

PROGRESS.

VOL. V., NO. 216.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CLIFTON.

will make three trips a week... MONDAY and SATURDAY mornings...

NATIONAL S. S. CO.

Trips a Week BOSTON

UNTIL further notice the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Boston, Portland and New York every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 7.15 Standard.

W. S. CO. (LTD.)

PROPOSED SELLING OF THE OF MONTICELLO, FLEMING, Commander.

John—Monday, Wednesday and Friday—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

John—Monday, Wednesday, Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Thursday and Saturday.

From St. John—Daily Trips, on St. John—Monday, Wednesday, Friday; Annapolis and Digby, Thursday and Saturday.

On St. John at 7.30 a.m., for Eastport and St. John.

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PAID FOR IN A HURRY.

THE MAKERS OF THE SWEEPER GOT CASH FOR THE MACHINE.

How Things Are Done When Director Smith Wants Them Done—The Council Has a Picnic to Learn Something About Water for Drinking Purposes.

The street sweeper has become one of the recognized institutions of St. John. It has been accepted—by somebody—and paid for, by the city. At the last meeting of the common council, on Thursday of last week, the treasury board recommended that the bill of \$400 be paid, and that is the end of the matter.

There appears to have been considerable haste, commendable or otherwise, in the affair. When the city decided to get a sweeper, several manufacturers of such machines were communicated with, and sent descriptions of the kinds they had for sale.

On the 27th of February, the Speight Wagon company, of Markham, Ont., sent a letter to Director Smith, in which this offer was made:

"To convince you that we have by far the best machine, we are willing to send a sweeper complete to your city, with a man competent to run it, and give you a practical test of its working, free of charge to your city, with this condition that you are open to purchase and will adopt our machine if we can show by actual experiment the value of our sweeper."

On the 31st of March the Council adopted the recommendation of the board of works, that the director be authorized to procure a street sweeper on trial, under the terms of the attached offer of the Speight Wagon company.

That was all the authority that was given in the matter. The evident intention was that the board of works should subsequently report to the council after the machine had been given a fair trial.

The machine reached St. John early in June, and when it was put together was found to be a second hand affair. It bore marks of previous use, but whether it had been in service or had been on trial somewhere where it was not accepted, nobody could tell. The makers did not send a man with it, as they had promised to do in their letter.

The city had the privilege of keeping the machine on trial for 30 days, and probably the makers would have been well enough satisfied to get their pay in that time. The whole matter was conditional, and it remained to be seen whether this was really the machine the city wanted.

Some of the aldermen had ideas that there were one-horse sweepers which would do equally good work at a less cost, but as the city stood committed to this one there was nothing more to be said. The sweeper lay at the railway station for some time, but as the man who was to be sent with it did not appear it was taken out and tried. It must have worked like a charm, for scarcely had it been put in operation before Director Smith and Chairman Shaw certified to the bill and the treasury board recommended its payment.

The price of the machine was \$450, but a claim for reduction was made when it was found the machine was a second-hand affair and the sum was reduced to \$400. Some say the reduction was made because the man to operate the machine was not sent, but whatever the excuse may have been, the makers seemed ready enough to throw off the \$50. The city has saved just that much.

In the ordinary course of things a bill of this nature should go before the public works department, but it need not do so when it is a contract. Then the signatures of the chairman and director are sufficient. That was the course taken in this case, though why a machine sent on 30 days' trial should be considered as purchased under a contract and paid for in ten days is not very clear. If anybody can construe a contract out of the offer of the makers and the resolution of the council he will be quite as clever as Director Smith and Chairman Shaw.

There is nothing wrong about the matter, of course. The sweeper is probably well worth the money and could as well be paid for at one time as another. The only point about the affair is that it illustrates the free and easy way of doing things that is in order when the director of public works wants them done.

appeared to be very sure about it, but Ald. Kelly and Colwell took charge of the wagon with a look of heavy responsibility on their faces.

It was explained that as some of the aldermen knew little or nothing about the water supply of St. John, this trip was made for the purpose of giving them an object lesson and deepening their fund of knowledge, at the same time letting them have a nice little picnic. The mayor and Ald. McLaughlan were not present, as they had gone on a mission to Halifax the day before.

The grading of the hill at the west end of Sewell street would give the people of the streets above Union a much needed short line roadway to the depot and the North End. The estimated cost of putting it in order, however, is \$10,000, which seems more than it is worth at this stage of the city's growth. It might be made better than it is for a great deal less money.

The street railway company has not put the pavement in order along its track, and some of the aldermen say there will be trouble if the work is not done soon. That sounds very much like an echo of last year's talk.

The best specimen of street encumbrances is to be found in the vicinity of Ald. McLaughlan's office, on Water street, and consists of a variety of anchors, which litter up a sidewalk already too narrow for the public convenience.

A HERO OF DARKEST AFRICA.

The Reported Death of Capt. Stairs—How he was Known by his Friends.

HALIFAX, June 16.—There is now no doubt but that the news of the death of Capt. Stairs is true. It was hoped for sometime that the report might be a false one, but the emphatic cables now received permit such hope no longer. There is not a person in the dominion of Canada who will mourn the loss of this Canadian, for Stairs was a Canadian before anything.

It is needless to refer to his characteristics and good qualities, the way in which Stanley in his book has done so has enlightened the world as to the sterling character and noble tributes shown by him during the terrible experiences of that long journey.

Owing to his being away from Halifax so much and so long, there were many in the town who did not know him personally, but to those who did know him, he was more than a friend. No more popular person could be found among us, even when he had reached to heights of fame, that have turned the head of many a greater man.

Capt. Stairs was educated at Merchiston Castle school, Edinburgh, Scotland, being there three years, from 1875-78. At that time he, in company with several others, went to the military college at Kingston, from whence he graduated in 1882. During his stay at Kingston he was without doubt the popular member of his year, and even if he had not become famous Kingston would have remembered him with pleasure as he remembered her.

Not getting a commission in the army at the time of his graduation from the R. M. C., he went to New Zealand on a land survey, and it was there that special training that he received there that so well fitted him for his future work; and, in fact, made Stanley choose him from amongst so many others. In 1885 Stairs had an offer of a commission in the Royal Engineers and at once accepted it, came from New Zealand to Halifax, and subsequently to England, where he joined his corps at Chatham, at which place he was stationed for some time.

When Stanley was organizing the Emin relief expedition Stairs volunteered at once, the wearying routine life of the garrison not being very congenial to him. After a personal interview with Stanley, he was appointed photographer and astrologer to the expedition, the history of which is too well known for repetition.

Every one remembers the gladness of the world when those noble men returned to civilization. Capt. Stairs, after a visit to his home and people in Halifax, was appointed Adjutant at Aldershot, a very important position. He was at this time offered a captaincy in another regiment, even the Guards, but he preferred to stay with the Engineers. He subsequently, however, exchanged into the Royal Welsh Regiment, and when the King of the Belgians organized the Katanga Expedition Stairs was offered the command of it.

He accepted, obtained permission from the English government and left England in May, 1891. He expected to have been gone three years, but alas! death intervened. He evidently was in failing health, and was trying to reach the coast when he died.

Davenport School For Boys.

The friends of the Davenport school are anticipating an enjoyable time at the annual distribution of prizes on the grounds, on Wednesday, the 29th. The philharmonic club is expected to be present, and should the weather be unfavorable the exercises will be postponed until the following day.

BOWLING IS THE GAME.

THE CURLERS DROP BROOMS TO ROLL THE BALLS.

Old Time Players Join With the Young and Enthusiastic Ones—Men Who Used to Know Paddock's Building—Some of the Scores Made Now-a-days.

Years ago, in the days of the old Paddock building, on Prince William street, a bowling alley was one of the institutions of St. John. The boom, boom, boom, of the balls could be heard day and night, and when one of the "boys" of those times was wanted he was as likely to be found at the alley as anywhere else.

Bowling was justly esteemed as a most healthful and manly sport, calling for the exercise of even more skill than muscle, and the bowlers of those times used to run up big records over which the survivors are fond of talking to this day.

The bowling alley had lost its popularity even before the fire swept it away. The game had begun to fall into disrepute all over the continent, and one reason for this was its tendency to lead to drinking habits. It is warm work playing, and players will get thirsty. In old times, the bowling alley and the bar room had a pretty close connection.

Within the last few years the game has been revived in the United States, and a fresh impetus given it by the formation of clubs of limited membership, to which admission can be had only by ballot. In this way it is kept free from all the objectionable features urged against it in the past, and takes rank with curling as an amusement productive of the best results in the way of healthful exercise.

It has, therefore, been a very natural thing for the members of the St. Andrew's curling club, to form a bowling club, and to set up four alleys in the rink, as well as to build a hand-ball court, which latter has been practically unknown in St. John since the demolition of the old Lowrey court, on Leinster street.

Both the bowling and the hand ball have taken hold of the boys, and are undoubtedly here to stay. The young men are running the alley, but some of the old time bowlers have begun to come in and to have some of their old time vigor.

Simon Jones is president. He is an old timer, who used to roll up big scores at Paddock's; but it will take a little time for him to get his hand in, and to adapt himself to the modified rules of the game. These limit the score to smaller figures than in the past, and one of the reasons for this is that there is no "deadwood" allowed now.

In old times, when a player knocked down a portion of the pins they were allowed to lie as they had fallen. The next balls would hit these and knock them against the remaining pins, making the shots largely a matter of chance. Now-a-days the fallen pins are removed, and there is no deadwood. The scores are smaller, but there is more science in the play.

Joe Knowles found this out when he started in the other day. Joe is an old time bowler with a record for big scores. He has a scientific twist by which the ball keeps along the edge of the alley until it turns at just the right moment. Most amateurs roll the ball down the middle of the alley, but Joe's way is the right way when one learns how to do it.

Joe has at present the "cocked hat" record of 35. The record breaker so far is W. S. Barker with a score of 186, while he and his brother, H. W. Barker, have the best double with a score of 332. There are some very good averages taken right through the players, and they will improve as the season advances.

Another old timer who has not yet joined, but who is expected is C. W. Weldon. He used to play with S. R. Thomson years ago, and was a good hand at it. His last bowling experience was a figurative one, when he was bowled out of politics to the music of reciprocity, retrenchment and reform.

The hand-ball court has some active patrons, especially among some of the young men who have been accustomed to the sport at the Sackville Academy and other institutions. The veteran Lowrey has signified his intention of looking in to see how the players of today compare with those of the past.

In the meantime the boom of the balls in the bowling alley is kept up with vigor and the small boys, coatless and vestless, are busy in setting up the pins which the enthusiastic players knocked down. Bowling has taken a great hold of the curlers, and is likely to keep it.

HAVE IT ALL THEIR OWN WAY.

Base Ball and Lacrosse Teams Looking for Their Equals.

Base ball and lacrosse are both very much in the back ground just at present. The impossibility of inducing a crowd to attend a game of the sport people went wild over a few years ago, was shown by the attendance at the game last Friday.

The Y. M. C. A. club has things all its own way in the base ball line, and until a nine that can defeat the Young Men's comes along, the game will probably remain at its present point in popular favor.

Lacrosse is in precisely the same position. The St. Johns have a strong team, one that would make it interesting for any of the Nova Scotia clubs. But it is the only team in St. John that amounts to anything, and the inactivity displayed by the others will probably make some difficulty in arranging games for the championship.

The Y. M. C. A. will take a lacrosse team to Moncton to play the home club on Dominion Day. Moncton has taken up the game but all the players are new at it, and it is early to make predictions.

The same enthusiasm does not seem to be manifested in athletics this year as last. The Y. M. C. A.'s and Beavers have been dickered about going into the St. Johns, at first holding out for all the privileges of last year without any guarantee, and then deciding to join individually. Of course, under this arrangement, the Beavers and Y. M. C. A.'s will not have any days set apart for their own use, and will be considered as ordinary members of the Athletic Association.

The membership will not be as large as it was last year. The Shamrock grounds are pretty lively, but the same spirit is shown as is found out the marsh. There is a little base ball and lacrosse, but not enough to make it interesting.

WHY THE OLD FLAG WAS WAIVED.

It Was Not in Honor of the Hibernians on That Occasion.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians has been in session at Woodstock during the past week, and the town tried to make the visitors welcome. The order, as may be inferred from the name, is a purely catholic body, but this made no difference to the protestant townsfolk, as was especially shown in the case of Hugh Hay, a leading merchant, who decorated his windows with the Hibernian colors and mottoes.

At the banquet at the close of the session, provincial delegate M. McPade made reference in his speech to the cordial reception accorded and to the tokens of good will to be seen around the town. After referring to Mr. Hay, he remarked that he had also observed a flag flying from the staff on the Orange hall, and if it was intended as a compliment to the Ancient Order of Hibernians he wished to testify his appreciation of it.

His remarks were received with applause, which was not lessened by the subsequent discovery that the flag was displayed as a signal that there was to be a meeting of an Orange lodge that evening, and that the Hibernians were not in it.

A Chance for Boy Fishermen.

Bright, energetic boys will have a chance to obtain a splendid bamboo fishing rod on Tuesday without its costing them a cent. Progress will give the rod to the first boy who brings the names of two new yearly subscribers with the cash, \$4.00, to Progress office. Those who are not fortunate enough to secure the fishing rod will each get seventy-five cents for their trouble and work. Remember, not Monday but Tuesday is the day. Progress office is open at 7.30 o'clock in the morning. The rod will be given to the successful boy at 12 o'clock the same morning and in the meantime can be seen by any one at Progress office. It is a beauty, enclosed in a case, has two tips, celluloid handle and is in every way suited for whipping brook or lake.

Are There No Artists Here?

Governor Tilley has been in Montreal, where he has been sitting for a portrait to be painted by an artist of that city. The cost is to be defrayed by the local government. The same artist has a commission from the New Brunswick lawyers to paint a portrait of Chief Justice Ritchie. The corporation of Trinity church, New York, thought a portrait of Bishop Inglis, by John C. Miles, of sufficient merit to be hung with the productions of the leading artists of America, but the connoisseurs of this province have a different way of looking at things.

Too Much For Some of Them.

The Boys Brigade is a very active institution in St. John, at present. The boys are drilling as hard as regulars both at the barracks and palace rink. The question is, whether they are drilling too hard. Although nobody will deny that the benefits derived from exercise of this kind are many, recent experience seems to give a different impression. During the drill one night this week several of the boys, unable to stand the strain, became weak and fainted.

STORIES OF CITY LIFE.

THEY MAKE IT INTERESTING FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

North End Boys on a Very Warm Day—Tapping at a Window—Green Room Johnnies and the Actresses—Gallery Gods and the "Down Stairs Folk."

Modesty is a word unknown to the rising generation of the North End. They have no use for it. On warm days the only cool places they know are the ponds at the head of the harbor. Since the trestle was built and the New York pier became a reality, a short cut has been opened up to the city that is taken advantage of by hundreds of people every day.

Men, women and children go around by the harbor front going and coming from work and the ponds filled with floating logs and booms are only a few feet away. On a warm day there is always an exhibition that would send Mrs. Grundy into hysterics. Tuesday was a very warm day and the show was in full blast. Scores of youngsters as white as nature made them skipped over the logs like spectres, in every direction, playing tag and diving into the water, splashing each other or wading about. They had no thought of their surroundings. Women and girls could blush like danger signals, but it had no effect on the boys.

If the conversation in a scow was interesting they forgot that they were only half dressed and took an active part. And thus it was all along the line. Tuesday was a remarkable day in many respects, but the exhibition at the ponds was a great feature of it.

Simply Tapped at the Window.

Two terrified women rushed out of a house on Adelaide road one night recently. They shouted burglars, and ran for help. Some of the neighbors were aroused, the two women breathlessly told how they had been alone in the house when they heard a noise at the window. They sat still, and soon the noise was heard again. This was too much for them, and they began to scream. The party started to look for the burglars, but no signs of them could be found anywhere.

A lady and gentleman, friends of the terrified ones, came along and viewed the surroundings with amusement for awhile, then offered an explanation. They had been passing and had looked in at the window. Seeing their friends inside they tapped on the glass. When the ladies got up to go to the door there was a chance to have some fun and they ran away. Of course everybody enjoyed the joke, but a new difficulty presented itself. The door had a spring lock and when the women ran out it shut with a bang. It was very late in the evening before everybody got "settled down" again.

The Light That Does Not Shine.

The electric light at the corner of Pitt and St. James streets does not shine for all, and it is a very frequent thing for it not to shine at all. The carbons are in place, but whether it is because the pole has a lean from the perpendicular or for some other cause, the points are so separated that no light is given. Occasionally "the old war horse," Henry Duffell, takes a billet of wood and strikes the post until the points come in position, and at other times Chamberlain Sandall kicks away at the post with the same intent.

At other times they submit to be left in the dark. They did so Wednesday night, and as a result, somebody took advantage of the darkness to break a large pane of glass in one of the Chamberlain's windows. The bad rum sold in the disreputable houses far away, was primarily responsible for the damage.

A Reform That Would Be Appreciated.

The occupants of the gallery at the opera house have been enjoying more liberties recently than are compatible with the comfort of the people down stairs. They have become experts in making darts out of programmes and shooting them among the orchestra chairs. This is unpleasant, but not more so than noise made by heavy-soled boots walking on bare boards while the performance is going on. The same disturbance is also caused by people on the stairs and in the halls. All of which might be done away with, either by employing a policeman or informing the ushers that to applaud is not the only thing required of them.

No Time to Waste on Them.

What are known as green room Johnnies in the United States have been causing some amusement and annoyance at the Opera house recently. They made the acquaintance of some of the actresses and began making life a burden to them by constant attention. The members of the stock company have very little spare time on their hands, and none to waste on stage struck youths. The manager was asked to inform them of the fact, and did so.

Waking Up to It.

A yacht race between St. John and Halifax has been receiving serious consideration from a number of St. John yachtsmen lately, but as yet nothing has been decided upon. The chances are, however, that there will be a race before very long.

MR. LEA IN AN OBJECTIVE MOOD.

Progress' Attempt at Humor Was Found Lacking his Appreciation.

MONCTON, June 14.—Mr. Paul Lea, of Moncton, takes exception to an article which appeared in PROGRESS of last Saturday which, Mr. Lea's friends have informed him, was of a character to injure his business.

His objections are: first, that he never had a fire before, a statement which is open to contradiction, but which, in the light of Mr. Lea's reasons for making, it shall pass unchallenged; second, that although PROGRESS was perfectly correct in stating that his friends had come to his aid, he had declined to accept such aid, and raised the requisite money for building on his own security; third, that it might tend to establish in the minds of people the idea that he is followed by fire, and thus affect his credit with the insurance companies; and also create a suspicion that he is bankrupt, and so injure his credit.

Mr. Lea admits he has a suit against the town under consideration, and that the insufficient force of water was largely responsible for the destruction of his property, but objects to the words "pyrotechnic display;" and, lastly, Mr. Lea further considers that PROGRESS insinuated that he was "ruined."

Nothing could be farther from the intention of PROGRESS than to injure anyone, even in jest, far less to harm a respectable, hard working, and honorable citizen, but it paid Mr. Lea the compliment of supposing that his reputation for probity was too well established for any article of the kind to affect it.

IT IS NOT YET SETTLED.

Mr. Montgomery Has Another Charge Against Pastor Shore.

The resignation of Rev. Godfrey Shore as pastor of the Carleton Presbyterian church, was not acted upon at the last meeting of the presbytery, as he was not present. Illness was alleged as the excuse for his absence. In the meantime, however, another pastor officiates in the pulpit.

It will be remembered that the presbytery censured Mr. Shore for taking matters too much into his own hands. After the censure, however, he is said to have continued to run the meetings as before, claiming that he could not, as a matter of conscience, do otherwise. His former opponent, Mr. John Montgomery, has therefore felt moved to prefer fresh charges of undue interference in the temporalities of the church, and the case will be heard when the presbytery meets again. Whether Mr. Shore's resignation is likely to take effect or not is something that nobody can predict with certainty.

The Note Was Raised.

Another victim of W. L. Temple, late tea merchant of Halifax, is Mr. John Campbell, of Brookville, Hants county. In the course of their business transactions Mr. Campbell gave Mr. Temple his note for forty dollars which Mr. Temple had discounted. Before the note came due Mr. Campbell, not having the requisite amount to take up the note, sent Mr. Temple his note signed in blank and five dollars in cash to retire the first note, but instead of doing that Mr. Temple filled in the second note for ninety four dollars, took it to another bank and had it discounted. Soon after Mr. Temple left for the "land of the free" and now Mr. Campbell is called upon to pay both notes by the banks. It is said owing to the extensive advertising Mr. Temple received in Pueblo, Col., by his friends (?) in Halifax, he has left for California.

When You Hear the Whistle.

The Carleton ferry steamers do not use their whistles much, and when they do sound them now-a-days it means there is trouble. If two or three tows get aboard of an evening, for instance, the whistle will bring the police to the floats in quick time. In addition to these precautions a policeman is to be put on the steamer Saturday nights to have an eye to disturbers of the comfort of the decent travellers.

Was It a Prehistoric Restaurant?

The workmen excavating for the foundation of the Macaulay building, on King street, have been finding some well preserved fossils in the slate rock. A huge turtle, shell fish resembling clams and other mollusks, have given rise to considerable speculation. No one can remember when there was an oyster saloon on that site, and it there ever was one it was in prehistoric times, away back of the landing of the loyalists.

Several Hundred Dogs.

Something more than 900 dog licences have been taken out in St. John up to this week,

AMONG THE FREEMASONS.

Matters of interest to the Craft in New Brunswick and elsewhere. In an article on Halifax freemasons, last week, reference should have been made to the Chebucto council of Royal and Select Masters, the only body of the Cryptic rite in Nova Scotia.

After the St. John fire of 1877, the Cryptic rite became dormant in New Brunswick, though the grand council still continued to exist. The Halifax council also ceased to meet regularly. A few years ago, E. L. Foster, 33°, not being aware that the grand council of New Brunswick still exercised jurisdiction over Nova Scotia, had the old warrant exchanged for one from the grand council of Ontario, which body of itself owes its existence to New Brunswick.

A grand council of the Order of High Priesthood for the Province of New Brunswick has been organized, with Robert Marshall as president. The order was started here about 1863 under a warrant from Ireland to New Brunswick R. A. chapter. The constitution has now been revised so as to assimilate the body with similar bodies in the United States.

The festival of St. John Baptist will not be observed by a church parade under the auspices of the grand lodge of New Brunswick this year. Rev. J. C. Titcombe has, however, invited the members of Carlton Union and Hibernia lodges to attend even song at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Fairville, on that day, and other members of the craft will be welcome on the occasion.

The grand master of Ontario, J. Ross Robertson, has visited and presided over every one of the 350 and odd lodges in his jurisdiction during the last two years. His record of travel from January 11 to April 22, this year, shows a journey of 10,410 miles.

The strength of the craft in New York state is somewhere between 70,000 and 80,000 members. At the annual communication, last week, 2,700 ballots were cast in the election of the deputy grand master. The successful candidate, Frederick A. Burnham, of New York, had a vote of 419. The grand master, James Tenney, of Albany, was elected by acclamation.

LOOK OUT FOR THE WAGON. It is the latest model of an enterprising manufacturer. One of the sights about town Monday was a handsome wagon artistically painted and made to represent a large soap box.

Before long this turnout will be known and admired throughout the provinces. It is owned by the Atlantic Steam Soap works, and the design represents a box of the new brand now being introduced—Sterling Soap. Mr. Logan has a good thing in the soap line. It has been submitted to competent judges, pronounced a first-class article, the dealers have taken it up and find no trouble in selling it a second time to people who have used it once.

THE RACE WAS DISAPPOINTING

How the "Youla" and "Lenore" got left in a fire in Halifax. HALIFAX, June 15.—The yacht race Saturday for the "Lansdowne" cup was not as satisfactory to all parties as it might have been. Had the Youla and Lenore not wasted her to fifteen minutes in a "luffing" match at the shoal the result would have been entirely different, as the Youla was only beaten for first place by about a minute. The Lenore was handicapped by having a practically new crew, and by not being "trimmed" right. She was also becalmed twice by getting too near the shore. The crew of the Psyche became disheartened after shipping some water, the result of one of the numerous squalls and abandoned the race.

The result of Saturday's race is that the Etienne has one "leg" in the "Lansdowne" cup as well as the Youla. It is likely the race for the "Banker" cup on the 21st will be a race worth witnessing, if there is a good breeze, as the captain of the Lenore fully recognize some of the mistakes made in the last race. It is to be hoped that some St. John yachtsman will pick up enough courage to send his yacht here to try conclusions with either the Youla or Lenore. So anxious are the Halifax yachtsmen for this race, that it is very probable they would guarantee the expense of any yacht coming. One prominent yachtsman here was heard to say that he hoped a St. John yacht would come over and win, as it would create a great interest in yachting.

Scene, a house in flames, fire department on hand with three engines and 2000 feet of hose, but not a drop of water in the hydrants.

The above took place Tuesday afternoon in Halifax, when the residence of Mr. Congdon was on fire. The firemen were late getting to the fire owing to wrong alarms being struck, but after they did get there they watched the house burn fully an hour before it dawned on someone's mind that they could get water at a pond on the poorhouse farm, by doubling up their hose. Had Alderman Pickering (knowing that the main water pipe had burst in the morning) thoroughly understood his business he would have known all about this pond and had water on the burning building a great deal sooner. The Halifax firemen with a practical chief would be second to none in efficiency, but the trouble seems to be that they have too many chiefs and none of them are overburdened with knowledge as to the right way to handle a fire.

ALL READ IT TOGETHER.

Something that St. John people who go to the Country Can Enjoy While There. It is estimated that between 700 and 800 people leave St. John every summer to spend the holidays in the country. They go in all directions. Nearly everybody has friends in the country, and the number who have summer residences is growing every year.

After a year of city life, with all its bustle and worry, the country is thoroughly enjoyable. Cars are thrown aside, troubles are forgotten, and the health and strength, added nature and cheerfulness, which 800 people bring back with them, cannot fail to have its effect on those who remained behind.

While in the country, however, few people want to entirely forget their city associations. They still retain an interest in the doings of their friends. They want to know where other people are spending their holidays, and what is going on in town.

When they are here they buy Progress every Saturday, and get all the information. The people who go to the country are the people who read Progress, and it is just as easy for them to keep posted while in the country as in town. They can enjoy Progress Saturday morning just the same.

PROGRESS goes to press Friday at noon, in time to catch all the early mails, so that the paper is in the hands of subscribers and newsdealers in nearly every part of the provinces Saturday morning at the same time that it is delivered in St. John. If you are going to the country, or anywhere out of town, call at Progress office before you go and leave your address. The system in the circulation department is so complete that you can have the paper sent for one week, two weeks, or any time you wish. And you will get the paper every Saturday.

PROGRESS goes to all sorts of out-of-the-way places in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and will reach you sure. When you come home you will be well informed as to what has been going on in the city as you would have been had you remained in town, and will be better able to enjoy your outing.

ONE THAT CAME BACK.

Curious Things that Happen in "Progress" Advertising Schemes.

Many queer letters come in Progress mail. They are addressed to all departments of the paper, some asking questions that would try the patience of a Job, some making suggestions more or less practicable, while the effusion of the "indignant subscriber" bobs up serenely at frequent intervals. The subscription department receives its share, and as these letters are usually accompanied by a post office order, the joke is all the more enjoyable.

Every week PROGRESS sends circulars all over the three provinces offering inducements to new subscribers, or containing announcements of coming features of the paper. Sometimes the results of this expenditure is not apparent, but that it pays in the end is shown by the fact that no matter where one goes in the maritime provinces he is tolerably sure to find PROGRESS there ahead of him. This has been the experience of St. John travellers, and strangers have come to the office with the express view of knowing more about the paper that was always before them while travelling through the provinces.

The majority of the circulars show immediate results. They come back attached to the post office orders or bank notes and look better than they did before leaving the office. A circular issued a short time ago, calling attention to the "Ten Good Novels" and Dictionary offers, was headed in red ink "Throw this away." It was merely a catch line, and the rest of the reading matter was bright and readable. Some of the people who received this circular remailed it with an interesting addition pinned to it, others evidently acted on the suggestion in the head line and threw the circulars away, but that did not prevent it from bearing good fruit. It was as the bread cast on the waters, it returned after many days. One of them at least returned and the following letter shows accompanied it. It came from Kentville:

Enclosed I hand you P.O. order for \$2.50, also your circular which was thrown away by me some time ago, and picked up by me. I know forward the ten books named thereon and Progress for one year.

LECTURED THE WRONG MAN. But He Was Used to Such Attention and Probably He Deserved It. It was wash day at the house of the Fergusons. The clothes had been in soak for more than an hour. The laundry lady in the basement came up stairs to report that the soap, which had been ordered early that morning, had not come yet.

"Lycurgus," said Mrs. Ferguson, "you will have to go to the grocery store and get it. We can't wait any longer." Mr. Ferguson went to the grocer's, whose place of business was seven blocks away.

"How does it happen," he demanded, fiercely, "that the soap my wife ordered three hours ago hasn't come yet?" "She ordered a lot of other stuff at the same time," said one of the clerks, "and we filled the order as quick as we could. The boy with the delivery wagon is on the way there now."

Mr. Ferguson went back home. Mrs. Ferguson reported that the grocer's boy had come and delivered everything she had ordered—except the soap. It had been overlooked. Mr. Ferguson, boiling over with wrath, was about to start for that soap when the laundry lady made her appearance again. "There's a man at the back door," she said, "with an order book in his hand. Think it's the grocer himself." Then Mr. Ferguson went to the back door.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

\$20 A FINE line of English Tweeds at twenty dollars a suit. Dark Colors, plain and checked patterns. Good value. A. Glasgow, Tailor, 72 Germain street.

ADVERTISING. IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE, send us a VERBATE anything, any where, at anytime, write to Geo. J. Rowell & Co., No. 19 Spruce street, New York.

TOMATO PLANTS TRANSPANTED in cold frames; also white and colored plants. F. E. CAMPBELL, Taxidermist and Seedsmen, No. 4 Dock St.

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 75 Sidney street—Mrs. McLEWIS.

FOR SALE. HALLETT, DAVIS & CO. round corner, 24 Square Place, 1/4 octave; four use; must be sold; price, \$250.00.—C. Flood & Sons, 31 and 33 King street.

EGGS FOR HATCHING. HOUDANS, Leghorns, Brown Leghorns, at \$1.00 per thirteen, plus round corner, 24 Square Place, 1/4 octave; four use; must be sold; price, \$250.00.—C. Flood & Sons, 31 and 33 King street.

ST. JOHN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. English, Home School for Young Ladies. Reopens September 5th. Full staff of teachers. Send for catalogue. J. D. HITCHCOCK, Director, 81 Princess St. June 11, 4-1/2.

SUMMER RESIDENCE TO LET for the Summer Months or longer if desired, pleasantly situated within five minutes walk from New Brunswick station. For further particulars apply to W. Alex. Porter, grocer, St. John, or the subscriber, W. W. Donohue, New Brunswick.

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, Belleville, Ont. Most widely attended Business College in America. 40 students from N. B. and N. S. have been in attendance since last fall. Send for 23rd annual circular. Address, ROXBOROUGH & JOHNSON, Ontario Business College, Belleville, Ont. May 7-10.

STAMPS WANTED. USED before collection, on the original envelope, preferred, I also want pairs and blocks, old and off envelopes for my collection. Actually the highest prices paid. Particularly wanted: Great Britain. Send list of what you have for sale. Central R. R., 60 miles from Portland, Me. Price for treatment \$25.00 per week; Board \$5.00 to \$8.00 per week. Communications confidential. Write for full particulars to Messenger Keeley Institute, North Conway, N. H.

The KEELEY INSTITUTE, NORTH CONWAY, N. H. A CURE FOR Drunkenness, Opium Habit and Nervous Prostration.

This branch of the famous Institute at DeWitt, Ill., continues the same practice by the same remedies and methods. An experienced physician from DeWitt in attendance. House delightfully situated; quiet home; modern conveniences; Forest Glen Springs, 23rd annual circular. Address, ROXBOROUGH & JOHNSON, Ontario Business College, Belleville, Ont. May 7-10.

J. H. S. INSTRUCTION. "It is only seven weeks today since I began the study of Miss Shortland. I wrote 92 words a minute on new matter." A chance of a lifetime to get a thorough business training for little money.

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Windsor, N.S. LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and Typewriting and an acquaintance with the details of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to J. H. S. PEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute.

LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC. MISS E. W. MURPHY, A. Mus. L. C. M. Representative of the London College of Music, will give lessons on the Pianoforte; also in Music Theory, Harmony and History. Pupils thoroughly prepared for the College Examinations which are held three times each year, St. John being now a local centre. Terms on application to 10, St. John Street.

MISS E. W. MURPHY, (Silver Medalist) will shortly open classes for Pianoforte, in either Glee or Chorus. Also, having resided many years in France, she will open classes for French in May.

THE BEST Penmanship Department, the Best Shorthand and Typewriting Department, BEST BUSINESS COURSE IN CANADA. OUR SUMMER FEATURE—The Teachers' and Students' Special Courses will be unusually instructive and interesting this Summer. Send for prospectus of Keir's Book-keeping, specimens of Mr. Peirce's writing and College circulars. St. John, N. B. S. KEIR, Prin.

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BARNES & MURRAY, 17 Charlotte St. St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for lawn furniture including Settees, Folding Chairs, Hammocks, and Mowers. Prices range from \$1.75 to \$2.75. W. H. THORNE & CO., Market Square, St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for Electric Bell Sets. ANYBODY CAN PUT IN THESE Electric Bell Sets. Price, \$2.75. With full instructions for fitting. T. McAvity & Sons, 13 and 15 King St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Singers with Pneumatic Tires

Advertisement for Singers bicycles. The most experienced riders prefer and buy Singers. This is proved by the sale of over 40 so far this season. Fourth importation just arrived by steamer "Celebes." These consist of Seven Pneumatic Tires and Five Cushion. Nearly all gold now. Catalogue on application.

C. E. Burnham & Son, 93 and 85 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Pelee Island Wine and Vineyard Co. (LIMITED)

Having established our Maritime Agency in ST. JOHN, we now solicit your orders for our Special Brands of Pure Canadian Wines.

Dry Catawba, case or dt. St. Augustine, case or dt. Sweet " " " " P. I. Port, " " Isabella, " " " " P. I. Sherry, " " P. I. Claret, " " " " P. I. Alouate, " "

Unfermented Grape Juice, case; also Concord, case or dt. E. C. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 UNION STREET ST. JOHN. TELEPHONE 523.

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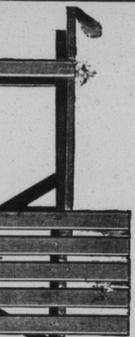
To the Young Couple starting House-keeping—you can save at least 10% on FURNITURE PURCHASED FROM

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MUSICAL THEATRICAL

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Philharmonic club propose giving a second concert, during August, in the Opera house, at which some of the choicest will be well-known artists from Boston. At that time they will be sure of a good house, as there will be many visitors staying in St. John for the summer, and also the prestige they gained at their concert last week will draw a large number of the citizens.

Arrangements are being made for a grand service to be held in Trinity church on Thursday, July 17th, on the occasion of the meeting of the Diocesan synod. The choir will be a large one, consisting of members of the choir of Trinity, the Mission church, and St. Paul's church. The music selected is as follows: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in F, by Mozart; Schubert's "Sings a Song of Praise," consisting of two choruses and a quartette, together with special psalms and hymns of a congregational character. Mr. R. F. Strand will be the organist.

The amateur musical club have decided to produce Gilbert and Sullivan's opera *Princess Ida*, or *Castle Adamant* some time during the fall. *Princess Ida*, which has never before been given in St. John, is one of the most taking of Gilbert and Sullivan's works; the music is graceful and "catchy," the dresses and scenery effective, while the libretto, a humorous version of Tennyson's "Princess," abounds in fun. The double chorus of girl graduates and soldiers has plenty to do. This is no light task the club has undertaken, but with the talent they possess and judicious management, the affair will doubtless be another success to be added to the number of their former brilliant performances.

I am glad that the mayor is taking up the scheme of the open air concert in such a energetic and practical manner. The required band stand would only cost about \$600, which, with the subscriptions already promised, could soon be defrayed by concerts, for which I feel sure the various bands and musical organizations would gladly give their services, while the public would largely patronize entertainments, the proceeds of which were to be given to an object benefiting the whole city. In case of the band stand being erected in Queen's Square, each weekly, or bi-weekly, concert might be placed in rotation in the hands of the various bandmasters and conductors, who would be responsible for the programme on their special evening. In this way a variety of music would be secured, while each band would have fair chances of coming before the public. Thus the expense of these concerts need not be large, while those who enjoy them will not mind paying a small sum for the great pleasure they will receive. This is a matter which should not be allowed to drop, and the mayor should be energetically seconded in his efforts.

At the Mission church on Sunday next after evening service, Prof. White will play a selection of sacred music on the organ and violin, accompanied by the organ.

The Centenary church has been fortunate enough to secure Mr. G. S. Mayes for their choir, a bass soloist. Miss Bessie Swann has returned from Boston and will doubtless resume her place in the Mission church choir.

The Torbett company which appears at the Opera House this evening, is one of unusual excellence and enjoys a very high reputation in America. During the past season this company has been supporting Miss Emma Thurnby in the larger cities in the States and everywhere has met with great success. It is under the management of Major J. B. Ford, whose name is a guarantee of its excellence. Major Ford has been the manager of nearly all the celebrities during the past twenty years. He has introduced to the public, on this side of the Atlantic, Charles Dickens, the younger, Max O'Rell and Sir Edwin Arnold. He was the exclusive manager of Henry M. Stanley during his great lecturing tour on his return from the Khatia Bay expedition. He has also had under his management such famous singers as Kalliege, Carey, Brimmon and Emma Thurnby. The Torbett company appeared at Acadia college on the occasion of the anniversary. For one performance they received three hundred dollars. They have also appeared at Halifax and several of the Nova Scotia towns under the auspices of prominent local societies. Music lovers are assured of a rare treat, and it is to be hoped that the company will receive a liberal patronage from the best classes in St. John.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Two Nights in Rome came as a striking contrast to the plays of the preceding week. Good size audiences laughed themselves sore over *Turned Up*, but the fact that everybody seemed delighted can hardly be taken as an indication of the preferences of St. John theatre-goers. The comedy is of the rip roaring style, with a good deal of the ridiculous and improbable. Its sole object is fun, good, bad or indifferent. It is one of those productions which are satisfying a certain class of theatre-goers in the United States, and making money for the managers at the expense of art. In this play Mr. All Hampton made his first appearance. As Carraway Bones, undertaker and general dealer, he was amusing, but his make up had more to do with his success than anything else.

After a succession of light comedies, *Two Nights in Rome* showed the members of company in new roles, and the change was appreciated. The play reminds one in many respects of Gunters *Mr. Barnes of New York*. It is full of strong dramatic situations, and nearly every actor in the cast has a chance to do some good work. For a while it is hard to get the drift of the plot, but before the curtain drops on the first act, it becomes interesting and as it develops the end is awaited with interest. The strongest feature is the delineation of Corican character, which as interpreted by Mr. Frawley as Louis Bennedetti and Miss Ford as Antonia, permeated the whole production. Antonia is a beautiful Corsican, with all the fire and passion of her race, willing to do anything to gain her own ends, yet, imbued with the traditions of the country, terrified by the vendetta. Miss Ford was peculiarly suited to the part. Dressed well, her beauty, a good voice, eyes that flashed the fire and determination of the Corsican, together with a full realization of all that was required of her and the force and energy to carry it out, made her portrayal of the part one of the greatest features of the engagement.

The play tells the story of a young baronet who has left England and hides his identity by living the life of an artist at Rome. Before leaving home he falls in love with Evelyn Aubrey, who returns his love and writes a letter saying she is willing to share life with him, even in his reduced circumstances. The letter is intercepted by Antonia, the Corsican, who nurses Gerald Massey, as he is known, through a long illness. She knows he has a means of getting money, and professes love for him. They are married, but her extravagance keeps the young man in poverty, and when at last he has no money to give her, the real state of affairs come to light. She has never loved him and tells him so. Gerald has a picture that has excited the admiration of his artist friends. It is the old story, the picture of the woman he loved, painted from memory, but true to life and a remarkable work of art. Abijah Peabody, a Yankee speculator, who can furnish paintings by the old masters to order has

it in hand, and has a valuable salesman in Louis Bennedetti, a Corsican. Antonia learns of the latter's presence and is alarmed. Bennedetti learns of her whereabouts and manages to send her a warning of the vendetta. Antonia knows she will be killed the first time they meet, and, urged by Capt. Warmstree, a cousin of Gerald's, and next of kin, who is desirous that husband and wife shall be parted without issue, she runs away and is supposed to have committed suicide. It happens that Peabody has made arrangements to sell the picture, and the purchaser proves to be no other than Gerald's old sweet heart. They meet; there is a reconciliation, an finally a wedding; Massey becomes Sir Gerald Clinton, and a baby is born. There is nothing but happiness when the curtain goes up on this



T. D. FRAWLEY.

act, but a small cloud appears in the person of Mrs. Sylvia de Montalan, who persists in calling Gerald by his "first name," and being so mysterious that the young wife becomes suspicious, refuses to allow her picture to be exhibited at the concert that evening, and threatens to destroy it. A famous singer is to appear, who proves to be Antonia. She meets Gerald's wife and recognizes her, decides to reveal her identity and become Lady Clinton. She finds a note Gerald's wife has left, recalling her threat, consenting to have the picture exhibited. Grasping the situation, Antonia, herself, destroys the painting, and is discovered by Herr Franz, a German comrade of Gerald's, who has just returned from Africa. He recognizes her as Gerald's wife, not knowing of his second marriage, and when it is learned that the picture has been destroyed refuses to tell all he knows. This part of the play is strongly dramatic; the German's efforts to shield Gerald's wife from the realization of the true state of affairs, and his identification of the Corsican woman, showed all the emotions of a man in whose hands lies the happiness of his friend and is uncertain what to do. At last forced to speak the truth he does so, and conversation reigns. This role was entrusted to Mr. Jepson, and the rough, true, old German shone out in every word and gesture. The force, the presence of the man, was brought into play and all admired the arduous explorer. Miss Ford had also a trying piece of work to do and came out grandly. Her denial of her identity, her fear of meeting Bennedetti, and her avowal were all splendid portrayals.

At nine o'clock Bennedetti is expected to appear. Antonia knows it and fears to meet him. She begs to be shielded from the man who would kill her. All recognize the fact that nothing but her death will save Gerald and his young wife from disgrace. The latter secrets her, fully aware of the sacrifice she is making, and when Bennedetti takes his departure her action has its effect on the rest of the party.

Antonia realizes the sacrifice that has been made for her, becomes penitent and confesses that she is the wife of Bennedetti. "Bigamy," says Capt. Warmstree. But Gerald and Evelyn are man and wife.

Of course a number of other characters have more or less to do in the four acts, and have their own importance in developing the plot. But the play went off smoothly in every respect, except, perhaps when Mrs. de Montalan forgot her lines and caused an embarrassing interval. Mr. William Leo took the part of Gerald, and although it is not directly in his line, he made a success of it. He was natural all the times, and in most trying situations showed dramatic power that was a revelation to those who had seen him only in comedy. Mr. Frawley's performance of Bennedetti was even more striking, in this respect. His make up was perfect, and his rendition of the lines showed a careful study of the part. His appearances were not frequent, but he put such dash and energy into the part that when he was referred to by others in his absence, every feature and characteristic of the man was remembered. The Capt. Warmstree of Mr. Hastings was not the scheming villain that one would expect. He had an important part, but although the stakes were large, his villainy did not seem to bother many of the others in the play.

Miss Hampton as Evelyn Aubrey, Gerald's wife, had a fine part, but failed to make the best of it. At times she did some good

See

the Handsome Chair they are giving away at the 20TH CENTURY KANDY KITCHEN.

acting but a seeming indifference pervaded her performance that made it less interesting than it should have been. Mr. Liston and Miss Lowrie had a play all to themselves, and were entrusted with the task of keeping the audience in good

"Quadrant" Cycles

Are "up to date."

Don't buy inferior articles when you can purchase the BEST at the same prices. No dealer's profits as we sell on commission.

CHAS. COOPER, St. John Bicycle Club says:—The materials and workmanship in the "QUADRANT" are first-class, and for our rough and hilly roads no better machine can be got.

R. H. FROSTON, Moncton, says:—I consider the "QUADRANT" the best machine I have ever ridden.

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We are now offering all sizes of Refrigerators at lower prices than ever. Buyers are invited to inspect our stock of these goods, as we think we can do better for them than any other house in the Lower Provinces.

CIRCULARS showing Patterns, Sizes and Prices mailed to any address.

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Madame Dean's SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSETS

FOR Ladies and Misses.

The brilliant reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in Canada has not only extended to the United States, but has led to an important business transaction. One of the best known American proprietary medicine houses, the head of which is the president of a leading National Bank in New York state, has recently purchased a half interest in the trade mark of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. for the United States only, for which we understand, the consideration was \$250,000. This sale is probably the first instance in which an American institution has purchased an interest in a Canadian remedy, and offers the very best proof of the sterling merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as we may be sure that the American capitalists, before venturing so large a sum in the half interest of the trade mark, fully investigated and verified the claims made for the remedy. It is a tribute, too, to Canadian medical science, which has brought to perfection this remarkable medicine.



Madame Dean's Corset is a Combination of Shoulder Brace and Spine Supporting Corset, and while combining the benefits of both, is extremely simplified into a first-class Corset in every respect, while the price has been established at so reasonable a figure as to put it within the reach of all. Highly recommended by the Medical Profession. Price—Misses, \$2.00; Ladies, \$2.25. We are sole agents for the above celebrated Corsets.

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THIS EVENING! International Vaudevilles

COHAN COMEDY CO.'Y.

Best Dancers, Funny Comedians, Good Vocalists, Pretty Girls, Catchy Music, Elegant Costumes, Chorus and Refined.

Admission, 25 cents; Reserved Seats, 35 cents, on sale at A. C. Smith's Drug Store. Doors open at 7:15; curtain raises at 8:15.

100 Presents Given Away Nightly. 100

AUSTEN & HUFFMAN, Proprietors.

OPERA HOUSE

This Afternoon and Tonight.

TORBETT CONCERT COMPANY. A CHANGE OF PROGRAMME AT EACH PERFORMANCE.

NEXT WEEK!

Return of the Great Favorites

The Summer Stock Co.

For Ten Nights Only.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday

The Galley Slave.

Saturday Afternoon and Evening

Turned Up.

In preparation—"Robert Macaire," "Mother," etc.

A Great Bill for Dominion Day.

Reduced Prices for the Summer Season.

Reserved Seats, 50c, and 60c; Gallery, 25c. Matinee—Ladies, 30c; Ladies, 50c; Gentlemen, 35c.

Tickets at Murphy's Music Store, Opera House Block.

DIVIDEND!

St. John Building Society in Liquidation.

FOURTH Dividend of 12 1/2 per cent. will be paid at the office of Messrs. YOUNG & ANDERSON, 150 Prince William St., on or after the 15th inst. 1-4

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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The circulation of this paper is over 11,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to E. S. CARTER, Publisher.

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 11,700.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, CORNER GEORGE AND GRANVILLE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 18.

THE SERVANT GIRL QUESTION.

The problem which puzzles the average housekeeper of today is that of securing an efficient domestic service. Female help that is satisfactory to the employer is hard to obtain, and months may pass in the fruitless task of "trying to get a girl."

The difficulty in the provinces is that the prospect of better wages and larger amount of enjoyment girls to the United States. In the states, however, the same difficulty of getting good servants is found.

Stores and factories tempt them to make their living without the drudgery of domestic service, or if they continue to act as "female help," they fail as a rule to give satisfaction. The old time "servant girl" is passing away, and a more brisk, independent and usually less reliable help but partially takes her place.

Six years ago CRANDALL was one of the prominent real estate dealers of Buffalo. His reputation was untarnished. He had a wife and three children, and to all appearance his home was a most happy one.

So far as anyone could see, or can see to this day, there was no reason why CRANDALL should not have continued to prosper and be thrifty in Buffalo. He was, apparently, one of the kind of men who have no vices, as the world judges, and no woman except his wife appeared to enter into his life.

There was a woman in it somewhere, of course, though who she was has not yet been revealed. Nothing is more certain in such a case, however, than that the woman is there, unless, as does not appear in this case, the man is insane.

On the first day of April, 1886, CRANDALL went to Niagara Falls and disappeared from the sight of all who knew him. He left a note for his wife, enclosing a small sum of money, which he said was all he had, gave her directions as to collecting his life insurance, and bade her good bye for ever.

One of two circumstances, however, made some of the insurance people doubtful as to the identity. To make sure, the insurance money, \$10,500, was paid to the prominent freemason, to be held in trust for three years, to be paid to Mrs. CRANDALL at the end of that time if CRANDALL could not be found.

The search was in vain. Several men who seemed to answer the description were found in various parts of the country, but not one of them happened to be CRANDALL. The three years passed and Mrs. CRANDALL received the \$10,500.

Another three years passed, and while the searchers still believed the missing man to be alive, it seemed impossible to find him.

receive a diploma. A system could be arranged by which, if desired, the girl could have her home at the school, and all accounts would be between the manager and the employer. A person in want of a servant would apply to the school, stating the kind of girl most desired.

The sum paid to the management by the employer would be a mere trifle in excess of this, but the advantage to the girl would be that at other times when she was not in employment she would still be supported at the school and not thrown upon her own resources.

This may seem too happy a condition of affairs to ever come to pass. It is true it is but theory, but the day may come when it will be a substantial reality.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE. A very remarkable case has come to light by the arrest, in California, of one BRYANT B. CRANDALL, a former resident of Buffalo, N. Y.

Such undertakings require money, and unfortunately both SHERIDAN and his betrothed are poor. Fortunately, however, in addition to being a transgressor he is a genius, and his lies in the writing of catchy songs of the "Annie Rooney" style.

The picture of a convict striving after freedom by writing songs to make the human heart merry is an odd enough one of itself. He labors under disadvantages, of course, and it is not even every genius, if compelled to jot down the notes as he whistled them in a cell, could summon the requisite inspiration for such a task.

When Mr. SHERIDAN gets out of prison he will make this girl his wife. It is more than probable she is too good for him—she may not, as she hopes, save him from himself, but if there be a spark of manhood in him he must value her above all that earth can give him.

The people of Scotland do not make a great deal of noise about home rule, as a general thing, but there is a Scottish home rule association, for all that, and a very serious body it appears to be.

One of the things connected with the brilliant event of Tuesday, at Rothesay, and worthy of note, is the fact that all of the beautiful and costly trousseau of the bride and the rich costumes of her attendants were made in this city.

Good Pictures for Little Money. The admirers of art will have a chance to gratify their tastes at the sale of pastels executed by Mr. F. H. C. Miles, which will take place at Gero's auction rooms this morning.

All in Keeping With a Fine Turnout. The attractive Sterling Soap wagon seen on the streets this week of the work of Messrs. Kelly & Murphy, and the harness which has also attracted attention was made by Mr. Allingham.

of that city announces that the excess of women over men is increasing very rapidly. This will be understood from the statement that whereas there were 14,000 more women than men in 1890, there are now about 18,000.

Here is the case of a man who simply dropped out of the life in which he was green, left ample provision for his family and began a new existence in a distant part of the country.

A WOMAN'S DEVOTION. It is not often that music is the agent by which a convict seeks release from prison, but a curious story comes from Sing Sing that shows how this may be the case.

Probably a Mall Cat. A pretty little Angora cat arrived in good order and condition at the St. Stephen post office last week in one of the mail bags from Calais.

The Rajah's of the G's? We were shown by J. F. Faulkner a pair of silver cuff buttons sent to him by Mrs. George Churchill, of Bobbili, Japan.

Rev. J. H. Geare, who was compelled by ill health to resign the charge of the Mission church a few months ago, has returned to his former charge at Milford, Del.

Time to Call a Halt. Every little while more complaints than usual reach the newspaper offices about undelivered papers.

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It is a hackneyed expression to use, especially in connection with a book, that no house should be without it, yet no other words seem to convey so well an idea of the want which is filled by a little book recently published in Philadelphia, by Miss Elizabeth Robinson Scovill, called 'A Baby's Requirements'; which was written, as the author explains in the preface, in response to more than twelve hundred letters written to her as one of the associate editors of 'The Ladies' Home Journal,' appealing to her on subjects connected with the care of infants.

When will the New England papers drop the phrase of "the late war?" Some of the best of them use it, because it has become a habit. A war that raged a generation ago can hardly be termed a late war now-a-days.

The Scottish Clans and their Tartans, from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons, is a book that no family with Scotch blood in their veins should be without, especially in these days when so much attention is being paid to the revival of the clans.

Electrocution. During Thursday night's storm, a cow owned by Nelson Scott, Amherst, was killed at Southampton. The lightning struck the animal in the nose, splitting her in two, so thoroughly as if she had been killed by a butcher.

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panied by Mrs. Craig's sister, Mrs. McKenzie from Boston. Mr. N. K. McMillan, of the Halifax Bank, spent Sunday in Halifax, returning to town Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Murphy, of Matland, are guests at the Prince of Wales. A large party of friends were at the depot this a. m. to meet and tender congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kirton.

Mr. D. A. Murray, professor of mathematics, arrived home from New York, Saturday evening to spend his vacation. Dr. Langille left Monday to attend the Methodist conference at Lunenburg, and will return on Tuesday.

Superintendent McPhee was here last week on business in connection with the Shore Line railway. Prof. Roberts and son passed through here from St. Andrews last week.

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Advertisement for 'The Servant Girl Question' and other related text, including 'The Servant Girl Question' and 'The Servant Girl Question'.

Sterling Soap!

"TA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY!
This is my washing day,
But, thanks to STERLING SOAP,
I'm gay;
For all is done and put away.
Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay!"



Makes Washing Day a Holiday.
Washes with No Rubbing, No Work.

SOLE MANUFACTURER
WM. LOGAN, - 290 Union St.

This Week's Arrivals!

Carpet Sweepers

In Two Styles direct from the
Bissells Sweeper Co.

Wire Window Screens,
the best in the market, which sell at
45 cents.

Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers and other seasonable goods.

SHERATON & KINNEAR,

38 King St., Opposite Royal Hotel.

Fry's Cocoa

Pure Concentrated
Dutch Cacao.

To secure this article, please ask for "Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa."

It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak.—Sir Charles A. Cameron, M.D.

50 Cases Received ex. S. S. "Nessmore."

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., Agts.

Note Paper

In the following grades, viz: Grassy Pine, Oriental Laurentine, Elkhorn, Elegante, Crystal Lake, Paries, Windsor Mills, Brant Mills, from 5c. per quire. Heavy Square Envelopes at 5c. a bunch. New Novels, Purses, Pocket-Books, Albums, Summer No. Graphic.

McArthur's Bookstore, No. 80 King St.

Any SPRING PAINTING To Be Done?

WITHIN OR WITHOUT. Call upon the wellknown Painter and Decorator A. G. STAPLES, Charlotte St. Telephone 546.

Notice.

ALL persons are hereby warned to neither purchase, make or sell "Daisy Chocolates," as we hold the exclusive right to make above brand of Chocolates and will prosecute any infringement of our rights.

WHITE, COLWELL & CO., St. John, N. B.

Wedding Presents!



BEST STOCK IN THE CITY OF BUTTER COOLERS; Oyster Dishes; Cake Baskets; Coffee Spoons; Tea Services.

BURPEE, THORNE & CO., 60 and 62 Prince Wm. St., ST. JOHN, N. B.



St. John—South End. Mrs. Herbert Street is visiting friends at Fredericton. Miss Eliza Peters is visiting friends in Nova Scotia.

A quiet but very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. J. M. Stone, Germain street, when Miss Eliza Lawrence, daughter of the late L. W. Lawrence, of the bride's grandmother, Miss Eliza Lawrence, of the bride's grandmother, was united in marriage. The ceremony took place at her aunt's, Mrs. Stone's, drawing room, and was attended by a large number of the immediate friends and relatives of the bride and groom. Miss Lawrence was most charmingly dressed in a bridal robe of white corded silk with a train of silver cloth with trimmings of light blue and orange blossoms. Her bouquet was of white roses and lily of the valley tied with white ribbons. She was attended by her sister Miss Jane Lawrence, Miss Edith Gregory of Fredericton, Miss Olive Thomson and Miss Jane Stone. The bridesmaids dresses were of white silk trimmed with chiffon, and they carried bouquets of white and pink roses. They also wore handsome gold bracelets set with pearls. The bridegroom, Mr. W. P. Hunt of the Bank of N. S., Halifax, was dressed in a dark suit and carried a sword. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. MacNeil in the presence of only the immediate friends and relatives of the bride and groom. Miss Lawrence was most charmingly dressed in a bridal robe of white corded silk with a train of silver cloth with trimmings of light blue and orange blossoms. Her bouquet was of white roses and lily of the valley tied with white ribbons. She was attended by her sister Miss Jane Lawrence, Miss Edith Gregory of Fredericton, Miss Olive Thomson and Miss Jane Stone. The bridesmaids dresses were of white silk trimmed with chiffon, and they carried bouquets of white and pink roses. They also wore handsome gold bracelets set with pearls. The bridegroom, Mr. W. P. Hunt of the Bank of N. S., Halifax, was dressed in a dark suit and carried a sword. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. MacNeil in the presence of only the immediate friends and relatives of the bride and groom.

Mrs. S. G. Spencer's quiet wedding, when her daughter, Miss Spencer, was joined to Mr. J. M. Stone, of the firm of Stone, Cummings, at the Prince Edward Hotel, on Monday last. There were few guests, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Lawrence, at 10 o'clock. Miss Spencer appeared in a dress of white and blue, and her bridegroom, Mr. Stone, was in a dark suit. The ceremony was performed in a quiet and intimate manner, and the bride was most charmingly dressed in a white and blue gown. Her bouquet was of white and blue flowers. The bridegroom carried a sword. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Lawrence, at 10 o'clock.

Mrs. J. M. Stone's wedding, when her daughter, Miss Stone, was joined to Mr. W. P. Hunt, of the Bank of N. S., Halifax, on Monday last. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. MacNeil, at 10 o'clock. Miss Stone appeared in a white and blue gown, and her bridegroom, Mr. Hunt, was in a dark suit. The ceremony was performed in a quiet and intimate manner, and the bride was most charmingly dressed in a white and blue gown. Her bouquet was of white and blue flowers. The bridegroom carried a sword. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. MacNeil, at 10 o'clock.

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MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

61 and 63 King Street.

BLACK PURE SILK SUNSHADES, Extra Good Value, Fine Finished Mountings.
DURABLE SILK SUNSHADES, for Rain or Sun, in Black or Dark Brown.
LADIES' EXTRA LARGE RAIN UMBRELLAS, with Stylish Mountings, Natural Sticks.
SHOT PARASOLS, with Two and Three Ruffled Borders.
BLACK FLOUNCED Parasols, CHIFFON TRIMMED Parasols.
FANCY PARASOLS, in Stripes, Checks, Bonpland and Shot Effects, in endless variety.

For Styles, Value and Qualities our Sunshades and Parasols are not equalled in Canada. This department has had special attention this season, and our already large sales have been the pleasing result.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

Dress Shields!

Best Seamless Shields only 9 Cents pair, regular 20 Cent Shields. Every pair warranted. These Shields are odorless.



For Sore Fingers, Gardening, etc.

Only 5 CENTS each.

See our New Waterproof Cloaks, price from \$2.00.

American Rubber Store, - 65 Charlotte St. Agents ATLAS RUBBER CO., New York.

Refrigerators \$10 to \$30.

Bird Cages, Watering Pots, Fly Screens, Preserving Kettles and other Seasonable Goods of this line by

Coles, Parsons & Sharps, 90 Charlotte Street.

REMOVAL!

THE proprietors of the American Hair Store are now permanently located in their elegant new store, and are prepared to serve their many customers in all lines of goods connected with the trade. Madame RAMSDALL will always be in attendance and will give personal attention to her customers. The five prong Waving Irons fully nickel plated, 50 cents each.

J. W. RAMSDALL, - 87 Charlotte St.

Call and see our

Choice Meats and Lamb.

NEW BRUNSWICK SPINACH.

Our Saturday Goods Fresh and Choice.

JOHN HOPKINS, 186 UNION ST. 133 Telephone.

THE Oriental Waving Iron

A Perfect device for WAVING or CRIMPING the HAIR in the prevailing style. Easily and quickly operated. Made of polished steel and handsomely nickel-plated.

Miss K. HENNESSY, 113 CHARLOTTE ST., - Opposite Hotel Dufferin.

W. ALEX. PORTER

Has for the Spring Trade a large and well assorted stock of fine Groceries, Teas, Coffee, etc. Also Brooms, Pails, Washboards, Washtubs, Scrub, Shos and Stove Brushes, Whisks, etc., with a full line of Grocery Sundries. Particular attention given to family trade. N. B.—Cheapest all-round Store for the best quality of Goods.

CORNER UNION and WATERLOO, and MILL and POND STREETS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Buy where you can get the best variety.

This is the Month for Cotton Dresses

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL,

Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts., St. John, N.B.

WE have every reason to believe that our display of colored

Prints, Cambrics and Sateens

cannot be equalled in the City. These are our leading qualities:—

Printed Drillettes, light mid. and dark, 12 1/2c.
Printed Cambrics, " " " 15c.
Llama Cambrics, " " " 19c.

Mr. Frank L. Peterson spent Sunday at Westfield, the guest of Mrs. T. Nisbet Robertson. Mrs. Peterson returned to the city on Monday after a short visit to Hampton. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. William Starr

Mr. J. M. Stone's wedding, when her daughter, Miss Stone, was joined to Mr. W. P. Hunt, of the Bank of N. S., Halifax, on Monday last. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. MacNeil, at 10 o'clock. Miss Stone appeared in a white and blue gown, and her bridegroom, Mr. Hunt, was in a dark suit. The ceremony was performed in a quiet and intimate manner, and the bride was most charmingly dressed in a white and blue gown. Her bouquet was of white and blue flowers. The bridegroom carried a sword. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. MacNeil, at 10 o'clock.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

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

HALIFAX NOTES.

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

The Yacht club was crowded during the latter part of the afternoon with people anxious to see the result of the race for the Lansdowne cup.

Another attraction on Saturday was the South End tennis club's grounds, where energetic playing went on all afternoon.

On Monday the sad news arrived of the death of Mrs. H. W. Clarke, who had for so long been seriously ill.

On Tuesday the heat was intense, so much so that the polo match was most sparsely attended.

On Wednesday morning, at the Grafton street Methodist church, the marriage took place of Mr. Frederick Hart, son of Mr. Levi Hart...

On Thursday morning, at the Grafton street Methodist church, the marriage took place of Mr. Frederick Hart, son of Mr. Levi Hart...

Halifax was startled with the report, on Tuesday night, that Capt. Stairs had died in Africa.

After all, we are not all frivolously in Halifax. The ambulance classes have already a large list of names.

Miss Lillie Norton-Taylor came out from England with Mrs. Courtney and is to spend the summer with Mrs. Moore.

The marriage of Miss Lithgow and Mr. Frye will probably take place in the course of the next two months.

Are You Going

To do any House Furnishing this season? If so, it will pay you to investigate our offerings in

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Furniture, And other requisites. Send for a copy of our "House Furnishing Guide."

NOVA SCOTIA FURNISHING CO.—Ltd. Successors to A. STEPHEN & SON, 101 and 103 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

Don't throw away your life. Be advised, and if you feel that you still continue to lose strength...

PEPTONIZED ALE AND BEER. It is No Quack Medicine. We Tell Everybody What It Contains.

Pepsin, Beef, Hops and Barley. Cabbage AND Cauliflower Plants.

WELL HARDEN OFF STRAWBERRY PLANTS. SEND FOR PRICES. Halifax Nursery, Cor. Robie and North Sts.

Halifax Nursery, Cor. Robie and North Sts. These three householders are of the opinion that it is a most effective remedy for Blackbeetles...

One Secret of Success. One secret of success in Flower Gardening is to buy plants that have been transplanted and thoroughly hardened off...

MAIDS MADE PLUMP AND ROSY. Cuttner's EMULSION. Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. Nova Scotia Nursery, Lockman St., Halifax, JAMES H. HARRIS, Manager.

POWELL'S PIMPLE PILLS. Act Like Magic. Act Like Magic. Act Like Magic. Act Like Magic.

Who Books? KNOWLES. Where? Cor. George and Granville Sts., Halifax.

BRIDGETOWN.

JUNE 14.—A ball was given in the court house on Friday evening, June 10th. The committee included Mr. F. B. Fay, Mr. W. M. Forsythe, Mr. H. S. Wallace, Mr. L. D. Shaffer, and the reception committee Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Alfred Hoyt.

Mr. and Mrs. Steele, of Boston; Capt. Allan, of St. John; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Reed, of St. John; Mr. and Mrs. W. Beckwith, of St. John; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Taylor, of St. John.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Reed, of St. John; Mr. and Mrs. W. Beckwith, of St. John; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Taylor, of St. John.

A New and Graceful Substitute for Corsets.

The Jenness Miller Model Bodice. WHITE FINE JEAN, PEARL BUTTONS. Style 710.



Constructed on Dress Reform and Hygienic Principles! Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller writes: "The Model Bodice was designed to meet the wants of that very large class of women who are still wedded to the corset idea."

MANGHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, Selling Agents for the Women's Sewing Machine.

ESTABLISHED 1868. TELEPHONE 738. MILLER BROTHERS. CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK.

Importers and Dealers for the BEST CANADIAN and AMERICAN PIANOS, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.

116 and 118 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S. Four Diplomas taken on Stock shown at late Provincial Exhibition.

Assorting Season! Characteristic. It is characteristic of the House to have only the very best, and never deal in what is known in the trade as cheap instruments.

W. H. JOHNSON, 121 and 123 Hollis Street, HALIFAX, N. S. Be sure to write for Prices.

SMITH BROS. DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY, Granville and Duke Streets, Halifax, N. S.

To Learn STENOGRAPHY & TYPEWRITING UNDER THE BEST CONDITIONS AND WITH THE BEST SUCCESS, ATTEND The Halifax Business College.

Queen Hotel, HALIFAX, N. S. WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourist to the fact that the QUEEN HOTEL has established a reputation for furnishing the best and cleanest bedrooms, and the most comfortable and attention of any hotel in the maritime provinces.

Who Books? KNOWLES. Where? Cor. George and Granville Sts., Halifax.

POWELL'S PIMPLE PILLS. Act Like Magic. Act Like Magic. Act Like Magic. Act Like Magic.

Who Books? KNOWLES. Where? Cor. George and Granville Sts., Halifax.

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including names and dates.

Corsets. Miller Bodice. Pearl Buttons. \$2.50. Principles! Allison, Sewing Machines. Season! Ribbons, Gloves, Serge, Eyes. BROS. MILLINERY, Streets, Halifax, N.S. Hotel, X, N.S. Cor. George and Granville Sts., Halifax.

YARMOUTH.

[Progress is for sale in Yarmouth at the store of E. L. Vickery, Harris & Hunsall and Dr. Lovitt's Drug Store.]
JUNE 14.—There was an unusually large number of people in town on Thursday last, it being the anniversary of the settlement of Yarmouth. On other public holidays, places in the suburbs of our town, such as Mahood's, Carlton and "The Park," are chosen for picnics, driving parties, etc., but on this occasion matters were reversed and people from the above named places chose Yarmouth for their day's enjoyment, and those residing here stayed at home and enjoyed the many pleasures provided by our citizens in common with the day. There were no public demonstrations in the morning. I heard of a riding party at Milton of about twelve or more ladies and gentlemen, but as the weather was not as favorable as could be desired, the proposed route was abandoned, and a short distance was chosen. The equestrians started about nine a. m. and returned shortly before noon. Speaking of riding parties reminds me, how much more this very exciting pleasure is being indulged in, than ever before, although an old custom, rarely, now on almost any fine evening gay parties of riders may be seen mounting in a manner creditable to any city. William street seems to be the chief rendezvous for the mounted, and an excellent shelter afforded by its archway of trees.
The Old Fellows' society drew large crowds in the evening, notwithstanding the fact that it had been held the afternoon and evening before. The assembly was much larger than any seen in Yarmouth at a similar entertainment, and the sum realized greatly exceeded the expectation of those who labored so hard to make the affair a success. The building is a fine one, and admirably suited for the purpose, there being so many tables. The rooms on the first floor were filled with supper tables; while those on the second floor were devoted to flower booths and numerous affairs characteristic of the occasion. The flowers were artistically beautiful, a large quantity being sent from Boston for the occasion. There were arranged in a large mound under an archway between the two main rooms. There were the usual number of Rebecca, Gipsies and Japanese girls, which added to the effect of the well lighted and decorated rooms. The Yarmouth and Milton brass bands and Mr. Medcalf's orchestra furnished music on the four evenings. The sum realized was about \$100, and it is to be devoted to the purchase of lottery tickets being sold on almost every article of any importance.
A number of ladies and gentlemen arranged and carried out successfully several theatricals, appropriate to the occasion, and were in every way successful, and those who took part are to be congratulated. Large numbers were unable to obtain names of the performers in the play of "Cape Mail"; Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Murray, Mr. T. V. B. Biggs, Mr. W. C. McKinnon, Mr. Hamilton, Miss Linda Moody, and Miss Alice Clement. In the play "Boots at the Beach" those who took part were: Miss Hamilton, Miss Moody, Mr. B. Cartwright, Mr. Hamilton and Miss Clement. The new American Consul, Mr. James, his mother, Miss James and two sisters, arrived here on Saturday last.
Mr. Curtis is still in Yarmouth, but intends leaving shortly for New York.
Congratulations to Rev. and Mrs. Langille on the arrival of a son.
Miss Annie Kelly has been visiting in St. John, N. B., the occasion of her visit being to attend the wedding of Mr. Francis Barratt to Miss Butcher of that place. Miss Kelly returned home on Friday evening.
Mr. Arthur Brown returned home last week from a trip to the New England States, where he has been attending meetings in connection with the Y. M. C. A.
Mr. and Mrs. Geddes Grant and son, of Trinidad, are spending a few weeks with relatives in this town. Before returning home in June, Mr. Grant intends spending some time in Fictus, formerly the home of the latter.
Bishop Courtney arrived here this afternoon and will administer the rite of confirmation to a large number of candidates at Holy Trinity this evening.
Miss Clara Killian, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Biederman, returned to Yarmouth last week.
Miss Mary Johnson, after enjoying several pleasant months with relatives in Massachusetts, returned home on Wednesday last week.
Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Lovitt, of Milton, on the arrival of a son.
Miss Julia Cain is attending school at Wolfville. Miss Cain has been attending school at Wolfville.
Mr. Louis Clements, who has been attending the funeral of his mother last week, returned to Yarmouth last Saturday.
The club tennis courts are opened for the season, and already there are a large number who have become members and are enjoying the fine weather and excellent condition of the fields. There are two club grounds, besides numerous private courts. One of the former, an "earth court," is situated on Wilton street, opposite Trinity.
The other "court," and affords a pleasant surprise, and is somewhat smaller, but is pleasantly surrounded, being more sheltered. This, I notice, is generally more sheltered, there being always a large number of young ladies "waiting for their turn."
Miss Mary Gray has friends visiting her from St. John.
Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Curry, of Windsor, passed through here on Wednesday en route to New York.
Miss S. Lovitt, accompanied by her friend, Miss F. Wood, left last week to attend the closing exercises at Wolfville.
Among those who attended the closing exercises of Mount Allison seminary at Sackville were Miss Annie Lovitt, Miss Beth Lovitt, Miss Hearty, and Miss McDonald, all of whom returned home on Friday last.
Mrs. Hall returned to Boston on Saturday last.
Rev. Joseph Hale and wife, of Whiteville, were in town last week and preached in the Wesley church, the former in the morning and the latter in the evening.
Mr. E. H. Holton has gone to Mobile to meet Mr. Milson, whom he is accompanying on a voyage.
Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Killian are on a voyage.
Mr. Gray formerly of Annapolis, N. S., is visiting his sister Mrs. Wm. Ross, Prescott street.
Rev. P. H. Robinson arrived here from Boston on Wednesday and conducted service in Providence church on Sunday last.
Miss Hearty is visiting friends in P. E. I. Judge Waterhouse will be in town next week.
Mr. B. Killian returned from Boston last week and is now visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Killian.
Mr. Earnest Kinney has gone to his home in P. E. I. on a visit.
Capt. John Pearson made a short trip to Boston last week.
Mr. O. G. Seely and wife of Boston, Mass., spent a few days with their uncle Mr. T. H. Grandy, Forest street.
Prof. B. Hopley has been reappointed organist of the Milton Methodist church for the ensuing year.
Bishop Courtney conducted confirmation services in Holy Trinity church this evening, their being 24 candidates. The church was decorated with white flowers, and in accordance with the Bishop's request each candidate wore white. Bishop Courtney's guest of honor, L. E. Baker, during his stay in Yarmouth. He leaves here tomorrow morning for Weymouth.
Miss Mand Churchill was among the graduates at St. Marinas at the closing examinations last week.
Mr. and Mrs. Miller spent a few days in Annapolis last week.
Miss Isabel Binyon, who has been enjoying the past winter in Halifax, visiting at the home of Mr. Walter Dodd and others, returned home last week.
The funeral of the late Miss Mary Binyon took place in Holy Trinity church on Monday, a large number of relatives and friends being present. Miss Binyon was the daughter of the late Capt. Edward Binyon, and at the time of her death was residing with her cousin, J. W. Binyon, Cliff street.
Mrs. C. O'Connell, who has been spending the past year in Toronto, is expected in Yarmouth. This week she will occupy the position in the Western Union telegraph office left vacant by Miss Fraser's removal.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the book-store of W. J. McCreary, Main street, and on the streets by J. E. McCoy.]
JUNE 15.—The intense heat of the past week has been rather depressing, as well as the society correspondent as to the general public, but in spite of the enervating effects, the ever zealous ladies who have undertaken to raise funds towards the drainage were not deterred from issuing invitations to a calico ball, which was held in Babang's hall last evening. The ladies in charge of the entertainment were Mrs. J. B. Bruce, Mrs. T. V. Cooke, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. McCreary, Mrs. C. J. Boucher and Mrs. W. H. Hewson. The display of calico was large and varied, and the belles who are accustomed to fine silk and gay attire looked none the less charming in their fresh delicate prints and calicos and their dainty robes of art muslin. I do not know who was the belle, but the entertainment was a great success and a very respectable sum for the drill shed. There were about 50 couples present, and though the night was far from being pleasant one, the weather was not allowed to interfere with the general enjoyment, dancing being kept up till nearly two o'clock.
The society was rather well represented by the complete without any reference to the conclusion of the far in Babang's hall which was the general topic of conversation last evening. The entertainment, continuing one night longer than had been originally intended. The receipts were in the vicinity of \$200, and the ladies were to be congratulated upon the success of their undertaking. Speaking of organs reminds me that it is stated on good authority that a pipe organ for St. John's Methodist church is being placed in the church, and that it will be paid for entirely by private subscription. The purchasing of church organs seems to be growing popular here, and it is interesting to note that one being paid for in that manner, and the mention of the church organ was to be congratulated upon their friends.
The many friends of Mr. C. P. Harris will be glad to hear that he has sufficiently recovered from his recent severe illness to be out again. Mr. and Mrs. Harris left town on Wednesday for a trip through the United States, and it is hoped that the necessary for Mr. Harris' complete restoration to health.
Mrs. Douglass spent a few days in town this week, visiting her son.
Miss Maggie Taylor returned last week from St. John, where she has been visiting friends.
Mrs. W. D. Bateson went to Moncton to attend the calico ball.
Mrs. Chester and her family returned from Westville on Tuesday.
Rev. Mr. Wiggins, of Sackville, was in town on Tuesday.
Miss Rena Blair entertained her friends on Monday evening at her home on Ratchford street where a most enjoyable evening was spent by those present.
A very merry party of 50 or more of the youthful element of society gathered at the pretty home of Mrs. D. Douglas, at Sackville, on Monday evening to join in the celebration of the fourteenth birthday of Master George Douglas. The entertainment of the evening was a delightful one, and the many delicacies served helped to elevate the hostesses to a very lofty position in the estimation of the young guests who fully appreciated the kind attention of the hostess. During the evening the M. M. band of Sackville, and joined with the professed hospitalities of the evening. The M. M. band of Sackville, and joined with the professed hospitalities of the evening. The M. M. band of Sackville, and joined with the professed hospitalities of the evening.
The numerous friends of Mr. G. W. Moore, of the Bank of Montreal who have been at his home in Halifax for the past few weeks on sick leave, are glad to hear that he is recovering and that his health is sufficiently restored to enable him to resume his place at the bank.
Miss Leticia Wilson, daughter of Mr. S. C. Wilbur, principal of the Central school, left town last week for hospital nursing in the hospital at Sackville, where she will be staying for some time.
Mr. David White, master car builder of the I. C. R., left town last week for a visit to his home in Sackville, where he is attending the convention of master car builders which opens in the city on the 15th. Mr. White is highly respected.
Mr. F. W. Sumner's many friends will be glad to learn that he is convalescing from his recent severe illness, and that he is expected to be able to resume his duties in the office of the Sackville branch of the I. C. R. in a few days.
The mission which has been held for the last two weeks in St. John's church, was brought to a close last week. Fathers Froulx and Bourgeois, who have been in charge of the mission, left town on Thursday for New York to be absent for three weeks.
The many friends of Miss Nellie Ryan, formerly of Moncton, but now of New Brunswick, are glad to hear that she is recovering from her illness, and that she is expected to be able to resume her duties in the office of the Sackville branch of the I. C. R. in a few days.
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AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst, by George Douglas and H. A. Hillcock.]
JUNE 15.—The past week has been one of unusual interest and excitement. Prominent among the events was that of laying the corner stone of the academy, which was performed by the officers of the Grand Lodge with full masonic ceremonies. On Wednesday evening Acacia lodge A. T. and A. M. entertained the visiting brethren and friends with a very large and pleasant entertainment, more appropriately speaking, an apron party in the Y. M. C. A. hall, which reflected unlimited credit on Mr. M. Townsend and Mrs. A. Purdy, who had the responsibility of the grand occasion. The room was beautifully and prominently decorated with flowers and tall ferns, which, added to the beautiful scenery of great effect. The excellent music was furnished by the vocal part of the programme was assisted by our leading singers, who were under their best, and the ladies were to be congratulated upon the success of their undertaking. Speaking of organs reminds me that it is stated on good authority that a pipe organ for St. John's Methodist church is being placed in the church, and that it will be paid for entirely by private subscription. The purchasing of church organs seems to be growing popular here, and it is interesting to note that one being paid for in that manner, and the mention of the church organ was to be congratulated upon their friends.
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Reduced Prices

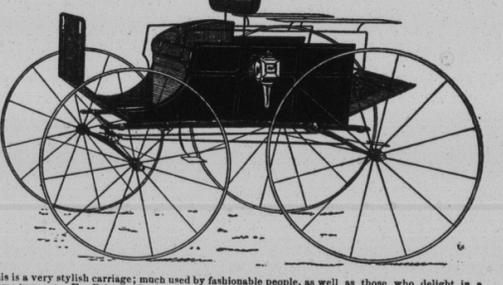
For New Dress Materials!
Not wishing to carry any Summer Goods over, we have reduced several lines of our Light Summer Dress Materials very much in price to effect a speedy clearance.



Customers will please bear in mind that our Stock is Fresh and New, all of this season's importation. We have no Old Stock. This will be found A Rare Chance to purchase a Fashionable and Serviceable Dress at very much less than the same goods can be had elsewhere.

S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

An English Dog Cart.



This is a very stylish carriage; much used by fashionable people, as well as those who delight in a handsome ton. For prices and other information address JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Manufacturers of Fine Carriages, Sleighs, and Horses, FREDERICTON, N. B. Warehouse, St. John: Corner of Union and Brussels Streets.

MONCTON'S FASHIONABLE MILLINER 25,000 VISITING CARDS!

Latest Styles in Hats and Bonnets in Stock and made to order. Mail Orders promptly and personally attended to. Mrs. Harmon Brown, Main St., Moncton.

Berton House, ST. JOHN, N. B.

This well known and centrally located House is now re-opened for transient, permanent and Table Boarders. Terms moderate. Apply to MRS. A. DANIEL, Elliott Row, COPLEY SQUARE HOTEL, Huntington Ave. and Exeter St., Boston.

Ask for Islay Blend. TAKE NO OTHER.

Pronounced by the Government Chief Analyst superior to all other Whiskies imported into Canada. See page 21 of the Official Report of the Inland Revenue Department issued Dec. 31st, 1891.

"THE WILLOWS," HUGH J. MCCORMICK, Proprietor.

I HAVE much pleasure in informing the public that I will, on July 1st, open "The Willows," the new Summer retreat on the banks of the Kennecott. The house is new and well furnished. The rooms are large, airy and comfortable; especially adapted to the comfort of permanent guests. "The Willows" can be reached three days in the week by the Steamer "Clifton," which makes the run in a little over two hours, or by stage from Robbsey connecting with morning train, which is three miles distant.

SUMMER BOARDERS

THE Subscriber is prepared to accommodate for the Summer a few BOARDERS at Clifton's Mills, 11 miles from St. John, city, on the Clifton Inland Railway, with privileges for Trout Fishing on the Musquash River, and camping out if desired. Apply to 184-121-1/2 C. C. CLINCH, Clifton's Mills, N. B.

600 Tons Lehigh Coal.

Prices Low. Correspondence Solicited. Telephone 339. MORRISON & LAWLOR, Cor. UNION and SMYTHE STS., ST. JOHN.



SAKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's book-store.]
JUNE 15.—Mrs. Parsons entertained a number of her lady friends at luncheon Monday afternoon at Red Villa.
Mr. McCully, of Moncton, was in town Tuesday.
Miss Copwell left on Wednesday for Lunenburg, where she intends spending the summer months. Before leaving she was the recipient of a handsome present from her friends of St. Paul's church.
Mrs. V. Smith, of the Halifax Banking Co., left this week for St. John on her vacation.
Miss Isabel Binyon and Miss Gwen Sheehan spent Saturday in Amherst.
Mrs. Knapp left last week for her home in Charlottetown.
Miss Emmaline Ayer is visiting friends in Amherst.
Mrs. Black gave a small treat on Saturday, in honor of the Misses Snowball, of Sackville. A large number of our young maidens went off Thursday on a picnic to Wolf Pond.
Mr. F. W. Harrison and Prof. Andrews went to Lunenburg this week to attend the Methodist conference.
Mr. Geo. Trice, of Halifax, spent a few days last week in Sackville, where he has been visiting Mrs. Chas. Fawcett, left last week for her home in Sussex.
Mr. Chas. Fawcett, arrived home last week from St. Martin where he has been taking a short rest in the country.
Capt. Chas. Moore and Mr. Chas. Pickard, two veteran sports, returned from a fishing excursion to the lakes last week. They brought home some of the finest specimens of the Bony tribe ever seen here.
Among the names on the list of graduates of the university of N. B., is that of Mr. Van Thorne, M. R. C. E., who is now in charge of the railway to Dorchester last Sunday. It is rumored that they will soon be discontinued.
Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Harris returned from St. John where they have been spending their vacation. They made a special trip for the purpose of conveying their children to the coast.
Miss Belle Gordon has returned home after a winter's visit to Boston. She will remain until the autumn.
Mrs. W. S. Smith, accompanied by Miss Maggie Johnston, paid a visit to Campbellton on Monday. She had a splendid position as a wedding which is to come off soon.

DALHOUSIE.

[Progress is for sale at H. J. Johnson's.]
JUNE 15.—Rev. Mr. Berry of Campbellton, was in town on Tuesday.
On Monday Mrs. Murray, M. P. P., paid the shireman a short visit.
Mr. H. B. McLachlan of Campbellton, accompanied by Mrs. McLachlan and their little child, was in town Wednesday last week.
Mr. J. A. Michael of Quebec, is spending a few days here.
Mr. McDermott of Wolford, was in town on Tuesday.
Miss Carr of Campbellton, and other young ladies are visiting at Rev. Mr. Flaherty's.
Mr. Alex. Campbell of Montreal, was in town last week.
The Governor General and family passed through on Friday last on the way to their summer residence at Cacopet, and the steamship Adams Express made a special trip for the purpose of conveying them down.
Miss Belle Gordon has returned home after a winter's visit to Boston. She will remain until the autumn.
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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1892.

IN SEARCH OF A SUPPER.

THE EXPERIENCES OF TWO YOUNG LADIES IN ROTHEASY.

The General Storekeeper and His Biscuits and Cheese, and Beer and Chocolates, and Last but not Least His Evening Paper—A Village All Looks and Little Else.

The village of Rothasy might almost have been in the poet's mind when he wrote the lines, "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."

For it is indeed a dream of sylvan beauty! Its houses nestle in trees surrounded by gardens, the verandas wreathed with flowering vines, and decked with all the adornments and comforts artistic taste can suggest, or money supply.

The experience of two young ladies who lately visited Rothasy with the intention of remaining from the half past five o'clock train, until the half past seven train, and were detained by a violent thunder storm, may be worth relating.

Arriving at the station, and discovering that they had miscalculated their time and would be unable to return to the city until the late train, they turned their attention towards the comforts of a home as represented by tea, only to discover that there was not a hotel or place of entertainment for the public in the place.

An elderly gentleman whom they took for the proprietor from an air of easy negligence, was hanging over the counter with the "full front" of his back presented to the view of the possible customer, engaged in the perusal of the evening paper.

"Good evening! Have you any bananas?" "No, don't keep 'em."

"Perhaps you have some oranges then?" "No, no oranges!" said the merchant prince, still without lifting his eyes from his paper or turning round.

"Have you any vanilla biscuits?" "No, no biscuits at all except soda biscuits and sweet biscuits?"

"No, you got anything to eat, at all?" The audacity of this shot brought the caterer for the gastronomic tastes of Rothasy into an erect position, and with one sweep of his hand, which included not only the grocery department, but the portion of the store held sacred to dry goods he responded in clarion tones, "We have just what you see!"

On being interrogated on the subject of cheese he acknowledged the soft impeachment and reluctantly removed from the shelves a cheese which lay, in the days of its youth being good, but which had been cut so long ago that the wounds had become cicatrized with a crust an inch deep, and its rification in the shape of blue mold had set in.

"So I supposed," answered one of the pilgrims from the city, "Are you going to let us taste them?"

"Chocolates are chocolates all over the world," snarled the obliging purveyor of groceries, as he opened the glass case with a bang and picked out two chocolates which he slammed down on the top of the glass case.

"I should have preferred using my own fingers if I had been given a choice," remarked the undaunted customer, glancing at the very grimy digits which had been used in transporting the chocolates to their present resting place.

"You are evidently not anxious for custom," answered the pilgrim. "Well, no, not some kinds of customers we ain't," was the crushing response.

The storm had worked havoc, the road was a rushing brook, and the pilgrims reached the station with wet feet, sick hearts, and bedraggled plumes.

A FINE POINT IN ETHICS. How Parrsboro's Policeman Erred in Judgment, and Impounded the Wrong Cow.

The early morning slumbers of Parrsboro's police magistrate have lately been broken by the drowsy tinklings of cowbells, and the soft murmuring of stray cows.

Parrsboro's policeman went to the magistrate a few days ago seeking information. A man who had been in jail for a few days had decided to pay his fine rather than serve out the remainder of his sentence.

"I wish you'd come up early tomorrow morning and put those cows in pound that was being bothering me."

The policeman objected to going a-hunting so early in the morning, as it is a long distance from his house to that of the magistrate, and an early morning walk is not relished by policemen who pace the streets late at night watching the enterprising burglar, but said that he would go at once and impound any stray cow that might be in the vicinity of the magistrate's residence.

"The officer was eminently successful in his search, for he found a cow on the road near the magistrate's residence, and persuaded her to be led to pastures new."

The animal was left to ruminate on her meadows in the Parrsboro pound, and the magistrate congratulated himself that he would no more be awakened from his hard-earned rest by the lowings of stray cattle.

But when, later in the day, he awoke to the fact that his own cow had been lodged in the pound that morning, he did not feel quite so peacefully disposed towards the world in general, and Parrsboro policemen in particular.

Did he, nevertheless, manifest the spirit of the noble Roman, who was willing that his son should die because of a breach of discipline, although it brought glory to the Roman arms? Did he show the magnanimity of Henry IV. of England, who commiserated the judge who imprisoned the Prince of Wales?

No, he did not; the policeman ought to have known that a police magistrate's cow is as sacred as the white bull of the Assyrian law-giver. The magistrate gave the policeman a severe scolding in the presence of several citizens, and the officer goes about with a sad air, feeling the truth of Gilbert's song,

"Taking one consideration with another, Policeman's life is not a 'spicy' tin."

RECEIVED HIM IN STYLE.

A Big African King Welcomes the First Envoy from the Congo State.

About two years ago the Congo State sent Lieut. Dhanis far up the Kuango River, one of the largest affluents of the Kasai tributary of the Congo, for the purpose of occupying the new territories on the behalf of the State.

The King heard that the white man was coming several weeks before his arrival. While Dhanis was yet a week from the King's big town, two chiefs with forty men, who had been sent to meet him, suddenly appeared.

On arriving at the King's town the white visitor was allowed to rest for three days before the ceremonies in honor of his arrival began.

The number of sudden deaths which occur every year as a consequence of running to catch trains, trams, and 'buses is not inconsiderable. The victims are mostly persons, middle-aged or older, who have some disease of the heart.

This kind of over-exertion, however, does less harm than the common habit of being continually in a hurry.

The man of business suffers in much the same manner. The hurried breakfast and the hurried skimming of the morning paper are but the beginning of a hurried day.

School children are victims of the same evil. They must be at school exactly to time. But in thousands of cases the family arrangements are not such as to favor punctuality.

Slavery has no recognition in Peruvian law, but their are ways of mistreating and exploiting it not worthy of some admiration for their cleverness.

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HONEST Goods need not necessarily be beyond the reach of the majority. The wise buyer will always keep quality in sight. He knows that cheaply made goods are not cheap at any price, and aims to buy only well made and perfect fitting garments at the lowest possible cost.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO. Cor. King and Germain Sts., St. John, N. B.

DANGERS OF HABITUAL HURRY.

Take Your Time if you Want to be Healthy and Enjoy Life.

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HOW DYNAMITE IS MADE.

Something About the Great Explosive, and What It Has Accomplished.

Very few people have a correct idea of what dynamite is, of what it is made, and the uses to which it is put.

Dynamite is simply nitro-glycerine mixed with various ingredients. Nitro-glycerine is made by mixing sulphuric and nitric acid with sweet glycerine, the same that is used by the ladies to prevent chapped hands.

The other ingredients for making dynamite are: Nitrate of soda, which is found only in Chili, carbonate of magnesia, and wood pulp.

Dynamite is put in paper shells usually 1 1/4 inches in diameter and 8 inches in length, and weighs about 1/2 pound to each shell or cartridge.

Five or six millions of dollars are invested in the manufacture of dynamite in the United States, and its use is constantly on the increase.

Two women, each of whom rode the ventilation hobby with great zeal, found themselves spending the night in a small country hotel.

"I can't move it," she said, tugging to do so. "Do try," came from the bed; "we shall suffocate before morning."

"I've broken this wretched window," it was explained; "but, at least, I'll have air now."

"Oh! yes," said the other, "that's ever so much better now. I could never go to sleep without proper ventilation."

"So they went contentedly to sleep. In the morning the window was found tightly closed, but the glass door of a big bookcase which stood in a corner was shattered.

GREENWICH TIME.

The Great Clock that is Always on the Minute.

As is well known everywhere, "Greenwich time" is the most accurate in the world, and the whole machinery of the clock which records it is very perfect.

At one o'clock every day a current is sent which fires the time-guns at Newcastle, South Shields, Edinburgh, and elsewhere.

At the same time, time-balls are let fall by its agency at various places. The standard or public clock at Greenwich is regulated by comparing the time recorded on its face with that given by an astronomical clock, and the difference between true astronomical and true Greenwich time can be found from tables which are calculated for every day and for every hour in the day.

But the astronomical clock, which is regulated according to the movements of the stars, gains a second on true time in the

ererooms.

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urtains!

pair.

SHOW WINDOWS.

ER.

OTCEST

RST GROP

CHOW

and BANNER CHOP

commend BANNER

suits every body.

weather.

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ers the following

er pair, former price 20 to 30c

" " " 25 to 45c

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ROBERT TURNER.

D & CO.

IDGE,

Persons in want of a first-class stove or range should see my stock.

Prices Low

opposite Hotel Dufferin.

Insurance Company of

HARTFORD, CONN.

ING POWER, and

ABLE DEALING.

President.

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ALCAR, 2nd Vice-President.

CH HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

E. HART, General Manager.

Dominion Government.

St. John, N. B.

HARRIED.



ST. JOHN'S EARLY DAYS.

THE MEN WHO LAID THE FOUNDATION OF A CITY.

Fort Frederick—The First English Settlers—John Allan's Excursion to Akupaque—The Battle of the Falls—Incidents in the Lives of Brave Pioneers.

After the decisive victory gained by the English over Boisherebert in the summer of 1758, the French finally abandoned the old strongholds at the mouth of the St. John, which had remained in their possession for more than a century. The captured fort was garrisoned during the winter by a body of Provincial troops and a company of rangers, sent from Louisbourg. In March of the next year, a party of the rangers, under Captain McCurdy, started up the river on snowshoes to reconnoitre the country. The first night they camped on a hill-side near the mouth of Kingston Creek, and it is stated that Captain McCurdy lost his life the same night by the falling of a large birch tree, which one of the rangers cut on the hill-side above, and which came crashing down upon the spot where poor McCurdy was killing him instantly. In spite of the loss of their commander the party proceeded until they reached St. Ann's Point (now Fredericton), where they found quite a village, which the inhabitants had deserted at their approach. They set fire to the chapel and other buildings and returned with some precipitation to the mouth of the river. The fort was rebuilt and named Fort Frederick, and respectable barracks were erected in connection with it. The garrison at this time was commanded by Col. Arbutnot. The Rangers were sent to join General Wolfe's expedition against Quebec and the fort was garrisoned during the summer by a detachment of New England troops.

A noteworthy event of this year is the terrific storm of Saturday, November 2nd, which rivalled, if it did not exceed the fierceness of the famous "Saxby" gale of 1859. The tide is said to have reached a height of six feet above its ordinary level. Driven by the storm, huge waves broke down the dykes at the head of the bay, and did an immense amount of damage along the coast. A considerable portion of Fort Frederick was washed away. Colonel Arbutnot's garrison numbered about 200 men. The colonel seems to have been a very efficient and capable officer. He exerted himself to bring about amicable relations with the Indians, who had been decidedly hostile to British interests during "the old French war." Largely through his efforts a treaty was arranged with the chiefs of the St. John and Passamaquoddy tribes and a "truck house" established at Fort Frederick for the carrying on of a regular Indian traffic. The chiefs having completed the treaty, left Halifax resplendent in the hats and blankets trimmed with gold lace, which they had received as a parting gift from Governor Lawrence.

Quebec had fallen, and with the return of peace garrison duty at Fort Frederick doubtless became very monotonous. About the ramparts there was some life and stir, but elsewhere the prospect was dreary enough. The few habitations formerly existing had been destroyed and abandoned by the French, and no English settlers had as yet appeared. The Provincial troops began to pine for their own friends, and in spite of opposition seventy of the garrison openly left in one schooner and eighty in another for their homes. Col. Arbutnot had at this time retired from the command, and Lieut. Tongue, who succeeded him, represents the fort as being in great need of repairs and alterations to make it defensible.

The following year, 1761, Fort Frederick was garrisoned by a company of Highlanders. During the summer Capt. Bruce, of the Royal Engineers, made the first accurate survey of St. John harbor, giving to us the well-known Bruce chart, copies of which are in the possession of many of our citizens today. During the few years the military post was maintained by a company from some of the British regiments under different commanders.

First English Settlers at St. John. In the year 1762 arrived the pioneer New England settlers, Messrs. Simonds, White, Peabody, Quinton, Leavitt, and others—a party of about twenty persons in all, and we may here note the fact that James, son of Hugh Quinton, apprehends the distinction of being the first English child whose birth is recorded at St. John. He was born in the barracks at Fort Frederick, August 28, 1762, the very day on which the party arrived. The barracks, then unoccupied, furnished a shelter for Hugh Quinton, his wife and infant and several others, among the number, Miss Hannah Peabody, afterwards the wife of James Simonds.

Messrs. White, Simonds and the rest of the company proceeded to the site of the old French fort, at Portland Point, where they erected a house to accommodate the whole party, the frame of which was brought in their vessel from Newburyport. To this house the Quintons and others at Fort Frederick soon after removed.

Captain Bruce's map shows the only cleared spots about the harbor at this time to have been at and near Fort Frederick and the ruins of the French fort at Portland Point. The Highland regiment having been withdrawn from Fort Frederick, a company of the Royal Fencible Americans, under Captain Gifford Stedholm was sent to garrison the post.

The settlers at St. John were much alarmed in the year 1765 by the conduct of the Indians who threatened to declare war against all the English settlements on the ground that the whites had interfered with their rights by killing moose, beavers, and other wild animals beyond the limits of their farms and improvements. Sentries were doubled at Fort Frederick and precautions taken against surprise. Through the instrumentality of Governor Montagu Wilnot the difficulty was satisfactorily adjusted and hostilities averted.

Fort Frederick was under the command of Ensign Jeremiah Mears in 1766, but two years later we find James Simonds writing to his partners in Newburyport: "The troops are withdrawn from all the outposts in the province and sent to Boston to quell the mob. The charge of Fort Frederick is committed to me which I accepted to prevent another person being appointed who would be a trader. I don't know but I must reside in the garrison, but the privilege of the fisheries on that side of

THE PLANETS IN JUNE.

Where They Are and Where They Are Expected to Be.

For several months Venus has been an interesting object in our western sky. It has been continually increasing in brightness, and on June 23 attained its maximum brilliancy. It will then, as has been the case during May. Those who have good eyes and know exactly where to look for it may easily find it.

At present the planet is rapidly approaching the sun and will be at inferior conjunction with it July 9. It will then be between the earth and sun. As it approaches this position its illuminated side will, more and more, be turned away from the earth. At the beginning of June about 25 per cent of the illuminated portion will be observed towards the earth; at the end of the month only about 3 per cent. It will then appear in telescopes as a very narrow crescent, much like that of the moon when a day or two old. At the end of the month it will be near the sun and cannot be observed to advantage except in the day time. During the early part of July it will be invisible on account of its nearness to the sun. When again becomes visible it will be as a morning star, and it will continue a morning star until next April.

Mars is slowly coming into better position for observation, both on account of its rising earlier in the night and by its decreasing distance from the earth. During June it rises about 11 p. m. and reaches the meridian about 3.30 a. m. It is in the constellation Capricorn, being the most brilliant object in that part of the heavens. It will be interesting to watch its motions during the month, both on account of its position in the sky and its distance from the earth. During the month of June it will move eastward among the stars; during July and August westward, and then eastward again. During the four months from June 1 it will describe a large loop in the constellation Capricorn and will then move rapidly in a northeasterly direction in early a straight line, across the constellations Aquarius and Pisces. At the end of the year the planet will be in the latter constellation. The opposition of Mars this year is particularly favorable on account of its nearness to the earth. It is not since 1877 that it has approached so near. It is then that the hopes of Mars were discovered. It is hoped that the observations which will be made this summer will throw much light on its physical condition and also that accurate data may be obtained for a more precise determination of the solar parallax, or in other words, of the earth's mean distance from the sun.

Jupiter is a morning star. For some time this planet has been so near the sun as to be seen, but now the distance has increased so much that it may be seen fairly well for an hour or two in the morning. Jupiter will be in conjunction with the moon on the morning of June 19. The moon will pass about one degree north of the planet. Saturn is now in good position for observation. During the evening hours of June the planet may be found in the southwest, about one-third of the way from the horizon to observation. The planet will have its edge nearly towards the earth, so that they cannot be seen to advantage. They will begin to open somewhat in the latter part of the month, but at that time will come into a better position for observation. Saturn's disc is crossed by faint dusky markings parallel to the planet's equator. They are so faint that only large telescopes show them. Some spots on the disc were seen this year, at least, of sufficient distinctness to enable the rotation period of the planet to be determined from them.

Uranus is in the constellation Virgo, and is moving slowly westward among the stars. Neptune is near the sun and cannot be seen. Mercury is also near the sun. —Detroit Free Press.

EATING BEFORE SLEEPING.

Some Interesting Remarks Upon a Mooted Question.

It used to be considered prejudicial to good health to partake of food just before going to bed. But many physicians now recommend to their patients a light meal before retiring. In this subject Dr. W. T. Cathell, in Md. Med. Jour., says: "Many persons, though not actually sick, keep below par in strength and general tone, and in the opinion that fasting during the long interval between supper and breakfast, and especially the complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep, does greatly to the amount of emaciation, listlessness and general weakness we so often meet."

Physiology teaches that in the body there is a perpetual disintegration of tissue, sleeping or waking; it is therefore logical to believe that the supply of nourishment to those who are below par, if it would counteract their emaciation and lowered degree of vitality; and as bodily exercise is suspended during sleep, with wear and tear correspondingly diminished, while digestion, assimilation, and nutritive activity continue as usual, the food furnished during this period adds more than is destroyed, and increased weight and improved general vigor is the result.

All beings except man are governed by natural instincts, and every being with a stomach, except man, eats before sleep; and even the human infant, guided by some instinct, sucks frequently day and night, and if its stomach is empty for any prolonged period, it cries long and loud. Digestion requires no interval of rest, and if the amount of food during the twenty-four hours is, in quantity and quality, not beyond the physiological limit, it makes no harmful difference to the stomach how few or how short are the intervals between eating; but it does make a vast difference in the weak and emaciated one's welfare to have a modicum of food in the stomach during the time of sleep, that, instead of being consumed by bodily action, it may during the interval improve the lowered system. I am fully satisfied that were the weakly, the emaciated, and the sleepless to nightly take a light lunch or meal of simple, nutritious food before going to bed for a prolonged period, nine in ten of them would be thereby lifted into a better standard of health.

In my specialty (nose and throat) I encounter cases that, in addition to local and constitutional treatment, need an increase

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Dark Clouds and Sunshine.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

A TEARFUL MOMENT.

WHEN Jack came home, his young wife was writing a letter to her sister. Every woman has a friend, one she can trust and confide in, and the young woman's sister filled that office for her. Jack was not feeling as agreeable as he might have been. Even on Sunday, business cares worried him, and like many men, he found it impossible to conceal his troubles and his wife had to share them with him. She was crying when he rested his hands on the table, but his enquiries brought no response. She knew that he had enough to trouble him, and pleaded headache. In her confusion she forgot all about dresses, until Jack suggested that they go out for a walk.

"But," said he, stopping suddenly, "I am hardly fit to appear on the street with you in this suit, and it is the best I have. What is worse, I don't know how I am going to get another one." Poor Mrs. Lovington. That settled everything. How could she say anything about her own wants now? She was silent for a moment, then a bright thought struck her.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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BE SURE and send your Parcels to Ungar's Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 38. Or Halifax, 100 Water Street. It'll be done right, if done at

UNCAR'S.

NEW DISCOVERY BY AGUIDENT

In composing a solution a part was accidentally spilled on the hand and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We at once put this wonderful preparation on the market and so great has been the demand that we are now introducing it throughout the world under the name of Queen's Anti-Hairine. IT IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND SO SIMPLE ANY CHILD CAN USE IT. The hair disappears as if by magic without the slightest pain or injury when applied or after. It is unlike any other preparation ever used with hair on the FACE, NECK and ARMS. GENTLEMEN who do not appreciate beard or hair on their neck, and a precious boon in Queen's Anti-Hairine which does away with shaving, by rendering its future growth an utter impossibility. Price of Queen's Anti-Hairine \$1.00 per bottle, sent in safety mailing boxes, postage paid by us (securely and completely confidential). Send money or stamps by letter with full address written plainly. Correspondence. We invite you to deal with us and you will find everything as represented. Put this out and register your letter at any Post Office to insure its safe delivery. We will pay \$1.00 for any case of failure or slightest injury to any purchaser. Every bottle guaranteed.

SPECIAL. We will present with a BOTTLE of QUEEN'S ANTI-HAIRINE, a BOTTLE of our best hair cream, Extra Large Bottle and sample of a BOTTLE of our best hair cream. Good Laundry or Commission to Agents.

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In ordering state chest measure and age, and we will send for selection subject to being returned at our expense.

E. C. COLE,

Palmer's Block, 178 Main Street.

Moncton, May 10, 1892.

Nervousness.

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.

An agreeable and beneficial tonic and food for the nerves and brain. A remedy of the highest value in Mental and Nervous Exhaustion.

Trial bottle mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Mumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

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That hard work of wash day. Let them wash the clothes, without boiling or scalding, with SURPRISE SOAP. This "Surprise way" makes white goods whiter, colored goods brighter, flannels softer, without slightest injury to hands or clothing. Best of all, it does away with the steam, the muss, the hard work of wash day. SURPRISE is a great help; every-READ the directions on the wrapper.

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Prices ranging from \$3.75 to \$5.00.

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E. C. COLE,

Palmer's Block, 178 Main Street.

Moncton, May 10, 1892.

Nervousness.

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.

An agreeable and beneficial tonic and food for the nerves and brain. A remedy of the highest value in Mental and Nervous Exhaustion.

Trial bottle mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Mumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Help YOUR HELP Save

That hard work of wash day. Let them wash the clothes, without boiling or scalding, with SURPRISE SOAP. This "Surprise way" makes white goods whiter, colored goods brighter, flannels softer, without slightest injury to hands or clothing. Best of all, it does away with the steam, the muss, the hard work of wash day. SURPRISE is a great help; every-READ the directions on the wrapper.

Dark Clouds and Sunshine.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

A TEARFUL MOMENT.

WHEN Jack came home, his young wife was writing a letter to her sister. Every woman has a friend, one she can trust and confide in, and the young woman's sister filled that office for her. Jack was not feeling as agreeable as he might have been. Even on Sunday, business cares worried him, and like many men, he found it impossible to conceal his troubles and his wife had to share them with him. She was crying when he rested his hands on the table, but his enquiries brought no response. She knew that he had enough to trouble him, and pleaded headache. In her confusion she forgot all about dresses, until Jack suggested that they go out for a walk.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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UNCAR'S.

NEW DISCOVERY BY AGUIDENT

In composing a solution a part was accidentally spilled on the hand and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We at once put this wonderful preparation on the market and so great has been the demand that we are now introducing it throughout the world under the name of Queen's Anti-Hairine. IT IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND SO SIMPLE ANY CHILD CAN USE IT. The hair disappears as if by magic without the slightest pain or injury when applied or after. It is unlike any other preparation ever used with hair on the FACE, NECK and ARMS. GENTLEMEN who do not appreciate beard or hair on their neck, and a precious boon in Queen's Anti-Hairine which does away with shaving, by rendering its future growth an utter impossibility. Price of Queen's Anti-Hairine \$1.00 per bottle, sent in safety mailing boxes, postage paid by us (securely and completely confidential). Send money or stamps by letter with full address written plainly. Correspondence. We invite you to deal with us and you will find everything as represented. Put this out and register your letter at any Post Office to insure its safe delivery. We will pay \$1.00 for any case of failure or slightest injury to any purchaser. Every bottle guaranteed.

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SUNDAY READING

SERMON.

The Fifth Commandment.

By Rev. F. W. ZANNA, D. D., Archbishop of Westminster.

Reverend in Christ, my brethren, I have the honor to address you on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Westminster Abbey.

"Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."—Exodus xx. 12.

Those who consider the circumstances of the case, and the large share which symmetry always played in the mind of the Jews, will readily believe that on those two tables which lay enshrined in the Ark, the Ten Words were carved in their briefest form, each occupying a line, and that there were five on the first and five on the second table. It may be objected that then this Fifth Commandment, the law of reverence to parents, which is a duty to man, will not stand with the first four commandments, which are duties to God. But it is the special dignity of this commandment that it is a direct part of our duty to God.

Our parents are not merely our neighbors; they stand to us in a special and in a Divine relation. All true authority is founded upon the law of a delegation of the authority of God. More especially is this the case with parents. During our early years they stand to us in the place of God. The word *pater* meant originally the duty of men to God reflected in their duty towards their parents. Hence you will see that the symmetry of the first five commandments of the first table in one word is *pater*, our duty towards God, and the symmetry of the second table in one word is *prohibita*, our duty towards our neighbor. It is by its consecration of authority that the Fifth Commandment applies to every one of us, whether our parents be living or dead. It involves for each of us the enforcement of the truth that man is not meant to live alone, but in families and in communities; it is the corrective of each man's insistent tendency to make himself, regardless of all others, the centre of all the universe. The fifth commandment is the surest basis of all right government. Selfishness, the brutal predominance of individual appetites and interests, self-assertion, the vulgar claim of every man against his fellows, "I am just as good as you"—these are the disorganizing, the abruptive, the anarchic elements of society, which end in plunder, houses deserted, with dynamite, and cities blazing with petroleum. But all the elements of noble progress, all the securities for peaceful happiness, all the fair sum of six thousand years' tradition of civility, depend on man's frank and glad submission to the authority of God's providence as set over him. On the west front of the cathedral of Amiens the symbol of defiant vulgarity, debased by its own exaltation, is that of a man snapping his fingers with Cockney impudence in the face of his bishop, to whom God's applications it is impossible now to speak. I must speak only of the direct commandment to filial duty which indicates divine self-repression, not worldly self-assertion, as the principle of all worthy life.

Honor thy father and thy mother. Love is hidden to honor because love is instructive and spontaneous. If honor towards our parents is love combined with reverence, the love must be honor touched with emotion. The word "honor" includes love. There can be no true honor without love. Of course a reciprocal duty is implied. If the commandment only says to every child, "Honor thy father and thy mother," it means no less distinctly, "And, ye parents, provoke not your children to wrath: into that side of the duty there is less need to enter, because, undoubtedly, the love of parents towards their children is far more intense and prominent than the love of children towards their parents. But the obligation of this in respect to either side is one of the most signs, on the one hand, of savage disubmission, on the other of civilized degeneracy. St. Paul's picture of Roman depravity as a Roman's i. culminates in the charge that men had become insolent, haughty, beautiful, disobedient to parents, without natural affection.

Paternal affection, however, though instinctive, may depend on education. The Jews, from whose wisdom we may learn so much, insisted upon it with intense earnestness. It lay at the basis of the first seven patriarchal life. The books of Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes are full of exhortations to it and denunciations of its neglect. In Jewish history Joseph the beautiful and pure was set up as an example of filial love as well as of youthful chastity. On the other hand, such was the execration of Abasalom, the beautiful and happy, that to this day each Jewish child, as he passes by his legendary tomb in the Valley of Jehosaphat, is taught to spit at it as to a contemptuous epithet at the resting-place of the beautiful, rebellious son. The sacred *canon* of the world care nothing for their parents, but only for themselves; but the deepest feelings of the best men have been always mingled with their love to their parents. The sacredness, or shipwreck, of this love has furnished to literature some of its most impassioned themes.

Many of the most pathetic scenes in the records of human life turn on parental and filial love. In the bible that of Aaron's stricken silence when his two eldest sons, Nadab and Abihu, died by the foe of God, and Aaron held his peace. Think of Jacob's wail over his lost Joseph, "I shall go down into the grave upon my son mourning." Think of the hero David's outburst of weeping over that twice dead youth, when with voice choked with anguish he sobbed forth, "O my son Abasalom; my son, my son Abasalom! would God I had died for the O Abasalom, my son, my son!" Think again in Grecian history of the noble Pericles placing the wreath on the brow of his dead boy, turning aside to hide the tears, the strong heart at last broken, which, amid all the calam-

ities of war and pestilence and the murmurs of the people had continued subdued. Think of Titus, so moved by the false accusation of intriguing against his father that he hurried back from Jerusalem with headlong speed and burst into Vespasian's presence with tears, "Veni, pater; Veni pater—I have come, my father; I have come." Think of our proud Norman King Henry I.:

Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train;
The seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair;
He never smiled again.

Or of Henry II., when among the signatures of his other rebellious children he saw the name of his youngest and best loved John. Or the great Frederick Barbarossa crying out bitterly on his son's death, "I am not the first who have suffered from disobedient sons, and yet have wept over their graves." Think of the wretched Henry IV. of Germany, treacherously arrested by his own son, falling on his knees before him with the cry, "Oh, do not sully thy honor and thy name; no law of God obliges a son to be the instrument of divine vengeance against the father!"

Again, how often has the thought of a mother been present even at the closing moments of life! When the young and gallant boy, Prince Conradin of Hohenstaufen, last of his race, was dragged to the scaffold at the age of sixteen, undaunted to the last he flung the gage of defiance among the multitude, but as he bowed his fair young face over the block he murmured, "Oh, my mother, how deep will be thy sorrow at the news of this day." And when Sir John Moore lay dying on that disastrous field of Corunna, the name of his mother was the last upon his lips. The truest men have never blushed to give public proof of this filial devotion. No record of the late James Garfield, the murdered President of the United States, won him warmer sympathy than the manly kiss which he gave to his aged mother before the assembled multitudes on the day of his supreme elevation.

I can but glance at a difficulty which may perhaps touch a few in this vast assembly. They may be so unhappy as to have unworthy parents, parents who have ruined their families and dragged them down by vice and shame. "Are we," they may ask, "to honor those who are dishonorable? Are we to reverence those to whom no reverence is due?" I answer that they must not be like those Jews whom Christ so bitterly rebuked because they tried to shut off one duty by another. Our parents have loved us, their children, in spite of all our intracableness, our waywardness, our indifference. Are the children to show no forbearance to the sins of their parents? Alas, for earth if unworthiness is to sever the bonds of love and of duty! Scripture gives us a very thrilling and terrible warning on this head. When Noah lay in shame in his tent his son and his grandson, Ham and Canaan, earned an undying curse by their callous mockery, but Shem and Japheth earned an undying blessing for the reverent faithfulness which covered their father's shame. Oh, by all the tender memories, by all the sweet sanctities, by all the holy sorcery of home, let us never forget that in our families, everywhere, and always, we must bear one another's burdens; and it has always seemed to me one of the very strongest bonds of blood in a large family is that each should remember that any fault or vice is a means to misery, and perhaps to ruin, of all those whom he must have dearly loved. Blood is thicker than water. The bonds of nature which unite us to every member of our families are indissoluble bonds. I knew a mother once whose boy was convicted of stealing at school. She lived in the outskirts of a little town, and so deeply did her boy's shame weigh on her spirits, that for years afterwards it was only in the deep twilight that she would ever enter the streets of the town by which she lived. I knew a son, a dignitary of the Church of England, whose father, also a man in high place, had disgraced himself by a dark and evil deed. By that deed he forfeited all, and his career was ended for ever. His son set in obscure darkness, while it was yet day. The world—which, being so wicked and so criminal itself, is ever the most remorselessly cruel to detected crime—utterly overlooked the poor, guilty man; he never showed his face again. But his virtuous son did not forsake him; he shared that awful burden; he took his poor, shamed, disgraced, ruined father into his house until he died; for his sake he gave up all that makes life sweet, for his sake he remained unmarried. It was a noble example of self-sacrifice, all the more because it was known to every eye, and the more because it was known to every eye. But that good son received conspicuously the blessing of God for his filial faithfulness, and I am well assured that now in that far-off land, where all is judged of truly, he has received his hundredfold reward.

St. Paul calls this Fifth Commandment "the first commandment with promise," and at that promise I must now glance. "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." It showed infinite misapprehension when Heylyn, the biographer of Archbishop Laud, remarked, "How can the honor we pay to parents have anything to do with this commandment, seeing the promise is appended which points to Palestine alone?" It is the old error that God was giving local rules to the Jews, not eternal principles of morality to all mankind.

But perhaps you will be troubled with a doubt whether this promise holds true. Good sons, alas! die, cut off in the flower of their youth, who dearly loved their parents and truly honored them. Yes, but that death may be in God's sight the reward—longer days in the better land. Oh, it is not true that, as a rule, the promise literally holds good, both to nations and individuals? It is not a mere bribe of endorsement; it is not intended to make us cautious by promising us a certain utilitarian result; it is simply a natural inference. Individually, even the

boy who loves and honours his parents will, as a rule, be more prosperous, be longer lived, be more happy, be more blessed, than the bad son. It is in the nature of things. A distinguished officer in the army told me that, in the experience of a long life, he had found that exactly the same had been said of him by old and admiral, who said of all the midshipmen who had passed under his eye, he had never known one to fail to turn out well who wrote weekly his loving letter to his home. It is the prodigals, not the good sons, who bring down upon themselves a curse. "Show me a boy who loves his mother," says a recent writer, "and I will show you one who will make a faithful friend, a noble lover, and a tender husband; show me a boy to whom home-life has no attractions, because it is too slow, and I will show you never to trust that man with anything which constitutes the happiness of others." A young boy was once going to sea as a midshipman, but as he got into the boat he saw his mother's springing tears: "Fetch back my trunk," he said, "I am not going to break my mother's heart." "George," said his mother to him, "God has promised to bless the children who honor their parents, and I believe He will bless you." That boy grew up to be George Washington, first President of the United States of America.

But the main intention of the promise was not individual; it was national; all history has contributed its national fulfilment. "It is the corner-stone of the national life," it has been said, "is the hearthstone." The nation which produces bad sons will assuredly not have good citizens. Love is not very common product of organized societies and decadent nations. Take two ancient peoples by way of illustration. Why was one Spartan worth ten other Greeks upon a battle-field? It was because Spartan boys were trained in parental obedience. When the Spartan mother gave her boy his shield with the words, "Bring back this or come back upon it,"—her word made him invincible. When the Spartan boy complained that his sword was too short, and the mother said, "Then add a stride to it," she armed him in triple steel. Obedient sons may be unflinching patriots; and it was because honor to parents meant honor to our country that those three hundred Spartans stood against the vast host of Persia, at Thermopylae, and when they lay buried under the darts of their enemy Simonides wrote their epitaph—

Go, tell the Spartans, then that passed by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.

Nor was it otherwise with Rome in her noblest days. The irresistible grandeur which arrayed her warriors to conquer was founded on the paternal authority. Coriolanus spared Rome only at the tears of his mother, Volturna; and when Virgil wrote the great speech of the republic he could find no greater name for his hero than *Pater*—father, and *Fidus*—faithful. Dryden translated the *Aeneid*, but he could make nothing of those epitaphs—"sire," and "the pious hero," or "the one to whom his parents were also his gods." It would have seemed supremely ridiculous to the dissonant weaklings of a goddess age. But the promise of the fifth commandment holds true eternally of old Greece and Rome. When Greece produced perfumed dandies like Alcibiades, and when Rome produced a jeweled debauchee like Otho, God began to wipe out the dish and turn it upside down. And when Napoleon, who knew something of the glory of nations, was asked what was the chief want of the French nation, he replied in the vulgar word, "Mothers." The weakening of the bond between parents and children is always in nations a dangerous and evil symptom. Undoubtedly we in England need to be on our guard in this matter. Within living memory the respect, honor, obedience to the commands and wishes of parents was deeper than now it is. In a past generation men would have been disgusted and shocked at the petulant, disrespectful demeanor now often shown to parents at the vulgar, dishonoring terms in which many even habitually speak of their fathers. I have heard the story told among the young and old with admiration how once a worthless undergraduate told his father that he really could not stand the heat of the sun, and forded with him unless he dressed in more fashionable clothes. Many fine young gentlemen who are not worthy to tie the shoe-latches of the fathers on whom they depend, almost seem to think it derogatory to use the great old name of "father." "My father," for that term of respect and love a spurious content substitutes some cant or lawless synonym. There are fathers in all classes whose children take all the love and self-denial of parents as the merest matter of course, and something due to their own transcendent merits, and give nothing in return. The boy of the working class who is earning his own living at sixteen often thinks it quite intolerable that his parents should have the slightest claim on him, or that he should be under any "parental authority," says the man who is most experienced in London among the young, "seems among some classes to be at a discount, and the parents of children of seven years old sometimes come to me and say they have no sort of control over their own children." The tradesman's son, whose father has given him an education such as he himself never had, is ashamed of his father, because, though far superior to himself he drops his "sir," or does not know the conventions of etiquette; the daughter whose smattering of shallow accomplishments has led her to mistake herself for a lady, looks down on her worthier mother from the height of her inferiority, as a person to whom she must leave the whole domestic drudgery whilst she is reading sickly romances or murdering flabby music on the piano.

Oh, I would urge upon you all more care in the fulfilment of the Fifth Commandment. Each of you is somebody's child, and if you do it deservedly hate you, your father or mother, through good and evil report, will love you still. But you will not have that somebody always. "O, though you had yet a mother," said Richter, "thank God for it." And you, my young readers, boys of the choir, boys of Westminster school, and other young persons in this assembly, whom the Greeks beautifully called "blooming on both sides," with fathers and mothers yet living, I entreat you remember that while those parents are alive you show them kindness and do not by ingratitude lose the rest of your lives by regrets that must be for ever unavailing.

Late-Comers to Church in New Clothes.

The following notice has been distributed in the pews of a Massachusetts church:—"It may not be inappropriate to call the attention of the audience to the bad habit they have fallen into of watching people who come in late, especially those who have new clothes. These late-comers are modest people, and it must be a serious annoyance to have their raiment made a subject of remark. They wear it unconsciously, and prefer that you would not notice them. The Sunday services are at half-past ten and at half-past seven for the benefit of all who desire to spend an hour in worship, but for all those who have recently visited the tailor, and milliner, and dressmaker, the morning service begins anywhere from half past ten to eleven, and the evening service ten minutes before eight." For the benefit of the very tardy ones the announcement is hereby made that the benediction will be the only portion of the service in which they are respectfully invited to participate."

A gentleman is one who understands and shows every mark of deference to the claims of self-love in others, and exacts it in return from them.—Hazlitt.

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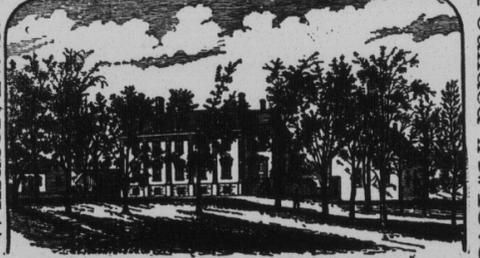
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J. T. S. EDWARD S. CARTER.

JOCK AND HIS JENNY.

THE ROUGH AND READY MINER FOLK OF CORNWALL.

Their Hospitality Compared with that of the Aristocratic Farmers—Queer People, but Cleanish—Straight Forward and Frank—How they Receive a Literary Pilgrim.

Almost until today, as time is measured, Cornwall has been to the remainder of England a veritable terra incognita, "West Barbary" it was contemptuously called to describe its uncanonism, its supposed ignorance and its popularly accredited semi-barbarism. What weird and desolate Connamara, in Ireland's wild West, is and has always been to the Green Isle, this scarred and ragged peninsula has been to England.

Of its 400,000 souls, one-tenth, from youth to death, in darkness pick and blast in shit and drift beneath its wind-swept moors. Until a century since a distinct language, the Cornishian Celtic, was spoken, taught and preached. Today in some of the larger towns, "the purest English spoken" is said to prevail; but again today not a league from these towns, among fisher-folks, miners and peasants, an ordinary Englishman or American can scarcely understand a word uttered. Yet here are life and scene of the greatest fascination; both life and scene of simplicity, beauty and grandeur; while romance and legend glow wondrously in every tor, combe and stream.

It is a curious shaped bit of land, this rugged old Cornwall. Its geographic contour suggests the strange silhouette of some couchant gigantic mastiff, or huge wild beast.

The moorlands stretch dolorously as if in boundless loneliness. The tops of hills are bleak and bare. The whole face of nature seems torn and scarred, as if by tremendous elemental struggles. Yet all these caverns and chasms which disfigure it were made by the hand of man. Its granite, shale and slate hide copper, tin and iron. For more than 3,000 years its surface has been cleft and its depths gored and bored until its face is pitted as if with extinct volcanoes, whose bases were honeycombed, sometimes to a mile's depth, and often laterally, so far outward beneath the ocean, that its very shell was cracked and broken, until, to prevent the sea dropping through, the bottom was stuffed and plugged and soldered like a leaky old basin.

This is what you will see and feel and know among the downs and tors along the rocky backbone of Cornwall. But along the north coast, in summer, and everywhere upon the south coast in summer, and nearly all winter, are never-ending surprises of scenic beauty. Indeed the entire south English and Irish coasts are almost semi-tropic lands. Semi-tropic bits of land surely can be found; for I have seen at Bournemouth, at Torquay and at Plymouth, in England, at Truro, Falmouth and Penzance in Cornwall, and at Youghal, along the Sir Walter Raleigh's old home, in Ireland, roses in full bloom and luxuriantly foliaged myrtle, out of doors in mid-winter.

Along the way I am leisurely tramping, with the English channel nearly always in sight, are innumerable Cornish valleys, slumberous beauty. Tiny burns and combs are cut through the walls by the sea. Through everyone limped streams go singing and tumbling to the ocean. Along the valleys sides are the white hamlets, or the quaint old homes, the rich acres and the sleek herds of the thrifty farmers of Cornwall.

Just before you pass from Devonshire into Cornwall you will find most intense the English suspicion that Cornish folk are a sort of barbarians. The landlord of the little inn where I lodged in Plymouth, though admitting he had never crossed the Tamar, commiseratingly ventured the sympathetic remark that he'd be blessed if he wouldn't prefer Whitechapel to Cornwall.

"W'y, n' them Cousin Jacks knows nowt but tin," he added with a flourish. "Niggard blood in 'em too, they do say. Black as a pit-mouth, all on 'em. Ah, blessed if you'll get nowt best better 'n moggans 'n faggans, from Saltash to Land's End."

His words were true as to the dark complexion of most of the Cornish people. In a mile's distance of Devonshire you are among another race of men than the fair-faced phlegmatic English. Faces are everywhere seen of a distinct eastern type; and surely eastern blood, whether Jewish, from the Jewish mine-owners of a thousand years ago, or from the Phœnician traders of an earlier period, is still rich in the Cornish veins. It gives here and there the waxen olive skin, almost universally the glossy black curling hair and dark eyes, and statures short, compact and shapely.

No people in the world are more clan-ish, or more recent encroachment by marriage or in social and business affairs than the Cornish. Their olden language, superstitions and traditions are all Celtic. They are impassioned, impulsive and excitable as are all Celts; but they possess a dumb patience, an aggressive defensiveness against innovation and an humble and steadfast thrift which reveals something like the Jewish strain.

Their ways are rough, and Cornish manners are the frankest and sincerest of any people I have ever been among. They comprise simply meaning what you say and saying what you mean, whatever the subject or occasion. All this, too, with absolute unconsciousness of affront. Between Polperro and Lantasec a youth gave me a help along the way in his donkey-cart laden with sand. I thanked him heartily on alighting. Looking me squarely in the face he asked:

"W'usent aw gimme sumpn for th' feer, my son?" He got a sixpence for the fair, for which all Cornish boys endeavor to secure a "box" or bit of money, and my apologies for not recognizing his honest right in the matter. Cornish folk, big and little, have no treachery in asking for their just due. This plainness of speech is everywhere met with. The lad's expression, "my son," had no levity or taunt in it. It is everywhere here a term of friendship and respect.

Between Saltash and Truro I made application at the houses of many farmers for

food and lodging. The food could always be had by paying for it before it was eaten. But the latter could not be got for any wheedling or sum of money. They would bluntly tell me to find an inn. If I professed ignorance of the locality of one, they would go, or send some one, with me. I always dismissed my escort before the place was reached, determined to pass the nights in the homes of the lowly.

This sort of procedure and conversation with others than farmers upon the subject, gradually developed the fact that Cornish farmers have nothing in common with the great body of Cornish people. They are a species of "gentry" in the minds of the latter. Though only tenant farmers, their holdings are large for England, from 20 to 100 acres, and have been occupied for generations by the same families on ninety-nine years' leases. They often go to "Lanion," and their children are sent to Truro for schooling. They are staunch supporters of the Established Church, while the masses are Wesleyans.

But the fisher and mining folk are unequivocally hospitable. The fisherman will take care of you in his little cottage without question, without locking a thing in his habitation against you, but still with a dumb sort of quiescence. The miner is a more rough and ready fellow, and if not always hearty about it, settles the matter for or against you at once. All this the literary tramp will quickly discover; and I shortly began directing my diplomacy towards the ordinary home in the mining villages.

You will find them through nearly all the length of Cornwall from Liskeard to Penzance, and they are seldom clustered in dirty villages contiguous to the mines as in our country. I do not recall a single instance of this sort during my entire journeying. Two, three, four, a half dozen and sometimes a score, may be found together. They are in all sorts of odd and out-of-the-way places, on the roads and off. Like the Irish cabins, they are often at the back, instead of the front, of somewhere or anywhere. Nearness to a mine seems to possess no advantage.

Few are as near as a half mile; thousands are miles away. "Fairdiners" in a "core" (corps) who combine their labors, and work one of the three eight-hour "shifts" of each day, may live in as many different directions from the "bal" or pit; Jack, Jen or Jan often occupying homes from ten to twenty miles apart. But wherever these little miners' hamlets are, their walls are all of everlasting stone, embowered in brilliant Cornish roses and creepers, with cement floors and thatched roofs; every one subject to interminable repairs from onslaughts of vicious sparrows, thronged tiny miners, endlessly sinking shafts and drilling "cross-cuts" and "levels" in the soft and yielding strata.

I was soon able to march squarely up to Jack and Jenny at their cottage doors and boldly ask for accommodations for one night. There was no halting in the negotiations on either side.

"Wass say, Jenny?" the burly fellow would pleasantly ask of his honest wife.

"Lay up now," it would be explained, did not mean that the stranger should be attacked or hustled. It is Cornish for entertaining, caring for, or housing him.

"If I (thee, thou) can stan' un, Jack," the wife would reply.

"All right, un, son," would be the rejoinder, addressed to me. "If I (thee, thou) can stan' un, maak a sel (yourself) thoo!"

There was no further ceremony about the matter. I always slept in the hall-story room beneath the thatch. There is one room below; sometimes two. One door, at the front one, is found sufficient. A window is at either side of this, and often directly above these are tiny lights for the garret. Each cottage is provided at one end or at the back, with an open fireplace in the center of the wall. It has a sort of range, one side covered with outlandish brass ornaments at which the Cornish housewife is endlessly polishing. At the other side is the "ungoneer." This has "heps" or upper and under doors, behind which are stored furze tagots or other fuel which are used for burning.

The furniture of the "Cousin Jack's" home, though scant, is honest and useful. At the fireplace is the "brandes," a triangular iron, on legs, usually over a turf fire, the kettles, the circular cast iron "baker" and cover are set, and the fish or meat, when they can be indulged in, is "scrowled" or grilled. There are perhaps four chairs. These will have solid mahogany frames, but the seats are of painted pine, and are waxed weekly. The doors are "best," and are all the best. For everyday use one or two "firms" or rude benches are provided. EDGAR WAKEMAN.

A Remarkable Family. About the granite pedestal of the bronze presented to the king and queen of Denmark on the occasion of their golden wedding is a row of bas-relief portraits of fifty-one children and grandchildren of the house. The most remarkable thing about the group is that out of the fifty-one descendants only one is dead, the Duke of Clarence. Few women can count upon their fiftieth anniversary a family of fifty living descendants, numbering among them a daughter who is an empress, a son who is a king, and another daughter who will be a queen when Victoria is ranged to her fathers.

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PIRATES OF THE DESERT.

How the Caravans are Robbed while Crossing the Sahara.

Among the ethnological curiosities at the latest exposition in Paris were several Touaregs from the Sahara desert. They had been taken prisoners in a fight with Algerian troops and had been kept in confinement in Algeria for a year before they were removed to Paris. So little was known of these terrible bandits of the Sahara that when the news came that some of them were prisoners the French government despatched two scientific men to Algeria with instructions to get from the captives all that could be learned of the history of their great tribe, and of their customs, arts, and language. The two scholars spent most of their time for three months in the Algiers prison, and the information they obtained has been published. Today, the French are building a large military post at El Golea, an oasis in the northern part of the desert, and it is their expectation and policy, using El Golea as a base of operations, to subdue the Touaregs and insure the safety of caravan traffic across the Sahara. That step will be an essential preliminary to carrying out the project of connecting France's Mediterranean and Soudanese possessions by a railroad across the Sahara.

The Touaregs are the most formidable band of professional brigands in the world. They occupy the entire central part of the Sahara, from Ghadames on the north to Timbuctoo on the south. It is impossible to give an approximate idea of their numbers. Dr. Suman estimates the population of the entire Sahara at 2,500,000, and it is probable that the twenty-six sub-families of the great tribe of Touaregs number least 400,000 souls. All the trade routes from Algeria and Tunis, and some of those from Morocco and Tripoli, pass through their territory. The fanatical nomads murdered Miss Tinné, the handsome young heiress of Holland, whose devotion to the cause of discovery led to her death in the desert. The Touaregs murdered the entire Flatters expedition. They murdered half a dozen Catholic priests who were toiling across the desert to found missions in the Soudan. Lieut. Palat and, a little later, Camille Douls, who were undertaking the hazardous journey to Timbuctoo, met death by violence in the Touareg country. But their hand is turned no more against the whites than against every traveller who has plunder worth seizing.

The central Sahara is a land where violence is supreme, where treachery is the rule. Not only the murders of white travellers has been punished. Ernest Mercier and Mr. Le Chastelier have graphically described the reign of terror in that region. Many thousands of Arabs, or Arab-Berbers, who live by camel raising, spend their lives in the Touareg country or around its borders. They guard their heads with arms in their hands, but very often the guards are killed by a sudden descent of Touaregs, and the herds are driven away to enrich the bandit camps. Only those Arab tribes are safe that pay heavy blackmail to be let alone. Trading caravans are always on the lookout for black specks on the horizon that may indicate the approach of the desert pirates. As soon as a suspected group appears in the distance the camels are collected and made to lie down, the goods are piled up behind them, and inside this double rampart the traders open fire when the enemy comes within range. More than half the time the Touaregs win the day, and the booty that falls to them they regard as an ample recompense for the losses they sustain.

The Touaregs call their plundering expeditions "Harks" when the number of camels taking part in them is a hundred or more. "Djiche," which means the marauders are less numerous. Usually not more than fifteen or twenty brigands take part in a foray. All the whites murdered by the Touaregs have been victims of treachery. They have entered

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Advertisement for Clever's Glyceric Soap, featuring a large illustration of the soap box and text describing its benefits for skin and hair.

the country under assurances of protection and assistance, only to be massacred when lured so far inland that the vengeance of the French was not likely to overtake the murderers. Few white men have seen the Touaregs and lived to describe them. Dr. Lenz, who saw them in Timbuctoo in 1880, says that their wild aspect, their faces half concealed by coverings, their dark blue turbans, their big swords and lances never laid aside for an instant, their rough, loud voices, and their self-conscious bearing make a most disagreeable impression upon him. The Touareg, outlawed by all men, is a phase of the African question with which civilization must deal.

No Need of Dying Young. Bismarck declares that he owes his rugged old age to the practice of bathing regularly and freely in cold water. Gladstone ascribes his longevity to the simplicity and regularity of his habits. Tennyson believes that his having celebrated his 81st birthday is due to his not having worried or fretted over the small affairs of life. "Tom Molineux" thought his ripe old age was owing to temperance in all the affairs of life, and plenty of exercise in the open air. De Lesseps thinks he owes his advanced age to like causes. Taking all these life-giving agencies together, and considering how easy they are of attainment, there doesn't seem to be any good and sufficient reason why we should die young.

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"ASTRA" TALKS W

I have long threatened to write you a long anywhere, my dear L. really think the time has a perfect stack of letters I all so far not one from the is the matter, girls? Sure all gone to the seaside; have, there must be time hands to write me a few lines how you are getting on.

LANGUID LUCK.—You are long anywhere, my dear L. no address. It is refreshing you appreciated your highly, and also that you "the writer in the office."

I am afraid you are some boy at home, and that you sometimes get you in the way you describe. A letter PROGRESS must be v in your family and much flattered in the off we provide something. Between ourselves, my dear makes me feel "languid" to these warm days, but still, what it is to be "love-sick" just as bad yourself some-scholarship is good, but I am quite unable to give you tion about the sofa unless tion expected her only, be that evening. (1) I don't know so goss I am sure, but perhaps I have lived so long, a of things in general, and cular. (2) A pretty less would be very suitable, so of nice undressed kid gloves bangle, and none of these v thing like the weather in the climate in Ontario is excell but rather warm in summer what you mean by "here" idea where you live, but superior to the climate of N

(4) I cannot say. I am sure think it likely. (5) Once say; but I scarcely think you seem to think it is quite out to exist, and to play for occasionally for a solid con out wasting their time in a general in King's square, and must remember that we no hand stand in the square, place for them to congregate at all suit their dignity. (6) I cannot say. I am sure think it likely. (7) Once say; but I scarcely think you seem to think it is quite out to exist, and to play for occasionally for a solid con out wasting their time in a general in King's square, and must remember that we no hand stand in the square, place for them to congregate at all suit their dignity.

My next letter is from a who asks some saucy que his naughty letter is worth a cause I have noticed that pe the letters as well as the times, and this one is amu I mistake not, wicked " quite as much about those do myself, and only what I will say. Here is his letter

DEAR ASTRA: I have a few qu reason given for the delay. I on a gate with a young man who he taking me to the park, you give the proper rules of cases? (2) I don't know. I young men visiting a young la reason given for the delay. I on a gate with a young man who he taking me to the park, you give the proper rules of cases? (2) I don't know. I young men visiting a young la reason given for the delay. I on a gate with a young man who he taking me to the park, you give the proper rules of cases? (2) I don't know. I young men visiting a young la

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ASTRA'S TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," P.O. Box 100, St. John.] I have long threatened to head this column Astra's Talks With Boys, and I really think the time has come, for I have a perfect stack of letters from boys today, and so far not one from the girls. What is the matter, girls? Surely you have not all gone to the seaside, and even if you have, there must be a few lines and tell me how you are getting on.

LANGUID LUKE.—You don't seem to be long anywhere, my dear Luke, as you give no address. It is refreshing to know that you appreciated your last answer so highly, and also that you consider me "the writer in the office to your liking." I am afraid you are a very troublesome boy at home, and I don't wonder that you sometimes get your clothes dusted in the way you describe. Judging by your letter Progress must be very highly valued in your family and we all feel very much flattered in the office, as it proved that we provide something to suit all tastes. Between ourselves, my dear Luke, it often makes me feel "languid" too, especially on these warm days, but you don't know what it is to be "love-sick" so you may be just as bad yourself some day. The tar-scheme is good, but impracticable I fear. I am quite unable to give you any information about the sofa unless the lady in question expected her only, best young man, that evening. (1) I don't know why they are so gross I am sure, but perhaps it is because they have lived so long, and grown tired of things in general, and boys in particular. (2) A pretty leather card case would be very suitable, so would a pair of nice undressed kid gloves or a silver bangle, and none of these would cost anything like the sum you name. (3) The climate in Ontario is excellent, I believe, but rather warm in summer. I don't know what you mean by "here" as I have no idea where you live, but I fancy it is superior to the climate of New Brunswick. (4) I cannot say, I am sure, but I cannot think it likely. (5) Once more, I cannot say; but I scarcely think so, the city bands seem to think it is quite sufficient for them to exist, and to play for entertainments occasionally for a solid consideration without wasting their sweetness on the citizens in general in King's square, and besides that you must remember that we no longer have a band stand in the square, so there is no place for them to congregate, which would do all our business. But some day a new stand may be built and the pristine glory of our summer evenings restored—that is if we can afford to pay the bandsmen for their services.

My next letter is from a bold bad boy, who asks some saucy questions, but yet his naughty letter is worth publishing, because I have noticed that people like to see the letters as well as the answers, sometimes, and this one is amusing, though, if I mistake not, wicked. "Jack" knows quite as much about those matters as I do myself, and only wants to know what I will say. Here is his letter:—

St. John, N. B. DEAR ASTRA: I have a few questions to ask you, which, if you answer, will set me greatly at rest. (1) Is it etiquette for a young lady to swing on a gate with a young man about ten o'clock at night, taking care to hold her firmly? (2) Will you give the proper rules of procedure in such cases? (3) Has a landlord a right to object to young men visiting a young lady next door; the reason being, the objection being too much noise, contact with doors opening and shutting. (4) If an unshaven man's chin or cheek should come in contact with a lady's, and it came permanent injury to the complexion? The contact being frequent. Now, Jack, if you had never swung on the gate yourself, you would not have thought of asking any questions about the performance, and I can only answer that if it is not etiquette then I am afraid it is. It is very frequently violated, since it has been considered a privilege of lovers—especially in the country—from time immemorial to swing on the paternal gate in the summer glazing; indeed I am not sure that to place an interdiction on that innocent indulgence would be interfering with one of the pleasures of British liberty. Of course it is rather expensive for whichever of the parents happens to own the gate, but I am sure it was much cheaper than the oil consumed during the winter evenings, and so, as economy should always be urged, it should be sorry to say a word against that time-honored custom; but "Jack" my friend! a word in your ear—be sure that gate is strong, and has been thoroughly repaired since last summer, then "hold her on firmly" and swing to your heart's content, but don't let it be too long after ten o'clock, before you stop. (2) Don't you think the above will do for the rules, and that they are sufficiently "proper"? Your third question is a difficult one to answer, my friend. I suppose the landlord referred to must have lived next door, but whatever his rights may have been surely if he had a heart within his bosom, and had ever visited young ladies himself in the hey day of his youth, he could not find it in that heart of his to object to the girls next door receiving evening visitors, especially now that it is summer, and the doors don't require to be opened or shut so frequently, but are supposed to remain open most of the time. If the noise troubles him, why need he suffer when cotton wool is but seven cents a bundle, and probably his ears are large enough to hold quite a sufficient supply to deaden all sound.

Jack, dear! you surprise me. What was the matter with the young man that he could not shove? Surely if he thought enough of the lady of his heart to bring his face into "frequent" contact with hers, he ought to be willing to shove at least every other day for her dear sake. Because I can assure you that it will ruin her complexion in time; and probably even now she has nearly ruined herself financially in buying a bottle of cold cream to allay the irritation caused by your inconsiderately rough chin. Good-bye, Jack, you are a bad boy, but somehow I like you. So write again soon.

The next correspondent on my list asks so pertinent a question, and one of such general interest, that I have thought his letter worthy of insertion, especially as opinions on the subject may differ, and it will therefore give an opportunity for the expression of individual ideas. It is, indeed, a knotty point, and one, I fear, beyond my power to solve.

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Specially Prepared from Practical Tests for the Lady Readers of "Progress."

The Cooking and Serving of Asparagus. For cooking asparagus conveniently and satisfactorily a special cauldron is necessary. The bundle of asparagus is laid on a table which fits into the cauldron and enables one to lift the cooked vegetables out of the water without bruising or breaking the heads. This cauldron has a lid, and may be covered. In cooking asparagus there is no question of preserving color.

Asparagus may be served warm—not piping hot—or tepid, or even cold. Warm asparagus should be served with white sauce Hollandaise, the sauce being served apart in a sauceboat, and not poured over the whole dish. The asparagus, after having been well drained, should be served in a dish on the bottom of which is placed on a napkin neatly folded. The object of serving the asparagus on a napkin is to ensure perfect draining; the napkin absorbs whatever water may still cling to the stalks.

In spite of cooks and cook books some epicures hold that neither asparagus nor artichokes are so good cold as they are when just tepid; freshly cooked and allowed to cool down so as to be just not cold, both these vegetables are especially delicate when eaten with a sauce of oil and vinegar mixed on one's plate at the moment of eating.

Rhubarb. Rhubarb is now in season, and, according to a French chef of eminence, the way to preserve this popular edible to make it taste like delicious green-gage jam is to flavor it with essence of vanilla.

Rhubarb Wine. Here is the recipe for rhubarb wine, promised some time ago. It has been said that "Lord Hadfield" who was the greatest wine connoisseur of his day, could not tell champagne from rhubarb wine, and the fact of its being "rhubarb" would ensure its not playing "old gooseberry" with your guests. To begin with choose freshly-cut, juicy rhubarb. The more delicate and rose-tinted the growth, the finer will be the color of the wine. A sherry or a brandy is the best to make it in, but a larger beer cask sweetened is not to be despised. Take fifty pounds of rhubarb, wipe it with a damp cloth, and bruise it well. The easiest way of doing this is to lay it on a clean table and crush it with a wooden mallet, or better still, run it through a cloth wringer at tight tension, taking care to catch all the juice. Put the crushed stalks and juice into a tub, and pour over it ten gallons of cold water; let it remain nine days, stirring two or three times a day. Cover with a piece of muslin to keep out flies. Then strain off the liquor, and to each gallon put three pounds of lump sugar, the juice of a lemon and half of the rind cut very thin. Put it into the cask with two ounces of binglass, and leave it unstopped for a month, then bung it up and let it stand twelve months, when it will be ready for bottling. Time, six weeks to prepare. Cost of rhubarb 50 cents, add cost of sugar and lemons. Sufficient for about eighteen gallons of wine.

Rhubarb Jam to Imitate Preserved Ginger. Take some young cut thick rhubarb, peel it, cut it into two inch lengths, and weigh it. Place it in a dish in the syrup, and over each pound sprinkle the grated rind of one lemon, and one pound of powdered lump sugar. Let it remain twenty-four hours. The next day boil half a pound of lump sugar in half a pint of water for ten minutes, pour into the syrup, and add as much grated ginger as will make it pleasantly tart. Put in the pieces of rhubarb and let them simmer gently until they are tender, without being broken. Lift them out one by one with a spoon, put them in jars, boil the syrup five minutes, and the cranberry pour it over them. When cold tie the jars down in the usual way, and store in a cool, dry place. Time, two days. Probable cost eight to ten cents per pound for an uncommonly good article of dessert.

Entrées of Vegetables—Onions au Gratin. An gratin means browned in the oven. Select Bermuda onions of uniform size, peel and cut a slice from the top of each. Remove part of the centre of each and chop it fine. Mince half a pound of cooked ham; soak three ounces of bread crumbs, squeeze out the water from them, and add the yolks of two eggs. Mix all together and season with salt, pepper, and a very little mace. Stuff the onions with this, sprinkle over the top grated cheese, and bake a nice brown. If the onions are old, it is best to par-boil them first. Allow two onions for each person. Time to bake young onions three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. Probable cost four cents each portion.

Baked Tomatoes. Allow two medium sized tomatoes for a portion. Cut a thin slice off the top of each one, sprinkle over them a little salt, pepper, and a very little cracker-crumbs, add a small square of butter and bake a delicate brown on top. Tomatoes prepared in this way are very nice for those who dislike the trouble of preparing stuffed tomatoes.

A Paris Speciality—Riz au Fraises. Boil the rice so that each grain is separate, cover with sugar-syrup flavored with orange peel. Let get quite cold, and serve it on a dish in alternate layers of rice and fresh strawberries (uncooked). Garnish the dish by surrounding the base with some of the finest strawberries. Serve plain cream and sugar with it.

Correction and Caution. "Galuber" was printed for Glauber's salts in the recipe for freezing mixture in last week's letter. On account of the dangerous nature of sulphuric acid—the other ingredients—great care should be taken in using it, and it is not recommended except, as before stated, in an emergency.

JUNE

Is the month for going to the country and you need a good supply of Footwear to take with you.

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Charles Dickens

Who was a great student of human nature, in his novel "David Copperfield," makes Mr. Mewburn observe: "If a man had 20 pounds a year for his income and spent 19 pounds, 19 shillings and six pence he would be happy but if he spent 20 pounds, one farthing he would be miserable."

The truth of the quaintly expressed warning is every day shown by the happy results which come to those who from their earnings—however small—are able to lay by a portion for a future day. We are pleased to know that our low prices combined with solid value affords a medium through which the foundation of many a fortune may be laid. As evidence of the above we were the first to offer you a suit for your boy for 87 cents. The "Royal" School Suits have added another spoke to the wheel of progress. Prices range according to size from \$2.50 up. In plain figures and one price.

R. W. LEETCH, NEW ROYAL CLOTHING STORE, 47 King Street, St. John, N. B.

CHARACTER IN HAIR.

Woman May Discern with Eyes, Nose and Lips, but with Hair Never.

Quite a novel and warm argument was had the other day between an especially successful hotel man and the manager of a dry goods house, both of this city. The subject, oddly enough, was women's hair.

"I'll back my word for any amount," declared the hotel man, "that I can read a woman as accurately by her hair as any body else can by her eyes, nose, mouth, etc."

"I started out in my reading of a woman by her hair with the quite generally known and accepted principle that the finer the hair the gentler the birth, or the better, higher grade the family stock from which she came, and having thus determined whether she is of gentle or rude birth, I rely upon the amount of care which her hair shows to have had in order to obtain the key to her mode of life. A brilliant, glossy effect, even in connection with the most feminine hair, is the result of long and most careful attention, while in the case of coarse hair, indicating, to a less or greater extent, rude birth, a high degree of glossiness is utterly impossible."

"And now I will give you a principle or rule that you will probably laugh at, but it stands for a fact nevertheless; it is that the ends of the hair cling together when unaffected by an artificial force, the more intellectuality does the owner possess. When the ends, and particularly the body of the hair, show a tendency to curl, it is an infallible sign that the owner has inherited a good poetic sense of body. The straighter and less yielding—though not necessarily harsh—the hair, the firmer and more positive is the woman's nature. Treachery and jealousy hide beneath lustreless or dead black hair nine cases out of ten. Feminine hair that may appear of the finest texture and be glossy almost to brilliancy when viewed at a little distance, but that on close examination is found to have a broken or split appearance—something quite common in ladies' hair—may be depended on to a certainty as indicating a badly balanced character, a woman with an excess of especially queer notions, and one who, while she may be nice enough to bow to on the street, should be avoided as an intimate friend. The lighter colored the hair the more sensitive and 'touchy' the owner, except in rare cases, where her ladyship enjoys perfect health. Brown hair, whatever the shade, is always, I have found in my business as a hotel man, the most pleasant and satisfactory shade of hair to have to do with across the hotel counter, and that's the place to find out a woman's nature. Whatever the shade of brown it may be, you will find the fact almost infallible that such hair covers a perfect hotbed of common sense, good judgment and reason."

"And as for Auburn hair, I would trust an Auburn or red haired woman for more days' board without her having any baggage than I would a woman with hair of any other color, brown locks not excepted, and I've probably had as many red haired ladies for my guests as any other hotel man in the country. Some red haired women are mighty impulsive and quick spoken occasionally, but I have always found them the possessors of two most appreciable traits. They are strictly honest and have common sense, while, as a general rule, they are among the brightest, the gentlest of gentlewomen.—Chicago Tribune.

The Way it is Done in England. The English marriage settlement, which seems a rude interruption to the poesy of betrothal days, is a wise provision for the sterner necessity of practical life. By its condition neither severity nor extravagance, gambling nor bankruptcy, differences or estrangement can effect the wife's

WORTH REMEMBERING!

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TO THE PEOPLE.—Please notice that I have removed my Drug Store to the corner opposite the old stand on Charlotte and St. James streets, where I also reside now, and will be prepared to fill all prescriptions orders all night and all day, giving the same my personal attention. Customers during the night will please note Electric Bell on shop door which communicates with my residence.

JAMES MCKINNEY, Druggist.

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THE PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1892.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

There is but one sudden death among women to every ten among men.

The broken and distorted foot of a Chinese lady is called a "golden lily" by the Chinese.

The census for 1890 places the number of Free Masons in North America at 673,648, and the number of Oddfellows at 647,470.

Ducks fly at an average rate of ninety miles per hour. With a fair wind it is believed that they can make 150 miles in the same time.

In the British army, in all parts of the world, there are about 25,500 horses, the average yearly forage bill of which may be stated as \$100 each.

There are 629,987 persons who go under the names of Muller in Germany. In other words, there is one Muller to every seventy-three Germans.

The seven champions of Christendom, so often alluded to by old writers, were: St. George, the patron saint of England; St. Dennis, of France; St. James, of Spain; St. Anthony, of Italy; St. Andrew, of Scotland; St. Patrick, of Ireland; St. David, of Wales.

Opium is the juice of the seed-vessels of the white poppy, *papaver somniferum*. This species of poppy grows wild in England and in the south of Europe, though it is supposed to be a native of Asia. It is cultivated for its opium in Hindustan, Persia, Asia Minor and Egypt, also in various parts of Europe.

The old Phoenicians are believed to have been the first to use a syllabic form of ideographic writing, which was the germ of an alphabet. The Egyptians improved upon it with their phonetic alphabet, which denoted both syllabic and alphabetical sounds by means of objects; thus, "Akum" being an eagle, the figure of an eagle stood for the A, and so on. This is what may be called an ideographic alphabet, and it seems to have been in use as long ago as 700 B. C.

The name applied to the British soldier, Tommy Atkins, arose from a little pocket-book, or ledger, at one time served out to British soldiers, in which were to be entered the name, age, date of enlistment, length of service, wounds, medals, etc., of each individual. The war office sent with each little ledger a form for filling it in, and the name selected, instead of the legal "John Doe" and "Richard Roe" was "Tommy Atkins." The books were instantly so named, and within a very few days after the soldier himself was dubbed "Tommy Atkins."

The phrase, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul," is supposed to have originated in an incident which occurred in London during the sixteenth century. About the year 1540 the Abbey of St. Peter in Westminster was elevated to the dignity of a cathedral, but ten years later was again joined to the diocese of London and its property appropriated to pay the expenses of some necessary repairs to the cathedral of St. Paul. It was evident that to do honor to St. Paul the estate of Peter had to suffer, and hence the expression which has become proverbial.

To ascertain the diameter of a star, it is necessary to know its distance from the earth. The distances of the fixed stars are ascertained by parallax. Instead, however, of taking two stations at different points of the earth's surface, the diameter of the earth's annual orbit, or about 188,000,000 miles is taken as the base. Even with this immense base-line, the parallax is so small that it can only be detected by the most careful observations and accurate instruments. In no case has it been found to exceed one second. If this be its value, the distance of the star must be 206,000 times that of the sun. The distance of a star being obtained, its diameter is ascertained by means of its apparent diameter, if such can be found; but the distances at which the stars are placed from the earth are so vast that even when viewed through very powerful telescopes they present no sensible disc or diameter, but appear only as luminous points.

Edible birds' nests of China are an imported article of commerce between the eastern islands and China, and a luxury in China. The nest is made by species of swallow, being shaped like that of the common swallow, and adheres to a rock, large numbers being found together, often in absolute contiguity, in caves of the Eastern Archipelago. The nests themselves are formed of grass, sea-weed fibers, small leaves, etc., and are attached to the rock by a sort of bracket made of a gelatinous substance, which is the part really eaten. This was formerly thought to have been made of seaweeds, but is now known to consist of saliva, which the swallow exudes from the salivary glands under the tongue. The nests are collected by means of ladders, and often by ropes. The gathering of the nests takes place twice a year—after the young are fledged. They are rated as a great delicacy, sometimes selling as high as \$50 a pound.

The maelstrom is situated on the Norwegian coast, southwest of the Lofoden Isles, and is the most remarkable whirlpool in the world. It runs between the island of Moskenes and a large solitary rock in the middle of the straits. The strong current rushing between the Great West Fjord and the outer ocean through the channels of the Lofoden Isles produce a number of whirlpools, of which the maelstrom is by far the most dangerous. During severe storms from the west the current runs continually to the east at the rate of six miles an hour without changing its direction for rising and falling tide, and the stream will boil and eddy in such mighty whirls that the largest steamer could hardly contend successfully with the waters. The depth of the maelstrom is only twenty fathoms, but just outside the straits soundings reach

from 100 to 200 fathoms. The great danger to vessels is not of suction into the heart of the whirlpool, but of being dashed to pieces against the rocks. A great many vessels have been lost in this way.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

Featherstone—What did you break off your engagement with Miss Yardley for? Ringway—Her father sold his yacht.

He rose at early dawn one day And hastily began to dress, Because his wife was going to catch The afternoon express.

Your next door neighbors appear to be very quiet people. "Yes, the walls are very thin, and I suppose the meat things keep quiet to hear what we say."

Bandmaster—But how can I play a wedding march? I have nothing here but military music. Manager—Oh, give 'em the double-cue; that's good enough.

A pair of a shamrock Attempted to kiss, And in less than a jiffy Saw their paper curl.

Daughter (blushing)—Papa, Alfred has just been with you for an hour. What did he want? Papa—He asked me to lend him 500 francs—the idiot.—Le Figaro.

Manager (proudly)—This theatre has existed 100 years. Baron—Very good, but don't you think the ballet ought to have been renovated in the interim?—Fliegende Blaetter.

Chatfield—I sat back of your wife at the play the other night. Hatfield—How did you like it? Chatfield—She thought it was very becoming from the rear.—Puck.

Rev. Dr. Primrose (stumbling in the hall): "Your father seems to be sparing of his light." Little Johnnie: "Yes, sir. He's always that way the day after the gas bill comes in."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Henry, whose clothes are all made of his papa's old ones, and who does not like it. "Papa's had his moustache shaved off, an' I suppose I've got to wear it now."

A Sure Sign—Farmer Huber (reading a letter from his son at college): "My greatly beloved and esteemed parent."

"By Jove, the scamp has run through his money again!"—Der Uk.

Dottie—Are you going to wear your red and white blazer at the seashore again this summer? Lottie—No indeed. I hadn't been there a week last year before I was proposed to by three barbers.

Mrs. Struckit affects the antique in her house decoration. "Yes, she told me the other day that she was heartbroken because she could not get the shades of her ancestors for the parlor windows."

Mrs. Billus: "John, the doctor says I need a change of climate." Mr. Billus (absorbed in his newspaper): "That's all right, Maria. The chances are it will be twenty degrees colder tomorrow."

Mr. Manhattan—"You understand the language of flowers, of course, Miss Winona?" Miss Winona (of Minnesota): "Oh, yes! Four X's is the best quality, made from selected winter wheat."—Puck.

The Rector—"My dear young lady, I hope I am mistaken, but I thought I saw you talking during the sermon yesterday. Stray Lamb—You certainly are mistaken, doctor. Why, I never talk in my sleep!"

Superintendent of Sunday school (who has talked for half an hour, in a last appeal): "Children, what more can I say?" Worried Tot (in the front row, eagerly): "Pleathe, thir; thay amen and thir down!"—Puck.

Bicycle Dealer: "This machine will be better for your boy than a pony. It doesn't eat anything." Frugal Parent (not entirely convinced): "No, it won't eat anything; but I'm afraid it'll give the boy a thundering big appetite."

She—"I never loved any one until I met you." He—"And I never kissed a girl before in my life." And little Johnnie, who had been behind the portiere, tripped softly away whistling. "I am something of a liar myself."—New York Herald.

"I think I have the most tender-hearted husband in the world," remarked Mrs. Glim. "He can't bear to hear his children, even when they need it ever so badly." "That's nothing," replied Mrs. Glanders. "My husband is so tender-hearted I can't get him to beat the carpet."

Mrs. Gadd—"Wouldn't it be grand if science should discover the moon to be inhabited, and hit on some way to talk with our lunar neighbors?" Mrs. Gab—"Indeed it would. They would be near enough to talk to, yet not near enough to be running in at all hours of the day, you know."

Miss Pinkerly (before the good night)—"It's raining so now, Mr. Tutter, that you had better take my umbrella." Tutter—"Thanks, Miss Pinkerly, I don't know but I will. But (brightly) I will try and bring it back with me tomorrow night." Miss Pinkerly—"Oh, you needn't trouble yourself, Mr. Tutter, you can just as well send it."—Cloak Review.

Frederick—What's the matter, Cholly? you look bothered. Cholly—I am, me boy—troubled. "Ovah what?" "Why don't you know? I have just been chatting to Miss DeTrop for an hour or so, feeling devilish blue, don't you know. Just awtiah a little silence, you know, I said: 'Don't you know me thoughts are very painful, Miss DeTrop? I see looked up and said: 'I have always found them so. And now, by Jove, what did she mean by that, now?'"

The keeper of the menagerie at Versailles during the reign of Louis XVI. had orders to administer six bottles of Burgundy every day to a dromedary which had grown feeble with old age, and which the king was very anxious to keep alive. In spite of this ultragenous treatment the animal died, to the great despair of his nurse, who petitioned the king with a view of obtaining the "anecdoton of the dromedary," that is to say, all the advantages attached to his person.—L'Evenement.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Mrs. Edison prefers candles to any other form of household illumination.

Count Herbert Bismarck, who is still referred to as a wild young man, is 43 years old.

The Pope has just given instructions as to his funeral, and in order to save his successor the expense of erecting, according to custom, a monument to his predecessor from his private means, he has chosen his grave inside the wall of the Tribuna of the Lateran, which is covered with costly marble.

Gladstone buys so many books that he invariably demands a discount of 10 per cent. from his booksellers. The story is told that when a dealer in the Strand refused to give the discount to the G. O. M. because he was not a bookseller, the premier replied: "I buy books and I sell them when they have served my purpose; I ought to have the discount." But the bookseller refused to give it.

Sam Siggall has come before the public under several different names. In his old days, when he wrote for the newspapers, he was "Si Small." Then he gained a wide notoriety as "Sam Small, the evangelist." Next he became president of a Methodist college and blossomed out as the "Rev. Samuel Small, D. D." And lastly he has gone into politics he to be known as "Col. Small."

Few of the many readers of Pierre Loti's charming stories know that while he was still best known as Julien Viaud he was dubbed Loti (the Japanese for violet) by his fellow officers in the French navy, on account of his modest and retiring disposition. He therefore assumed Loti as a surname when looking about for a pen name. His first story, The Marriage of Loti, Madam Adam claims to have christened.

There is a custom in the marriages of the royal family which is not generally known. Each of our Princes on his marriage adopts a /fleur-de-lis/ of his bride's, wears the ring, and he wears it on the fourth finger of the left hand—the marriage band. Thus the Duke of Connaught wore a plain gold hoop, with the name "Marguerite" engraved on the inner side; his Duchess's marriage ring was exactly the same, with the name "Arthur" on the inside.

In the published journal of the celebrated English preacher, Frederick Robertson, occurs the following singular passage: "If I had not known a certain person I never should have given up the profession of arms to become a minister; if I had not met a certain lady I never should have known that lady's invalid child at night I never should have met her. It is true, then, that if my dog had not barked on that particular night I should now be in the draughts, or fertilizing the soil of India."

The Duchess of Albany will for all time be known as the Queen's Home in Marylebone Road, London, as "the Princess who turned the mangle." The Duchess paid a visit of inspection to the institution and went thoroughly into all the departments set apart for the work carried on by the inmates. She found the rooms were an immense busy mangling clothes. Her Royal Highness immediately stepped forward and took the handle of the mangle herself, and finished the piece of work which was being done. Needless to say, the spontaneous action of the Duchess was greatly applauded.

Bishop Walker, of North Dakota, who visited St. John and preached in the mission church, a year or two ago, in making the rounds of his diocese, often holds service while on the railroads in what he calls his "cathedral" car. One morning recently the good bishop won the hearts of the people of a back country settlement by stopping and dusting out his own car and arranging for the reception of his audience. The place was crowded to suffocation when the services began. A young gentleman, who helped the bishop to make the audience comfortable, turned out to be the Earl of Caithness.

Alexander I, King of Servia is not handsome, but, by the way of compensation, he is said to be one of the most serious-minded princes of his age (he is only sixteen) in Europe. The performances of his father, ex-King Milan and of his mother, ex-Queen Natalie, to say nothing of the critical situation of his kingdom, would suffice to make him grave if he were given at all to habits of reflection. His only associates are old gray-haired diplomats and politicians. He never goes out driving save with some aged instructor. He has no young friends, and does not seem to care to have any. He bids a respectful but distant farewell to a linguist, if it be in no other way.

Mr. Clark Russell, the novelist, entered the realms of fiction, like many another famous writer of today, through the portals of journalism. But the penchant for novel-writing was strong upon him, and after a brief experience of journalism, he turned aside into the paths of fiction. Mr. Russell having been a sailor himself, does not write of the sea second-hand. He has sailed round the world, and was so good a sailor that, before his career ended, he held a mate's certificate. Mr. Russell produces copy with indefatigable industry under the most painful conditions. He is a chronic invalid, and is almost continuously in pain. Yet he holds out like a hero, and works far harder than many men in the flush of health and vigor would care to do.

The majority of the novels of today are written by ladies. Of these one of the best known and most successful is Miss Bradton's romantic story in told of her first book, "Lady Audley's Secret." A magazine called "Robin Goodfellow," a feature of which was to be a new novel, had been started. At the last moment a difficulty arose in regard to this story, and it was feared that the publication of the periodical would have to be postponed. What was to be done? Miss Bradton heard of the difficulty and offered to write the story. "There is no one," replied the publisher, "How long could you give me?" asked Miss Bradton. "Until tomorrow morning." "At what time tomorrow morning?" "If the first instalment were on my table tomorrow morning," he replied, indicating by his tone and manner the utter impossibility of the thing. "It would be in time." The next morning the publisher found upon his table the opening chapters of "Lady Audley's Secret."

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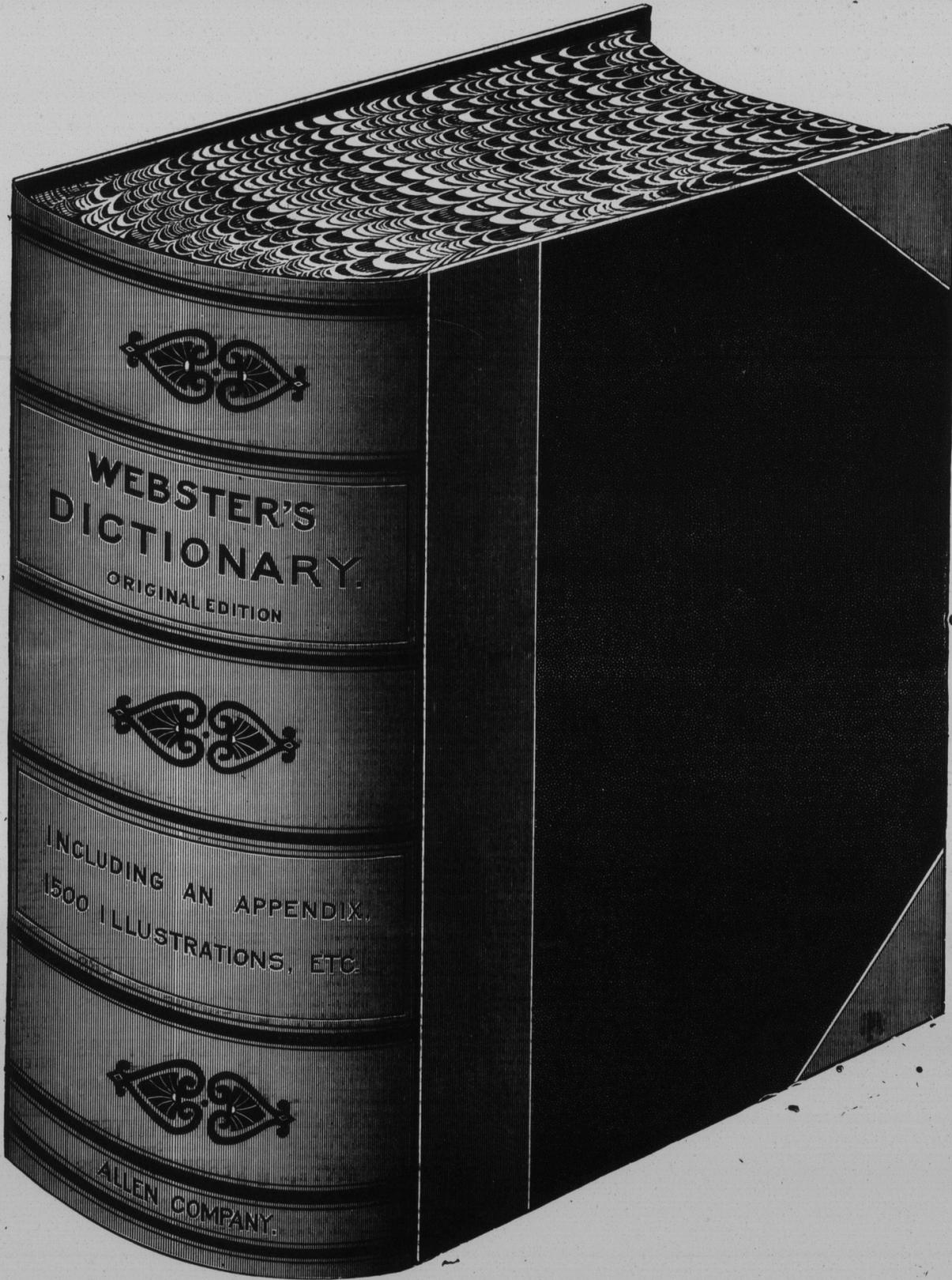
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LOSS OF THE "PARAGON."

Ralph Nutford was the fifth officer on board the steamer Paragon, one of the fastest boats of the Cable Line of steamers which plied between New York and Seringapatam. The captain of the vessel, whose name was Clements Lane, entered heart and soul into his profession, and thought there was nothing like it. His fifth officer, however, didn't much care about it; he had been, as youngest of a large family, pitched into the employment of the Cable Line by a rich uncle, and being young, good-looking, and human, found his profession remarkably dull. "You see," he remarked to a chance acquaintance who had introduced himself to him as they lunched at the same table in a restaurant one day, shortly before the Paragon was to start on the homeward journey, "you see, we junior officers don't have much fun on board. The seniors, if they care about it, can get up no end of amusement with the fairer section of the passengers; but what chance has a fifth officer?" The genial stranger was properly sympathetic, and after making a few more inquiries concerning the arrangements and discipline on board the Paragon, he nodded "Good-day," and disappeared. On the evening before the departure of the Paragon, the new hands, who had been taken on in New York and most of the homeward-bound passengers were on board, when a gorgeous specimen of the wealthy Yankee, accompanied by a lovely creature of some nineteen summers and an equal number of winters, came on board, and, addressing Mr. Ralph Nutford, who was standing near the gangway, asked the worthy whether he was captain of the boat. On his replying that he was the fifth officer, the Yankee remarked:—"Well, sir, I'd be obliged if you could take me to the captain, under whose charge I want to place this young lady, whom I may as well introduce to you—as you're one of the officers—right now. Miss Nellie Robertson, my niece; Mr.—Nutford—thank you—fifth officer of this vessel."

boats. No inquiry had yet been made into the disaster, but the two men on watch, who were in the same boat with them, said they had suddenly seen the lights of a steamer close to them, and as they sprang forward to hail her and give the alarm she had struck them, and when they had recovered from their momentary consternation she had disappeared. "You hear," said Nellie to the terror-stricken officer, whose side she had never left, "they didn't see her till she struck us. You must support their statement, or you are a ruined man. Your certificate will be cancelled, and, oh, Ralph, if the truth should be known, think of my everlasting shame! For my sake, if you love me, save my good name and yours, and back up their story. You see they are both agreed, and you were further from where she struck than they were." The men repeated their story again and again. Morning broke, and before any one had had time to suffer much, a passing steamer, bound on the same journey, picked up the whole company. The captain interrogated the men on watch and Mr. Nutford as closely as possible. There was no doubt about the facts. The Paragon had been run down by a mysterious vessel, the name of which no one had observed, and which had taken advantage of the darkness to desert the ship she had run into. The home voyage was satisfactorily accomplished, and Ralph and Nellie, the former no longer hampered by the duties of navigation, had ample opportunities of carrying on their love affair, which had been accompanied by such an overwhelming catastrophe. Nutford easily succumbed to Nellie's soft caresses, for to own his neglect of duty would be ruin to his career, and hers, and would render their marriage, which was to him a foregone conclusion, an absolute impossibility. A minute inquiry was naturally held at Seringapatam, and the conclusion at which it was decided—though in official language—that there was some mystery somewhere, and a good deal more in the circumstances of the collision than met the eye or ear; but that there was no direct evidence respecting upon the conduct of either officer, who came home from the inquiry a man about whom nothing definite is said, but a good deal is implied, and in this unenviable state of mind he found waiting for him Nellie, his affianced bride, and a blue envelope. This letter was from a firm of solicitors, announcing that his old uncle had died, leaving him his sole heir. "Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "Poor old gentleman, he has done me a good turn at the moment I required the most. Now, sweetheart, I am a rich man. Tomorrow I throw up this profession, which I cared little about before, I loathe now. This day three weeks, darling, we will be married, and then we'll go abroad for six months. Does this suit your views?" The answer of the young person addressed has been recorded; it is sufficient for us to know that two months later, Nellie—Mrs. Ralph Nutford—was installed in an exquisite little apartment looking out upon the Champs Elysees, and her husband, who had been down to the Riviera to look out for a permanent habitation for himself and bride, was hastening back to her in a first-class carriage on the Paris-Marseilles Railway. In the corner opposite to him sat an American, who, with the affability of that tree-borne race, had entered into conversation with him, and the conversation had turned upon the shipping at Marseilles. "You seem to know a thing or two about boats, stranger," observed the American. "Well, I ought to, seeing that I was connected with an American line for some years."

and falls in love—the real thing—with the man, and won't touch a penny of the plunder. Waste of genius, I call it. But all women are alike. And, egad, sir, she's married him! What d'ye think of that for a yarn?" "Most startling and amusing. But here in Paris. Thank you so much for your delightful company. Your story has, indeed, interested me greatly."

A TRENTON MIRACLE.

A REMARKABLE CURE IN A CASE PRONOUNCED HOPELESS. An Estimable Young Lady Raised From a Death-bed After Being Given Up by Several Doctors—A Simple Statement of Facts. At intervals during the past year the proprietor of the Courier has been publishing newspaper reports of miraculous cures occurring in various parts of Canada and the United States. Perhaps among the most notable of these were the cases of Mr. John Marshall, of Hamilton, Ont., Mr. C. B. Northrop, of Detroit, Mich., and Mr. Chas. A. Quant, of Galway, N. Y. Mr. Marshall's case was more prominently fixed in the public mind by reason of the fact that after being pronounced incurable by a number of eminent physicians he was paid the \$1,000 disability claim allowed by the Royal Templars of Temperance, and some months afterward was announced his almost miraculous restoration to health and active life. The case of Mr. Northrop created equally as profound a sensation in Detroit, where he is one of the best known merchants in the city. Mr. Northrop was looked upon as a helpless invalid, and could only give the most desultory attention to his business on days when he could be wheeled to the store in an invalid's chair. In his case the same simple (yet wonderful) remedy that had cured Mr. Marshall restored Mr. Northrop to a life of usefulness. The case of Mr. Chas. Quant is perhaps the most marvellous of all, inasmuch as he was not only perfectly helpless, but had had treatment in one of New York's best hospitals under such eminent medical scientists as Prof. Ware and Dr. Starr, and in Albany by Prof. H. H. Hun, only to be sent out as incurable and looked upon as one who had but a few months to live. After all had failed, and his sufferings, again the same remedy which restored Mr. Marshall and Mr. Northrop was resorted to, with the same remarkable results, and to-day Mr. Quant, restored to health, anticipates a long life of usefulness. The best physicians have failed, where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—a name that is now a familiar household word throughout the continent—has succeeded, and a remedy that apparently stands without a rival in the annals of medical science. Having published, among others, the cases above alluded to, the curiosity of the publisher of the Courier was aroused and he determined to ascertain if anyone around Trenton had been benefited by the use of Pink Pills. In conversation with Mr. A. W. Hawley, druggist, he was told that the sale of Pink Pills was remarkable, and steadily increasing. And Mr. Hawley gave the name of a number within his own observation who had been benefited by the use of this remedy. Among others, Miss Emma Fleming, granddaughter of Mr. Robert Young, was stated that Miss Fleming, had been bedridden for what was supposed to be her death-bed, after all the remedies and physicians had failed, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This statement was so startling that the Courier determined to investigate it further, and it true set the facts before the public for the benefit of other sufferers. Mr. Robert Young, grandfather of the young lady who was first seen, and in a reply to an enquiry said it was a miracle the manner in which these pills had restored his granddaughter. As a last resort, and with a prayer in his heart, he had purchased a box of Pink Pills at Mr. Spauldy's drug store, and so much good resulted that the remedy was continued until his granddaughter was as well as ever she had been. Miss Fleming's aunt was next seen, and she corroborated what already had been told the Courier, giving as well some additional particulars. Miss Fleming was next seen, and we must confess to being surprised, and at first somewhat incredulous that this young lady in the bloom of womanhood and health was the person whom we wanted to interview. Miss Fleming, however, soon convinced us that it was she who was so miraculously saved from death, and cheerfully consented to give a statement of her case. Her father, she said, was for years miller under Mr. Spence, and afterwards at Gordon's mill, near Trenton, and he had been in the Union. Three years ago Miss Fleming's mother died of consumption. Up to four years ago Miss Fleming stated that she had enjoyed good health, but taking a severe cold then she had not had a well day since, until she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last December. She was reduced in weight to 90 pounds, but now weighs 111 pounds; a gain of 21 pounds. She consulted a number of doctors and took their remedies, but never obtained more than temporary relief. A physician at Newark, whom she consulted, said she was going into a decline and that he could do nothing for her. Her Trenton physician said that a sudden cold would go for her lungs and he had no hope of her ever getting better. She felt very miserable, strength continually failing, suffered so much distress from food that she had no desire for it and lost all appetite. She kept continually growing worse until last fall she was not able to stand without support, and gave up all efforts to help herself. In December she was taken with inflammation of the bowels and Dr. Moran was called in. He gave her medicine that relieved her and cured the inflammation, but her strength was gone and she could not be lifted in and out of bed, and could not sit in a chair at all. She had taken her bed expecting never to rise again, and this was the opinion of all her friends. It was at this juncture that her grand-father, having read in the Courier the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as a last resort purchased a box, and urged his grand-daughter to take

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VOI IT IS HARBO Leading dorned Connel tion Ca In his ago, Ma consensu in favor boy y u city had he would appoite has not of it. But the cause th public op wharf, the ed for Progress time that "r the op was empas of vote of it. Many f lating it o outset a f The coura ago, was figures, an their men knew litt some of the easily fin case. Pa citizens krou had done s of Sand P to the wi The me affair to w was a litt talk, but only man Point ma so frankl victio. Fr did Ald. B and sepulc discussion. When A the issue of Point, Ald. Colwe wharf show was then th he did not, in the matte one indigna advocates, I and still s Ald. Baxter that while would take Alderm the counc Rodney whi right cour and chose t The mem explaining favored ton expressed w payers wa and that "w was in favor we to do?" "We want does not. I fore us, we tionists and We are in a crawl with a .n't want to can't help it. Whereupon with as good themselves broken prom Sand Point q way as to s he had no p. e when he could not aff obstructionist chanted a seti the same setti had been take Chesley and h site, admitted bound to have choice but to Lon. Chesley treachery, wh Chesley was o influenced his the Rodney wh kept their ser materialize at Some of the was a big fre adjourned. I to think about.