

THOUSANDS WANT WORK

THE HARD TIMES IN THE STATES CLOSE MILLS.

Larsen Writes of 15000 People out of Work in Lowell Alone—How They Live and What They do to Pass the Time.

LOWELL, Aug. 29.—In this city over 20,000 people are operatives in the mills, and up to yesterday when one of the mills started up again, about 15,000 were out of employment.

The prospect is a little better now, but the business situation is not all that could be wished for by any means. Of the 20,000 mill operatives about 10,000 live a hand to mouth existence, and when the mills shut down they will be in a pretty bad fix. Hundreds of them live in corporation boarding houses, and life on the corporation is decidedly interesting. On the land owned by the mill corporations, long rows of monotonous brick houses were built with the mills, all owned by the company. There were boarding houses, to accommodate the employes in the mills, who must necessarily come from all parts of the country. In the early days of Lowell the operatives were chiefly the sons and daughters of New England farmers, and the corporation boarding houses were good places to live in.

The boarding house keepers pay a small rent but in return they have to board operatives, for a very small sum. A woman pays \$1.75 a week for board and room, and a man \$2.75. Then the boarding house keeper gets 30 cents extra from the mill company.

Now-a-days all kinds of people live on the corporation, all nationalities mixed up more or less, although there is all the difference in the world in the houses. Some are neat and clean and have an air of respectability about them, others are repulsive with dirty rooms, the wall paper torn and windows dirty, and screened by dirtier curtains; beds with an apology for a mattress, and pillows black as the floor, all of which is heated in winter by a little sheet iron stove. A good enough room, though, for the people who use it; for there are some horrible scenes enacted there. Most of the rooms have two beds, and I have seen the occupants of both, dead drunk surrounded by empty bottles, asleep with their boots on, men and women. Then in the same house one might find neat and well kept rooms and very respectable young men and women.

But around the corporation boarding houses, and there are over 70 of them in Lowell—the shabby ones are found in large numbers, and when the mills began to shut down a few weeks ago, the corporation boarding house keepers found themselves in an embarrassing position.

In boarding houses with 100 boarders, the number was cut down to 20 or 30, and hundreds were thrown upon the streets, yet the whereabouts of these people is a mystery. Around the corporation street all is quiet and no more people than usual seem to be on the streets; but out at Lakeview, a pleasure resort, about four miles from the city, crowds throng the grounds everyday, go sailing in the lake, dancing in the hall, wandering among the trees, seeing "Pinafore" at the summer theatre, bowling or on the flying horses. No signs of hard times there, but when the circus was in town this week, the bosses were besieged with applicants for work.

Saturday, a mill employing about 2,300 people, and which has been idle for four weeks posted a notice to the effect that work would not be resumed Monday as was expected, and that a week's notice would be given the operatives when the mill was ready to start. That announcement put a damper on the people, and the crowds at the pleasure resort was not so great the next day. The uncertainty still exists.

The river banks and the edges of the lakes hereabouts are all dotted with tents, bundles of people camping out during the enforced vacation, others go off in barges for the day, but on the beaches throughout the state, the crowds of former years are not to be seen.

Talking about pleasure resorts brings to mind the large number of people who wander around St. John on fine Sunday afternoons, with nothing to do, no where to go, and who finally walk "over the bridge," out to the cemetery, or some place, no matter where,—to kill time and get up a supply of "that tired feeling."

Lakeview, to which I referred a while ago, is a pretty spot on a lake about four miles from the city. Electrics run out there every seven minutes, the fare is ten cents each way, and the street railway owning the grounds, everything is to a large extent free. It is a place for the people and the people go there by the thousands every evening, Saturday afternoons, and Sundays. There is a free summer theatre, dance hall, mammoth restaurant, bowling alleys, boats and steam launches, the latter sailing to pretty groves with any number of swings, and picnic grounds on the other side of the lake. There are all the free sights of a pleasure resort, and the flying horses, the band concerts, everything to amuse the people.

The Gilbert Opera Company with Raymond Hitchcock, and little Bertolo the dancer, have been out there several weeks. St. John people will remember the Gilbert

company; also Hitchcock, who did not make a very great hit as a comedian in St. John. Bertolo was one of Rufus Somerby's attractions, but she has been dancing at the Palace theatre Boston, for nearly a year.

Dr. Mary Walker, who has been wearing trousers, a plug hat, and prince Albert coat for about 30 years, was also out there for a time, lecturing on the Almy murder trial. Mary is a freak from away back, but she makes as much money out of one suit of men's clothing, as Socvil, Fraser & Co. do with 100 suits.

St. John has prettier lakes and country places than any found this way, yet every city up here of any consequence has a pleasure resort on the line of the electric, and all make money. The Highland park project, which was killed by the fire of 1877, should prove a bonanza with electric cars running to it. R. G. LARSEN.

A LONDONER IN CHICAGO.

Describing a City of Fifth and Wicksteed. How Visitors are Entertained.

The first half of the six months during which the World's Fair is to run has now elapsed, and already the handwriting on the wall begins to foreshadow the ruin and desolation and besmirching of fair names that will follow it. The boom is burst and already the promoters are turning to rend one another. Who were these promoters? Not the well-known men who have permitted themselves to be used as figural heads. These are not the men who have seized upon the spoils; for that there has been plunder is admitted on nearly every hand. A day cannot be far distant when an indignant people will ask for an accounting, when the dirtiest of linen will be washed in public and when the scandals of the great Columbian Exposition of 1893 will cause honest and patriotic Americans to thrill with shame and indignation, as did France when the iniquities and corruption of Panama were revealed to the civilized world. So Chicago is concerned with the White City has proved a white elephant, and the citizens who looked to become suddenly rich are beginning to search for victims in their disappointment. Workingmen are specially disappointed, and are not backward in saying so. The Fair has done them no good, and they say they never intended to do so. It was intended to inflame Chicago capital and to pander to the ambition and vanity of a few rich people hungering for social distinction. The cost of living has gone up, wages are stationary, and work is scarcer than usual. The expected multitudes who were to flock to Chicago and pay toll from their pockets have not materialized, and a large proportion of those who have come are beats and loafers that have gone to swell that large section of the population who live upon their wits.

I heard the position from the point of view of the workingman put very vividly on the occasion of the departure of the Duke of Vergara from Chicago. Two horney-handed sons of toil, both evidently native-born Americans, were watching the Duke, as with silk hat in hand he lounged gracefully in his carriage.

"Pears the Duke's touched by the kindness of the American people," said one of the men, alluding to something that had appeared by way of a valetudinarian address in a morning paper. "Strikes me," answered his mate, "the American people have been touched by the Duke; and he's not the only one that's touching them at the present time over this d—d Exposition—imposition I call it."

The retail stores profess not to be doing average good business for the season of the year, large failures have taken place, and more are daily looked for. The great boom of 1893 that was to make Chicago the queen city of the west is dead, and now, there is envy and hatred and weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, and much abuse of foreign and Eastern intrigue and jealousy that never existed except in the heated imaginations of the Chicago people. English and New York journalists have been freely accused of belittling Chicago and the World's Fair from unworthy and corrupt motives, and honest criticism has been resented as malicious.

Till I lived in Chicago it was always a mystery to me why the builders of the Tower of Babel were so severely dealt with. If the Tower of Babel people were like the people connected with the Jackson Park administration, the causes for the righteous wrath of Jehovah are no longer far to seek. It is a matter of great regret that most of the foreign journalists and many of the recent visitors have not been in America before the great World's Fair visit, and leave the country after a brief sojourn, thinking that they have seen something truly representative of the United States. As a man who loves this great republic, and who knows something from personal experience of most States in the Union, I hate to see my countrymen so return to their homes under the impression that in seeing Chicago they have seen America at her best. When one thinks of the beautiful cities, the quiet, comfortable villages and happy country homes that are scattered broadcast from Maine to the Pacific coast, it is exasperating, even to me, an alien, to think that this great seething cauldron of sin should be looked upon as representative of them all.

Chicago is a freak, an excrescence on the fair face of this great country. Many of those connected with the World's Fair in prominent positions and thus coming in contact with foreign visitors of distinction are in no sense of the term representative Americans; and while the legitimate and patriotic promoters may emerge ruined from the enterprise, these place hunters will drop off gorgeously with plunder. In the hands of these men that the entertainment of foreign visitors has principally rested; and, while money has been expended like water for this purpose, it has not always been spent in showing things that are pure and of good repute or for the honor of America. It is notorious that, as the highest form of entertainment, distinguished visitors have been taken to dens of inamy of the vilest description, where it has been pointed out to them with pride that nowhere else in the world can loathsome forms of vice be found in such devious perfection as in Chicago. A visitor who has not been the rounds of these abominable dens, white or black, is told that he has not seen "our city." For philanthropists, salvationists, and such good

people to visit these places is one thing; it is quite another for parties of well-dined, well-wined men to issue from clubs and hotels under the cover of dark and seek them under official guidance. It is the last houses of Chicago, the gambling dens, and the saloons of the south side, that have grown rich in the last three months.

A distinguished writer said to me recently, on leaving to return to his wife and family in London: "I have been here six weeks. I have been asked to entertainments till I am sick of them, but no man has asked me to break bread in his family circle. Does such a thing exist in Chicago?" If it does, it is not much on evidence. The evils attending boarding house life in America for young folk have long had the attention of thoughtful people. But the evils attending "rooming" are infinitely worse in a city like Chicago. Young people engage a place to sleep in, and for the rest, day in, day out, all the world is before them. Is it any wonder that moral restraint is often thrown to the winds, and that young men and women, earning their living independently, live the life of the London quarter of Paris? From all over the country couples have come to Chicago united in what has been jestingly termed "World's Fair marriage"—that is, a contract of matrimony without ceremony limited to the term of the World's Fair, or a shorter specified period in which to visit it. It does not require even a Chicago divorce court to bestow a license of wedlock, and it is almost astonishing that the complaisant bureaucracy at Jackson Park have not established a department for World's Fair marriages with some near relative of a prominent official in charge and a liberal commission on all business transacted. Judging by the advertisements (some of them on the lowest description) that daily fill the columns of some of the papers, such a bureau would supply a much felt want—and "everything goes in Chicago." Nearly everything, from a man's strength and intelligence to a woman's respect and honor.

A well known European author remarked: "The best class of Chicago people are hospitable barbarians, the lower class are thugs." This was said by a keen and practical observer of men and manners who had no motive or desire to speak unkindly, but only to chronicle facts as he found them. The characteristic feature of the wealthy class is their lack of social knowledge, combined with extraordinary pretension. An illustration of this is to be found in the circumstance that at a breakfast given to royalty one gentleman very near the top of the social tree appeared in regular evening dress. Finding himself somewhat conspicuous, he buttoned his coat and turned up the collar, securing it with a pin, thereby making himself look supremely ridiculous. At a reception given to the Spanish Infanta at a private house on the shore of Lake Michigan the arrangements were ludicrous. A raised pen, carefully laid off, with one solitary gold chair in it, had been erected at one end of the room, and into this the Princess was solemnly conducted. After sitting for a few minutes to be inspected, like some new type of hog, the little Spanish lady made a clean bolt of it out of her pen and fled to the conservatory, whence a sort of procession could be seen to induce her to emerge. The true story of this reception, which is very amusing, remains to be written, and the heart burnings resulting from it will remain for many a day. Life in Chicago is composed of working hours and sleeping hours. Food is gulped down at intervals in the working hours, and yet the amount of work performed is wholly incommensurate with the length of the hours. Chicagoans take pride in declaring themselves "hustlers." They don't do more work than people who work seven or eight hours a day, and have a Sunday half holiday.

Chicago men will seize by the arm and hurry you along the street in the direction in which do not want to go. He will then waste about an hour telling you how busy he is and what a lot of money he is making; thereafter he will try to sell you something you don't want, and failing in this, he will, if he is not a fool, try to get you to buy something else. He considers the last part "good biz." Chicago hustlers don't work as a rule; they talk about it, and wait for people from the East and elsewhere to come and do it for them. John Ruskin in his "Fors Clavigera," somewhere away back in 1870, wrote that he would like to destroy the new town of Edinburgh, the houses of Parliament in England, the city of New York, and sundry other places that offended his too sensitive soul. Lord help Chicago if it can keep its name, I am much in the same mind as the Boston lady taken sick at a hotel, who declared that if she attempted to make a final resting place for her in Chicago her bones would start of their own accord and travel East.—[N. Y. Sun.

They are Better Paid Here. A London type-writer gives some idea of her work in the following: "Business begins in our office at 9 a. m., when I take letters from dictation, not writing on my machine, but in shorthand. I write at the top of my speed, which is 120 words a minute, for from two to three hours. I then, type my notes out, which fills up nearly all the afternoon; after that I get all stray correspondence during the day answered and out of the way. By this time it is six o'clock or after, usually after. My time to go home is six o'clock, but I very rarely get off then, the usual time being from 7 to 7:30. On Saturdays I work until 2:30 or 3:30; in fact, until I am finished, if it is 6 o'clock, and without an interval for dinner. For a week of this work I receive the "magnificent sum" (as the "boss" is always telling me) of 15s., and am expected to live and dress well on it.

In Canada a type-writer earns from six to eight dollars per week, sometimes more, according to the nature of the work.

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

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WANTED. A live man in every town and village in the Maritime Provinces to take orders for ELIUS FAIRBANKS' 82-90 trousers made in Canada. Liberal terms. Address at once to The Pigskin Pants Co., P. O. Box 20, St. John, N. B. 18-8-11.

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VISITORS to the World's Fair at Chicago requiring rooms only, will find ample accommodation and within a block of the street cars going to the Fair grounds for large or small parties address Rooms 737 63rd court, Englewood, Chicago, Ill. For references apply at Progress office. 20-3-11.

FRAZEE'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 119 Hollis St., Halifax is in session day and evening. Good and safe bookkeeping, Statistics, etc., also Stenography and Typewriting. Send for our circular. J. C. F. FRAZEE, Principal. 17-11.

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or temporary boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street—Oliver, Melrose. 18-11.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS who know of bright homesick boys who would not object to making some money for themselves, or keeping their parents, by two or three hours work every Saturday, in such towns and villages in the Maritime Provinces where Progress is not for sale at present, can learn of something to their advantage, by writing to Progress "Circulation Department," St. John, N. B.

During our Reduction Sale many lines have been sold at a price that is far from remunerative to us. We recognize it as a necessary evil that some goods have to be sold below their actual cost at the end of the season for several reasons: First, to make an end of the past season; Second, to realize and turn the money into new goods; Third, to make room for new stock. If you think it worth your attention to save from 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. on actual necessities, we ask you to give us a hearing. PURE LINEN TOWELS, 12c. a Pair. TOWELLING, 5 1/2c. a Yard. TABLING, 17c. a Yard. A large assortment of Tray Clothes, Side-board Covers, Centre Pieces, Splashers, and other Linen Goods have just been opened. The price ranges from 15c. a piece to \$3.65. FRED. A. DYKEMAN & CO., 97 King Street.

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MALTBY IS COMING. W. S. MALTBY, the world-renowned Scientific and CHARACTER Cyclist will give an Exhibition of new and startling tests at the SINGER BICYCLE ACADEMY, on the evening of Aug. 30th and 31st. HARRISON'S ORCHESTRA has been engaged both evenings. Doors open at 7.15. Entertainment at 8. Admission, 25 Cts. - Reserved Seats, 35 Cts. Remember the Place, Singer Bicycle Academy, 239 CHARLOTTE ST., - OPP. QUEEN SQUARE. Saint John Cycle Co., Proprietors.

ILLUMINATING OILS. Lubricating Oils and GREASES. All Guaranteed Products. Write for Quotations. Samples Furnished upon application. IMPERIAL OIL CO., Ltd. H. A. DRURY Manager. The advertisement features several circular logos for Imperial Oil products, including 'Special Black Oil', 'Imperial Engine Oil', and 'Imperial Grease'. The text emphasizes the quality and variety of their lubricating products.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Dr. Bill has been in the Opera house this week and opened to a good house. The company proved to be an amusing one, and those who attended the performances were well entertained.

Lewis Morrison with his spectacular version of "Faust" began his season, Friday August 25 in Peckskill. During the engagement he will also be seen as Cardinal Richelieu, a part in which he has had very great success. Miss Florence Roberts is engaged as the leading actress of his company.

Oscar Wilde's popular society dramas have been pronounced "a war of corruption and woe of cynicism, with a large and staring pattern of epigram." Still the moral New York public, that were virtuously shocked at them and refused to listen to Heron's plain calling of spades by their name, crowded the theatre when society talked its scandals in innuendoes and epigrams.

Of the \$600,000 which represents Mr. Booth's worldly wealth, almost the whole of it goes to his only child, Mrs. Gross. Small bequests have been left to some of his relatives, and the Actors' Order of Friendship in New York and Philadelphia, the Asylum fund of New York, and the Home for incurables at West Farms are all beneficiaries under his will. The Players' Club, however, does not appear to be on the list with those who are largely benefited.

Miss Rhea denies the rumor that she was recently married, and wishes it contradicted. Mr. W. S. Hart is equally surprised that such a rumor should have been circulated, and is anxious to trace its source. Meanwhile, Miss Rhea's numerous admirers will be relieved to know that she has not yet joined the ranks of celebrated women who have married husbands somewhat younger than themselves—a list which includes such names: Miss Evans, (George Eliot), Dinah Muloch, Baroness Burdett Coutts, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Mrs. Bernard-Beere first formed a strong desire to go upon the stage in consequence of the warm praise which Thackeray passed upon her drawing-room recitations. When she did ultimately enter the theatrical profession, however, it was to retire from it in three weeks. Captain Dering fell in love with the young actress and straightway married her, with the result, as it then seemed, of prematurely cutting short her stage career. But Captain Dering died shortly after the marriage, and in 1878 his widow once more returned to the boards.

Before Paderewski left New York, he sent a needy brother artist a check for \$300. The great pianist once knew what it is to be in fortuitous circumstances.

In his "Master of English music," Chas. Wilby says Sir Arthur Sullivan began to compose the overture to "Iolanthe" at 9 o'clock one evening and finished it at 7 the following morning.

The National Conservatory of Music of America, New York, Dr. Antonin Dvorak, Director, is holding its first special summer term for the benefit of musical students in out-of-town colleges, seminaries, etc.

"Do you call this a band of picked musicians?" said the hotel manager to the leader of a summer band. "Ah, dot vos so; I bick 'em minessel," replied the bandmaster. "Well, then, you picked them before they were ripe."

When Miss Sybil Sanderson was singing at Paris the other day she noticed a child imitating her. As her song died away she listened to the echo of the child's voice and was so fascinated by its sweetness that she has decided to educate the little singer.

Paderewski suffered a good deal during his visit to America from the inconsiderate attentions of his admirers. Six hundred albums and photographs were forwarded to one of the hotels at which he stayed, with a request in each case, that he would kindly return each album or photograph to its owner after having signed it.

Mme. Christine Nilsson has a small but very valuable collection of pictures in her luxuriously furnished house in Paris, one of them having been bought for £4,000. Here, too, she has stored all the many presents she received during her professional career, as well as some souvenirs of her childhood. Among the latter is a little violin on which she was taught to play when only four years old.

Stowjowski is now twenty-three years old, having been born at Strzelce, Poland, in May, 1870. He studied first in Cracow, and afterwards (1887) went to Paris, finishing his education at the Sorbonne, his musical lessons being taken meanwhile at the Conservatory under Delibes and Diemer. In 1889 he took the first prize both for composition and the pianoforte. Since then he has been a pupil of Paderewski. Stowjowski has given successful concerts both in Paris and Berlin. His works include a pianoforte concerto, an orchestral suite, a set of variations and Fugue for strings, and numerous pieces for the solo pianoforte.

Miss Loe Fuller, the "serpentine" dancer, receives for her two "turns" at the Gaiety and the Shaftsbury, London, nearly £500 per week. Her dances last some seven or eight minutes at each house. She has no salary, but receives a certain sum plus a proportion of the drawings. A few weeks ago her cheque, it is said, though it seems scarcely credible, was £495, and it may be roughly said that she is making more than three times the amount of any three music hall artists. Lottie Collins, at the height of the "Topsy-turvy" craze, got £20 a week for a single turn at the Gaiety.

My latest recollection of Jenny Lind, in her public capacity is connected with the performance of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in Hereford Cathedral, at the festival of 1867, writes Joseph Bennett. I had, of course, heard that sublime song many times before, and my duty has been to listen to it many times since. Yet I seem to connect the air with one performance only. The singer's voice was so to speak, in tatters. The physical powers were all weakened, but the style, and large, fervent expression were inimitable, soul-subduing. It is fitting, to myself at this rate, that the opening words and leading

musical phrase of the song will henceforth be seen above the portrait commemorative of the singer.

GOSSIP OF THE TURF.

What is Going on Among Horsemen—Some Plain Words to Nelson.

A number of PROGRESS readers have taken occasion to compliment it upon the account of the Moosepath races printed last week, upon its fairness and completeness.

Mr. Kinnear writes from Sussex that the roan mare, Helena, was foaled August 26, 1877, and consequently lacked four days of being 16 years old when she won her race, August 22, at Moosepath. Mr. Kinnear bred Helena and has day and date recorded. He advertises a roan gelding from the same dam, sired by Olympus, in another column for sale. This horse is being handled at present by Mr. Henderson at Moosepath.

There is still much talk about the Arc-light decision and PROGRESS has heard from one or two sources that Mr. Bell has stated that he has driven his race there, also that Mr. Taylor will refuse to start Arclight there again. If there is any truth in these statements it is not to the credit either of Mr. Bell or Mr. Taylor. So long as decisions are given by judges so long will there be some one to kick about them, but the horseman who boycotts a track on that account had better change his business without loss of time.

Amherst claims the palm for desperate racing and quick time and Parkside, the black stallion from P. E. Island captured the seventh heat and race in 2.24 1/2. There were six heats the first day, two of which belonged to Parkside, two to Brazilian and two to Stranger. These three horses trotted the final the next morning and Parkside won without a skip in the fastest time of the maritime season, 2.24 1/2.

Helena, Minnie Grey, Brazilian and other fast ones will meet in the free for all in St. Stephen.

Trotting Nelson in the Mud.

It was somewhat surprising to read of the stallion Nelson, a candidate for the stallion championship, being sent a fast mile through mud on a half-mile ring up in New Hampshire. Of course a man has the right to do about as he pleases with his own property, but when a horse becomes as great as Nelson he in a manner becomes public property, and his management a matter which the public, and especially those who have a direct interest in him through his progeny, feel that they have a right to criticize. It was admirable in Mr. Nelson after promising to start the horse on a half-mile track not under any circumstances to disappoint the public, but it would be more admirable, from the standpoint of judgment at least, not to agree to go carrying so great a horse around to half mile tracks. In justice to the horse himself and to his patrons, he should be given the very best possible preparation and opportunity to lower the stallion record, and we submit to our indistinguishable Waterville friend that trotting Nelson on muddy half-mile tracks is not the best possible preparation for an attack on a stallion record. A mile such as Nelson was driven in the mud at Nashua, while we trust that it has had no ill effect, certainly could have no good one, and it might have sent the horse "off" for the season. Almost all trainers, either of trotters or runners, agree that test work in mud tends to dull the edge of a horse's speed for some time, and so strong is the conviction of the danger of mud racing that we often see trainers of thoroughbreds allow rich stakes that seem at their mercy to go by default rather than start a very valuable horse in mud. There are many that believe that "the Northern King" is as fast as any stallion that has yet appeared, and that with a proper opportunity he is capable of lowering the stallion record again. Give him that opportunity, Mr. Nelson. There will be more glory in it than in doing the spectacular act at the back country half-mile rings.—[Chicago Horseman.]

Rules For Track-Laying.

The question is often asked "What are the rules for laying out mile and half-mile tracks?" The following simple directions will be found useful: For a mile track draw a line through an oblong centre 440 yards in length, setting a stake at each end. Then draw a line on either side of the first line, exactly parallel with and 417 feet two inches from it, setting stakes at either end of them. You will then have an oblong square 440 yards long and 834 feet four inches wide. At each end of these three lines you will now set stakes. Now fasten a cord or wire 417 feet two inches long to the centre stake of your parallelogram, and then describe a half circle, driving stakes as often as you wish to set a fence-post. When the circle is made at both ends of your parallelogram you will have two straight sides and two circles, which, measured three feet from the fence will be exactly a mile. The turns should be thrown up an inch to the foot.

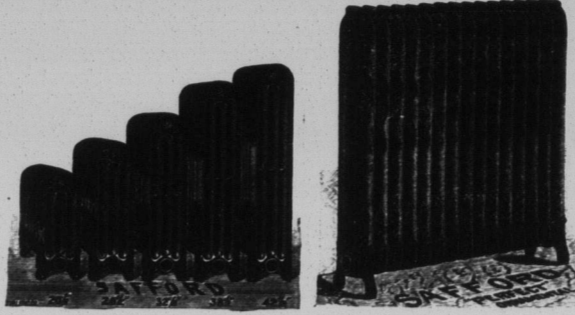
A half-mile track: Draw two parallel lines 600 feet long and 452 feet five inches apart. Half-way between the extreme ends of the two parallel lines drive a stake, then loop a wire around the stake long enough to reach to either side. Then make a true curve with the wire, putting down a stake as often as a fence-post is needed. When this operation is finished at both ends of the 600-foot parallel lines the track is laid out. The inside fence will rest exactly on the line drawn, but the track must measure a half-mile three feet from the fence. The turns should be thrown up an inch to the foot. The stretches may be anywhere from forty-five to sixty feet.

Fell Down and Then Won.

Speaking of horse-racing in general and the recent race in which Bonnie Blue fell down in particular, reminds W. J. Miller, the well known baseball and racing enthusiast, of a memorial race at Chicago, where the favorite fell down and then got up and won the race, says an exchange. The race was a five-eighths dash at Washington Park in the summer of 1889, and the great El Rio Rey, who was then a two-year-old, was the horse that performed the remarkable feat.

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El Rio Rey was an odds on favorite at 1 to 10, and he carried nearly all of the money that was bet on the race. Just as the flag fell the great two-year-old fell to his knees and came very near rolling over on his side. He quickly regained his feet, however, and started out after the bunch with those many couples of a well-known jockey carrying him one hundred feet at every jump. He cut down the distance between them at a remarkable rate, and just as they were rounding into the home-stretch he overhauled the leading horse, and after that his followers began to breathe more easily. Mr. Miller had the reputation of never having missed a horse race during all the time that he was in Chicago, but he says he never saw such excitement as was manifested when El Rio Rey came under the wire in an exciting finish, after having lost twenty lengths or so by falling down.

Quickly Married. It is probable that no other important ceremony has been performed in so great a variety of ways as the marriage service. Every country and every sect has its own particular form, not to mention the widely differing formulas employed by civilians to go by default rather than start a very valuable horse in mud. There are many that believe that "the Northern King" is as fast as any stallion that has yet appeared, and that with a proper opportunity he is capable of lowering the stallion record again. Give him that opportunity, Mr. Nelson. There will be more glory in it than in doing the spectacular act at the back country half-mile rings.—[Chicago Horseman.]

At the 20th CENTURY KITCHEN, an elegant BED ROOM SET of Seven Pieces. Contest closes on Oct. 7th. Every 5 CENT PURCHASE entitled to a GUESS.

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THE ST. JOHN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND ELOCUTION. Will re-open SEPT. 4, at the new rooms, 152 PRINCE WILLIAM ST. Miss EVELYN FLETCHER, graduate of the Conservatory will teach VOICE and VIOLIN. Mrs. SHEPARD will teach Oratory, Physical Culture and English. Classes will be formed in French, German, Literature and Normal Piano Teaching. Pupils may board with teachers at 20 Horsfield St.

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At the 20th CENTURY KITCHEN, an elegant BED ROOM SET of Seven Pieces. Contest closes on Oct. 7th. Every 5 CENT PURCHASE entitled to a GUESS.

It is doubtful whether the bride and groom considered this much of a ceremony, but they made the best of it.

His Last Waltz. In 1867, when Bismarck was on a visit to the Paris Exhibition with his royal master—the King of Prussia—he attended a Court ball at the Tuilleries. Madame Carotte, who was in attendance in the Empress Eugenie, as the cotillon was in progress, felt a strong inclination to dance with Prince Bismarck, and offered him a bouquet of roses as an intimation that he was selected as partner for a waltz. Bismarck accepted the invitation and danced in fine style with the beautiful Madame Carotte, to the admiration of the Sovereigns and the entire Court. On the conclusion of the waltz Prince Bismarck took from the button-hole of his diplomatic dress coat an artificial rose-bud and presented it to his fair partner, saying—"Please to keep this rose-bud in memory of the last waltz I shall ever dance in my life—a waltz I shall never forget."

The Old, Old Story. BRANTFORD, Aug. 28. The old, old story crops up again here, and Frank Elliott is the narrator this time. He says for six years he has been a victim of kidney disease and could get nothing to cure or relieve him. Dodd's kidney pills did the business in quick time and now he is well and happy. Mr. Elliott learned of the efficacy of these pills from accounts published of Archie Rymal's case. This gentleman, it will be remembered, was cured of paralysis, consequent of kidney disease, by Dodd's kidney pills.

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University of New Brunswick

At the beginning of the Academic year, 1893-4, on the 28th day of September next, the Scholarships for the counties of Restigouche, Gloucester, Kent, Westmorland, Albert, St. John, Sunbury, York, and Victoria will be vacant.

The Department of Civil Engineering and Surveying is now open to properly qualified students. A Physical Laboratory was opened during the Academic year 1891-2. Special facilities for the practice of Elementary Electrical Measurements are offered to intending Electrical Engineers.

Copies of the University Calendar for 1892-3 may be had from

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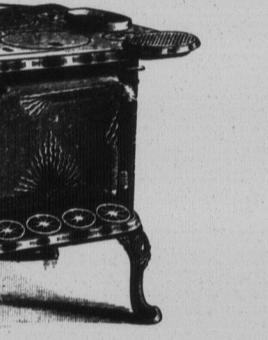
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SE. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 2.

KEEP YOUR MONEY HERE.

The tendency of people who have money to look to some point at a distance to invest in has been emphasized during the late financial crisis. Frequent reference has been made to this fact by the leading financial journals of the states coupled with the intimation that the recent depression in the stock market has frightened the majority of them so thoroughly that now, when stocks are supposed to have reached the very bottom figure, they cannot be induced to purchase again.

If the whole truth was known the country investor had been more than frightened, he had been burnt, and it will take some time for the sun to heat. Year after year he had been induced by flattering statements and ingenious circulars to buy heavily of so called watered stock—stock so inflated that in many cases it is found not worth more than 25 percent of its supposed value.

The bursting of the bubble has been a serious lesson to many men in the province and elsewhere who preferred to take their chances in Western American railroads or mines rather than invest in the local enterprise that they know all about and were in a position to look after carefully. Foreign capitalists find many opportunities in this city and, indeed, all over the Maritime provinces to invest their money and they do not hesitate to do so. Our local men of means on the other hand look to the United States for stocks or bonds that they know nothing of.

What is the reason? Is it because the promoters of local enterprises do not go the right way about it to interest the capitalists or are the latter prejudiced against home investments? When an American promoter sets about to form a company he seems to be in his element. No stone is left unturned, there is no possible objection for which he has not an answer ready. The best talent is engaged to prepare his prospectus and the plausible facts and estimates set forth there are such that experienced and inexperienced capitalists are soon included in the list of stockholders. Hitherto, the trouble has always been that the promoter is too smart, he is too well paid for his talents, for when the company is formed and the stock paid up a good percentage of it is his portion for his work.

In Canada, promoters cannot claim the same attention as they have been able to do across the border though we have seen enough of them to know their failings as well as their virtues. But if any man, Canadian or American, could be found who would induce our moneyed men to place their cash in native enterprises instead of sending it abroad for investment there would be a hearty welcome for him.

THE UNIVERSITY.

The resignation of Prof. Duff from the staff of the provincial university has caused some of those interested in the institution to ask whether it is desirable to fill the vacancy caused by his retirement. The subjects upon which he lectured were in a great measure in the hands of two senior professors before his engagement and, in view of the financial statement of last year perhaps the wisest course to pursue would be to return to the old order of things. The easiest possible method of reducing expenses has been presented to the senate by Prof. Duff's resignation and the adoption of the suggestion noted above will not in our opinion lessen the efficiency of the University. It may be quite true that it will impose longer hours and additional work upon some of the staff, but when the shorter course is considered this should not be thought of seriously.

The resignation of Professors Murray and Duff to accept positions in other institutions suggests the question whether it is desirable for graduates to return to their alma mater too soon in a professional capacity. There can be no doubt that with the benefit of experience in other colleges a professor could return to his alma

mater and, with the additional interest he should feel in her welfare, be a desirable acquisition but to introduce a comparatively recent graduate as a professor is open to many objections and it is perhaps not going too far to say that these objections have been very apparent in the case of the University.

According to the bye laws of the international typographical union ten hours make a compositor's working day. Where it has been possible and other labor unions have a nine hour day the local unions of compositors have availed themselves of the shorter day. At a recent meeting of the international a general vote was proposed to test the feeling among the craft in regard to the nine hour day. The result of the vote was 7,927 for the shorter day with 6,161 against. Since the question required a three quarter vote to carry it the president has declared it lost. There was a lack of interest shown in the vote, not more than two thirds of the unions made a report and not one half of the total membership voted.

Ald. J. M. McGowan has been appointed a commissioner of the general public hospital and the opponents of the government are crying out that the fact will be much criticized. Perhaps it will but if some one else had appointed Mr. McGowan, and his friends would have had a chance to do the talking. If the junior alderman for Stanley knew when he had said enough, he would not make a bad city representative and as he will not have an opportunity to talk too much at the hospital board, there is an equal chance of his making a practical commissioner.

A Satisfactory Radiator. Progress called attention in its last issue to the advertisement of the Safford Radiator, manufactured by the Toronto Radiator Co. and controlled in the Maritime provinces by Mr. W. A. Macdonald. Much time and money have been spent by the various companies in an attempt to obtain a thoroughly satisfactory radiator—one that would stand the wear and tear incident to a heating plant. The Toronto Radiator company has succeeded admirably and place the "Safford" radiator on the market with complete confidence in it. It is constructed with vertical hollow loops and connected with screw threaded nipples without the use of bolts of packing or washers usually employed in the manufacture of other radiators. The advantage of these points will be apparent to any one who has had little or much to do with heating apparatus. Mr. Macdonald's office is on Dock street and the radiators can be seen there at any time.

The Conservatory of Music. The advertisement of the St. John Conservatory of Music will be found elsewhere. Mrs. Sheppard is a Post-Graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston. The work is founded on the philosophy of Descartes. Special attention is given to physical culture and correct use of the voice. Miss Fletcher, who will take charge of the vocal and violin department has studied five years in the best conservatories abroad, and thoroughly understands orchestral work. Miss Whitman will continue to teach piano harmony and theory.

A Large Sum for prizes. Frederick is looming its exhibition as well as it can and judging from the press notices that are appearing in the different parts of the province that is pretty thoroughly. Some information received from the secretary says that more than \$5,000 will be given in prizes at the show. The race meetings have already been announced, and as usual they will be of the most attractive kind. The best horses in the province may be expected there both for exhibition and trotting purposes.

Their Annual Outing. The annual picnic at Mrs. Brayden's on the Loch Lombard road in aid of the Episcopal church takes place next Tuesday and the usual good time is being provided for. There will be plenty of picnic refreshments, games, and many amusements to entertain the people.

The Sausage Season Again. The sausage season has come again, and Mr. Thomas Dean, the well known manufacturer of them, tells Progress that he will be in a better position than ever to supply his patrons with his favorite article.

For Every Day. Sweet Cream and all the fruits in season, Ginger Ale and Mineral Waters, Choice Butter, Cheese and fresh Eggs, Canned Meats, Vegetables and soups at 32 Charlotte St. from J. S. ALEXANDER and H. GROGERS.

She Wanted her Wheels. A picnic was held at a roadside hotel. It matters not where; and a beautiful belle Much given to dancing, and music, and song, seemed sadly depressed as tho' somewhat was wrong.

And the answer she gave to the anxious appeals Of her friends was "Oh, don't I wish I had my wheels! Oh, I wish I had my wheels! Oh, I wish I had my wheels! Oh, I wish I had my wheels!"

What fun I could have if I'd brought my wheels! At first her fair friends thought 'twas only a jest And with shy winks and glances their mirth did test. But when she persistently mourned for her wheels Their gay laughter burst forth in resonant peals And the joyous refrain was caught up by the crowd Who joined in full chorus and sang long and loud: "Oh, I wish I had my wheels! Oh, I wish I had my wheels! Oh, I wish I had my wheels!"

FELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

My holiday time being over I once more resume my "paragraphs"—with a mind full of memories of Evangeline land. For have I not been sitting by the well whence Evangeline drew water, worshipped in the church where she was won't to worship and even plucked an apple from Evangeline's own tree! I did not eat it. Wandering through this land one is able to make a closer acquaintance than ever with all the dear old churches with which Longfellow has peopled it.

This is a lovely time of year to be in the country—the time when the earth is yielding up her returns to the farmer and his is to be seen. "The pump swells at even Brought home four months' sunshine bound in sheaves." In Charlevoix's calendar September was called "harvest month."

I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of a number of communications from readers of this column. I thank these correspondents for their kind words and am much pleased to know that they find this corner of Progress interesting. "A Canadian" is kind enough to say that "Felham's Paragraphs" always both amuse and enlighten and seems to wonder why I am taking such long holidays. Well I have shaken the hayseed off me at last and here I am once more at pen and ink. I hope "P." will pardon me for not attempting to solve that vexed question in English grammar. I am really not very good at grammar myself. The question, however, speaks of the use of the verbs "to be" and "to have" as auxiliaries and whether it is more correct to say "I am come again" than "I have come again" etc. What think you?

I notice that the discussion in reference to the Behring sea award still goes on and it is going to be a very hard matter to find out which side won. It will probably have to be called a "draw" unless some suggestion is adopted that another board of arbitrators be appointed to find out who got the best of it with the last one. Judging from the number of complaints on both sides the decision appears to have been a pretty fair one. One thing, however, is clear—that the truculent Yankees have had but a small portion of their "wild goose" claims admitted and it does not appear that the settlement is much, if any, better than that of our brother Eya. His country prepared to grant some years since. The Yankees may own "the earth" but they do not yet own "the sea." They have got Canada's bill to pay now too.

Some time since a friend asked me to say something in this column about the silver question. I have not done so because I did not feel equal to dealing with this subject in the serious manner which it merits and, indeed, I am not quite sure that I felt equal to it now. There have been very many styles of ailing for women from the days of our mother Eya. The fashion of Dr. Mary Walker, of Modern times, and many have been the variations in different countries and climes. The subject, however, never seems to have received proper attention from the wise men of the world and has been sadly slighted in literature which it is now beginning to receive. It is too much to ask us to approve of the woman in frock coat and trousers, minus all the grace which drapery gives to the form divine, but any man who has seen the inconceivable long dress dragged through mud and mire in the streets or has got his awkward feet entangled in one in a drawing room, must feel the force of the argument in favor of abbreviated skirts. Some such costumes as that worn by Persian women is likely to find favor eventually in christian countries. Regarding the wearing of the corset and other varied fashions I have no opinion to offer, but am competent to advise or suggest. Modern efforts for improvement in this direction are no doubt tending towards the increased comfort and health of the fair sex.

I find that I omitted a paragraph on "What I have experienced" from my last issue. I have from some cause or other felt an interest in this terrible disease since it first appeared to have been discovered by the medical men. Everyone must feel an interest in it for we are all sure to have it sooner or later. We may escape everything from mumps and measles up to cholera morbus, but we cannot get clear of "heart-failure." How many people have died of it, and how long the doctors have been in discovering this dreadful disease and its inevitably fatal character! It is simple in its action, but oh! so deadly. The heart stops and the man dies. No man can live when his heart is going. Here this fearful malady has been slaying its victims for hundreds, one might almost say for thousands, of years and the doctors, in whom we blindly put our trust, have only now found it out. Many a practitioner whose conscience may have been troubled with the thought that he had hastened a patient's end by not understanding the nature of his disease and dosing him with wrong doses, may have felt relieved to find that the person after all died of "heart-failure." It is an awful thing, it cannot be inoculated against. Its "germ" has not yet been discovered. Many a one, besides Faust, has searched for it, but in vain. To find the disease is but a simple thing, but find a remedy, oh! sons of Esculapius, and you will indeed have done something.

"What I have experienced" Philosophy, and Law, and Medicine; And over deep Divinity have pored, Studying with ardent and laborious zeal; And here I am at last, a very fool, With useless learning curst, No wiser than at first."

FELHAM.

THEY WILL NEVER COME BACK.

Inflated Values Have Gone Forever—Business on a Proper Basis.

This year I have got my first really comprehensive view of Canada, having been in every province except Prince Edward Island. I do not speak of it at all in a spirit of boasting, for any one who can peddle or tramp can travel, but the result of it is that I have views with regard to money-getting and money-making, for I should like to get money myself and I should be very glad to have some to keep. It is not necessary, however, for a man to be a millionaire in order to understand money-making. Anyone who is observant should be permitted to have opinions, and who have experience by stating the facts may offer much valuable information, even if their conclusions be, partially at least, incorrect.

During a time of peace wheat will never again be a dollar a bushel till the world is visited by such widespread fire, flood or grand and general convulsion of the elements that I doubt if it will matter to the people what is the price of food. The farmers of Canada who remember the good times during the Russian war—followed of course by a ruinous collapse—have their memories stocked with dates indicating good years when the price of wheat ran up to two dollars. They saw wheat still, grumble at the weather and hope for a dollar a bushel. The price will never come back; even a European war would not bring it back. The next war will only last a few weeks; the mechanical appliances being perfected by the nations are such as would kill everybody in Europe in a fortnight if they could get the population within range of their engines of destruction.

Business men will probably remark that they left for years that wheat would never get back to a dollar a bushel, but I believe that wheat is only one of the many things the price of which will never get back. Watered railway stocks such as have been tumbling about the ears of investors, the new world over will never come back. The farmer whose wheat has gone from a dollar down to fifty or sixty cents a bushel, is now in politics, particularly in the United States, and will have something to say about the cost of transportation. There are scores of paper millionaires and thousands of speculators who have lost their money looking for savings and new methods who will wait until their hair turns gray before stocks come back to high prices. Their day is past.

Silver will never come back. There was a time when silver was worth ninety cents an ounce; now it is worth between fifty and sixty cents. Silver miners are hopeless in the United States of producing the metal profitably and the mines are being closed, but in the Kootenay district of British Columbia I feel certain, and everyone conversant with the facts feels certain, that silver can be produced at thirty cents an ounce, and heaps of it. It is the taxes, will do the silver miners endeavor to disturb the United States by fixing a silver standard enormously higher than the cost of production? When you mix silver and money you make the silver question difficult by importing the financial phase of it. If you mix money and wheat, it is a very simple proposition. What will never come back to a dollar a bushel; seventy-five cents will be a good price. Silver will never come back; it won't be many months before forty cents will be a good price for what is now contained in a yankee silver dollar.

A few years ago in Canada three or four men with five or ten thousand dollars each sometimes got together and formed Loan and Savings societies. The man who put in the most money was made manager and the next biggest investor cashier, and the smaller fry got situations according to their ability. With time and care they made money, but it is in good times that people get into debt; it is in hard times that they are asked to pay their debts and it is just about then that they find things flattening out. These loan companies making so much profit out of their small capital, and investing in the stock market, were encouraged to borrow enormous sums in the old countries on debentures which had as their security the mortgages which were the original securities of the sharers and depositors. It is quite possible that some of these debentures are now coming due. The loans can be renewed if the securities have not shrunk. No one in Canada can say that either farm lands or city properties have held their own, and today these loan societies are the landlords of more properties than the public are generally aware of. It is these companies that must be careful how they squeeze their clients or they will in turn get squeezed so badly that they may have to go to the wall.

Canadian banks are all right, but perhaps the loan companies are our weakest spots. Investors, if I may be permitted to prophesy, will not seek this particular class of security for a good many years to come. Bank stocks may be a good investment, but there is a double liability, and we are not suffering from having too few banks, so I may safely predict after the examples so recently seen in the United States that stocks in financial institutions will not soon come back.

Hard times may encourage investors to seek to place small loans with big security. In hard times it is difficult to find unencumbered property, and there is truth in the prediction that successful usury is not likely to come back very soon for reasons that hundreds of abandoned second-mortgages will make plain.

We often wonder why old country investors will snap up such wild-cat schemes as are offered them. Is it not because we do not appreciate how, after the newness wears off a country, it becomes hard to find secure and paying investments? Experience in real estate money owners everywhere and Winnipeg, for instance, shows how eager people are to make excessive profits and what chances they are willing to take.

A general suspicion of joint stock companies, mining and manufacturing enterprises in real estate money owners everywhere and Winnipeg, for instance, shows how eager people are to make excessive profits and what chances they are willing to take.

HARCOURT.

Atco. 30.—Mr. Andrew Dunn and Mr. James, left by train on Monday for Fredericton.

Senator Snowball was at the Central on Monday, en route to Fredericton, as also was Mr. A. E. Kilham, M. P. P., who was going to Chatham.

Mr. Hugh M. Ferguson, of Kingston, who has been visiting in Nova Scotia the past two weeks, was at the Eureka on Monday night, and proceeded home by mail stage yesterday morning.

Mr. K. P. Burns M. P., was at the Eureka on Monday, going to Fredericton.

Mr. George Moffatt ex-M. P., was at the Central on Monday, also bound for the same city.

Rev. Mr. McConnell and Mrs. McConnell propose leaving next week for a trip to the United States, and will take in the World's Fair, previous to their return.

Mr. J. H. Wilson of the I. C. R., station, Dalhousie, spent Sunday and Monday visiting his relatives and friends here.

Miss Annie Black, of Richibucto, visits Harcourt every week, having formed music classes.

Mr. John Watt, of the St. John and Vaneboer postal service, was at the Eureka yesterday going north.

Prof. Alex. Ross, of Dalhousie, N. B., spent a day here last week, the guest of our friends.

Miss Gillespie of Chatham, is visiting Miss Marion Miller at Mortimore.

Mr. Robert Swetland, of the I. C. R. Moncton, is in town today and receiving congratulations on the arrival of a stranger-as-a-horse.

Mr. Thomas DeLaurier went to Fredericton on Monday.

Shortly Whiten and Mrs. Whiten are at the Eureka this evening.

Mr. John Heaton, who has been ill for some weeks, is improving.

Mr. Donald Morrison of Newcastle, was at the Eureka last night, having driven from Richibucto, and went north by the night express.

Three aged ladies, to wit: Mrs. S. J. Jones, (77), Mrs. Mathery, of Boston, the former of Richibucto, (82) and Mrs. Ephraim Whiten, (83) and other relatives here.

Mr. T. McCann arrived at the Eureka today, having driven private conveyance from St. John. He will leave tomorrow for Buctouche on his return trip.

Mrs. Henry Wathen and her granddaughter, Miss Ruby Dunn, went to Greenwich, Kings county, on Friday to visit Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Warren's daughter. They were accompanied by Mr. Wathen, who returned on Monday.

Miss Maria Buckley was at house on Sunday, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Ezra Kyswick, at Mortimore.

Miss Emma Christy left last evening, train to attend the Normal school at Fredericton.

Mr. W. V. Hamilton proposes going to Richibucto to see about attending the local races.

Miss Annie Campbell, of Bass River, is visiting Mrs. G. R. Bailey.

Miss Lucy Christy, who has been spending a few days at house, returned to Canada this morning.

Miss Maria Buckley was at house on Sunday, and returned to Coal Branch Monday.

Mrs. A. McMillan, of St. John, spent Sunday at the Eureka and went north on Monday.

HAMPTON VILLAGE.

Progress is for sale at Hampton Village by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.

Atco. 20.—Among the visitors this week were Mr. H. B. Potter, Montreal, Mr. W. D. Piers, New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Beverly, Mr. and Mrs. W. Moore, Mr. Knowles, Mr. C. S. McGregor, Miss E. Ranney, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. T. Hicks, Miss J. Hicks, Miss Brown, Miss Carr, Miss Ellis, Miss Morley, the Misses Chesley, the Misses Brayley, Miss Mull, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Kirk, Miss Kirk, Mr. J. S. Eagles, Mr. W. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Downes, Mr. A. L. Rawlin, Mr. T. H. Foster, Mr. W. W. Hawkins, the Misses Nobles, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. (Emma), Mrs. W. S. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Crank-shank, Mr. G. H. Dixon.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. O. D. Ory and family are spending a few days at the Bay Shore.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Thompson, Mr. E. Merritt, the Messrs. Thompson and the Messrs. H. E. Thompson, today, spent a few hours Sunday with Mrs. Samuel Hayward.

Mrs. Geo. Dixon, Bridgetown, N. S., and Mr. J. W. West, Sussex, are visiting Mrs. S. West.

A few of the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Whittaker of Hampton arrived at their home on a pleasant evening Monday. It being the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker received some very beautiful presents.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Fraser and family, Robesay, are visiting Mrs. W. Whittaker.

Miss K. K. Sweeney is spending a few days with Mrs. C. Miles.

Mrs. M. J. Buchanan, St. John, spent Sunday here.

Miss Mary Stratton, Robesay, is visiting her mother, Mrs. T. Stratton.

Mr. and Mrs. Macgarity spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Macgarity.

Mrs. G. G. Mass, Boston, is visiting Mrs. J. Macgarity.

Mrs. T. Henderson and daughter spent Thursday with Mrs. E. Northrup.

Mr. McKinnon has returned home from a visit to Campbellton and St. John.

Mr. C. E. Foster, Mrs. H. S. Fowler, Miss M. Wood, and Mrs. William Thompson, St. John, spent Sunday with Mrs. E. B. Fred Barnes, Harrod Mackay.

Mr. and Mrs. McShane, St. John, spent Sunday with Mrs. M. Johnson.

Mrs. A. F. Ferguson, Summerside, Mass., and Miss M. Harrington, who have been visiting Mrs. M. Harrington, have returned to their homes.

Mr. A. W. Hicks and Mr. A. McCallister, leave on Monday for a trip to the upper provinces and Chicago.

HAMPTON STATION.

Progress is for sale at Hampton Station by T. G. Bates and son, First Street.

Atco. 20.—Mr. and Mrs. James Jordan, gave a very enjoyable party, for their late daughter, Ella, on Wednesday evening. Among those invited were: Miss Lilian Sprague, Miss Carrie Evans, Miss Margie Brown, Miss Annie Whitaker, Misses Edith and Florence Newland (ex-Stephens), Miss Jean Wilkenson, Miss Edith Hamperley, Miss Bettie Crawford, Miss Nellie McAvilly, Miss Winnie Barnes, Miss Eva and Edith Duke, Miss Bessie Burns, and Messrs. Harry Melwood, John Stewart, Percy Stewart, Kay Humphrey, John Humphrey, Allan Sprague, Walter Fowler, George Whittaker, George Whittaker, Willie Bell, Fred Barnes, Harrod Mackay.

Miss Douglas MacLaughlan of St. John, is visiting Mr. Will Brown.

Miss Edith Gushing of St. John, who has been visiting her friends, Miss John G. Leach, has returned home.

Miss Mary Huet of Fredericton, is visiting Miss Mabel J. J. at Lakeside.

Miss Nellie Peters is visiting friends in St. John.

Mr. H. C. Creed of Fredericton, is the guest of Mr. George Brown this week.

Miss Hanson of Miramichi, is visiting Miss Jean Sprague.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayston of St. John, spent Sunday here.

Mrs. O. S. Newland and Miss Edith and Florence Newland of St. Stephen, are visiting friends here.

BALE VERTE.

Atco. 20.—Mr. W. J. Maloney and family have moved back to Bale Verte and have taken rooms in Mrs. A. A. Wells's house.

Rev. Mr. Hayes of Albert, and Rev. Mr. Lynde of River Hebert, were in town this week, the guest of Rev. Mr. Harris.

Miss Eva Siddall entertained her friends on Tuesday evening.

Miss Jessie Siddall is home on her vacation. She is a student in the Wallcut Hospital, Mass.

Mrs. McQueen, Pointe du Beue, was the guest of Mrs. Back this week.

Mr. David Taylor, of New York, is in town this week.

Mrs. O. J. McCully of Moncton, is home for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. John Reid went to Sackville on Monday for a few days' visit.

Mr. Walter S. Willett of Grandville, N. S., is in town.

Mr. H. V. Silliker of Sackville, spent a few days in town, Bale Verte, this week.

Rev. Fred Scott went to Dorchester on Monday. Mr. Richard Kinner of Moncton, was in town on Sunday.

Mr. Frank Farrow of Summerside, is visiting friends in town.

Miss Jennie Goodwin spent Sunday at Northport.

Mr. Arthur Copp of Brooklin was in town on Monday, saying good bye to friends on the eve of leaving for college.

Miss Nettie Murray and Miss Tullie Bent left for Halifax on Saturday. Miss Bent will remain in Halifax for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Goodwin spent Sunday in town.

OSSEA.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.]

HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is to be in Halifax at the following places: KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, 24 George street; MORROW & CO., 111 Hollis street; CLIFFORD SMITH, 111 Hollis street; HATTIS & MYLUS, Morris street; CORRELL'S BOOK STORE, George street; BUCKLEY'S DIST. STORE, Spring Garden road; FOWERS' DRUG STORE, Opp. J. C. R. depot; G. J. KILPATRICK, 107 Gortwines street; F. J. GRIFFIN, 17 Jacob street; CANADA NEWS CO., Railway depot; KIRBY & CO., Granville street; F. J. HORNEMAN, Spring Garden road; N. S. SMITH & SON, George street; H. SILVER, Dartmouth, N. S.; J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth, N. S.

It is a great pleasure to be able to record the fact that we are at last to have a dance, after an exceedingly long wait between the acts. Halifax society will once more have a chance of attending a ball. That most pleasant and cheerful of hostesses, Mrs. Daly, has sent out invitations for a dance on Tuesday, September 12th. More than a week off yet, but all the better, the pleasure of looking forward will be keen. Mrs. Daly's dances are always pleasant, but this one will be more so than usual, for every one will feel that they have just come back to life and perhaps will be surprised to find that they can still dance. The choosing of partners will be quite exciting, for when we have a day summer and dances every week and sometimes twice a week, the girls get into the way of having regular partners such as one for number four and such a one for five and six, and so on through the programme. These programmes are already filled before going to the ball, and the poor man who waits till the evening to fill his funds, much to his sorrow, that those of the most popular and beautiful ladies have been filled long ago and he is either left lamenting or has to put up with bad dancers and wall-flowers. It is rather mean this principle of cornering the best dancers, but still the girls have to protect themselves and naturally wish to dance with those who are the best dancers, or whom they like best. A girl has very little chance of refusing an acquaintance a dance, unless she has a comparatively full programme, otherwise she may be condemned to dance with men that she does not like, and who are not good dancers. Many a man asks some pretty and popular beauty to dance, out of vanity. He likes very little to see that he is enough importance to dance with a society belle. There are one or two men in Halifax who are noted for this, the beauty at a dance, is for the time very great importance and is at a small non-official entertainment the most important person there. If she can choose the partners let her do so, for I do not see why any partner should be forced upon her. With the girl who is not gifted with a superabundance of partners on the other hand it is a very different thing. She as a rule has to take whom she can get, or go without. But this seldom happens in Halifax, except at one of the large balls, when people are asked who are not in the habit of going to the smaller ones. Men are generally abundant and when they are scarce the irrepressible middlemen is always ready to take their place.

The Garrison regatta on the North West Arm on Sept. 14th promises to be a very successful affair. The ardent nautical spirits in the Garrison, and they are at present numerous, are working hard at it and mean to make it a success. The managers have made the great mistake of leaving it too late, for we are very likely to have a blowy, blustery day with the thermometer down to freezing, making outdoor amusements anything but pleasant. As well as this regatta there is to be a Gylmanna when the Blakelys back, so that the Garrison will be doing their fair share of providing amusement in out-door lines. The Gylmanna is to be held on the Polo Club, as a wind up to a very successful season. The Polo Club will be a sad loss, when Major Mayock leaves the Garrison, as he will be doing next month. He has taken a great interest in Polo and has done much to improve the club. Every one was glad to hear of the "barney" on Wednesday morning. The only Halifax person on board was Surgeon-Lieutenant Archer, who was going home on leave. Although not as well known in general society as his immediate predecessor, Surgeon-General McDowell, still he is very popular with those who know him and much anxiety was expressed for his safe return.

It is to be hoped that all Halifax will turn out and patronize the grand party to be held at Belmont, which has been kindly left by Mrs. Thomas Ritchie in aid of the S. P. C. A. charity such as that needs no puffing, and it is only to be wished that it would become the fashionable charity, for with that it would flourish. That it is always unwise to postpone an entertainment is clearly demonstrated on Tuesday. Mrs. Leach had postponed her second party from last Tuesday on account of the damage done by the great gale on Monday week. But she was not wiser with very fine weather on her second attempt. It was a very fine day for Halifax to array herself in the spirit of that, however, the beautiful grounds at Oaklands looked lovely and every one seemed to enjoy being out. Tea was in the house, but most of the guests kept to the ground, as such as possible and played games out on the lawn. The day was dark and foggy so that few handsome dresses were worn, nearly every one being in serge and skirt. It takes a very fine day for Halifax to array herself in gorgeous costume for a garden party. On Wednesday, Mrs. Morrison, of F. Rowland, had a composite picnic-tee on the other side of the Arm, then returning to Fernwood for a dance and supper. It was a lovely day and a beautiful night, although somewhat windy at first, still the night turned out beautifully. It was given as a farewell to Mr. Arthur Morrison, who leaves to return to his work. Every one was glad to see Mr. William Morrison able to be home again, but he was not very well enough to be out. He has had a very severe time of it but is now on the highroad to health.

It was pleasant to welcome old friends back again namely Mrs. and Mr. Keith, and Mrs. Wickwire and her daughter. It is nearly two years since Mrs. Keith and her daughters went to England, and they have been much missed in Halifax. Mrs. Wickwire is the latest debutante in Halifax, and will come out at the ball at Government House. It is pleasant to see Keith Hall inhabited once more and also the new house which Dr. Wickwire has bought and refitted and furnished. There have been rumours, the last few weeks, that another regiment is to be built for its accommodation. It is very doubtful if this be true, so it is only given for what it is worth. But if it is all society would rejoice for it would add to the gaiety of this somewhat, at least in the eyes of the young.

Last week on Thursday there was a very pleasant picnic at Paradise Cove. In spite of the wet and fog of the day, the guests were taken down to Paradise in Mr. M. Morrow's steam yacht, and had a picnic in that most picturesque spot, and returned before dark, somewhat damp but cheerful. On Monday the officers of the Kings Royal Regiment were at home at the range at MacNabs at what they humbly call a camp fire. It was a pleasant night and the festivities were kept up till a late hour and were much enjoyed by all present. MORRIS GRANVILLE.

AMHERST.

[PROGRESS is for sale at Amherst by Charles Hillcoat and at the music store of H. A. Hiltcock.] AUG. 30.—Monday was opening day of the new academy on Spring street, and thither bled the rising generation sharp on time eager to participate in the important event. Among the visitors was Canon Townshend, who made a short dedicatory prayer, and Senator Dickey. Mr. W. J. Moran, one of our very popular merchants, joined his mantle and quietly stole away on Wednesday to Robshaw, where he joined in a happy contract with Miss Jennie Darling of that place, and left on a wedding tour to Montreal and other towns of importance. Miss Darling has a great many friends in town, so the home-coming of Mr. and Mrs. Moran is looked forward to with much pleasure, as the groom is a great factor in society. Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Pipes and Dr. and Mrs. Hewson and daughter Florence, left by Monday evening's train, to spend a couple of months in Chicago. Miss May Dicks of Sackville, is visiting Mrs. C. Treuman. Mr. and Mrs. George Cole has gone to Parrsboro, to pay a visit to their relatives. Mrs. E. G. Ketchum spent a few days of last week in Moncton. Mr. Winchester of Chelsea, is visiting his uncle, Mr. C. T. Hillson.

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Miss Abel Aver of Sackville, was in town a few days, the guest of her friend, Miss Page, Eddy street.

Mrs. Girtson, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Biden, went to her home in St. John on Saturday.

Mr. Will Fride's friends are much pleased to see him in Amherst, after a three years' absence in Lynn, Mass.

Noticeable among the host of visitors who attended the races last week was Mr. E. B. Hardwick of Annapolis, and Mr. Philetus of Bridgetown.

Miss Jennie Kennet, who has been spending a few weeks with her friend, Miss May Quigley, returned to her home in Halifax on Friday.

Mrs. J. Gates and little daughter, who are enjoying a delightful visit to her brother's home in Troy, N. Y., she intends returning next week, via Annapolis Valley where she has many friends.

None were more welcome among our visitors of the past week than Rev. Mrs. Miles of P. E. I., who accompanied by Mrs. Miles, see Miss Lou Campbell, are paying a visit to Mr. N. Campbell, Church street. Mr. Miles continued the morning service in the Baptist church on Sunday.

Mayor Allen has sufficiently recovered from his recent severe illness to drive out around town and his host of friends trust that it will not be long until he is quite well and able to discharge his official duties.

Mrs. Miller of Moncton arrived on Wednesday to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. Fraser, who is in town on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Maxwell.

The annual gun tournament began on Tuesday at 10 o'clock tea was all in the shade this week on that account. Every one is in sympathy with our genial sportsman, Mr. Frank Wilson, who held one of the cups last year, but has resigned it to Mr. T. D. Murray, of Wolfville, for the next year. Today they are shooting on the golf course, and the usual picnic-tee at Cooke & Co., and there will be considerable sport if it blows over to Parrsboro.

Mr. A. W. Bateson has returned from England and it looks as if for the purpose of trying his skill at the tournament, at any rate he is most heartily welcome by his sporting friends and society in general.

On Tuesday afternoon the Baptist church was the resort of the fashionable public to witness the marriage of Miss Est. Rogers, of Annapolis, to Mr. E. I. Miss Rogers was organist of the church for a long time, and being so popular among her young friends, there was an unusual crush to witness the ceremony which was performed by Rev. Mr. Steele. The bride was led to the altar by her brother, Mr. H. W. Kowers, who gave her in keeping to the handsome groom, who was supported by the Rev. David J. Fraser. Miss McAlilly, in a lot of brown cloth and shot silk, was maid of honor to the bride, who looked wonderfully well in a very stylish and becoming gown, du voyage of fawn colored cloth, with trimmings of green velvet, with hair to match. The church was prettily decorated with flowers, and a large arch supporting a beautiful marriage bell, of white and gold flowers, most artistically arranged by her kind friends, was placed in front of the altar. Only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom were among the guests, but the crowd was so great that it was quite impossible to distinguish the make or quality of dresses, more than the fact of some being very rich and pretty. After the ceremony they drove to the residence of her brother, Mr. Sherman Rodgers, Rupert street, where they were served with a sumptuous repast, after which they were accompanied by their friends to the evening train, where, on their departure, they were amply showered with rice and good wishes, to the tune of excellent music by the band.

On Thursday, Mrs. J. A. Dickey gave an afternoon tea, in honor of Miss Condie's birthday; the weather was delightful and the amusements on the large lawn were charmingly enjoyed, after partaking of a delicious tea within doors.

MARSH MALLOW. BRIDGETOWN.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Bridgetown by Miss B. Elderkin.]

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

AUG. 29.—Mrs. Miller and family have returned from Bay Shore.

Miss Jennie Rumsey has also returned from the shore.

Mr. Chas. Eston, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax was in town last week.

Mrs. John E. Sancton entertained a few friends on Friday evening.

Mr. Stuart Day of New Glasgow has been in town for a day or two.

GRANVILLE FERRY.

[PROGRESS is for sale at Granville Ferry by W. A. Irvine.]

AUG. 28.—The annual Sunday school picnic of the Baptist, Methodist and Episcopal denominations took place at Saturday. About 9 a. m. a large concourse of people wended their way to the landing of the staunch little steamer "Glencoe," Capt. S. Mills commanding. It was not long ere all the children and a large number of larger grown, were snugly stowed away and we made our start down the beautiful Basin of Annapolis. The voyage was made pleasant by many of the young ladies and gents discoursing sweet music which was gratefully received by many attentive listeners; by 6 p. m. we were safely landed once more and just before leaving the boat, three cheers were proposed for Capt. Mills for the efficient way he had taken and returned his happy crowd and it was responded to very heartily, thus ended a happy and joyous day.

The members of Seymour Division also held their annual picnic the same day at Thomas' Cove.

Mr. Frank Rollins, principal of Newton Centre high school, Mass., has been stopping a few days with Mr. Fred Troop. This being his first visit to the Maritime provinces, he said that he was perfectly charmed with the beautiful scenery of the Annapolis Valley, and, indeed, everything he had seen in this our fair land of Eranzelia.

On Sunday a floral service took place in the Episcopal church, directed by the Rev. Mr. Gale. It was splendidly performed and the address of the reverend gentleman to the children was "par excellence."

The Baptists of Granville Ferry have secured the services of the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, a graduate of Acadia, to take charge of the church here. He entered up his new pastoral duties on Sunday. He is spoken of as being very clever.

School has begun again in the village with a change in our department, Miss Annie Inglis is now filling the position occupied by Miss Isabella Landers. Mr. Messenger stops another year in the first department.

Miss Adelia Parker who was a member of this school last year, purposes taking a course at the Normal school, Truro.

Mr. Edward Knowles returned to Lynn on Saturday.

Capt. Will Handley is now home waiting for the "Argentine" "Glencoe" which he is to take charge of on her return.

Mr. James Groves returned from Lyan a few days since, he is looking well.

Mr. Morse of Paradise, is visiting Mrs. Israel Depp of this place.

Mrs. Tibbets and daughter of Boston, are visiting at Mr. John Amburn's.

A merry moonlight drive took place by quite a number of our town people. The parties participating were Mrs. W. H. Weatherston, "Chapeau," Miss Ada Williams, Miss Miss Bunting, Miss Dora Best, Miss May Mills, Miss Grace Reynolds, Miss Jennie Amburn, Miss Blanche Reynolds, Miss Ada Amburn, Miss Annie Inglis, Miss Will Munday, W. H. Weatherston, Alfred Hill, Wm. Irvine, Frank Troop, Alton Irvine, H. Withers and Will Irvine.

TRURO, N. S.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fulton, and at H. Smith & Co.]

AUG. 30.—Mr. and Mrs. Keltie, Boston, are guests at the latter's sister, Mrs. George Stuart, Victoria street.

One of the most interesting tennis teas of the season was that given by Mrs. Harry Harding at the "Lonsdale" courts, on Wednesday last. Mrs. Harding was ably assisted by Mr. Hugh MacKenzie.

Miss Munroe, of Pictou, is visiting Miss Calkin, at "Fern Hill."

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kennebec and her baby son returned to their home in New Glasgow this week.

Mrs. Harland and family have returned from the beaches, Pictou, where they have been for the summer.

The Misses McKenzie, Pictou, en route to Halifax, were guests of Miss George Hyde, one day this week.

A large number of St. John's church people enjoyed a very pleasant day at Kempt town on Tuesday, attending a picnic held by the episcopals of that place.

Everyone regrets the continued illness of Doctor Geo. Hyde, which has proved so much more serious than at first anticipated.

Mr. Kenneth Stewart, New Glasgow, spent Sunday and Monday among friends here.

Mr. Main from Amherst, was a guest of his brother-in-law, Mr. D. A. Bishop, at the "Prince of Wales," last Sunday.

The position of the academy staff, left vacant by Mr. Cogwell's resignation, has been filled by Mr. Henneon, who arrived on Saturday last from Mulgrave. Mr. Henneon has been spending the summer, Mr. Henneon, who enters on his duties today, is a late Dalhousian, and was chosen to his position from among several applicants.

The Misses Donkin gave a very pleasant party last evening, at the residence of Mr. Kennebec, at their charming home, Stonecroft cottage.

Mr. C. R. Coleman returned last week, from a trip to his residence in the Maritime Provinces in Windsor.

Mrs. Fred Murray is here from Halifax, at her sister's, Mrs. Geo. Donkin's, because of the very serious illness of the mother, Mrs. Wm. McKay.

Mrs. Keltie accompanied by her daughter Miss Isabella and Mr. L. Keltie, left on Monday, for a trip to Chicago.

ANNAPOLIS.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Annapolis by Geo. K. Thompson & Co.]

AUG. 29.—Mrs. W. D. Ross of Yarmouth, spent last week here, the guest of Mrs. T. S. Whitman.

Mr. Kenneth Leavitt returned to his business in Boston on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnaud of P. E. Island, are visiting Mrs. E. D. Arnaud.

Mrs. Parker and family, who have been spending the summer with Mrs. McLeod, have returned home.

Miss May Gibbon of Boston, spent a few days last week.

Miss Robinson gave a pleasant picnic at General's Brook, on Thursday, for her cousin, Mrs. Ross.

Mrs. W. M. DeBibus has gone to spend a few days in Digby.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Miller have returned from their honeymoon and are receiving this week. Miss Jesse Stewart of Digby, was in town on Thursday.

On Friday evening, the people here, will, I believe, have the privilege of listening to Harrisson's Orchestra of St. John, which, it is announced, will bring with them a most excellent local talent of that city. Their fame has come ahead of them, and a good house should be their portion.

A Harrisson of St. John, who has been visiting Miss Grace Robinson, went to Yarmouth on Monday.

Invitations are out for a whist party at Mr. West's this evening.

Mrs. Leavitt gave a large dance for the young people on Tuesday.

Mrs. F. C. Whitman has returned from Halifax. Miss Alice Gray is returned to her home in New York. As well as renewing her old friendships Miss Gray has made many new ones, and everyone will be sorry to hear of her departure.

Upwards of Two Thousand LADIES' - - CHILDREN'S AND MISSES

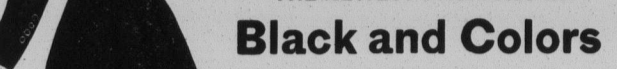
READY MADE Jackets, Capes and Ulsters, NOW IN STOCK.

FOR Fall and Winter. THE NEWEST FASHIONS IN Black and Colors

Prices, \$4.25 to \$45.00. - - Sizes, 30 to 46 inch Bust.

Children's and Maids Jackets and Ulsters, from 4 to 18 years.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John, N. B.



DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION

PORTLAND, SAINT JOHN CO.

Messrs. Hanington Bros.

Dear Sirs,—for several years past I have suffered everything but DEATH with DYSPEPSIA and PALPITATION OF THE HEART. I tried the best doctors in Boston spending over ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for medicines without getting the slightest relief, but on the contrary was worse than when I employed them, and had given up all hope of ever getting better, and felt that death would be a great relief. I came to St. John about three months ago, and a lady friend seeing my intense suffering, told me to get once HANINGTON'S QUININE WINE and Iron, and Tonic Dinner PILLS, as she had been troubled in the same way, and HANINGTON'S QUININE WINE and IRON taken with the TONIC DINNER PILLS, had perfectly cured her. I thought it would be like all the other medicines I had taken, of no benefit to me; and I was careless about getting them, but she insisted, and I tried them. To my great astonishment after using them for a few days, I commenced getting better, and now I feel like a new person, well and strong, free from indigestion or palpitation of the heart, and able to do my daily work as well as anyone, and I have great pleasure in recommending your medicines to the afflicted.

Yours truly, MARY GULLIS.

IMITATIONS of this popular medicine are in the market, but HANINGTON'S is the original and genuine. Do not be deceived by traders on its reputation, but always insist on getting HANINGTON'S whole-sale Druggists in the Maritime Provinces and Montreal supply the trade. All Retail Druggists sell it Price 50 cts. per bottle. Six bottles for \$2.50.

able execution were much applauded. Mr. McKay's entrancing tenor was sweeter than ever. He has a truly wonderful voice and faultless expression. Miss McDonald's piano numbers were up to their usually high standard, and the male quartette very harmonious. Altogether the evening was enjoyed by those who were present and good music lovers much benefited.

BRENDA.

FOR Autumn AND Winter!

Our stock of Staple Woollens and Cottons are now well to hand. We have purchased freely in Domestic Woollens, as there is every indication of a short supply, many mills being already sold up. We have also opened Choice Designs in ENGLISH FLANNELLETTES, GERMAN PRINTED FLANNELS, DRESS GOODS, (Short Lengths) Skirt Facings in Worsted and Velveteens, Millinery Braid (Black and Colors, all widths), German Mantles and Jackets, Featherbone Corsets, Bygeian Underwear.

SMITH BROTHERS, Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, HALIFAX.

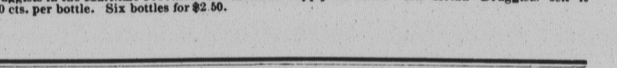
Puttner's EMULSION

Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly, and ailing children strong and healthy.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS

OLD FASHIONED BUTTER FEEDLE

MAIDS MADE PLUMP AND ROSY.



"You'll Feel Better" If you're all run down and out of sorts if you take a few bottles of MALTO PEPTONIZED PORTER.

It is a food. Beneficial alike to young and old. It strengthens the body, creates an appetite, aids digestion, invigorates the system. Ask your doctor about it. It's good for every one. TRY IT. THE MALTO PEPTONIZED PORTER CO. LTD. TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA CANADA. Druggists sell it.

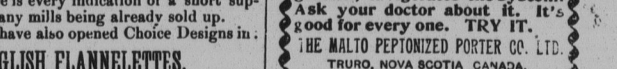
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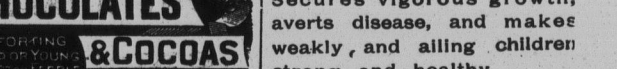
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Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly, and ailing children strong and healthy.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS

OLD FASHIONED BUTTER FEEDLE

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1893.

WAREHOUSES.

Offer!

PRICE.
pointed as stock is limited.

ments Complete.

kinner.

improvements on our
about that, and we are
new Stores, by and by.
selling Clothing cheaper
pretend to offer all our
Prices," because that
at our part, but others
at cost price, and some

gains not only one day

TORE,

r. Mill and Main Sts.,

North End.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

FALL FAIRS,

ETC.

Excursion Tickets will be on

sale from St. John as follows:

World's Fair at Chicago

First-class round-trip tickets good until
Sept. 15, 1893. At \$10.00 each. Tourist tickets
at \$5.00 each. From date of sale to stop over
at Detroit and Lake St. Clair. At \$25.00 each.
From Sept. 15 to Sept. 30, 1893. Round-trip
tickets good to return until Sept. 30, 1893.
No stop over allowed in either direction.

Maine State at Lewiston

First-class round-trip tickets good to return
until Sept. 30, 1893. At \$5.00 each. From
date of sale to stop over at Lewiston and
Lewiston. At \$25.00 each. From Sept. 15 to
Sept. 30, 1893. Round-trip tickets good to
return until Sept. 30, 1893. No stop over
allowed in either direction.

Provincial Exhibition

at Montreal

First-class round-trip tickets good to return
until Sept. 30, 1893. At \$10.00 each. From
date of sale to stop over at Montreal and
Montreal. At \$25.00 each. From Sept. 15 to
Sept. 30, 1893. Round-trip tickets good to
return until Sept. 30, 1893. No stop over
allowed in either direction.

Industrial Fair at Toronto

First-class round-trip tickets good to return
until Sept. 30, 1893. At \$10.00 each. From
date of sale to stop over at Toronto and
Toronto. At \$25.00 each. From Sept. 15 to
Sept. 30, 1893. Round-trip tickets good to
return until Sept. 30, 1893. No stop over
allowed in either direction.

Provincial Exhibition

at Fredericton

First-class round-trip tickets good to return
until Sept. 30, 1893. At \$5.00 each. From
date of sale to stop over at Fredericton and
Fredericton. At \$25.00 each. From Sept. 15 to
Sept. 30, 1893. Round-trip tickets good to
return until Sept. 30, 1893. No stop over
allowed in either direction.

CO TO

McMILLAN'S

FOR

School Books.

not known, but it is believed that the sum of
\$200 was made. Several of the prettiest articles
were won as follows: Parlor lamp, Mr. William
Byron, beautiful painting, Mrs. Margaret Morin,
Anderson piano lamp, Mr. W. M. Delaney, Magic
notebook, Mr. William Storey, a pretty frame, Mrs.
William Storey, Shakespeare's works, Mr. W. J.
Thomson.

ANDOVER.

Ann. 29.—Mrs. J. Gardner and children of Wood-
stock, are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. T. J. Carter is spending a few days with her
parents in Hartland.

Mrs. Cole of Woodstock is visiting Mrs. Sarah
Tolson.

Mrs. Kate Watson and Miss Jessie McQuarrie
are returned from Ashland, Maine.

Mrs. Edith Hibbs is spending a few weeks with
her friends at Ashland.

Mrs. Bet-a-Bell is spending a few weeks with
her brother at Ashville, Me.

Mrs. Jennie Watson went to Woodstock last
week.

Miss Sampson of Carleton, Me., spent last week
in the guest of Miss Mary Bell.

Dr. Lawrence of Turin, was in town Friday
and Mrs. Reed Bell, Salmon River, spent
Sunday here.

Mrs. Harry Tibbits returned home today after a
visit to the Barrington and Fredericton.

NEWCASTLE.

(Progress is for sale in Newcastle by Mr.
Hickin).

The moonlight excursion, under the auspices of
the Boys' Brass Band, on Friday evening, was a
grand success. The attendance was very large,
and being over two hundred people present,
the music, consisting of orchestra and Brass Band,
was very fine. Everybody enjoyed the beautiful
moonlight sail and the selections by the band.
There was a display of fireworks during the evening
as the boat steamed up and down the river.
Large crowds at Chatham, Douglasstown and New-
castle were greatly disappointed as the steamer did
not call at any of these places. The excursion was
considered the most pleasant of the season. The
boys intend holding a picnic at Millerton on the
10th of September. All who attend may expect a
good time.

QUIET OBAN BY THE SEA

IN AND ROUND ABOUT A SCOTTISH
SUMMER RESORT.

Oban, Between the Scottish Highlands and
Islands—Its Habitués Sublet in a sort of
Drooping Fawning of Quiet—Characteristic
Folk, Incidents and Scenes.

Oban, Scotland, Aug. 25.—The purple
shadows of evening were falling among its
beather swarded corries when we whirled
through the Pass of Awe. Then came a
long stretch of desolate looking heath.
Then followed dim glimpses of the weird
ruins of Newcastle Dunstaffnage and the
misty Falls of Lora. So it was night, with
picturesque lights and shades upon the
Sound, and a gentle hum of quiet and re-
pose within the streets, when the train
crept into Oban, the most noted watering-
place of Scotland, and a fine large crea-
ture with the dialect of Skye and an atmos-
phere of usquebaugh guileless of the taint
of excise, after informing me with winsome
honesty that both himself and all the hotels
were "fu" for a silver saxepee, in hand
paid, conducted me with some forgivable
detour and delay to a very old, a very tiny,
but still a very tidy and comfortable inn.

The guidwife of the inn had some doubts
about admitting me. She heard my wander-
er's story in silence, and examined my
credentials critically. Then she retired for a
whispered consultation with her female
servants, during which I overheard with
some trepidation the remark:
"Ye canna be muckle wi' but ain wee
handbag."

"O, ay," was urged by another voice,
"but moony Yonkees ha' go'd teed oop i'
their claes."

"Aweel, I'll take him o'er-night, an' put
him i' th' Dochter's room, if he's na ill to
thole!"

She bade me enter with some asperity,
lighted a candle and conducted me up a
narrow winding stair. We entered a large,
low-ceilinged room, with two tiny windows
like embrasures of a fortalice, whose furni-
ture consisted solely of a high, old-fashioned
bed, a rickety table of deal, a huge arm-
chair and a rag carpet of the olden zig-zag
pattern. She set the candle upon the deal
table with a bang, and then with the air of
conferring some wondrous favor abruptly
asked:

"D'ye ken where ye are noo?"

I gave it up as pleasantly as I could, not
yet being familiar with the geography of
Oban.

"D'ye ken about Dochter Johnson?"

"The great Dochter Johnson who once
visited Scotland with Boswell?"

"Ay, that's th' m'om. Ye've gotten the
varra room he lodged in. He had the
bonniest nich there in Scotland. I'm sure
though th' hoos was weel quat of him, he
smoozed sae lodg th' plaister a' crackit!

But ye ha' th' same chair, the same bed an'
a'. Tis a muckle delight to a' that coom."

"And the same bed-clothes?" I asked
ruefully, with a glance at the study be-
longings. "You know, my good woman,
that was 180 years ago."

"I doot, sir," she answered with spirit,
"ye're takin' me oop wrang. Dinna be
sae muckle awdit yon! Deed th' claes ha'
been weel washit!"

And with this the guid snuggled herself
out of the room in high dudgeon, but re-
turned shortly in restored good humor and
with my order for tea.

For the benefit of those who come after
me, I should reveal the truth that it is one
thing to order a meal at a Scottish, or for
matter at an English inn, and quite an-
other accomplishment to secure what you
are led to believe the hotel affairs. I do
not refer to those large and respectable city
establishments where, if your bill may be
more confusing than an average American
hotel, your comfort will be quite as well
looked after, but to those countless petty
and cozy places of entertainment one must
needs also often resort to in extended travel
in the interesting provincial regions of
Britain.

After a long day's journey the least
carnal of us will dwell upon enticing visions
of savory chops and lucious cold joints,
and the appetite is even bold enough to
modestly plead for warm potatoes. Set-
tled at your inn, these torngible longings
find immediate expression. You decide
on having a nice tidy supper in your own
room. "What would you like for tea,
sir?" evokes a hopeful inquiry as to what
there may be most handy and hearty in the
house. "Oh, anything at all you like, sir,"
is invariably the placid response. Raptur-
ous processions of steaming toothsome
things are instantly conjured. You sug-
gest a mutton-chop, thick, rare and hot,
a plate of cheese, tea or coffee or cream,
water, by all means cream, and perhaps
toast or biscuit. Your waiter begins to
wear a look of pained surprise. "I'll see
at once, sir," and he disappears; disap-
pears for such a rusee time, that you
seem in a proper mood for compromise when
he returns with "The chops are hot, sir,
an' I was told to say, sir, 'ow as we never
peraters fur tea, sir." "Oh," very well;
make it some cold joint and cheese then;
plenty of it now; and here's a saxepee for

yourself. Look sharp now I'm hungry."
There is eagerness in his step and tone,
but he answers you respectfully enough:
"All right, sir, I'll see directly."
A long time now elapses. You begin to
really worry. Perhaps you may have the
temerity to pull the tassel of a huge bell-
cord, and alarmingly hear the resultant
clanging and clamor like that from the
efforts of a new set of change-ringers.
A shock-headed maid plumps her shook
head within the door. She too seems
alarmed, and she asks, "what might ye
be a wantin' sir?" You toss her a six-
pence and explain. She also says she'll
see about it "directly." The waiter at
length taps at your door, but does not
come in. He warily inserts his napkined
arm and a portion of his head. "Sorry
sir, but the cheese an' the joints locked up,
sir. Might there be anything else you
might be wishin' to 'ave, sir?"

Ravenous and desperate you repress
burning words and handy furniture, and at
last gasp out. "In—heaven's—name—is
—there—anything—in—this—house—I—
—can—get—to—eat—before—I—starve?"

The door is closed a little, but the voice
behind it returns: "Oh, yes, sir. 'Am an'
heggs, sir. Hexcellent 'am, an' fresh laid
heggs, sir. Will it be a pot o'tea with 'em
sir, an' some bread an' butter? All werry
neat an' tidy, an' no wait at all, sir." You
groan assent and sink into your chair with
another traveller's castle-of-air ruthlessly
shattered. "Ugh!" you mutter, "those
everlasting ham and eggs and tea and
ham and eggs!" But they are all be-
fore you in a jiffy (for they have been all
the time preparing) and your busy, bustling
landlady with whitest cap upon her head,
sweetest cloth for your table, with dainty
pot of "clotted" cream, delft pot of odor-
ous tea beneath a pretty "cozey," and her
most winsome smile and purring potterings
around you, smooth away your frowns, un-
til you half forgive their rank duplicity in
the snugg and cheery comfort you have
found. It is the same in Scotland as in
England. The dialect only differs. Ask
only for ham and eggs and tea. You will
then always be served quickly and well.
Besides your bill will be less—for you will
be accounted an old and a wise traveller.

Boswell says Dr. Johnson and himself had
"a good night's rest" at their inn at
Oban, where they breakfasted at their
leisure, but could "get but one bridle here
which according to the maxim, *detour dig-
nitas*, was appropriated to Dr. Johnson's
sheltie."

My rest was equally as good,
whether or not the story of Dr. Johnson's
occupancy of the inn and room had been a
forgivable fiction; but my breakfast was at
my landlady's leisure rather than at my
own. While waiting for the meal I heard
issuing from the region of the scullery a
"quaint Highland song like those which
might have at times regaled the ears of the
great lexicographer in his famous journey
to the Hebrides. Here is the first stanza,
Gaelic and all:

"Se Colre-bheathach, nan aighean sinbhlaich,
An Colre ramach is urar fon.
Gu lrach m'uid-chreach, m'uid-sheal, sa'ghar,
Gach lusan fuar bu chobruaidh lean;
Gu molach, jubh-phiom, iorrach, hieagach,
Corrach, p'urach, m'uid-sheal, sa'ghar,
Caoin, ballach, d'itheach, canach, m'uid-sheal,
Gieann a' mh'uid-sheal an' an'ghar."

My own misty Corrie, by deer ever haunted,
My leucous valley, my own verdant dell,
Soil, rich and grassy with sweets ever scented,
From every hill flower, I love dear and well;
Thickly all growing, brightly all blowing,
Over its shaggy and green-darkened lawn;
Mosses, canach and daisies, and ferns,
Through which gambols lightly the little graceful
fawn!

This led to a discovery of a peculiar do-
mestic feature of Oban during the busy
summer months. Huge daughters of the
Western Island crofters come here and
enter service in the ruder vocations of scul-
lery and kitchen maids, though some are
employed as chambermaids. Few can
speak English, but they are very apt and
docile, and prove the best servants that can
be found. They do not spend a penny of
their earnings during the entire season, and
their only pleasures are found in their oc-
casional evening *ceilidh* (pronounced "kail-
ey") or gossiping party, in the kitchens of
boarding-houses and inns, and the Sabbath
Gaelic services which are held for this class
and the Oban fishermen in the Free Church.
When the sky is over they sail away to
Lewis or Skye, bare-legged, bare-headed,
singing their songs of home-going raptur-
ously, the happiest folk in all the world
who they mayhap carry with them enough
sovereignty to rescue their parents from
want against bad crops or ill-luck with the
fishing boats. The entire year's rent of the
little croft is often thus paid; and when I
knew their story and the humble heroism
of their lives I was glad that chance had
brought me to an inn so modest that the
revelation had its source through a scullery
maid's Gaelic song.

But Oban has its princely hotels, its
superb inns, its aristocratic boarding-
houses and its beautiful villas. It is a win-
some town, almost wholly composed of
these, nearly in the heart of the western
Highlands just at the edge of the vast
mazo of Western Islands, sounds and
lochs, and strung like a necklace of pearls
along the edge of a semi-circular bay, so
beautiful, so shut away from the thunder-
ous Firth of Lorne and the sea by the
rocky Isle of Kerrera, and so so tenderly
within the arms of Ben Crathach and other
Highland peaks, that from any point of
view it appeals to sight and sentiment with
a sense of restfulness and repose.

A number of almost indefinable features
and characteristics altogether render Oban
peculiarly attractive. In the first place be-
cause it is known as Scottish summer resort
or watering-place is like any similar retreat
in England or America. Scotland is truly
one vast and almost indivisible summer
resort. Everywhere are lofty mountains,
glorious glens, feathery waterfalls, noble
streams, winsome breeze, misty corries,
and tiny shadowy lochs. All these are
attract and charm and hold. Families
settle in little neighboring numbers at this
or that beautiful spot. Thousands of

British noblemen and gentry haunt the
vast game preserves. And the tourist
throngs move hither and thither, tarrying
for but a day or an hour, countless bright
and colorful human threads and interlac-
ings across the sunny land.

But there is nowhere a place in Scotland
like the American Long Branch, Conny
Island, Newport, Nantucket or Bar Harbor,
or like England's Southport, Bournemouth,
Brighton, Margate, Ramsgate or Scar-
borough, where flowing, Babette crowds
jostle and perspire white bands blare and
fakirs roar. Strathpeffer away north in
Ross-shire, Rothsay in Bute near the mouth
of the Clyde, and Oban here in the Western
Highlands, are the nearest approach to
what may be termed great water-places,
Strathpeffer is distinctly a spa and is ex-
ceedingly aristocratic. Rothsay is chiefly
the summer-home of Glasgow's wealthy
families. Oban is a spa, seaside resort and
the great temporary halting-place of British
and foreign tourists in their journeys to and
from the Highlands and Islands, while
fully two scores of the most scenically in-
teresting tours to be found in Scotland of
necessity include a visit here. Some of
these, like the tour to Fort William and
Inverness through the greatest of Scotch
lochs and the Caledonian Canal, to Mull
Skye, Gairloch and Loch Maree; and
the silent, sacred ruins of Iona, are not
surpassed for historic interest and scenic
grandeur in the whole world.

Were it not for the bright days of life
continually ebbing and flowing through
Oban, the white city, embedded in emerald
and blue, were a center of the most beau-
tifully the ghostly mountains lie, would impressively
recall those silent, half oriental towns
of white, like flecks of beaten foam between
the sea and hills, you will see upon the
southern shores while sailing upon Mediter-
ranean waters. There is an depth of color
and light here at times beautifully softened
by feathery mists from sea and mount,
which intensifies this seeming, and is very
dear to the heart of British artists. Little
is there to know or see of gay social life
in Oban. The decorous Scotch nature is ever
warily decorous in passive pleasures; and
those who are in a gentle mental sphere of
rest in a sort of a drooping purring of quiet,
which strongly poses all who come to idle
through a day or week. Quiet, rest; a
drinking in of the blended sea and mountain
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and lavish scenes that nature spreads to
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SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS

NOW SHOWING IN

French and German Wool Dress Fabrics

FOR FALL AND WINTER, 1893.

Rainbow or Loie Fuller effects.
Fancy Mixed Hopsacking.
Hopsacking—plain colors, Basket and Straw weaves.
Ombre striped Hopsacking.
Fancy suiting, leading colorings, the new Honeycomb weaves.
Shot Boucles, with colored spots.
Fancy Diagonals, two-toned colorings.
Broadcloths in all the fashionable shades—see our special line at \$1.00 per yard.
Shaded Striped Boucles, Fancy Wool Mixtures.
Fancy Granite Suitings.
Striped Skirtings.
Moreen Skirtings.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.



BOY'S SUITS.

OAK HALL. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., King Street, St. John.

GLIMPSES IN A MINT.

Something About the Process of Coining
the Precious Metals.

It is rather difficult to attempt a descrip-
tion of how money is made. Even encyclo-
pedias which are supposed to be equal to
any and all emergencies, object to that.
In a measure they are right. To get the
best idea of the multiple and minute pro-
cesses of minting one must be an eyewitness.
It adds charm to the proceedings to stand
by the dusty furnaces, arranged in sentinel-
like rows, to see them open their jaws and
to look right down into the fiery cavern,
where insatiable tongues of flame are licking
up the molten masses of silver and gold.

A day or two ago Officer Brown, stand-
ing beside a visitor who had watched with
all the fascination of a novice the great iron
mouth opening and closing, betrayed him-
self into a neat little explanation of the
process of minting money. Officer Brown
has been many years at the Mint, so his
spoken with authority. Here is the process
in a nutshell.

"Mint money," said he, with one of
those eloquent waves of the hands he keeps
by him to use on explanatory occasions
such as these. "is just like making cake.
You mix the dough, you mix the metal.
You roll the dough into shape, we roll
the metal into bars. You cut the
dough into cakes, we cut the metal into
coins. Then we stamp them. The metal
left over is melted up and used again, just
as the cook gathers up the left-overs, rolls
them again, and cuts more cakes."

In other words, an amount of metal, say
the equivalent of \$90,000 in gold, which
chemically is made up of 90 per cent. gold
and 10 per cent. copper, is put into a black-
lead crucible about the size of a peck
measure. It is kept in the furnace one
hour and fifteen minutes. The workman
watches his gold as sacredly as the cook
his cakes, and when the molten liquid is
brought to the proper consistency he takes
a three-cornered black-lead cup, about the
size that would fit a monkey's head, and
dips up \$2,000 worth of the metal at a
time, pouring it out again with that mar-
velous dexterity, which only comes from
practice, into moulds holding \$1,000 each.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the
fiery stream of young and pure gold as it
glides into the locked arms of the iron
mould. When the liquid solidifies it forms
a bar, or, to be technically correct, an in-
got about twelve inches long and about
half an inch thick.

The ingots are subjected to a process
of rolling which lengthens them with-
out increasing the width. The bars are
then ready to be cut. One machine cuts
the coin, another stamps them after the
process of milling has been performed.
Milling in mint parlance, has somewhat of
a different significance than in ordinary
remarking. It signifies the rolling over of
the edge of the coin preparatory to stamp-
ing it with the minute indentations, which
are commonly known as the milling. The
stamp is part of the process of stamping;
it is done at the time that the ingot is
put on the coin.

Speaking of stamping introduces the
large corps of women who form a consid-
erable part of the working force of the Mint.
About 100 of them are employed, and they
attend entirely to the adjusting and stamp-

ing. It may be said in explanation of the
process of the term "adjusting," that every
coin being as it is shaped is carefully weighed.
If too heavy the edge is delicately filed
until the coin is of lawful weight; if too
light, the piece is sent to be remelted. This
process of weighing and adjusting is an
employment to which women, with their
delicacy of touch are well suited. They
are also in charge of the stamping. In-
cidentally it may be said that most presses
stamp from 80 to 110 coins every minute.
In one short hour \$45,000 in ten-dollar
gold pieces can be stamped around the
edge and on both sides.

There is another part of the work which
comes under the charge of the women em-
ployed at the Mint. They do the sewing.
At first thought it seems a trifle incongru-
ous to associate sewing with money mint-
ing, but all the bags used by the Mint are
sewed in the building. The bags are made
of white duck and run up by machine, being
sewed twice for security. The bag
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WATCHING THE INSANE.

A KEEPER IN AN INSANE ASYLUM TALKS.

What the Attendants Have to Do—Some of their Experiences with the Patients—How to Hold a Person Stronger than Themselves Securely.

"Yes, I was one of the nurses at— Asylum for over three years, but I can't say that I ever look back upon that time with any feeling of pleasure, for the hardest work, both mental and physical, that I have ever done, was done whilst I was at that asylum.

"How would you like to have the sole charge of a big dormitory of forty-four lunatics, and many of that number red-letter cases—that is, patients who are liable to break out and become dangerous any moment, and must therefore be watched incessantly?

"You think it would be rather a mental strain, do you? Well, you're right; it is, and there's no mistake about it. There's so fiendishly—there's no word for it—cunning, that there's no knowing what trick they'll be up to next, to try and get your attention off them.

"There was one case I remember particularly. She was a suicidal and homicidal case, apt to be violent at times, but generally as rational as you are. Well, I've seen that woman times out of number feign sleep, when she had a homicidal fit coming on, so as to try and catch the nurse unawares. She never succeeded with me on that game, but she did with another nurse, though. I'll tell you about it.

"They had had a slight disagreement about some hairpins which she wanted to swallow; and it had ended in her getting a week of solitary cell. After she came back to the dormitory, she told that nurse in quite a friendly manner that it she had to wait for three years she would manage to 'do for her'; and, as a matter of fact, she very nearly succeeded. It happened like this: one day when we chanced to be rather short of nurses in the asylum—most of them were out for their annual holiday—this patient feigned to be asleep, and played the part so naturally that the nurse, who happened to be the same, and who threatened to 'do for' about six months before, really thought that she was sleeping.

"The nurse sat down at her desk to do some reports, but she had not been seated more than a minute before the maniac was on her. She had a piece bitten clean out of her shoulder, one eye torn right out, and was dreadfully mangled over her face and body, before she could manage to blow her whistle for assistance. Luckily another nurse came to her help, or she would have been torn to pieces.

"Ump, yes, it is true to a certain extent that the patients stand in mortal terror of their keepers. You must terrify them, you know, if you want to have any power whatever over them; but if you threaten them at all, you must perform all you threaten or you will never have any hold over them again.

"For instance, once I remember—it was when I first went into the asylum, and was new to the work—I threatened a patient with the padded cell if she went on making a noise. Well, she stopped for about ten minutes, and then commenced again. I threatened her once more; but it was no use that time; she sang, then 'cocked a snook'—of course, you know what that means, don't you?—at me, then jumped up on her bed, danced and sang violently, and finally, when I went towards her to seize her, she flung her pillow at my head and started to run round and round the dormitory over the beds, stepping on or at side of the other patients, as chance would have it. I couldn't do anything with her, for she was as nimble as an eel, and as I couldn't catch her alone, I blew my whistle for another nurse, and then, between us we managed to get hold of her at last.

"She never tried that game on any more, though, not with anyone, for she got about the worst 'wet towelling' that ever anyone got in that place for it.

"What is a 'wet towelling'? Well, I ought not to tell you, really; but, as I'm not in the asylum now, I may as well. It's just this: you and another nurse take the woman into the bath-room and then slash and fling her all over with wet towels, until you think she has had as much as she deserves. They sometimes get it very severely. One time I've just told you about, for instance, the blood came in several places. I know it's cruel, but really it's the only thing that they understand, and it's not very often done. The usual punishments are the padded cell and the solitary or dark one. Sometimes they're put in a week, or perhaps more—as the doctor thinks fit—and they dread that room more than a wet towelling, which punishment, by the way, is not officially allowed.

"The way we move them into the padded room is this: We wrap them up in a tick sheet—a tick sheet is a kind of thick matting stuff, which prevents them from kicking or biting—then we carry them along, and put them in; they can do what they like there, for they can't possibly hurt themselves.

"Well, the worst kind of lunatic that I ever had to deal with was the suicidal or the homicidal. As a matter of fact, it was through one of the former that I left the asylum. She had made several attempts to kill herself with hairpins, and with a darning-needle, with which she managed to scratch open several veins, and had even tried the effect of some boiling water down her throat. Somehow or other she got hold of a roll of tape, and one morning, whilst the nurse was out of the room for a few moments, she hanged herself behind the door.

"Nobody knows to this day where she got that tape from, for none of that kind had ever been used in the asylum for at least a couple of years. Anyhow, she got it, and killed herself with it; and as a consequence, every nurse who possibly could have had anything to do with it got her walking papers, and I got mine among the rest.

"It was rather hard lines on me, for I hadn't had charge of her for three days at most; but as I might have been the cause of her being the tape, I was discharged.

"I'm not so very sorry, though, after all, for I feel certain that if I had remained very much longer I should have become mentally affected myself. Lots of the nurses, who have been in the asylum for some four or five years, are really

little better than lunatics themselves, and I should have become the same had I remained.

"No, there isn't much to learn when you go in. You must be well-made, strong and healthy, of course, to get in at all, but after that all you have to do is how to hold down a patient properly, and all that sort of thing. Now, I could hold you down on the floor as long as I wanted to, although you are a man and I am only a woman. How? Why like this"—and our friend, with a sudden jerk of her muscular wrist, pinned our arm behind us in some peculiar manner; our legs seemed to disappear from under us at the same time, and we found ourselves on the floor, with the ex-asylum nurse on our chest and one of her hands on our throat.

"Now, we are strong, stronger than the average man; but in the grasp of this lady we were powerless as a child, for we couldn't use our strength at all.

"That's how it's done," she said, with a smile, as she released us; and we were beginning to think that we were dealing with a genuine maniac; "do you think you could do it, now that I have shown you?" We confessed that we didn't think so, and then after a little more conversation relative to the rules for governing the nurses, and their salaries—which seem very small to us, by the way, but which she did not wish us to publish—we left with a mental resolution that never, under any circumstances, would we quarrel with a lady who had been in the same profession as the one we had just interviewed.— [Did Bits.

Entrapped by a Look. The eye of a criminal is a frightful thing, frequently menacing in its effects, and planting itself in the memory like the glance of a snake from a poisonous jungle. Once beheld, it can rarely be forgotten, except by some special mercy that dips us deep in Lethe. No one would wish to remember that kind of eye or look, but my father once gained a case by his sudden recollection of it. A witness very damaging to his client had testified that on a certain day two years before, he was present at a certain interview. The keenest cross-examination failed to shake him, and as my father's face took on a vexed expression, a triumphant smile of concealed cunning stole out of the ready black eyes of the witness. Where had my father seen that peculiar look before? Suddenly it flashed across him. "Were you ever in Charleston jail?" he asked impulsively. The witness began to stammer out a denial. "Were you not in Charleston jail," now thundered the lawyer, "on the very day that the witness were present elsewhere?" The witness wilted. It was true, and the man had been committing perjury.—Henry Austin, in Donahoe's Magazine.

The Woman who Laughs. "You can trust your happiness with a woman who laughs," once said a wit. Though the assertion may seem like a sweeping one, founded on a very airy basis, there is much more truth in it than appears on the surface.

An honest laugh is the enemy of subterfuge, and the woman who can see the ridiculous side of the annoying happenings of every-day life will not become the dismal, tiresome companion that the pessimistic individual is so apt to prove.

Somehow one feels instinctively that they can trust a person who has laughing eyes, whose mouth is ever ready to dimple into smiles, and whose disposition tends to brightness rather than depression.

Loud meaningless laughter is as bad as the cackling giggle emanating from a shallow mind, and is an evidence of lack of breeding, but the spontaneous, low, happy little laugh, teeming with enjoyment of the moment, and backed by a nature pure and lovable, is a charm in woman as attractive as a lovely face or beautiful form.

Luckily They Were Discovered. The drill-instructor of a certain regiment, being of a thirsty nature, often took the men he was drilling round near to the canteen, to be far from "the marching column." He would march them up to the canteen door, call "Right about!" then dive into the canteen, always emerging in time to give them another command before they reached the end of the parade ground.

One day, however, as he was drinking a pint of beer, some of it almost choked him. That he rushed, spluttering and coughing, just in time to see six of the men marching through a gate, and the rest standing "marking time," with their faces close to the wall.

Before he got his throat cleared the colonel came upon the scene, and at once commenced to make inquiries. That man does not drill the recruits now. Subsequently, the six who disappeared were discovered about a mile further off still marching, and were publicly complimented for their obedience to orders. [Ex.

The Trinket Worm. Among the novelties in nature is a small worm, called the trinket worm, characterized by the peculiarity which gives rise to its name. On the leaves of a wild vine, is found a small worm, which looks at first like a small piece of white thread, and is almost motionless. If the leaf be taken off and placed under a glass case in the room, this little thread will, in the short space of twenty-four hours, grow into a good-sized caterpillar, beautifully colored, and studded with golden spots. When matured it will climb up the grass, fasten one of its extremities to the glass roof, and, leaving the other hanging in the air, will curl itself into a variety of forms, presenting exquisite patterns for gold trinkets, such as ear-rings, brooches, clasps, etc., and changing from time to time in great variety—whence its name is derived.

Summer Regulations. Fruit in summer is of great value. Green vegetables are also good in moderation. But any food eaten and undigested is to a very large extent, as pernicious as poison, and very bad results are sure to follow. It is here that the occasional use of Membray's Kidney and Liver Cure has proven so successful, in relieving the irritated stomach and liver, and preventing summer sickness in many varied forms. It is recommended to be kept in the house.

Effect a Sudden Shock May Have. The well-known surgeon, Dr. Wm. W. W. W., has recorded two instances in which patients became suddenly stone deaf, from the shock of great grief or alarm. In another of his cases, a gentleman, quite remarkable for his sensitive and accurate palate in tasting and judging wine, by a

TAKING DENTIST'S GAS.

The Sensation of Losing Consciousness Described.

"Just loosen your collar and tie, please," said the doctor, as I leaned back in the chair of torture. "Ever had gas before? No? Well, you'll find it not at all unpleasant sensation, I assure you."

"Which are the teeth, sir?" the dentist asked; and as I pointed out the offending grinders which I wished to have removed, he continued, "Ah, yes! that right upper incisor and bicuspis, lower decupid on the same side, and lower molar on the left. Very well, sir."

"Bite on this, please," chimed in the doctor, putting a vulcanite gag in my mouth. Then, slipping a soft india-rubber nozzle over my nose and mouth, he added, "Inhale deeply and regularly, and you will soon go off."

As he spoke I heard the rushing of gas just behind me, and began dutifully gulping it. Next instant the sensation of the entactian canals (leading from the throat to the ear), the effect being to produce a ringing in my ears and an indescribable whirling dizziness in my brain. Opening my eyes by an effort, I felt them slowly close again. The whirling and mental confusion increased; the sensation of light left my eyes, and I was sensible only of a roaring tush that seemed to fill my consciousness.

My next memory is of being bound to a little black world, scarce larger than myself, that revolved with unimaginable speed through the darkness, dragging me with it in its revolved revolutions, round and round ceaselessly. Then I awoke from a stupor to find myself vainly struggling to say, "The subtleties of the consciousness in dreams are marvellously interesting." What I meant by it I cannot conceive, but I felt it absolutely vital that I should say it.

Next instant, however, I shook off my dizziness and found myself minus three of my useless ivories. "One little whiff more for the last," said the doctor, changing the position of the gag for the better manipulation by the dentist of the fourth and worst tooth—that wretched molar on the left side of the jaw.

Again the nozzle, the stream of gas, the singing in my ears, the oppression and distress, the increasing sensation of being whirled round and round through vibrant space. This time my dream took a curious form. I was being carried away by the rushing, thundering waters of an inky tormented and desolated stream, and I tried to prevent the slightest effort to escape. Slowly I sank in the waves, until I lay on the river-bed and felt the stream swirling madly over me.

Lying thus I felt myself gradually drowning—not with convulsive gasps, but by the sheer weight and pressure of the water upon me. Suddenly I became conscious of a man on the bank holding a rope which I grasped with my teeth. It only he would haul in he might save me! I waited in an agony of suspense; would he drag me out before it was too late?

I felt the oppression increase, the end drawing near, and still the rope swung loosely. Then I lost hope utterly, and said to myself, "It's too late!" as I let my head fall back.

Next moment I felt a tug at the rope, and bit at it in desperate resolve. It drew me up and up through the deafening roar of the waters.

Could I hold on to the end? Yes, I felt the darkness turn to light as I reached the surface and heard a shout from the banks louder even than the torrent; but the rope had become a red hot iron that bit like a serpent at my throat.

"That's all right," the man cried, reassuringly; "the last was a brute, but they are all out now.—Casell's Journal.

Tickets!! It was a hot day, and the pastor of a certain church in the suburbs, looking over his congregation when about half through his sermon, noted many nodding heads. "I wonder how many you, brethren," he observed, in the somewhat monotonous tone in which he had been preaching for nearly half an hour, "would be ready if the Angel of Death were to make his appearance at this moment, and call out in a loud voice: 'Tickets!'

Forty-seven of the congregation in various parts of the church awoke with a jerk, left hastily in their vest pockets for a moment, and became instantly attentive and devout.

American Women Gardeners. American women have attained some proficiency in the art of gardening for a livelihood. A Mississippi lady does a good business in shipping rosebuds in water, so that they are as beautiful and fresh on arrival as when first picked. A Californian lady has two orchards, one of ten and another of twelve acres, from which she sells apricots and cherries to the value of £2,000 a year. Another widow in California, once a reigning belle of the town, is the head of a cut-flower industry. She has seven acres of chrysanthemums and twenty of violets; this year she had 18,000 chrysanthemums in bloom.

A well-known judge once addressed a phenomenon of innocence as follows: "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent; the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent; I think you innocent. But a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common-sense as they possess, which does not seem to be much, have found you guilty, and it remains that I should pass upon you the sentence of the law. That sentence is that you be kept in imprisonment for one day; and as that day was yesterday, you may go about your business."

sudden shock, not only was deprived of that faculty, but also acquired an actually disordered taste, so that everything he ate tasted musty and disgusting. There are instances, too, in which the sense of smell has been destroyed by a sudden shock or by mental anguish.

He Failed to Score. Thackeray, the novelist, had at one time a strong dislike to the accounts of fashionable gatherings which appeared in the Morning Post. He delighted to write satirically of the reports, even suggesting that they were prepared by "James the footman, of Buckley Square." Yet he was somewhat annoyed to find his name constantly omitted from their lists.

Accordingly, one day seeing the Morning Post reporter busily engaged at a great entertainment in writing down the names of celebrities as they entered, the great novelist approached him and said pointedly—"My name is Thackeray."

The reporter, without even glancing up, said quietly—"And mine is James."

And neither on that occasion nor any other did he ever place Thackeray's name in the list of celebrities.—Casell's Saturday Journal.

So far as this peculiarity goes the Thackerays are not all dead yet. Progress knows a number of them.

SHARPS BALSAM OF GINGER AND ANISEED. GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS. OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS. BAPTIST CHURCH, N. B.

ALWAYS Ask for Islay Blend.



IMPORT ORDER SOLICITED. T. WILLIAM BELL, ST. JOHN, N. B. SOLE AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK. EQUITY SALE.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, ON SATURDAY, THE SEVENTH DAY OF OCTOBER NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday, the 20th day of July last, in a cause in said Court pending wherein J. Douglas Hazen and George F. Smith, Trustees of the Estate of Francis E. and Edith Murray, under the last Will and Testament of the Honorable William Botford, deceased, are Plaintiffs, and James C. Lawton and Annie E. Lawton, his wife, are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises in the Plaintiffs' Bill, and in said Decreeal Order mentioned and described as

ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND, SITUATE IN THE CITY OF SAINT JOHN, BEING KNOWN AND DISTINGUISHED AS THAT PART OF LOT 28, CLASS B, IN THE PARTITION OF THE ESTATE OF THE late Honorable William Hazen as lies on the Northern Side of the Straight Shore Road (so called).

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, heretofore sold and conveyed by Charles Edward Scamell and Anne Maria, his wife to Benjamin Lawton, by Deed recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the City and County of Saint John, in Book P, No. 8 of Records, pages 418 and 419, and therein described as lying and being in the Town (now City) of Portland, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province aforesaid, known and distinguished as Lot number eighteen (18) on a plan of division of land between the late William Hazen, Esquire, and the late James White, Esquire, having a front on the Straight Shore (so called) of one hundred (100) feet or thereabouts, commencing at low water mark and extending back, preserving the same breadth, until it meets the line of lands owned by the heirs of the said William Hazen, Esquire, and further referred to and described in a certain Indenture of Release or Partition, dated the eighth day of February, A. D. 1860, registered in Book Q, No. 4 of Records, pages 205, 206, 207 and 208, for the City and County of Saint John, and made between John Howe, of the City aforesaid, Esquire, and Mary, his wife, of the one part, and Georgianna Wilson of the other part, and the said James White, Esquire, and the said Mary, his wife, and afterwards conveyed by

For terms of Sale and other particulars apply to Plaintiff's Solicitor, or to the undersigned Referee. Dated the 6th day of August, A. D. 1893. CHARLES DOBNEY, Referee in Equity. J. TWING HART, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

SURPRISE SOAP Did It.

That snowy whiteness so sought for in linen can be had by washing it with Surprise Soap. You can't get it with common cheap soap no matter how hard you try. The peculiar qualities of Surprise Soap gives the cleanliness, the whiteness and sweetness, without boiling or scalding the clothes. The directions on the wrapper tell you how it's done. Read them, they are short. You will find out then how thousands wash their clothes with perfect satisfaction—you can too. Surprise is stamped on every cake.

Beauty is Skin-Deep.

The best way to realize this is to take a suit, old, shabby and faded, and let Ungar dye it. Your old suit will get a new skin, and one which cannot fail to meet with your approval. UNGAR MAKES THE OLD NEW. Feathers, Gloves, Dresses, Suits and Curtains when cleansed and dyed by Ungar are bound to give satisfaction. One Trial Convinces.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 68. Or Halifax: 60 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at UNGAR'S.



is not the extinct creature that cynics would have us believe. This is one of the thousands who, having seen the beneficial results of Baby's Own Soap on the most tender and delicate skins, reasons that it must be pure, that it must be free from irritating qualities, and that it must be henceforth exclusively her own and her baby's soap. Beware of imitations. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL. Copyright 1893, by the Albert Toilet Soap Co.

ALWAYS INSURE PHOENIX Insurance Company of your property in the HARTFORD, CONN. WHY? Because of its STRENGTH, LOSS-PAYING POWER, and RECORD FOR FAIR AND HONORABLE DEALING.

HAROLD PERLEY, GEO. F. GALKIN, GENERAL Electric Light and Railway Supplies, Sole Agents for the New Beacon Lamps. Incandescent.

Estimates Furnished for Complete Plants. All Goods Guaranteed.

H. CHUBB & CO., (Chubb's Corner), St. John, N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1855 Taylor's Cafes 145 & 147 FRONTS EAST TORONTO. B. B. BLIZARD, St. John, N. B., Sole Agent for the Maritime Provinces.

Sunday Reading.

PRIZE SOAP

Whiteness so sought... Surprise Soap... no matter how hard

Deep.

to take a suit, old, dye it. Your old which cannot fail

vinces.

UNCAR'S.

an!

CO., MONTREAL.

HARTFORD, CONN.

EO. F. GALKIN,

Lamps.

complete Plants.

St. John, N. B.

TORONTO

the Maritime Provinces.

Faith Built This Home. Mrs. E. M. Wittemore, the founder and manager of "The Door of Hope," a Rescue Home for Fallen Girls in New York...

Mutual Service. A switchman in giving an account of his conversion said: "I was signalman at the A-Junction. One day just as I had signalled 'clear,' and the express was coming up at full speed, I was horror-struck at seeing a gentleman about to cross the line."

The Gentleman's Psalm. Very few people would agree exactly in giving a definition of a gentleman. Some have an idea that he is a man who lives on the income of his property and does no work...

The Original Language of Christ. Prof. Roberts of St. Andrews, says the London News, "still firmly adheres" to the opinion that the language spoken by Christ was not a dialect of Hebrew, but a Hebraistic form of the Greek.

Seeing is Believing. A skeptical young collegian confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. "Does thee believe in France?" "Yes; for though I have not seen it, I have seen others that have. Besides, there are plenty of proofs that such a country does exist."

Popular Veneration. Our English cousins manifest a tenacious veneration for the buildings that are almost unknown among the Americans of the States. We are led to remark this after reading an account of the restoration of the ancient Priory of St. Bartholomew the Great, in London.

According to the census of Burma, only recently published, there are 6,888,075, Buddhists, 168,449 Nat-worshippers, 171,577 Hindus, 233,081 Mohammedans, 234,768 Christians, 3,164 Sikhs, 351 Jews, 99 Parsis, and 49 whose religion was not given. The Christian churches are represented as follows:—Church of England, 3,812; Roman Catholics, 20,828; Baptists, 89,748; Presbyterians, 389; Wesleyans, 110; Methodists, 413; Lutherans, 234; Unitarians, 8; Armenians, 186; Greeks, 13; Christians sects not returned, 300.

A Mother's Self-Forgetfulness. A touching story, illustrative of a mother's self-forgetfulness of self, is associated with Suss, a village of the Lower Engadine, in the wild, bleak, pent-up valley of Switzerland, which a barrier of many glaciers separates from Italy.

Surrender. Then lead me, Friend. Here is my hand, Not in dumb resignation laid, Because thee one cannot withstand. In love, Lord, with complete consent.

For Neuralgia Use Minard's Liniment For Rheumatism Use Minard's Liniment For Coughs and Colds Use Minard's Liniment For Burns and Scalds Use Minard's Liniment For Aches and Pains Use Minard's Liniment For Falling out of Hair Use Minard's Liniment For Distemper in Horses Use Minard's Liniment For Corns and Warts Use Minard's Liniment

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

HEART FAILURE, FAINTNESS, ACUTE DYSPEPSIA, Complete Nervous Prostration. HAWKER'S NERVE & STOMACH TONIC. A LADY'S EXPERIENCE.

THE CHOLERA SCARE. Boards of Health are appealing to the people to assist them in having all premises thoroughly cleaned, and it is hoped the response will be general and hearty.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA. Capt. Grafton, of the St. John bark Queen of the Fleet, says that Dr. Manning's German Remedy is the best medicine for general use that he ever had on his vessel and he would not be without it at any price.

THOMAS J. EGAN, GUNMAKER and importer of Guns, Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods. Agent Peterborough, Canada Co., Halifax, Nova Scotia P. O. Box 145.

HARNESS. A nice assortment of Light Driving in stock from \$10.00 upwards, and all kinds made to order at low prices.

WM. ROBB'S, 204 Union Street.

may be deservedly punished, while a good man, who, from the right exercise of his free will, does not transgress the law of God, is entitled to praise. At last Augustine declared that predestination was unconditional, and in A. D. 529 the Council of Araucaria declared that his system was the doctrine of the Church. Four hundred years later the monk Godeschalus carried Augustine's ideas to their logical ending, by declaring that men were predestinated to everlasting punishment, without any reference to sin or innocence on their part.

SEE THAT THE MOST DELICIOUS CHOCOLATES. GANONG BROS., L'td. MARK. "THE FINEST IN THE LAND." St. Stephen, N. B.

ADVERTISING PAYS. Dear Sirs: I have seen your advertisement in a Saint John paper for your medicine of Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup. I would like to know how you sell it, and how much would it cost to send it to Brooklyn, United States. My mother is sick something like that lady whose photo you had in the paper and it cured.

Yours truly, LOUIS SNELL, 290 Columbia St. South Brooklyn, United States.

REFRIGERATORS From \$8.00 up. A Splendid Line. We have a Few Second-Hand Ranges in Good Order, To Sell Cheap.

Coles & Sharp, - 90 Charlotte St.

Featherbone! Is simply quills put into corsets. There is nothing in the world so elastic or tough as quills. Featherbone Corsets are therefore tougher and more elastic than any other corset. Wear them, and you will be convinced that this is so.

I. O. F. THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS is far and away the BEST Fraternal Benefit Society in the world. It was founded in Newark, New Jersey, on the 17th July, 1854, and has spread all over the United States and Canada, and is now being extended to Great Britain, New Zealand and Australia.

Table with columns: No. of Members, Balance in Bank, No. of Members, Balance in Bank. Rows for various months from 1882 to 1890.

The total number of applications considered by the Medical Board for the month of April, 1893, was 1500; May, 1893, and for the year ending 31st December, 1892, was 15,247, of which 17,025 were passed, and 1,219 rejected.

GRONHAYEKKA, M. D., S. C. B., Toronto, Canada. JOHN A. McULLIVRAY, Q. C., S. C. B., Toronto, Canada.

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

DO You Understand

The true character of our

Sliding Scale Sale?

It does not bring forth different goods each week, but different prices. Do not think, therefore, that this advertisement remains the same. Each week deserves a reading. So much for an introduction. Now for facts:

Colored Dress Goods

Last week we intimated our intention of clearing out all in stock at 30 cents. Since then we hear the rumbling of our Fall Stock, so hasten the end by offering

Choice of Colored Dress Goods, (Navy excepted) 27c. (Some were 85c.)

We Are Anxious

To sell more Buttons than we have been doing. Indeed we are so excited about it that we are offering

Any Button in Stock HALF PRICE.

Dress Trimmings,

Remainder of Stock, 5⁰ YARD.

Cotton Hosiery, 17c.

For two pairs for 80c.

Ladies and Children's Sizes PLAIN ONLY.

Ladies' Gloves,

10c.

SPEAKING OF GLOVES,
We have a large lot of

Ladies'

KID GLOVES, Black and Colored,

Which we are going to sell for 75c. A PAIR.

Some are as high as \$1.35.

We Have Reason

To believe that Corsets are still being worn, that belief being based on the fact that the sale this year has been unusually large. Large sales leave odd lots. On a counter up stairs you will find the

Lot of Lots,

Choice, \$1.25 pair,

Sizes 18 to 29. Some \$3.25

Corsets are among this lot.

Black

Paris Net, 10c.

Ladies' Silk Plaited

Hose, 68c. PAIR.

Cotton Dress Goods,

Light Prints, 6¹/₂

Dark " 7¹/₂

Light Challies, 3¹/₂

Dark " 4¹/₂

Curtain Ties,

These were two-fifty a pair. Wonder if they would sell at

45c. pair.

TAPESTRY,

Double Fold (was 65) 40c.

Ladies' Waterproofs,

Some \$4.50 ones in the lot.

Choice for \$1.75.

Men's Waterproofs,

\$3.50,

Black only, with sleeves.

Damask

Tabling

Choice of our Stock

Cream, . . . 49c.

White, . . . 66c.

Some were ninety cents.

Pillow :

: Shams,

35c. pair.

Stair Linen,

7c. Was 16c.

Napkins.

Choice of stock,

\$1.58

per dozen,

FINE LINEN,

80c.

A large lot of

Cloths

Choice

\$1.60.

Black and Navy.

Double Fold

80c.

All other Colors, \$1.10

TWEEDS.

Choice of the stock,

40c.

HOMESPUN

25c.

For Boy's Wear,

Serge, Navy Blue,

Best : 45c.

Cheapest 25c.

Ladies' Silk

Umbrellas

Choice of the stock,

\$2.40

DAMASK

TABLECLOTHS,

\$1.25.

They were One Seventy-Five.

Ladies' Cotton Skirts,

The Best, 95c.

Blouses,

Ladies' Shirts,

Very few left,

40c.

Ladies' Undervests,

33c.

Best, . . . 5c.

Cotton Vests,

FOR 25c.

Ladies'

Belts.

35c.

Choice Scarf

Silks.

(Loie Fuller. Black (- and Tints. -))

38c.

Black

Lace

Scarfs,

\$1.35

Some were \$3.00.

Collars

and

Cuffs.

25c. Set.

FLOUNCINGS,

WHITE AND BLACK

BLACK DRESS NET,

Demi and full widths,

Choice of the stock :

51c.

FANCY

and Plain

SILKS.

22c.

Argentine,

One yard and a half wide,

13c.

MEN'S COLUMN.

SHIRTS,

(UNLAUNDRIED),

Choice of best, 90c.

Silk

Umbrellas.

\$2.75.

Remnants of Cloths :

All single width cloth containing less than seven yards will be accounted a remnant and sold for 22c. per yard. That price, irrespective of quality.

Of course we cannot cut any length. To buy at this price customers must take the remnant.

Remains of Last Week's

Odd Lot Ties.

will be sold for

10c Each : 3 for 25c

ANY COLORED

SHIRT

For 80c.

Also white with colored bosoms.

The Best Cotton

SOCKS,

12c.

See our new lot of ties.

GEORGE H. MCKAY, 61 King Street.

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WOMAN and HER WORK.

I believe there are people in this world who in their souls share the belief of those benighted tribes of Africans who load their dead with all the available spoils they can command, in preparing them for burial, under the impression that the departed will thus be enabled to buy his way into pastures of eternal happiness, and that in the next world, even as in this, every obstacle will melt away at the magic touch of gold! They must cherish some such delusion or they would never go to the lengths they do in the hope of saving a few cents.

I suppose after a time the habit of saving, becomes so confirmed that it is second nature, and the victim of this peculiar form of insanity finds it much easier to save a cent than spend one, but I have known persons quite rational on all other points who are perfectly sane in the noble case of saving five cents might well arouse the envy of a Trappist monk. And, all without any object, beyond the pure love of adding cent to cent, and dollar to dollar, not for use in this world; because the confirmed lover of saving never breaks loose from his self-imposed bonds; not to leave to some idolized son or daughter, because the really mean man or woman is generally childless, but simply from some naturally sordid bent of mind which makes him willing to sacrifice everything rather than spend a fraction of a cent more than is necessary. And the strangest part of it all is, that an economist of this type seems to regard the saving habit as a peculiar virtue for which he is entitled to special credit.

I have known people who make it the entire object of their lives to get things a few cents cheaper than anyone else, and who wasted more time, physical energy, and shoe leather, in the attempt than would have outbalanced the amount saved, ten times over. "A penny saved, is a penny gained" may be true enough, but it is scarcely a safe motto to depend upon entirely, because the inveterate economist frequently out-reaches himself, on account of his very narrow range of vision, he is so eagerly engaged in saving his cent that he loses a good opportunity of making a dollar. The woman who travels from one end of the town to the other to save half a cent a yard on her new print gown, "just as a matter of principle" and not because she is too poor to afford the extra price, is far more extravagant than she has any idea of, and is blindly wearing out her physical forces, saving her pocket at the expense of her health, and coming home really poorer than if she had made her purchase at the most expensive shop in the place, provided it was close at hand. She is tired, cross, out of spirits, with a tired body and an aching head, and if she would confess the truth she hates the sight of her bargain with a bitter hatred, born of the too high price she has paid for it.

There is a certain pleasure in necessary economy, which has a sort of "virtue-is-its-own-reward," flavor, very comforting to those who are obliged to practice it, and the girl who is strong and healthy, but poor, and who resolves to walk in and out of town in order that she may conscientiously spend the ten cents car fare on caramels, gets more real satisfaction out of the hard earned feat than her richer neighbors would derive from the choicest box of French chocolates.

What woman has not felt an absolute triumph in making over last year's bonnet, so that all her friends thought it was perfectly new; or in getting another summer outfit of her black lace dress, by sponging out the old one, and buying a new one for really necessary? When the parlor needed a new carpet, or she had set her heart on that lovely sideboard for the dining-room, and Jim or Charlie had told her regretfully that he was very sorry, but he really could not afford it this year, because business was so dull, surely no other carpet or sideboard ever brought such satisfaction with it, as the one purchased with many a small self-denial, and the little woman who so earns a coveted luxury deserves an approving pat on the back for her perseverance. But the well to do woman who spends hours in bargain hunting, who cheapens a tradesman's wares, and he takes off a few cents, for the sake of getting rid of her, and who spends a whole morning pitching up an old garment which is scarcely worth offering to a self-respecting tramp, is really beneath contempt, because her sordid nature prompts her to live as far as possible at the expense of others. Take what you can get and give as little as possible in return, is the principal on which she moulds her life, and her worst enemy cannot accuse her of not living up to her principles.

I have known men who made a boast of never peeping at anything they bought at the time of purchase, although perfectly able to do so, the argument being that they instead of the shop keeper had the use of the money for from three to six months after the article was bought, and then when the bill was sent in they insisted on having five per cent taken off! Frivolous-worth of course, but if the shop-keeper was not up to our economical friend's little game sufficiently to charge him at least ten per cent more than anyone else, he deserved to lose his money, that is all!

I am afraid the gentler sex are not far behind their lords in saving grace, because I have known a woman cherish her fruit cake so very tenderly that the weevils ate it up before she could use it, and save up stores of worn out clothes, which she considered too good to give away, until the moths thought it a pity so much good material should go to waste and obligingly devoured the treasured garments which might have clothed some poor person, and so helped their owner in a small way to a shelter in one of those mansions where both moths and rust are unknown.

I knew a girl once who was not naturally mean herself, but who had suffered much from the extreme closeness of those in authority over her all her life, and after a while she became engaged to the man of her choice and was very happy. A friend of hers with whom economy was at once a religion and a pleasure, congratulated the prospective bride upon her engagement, and asked just one question about the bridegroom elect. She did not ask "Is he handsome?" "Is he rich?" or "Is he good?" Oh no! none of those characteristics mattered particularly, so she just summoned all the virtues up in one word and asked "Is he saving?" and his lady-love heaved a long sigh of utter content and answered with devout earnestness, "No, thank heaven, he is not!" She had had enough saving in her life, and longed for a change. Thrift, my friends, is all very well in its way, but it is too apt to grow upon one, and in its more violent forms, it causes a sort of blindness which sometimes prevents its victims from being able to distinguish the fine dividing line between extreme closeness and that anxiety to get the better of one's neighbors, which is nothing short of absolute dishonesty.

A kind friend of this column, and I hope I may say of mine, has sent me some excellent recipes for home made wines, and as all of them are strictly non-alcoholic, I do not think that anyone could object to them as a beverage.

Rhubarb Wine.
Take any desired quantity of rhubarb and pound it, a few sticks at a time, with a wooden mallet, or old fashioned potato pounder against the side of a wooden pail or clean butter tub. When all the stalks are pounded, place them in a coarse towel or cloth and wring all the remaining juice out of them. To every pint of juice add same quantity of water and to each quart of this liquid put one pound of coarsest brown sugar, the sugar cannot be too coarse and dark. Set away in an earthenware jar or crock and keep closely covered for three weeks, occasionally removing the scum until the mixture is quite clear. Bottle and cork tightly for six months or a year, the longer the better. The rhubarb is best in the middle of July, but if it can be got tender and juicy after that time it may still be used.

Raspberry Wine.
Four quarts of raspberries squeezed through a coarse towel, add two quarts of cold water, and one pound of coarsest brown sugar to each quart of this liquid, the same as in the rhubarb wine. Set away in an earthenware jar for three weeks, skimming when needed. The crock must have a close fitting cover. Bottle, or jug it, corking tightly, and do not use for a year.

Blueberry Wine.
This is made exactly as raspberry wine, except that any quantity of berries may be used, but the juice must be measured as in rhubarb wine—one pint of juice, to one pint cold water, and one pound of coarsest brown sugar to each quart of the liquid. Rhubarb wine looks, and tastes like sherry, raspberry wine like claret, and blueberry wine, like port.

DOLLY VARDEN—No, my dear, not at all. I never "wonder who is writing to me now." Receiving letters from people who are utterly unknown to me, is too common an occurrence to excite the least curiosity in my mind. But I am always glad to know that my columns interest everyone especially the girls, in whose interest it has first started, and I am pleased to hear from them, and to do anything in my power to help them. As I have often said there is always room for one more, and a warm welcome for all new comers. About your query I answered your questions last week, so I need not repeat them. I think it most unladylike for any girl to smoke at all; and so do all men, for though they may encourage her at the time she would be surprised if she could hear the remarks they make when she is not present. Of course, it would depend entirely on circumstances. People are often obliged to break an engagement through no fault of their own; but they should lose no time in explaining the reason of their neglect. I cannot tell you the author of the lines—"Hay Nelly, Ho Nelly, listen love, to me" in my mind. But I am always ready to quote that I can come. But I will have another book, and let you know the result. Your writing is rather odd but very legible, as I don't know your age, I cannot say whether it is unformed still, or not. No, I always write on Sunday myself. Your questions were no trouble at all.

A LITTLE IGNORAMUS, ST. JOHN—You signed yourself that, so I am obliged to use the name you gave, but your letter is not at all that of an ignoramus, rather that of a wise little girl who has sense enough to ask for information. If you find the hostess at home it is not necessary to leave a card at all, unless it is your first call, in which case take out your cards quietly just before you say good-by, and leave them on the parlor table, one for each of the ladies of the family. If there is no one home to take your card, slip it under the door. Ask only for the lady of the house and if she is not at home, and has neither grown up daughters or sisters living with her, leave only one card, no young girl ever leaves a card for a gentleman. Many people have their card receivers on a table in the parlor, and perhaps where there is either one servant, or perhaps none at all kept, that is the most convenient place, but the hall table is supposed to be the proper spot for it. Miss Smith, by all means, and then the younger sisters, are Miss Mary Smith and Miss Susan Smith; but never under any circumstances leave out the Miss. It is quite correct for the eldest daughter during the first season she is out in society to have her name engraved or written on her mother's card if she wishes it, but after her first season she must have her own cards. Do not have them printed. If they are not engraved, write them yourself, it is much better style. Your writing is not exactly what is called a "fashionable hand," but I think you could easily form it into one, and it is very clear and legible as it is. Write whenever you like and I shall be glad to give you any advice in my power.

THE DRESSMAKER DEFENDED.

A Reader of "Astra" Differs From Her Critics.

It is our custom on Saturday evenings, when the last customer has come and gone, when clippings and thread ends have been swept up, lap boards and press boards put away and willow frames exiled to the remote depths of clothes presses, there to remain in seclusion until Monday, to enjoy what we call a holiday. Our room having been made as neat and homelike as possible—one would be very aghast at such times to guess that it was a sewing room at all, unless enlightened by the letters "Miss Knox, Dressmaker" in the window—we put all thoughts of work aside and enjoy ourselves, each in her own way.

At such times Progress is a welcome visitor, and Saturday evening seldom passes without some one of us "dodging around the corner" to the drug store, for a copy. We are particularly interested in the society items, because we know a good many of the dresses mentioned there from time to time.

But, to-night our indignation is aroused against our old favorite, for, in an article headed "A Man and his Tailor" we find sewing girls shown up in what we consider a wrong light. Moreover to make matters worse, the obnoxious sentiments are expressed by Astra, Astra! our, I may almost say—patron saint, Astra! whose two columns on love and jealousy we gloated over with delight only a few minutes ago. Now we do not want any one to think more meanly of us than we deserve; so, urged on by the other girls, I grasp my pen and beg to offer a few humble words in protest against the blame heaped upon us as a class.

It may be that women find it more difficult to get their clothes made to suit them, than do men, but, if so, surely this is not the fault of that patient toiler, the dressmaker. I might suggest that women are more difficult to please than men, in every way, again, consider the endless variety of dresses worn by women, each dress requiring accurate knowledge concerning numerous details in order to be made perfectly. Contrast this with the comparatively simple way in which men's clothes are made. Think of the bretelle berthas, zouave jackets, trains, demi-trains etc., with which our modern ladies adorn their lovely persons; things which in the abstract strikes terror into the heart of man, and in the concrete (if I may so) use the hackneyed words) bring him a hopeless captive, to the test of the charming wearer. Surely the dressmaker, who takes the crude materials and converts them into those fairy like robes, deserves credit, verily, she must possess both patience and skill.

I think the lady whose sufferings Astra describes stands condemned by her own action. Why does she gossip about the weather, and waste the time of the dressmaker, by asking about the sick child, in whom she is not enough interested to know whether the little one has measles or chicken pox. Why should she not come to the point at once in a plain—I had almost written, manly way.

Miss Knox is our head dressmaker, Long experience in dealing with the ways of lovely women has made her "as wise" as a serpent; and as harmless as a dove—perhaps. There are ladies whom she treats well in every way, for whom we all like to work, and who seldom have cause to complain. These are not always the ones who pay the most for their work. There are others whom she treats, perhaps with "cold disfavor," but she generally has good reason for doing so.

Take Mrs. Gobbler, for instance, who comes each spring with her three daughters and consults Miss Knox as to the style, material, &c., which will set off the beauty of those three damsels to the best advantage; not to mention a chaste costume which is to grace Mrs. G.'s own portly person. Miss Knox spends, maybe two hours explaining, advising and showing her fashion plates, after which the ladies smilingly depart, and like the oft lamented bark "never return." The Gobblers do their own sewing, and this is one of their ways of getting points on style gratis. Mrs. G. excuses herself to her friends for doing her own sewing by saying:

"The dressmakers spoiled so many suits

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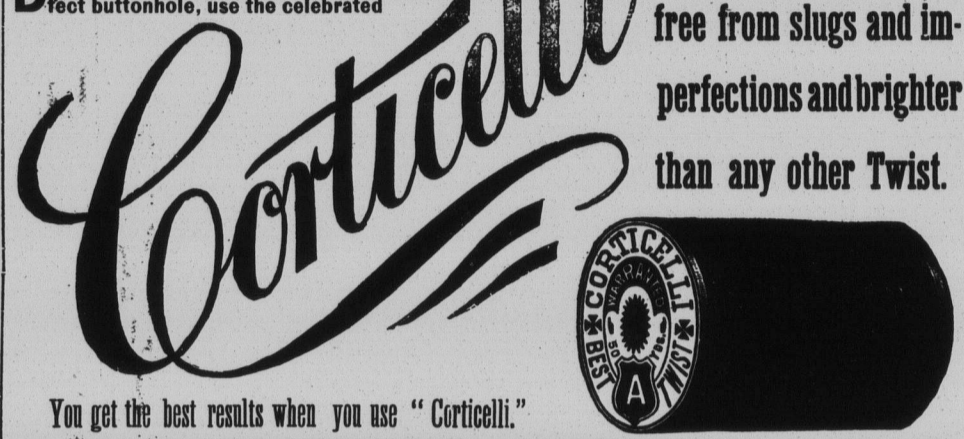
as it did not come up to sample we got them at a great discount. The manufacturer not wishing them returned made it possible for us to sell them at

\$3.50 per pair.

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for me, that I really had to learn to make my own clothes."
She gets a good deal of sympathy from them.
Then there is Mrs. Quirk, who wastes a great deal of money in getting old dresses "made over," under the impression that she is saving a good deal by so doing. She also thinks that, since the "made over" dress is worth less than a new one, it ought to be made up for less. She will bring thirty-seven samples of dress silk, from as many different shops, and asks Miss Knox which she thinks most suitable for the half yard which her dress requires. Carefully pointing out each shade which she thinks trying to her complexion, and taking up an hour or more of Miss Knox's time. A man would order half a dozen suits in the same time.

One of our most amusing customers is stout Mrs. Smiler; she likes to be extremely fashionable, and wants the wildest of frills on her shoulders over the largest of sleeves. Miss Knox, before whose mental vision the awful apparition of Mrs. Smiler in frills and sleeves which would make her look ten times stouter appears, tries to dissuade her; points out how fashionable narrow frills will shortly be, shows her pictures of charming ladies' simpering in narrow frills and looking perfectly lovely, but all in vain; Mrs. S. has her heart set on those frills; she gets up and says, "I will take the dress back to be changed. When Mrs. Gobbler complains of her dressmakers Mrs. Smiler sighs, shakes her head and says she knows just how it is.

Another trying lady is Mrs. Grumpy, who weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds. When Mrs. G. fell in love with her twenty years ago she was eighteen years old and weighed ninety-eight. She is blissfully unconscious of the reason why her dresses do not become her as well as they did then. Secretly she blames the dressmaker, and she sometimes throws out hints to that effect which makes Miss Knox smile like a "winty sunset."
I think that ladies should learn, as I believe they are fast learning to be practical and business like. Let them know what they want, give their orders in a plain, straightforward way, and be satisfied when they are carried out. This done, a most astonishing change will take place in the relations between the women who wear pretty dresses and their less fortunate sisters who make them.

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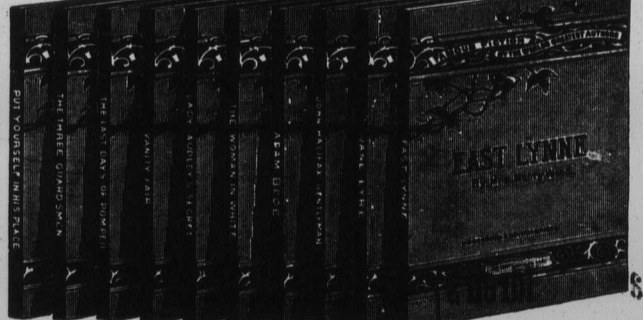
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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

No bread is baked in private houses in German cities. From 1828 to 1845 platinum coins were minted in Russia. The Lydians were the first to coin money about B. C. 1600. The United States silver 3c piece was first coined in 1851. Aristotle says that "money exists not by nature, but by law."

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If you regard her health and strength, and want to keep your home free from hot steam and smell, and save fuel, washing powders, and the clothes,

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When Cards Were Invented. It is said that the Chinese, who seem to be responsible for most modern inventions, invented playing cards; that one of their wise men invented them to amuse the wives and concubines of the Emperor Sunho, who reigned about 770 years ago.

Mr. Jones lent Mr. Smith a horse, which died while in Mr. Smith's possession. Jones brought an action for the value of the horse, attributing its death to bad treatment. During the course of the trial a witness (Mr. Brown) was called to testify as to how Mr. Smith treated horses.

The engineer pushed back the little black skullcap from his iron-gray hair and said, in the low tone which is usual with him: "It is pretty hard to say what a man should do when he hears the whistle of danger ahead or sees that a crash is coming."

Medicine in Vegetables. The following information may be useful: Spinach has a direct effect upon the kidneys. The common dandelion used as greens, is excellent for the same trouble.

Some Odd Facts. The "tazma" of Ethiopia deposits its stores of honey without wax. It looks like a giant mosquito, and its product, which it hides away underground, is eagerly sought after by the natives as a remedy for diseases of the throat.

The Remedy Was Simple. Smoker—You sell cigars, and yet you are opposed to smoking in your store. Why? Druggist—The smoke is offensive to many of my customers. Smoker—Of course. But that's easily remedied. Sell better cigars.

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Turner was an artistic drudge. He labored steadily during daylight hours, receiving a few visitors and taking no relaxation.

Tennyson wrote only by inspiration, and was very irregular in his hours of labour. His manuscripts were written in a small, distinct hand.

Goethe was never tired of revising his writings. The last three years of his life were spent in putting the final touches to a complete edition of his works.

Victor Hugo worked during regular hours, never allowing himself to be disturbed while at his desk. He took no artificial stimulants, and rarely worked overtime.

Emerson wrote regularly, and spent much time in revision. It is said that many of his essays were copied ten or twelve times before he allowed them to be published.

Beaumont and Fletcher discussed the plots of their plays before sitting down to write. They often strolled about the streets in search of incidents that could be used as material.

Young's "Night Thoughts" as the title would suggest, were written for the most part at night. They were occasioned by the death of his step-daughter and her husband.

Martin Luther wrote steadily, ten or twelve hours a day. When engaged in translating the Bible into German he often remained at his desk eighteen hours out of twenty-four.

Haydn was forced to compose in the family room at home, and generally in the presence of his wife. She gave him no peace, and he finally left her, as he once said, to get time to write.

The famous Adam Clarke used to write, without relaxation or intermission, ten or twelve hours a day. He never took any amusement, and always enjoyed the best of health.

Lord Bacon wrote in the intervals of business, but kept his writings in his desk until he had leisure to revise and correct them. His inimitable style is the result of careful polish.

Robert Browning's manuscripts are written in a clear plain hand, with few erasures. His legendary poetry is commonly founded on some folk-lore tale he had heard or read.

Fenimore Cooper wrote rapidly and spent little time in revision. He is said to have sent much of his matter to the printer without taking the trouble to read it after it was written.

Burke's were mostly done on the spur of the moment to meet an emergency. His style was rather natural than acquired, since he gave little attention to revision.

Are Women Charitable? In matters pertaining to money women are notoriously deficient in charity, that moral recognition of the rights of others. They think nothing of levying upon dress-makers and milliners for their personal adornment, incurring debts that they haven't the means or good-will to discharge.

Boyle O'Reilly was a skilled swordsman. He told me that when he first came a fugitive to this country he thought he would maintain himself by giving lessons in broadsword, single-stick and foil; and it used to give him great pleasure to put a foil in my hand, and say to me—"Ned, on guard! Now, run me through. Thrust me anywhere you can. Kill me if you can."

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SAVED AT THE LAST.

Madge Staunton, the only daughter of the vicar of Ickwell, had two lovers—Harold Garth and George Leggett. It was plain to all that her choice fell upon the former, a tall, thin, sad-looking man, prematurely gray, who owned his own farm, and, for a wonder, made it pay fairly well, one reason being that it lay by the side of the river Sedge, and was therefore well watered. Yet one August afternoon, in a moment of pique, she rejected Garth, and accepted his rival, a comparatively recent settler in the village, about whose antecedents very little was known. How it happened she scarcely knew afterward. The two men were playing tennis at the vicarage, and Garth said something she didn't like, and Leggett profited by his opportunity. That is the best explanation that can be given of an incident which had unexpected serious results. Garth, unwilling to accept the position, lingered until long after tea-time and Leggett, determined not to leave his rival upon the field of battle, stayed to guard his new acquisition, both of them eventually going away together.

There was a supper that evening at the vicar's house, and they had promised to be present, yet, strangely enough, neither of them did so. Madge, who was one of the party, was greatly perplexed at their absence. She was also much disturbed, for she had already repented of her rash act, and had decided to take the first opportunity of setting matters right. As it turned out, however, the opportunity never arrived. Leggett had vanished, and nobody knew what had become of him.

The vicarage, it should be explained, was half a mile from the village. About half way, at a sharp bend, was a cottage, in which lived a sailor named Andrews and his wife. A little further from the vicarage, the road crossed the river and then divided the left branch going near Garth's farm and the right toward the village, in which Leggett lodged at the post-office.

As far as the bridge, then, the road for the two men, as they returned from the vicarage, was the same; but at that point they would have parted company, unless something unusual had occurred. Had anything occurred? A statement made by Mrs. Andrews was suggestive. She said that between seven and eight o'clock she heard loud voices and, going to the door, she saw Garth and Leggett walking toward the bridge. Evidently they were then on their way back from the vicarage. High waters were passing between them, and she distinctly heard Garth threaten to smash Leggett's head. As it was already known that Madge had that very afternoon promised to marry the latter, the news having been spread by the vicarage servants, a suspicion got about that he had been murdered by Garth.

The suspicion was strengthened by the discovery of a pocket book not very far from the bridge. The actual spot was a clump of chestnut trees in the centre of a meadow belonging to Garth. It was undoubtedly his pocket-book, for it contained his name, and upon it were recent stains of blood. That was the opinion of the police inspector who now took charge of the case. He called upon Garth, and requested an explanation—of course with the usual caution.

"In the first place, Mr. Garth," said he, "how came you to be in that meadow? It is out of the direct line to your house." "Sit down, inspector," said Garth, much disturbed, "and I'll tell you." The door had been left open, and he went to close it, walking with uncertain strides across the long, narrow, low-ceiled room, with its queer, old-fashioned furniture and French windows, at which the roses tapped as they waved in the breeze. When he had returned to his seat, he said: "By the morning's post I received an anonymous letter, asking for an interview at the clump of chestnuts at half-past eight in the evening. I could not understand it, and perhaps if I had acted prudently I should have disregarded it. But I was curious to see what would come of it, so I went, only to find nobody there—perhaps because I was rather late."

"That is a strange story," said the inspector, looking at him keenly. "Are you in the habit of receiving anonymous letters?" "No, indeed. This was the first. If it hadn't been, I daresay I should have put it on the fire."

"But you were expected at the doctor's?" "Just so. And instead of going there, I went to the meadow."

"Because it was the more important?" "Because—well, the fact was, something had occurred." He hesitated and, with heightened colour, proceeded: "I had had a little misunderstanding with Miss Staunton, and I thought the letter might refer to her."

"I see," said the inspector, significantly. "She had just promised to marry Mr. Leggett, instead of you, had she not? I have heard a rumor to that effect." As no answer was given, he asked: "May I see the letter please?" "I burned it."

The inspector looked grave. "Yes, I know it is awkward," said Garth. "But I had not the smallest notion it would ever be wanted, and when I got back I was so annoyed at having been on a fool's errand that I threw the letter on the fire."

"If what you say is the truth, Mr. Garth," said the inspector—"and it is not for me to doubt you—circumstances have conspired against you in a very unfortunate manner. Are you aware that your pocket-book has been found in the meadow?" "I was not," replied Garth, suddenly thrusting his hand into his breast pocket. "I didn't even know I had lost it. I see now I have. I took it out because the letter was in it, and I wanted to satisfy myself that I hadn't made a mistake about the time or place. And it has been found in the meadow! Then it confirms what I said."

"But," said the inspector, speaking very slowly, "there was blood upon it, Mr. Garth."

is the gate, as you know, on the side of the meadow nearest my house, and instead of going round to it, as I was late, I climbed over the fence. In doing so I slipped, and tore my hand against a bramble. See, there is the scratch," and he held out his hand to show the scratches on the back of it.

"That might be held as evidence of a struggle," said the inspector. A constable entered the room. He had come in search of the inspector, whom he now addressed.

"We have found the body, sir," he said. "The face is so battered as to be unrecognizable; but the clothes were close by. There was no money in the pockets except an Australian sovereign, and no article of any value, only a gold locket containing a young lady's portrait."

"The clothes close by?" repeated the inspector, who did not live in the neighborhood. "What do you mean?" "There is a deep pool at the corner of the meadow where the pocket-book was found, and Mr. Leggett was in the habit of bathing there at all hours—sometimes late in the evening, sometimes early in the morning. There are alders round it which screen anyone from observation. As it was a sultry last evening, Mr. Leggett must have gone there to bathe as usual, for his clothes were in a little nook at the bottom of a tree. The body was found about twenty yards lower down the river."

"Any signs of a struggle?" "Yes, sir," replied the constable, "there are marks on the bank. I should say that the unfortunate gentleman must have been returning to his clothes—half in the water and half out—when he was attacked by some one on the bank above and beaten to death. That's what it looks like to me."

The inspector rose from his chair. "Well, I'm afraid there's no help for it," he said. "You must consider yourself in custody, Mr. Garth—at any rate, until after the inquest." Garth only bowed his head. The inquest lasted two days. Upon the second day the jury returned to a verdict of wilful murder against Harold Garth—the only one open to them under the circumstances—and in consequence he was formally taken into custody, in order to be brought up before the magistrates.

When the first news of this dreadful thing reached the vicarage, Madge was completely prostrated, for she laid upon herself the entire blame for what had happened. Grieved as she was at Leggett's death, she was infinitely more concerned about the awful fate which threatened Garth, whose innocence she never doubted for a moment, and gradually there arose in her the conviction that it was her duty to save him. In vain her father and mother argued with her, urging that such work was not for a girl, and that in any case her interference in a matter which would be in the hands of experienced lawyers would be downright folly. Madge was proof against all arguments. She saw that it was the cause of all the trouble, and that she was therefore bound to put it right. And as her resolution grew, so did her strength to carry it out also.

As a preliminary measure, Madge pored over the evidence given at the inquest, reading it again and again, until she knew every line of it. The fact that made the deepest impression upon her was the discovery of the portrait in Leggett's pocket. There was a rumor that, before coming to reside at Ickwell, he had spent several years in Queensland, and Madge regarded the Australian sovereign 'also found in his pocket' as proof of the rumor. It so might there not have been some mystery in his life which would give the clue to his death? The locket suggested the idea, not perhaps a very rational one. Madge obtained permission to examine it, and found that the portrait inside represented a very beautiful girl. Underneath was written the word "Emma," evidently an Australian name, and to some extent supporting her theory.

Before the case came before the magistrates, Madge communicated her ideas to Mr. Newling, the cautious, gray-haired solicitor who was engaged to defend Garth. Mr. Newling was rather amused at Madge's visit to his office on such an errand, and he was disposed to treat lightly the theories which she expounded with extraordinary earnestness. Suppose, he said, Leggett had at one time been in Australia, and upon he had fallen in love with a pretty girl out there—what then? Wasn't that a very slender basis for her elaborate theories?

"Mr. Newling," burst out the desperate girl, faint from disappointment, "if you disregard what I have told you, I shall have to my dying day, and if the magistrates don't release Mr. Garth, his blood be upon your head." And with these words she left him.

As she feared, Garth was shortly afterwards committed for trial, and for that act she held the old lawyer responsible, and true to her word, hated him as she had never hated any one before. Mingled with that feeling was a consuming dread, for the time that remained was so short—only three weeks—and what could she do? This sense of helplessness was terrible. She could do nothing but run to and fro, searching for she knew not what, hoping against hope, gradually giving way to despair.

Out of this she was roused by an interview with Mrs. Andrews, whose evidence with regard to the quarrel was the most damaging of all, supplying as it did the link between the motive and the crime itself. For this reason Madge hated her almost as much as she did Mr. Newling, and she had hitherto kept away from her. But in her extremity, ready to clutch at any straw, she now prevailed upon herself to visit the cottage.

Mrs. Andrews, a stout, red-faced woman, stood at the wash-tub up to her elbows in soap-suds. Ignorant of any feeling against herself, she received her visitor without embarrassment, and when told what was wanted of her, talked freely, repeating over and over again the words which she had heard spoken by Garth to Leggett.

"Were you alone in the cottage at the time?" asked Madge. "Yes, miss; quite alone."

"Where was your husband?" "That's just what I'd like to know myself. He's a nice fellow to dilly and dally tomorrow, and never telling me where he's going, though sometimes he does write a line to say he's got a ship; and since that morning I've never seen him. If he'd been at the door, likely enough he'd have heard more than I did. Not that he had any feeling against poor Mr. Leggett at all, only I've heard him say when he's been drinking he could tell some queer things about him if he chose."

"Queer things?" said Madge, eagerly. "What sort of things?" "Well, it was something that happened out in Australia, Melbourne. But I've never repeated it to anybody, and perhaps—"

"Go on," said Madge, impulsively. "Mr. Leggett used to live in Melbourne—and my man has been there several voyages, and he says, though I can't rightly believe it, especially considering what I've heard lately, Miss, she looked significantly over the wash-tub at Madge—"That Mr. Leggett married a young lady out there and deserted her. But it doesn't seem a thing a gentleman would do, now, does it?"

Madge's breath came fast and thick. "Had the young lady a relative—perhaps a brother?" she almost panted. "Did you hear that? And was he coming over here—over here in search of Mr. Leggett? And did Mr. Leggett know it? And did the relative come here and—kill him for what he had done? Speak, Mrs. Andrews. Don't you see I'm waiting?"

Mrs. Andrews was standing up, staring, her great round eyes open to their widest extent. "Lor, miss," she said, "Jim didn't tell me that at all. It wasn't Mr. Garth that done it, then? I thought all the time it had been."

With a sudden effort, Madge rose to her feet. "Where is Andrews?" she asked. "I must speak to him at once." "Didn't I say, miss, I hadn't set eyes on him since that afternoon? He's off somewhere, no doubt; but where it's to—whether it's a voyage to China or to the moon—he never thinks of telling his wife. He's not bad about sending home money—I'll say that much for him. If only—"

"The London docks, I suppose." Madge did not wait to hear another word. She hurried away without saying even good-bye, the astonished woman following her to the door and staring after her.

Firmly convinced of the idea that Andrews possessed of information which would go far to establish Garth's innocence—inclined even to connect his possession of this information with his sudden departure from Ickwell—Madge was bent on finding him at all costs. The fact that she could not discover any trace of a stranger in the neighborhood did not in the least shake her resolution. Nor did the arguments of her father, and as she could not be allowed to go alone, her mother decided to accompany her. So these two delicately nurtured women, utterly ignorant of the great world outside their little country parish, started off on their search—the forlornest of forlorn hopes—to find a particular sailor at the London docks.

In this weary, heart-breaking work more than a fortnight was consumed, and the day of Garth's trial drew near—so near that Madge, with all her courage, had scarcely the strength to go on. She was worn to a shadow of her former self. And what wonder? From one end of the docks to the other she had searched, not once, but many times. She had tramped in the most impatient way, and had put questions to every one she met—such strange questions, asked in such a strange way, that many had thought her mad. And perhaps her brain was giving way a little; the strain upon it was terrible.

Upon the day of her trial she was as far from the object of her search as she was when she started, that morning her father came to see her and to induce her to return home. At first, knowing what was taking place elsewhere, and borne down by the hopelessness of her task, she seemed inclined to consent, but her spirit was not yet quite broken, and opposition giving her fresh strength, she declined to quit the scene of her search.

Her mother being too fatigued to leave the lodgings which they had engaged, her father went with her, and, as usual, she set her face eastward, towards the docks. On the way she met a constable, and, as he was her habit, stopped and questioned him. "Andrews?" he said—"I seem to know the name. Why, yes, there was a man of that name—though I don't think he was a sailor—wounded in a brawl somewhere down Shadwell way last night. At first he refused to give any name, but afterward he said it was Andrews. He's in the hospital now."

"Which hospital?" gasped Madge, convinced that this was the man she sought—as if the world contained only one Andrews. When he had told her, she added: "Father, call and see at once." Father and daughter were accordingly driven to the hospital, and, after some waiting, were conducted by a nurse into a long, narrow ward, in which were many beds, each with its suffering occupant. At one of the beds the nurse stopped.

"This is Andrews," she said. Madge looked at the man who lay there, and when she saw his face every particle of color left her cheeks, and with a sort of hysterical sob she cried: "Mr. Leggett!"

The spot of that discovery proved too much for her. She fainted, and had not she been caught in her father's arms would have fallen to the ground. When she recovered her senses, she was in a small square room, containing only her father and the nurse. She looked around her in a dazed and frightened way, and said: "Oh, father, was it all a dream? It can't have been a dream."

"No, dear, no," said the vicar; "it was no dream. That misguided man Leggett is still alive, though his hours are numbered." "Mr. Leggett?" "Then Harold—Mr. Garth—is innocent! Oh, father, go to him. Don't lose a moment. No, never mind me. Think what he is suffering!" Her father wished to remain with her until she felt strong enough to move, but she insisted upon him going at once. He left her with the less reluctance as the matter was not urgent, indeed it was doubtful whether he would ever now reach Eastham, where the case was being tried, before it was actually concluded. Madge stayed with the nurse, and from her learned the explanation of the mystery.

It appeared that the body found by the police was really Andrews'. Possession of the knowledge that Leggett, having one wife in Australia, contemplated marrying another in England, he had used this knowledge for the purpose of extorting blackmail. It was he who had sent the anonymous letter to Garth, his idea being to have two markets for his wares; but before that interview came off—while he was on his way to it—he had stayed to bathe in the pool by the alders, and at the hands of Leggett, driven to desperation, had met his death. After the commission of the crime, Leggett had purposely rendered the body unrecognizable, and taking Andrew's clothes, which were on the bank, and leaving his own instead, had made his escape to London, panic-stricken now that the murder was really committed, sheltering the night in common lodging houses, to die in the end by the knife of a drunken Lascar. It was this story that Madge heard from the nurse in the hospital, and with this story that the vicar hurried as fast as train and cab could carry him, to Eastham. When he entered the court he found that the case was practically at an end. The jury had retired to consider their verdict, and the judge, evidently not expecting their absence to be long, was awaiting their return. In the dock sat Garth, his head sunk upon his breast, apparently unconscious of what was taking place around him. The vicar hastened to Mr. Newling, who sat at the table, and whispered in his ear. At the same moment the jury returned, and with downcast faces took their places in the dock.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the clerk, "are you agreed upon your verdict?" "We are," said the foreman, with a face so white that already everybody in court knew what it was.

But here Garth's counsel sprang to his feet, the news having been told him by the sexton. "Stop!" he said. "My lord, I beg your pardon; but before the verdict is given, I must speak. We have been engaged in a trial for murder—for the murder of George Leggett—yet George Leggett is actually alive at this moment, if your lordship will allow me, I will put a witness in the box—the vicar of Ickwell—who has seen him and heard his confession."

Great was the sensation in court, nobody was more astonished at this extraordinary turn of events than the jury, who had just agreed upon a verdict which would have resulted in the condemnation of Garth to death. They, at least, had had a lucky escape. As for Garth, he was too dazed to know what had happened, and when he was set free, he had to be led out of court by Mr. Newling like a blind man.

"You have to thank Miss Staunton for this," said the lawyer, enthusiastically. "She's a wonderful girl. From the very first she picked out an apparently trifling incident, and she has followed it up with almost incredible persistence until—until—well, here you are, not by my efforts, but by hers."

"Where is she?" asked Garth, a little light coming into his dull, gray eyes. He would have gone to her instantly had it been possible, but the strength had been drained out of him. He was ill for weeks afterward, during which times Leggett died in the hospital, and Madge was so ill, too, so it was not for a couple of months that they met. And within a year they were married.

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RAILWAYS.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R.Y.

On and after Monday, June 20th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11.45 a.m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 4.45 p.m. Arrive at Weymouth at 8.30 p.m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.45 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.45 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5.40 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 11.45 a.m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday at 5.40 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 11.45 a.m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of the P. & M. Co. to Washington and Baltimore. At Yarmouth with trains of the Y. & A. Co. to Montreal and St. John.

Through tickets may be obtained at 120 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Y. & A. and Annapolis Railway. J. BRASER, General Superintendent, Yarmouth, N.S.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1893—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT—1893.

On and after Monday, the 26th June, 1893, the Trains of this Railway will run daily—Sunday excepted—as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Piquash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00

Accommodation for Point du Chene..... 7.10

Express for Halifax..... 7.10

Express for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago, 16.35

Express for Halifax..... 22.30

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 o'clock.

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 10.00 o'clock.

Trains will arrive at St. John:

Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)..... 6.00

Express from Chicago, Montreal, and Quebec, (Monday excepted)..... 8.30

Accommodation for Point du Chene..... 12.45

Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 18.30

Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 22.35

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

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N.B., 21st June, 1893.

STEAMERS.

THE Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED.)

The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

The Quickest Time!

Sea voyage from 15 to 17 hours.

Four Trips a Week

from Yarmouth to Boston, via Yarmouth and Boston in communication.

One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday Evening after arrival of Express from Halifax. Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon.

Steamer "City of St. John" will leave Yarmouth every Friday at 7 a.m. for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear) Shelburne, Lockport, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p.m., for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday.

Steamer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 7 p.m. for Yarmouth.

L. E. BAKER, Managing Agent.

July 13, 1893.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Daily Line

(Sunday excepted)

For Boston,

With Connections to all parts of the United States, COMMENCING July 3rd and continuing every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday Evening after arrival of Express from Halifax. Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon.

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