

# PROGRESS.

Board of Works

8 May

VOL. V., NO. 247.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1893.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## SIR LEONARD IS THERE.

WHETHER HE WILL CONTINUE TO BE THERE IS UNCERTAIN.

Some Points About the Men Who Have Been After the Position, and Why None of Them Have Got It—Why It is Possible Sir Leonard May be Appointed.

Who will be the next governor of New Brunswick?

This question has been before the public for the past two years and many names have been mentioned for the position. At one time Senator Boyd seemed to have the inside track. He was known as a great friend of Sir Leonard Tilley and as a man who had done much for his party.

Then, Chief Justice Allen's name became very prominent in connection with the position. His appointment, it was urged, would be most satisfactory to liberals and conservatives, and besides the making of him governor would create a vacancy on the bench.

When the Allan boom seemed at its height Hon. Peter Mitchell entered the field and his friends on all sides of politics pressed his claim. He was pointed to as the only one of the "fathers of confederation" who had not been substantially rewarded.

The medical fraternity of St. John about this time concluded that they should put a candidate in the field and unanimously agreed upon Dr. Bayard as their choice. Since then it is understood that two of the St. John members in parliament have been divided between Dr. Bayard and Senator Boyd and that the latter's prospects have suffered materially by the nomination of the doctor.

Mr. Temple, M. P., had an eye on the governorship, but it is said of late that he has abandoned efforts in that direction and is working hard for the vacant senatorship.

For a time the names of Messrs. C. N. Skinner and E. McLeod, M. P., were to the front, but the appointment of the former by the local government to the office of Judge of Probates put him out of the race, and it was learned that Mr. McLeod was pulling the strings for a supreme court judgeship, and was not seeking to be the successor of Sir Leonard Tilley.

During all this time it was felt on all hands that either Hon. Mr. Foster or Hon. Mr. Costigan could have the position, but it appeared that neither of these gentlemen wanted to retire from the cabinet.

It not Costigan, why not Burns or Adams? thought some active Roman Catholics who immediately began a boom for Mr. Burns, their efforts were so successful that Mr. Burns' appointment, to take effect at the first of the year, had been agreed upon. Opposition to that appointment, however, came speedily, and from an unexpected quarter. The French of their province, though their then French representative, threatened to withdraw his support from the government if Mr. Burns was appointed. They regarded him as an enemy of the French and pointed to his opposition to the promotion of Judge Landry from the County court to the Supreme court bench in support of their charge. PROGRESS without holding that a man should receive public recognition, because of his religion, would be pleased to note that the "big plums" were more evenly divided among representatives. Should, however, a Roman Catholic not be appointed governor or Supreme Court Judge those of that faith will not be able to lay the blame upon their protestant brethren. PROGRESS has it on the highest authority that the government would have promoted Landry to the Supreme Court bench but for the opposition of Burns and Adams, and it is equally positive that Burns would now be Lieut-governor, but for the opposition of Judge Landry's French friends in this province.

The statement has been made in usually well informed circles during the past two weeks that the dead-lock over the governorship was so great that Sir Leonard Tilley was not likely to be disturbed until he had finished another term, dating from October, 1890. It was alleged that Hon. Mr. Costigan, finding that in view of the opposition of the French, he could not have Mr. Burns appointed, had objected to throwing his influence for any of the other aspirants and that as a compromise between Foster and Costigan, Sir Leonard's re-appointment had been agreed upon and actually made.

PROGRESS is in a position to state that so far Sir Leonard has received no official communication as to the government's intention regarding the position. He has not yet made arrangements to reside in Fredericton during the sitting of the legislature, which fact would seem to indicate that he is not at all certain whether he is to continue in office much longer.

The very latest report is that Hon. Mr. Costigan is to take the governorship himself. It is stated that he is not satisfied with his new position in the government. Whatever truth is in the report it is more than likely there is no foundation in the reason given. If Mr. Costigan takes the governorship it may be

regarded as evidence of his belief, the government intend taking a position on the Manitoba school question that would place him in an inconsistent position if he remained a member of the cabinet.

Unless the new governor be Hon. Mr. Costigan, the present outlook is that Sir Leonard Tilley will continue to administer the affairs of his office for some considerable time to come, an arrangement that would satisfy everybody with the exception of the numerous aspirants.

IT WAS DONE VERY QUIETLY.

But the Central Figures in the Case Realized the Forces of It.

When the county court resumed its session on Thursday for the purpose of passing sentence on Dr. Randall and Cephas B. Welton, convicted of conspiracy, there was much less of a crowd than might have been anticipated. There was a great deal of speculation as to what the sentence would be. Strong representations had been made with a view of getting the convicted men off with a term in jail, but there was a general feeling that this of itself would have no weight with Judge Peters unless he felt such leniency was permissible from the circumstances of the case as shown in evidence.

No indication of the judge's intentions could be gathered from his face or manner. He seemed in excellent humor with himself and all the world. During the time that he sat waiting the arrival of some of the counsel, his face wore a pleasant smile, and once or twice when the clerk of the court leaned over to speak to him in an undertone he laughed with all the jollity of a happy youth. To judge by his manner, one would suppose he intended to let the prisoners off with a merely nominal sentence. There was not a trace of severity about him.

The prisoners looked anxious and worn when they were brought in. Confinement and anxiety had told on them, and Welton in particular had shrunk to a smaller size than he used to be. Dr. Randall looked haggard and weary. Messrs. McLeod and Curvy shook hands cordially with the men, who took the salutations in a prefatory sort of way. They had come to be sentenced, and until that ordeal was over they had no mind for anything else.

Judge Peters did not keep them long in suspense. Mr. McLeod leaned over the clerk's desk and addressed the court for a minute or two in a voice wholly inaudible to the public. It was understood he was protesting against the passing of sentence. The prisoners, who were sitting in a row at the foot of the barristers' table, were then asked to stand up. It was evident that Welton was very nervous. Dr. Randall did not show so much agitation.

There was not an unnecessary word in the short, sharp sentence of the court. Strong representations had been made in favor of the prisoners on the ground of previous good character, but there was nothing in the evidence in the case to call for any leniency. The sentence was of imprisonment in Dorchester penitentiary for five years.

Mr. Curvy immediately went up to the prisoners and talked to them in whispers for a minute or two, smiling all the while as though the whole affair was a very good joke. He was evidently trying to encourage them with the idea that they had plenty of fighting chance yet, and that the argument on a writ of error would put another complexion on matters. They appeared to accept this view, for they were escorted back to jail, looking far from discouraged, despite one fact that there is apparently only one more fighting chance between them and years of convict labor.

An Idea in Ferry Tickets.

The ferry committee has not yet solved the problem of monthly passes, but something will have to be done before long to take the place of the rebate system. Mr. Lawson of the Globe job office, has in the meantime hit upon an idea for a ticket which seems to have considerable merit. The tickets are to be made up in book form, with say 150 in a book, attached to stubs. Each book or series of books bears a letter or several letters, and when a person is entitled to reduced fares he buys one of the books and the letters with which it is marked are registered at the toll houses. Tickets are not good when detached, and will be accepted only from the person to whom they are issued, while each book is good only for the particular month for which it has been sold. Whether the idea will strike the committee favorably or not remains to be seen.

Wrote Wiser Than He Knew.

At the last meeting of the common council a communication was received addressed to the "Sitty Council" of St. John. A man to whom this was pointed out was moved to remark that there was as much wit as there was bad spelling to be seen in the words. The council is in the habit of sitting so long when it meets that the term "sitty" is by no means out of place when applied to it.

## ALD. KELLY'S NEW ROAD.

MOORE STREET EXTENSION TO THE FRONT IN AN ARBITRATION.

The Chubb Estate Wants Damages, and Gets Them, to a Limited Extent—The City Engineer's Idea of a Ten Per Cent. Grade—The Ten Begging.

The extension of Moore street, North End, has been one of the great schemes of Ald. Kelly, and any honor there is attached to the work must rest on his shoulders.

The street runs parallel with Paradise row on the hill to the north. Its extension is authorized by an act of the last session of the legislature, founded on a bill sent up by the common council. Moore street extension was needed, it was alleged, in case of fire among the blocks to the north of Paradise row, and it was also claimed that the extension would so increase the value of property that the increased assessments would more than pay for the work in the course of a certain or uncertain number of years.

Ald. Kelly usually gets what he starts after, and he saddled the city with the extension of Moore street. The public will use it, to a limited extent.

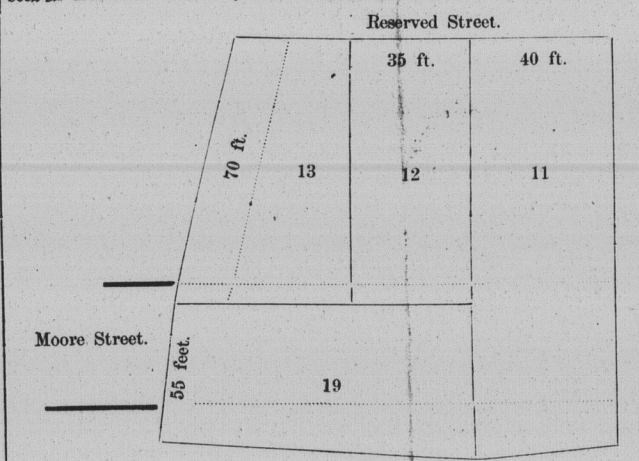
One of the results of the scheme has been an arbitration which has just ended,

otherwise. The estate did not want to be benefited by the road. They had a reserved road of their own which had been conceded to the city years before.

After a good deal of unnecessary evidence as to title, which was undoubtedly sound, the city engineer gave evidence to the effect that the extension of the street would increase the value of the property by making the lots more easy of access. He also testified, as an expert engineer of thirty years standing, that he thought the proposed grade of the new street would be about ten per cent. At the southern end of lot 13 the road would be lowered about 15 feet. A road might be made sloping upward at the same grade of ten per cent. to the reserved street, thus giving access to the rest of the property. The width of such roadway would be taken off lot 13.

The second diagram shows the grade of the street and the depth of the rock cutting through which Mr. Peters says a street with a grade of ten feet in a hundred can be run to the reserved street. Where Mr. Peters asserted there was earth there happens to be solid rock, and in one place it has a depth of more than twenty feet.

Mr. James Kirk, who knows the locality pretty well testified that the grade of a street on lot 13 would be the same as the



in regard to the damages that ought to be paid to the Chubb estate. The Home for Aged Females, as a devise under the will of Thomas Chubb, is also interested in the matter. The relation of the street extension to the property is shown by the plan, in which all the numbered lots are owned by the Chubb estate.

It will be seen that the extension will take all that is worth taking in lot 19 and will slice off the ends of the other lots. To get at the amount of compensation from the city for the value of these lots has been the aim of the arbitration. They have decided that \$200 is a fair figure, or at least that is the opinion of two of them, while the third, in the person of Mr. Ira Cornwall, representing the Chubb estate, thinks that \$200 and the counsel fees is something less than enough. With this idea he has filed a protest with the mayor.

The arbitration has been between the Chubb estate and the city. The arbitrator for the former was Mr. Cornwall, while Mr. Thomas Millidge represented the city. The third man was Mr. Robert Jones, who was appointed by the local government.

There was apparently no reason why the local government should have to appoint a man, but it did so because the arbitrators could not agree as one. Mr. Cornwall submitted the names of twelve or fifteen well known citizens, but none of them were considered good enough by Alderman Kelly and McGoldrick, of Dufferin ward. Some of the names which did not suit these two were Edwin Fisher, James C. Robertson, Charles F. Kinnear, S. S. Hall, George Robertson and Thomas McAvity. They wanted a man of their own, and they got him in the person of Mr. Jones, after application to the local government.

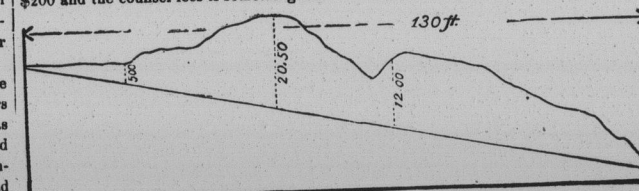
Mr. Jones, after his appointment, made a declaration of independence by saying on one occasion: "If you imagine because these men had me appointed that they can influence me, you are mistaken." Why did he think it necessary to make such a remark?

The city claimed, or rather the aldermen for Dufferin did, that the proposed new street would be of such value to the rest of the property that there was scarcely any claim to be entertained. To prove this theory two city officials were called, in the persons of Hurd Peters, city engineer, and W. F. Bunting, chairman of the assessors. The Chubb estate thought that as about a third of the property was taken, it should be allowed a third of the valuation of the whole block, but Mr. Bunting thought

grade of Princess street, from Prince William to Water street, which is about the steepest hill in the city. He thought the extension of Moore street would depreciate the value of the Chubb property one-half. At the point where there would be the least depth of rock, the street would be five feet lower than the land, while there would be a difference of over twenty feet in the middle. It would require a ladder on a stairway to get at the property.

James Tait, who has lived on Fort Howe for the last sixteen years gave evidence of a similar tenor. He thought the street would be of no benefit to the property.

Mr. Bunting's evidence was remarkable for the statement that the block of lots is



now valued at \$1200. If a third of this required for the street, were taken away, it was his opinion that the assessors would value the remainder at a sum not less than is now assessed on the whole. He did not think any value could be assigned to the land south of the rock as it stands now, nor would he fix a value on the strip of land south of the new road after that road is constructed.

The Chubb estate was willing to accept \$400, a third of the assessed value of the block. The two arbitrators decided that \$200 was enough, whereupon Mr. Cornwall, with S. B. Bustin as his counsel, filed a protest. He claims \$200 more and the expenses of counsel caused by the unnecessary insisting on proof of title. And he also wants to know what is to become of the strip to the south of the road. He has strong objections to relinquishing it to lots of the electors of Dufferin ward whose lots happen to abut on it.

It is quite possible there will be some more fun over Moore street before the extension is completed. The estimates for the work are said to be ridiculously low, and the performance is likely to be a very much more costly affair to the ratepayers than has been so far indicated by the promise.

Somebody Wants to Know.

A petition to the Government of Canada signed by the bar of St. John, praying that Mr. Justice Palmer be elevated to the Supreme Court of Canada, contains the following statement:—

"Judge Palmer possesses legal acquirements of the highest character, a man of great intellectual force and capacity."

What man of great intellectual force does Judge Palmer possess? Can it be Charles?

## AS THE DIRECTOR SAYS.

THE BOARD OF WORKS STANDS BY AND HE DOES THE WORK.

Why the Deficit in the Street Department More Than Holds Its Own—A System of Operations Not Supposed to be Contemplated Under the Law.

The deficit in the public works department in the street account will probably amount to \$25,000 this year. It may be, and very likely will be, more than that amount, judging by the rapidity with which it has increased in the last four years, or since the union of St. John and Portland.

At the time of the union, in round numbers, the deficit was \$7,000. In 1891 it was \$23,000. At this rate, the estimate first given is likely to be under the mark.

The amount appropriated for the street was \$40,000, so that the deficit is now considerably more than half that sum. The idea of the director of public works is that the deficit should be funded and made a charge upon the future generations of citizens. There are other people who think that it ought to be wiped out by curtailing the street expenditures for the next few years.

What is there to show for the deficiency? Without doubt there is a great deal. A large amount of work has been done in the street department, and apparently well done. It may be that a great deal of it was not necessary, and it is very possible some of it was necessary. So long as aldermen are elected on the ward system, however, and so long as each section tries to get as much expenditure as another section, without regard to the welfare of the city as a whole, so long must there be money expended which is not really called for by the circumstances. Every man tries to make himself solid with his constituents by getting as much as he can. From his point of view, if he does not get it, the other man will.

As the present director of public works once remarked when he was active in civic politics, "to the victors belong the spoils." The board of works is supposed to have the control of the expenditure on the streets and as a matter of theory it has. As a matter of fact the members of that board play a comparatively insignificant part in the direction of affairs. They have a director who directs, and saves them the trouble. Where there is a matter involving the expenditure of thousands the board exercises its functions, but in the minor matters the director does as he pleases. A member of the board may find a gang of men cutting away a rock in Carleton or Portland, widening a street, or putting gravel on it. "Who told you to do this?" he asks, and when the boss tells him that the order came from Director Smith or Superintendent Martin, he has got an answer that is sufficient for him. The board has not been consulted, the board knows nothing about it. It is enough that in the opinion of the director the work ought to be done.

Now it is more than possible that Messrs. Smith and Martin know more about the streets and their needs than do the members of the board, and it is probable, too, that they are working, as they believe, in the best interests of the city. Unfortunately the union act was not framed with a view to such a condition of things, and in the contemplation of the law the board and not the director should be the body to authorize the work to be done. It is by the aggregation of the smaller expenditures that the increasing deficit has been reached.

The director of public works has more power than the mayor of the city. The mayor is liable to be called to account by both the council and the people. The director on the contrary, expends the city money as seems best in his judgment, and that is the end of the matter. If his judgment is infallible, it is all right; if not, the principle is all wrong.

When a member of the board of works wants to find out what is being done in the way of expending the city's money to improve the city streets, he has to go to the director to find out. Whenever he does so, he is liable to be surprised by finding a good deal going on which should have had the sanction of the board before it is undertaken, but of which he then hears for the first time. It is all right enough, no doubt, and whether it is or not the board has nothing to say about it. Director Smith has considered the work necessary, and has undertaken it. That is the end of the matter.

This is all wrong, and wholly out of accord with the letter and spirit of the union act. Director Smith is admittedly a good man for his position, and knows what he is about, which is very much more than the men who are supposed to control him. do. His books are well kept, and always ready for inspection, but to the average alderman they might as well be written in Greek, for all the light he can get from them in regard to what the director is or has been directing. Supposing he can comprehend them, all that he can learn is that a great deal is being done of which he never dreamed, and that, except for facing the bills, the board of works is not in it.

Isn't it about time the board of works rose to be something more than a committee to consider and report on matters referred to it by the council? Isn't it nearly time for it to begin to direct the director? There is a general impression that it is time.

## NO SKATING ON HALIFAX HARBOR.

Nor Even the Floating Ice Often Found in Harbors at this Season.

A Halifax correspondent is moved to make this positive denial of a current report:

It is a matter of curiosity to people where some of St. John daily papers get their information about Halifax doings. The fact that three St. John dailies have persisted in stating that Halifax harbor has been frozen over, and that there has been good skating on it, has aroused the wrath of that venerable body the "Board of Trade." The writer is in a position to state that the harbor has not been frozen over this winter, nor has there been any floating ice in it which is so common in all harbors in the winter time.

It does seem strange that newspapers should insert malicious slanders on Maritime Province ports, instead of trying to place their advantages before the world. Surely these ports have not so much trade that we can afford to scare any way by fabrications.

## His Honor Kept His Head Clear.

In a recent matter before the equity court, the proceedings had advanced well into the afternoon when one of the council, Mr. J. D. Hazen, rose to address the court. He did not proceed with his argument, however, because Judge Palmer requested him, as a favor, to refrain from doing so. "I have to play a game of chess with Dr. Macrae this evening, and I want to keep my head clear," was his Honor's explanation. As the game was understood to be the final one in a championship series, Mr. Hazen could do no less than defer his remarks till the next morning. The best part of the story is that, despite the special precautions he took to keep his head clear, the judge failed to win the game that evening, and Dr. Macrae came off victorious.

## At Home to their Friends.

The apartments in the Masonic building which are now being fitted up for the use of the various bodies of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, will be ready for occupation early in February. Before the actual work is resumed it has been decided to have an At Home on the evening of the 10th of February, at which the members of the Rite may invite their friends to partake of their hospitality and enjoy an hour or two of social intercourse. The number of invitations will necessarily be limited, but will include both ladies and gentlemen. When the apartments are fully fitted for the work of the different bodies, the members of the Rite in this part of Canada will have good reason to feel a pride in the arrangements of their new quarters.

## What Mr. Gunter Has to Say.

The following is among the communications received this week:

Fredericton, N. B., Jan., 14th., 1893.

EDITH OF PROGRESS.—I notice by your paper of this date an article in defence of F. D. Crowley, and charging me with persecuting him. I deny any such charge, but would say all I allege has been proved in open court. I want you to understand, Edith, that I never passed over my door sill, and the statements in your paper are all in keeping with the one I have mentioned, and if restitution is not granted me by you, I shall seek legal proceedings to enforce it.

Yours Respectfully,

J. B. GUNTER.

PROGRESS is quite willing to accept Mr. Gunter's word that the girl never was in his house, and takes this opportunity to correct the statement. With the best of intentions, any newspaper is liable to err as regards matters of detail.

## Mightier Than The Chief.

At the curling match, on Wednesday night, strict orders were given by the management to allow nobody on the ice, and "Billy" Laere undertook to see that the instructions were carried out. Suddenly on the forbidden territory loomed up the figure of the Chief of Police, who is supposed to have a sort of a roving commission to go wherever he pleases. To "Billy's" mind, however, orders were orders, and he was bound to carry them out. Stepping up to the chief, he informed him of his infraction of the rules, and proceeded to escort him off the ice. The chief went, like a good little man, and told "Billy" he did not blame him a bit for doing his duty.

## Mr. Legere Is All Right.

A law-suit in Moncton over a few dollars, which has gone to such lengths that it seemed to be more a contest between lawyers than the original suit, was described by a correspondent who left the impression that one of the parties, Severo Legere was not a man of property. Mr. Legere takes objection to this statement, and, inasmuch as he is a contractor and a farmer there does not appear to have been any ground for the correspondent's statement. Such is the statement of a well known resident of the county and PROGRESS is glad to make the amend to which Mr. Legere is entitled.









IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The choir of St. Luke's church, is doing very good work for an amateur organization. Miss Beattie Farmer, deserves the compliments...

The "Border City" Minstrel quartette render some very good music. At times there is an accident, about the time, but this might be overlooked, on account of the beautiful manner, in which their voices blend.

The "Song of the Scepter." Their humorous selections were the feature heard here for a long time. Messrs. Coleman and Lyford have very good voices, quite equal to anything we can produce.

At the practice on Monday, the Oratorio society recommenced studying the "Elijah." There seems to be a delightful uncertainty as to what or when their next concert will be.

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from the public. It is only a few months since this peculiar fad or hobby became known. It is the passion she has for daggers and similar pointed weapons; they are very small in size, and many of them are quite historical. Some of the very smallest she uses for feminine purposes.

Mme Rosetti, who resides at Rochester, New York, professes to be a musical medium. She takes her seat at the piano and passes into a trance, during which she plays and sings with the greatest ease and skill the most beautiful and difficult songs. She sings in five different languages, none of which does she understand, and she performs with great efficiency upon various instruments without having previously learned them.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Zera Semon's engagement at the Institute still continues profitable. He has been turning people away this week, and the sale of tickets has had to be stopped before the hour for opening. Powell, Hilton and Mlle. Vera are still with him, but his drawing card is Sahib Ben-Hammed, in his wonderful Black Art.

The St. John Amateur Minstrel club had their annual meeting on Monday evening. Mr. Geo. B. Hegon was elected president for 1893 with J. S. Esson, vice president; A. E. MacIntyre, secretary; W. S. Barker, manager; W. G. Starr and F. Blackadar, managing committee.

The reports submitted showed that the club was in a good condition, and that it had contributed some \$300 to charitable objects during the year. The limit of membership was raised to 45 to accommodate some who were seeking to ally themselves with the minstrels.

After the transaction of routine business, the doors of the comfortable rooms of the club in the Jardine building were thrown open and the guests of the members to the number of twenty or thirty put in an appearance. They were sandwiched and beered and sang to and sung at.

After a round of speeches from His Worship, Doctors Walker, Berryman, Hetherington and others, the pleasant gathering dispersed.

I notice that our old St. John favorite, Adelaide Randall, is now with a company playing in "McFee of Dublin." She has been scoring a great hit in a new song by John T. Kelly, called "I long to see the girl I left behind."

The passing of Katherine! My prediction of last week regarding the coming of the celebrated Katherine Germaine Comic Opera Company proved correct. It did not open on Monday, the 16th; it has not opened yet; and it will not open unless the various members of the company walk down from New York.

The paper for the company is, so I heard it stated, in the express office here. The advance man is up in St. John's, Quebec, whether he went in mistake; the tenor is sick, and so forth; these are some of the excuses advanced for not keeping dates. The truth of the business is, I fancy, that the company, if it ever existed, has struck a "frost."

If the opera goers of this city are pining to see the blonde and beautiful Katherine, she with the rich and glorious full-throated soprano voice, it looks very much as if they would have to get up a tarpaulin, or pass around a subscription paper.

The directors of the Opera House should see to it that this kind of booking is stopped.

The Marie Gurney Opera Company is the next dated here I think. I should judge that the Gurneys who are now at Proctor's 23rd St. Theatre, New York, are not the finest opera people in the world. The remarks made in Sydney Chidley's letter last week about dramatic successes in New York city are equally applicable to operatic successes. When the Gurney people come it will be announced that they are fresh from their triumphs in New York, and that they enjoyed an unprecedented run in that city.

Local Talent in Fredericton. The entertainment given in the City Hall, Fredericton, on Tuesday evening last, in aid of Victoria Hospital, proved a complete success. The hall was crowded—every seat being taken. The first part consisted of a Tambourine Drill given by twelve pretty young ladies, who, under the training of Drill Instructor Fowle, went through the several difficult movements with great proficiency. The following young ladies composed the drill: The Misses Allen, Babbitt, Logan, Neill, Powys, Owen, McPeake, Purdie, Robinson, Campbell, and Tibbitts.

The second part of the programme was the much-talked-of operetta, "The Gipsy Pedlar." This is the first attempt ever made in Fredericton to produce opera by local talent, and the success that attended the initial performance reflects the highest credit upon Miss Annie Louise Lagrin who has trained the company with great care—soloists and chorus included—teaching them the music, besides stage action and all minor details. The music and dialogue by Herbert Harraden, was originally composed

for parlor use, and limited to five persons only; but Miss Lagrin, with great care and study, arranged it with chorus and adapted it for a full acting company.

The ladies and gentlemen who compose the company are all well and favorably known in the province and their popularity would insure them large houses in any town outside of Fredericton. Urgent invitations have been extended to the management to repeat the performance of Tuesday evening, from St. John, St. Stephen and Woodstock. Many friends from these towns being present on Tuesday evening.

The plot of the Operetta is as follows: "Peter and Reuben, two village lads are in love with two village maidens, Dolly and Cherry. The men being slow at proposing the girls, in a spirit of coquetry, refuse to have anything to do with them. The gipsy pedlar (a fairy in disguise) comes on with two wedding rings to sell, hoping to make peace. The girls—angry with the men's hesitation—scold the (supposed) pedlar and send her away. For revenge the fairy causes the men to go to war, leaving the girls sorrowing. The fairy then seeing their tears of repentance revokes the charm; the men are called from action and peace is restored."

The five principals were: Dolly, Village Lassie, Miss Harrison, Cherry, Miss Tibbitts, Peter, Village Lads, Mr. Tibbitts, Men, Mr. Racey, Miss Winstow.

Miss Winstow in the title role made a charming gipsy. Her song, "Come buy," in which she tries to sell her wares was beautifully sung. She has a full, sweet voice of even quality and scored a success in her part. Miss Harrison as Dolly, has a clear, high, soprano voice well adapted for operatic work. She acted her part with spirit, and left little to be desired. In her song, "Like a butterfly," she was delightful and received a hearty recall, to which she responded.

Miss Tibbitts, as Cherry, was irresistible. She has those rare gifts, perfect unconsciousness and clear enunciation. She loses her individuality in her work. Her clear, sweet voice was particularly good in the crying duet with Miss Harrison.

Mr. Racey, as Reuben, was most admirable, his ease of manner and excellent play were much to be commended. In the "marching chorus" he appeared at his best, his fine baritone voice showing to good advantage. This number was one of the best features of the evening and was heartily enjoyed.

In the character of Peter, Mr. Tibbitts did good work. He has a good tenor voice and sings with expression. His song "Queen of my Heart" was thoroughly appreciated.

One of the hits of the evening was the song "Love will find the way," (introduced with great success by Francis Wilson in the "Merry Monarch") was sung with spirit and dash by Mr. Cannon, earning a well deserved encore.

The last solo of the evening "A very old man am I" was sung in character by Mr. Hanford McKee. Mr. McKee has a perfect conception of the part and when he joined in the dance "Sir Roger de Coverly" with the gipsy as partner, fairly brought down the house.

The Choruses were spirited and the dancing graceful, showing quick perception and good training.

Many thanks are due the gentlemen who assisted the young ladies in their entertainment. Miss Lagrin was kindly assisted in the stage management by Mr. L. A. Tibbitts and Mr. W. T. H. Fenety.

By special request of a number of citizens who were unable to get seats for Tuesday evening's performance it will be repeated at the City Hall on Monday evening next.

Talk of the Boston Playhouses. We have had a very pleasant time here, among the theatres, since I last wrote you, and promises for better things in the near future, and many I should judge will be carried out.

The Columbia has given us quite a little run of that delightfully idyllic picture of Southern life, as portrayed in "Alabama," and what a charming piece of work it is, so thoroughly and artistically mounted and played that one almost forgets that it is only a reflection and not the substance—"Jim the Penman" follows—and by the way how much Agnes Booth will be missed in her magnificent rendering of the part of Mrs. Ralston, and then we have the first production of Oscar Wilde's play, "Lady Windermere's Fan." Julia Arthur is leading lady with the company at this theatre, which reminds me that on August 2nd, 1890, I said in my column in your paper: "I think this young lady (Miss Arthur) has a future in store for her that will be a bright one," and my prediction has been fulfilled.

The Tremont has held the Bostonians for two weeks for the greater part of which "Robin Hood" has been sung. When their new opera, "The Knickerbockers" was given for the first time on the stage, it immediately sprang into popular favor, and will be in all probability a part of the company's repertoire. It is by De Kaven and Smith, authors of "Robin Hood" and "The Fencing Master," and while it is better than the latter, I do not consider it equal to the former. The chorus work and concerted music are good, but there

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are not so many or so good solos, as in "Robin Hood." The scene is laid in New York, when that city was a mere infant, and was known as New Amsterdam, thus giving a chance for quaint costuming and pretty setting. All of the favorites have good parts, Barnabee's and Frothingham's being especially funny, and the soprano, Miss D'Arville and the contralto Mrs. Davis are fitted into excellent characters.

"A Texas Steer" is the running attraction at this house this week.

"Babes in the wood" has been the attraction at the Boston, and some St. John people have been delighted at the gorgeous spectacle, the beautiful ballets, not to mention the French quadrille dances also the Tar-ra girls.

Near by, at the Park, "A Temperance Town," is still a drawing card. It is not often given for an author to have two successful pieces running at the same time in the same city, but such is Author Hoyt's fortune, as this piece at the Park and "A Texas Steer" at the Tremont are both by him. The work entailed in looking after two plays and attending to his duties as a member of the New Hampshire Legislature gives the general Hoyt all he wants to attend to just now.

Across the street at the Globe is Wilson Barrett, the well known English actor-author-manager, who is filling a two weeks engagement. Last week he presented Ben-my-Chree, a dramatisation of "Hall Caine's Demeter," a triple bill, and his new piece "Pharaoh" a romance of old Egypt. Mr. Barrett is well known and liked in our modern Athens and full houses are the rule.

"1492" has left us for another road tour and the pretty Hollis street play house is in possession of that chief among comedians, W. H. Crane who has captured the town, as "The American Minister." Whatever Crane does is well done, and the public knows that a smooth, agreeable and artistic performance is guaranteed by him and his capable associates.

Down at the Museum, "Mayfair," which was not a grand and glittering success was pulled off, and replaced by a week of "Agatha," which was followed on Monday by the first performance on any stage, of Margaret Merrington's "Good Bye."

Bowdoin Square has been the home of farce comedy this week, in the shape of "The Hustler," which is neither better nor worse than scores of pieces of the same class—Dochstaden's Minstrels hold the boards at this house this week.

The great and only Ignace J. Paderewski has been with us and has as usual captured the town. He brought his hair with him, although I heard a whisper to the effect that a lawn mower had been pushed over it once or twice, but I think this is a calumny. The Urania lectures are the attraction for Sunday evenings, and they are very well worth attending, being instructive and entertaining. "A Trip to the Moon" and "From Chao to Man" are the titles. John Drew will be at the Hollis street theatre very soon with the great New York success "The Masked Ball."

"Niobe" follows the current attraction at the Tremont. Francis Wilson brings his new opera "The Lion Tamer" to the Globe very soon. Lieut. Peary of Arctic fame has been sending the cold chills down our backs this week by his description of his travels in search of that very elusive object, the North Pole. PROSCENIUM.

H. C. Barnabee recently said that pure accident determined his career for him. Some dramatic entertainment was to be given by the old Mercantile Library association in Boston when he was a young man; and the person who was to take the role of the typical Yankee was prevented by sickness from doing so. Barnabee was pressed into the service on short notice, but made an instantaneous success as a comedian. He was a choir singer for several years, but his debut in a concert was not made until 1865, the occasion being a benefit performance, in which Annie Louise Cary participated.

In his voyage to this country Paderewski brought a piano and two harps. When he was not satisfied he kept constantly practicing the glissando scales with which the audience last week was astonished. Even in moments when his internal system was affronted by the rude shocks of the sea, the great musician did not abandon his art for the sake of going to bed. In moments when he was too much nauseated to sit at the piano in his cabin he lay passively on a lounge and wood melancholy symphonies out of the harp. During this trip Paderewski gave several concerts which netted a goodly

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As ever before, the pianist held his audience spellbound by his wonderful interpretative power and his marvelous technical ability. With an apparent ease which must astonish even a musical ignoramus, he mastered difficulties which vex the soul of lesser lights for years. The music seemed to run off his finger-tips as if they and the piano were one; and the beauties which he unfolded from the compositions played were as apparent to the ear as the colors on the canvas of a master are to the eye. With him at the keyboard, the air is full of music;—music that one feels as well as hears; and the listener does not know which to admire the more; the beautiful result, or the ease and naturalness with which it is accomplished.

A Rare Musical Treat. The Grand Sacred Concert to be held at the Opera House on next Sunday evening will be one of the best of its kind ever held here. The committee who have the arrangements in hand have succeeded in getting the services of two of Boston's well known musicians, Madame Annas Howes Hernandez, Soprano, and Signor Gerard Russo, Harp Virtuoso; both have attained high rank in their profession and have been connected with some of the finest musical organizations of America, as well as those of Europe.

Tickets are to be had at all the leading stores in the city, and plan of seats will be open at Murphy's Music Store, on and after Friday, Jan. 20th.

AUCTIONS. FOR SALE. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT UNDER and by virtue of a License to Sell the real estate of Eliza Jamieson, deceased (for want of personal estate to satisfy the debts of the said deceased) issued out of the Probate Court for the City and County of St. John by the Honorable C. N. Skinner, Judge of the said Court, on the 20th day of December, A. D. 1892, there will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner, (so called) in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, on Saturday, the 16th day of February next, at 12 o'clock in the forenoon:—

THE LAND AND PREMISES DESCRIBED as follows:—All the certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying, and being in the Parish of Lancaster County, Province, etc. aforesaid, known and distinguished as being part of that Certain Lot, No. 19, in Block Thirty, and granted from the Crown to Archibald Jamieson, and bounded as follows, to-wit, on the east by lands granted to John Patchell; on the west by lands owned by John White; in the north by lands owned by Robert and John Kennedy, and on the south by the public Highway, leading from St. John's Road to St. Andrew's Road, said lot containing by estimation one hundred and forty acres, more or less, and demised by the aforesaid Archibald Jamieson, his heirs and assigns to the said Eliza Jamieson. Together with all and singular the privileges and appurtenances to the same, belonging or appertaining.

Dated this 21st day of January, A. D. 1893. WILLIAM A. BECKETT, Executor. S. B. BUSTIN, Proctor.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a station paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 and 90 Gervais street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Discontinuance.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 12,220.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 21.

AN EXPERIMENT IN HOUSES.

In the regular Boston correspondence of PROGRESS, this week, reference is made to a scheme for providing a good class of houses at prices within the reach of people of moderate incomes. To secure such houses for St. John has been an idea advanced by PROGRESS from time to time, only to provoke adverse criticism from well meaning friends who do not consider the project a practical one. The Boston idea is, like most of the schemes originating in that city of nations, of a novel nature, and from the nature of things could hardly be made to apply here. We have not the machinery with which to carry it out, nor are our facilities for suburban connections sufficiently developed to admit of the idea being carried out. As an experiment, however, and possibly as a suggestion for a modified scheme the Boston scheme is worthy of attention.

The idea is to build cheap, but sufficient houses in the suburbs, and sell them on the instalment plan. Three powerful philanthropic associations, animated by the antientimental sentiment, and backed by energy and capital have taken the matter in hand. They propose to relieve the congested condition of Boston's crowded districts and to give poor men a chance of owning their own homes on the most easy conditions.

The crowded tenement house is an evil wherever it is found. Boston has much less than New York to complain of in this respect, but there is more than enough to call for reform, and one who will investigate the narrow back streets in this or that "end" will find plenty to satisfy him that there is discomfort and misery, leading to all kinds of vice, and that any scheme which will improve the condition of things must be a good scheme.

Some men whose names are to the front in all that pertains to good projects in Boston are among the advocates of the new idea. Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE and ROBERT TRIST RAMSEY are only two among a number whose reputation is more than local. Briefly outlined, the original plan was to sell a house and lot in the suburbs, on the payment of \$2.25 a week. This house was to be one with four or five rooms, on a lot of \$3,000 square feet, plainly but substantially built so as to sell at the wonderful low price of \$700. With the interest placed at five per cent, it would be possible for the purchaser paying \$2.25 a week to own his home in ten years, and at the meantime to have paid all rates, insurance and repairs, out of the amount of the weekly instalments.

This plan was referred to a committee of prominent and practical men, who took nearly six months to consider the matter and brought in a report approving of the idea but recommending a considerable modification of the details. They recommended a better and more expensive house on more valuable land of less area, bought with the assistance of a co-operative bank. They advise that, at the outset, no houses be built for less than \$900, and that there be two other grades of houses, costing \$1,200 and \$1,500 respectively. These houses, they say, "should be on high, gravelly soil, with good cellar and satisfactory plumbing, and with five or six large rooms, well lighted and having at least 600 cubic feet of air space for each individual in the bedrooms."

These figures are considerably below what some of the friends of PROGRESS say a house fit for living in, can be built for in and around St. John. They are, indeed, lower than the usual class of cheap houses in the suburbs of Boston, which usually cost from \$1,800 to \$2,500, but when an organized association undertakes the work, without any attempt to make money out of it, the figures are brought down to the lowest notch.

The great difficulty in the way of following out the Boston idea in St. John is not the lack of suburbs but the lack of quick and easy communication with them. Were it not this the problem of how to evade the

high rents in the city might be solved. There seems no reason why, in this land of lumber, lime and other building material, a house cannot be built as cheaply as in the state of Massachusetts, and there, as pointed out in the past, it is easy to obtain a snug, self-contained and well appointed house at a rent of from ten to fifteen dollars a month.

We are not crowded from breathing room in St. John as they are in Boston. There is plenty of unoccupied land within the city limits, and much of it has been bought for a great deal less than its value. Despite all that has been urged to the contrary, PROGRESS believes that a class of cheap, but good houses, to rent at a moderate figure, can be built, and made to yield a good return to their owners. But so long as those who can build cannot see their way clear to go into the matter, nothing is likely to be done. As a result, rents will remain as they have been, even though week after week property is offered and sold for less than the assessors' valuation.

A MUSSULMAN MISSIONARY.

While various societies and mission boards are laboring zealously to convert the world to the christian faith, there seems a probability that at no distant day an apostle of the Mohammedan faith will try to turn the tables by a crusade for Islam in this country, or at least in the United States. That is the declared intention of Mr. ALEXANDER RUSSELL WREN, late United States consul at Manila, and now a convert to the faith of the Prophet. Mr. WREN is now in India, but he proposes to come to New York and establish an American mission for the propagation of the Mohammedan faith.

Mr. WREN is, as he says, "an American born, in a country which is nominally Christian, and reared under the drippings, or more properly perhaps the drivelings, of an orthodox presbyterian pulpit. He asserts that, being free from the prejudices of all creeds, and ready to absorb the truth, he became a convert to Islam only after earnest and unprejudiced study and investigation. He sums up the orthodox Mohammedan faith as being the superior of the christian faith, and he defines the points of belief to be:

1st.—Faith in God, the one God, the Creator of all things, who always was and ever will be; the single, immutable, omnipotent, all merciful, eternal God. 2d.—Faith in angels, ethereal beings perfect in form and radiant in beauty; without sex, free from all gross or sensual passion and the appetites and infirmities of frail humanity. 3d.—Belief in the Koran as a book of divine revelation given at various times to Mohammed by God or through the Angel Gabriel. 4th.—Belief in God's prophets, the most prominent of whom were Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus and Mohammed. 5th.—Belief in the resurrection and final judgment when all mankind shall appear before God, who will reward or punish them according to the deeds they have done on earth. Opinions differ, of course, as to the nature of these rewards and punishments. 6th.—Belief in predestination, or the inability of man to avoid, by any act of his own, the destiny irrevocably pre-destinated by God, and written down in the eternal book previous to the creation of the world. At the first glance this seems to deprive man of his character as a free agent, but a closer examination shows that it does not do so.

It may be a surprise to many to learn that Our Saviour is recognized as an inspired prophet by the Mussulmans, but it would seem that he is, and that they are fond of showing the parallelism between Him and MOHAMMED as regards their lives and teaching. They do not deny the SAVIOUR but the Koran is their real guide of faith. Mr. WREN thinks that America is sufficiently intelligent and progressive to accept the religion of Islam, if it is once fairly presented to the people, as he says it never yet has been. He blames missionaries and travellers for gross misrepresentation of the religion and its followers, and he believes it to be time the truth was told. He will overturn the errors that have crept into the Western mind, so he says, and he appears to have every confidence in a fruitful result of his mission. Like a presidential candidate he has great hopes that he will carry New York, and that time and the genius of the American people will do the rest. His advent will be awaited with interest.

AN APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

The institution of an apostolic delegation in the United States, with the appointment of Mgr. SATALLI as the first delegate is a movement of great importance as regards the Roman Catholic church on this continent. Mgr. SATALLI was originally commissioned to deal only with certain questions, as obligate, but objections having been made to his authority, the Pope has established the permanent delegation, which places him in a position beyond all cavil and question.

To the ordinary mind this seems to be a step that will do much to consolidate and harmonize the church in America, and to bring about what Archbishop IRELAND calls "home rule for American catholics, so far as catholics away from home can have home rule." All matters in dispute in various dioceses need not now be referred to Rome, but can be finally adjudicated by the delegate, who by virtue of his office takes precedence of all ecclesiastical dignitaries in the United States. He is not, as some have asserted, a new pope for the new world, but stands rather in the position that a governor general occupies in respect to the QUEEN.

Such men as that broad minded and far-seeing prelate, Archbishop IRELAND, of St. Paul, welcome the institution of the delegation as a step which while promoting

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

The Report of "That Wedding" Denied. I really cannot understand how stories get about, though wrong impressions are put on things beyond a doubt; But say I see by PROGRESS someone has got badly misled; Think 'tis only proper that this sad mistake be fixed. Your poet says that Uncle Sam Miss Canada will wed, And that, too, at no distant date, (in "ninety-blank" he said) Whoever started this report must be a friend of "Sag"; And no true friend of Canada can stand such awful crams.

Now anyone with half an eye can see that Uncle S. Is badly gone on Canada, and begs her to say "yes," And like some other suitors, whose hopes are groundless too, He unakes himself ridiculous, and won't accept a "no."

You ask me what authority I have to interfere? A good one I assure you—just wait until you hear. Will, first, to satisfy your mind and show my right to know, I must tell you we're related—he adopted me—and so I've an interest in the subject, and although I could not think She'd make such a misalliance, and to Samuel's level sink; Forget her twenty grandmothers, her mother disobeys, For that her leave was given in false—Victoria's leave was "Nay."

To make assurance doubly sure her guardian I saw, Sir John, said "I" are these things true?" He gave a loud guffaw Why, some of her relations do try, I'm bound to say To bring about a wedding 'twixt our friend across the way

And my ward the fair Miss Canada, but she won't consent; The idea of going to Samuel's large domain; She cannot leave the old folk, and he'll have to find a bride In Sandwich or Hawaii's isles, across Pacific tide.

So tell your readers PROGRESS, please that Sir John Thompson says, Though Canada with Uncle Sam's affections sometimes plays She has no more idea of wedding him than I have now Of making Mr. Goldwin Smith, a minister I trow.

Annapolis, Jan. 16, 1893. G. B. K.

Chose a Good Subject.

A reader of PROGRESS, in Gloucester county, having read the offer of five dollars to be given monthly to the author of the best original verse published in this paper, drops into poetry after this fashion: Your offer, dear PROGRESS is tempting Could the Muse be content by me, Nothing would give to me more pleasure Than to enter the lists for the Y. I'd take for my subject the PROGRESS, And recount in the loveliest verse, What a charming success is the paper, And all its good points I'd rehearse. And stanzas of tribute I'd pay it, For the pluck, perseverance, and mind Which is stamped on each page of the paper 'If the Muse would only be kind.

On the very first page of the Journal, I'd begin, could I do it in verse, And tell of those well written "leaders," So honest, manly, and terse. And I'd write of the "mystical powers," Whence it gathers political lore, And its forecasts, on matters—so certain—Could my mind but to poetry soar.

And I'd talk of the good it's effected In fusions, manners and dress By those interesting items called social, The "reason d'etre" for PROGRESS.

And Astral! Not a star in the firmament Can her brilliancy ever outshine. How I'd write of her wise, witty "answers," If the soul of a poet were mine.

Notwithstanding the Muse, dear PROGRESS, 'Gainst my race for the dollars combine, I assure you, in words most emphatic, My very best wishes are thine. E. T. A. K.

Rose and White. Days in the happy June! Rose petals fall While here and there all day Goes the tennis ball.

Maiden graceful, winking, Crowned with wide-brimmed hat Some hearts and "sets" hath won With a tennis bat.

Nights in the love-lit June! Rarest nights of all—When flower-scented thrills the breeze Rose petals fall.

Days when the year is so! Babe like clothed in white, Wrapt in shawl of snowflakes Feather-soft and light.

Maiden rosy, charming, Coat of blankets gay; See her playthings pallid—Balls of snow to-day.

Nights in the year so new! Moonlit, crisp, snow-sweet—And now the maiden wears Raquets on her feet. M. I. O. N. O. R.

Dec. '92. Quiet. There is never a sound save the snap of the reeds As the meadow-hen rises to fly, And the cry of the wind that follows and leads The cloud on the night sky; There is never a sound the whole day long Save the low wind's cry and the river's song.

And here on the sand, this warm brown sand Where the shadows of willows solemnly stand Or are lost in the hollows of fern; I lie, and the minutes go creeping away With the warmth of the sun and the light of the day. Oh warm brown sands of my island home You follow me still in my dreams; I see by the shore the soft white foam, I sleep to the murmur of streams, And meadow-hens visit my dreams for aye With the notes I heard on that noiseless day. THEODORE ROSSNER.

The Nurses are Made Comfortable. The suggestion made in PROGRESS two weeks ago relative to the comfort of the hospital nurses in the new wing, has been acted upon by the commissioners, and now the faithful attendants of the sick enjoy the luxury of coal stoves in the new part, when not on duty.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

Professor Charles G. D. Roberts' late contribution to the poetical literature of Canada, shows no diminution of his former fire, or of the power of vivid word painting which has always been a characteristic of his work. It is an ode written for the Centenary of the poet Shelley's birth called "Ave." The opening stanzas take the reader back to the Tantramar marshes, beloved of the poet's youth and once more the smell of the "Winds laden with honey and salt" intoxicates the senses; the fierce strong-rush of the tide is there, as it rushes between the river banks "Untamable and changeable as flame." The poet's strong love for the home of his youth is apparent in all the best of his writings. One feels the strong sweep of the tidal winds, hears the call of the plover the "peep" of the sand piper and—

"The song of the glad bobolink, whose lyric throat pealed like a tangle of small bells above."

The pulsing life of nature breathes through the lints, even the field mice frolic and feeding amongst the wild vetches are not forgotten. The author's gift of word painting is shown in the following extract:—

And when the oman blood came roaring in From Fundy's tumbling troughs and the waves, While red Minerva's eyes grew dimmed with dim And royal Chigorob's front opposed the waves, How blithely with the return foam I raced Inland along the radiant charms exploring From Beauport to utmost Tormentine.

The author then pictures the marshes in their tranquility, their "vast serenity of vision and of dream," and draws a skilful comparison between the impetuous storm tossed life of the poet Shelley, and the storm and peace of his own beloved Tantramar.

"Strangely akin you seem to him whose birth One hundred years ago With fiery success to the ranks of song Defied the ancient gates of wrath and wrong."

The fact is that the dead king of song was far from what a man should be, that he considered his heaven sent genius set him free from all the moral restraints which bound less brilliant but more respectable people, that he was an ungrateful, and an undutiful son, he married an utterly unsuitable wife against the advice of all those who had his welfare at heart, and having shown his independence of public opinion he meanly and heartlessly deserted her, afterwards torturing her with the grossest and most cowardly insults until he drove her to suicide, which was doubtless what he desired.

Professor Roberts says:—"Like yours, O, marshes, his compassionate breast, Wherein abode all dreams of love and peace."

And again:—"Thou on whose lips the word of Love became A rapit evangel to savage all wrong."

But in the mind of the colder and less partial critic the last quoted couplets seem scarcely appropriate since Shelley's breast was not only devoid of compassion for those having the nearest claim upon him, but his reckless brutality and utter disregard of the feelings of all but himself, made love in his hands, not a rapit evangel to assuage all wrong, but a fiery curse to scorch and consume all upon whom its baleful eye lighted, and his life afforded one of the worst instances history has shown of the fate accorded to woman as man's toy, to be adored and petted one day and the next cast aside and shattered in the gutter.

Shelley was devoid of conscience, of religion and of morality and only his divine genius lifted him above the level of the brutes. Some critics contend that his very genius freed him from all moral restraints acknowledged by men of his time, but it holds that the man to whom a gracious gift above his fellows has been accorded, is doubly responsible, the very magnitude of his intellect increasing his obligations to society.

But "Rest to the weary spirit peace to the quiet dead," Shelley has long passed to his rest and in memory of him who wrote "Endymion" and "The Skylark," even those who condemned the man most, must drop a tear for the poet, while no weakness of the object can change the strong beauty of the living poet's elegy of his dead hero, while in wearing a fresh crown of laurel for the storied urn which contains all that is left of Percy Byshe Shelley, he has added one more leaf to the laurels so early placed upon his own brow.

One of the most remarkable books lately published is Dr. Gordon's "An American Missionary in Japan," in which the author tells the story of his twenty years' experience in Japan, during which time he was friend, helper, missionary and evangelist in all one, to the Japanese. They are known to him only as friends and brothers, not as "natives," and his book is scarcely so much a narrative as a comprehensive study of the Japanese nation, their manners, customs, religious life and environs, and difficult language. He speaks of the now famous "Kintamotok land" of converts that form a society of literary and theological leaders, of the many incidents of evangelization, of the joy and sorrow of the work, of the great university in Kioto, founded by Nessima, of medical missions, and of christian womanhood. In short it is a delightful book of travel, replete with bright anecdote, poetic thought and happy humor, which will well repay a perusal.

A book that is charming simply for itself and as a story is "Aladdin in London," by Fergus Hume, author of the famous "Mystery of a Hansom Cab." This Aladdin possesses a magic ring instead of the old fashioned lamp carried by his predecessor, and it gives him almost equal power, besides being much more portable and convenient than the lamp was. It is a fresh, delightful story, well sustaining the reputation won by its author. Both these books are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of Boston and New York.

WINDSOR.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Windsor at Knowles' Bookstore and Dalby's Bookstore.] JAN. 17.—Mr. Lawrence McCollum is home from Boston, spending a fortnight with his friends. Miss Kate O'Brien has gone to Halifax, where she will remain for several months. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. Kerr Dimock on the arrival of a little daughter.

Miss Pearl Haley returned to Brockville last week. Mrs. Charles D. Roberts is visiting in Fredericton. Miss Tridler is the guest of Mrs. Charles Shaw. Miss Lucy Gosling is spending a few weeks with friends in Halifax.

Mr. Gibson Mosher, teacher of elocution at Acadia College, Wolfville, spent Sunday in Windsor, the guest of Mr. T. B. Smith. He returned on Monday morning, accompanied by Mrs. Mosher and little daughter, who will make their home in Wolfville in the future.

The Misses Ridd of the Church school, have been spending the vacation in St. John. Miss Gillha resumed her dancing class on Monday evening. Mrs. Clarence Dimock left last week to spend the remainder of the winter with friends in Texas. Mr. Dimock accompanied her as far as New Orleans.

Miss Nora and Miss Kathleen Black, have gone to school at Brockville. Capt. James King, who has been home for nearly a year, left last week for New York, where he will take charge of his ship the "Fairmount."

Rev. F. C. L. Harris, whose home is in California, spent a few days in Windsor last week, and on Sunday occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church, Sabbath morning and evening. Mr. Harris is a vocalist and sang as well as preached, which is a novel way of conducting services in Windsor.

The Windsor Hockey Team, accompanied by a large number of friends, drove to Hantsport on Friday evening and played a match with the Hantsport team. Mr. Bradford, who is to take the position of head teacher at the collegiate school, has been the guest of Dr. Hind.

Mr. Lawrence Gent of Kemble college, Oxford, arrived at Halifax last week by the "Sardinian." Mr. Gent comes to Windsor to fill the position of third resident master at the collegiate school.

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There was a large attendance at the skating carnival on Tuesday evening. Miss Yeaman won the prize, a pair of nickel plated skates, for best costume. She emulated a westerling.

Mrs. Sutherland, who has been staying for some time with her daughter, Mrs. Copp, has returned to Westmorland.

Mr. and Mrs. Young entertained a large party of their son Everett's young friends on Friday evening. On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Jenks gave a party.

St. George's sewing guild has been reorganized and holds weekly meetings, the last one, on Thursday, at Mrs. Nordby's.

Our stipendiary, Mr. McCabe is away taking a trip in the States, which will include Washington. Mr. J. W. Johnston and family, of Denver, arrived here on Saturday. Mr. Johnston went to Halifax on Monday.

Mr. Stuart Day has returned from Boston. Mr. Ingle Craig, of Amherst, is in town. Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, of Fort Lawrence, recently paid a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson. Mr. Corchell, of St. John, spent Sunday here.

Miss Ella Corbett is back from Springfield, where she has been staying for some time with Mr. and Mrs. Archibald.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmor, of St. John, spent New Year's at Mr. F. L. Jenks. Miss Gavin is in Amherst for a week or two. Miss Atkinson has returned to Toronto.

ANNAPOLIS.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Annapolis by Geo. K. Thomson & Co.] JAN. 16.—Mr. Fred Harris has gone to Halifax for the winter, where he is studying law with his uncle.

Mr. Leckie of Torbrook, spent last week in town. Mr. Laurence Mitchell, well known to Annapolis people, is seriously ill in Manitoba. Mrs. Le Cain, who has been with her daughter, Mrs. Primrose, for sometime, has returned home. The body of Mr. Rippey, a former resident of the town, was brought here for interment last week. The dead in Boston, of bronchitis.

General sympathy is extended to Mrs. Jamieson, whose sister died at Halifax, on Tuesday, after a long illness. Mrs. Geeser, who spent Christmas with her mother, Mrs. B. L. Hardwick, has returned to Belleisle. Mr. A. D. Hewat, of Halifax, spent Sunday here. Mrs. R. J. Harris has gone home, after a visit of some weeks at her father's.

Mr. Louis Whitman resumed his studies at Windsor College, on Monday. The guests of Mrs. Lombard. Mr. Harry Hardwick is visiting his uncle, Mr. B. B. Hardwick.

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Mr. Archibald Cook of Hampton, sends the following lines, "Written on my poor old self." If Mr. Cook's life is spared, he will enter upon his 84th year next June. He adds that while these verses are true as applied to him he is of a cheerful disposition at all times.

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Advertisements on the right margin including "Would you", "Our Service", "STERLING AND STEEL", "WILLIAM", "SHERATON", "I AM SELLING CORN, PEAS, BEANS, TOMATOES", "Hard", "For", "A very large suitable for", "C. FL", "81 PRINCE WILLI", "Type", "Quotations Given".







SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax at the following places: Knowles' Book Store, 24 George street; Morrison & Co., 111 Hollis street; Andrews & Co., 111 Hollis street; Morris street; Campbell's Book Store, Spring Garden road; ...

Perfect winter weather and better sleighing than Halifax has had for some years, has been its lot this current week. On Saturday last the barriers so completely their annual sleigh drive with some difficulty over very scratchy roads, whereas if they had waited until after Sunday's snowstorm they would have had perfect roads. ...

On Monday evening Mr. Daly gave a whist dinner at Government House, which went off very well. The guests at it were Sir John Ross and all the leading men of the town who are accustomed to meet weekly and play whist together. ...

On Tuesday evening the Bishop of Nova Scotia and Mrs. Courtney gave a large dinner at Bishopscourt. Among the guests were Sir John Ross, Mr. Ross, and Miss Daly, Colonel North, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hill, etc. ...

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. James Morrow gave a small driving party, and afterwards a tea at her house. The afternoon was cold but fine, and there was a large attendance at the rink, and a practice of the minute which is to be danced at the carnival on Monday night by the more energetic members of the rink. ...

The rink party got up by the Rev. F. B. N. Norman Lee for the benefit of the garrison church was most energetically advertised and otherwise pushed. A great number of tickets were sold by various ladies and gentlemen interested in the cause, and the whole affair was well patronized by society. ...

The classes in cookery in which Mrs. Courtney and other ladies of Halifax are engaged, will begin on February the first, provided the sum required has been subscribed and deposited in the bank. Ladies therefore who wish to join these classes are requested to send in their names and subscriptions at once to Mrs. Courtney, 313 Spring Garden street. ...

The tobogganing party which was to have been given on Tuesday by the officers of the R. A. has been postponed indefinitely, until there is less going in a social way and a harder crust on the snow. ...

The committee of the grand Masonic fair, which is to be held during the coming summer, is to hold a meeting at the Masonic hall on Thursday evening of next week to which every body interested has been invited and which will include tea and music as well as the discussion of the arrangements for the fair. ...

The Orpheus club took place on Tuesday evening at the Orpheus hall and had the usual packed house and a very pleasant programme not of a very heavy character. The first number was a selection from Lohengrin played by the orchestra, which is slowly but surely working on to a very creditable status among amateur orchestras. ...

The Orpheus club and Auxiliary came next with Watson's part song "Night" which was well sung but not of any very striking character, being more or less commonplace. ...

The orchestra then gave the old "Blue Danube" very well indeed, and after that came quite the sensation of the evening. ...

On the programme appeared the name of "Franklin Graglia's Ubbies" and the audience had most of them wondered why the new soloist could possibly be, and the applause was tremendous when she appeared in the person of Miss Beatrice Whittles. ...

Red Figure Sale.

Come and take advantage of the BARGAIN we are offering previous to Removal to our New Store. MEN'S OVERCOATS \$7.75 BOYS' SUITS \$2.00 ...

SCOVIL, FRASER & PAGE, THE STANDARD CLOTHING HOUSE.

168 & 170 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S. (Our Store to Let.)

When You Want Furniture, Carpets, or any kind of House Furnishings, write us for Prices. We can offer inducements that will be to your advantage, and a postal to us stating requirements will receive prompt attention.

NOVA SCOTIA FURNISHING COMPANY—Ltd., Successors to A. STEPHEN & SON, 101 and 103 BARRINGTON STREET. Halifax, N. S. Orders Solicited.



Perlot charmingly, with a grave self-possession and manner, which might be copied with advantage by older people. Mrs. Wallace accompanied her daughter to perfection. ...

YARMOUTH. (Progress is for sale in Yarmouth at the stores of E. J. Vickery, Harris & Guest and Dr. Lovitt's Drug Store.)

JAN. 17.—The social event of last week, was the marriage of Miss Florence Baker, daughter of Mr. Hon. L. E. Baker, to Hon. Walter Stoughton, R. N. ...

Daniel, (Halifax) oil painting; Mrs. Le Hunte, handsome ring; Miss Watson, (Halifax), silver snuff dish; Mrs. Reilly, dozen silver spoons; Miss Emily Reilly, bookstand; Lady Mary Terfuis (England) silver hot water jug; and others too numerous to mention. ...

On Tuesday evening a talk on "What to read" was given by Mr. T. B. Flit to the members and friends of the Y. M. C. A. ...

Mr. E. N. Rankin, of Boston, is visiting friends in town. Mr. Geo. Butler has returned to Dalhousie College. ...

Miss Nellie Guest who has been absent some weeks returned home last evening. ...

Mr. Geo. Spinyer gave a party to about sixty young people on Tuesday evening. The large rooms were cleared for dancing which was participated in by most all. ...

AMHERST. (Progress is for sale at Amherst, by George Douglas and H. A. Hillocoat.)

JAN. 18.—The benefit concert to Mrs. Miles on Wednesday evening, in Music hall, was one of the pleasantest events of the week, and the great success it met with must have been very gratifying to the recipient, as the honors of the evening were shared with a charmingly chosen hostess, whose invitations included nearly all the names on the programme. ...

Miss Campbell met with her usual recall and kind-ly came to the front again. The handsome gown of white cashmere trimmed with lace was most becoming to her. ...

Miss Wilson looked particularly nice in a costume of black lace and velvet, relieved with pink, and pleased the audience to the extent of a vociferous cheer which was the fortune of every performer. ...

The large whist party given on Wednesday evening by Mrs. Noel Steele, at her handsome home on Victoria street, was an unusually smart affair. ...

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. James Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, Dr. and Mrs. Fuller, Dr. and Mrs. Bliss, Dr. and Mrs. E. O. Tupper, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. David Robb, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Douglas, Dr. and Mrs. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Parsley, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah B. St. Mayor, Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Fuller, Mrs. Thorne (St. John), the Misses "Tip", Miss Johnson, Miss Loverson, Miss Cutler, Miss Harding, Miss Chipman (Bridgetown), Miss Campbell, Miss Wilson, the Misses Main, Miss Hill, Miss Sleight, H. and B. Main, Dr. McCully, Mr. Frank Wilson, Mr. N. S. Campbell, Mr. H. A. Hillocoat, Mr. E. M. Lockwood, Dr. McQueen, Mr. A. Dunlap, Mr. C. Purdy, Mr. Charles Black, Mr. McIntosh and Dr. Hall. ...

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. J. M. Townsend gave a five o'clock tea to a goodly number of young ladies, who spent a most delightful hour or more, as the young men were in attendance—a happy feature that is generally accepted by the hostess, and that it deserves to be more popular, speaking from the young men's point of view. ...

Mr. Mahen, who has been on duty here for a long time in the bank of N. B., has been suddenly transferred to the tropics, James I. believe, to the utter consternation of his many friends and society in general, who can only submit to the rules of the bank and hope that his place will be occupied by one as genial and generally liked. ...

Mr. E. A. Hillocoat has organized a boys' choir for Christ church, who give every promise, under the teaching of their efficient master, of being ready to take part in the Easter Service. ...

Miss May Quigley left on Friday to attend school at Wolfville. ...

Miss Theresa Guest, of Dorchester, was in town yesterday the guest of her friend, Mrs. W. Douglas. ...

Mr. Ketchum, who has been on a trip to New York, returned home on Saturday. ...

Children's Corded Waists

Manufactured by us in St. John, thus saving 35 per cent. duty on the making which the purchaser reaps the benefit of in the price. "ECONOMIC" Waists are made from English Satteen Jean, and lined with strong twilled cotton. We guarantee them to have more weight of material, thus giving BETTER SUPPORT TO THE CHILD, and DURABILITY than any other waist sold.

ECONOMIC WAISTS. Perfectly Made, Properly Shaped and Economic in Price.

STYLE 1—For Infants 6 to 18 months. Retail price 60 cts. Made in White only. Sizes 19 to 24 inches. STYLE 2—For Children 18 m. to 3 yrs. Retail price 65 cts. Made in White and Drab. Sizes 20 to 25 in. STYLE 3—For Boys or Girls 3 to 8 yrs. Retail price 65 cts. Made in White and Drab. Sizes 20 to 26 in.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON. N. B.—Special Prices to the Trade.

home of Judge and Mrs. Morse, little M ater Guy being the victim. Although pronounced a light case it is an unwelcome guest in any form and their friends hope it will leave without serious results. ...

NEW GLASGOW. (Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by W. H. Torry, A. O. Fritchard and H. H. Henderson.)

Mr. F. S. Archibald, of Moncton, was in town on Thursday. ...

Mr. W. L. Copeland, of Montreal, spent Wednesday in New Glasgow, and visited the iron works. ...

A lively evening was spent by a number of the gentlemen of the elite circle of New Glasgow, on Thursday evening of last week in the recreation room in the Masonic building. ...

TO ENJOY LIFE three things are necessary—A Happy Home, An Easy Chair, and a Comfortable Pair of Slippers.

THE PARLOR SHOE STORE aims to do its share toward bringing about the above desirable result.

THE SLIPPER HOUSE OF HALIFAX. Slippers of all kinds, Slippers at all prices. Ladies in need of the latest styles of Evening and Dress Slippers are invited to correspond with us. Wedding Slippers a Specialty.

L. HIGGINS & CO., 85 Barrington St., Halifax.

POWELL'S PIMPLE + 11 PILLS Act Like Magic IN REMOVING ALL BLEMISHES FROM THE SKIN. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Puttner's EMULSION Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS

TRURO, N. S. (Progress is for sale in Truro by J. D. H. Smith & Co.)

Those who attended the social of last Thursday evening were very pleasantly surprised by a number of a particularly interesting and entertaining entertainment. ...

Master Eugene Cummings left on Monday for Montreal to resume his school at St. John the Evangelist. ...

Mr. Arthur Somerville, and last week from Massachusetts, visiting friends for a month or two. ...

BARRINGTON. (Progress is for sale in Barrington by J. D. H. Smith & Co.)

Jan. 10.—Miss Doane entertained friends at "Glenwood" on Tuesday present were Mrs. Wilson, Miss Kinney, of Yarmouth, Mrs. W. Irving Hall, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Robertson. ...

There was a small whist party on Thursday evening. A Philharmonic society, composed of members, was organized on Monday public hall, under the leadership of Miss Sadie Hopkins returned on day evening. ...

Mr. Hogg returned from Sherbrooke on Monday the worse for snow in Beaver Dam. ...

Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Taylor, Martins, N. B., last week, had days in and around Barrington.

BRIDGETOWN. (Progress is for sale in Bridgetown by J. D. H. Smith & Co.)

Jan. 17.—On Wednesday of young people drove to the residence of Wallace where they were present at a most enjoyable party. ...

Mr. McGivern was on a short trip to the coast. ...

MAITLAND. (Progress is for sale in Maitland by J. D. H. Smith & Co.)

Jan. 17.—Mr. Wilder Taylor, present was a grand success day last and a very enjoyable dancing to the sweet strains of music. ...

Mr. Frank Puttner, who has been on a visit of inspection to the coast, returned on Monday. ...

NORTH BRIDGE. (Progress is for sale in North Bridge by J. D. H. Smith & Co.)

Jan. 16.—Mr. W. Campbell, staying at Mrs. Blowers' residence, was on a visit to the coast. ...







SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

Henry Percy Walker. An hour before mid-day, in the presence of the immediate relatives and a few invited friends, the bride, becomingly dressed in a pearl colored silk, and the bridegroom, with Mr. Arthur Roberts, the brother of the bride, at best man, and Miss Emma Swan as maid of honor, in the mellow light of the darkened parlor, the couple were made man and wife by Rev. F. L. Payson after the ceremonies and when the congratulatory and best wishes of those present had been extended, the company adjourned to the dining room where a wedding breakfast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Walker took their departure on the one o'clock train en route for Fredericton, where they will make their home, during the winter. The couple are widely and favorably known, and the esteem of their host of friends was attested by the many and costly presents. Mr. Walker is the employ of Messrs. D. W. Hoag & Co., the canned goods packers, and has spent a portion of each of the past five years in his city. Mr. and Mrs. Walker arrived here on Saturday, and received a warm welcome.

Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

(Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.)

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ST. GEORGE.

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MEMRAMOOK.

Jan. 18.—Mr. Charters and family, who have been visiting Yarmouth, have returned. Mrs. J. J. Landry, who has been visiting friends in Boston, is expected home this week. Miss Della LeBlanc, head milliner in the establishment of Mrs. Bourgeois, is at home through illness. Rumor says that Dr. Doherty returns returning to Memramook. Mr. and Mrs. Doherty will be welcomed back by a large circle of friends. Mr. P. Hebert was in Moncton yesterday. Mrs. Patrick is visiting friends in Macao. The Misses Tali, who have been visiting Mrs. Charter, are, have returned home. Mr. McClellan of Memramook station has I hear, passed a successful examination.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

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Jan. 18.—Through the kindness and invitation of Mrs. C. H. Clarke, a party of ladies went on a sled ride to the Ledge on Friday evening, where they had a most enjoyable time. Mrs. Clarke is quite famous for these sled rides, and this is the first of a series that her friends will enjoy during the winter. Mr. and Mrs. A. Clapp celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, on Monday evening of last week. There were many beautiful presents of many beautiful and valuable gifts, of silver and also of linen. There were some thirty friends present, and the evening was a most pleasant one. Miss Marie McGregor and Mr. Edward Murchie, are to be married this evening at the residence of the bride's cousin, Mrs. Louis Dexter, in Milltown. Immediately after the ceremony, they leave in the evening train for a wedding tour in the States, visiting Boston and New York cities.

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Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

1892. HOLIDAYS. 1892. A splendid stock of Rugs, Chenille Portieres, Carpet Sweepers, Fancy Tables, Chairs, Desks, Cabinets and wicker work from which to select

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS. PRICES LOW.

Her Christmas Present. A Bissell Carpet Sweeper. A Bissell Carpet Sweeper of modern style is the gift of all gifts. This practical gift. Other Sweepers are toys in comparison. 'Tis a beautiful gift—a gift that will last a lifetime. 'Tis the Queen

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1893.

A GOLD HUNTER'S LIFE.

[Australian Incidents--Written for PROGRESS.]

As I have already said that old hands at times liked to show their cleverness at stealing. I was told of a party of three Nova Scotians who on arriving on the diggings, after a hard day's tramp over a dusty road and being very tired, pitched their tent temporarily, made a field bed on the ground and retired to rest. During the night some one quietly removed the tent from over them. In the morning when they awoke they found themselves veritable star gazers. I feel sure that this was intended as a joke. As a rule there was not much petty thieving on the diggings. Their chief object was gold and silver money. We often had our tent entered while we were at work notwithstanding there was a dog tied to the door post. With the exception of three pistols and some gold specimens nothing else was taken. They turned up the beds and ransacked the place thoroughly but failed to find some gold I had planted inside.

The average old hand was a puzzling combination of character. Dishonest but not grasping, would steal from a stranger and help a friend, generous always. If you did them any act of kindness they would repay it four fold. As to religion they professed none, therefore could not be charged of backsliding or hypocrisy. "No," said Jim to me, "all religious instructions instilled into me in my youth were effectually crushed out during my prison life, and it is now so long a time since I was inside a church that I would fear it might fall on me if I entered one, no we would never wear a church out." In politics they were neutral but always against government, no matter which side was in power.

There was another class of ex-convicts known as bushrangers. They were desperadoes of the most determined kind, daring and reckless, with an utter disregard to life. Their great forte was highway robbery and horse stealing. They had an organized system extending from Melbourne to the diggings, by which constant communication was kept up and the whereabouts of the maritime police known. One day perhaps 50 people would be bailed up and robbed. The next day the same thing would occur 40 miles away, thus eluding capture. Their mode of horse stealing was this. Say they stole a horse on Bendigo. That night it would be ridden 20 or 25 miles across country, then hobbled and turned loose to feed in an out-of-way track or gully in the vicinity of some well known rendezvous—a roadside shanty, or accommodation house of which there were many on the Melbourne road. They were well known and avoided. When near one we used always to watch our horses at night. The next night the horse would be taken up by another man and passed on always avoiding the main road, when in a few days it would be placed in the auction market at Melbourne. Having changed hands three or four times—even if found in possession of the last man no one could prove he had stolen it. He could say it was a stray horse he had found and was bringing it in to claim the reward as was usually done.

Another dodge of theirs was to plant horses as they called it, which was to ride a horse off at night, and leave it in a certain place, beside a creek, five or six miles away, and then wait until a reward was offered. Then they would go to the owner and say they had seen some horses feeding in such a place, answering to the description; knowing that he could not prove they had been stolen. Then he was only too glad to pay the reward, and get his stolen property back.

I had a very good opportunity of becoming familiar with their ways of horse stealing, as I once had one stolen, and was afterwards arrested for having a stolen horse in my possession.

Horses were very expensive in the early days. One hundred pounds was the usual price for a draft horse. They were in great demand, and the difficulty was to get them broken, ready for work. There were two daily auction sales of horses in Melbourne, but there was more or less risk in buying there. The first was brought as at private sale from one Yankee Frank, a Missourian and therefore no more Yankee than I was. He was just down from the Owens on his way home, having made what he considered his pile. When we went into the bank of Australia to get paid, he banded my check to the teller, who asked how he would have it. "Gold," was the reply. Then taking a brass so up the teller ran it into a pile of sovereigns and then shot them into a scale and from there to the counter, all within a half a minute's time. Frank looked at the hundred sovereigns on the counter for a moment, then remarked, "Well, isn't that a deal of money for a cart horse; but you will find him a good one, you bet." Still keeping his eyes on the sovereigns, he continued, "Ain't they pretty, boys. Well, I have five thousand of them, and nearly all made on the Yakandanda Creek at the Owens in less

than a year." Then commencing to pick them up and counting them into a bag, he said, "Yes, three years ago I left my log cabin on the head waters of the Missouri and footed it overland to California. Didn't do much there. Heard of the gold discoveries down here in Australia, took ship from Frisco for Sydney, swagged it overland 600 miles to Victoria, struck it good at the Owens. In four months hope to be (as the down east Yankees say) 'to hum.' Have a good little gal all ready to marry me when I get there. Give us a look in it ever you come round that way, and I will set things up fine, you bet." One week after our arrival at Bendigo that horse (which proved very satisfactory) was stolen. We searched the country for miles around in case he had been planted; also offered a reward of £20, but we never saw him again.

Our next venture in horse flesh proved not much better. To replace the one stolen we bought another at auction, a fine large mare for £70, which proved to have been stolen and therefore got us into some trouble. As the winter, or rather the rainy season, approached, we deemed it advisable to go to Melbourne for supplies. Therefore one of our party and myself started with a horse and cart, each for Melbourne. The first night out on our return trip, we camped on Keilor plains. When about to unharness, I saw a man on horse back ride up and make what I thought a rather impertinent inspection of the Bendigo mare. I said to him "Mate, I think you will know that horse again when you see her." "My word I will," he replied and rode off. The next morning, shortly after getting under way, and having fallen in line with other teams, a string of a mile in length, I noticed a party of horsemen riding towards us at a last rate; when they came up they halted. There were three troopers and two men in plain clothes. One of the latter pointing to the big mare said, "That is my horse, that mare was stolen from me." I indignantly replied, that we did not steal her, that we had bought her at auction on Bendigo, and had the receipt to show. "Well for you, if such is the case," said he, "but that is my horse. I brought her over from Sydney, and she was stolen from me six months ago, and I am bound to have her. I shall not let her out of my sight. I can prove ownership by the brands on her shoulder, and I have a witness here to prove what I state." Finding that matters were beginning to look serious, I undertook to reason with him—to consider our position, that it was not possible to give up the horse then and there, even were his right proven, but let us go on to Bendigo, and there have the matter settled before the proper authorities. No, the fellow was incorrigible. Turning to the troopers, he reminded them that he had made the proper charge, and called upon them to do their duty. Then one of the troopers, acting as spokesman said, "It is a very hard case, but I see only one alternative. You have either to give up the horse, or go before a magistrate and let him prove his case. If you choose the latter course you will have to go back to Melbourne as there is no magistrate nearer. Five miles back is a temporary police station where you can store your loads and pick them up on your return. After making protestations and returns, "Alas, make protestations and returns, that would not set well to sacred music, we turned our horses heads for a twenty mile tramp back to Melbourne, accompanied by the three troopers, supported by the two riders in plain clothes, who seemed more afraid of our escape than the troopers. As we unloaded at the police station then took our seats in the empty carts, my mate leading, driving the suspected horse and I following. It was an imposing cavalcade—we were on the main road to the various diggings and scarcely five minutes without meeting some one. Occasionally it would be a party of new chums just landed, who would stop short and gaze at us with peculiar curiosity. They had read of bushrangers, now they had actually seen them having been caught in the very act. Possibly many a letter by the west outgoing mail contained a description of those two desperadoes before my eyes. I am pleased there were no Kodaks in those days or my meek boyish phiz and my partner's grizzly face might now be adorning the pages of some thrilling bushranging story in Cassell's Illustrated. Poor old Thompson, an Aberdeen Scotchman with a heart as honest as his face when seen before a year's growth of an ugly sandy beard, began to feel rather uncomfortable by the continual stare of the passers-by which was intensified as we neared Melbourne. Calling me to him he said, "Mon Wilson, what is to become of me tomorrow." (This was Saturday evening.) "Well," I said, "I don't think you will go to the Kirk tomorrow unless they hold service in the lockup. As your name is in the receipt you will of course be the one who will have to go to jail. However, I will see that you have a good dinner. In truth I dreaded the parade through Melbourne as much as Thompson did. A happy thought struck me. When within five miles I proposed that I would step in ahead and get a shipmate of mine, a resident, to bail him out till Monday. Unfortunately my friend could not be found. I hurried to the police court in Swanston street, our party was there. The trooper handed Thompson over to the chief of police, who asked what the charge was. The man who claimed the horse said he gave him in charge for having a stolen horse in his possession. The officer said,

"I can't hold a man on that charge." "Then I give him in charge for horse stealing." "I stepped forward and handed him the auctioneer's receipt when turning to the man he said, 'I advise you not to do so as it is a very risky thing to do, that of giving a man in charge for horse stealing when he holds an auctioneer's receipt. Finally it was arranged that the horse be put into a livery stable in charge of a policeman. On Monday morning we all, including the horse, presented ourselves at the police magistrate's court—verdict against us, but we were granted a restitution order to have the money refunded. To get another horse was the next move. After examining the stock at the auction markets we decided to bid on a large fine looking horse that took our eye. The usual guarantee was shouted out by the auctioneer viz. "Well broken, gentle harness, would carry a lady and saw a ton weight up any hill in Melbourne." He was knocked down to us for £110, the money paid, and then for the test. When the stable man commenced to harness him I could see that he was wild and unbroken, and said to my partner, "Thompson we are sold again." With some difficulty they got him into the shafts of a dray in which was a ton of 66 lbs. weight. Though two men were at his head he bolted out of the yard and across the street. They however, managed to lead him down Burke street. At the foot of the hill he ran into a watering cart, creating quite a sensation. They then turned his head up Elizabeth street, which was level, intending to go along a few blocks then ascend a street not so steep as the one they went down, and so round to the place of starting. I then saw our chance. Running up and ordered them to turn about and go up the street they had come down. They kicked and protested, but I insisted that the guarantee was a ton up any hill, and I demanded it. At last they turned the horse about, but he would not face the hill. They coaxed, urged and swore, but to no avail. Another horse had to be sent to haul up the dray. We returned to the office and got our money back, and were glad enough to get off as we did.

After our experience of auctions we concluded to buy at private sale, so the next day we inspected a mob of horses just imported from Van Demans' Land, and purchased one for which we paid £140—(imagine seven hundred dollars for a draft horse). A month after we sold this same horse to a young Englishman on Bendigo who was about to commence carting on the roads—being induced by the high rate of freight—£80 per ton from Melbourne to Bendigo. On the second trip the horse was stolen and the owner never saw him again.

A COLD IN THE HEAD.

Some of the Reflections that Are Apt to Attend its Advent.

It has always been a puzzle to me why people cannot be satisfied with an effect, particularly when that effect is an unpleasant one, without trying to pry beneath the surface and drag forth the reluctant cause, wriggling and squirming to the light of day. And yet they can't; it seems to be part of human nature never to leave well enough alone, but to fret and worry over the inevitable until it seems worse than it really is. This is especially the case with a cold in the head, that comparatively harmless, but soul-searching ailment, of which the poet wrote in these touching words:

"A cold in the head  
What can be said  
Ugly-singled  
More ill bred!"

One would imagine that a man's cup would be sufficiently full of misery when he comes downstairs some morning with his nose swollen out of shape, his eyes sore, his head aching, a burning spot the size of a stove cover at the back of his throat, a general kink in his temper, and but one well defined wish in the world; that the man who invented handkerchiefs had made them two yards square. But not so, that man hurries over to the fire, lumps up his chilly back spreads his hands over the comforting flame, wipes his nose, because it is too sore to blow, and remarks in a voice choked by emotion and cold, "I've bid wodering, ad wodering the whole night through how I banaged to catch this blasted cold, ad I cant understand it!" Just as if it would do the cold any good to trace it to its source! it ought to be sufficient for the victims to know that the cold is there and has come to remain for a certain length of time, unless dislodged from its position by vigorous remedies. But no, he sits, if not in the ashes, as near them as the fender will allow, and he wastes the precious moments in lamentation, interspersed with speculations as to how he happened to catch that cold and applications of his handkerchief from blush of morn till dewy eye. One would really imagine that the source of a cold was something like the end of a rainbow at which, tradition says a pot of gold lies buried, and that once you run it down some mysterious remedy for the cold itself would be discovered to repay the search.

But such a hope is apt to prove fallacious, since few of the human family seem to succeed in locating the exact moment, when the cold first claimed them for its own, what draught, or what exposure did it, what work, or perhaps after all the shebe advertisements say would be a hot footbath of mustard and water, and a bowl of hot gruel, so that the speculation can speedily be changed to the query, "How in the world did I happen to get rid of my cold?"

EVENING WEAR. BALL DRESSES.

New Goods in all Departments.

Bengaline Silks, Faille Francais Silks, Sarah Silks, Brocade Silks, Japanese Silks, Pongee Silks, Gauzes, Crepes and Crepons, Plushes, Velvets and Ve'veteens Latest Evening Tints and Combination.

Nets and Flouncing Laces.

Hosiery, Gloves, Flowers and Feathers, Ribbed Silk Undervests, low necks, in Pink, Cream and Sky. White Skirts, Gauze Corsets and Corset Covers. Cream Cloth Serge for Evening Wraps.

Fans, Fans, Fans.

Feather and Incandescent Trimmings.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

FOR MONDAY ONLY. \$4.00 SUITS FOR \$2.00. MONDAY ONLY.

The Suits we advertise for Monday only, will fit any boy from 3 to 10 years. They are placed on our Bargain Counter, and you can take your pick. The regular price of these suits is from \$2 to \$4 and if you take us at our word, we're the loser.

Read what we write, then you'll know what's written. We'll offer bargains every week.

(In Progress) Watch for Bargains, (somewhere else.)

Here, There, Everywhere!

P. S.—For out of town Customers on short time Bargains, we will fill orders mailed not later than the date of advertisement.

SCOVIL, FRASER & COMPANY, Corner King and Germain Streets, St. John, N. B.

SONGS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

Famous Lyrics Which the World Must Sing For all Time.

It is not so very long ago since one of the most prolific and deservedly popular of British song writers passed away—Dr. Charles Mackay—whose "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "There's a Good Time Coming," "Baby mine," and "England, Dear England," have been, and are still being sung, wherever on the face of the globe, men of the English-speaking races are gathered together; and whose muse was so fluent and fertile, that over 120 songs have been set to music by Sir Henry Bishop alone.

Dr. Mackay, besides being a song writer was an all-round literary man of no mean merits, in proof of which he attained the post of sub-editor of the "Morning Chronicle" against even so redoubtable a rival as Thackeray himself, who was also a competitor for the appointment. Dr. Mackay was afterwards a constant contributor of verse to the "Daily News," then in its earliest infancy, and for which paper, "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys," was specially written, and which stirring song, immediately on its publication, attained enormous popularity.

Another thoroughly English song that it may positively be stated has been sung in every land under the sun is Henry Russell's "A Life on the Ocean Wave," which has recently, by special authority of the Admiralty been given to the Royal Marines as their own particular march—just as "The British Grenadiers" is used by Her Majesty's 1st Regiment of Guards to be used by the gallant amphibious corps whose proud motto is "Per Mare, Per Terram" wherever their duty calls them.

There is another song of world-wide celebrity, "Home, Sweet Home," which, although of American origin, yet reveals in its tender lines the very essence of English feeling, and may safely be classed amongst those few other productions of human inspiration that are what we call immortal. Its author, Colonel John Howard Payne, was twice American Consul at Tunis, in which city he died after a long and tedious illness. In the Protestant cemetery there is a tomb erected to his memory, on which is placed an inscription reading: "His fame as a poet and dramatist is well known where the English language is spoken, through his celebrated 'Ode, Home, Sweet Home,' and round the tombstone are engraved the following lines, written by Colonel Payne himself shortly before his death:

"Sure, when thy lonely spirit fled  
To realms beyond the azure dome,  
With outstretched arms God's angels said,  
'Welcome to Heaven, Home, sweet Home.'

The body of the dead singer, however, lies, as it should, in his own native land, having been taken over to New York, after a long interval, by the late Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, ex-banker, philanthropist, and millionaire, where it lay in state in a metallic coffin, covered by the American flag, and was afterwards interred with military honours under a suitable monument.

It is regrettable to notice that such-like honor and respect have not been the portion of every famous writer whose songs have given pleasure of hope and comfort to thousands of his fellow-creatures. Even now the body of Topsy, the author of the beautiful "Rock of Ages," lies hidden away only a tablet, engraved with his name and age, to mark the spot, in a little chapel in Tottenham Court Road; and quite recently, Mr. L. M. Thornton, the author of "The Postman's Knock" and other once popular songs, died—in Bath Workhouse! Pleasant it is to remember that when Dr. Mackay, above mentioned, fell a victim to straitened circumstances, a fund, entitled "The Charles Mackay and Admirers," was started by his numerous friends and admirers, to comfort the latter days of the man to whom the English nation owes

so many true, hearty, and soul-stirring lyrics. As an instance of the value of famous songs, even long after they might reasonably be supposed to have had their day, it may be mentioned that the copyright of "Kathleen Mavourneen" was recently sold for £109, and for the still larger sum of £286 that of "In the Gloaming."

Taught by the Triangle.

It is not often that a preacher goes to so dry a subject as mathematics for an illustration in spiritual teaching. He does go to Nature, and every flower and leaf, and even every stone, and has something to say about the soul, if only we have ears wherewith to hear, and a heart wherewith to understand. But as to triangles, and angles, and circles, and all the dry figures of geometry—why, they are about as unpromising for teaching as they well can be. And yet two of these unpromising figures were used in very ancient times to illustrate two very important truths—truths which, if they were realized and acted upon, would make every man the happier and the whole world better. What is the shape of the human heart? Almost a triangle. A little curved line at the base of it would make the exact shape of a human heart. And what is the shape of the world? A circle. Now, if you fit the largest circle you can into a triangle, you will find that you must leave three places unfilled; so if you put the whole world into a human heart, there will be some voids left. You cannot fill to satisfaction any human heart; for God so constituted the heart that none but Himself can fill it. Now, the ancient emblem of the Holy Trinity was a triangle; for as a triangle has three distinct lines and yet but one figure, so there are in God the three Persons and yet the one God. No figure but a triangle can exactly fit a triangle; and in like manner, none but God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—can fill the human heart.—The Quiver.

HOW AN OYSTER GROWS.

Each Overlapping Layer of Shell Means a Year of Age.

The oyster at the commencement of its career is so small that 2,000,000 would only occupy a square inch. In six months each individual oyster is large enough to cover a silver half dollar, and in twelve months a silver dollar piece. The oyster is its own architect, and the shell grows as the fish inside grows, being never too small.

It also bears its age upon its back, and it is as easy to tell the age of an oyster by looking at its shell as it is that of horses by looking at their teeth.

Every one who has handled an oyster shell must have noticed the successive layers overlapping each other.

These are technically termed shots, and each one marks a year's growth, so that by counting them the age of the oyster can be determined.

Up to the time of its maturity—that is, when four years of age—the shots are regular and successive, but after that time they become irregular and are piled one upon another, so that the shell becomes bulky and thickened.

Fossil oysters have been seen of which each shell was nine inches thick, whence they may be guessed to be more than 900 years old.

One or two million oysters are produced from a single parent, and their scarcity is accounted for by the fact that man is not the only oyster eating animal.

The starfish loves the oyster and preys upon it incessantly. A variety of whelk is also very fond of young oysters, to get at which it bores right through the shell and sucks the fish up through the hole thus made.

Butler and the Silver Spoons.

Samuel Smith and Andrew Smith, who comprised the banking firm of Smith Brothers in New Orleans during the war, were the bankers who achieved national note on account of Gen. Butler's connection with them during his occupation of New Orleans while the civil war was in progress. While he held that city under martial law General Butler appropriated from the Smith bank to the use of his soldiers over \$80,000 in gold coin, which at that time was worth \$160,000, and also confiscated a large amount of silverware deposited with the bank by private individuals. At the close of the war proceedings were instituted against Butler by the Smiths and a judgment for the par value of the coin received. Butler's counsel tried to throw the responsibility of the confiscation on the federal government. The judgment was valueless for many years, until the General's brother died, leaving him a large estate, whereupon the judgment was satisfied and the \$80,000 refunded to the Smiths. Gen. Butler's confiscation of the silverware placed in the bank for safekeeping led to the numerous cartoons of Butler running away with silver spoons.

Why The Water-Mark Was Moved.

The Parisians are not exactly an untruthful people, but foreigners who live among them note a disposition to keep any story which they tell at least as large in the successive tellings as it was at the start.

Two Americans who were dining at tables in front of the cafe in Paris, near the Seine, noticed, high up on the front wall of the building, a red mark, and underneath it this inscription, evidently painted:—

"Inundation of 1875. High-water Mark... 'Come! come!' said one of the Americans to the restaurant-keeper; 'you don't expect us to believe that the river ever rose as high as that!'"

"Oh, no!" said the proprietor, blandly; "it only came up to here." He made a sort of scratch with his thumb-nail down near the ground. "But you see, when the mark was down there the children rubbed it out so continually that we had to put it up there out of their reach."

Remnants of Dress Goods and Cloths, AT HALF PRICE.

Naturally such an outflow as we have had for the past week has left many short ends of Dress Goods and Cloths. These we have Grouped on a Counter and marked one half of original prices.

Geo. H. McKay, 61 Charlotte St., St. John.



POINTS OF DOG NATURE.

LARGE SIZE NOT AN INDICATION OF A BIG HEART.

The Canine Nature, Like Human Nature is Worthy of Study—it Takes All Kinds of Dogs to Make a World—Some Incidents Illustrative of the Fact.

There has been so much nonsense, said and written about that most common of domestic animals, the dog, that I am moved to say a few plain words this week on the subject of the genus canis founded on a long and intimate acquaintance with him.

The dog, so the story books say, is the most noble and intelligent of the lower animals, saving and excepting the horse. I am not prepared to enlarge upon the manners and customs of the horse, because he is too expensive a luxury to be kept about the house for the sole purpose of serving as a literary inspiration; but the dog and I have been chums ever since my earliest youth, and with all his faults I love him still.

Tradition credits the dog with a nobility of character and a lofty sense of honor which would tickle that laughter-loving creature immensely if he could only hear one-half that has been said about him.

People who pose as authorities upon the subject, but whose writings prove that while they may possibly know one solitary dog well, they have scarcely a bowing acquaintance with the race in general, and even that acquaintance does not extend below the upper circles, while the real bone and sinew of that, as well as other races, is frequently found in the lower strata of society.

The dog is supposed to be a striking illustration of the proverb, *noblesse oblige*, and to be absolutely compelled by the traditions of heredity, to be chivalrous to an extent scarcely reached by the crusaders. He is credited with a generosity undreamed of by himself, and his too partial chroniclers aver that he will protect, rather than oppress a dog smaller than himself; that he loves children, and will sacrifice, if need be, life itself for his master's children, while he would scorn to hurt or frighten even a strange child. He is said to be unselfish to a degree, and self-sacrificing to an extent most unusual in the human family.

Now the dog I have known and loved all my life, is not to be measured by rule and line; he is as diversified as any of the rest of us, and essentially human in all his attributes. When his blood is unusually blue, he is spoiled, arrogant and conceited, like the rest of the aristocracy; and like them, he looks down on all others, who are less fortunately placed than himself. He passes the common yellow dog of commerce with an unseeing scorn, worthy of a British matron with six unmarried daughters, crushing the aspirations of a too fascinating subaltern in a line regiment. He bullies the small fry of his own species, and if he does not growl at the children who attempt to take liberties with him, he resents their attentions with a freezing silence awful to witness. Talk of the thorough bred dog's magnanimity! Why I have seen a Mount St. Bernard, the size of a yearling calf, pick up a poor little bundle of meekness and long black hair, which did not weigh over three pounds, trotting along timidly at its mistress' side, crush the life out of it with one crunch of its powerful jaws, drop it at its distracted mistress' feet, and pass calmly on with the same expression of large benevolence on his sinful yellow countenance that he had worn before the tragedy. I have seen the sample dog knock a small child down, snape its chubby leg, by one vicious bite, and proceed to attend to his own private concerns at that rapid sidelong trot, affected by the dog, who has something on his mind, and is in a hurry to get it off.

I have seen a thoroughbred Siberian bloodhound transform a small lame dog into sausage meat before his time, and I don't know one dog amongst my large and respectable circle of canine friends who is above stealing a lucious bone or even a dry one from any dog smaller than he is, even though he had bones and to spare for himself.

To come down from the upper circles of canine society to the select middle classes, amongst which I am most at home, the everyday dog is a first rate fellow if you only treat him properly. He is a delightful companion, and so strikingly like the two-legged animal man, with many of his most disagreeable characteristics left out, that the profane mind is apt to wonder why he should be excluded from a possible hereafter. He loves a joke, and he also loves to take advantage of another dog if he gets the chance. He is fonder of disobedience than the most spoiled child, and he is more skilled in "playing the limit" to which he can approach in safety than a school boy trying how far his teacher's patience will stretch. He is a selfish rascal too, and he loves to steal the cat's saucer of milk, or leave his bone to get comfortably cool while he devours her small portion of meat. He cannot see a little dog trotting proudly home with a parcel, without going out of his own way to make him drop it, and at the same time scare him out of his wits. He gallops down the street in the wildest hurry to keep up with his own party, but he always finds time to bowl over any small dog he overtakes en route. Why, I know one thoroughbred Irish setter, of a

blonde complexion variegated with red spots, who for low down, vicious meanness, would take a prize in any impartial assemblage, where his own peers were allowed to vote. He is always in hot pursuit of his master's carriage, but the track of devastation he manages to leave behind him would break the heart of a Wisconsin locust, and cause him to die of envy. That dog has discovered a method of improving his opportunities and doing a great deal in a very short time that would make the fortune of a business man, could he but acquire the secret. He attends strictly to business and endeavours to combine it with pleasure, the result being a yelping concourse of small dogs, each mourning the loss of a piece of valuable skin with its customary attachment of hair, which has been removed by the instantaneous process, from the nape of his neck. He has no particular grudge against any of his victims, but merely a mean and sour tempered desire to let all dogs weaker than himself feel his power. The average dog is as jealous as a society belle and as lazy as a professional messenger boy, but still we love it all the more on that account because it flatters our vanity to be the object of so much affection, and to know that our particular dog has on more than one occasion done a bloody battle with his dearest canine friend, and on account of some trifling favor shown that friend, by a thoughtful master. In short a dog is not an angel he is "just dog," and nothing more or less. He has his virtues, of course, but then he has his vices and weaknesses, and if any one expects to find a dog angel he must look for him amongst the stub orders, the poor dear long bodied, stouter tailed mongrel with no legs to speak of and only his big heart and beautiful sad eyes to recommend him to anyone. He is accustomed to kicks and not to kindness, but anyone who will take the trouble of winning his confidence and afterwards his affections will find a mine of unsuspected wealth; for the sun may shine, the winds blow, or the billows roar, but that dog's affection will stand firm as the Rock of Gibraltar. Calmly will have no effect upon it, back biting will not shake it, and even if he should fall in business that will not cause it to wane. He has a friend who will be true until death and even beyond it for he will leave behind him a mourner who will be very likely to die of grief upon his grave.

I wonder if I have done less than justice to my friend the dog, in these "few remarks" as the clergymen say? I hope not, for I love him dearly, and appreciate him thoroughly in all his moods and tempers, and would not say a word against him for the world. Only, I do object to his being canonized by people who are not very well acquainted with him. I believe him to be a true friend, a steadfast and a conscientious enemy, and a sober industrious citizen. He never talks scandal, or abuses his friends behind their backs, and though he is debarré by reason of many disqualifications from being a church member, he sets a wholesome example in the last mentioned respect, to many who are. Bless your heart, he is only human after all! So you must not expect too much of him. And yet many years ago England's greatest poet wrote these lines on the tombstone of one of his race:

"To mark a friend's remains these stones arise, I never knew but one, and here he lies."

GEORGE HERBERT STRANGE.

ANIMALS AND THEIR ODDITIES.

Including the Crocodile and His Vain Bird The Sticac.

Some of the best known animals of the present day are characterized by some extraordinary peculiarities. Strange though it may appear tortoises and turtles have no teeth, and all animals which chew the cud have cloven feet. Both mandibles of the parrot's beak are movable, but most birds are able to move only one. The horse has no eyebrows. The appearance of much white in the eye of a horse indicates a vicious nature. The stork is partial to kittens as an article of food, and cats regard frog, owing to its peculiar structure, cannot breathe with the mouth open, and if it were forcibly kept open the animal would die of suffocation.

Pigs are poor swimmers, their fore-legs being set closely under them, and when they fall into water they very often cut their throats with the sharp points of their cloven feet. The eyes of hares are never closed, as they are unprovided with eyelids. Instead, therefore, they have a thin membrane, which covers the eye when asleep, and is furnished with supplementary breathing places in addition to the nostrils, and this would appear to be an extraordinary provision of Nature, giving the beast of the chase a freer respiration. Fishes swallow their food hastily and without mastication, because they are obliged uncasingly to open and close the jaws for the purpose of respiration, and cannot long retain food in the mouth when quite shut. The faculty the chameleon has of changing its colour has been attributed to the protective instinct of the animal, by which it seeks to render itself less observable to enemies by assuming the colour of the bed on which it lies.

Sheep have no teeth in the upper jaw. In some parts of the world there are sheep that have most of their teeth in their tails. The fat of the tail is very soft and is sometimes used as butter. The crocodile detests all birds it can get but one, the sciac. It is said that when the crocodile comes on shore he opens his jaws, and this bird enters and swallows the leeches which are found about the animal's jaws and teeth, and which have collected there owing to the creature being so long a time in the water. The relief afforded by having the leeches withdrawn induces the crocodile to tolerate the presence of the bird.

A FRONTENAC MIRACLE.

RELIEF COMES WHEN HOPE HAS ALMOST FLED.

An Ex-Councillor of One Township Tells of His Release From Suffering—His Neighbors Verify His Statements—A Marvellous Cure That is Now a Household Word.

[Kingston Whig.] The readers of the Whig will remember that our reporter at Sharbot Lake, on two or three occasions last winter, wrote of the serious illness of Edward Botting, a well-known and respected resident of the township of Oso. Mr. Botting was so low that his friends had no hope of his recovery, and although of an energetic disposition and not the kind of a man to give up easily, he even felt himself that life was slipping from him. Later we learned that Mr. Botting's recovery was due entirely to the use of that remedy which has achieved so many marvellous cures that its name is now a household word throughout the land—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Our reporter visited Mr. Botting at his home on the picturesque shore of Succor Lake. Mr. Botting is a very intelligent and agreeable gentleman, some seventy-five years of age, but looking and acting as smartly as a man twenty years younger. He is probably one of the best known men in this section. He was postmaster at Fermoyle for fourteen years, and a councillor of the united townships of Bedford, Oso, Olden and Palmerston for ten years. He gave the Whig representative a cordial greeting, remarking that it was his favourite paper and that he had been a constant subscriber for forty-nine years. Mr. Botting readily consented to give his experience in the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, saying that he believed it was a duty he owed to humanity to let the public know what they had done for him. "It was about two years ago," said Mr. Botting, "that I first began to feel that I was not my old self. Up to that time I had been exceptionally strong and rugged. My illness first came in the form of kidney trouble, which seemed to carry with it general debility of the whole system, and none of the medicines that I took seemed to do me any good. I had a bad attack of la grippe, and after the effects of that malignant trouble brought me so low that my friends despaired of my recovery. I did not give up myself for that is not my disposition, but when I found that the remedies I tried did me no good, I must admit I was discouraged. I was troubled with severe and constant pains in the back, sensations of extreme dizziness, weakness, and was in fact in a generally used up condition. I had read frequently in the Whig of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last the conviction forced itself upon me that they must have some special virtue else they could not obtain such strong endorsements in all parts of the world. The dorations in all parts of the world. The upshot was that I determined to try them and I bless the day that I came to that conclusion. Before the first box was finished I felt benefited, and I continued their use until I was as strong as ever. I have lately worked hard and find no ill effects therefrom. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine sold, and you may say I would not be without them in the house if they cost \$5 a box. All my neighbors know what Pink Pills have done for me, and I would just like you to ask some of them." Your reporter acted upon the hint, and first saw Mrs. L. Kish, a daughter of Mr. Botting. Mrs. Kish said "What my father has told you is quite true. It was Pink Pills that cured him and we are very, very thankful. Father is now as smart as he was twenty years ago." Mr. Knappp, a prominent farmer, said "I consider Mr. Botting's cure a most wonderful one and I believe he owes his life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Your reporter called at John W. Knappp's home, and found that gentleman an intelligent and well-to-do man. He said "I am very well, and I believe that Mr. Botting was very sick for a long time and considering his age thought it unlikely that he would recover, but he is now as smart as he was ten years ago and he ascribes it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Reeve of the township of Oso, and Warden of the county of Frontenac, merchant, told your reporter that he has a large and constantly increasing sale for Pink Pills, and from all quarters has good reports of their curative qualities. H. W. Hunt, a commissioner and school teacher, said he had known Mr. Botting for a number of years and considered him a well read and intelligent gentleman, who, if he said Pink Pills had cured him, could be depended upon, as he is a very conscientious man who would not make a statement if there were any doubt.

troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

THINGS OF VALUE.

One danger of the higher criticism, says the Chicago Advance, is that its theories will be accepted by not a few without examination.

CULLED FROM THE OLD YEAR. Lewis S. Butler, Barrie, Nfld., Rheumatism. Thos. Wasson, Sheffield, N. B., Lockjaw. By McMullin, Chatham, Ont., Goitre. Mrs. W. W. Johnson, Walsh, Ont., Inflammation. James H. Bailey, Parkdale, Ont., Neuralgia. C. I. Laque, Sydney, C. B., La Grippe.

In every case uncollected and authenticated. They attest to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

By placing two iron bars at seven or eight yards distant from each other and putting them in communication on one side by an insulated wire and on the other side with a telephone, it is said that a storm can be predicted twelve hours ahead through a certain dead sound heard in the receiver.

Putner's Emulsion contains neither Quinine, Strychnine, nor other harmful drug. Its ingredients are wholesome animal and vegetable substances, and it may be taken indefinitely without dangerous results.

As might be expected, the inhabitants of Central Russia labor fewest days in the year—to wit, 267. Then comes Canada with 270, followed by Scotland, 275; England, 278; Portugal, 283; Russian Poland, 288; Saxony, 290; Austria and the Russian Baltic Provinces, 295; Italy 298; Bavaria, Belgium, Brazil and Luxembourg, 300; Saxony, France, Finland, Wurtemberg, 305; Sweden, Denmark and Norway, 305; Switzerland, 304; Prussia and Ireland, 305; United States, 306; Holland, 308, and Hungary, 312.

It IS A TRADE BE SURE AND send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John's, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 60 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at.

ACUTE or CHRONIC, Can be cured by the use of SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Cod Liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. A feeble stomach takes kindly to it, and its continued use adds flesh, and makes one feel strong and well.

ROBB ENGINEERING CO.-LTD. ROBB-ARMSTRONG ENGINE

**SURPRISE SOAP**

The quality and quantity for the price (4 cakes for 25 cents) makes it the cheapest Soap for every use and every want. All who use it say so.

A few important points in Laundry work which should be well understood— A great many people think that a very high gloss is requisite to good work; That a shirt Collar or Cuff is NOT PROPERLY LAUNDRIED UNLESS as stiff as a board; These are mistaken ideas. WHY?? FIRST:—To obtain a high gloss, it is necessary to subject the goods to a very great pressure in the ironing, which is very hurtful, wearing them out much before their time. SECOND:—When a collar is very Stiff, it necessarily is full of Starch. NOW! when a collar is full of Starch it is Brittle and very Thick. When BRITTLE, it cannot be buttoned without breaking out the button hole. When THICK, the Collar cannot be bent into circular form without breaking the edge; for example:—Take three or four visiting or playing cards, place them together flat, and then bend in circular form—note how short the outside one is, and how long the inside one is in comparison with the others. If dough or paste, wax or starch had been first put on the edges of these cards and allowed to dry, it would have been broken and chipped off in the bending, and probably would have torn or broken the cards. So it is with a Collar or Cuff which is made of from two to four thicknesses of material. There is a medium—an amount of Starch and Gloss consistent with FLEXIBILITY.

**UNCAR HAS THE SECRET.**

THE SECOND LARGEST SHIPPERS OF BRANDY FROM FRANCE.

THEIR BRANDIES ARE UNSURPASSED IN AGE AND QUALITY.

Ask your Wine Merchant for them.

It IS A TRADE BE SURE AND send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John's, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 60 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at.

**Bisquit Dubouché & Co. COGNAC.**

THE SECOND LARGEST SHIPPERS OF BRANDY FROM FRANCE.

THEIR BRANDIES ARE UNSURPASSED IN AGE AND QUALITY.

Ask your Wine Merchant for them.

**Thackeray's Complete Works—10 vols.**

Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.

Thackeray's works, 10 volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, library edition, with 177 illustrations for \$2.90 is an unequalled offer. We do not think it will last long because our supply is limited, and we may not be able to duplicate our orders at the same figure. The retail bargain prices usually \$6.00. The set is listed at \$10.00. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.

**PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU**

FORBIDDER BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORK

MASONRY Building Germans' St. John, N.B.

DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. ST. JOHN, N.B.

SAMPLES & PRICES FURNISHED CHEERFULLY.



FAMOUS ROSLIN CHAPEL

Something About a Church that is Completed.

Roslin chapel was founded in 1450 by William St. Clair, Prince of Argyll, Duke of Oldenburg, with many other titles. Such of it as still remains presents pretty well all that was but only a small portion of what was intended. According to the original collegiate church was to have been and for this the foundations were to have been, as usual in those times, in the form of a cross, but top of the cross was completed the chancel and lady chapel which remain. The transept was commenced never completed. Unlike most edifices of the period, Roslin does not have been under royal patronage, as well as a pecuniary support, and his immediate successor, whether from lack of funds or from other good and sufficient cause, can to build and was not able to do so though one of his sons completed the existing fragments. The remainder never rose above the level of a well. The founder was an adept in architecture, and his peculiar work he consecrated to his superiority in the art—one high estimation, especially by James II, conferred on him by Grand Master Mason, a title maintained in the family till 1786 given over to the Scottish masons is recorded by father Hay the creeping on him, to the end that he not seem altogether unthankful the benefits he received from him in his mind to build a house for of most curious works; the might be done, and the greater the number of artificers from other regions and foreign and to the end the work might be done, first he caused the drawing upon Eastland boards, carpenters to carve them according to the patterns of the masons that they by cut like in stone. The genius inspired by a pious man with extreme and laborious devotion results which excited admiration from the most exact to-day.

The whole building is remarkable for its style, and its crypt, which is plain—for the ornament. It is often referred to as a work of foreign art, and high authorities have pointed out many of the most remarkable derived from the prevailing period, though carried to an excess. Even the singular character of its style, and its peculiarities of its style, and its crypt, which is plain—for the ornament. It is often referred to as a work of foreign art, and high authorities have pointed out many of the most remarkable derived from the prevailing period, though carried to an excess. Even the singular character of its style, and its peculiarities of its style, and its crypt, which is plain—for the ornament. It is often referred to as a work of foreign art, and high authorities have pointed out many of the most remarkable derived from the prevailing period, though carried to an excess. 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TOLD ABOUT THE TWEED.

AN AUTUMN PICTURE OF THE FAIR AND SILVERY RIVER.

Some Further Odd Incidents of Foreign Travel Gained by Personal Observation—The Weird Pagan Monuments of Carnac Described and Explained.

PARIS, Jan. 7.—Perhaps it is the wizard witchery of Scott, as poet and novelist, perhaps the radiant romance of all Scottish borderland, but you never tire of tender Tweedvale and its sweetly-flowing stream. You are not the first to feel this. The old monks loved the valley and dotted the Tweedside with splendid monasteries. Their grazing-lands were the richest; their cattle the finest; their grain of the plumpest kernel; their fruit the sweetest in all Britain. Tradition has it that the fine old apple orchards still standing here were planted by these cowled and sandaled folk. That must have been hundreds of years ago. But these rare old trees are big, gnarled and gray enough for that. Little hamlets have grown up within and about these ancient orchards. Weavers' villages they once were. The clack of the woad loom is now still; but they are quaint old nests housing quaint old folk, who have ripened and mellowed in these sunny places along the Tweed, until they fit into their orchard environment as the orchards themselves blend with the restful landscape.

If you have wandered up and down the Tweed, perhaps of all these brae-side nests you have found Gattonside, by Melrose, the dreamiest and quaintest. Leaving the glorious abbey to your right you saunter along a shadowy road overarched with Scotch firs and beeches, cool and fragrant. On the one side is ancient St. Cuthbert's and a moss-grown mill and dam. Tiny fields with tidily stocked grain rise in patches of yellow, gray and green on the other. At the end of the vista now and then flashes the blue of the Tweed. Then an old suspension bridge is crossed. Above and below, anglers stand waist deep in the river, and a few carts are taking gravel from its shining bed.

A little farther on groups of old peasant women, pausing now and then to bless the Covenanters or boil a new bree from an old scandal, are cutting thistles and weeds with sickles at the waterside. These brambles will be dried to help piece out the meager fuel in the near winter days. At the village edge the road ends; or rather blends into a score of century-beaten paths; for Gattonside has no street. Each of its thatched houses, as it with a touch of Scotch obstinacy, sets its face towards its own liking; but all have the tweed and its songs just below them; and every one has its orchard enclosed with a yellow and white sinuous wall. Huge oaks are these knotted old apple-trees, but their well-pruned branches are bending even to the cottage-roofs with such loads of "rosy-cheekit" apples, that their scarlet blends strangely with the red tiles, and gives the whole village the appearance of a gorgeous cloak spread upon the emerald of the hill-side. When the blossoms are lush in the spring-time what a glory of color must lie under the sun here in old Gattonside!

If men live in the village your keenest gaze cannot find them. It is shopless, save where in one little window "sweeties" of ancient make and flavor are exposed. It is kickless; and nought but the sound of the old abbey bell from a mile away at Melrose disturbs the wondrous quiet of the place. All doors are open to all in Scotland, and you peer into this cottage and that. The incarnation of sweetness and cleanliness, but no human, is beheld. Here is an old school-house, deserted and silent. An orchard was its play-ground, but a few sheep are grazing among its tender grasses now.

Unconsciously you have begun to tip-toe through the hamlet, for it seems as though even a foot-fall might break the spell of silence and repose; and you pass on to reach the rough road that leads to the primeval forest beyond. But no, here is such a quaint old cottage that you halt again. Something like an arched front from which rises a huge chimney arrests your attention. On either side of the chimney is a tiny pane of glass. You peer into one and see the oddest angle-nook in all Scotland. A huge arch sustaining the bowed wall of the cottage and the chimney above encloses a cavernous fire-place. At each side of this a settle of stone is built in the bow beneath the arch. The panes of glass are little out-looks from this pleasant fortalice of snugger.

Opposite to the one into which you are peering, an old old woman is asleep. She has been knitting and looking and dreaming out through the apple-boughs across the sunset valley. Her white old face is as white as her white old "mutch" cap. She has knit to the middle of her needle, and then fallen asleep. But her thin old hands hold the needles upright and clenched as though duty lasted beyond consciousness; and her cat has come to the opposite settle to stare at the silent face, as if doubtful of the meaning when the clicking needles stopped. This is the only soul you have found in Gattonside among the apple orchards and their sunshine by the Tweed.

Savans dig and peck away for remnants of the cast-off shells of lost races and ages in all the lands fringing the Mediterranean. Yet at Carnac, in the very Brittany of Brittany, and at the very threshold of

Europe, are imperishable remains of the activities of people and a time so remote that archaeologists are dumb in the presence of what no learning has yet been able to interpret and reveal. I think the study of rude stone monuments and these silent, awe-inspiring reminders of the past grows on one with strange and increasing fascination.

On entering Brittany, one is all impatience to first see the vast fields of pillar-stones the ancient Celts have here raised in some inexplicable way, for some inexplicable purpose, and have consciousness, for himself, of the kinship of those pre-historic races that have left such mighty monuments to pagan mysticisms upon almost every square rood of these western-most European lands.

The plains of Carnac were indescribably dreary were these thousands of stone monuments not standing upon them. But underneath wintry skies, whipped and beaten by winds of wind and sleet, and ghostly as a vast graveyard with these monumental stones, the belief that pagan races sought the saddest and dreariest places nature provided for the burial of their dead, is given startling emphasis here.

A vast tumulus, or mound of stones, once a pagan burial place, about 100 feet in height and now surmounted by a chapel and Calvary dedicated to St. Michael, to which pilgrimages are made, stands almost in the center of the desolate expanse. This is called Mont St. Michael. From its top the entire plains of Carnac may be seen, with their countless pillar-stones, peulvens, or menhirs, and many grimmer and vaster cromlechs or dolmens.

As is well known the former are believed to be stone monuments to pagan deities. They vary from six to eighteen feet in height above the soil. Hundreds upon hundreds have fallen and are partly covered with furze and brambles. Countless thousands were destroyed by the efforts of Charlemagne and, later, under a canon of the council of Nantes, especially enacted to effect the destruction of pagan monuments. Old chroniclers assert that over 20,000 stood on these fields before that time. If, as some assert, each menhir or stone served as a memorial of the death of numbers by Druidic sacrifice, what an awful deluge of slaughter-pen one stands upon at Carnac!

Here and there within sight of Mont St. Michael are many huge and still more weirdly suggestive dolmens, the exact prototypes of 181. I have personally inspected of the 226 cromlechs known to exist in Ireland. These consist of upright stones, held in their vertical position by horizontal slabs of immense proportions. At Carnac some are from ten to fifteen feet in height with capping stones of from twelve to twenty feet in length, and from two to four feet in thickness. But two miles from Carnac, near the village of Ploubarnel, are several immense dolmens, one, covered by three tremendous stones, nearly fifty feet long. These dolmens are thought to have been the raised places where Druidic sacrifices took place before assembled thousands and the chambers within, the burial places of the victims. It is certain they were pagan burial-places, for there have been recovered from every one half-burned bones of human beings, cinerary urns, stone weapons, gold torques and other rude ornaments.

The pillar-stones still standing upon Carnac fields, are seen principally clustered in three distinct ranges or avenues; and all are to the north and northeast of the village. The most eastern grouping is known as Kerlesant. The central and smallest grouping is called Kernario, and the western and largest field is generally named the Stones of Carnac. At first each of these seems a confused mass, but as the eye becomes familiar, long and sinuous avenues are distinctly traced; and the curious fact will impress the keen observer that in all three of these vast collections of pillar-stones the lines and avenues, from eight to eleven in each still being easily followed, converge rapidly as their eastern termini are approached; the theory, as held by some archaeologists, being that hundreds of others effaced within the 3,000 or 4,000 years since they were erected, all once led to the most sacred and eastern-point at Locmariner, some fifteen miles distant, where there is still to be seen a fallen and broken, but tremendous, monolith, which, as the loftiest member or "long stone of the sun," stood above grave of the greatest Celtic chieftain.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A Use for Celery Tops.

All careful housekeepers experience more or less annoyance in the dressing of celery, as they realize that only about half of it is available for the table. The green portions with many of the leaves are so fresh and delicate-looking that it seems a pity to throw them away, and except in soups or salads there is but little use for them.

An excellent way of utilizing this heretofore waste material is to wash it thoroughly, to cut it in pieces about three-quarters of an inch long and put it in a saucepan with a little water to boil, letting it simmer for an hour and a half or two hours, adding a pinch of salt. Let the water boil nearly out, then add a little cream, a small piece of butter and a little flour or corn starch wet with water. The corn starch is much more delicate, though some people seem to prefer flour. When done, this should be like a thick batter. Slices of toast may be prepared and the hot celery put upon them, a large spoonful to a slice. A tiny bit of butter and the least possible dash of pepper may be added; then send to the table and serve immediately.

SAYS HE IS ABLE TO FLY.

COMMANDER CHEYNE SHOULD JOIN HANDS WITH HIM.

He Proposes to Reach the North Pole on Wings—Stories of What He Has Done—If True, They Are Great Possibilities Ahead of Him.

"I know directly a man talks of flying he is put down as a lunatic. But I can afford to laugh at those who laugh at me, for I have done it."

"Do you really mean you have learned to fly?"

"Yes; and I will tell you how."

The speaker was Mr. R. Anderson, a Dane, an honorary member of the Balloon Society, and a gentleman who plans, it is understood, for reaching the North Pole in a very original manner have been placed before the Royal Geographical Society. It is necessary to state these facts, with the addition that the representative of Cassell's Saturday Journal, who interviewed Mr. Anderson, has no reason to doubt the authenticity of the extraordinary tale of adventure which is here narrated.

"How came you to learn to fly, Mr. Anderson?"

"Well, I had been trying to fly for a long time, since I was a boy of fourteen; but my first experiment was when I was private secretary to a Danish count, who was so much interested in the matter that he placed at my disposal all things that I needed. I think I got the first idea from studying the books of Jules Verne. My first attempts were made with a kite, in the middle of which I attached wings. I found, however, that they would not work as I expected; they would; but although the winged kite was not a practical idea, and I did not trust myself to it—I mean voluntarily, for it once lifted me, against my will, twenty feet in the air—it was, nevertheless, a step in the right direction.

When Mr. Stanley went to Africa, I wanted to join his expedition, and I hoped to meet him at Zanzibar; but when I arrived there I found he had already left. So I began to explore the interior on my own account, and then I fell ill. When I recovered I found myself among the natives in a strange country, and I did not know my way to the coast. I was a captive."

"A prisoner?"

"Prisoner in the sense that I could not get away. It is the fate of most men who fall ill when on an expedition to be left to find their own way back. That was my position. My attendants had deserted me. I did not know the road, and I had not the means. Then I recollected the efforts which I had put forth at home in the direction of flying, and I determined to fly to the coast."

"It was a bold idea. How did you carry it out?"

"I knew from my experiments that it would be necessary to construct what I call a 'plane,' to support my weight in the air. This plane, which I will compare to a stiff sheet of paper, rests on the air—floats upon it—provides, there is any breeze going. You see," pointing to the sheet of paper in his hand, "its edges offer no resistance to the wind, as a balloon does. It resembles a parachute rather. Well, the task before me was how to make a plane of sufficient area to carry me."

I obtained a number of long bamboos with great leaves. The bamboo canes I tied with grasses, which the natives used as cord, into the form of a light platform. Around this I built a hand-rail. I next added, on two sides of the square platform, a fan-shaped wing, which extended from the centre about thirty feet. I made each wing by running out bamboos at the two corners of the square on one side, and again from the opposite corners, at an angle, and then from bamboo to bamboo I stretched the broad leaves and made them secure.

My flying machine took the form of a great sheet, narrowing towards the centre from the front and back like two fish tails united. In the centre, you understand, was the platform upon which I was to stand, steer the concern, and make progress by offering a surface for the wind to play upon. I added wings constructed of the same materials. They projected from the platform, and they were not really wings, but paddles.

When my machine was complete I fitted a rope to it, and got the natives to run it up like a kite until it was level. This, in fact, was the difficult part. Like the albatross, I felt the inconvenience which all large-winged birds have in rising from the ground. I had this done several times until I satisfied myself that my plane would actually float on the air.

"Then the day came when I had to risk all—it was life or death, that I well knew; and I made up my mind to be off. The natives did not know my intention. They ran my kite up as usual, with me upon it. It hardly needed lifting, the wind was so high. Immediately I dared, I jerked the rope from the hands of the niggers, and began paddling. I was actually aloft in the air, at a level of about 150 feet above the tops of the trees.

"It was afternoon when I started on my journey. I remained in the air all night, and until late in the morning of the next day, travelling all the while towards the coast. Then the wind fell, and my machine came lower and lower until it came into contact with some trees, and began to break up; and I came to the ground, without injury, however.

"In eighteen hours I had travelled upon the air about 100 miles. No, it is no use saying that flying can't be done, because I have done it."

Then the aeronaut explained, by means of detailed plans and drawings, how he is perfecting the principle which he thus put into account in saving his life in Africa. He has adhered to the form of his "plane," but the wings, of which there are four, are of different shape, and are worked by hand or foot, to be kept in constant motion, and the depressions whilst the other is raised, or both can be raised or lowered at one time. To fall or rise in the air it would be necessary to lift the sides upwards, or allow them to drop downwards. The plane stretches on two sides of the platform forty feet; and underneath, to give greater buoyancy, and to provide against the risk of

sinking in the sea, are to be two cigar-shaped gas holders.

Mr. Anderson is confident that by means of such a machine the journey across the North pole from land to land could be accomplished.

"It is only through the air," he says, "that it will be done; for in the air, at a height of 1,000, or perhaps, 2,000 feet, the temperature will be warmer than on the surface of the ice below, where human life would not be supportable."

To Prevent Night Cough.

When coughing at night is particularly troublesome the thorough warming of the bed previous to its being occupied will often avert an attack. The taking of a warm warm a bed is by ironing the lower sheet, and as much of the upper one as is thrown back when the bed is opened. After this is done quickly draw up the bed clothing and place the bottles of hot water or the old fashioned warm log or bricks in between the ironed sheets. Persons with consumption and heart disease will secure untold comfort and many restful nights if they always go to warmed beds to seek repose.

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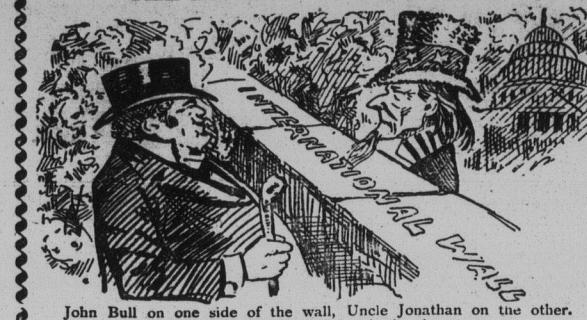
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Write to-day and you may receive a prize that will repay you many times over for your trouble. You will not lose anything, for the music alone cannot be bought elsewhere for five times the amount of your remittance.

List of prize-winners in our last competition: Miss Clara Morton, 5 Melbourne Place, Toronto, \$25 cash; Miss Mary Strange, Hamilton, \$15 cash; Mrs. W. Vanalstine, 60 Oak St., City, \$10 cash; Miss Iva Bonner, cor. Yonge and Queen Sts., City, \$5 cash; Miss Carrie Davies, cor. Sherbourne and Carlton, \$5; E. W. Eman, 60 Pembroke St., \$5; Mrs. H. L. Aymer, 141 Alexander St., Montreal, \$5; Mrs. F. Maclellan, 102 Calhoun St., Hamilton, \$5; Mrs. Dr. Gauvieux, St. Isidore, Que., \$5; Geo. Morissette, Three Rivers, Que., \$5; Vincent Green, Prof. of Music Trinity College, Port Hope, \$5; Gertrude L. Young, care of Dr. Young, Viridien, Man., \$5; Mrs. Rev. G. Lockhart, Alexander, Man., \$5; Miss Crawford, Brandon, Man., \$5; James Leckie, 323 Alfred St., Winnipeg, Man., \$5; Chas. Becker, Imperial Hotel, Vancouver, B. C., \$5; Miss Susie Extence, Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, B. C., \$5.

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Second-hand Remington, Calligraph, Smith-Premier, Hammond, and other Machines for sale cheap.

WOMAN a

I promised to give you some good receipts for candy this week, girls, have kept my word, even better than word, for I have given you some other sides, so as not to neglect the substantial altogether. By the way talking of substantial do you ever have stewed tea, and if so how do you cook it? it out of the can, I suppose and was a sauce pan the way most people do a little milk, and then complain that it is the way we used to do at our until we learned better, but now this way:

Stewed Corn. Put half a pint of milk into a saucepan, the frying pan will do better, add a good sized lump of butter, it come to a boil then mix a heaping spoonful of corn starch in a very little milk, stir it into the boiling milk, and then turn the can of corn mixture, stir till thoroughly hot. This is enough for one can of corn the quantity of milk, and butter, it can be used.

Scalloped Corn. Is an easy and appetizing tea dish some biscuits very fine and put a deep dish, then a layer of canned corn, continue until the dish is full. The last layer, which should be crumbs, with bits of butter, pour nearly a cup of milk, and bake for

The following tid-bit is not worth reading and pondering over, worth eating also: Many will recall the oft-repeated young epicure, Brillat Savarin who ordered thirty turkeys for a dinner. When his father reprimanded him extravagance on an occasion when alone, the youth recalled the fact that his father had always reserved for the very tid-bit of the bird—and were but two small portions of it bird, the order could in no way be extravagant. This tid-bit is known as "oyster" of the turkey, and is a piece of the turkey which is cut from the oyster. It is not, as many suppose of the white meat of the breast. T is composed of only two distinct pieces, each side, the upper and the lower. The "oyster," in fact, is a portion of the turkey which is cut from the oyster on each side of the back and just above the second joint, aming the bare carcass of a turkey the two hollows where the "oyster" will be easily perceived, and one that their shape is a long oval. This tid-bit is often ignored by the or is sliced with the second joint, be served intact to any one at the can appreciate the best bit of the

I have often wondered, as I carved this delicious portion from wise denuded carcass of a turkey few people knew about it, and I ways been careful to carve off the morsel with an air of studied care blended with resignation, estimating the members of the family should prefer motives for selecting it, and I enter the lists gastronomic as my Butter Scotch.

Seven tablespoonfuls of rollsaw. Two tablespoonfuls of water. Two tablespoonfuls of sugar. One tablespoonful of butter. Boil. When it will break in dropping in cold water it is done pinch of soda, stir once or twice upon buttered pans.

Chocolate Caramels. One-fourth pound of chocolate. Two teaspoonfuls of sugar. One teaspoonful of molasses. Piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil fifteen or twenty minutes into buttered pans until one-tenth inch thick, and just before coloring squares.

Not Candy. Two cupfuls of white sugar. One cupful of water. Two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Boil half an hour, and just before off the stove add the kernels of nuts you prefer, chopped.

Chocolate Creams. Prepare the cream the same as time to harden; then drop in chocolate, to which has been added one-half tablespoonful of pulverized and beaten until smooth. Greased paper until cool.

Cocunut Klases. Take the whites of two eggs, spoonfuls of powdered sugar to Beat until stiff enough for icing half a teaspoonful of grated cocoa upon buttered paper and bake brown.

Pop Corn Balls. Take the kernels that are perfectly white; pour over the taffy before it is done quite candy. Work very quickly into the hands.

French Candy. Whites of two eggs, the same cold water; put into a bowl and together with a tablespoonful add very slowly, stirring, one pound A. I confectioners' sugar. Have ready one-half pound nuts, carefully cracked, so that will be whole; also one-half pound almonds and other varieties of nuts, and one-half pound of oil. After molding the paste into small pieces upon a molding small bits of the paste and press of walnut on either side, a granulated sugar. Mold a portion of the almonds and drop into gran



# WOMAN and HER WORK.

I promised to give you some good receipts for candy this week, girls, and I have kept my word, even better than my word, for I have given you some others besides, so as not to neglect the substantial altogether. By the way talking of substantial do you ever have stewed corn for tea, and if so how do you cook it? Take it out of the can, I suppose and warm it in a sauce pan the way most people do, with a little milk, and then complain that a can of corn makes such a small dish; I know that is the way we used to do at our house until the learned better, but now we do it this way:

### Stewed Corn.

Put half a pint of milk into a shallow saucepan, the frying pan will do beautifully, add a good sized lump of butter and let it come to a boil then mix a heaping teaspoonful of corn starch in a very little cold milk, stir it into the boiling milk and butter, and then turn the can of corn into the mixture, stir till thoroughly hot and serve. This is enough for one can of corn, double the quantity of milk, and butter, if a second can is used.

### Scalloped Corn

Is an easy and appetizing tea dish. Roll some biscuits very fine and put a layer in a deep dish, then a layer of canned corn, and continue until the dish is full. Then dot the last layer, which should be of the crumbs, with bits of butter, pour over it nearly a cup of milk, and bake for half an hour.

The following tid-bit is not only well worth reading and pondering over, but well worth eating also:

Many will recall the oft-repeated story of the young epicure, Brillat Savarin's son, who ordered thirty turkeys for his dinner. When his father reprimanded him for such extravagance on an occasion when he dined alone, the youth recalled the fact that there was one portion of the turkey which his father had always reserved for himself—the very tid-bit of the bird—and, as there were but two small portions of it in each bird, the order could in no way be called extravagant. This tid-bit is known as the "oyster" of the turkey; and probably not one carver in twenty can tell exactly where it lies. It is not, as many suppose, a piece of the white meat of the breast. The breast is composed of only two distinct layers on each side, the upper and the lower fillets. The "oyster," in fact, is a portion of exceedingly tender dark meat which lies in a hollow on each side of the backbone, near and just above the second joint. By examining the bare carcass of a carved turkey, the two hollows where the "oysters" lie will be easily perceived, and one will note that their shape is a long oval. Unhappily this tid-bit is often ignored by the carver, or is sliced with the second joint. It should be served intact to any one at the table who can appreciate the best bit of the bird.

I have often wondered, as I pensively carved this delicious portion from the otherwise denuded carcass of a turkey, why so few people knew about it, and I have always been careful to carve off that dainty morsel with an air of studied carelessness blended with resignation, lest the other members of the family should penetrate my motives for selecting it, and by and by enter the lists gastronomic as my rival.

### Butter Scotch.

Seven tablespoonfuls of molasses.  
Two tablespoonfuls of water.  
Two tablespoonfuls of sugar.  
One tablespoonful of butter.  
Boil. When it will break easily after dropping in cold water it is done. Add a pinch of soda, stir once or twice, and pour upon buttered pans.

### Chocolate Caramels.

One-fourth pound of chocolate, grated.  
Two teaspoonfuls of sugar.  
One teaspoonful of molasses.  
Piece of butter the size of an egg.  
Boil fifteen or twenty minutes; pour into buttered pans until one-fourth of an inch thick, and just before cold cut into squares.

### Nut Candy.

Two cupfuls of white sugar.  
One cupful of water.  
Two tablespoonfuls of vinegar.  
Boil half an hour, and just before taking off the stove add the kernels of any kind of nuts you prefer, chopped.

### Chocolate Creams.

Prepare the cream the same as for nuts; form into balls, and set aside for a short time to harden; then drop into Baker's chocolate, to which has been added one and one-half tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar and beaten until smooth. Place upon greased paper until cool.

### Cocoanut Kisses.

Take the whites of two eggs and ten teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar to each egg. Beat until stiff enough for icing, and add half a teaspoonful of grated cocoanut. Drop upon buttered paper and bake a delicate brown.

### Pop Corn Balls.

Take the kernels that are popped out perfectly white; pour over them a little taffy before it is done quite enough for candy. Work very quickly into balls with the hands.

### French Candy.

Whites of two eggs, the same quantity of cold water; put into a bowl and stir well together, with a tablespoonful of vanilla; add very slowly, stirring constantly, two pounds A 1 confectioner's sugar.

Have ready one-half pound English walnuts, carefully cracked, so that the kernels will be whole; also one-half pound of almonds and other varieties of nuts you may desire and one-half pound of dates. After molding the paste stiff enough to roll, place upon a molding board. Cut small bits of the paste and press a half kernel of walnut on either side, and drop into granulated sugar. Mold a portion around the almonds and drop into granulated sugar.

Remove the pit from the dates and press a bit of paste in the centre.

It may seem at first sight, quite a long step between cookery and fashions, but don't you remember that what to eat and what to drink came first, and "where-withal shall we be clothed," afterwards, so I am only following the natural sequence. We must be clothed, and we may as well denote a reasonable amount of time and consideration to the shaping and fitting of our garments, that we may appear as beautiful as possible to those who love us, though I am very much afraid we spend a good deal more time in dressing for those who don't love us at all; neither do we love them, but we merely wish to outshine them if possible.

I once knew an artist who said it was "every woman's duty to be beautiful, accomplished, and cook well." Now we can't all be beautiful, only a few of us are accomplished to a very marked degree, and cooks, like poets, are born, not made. But still most of us can succeed in being at least a little fair to look upon if we will only take the trouble, since no one is wholly ill-favored, and a proper attention to dress is a valuable aid to the art of being attractive, because the girl who is not pretty may yet succeed in being charming, on account of her trim figure, her dainty dress and her general air of neatness and freshness. The person who first said that "fine feathers make fine birds," was wiser than he knew, for a plain woman prettily dressed is a far more charming object than a pretty one badly dressed.

The well-dressed woman has long discovered the fact that it she could get the full amount of wear out of each dress in her wardrobe, she must always have two bodices for it, as constant wear is fatal to a close fitting bodice causing it to become shiny and wrinkled, even if the sleeves do not give out, or the seams fray, long before the skirt is shabby, that is if the skirt is taken reasonably good care of, and held out of the mud in walking, not dragged through it as so many do when one hand is engaged, and the other too cold to be of much service.

To return to the bodice, every woman who likes to look well dressed, has a blouse made for each skirt, in addition to the tight bodice. Sometimes this blouse is made of goods which contrast in color, and material, with the skirt, but frequently it matches, to a certain extent. Thus for a black serge costume, the blouse may either be of geranium red cashmere, poppy red chins silk, or any of the figured tennis flannels, so fashionable now, or again it may match the skirt by being made of black tennis flannel, with large polka dots of white, yellow, or red. A blue serge dress would have a blouse in any of the colors mentioned above, or one to match of blue flannel, spotted in cream, or white, red spots are also worn, but they are not so pretty.

Never were the accessories of woman's dress so pretty, and dainty, as they are now, frills and jabots without end, are worn; they are usually made of chiffon, as it is so much softer, and more graceful than lace, besides it drapes better. Bright colored vests are worn with all sorts of costumes; they are generally made to slip in and out easily, so they can be readily changed.

What do you think of the Empire styles girls; I hope you like them, because I really think they have come to stay; but I cannot honestly say I admire them myself because I do like to see people have a waist. I think a trim waist is the prettiest thing a woman can have, and the idea of disguising it by trying to move it up about six inches, is most absurd and, I think most ungraceful. However it is the fashion, and it is as well to be out of the world as out of the fashion. As yet the Empire gown pure and simple is only seen in the evening, for the excellent reason that low necked dresses would be decidedly uncomfortable this time of year, for general, or street wear, and the real Empire dress must be low-necked, all high necked dresses supposed to date from the period of the first Empire, are merely imitations. Here is a lovely Empire gown I saw the other day; it was of fine cream colored cashmere, made with a slight train, and finished at the foot with three narrow ruffles, the bodice which was so short as to be little more than a yoke, was slightly low in the neck and finished with a wide frill of lace, which fell over the shoulders like a berthe. The sleeves were merely great puffs of cream colored velvet made bias, and from under the arms a long, very long saash of soft cream colored silk started, crossed just below the bust, and tied between the shoulders in a large bow, the ends falling nearly to the hem of the skirt. Somehow it does not look as well in writing as I thought it would, and I have a suspicion it is going to look worse in type; but the dress itself was really very pretty, and so quaint that it was very distinguished looking; but of course one would require a clear complexion and a pretty neck and arms to look well in it, as the utter absence of color is rather trying.

The prophets who predicted the fall and utter annihilation of the neat and convenient bell skirt seem to have been greatly at sea

in their calculation, as it is positively announced now that the bell skirt will last for another year, and more power, to it, for it is the most convenient, economical, and easily made garment that has been in fashion for years. Health and long life to the bell skirt.

There is a terrible rumor current in fashion circles that an effort will soon be made to revive the crinoline that abomination of our mothers early years. I hope it may be only a rumor, but yet after the empire what can we expect but a regular rotation of fashion which will in time bring us to the crinoline! but let us make the bravest fight we can against it girls, in the name of beauty, grace and symmetry let us inaugurate an early crusade against the crinoline.

HOMERLINDEN, St. John.—Yes indeed, '93 will do just as well, and as it has only just begun, we shall have a grand opportunity of getting acquainted before it is over, and you know new comers are always welcome to our column. (1) I am afraid I cannot be of much service to you, as it is something I know very little about. Suppose you make inquiries through your friends in the different offices you have on your list of "calls," or else your friends in the profession, and ask them to keep a bright look out for vacancies and remember you when they hear of any. I believe you could send your name in to the head office and have it placed on the list of applicants for vacancies, and perhaps that would be the best way after all. (2) Yes, I think so, they are supposed to be thoroughly respectable you know, and on a level with yourself, so you would probably make yourself very unpopular if you did not do so, and after all, the acquaintance need not extend beyond business hours, if you wish. (3) Not only extremely rude, but utterly ill-bred and boorish. I would not let them imagine I cared sufficiently to refuse to speak to them, but would take as little notice of them as possible in future. (4) No, it is probably no fault of hers. She may be coming home from church, and you know one cannot always count upon an escort. Many things may happen to detain him, even if it is his duty to be on hand; and if a girl walks quietly and quickly home and attends to her own concerns, no one has the least right to make any remark. (5) I do not think so at all. They sometimes look a little awkward dancing together, but nothing to equal the awkwardness of the position reversed—the height on the wrong side. Thank you for the kind wishes, both on Geoffrey's behalf and my own.

The following letter is, I think worth publishing.

MICHIGAN, Jan. 12, '93.  
DEAR ASTRAL: I am a young and unprotected man, and in a case of deep anxiety and dire distress I come to you, the friend of the defenceless, for aid and counsel.

The case is this:—A young man who is innocent of any matrimonial intentions whatever, was in company with a number of young ladies one evening last night, when one of them suddenly announced that she was making a quilt for him, and then all the others laughed and said it was easily understood what that meant. And then they all began to congratulate me—for of course you will divine that I was the young man—now dear Astral, what I want to ask you is this, can that young lady legally hold me to a promise I never made, and is it customary for a young lady to make a quilt for a young man, who never asked her to do so? And if she does, would it constitute an engagement? I did think that timid men not matrimonially inclined, were safe now for another four years, but somehow last year does not seem to have made any difference, and the path of the timid youth is beset with dangers all the year round, and try as he will he cannot avoid them. By answering these questions you will confer a great favor and, perhaps, set at rest the troubled mind of an ANXIOUS ONE.

Now my dear boy, don't be frightened! Pull yourself together and look matters firmly in the face. You are living beneath the spreading shadow of the eagle's wings in a land that is free; and no dandel, however bold and strong, can capture you and carry you off struggling and protesting to hererie. You are safe if you will only be calm and let things take their course. Just wait until you have a good opportunity when the same company are together, if possible, and then remind your friend of her promise. Say you have left the cold lately, and would be glad of her present, thanking her at the same time for her kindness in alleviating the miseries of a poor lonely bachelor who has not even the most distant prospect of being able to marry—with an aged mother and thirteen spinster sisters, all over 40, to provide for. If that does not frighten her off, nothing but a dynamite cartridge or a cage full of live mice will succeed. But I think it will, all the same. One spinster sister would be enough for me, I know, so I think you will go home laughing in your sleeve and at the same time showering blessings on the head of your friend.

ASTRA.  
Detective—Your suspicions in regard to your cashier are groundless. He has no expensive tastes and lives quite respectably. Banker—That's just the reason why I suspect him. On the salary which I pay him it is impossible for him to live respectably.

# ABOUT NEW YEAR SLIPPERS.



You Should See Our Assortment of  
**GENTLEMEN'S SLIPPERS**  
IN VELVET, PLUSH AND FANCY LEATHERS. IT IS THE FINEST WE HAVE YET HAD.  
**WATERBURY & RISING, 34 King, 212 Union Sts.**

**AMERICAN DYE WORKS COMPANY.**  
Lace Curtains Cleaned & Dyed by a French Process  
Office—South Side King Square, Works—Elm Street North End, St. John, New Brunswick.

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Always carry a large stock and are continually receiving new goods in Watches, Jewelry, Solid Silver, Electro Plate, Clocks, Bronzes and all goods pertaining to the jewelry business.  
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MAHONEY, BOSTON.

**SHARPE'S BALSAM**  
OF KORENOW AND ANISEED.  
FOR  
**CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS.**  
OVER 40 YEARS IN USE.  
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.  
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SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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A GLUE POT ALWAYS READY FOR USE WITHOUT HEATING.  
STRONG—HANDY—DURABLE  
Mends everything that Glue will Mend. Small packages for household use. Special grades for Mechanics. Don't Forget "CHASE'S."  
Sold by all Druggists, Butchers and Hardware dealers, or sample by mail for 10 cents. GILMOUR & CO., MONTREAL.

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KOFF NO MORE  
WILL GIVE POSITIVE AND INSTANT RELIEF TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., AND ARE INVALUABLE TO ORATORS AND VOCALISTS. R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP. TRY THEM

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Gen'l Agent for Maritime Provinces.  
FOR FIFTY YEARS!  
**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**  
has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

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Wentz, " " P. I. Port " "  
Abela, " " P. I. Sherry, " "  
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78 PRINCE  
WILLIAM  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
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INSPECTION INSURANCE  
**ACCIDENT**



THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Catharine de Medici imported muffs into France from Italy.

Shoes with heels six inches high were worn at the court of Louis XIV.

In 1800 the shipping entering the Mersey was 400,000 tons per annum. It is now 10,000,000 tons.

On the bank of the river Naba, between Bingen and Coblenz, there is an echo capable of repeating a sentence seventeen different times.

The lighthouse tower at Cape Hatteras is 189 feet high from its base to the centre of the lantern. It is the tallest lighthouse tower in existence.

Marriages are not allowed in Bavaria unless the authorities are convinced the persons wishing to marry have the means to support a wife and family.

It is no unusual thing for a turtle to lay as many as one hundred and twenty-five eggs, although from sixty to one hundred eggs is a more usual "lay."

In France there is an unwritten but immutable law that a painting shall not be exhibited without the artist's consent, no matter what the wishes of the owner may be.

The orange was originally a pear-shaped fruit about the size of the common wild cherry. Its evolution is believed by naturalists to be due to twelve hundred years of cultivation.

Of the total number of 109,000 locomotive engines which are at present running on the earth's surface, Europe claims 63,000, America, 40,000, Asia, 3,300, Australia, 2,000, and Africa, 700.

The baby bird of India ingeniously illuminates its nest. It catches fire-flies, and, without killing them, with moist clay sticks them to its nest. On a dark night the baby's nest is like a bright beacon.

It is generally supposed that the oyster is an exceptionally nutritious article of food, but chemical analysis shows that the nutritive value of a quart of solid oyster meats is equal only to that of two-thirds of a pound of bread.

During the times of George I. and II., the wedding-ring, though placed upon the usual finger at the time of marriage, was sometimes worn on the thumb, in which position it is often seen on the portraits of titled ladies in those days.

The larger portion of the walnuts consumed in England are of foreign growth, and average in quantity about 250,000 bushels. The bulk of these come from France and Belgium, and small quantities from Germany, Holland, and Italy.

The art of making paper from fibrous matter reduced to a pulp in water appears to have been discovered by the Chinese about eighteen hundred years ago. Chinese paper is made from the inner bark of the bamboo and mulberry trees, hempen, rags, &c.

According to the best and most recent calculations 100,000,000 tons of water pour over Niagara every hour. This represents 16,000,000 horse power. The annual coal production of the world would not furnish steam power sufficient to pump it back again.

Roumania is perhaps the highest-taxed country in the world. Ever a bottle of foreign wine has to pay a shilling duty. There is a tax even on female servants; there is a tax on one's door-plate; there is a tax which doctors must pay yearly for the privilege of exercising their profession.

Russia still has many odd and curious marriage customs. One is for the bride and bridegroom to race rapidly down the aisle as soon as the bridal procession enters the church, because of the belief that whichever places a foot first on the cloth in front of the altar will be master in the household.

There is a little patch of about 30,000 square miles in North-Western Texas known as the "Pan Handle," which at one time was fit only for grazing. Within the last three or four years about 5,000,000 bushels of wheat have been harvested there, and it promises to be a great wheat and fruit country.

The custom of setting several glasses before each person for different wines that are to be served, belongs to the nineteenth century. In the eighteenth century the glass was dipped at each new wine into small earthenware vessels filled with water which were placed upon the table within reach of the guests.

About 250,000 canaries are raised every year in Germany, and besides the 100,000 birds that are sent to America the English market takes about 50,000; the next best customers being Brazil, China, the Argentine Republic, and Austria, to which countries salesmen are sent with large numbers of birds every year.

When, as sometimes happens, one is forced to wear an uncomfortably tight shoe, it may be of value to know that folded cloth wet in hot water laid over the pinching point will often speedily afford relief. Change the cloth several times to keep up the heat, which shortly stretches the shoe and shapes it to the foot.

In Homer's days the Greeks were purely flesh-eaters; but a few centuries before Christ we find the Athenians such thorough fish-eaters that, instead of the morning meal or mid-day meal as we do, they spoke of their mid-day fish or evening fish, just as the North German speaks of his mid-day bread or his evening bread.

Brass is a very variable metal, every maker having his own mixture and his own methods. A mixture of four of copper to one of zinc will give a mixture suitable for pump-rods and having a tensile strength of about fourteen tons to the square inch. A tough brass for engine-work has a composition of tin, two; zinc, two; and copper, thirteen. This allows for some loss of the more volatile metals in the crucible.

Banks of emery are common in the whole of the region of Anatolia. Working is limited to the deposits which are near to the railways, in order that the expenses of transport may be reduced to a minimum. The exportation, very insignificant a few years ago, has now attained some importance. It reached 10,225 tons in 1889. It has not been possible to ascertain the volume of the consignments for the last two years.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla. Your best remedy for Erysipelas, Catarrh R-rheumatism, and S-crofula. Salt-Rheum, Sore Eyes A-bscesses, Tumors R-running Sores S-curvey, Humors, Itch A-nemia, Indigestion P-imples, Blotches A-nd Carbuncles R-ingworm, Rashes I-mpure Blood L-anguidness, Dropsy L-iver Complaint A-ll cured by

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JOHN A. KIMBALL. Neuralgia of the Heart! Chronic Dyspepsia! Awful Constipation! Rheumatism! CURED BY GRODER'S SYRUP

Saint John, N.B., October 11, 1892. To THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., L.T.P. Gentlemen: I, John A. Kimball, of the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, shoemaker, do solemnly declare that:

I cannot speak in too high praise of the wonders that Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup has worked in my case. It is an act of justice as well as a duty for me to tell the public through you just what your remedy has done for me. I am 45 years of age. My life during the past 23 years has NEVER BEEN FREE FROM SUFFERING UNTIL NOW. Since I began to take GRODER'S SYRUP; I KIND CHRONIC NEURALGIA OF THE HEART OF 20 YEARS STANDING has entirely disappeared. My distress from SEVERE CONSTIPATION has been an unending torture for the past ten years, but your remedy is fast restoring healthy action of the stomach. THAT

is the cause of long-standing has ceased to trouble me. I am no longer a gloomy, melancholy dyspeptic. There is NO ACID or pain in any part of my body. My food digests readily and causes me no distress whatever. Your medicine is the first of the hundreds I have tried that has given me any relief. I am ready to answer any inquiry concerning this, and the belief that whoever places a foot first on the cloth in front of the altar will be master in the household.

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OVERWORKED BRAINS. Ministers, Students and others suffering from Nervous Debility, Mental Worry, Sleeplessness, Lack of Energy and Loss of Nerve Power, positively cured, by HAZELTON'S VITALIZER. Address enclosing 3c. stamp for treatise, J. E. HAZELTON, Graduated Pharmacist, 308 Queen Street, Toronto. July 11, 1892.

HUMPHREYS' This PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine. Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with it as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used over 40 years, and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction. For Files—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fistula in Ano; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

WITCH HAZEL OIL. For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contractions from Burns. The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled. For Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Chafing or Scald Head. It is Infallible. For Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable. Price, 50 Cents. Trial size, 25 Cents. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

CURES PILES. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

What's in a name. It depends upon who spells it. Sport: And so you were ruined by fast horses? Broke: No, by slow ones.

The world may owe us a living, but no collection agency will accept the claim. "He asked me to marry him, but I hardly know what to do. They say he is a fool." "He is."

Ethel (musingly)—Why should he want to marry me, I wonder? Clarissa—Upon my word, I cannot imagine.

All things come to those who wait. The particular thing for which they are waiting is generally the last to make its appearance.

There is one valuable thing about those fashion plates in the weekly papers. They are useful in showing women how not to dress.

In five minutes a woman can clean up a man's room in such a way that it will take him five weeks to find out where she put things.

What do you use this sign "Back in five minutes I do for it?" Oh, when you go on the office door when I go off for half a day or so.

Johnny (knowingly): What a lovely disposition your sister has, hasn't she? Yes, just now. But this is her ball-room disposition, you know.

Old Lady—I hope, my boy, that you do not sell papers on Sunday. Small news-boy (saddy)—No, mum, I ain't big enough to carry a Sunday edition yet.

Tailor—I made the pistol pocket only half pint size, Colonel. Col. Blood—You may keep the trousers, sir. I do not carry bottles of water in my pockets.

"Did you see 'Rescued from the Deep; Or, He Had to Dive for It' last night?" "Yes." "What part does old Briggs play?" "The tank, as usual."

"I am troubled with insomnia, doctor. What should I do for it?" When you go to bed think it is time to get up, and I guess you'll want to go to sleep."

She—Why is it when doctors get ill they never attend to their own cases? He—I don't know, but I should say it was because they can't charge themselves for it.

Bluffers—I wonder if Diggs has much money behind him? Spatts—He had the other day when I saw him—he was leaning against the Bank of New Brunswick.

"I see that 1,800 girls were graduated from the Boston cooking school last year." "H'm! No wonder that the proprietors of patent dyspepsia remedies get rich."

"The weather bureau has been having a soft snap of it of late." "How is that?" "All the clerks have had to do was to report a cold was a tank, they hit every time."

Clergyman—Is not this Panama scandal an amazing affair? Politician—It is that. With the chance those fellows had they ought to have made twice as much out of it.

"To tie a cravat in the latest style is a greater art than to find a collar button," says an expert. This is true. To find a collar button is not art at all. It is luck.

Adoring one (in lavender kids and a blue scarf): Oh, how I wish I were that book you clap so lovingly! She: How I wish you were, so that I could shut you up.

Her Father—Is there any chance of promotion in your business or increase in your salary? Suitor—Is there? Why my position is next to the lowest in the establishment!

Butcher—I need a boy about your size, and will give you \$3.00 a week. Applicant—Will I be in the place in five days? I want you to be here at four o'clock every morning.

Merchant: I always give the preference to a married clerk. Friend: Why is that? Merchant: Because I find that they are not in such a hurry to get home of an evening as the others are.

"Your eyes are awfully red, Jennie." "Yes, I was up most of the night." "What doing?" "I had let the diary I started on New Year's fall behind, and I was writing it up to date."

Cigarette Manufacturer—How can we increase the sale of our cigarettes? Clerk—Why not put a life insurance policy in each box? Cigarette Manufacturer (thoughtfully)—Too risky.

Doctor—Put out your tongue. Husband—I beg your pardon. Tell my wife to put out her tongue. Doctor—What do you mean, sir? Husband—Because it is not my tongue that makes me sick.

Mrs. Uneasy (weeping): Tom, dear, I don't know, but I believe my liver is out of order. Mr. Uneasy: Oh, well, never mind, as long as you have got a kind heart. I didn't marry you for your liver.

George—Suppose a fellow's best girl gets annoyed when you ask for a kiss. Henry—Take it without asking. George—Suppose she gets annoyed then? Henry—Then you've got some other fellow's girl."

What's the matter with Henpket that he looks so poorly of late? "Homesickness, I guess." "Homesickness? Why, he is not away from home." "No; that's the reason. Mrs. Henpket makes him sick of it."

"And you want to marry my daughter? Why, sir, she is my only child." "Well, sir, if you will give her to me I will come here and live with you and you will have two children instead of one. What more could you ask?"

Lawyer—it is reported you have frequently expressed yourself as opposed to capital punishment? Deacon High soul (drawn for jury duty)—I won't have no scruples in that man's case. He cheated me on a horse trade once.

"Come up to my house to-morrow night," said Henpecke. "I'm going to celebrate my golden wedding." "Golden wedding! Why, man, you've only been married three years." "I know it, but it seems like fifty; so everything is all right."

"And a hundred carriages followed him to his grave," said the man who was describing the funeral. "Who are they talking about?" asked a stranger; "a great statesman, warrior, poet or what?" "They are talking, sir, of Mike the bruiser, who kept a dive."

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MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Reskin was an able writer at the age of eighteen. Thirty-one cents a line is the price recently paid M. Zola, in France, for the serial-rights of a novel.

Princess Galitzen, a member of one of the oldest aristocratic families of Russia, is now a stablemaid in a French circus.

Charles and Alfred Tenneyson received one hundred dollars for "Poems of Two Brothers." The manuscript is now worth five thousand.

The last man wounded in the civil war by a Confederate bullet was Sergeant Crockett of the Sixty-second United States Colored Infantry.

One of the most prosperous inventors of the day is George Westinghouse, whose wonderful brake has brought him in a fortune of \$20,000,000.

One of the last official acts of the Emperor of Germany before the dawn of the new year was to sign the death sentence of a woman convicted of murder.

The wife of M. Clemenceau, the "hero of a hundred duels," is an American woman. She has been separated from her husband for a number of years.

Emperor William has received from the Sultan of Turkey an oriental set of furniture made of pearl and ebony. To the Emperor he sent two vases of enamel and silver.

Count Gege Primoli, the young Duc De Morny of France, and "Lennie," Duke of Newcastle (in England), are said to be the most expert amateur photographers in Europe.

It is said that Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward gave a month to a short story, composing carefully, revising twice at least, and reading the manuscript aloud, the better to test the style.

The late King Louis II of Bavaria encumbered the royal property to such an extent that it will require a payment of £150 a day during sixteen years before his debts are paid off.

The heir to the Austrian throne, when he becomes Emperor, will govern nine countries, bear eighteen titles as dukes, one as archduke, two as grand duke, and also thirty-three other titles.

Mile. Bonheur's house at Fontainebleau is fairly alive with pets; sheep, horses, goats and dogs; creatures with pedigrees and without them; creatures famous for beauty or remarkable for their rarity.

Ladies visiting the Comte and Comtesse of Paris, on an ordinary three days' invitation to Stowe, are expected to take six new toilet costumes along with them. Three changes of dress per day are insisted upon.

Benjamin Harrison is the name given to no fewer than forty-four baby boys in the United States. They are named after the late President, and on each occasion he received a letter from the parents at the time of the christening.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, believes in the benefits of walking as an exercise, and takes a long "constitutional" before breakfast every morning. In the summer time she is frequently out of doors before 6, returning to breakfast at 8. By 9 she is at work with her pen.

A writer thinks it strange that women should desire to become writers when success in literature seems to mean a single life for a woman. Mary Wilkins, Kate Field, Nora Perry, Edith Thomas, Sarah Orne Jewett, Lucy Larcom, Louise Imogen Guiney, Gail Hamilton, Octave Thanet, Grace King and Constance Fenimore Woolson are unmarried.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt is said to have the most imposing bed in New York. It revives the ancient style of posts and canopies, and it stands enthroned, as it were, on a raised platform in the centre of her room. This platform is two steps high. The bedstead is of rosewood, and the canopy used to be lined with an enormous plate-glass mirror. The mirror was taken out a short time since, and is now replaced by the more conventional old-rose satin.

The Emperor of Germany has a very simple remedy for a cold, which he has found invariably successful. He goes to bed and stays there for twenty-four hours, and rises at the end of that time quite well again. At a recent reception he told the President of the German Imperial Diet that he had caught a severe cold while staying at the house of the Hereditary Prince of Meiningen, which was very draughty. He had quite cured himself by this simple means.

The workmen who go in advance of the Czar whenever he travels form a squad of six mechanics. Two are locksmiths, two carpenters, and two masons. All are married men, born in the Czar's service, and absolutely devoted to their Sovereign. Their business is to examine the walls, flooring, chimneys, locks, and furniture of the apartments which the Czar is to occupy. The chimneys in particular, engage their attention, for every leak leading to a room in which the Czar is to sleep or eat has to be graded and barred at top or bottom.

Alphonse Daudet, "the French Dickens," as he is sometimes termed, who is shortly to pay a visit, is one of the most striking figures in the world of Paris. His fine head is enveloped in flowing locks of jet-black hair, which fall thickly on his shoulders, and the lower part of his face, the pallor of which is in striking contrast to his lustrous eyes, is likewise covered with luxuriant moustachios and beard—in short, an incarnation of the poet of romance. With all this outward display of Bohemianism, he has been happily "ranged" these many years, and he finds in Madame Daudet a constant and a valued helpmeet.

Mr. Webb, late United States Consul at Manila, who became a convert to Islamism and recently threw up his post to engage in the work of making all Americans Mohammedans, is reported to have been successful beyond all expectation in procuring large sums of money for his mission. Before he even entered Hyderabad 10,000 rupees were promised there for his work, and now that he is there it is expected the enthusiasm of the wealthy Mohammedans of the city will easily double that sum. In Bombay over 10,000 rupees were subscribed, and the Mohammedans of Calcutta and Rangoon have furnished about 20,000 rupees.

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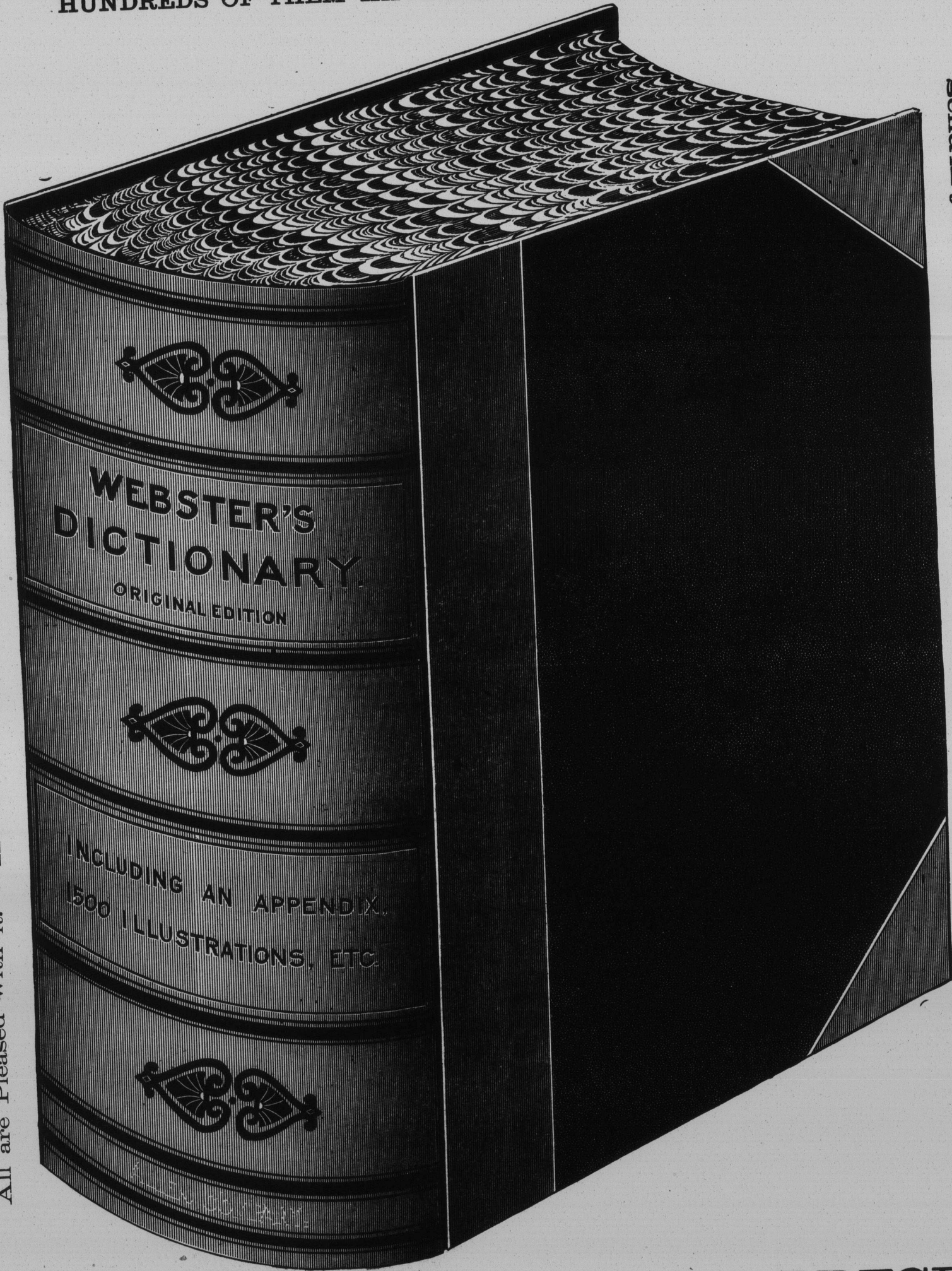
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A TYPE-WRITER LETTER.

When a man has battled with poverty all his life, tearing it as he fought it, and yet dreading all the while the coming of the time when it would gain the mastery and throttle him—when such a man is told that he is rich it might be imagined he would receive the announcement with hilarity.

Denham had never before been called a rich man, and up to that moment he had not thought of himself as wealthy. He wrote out the check asked of him, and his visitor departed gratefully, leaving the merchant with something to ponder over.

It was as surprised with the suddenness of the thing as if some one had left him a legacy. Yet the money was all of his own accumulating, but his struggle had been so long, and he had been so hopeless about it, that from mere habit he exerted all his energies long after the enemy was overcome—just as the troops at New Orleans had fought a fierce battle, not knowing the war was over.

He had sprung from such a hopelessly poor family. Poverty had been their inheritance from generation to generation. It was the invariable legacy that father had left to son in the Denham family.

Denham started as if that question in that tone had not been asked him every night for years.

"What's that, what's that?" he cried. Rogers was astonished, but too well trained to show it.

"Anything more to-night, Mr. Denham?"

"Ah, quite so. No, Rogers; thank you, nothing more."

"Good night, Mr. Denham."

"Eh? Oh, yes. Good night, Rogers; good night."

When Mr. Denham left his office and went out into the street everything had an unusual appearance to him. He walked long, unheeding the direction. He looked at the fine residences and realized that he might have a fine residence if he wanted it.

He saw handsome carriages, he too might set up an equipage. The satisfaction these thoughts produced was brief. Of what use would a fine house or an elegant carriage be to him? He knew no one to invite to the house or to ride with him in the carriage.

He began to realize how utterly alone in the world he was. The running dog with its nose to the ground sees nothing of the surrounding scenery. He knew men in business way, of course, and doubtless each of them had a home in the suburbs somewhere, but he could not take a business man to his home and say to him, "Invite me to your house; I am lonely; I want to know people."

It got such an invitation he would not know what to do with himself. He was familiar with the counting room and his language, but the drawing room was an unexplored country to him, where an unknown tongue was spoken.

On the road to wealth he had missed something, and it was now too late to go back for it. Only the day before he had heard one of the clerks, who did not know he was within earshot, allude to him as "the old man."

As he was now walking through the park and away from the busy streets he took off his hat, ran his fingers through his gizzled hair, and looking at his hand when he had done so as if the gray, like wet paint, had come off. He thought of the married man once, who perhaps would have married him, but that had always been a mistake of the Denhams. They had a married young except him, and so sunk deeper into the mire of poverty.

Next day business went on as usual. Letters were answered, and the time arrived when Miss Gale came in to see if he had any further commands to day. Denham hesitated. He felt vaguely that a business office was not the proper place for a proposal; yet he knew he would be at a disadvantage anywhere else.

Miss Gale seated herself and automatically placed on her knee the shorthand writing pad ready to take down his instructions. She looked up at him expectantly. Denham, in an embarrassed manner, ran his fingers through his hair.

"I am thinking," he began, "of taking a partner. The business is very prosperous now. In fact, it has been for some time."

"Don't you think it would be better to consult with Mr. Rogers?" He knows more about business than I. But perhaps it is Mr. Rogers who is to be the partner?"

"No, it is not Rogers. Rogers is a good man. But—it is not Rogers."

"Then I think in an important matter like this Mr. Rogers or some one who knows the business as thoroughly as he does would be able to give advice that would be of some value."

"I don't want advice exactly. I have made up my mind to have a partner, if the partner is willing."

"Is it then, a question of the capital the partner is to bring in?" asked Miss Gale, anxious to help him.

"No, no. I don't wish any capital. I have enough for both. And the business is very prosperous, Miss Gale—and has been."

The young woman raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"You surely don't intend to share the profits with a partner that brings no capital into the business?"

"Yes—yes, I do. You see, as I said, I have no need for more capital."

"Oh, it is that, is it? I think you should consult Mr. Rogers before you commit yourself."

"But Rogers wouldn't understand either. I'm afraid I don't understand either. It seems to me a foolish thing to do—that is, if you want my advice."

"Oh, yes, I would. But it isn't as foolish as you think. I should have a partner long ago. That is where I made the mistake. I've made up my mind on that."

"Then I don't see that I can be of any use—if your mind is already made up."

"Oh, yes, you can. I'm a little afraid that my offer may not be accepted."

"It is sure to be, if a man has any sense. No fear of such an offer being refused. Offers like that are not to be had every day. It will be accepted."

"Do you really think so, Miss Gale? I am glad that is your opinion. Now, what I want to consult you about is the form of the offer. I would like to put it—well—delicately, you know, so that it would not be refused, nor give offense."

"I see. You want me to write a letter to him?"

"Exactly, exactly!" cried Denham, with some relief. He had not thought of sending a letter before. Now he wondered why he had not thought of it. It was evidently the best way out of a situation that was extremely disconcerting.

"Have you spoken to him about it?"

"To him? What him?"

"To your future partner, about the proposal?"

"No, no! Oh, no! That is—I have spoken to nobody but you."

"And you are determined not to speak to Mr. Rogers before you write?"

Richard Denham paced up and down the floor for a few moments in the next room, and then Miss Gale came out with the completed letter in her hand.

"Shall I have the boy copy it?" she asked.

"Oh, bless you, no," answered Mr. Denham, with evident trepidation.

"The young woman said to herself, "He doesn't want Mr. Rogers to know, and no wonder. It's a most unbusiness like proposal."

Then she said aloud, "Shall you want me again to-day?"

"No, Miss Gale; and thank you very much." Next morning Miss Gale came in to Mr. Denham's office with a smile on her face.

"You made a funny mistake last night, Mr. Denham," she said, as she took off her wraps.

"Did I?" he asked in alarm.

"Yes. You sent that letter to my address. I got it this morning. I opened it, for I thought it was for me, and that perhaps you did not mean me to-day. But I was wrong. Did you want me to-day?"

It was on his tongue to say, "I want you every day," but he merely hid out his hand for the letter, and looked at it as if he could not account for its having gone astray.

The next day Miss Gale came late, and she looked frightened. It was evident that Denham was losing his mind. She put the letter down before him and said:

"You addressed that to me the second time, Mr. Denham."

"There was a look of haggard anxiety about Mr. Denham that gave color to her suspicions. He felt that it was now or never."

"Then why don't you answer it, Miss Gale?" he said gruffly.

"Sh—sh—sh!" she repeated faintly.

"Certainly. If I got a letter twice I would answer it."

"What do you mean?" she cried, with her hand on the door knob.

"Exactly what the letter says. I want you for my partner. I want to marry you, and—financial considerations be—"

"Oh!" cried Miss Gale in a long drawn, quivering sigh. She was doubtless shocked at the word he had used and fled to her type-writing room, closing the door behind her.

Richard Denham paced up and down the floor for a few moments, then rapped lightly at her door, but there was no response. He put on his hat and went out into the street.

After a long and aimless walk he found himself again at his place of business. When he went in Rogers said to him:

"Miss Gale has left, sir."

"Has she?"

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of keeping warm, carrying a stove with you is effective but it isn't practicable. The best way is to get one of our good warm Ulsters before the lines are broken. Do not put off till tomorrow, your size may be gone, if so you must not blame us. Our great clearance sale is going on. We sell a GOOD WARM ULSTER now for \$6.00, or an OVERCOAT for \$4.00. BOYS' CAPE COATS as low as \$3.00. ULSTERS, \$4.90, REEFERS, \$2.00. All this season's Garments.

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grumbled at the waiter when the devilled kidneys were a bit overdone, and I have soundly rated the kitchenmaid when she carried duck was not highly flavoured enough, but I have never enjoyed a meal as well as I enjoyed my supper to-night—Pain blanc with sauce sucrée and eau ordinaire.

And what a keen pleasure it is to gain the shelter of the "shack" you call home, and, nestling down under the coarse blanket, listen to the howling of the wind and the pattering of the rain, and reflect, with sorry satisfaction, that there are some poor devils worse off than yourself—in that they have no blanket to cover themselves with and no "shack" to keep off the wind and rain!

Then what a pleasure it is to get a job helping to unload a vessel or, dry, you will be glad to know that when the job is over, you will be able to go to some cheap restaurant and have a fifteen-cent meal! And how carefully you eat everything that is put in front of you and drink every drop of the muddily concoction they call "coffee!"

And recollect that this is only modified poverty that I am describing. There is poverty more dire, more dreadful than this even here. I am writing these things in the term Washington, one of the best advertised and most overdone states in this great and glorious country of America. Let no young man who has a steady berth, however humble, in England dream of leaving it and coming to this great and glorious West!

Soft and graceful, the Southern girls look best in the ballroom or on a horse. If any one were to presume to criticize them, it might be said that few of them walk well, and some of them have a tendency to powder before breakfast and to begin wearing diamond earrings at an early age. Their eyes and their voices are their strongest points. Their eyes can say more than the most accomplished orator, and their voices suggest more than the eyes ever say.

The accents are soft and melodious, with vowels long prolonged and the consonants slurred over, and their choice of words admirable. Their English is the English of Walter Scott, Shakespeare and the Bible, mixed up curiously with phrases from current novels and the kind of mild argot which is put into the mouths of romantic modern heroines.

The Kentucky girls are the old English type, with the brown hair, blue or hazel eyes, and with slender figure, firm hands, well-poised heads, and the trim shoulders which come from riding across country. A few of the girls are tall, but hardly one of them is stout, and as a rule, they are below the height and considerably below the weight of the average Northern girl.

Out of doors they wear veils and gloves, and in full dress there is hardly a shade of difference between the tints of their hands, their faces and their shoulders. All of them ride and dance well. Southern girls rarely walk, except on the piazza or indoors. If there is a horse to ride, they will ride; if not they will drive. If neither of these means of getting about is conveniently at hand they sit down and wait.

He Built One of the Pyramids. The British Museum, the great European storehouse of things out of the ordinary, has hundreds of Egyptian mummies of all dynasties carefully stowed away within its walls. Some of these are comparatively recent efforts at embalming, and others date back to the "wide revolving shades of Centuries past." The oldest of the entire collection is the mummy of Mykerinos. He was a king in Egypt in what is known to history as the "fourth dynasty."

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Queen Hotel, HALIFAX, N. B. WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourists to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for best table and attention of any hotel in the maritime provinces, if not in all Canada.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

WE ARE NOW RUNNING THE FOLLOWING LINES OF OUR UNRIVALLED Tourist Sleeping Cars. West, from Windsor Street Station, MONTREAL, as follows: Every Tuesday at 9 p. m.

DETROIT & CHICAGO. Every Wednesday at 8.15 p. m.

Seattle, Wash. and points on the Pacific Coast. Every Saturday at 11.45 a. m. Via the "800 LINE"

Minneapolis and St. Paul. Holders of Second-Class Passage Tickets to or through these points, will be accommodated in these Cars, on payment of a small additional charge per berth. Particulars of ticket agents.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y. Winter Arrangement. On and after Thursday, Jan. 6th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12.00 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 5.25 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.25 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.50 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 12.50 p. m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Yarmouth with City of Montreal for St. John, every Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 119 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BRIDGELL, General Superintendent, Yarmouth, N. S.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. Two Trips a Week FOR BOSTON.

UNTIL further notice the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.25 standard. Retaining, will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 9 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 6 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.-(LTD.) S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commodore. Sailings for November and December. From the Company's Pier, Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 7.50 a. m., local time, for Digby and Annapolis. Returning same days.

VOL. V., NO. MR. RICHARD'S

THE QUESTION OF IN WESTERN

Both Points of View in the election likely to be held in the Local Government.

The date for the opening of the legislature can as yet be conjectured, but there is a possibility that it will be summoned to patch of business on the 14th.

One of the questions that of the office of solicitor held by Hon. A. D. Ritchie in Westmorland.

It was thought that it would be an asset to that constituency and secure a more careful enquiry into that such a course is not Mr. Richard would poll his Acadian compatriots would be a formidable quarter and the issue as would be least doubtful vote to be divided. Mr. of securing a victory by cannot be said to be pronounced conservative view him among the liberals of the Blair government.

Under these circumstances likely that there will be Westmorland, and that retire from the office. The question of his successor, corner rumor that Hon. Kings, the present Premier will secure the position.

If this happens, the when the legislature meets on Hon. Geo. F. Hill, and another view of Mr. in Westmorland would friends think there is in him in the event of the opened. It is asserted Wells resign that Mr. test the constituency was such a prominent one Josiah Wood that he was opposed by the conservative even stated that his own son is disposed to look candidature. There is faith with Mr. Richard so, and nothing short of nition, if the county in vince his friends that was not extended to him.

In the event of Mr. mended the solicitor-general ing it, the constituency opened and this would settled questions to is not yet decided whether the county. Mr. member, seems to be oars with an assurance it to the effect that justice will admit of a co-registrar of the county friends of the have expressed their since the election of Mr. Taylor in the favor from the government that he took no part in election he referred to a polling informed that that assistance towards Mr. Gilbert Pugsley, on the other hand, energetic supporter, bated as much as he during the whole career. He has a who are good support government, who proved an efficient of he took in the recent election. If Mr. W. tion there is not much before the election of One other solution may be the abolition of general. That that the executive is known that promises government are in favor of the event of its abolition portfolio of the minister.