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 82 Union Street, St. John, Telephone 523.

King of Heaters. THE "FIRE KING" is one of the GREATEST HEATERS KNOWN. Sheraton & Whittaker, Telephone 355.

New Regimental Skirtings, New Fancy Bordered Skirtings, New Art Sateens, New Gloves, all kinds. New Jacket and Mantle Cloths. Ladies' Jackets and Coats. S. C. PORTER, 11 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN.

St. John—South End. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark returned from their wedding tour on Friday last. Miss Jennie Patterson has returned home after a pleasant visit to her sister, Mrs. Morrissey, at Montreal.

Miss Mary O'Neill, who has been spending four months with friends in Portland, Maine, has returned home. On last Thursday evening the Misses Floyd gave a genuine surprise party to Miss Johnson of Exmouth street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Cook, of Yarmouth, who have been spending some days here, returned home this week. Mr. T. Lee, who has been visiting Miss Maggie Cummins, at Milltown, has returned home. A reception was tendered Rev. Mr. Barnes, the new rector of St. Jude's church, in the school room of the church on Tuesday evening.

St. John—North End. Miss Annie Purdy returned on Friday last from a very pleasant trip to New York. Miss Purdy has been absent four or five weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Burpee have been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard, and returned to their home in Sheffield on Saturday.

HAMPTON VILLAGE. (Progress is for sale in Hampton Village, by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks, Nov. 14.—Mrs. R. W. Gass and family will be the guests of Mrs. M. E. Harrington for the winter.

LONG BEACH. Nov. 13.—The first of a series of dances took place at the Cedars, Long Beach, Nov. 14th. Mr. and Mrs. Ganong of the new summer hotel kindly opened their house for the party, and their spacious dining room with its elegant fluted floor made a most superb ball room.

After placing Mr. and Mrs. Ganong in the most honored position a couple of hours passed speedily away, then dancing was again resumed, and at a late hour the assemblage broke up. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. F. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. H. White, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ganong, Mr. and Mrs. D. Watson, Mrs. Theobald, Misses G. Lyon, F. Piddington, Messrs. H. Williams, A. Ganong, D. Williams, W. Watson, G. Ganong, W. Fiewelling, B. Williams and B. Belyea.

CARLE'S HANDY FIRE LIGHTER. Ready for Immediate Use. Contains Rice, Starch, Borax, Gum, Wax, &c., as well as the STARCH GLOSS. Requires no other addition and no preparation.

Mack's Double Starch. Ready for Immediate Use. Contains Rice, Starch, Borax, Gum, Wax, &c., as well as the STARCH GLOSS. Requires no other addition and no preparation.

PERFUMES. HAIR GOODS. American Hair Store, 87 Charlotte Street, 22 Prince Street, Halifax, N. S.

VISIT J. H. Connolly's Modern Studio when in want of anything in Artistic Portraiture. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED.

Look out for a Great Bargain in Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose next week. Plain and Ribbed. Sale commences Tuesday morning. DANIEL & ROBERTSON, Cor. Charlotte & Union Sts.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

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

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax at the following places: KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, 24 George street...

Afternoon teas still continue to be the order of each and every day. On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Montgomery-Moore was "at home" to her many friends.

Mrs. F. Jones, Morris street, also entertained on Saturday afternoon. It did not interfere in the least with the tea given by Mrs. Montgomery-Moore.

Mrs. Daly gave another of her pleasant teas on Tuesday afternoon, a sort of farewell gathering for the naval contingent which left the city on Wednesday.

A dinner was given by his grace the archbishop on Tuesday evening at which many of his friends were present.

There was a pretty wedding at St. Mark's church on Wednesday morning, the principals being Mr. Andrew Cochran and Miss Maggie Kenny, of Wolfville.

Mrs. M. J. Brookfield, who has been spending some months in England, returned home this week.

Mrs. Captain Hamilton, Mrs. Farquhar, and Miss Scubblings left on Saturday for Bermuda. They were passengers by the Taymouth Castle.

Madame Meyer, who has been spending the summer months in Wolfville, was in the city this week, en route for Europe.

Rev. A. Currie, who for the past few years has been a missionary of the west coast of Newfoundland and Labrador, was in the city this week the guest of Rev. L. LeMoine.

Mr. Milton Rhuland and bride arrived in the city last week. They will make their home here.

Mrs. W. A. Henry, Miss Henry and Miss Fraser have been making a visit to St. John recently.

Rev. T. W. Winfield, of Ottawa, is making a visit to his old friends in this city.

TRURO. [Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton and D. H. Smith & Co.]

Nov. 14.—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Campbell arrived home last week from Montreal. They are accompanied by Miss Clark of that city.

There is so much ado about the "Kermis" of next week, which is engrossing so much of the time and attention of our society ladies, as to report thought or plan of any other gaiety, excepting, indeed, a few fire d'cloches, which now seem quite in vogue, and afford much opportunity for pleasant chit-chat, and interchanges of harmless wit.

There was another very large tea, on Friday afternoon last, at the rectory. Miss McKay poured tea. Among the large number present were: Mrs. Thos. McKay, Mrs. Geo. Campbell, Mrs. W. S. Muir, Mrs. Wetmore, sr., Mrs. MacPherson, Mrs. Bent, Miss Bent, Miss Clark (Montreal), Misses Campbell, Miss Wetmore.

Mrs. W. S. Muir entertained a large tea party on Monday afternoon. Mrs. C. C. Cunningham presided at the tea table, and Messrs. Underwood, A. G. Campbell and E. B. Stuart dispensed the tea and the accompanying good things.

Among the ladies at Mrs. Muir's were: Mrs. C. A. Armstrong, Mrs. Lee Russell, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mrs. Harry Crowe, Miss Dinnoch, Miss Met Dinnoch, Miss McKay, Miss Archibald, Miss Tremaine, Miss Clark, Misses Campbell, Miss May Crowe, Miss Wetmore.

Mrs. Henry McRobert is receiving this week, assisted by Miss Bent. Mrs. McRobert was looking lovely yesterday in black gowns and black silk, trimmed with yellow ribbon. Miss Bent appeared to much advantage in a toilette of Nile green crepon.

The "Kermis," which is to be produced, in the Opera House, on Monday and Tuesday evenings next, promises to be a magnificent and stupendous entertainment, both in regard to the propriety of arrangement, and the large numbers employed in the portrayal.

Prominent in the drill are such social lights as Mrs. O. B. Cummings, Mrs. Walton, Smith, Mrs. R. F. Brine, Miss McKay, Misses Sutherland, Wetmore, Archibald, Rich, McLaughlin, McEneaney, Yorton, Yull. In the Japanese drill, which promises to be very interesting, there will be a marriage ceremony.—Mr. Lewis Bradshaw, will take a double part, that of the Mikado and also the groom. The bride will be Mrs. Foster, and the chief bridesmaid the Misses Billig. The other brides are Mrs. E. H. Wilson, Misses McKay, Bilgh, Sutherland, McLaughlin, Yorton, Wetmore, Archibald, Yull. In the Japanese drill, which promises to be very interesting, there will be a marriage ceremony.—Mr. Lewis Bradshaw, will take a double part, that of the Mikado and also the groom. The bride will be Mrs. Foster, and the chief bridesmaid the Misses Billig. The other brides are Mrs. E. H. Wilson, Misses McKay, Bilgh, Sutherland, McLaughlin, Yorton, Wetmore, Archibald, Yull. In the Japanese drill, which promises to be very interesting, there will be a marriage ceremony.—Mr. Lewis Bradshaw, will take a double part, that of the Mikado and also the groom. The bride will be Mrs. Foster, and the chief bridesmaid the Misses Billig. The other brides are Mrs. E. H. Wilson, Misses McKay, Bilgh, Sutherland, McLaughlin, Yorton, Wetmore, Archibald, Yull.

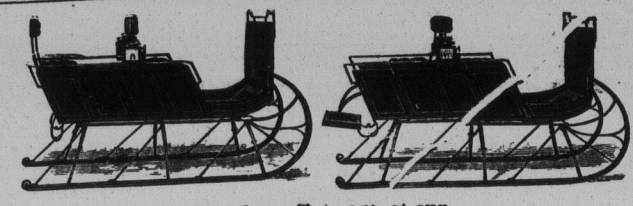
Mrs. MacPherson left yesterday for Toronto. Sir Chas. H. Tupper and Hon. Messrs. La Costa, Le Blanc, Bergeron and Outart, en route from Pictou to the Capital, yesterday afternoon, took tea, en passant, with Senator and Mrs. Thos. McKay.

The marriage of Dr. Bent and Miss Dickie is being solemnized at the latter's home, in Stewiacke, to-day.

Dr. S. L. Walker leaves on Tuesday next for Wallace on a similar errand. Miss Mary Mackay, daughter of Captain Thos. Mackay, is the bride-elect.

PICTOU. [Progress is for sale in Pictou by James McLean.]

Nov. 15.—Mr. C. E. Tanner was in Halifax last week. It is my sad duty to record this week the death of Mr. Harry Primrose, youngest son of Senator Primrose of this town. Master Harry was in ill health for several months and his death occurred at noon on Monday. He was a general favorite and the family have the sincere sympathy of all.



The above Cuts are of our Gladstone Sleigh, SHOWING SEATS IN TWO POSITIONS. HANDSOME, DURABLE, COMFORTABLE. PRICE & SHAW, 3 St. John, N. B.

222 to 228 Main Street.

Mr. Armit gave a splendid reading while the violin music by Mr. John Pringle, jr., was grand. Musical circles are much pleased to have Mr. Pringle with them this winter and all are looking forward to some good concerts.

DIGBY. [Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.]

Nov. 14.—Miss Mary Smith has been visiting friends in Bridgetown and Annapolis.

Mr. Lloyd Guphill has returned from his vacation trip to Boston.

Miss Woodman has been spending a few days in Clementsport.

Mrs. Majors, who has been spending some weeks with her sister, Mrs. Clinton, left for her home in St. John Monday.

Miss Annie Short and Miss Ruddock went to St. John Monday, returning Wednesday.

Mr. Ellershaw met with an accident while playing football last week, in consequence of which he is compelled to move about on crutches.

Miss Mary Short, who has been visiting in Moncton for some weeks, leaves there to spend the winter with her brother in Vancouver, B. C.

Mr. Fullerton, of Bridgetown, is occupying the editorial chair of the Courier in the absence of Mr. McCormack.

Mr. A. J. S. Copp spent Monday and Tuesday in St. John.

Some of our young men have formed themselves into a literary and athletic association.

Miss Edith Nason, who has been in the city the last four months in Digby, have returned to Liverpool, N. S. Wales.

MATLAND. [Progress is for sale in Matland by James Urquhart.]

Nov. 14.—The air is very heavy with rumored engagements which are discussed "on the quiet." It is evidently not considered in good form to announce engagements until the wedding day is set, and while people can surmise to their hearts' content, they can never be positively sure of anything until they receive the wedding cards.

A quiet wedding took place at the parsonage, Suburban, on Wednesday last, when Mr. Herbert Eaton of Matland was married to Miss Rhoda Burton of Five Mile River. Rev. J. Murray performed the ceremony, immediately after which Mr. and Mrs. Eaton drove to their home in Matland.

Mrs. I. McCallum, of Noel, is in town the guest of her brother, Capt. William Lawrence, "Athletion Hall."

Mrs. Clarence Drillo, of Parrsboro, is spending a few weeks at home here, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Eaton.

Mrs. Robert Dart leaves for England early next month to join her husband, Capt. R. Dart, who has accepted a position at Cardiff in the shipbuilding business. Mrs. Dart's many friends are sorry to hear of her departure.

Miss Maggie J. Putnam, who has been teaching music at Baddeck, C. B., returned home on Tuesday of this week.

Another literary society has been formed for the study of Shakespeare. It will meet during the winter months at the houses of members; and the first work taken up will be "As you like it."

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Dickie, of Truro, were in town over Sunday.

Mrs. Herbert Eaton received the first three days of this week and was assisted in the reception by Mrs. Clarence Drillo. The bride wore a very handsome costume of heliotrope silk with trimmings of uncut velvet in a darker shade.

Miss Smith is visiting her sister, Miss Fanny Smith, at Mrs. West's. Rev. Mr. How has gone to Yarmouth and Shelburne for a few weeks.

NEW GLASGOW. [Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Pritchard and H. H. Henderson.]

Nov. 14.—Miss Wetmore of Halifax, who has been the guest of Mrs. Harvey Graham, returned home Tuesday.

Mr. Lionel Parks, of Windsor, is visiting for a few days with Mr. and Mrs. McQueen.

The first of the series of socials to be held in connection with the Methodist church was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Layton on Thursday evening, where a large crowd assembled. Instrumental music was furnished by Mrs. R. C. Wright and others. It has not been decided yet where the next one will be held.

Mrs. Harvey Graham entertained a large number of friends with a "five o'clock tea" Thursday afternoon.

Mr. H. Bidden and Mr. Frank McNeil will leave town in a few weeks. Our young friends intend to give Mr. McNeil a "week's fortune." I wish them every success.

Miss Kathleen Grant entertained some of her young friends on Friday evening from six till nine. The invited guests were, Flossie McGregor, Dainia Miller, Miss out a large business there, and has a bright prospect before him. He will be very much missed, by the boys particularly, with whom he was a general favorite. I am sure the loss of Mr. and Mrs. Dixon is a society one. Our friends carry the best wishes of everyone to the remainder of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Dixon leave on Thursday for Charlottetown, which is their future home. Mr. Dixon has bought a large business there, and has a bright prospect before him. He will be very much missed, by the boys particularly, with whom he was a general favorite. I am sure the loss of Mr. and Mrs. Dixon is a society one. Our friends carry the best wishes of everyone to the remainder of this week.

Mr. A. Murray of Charlottetown, is visiting in town this week. He is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy. Mr. Murray is en route from London for Mr. McKeezie, of Picou, was in town for a few days last week.

Mrs. John Underwood had a small tea party on Thursday.

Miss A. McMillan, of Antigonish, is the guest of her sister Mrs. J. Fred McNeil. Miss Marie, left on Monday for Parrsboro where they will spend the remainder of this week.

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FOR Gentlemen's Dressing Gowns AND SMOKING JACKETS, London Made. Newest Designs and Colorings. A large assortment to select from in all sizes, from 34 to 46 inch Bust Measure.

Japanese Smoking Jackets, All Silk, lined with Down, a decided novelty in this market. Any of the above would make a very handsome CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Manchester Robertson & Allison DO YOU WANT A LEADER IN MANTLINGS, DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, GLOVES, HOSIERY, RIBBONS, VELVETS, OR ANY OTHER LINE? Our Great Clearance Sale Will furnish an opportunity to every buyer visiting the city to secure genuine bargains.

SMITH BROS., Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, GRANVILLE & DUKE STS., HALIFAX.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT? In order to have something light, nutritious, easily digested, delicious and attractive to the taste by all means try

EAGAR'S WINE OF RENNET. This old established and reliable preparation will enable your cook to serve you with eight or ten delicious dessert dishes, which can be made in a few minutes at a cost of a few cents, and make your table the envy of all your neighbors.

Murphy Gold Cure INSTITUTE FOR the treatment of ALCOHOLISM, the MORPHINE and TOBACCO habits. R. Fenwick to leading physicians and public men in St. John and all parts of the Dominion.

MOMI'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. Of a good thing. This is eminently the case with Momi's Chocolate, and great pain cure. It is an honest remedy, for it contains the most powerful, the purest and most certain pain-subduing remedies known to medical science.

BACHELOR CIGAR - IT IS THE FINEST 10c Havana CIGAR - IN THE DOMINION. HARRY WEBB, TORONTO. The largest catering establishment and Wedding Cake manufactory in Canada.

A. ISAACS, - 72 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. N. B. Sole manufacturer for the genuine 5c. SMALL QUEEN

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

MONCTON PEOPLE FORM AN S. P. C. A. BRANCH.

Two Butchers of the Town are Among its Leading Members—The Shocking Condition in Which Sheep and Lambs Come by Rail to St. John.

MONCTON, Nov. 15.—At last Moncton has a branch of the S. P. C. A., not only an agent, who might be terrorized into neglecting his duty, but a full fledged branch with president, twelve vice presidents executive committee of eleven members, treasurer, assistant secretary, and all the other requirements which go to make up a properly equipped association of any kind.

It may strike the casual observer, at the first glance, that a good many officers seem to be required for the management of this infant society, and that twelve vice-presidents will be likely to get in each other's way on busy days, but mature reflection will show an excellent reason for the precaution of numbers. The man who undertakes to protect animals in our city almost takes his life in his hands, and therefore needs plenty of support and protection, so much, in fact, that if the twelve vice-presidents and the eleven members of the executive could only arrange to make their rounds of inspection securely fastened together by ropes as the guides and tourists do in Alpine climbing, it would even be a better plan. But perhaps when the untutored native—especially the small boy—gets accustomed to the new order of things, and finds his bearings in the general chaos which threatens to overwhelm him now, he will yield gracefully to the inevitable, and the officers of the whole society lately formed will be able to attend to their duties without police protection. The animals of Moncton have been unprotected for so long that the tough element of the city, and the ever present street gamin regard them as their legitimate prey, and I fear the society will have some hard work at first. I who have struggled for years to constitute myself a sort of authorized branch of the S. P. C. A., and give the helpless dumb creatures of the city what little protection lay in my power, can speak from experience, and know just how hard, and how thankless a task it is trying to defend those who cannot defend themselves and whose friends, I sometimes think, are represented by about ten per cent. of humanity while the other 90 per cent. are against them.

For many years the need of such a society has been a crying one in Moncton, and I am surprised that it was not formed long ago; we have so many societies in our city, and with much varied objects in view that the array of capital letters which the notices of meetings in the daily papers fairly bristle, is bewildering, but I am glad that at last the letters S. P. C. A. have been added to the number.

The names of the men and women who form the different committees might almost be taken as a guarantee that the duties of the society will be conscientiously performed, and that advice on the subject would be superfluous, but still I am going to presume on my own longer experience of those duties, to express the hope that the transportation of cattle and especially the condition of the cars loaded with calves, lambs, sheep, and even geese passing through the I. C. R., accommodations provided for these poor creatures are often such as would disgrace a savage nation. Only last week the St. John Telegraph drew attention to the shocking condition in which a carload of sheep and lambs arrived in that city, and that was but a single instance out of many which have escaped notice.

I shall never forget sitting in an upper window of the old "Point du Chene house"—which faced the railway yard at Point du Chene—one broiling day in August, and watching with stentorian indignation the loading of the cars with sheep and lambs. Again and again I tried to leave the window and forget the cruel sight, but each time a morbid fascination seemed to draw me back, and I had to wait until the last terrified, bleating creature had been driven into the torture chamber and death trap called a car.

The cars which are used for the transportation of sheep, as anyone who has observed them knows, are divided into two stories, an upper and a lower, and each "flat" is packed to suffocation; when it is considered full, and its capacity is something like a street car which will always hold one more, the door is shut, and the other half filled. I watched this process of packing till I began to wonder whether my eyes were not so dazzled with the glare of the sun, and the constant stream of sheep huddling and crowding into their narrow prisons before the lashes of their tormentors, that they were playing me false, for in no other way could I account for the number which were driven into each car.

Again and again did I feel certain not one more could be forced in, and still the drivers whooped and flourished their sticks, and the sheep crowded in. The day, as I have already said, was one of the hottest I

ever remember, the mercury standing at 97 in the shade, and both lambs and sheep had well grown, heavy fleeces, so the sufferings of those unfortunate creatures can be better imagined than described on a day when human beings clad in the lightest of garments could scarcely support existence in the coolest and airiest spot they could find.

When not another animal could possibly find room to stand on one leg, the doors were banged, and the cars shunted on to a siding to await other freight, and starting orders.

I suppose it was a usual occurrence, only that I happened to see it that day; but the sight made such an impression on me that I determined to suggest at the earliest opportunity the advisability of having an agent of the S. P. C. A. appointed at Point du Chene to keep a watchful eye on the Island boats which cross the strait with cattle, and also to watch the animals being loaded on the I. C. R. trains. I hope the Moncton S. P. C. A. will take this matter into consideration, and do what they can towards remedying the evil.

"In conclusion" as the clergymen say, the society in Moncton has begun its existence under very favorable circumstances; the choice of a president has been a wise one, and those interested have gone about the formation of their branch in a thoroughly business like manner. One of the most noticeable features in the report of last Friday's meeting is the fact that the names of two well known butchers, holding stalls in the country market, appear on the executive committee, and the members in question, Messrs. George C. Mathews and William K. Gross, deserve to be warmly congratulated for proving to the public that even though a man's business may be the slaughter of animals it does not prevent him from being quite as humane, and as anxious to spare dumb creatures from needless cruelty, as if his occupation was one of the gentlest in the world.

I need scarcely say how cordially I sympathize with the movement nor how grateful I feel to Mr. Wetmore, the society's general secretary in the maritime provinces, for his action in forming the Moncton branch of one of the most praiseworthy associations ever organized.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

A SMART NEWSBOY.

He Solved the Problem of the Lost Helress in Fine Shape.

There was a crowd on Fourth Avenue about a little girl and a dog. There were a couple of policemen, a half dozen women and a dozen men. The little girl was lost. The policemen knew it, the women knew it, the crowd knew it, and the little girl herself knew it. Now, the problem every one was trying to solve was where the little girl belonged. That neither the policemen, the women, the crowd nor the little girl knew.

"Where do you live?" asked a policeman.

The little girl looked up in a frightened way and shook her head.

"Poor little dear. Where does your mother live?" asked one of the women, thinking to get at the problem in a roundabout way.

Still the little girl shook her head.

Finally the newsboy appeared on the scene. He eyed the assemblage contemptuously.

"Here," he said to the dog, "go home."

Off started the dog, the little girl hanging on to his shaggy coat and the crowd following behind, down Fourth Avenue a few blocks, around the corner, straight into the arms of an anxious woman, who looked half frightened to death, and who took the little girl in her arms and hugged and kissed her. The dog went quietly into the house, the newsboy disappeared, the policemen and the crowd went away, and it was all over.

fish That Swallow Bigger Fish.

The late Rev. J. G. Wood, in his "Natural History," says that a tiny jack or pike, of 5 in. in length, has been known to capture and try to eat a gudgeon of its own size, and to swim about quite unconcernedly with the tail of its victim protruding from its mouth. The angler-fishing frog has a small, thin, tapering body, no larger than the whole of its enormous head; and yet, as Garrett describes, he will swallow a large cod or a conger-eel. The Chinesonoid niger, one of the deep sea fishes, occasionally swallows a fish bigger than itself, and then the larger fish may be seen in a kind of bag or pouch-like structure, attached to the under side of the fish, from which it will be gradually digested and absorbed into the system. Dr. Johnston mentions the curious case of the sea-anemone, known as the Actinia Crassicornia. One of these voracious animals, originally 2 in. in diameter, contrived to swallow a sculpin—nearly as large as an ordinary eel.

In the South Kensington Museum is a specimen of a fish known as the black swallower, about a foot in length, with pointed fins as sharp as thorns. It is said that this fish is capable of swallowing other fishes ten or eleven times its own size.

A Complete Job.

O'Griff—O'd loike yas to half sele an' heel them shoes.

Cobbler (examining the articles)—They'll not stand it. The uppers are all worn out.

O'Griff—Oh, phwell! Put new uppers on them too!

HALIFAX JOY AND WOE.

AN UNFORTUNATE CORONER, AND THE TUPPER DINNER.

Should Dr. Hawkins' Commission as Coroner be Revoked?—How a Rising Young Lawyer Corrected an Eloquent Politician's English—Both were Wrong, However.

HALIFAX, Nov. 15.—Dr. Hawkins is certainly an unfortunate man. He has been in more little troubles and big ones, too, than any other citizen of Halifax, during the past five years. From the very commencement of his career he has not only been in hot water himself, but he has been the means of dragging others into unpleasant situations. He began by creating an ugly feeling, when he sought an appointment to the Victoria hospital. Occurrence after occurrence has come in quick succession in which Dr. Hawkins has found himself in peculiarly undesirable predicaments. One source of his troubles has been his office of coroner. Progress knows how anxious he always was to get an inquest, and it would be cruel just now to tell the old story. Recollections of what Judge Townshend described as a most disgusting exhibition of Coroner Hawkins' desire to get an inquest have been revived by the trial recently concluded, in which Hawkins sued Undertaker Snow for \$1,000 damages for alleged false imprisonment, and malicious prosecution. The case arose out of the coroner's race for poor Fullerton's body after his death on the train from Amherst to Halifax. Snow had refused to allow Hawkins to remove the body from his establishment to hold the inquest. He practically beat the coroner and his constable off. That night Hawkins returned, in Snow's absence, opened a window, and removed Fullerton's body. Snow arrested the coroner for theft, and afterwards dropped the case. Then Hawkins sued the undertaker as stated, Judge Townshend and a jury tried the case, and it took the jury but a quarter of an hour, after the evidence was all in, to bring in a verdict for the undertaker. The address to the jury by Lawyer Drysdale on behalf of Snow was one of the most severe and cutting attacks ever heard in the court. Judge Townshend's charge to the jury, in describing Hawkins' actions, was only less remarkable for its denunciation of the coroner's conduct.

There is something to be said in favor of letting bygones be bygones, but in this case Coroner Hawkins' record certainly disqualifies him for the further discharge of "coroner's" duties. He should not longer be allowed to retain the office. The provincial government, and Hon. W. S. Fielding, could not do a more popular thing, even with liberals, than to revoke Coroner Hawkins' commission as coroner. With Judge Townshend's charge to the jury before them, the government cannot now say they have no official knowledge of Coroner Hawkins' conduct as coroner.

"Have the courage of your convictions!"

A BERRY DINNER.

How the Word "Maritime" Should be Pronounced.

HALIFAX, Nov. 15.—The dinner at the Halifax hotel last week, tendered by the liberal-conservatives of the city to Sir C. H. Tupper and the other visiting cabinet ministers and their friends was a pleasant affair. There were nearly 100 seated around the tables. The banquet was a \$5 per plate one, and was more of a social political gathering than a demonstration for campaign effect. Deputy Speaker Quime: showed that he can make an effective address in English, but the French-Canadian members of the party, naturally enough, were stronger in music than in oratory, and they showed it. A dinner of the kind, without some humorous accident, would be a rare one, and this wasn't the exception. An eloquent local politician of prominence was proposing a toast. He frequently had occasion, in the course of his remarks, to use the words "maritime provinces," and he invariably pronounced the first word "maritime." A rising young Halifax lawyer has a decided opinion that the word should be pronounced "maritime," giving the second i its full value. The local politician was saying that if the government adhered to the good old policy the "maritime" provinces could be depended upon to back it up with the old majority, when from an adjoining table the lawyer cried: "maritime," correcting the prominent politician's pronunciation. Again and again the prominent speaker told of what he believed the "maritime" provinces would do, and as regularly as clock-work the weird echo came from the other table in piercing tones, "maritime!" "maritime!" A smile began to overspread the faces of the banqueters and for a few minutes the war of pronunciation closed and there was peace. Before the prominent politician sat down, however, once more he stepped into the fray and uttered the fastid word "maritime." The lawyer hung to the speaker's heels with the pestiferousity of a bull-dog, and sang his old refrain, "Maritime!" "Maritime!"

The politician is one of our most brilliant men, and the lawyer is a conscientious disciple of Blackstone, but it is worthy of note that the pronunciation of the word by both men was incorrect. It should be pronounced as it spelled "maritime"—with a short i. There is no intention on the part of Progress to charge politician or lawyer for this information, because all way get it for themselves either from Webster's or Worcester's dictionary.

THE JAPS AS JOKERS.

How a Japanese Ambassador Gave a Gentle Rebuke.

The Japanese are a very polite people, they sometimes like to play a joke in a roundabout Oriental way upon the men of the West. In the days of the Second Empire, Baron Gros was sent to Japan to demand the opening of certain ports to French commerce. Among the rest he named to the Japanese Ministers a certain city. The Japanese functionaries smiled so broadly when he preferred the request that the French Ambassador asked them to tell him what gave them so much amusement; but instead of answering, the Japanese Ministers said:

"We will open the port in question, my lord, if France in her turn will open a certain port to us."

"What port is that?" asked the Frenchman.

"The port of Liverpool."

"But your excellencies" (laughing), "Liverpool is not a French port, but an English one."

"Yes," answered the Japanese. "And the port you named is not in Japan but in Corsica."

The French ambassador was compelled to admit that the joke was against him.

An Alaskan Ice Cave.

"While at Birch Creek," said Mr. Oberlander, "I was informed of the discovery of a wonderful cave by a miner named Schumann. It was unable to visit the cave, which is located forty miles above Master Creek. Schumann states that this cave is eighty feet in length and varies from four to seventy feet in width. After entering through a small aperture, the sides of which are composed of granite, one emerges into a solid ice chamber, from which hang numerous stalactites glistening like silver. Schumann was surprised to find that there was a number of air currents in the cave, the source of which he could not determine. At one side he found a black bear sitting partly upright. The sight of the animal alarmed him greatly at first, but failing to detect any signs of life, he approached it and found that the bear was frozen stiff in a block of ice. He took his axe and chopped a piece off the animal. Picking up portions, he found that it crumbled at his touch.

Considerate Menopiles.

"It is very kind in the railroad company to put up those signs: 'Beware of pickpockets!' It warns for them signs we pickpockets would have to go out of the business," said a pickpocket to the officer who arrested him.

"These signs are put up to spoil your trade," replied the officer.

"But they don't," said the pickpocket.

"They help us. As soon as a country jay reads the sign if he has any money he puts his hand on it. We know then he has money and where he keeps it. We follow him up, and as soon as he takes his hands out of his pocket we put ours in. See? Great thing for; the perishes, those signs. Don't tell me after this that corporations have no consideration."

A Cooperative Colony.

Bellamy's co-operation scheme is to be practised by a colony in Pittsburg. The first building's corner-stone was laid a few days since. One member gives a building lot, and receives certificates, the legal tender of the Colony, in return; another furnishes building stone; two glass-workers dig the cellar; members will do the work. The colony is known as the Integral Co-operative Association. It expects to build more houses, and to go into manufacturing. The products of its plants are the only income of members. Twenty-five cents an hour is fixed as the rate of pay for all classes of labor.

In a Corner.

Clubber—What's the matter with Clerkley? He looks worried.

Homer—He is. He's proposed to 10 girls so far this season and been accepted by them all.

Clubber—That's nothing.

Homer—Nothing, eh? He's just got news that his rich uncle has died and left him a cool million.

Dress Goods Department.

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THE CURSE OF THE ROMANOFFS.

Baron von Humboldt's Prophecy Regarding Nicholas of Russia.

James Russell Lowell used to tell this story to intimate friends. It was told him by John Lothrop Motley:

"In 1853, just before the Crimean war commenced, the venerable Baron von Humboldt came to London on a very important confidential mission. He called upon Lord Palmerston and said: 'I know a war is imminent between England and her allies on the one hand and Russia. If you will temporize, make diplomatic delays, do anything to gain time for a year or two, they will not need to be a war.' 'Why?' Palmerston asked. 'Because Nicholas of Russia will die within two years. The fatal curse of the Romanoffs is on him. Do you not that a great seeress told Peter the Great that no male member of the Romanoffs would ever live to see his 65th year?' But Nicholas is not yet 60," Palmerston answered. 'I wish to save an immense flow of human blood,' said old Humboldt solemnly. 'I know that the Czar will die within two years.' Lord Palmerston was greatly impressed with Baron Humboldt's statements. But he could not hold his own hand then. France, in view of Louis Napoleon's ready recognition by Palmerston, and all Europe followed his lead, was then ready to take the field. So the Crimean war had to go on. But Nicholas of Russia died within four months of the two years' limit given him by Von Humboldt."

Leaving the prophecy out of the question, it is a fact of history that the Russian Czar have all died before 65. Alexander III's grandfather, the half insane Czar Paul, and the four heads of the Romanoffs before Nicholas all died before 50, and of the same disease that has been so deadly to Alexander III. Alexander I., at one time Napoleon's great ally, then his enemy, who so aided in the downfall of the French empire, died when he was 47 of "monomania, bordering on insanity," says history. Metternich, the great Austrian Premier of that date, bluntly declares he was insane. The Grand Duke Constantine, who was really entitled to the Russian throne, never-changing record of the Romanoffs for two centuries.

Alexander III. was personally a most kindly man and remarkably free from the grosser vices. He drank a little red wine sometimes, but no strong liquors, and he abhorred drunkenness, as did his father before him.

Can Infants See at Birth?

Professor Preyer who has worked on a single subject (a boy of his own), considers that although sensibility to light exists from the moment of birth, yet this sensibility is more alive to the sense of feeling than to that of sight. The infant from the first closed its eyes when exposed to a strong light. With regard to actual sight, as denoted by the fixing of the eyes on objects, Preyer says that up to the tenth day he noticed no movements indicating that the child fixed its eyes on an object. He seemed only to look at objects before him up to that time. Other authorities assert that in this latter respect infants differ greatly. This much, however, is clear, that it usually requires between two and three weeks for the sense of sight to come into full operation.

Costly Violets.

One of the wedding gifts to Miss Louise Morris, the Baltimore beauty, who married Fred Gebhardt, was a bunch of violets (a present from the bridegroom), which weighed 22lb., and cost \$300. At the time of the death of Napoleon III., and of the burial of Prince Imperial, violets were at a high premium. At Chiselhurst the usual penny bunch was eagerly bought by some of the French visitors at the price of five shillings. The violet was the emblem of the Napoleonic dynasty, and how it came to be so was recently told in Progress.

Origins of the Bridal Veil.

The bridal veil is said to have originated with the Anglo-Saxon custom of performing the ceremony under a square piece of cloth, held in each corner by a tall man over the bride and groom in such a way as would conceal the blushes of the bride. When, however, the bride was a widow, the veil was dispensed with.

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AN INDIAN'S GRATITUDE.

In the year 1840, a Scotch family left their home on the banks of the Tweed in bonnie Scotland, and emigrated to Western Canada. The spot selected for their future home was almost a wilderness. There were only a few farms partially cleared, while the village near them consisted of two stores, a gristmill, sawmill and blacksmith shop. There were not more than twenty families in the village, but they believed that it would soon grow into a large town, for the land around it was rich, the water power abundant. When the Boyd family reached their new home it consisted of the parents and four children. Elsie, who was the eldest, was a bonnie lass of seventeen years. She had hazel eyes and nut-brown hair which shone as it had caught and returned a golden gleam of sunlight. Her complexion was like a bluish rose.

Mr. Boyd chose a portion of land about two miles from the village; part of it with the house and stables was on the hilltop, while the rest of it was below them. They were obliged to stay in the village until a rough log-house was built for them, also a stable. Although the house was a great contrast to the pleasant home they had left in Auld Scotland, yet it was a very happy family that knelt at the family altar that first night in "Rosebank" to give thanks to their Heavenly Father for this resting place in the wilderness. From their front door they caught a glimpse of the Grande river, and a fuller view when wintry winds had robbed the trees of their foliage. In the autumn the woods were very beautiful. The purple beech, yellow ash and crimson maple contrasted finely with the different shades of green and formed a gorgeous picture.

The following May after the arrival of the boys, another daughter was added to the number of children. She was named May after the month in which she was born, and a sweet May-blossom she truly was, with her flaxen curls and soft violet eyes. She was the pet of the whole family, and as her mother was not strong the special charge of sister Elsie.

One bright afternoon at the close of summer Elsie thought she would like some fruit for supper. Huckleberries were plentiful in the woods and she determined to gather a good supply. As the woods were marshy she did not take any of the children, but with a pail on each arm set off alone. There were not so many berries as she anticipated, so that it took her some hours to fill her pails. Feeling weary Elsie sat down on a log to rest. Taking a letter from her pocket she was lost in thought of the dear old home in Scotland and friends there. She started up at last to find it growing dark, at least in the woods, and hurriedly lifting her pails she was about to hasten homewards when a cry of distress reached her and caused her heart to beat fast. She thought at first it was the cry of a wild animal, and her fears rooted her to the spot, but another cry convinced her that it was a cry for help from a being like herself.

Naturally courageous Elsie followed the direction of the sound, and soon came to the edge of a pit dug to trap bears. Peering over the edge she saw a man leaning against the side. No response came to her question if he was hurt. Fearing that the man was unconscious Elsie laid her hand on his face. It was quite cold. She ran to a little stream of water near by and dipping her handkerchief in it bathed the man's face. A pair of dark eyes looked into hers, and a voice in broken English told Elsie that the man was an Indian.

Yes, he was shot in the leg and unable to get out of the pit without help. Elsie procured a strong branch from a fallen tree and with this tried to help the Indian. They were about to despair of success, when with a vigorous effort the wounded man got his knee on the mouth of the pit. He fell back fainting as Elsie dragged him from the edge. Again she applied cold water with good results. Fetching a pail of berries she set them near him, bidding him eat. Gathering a pile of ferns she placed them under his head for a pillow, then taking her handkerchief, bound it around his bleeding wound. Seeing that his rescuer was not a spirit from the other world, but a fair maiden of the paleface, the Indian said:

"The white lawn would help her red brother, she must listen to her father's wigwam and get assistance. Soon the wild beasts of the forest would be prowling around and he could not defend himself very well."

Elsie started to go, when footsteps were heard and a young man appeared in sight. When he saw Elsie he exclaimed in surprise:

"What in the world are you doing here? The girl soon explained the case. Examining the Indian's leg George said:

"We must get help at once and have him conveyed to your father's. You had better return with me, Elsie."

"No, George, I will stay here until father comes."

"Very little less if he died," muttered the young man, who had no love for his red brothers, but seeing the girl's distressed look, he replied more gently,

"Well, if you are determined I will hasten as fast as possible."

The sound of his quick, bounding step was soon lost in the distance. When Elsie sat down near the Indian the moon had risen and was casting a silvery radiance all around. To while away the time and to find out the depth of her companion's intelligence, Elsie talked to him. He spoke English very well, and asked in reply if the white lawn was afraid.

"A little, but I have asked the Great Father to shield us from harm."

"We know the Great Spirit too. He made the mighty forests, and big rivers. He dwells in the happy hunting-grounds up yonder," and the Indian pointed skyward.

ground for some weeks. The patient bore this sad news and the setting of the broken bone with the fortitude of his race.

Weeks flew by and the Boyd family grew quite intimate with their guest. They could not readily pronounce his name, so called him Mohawk after the tribe to which he belonged. No tribe of Indians was more intelligent. When they came from their home in New York state, they brought with them a complete church service of silver presented to their chief by "good Queen Anne." Soon after their settlement in Canada the chief built a chapel and secured the services of a minister. The Mohawks were baptized and regularly married, while the children were taught to read. Elsie gave Mohawk a little Testament and often talked to him about the lessons taught in it. He listened eagerly and seemed interested in their family worship. The young Canadian George disliked Mohawk and there seemed little love lost.

When able to sit up the Indian would cut and carve beautiful things from wood and fruit-stones. The children were all fond of him, particularly little May, who would sit on his knee for an hour at a time. As soon as his parents knew of his accident they came to see him, led by their venison, furs and baskets for the boys. When able to move about with the aid of a stick Mohawk proposed returning home. The whole family regretted to have him go, but were consoled with the promise of an early visit.

It is twilight and Elsie sits near the window with her sewing. She gave a start as a hand was laid on her shoulder. She turned to find Mohawk and in his hand was the little Testament she had given him.

"Read," he said, turning to the sixth chapter of Luke's Gospel.

Her heart interrupted when she read, "Love your enemies; do good to those who persecute you."

It did not seem right; his Indian nature could not understand. Elsie tried to make it clear. "Although it is not natural for us to love our enemies yet it is the divine law, and if we love our Heavenly Father he will make it easy for us to do this."

A painful pause followed the lesson. Elsie rose to go into the other room when Mohawk detained her with a gentle hand:

"I am going away," he said, "I love the white lawn, and if you will be my bride, I will toll night and day so that you shall not soil your hands and you shall wear the richest of robes." Elsie thought it best to let him have his say out, then she replied:

"Mohawk, I love you as my brother. When a child I gave my heart to another, hand in hand we roamed through my native forests. We gathered wild flowers together in the spring time. When we were old enough I promised some day to be his bride."

The Indian's face became sad, but drawing himself up proudly he said,

"It is well, the Great Spirit will not that the white lawn should be mine," and without a word of farewell he walked through the woods and out at the front door.

As months went past and nothing was heard from him Elsie hoped he had conspired himself with a bride from among the dark beauties of his own tribe.

Towards spring the gentle mother passed away to the Spirit land. Her family did not realize how much they leaned upon her for comfort and counsel until she was gone. On her deathbed baby May was given to Elsie as her special charge.

A few weeks after her mother's death Elsie visited her grave, intending to plant a few flowers and shrubs upon it. When she reached it she was surprised to find Mohawk there, and she was about to errand. He had just planted a large rose-bush at the head. It was covered with white buds. He started as if caught in some guilty act, but when Elsie thanked him with tears in her eyes, he said that her mother had been so kind to him that he wanted to show his gratitude in some way. He would not, however, visit Rosebank at present, he would wait until his pain at his heart was all gone, then he would come."

Another year has wheeled its round and baby May is three years old. She is a bonnie, winsome wee lassie, swift on her feet, and full of talk and laughter from morning till night.

One afternoon Elsie let her little sister play in the garden. Becoming engrossed in her work she forgot all about her for two hours. When she remembered she went to the door and called "May," there was no reply and thinking she might be hiding so that her sister might be hurt she went to her, Elsie went through the garden, peering behind trees, bushes and everything likely to afford a hiding-place. No May was there, nor in the hayfield, although Elsie hoped she had fallen asleep amid the tall grass. Then the barn was searched, the old well looked into and every conceivable place, but not a trace of the child could be seen. Stunned and terrified Elsie sat down to think what she had better do. Her father and eldest brother were assisting a neighboring farmer at a mile from them. The two younger children were at school. In a few minutes the latter would be at home and she would send them off at once for her father. She met the children at the foot of the hill, and telling them what had happened bade them run every step of the way. In agony of mind lest her darling had wandered into the woods or had been stolen by some wandering tribe of Indians she searched again the house and grounds but without results. Bitterly did she reproach herself for her carelessness, especially when she recalled her mother's last charge.

In a short time her father returned with two or three men from the neighboring farm. The father thought that May had either strayed into the woods or had been stolen by the Indians for the sake of a ransom. George Goodfellow now declared that he had found the print of moccasins in the field next the woods. He believed the thief to be none other than Mohawk. He whispered to Elsie that hoping to gain power over her he had stolen the child. The girl was indignant, she had more faith in Mohawk's noble nature than that. Every corner of the adjoining woods was searched. The party came home thoroughly fatigued, and with but slight hope of ever finding the child. After a few hours' rest they again began the search. Several of the villages had joined the party and in different directions the road and woods for miles were thoroughly searched. They were still hoping against hope, when one of the party brought in a little dress that he had found

on a thorn bush near the river. Elsie at once recognized it as the one worn by May the day she was lost. It was useless to search further; by some means the child had got down to the river, had fallen in and was drowned. George was the only one who did not believe this. He still thought Mohawk guilty, but respect for Elsie's pale cheeks kept him silent.

One day shortly after this George was gunning. He was in the act of loading to fire at a flock of ducks when a shot flew past him, and with such precision of aim, that several of the fowls fell dead. Turning, George saw Mohawk coolly reloading. Springing lightly from log to log George roughly on his shoulder accused him of robbing Mr. Boyd's kindness by stealing his child. For a moment Mohawk stood speechless, then with flashing eye and erect form denied the charge. He said:

"The paleface is a liar; the Indian would scorn to do such a mean act."

Sooner had the words passed his lips than Mohawk sprang at him, and with a strong pull got him on to the ground. Only for a moment, however; the Canadian's strength was no match for the Indian; a short struggle and George was down, Mohawk kneeling upon his breast. He spared no mercy. Indeed for a moment he might be about to triumph. With one hand he took from his belt a hunting-knife, opened it and held it suspended over his prisoner. Then, glancing upwards, a soft light came into his eyes. He closed his knife and taking the hand of his enemy raised him from the ground.

"Paleface," he said, "a few months ago I would have used my knife as freely on you as on the wild beasts of the forest, but the Great Spirit has taught me that it is wrong to take a brother's life. Go tell the white lawn that Mohawk will not rest until he find her sister." With a bound or two he was out of sight.

George was overcome by the Indian's nobility of character and was convinced now that he did not steal the child.

Returning to his parents Mohawk told them that he had a strong desire to see the great waters and mighty forests far away.

The chief answered, "It is well; my son is no longer a child; he is brave; let him go."

Mohawk held George's opinion that May had been stolen by a band of wandering Indians. He determined to follow them to their home on Lake Superior. He took the course of the river, inquiring at the villages if the people knew of any encampment near. Several friendly tribes were openly visited, but among the children there were none that resembled May Boyd. He had travelled a whole week, resting at night near the edge of a wood, making a fire lest he should be preyed upon by prowling animals. A second week he travelled from home and had indeed seen great forests and big waters.

Several of the Indians who Mohawk visited, although seemingly friendly, yet regarded him with suspicion, and they did not trust a government spy and they did not credit his story. At last he reached Lake Superior. After two days journey by its shores he came to a white settlement. The people residing here told him of an Indian encampment a few miles further. He was warned to be careful, for the chief was a cunning man, and one that would visit with death any interference with his people. It was almost dark when Mohawk saw the smoke of the campfires. He crept from tree to tree until he came in sight of the wigwams. Not a man was to be seen. Groups of children played about and the old squaws sat at their hut doors smoking their pipes. In the shelter of the Indian's heart. Keeping in the shelter of the river's bank he was about to secret himself behind the thick bush which overhung it, when to his surprise it proved to be an entrance to a cave. He was still more surprised on entering it to find it almost empty, save for a young Indian girl and a child. Much alarmed the girl, a slender of five, when Mohawk in his native tongue told her not to fear. Either the young man's handsome face or musical voice calmed her fears. At all events she listened as Mohawk told her that he was a stranger, weary and hungry, begging her not to betray him.

She believed his story, and strange to say, answered him in his own patois. "You may trust Minnehaha," was all she said, and passed out. In an hour she returned with a piece of roast venison and corn-cakes baked on the embers. When he again asked her if she meant no harm to her people she told him that her people were all away on a grand hunting expedition and would not be home for some days. No, she was not a native of this tribe, but had been stolen from the Mohawks when a child.

He then told her that he was the only son of the chief of her tribe, and she liked her father and her mother, and she would not decide then but promised to see him next day. The sun was high in the heavens, she came. An hour before Mohawk had seen the squaws depart, laden with baskets. There were several children with them but none of them was May Boyd.

When Minnehaha came she led by the hand the same child who was in the cave the previous night. She was like any ordinary Indian child, dark hair, cut short and a skin very unlike the pure white of Baby May. He noticed, however, that her eyes were blue. He had known the Indians to have the hair and skin of children before. Wishing to propitiate the nurse before he spoke to the child Mohawk praised the brightness of her eyes and glossy hair. He talked to her of her people. Seeing the child gazing earnestly at him Mohawk took a toy from his pocket which he used to make his children at Rosebank. He said in English:

"Does Baby May like Mohawk?"

The child started and turned towards him, and when he added, "Does May want to see Elsie?" with a cry she ran to his side. "Take me to Elsie!" she cried. Seating the child on his knee, he gave her more toys. While she played with these he turned to the frightened Minnehaha and in pathetic language told her of his hurt, rescue, and of the kindness of the paleface. Then he told her of the mother's death, of Elsie's care of the child and her grief when she was lost. He told her that the child was stolen, and she understood that her charge was none other than the lost child.

"Go with us," said Mohawk, "if your

parents are gone to the spirit land mine will take you in, you shall be their child."

She consented for she dare not let the child go, while she remained. It was agreed to start soon at the camp with Minnehaha. The moon had risen several hours ere Minnehaha dare steal from the wigwam. She carried the sleeping child wrapped in a blanket. Without a word she motioned Mohawk to follow. They walked very fast until they reached the nearest white settlement. Some of the people were very kind, giving them shelter and food, and one man took his horses and drove them several miles on their way. They rested very little for the first few days. Mohawk carried May when she was tired. The fear of pursuit caused them to hasten on; they feeling safer, they halted at night.

Mohawk was attracted to Minnehaha in spite of himself, she was so pretty and graceful, enduring fatigue without a murmur, showing no sign of fear, even during the darkness of night. He found that he was fast forgetting the white lawn and thinking of the pretty Indian maiden thrown so unexpectedly upon his care. In much shorter time than it took him to go, Mohawk returned. When he reached the settlement where his parents and tribe lived there was great rejoicing over his success. The old chief with beaming eye expressed the pride and pleasure he had in his brave son. Minnehaha was welcomed as a daughter to the home. Mohawk's mother soon removed the dye from the child's hair and skin. Although her curls were cut off, she was still fair and bonnie. All were ready to start for Rosebank.

It was arranged that Mohawk should go on alone with May, but the child had become so much attached to her dusky nurse that she refused to be separated.

A day's journey brought the travellers in sight of the farm. It was late in the afternoon when May reached the house. Going round to the back door they saw Elsie through the window spinning. She was pale and thin and did not sit at her wheel as she used to. Opening the door Mohawk pushed the child forward. Elsie turned at the sound, stood for a moment as if spell-bound, then, with sobs and tears, clasped her little sister to her heart. As soon as she had calmed down a little May skipped from her arms and taking Mohawk's hand led him forward.

Mohawk's eyes were glistening, and his heart rejoiced as tears of joy fell from Elsie's eyes upon his hand, while the sister was asking where and how her lost darling had been found. May skipped out to the garden and soon returned with the shy Indian maiden. A few words explained who she was and at once Minnehaha felt herself at home. The more Elsie looked at the girl the more she saw to admire. She glanced at Mohawk; his eyes expressed a like admiration. There was great rejoicing at Rosebank when the family assembled at supper time.

Mohawk was the hero of the hour; he was loaded with thanks and praise. George Goodfellow was manly enough to apologize before them for his unjust suspicions. It was a proud day for Mohawk, for even his enemies praised him. Minnehaha remained at Rosebank for a few months, then became the happy bride of Mohawk. At his father's death he became chief of his tribe. He was noted for his intelligence and upright conduct, and did much to make his tribe the most enlightened and wealthy among the Indian nations.

A Dog's Memory.

A gentleman who is a great traveller, and who is always accompanied in his wanderings by a bull terrier, to which he is much attached, arrived one day in the city of Florence. His dog was for some reason intrusted to the care of a porter at the station, and in the excitement of the crowd and under the unusual experience of being separated from his master, who generally kept the animal with him, Bruno moved to make his escape. The most careful search was made, and before going to his hotel the traveller went to the police station to notify the gens d'armes of his loss. It was more than an hour before he heard of his loss, so that it anything was heard of the dog would be understood that the animal belonged to him. To his astonishment the porter said:

"But your dog is here, sir. He came before you, and we did not know to whom he belonged."

"The dog is here?" replied the gentleman in surprise. "How came he here?"

"He ran in, sir, about half an hour ago, and after sniffing about the office for a little while he ran up stairs. I gave orders to have him driven out, but the boys have been busy, and he is up there somewhere now."

The traveller, of course, went up stairs at once, and there on the mat before the chamber numbered forty-four lay Bruno, who sprang up with the most frantic demonstrations of delight at finding his master again. The gentleman then remembered that two years previous he had been with the dog in Florence, and had stayed at this hotel. He did not remember that he had occupied this particular room, but on reference to the hotel register such was found to be the fact.

William's Creditors.

"Come, William, give something," said the deacon.

"Can't do it, deak," said Bill.

"Why not? Isn't the cause a good one?"

"Yes, good 'nuff, but I ain't able to give nothin'."

"Pooh! pooh! I know better. You must give me a better reason than that."

"Well, but William, you owe God a larger debt than any one else."

"That's true, but He ain't a pushing me like the rest of my creditors."

He Has Family.

Mrs. Gabb—"Yes, my daughter appears to have married very happily. Her husband has no fault, it is admitted, but he has family."

Mrs. Gadd—"Yes, I heard he was a widower with six children."

WEATHER BULLETIN.

Probabilities for Next 24 Hours.

Saturday, November 17.—Very seasonable weather. Raining and sleety. High winds, difficult to carry an umbrella. A Rigby Waterproof will be better to take with you today. Besides protecting you from the wet it will keep you warm and comfortable.

USE SURPRISE SOAP on Wash Day. Follow the Directions on the Wrapper.

HAMILTON'S DELICIOUS Caramels DELIGHT ALL CANDY LOVERS. AND OTHER LOVERS.

ALL OVER THE WORLD NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURES COUGHS & COLDS. PRICE 25¢ 50¢

Thackeray's Complete Works—10 vols. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

STEAMER CLIFTON will leave her wharf at Indiantown MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN, GRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER.

Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED). The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

STAR LINE STEAMERS. For Fredericton and Woodstock.

MAIL STEAMERS, David Weston and Olivette, leave St. John, every day, (except Sunday) at 2 p. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings.

Sunday Reading.

HAPPY HOMES.

What a Clergyman has to Say About Them and Those who Make Them.

So much has recently been said about marriage as a failure, it is interesting to see that people do not believe a word of it. Recently, in high life and common life, the altars have been surrounded by congratulatory groups. It is evident that all the talented things that have been said antagonistic to marriage have made no impression against this divine institution. Never so many orange-wreaths have been twisted—never so many wedding-marches played—never so many high hopes raised—never so many hearty congratulations offered. No one thinks marriage a failure unless he be a scoundrel, or he be chained for a lifetime to a wizen, a termagant or a fool. God instituted marriage, and he never instituted a failure. The cases of unhappy conjugal alliance are as few when compared with the happy homes as the cases of rheumatism when compared with healthy limbs, as the blind eyes when compared with the good eyes, as the figure 1 when compared with 6,000. You might as well denounce health as a failure because some people are sick, or honesty as a failure because some people are villainous.

Just in proportion as the institution of marriage is honored in any community is that community prospered; and there is no exception. Just in proportion as men have loose ideas in regard to marriage are their lives corrupt. And what is most beautiful about this heaven-descended institution is that its happiness depends not on worldly successes. Indeed, those are apt most to appreciate their homes who are maltreated by the world, and who fly to them as a refuge. I was rant there as much domestic love in \$800 a year as in \$8,000. The exclusiveness of the marriage-robe and the length of the white veil trailing through the church-aisle are no surer prophecy of a happy life than the plain promise of that one in fustian and the other in calico. What multitudes of men and women have in this relation proved themselves heroes and heroines. Their unflinching love turned the crust into a banquet, and the one room in a fifth story, without an elevator, becomes an Alhambra. They started at the foot of the ladder together. Not dependent upon the whims of the world, which one day may blow from the west and the next day may blow from the east, they were content with their own home. Upon it God came down in blessing, and their lives were hallowed. Though the outside world knew little about them, God knew; and when angel would point out to angel the happy homes of earth, the finger of light would sweep around that dwelling. Oh, how much a man and a woman can stand of trouble if they stand together.

There is a way of laughing off many of the hardships of life, and blessed is that man, blessed is that woman, who has at home one who can make light of misfortune and turn tragedy into comedy. But far better than the power of caricature and a natural disposition to make the best of things is religion dominant in a household. That explains and sanctifies and irradiates as nothing else can. May the divine spirit sanctify all our homesteads.

It shall be well with those who marry in the Lord. Happy in life, happy in death. Happy forever. What more beautiful, suggestive thing was ever said than that which aged Jacob said: "Bury me with my fathers in the cave of Machpelah. There they buried Abraham and Sarah, his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebecca, his wife, and there I buried Leah."

The Story of Naber.

In the tribe of Neggdeh, there was a horse, whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped he went to Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek food. I am dying; help me, and Heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, "I cannot rise; I have no strength left." Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and, with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on his back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse, and galloped off, calling out as he did so, "It is I, Daher, I have got the horse, and am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it." "And why not?"

said Daher. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been." Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

DEAD CZAR AND LIVING CHRIST.

Topic of Rev. Dr. Lorimer's Sermon on Alexander III.

Rev. Dr. Lorimer, of the Tremont Temple Baptist Church, Boston, preached on Sunday night to his congregation in Music Hall on the topic, "The Dead Czar and the Living Christ," taking his text from the words of the Psalmist: "All kings have fallen down before him."

The purpose of the preacher was to contrast two kinds of power wielded over men—the power of force, as represented by an autocratic emperor, like the czar; and the power of persuasion of reasonableness, of gentleness, of mercy, and of love, as represented by Christ. He showed how this lower form of power was not wielded alone by the Czar of Russia, but was to be found in many nations of the earth, wherever the spirit of Christ did not influence the thoughts and actions of men.

Dr. Lorimer had no desire to criticize unkindly the late czar, but it was impossible not to see, as inseparable from the reign of such a man, the desire to extend territory and make an already vast empire vaster than ever. As one of the results, for the sake of effecting a kind of unity, the poor Russian Jews had been driven from their country. The speaker did not know much about the Russian Jews, but they were human beings, and as they were being scattered and driven over the face of the earth, while people were weeping over the bier of the emperor, he wept a good deal more over the exiles from their country, however ignorant and debased they might be.

The speaker next urged that the highest type of humanity is found where Christ is worshipped with the greatest freedom of conscience, and in illustration of this he pointed to the lying, fraud and drunkenness that prevailed in Russia. He also used the case of Russia, to show the dangers of the untrammelled use of despotic power. He hoped the kind things said of the late czar in the local papers were deserved, but, all the same, such power as he exercised was a danger to his manhood.

It was undoubtedly true that the shadow of his father's assassination rested upon the emperor who has just passed away. How much better if the new czar were to clothe himself in the coat of mail afforded by the new policy—if he would only say, in the gentle spirit of his proclamation: "You are my children. I don't want to have any such life as this. But I am going to have Russian schools all over the land. I will give to Russia a larger liberty and a free ballot. I will give freedom to every man's conscience to do his duty. I am going to try to bring my nation the light and love and liberty that are to be found in the favored nations of the world." What a magnificent proclamation that would be, and how the Russians would rejoice.

Child Perils at Sitka.

An affecting story of the experience of little children at Sitka, who have been rescued and sheltered by the Industrial School there, is related by a correspondent. "A few years ago," he writes, "a little girl was accused of witchcraft. The tribe bound her with a rope, a stalwart chief holding one end of the rope, walking in advance, dragging the child after him, while another came behind him, holding the other end of the rope. These men were the admiration of the tribe in holding between them a puny, starved girl of ten years. She was rescued by Prof. Austin, who was in charge of the school, and given a home. A bright boy had been sold twice as a slave before he was brought to the school. Another had been shot as a slave and a bullet sent crashing through his shoulder. Another had been tied up as a witch and kept four days without food, when he was rescued. Another, when born, was about to be killed by his parents, to save the trouble of taking care of him. A neighboring woman took pity on the babe and removed him to her own house. When the school commenced he was placed in it. Many others have come under the protection of the school, through trials and dangers, and all along the coast if a child is to be sold into slavery, or is in danger of being tortured to death as a witch, they know that if they can escape and reach the Presbyterian Mission School at Sitka, they are safe." The horrors of Alaskan slavery are little worse than those that exist in this remote part of our hemisphere.

Not Tempted.

I have heard people say they were never tempted—people who have come to middle life that never have been tempted. Oh, my friends, it is because they have never tried to do right. If a man be handcuffed

and hobbled, and he lies quiet, he does not test the power of the chain or the manacle, but let him once try to rise up and break off the handcuffs and the shackles, then he finds out the power of the chain. If, my dear brother, you do not know the power of temptation, it is because you are bound head and foot to sin, and have never made an attempt to be emancipated at all. Why, it is easy enough to go down stream in a boat. You can lie upon your oars. You go just as the tide goes. But suppose you turn around and head up stream, then it is not so easy making progress. As long as you go down with the tide of sin and iniquity it is easy enough to go that way; but when you turn around and head toward God and heaven, then it is a struggle—an awful struggle. Can it be that you have never tested the power of temptation?

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP.

A League to Prevent Corruption has Been Formed in Chicago.

A reform movement similar in purpose, but different in kind from that of New York, has been under way in Chicago since last March. At that time the Christian Citizenship League was formed. "Righteousness Exalteth the Nation," is its motto, and its purpose is:

To prevent by personal and united effort the nomination and election of corrupt candidates. To secure fidelity on the part of officers entrusted to execute the law. To exterminate the saloon. To preserve the Sabbath. To purify and elevate the franchise. To promote the study of social wrongs and remedies. The plan of the league is to apportion Chicago into divisions, comprising four or five churches each; a superintendent will be in charge of each division, and he will be reinforced by a committee of one or more from each church. These general committees will appoint ward committees from among the membership of the league in each ward, and it will be incumbent upon these members to enlighten public intelligence, and especially the intelligence of the christian public with respect to the time and place of precinct and ward meetings and with respect to the moral character of each candidate. While the work of the league is strictly non-partisan and non-sectarian, and indeed not exclusively christian, yet of necessity the candidates which it will recommend and support will be those of the highest character available.

The gamblers and other criminals who were put to such sudden and complete rout in Chicago last month by the Civic Federation, are said to be confident that the "spasm of righteousness," as they call it, has spent its force. They promise their old patrons to reopen their games at an early date, and to make merry with law and police regulations. We will miss our guess if they are not sadly disappointed. The Civic Federation, and especially the chairman of its committee on morals, is not made of such pliant timber as to bend obediently to the gambling fraternity in this matter. People who suppose that this was only a sudden and ephemeral outbreak will be surprised to know that what was originally a Chicago crusade has taken upon itself a national character by the incorporation under the laws of Illinois of an association to fight gambling in every state and town of the Union.

Scotch Version of Psalm XXIII.

The following Scotch version of the 23rd psalm is said to be 200 years old:

The sheep-keepin' o' the Lord's kind an' canny, and he gets a howf at last: David keeps his sheep; the Lord keeps David.

1. The Lord is my herd, nae want sa' fa' me:

2. He louts me till lie amang green hawes; he airts me atowre by the lown watirs.

3. He waukens my wa-gaen saul; he weises me roun, for his ain name's sake, unril richt roddins.

4. Na! tho' I gang thro' the deadmirk-dail: e'en thar, sa' I dreed nae skaitin; for gaeil are nar-by me: yer stek an' yer stay hand me baith fu' cheerie.

5. My buird ye hae hansell'd in face o' my faes; ye hae drookit my head wi' oyle, my bicker is na' an' skailin.

6. E'en sae, sa' e'en gaeil an' gune-reeg gang wi' me, ilk day o' my lirin; an' e'vir mair syne, i' the Lord's ain howf, at lang last, sa' I mak bydan.

DIAMOND DYES ARE THE BRIGHTEST, STRONGEST AND BEST.

As a result of the year, Every wife and mother who Greet thee with the kindest cheer, Autumn with its varied shades—Russet dark, and brown and gold, Beds and greens of summer glades—All these colorings ye need. Yet, while nature's colors fly, Ye still bloom 'neath changing sky.

Dyes! Dyes! Diamond Dyes! Cheapest colors in the land, Onward! Forward! as time flies There will live no other brand. None so brilliant, pure and fast, Pleasing daughters, mothers, wives; 'Tis well known that in the past Ye have added to our lives Comfort, wealth and great pleasure, Constant streams of joy and peace.

As a result of the year, Every wife and mother who Greet thee with the kindest cheer, Autumn with its varied shades—Russet dark, and brown and gold, Beds and greens of summer glades—All these colorings ye need. Yet, while nature's colors fly, Ye still bloom 'neath changing sky.

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Messages of Help for the Weak.

"Then modest known unto them thy holy Sabbath." Nehemiah 9:14

"All men shall know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another." John 13:35.

"Jesus saith, I am the way; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." John 14:6

"My God, forbid it me that I should do this thing." 1 Chronicles 11:19.

"I will wait upon the Lord, that hideth his face, and I will look for him." Isaiah 8:17.

"I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation."

"Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me. When his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness." Job 29:2, 3.

Ministers Should Wave the Red Flag.

You know that a white flag along a rail track means safety, and that a red flag means danger. Now here is coming the Chicago express. Here is a bridge swept down by the freshet. A man goes out with a red flag to stop the approaching train. I go out with a white flag and wave it. The engineer takes my signal, and not that of the other man. The engine rushes on. In another moment a hundred and fifty souls are in eternity. Who is responsible? A man standing by my side says, "You are. What did you wave that white flag for?" In the great day of eternity it will be found who of us, standing in the pulpits, were the kindest and wisest flag-men. He will be responsible who lets men go on down toward ruin without giving the warning, waving the white flag of safety when he ought to have shaken the red flag of peril.

The Quarrel With the Bible.

In a recent address to young men on the Bible, Dr. J. C. Kyle said: "Depend upon it no man is so grossly incredulous as the man who denies the Bible to be the Word of God. Be very sure of this—people never regret the Bible because they cannot understand it. They understand it only too well; they understand that it condemns their own behavior; they understand that it witnesses against their sins. They try to believe it is false and useless, because they do not allow it is true. A bad life is the grand objection to this book."

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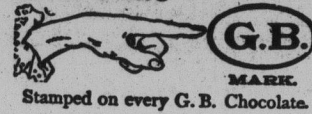
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Treated By Several Doctors and Tried Nearly Every Proprietary Medicine—Got Very Little Benefit—Was Influenced to Use South American Nerve—Found Immediate Relief—“The Nervousness Has Entirely Left My System.”—“I Will Never Be Without It In My Home.”



MR. J. W. DINWOODIE, CAMPBELLFORD, ONT.

Men of affairs usually weigh their words. They are not of that class of people who carry their hearts upon their sleeves. One of the best known men of affairs in Canada is Mr. J. W. Dinwoodie, the large railroad contractor, evidence of whose work is to be found in all parts of the Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to chain one section of our vast Dominion with another and bring its people into easy touch with each other through the medium of the iron horse, as Mr. Dinwoodie has in a short lifetime done, is a work of which any man may be proud. Hard and brainy labor, however, is necessary to success of this character, and the strongest constitutions are in danger of breaking down under the strain. It has been so with Mr. Dinwoodie. The great thought that he has had to give to his work, and the care and responsibility that it has carried with it, finally told on his constitution, and he became a victim of nervous troubles, his liver and kidneys becoming seriously disordered. Naturally he consulted a medical man. Comparatively no relief was obtained. He changed his doctor, and did not stop with one, two or three physicians, but he got no better. Various proprietary medicines were recommended, and, as he says himself, "I tried them all, but got very little benefit. Last fall I was camping out, and was feeling very ill. I happened to pick up a paper with the advertisement for South American Nerve. I determined to give it a trial, and procured a bottle from the local druggist. After having taken but a few doses I found very great relief. The severe pain that I had been suffering in the small of my back left me, and the nervousness that had rendered me, in a large measure, unfit for work, has as a result of the continued use of Nerve, become banished from my system. I am now able to enjoy refreshing sleep the night through. I keep South American Nerve always in the house, and I do not hesitate to say that it is the very best medicine I have ever taken, and most confidently recommend it to anyone troubled with nervousness of whatever form and the attendant diseases of the liver and stomach that follow this weakness." The importance that South American Nerve cures of the nerve centers, from which emanate all diseases. This being an undoubted scientific truth, fully and perfectly demonstrated by science, is never an experiment to use Nerve, but in this remedy it is always found a certain cure.

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Hasen J. Dick, 148 Charlotte St.; Clinton Brown & Co., Cor. Sidney and Union; E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. G. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.

A TOWN OF CLAY-EATERS.

THE INHABITANTS HOLD SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

At Which Clay and Corn Whiskey are the Refreshments—The Clay Contains Arsenic, and is Very Harmful—The Town is in Georgia, Near a Large City.

Scottdale, Georgia, is a town of other days, about five miles south of the thriving city of Milledgeville, and the crumbling remains of a few brick buildings here and there are monuments to the glory of departed time, and an old fashioned rose-bush is sometimes found blooming in the pine thickets, reminding one strikingly of what was in the long ago.

This old town marks a radical change in the soil and vegetation, for there the Piedmont escarpment ends and the late geological formation begins. The clay gives up its red hue and takes on a loamy whiteness, interspersed with extensive sand beds. The long leaf pine begins to pop up, and the undergrowth also changes.

What is more remarkable, the people change. Instead of the red faced, sturdy farmer, buoyant with strength and health, full of vigor and rejoicing in the consciousness of his own robust nature, there comes a class of people with faces so worn and haggard that it sends a shudder through your very soul to look at them.

For the sake of information it might be well to state that a clay eater is one who eats clay. This definition, however simple, carries weight when it is taken into consideration that these beings make a regular practice, a fixed habit, of dining upon dainty morsels of kaolin. Chew it? Oh, yes, they chew it with as much enjoyment as a cow gets out of her cud, and swallow it with more eagerness and relish than a small boy does a green apple.

Incredulous as it may appear, whole families have the habit. From the father, and grandfather, too, if he has changed to survive, down to the skinny faced little tot who cries for his share, they all eat clay regularly and eagerly.

This depraved taste fixes itself upon them in early childhood, and as they grow older the habit becomes stronger and stronger until it is an utter impossibility to break off. It is said to be more powerful than the whisky, opium, morphine, cocaine or any other habit yet known.

Of course heredity has much to do with it, and thus the habit is transmitted from generation unto generation with singular precision.

There is no mistaking clay eaters. Their countenances have a distinctly original and unearthly cast, reminding you more of "a death's head with a bone in its mouth" than anything else.

The children have large eyes, set deep in the head and accentuated by high, skinny cheek bones. These eyes lack lustre, and they have a morose stupidity from the cadaverous hollows.

And, as for the men and women, compared with theirs the face of an Egyptian mummy would look fresh and beautiful.

The milky whiteness of the skin, which they have in childhood, has changed into a parchment brown, which in folds about their eyes and neck. Deep wrinkles radiate from their mouths and spread in every conceivable direction.

You can easily trace them, as they serve for convenient aqueducts to tobacco juice.

The clay which they devour is not, as so many have supposed, the variety so common through the middle Georgia, but a peculiar white kind, with a soft and greasy feel, and found only in certain localities.

It is said to contain arsenic, thus accounting for the force of the habit and its effect upon the system.

The clay is eaten, as a rule, without social instincts. They are said to hold festivals, or rather dinings, the menu of which is made up mainly of clay.

For instance, one of the patriarchs will decide to celebrate, and invitations are issued to all the families in the neighborhood. After several wild "breakdowns" the tempting glebe is passed around for refreshments.

Corn liquor, of course, is a necessary adjunct.

These beings make no attempt at regular work. They eke out their existence in the winter by selling kindling wood in town, and during the summer the most energetic pick and sell blackberries and huckleberries, which grow in profusion there.

Some of them own donkeys, and these attached to the little two wheeled nondescript vehicles, are familiar sights along the public highways leading to Milledgeville.

Last winter returning from a hunt in the lower part of the county, I was forced by the rain to take shelter in the dwelling place of a full fledged clay eater. The house, if such it might be called, was built in the regulation log cabin style.

The building was set back some distance from the road, and a well beaten path led through the weeds to the doorway, from which the blanched faces of some half dozen children peered forth curiously.

from the error of their way, but to all appearance they have washed their ammunition. They are barbarians still, and they die as they have lived—in the midst of the deepest squalor and misery, unwept, unmoaned, unloved.

Think of it! With all the luxuries and enlightenment of the nineteenth century about them, living almost in sight of one of Georgia's most thriving cities, watching daily the trains speeding on to the busy marts, while the wires above their heads flash the happenings of the world, these being, human like ourselves, are living the lives of forlorn animals, with no pleasant recollections of the past, no happiness in the present and no hope for the future.

REPORTED HIM TO SHERMAN. It was Rather Late, but the Union General Was Pleased.

When the National Convention of Lawyers met in the West some years ago, Mr. Du Bignon was sent to represent Georgia, his nativ state. Being one of the rising young men of his region, he was also invited to respond to the toast, "The Young Manhood of the South," at the large banquet to be given.

The young lawyer prepared his reply with care, feeling he had done his best, which was all the bar could expect of him. His toast was the tenth in line, and the toastmaster had pronounced in distinct tones the title of the toast, and added that Mr. Fleming Du Bignon of Georgia would reply.

The lawyer rose slowly to his feet, glancing as he did so down the long double line of expectant, polite, upturned faces smiling at him, encouraging him to proceed.

His "piece" was all clearly in mind; he remembered every planned gesture, every turn and "point" he proposed to make.

"Gentlemen of the bar," he began. "I—"

"Gen. Sherman," delightedly broke in the toastmaster, and "Sherman! Sherman!" was echoed all down the table, which saw dozens of men stand to their feet to greet the great soldier-lawyer as he entered the room.

Gen. Sherman had promised to attend this convention, but had been detained by other engagements until this late hour, and his advent was hailed with a burst of welcome as he advanced down to his vacant chair. Every one was shaking hands with him, creating quite a hubbub.

When it finally subsided the toastmaster turned again to the young Georgian and said: "Will Mr. Du Bignon now proceed with the toast. 'The Young Manhood of the South?'"

The Georgian sat for an instant dazed. He was young and the excitement breaking into his speech had "floored" him.

What was he going to do? What was he going to say? Every line of his prepared speech had left him, every bit of his plan of thought had deserted him. To stand there a complete dunder to be unable to respond to the toast that involved all his patriotism, when that speech was intended to show the Northerners just what the Southerners could do and be! It was humiliating; it was agonizing.

All this, however, did not occupy the space of time it takes to take a breath through his brain like lightning, and even during the latter part of these thoughts he was rising mechanically to his feet.

He stood still a second and saw Gen. Sherman's face looking at him with interest. The silence was appalling. He felt that every one was thinking, "Poor fellow, he doesn't know what to say."

In a quiet tone, in which, however, he felt a quiver, he commenced: "Gentlemen, I am confounded! The advent of so noted a warrior as Gen. Sherman has made me forget every word of my speech—the men all to be unable to respond to the toast."

"But I think you can scarcely wonder at my confusion. Georgians are so used to the fact of Gen. Sherman following them that it is enough to simply paralyze any one of them to be asked to follow the General." There was a pause for an instant over the young fellow's audacity, and then the room rang with appreciative applause of his excellent wit.

Men leaned over their plates and immediately fixed themselves into attitudes of interest. They at once perceived that at least an original young chap was going to speak.

Mr. Du Bignon felt the personal magnetism he had excited reflect on himself, and continued with more assurance.

He said that he would tell a story about the young manhood of the south, the very young manhood, including his first impressions of Gen. Sherman.

The time was the civil war, the place Milledgeville, Ga. "I was only a little shaver," he started, "staying at home, taking care of my mother and younger brother. All the men had gone to the war. The cry started early in the morning, 'Sherman is coming!' It increased from a whisper to a frightened shout. The old negroes who were at home left the field and plough and gathered in their cabins, exactly as if it had been said, 'The judgment day is coming!' People stood irresolute in the street, not knowing what to do, or whether it was best to go anywhere.

"And later on he came. Soldiers and horses, they began to fill the town and the people's houses, and tear was the prevailing element.

"I insisted that my Shetland pony and my brother's pet rooster must be saved. My mother equally insisted that I was to stay in the house, for it not the solders would carry me away. I was made a prisoner, but opened a window, and when I saw one of the soldiers go under our house and catch the rooster and wring its neck I was certain that my pony would go next. So, jumping out of the window, I ran to the soldier, and, doubling up my fist, cried: 'Dog gone you, you old Yankee, if you take that pony I'll report you to Gen. Sherman.'" He stopped for an instant, and then continued contentedly: "General, he did take my pony, and this is my first opportunity to report to you."

Mr. Du Bignon of Georgia won the day. Men cheered him as he took his seat for his cleverness, and Gen. Sherman jumped up and said: "Will some one present me to the young rebel?"

Edison as a Practical Joker. Edison is a great lover of practical jokes. Once upon a time when the photograph was more of a novelty than it is at the present time he hid one of these machines in a grandmother's clock which stood in a guest chamber. One night as a friend was

preparing to get into bed he suddenly heard a voice exclaim, "Eleven o'clock; one hour more." He crept into bed and lay perfectly still, frightened out of his life and hardly daring to breathe. At midnight he heard the same voice again exclaim, "Twelve o'clock; prepare to die." This was more than mortal flesh could stand, and springing out of bed, with a shriek, he flew out of the room into the arms of Edison and another friend, who had been sitting up awaiting his appearance.

SHE FOUND A FRIEND.

Strong and Mighty to Deliver from Troubles.

This True, Tried and Honest Friend Proved to be Paine's Celery Compound.

Nature's Medicine Cures After a Series of Medical Failures.

The half has never been told regarding the suffering and misery endured from day to day by thousands of our Canadian women. Sleeplessness, nervousness, dyspepsia, indigestion and prostration claim a host of victims, who are earnestly desiring and seeking for deliverance from their burden of woes.

We wish briefly to draw attention to the fact that science has placed within reach of suffering women an agency—a cure—that fully meets the case of every woman in ill health. Thousands of Canadian women in all ranks of society have used Paine's Celery Compound with the most satisfactory results.

It is the only medicine that has been thoroughly indorsed by the best medical men of the times. No other medicine has ever received such strong and flattering testimonials from our best people, and no other has ever been so much spoken of by the press of this country.

Every woman who is overworked, run-down, sleepless, nervous, or dyspeptic, will find a friend in Paine's Celery Compound. This wonderful and life-giving medicine quickly builds up in flesh, muscle and tissue; it braces the nervous system, gives health, vigor and youthful strength.

There is no earthly reason why women should continue to live in a half-dead condition, while Paine's Celery Compound is doing such work in our midst.

The following letter from Mrs. E. R. Wheeler, of Windsor Mills, P. Q., proves that women have a mighty and strong friend in Paine's Celery Compound.

"I have been troubled with indigestion, sleeplessness and general debility for about three years; I have been under the care of doctors and have used medicines for a long time, but could find no relief from suffering. Your Paine's Celery Compound was highly recommended to me, and I finally decided to give it a trial. I am astonished at the great benefits I have received by using your medicine. I am now blessed with perfect digestion, I sleep well, and altogether I am a different woman. I most cheerfully recommend your Paine's Celery Compound to all who suffer from any of the troubles I have experienced, and I am sure it will give them instant relief."

Eight or ten years ago Egypt was insolvent. Today she is bristling with prosperity. The position of the fallahin is constantly improving. The corvee is abolished, and the people have no more compulsory labor, except to keep the Nile within bounds at high flood, for which they are paid. The land taxes are gradually being reduced, and extortion and corruption seem to have been stamped out.

She sells cereals enough to pay for the imported articles necessary to maintain her simple standard of life. I can't help thinking that cotton—or the money it produces—has played a part of no small importance in the work of administration that has brought all these blessings. A birdseye view of the area of cotton cultivation would give the outline of a half opened fan. From the point of the delta near Cairo it stretches nearly to Port Said on the northeast and beyond Alexandria on the northwest, this strip being held by the great arc curving into the Mediterranean, the narrow strip devoted to cotton along the Nile from Cairo, 100 miles southward, forming the Canals, branching from the Rosetta and Damietta arms of the Nile, which distribute the vitalizing waters.

Hoyt and the Honest Musician. Charley Hoyt, the humorous playwright, said: "A few years ago I was playing in one night towns, and, finding I should be late in reaching one of them, I telegraphed ahead for the orchestra to meet me at the theatre upon the arrival of the 6:30 train, so as to rehearse before the performance began. I arrived upon a bleak fall afternoon and rushed hurriedly to the cheerless looking little theatre. All within was dull and cold, and the gathering gloom gave a sepulchral appearance to all within. Up and down the stage walked a wizened man smoking a huge pipe, with a tremendous cornet under his arm.

"Where is the orchestra?" I asked. "It has gone across the river to play at a dance—all but me," answered the ghostly figure.

"And are you all I've to depend upon for music?" "That's all in sight," said the strange cornet performer.

"And I suppose you are full of music and a great player, then?" "No," said the isolated musician. "I ain't worth a d—, or I'd be at the dance too."

WOLVES IN THE MAINE WOODS.

Are They Going with the Deer From the Forests of Canada?

That a wolf was shot a few days ago near a lumber camp in Piscataquis county, Me., is a circumstance that all hunters of antlered game in the Pine Tree State must view with concern. The appearing of this animal so far within the borders of the State is ominous of an invasion of wolves from Canada attracted to the Maine woods, as are the city sportsmen, by the extraordinary abundance of game. Unlike the generality of human hunters they observe no close time, and no restrictions limit their slaughter.

For more than thirty years the wolf has been a rare animal in Maine, where in early history he ranged in packs, destroying the farmers' sheep as well as the inoffensive creatures of the woods, and sometimes attacking the belated traveller upon wooded roads or desolately tattered into camp. Their general disappearance from the Maine forests was supposed to be due to their following the deer and caribou in the migration that great herds of these creatures made into New Brunswick and Lower Canada many years ago.

It is being charged by old hunters that the wolves would return with the deer, but so far, with isolated exceptions, their presence has not been reported from any quarters, and the books of the State Treasury show only few and scattered payments of bounties for wolf scalps in a long term of years. There have been accounts of deer killed by dogs in the deeply trodden snow paths of their winter "yards," but no instances have been reported, publicly at least, where such slaughter was laid to wolves.

Should it prove true that the unparalleled abundance of antlered game in the Maine woods is due not wholly to natural increase, but in part to a general movement from Canadian forests to a region where at present they seem exempt from the attacks of wolves, then the prowling marauder recently killed may be the forerunner of droves of wolves coming to harry the deer hampered by deep winter snows, and to break with their long howls the stillness of the winter nights about the logging camps.

In that event the game commissioners of Maine, backed by the sporting clubs and all true sportsmen of the state, will have to deal with another problem than the perennial one of the skulking human poacher. Liberal bounties for the killing and the intrinsic value of the wolves' skins, will stimulate the hunting down of these animals, but the beasts are very shy of the traps, and are prolific breeders, and when they have found the way over the border into Maine their numbers will naturally be constantly recruited by fresh comers from Canada.

Like a Tale of Victoria and Albert. A pretty little story about Her Majesty Wilhelmina, the girl-Queen of Holland, has just found its way into the Dutch papers. The Queen is at present only fourteen years of age, and she is credited with even a larger measure of caprice and precocity than is usually granted to less exalted ladies of the Queen-Regent of life. Her at that interesting period of life.

"Who is there?" she therefore, thinks it well at times to deal somewhat severely with Wilhelmina's little ways. Lately the young Queen, desiring to speak to her mother, knocked—not, perhaps, in the most dignified fashion—at the door of the room in which the Queen-Regent was engaged. "Who is there?" "It is the Queen of Holland!" imperiously. "Then she must not enter," peremptorily. At this rebuff the little Queen suddenly changed her tactics, and softening her tones, said laughingly, "Mamma, it is your own little daughter that loves you and wishes to kiss you." "You may come in," and so Wilhelmina wins her way into the hearts of the most phlegmatic of Dutchmen.



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"THE NEW YOST" NOW TAKES THE LEAD.

THE No. 4 Machine acknowledged to possess all the features of a perfect WRITING MACHINE. See what some of the users of the OLD STYLE "YOST" machines say of them. these are but samples of many other equally strong endorsements.

St. JOHN, N. B., 3rd July, 1894.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq., Agent "YOST" WRITING MACHINE, Saint John, N. B.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been using the old style "YOST," which I purchased from you in August, 1891, constantly ever since that time. During a portion of that time the machine was required to do heavy work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists of the Saint John districts, under the Dominion Franchise Acts, and for the rest of the time has been used for the ordinary work of a law office. Up to the present moment the machine has not cost me one cent for repairs, and seems to be still in perfectly good condition. The writers who have worked on my "YOST" have been unqualified in their approval. My own personal use of it leads me to regard it with the highest favor. The valuable features of the "YOST" are lightness, strength, durability, simplicity, quick and direct action of the type-bar, perfect alignment and absolute economy. I have not examined the later editions of the "YOST" but although I am informed they have many improvements on the old style machine, and at a loss to understand how they can be any much better for ordinary practical purposes.

Yours very truly, E. T. C. HARRIS, Barrister.



St. JOHN, N. B., June 28th, 1894.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq., City.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have used the "YOST" typewriter for over 36 months, and the longer I use it the more I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines.

I consider the pad a great improvement over the ribbon on account of its cleanliness, and the great saving of expense. I find the pointer a great convenience for locating position. The type-guide I consider invaluable, as it overcomes the greatest weakness in other typewriters, viz., imperfect alignment. I would recommend any intending purchaser to investigate the "YOST" before buying a typewriter.

Yours truly, H. K. BREWSTER, Hardware Merchant, General Insurance Ag't &c. &c.

The New "YOST" far surpasses the machines referred to above, and the No. 4 has many entirely new features.

The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, EASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, RESULT OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC.

Second hand Ribbon and Shift-Key Machines for sale cheap.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents:

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WOMAN and HER WORK.

I have received the following breezy wicket and Nova Scotia—they are beyond "writing up," see too fresh (not in the slang term) and bright and wholesome. Besides, these letters of mine are merely impressionist pictures—misty dabs, without any sense of perspective, or scheme of color. You accuse me of want of taste in writing about that red haired girl—my good "Astra," you might as well accuse a novelist of it when he depicts a

suppose I could be guilty of depriving my dear girls of the innocent joy they will feel when they read about your St. John hat being mistaken for the handiwork of a Parisian artist, or that you are not just as much entitled to have your say on the subject—to criticise my criticism, as it were as I was to write it?

I know it was the Boston woman who put her foot down so vigorously on the poor Canadian hat that she squashed it out of shape, but "Kit," dear, I humbly submit that it was you who quoted her in connection with the St. John hat pure and simple—alas, too simple, and with not enough stiffening in it! "Limp," you said.

But bless your heart, comrade, rest assured that you may "return to St. John, and everything will be forgotten" as the agony columns say—you will be perfectly safe in coming amongst us unescorted, and even unarmed now, because, those two remarks of yours, fist that you got your hats from New York, and next that a Halifax military man mistook the bonnet you bought in our town, for a Parisian one. Don't you know that good St. John people go to "N' York" when they die; and



LATE FALL JACKETS AND COAT SUITS.

At the left is a new jacket of the polka variety. The left center figure shows a new cloth box suit, skirt and loose jacket in alate serge with velvet collar and silk waist. The other center figure displays a dark green twill with facings of pale blue overlaid with dark green velvet ribbon. At the right is a new box coat of melton cloth.

ward from an eagle in its flight—I don't mean to classify "Kit's" letter as feathery, by any means, and even if it were only a feather, everyone knows that an eagle's smallest quill is of more value than the entire plumage of a commoner bird. "Kit" has kindly given me permission to print her little lecture, and as I feel sure that my readers will warmly welcome anything from her pen, I am glad to have the opportunity of publishing it in my columns.

SYDNEY, C. B., Nov. 4, 1894.

MY DEAR "ASTRA."—It was by the merest chance I saw *PROGRESS* this week, being busy hawking underground. So I am not to return by St. John under pain of getting my "best Toronto bonnet" torn "into ribbons." Alack! but that is sad still, the only way to avoid the destruction of my headgear is to keep clear of St. John, which I shall certainly do.

I like you for your clever defence of your "Garden of girls," but, "Astra," surely it was the Boston woman, and not "Kit," who voted the Canadian hat—not the St. John hat particularly—a thing of "fantastic dreariness." To tell you the truth, dearly as I love Canada, I get my hats from New York, say

character—we get our pictures from the streets and you, bright journalist that you are, know this. She was "tried true"—to life, that dear copper-haired girl—and I grew envious of her complexion. Bless her! she deserved better of fate than that hideous wrapper and limp hat—she was a lovely spurge of color, and I take off my hat to her in sincerest gratitude.

Nor did I meet personally your "haughty and defiant" St. John girl. I only saw her on the street and wondered what she was haughty about. What is there in St. John air that tends to produce this haughty and defiant demeanor? Do tell. And does she never really use powder? What, never!

Dear Astra—good little star of the sea—of course I'm not offended with you. I would like to shake hands with you and wish you all success. I only wish I had had more time to spend in pretty old St. John and see more of the St. John girl—but, then with that dreadful threat hanging over my "best bonnet" I dare not suggest my return to that outraged city—even under a strong Halifax "military escort."

Will you pardon this scribble in pencil? I am rushed for time, and, as you know, ten may come and men may go—but "coop" has to turn in on time. Your sister in crime,

K. R. P. S.—I bought my last hat in St. John, by the way. The nice Halifax girl said it was lovely till told her where it came from, then she said, "How

such a difference whose toes you trod upon, that now you are only a writer in the Toronto Mail instead of the brilliant person you were before.

Never mind, "Kit." It was because what you said was so true, that it stung, and one



COIFFURES AND HATS FOR GIRLS.

The lower figure on the right shows a child's felt bonnet with a cape of silk to match, both trimmed with astrakhan cloth and ribbon bows. On the right is a ribbon green felt, trimmed with brown fur, and a green Tam o' Shanter crown. In the center are two styles of coiffures for young girls from 13 to 15. A cushion in the back has the hair turned over it.

if they happen to cherish theosophical views when they hope that their next re-incarnation may take place in Paris; so now that we know that your hat came from New York it will not only be sure of a welcome from us, but will serve as a sort of helmet to protect its owner.

I know you won't tell anyone, "Kit," but the fact is I don't get my hats in St. John myself and I often wonder where our girls get their pretty headgear. I bought two here once, but I have repented, and won't ever do so again. Probably I was to blame in that matter, because I never will wear a bird or a wing, or an osprey plume on my head, so I am the despair of milliners everywhere.

Yes, I know we must get our pictures from the streets and funny silhouettes they are, sometimes! Why, I have seen girls coming home from church in Halifax whose costumes would have made your friend of the shapeless wrapper look quite spruce and trim if she had stood up beside them. I did so yearn to say something about the alixax girl's street dress at the time, but I wanted to go back to the city of fortifications and painless dwellings, so I thought better of it, and didn't. I wondered what you would think of their walking costumes, when I heard you were in Halifax and felt like asking you to contrast them mentally with our girls, and give me the result.

And powder? Well, now, really, "Kit," I am surprised why, do you know I once went into a St. John drug store to buy a little of "Reickesker's best" and what do you suppose the druggist said? He looked at me for a moment with a puzzled expression, and then he said, "Beg pardon, plate, or tooth powder, please?" The only reason I did not swoon, was because I had been doing some interviewing that winter, and my nerves were in good training; but I said coldly, "I mean the kind that babies use," and he handed me a block of magnesia! I really believe even the babies here do without powder. It's the fog you know, which clears our complexions and takes all the curl out of our hair as one fell swoop.

As for the "forty manners of the St. John native" I am not quite sure; sometimes I think it is the Loyalist blood—and then again I feel satisfied it is the fact—too much ozone you know, and ozone has a bracing effect! So has whalebone, it stiffens things wonderfully, and I think there must be analogies between the two. If that isn't it I'll have to give the riddle up.

IT is appropriate just now to speak of Overshoes and Rubbers. With us this is the Season for Overshoes and Rubbers.

You Will Find Our Stock Complete in These Lines.

And the Prices in many Lines lower than Last Season, at Our New Store, 61 King St. and 212 Union St.

TELEPHONE 525.

So the Mail and the Herald were wroth exceedingly at what you said about Halifax society and they both "jumped on you," poor "Kit?" They thought you so clever when you said our ulsters did not hang right that they seized the opportunity of quoting what you wrote, but it made



Priestley's Cravenettes

Ladies who dress well are now wearing these waterproof goods for cloaks, wraps and all over garments. No other material is so satisfactory. They are Rainproof, Porous, Durable, Stylish, Healthy, Comfortable. When asking for them ladies should be sure to say "Priestley's Cravenettes."

See that the goods you buy are stamped EVERY FIVE YARDS with PRIESTLEY'S NAME. No others are of their manufacture.

"Impressionist pictures" are they, "misty dabs"? Well all I can say is, let us have as many of them as possible, "Kit," and more power to your elbow! Even if the Halifax reporter did make a mistake and your mission was not to write our women up, I think you will be quite safe in writing most of us down—your friends.

Here are a few homely recipes which I am sure will be of use to those girls who are going to take the sage advice I gave them last week, and learn to cook. I don't think I ever knew a girl starting out on the rugged pathway that leads in time to the serene heights of good housekeeping, who did not want to begin on cake or puddings. She seemed to think that once she could make two or three different kinds of cake, and a pudding or two, her culinary education was complete. So it would have been had she intended catering strictly for a girls' boarding school, or a perpetual Sunday school picnic, but if she looks forward to providing for the appetite or some able bodied healthy man, that would be beginning at the wrong end; few men care much for pudding, and the great majority of them never touch cake, but they all like good bread and butter, and most of them are fond of good hot rolls, muffins and tea biscuit. Awfully bad for their digestion, I know, but if they will eat them, why the best thing for us to do is learn how to make them of the best and lightest quality, and I have taken pains to select only the best and most simple recipes I have.

One and half pints of new milk one cupful of hop yeast, half a teaspoonful of salt, and flour to form a dough which must be covered and left to rise over night. In the

FRONT AND BACK VIEW OF THE SILVER TRUSS

LIGHT COOL Easy to Wear No pressure on Hips or Back. No understraps. Never moves.

FOR SALE AT The Montreal Silver Truss Co., 180 St. James Street, Room 6, 1st floor. MONTREAL, QUE.

Worth A Trial.

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

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

Try it.

but fully equal to the famous Parker house rolls, if carefully baked.

Milk Biscuit.
Put one quart of sifted flour into a bowl, add to it a heaping tablespoonful of butter or lard; rub well together with the hands until the flour is thoroughly greased; add two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoonful of salt, and sufficient milk to make a soft dough (about half a pint); mix and knead quickly. Roll out about half an inch thick, cut with a small round cutter, place two inches apart in greased pans and bake in a quick oven fifteen or twenty minutes. These biscuits should be a delicate brown top and bottom, light on the sides and snowy white when broken open.

Luncheon Muffins.
To make one dozen muffins use one pint of flour, a generous half pint of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, two eggs and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix the dry ingredients together and rub through a sieve. Melt the butter and beat the eggs until very light and add the milk to them. Add this to the dry ingredients, and stir in the melted butter. Beat the batter vigorously for a few seconds and then put in buttered muffin pans and bake for about about twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Thanksgiving Pudding.
Mix three cupfuls of flour, one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of raisins, three tablespoonfuls of finely chopped salt pork, one egg, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, the same of nutmeg and a sprinkling of cloves; add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat thoroughly together, pour it into a pudding dish and steam three hours. Steam for pudding.—Make a smooth butter gravy, stir into it four tablespoonfuls of good brown sugar and the juice of a lemon, bring to a boil clear.



KERMIS OR FANCY HOME APRONS.

The apron at the right is of "all over" lace with lace ruffie and pink ribbon bows and rosettes. The next is of dotted taffetas with ribbon trimming. The left central apron is of figured white silk with lilac ribbons and lace. The one at the left is of striped green and white silk with insertions, lace and ribbon trimming.

Halifax man told me he knew that Halifax man were "mad" about it, but every word "Kit" wrote was true; while another said yours was the best description of Halifax he had ever read, though he had seen many, and it was a favorite theme for writers. So I think you can afford to feel as independent as a midshipman on half pay.

morning add the whites of two eggs well beaten, half a cupful of butter, and flour enough for kneading. Knead the dough briskly for ten minutes, roll out to the thickness of half an inch, cut in four-inch squares, brush the tops with sweet milk, and fold over cornerswise; place them close together in buttered pans and set in a warm place until light, then bake in a quick oven. These rolls are not only easy to prepare,



SEAL JACKET AND DINNER GOWN.

The gown on the right is of rich gray and pink brocade, with sleeves and drawings of crepe lisse. The costume on the left has a tan chavort skirt and a seal-skin coat, cut away to show a white vest embroidered in red and gold. The reverse side of the gray for and there is a tippet of the same. The hat is of tan felt with seal

that the "best Toronto bonnet" will be quite safe at home at Murray's.

Let me have a serious word with you, though. I did not come down to these beautiful provinces to "write up" the bright women who help to people them. That was the Halifax reporter's little joke. He made quite a dignified person of "Kit."

"Gracious!" said she to herself when she read it—"did I talk like that?" and she groaned. I've met the lowliest, blindest, dearest girls in New Brun-

could you!" I felt there was something dowdy about it—felt it in my bones—but I couldn't just place it. Now I know. It's got that hideous half-Boston, half-provincial twist in the back of it. But the sickest army man told me that same evening that one could always tell a Parisian hat from any other, and he was looking at my St. John hat when he said it.

"Send it to Hades through my W. P. E." "Kit? Well now I should think not! Do you

Agents: ...

LASSO & MOOSE

Remarkable exploit of a Hunter in the Maine Woods.

The greatest achievement in the hunting line heard of is that of Mr. Frank Pooler of Moose River, says a Waterville despatch to the Kennebec Journal.

He thinks it must have been some two hours which he had to remain in this not too comfortable position when he saw the cow and her young come out again and commenced to graze.

At first it looked as if they were not going to see the bait, but they worked out a little at a time and finally seemed to smell the oats, for one of the young ones came towards it and stopped, seemed to be sniffing the air, then deliberately advanced to the pile and commenced to eat.

Now instead of paying any more attention to the animals Mr. Pooler proceeded home, ate his supper and some time in the evening went back with the second lot of oats and made some more little heaps upon the ground and then returned home once again.

He now got out his lasso and taking some stout cord, started back. It was not a very pleasant place to spend the night, but this was what Mr. Pooler did, his patience being rewarded at an hour or so before the day had fairly dawned, by seeing Mrs. Moose and her two children appear and walk deliberately up to the oats.

No attention was paid to Pooler himself, as the animals must have failed to smell him, owing to a strong breeze blowing from the west.

The distance of the lasso throw was some twelve feet, Mr. Pooler thinks, and was made at the cow moose. The moose was successfully struck about the neck and then came some fun of the rough and tumble order. Pooler and the cow moose were very much mixed up, for though the lasso was firmly seized, the strike had not been sufficiently hard to choke the animal down.

Instead she put in some tall springing, but could not stand the second shock received when the full weight of Pooler's body was thrown upon her neck as he tripped his too as he fell to the ground, though still hanging on to the lasso, by which he was dragged some little distance. Her wind being cut off, the moose also dropped to the earth in a choked condition, so that it took but a short time for Pooler to right himself and go to her and tie her legs so that she was perfectly secure.

The two young ones, which turned out to be two little bulls, did not run to any great distance, for when the mother bellowed, as she did when the lasso was loosened, the young ones came out of the woods short distance away, but could not be caught at the time.

Having the moose secure, the next thing to do was to get her some half a mile back to his place. This he could not do himself, he found, so he returned home and got his wife, who returned with him, and then the great feat of dragging the cow-moose to the cow-pen commenced. It took about a day to do it, as only short stages could be made at a time, the moose bellowing all the time, and the young ones following at no great distance, but dodging back quick enough if any advance was made toward them. They seemed to know that something was wrong.

At last the cow-pen was reached, which consists of a pole fence some six feet high, the inclosure not being over 30 feet square. This all had to be fixed and the moose hobbled. For the time being Mrs. Moose was left outside, the door to the pen left open, and Mr. and Mrs. Pooler went into the house and rested for a time, also keeping a lookout for the young moose.

In less than an hour both of the young ones had entered the pen with their mother and were made secure, the pen was put in proper condition and the old moose let loose. For a long time all she would do was to stand and tremble, then tried to use her head to but the fence down; but finding this would not work, she wandered round and round the pen. For a day she would not eat anything, but then consented to do away with a few oats and some cut clover.

In a few days the moose would eat all right, and Saturday last Mr. Pooler was in Bangor and sold the two young bull moose to George McGuire, of Waterville for \$70, McGuire to get the moose out, which will be quite a task.

A Wise Precaution. A Detroit man, who goes hunting occasionally without any great detriment to the live stock of the forests, though perhaps some to the live stock of the fields, concluded not long ago that he would organize an expedition of two and make a foray. So he consulted his office boy.

"I say, Tommie," he said, "how would you like to go out on a little hunt with me?" "I don't know, sir," responded the boy, in some doubt. "I'd have to see mother first."

"All right," said his mother and let me know in the morning." The next morning the boy saw the gentleman.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

THE ONLY Absolute Cure for Piles, and all itching skin diseases. The first application relieves, and short treatment cures. The only remedy for Tetter, Itch, Pimples, and all eruptions of the skin.

PERIOD, April 6, '94. I have suffered from piles for a long time and tried several articles recommended for this complaint, but none of them benefited me till I tried Chase's Ointment, which has completely cured me.

W. Wadding, commercial traveller, 21 E. Water St., Toronto, suffered from itching piles for 15 years, one box Chase's cured him. Geo. W. Morris of Morris Machine Co., Brantford, Ont., twenty years with blind itching piles, used so different remedies with no relief, Chase's cured.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS.

A Good Move and a Fine Store. JAMES S. MAY & SON, Tailors.

CLEAN TEETH and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Take no imitations.

Dr. J. H. Morrison, PRACTICE LIMITED TO EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT.

CANCER and a Scientific Cure without the knife, which is permanent where we have had a reasonable opportunity for treatment. Send for references.

REMOVAL. BR. J. H. MORRISON, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

BALMORAL HOTEL, 100 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

CONNORS HOTEL, CONNORS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B.

BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

W. S. Gilbert was lunching at a country hotel when he found himself in company with three cycling clerymen, by whom he was drawn into conversation.

"Conductor," said the weary commuter, "I wish you would open this window for me."

"Oh, you do, do you?" returned the conductor. "Do you take me for Sander?"

Consumption.

The incessant wasting of a consumptive can only be overcome by a powerful concentrated nourishment like Scott's Emulsion.

There is a terrible earnest fight at the Coronado ostrich farm across the bay from San Diego, Cal., recently between two of the largest and ugliest cock ostriches in the flock of 30 or 40 birds.

There is novelty about an ostrich fight. The ponderous birds are quick as cats. They use their feet more dexterously than a pugilist uses his fist and with far more deadly effect.

The fight started over the division of cabbage leaves which Keeper Campbell had thrown to the hungry birds.

Feathers don't count for much in the flashing eyes of the ostriches. They wanted blood. Nothing but pure gore would satisfy their insatiable hunger.

Blood they did get and enough to satisfy Gov. Waite ere the battle ceased. With a deep hiss and outstretched wings Ostrich Jim bore down on Colonel like a 40-footer in a gale, sheered to the right, and caught Colonel on the right thigh, ripping the thick hide of the neck and causing it to bleed freely.

Jim was Colonel. Regaining his breath he knocked Colonel over with a side kick, breaking his wing. Colonel recovered his feet and the attack was renewed.

The fight was a draw, and the anxious keeper felt relieved that the birds lived. During the fight no man dared trust his life near the fighters. Experienced keepers seldom try to interfere.

The cost of a horse power generated by a steam engine for one year of 308 days, for triple engine running is about \$31 when coal is \$2 per ton, and \$37 when coal is \$5 per ton, intermediate prices for coal varying the cost of a horse power between those limits.

Dr. Louis Robinson, in the North American Review, studies the evolution of the primitive child. If the modern baby is fat and decends from an arboreal lineage, why has it "rotundity" in its infancy?

Here's the very latest New York campaign story at Tim Campbell's expense: Dandy Jim Horbacher, it appears, left a fine silk umbrella at the Tim Campbell Campaign Club rooms the other night.

An Englishman has been inveighing against the kilt, calling it theatrical rheumatism, inviting and of no practical use, when a Scotsman says quietly:

DAVID CONNELL, LIVERY AND BOARDING. 45-47 WATERLOO STREET.

CAFÉ ROYAL, Demville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

WILLIAM OLARK, Wholesale ICE! and Retail.

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Mrs. R. Whetsel.

Consumption.

The incessant wasting of a consumptive can only be overcome by a powerful concentrated nourishment like Scott's Emulsion.

There is a terrible earnest fight at the Coronado ostrich farm across the bay from San Diego, Cal., recently between two of the largest and ugliest cock ostriches in the flock of 30 or 40 birds.

Humphreys' Specifics.

Humphreys' Specifics are a powerful and speedily acting medicine, and for years in private practice and for over thirty years in the people with entire success.

1-Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations... 2-Whooping Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough... 3-Whooping Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough...

SHILOH'S CURE. Cures Consumption, Gout, Group, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.

EPILEPSY Fits, Nervous Debility. Causes, Symptoms, Results and How to Cure. Treatise free on application to M. G. Eason, 35 de Salisbury St., Montreal.

If You Need a good Liniment Buy Minard's as it is the BEST!

If You Do Not Need a Liniment at present Buy Minard's as you may want it in a hurry.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. PILGRIM PANTS. \$3.00 A PAIR.

Pilgrim Suits, \$11, \$12, \$13. We also make to order OVERCOATS from \$12.00 up.

FINE TWEED SUITS from \$14. up. CUTAWAY, D. & S. F. FROCK and PRINCE ALBERT, FULL DRESS SUIT.

Send for samples of what you need and self-measuring blanks. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agents wanted everywhere.

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

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

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

Camels are now in general use through out Australia. Within twenty-five years by scientific breeding, a race has been produced larger in frame, sounder in wind and limb, and able to carry more weight than the Indian camels originally imported.

Camels Naturally. Bertha—Sometimes you appear really manly, and sometimes you are absolutely effeminate. How do you account for it? Harold—I suppose it is hereditary. Half my ancestors were males and the other half females.

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

A GIRL WITH A MIND.

"I can only repeat, I am very sorry, Mr. Darley..." "Forgive me," Frank tremulously inter- rupted. "It is not that you personally dislike me?" "No, oh, no!" "Or that—that there is—any one else—?" "No. Not at all."

positive day-dreams, with her pen suspended idly over manuscript, or reading with- out knowing what she read, forgetting at last even to read—forgetting everything but that, in her self-satisfied pride, she had been blind to the promptings of her own heart, and had said what she wished she could unsay, and when the prescribed year was past, he might give her no opportunity of unsaying it.

Mining in Ontario.

It would be strange if, after all these years, Ontario should prove to be a great mining as well as a great agricultural province; yet it would appear that it is not beyond the bounds of possibility. A correspondent of the Globe recently pointed out that at the Toronto exhibition samples of ore from the Ledyard mines, in Belmont Township, only one hundred miles from that city, and in the well-settled county of Peterboro', were exhibited, and attracted some attention as might be expected.

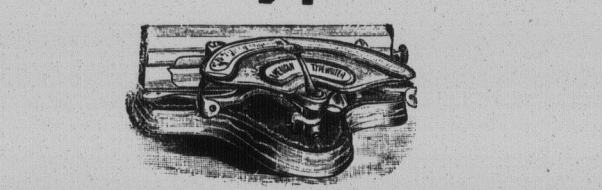
Anecdotes of the Queen.

The Queen's recent sojourn at Balmoral a north of Scotland newspaper has been gleaming from among the Deeside peasantry some new stories about her majesty's early visits to her Highland residence. One of these relatives to the boyhood of the Prince of Wales.

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This is a well-made, practical machine, writing capitals, small letters, figures, and punctuation marks (71 in all) on full width paper, just like a \$100 instrument. It is the first of its kind ever offered at a popular price for which the above claim can be truthfully made.

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ENGRAVING. "PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU ST. JOHN, N. B.

A THANKSGIVING TALE.

"Far, have you decided on buying the meadow I've given you from enough to think about it," and Mrs. Greenleaf laid an unusually liberal supply of buckwheat cakes on her husband's plate.

"It's clear, downright squander," grumbled Tom Owens, as a group gathered about him in Hayne's store to hear the particulars.

"My dear," says Mr. Charlton Judd, "I really ought to give a card party or a reception, or something. We've been going and going ever since we moved here, and it's time we returned some of the courtesies we have received."

"Yes, of course, you must," agrees the feminine dear appealed to. "I feel that we can't put it off any longer, but I dread it. There's so much to think of and arrange, if the entertainment is to be an entire success. There are the table decorations, the chairs, the flowers, the menu. If we have dancing, there are the music to be arranged, or else we must have some body to sing or read or do something to entertain the guests. Then I must have a new gown, and the girls, too. It seems a terrible undertaking, but I suppose I must go through with it, and the prospective hostess sighs as she thinks of her many responsibilities.

The time has come when Mrs. Charlton Judd or Mrs. Anybody Else who wishes to entertain may do so without giving herself the slightest trouble. She has simply to apply to the "Bureau of Social Requirements," to the affairs of the house, or reception will come off without further effort on her part. In starting this bureau Miss Ella Garrison entered a new field in the range of occupation for women. There are caterers, florists, and scores of florists ready to do their part toward the success of a private entertainment; but never before in New York has a hostess been able to resign to a bureau the entire management of a party, from the composition of the menu and the design for the cards of invitation, to the arrangement of the tables, the decorations, the music, the dancing, the staff of chefs ready to concoct dainty dishes, and butlers whose dignified deportment will add splendor to any entertainment. She proposes to furnish unique designs for the arrangements at weddings and other social occasions, and to advance gracefully to the aid of the bride, to give ideas for children's parties, and to invent new favors for cotillions. She will furnish artists to sing, play, or recite for the entertainment of guests, and will undertake to think for the lady of the house regarding every detail about which the slightest worry and anxiety is felt. In short, she will take all care off the hostess's shoulders and enable her to mingle with her guests with a light heart.

There is another branch of the Bureau of Social Requirements which will tend to relieve the mistress of many a household of worry and anxiety. This is the department described in the daily little lavender pamphlet which the bureau sends out as "the dismantling and rearrangement of houses." When a family is to be absent from the city during the summer months or to decorate a table prettily, or to give a party of social life, "Information" is the matter that is made plain on application to the manager. These include such questions as "How long a time should or should not be devoted to preparing a dinner, or any other matter of social life?" "What should be the matter of seats at dinner?" "Perhaps even the kinds of forks and spoons to be used or certain courses may puzzle one who had never paid much attention to such matters. The bureau will solve all such problems. "What first reported such a business to you?" asked a reporter of Miss Garrison, who had just installed at her desk.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. EVERY MOTHER Should Have It In the House. It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure.

BORN. Hanport, Nov. 8, to the wife of Otho Eagles, a son. Halifax, Oct. 28, to the wife of H. E. Dorell, a son.

MARRIED. Williamson, Oct. 31, O. Bishop to Ida Taylor. Moncton, Nov. 6, Herbert Arnold to Maud Brown.

WANTED! - People to Understand That - BASS'S ALE, GUINNESS'S STOUT. Are the finest beers brewed. But in order to obtain them at their best it is indispensable that they be matured and bottled by experienced firms who possess the knowledge and have the capital to enable them to carry the goods until they are matured.

DIED. Halifax, Nov. 5, George York, 47. Ohio, N. S., Watson Patton, 73. Barton, N. S., Nov. 5, Neil McNeil.

THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market. The Improved KNITTING MACHINE. This is the one to use. A child can operate it. It is guaranteed every machine to do good work.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. EVERY MOTHER Should Have It In the House. It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure.

Dominion Atlantic R'y. LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE. THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BE-TWEEN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX. On and after WEDNESDAY, October 3rd, 1894, trains will run (Sunday) excepted as follows:

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 1st October 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday) excepted as follows:

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