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THOSE COUNSEL BILLS.

SOME OF THE ITEMS WHICH MAKE THE TOTALS LARGE.

Mr. Pugsley's way of figuring up his bill is the Account-Recorder Skinner's Plan of Not Retaining Much—The Way in Which Mr. Baxter Prefaces His Charges.

The bills of the counsel for the city in the Connolly case have not yet been paid, and it is some of the aldermen can have their way they are not likely to be settled at the face. They are now in the hands of a joint committee from the board of works and the treasury board, some of the members of which are by no means reticent in their opinion that the accounts are entirely too much of a good thing. This is especially true of the bill submitted by the suave and sagacious Mr. Pugsley.

Mr. Pugsley was retained in great haste at the instigation of an excited member of the council, who was afraid the other side would get him. As the case has turned, it would not have made any difference if the Connolly's had secured his services and they had been content with lower priced talent, save that the city would never have been treated to the carefully constructed bill now under consideration.

Mr. Pugsley's little bill is for \$816.40. The odd cents are part of an item of \$1.40 which is not likely to be disputed, nor is one of six cents for postage, though it is quite possible these would be thrown off in case of a dispute. There are several other items, however, at which the aldermen are looking with doubtful eyes. They have known for a long time that Mr. Pugsley is an excessively polite man, but there is an old saying to the effect that politeness costs nothing of which they are not quite so sure. At the meeting of the treasury board on Wednesday one of the members in reading the bill aloud astonished his colleagues by the item "consultation with Ald. McGoldrick, \$10." The alderman for Stanley declared that Mr. Pugsley had not conferred with him on any legal points, and it was found that the item was merely a joke on some of the items actually there. For instance more than \$100 is made up in charges of from \$5 to \$20 for consulting with Recorder Jack, Mr. Truman, Recorder Skinner and Mr. Baxter. A "lengthy consultation" with Mr. Jack is scheduled at \$10, and one with Mr. Truman, (not specially described as lengthy, at the same figure. Another lengthy consultation with the recorder cost \$15. There are a number of such charges but the largest is of \$20 for having to talk with Messrs. Skinner and Baxter, before the trial. The betting phrase that "money talks" may be reversed in this instance where talk is so emphatically the equivalent of money.

Under ordinary conditions, it is admitted, it might be worth the money to have Mr. Pugsley talk to Messrs. Jack, Skinner and Baxter, to say nothing of his having to listen to them when they were wound up for talking but the captious aldermen claim that when Mr. Pugsley got his retaining fee of \$100 in cash, it was his duty to consult with the recorder and associate counsel without extra charge. This \$100, it will be remembered is not included in the bill, as it was a cash transaction, so that the total of Mr. Pugsley's accounts is \$916.40.

There are other charges for getting his mind informed on the facts of the case by perusing sundry papers, as well as for drafting various documents. One of these items is for "going carefully" through the case and the declaration and drafting pleas for submission to the recorder, some requiring very careful consideration and occupying most of two days, \$50. The date of this is July 12-13, 1894. This seems to be a very reasonable charge when the date is brought to mind, for it will be seen that his devotion to the city's interests must have prevented Brother Pugsley from celebrating the glorious, pious and immortal memory of King William the Third on the day specially set apart by his orange brethren for a public demonstration. On a day when he might have been marching around in a plug hat and Sunday clothes to the music of a band and inspiring his brethren with loyal and patriotic oratory he actually sought the seclusion of his inner office to find out the reasons why Connolly had brought a suit against the city.

Even these two days were not sufficient for the task, for on October 24, he is found "again going carefully" over proposed pleas and preparing a number of additional ones, "taking all day," \$40.

The main item however is of \$500 for counsel fees during the eleven days the case was before the court, work in the evenings, abbreviating evidence, preparing brief and attendance in consultations with offer of settlement. To this there is likely to be decided objection. The declared sentiment of some of the aldermen is that a counsel fee of \$25 a day, in addition to the \$100 retainer is all the city should be asked to pay. It may be that Mr. Pugsley is worth more, but the question is whether he usually gets more than that from individual suitors. If he has been in the

habit of charging \$50 a day it has not been a matter of public notoriety, and it was not expected in this instance when he was retained. It is said to be about the market quotations of the value of counsel in St. John in the past unless in very important cases by special agreement with individual suitors.

There is, too the contention that, with all due respect to Mr. Pugsley's recognized ability, he did nothing in this instance to warrant his putting such a high value on his services. The suit was merely allowed to go on until a prima facie case was made out, and then the city hastened to make the best possible terms to get clear of the scrape. It should have been evident at the outset that the city had no case. It is, indeed, contended that the retention of the \$8,000 by the city when the work was completed was a blunder, inasmuch as there had been an admitted change of the specification to remedy the oversight in omitting to direct the interlocking of the timbers of the northerly and harbor front wharves.

Mr. Pugsley's bill is neat but not gaudy in its style of make up. It occupies four or five sheets of paper, written on one side only, and each item is so plainly put down that there is no mistaking its meaning. Like its skillful design, it is quite an extraordinary bill, say some who have inspected it.

Recorder Skinner's account is of quite a different style, and is as clearly a model of synthesis as Mr. Pugsley's bill is an illustration of analysis. It occupies only a part of a sheet of foolscap, and is typewritten so as to look smaller than it is. It is, indeed, a hasty running up of a few things the recorder has done, and reminds one of the way a grocer will rapidly tell a customer the contents and price of a basket of groceries. "There's a pound of tea, sugar, soap, cream-tartar, package of corn-starch, onions and rice—let me see—there's fifty, a dollar, dollar-twenty and twenty-five, fifty-five and forty and twelve—oh, call it two dollars." In Mr. Skinner's case the collection of legal wares consists of such things as examining pleas, making suggestions and attending to certain changes before being finally settled, attending on striking of special jury, time taken in preparing for trial, making brief for trial, looking into the law, attending court during the eleven days, attending on final settlement, consultations in the evenings, with associate counsel, etc, etc, etc.—"There's fifty, one fifty, two seventy-five, four fifty—oh, call it five hundred dollars even money."

Mr. Skinner is entirely too wise to be more specific as to the price set upon this and that act during the brief period in which this bill took to grow to its symmetrical rotundity. He has probably been mindful of the fact that he receives a stated salary of \$650 a year to advise and consult for the city on occasion when his opinion is required, and he therefore refrains from saying how much it was worth for him to speak to this man or that man, or to listen to them in reply. He is also careful not to say what figure he puts upon his eleven days in court, for he is aware that no recorder has ever been allowed a counsel per of more than \$25 a day. The bill is such a masterly specimen of legal skill that the city seems fortunate in having such a diplomatic gentleman to guard its rights and privileges in cases where strategy and fine art are more essential than any mere rough and tumble fight.

Mr. Allen Jack's bill is for \$267.80, and was incurred in the year 1894. The bill of Alderman Baxter has for its chief item the eleven days at court at the rate of \$25 a day counsel fees. The remaining items are for work done in searching records, copying papers and the like. Mr. Baxter ingeniously starts out to make solid the question of his retainer by a recital that he was retained as junior counsel by the mayor, Chairman Christie and McRobbie and the recorder. The kick of some of the Aldermen over this bill is that Ald. Baxter was retained only by the mayor, and that the chairman present simply said nothing to the contrary. The size of the bill is \$320, and it is admitted the work charged for was done.

Another point in regard to the employment of Mr. Baxter is that by entering into the employment of the city he vacated his seat at the board by a convention of the law relating to the independence of the council. The fine point about this is that, in matter of law, counsel are not employed in court, but seem to float in a sort of an exalted way and are allowed their fees as a species of tribute to their ability and skill. The old tradition is that the sort of a peck on the back of a counsel's gown was put there so that the guinea could be slyly slipped into it, so that he would not have to contaminate himself by taking money in hand like an ordinary being. It is also a matter of fact that counsel fees cannot be recovered by any process of law. An attorney may sue,

but a counsel cannot. If he does not get his fee from day to day as the case proceeds, he has no legal remedy in case an ungrateful suitor declines to fork over the cash when the case is finished.

This is just the position in which the city stands. It need not pay the counsel charges unless it chooses to do so. No court would entertain a suit brought by the confiding lawyers, and no test case can be submitted to the judges to have an opinion as to what are reasonable charges in corporations cases.

The principle which some of the aldermen are anxious to emphasize is that the city should best guard itself by suitable precautions to prevent actions for damages that it should not go into court when the law has a bad case, and that when the case is sound one in law there is no need to employ gild-edged talent to show that fact.

NOT AN ENVIABLE POSITION.

Dr. Bridges the Centre of a Storm of Discontent and Opinions.

The friends of Principal George U. Hay, of the Victoria School, and of the Grammar school teachers are making vigorous efforts to prevent the changes made necessary by the engagement of Dr. Bridges. There is a good deal of newspaper discussion and there have been meetings with the trustees and without the trustees. The boys of the Grammar school have taken up the cudgels, scored Dr. Christie and patted Dr. Hetherington for their respective opinions, and as a sort of conclusion the Sun makes the suggestion that the appointment of Dr. Bridges be reconsidered and the schools and the teachers permitted to remain as they are.

It is quite natural that the friends of the teachers interested should make a vigorous protest in their behalf but because a few of them assemble and speak their minds it does not follow by any means that they represent the majority of the people. Those who are in favor of the change will doubtless expect the trustees to fight the battle for them and to go ahead with their campaign of reform.

In the meantime the discussion has not been laid to Dr. Bridges and places him in a position which he doubtless, did not anticipate when he accepted the position. Years ago the citizens were just as proud of the grammar school under H. S. Bridges management as they are of the Victoria school today. The boys he sent out took leading places in the colleges of the country and some of them won the highest educational honors. The reputation of Mr. Bridges made in that school particularly had good weight with the senate of the university when they selected him a classical professor and now when he consents to resign that position and again assume charge of the leading school of the city he finds himself the centre of a very lively storm of discussion and opinions. The position is not an enviable one.

MORE DINNERS THAN VOTES.

Dr. Silas Alward Discovers that His Native County is Very Corrupt.

Dr. Silas Alward had no trouble in securing his own election as a member of the local legislature from St. John, through the joint action of himself and Dr. Stockton in consenting to a deal, but he found quite another state of affairs when he undertook to carry the opposition ticket in his native county of Kings, though he brought all the resources of his mind and tongue to bear against the "outrages" of the Blair party. In this connection a story is current which shows that the election did much to upset the learned doctor's good opinion of human nature and of the political honesty of the people of some parts of Kings in particular.

Dr. Alward is quoted as saying to a friend, after his return to St. John, something to the following effect:

"My dear sir, the whole country is steeped in corruption. Even the parish of Havelock where I was born seems as bad as any other place in these times. Why, you may scarcely believe it, when I tell you that when we went to the trouble and expense of providing dinners for the men we were sure would vote for our ticket, we found in settling the bills we had to pay for twice as many dinners as we secured votes."

It may be that the narrator of this anecdote has done the doctor an injustice, but it is pretty certain that if the opposition did pay for many of the dinners eaten in King's county on election day they were considerably out of pocket.

Mr. Russell is Proprietor.

Mr. James Russell who has purchased the boot and shoe business of the late Mrs. Vincent of the North End is so well known to the readers of PROGRESS that he does not require any introduction to them from business standpoint. He has been in this store for many years and knows the trade and its requirements thoroughly. Those who have been patrons under the late ownership will gladly continue as such while many others since the announcement has been made will help to swell the list of customers and trade of the new proprietor.

CHATHAM WANTS HELP.

THE CITY OF ST. JOHN EXTENDS IT IN A SLIGHT DEGREE.

So Far the Amount Subscribed is Less Than Half of That Once Sent by Chatham to St. John—The Big File in the Hands of the Relief Association.

Within two weeks after the worst fire Chatham has known for many years, the citizens of St. John have succeeded in raising about \$600 for the relief of the sufferers, a number of whom are widows who lost all their little possessions in the disaster. Of this the greater portion has been paid in at the mayor's office, and reports of smaller amounts have come from one or two other places about the city. In some of the leading stores where sheets were left for signatures, they are as blank as when put there. Nobody appears to want to spoil them, and most of them will come in handy for subscription blanks, for some other disaster for the relief of which the people will be asked to contribute at some future day.

Some citizens have, indeed, given liberally, and the bulk of the funds already secured is made up of large rather than small sums. The people do not seem to be interested.

The relief committee at Chatham has so far received about \$2,000, and it needs \$18,000. Taken altogether very little attention has been given to what has been a very serious calamity to very poor people.

When the city of St. John was burned and a cry for help was raised, the people of Chatham sent about \$1,300, and sent it promptly at a time when it could do the most good. It was a large contribution for the size and wealth of the place, and were St. John to now reciprocate in the same proportion there would be little need of any further effort to aid the sufferers. It is quite certain St. John will do nothing of the kind, in view of the fact that at the time when the most sympathy has been felt the sum raised is less than one half of that freely given by the Miramichi people in the hour of St. John's extremity.

The people of this city have the reputation of being generous in times of affliction. They gave liberal aid to the sufferers by the fire in St. John's, Newfoundland, a few years ago, despite the fact that Newfoundland is practically a foreign country, with the business and social interests of which we have but a limited connection. Chatham, on the contrary, is not only in our own province, but has intimate trade and other relations with a very large proportion of the citizens of St. John.

There is little excuse on the plea of hard times. They might be better if it were, but they are not so bad but that people spent their money freely enough to make the exhibition a financial success, and night after night they crowd places of amusement where there are shows to tickle their fancy. The trouble is that no special effort has been made to awaken an interest in the Chatham affair. It has been allowed to drift as best it might, and the donations have been slow in coming in. They are not likely to improve at this late stage.

It is rather a shameful thing that St. John should be able to return less than half of the money sent to it years ago, and it is especially so from the fact that the money to do this act of justice is lying here at interest. The \$1,300 sent by Chatham in 1877 is represented somewhere in the \$17,000 now held by the St. John Relief and Aid society.

It was pointed out by PROGRESS last week that the question of the disposal of this large fund must be met at an early day, and it was suggested that at least a portion of it be reserved as a relief fund for just such cases as that of Chatham. There are still pensioners on the funds of the society, and they take out about \$7,000 a year, or between \$3,000 and \$4,000 of the capital. This would in time exhaust the fund, were the pensioners to last long enough, but they are passing away, and the new applications which occasionally come in must become fewer and fewer as the years pass.

It is estimated that the purchase of annuities for all the present claimants would take less than half of the fund on hand, and thus a residue of more than \$20,000 could be left to provide for special cases and form a general relief fund on which the city could draw for just such cases as the Chatham fire. All the needed legislation could be obtained without difficulty and the money, instead of being a source of debate, as it now is, would at last be available for the practical purposes of aid to the distressed whenever occasion might require.

The contributors to this fund had no idea that it would be so great that there would be a surplus of such size. They gave to relieve the actual distress caused by the fire of the 30th of June. It is still so used, of course, but it is probable that if the donors could have anything to say about it there would be a majority vote that it should now

be available for any case of urgent distress anywhere within the provinces. There would at least be a unanimous resolve that the \$1,300 given by the warm hearted people of Chatham should be returned to them.

Just at present poor Chatham appears to be out in the cold and there is no way of helping the matter unless the people wake up to a more extended sympathy with the sufferers. When the subscription was started the idea was advanced that it should be a general one in which all classes should have a share, but so far the result has been of quite another kind. It is a pity that the \$1,300 sent by Chatham to St. John could not now be returned with its eighteen years of accumulated interest.

"MY PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU."

Singular Farewell of a Truro Pastor After a Trouble in the Church.

TRURO, Oct. 24.—The subject that more keenly than any other, perhaps, interests Truro people, is that of its church matters. Church-going Truroians and the few other people in the town, are this week talking about the severance of the pastoral tie between Rev. John Robbins and the first presbyterian churches and the minister's early departure from town for England. Mr. Robbins preached a remarkable sermon last Sunday. It is well known to everybody that Mr. Robbins reason for accepting an appointment on the collecting staff of the board of French evangelization was because of the agitation against his continued ministry in Truro by a very influential section of the congregation. It was a protracted struggle, though carried on quietly, between Mr. Robbins and those people, and there was no little harsh feelings excited.

The text of Mr. Robbins' last Sunday's sermon was: "My Peace I Leave With You," a remarkable selection in view of the past year's history. The text was peculiar but the sermon was stranger still. It contained many very broad references to the troubles that have recently tormented the congregation. Then the unprecedented sight was seen of a minister sobbing in his pulpit for during prayer he broke into tears and said:

"I cannot pray audibly; let us bow in silent prayer."

Long ere this many heads had been bowed, but whether in mortification at the proceedings or in devotion each worshiper will have to answer with his own conscience as a witness.

At a recent presbytery meeting, when Rev. Mr. Robbins' resignation came before that body, five elders from the First Presbyterian Church were present. Four of them were supposed to be favorable to Mr. Robbins and one thought to be against him. The one was ticket-agent Dawson. When the collection was about to be taken up on Sunday last, Mr. Robbins gave it to be understood from the pulpit that he wished only four elders to assist in passing the plates, to the exclusion of Mr. Dawson. The boycotted elder is being chaffed about the matter this week.

There are interesting features concerning the arrangements of the service for next Sunday, which will be the "farewell," but enough has been told to show how very appropriate were the words of Mr. Robbins' text "My peace I leave with you."

No Word of William Cook.

Nothing more has been heard of the whereabouts of William Cook, the story of whose mysterious disappearance was told in PROGRESS last week, though there is a rumor that he has been seen in Philadelphia. This seems to be a rather improbable place for him to have sought, supposing him to be alive and well, for he would be more likely to go to Halifax to get a passage to his home in England. It is understood that the St. George's society has written to kindred bodies in Halifax and Montreal to learn if Cook has made himself known there. Should he be an applicant for assistance to a branch of the society in any city, the usual course would be to notify the society in St. John of which he is a member. As Cook had but a small amount of money with him when he disappeared, it may be the society will get some word of his whereabouts, unless he is in specially good luck in getting employment. So far, however, there is nothing to show that he is alive. All that is known is that he has vanished under the most peculiar circumstances.

They Slaughtered a Horse.

Last Monday night an omnibus horse dropped on Douglas avenue, and gave every evidence that it was near the end of its arduous pilgrimage. A large crowd of men, women and boys, gathered around and for nearly two hours they had to watch the bungling attempts of the police to put the animal out of its misery. A policeman arrived with a revolver and fired one shot, which had no apparent effect. This exhausted his stock of ammunition and he had to walk to the Elm street station to get a fresh supply. This took some time, for the North end police have not a record as

sprinters, and in the meanwhile the crowd continued to increase. After a while the police returned and then a sergeant came to assist and direct him. The night was very dark, but they brought no lantern, and when they wanted to take aim the bystanders had to light matches. Another shot was fired close to the horse's forehead, but it still lived. Then, time after time the policeman snatched his revolver without being able to explode the cartridges. The weapon was practically worthless, and the sergeant finally got his revolver and after two more shots, making four in all, the poor animal was put out of its misery. During the long period it then took to do what should have been a very simple act of mercy, the crowd kept offering suggestions that the policeman would be more efficient if he procured an axe, and there seemed a good deal of reason in the idea. If horses are to be put out of the way by the force, the men should either have pistols which are some good or should send for the nearest butcher. The bungling which was seen in this instance should not be allowed to occur again.

FIXED UP THE MATTER.

The Easy way in Which a Halifax Citizen Got out of a Case in Court.

HALIFAX, Oct. 24.—There is much subdued indignation in police circles, and elsewhere over the peculiar termination of a case which has been hushed up by the daily press. Complaints came to the police that a well-known citizen and merchant was misconducting himself in the Acadia hotel. No action was taken on the report lodged with the police till the officers became sure that the offences alleged had actually been committed, accordingly Sergeant Collins was detailed to watch for developments. He came back with the report that the man was guilty. The next move was to have another competent witness, and a police officer was sent along to corroborate what was to be seen. This time the man failed to make his accustomed appearance. But next day he was there as of yore, and both witnesses saw what was done.

Then a summons was carefully prepared, at least it was done as carefully as the efficient and painstaking city clerk, Henry Tremaine, could do it. It was duly served, and a prominent Q. C., who frequently officiates as prosecutor, was directed to proceed with the case. A leading lawyer was retained for the defence. The case went along by the usual stages and it looked very serious. A bomb-still was thrown into the camp when one day a new lawyer appeared in the role of prosecuting attorney. The Q. C. took a back seat. This case was called before the stipendiary. The witnesses were ready with their damning testimony. The counsel for the defence arose. He held the summons tremblingly in his hand. He pointed out an alleged flaw in it. The new prosecuting lawyer came over. He cast his eagle eye across the document held by his brother legal light. Then without much further ado, the learned counsel for the defence moved that the prisoner for the present be discharged on the ground of the faulty summons. The counsel for the prosecution "booked the inevitable," and the court forthwith discharged the prisoner. The sergeant and his policeman attendant still have, their evidence untold, but people as they talk of it, under their breath, wink their eye, and say there are often *more* ways than one of accomplishing an object. But their respect for the law is not heightened on account of this occurrence.

Still Talking Election.

Though the local elections are over, some people are still fond of discussing the features of it. The other day two men got into a heated argument in the cabin of the Carleton ferry boat, and started their debate just as the boat left the Carleton side. When they finished, each in a very bad temper, they came out to go ashore, and were astonished to find the boat was at the Carleton floats. They had been to the city side and returned without noticing the fact. Then one blamed the other for being an old fool, and the other retorted on the same spirit, and another discussion followed which ended only when the boat had again reached the city side and the men separated to go for to places they had started for in the first place.

He Talks of Dreams.

A recent number of the New York Independent has a paper on Dreams by Walter L. Sawyer, formerly of PROGRESS. Mr. Sawyer's friends in St. John will be glad to know that in his present position on the Youth Companion, he had many and pleasant realities, and that his dreams are only a recreation.

Should Have Come Sooner.

The greatest religious revival ever known in Fredericton is anticipated during the sojourn there of Hunter and Crosby. The evangelists should have been on hand there before the recent election campaign in York.

IN THE WORLD.

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burn the iron, and burn
Sun Stone Polish is Brill-
Durable. Each package
when moistened will
of Paste Polish.

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Rev. E. P. Caldwell, Edmund
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Rev. J. W. McMillan, Fred
as Dowling.

Rev. James Whiteside, Ford
Woodward.

Rev. R. B. Bambrick, Capt.
Mary Egan.

Rev. J. E. Fillmore, Sutherland
and Fillmore.

Rev. W. S. H. Morris,
Mary Egan.

Rev. D. M. Clarke, John
as Jane Barnes.

Joseph Flynn, King's regis-
trars O'Rourke.

Rev. J. M. Sutherland,
as Mary Caldwell.

Rev. T. A. Higgins,
as Rebecca Ward.

Rev. C. E. Ford
as Irene J. Foster.

Rev. C. H. Martell,
as Ruby Farris.

Rev. F. M. Young,
as Mrs. M. and Roman.

Rev. W. N. Hutchins,
as Lucy A. Bentley.

Rev. J. A. Carruthers, John
as Goudge Honeyman.

Rev. E. Gillies
as Elizabeth Beas.

Rev. Edwin
as Rosanna Wilson.

Rev. John Lewis,
as Cynthia J. Martell.

Rev. Joseph H.
as Elizabeth J. Taylor.

Rev. James L. Batty,
as Edwin Himmelman.

Rev. Joseph H. Brown-
as Lizette M. Cadman.

Rev. W. C. Goucher
as Lucia Jones Hanson.

Rev. J. G. Goulet,
as Bertha Schofield.

Rev. John Ambrose, John
as Grace Campbell of St. John.

Rev. Father Sullivan,
as Minnie Fowler, both of Hal-
ifax.

Rev. James Whiteside,
as White to Mina Gertrude.

Rev. W. R. W. Taylor,
as son of St. John to Kathleen E.

Rev. H. G. McVey,
as Bertha Stockler of New-

Rev. M. C. Grant,
as Alice M. Crosby both of

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SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?

ASTRA THINKS THEY ARE BETTER WITHOUT DOING SO.

Tremendous Possibilities of Discard in the Family Circle--The Wife Has an Influence Now Which Would be Lost if She Used the Ballot.

To-day, in the household, the man is the voter. Suppose the wife becomes a voter, too. She will, says the North American Review, either reproduce her husband's political views, and there will be in one house two Democratic voters, and in another two Republican voters where there had been one. And this is no gain toward a deciding of questions. It is only a multiplying of ballots, producing no change of results. Or else the wife would take the opposite side from her husband's and, instantly, with all the heat and violence of party differences and political disagreements, a bone of contention is introduced into the home; a new cause of discussion and alienation is added to the already strained relations in many families. Then there is the question of mistress and maid. Shall the cook leave her kitchen to cast a vote, which shall counterbalance the vote of the mistress, or shall the employer undertake to control the politics of the kitchen cabinet? And all this, not merely on the voting day or in the deposit of the ballot, but the weeks before and after the election are to be spent in the heat of discussion or in the smelt of defeat. The American home is not so sacred and secure to-day to make it safe to undermine it with the explosive materials of politics and partisanship. And meanwhile, as things are now, the intelligent woman, interested in some great measure of reform, has in her hand, not the ability to rival, offset, or double her husband's vote, but the power of her persuasion, her affection, her ingenuity to influence it. It would be incredible if it were not shown to be true, that any large number of thinking and intelligent beings knowing, feeling, using this tremendous power, should be willing to run the risk of losing it by substituting a thing far lower and feebler in its stead. And with the experience of what she has gained for her sex, with the evidence of what voting men have brought about for her under the influence of non-voting women, and through solicitude for their interests, the rashness of this proposed experiment defies description.

The great question of female suffrage has frequently presented itself to me in a good deal the same light, though in less felicitous language than the above. I have often wondered whether the large and influential body of women who are anxious to vote, ever thought of that side of the matter themselves and realized the domestic complications which might result, if they won the desire of their hearts! It is a sufficiently risky experiment to marry a man whose religious views differ from your own, but awful possibilities of domestic strife would be opened up should the risk of a difference in politics be added to the elements of discord.

Of course the danger that the autocrat who rules the kitchen, may be a red hot conservative, both by conviction and heredity, while the mistress is an ardent liberal, should the master of the house happen to be a liberal also, the complications of the situation will scarcely need to be explained, and in times of political excitement, such as elections, there is no end to an amount of friction in that household sufficient to make the strongest minded woman hesitate before making a choice between domestic peace and political importance.

Should there happen to be children, the complications would naturally be even worse, once the olive branches learned how matters stood, and it would scarcely be a pleasant sight to witness little Tommy whose sympathies are entirely with papa so far forgetting his incipient manhood as to black one of sister Mollie's eyes in a hand to hand fight, said sister Mollie being a red hot liberal. I really think the scenes in such a household on the evening of an election day, would, as the newspaper reporters say "justify description". What ever the issue, there would be war, and the probability is that scarcely two members of the family would be on speaking terms with each other, while the cook and her mistress would be at sword's points for weeks.

Taking a perfectly serious view of the matter--it is terrible to think of such an occasion for strife between husband and wife, arising. People of different views, both political, social and religious, will go on marrying I suppose, as long as the world continues to swing in space, and the little blind god to rule his subjects as heretofore. But where the wife is satisfied to be prominent only in society in her household or some chosen vocation of her own, such as art, music, or even literature, if she pines for an independent existence, and an entity distinct from Mr. Somebody's wife, it seems to me that there would be more chance of happiness and unity in the family. Women are entitled to perfect freedom of thought I think, and have every right to differ in opinion from their life partners if they choose! Marriage will not change the political views of a thinking woman, any more than it will change the color of her eyes or hair. If she has arrived at the conclusion that a liberal policy is best for the country, after a careful and intelligent study of both sides of the question, the mere fact of marrying a conservative who is equally certain that the conservative platform is the only thing which can save the country from ruin, will not change her convictions. But at the same time if she is a wise, and really values her happiness

she will keep her opinions to herself as much as possible, and give her husband to understand that politics had better be left out of their subjects for discussion.

I confess I cannot imagine a woman who loved her husband even a little showing him such open defiance as voting on the opposite side from the one he espoused! It would imply such utter disregard for his opinions, and almost contempt for his judgment, that I should think a husband would find it an offence very hard to forgive. It may be an old fashioned, and non-progressive opinion for any woman who pretends to be at all up-to-date, to hold, but I confess I think that while it may be very delightful for a woman to feel that she has sufficient political importance in the world for her vote to be of value to one side or the other of the conflicting parties, her position in her husband's heart is of more importance still, and it is better to hold unquestioned sway there, than to have a hand in moulding the destinies of nations.

One uncomfortable thing about working for nations or the public in general, is the fact that it is such a thankless task! No one seems to know anything about the noble work you are doing in the interest of a great political cause, and if they did know they would not care. What a very small matter it is even to the candidate for parliamentary honors himself that you held by your convictions and voted as your conscience dictated, instead of as your husband would have wished! He does not care how you voted--after the election is over--while your husband--Well, if he ever loves you quite so dearly afterwards, he is no ordinary man, and I don't know that I should repeat him very much if he did.

Read the very clever paragraph I have quoted, my dear friends who are hoping for the day when you can vote, and tell me candidly whether you do not agree with the writer that there are some things in this world of more importance than political influence, and that it is better to cling to the enormous influence we possess now rather than risk losing it altogether by trying an experiment the success of which is so very problematical that some of the wisest heads in the world decline to look with favor on it!

ASTRA.

ABOUT SWEENEY TODD.

The Demon Barber of Fleet Street, and His Famous Revolving Floor.

Many readers of PROGRESS have heard of the notorious Sweeney Todd, the demon barber, without knowing just what crimes he committed. A writer of a recent letter on the flash literature to be found in London says as follows:

One of the worst of these books, if not the worst, is "Sweeney Todd." This personage, in his literary guise, has curried the blood of generations of British errand-boys, and, from the point of view of the gutter, is quite a national character. I cannot do better than introduce him by quoting an advertisement from the back of one of the thirty-six, in which the publisher tempts the investment of juvenile peace:

SWEENEY TODD, THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET, OR, THE STRING OF PEARLS. This double-dyed villain and murderer actually lived in the reign of George the Third, and the house in which he resided and committed his heinous crimes stood until a few years ago, when it was pulled down and converted into a place of business, which, for obvious reasons, we cannot name.

SWEENEY TODD, THE DEMON BARBER, OF FLEET STREET, Had for an accomplice a wretched woman named MRS. LOVETT, RESIDING IN CHANCERY LANE. She carried on the business of a pie-maker, and was patronized especially by the clerks engaged in the Temple.

THE STORY OPENS WITH ONE OF SWEENEY TODD'S ATROCIOUS MURDERS. The Theft of the String of Pearls--The Victim's Dog's Unconsciousness--The Doubts of Tobias (Sweeney Todd's Apprentice)--and other exciting details. Then follow Adventure after Adventure of the most Thrilling and Dramatic incidents. Description of the Cellar in which the Pies were made--The Imprisoned Baker's Dream--More Victims of the Demon Barber--The Fate of Mark Lagreze--Mr. Grant on the Track--Johanna Oakley's Grief--The Dog Avenger--

THE DISCLOSURE OF HOW THE PIES WERE MADE. Arrest, Trial, and Execution of Mrs. Lovett and Sweeney Todd. Revolving as it may be to put the story in words, it must be said that Sweeney Todd shaved many customers who never left his shop, and that Mrs. Lovett sold hundreds of pies without incurring a proportionate expense at her butcher's. In Sweeney's shop-- There was a piece of the flooring turning upon a centre, and the weight of the chair when a bolt was withdrawn by means of simple leverage from the inner room, weighed down one end of the top, which by a little apparatus, was to swing completely round, there being another chair on the under surface, which thus became the upper, exactly resembling the one in which the unhappy customer was supposed to be "polished off." Hence was it that in one moment, as if by magic, Sweeney Todd's visitors disappeared, and there was the empty chair. No doubt he trusted to a fall of about 20 feet below, on to a stone floor, to be the death of them, or, at all events, to stun them until he could go down to finish the murder, and--to do them up for Mrs. Lovett's pies! After rob-

bing them of all the money and valuables they might have about them. This is how the story is told of the manner in which the demon barber did his business. A customer is seated in the chair, and, having been lathered, Sweeney makes an excuse to leave him and go into the adjoining room--

"Sit still, sir--I shall not be gone a moment; sit still, if you please, sir. By the way, you can amuse yourself with the newspaper for a moment?" "Oh! hang it, yes," the sailor replied; "but don't keep me waiting here an age." "Not a moment longer than I can help I assure you."

Sweeney Todd walked into the parlor and closed the door. Then came a strange sound. It was compounded of a rushing noise and a heavy blow, and immediately after Sweeney Todd emerged from the parlor. He told his arms and legs, not upon the sailor, but upon the vacant chair in which the man had been seated a moment before. The man had gone, leaving not the slightest trace of his presence behind, save his hat. Sweeney Todd pounced on it as a hawk pounces on a sparrow, and thrust it into a cupboard in one corner of the shop.

Now the barber was a fearful spectacle to gaze upon. His breath came in thick short gasps. The muscles of his face twitched convulsively, and the veins in his low beetling brow stood out like whipcord. "Ha! ha!" he said; "he told me not to laugh I can do so without his interference now; H! h! h! no! no! the laughs is all on my side."

Horror after horror is narrated in this style, but worse remains in the description of the scenes in the pie-shop. The publishers who can issue such an atrocity as "Sweeney Todd" must be utterly destitute of a sense of moral responsibility. If the existing law is not sufficient to put a stop to the sale of their wares, the law ought to be strengthened in the interests of public decency.

A Siberian Feast.

When I returned in the afternoon to the choom in a driving storm of sleet, I found Vasil and his wife in great fettle. He had killed a deer in the morning, and they had been indulging in one of their big feasts. In fact, as I sledged up to the choom, he and his wife were only just concluding a three hours' feast. Squatting on skins, they had a rough piece of plank in front of them, on which lay the stomach of the reindeer. This was almost full of blood drained from the deer; in fact, it formed their soup tureen. They each had a hind leg, on which some of the hide still remained, and eating chunks off this meat, were dipping them into the crimson soup and then greedily swallowing the bonne bouche. As a fitting background to the picture, pieces of the carcass, still dripping with blood hung all round the interior of the choom. On the ground were small, dark nests of the blackbirds, and my sledging dogs, though as well out of the way as size of the interior would allow, was well sprinkled with the same natural dye. As they sat there grinning a welcome to me, with their cheeks and brows all smeared with gore, they looked for all the world like the blood-eating ghouls of one's childish fancy. --A Winter Journey.

The Philosophy of Age.

"My son," observed the good man, "the great lesson you should learn is self-denial. Never ask yourself, 'Can I get this?' but, 'Can I do without it?' Economize! Skimp! Skimp!" Youth--But, father, what shall I get out of life at that rate? "Get? Do you suppose life is a mere playtime to pander to material and carnal appetites? Nay; your young and strong years are the proper years for toil, for drudgery, for saving."

"But, father, I would read; I would study; I would be enlightened, and as a concomitant must have exercise--recreation--" "Recreation. Why, sir, the years of activity are your workday. Life is a day. You must begin toiling in its early morning and toil far into its afternoon. Never mind the noonday meal! A crust and a promise will do. Gather in the harvest. Toil! Skimp! Deny! And toil on, until the darkness comes and the old limbs are failing."

He Knew Too Much.

A story is told in the India Rubber World of a meek looking stranger, with a distinctly ministerial air, who applied for permission to look over a large rubber factory. He knew nothing at all about the rubber business, he said, and, after a little hesitation, he was admitted. The superintendent showed him a jout in person, and the man's questions and comments seemed to come from the densest ignorance. Finally when the grinding room was reached, he lingered a little, and asked, in a hesitating way:--"Could't I have a specimen of that curious stuff for my cabinet?" "Certainly," replied the superintendent, although it was a compound the secret of which was worth thousands of dollars; "certainly, cut off as much as you wish."

With eager step the visitor approached the roll of gum, took out his knife, wet the blade in his mouth, and--"Stop right where you are!" said the superintendent, laying a heavy hand upon the young stranger; "you are a fraud and a thief. You didn't learn in a pulp it that a dry knife won't cut rubber." So saying he showed the impostor to the door, and the secret was still safe.

posed on liquor forming 95 per cent of the revenues from customs.

Leaves of Gold.

They walked together under the stately maples--Virginia De Claire and Augustus Knickerbocker--and with every breath of wind the golden leaves of autumn fell at their feet.

"Augustus, she murmured as she stooped to pick up a particularly brief leaf. "You know everything, don't you?" "Yes, darling--everything worth knowing," he replied as he gave her a tender look.

"Then you must know why the leaves fall in autumn time?" "Of course."

"I have been wondering why they didn't fall in spring. Is there any particular reason why they shouldn't fall till the first breath of winter is felt in the chill winds which sway the branches and rob them of their foliage?"

"The best reason in the world, my pet." "Oh, Augustus, you are so noble to find a reason. See how they also shed down like leaves of gold! Listen to the sobbing of the breeze, as if it grieved and wept at parting leaf from twig! In a few days more these trees will stand desolate and forlorn, and their winnowed branches will point to heaven as if appealing for mercy. Tell me, Augustus, if it is really so positively necessary, for the leaves to fall at all, and if so, why they should fall in the autumn time?"

"The leaves must fall once a year, my treasure," he softly said as he caressed the pulled sleeve of her jacket, "and, seeing this is positively necessary, it was decided to have them fall at this particular season in order that the farmer might gather them--"

"Might gather them to decorate his walls and keep him in touch with the beautiful in nature during the rigidity of winter?"

"No, darling. That he might gather them to bed down his hogs and cover up the pile of pumpkins in the barnyard! That's all--look out for caterpillars as you go pawing around.--Detroit Free Press.

Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt.

The New York World puts into a nutshell various facts concerning Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, who is to wed the young Duke of Marlborough. The summary is as follows: Age--Eighteen years. Height--Five feet six inches. Color of hair--Black. Color of eyes--Dark brown. Eyebrows--Delicately arched. Nose--Rather slight, retroussé. Weight--One hundred and sixteen and one-half pounds. Foot--Slender, with arched instep. Size of shoe--No 8. AA last. Length of foot--Eight and one-half inches.

Hair--Delicate, with tapering fingers. Size of glove--Five and three-fourths. Length of hand--Six inches. Waist measure--Twenty inches. Length of skirt--Forty-four inches. Face--Somewhat oval. Complexion--Clearest olive, with rosy cheeks.

Chin--Pointed, indicating vivacity. Mouth--Small and without character. Teeth--White, regular, and well kept. Lips--Full, and describing a Cupid's bow.

Accomplishments--Music, painting, languages. Chief accomplishment--None. Marriage settlement--Ten million dollars.

Ultimate fortune--Twenty-one million dollars (estimated). Eyes--Small and close to the head. Head--Well rounded and well poised. Special talent--None. Favorite color--Pink. Favorite sport--Tennis. Favorite exercise--Bicycling. Favorite flower--American beauty rose.

There's the good school--Snell's College. EVERY YOUNG PERSON who would be more than a mere piddler ought to come here for a few months. Let me send you my primer?

S. A. SNELL. Truro, N. S.

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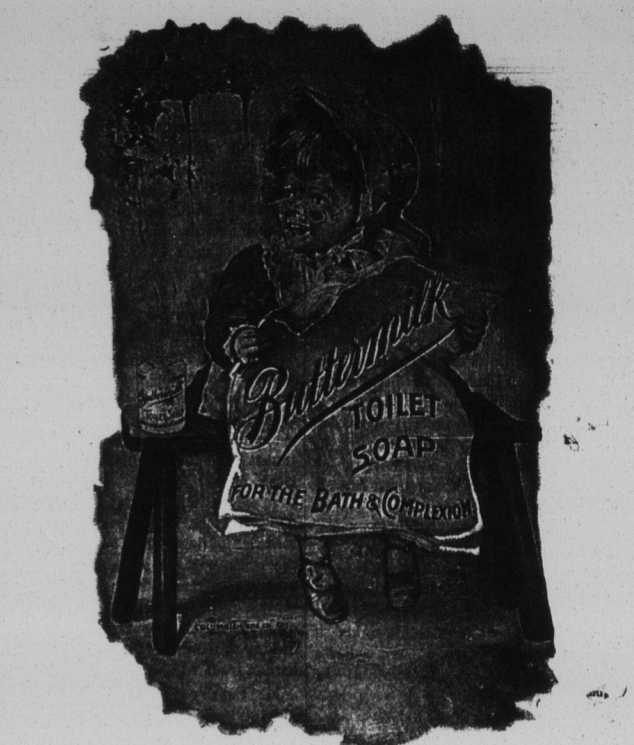
WANTED.

Young Men and Women

or older ones if still young in spirit, of undoubted character, good talkers, ambitious and industrious, can find employment in a good cause, with \$60.00 per month and upwards, according to ability. Rev. T. S. LINDSAY, Bradford, Can.

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND ELOCUTION

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J. Hunter White, Agent for St. John.

ELEY'S ENGLISH AMMUNITION

Job Central Fire Cartridge Cases E. B. Military Caps, E. B. Caps, C. Caps, Best Sporting Caps, Also, 1373 Bags Shot. To make the best shooting, use Eley's Cartridge Cases, loaded with Hazard's Powders and M. R. Shot.

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Safe and convenient; will heat an office or any room not otherwise provided for. Very handsome in appearance; and then the price is so low that they have become a necessity rather than a luxury. A variety of patterns always on hand.

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English Cutlery.



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T. M'AVITY & SONS, 13 to 17 King St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Advertisement for Progress Engraving Bureau. Includes text: PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. ST. JOHN, N. B.

PEARLS OF DEW.

(CAPRICE BRILLANTÉ.) EDUARD HOLST.

Allegro moderato.

A la Mazurka.

rit. a tempo, marcato il canto.

1. 2. FINE.

3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000.

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Pearls of Dew.—2.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

As intimated in this department last week the rehearsals of the Oratorio Society will be resumed on Monday evening next (28th inst). In addition to the fact of Mr. Ford being conductor, it is pleasant to learn that Miss Lewin, the efficient pianist of the society, has expressed her willingness to continue her services in that capacity. Miss A. M. Wilson will be organist. I believe it is intended that the society will first take up and rehearse certain portions of "The Messiah" which, it is possible, the public may have the pleasure of hearing somewhere about the Christmas season. With efficiency in all departments the society starts out on its season of 1895-96 with every prospect favorable and it will doubtless be among the most successful in its history.

From St. John to Halifax is not a great distance at any time and as our Sister City possesses many skilled musicians and has a most creditable musical organization called the "Orpheus Club," a few words regarding that body I believe will be of no little interest to the music loving readers of Progress everywhere. Like the St. John Oratorio Society, the Orpheus Club is arranging for its season of 1895-96. The similarity however does not extend further to any very appreciable extent. The business method differs materially and I am not prepared, just now at least, to say that the Halifax method is not the best. The Orpheus Club last year had a series of three concerts, for each of which every subscriber who paid five dollars, was entitled to two tickets. This plan must have been satisfactory in its results because the Committee of Management has decided to adopt the same plan for the present season.

The officers of the society are the same as last year, with the exception of the secretaryship which has been most efficiently filled by Mr. Wiswell for the past ten years. Every member of the club regrets this gentleman's resignation of the office and regards it almost as a personal loss. He has been succeeded by Mr. Pierson. Prof. C. E. Porter continues to act as conductor, and Mr. Max Well will again lead the orchestra. The club will have the benefit of the services of Mr. W. Walter D'Euse, a baritone singer of such excellence, who has lately taken up his residence in Halifax. A circular issued by the club points out the fact that the names of

new and valuable members have been added and makes the timely remark that though much of the work of the club is gratuitous, yet it necessarily requires some money to run it. The hint is a material one and I have no doubt it will be cheerfully accepted by every music lover in Halifax and that a spontaneous and generous patronage will attend the appeal.

Tones and Undertones.

Asperu's "is the name of Johann Strauss' latest opera. This is the name of the herb that gives the German Maltrank its peculiar flavor.

A Michigan paper is responsible for the following about Remenyi—"At last Remenyi" waddled onto the stage. He was a notably little man who waddled like a duck. But, sakes, alive! How he played the fiddle."

The St. Petersburg opera has forty three solo singers and 124 in the chorus; the Moscow Opera forty six soloists and a chorus of 112. The orchestras in the two cities include 123 and 120 players respectively.

Miss Hellen Hanstrite, a prominent Contralto of Chicago will sing this season with Henrich's Opera Company in Philadelphia.

Dr. Dvorak is said to have made considerable progress with his new opera "Hiawatha" during his European vacation.

Ground's ideas regarding the proper use of the human voice spread substantially with Wagner's. In his little book on "Don Juan," which has recently been translated into English, from the third French edition, he says that singers usually care for nothing except having the sound of their voice noticed and applauded for itself. "These performers," he adds, "are entirely mistaken as to the function and role of the voice. They take the means for the end and the servant for the master. They forget that fundamentally there is but one art, the word, and one function, to express, and that consequently a great singer ought to be first of all a great orator and that it is utterly impossible without truthful accent. When singers, especially on the stage, think only of displaying the voice, they should be reminded that that is a sure and infallible means of falling into monotony; truth alone has the privilege of infinite and inexhaustible variety."

Miss Thalberg, widow of the pianist and daughter of the great bass, Lablache, died recently in Thalberg's villa at Poggio

in Naples, at the age of 84. When her husband died she had the body embalmed with a petrifying preparation that preserved it with some semblance of life, and kept it seated in the room where Thalberg used to write.

Reference has previously been made to the private opera house, now being built by Tamagno, and the entertainments there to be given for his friends by his daughter and himself. They are to appear in a piece which has been composed by a lady who signs herself Praxedia. The lady is of high position and is supposed to be the Queen of Italy. The piece is called "A Fit marriage." The capacity of the house is 450.

Mme. Marchesi recently celebrated at Paris the fortieth anniversary of her career as a teacher. Her first activities began with a Vienna conservatory. On the death of her daughter she left for Paris, which she has since made her home. Mme. Marchesi has turned out a large number of finished singers, among whom were many Americans.

Ibsen's works are to furnish opera librettos. A beginning was made with the "Banquet at Solvang," written forty years ago for Ole Bull's Theater at Bergen, which has been set to music by a German composer and will be brought out this fall at Mainz.

The young French composer, Reyer, whose "Sigurd" will be heard in the United States this season, writes from the Pyrenees that he has completed the fourth act of his new work, "Le Capucin Enchanté," and adds that it is destined for the Bayreuth Wagner stage.

There is a story afloat to the effect that Lillian Russell is evidently passing from the dictation stage. It is based upon the assertion that the public does not like "La Traviata" and that it has been shelved for "La Perichole" which in turn has been retired for the "Little Duke" in which Miss Russell dons the 'abhorred' tights.

The latest summary of the prodigies before the world makes known the fact that there are eleven pianists, nine violinists, five cellists, and one singer before the public in the various countries of Europe who are astonishing the world by their musical precocity. This does not include all the infant phenomena, by a large majority.

Verdi has nearly completed his long-looked for book of reminiscences. He must have had many talks with interesting incidents, during his long life.

Martini will make a concert tour of

America during the coming winter. It will be her farewell, as she has decided to retire from public life, satisfied with the fame of having been one of the greatest of Wagnerian singers.

Zel'e de Lussan, Ella Russel, Burton McGuckin and William Ludwig are among the best known members of the Carl Rosa opera company this season.

In a very sensibly written article Constantin Sternburg, answering the question, "Does music describe?" arrives at the conclusion that it suggests, rather than describes.

The attractive half lithograph of Miss Lillian Russell on exhibition at the Columbia theatre in Chicago recently had been so generally commented upon, and so many requests had been received for a copy of the picture, that the management of the theater announced their willingness to provide all personal applicants with one of these likenesses of the fair Lillian.

Henry Russell who wrote "Cheer, Boys, Cheer" will be 83 years old on Christmas Eve.

Mme. Sembrieh has decided not to come to America with the opera.

St. John readers of this column will be pleased to learn that Miss Alice Carlthorpe, alto, is singing in "Il Trovatore" in San Francisco.

"The Chimes of Normandy" is on at the Castle Square theatre, Boston this week. Miss Edith Mason is cast for the role of Germaine, while Miss Clara Luns will sing the part of Serpolette. Mr. Wolff will be Gaspard.

This is the last week of the run of Della Fox's opera "Fleur de Lys" at Palmer's theatre, New York. It will then have been performed sixty times.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Nickerson dramatic company and orchestra have been appearing at the Opera House this week with nightly change of bill.

The New York Mirror says that Brachard was fifty years old last Tuesday.

St. John theatre goes or operatic patrons will be pleased to hear of Miss Bebe Vining, who was a prominent favorite in a visiting opera company at the Lyndowne theatre a few years ago. Miss Vining is now a member of the "Humanity" company at the head of which is Joseph Grimmer. This company was playing at the Columbia theatre, Boston, this week.

Mrs. James Brown-Potter and Kyrie Bellow are coming to the Hollis theatre

Boston, shortly. They will play "Le Collier de la Reine."

Henry Irving, during his present season in this country, will produce one of two plays written by his son. The one to be produced is called "A Christmas Story."

Lillian Dew, an actress well known in the United States, died in New York last week.

It is said that Irene Perry, who married Weber, the pianist, is going to resume work on the burlesque stage.

Joe Jefferson is playing Caleb Plummer and Mr. Goughly, in New York. He is an artist in what he does. His other particular roles are Rip Van Winkle, Dr. Pangloss and Bob Acres.

The Boston papers are enthusiastic over the work of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in that city, although Irving's work in "The Corsican Brothers" (apart from the stage settings) has often been better played there.

Moojeska has scored a big success in New York last week with her new play "Mistress Betty." The work is by Clyde Fitch.

Mlle. May a French pantomimist, is to appear at Daly's theatre New York on 18th Nov. in a new pantomime called "Mlle. Pygmalion."

Couldock, the veteran actor, has been engaged again for active work this season.

"The Bachelor's Baby" is the title of a new play which was given its first Boston production at the Park theatre in that city last Monday evening. The production was by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and company. It is a military comedy, by Coyne Fletcher, the scene of which is laid on the Pacific coast.

Mary Hampton continues to receive unstinted praise for her work in "Swing the Wind" at the Hollis theatre, Boston. The engagement closes tonight.

Mamie Taylor, remembered here as an opera prima donna, and the first to do the Serpentine dance here, is now playing in a "Spider and Fly" company in the Southern States. I do not know her particular role in the piece.

Miss Mildred Dowling, a playwright, has instituted suit against David Bolson, to recover \$500, a balance she alleges is due her on the play entitled "The Heart of Maryland." The play was advertised for production at the Herald Square theatre, New York, last Monday evening.

"Joe" Grimmer, "during the war" was an officer in the Confederate army. The business done by "Ada Behan in

Baltimore last week was the largest ever recorded in Ford's Opera House. People were turned from the doors at every performance; even on Saturday, when it rained very hard. Mr. Daly has not been going to Baltimore on his tours heretofore, but as a result of the present season of Miss Behan there he has decided to add that city to his regular circuit in the future.

The grave of Harry McGlennan, for years business manager of the Boston Theatre, and one of the best known theatrical men in the country, is to be marked with a memorial, secured by the subscriptions of his many friends. It is to be a massive sarcophagus of granite. The height from base to cap will be 7 feet 6 inches and the length 12 feet. The name McGlennan will appear on the base, and on the die will be this inscription: "The best part of the record of every man's life is what he has done for others."

The season thus far in Brooklyn is said to be the worst in the history of the theatres of that city. No attraction that has been played there has drawn good audiences, and the theatres are cutting down expenses on all sides. The trouble is believed to be due to the fact that Brooklyn has too many theatres for a city so near New York, and the same trouble threatens New York at no very distant date. But plans for new theatres are still being drawn, and capital is still being invested in new houses, and where the end will be, no man can tell.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, OCT 26.

TIMES AND TIMES.

The citizens are now thoroughly alive to the necessity of dealing with the question of the adoption of a standard of time for St. John, and they are a unit in the opinion that there should be uniform time. This is out of the question if local time is retained, because the railways must be run by standard, and the Eastern standard is the one they have chosen. There are, however, a number of advocates of the time of the sixtieth meridian, which is just an hour ahead of Eastern standard and only twenty-four minutes ahead of the present local time. The practical argument in favor of this is that it is the time of the standard meridian nearest to St. John, and that with the adoption of it, supposing places of business to close at six o'clock, the hours of daylight in the evening would not be abridged as they would be were the hour of closing six o'clock Eastern standard. Against this, however, is the fact that the adopted time would vary an hour from the railway and steam time, already in use by many citizens, and that there would be no more uniformity than at present. As a matter of expediency, therefore, the Eastern standard seems to be the best suited to meet all requirements, even though the stores which now open at eight and close at six should have to open at half-past seven and close at half-past five.

So many varying ideas exist as to the localities which ought to be in Eastern time and those which should be in Atlantic time, that a summary of what was decided when the standards were adopted will be of value to the public. As the Globe has pointed out, Progress itself was in error in asserting that St. John was within the limit of the standard for the seventy-fifth meridian and it is quite certain that the same erroneous impression has been a very common one.

Previous to 1883, there was a great confusion of times on the various railways of this continent, due to their being a difference of five hours in mean time in a journey from Newfoundland to the Pacific. Every road had its own standard, and on some roads there were two or three standards when the routes were long. The total number of times used as official was a out seventy-five. To remedy this the railways, at time conventions held in New York and Chicago, in April, 1883, passed a series of resolutions for the adoption of standards of time for each fifteen degrees of longitude. The first of these resolutions was:

That all roads now using Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Toronto, Hamilton or Washington time as standard, based upon meridians east of those points, or adjacent thereto, shall be governed by the 75th meridian or eastern time.

Other resolutions provided for standards for each fifteen degrees west, until the 120th meridian was reached. It was also provided that all changes from one hour standard to another should be made at the termini of roads or at the ends of divisions. It was agreed that the belt of country on either side of a standard meridian generally (with such exceptions as the peculiar relations of certain places may make it expedient to recognize) was expected to adopt the time of that meridian.

No mention of any standard east of the seventy-fifth meridian appears in the authority quoted, but in a colored chart all of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are shown as located in what was styled "inter-colonial" time, being that of the sixtieth meridian. As a matter of fact, however all the railways in these provinces adopted the eastern standard, and Halifax, and other places in Nova Scotia though literally correct in adopting another standard are out of line with the routes of travel. It is doubtful if the adoption of the time of the sixtieth meridian would be a wise step on the part of this city, in view of the existing large amount of travel and the greater increase of it to come in the future. St. John would seem to have the peculiar relations referred to as war-

ranting exceptions from the strict letter of the plan laid down by the convention.

The whole question of time having been referred by the council to a general committee, there is now no doubt the matter may be fully discussed in all its bearings, especially in view of the fact that representative citizens are likely to be present to show cause for or against any of the charges proposed. The matter should be settled as soon as possible.

PLAGIARISM IN ART.

It would seem that painters, as well as poets, are plagiarists at times, and now there seems to be a question as to which of two notable works of art is indebted to the other for the idea of its grouping. One of these paintings is MUNKACSY'S "CHRIST before PILATE" and the other is BROZIK'S "COLUMBUS and ISABELLA." About three years ago a cheap colored copy of each of these pictures adorned the editorial room of PROGRESS, and one day a visitor pointed out the great similarity of idea in the two. The grouping seemed to be on the same general plan, and the relative positions of the principal figures differed very little. The characters in one scene seemed to have their types in the other, but no attempt was made to trace out the minutiae of the coincidences. That this apparent accident is really a plagiarism is now asserted by LORADO TAFT, the well known art writer, in a recently published letter from Paris. Speaking of MUNKACSY'S picture, he says:

I made an interesting discovery one day as I chanced to hold in my hands two lantern slides, the one of this picture and the other BROZIK'S "COLUMBUS and ISABELLA." The resemblance of the compositions struck me, and putting one slide over the other I was astonished to find them identical in mass and position of most of the important figures. Even the architecture of the room is precisely the same in its arrangement, though differing to some degree in detail. I have never granted my curiosity by looking up their dates to find which painter was the adroit plagiarist.

Judging by TAFT'S general estimate of MUNKACSY he is the more likely copyist, but the question can be easily settled by a comparison of the dates of the two pictures. There seems more than an accident in the close resemblance, though it may be an unconscious plagiarism such as has happened with undoubtedly honest poets and musicians whose minds have repeated ideas from memory under the belief that they were original. MENDELSSOHN, for instance, had no idea he was taking anything from "Auld Robin Gray" when he composed "Oh, Rest in the Lord," in the oratorio of "Elijah." Such, possibly, is the solution of the plagiarism in the work of one or the other of these noted modern artists.

THE MAYBRICK CASE.

It seems more than likely that Mrs. MAYBRICK, now under life sentence in an English prison, will ere long be a free woman. For several years she has been kept in custody, the result of a verdict that she caused the death of her husband by arsenic poisoning, and in all that time there has been a constant growth of sentiment that she is not guilty. This feeling is not a new one. It was strong during the course of the trial, and the excited populace wanted to mob the court officials when the verdict was given. The leading English newspapers, always most conservative in their comments on judicial proceedings, declared their opinion that the case was not proven, and such too is the recorded belief of such eminent jurists as SIR CHARLES RUSSELL and others. These in a joint opinion on the case have said "there are many matters stated in the case, not merely with reference to the evidence and to the incidents of the trial, but suggesting new facts which would be matters proper for the grave consideration of a court of criminal appeal, if such a tribunal existed in this country.

Unfortunately for the prisoner, there is no such court of appeal in England, and though the Home Secretary commuted the sentence of death to one of imprisonment for life, all attempts to secure a rehearing of the case have failed in the past. The verdict could not be disturbed, for to do such a thing would be to admit the fallibility of courts and judges under the English system, which would be a very dreadful thing indeed. Very recently, however, the House of Commons, on motion of T. P. O'CONNOR passed a resolution that there should be a reconsideration of the case. It is likely that this will eventually result in a pardon, unpleasant as it may be to admit that a British court has made such a blunder by which an innocent person has been made to suffer. It must be remembered, however, that this has happened in the past with other courts, and sometimes after an innocent man had been executed and when no reparation could be made. If Mrs. MAYBRICK is not guilty, there is no reason why she should continue a prisoner merely to prevent injury to the reputation of the court by which she was unjustly condemned.

The reasons given for asking a pardon or rehearing, as presented by Mrs. MAYBRICK'S counsel are fifty-five in number, and cover a great many points in the case. The woman, it will be remembered, was a young and handsome American, while her husband, many years her senior, was a cranky invalid. The alleged motive in the case was to free herself from a disagreeable partner and get possession of his wealth. The prosecution was largely aided by the efforts of MAYBRICK'S relatives in Liver-

pool, while the prisoner, being a stranger had few friends to aid her at a time when they were most needed.

The charge which the prosecution sought to prove was that she murdered her husband by giving him repeated doses of arsenic in his food and medicine, and it was shown that she had bought a quantity of fly-paper containing that poison. A small quantity of arsenic was found in the intestines of the dead man. Mrs. MAYBRICK'S explanation was that she had purchased the fly-paper to make a face wash for herself, and that MAYBRICK had long been an habitual arsenic eater. The latter fact was clearly established at the trial, and it is now known that he purchased one hundred and fifty grains of arsenic for his own use, three months before his death.

In the list of reasons for a rehearing, stress is laid on the fact that though the judge charged that death from arsenic must be established, nothing of the kind was shown. From all that was shown to the contrary, death might have resulted from natural causes. If this were so, and were it shown that his wife gave him arsenic, she would only be guilty of an attempt to murder, but she was really convicted and sentenced for actual murder. The defence also claims to have new evidence which will account for everything in such a way as to exonerate the accused. Apart from this there is and has been such a strong reasonable doubt that she should have the benefit of it.

Among other matters of detail is the fact of MAYBRICK having been an habitual arsenic eater, in regard to which additional and convincing evidence has come to light. No more arsenic was found in his body than would be expected in the case of a man with such habits, and the quantity found was small. At the stage of the trial when some of the medical testimony was given, the fact of the man having been an arsenic eater, was unknown, and the witnesses were consequently misled in their diagnosis. Had arsenic made from fly-paper been given, it would have been detected by the fibre of the paper, but nothing of the kind was discovered.

It is also asserted that the first serious phase of the man's illness resulted from his taking an overdose from a bottle which did not pass through his wife's hands, and that the day on which he became worse at his office was the particular day on which he forgot to take with him a luncheon prepared by his wife. That he progressed favorably so long as he was nursed by her, and only began to sink after trained nurses had taken charge of him. It is also asserted that opportunities for putting poison into food and medicine were open to persons who were her bitter enemies and subsequently proved themselves hostile to her.

The claim is made that the jury were prejudiced by reports adverse to the prisoner and were not, in an event of a class competent to deal with such an intricate case, while the judge was of falling mind and made serious mistakes both as to law and fact in his charge to the jury. Finally, covering all the points urged, is the declaration that the evidence was wholly circumstantial, and that all the circumstances admit of an explanation which will prove the woman's innocence. One point laid down in the document, outside of the matters of detail, is that the conviction is really opposed to the interests of society in a general sense. It is argued that punishment can never benefit society unless public opinion goes with it, and that the public can never rest satisfied unless Mrs. MAYBRICK is either proven guilty or pardoned. This is the true state of the case, and it is to be hoped that the matter will soon be set definitely at rest.

The old-fashioned woman scored one over the new woman in New Jersey, the other night. She was a farmer's wife, driving on a lonely road after dark, when a masked man appeared and seized the horse by the head, while a second masked man attempted to climb into the wagon. The old-fashioned woman did not scream or attempt to jump out, but she reached under the seat and pulled out a common tin candlestick. This she pointed at the head of the highwayman, snapping the adjuster to make it sound like a revolver, and ordered the man to run for their lives. They did so, and the old-fashioned woman quietly drove home with the candlestick and all the rest of her valuables safe.

People who persist in miscalling the river St. John "the Rhine of America," may be interested in the statement that the real Rhine is now so low that steamers have stopped running. The river indeed, has almost dried up, and the depth of water at Cologne, near the sea, is only two feet. The St. John is no such shallow brook as that at its outlet, and the people who liken it to the Rhine have probably never seen the latter.

An expurgated edition of "Midshipman Easy," has been issued by a leading New York publishing house. The works of MARRYATT with all the impropriety winnowed out must take up considerable less room than the original edition.

In his life of Henry M. Stanley, Mr. Thomas George says that the explorer's real name is Howell Jones, and that he was born at Igar, in Wales, in 1840. His father was a bookbinder.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The End of Summer.

The earth is weary of the summer sun,
And all the pinches that grey winter gives,
And of her silken beams that slumbering shun
The dusky wood, as though it strove to dress
All grace but Luna's smile, where moonbeams run
In silver streams, above its fold the stress
Of tender light, that makes a sorrowing bliss
Within the haven of a day that's gone.
The earth is weary of such gentle joy,
She fain would wave the wint'ry wind away,
And all the pinches that grey winter gives,
And see the stars snap fringed thro' the cloud
O mist, that veils, like a stupendous shroud,
The secret lair wherein the wild wind lives.
BLANCHE GARRETT.
Lalpat, Germany.

Love's Sacrifice.

Ever knocking ever waiting,
Still also outside the door;
Closed and ever barred against thee
Day and night on this wild shore.
Oh my royal Lord and Master,
Here with a can mercy rest?
How can I provide thee bounty,
For so glorious a guest?
But enter thou though small the cost,
O what I have or I am lost.
Ever knocking ever calling,
Soul beloved, let me in;
Thine the glory thine the splendor
Mine the fruitfulness of sin;
Take my robe all torn and worthless,
Take it stained and soiled full sore;
Give to me the wedding garment,
Of the King's most costly store,
And enter thou, though darkness here,
And sorrow fill my heart with fear.

Ever knocking ever seeking,
For the coming morning light;
When a voice inside shall greet thee,
After all the deep black night,
After years my sins have kept thee,
By the lone cold gusts of rain;
By the patient and thy pain,
Enter quickly ere the pass—
Rush back and bar the portals fast.

Ever knocking ever asking,
Crying give me I have need;
O the poor and naked man,
Who implore one kindly deed.
O the bare feet ever bleeding,
White hands tender torn and cold;
O the voices ever crying
To the lambs within the fold;
O enter now my Lord and see,
I know is them I had but thee.
Ever knocking ever pleading,
At the door the Master stands;
Not a moment there I keep thee,
With thy wounded feet and hands,
There is mercy there is pardon,
There is sadness in my soul;
Oh I know thee in thy beauty,
Thou indeed canst make me whole.
O enter by thy love and tears,
And take away the night of years.
CYRUS GOLDB.
Sylvan Shore, Oct. 1895.

Shoes of Different Nations.

Straw sandals are still in use in China and Japan.
Egyptian shoes were made of palm and papyrus interlaced.
The ancient Persians wore close-fitting boots reaching to the knees.
The 'brogan' of to-day gets its name from the rawhide 'brog' of the ancient Britons.
Egyptian hieroglyphics show the cobbler to have been known in the time of the Ptolemy.

Removing the shoes is still a mark of respect in the East, as it has been for thousands of years.
The Roman women wore house slippers with cork soles, and increased their height by building up these soles to a great thickness.
The Greeks of two thousand years ago wore shoes closely corresponding to those of the present. Those of the women were frequently green in color, while the 'dudes' wore white.

The turned-up toes fashionable in England during the three hundred years of the Plantagenet dynasty were sometimes two feet in length, and were fastened to the knee by gold or silver chains.

The Heart Does not Grow Old.

It appears that the brain and the heart are two parts of the human organism that, rightly used, may largely escape growing old. The unimpaired activity of great statesmen and other brain workers at a time, when most of the bodily organs and functions are in advanced senile decay is a matter of frequent comment, but one for which a physiological explanation is given in a recent work by Dr. Balfour. The normal brain retains its vigor to the last, because there is especial provision for its nutrition. Near middle life the general arteries of the body begin to lose their elasticity and slowly dilate, becoming much less efficient carriers of nutrient blood to the capillary area, but the internal carotids—which feed the capillary areas of the brain—are not affected by this impairment and retain their youthful elasticity, thus keeping up the blood pressure in the brain and giving better nourishment to the brain tissues of the body.

How many more children attend to their teeth now than formerly, but the cause is not far to seek. It is this, "Odoroma, is so pleasant to use, that they regularly attend to their teeth night and morning; then the parents in getting "Odoroma," are educating them in that, which ensures their good sound teeth the rest of their lives. Expert Analysis not only shows that there is nothing injurious, but everything, in "Odoroma" that is good for teeth, gums and breath.

Mushrooms in Russia.
Mushrooms grow in immense quantities in Russian forests, the inhabitants in some places existing entirely by selling them. Kargopol, in Olonetz, sends yearly 5,000 pounds (180,000 pounds) of mushrooms to St. Petersburg. The varieties are many. With one form, the mukhomor, the native tribes of Siberia intoxicate themselves; an infusion from it has a stupefying effect like that of opium or hashish.

Simpson Tunnels.
Tunneling through the Simpson will begin early next year. There will be two parallel tunnels, each 66,000 feet, or about 12 1/2 miles long, 57 feet apart, and connected at intervals of 225 feet. They will be 15,000 feet longer than the St. Gothard, and 21,000 feet longer than the Mount Cenis tunnels, but will be 1,500 feet lower

and the tinkle of the bell which indicated that a line had been completed. The prisoner was found guilty and sentenced. Promptly he appealed on the ground that instead of listening to the evidence the judge had whiled away his time by playing on a musical instrument.

Potatoes for the Million.

Potatoes are so plentiful and so unprofitable at ruling prices in North Dakota that a farmer of Grand Forks has announced that he will not dig the large quantities he has, and has invited his neighbors to help themselves and take all they care for for the trouble of digging and carrying them away. What they don't take, he says, will be left to rot in the ground.

Poisoning by Flamed Food.

The London Lancet suggested as a safeguard against poisoning by the use of tinned food that canners be compelled to label the tins with a notice that the contents are perfectly wholesome when eaten fresh from the tin, and after good food; but the public is advised not to expose the contents for any length of time to the injurious influences of the atmosphere.

Automatic Resurrection.

A Californian, who believes that many persons are annually buried alive while in a cataleptic state, has invented what he calls "a grave signal." If a dead man revives in the grave, a little red ball pops up on top of a rod connecting with the outside world and a lot of fresh air goes in. He cannot die, and all he does is to wait patiently for his friends to come to lift him.

The House was all Right.

Tenant—You said the house was not cold and we have been nearly frozen to death ever since we have moved into it.
Real Estate Agent—I had every reason to think I was telling the truth. I had never heard the house complain of feeling chilly. As to the cold, it goes in, of course, I know nothing. That is quite another matter, you know.

Chinese Penal Ideas.

According to Chinese penal ideas some one has got to suffer, so when three well-known wharf thieves escaped from the Singhai prison recently the jailers were treated to a daily dose of 200 blows each until they should succeed in producing, dead or alive, at least one of the prisoners.

Where He Drew the Line.

"I'm going to give up my place at this here restaurant," said a Broadway waiter with a look of disgust on his face.
"Why?"
"Why? Why, they insist on my eating mushrooms before customers to show them they are not toadstools."

Given Him a Chance.

Mother—Well, my dear, I see you are engaged to Mr. Bushful at last.
Daughter—No, he hasn't proposed yet.
"What? No? Engaged? I saw you hugging and kissing him last night."
"Yes, I was trying to encourage him a little."—New York Weekly.

The Usual Prediction.

The Indians in the Northwest are predicting an early and unusually severe winter this year. One thing that seems to back them up so far is the fact that many of the mountain peaks in that region are already white with the earliest snows known in the history of the country.

Water That Doesn't Wet.

By spreading a layer of lycopodium powder upon the surface of a basin of water it is possible to plunge the hand into the water without wetting it, as the lycopodium powder prevents all contact of the water with the hand.

Never in Doubt.

Husband (admirably)—There's no use trying to disguise the fact; you are smarter than I am, my dear.
Wife (complacently)—The fact, my love, has never been in disguise among those who know us.—Detroit Free Press.

Crickets in Samson.

Prizes of pigs and kegs of salt beef are the objects for which the Samoans play cricket. The game, which is evolved by the music of a native pipe, takes a large number of players, sometimes thirty or forty being entered on a side.

First English Provincial Paper.

The first provincial newspaper in England is said to have been the Norwich Postman. It was published about 1703 at the price of 1 penny, but "a halfpenny not refused." It was about the size of a sheet of note paper.

Had No Weeks.

Toe Greek and Roman had no weeks until they borrowed this division of time from the East. The Greeks divided the month into three equal periods; the Romans into three very unequal, the Kalends, Ides, and Nones.

The Way to get There.

An eccentric citizen of Philadelphia was once met by a man who asked him the way to the sheriff's office. He responded: "Every time you earn \$3 spend \$10."—Christian Advocate.

In the Letter of the Law.

Magistrate—You will be bound over to keep the peace toward all her Majesty's subjects for six months.
Bill Sykes—Well 'evin' help the first furrier I comes across.

Just as Good as New.

"So Maud has a title at last," said the dear girl in pink. "Yes, but it's a second-hand one," replied the dear girl in blue. "How so?" "The nobleman she married was a widower."

Monks Were Even.

Young wife—Before we were married, George, you never smoked in my presence.
Young husband—I know it, my dear; and you never wore curl papers in mine.

A Message From God.

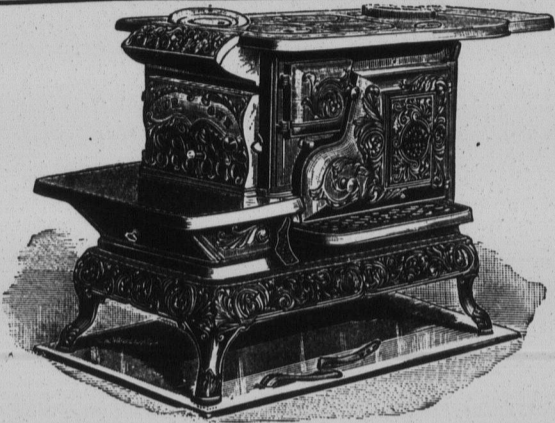
"Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of; but the sorrow of the world worketh death." 2nd Cor. 7: 10.

Social and Personal.

St. John. I regret very much that my budget of social news is unusually small this week. I suggest this is accounted for by the fact that "between seasons" is always a difficult one to manage—difficult for those who wish to entertain to steal the necessary time from an especially busy domestic season, and, more important still, difficult to a society reporter, who walks from "noon till dewy eve" and makes unnumerable calls, in an effort to gather the usual amount of news, only to find on Thursday night that the heroic efforts have been in vain, and that embellish and decorate as much as one will the amount gleaned is not satisfactory—a state of affairs the reporter feels more keenly than the public. This week there is only one social event to record, a large reception given by Mrs. J. Douglas Hazen on Wednesday afternoon from 4 to 7 o'clock in honor of Mrs. King Hazen of Fredericton. I believe that somewhere in the vicinity of two hundred and fifty invitations were issued and the most of them were accepted. Many ladies were prevented from attending by the threatening state of the weather but a goodly number were present; Mrs. Hazen's residence is admirably suited for a function of this kind for the rooms are all large and airy and in the afternoon of the reception looked very bright. The table in the large dining room was beautifully arranged with silver candelabra, yellow and pink chrysanthemums, and a pink centre piece which was very pretty. An unusually large number of young ladies assisted in the looking after her guests and in their bright party dresses, as they fitted here, there and everywhere among the guests, added greatly to the pleasure of the affair. Mrs. Lawson and Mrs. Stratton poured tea, and the following young ladies assisted Mrs. Hazen in her duties: Miss Burpee, Miss Dyer, Miss Tuck, Miss Furlong, Miss Barker, Miss Radcliffe, Miss Hatheway, Miss May Harrison, Miss Florrie MacMillan, Miss Katie Bayard, Miss Lily Hazen and Miss Bessie Adams. Mrs. Lawson was looking particularly well in a black and white silk with black trimmings. Mrs. Stratton had on a very becoming pink crepon bodice with a dark skirt. Miss Dyer was prettily gowned in white muslin, over a pink foundation. Miss Tuck wore a handsome black satin gown and Miss Alice Tuck a very pretty shaded pink. Miss Burpee had on a very effective black and white silk. Miss Furlong was wearing a pretty green silk bodice trimmed with yellow lace and a black skirt. Miss Adams had on a lovely pink silk bodice and black skirt. Miss May Harrison looked very pretty in a blue crepon. Miss Lily Hazen was looking unusually well in a new gown. Miss MacMillan wore a becoming magenta and black bodice with black skirt. Miss Hatheway's gown was of green crepon with white chiffon. Miss Katie Bayard was also looking especially well in a green and becoming gown. Miss Radcliffe was attired in a pink and black. Mrs. Hazen looked exceedingly well in a very handsome gown, and entertained her guests with her well-known grace and tact. Among the ladies who called during the afternoon were: Mrs. deSoyes, Mrs. MacMillan, Mrs. Wm. Hazen, Mrs. Charles Kinross, Mrs. Morris Hazen, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. C. W. Weldon, Mrs. Boyle Travers, Mrs. Chas. Harrison, Mrs. Tuck, Mrs. John R. Armstrong, Mrs. Geo. Coster, Mrs. Holden, Mrs. Barclay Boyd, Mrs. Gardner Taylor, Mrs. Isaac Burpee, Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, Mrs. Leigh Harrison, Mrs. George Baird, Mrs. George E. Burton, Mrs. W. Barton, Mrs. (Dr.) Allison, Mrs. Charles Kerr, Mrs. Carl Clinch, Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Simonds, Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, Mrs. Warner Mrs. Warren, Mrs. W. W. Clarke, Mrs. Steeves, Mrs. Will Barr, Mrs. Alward, Mrs. Raymond Mrs. James Mowatt, Mrs. Howard McLeod, Mrs. E. T. Sturdee, Mr. Sheriff Sturdee, Mrs. Frank P. Starr, Miss Coster, Miss Harriet Patena, Miss Fennell, Miss Ethel Parks, Miss Travers, Miss Louise Travers, Miss Mabel Vroom, Miss Orlia Armstrong, Miss Hart, Miss Mary MacMillan, Miss Furlong, Miss Florrie MacMillan, Miss May Harrison, Miss Radcliffe, Miss Tuck, Miss Alice Tuck, Miss Hatheway, Miss Bayard, Miss Adams, Miss Dyer, Miss Lily Hazen and a large number of others. The young ladies who assisted remained to spend the evening which was very pleasantly passed in playing a live whist in which the winners of the first prize were Miss Katie Bayard and Mr. Tuck, while Miss Dyer and Mr. Winslow got what consolation they could from the booby prizes. Later in the evening there was a little dance at which the following gentlemen were present: Mr. G. Buel, Dr. Walker, Mr. Winslow, Mr. L. P. D. Tilley, Mr. Kitchin, Mr. Herbert Clinch, Capt. Sear, Mr. Burpee, Mr. Fred Hart, Mr. Hansard and a few others. Mr. John Parks and Miss Lou Parks have gone to Atlanta, Ga., to attend the exhibition now being held in that city. Mr. and Mrs. J. Morris Robinson are expected to arrive home this week after a two weeks' visit to New York. Miss Fauntle Donville left yesterday to resume her hospital duties at Newport. Mrs. Hazen seems to have been the only hostess who entertained during the week and though her reception on Thursday afternoon was one of the most brilliant affairs of the season, was not more thorough in detail than was her ladies luncheon on Saturday afternoon at which only ten ladies were present. The table was beautifully arranged with yellow chrysanthemums and yellow satin ribbon and was laden with every delicacy. That the ladies were charmedly entertained was evident from the fact they stayed long past the hour prescribed by custom. The ladies present were, Lady Tilley, Mrs. Weldon, Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Boyle Travers, Mrs. Isaac Burpee, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. MacMillan, Mrs. Tuck and Mrs. King Hazen. On Thursday evening the officers of the Artillery entertained Lt. Col. Montz Lambert at dinner at the Union Club. The dinner was an excellent one and served in the club's best style; among the guests were Lt. Col. Tucker, Major Markham, Major Edwards, Capt. Harrison, Capt. Spears, Mr. Winslow, Major Armstrong, F. W. Warren, Major Sturdee, Lieut. Clinch, Major Leckie, Major Hart. The members of the Union Club will entertain their lady friends at a reception next Thursday afternoon; a large number of cards are on hand. The banjo club met with Miss Mabel Thompson last Thursday evening and had an excellent practice. Football seems to have quite a fascination for ladies this season and one can scarcely hope to feel at home in any social gathering unless they are posted in the intricacies of the game and know all about the vast difference between a "touch down" and a "kick off." The game last Saturday afternoon was witnessed by a large number of ladies who displayed a wonderful amount of intelligence in regard to the game and no doubt the game one afternoon will attract numbers of society people; among those on the grounds last Saturday were, Misses McMillan, Miss Skinner, Miss Albro, Miss Bob Watson, Miss Radcliffe, Miss Burpee, Miss Dyer, Misses Thompson, Miss Furlong, Misses Donville, Misses Robertson, Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Stratton, Miss Troop, Miss Killan, of Yarmouth, Miss Blair, Miss Fairweather, and many others. Mrs. and Mrs. A. S. Patterson have taken rooms at the Aberdeen and will stay there for the winter. Mr. D. J. Wilson of Londonderry, N. B., is in the city staying with his uncle Mr. John K. Storey. Mrs. G. A. Knoll, and Miss Knoll are visiting Amherst as guests of Mrs. N. C. Calhoun. Rev. T. J. Dunstall of Yarmouth visited the city this week on his way to Moncton. Mr. E. N. Abbott of St. John is in Portland Maine, for a short visit. Mrs. John Hora went to Fredericton the first of the week, for a short stay. Mr. H. H. Pitts of Fredericton spent a part of this week here. Mr. Andrew Sullivan of Halifax, and his bride are spending their honeymoon in the city. The marriage of Mr. Sullivan and Miss Maggie Sheridan took place at Bedford N. S. on Tuesday. Miss Jessie Whitlock of Halifax is visiting city friends for a few days. Mrs. Obber H. Sharpe of Fredericton is in the city visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cruikshank, Queen Square. Mrs. A. G. Blair who has been visiting in Fredericton returned home this week. Miss Nellie Allan of Lunenburg is visiting her grandparents on Waterloo street. Mrs. Busby is in Fredericton visiting her sister Mrs. Henry Fisher. Mr. M. W. Weldon went to Oda as the first of the week. Mrs. George B. de Fredericton who has been here for several weeks returned home last week much improved in health. Mr. J. B. M. Baxter and his mother, Mrs. W. S. Baxter are on a brief visit to Montreal and Ocala. Miss Mamie Laurie of Halifax who was the guest of the Misses Kane last week returned home on Monday. Mr. Thomas Galacher of Moncton was also visiting Mrs. Kane for a day or two lately. Miss Kingsley is in Newcastle visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lane. Mr. M. W. Dalaney has returned to Campbellton after a visit to friends here. Mrs. C. F. Garham is visiting a number of wedding callers this week; she was assisted by her cousin Miss Mamie Patton. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have returned from their summer residence at Eggleston, and are again at the Clifton. Mr. C. John Samers and Miss Etta Smith were married in Brussel street baptist church at an early hour last Wednesday morning, Rev. Dr. Carey, performing the marriage ceremony. There were no bridesmaid or groomsmen as the wedding was a very quiet one, but the choir was present, and sang the usual wedding hymns, and the wedding march was played by Miss Dyer, the efficient organist of the church. The bride who entered with her father looked exceedingly pretty in a dark brown traveling costume and pretty brown hat; she carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses, but, and maiden hair braided. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Samers were congratulated by a large number of friends and at 7:30 they left on a short trip to Halifax Windsor and other parts of Nova Scotia after which they will live at Mrs. DeWitts, King street east. Among the wedding gifts was a silver salver from the choir of which the bride and groom were members, a silver tea service from Miss Louise Stammers and a beautiful picture from the clerks in Main chesters. Mrs. Harris and Misses Thompson of Moncton, were here for a few days this week. Mrs. S. Lawson and his daughter Miss Lawson of Savannah are visiting the city this week. Mr. R. O. Stockton and family have taken rooms at the Aberdeen for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bigelow of Bridgeport, Conn., spent a part of their wedding tour in the city lately. Mrs. E. W. Elliot returned home Monday evening from a visit to Salisbury relatives. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Leonard of Boston were here for a short time this week. Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull of Digby visited city friends lately. Mr. Thomas Barnes is spending a vacation in Boston. Miss Flossie Mitchell of Aspen, Colorado, spent a few days this week. Mr. C. B. Chesley who has been visiting friends here returned last week to his home in Upper Grandville. Mr. J. K. Scammell has been obliged to give up his work at McGill. He returned from Montreal this week. Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Willis returned from Boston last Saturday. Miss Lulu McArdy is paying a visit to Toronto friends. Mr. Hamilton Cochran has been in Bridgetown N. S. lately visiting his son Mr. W. H. Cochran. Mrs. W. A. Fowler and her daughter, Miss Lily Fowler returned to their home in Bridgetown last week after a ten days visit to friends here. Mr. and Mrs. Harry LaForest of Newark, N. J., were visitors to the city this week. Mrs. Chas. Barclay and Mrs. Freeman Beardsley of Port Louis paid a visit to city friends lately. Mr. J. E. Seccord Mrs. J. F. Seccord returned Monday from a visit to New York relatives. Mrs. H. S. Fickett of Andover arrived in the city Saturday from Boston where she has been visiting relatives. Mr. James Williams of Boston spent his holidays with St. John friends. Rev. E. H. Warneford and Mrs. Warneford of Hampton spent a day or two here lately. Mr. and Mrs. J. McCarey of P. E. I., visited friends here this week. Miss Pallen of Horseshill street last Wednesday for Philadelphia to visit her sister, Mrs. Arthur Pepper. Master Arthur Pepper who has been staying with his grandparents for several months returned to his home with Mr. Pullen. Mrs. McCullum and her daughter Mrs. Bela Lawrence of St. George arrived here last Saturday and will spend the winter in the city. Miss Nella Multhead of Lawrence arrived Monday for a two weeks visit to relatives and friends. Miss Winifred Dix of St. George who spent a week lately with friends has returned home. The death of Mr. Parker occurred at the residence of his son Mr. C. W. Parker, on Tuesday morning and was heard with regret by all who knew him. The funeral which took place on Thursday was very largely attended. Mr. W. H. Thorne and Mr. J. V. Ellis went to Montreal the first of the week. Miss Gillespie of Nova Scotia who has been visiting relatives in St. George arrived in the city this week for a visit to friends. Mr. E. J. Smith of Shediac is here visiting his daughter Mrs. Jardine. Mr. Smith has just recovered from a very severe illness. Mrs. E. J. Lichten of Halifax is in the city visiting her niece, Mrs. Watson Franklin. Mrs. M. B. Stanford of Sydney, C. B., is here for a few days visit with friends. Miss Fooks was the guest of Miss Haddon, Sydney street last week. Mrs. Frank Lesley received her wedding callers on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. Mr. F. E. Craibe who was confined to the house through illness was much improved. Mr. Charles B. Dunham of Casso N. S., is visiting in the city. [Continued on Next Page.]

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP. The Original. Try it. TRADE MARK. SOAP. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Our Own COOK

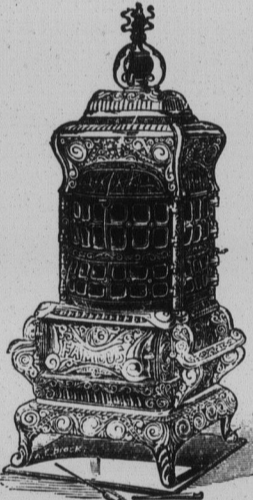


As shown in cut above for only \$16.00. This is a First-class Cook Stove in every respect and this offer is good for a few days only. Hundreds of testimonials from parties who are using the stove in the city. A full line of HEATING STOVES now on exhibition. Prices lower than ever this year. Have your Heating Stove fixed up. Only competent workmen employed. No extra charge!

SHERATON & WHITTAKER, 38 KING ST.

"Famous" Baseburner

The Handsomest and Best Working Stove of this Class in America.



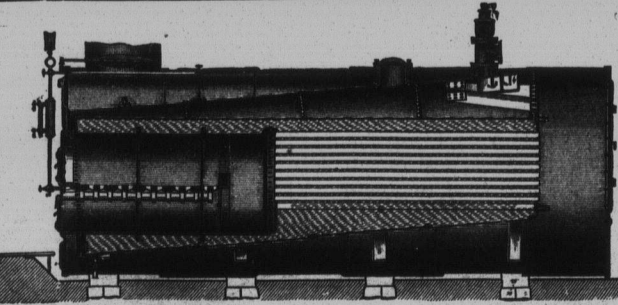
The construction of the flues gives it a greater heating capacity than any other. Entire base radiates heat. Made in two sizes, with and without oven. Oven is made with three flues same as a cooking stove. Double heater attachment by which heat can be carried to upper rooms. Beautifully nickeled.

A Triumph of Art and Utility.

THE MCGILLY MFG. CO. LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

Featherbone Skirt Bone

For Giving STYLE and SHAPE TO LADIES' DRESSES. A light, pliable, elastic bone made from quills. It is soft and yielding, conforming readily to folds, yet giving proper shape to Skirt or Dress. The only Skirt Bone that may be wet without injury. The Celebrated Featherbone Corsets are corded with this material. For sale by leading Dry Goods Dealers.

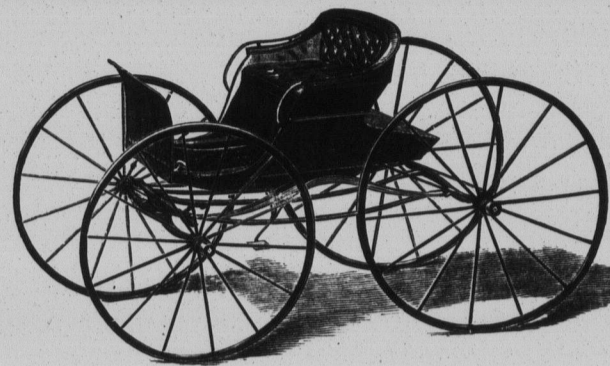


MONARCH ECONOMIC BOILERS

Require No Brickwork, Give Highest Economy. Robb Engineering Co., Ltd. Amherst, N.S.

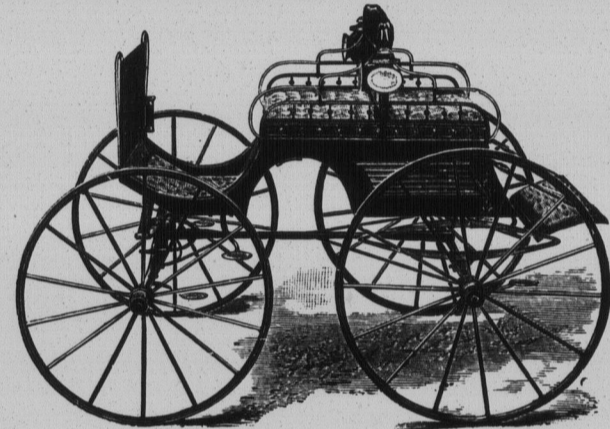
J. S. CURRIE, Agent, 57 Water Street, St. John, N. B.

The embodiment of Strength JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF IMPARTS Robustness, - Lustiness - Vigor. An invaluable means of developing firmness of muscle, power of endurance, and general healthfulness.



AN OPEN BANGOR. A NOBBY TURN OUT

One of the many styles made in the Edgecombe Carriage Factory.



A CUT UNDER English Dog Cart,

Will hold Four Persons, back to back. Is easy to ride Nobby and stylish. Turns very easily and in small space Handsomely built by

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS Fredericton, N. B.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IMPERIAL SHADES. Cheapest, Strongest, Best. MENZIE, TURNER & CO., Manufacturers to the Trade, Toronto. Sold by all reliable dealers.

A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft smooth and healthy. Sea Foam It Floats. 5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE. ST. JOHN SOAP MFG. CO. BY STEPHEN, N. B.

Priestley's "Eudora" Cloth. "Eudora" is the name of the new black dress fabric put upon the market by the Priestley's, whose famous dress goods are a household word all over the world. It is like their much esteemed Henrietta cloth; indeed, it has all their merits, and a few things which they lack. It is made in black only, it is a perfect dust shedder; has extra weight and width; and, fitting easily and draping gracefully it gives a distinction to the wearer which all of Priestley's goods confer. This is their excellence, which sets them apart from all other goods. "Eudora" is wrapped on "The Varnished Board," and Priestley's name is stamped on every five yards so that ladies cannot be deceived.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

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

HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax at the following places:

- KEYSTONE BOOK STORES, 24 George street; WOODS & CO., 11 Hollis street; ...

The afternoon lately have been quite taken up with small teas and calling upon the many brides in town.

Wednesday evening Mrs. T. E. Kenny gave a small dance at Thorsvale, her lovely residence on the Arm.

On Thursday evening the General and Mrs. Montgomery Moore gave a small dance at Bellevue only one hundred invitations being issued.

Among the most noticeable were Mrs. Montgomery Moore in a handsome black dress; Mrs. Erskine in a pale blue, and Miss Colborne was in a white and pink.

Mr. Andrew MacKinnon had a very pleasant "At Home" on Thursday afternoon which was largely attended.

Mrs. (L.) Critchton gave a dinner on Tuesday evening which was most successful. Mrs. Critchton is a daughter of Rev. Mr. Brown of St. Thomas church New York.

The Harmonic Quartette on Tuesday evening was very generally voted the best they have given so far.

The military concert took place in Orpheus Hall on Tuesday evening and was a very brilliant affair being under the distinguished patronage of Admiral Erskine.

The Gymbkhas given by the Garrison Polo Club took place on Thursday afternoon at the Polo ground having been postponed from Wednesday on account of the weather.

The last race was very amusing also—the cigar and umbrella race. The competitors had to ride with lighted cigar won.

A New York paper contains the following: Captain and Mrs. Lionel Francis Barlow, nee Wallace, were married here in the early summer.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Robbins and Miss Robbins are at present guests of Senator and Mrs. McKay.

Miss George Morris has returned from visiting friends in Dorchester, N. B.

The party given by Mrs. Dimock at "Claremont" on Wednesday evening, though small was a delightful affair.

Miss Lawrence, Miss Alice Lawson, Miss Alice Wiggins, Miss Nellie Paulin, Miss Maggie Willett, Miss Nora Blanchard, Miss Bertie Locke, Miss Jean Smith, Misses Francis and George Ouseley, Miss Ashworth, Miss Nora Black, and Messrs. Tremaine, G. Archibald, C. F. Kaulbach, Gurney McDonnell, Archibald Ouseley, Reg. Lawson, A. Lawson, John Dimock, H. W. Sangster.

Mrs. Dixcock wore a pretty gown of white satin. Mrs. Lawson, grey velvet, with crimson satin sleeves.

Miss Lawson, yellow crepon, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and chiffon.

Miss Wiggins, gown of white honeycomb silk. Miss Locke, pretty pale blue cashmere trimmed with silver spangled chiffon.

Miss Paulin, gown of pink crepon trimmed with pink honeycomb silk.

Mrs. J. A. Russell has returned from her trip to St. John, N. B.

Mr. Reg. Lawson has returned to Halifax, after spending a week or so in town.

Miss Machin entertained a few of her friends at "Edgemoor" on Thursday afternoon at five o'clock tea.



RIGBY POROUS WATERPROOF CLOTH.

In an ordinary Woolen Fabric made Waterproof by a chemical process which does not change the color, feel or appearance of the cloth in the slightest degree.

It is made a repellent to Water. Yet it remains perfectly porous. Any Cloth can be Rigby Proofed.

It does not confine the body like a Rubber-proof Garment and answers the purpose as well.

A Ladies' Cloth or Tweed Dress. A Gentlemen's Suit or Overcoat. A Coachman's Livery Overcoat.

A Bicycle Suit or any other garment can be Rigby Proofed. Odorless, Porous and Waterproof.

Miss Jean Smith is at Aylesford, N. S., for a day or two. Miss Evelyn Smith has returned to Aylesford where she is teaching school.

Mr. Will Egan who has been spending the summer here with his mother returned to New York last week.

Francis Smith and Miss Buroyre of the academy spent part of last week in Truro attending the Progress Festival and A. S. C. meeting.

A team from the Blue Jacket Athletic Club went to Kentville on Friday to play football. The Kentville boys were victorious.

Herbert Bernard and William Walther, assisted by Miss Shand, Miss Harvey and Miss Manning gave a concert in the Reform Club last night.

Mr. Andrew MacKinnon had a very pleasant "At Home" on Thursday afternoon which was largely attended.

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On Thursday evening a number of her friends at cards Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Cochrane, who have been the guests of Mrs. J. B. Foster, for some weeks, have returned to their home in Wainalop.

The engagement of Miss Nellie Palmer to Dr. Clarence Webster, of Edinburgh, is announced this week.

Mr. W. H. Clark, of Halifax, is in town this week, filling Mr. D. B. Park's place in the bank, the latter having left on Tuesday to spend his holidays at his home in Newswick.

Mr. J. H. Hickman left on Tuesday for a six week's visit to Washington, D. C., where he hopes to fully recover from the effects of his recent severe attack of bronchitis.

The friends of Miss Laura Shreve will no doubt be interested to learn that she is to be married very shortly to Mr. Robert Jarvis Gilbert, formerly of Dorchester, but now carrying on business in Boston.

Miss Shreve has many warm friends in Dorchester who will unite in wishing her every possible happiness.

Mr. S. Tall, of Boston, is spending his vacation with his sister, Mrs. Wetmore, "Liberty Hall."

Mr. Wm. J. Smith of Chatham is spending some days at his home, preparing to move his family to Chatham next week.

Miss Janie McMan left for Boston on Wednesday last where she intends spending the winter months.

Mr. Richard O'Leary has gone to Boston with a business trip.

Dr. R. L. Bosford of Moncton passed through town on Monday night to Kouchibouguac, where he will spend some time at the shooting ground.

Miss Nettie Egan of Shubenacadie is spending this week in town, the guest of Miss Nellie Ferguson.

Mrs. H. T. Colpitts returned with family from St. Martinus on Wednesday last, it was accompanied by her niece, Miss A. V. Black, who will spend the winter here.

Miss Kate McKenry, daughter of the Rev. Mr. John McKenry, a former pastor of St. Andrew's church at Kings, is visiting friends in Yarmouth and is being warmly received by her many former acquaintances.

Mr. E. F. Jenner left on Monday for Halifax accompanied by his mother Mrs. E. Jenner of Oxford, England, who has been spending the summer here.

Miss Dechman and her sister Miss Hannah Dechman who were in Truro last week attending the teachers' convention, returned Saturday.

Mrs. James A. Fraser and her daughter Miss Jennie who have been spending the summer in Goldenville, returned to their home in New Glasgow Thursday.

Miss Grace McDonald of Shubenacadie leaves this week for Boston where she will spend the winter with friends.

Mrs. James A. Fraser and her daughter Miss Jennie who have been spending the summer in Goldenville, returned to their home in New Glasgow Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Deacon for some days last week.

Miss Gertrude Evans returned on Thursday from a lengthy visit to friends in Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Mathews and Miss Nellie Harper attended the S. S. convention at Chatham last week.

Mrs. Robinson of Montreal is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. V. Bonquet.

Mr. (Dr.) White and Miss Adams of Moncton spent Sunday at Mrs. White's home "Riverside."

Many friends will be glad to learn that Mr. E. J. Smith is fast recovering from his recent illness, and is at present visiting his daughter Mrs. J. Jones, St. John.

Mrs. Abremer spent some days last week with her sister Mrs. Alfred Wilbur, Shubenacadie. Mr. and Mrs. James Wilbur have returned home from their trip to Fredericton.

Mrs. St. Lawrence is visiting Miss C. Ouellette at the P. M. house.

Mr. G. R. Martelle and her sister, Mrs. McArthur, returned to their home in St. John, N. B., after a visit to their home in Santa Monica, California, to be away several years.

His Lordship the Bishop of Nova Scotia and Miss Courtenay are guests at the Rectory.

Mrs. Thos. Cameron, her three children and maid, who have been spending the summer with her friends in Halifax, were guests during the past week of Mr. and Mrs. George Donkin, and left yesterday for their home in Port William, Ontario.



Griddle Cakes

There is nothing so good as The Ireland Co's Delicious Buckwheat Flour.

Ready for immediate use. Needs no Salt, Baking Powder or Eggs.

Prepared in Two Minutes, according to directions. TRY IT.

J. T. Kirk entertained a number of his friends at what.

Miss Rena Culbert has returned from a visit to friends in St. John.

Mrs. A. S. White and little son, of St. Martins, are at the "Keel."

Miss Carrie Barber, of St. John, is visiting relatives here.

The first of the series of social dances was held in the Oddfellows hall on Monday evening, and was largely attended.

Mrs. James Byrnes, of Bellisle, is visiting Miss B. Murray.

Miss Kilian, of Nova Scotia, is spending a few days with Mrs. Pearson, Church Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. David O'Grady returned from a three week's visit to Dorchester, St. John and Halifax on Friday last.

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Mr. Richard O'Leary has gone to Boston with a business trip.

Dr. R. L. Bosford of Moncton passed through town on Monday night to Kouchibouguac, where he will spend some time at the shooting ground.

Miss Nettie Egan of Shubenacadie is spending this week in town, the guest of Miss Nellie Ferguson.

Mrs. H. T. Colpitts returned with family from St. Martinus on Wednesday last, it was accompanied by her niece, Miss A. V. Black, who will spend the winter here.

Miss Kate McKenry, daughter of the Rev. Mr. John McKenry, a former pastor of St. Andrew's church at Kings, is visiting friends in Yarmouth and is being warmly received by her many former acquaintances.

Mr. E. F. Jenner left on Monday for Halifax accompanied by his mother Mrs. E. Jenner of Oxford, England, who has been spending the summer here.

Miss Dechman and her sister Miss Hannah Dechman who were in Truro last week attending the teachers' convention, returned Saturday.

Mrs. James A. Fraser and her daughter Miss Jennie who have been spending the summer in Goldenville, returned to their home in New Glasgow Thursday.

Miss Grace McDonald of Shubenacadie leaves this week for Boston where she will spend the winter with friends.

Mrs. James A. Fraser and her daughter Miss Jennie who have been spending the summer in Goldenville, returned to their home in New Glasgow Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Deacon for some days last week.

Miss Gertrude Evans returned on Thursday from a lengthy visit to friends in Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Mathews and Miss Nellie Harper attended the S. S. convention at Chatham last week.

Mrs. Robinson of Montreal is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. V. Bonquet.

Mr. (Dr.) White and Miss Adams of Moncton spent Sunday at Mrs. White's home "Riverside."

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co. Three Trips a Week BOSTON

Commencing Sept 11th the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lunenburg, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY returning at Standard.

Returning will leave Boston same day at 8 a. m. and Portland at 6 p. m. for Eastport and St. John. On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch at Portland.

Commons made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. G. E. LAKEHOLTER, Agent.

Wedding CAKES

We send them by Express. Safe arrival guaranteed.

They are of the finest quality, covered with our celebrated almond icing and handsomely decorated.

The largest Catering Establishment and Wedding Cake Manufactory in Canada.

Harry Webb Toronto

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

Everybody can afford to eat Oysters at the following prices: P. E. I. at 60 cts. per quart. BUCODOCHE at 50 cts. per quart. NORTH SHORE at 40 cts. per quart.

Clams shelled fresh every day at 10 cts. per quart. Delivered to any part of the city. Telephone 166. J. D. TURNER, 19 and 23 King Square.

Sticky Fly Paper, Insect Powder, Fly Pads, 5 and 10c. A Package at CROCKETT'S,

Cor. Princess and Sydney Streets

Spring Lamb, Turkeys, Fowl and Chickens.

THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market

CONSUMPTION.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent free by express. Give Express and Post Office address. J. B. STOEHL, 25 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec, Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Borel, Niagara, Kawartha and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch, Red Bay, St. John's Bay, and Amalopolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 200 seconds.

Connections made with responsible Express Companies serving the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly from Europe via Canada, Europe via Halifax.

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the following system of Steam Navigation, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and New Orleans.

Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with dispatch.

Freight collected from goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa. J. B. STOEHL, H. C. GREIGT, Asst. Supt.

KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS

1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

Genuine and Guaranteed by the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.

TRUSSES.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, ANKLETS AND SUPPORTERS.

A FULL LINE

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, No. 85 King Street, St. John.

Fine Residence Grounds for Sale.

The beautiful residence at present occupied by Walter Bradner named "Westwood," St. Stephen, embracing five acres of well cultivated land, including a splendid garden is for sale.

The larger portion of the purchase money may remain on mortgage. All information as to terms can be obtained upon application to Mr. Bradner.

Poor Tired Feet.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO. Dear Sirs: A member of my family being a good deal on foot, found it necessary to obtain or do something for the feet.

A friend who had obtained relief not only from neuralgia, but from "tired feet," suggested your MINARD'S LINIMENT. It gave immediate and great relief.

At a time when many unworthy preparations are being pushed, I consider it a public benefit to speak a good word for a meritorious article.

Yours very truly, JOHN CAMERON, Founder and publisher London Advertiser.

Sleights and Pungs

Let us send a catalogue to you.

Price & Shaw.

222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B.

St. George.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Fairweather and family have returned from visiting Mrs. Fairweather's mother in Somerville, Mass.

Mrs. Lawson of Shubenacadie, who has been visiting Mrs. Y. C. Lamb, returned home on Saturday.

Mrs. Webster, of Peticodiac, is visiting her friend, Mrs. Partelow.

Mr. J. Daly and bride, of Boston, are visiting Dr. J. J. Daly.

Miss Beer, of Charlottetown, who had been visiting friends here, returned to her home on Monday. On Thursday evening of last week Mr. and Mrs. ...

What! Limping Yet! Why should you go limping round when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor will remove your corns in five days? It will give almost instant relief and a guaranteed cure in the end. Be sure you get the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor, made by Folson & Co., Kingston, for many substitutes are being offered, and it is always better to get the best. Safe, sure, painless.



DISEASED LUNGS CURED BY TAKING AYER'S Cherry Pectoral. Highest Awards at World's Fair.

PHITODIAC. Oct. 22—Rev. E. J. Grant of Sussex gave a very interesting lecture on the baptism church on Friday evening.

WAMPON. Oct. 23—Mrs. A. W. Melick, St. John, spent Tuesday with friends here.

WOODSTOCK. [Phonograph is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Louns & Co.]

A BAD BREATH INDICATES A BAD STOMACH WHICH MEANS INDIGESTION.

K. D. C. CLEANS THE STOMACH AND SWE TENS THE BREATH, AND BRINGS SOLID COMFORT. A TEST PROVES IT THE BEST.

K. D. C. CO., LTD. NEW BRASSLOW, N. S., CANADA AND 127 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Mrs. Geo. Anderson who has been spending a few months here returned home on Thursday.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Phonograph is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Truitt, and at the bookstores of R. S. Dargatzis, S. Wall and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at C. F. Treat's.]

PHITODIAC. Oct. 23—On Wednesday evening of last week, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young were surprised at their handsome home "Dover Hill" by a visit from the ladies and gentlemen who were their guests on a yachting trip in September.

WAMPON. Oct. 23—Mrs. A. W. Melick, St. John, spent Tuesday with friends here.

WOODSTOCK. [Phonograph is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Louns & Co.]

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K. D. C. CO., LTD. NEW BRASSLOW, N. S., CANADA AND 127 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.



IT MAKES HOME BRIGHTER. The last glow of sunlight at the close of "wash day" falls on a cheerful home where Sunlight Soap is used.

SUNLIGHT SOAP. N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B., Agent for New Brunswick.

Clerke and Daisy Lindow were welcomed as new members. Mrs. Howard Black left on Monday for an extended visit in New York city.

WAMPON. Oct. 23—Mrs. A. W. Melick, St. John, spent Tuesday with friends here.

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silver sugar shell; Miss Sadie Moore, chandler; Mrs. H. Thompson, painter; Mr. and Mrs. Manilla, the grocers; the bride was a pair of silver driving gloves.

PHITODIAC. Oct. 23—Miss Averd was in town on Saturday, the guest of Mrs. M. Freese.

WAMPON. Oct. 23—Mrs. A. W. Melick, St. John, spent Tuesday with friends here.

WOODSTOCK. [Phonograph is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Louns & Co.]

A BAD BREATH INDICATES A BAD STOMACH WHICH MEANS INDIGESTION.

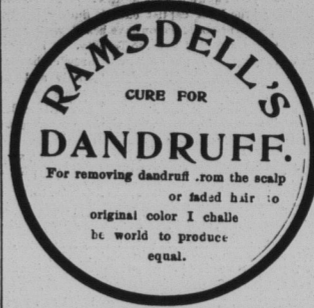
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K. D. C. CO., LTD. NEW BRASSLOW, N. S., CANADA AND 127 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

ASK YOUR DRUGGISTS FOR IT.



MANUFACTURED AT 87 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests.

Pineal Syrup. BOTANICAL REMEDY. A Certain Cure for Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Cholera Infantum, &c.

INFORMATION. A certain cure for dysentery, chronic diarrhoea, cholera infantum, &c.

Ontario Business College. Most widely attended in America.

J. & J. D. HOWE, MANUFACTURERS OF CABINET FURNITURE.

SHARPS BALSAM. CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS.



Pacific Express. rain, leaving St. John at 4.00 p.m., standard time.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 9th September, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave St. John: Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax, 7.00.

Trains will arrive at St. John: Express from Sussex, 6.30.

Dominion Atlantic R'y. THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE RY. BETWEEN ST. JOHN, HALIFAX AND BOSTON.

STEAMER CLIFTON. On and after Monday, Oct. 25th, steamer Clifton will leave here.

THE YARMOUTH Steamship Co. The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

FOUR TRIPS A WEEK. from Yarmouth to Boston, Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in company.

SHARPS BALSAM. CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS.

SO JIAL AND PERSONAL

[Continued from Fifth Page.]

Miss A. Harding left this week for Montreal where she will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. F. H. Barr.

The marriage of Mr. A. Chipman Ritchie and Miss Helen Ewing daughter of Mr. William Ewing took place as a quarter past six in St. David's church last Wednesday morning. Rev. Dr. Bruce officiating. Miss Emma Godard played the wedding march; the bride who had no attendant, was attired in a navy blue serge travelling dress with a white rose. The wedding was very quiet only the immediate friends being present. Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie left immediately after the ceremony for a trip to the United States. They were presented with many handsome remembrances from their friends, among them a silver from the Macdouglass quartet of which Mr. Ritchie is a member and a beautiful engraving from the choir of St. David's church. After their return Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie will live on Richmond street.

Mrs. Margaret and Mary Hare left this week for Wallingford, Mass., where they will take a course in training for nurses.

Mrs. J. A. Eussel of Windsor who has been visiting here returned home last week.

Mrs. D. L. Tris of Petticoat was here for a short time last week.

Mrs. G. G. Jones has returned to Petticoat after a lengthy visit to city friends.

Mr. and Mrs. David Cochrane who have been visiting N. B., and N. S., were in this week on their way home to Richmond.

Misses Kill and Cook of Parrboro were here for a short time lately.

Miss Conrad of Halifax was a guest of the Misses Trask for a short time went to Annet Wednesday afternoon.

Dr. T. D. Walker who has been visiting Boston returned to the city Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. James Robertson and the Misses Rober son sailed from Liverpool for St. John, on the Parisian, Thursday afternoon.

Mr. J. S. Harding spent Friday and Saturday of last week in Digby.

Mr. Budd Dakin of Digby who spent his vacation here has gone home.

Mrs. Meick and her daughters Misses Louise and Catherine have returned to Cambridge, Mass., after an extended visit here.

Mr. George Nichols of Digby has come to St. John for the winter to pursue his law studies.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Sand of Calais who spent the summer in Nova Scotia were here on their way home for a few days.

Mr. Kinman of Digby has been paying a short visit to city friends.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Fuller of St. Stephen have been visiting friends here lately.

Rev. O. S. Newman of St. Stephen spent a part of his week in town.

Mrs. A. W. Melick spent Sunday with Hampton friends.

Rev. Messrs Raymond and Davenport spent a short time in Hampton lately as guests of Rev. Mr. Dickison.

Mrs. Parker and Miss Parker of Newcastle were here for a short time this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Flint of Stockton, California are among the city's visitors this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McAvity of Hampton were here this week to attend the funeral of Mr. McAvity's sister, Mrs. Fulton Beverly.

Mrs. Tyril who has been here for some time with her parents Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Carey left Wednesday for Ottawa.

Miss May Hamilton who has been a guest in Mr. B. Bingham's family returned to Ottawa this week.

Mrs. E. L. Bigness and family who have been visiting Ontario friends returned home this week.

North End.

Mr. and Mrs. George Miles returned last week from a very pleasant trip to Boston.

Miss Beese Skiller, of St. Martins, has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. D. Brown, for the past three weeks, and returned home on Thursday last week, after spending six weeks with friends here.

Miss Aegle Chalmers entertained a few friends last Friday evening.

Mr. Andrew Myles, of Woodstock, spent his week in town.

Mr. Edwidge Peden returned last week from Boston, where he has been spending two or three months.

On Monday evening Mrs. Fred Hea and Miss Sweet gave a delightful whist party to a number of their friends. The affair was in honor of the Misses Peck, of Brooklyn, who are visiting Mrs. Hea. The first prize were won by Miss Peck and Mr. Walter McMackin, while Miss Susie Peck and Mr. Arthur McMackin were presented with the booby prizes. Refreshments were served during the evening.

Mr. Walter Brown left this week to spend the winter in Boston.

Friends regretted very much to hear of the death of Mrs. Fulton Beverly, which occurred on Monday. Although Mrs. Beverly has been very ill for some time past, her death came suddenly, and the bereaved family have the sincere sympathy of many friends. The remains were taken to Stone church where service was conducted by Rev. Mr. DeSoyes, and from thence to the rural cemetery. The floral tributes were very beautiful. NYZIA.

MONCTON.

[Phonograph is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, at the Central Bookstore and at Jones Bookstore.]

Oct. 23.—The past summer, and the present autumn have been so very quiet in society circles that there is a growing feeling of discontent amongst the younger population and a general yearning for a little excitement. Two bazaars and a large number of quiet weddings have constituted the gayeties of Moncton for some months past, and now the project of a large subscription ball to take place in the roller rink early next month, is being seriously discussed. The idea is a capital one and it is to be hoped that it will materialize. The rink is rather large for such an affair it is true, besides being decidedly cold at this time of year, but the mere sight of the floor suggests dancing to the frivolous mind and perhaps some inspiration as to heating may strike the managers between now and then.

Mrs. E. G. Evans of Hampton spent a few days in town last week the guest of Miss Maud Taylor.

Miss Jean Thomson of Newcastle who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hewson of Alma street returned home last week.

Miss Weldon left town on Thursday for Charlotte, town to spend a month with her sister, Mrs. W. T. Higgins of that city.

Mr. F. S. Archibald left town on Monday for Foston to be absent a week or ten days.

Miss Janie Harris student at Mount Allison Ladies college, spent Sunday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Harris of Steadman street.

Mrs. W. B. Knight and Miss Knight returned on Thursday from a long visit to friends in Boston and other New England cities.

Miss Trizy Hamilton daughter of C. F. Hamilton of Shediac Cape left town on Monday evening for Ottawa, where she will spend the winter. As Miss Hamilton always spends one half of the year in Moncton she will be greatly missed this winter amongst the young people of our city.

Miss Benedict of Seckville Ladies college spent last Sunday at her home in Moncton.

Mrs. Hall of Montreal who has been visiting her son Mr. Grant Hall of the I. C. R. for the past few weeks returned home on Tuesday evening.

Mr. George T. Dibbles of Fredericton paid a short visit to Moncton this week.

The numerous friends made Rev. W. W. Weeks pastor of the First Baptist church during his two years residence in Moncton have heard with regret that he has accepted a call to Toronto. It is understood that the climate of New Brunswick has not proved congenial to Mr. Weeks' family and that this fact has largely influenced him in his decision. Mr. George McCurdy of Boston, son of the late J. G. McCurdy of this city, and himself a Moncton boy is now visiting his old friends.

Rev. E. B. Hopper's many friends will be sorry to hear that he is suffering from a severe attack of nervous prostration. Mr. Hopper was unable to continue the morning service on Sunday and his friends hear he will be obliged to give up work for a time and take the rest he needs.

Mrs. Miles of St. John is spending a few days in town the guest of Rev. John and Mrs. Read of St. George street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Benedict have left Shediac where they have been spending the summer, and taken possession of their new residence on Harpur avenue.

Mrs. W. J. Weldon left town on Monday to spend a month with her daughter, Mrs. G. M. Blair of Toronto.

Mr. Holmes of Halifax is a recent and welcome addition to our rather limited stock of young men. Mr. Holmes comes to this position in the office of the chief engineer of the I. C. R., and will doubtless realize before long the many advantages of a young man to come to.

Miss Tina McKenzie of Boston is spending a few weeks in town visiting her brother, Mr. W. B. McKenzie of the I. C. R.

Mrs. Benedict of Washington is visiting her son Mr. J. S. Benedict of St. John, and intends remaining all winter in Moncton. YVAN.

NEWCASTLE.

[Phonograph is for sale in Newcastle by Perley Fleming.]

Oct. 23.—Miss A. McLennan who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. William Hickey for the past six weeks returned to Montreal on Friday.

Mr. Clifford Fish has resumed his studies at McGill University.

Mrs. and Miss Parker left on Wednesday morning for New Brunswick where they will spend the winter. There are many friends in Newcastle in wishing them a most enjoyable visit.

Miss Eastman who has been visiting Miss Annie Nicholson returned to her home in Petticoat on Monday.

Mr. Clarkson Brown left on Wednesday night for Aspen Colorado followed by the best wishes of his friends who hope to hear of his success in the far west.

Miss Johnston of Campbellton is visiting Miss Maud Fleming.

Miss Estabrook of Seckville is the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. Lane.

Mr. McLaughlin of Montreal spent several days in town last week.

Mrs. (Dr.) Spruel has returned from Sussex. Mrs. Herbert Ramsay of Bathurst is visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Lane have taken rooms at the Waverly where they will remain for the winter.

Mrs. Manny had a small company last Friday evening in honor of her guest Miss Kingsley, St. John.

Among those who attended the Provincial Sunday school convention held last week in Charlottetown were: Rev. James Croft, Mr. and Mrs. T. Clark, Mr. George N. Clark, Mrs. Bertie Weir, Mrs. Louisa, Mrs. James Troy, Mrs. M. C. McLaughlin, Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. McAllister, Mrs. Reid, and Lonsbury.

There was a very quiet wedding in New Brunswick on Tuesday morning when Miss Emma Flett, daughter of Mr. Enoch Flett was united to Mr. John Bessie Derby, of New Brunswick. The bride was attended in a pretty wedding gown by her sister, Mrs. Betty left by the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Betty left by the groom. The bride was attended in a pretty wedding gown by her sister, Mrs. Betty left by the groom. The bride was attended in a pretty wedding gown by her sister, Mrs. Betty left by the groom.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Morris are at the capital attending the Sunday school convention.

Mrs. (Judge) Macleod is spending this week in Charlottetown.

The Misses Mill have gone to New York, where they will remain visiting friends for some weeks.

The residence of Mr. Robert Way was the scene of a pleasant event last Wednesday morning when his eldest daughter, Miss Elizabeth, was united in marriage to Mr. John Ramsay of the Hall manufacturing company. The bride was attended in a pretty wedding gown by her sister, Miss Madge Way who wore a most becoming dress of a delicate shade. Mr. Edward Manson supported the groom. After the ceremony the couple left by steamer for their home in the United States. C. and B.

PICTON.

[Phonograph is for sale in Picton by James McLellan.]

Oct. 23.—Miss Ius G. Macdonald of Sherbrooke is visiting friends in town.

Capt. Thomas Taylor of Charlottetown is visiting his mother.

Miss Fulton of Stewacke is the guest of Mrs. G. S. Carson.

Mrs. Davis of Dartmouth is the guest of Mrs. Henry Isaac.

Mrs. A. J. (Rev.) Macdonald of LeCharbe is visiting Mrs. Robley.

Miss Florence MacKenzie of River John is visiting Mrs. Capt. A. MacKenzie.

Mr. George Murray has returned from Newfoundland.

Mrs. Quinn and Mrs. E. C. Baillie are visiting in Bridgewater, the guests of their sister, Mrs. (Dr.) Mack.

Miss Jennie Robley has gone to Hamilton, Ontario, to make an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. A. M. Mackay.

Miss Fowler of Providence who has been visiting her grandmother, Mrs. A. Henderson, for the past summer returned to her home last week.

Chief Justice Macdonald made a short visit to Picton last week to see his brother, Mr. John Macdonald, who was ill.

Mr. Russell Johnston is to occupy the house lately vacated by Mr. Blenkinsop.

Mrs. (Dr.) MacMillan was at home to her lady friends last Thursday. Some pretty gowns were worn, and many of the young ladies looked charming.

A few of the friends of Mr. J. K. Blenkinsop tendered him an oyster supper last Tuesday evening. Mr. Blenkinsop is recovering to St. John's where he is to be mechanical superintendent of the Acadia coal company.

Capt. Ambrose Lane, who has been visiting his parents for some time, left this week for England.

Miss Clarke of Tatamagouche is a visitor at Mr. James Carson's.

Many expressions of regret were made, while referring to the departure of Mr. Blenkinsop from our town, yet he has the assurance that his friends in Picton will long remember him.

Mr. James Thompson went to Windsor last week. Mrs. Martin of Providence, N. I. is visiting Mrs. James Yorston.

Mrs. Fergie of Westville is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Howard Primrose.

Mrs. T. M. Carmichael of New Glasgow was visiting in Picton this week.

Capt. David Kitchen of Barbadoes, N. I. is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. McMurray was at home on Tuesday evening to her young friends.

Mrs. Glennie and Mrs. George Glennie left for Boston via Montreal on Thursday morning. Mrs. McLean of River John is visiting Mrs. W. B. McLellan.

Mrs. J. Sim Harris and master Willie left Thursday morning on a trip to the upper provinces. Hon. George Murray of North Sydney, brother of Dr. R. L. Murray of this town is visiting here. Miss Grant of New Glasgow is visiting Mrs. James Yorston. YANTIFF.

DECEASED DEAD MEN.

Bodies from Abroad Are Sent to America as Specimens of Natural History.

"There was nothing unusual in shipping the body of the late United States Consul Benedict here from Cape Town as a first-class specimen of natural history," said an ex-attache of the consulate in London recently. "It would have been impossible to get it here in any other way. It is only within three or four years that it has been possible to bring bodies home from abroad for burial without practising some such deception as this. The steamship companies refused to take them. There was no reason for it, so far as I could ever learn, except that the sailors were superstitious. Sailors will not sail with a body if they know of it in time to leave the ship."

"The books of the United States Consulate in London and of several other consulates record instances of many distinguished American citizens sent home for burial as specimens of natural history. Of course, the purser of the ship and the consular officers interested always knew what the box contained, but the crew were kept in ignorance of it. I remember a distinguished bishop of the episcopal church, who died at the Langham Hotel in London, being sent home to Michigan packed in a piano case. Bodies were never packed in anything that looked like coffins. This body was sent on a German steamer from Southampton, and the band played merry music, as is the custom on those vessels when passengers are embarking, while it was lifted over the ship's side. The American Minister in London, who was a personal friend of the bishop, went with the body to see that it was safely aboard, and the band, thinking to please him, struck up ' Yankee Doodle.'"

"When an American dies abroad the United States consul in the town where he dies has all to say about the packing and shipment of the body. One of his clerks must be present when the coffin is closed, and place his official seal upon it. Otherwise a smuggler might take advantage of this method of avoiding duty on diamonds and jewelry by sending a body that would be put in Potter's Field here after it had served that purpose. The consul makes out an invoice for it in the usual form and sends it along as a first-class specimen of natural history."

"Not long ago a consul in one of the Midland towns thought he could evade his requirement of the law, and trust to his personal influence in New York to get his wife's body through for burial. But the customs officers insisted on opening the coffin at the pier, and it was kept in a hall of the residence and it was kept in the consul at considerable expense and trouble arranged matters with the consul General's office in London and the Treasury Department."

Dinner Pipes.

The rural dinner horn and urban dinner bell have a new rival in the shape of long pipes turned to the pitch of different musical notes and sounded by a mallet.

These pipes, which can be used in number from one to fifteen, are hung in a hall, the house of the readiness of the meal. The effect of the full, sweet tones resembles that of a cathedral chime of bells.

Bell's Latest Mechanical Device.

Alexander Graham Bell's latest mechanical device is in the line of practical utility, like most of his inventions. It is intended for the fishermen who are frequently cut off from their vessels by fog, and lose their lives as frequently by lack of drinking water as by exposure. The invention consists of a glass cylinder or

bottle, through the neck of which is a small rubber tube. The glass is submerged, and a brass cylinder, acting as a bellows, pumps the atmosphere into the submerged bottle. There it becomes condensed, and a supply of fresh drinking water is always to be obtained.—Boston Herald.

Making Gould's Money Fly.

Much comment is being made in Paris and at the fashionable French watering places over the extravagance of young Count Boni de Castellane, who, since taking up his residence in the French capital after his marriage with Miss Anna Gould, has already spent no less than 5,000,000 francs in the purchase of bracelets alone. This does not include the lavish subscriptions to all those popular funds soi-disant in behalf of charity, but which the Parisian newspapers organize for the purpose of advertising and boom their circulation, nor yet the sums which he has dropped at cards and on the race course.

When in addition to this, it is taken into consideration that he has purchased, without even making an attempt to discuss terms, several plots of land in the most valuable quarter of Paris, and that he is about to erect there, regardless of expense, a modern reproduction of Queen Victoria's Pavilion, it must be confessed that the young French nobleman is making the Gould dollars fly at a rate which would have considerably startled the thrifty creator of the immense Gould fortune.—Boston Transcript.

Flight of Rats.

Sailors have an idea that rats will forsake a doomed vessel, and several curious instances, tolerably well authenticated, have been reported of the rats leaving a vessel which afterwards came to disaster. It is a well-known fact that rats frequently desert a house about to fall and mines which are on the point of caving in. Miners have often been warned of coming disaster by the flight of the rats, and have left the mine in time to escape the impending accident. In both cases it is probable that rats were frightened by the settling of the beams of the house or of the pillars and earth in the mines. It is probable that their senses are much more acute than those of men, and the noise made by the settling of the earth and rocks in a mine would be perceptible to them long before it would be perceptible to the miners.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Get Rid of Rheumatism.

To effectually drive rheumatism out of the system, take a course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic.

To instantly relieve rheumatism pain, apply Dr. Manning's German remedy, the most successful of all pain relievers.

In these two suggestions lie the hope of even the most helpless victims of this disease. Present relief and speedy and permanent cure are involved in the use of the two great remedies mentioned. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is a most effective flesh and blood builder, blood purifier and nerve and brain invigorator. It restores the tonic and the German remedy, especially should the person afflicted with rheumatism turn to them at this season. They are sold by all druggists and dealers, each costing fifty cents per bottle, or six bottles for \$2.50, and are both manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd.) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

Extension of the Decimal System.

A modification of the decimal system, for the divisions of time and angles, is proposed by M. de Sarranton in the Revue Scientifique. The hour must be retained as the unit of time, because it is universally accepted and it is hopeless to try to change it. Every hour, however, is divided into 100 minutes and each minute into 100 seconds. The new minutes would be 36 seconds long, three-fifths of the old minutes, and the new seconds a little over one-third as long as the present seconds. Thus 8.33.48 would read 8 hours 33 new minutes of 48 new seconds. For angular measurements he proposes dividing the circle into 340 degrees instead of 360, with the same subdivisions in 100 minutes of 100 seconds as for the hour.

The Christian Era.

The Christian era was suggested or devised by Dionysius Exiguus, a Roman monk who in 527 began its use, and proposed that all public and private documents should be dated "In the Year of Our Lord."

It did not come into general use in France until the eighth century, nor in England until July, 816; in Spain it was not adopted until the eleventh century; in Portugal it was made legal in 1415; in the Empire of the East it was established by royal edict in 1453, a few weeks before the fall of Constantinople.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Extensive Concern.

There has been no industry in Canada developed so rapidly as piano manufacturing. Foremost among the numerous manufacturers are the Pratte Piano Co. of Montreal, formed of the leading financial and commercial men of that city, with a large capital, for the purpose of extending the substantial business carried on by Mr. L. E. N. Pratte for a number of years. That gentleman has built up a reputation all over the Dominion for probity and enterprise and the lifelong experience gained by him in the piano trade, has enabled him in the concentration of his efforts and to produce the very "Acme" of piano art which he has given to the public in the Pratte Piano.

The merits of this gem in piano art will be shortly exhibited to the residents of Halifax and St. John.

Railways in India.

The director general of railways in India reports that some forty-five different railway projects have recently been approved by the government and are now in course

NEW YORK

11 MILES



Send it Back

An old-fashioned way

of getting there. Slow and safe, but hard work. Most women, have got beyond this kind of traveling—found something better.

Now, why can't you look at that other old-fashioned proceeding in the same light—washing things with soap and hard rubbing. That's slow enough and tiresome enough, everybody knows, and it's not as safe as washing with Pearline. It's really destructive, in fact, the wear of that constant rubbing. Break away from these antiquated ideas. Use modern methods. Pearline saves at every point.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.

of construction. The various lines will, when completed, aggregate 6,163 miles of railway. The private enterprises are encouraged by certain concessions from the government, such as free use of land and provision of rolling stock. The Parliamentary Commission which has investigated into the resources of India has reported that 60,000 miles of railway are needed in India to develop the resources of the country.

From The Toronto Globe Sept. 29th.

Odorama is the name of the latest thing for the teeth, introduced into Canada by the Aroma Chemical Co. It seems to be meeting with the appreciation of the elite of Toronto at any rate, owing, no doubt, to it having been endorsed by well known professional experts as much as to recommendation from one to another. That it is a good thing is beyond question. That it will rapidly become popular is equally certain.

Cars Run by Storage Batteries.

Several lines of street cars are being run successfully in Paris by the storage battery system. The total weight of the cars driven in this way is 14.7 tons each. The accumulators used are of the Laurent cell type. Each car is fitted with two motors geared to run at a speed of 500 revolutions per minute. An ingenious attachment makes it possible when the car is running down hill to change the motors into dynamo, and thus to partly restore current to the storage battery.

It Surpasses All Others.

As the Priestley's surpassed all others in their black dress fabrics, so they have now surpassed themselves with their new creation, the "Eudora." Priestley's dress fabrics have a world-wide reputation for wear, for refinement and distinction of appearance, but the "Eudora" is a revelation of what the best taste can accomplish. A thing is perfect until something better is announced. The ladies were pleased with Priestley's Henriettas; they are in raptures over the "Eudora." It perfectly repels the dust; it has an exquisite sheen; it wears long; and it has extra width and weight. Wrapped on "The Varinised Board," and Priestley's name stamped on every five yards.

Gobbled by a Bird.

Mr. Borghvink, the antarctic explorer, says that during his recent expedition he and his companions composed a letter, upon "which we all carefully inscribed our signatures. This was placed in a small bladder which had been given to us for the purpose by the Norwegian Consul in Melbourne. It was then consigned to the waves, and we all leaned over the bulwarks to see the mail depart. Then, much to our chagrin, a large albatross dove in sight, and before our message had gone many yards the huge bird gobbled up the whole."

Terrapin Farming.

An enterprising citizen of Fulton, Fla., Mr. Hole, is a pioneer in a new industry for that State—diamond-back terrapin farming. In his pen, built in the water, he has 1,000 terrapins, and next year he expects to have five times that number. The Florida terrapin are of the same species as the Maryland terrapin. There is said to be no

CLAPPERTON'S

THREAD.

It has kept up with the march of progress.

Business Purchased.

Having purchased the business of the late Mrs. T. A. Vincent, I will pay all debts due the estate, and all persons owing to the same, will make immediate payment to the undersigned. JAMES V. RUSSELL.

"77"

FOR

COLDS

LIVING IN BARN

Is solid comfort, compared to our houses before the furnace fires are lighted. The discomfort of sitting in an unheated room is bad enough, but the cold that follows is ten times worse. To sit shivering in an office—or in a draughty lecture or amusement hall, is often equivalent to a winter's sickness.

In the midst of these dangers if you have in your pocket a bottle of "77," an occasional dose will prevent your taking cold.

"77" cures Colds, Grippe, Influenza, Catarrh, Pains and Soreness in the Head and Chest, Cough, Sore Throat, General Prostration and Fever.

"77" will "break up" a stubborn cold that threatens to "hang on" all winter. Be sure to get

H-U-M-P-H-R-E-Y'S

Dr. Humphreys puts up a specific for every disease. They are described in his Manual, which is sent free.

Small bottles of pleasant pellets—five year's stock—sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price, 50c; or five for \$1.00. Humphreys' Medicine Co., 111 & 113 William St., New York.



Weak, Tired, Nervous

Women, who seem to be all worn out, will find in purified blood, made rich and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla, permanent relief and strength. The following is from a well known nurse:

"I have suffered for years with female complaints and kidney troubles and I had a great deal of medical advice during that time, but have received little or no benefit. A friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and I began to use it together with Hood's Pills. I have realized more benefit from these medicines than from anything else I have ever taken. From my personal experience I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla to be a most complete blood purifier." Mrs. C. CHAMBERLAIN, 77, Cumberland St., Toronto, Ontario.

Hood

PROGRESS SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1895.

HIS EXCELLENCY ANGRY.

VICE ADMIRAL ERSKINE GETS A LAWYER'S LETTER.

The Funny Mistake of a Halifax Barrister Causes a Commotion—General Montgomery Moore Comes to the Rescue, Explains Matters and Pays Damages.

HALIFAX, Oct. 24.—A ludicrous mistake was made the other day by C. D. McDonald, one of the leading lawyers of this city. He mistook Vice-Admiral Erskine for some other man, or rather, it was another man who was mistaken for the vice-admiral. A client of McDonald & Jones was in a wagon standing at the side of the street when a carriage came up, driven by a coachman. The coachman's passengers were the Hon. Captain Colbourne and another, who, it transpires, was General Montgomery-Moore. Mr. McDonald and his client were shocked at the barbarous way in which the aristocratic coachman ran down the poor plebeian. Mr. McDonald knew Captain Colbourne well enough, and he thought he was aware of the bland and open features of Vice-Admiral Erskine. The crowd that gathered round echoed the words: "That's the admiral." A day or two elapsed and then the postman carried to the admiral's house a document, which was nothing less imposing than "a lawyer's letter." Often has "a lawyer's letter" brought dismay to the heart of the recipient. But Vice-Admiral Erskine was not terrified. He was angered, it disturbed his equanimity, so he says, to think that a lawyer should send "a lawyer's letter" to him, the commander of the North-American and West Indian squadron, especially when he was faultless of the charge. The vice-admiral says it was with feelings of indignation that he received the document and he determined a suitable revenge. The lawyer was to be made to suffer for his temerity. As a first step Vice-Admiral Erskine wrote to McDonald and Jones denying that his coachman had run down the citizen's team as had been alleged; administering a severe rebuke to the hapless lawyer and threatening to expose his conduct in the public press.

Mr. McDonald replied as if he was not afraid of the vice-admiral. He went so far as to half express a doubt whether or not the commander-in-chief of the North-American squadron was telling the whole truth, taking care, of course, to state that if he was varying from the path of veracity it was because he was under a misapprehension of the facts. The lawyer seemed of the strong opinion that his excellency was mistaken, and that his coachman had driven him over the poor citizen, whose damages were stated to amount to \$12. No admiral could stand such a second imputation as that. So his excellency's secretary was called in and a letter was penned which was intended to extinguish the senior member of the legal firm of McDonald & Jones. Satisfyingly his excellency dressed the lawyer down for having dared to write him such a letter without first having consulted him about the truth of the charges alleged, and hurling back some very severe language at the man who would seem to have half doubted the vice-admiral's first denial.

Lawyer McDonald, at last convinced, now lost no time in admitting his sorrow that some other man had been mistaken for Vice-Admiral Erskine, and regretting that his excellency had been put to any trouble in the matter. As soon as General Montgomery-Moore heard of the tilt between the lawyer and the admiral, and of the undisputed presence of Captain Colbourne in the smash-up, the general realized that it must have been his own coachman who had got so many distinguished people in a mess. On looking back he realized that it must have been himself who was seated with Captain Colbourne on that eventful afternoon, and not "the ruler of the seas." The general did not need a lawyer's letter to bring him into the arena. When he heard of Vice-Admiral Erskine's experience he promptly sent down, offering to pay the damages. All he wanted to be sure of was that the smash-up had caused the loss of the \$12 as alleged. There was not much difficulty in satisfying the general that he was not being cheated and the client was made happy.

About a Major and a Horse. The disinclination of some people to have anything to do with the law, even in a good cause, was made apparent the other day in the case of Major Waldron, an officer who for some time has been in this garrison. Major Waldron was driving on the St. Margaret's Bay road, where he saw Charles Oakley terribly ill on a horse. Oakley had over-driven and beat on the horse shamefully, and left him at the roadside to die. The Major with commendable promptness reported the case to John Naylor of the S. P. C. Before the case came up for trial a message was sent to Major Waldron asking him to come to court on a certain day and give his evidence against Oakley, which

was necessary to receive. The major thought he must draw the line somewhere so drew it at coming to the court house, and he sent a message back to the S. P. C. that he was going fishing and could not think of spoiling his day's outing by appearing against Oakley. The case might have been lost on account of this refusal, but the prisoner knew nothing of it and he pleaded "guilty," thinking there was no use aggravating the court by making a hopeless fight. Accordingly a conviction was entered up, and Oakley went out of the court house, if not a more humane man, certainly a poorer one, to the extent of \$15. There is no society more deserving of popular support than the S. P. C. It does a good work in the face of much opposition in certain quarters, but backed up by the best elements in the community. President Mackintosh enters heart and soul into its work, and what is more, he puts money and time into it. In John Naylor the society has an excellent executive officer, who does his work conscientiously and well.

Was an Honest Referee.

The appointment of a referee for last Saturday's football match between the Wanderers and Dalhousie brought out a strange state of feeling. W. D. Robertson, who is the best referee who ever gave a decision in Halifax, is an ardent member of the Wanderers club and a good football player. Dalhousie was so well satisfied with his work that they were strongly in favor of him for referee. Captain Grierson and some of the Wanderers players were also willing to accept Mr. Robertson, and the strange fact is that any should have hesitated regarding him. But it seems that Mr. Robertson's reputation for scrupulous honesty was so great that some of the Wanderers feared to have him act, dreading that in his desire to do right, Mr. Robertson might, in a very fine point came up for decision in his desire to be strictly impartial give the team from the opposing club the benefit of the doubt, rather than lay him self open to a possible charge of giving his own team the benefit of the doubt. So on those grounds the discussion stood: Dalhousians for Robertson the Wanderer, and many Wanderers against him. Falling Mr. Robertson, the students nominee would have John A. MacKinnon, a college player of a couple of years ago. Finally Mr. Robertson was unanimously agreed upon, and a marked success he made of his delicate duties. Both sides praised him. Dalhousie met her first defeat in three years at the hands of the Wanderers.

ENGLISH SCHOOL FLOGGING.

Masters Who Took Apparent Pleasedure in Flogging the Boys.

Keate, of Eton school, England, was a noted flogger, says a recent writer. On one occasion when a confirmation service was to be held in the school, each master was requested to make out and send in a list of the candidates in his form. One of them wrote down the names on the first piece of paper which came to hand, and which happened unluckily to be one of the slips, of well-known style and shape, used as flogging bills, and sent up regularly with the names of delinquents for execution. The list was put into Keate's hands without explanation. He sent for the boys in the regular courses, and in spite of all protestations on their part, pointed to the master's signature in the fatal bill and flogged them all there and then. Another day a culprit who was due for punishment could nowhere be found, and the Doctor was kept waiting on the scene of action for some time in a state of considerable exasperation. In an evil moment for himself a namesake of the defaulter passed the door. He was seized at once by Keate's order and brought to the back as a vicarious sacrifice—a second Sir Mungo Malagrowth. Etonians who were flogged by Dr Keate narrated their experience on the flogging block with a pride which savored of the heroic. They boasted of their master's prowess with admiration and spoke of the number of boys Keate could finish off in workmanlike style in twenty minutes. Rapid as the performance was, there was as much ceremony observed in the operation as possible. The Doctor was always most courteous both before and after his exercise, in which he was assisted usually by two colleagues, who held the ir companion on the block. At Winchester School in England the rod had a wooden handle about two and a half feet long with four grooves at one end, into which were inserted four apple twigs; these branched off from the handle at first at so great an angle that only one could touch the skin satisfactorily. This arrangement was soon altered by the masters and one of the juniors who was delegated to manufacture these switches was forced to twist them so as to form a stick; an arrangement of great disadvantage to the floggee. All of these English methods were well known in American schools in the early part of the century. Prior to 1880 the most common punishments in recent times were rapping on the knuckles with a ruler, shaking or turning as it was called, ear pulling, and bumping of heads. Another punishment much in vogue until late years was forcing a boy to lean over and hold his head under a table.

RAPID RACES TO FIRES.

A DEPARTMENT THAT TRAVELS A MILE A MINUTE.

It is on a California Railway and Goes to a Good Many Boxes—It Runs at a Rate that Would Astonish Chief Kerr—How Snowsheds are Protected.

There is here in California a Fire Department the existence of which is almost if not wholly unknown to 90 per cent. of the people, and this department protects property extending over a distance of forty miles and costing a million and a half of dollars. The property referred to is familiar to every one who has taken a daylight trip over the Central Pacific Railroad as it runs from the land of sunshine into the land of snow.

Owing to the heavy snowfall in the Sierra Nevada this railroad has been compelled to protect its track from winter blockades by building a series of sheds to cover it. These extend continuously from the little telegraph station of Blue Canyon to Truckee, on the eastern slope of the mountains, a distance of forty miles. In the winter the snow protects these sheds from all danger from fire, but when summer comes the wind and sun soon melts the covering of snow and rapidly dry the timbers, until by July the lumber in the sheds is as dry as powder.

As soon as this condition is brought about a spark from a passing engine or a forest fire, or a match lit by a malicious tramp may do untold damage, not only costing thousands of dollars for repairs, but blocking the road with debris so that all trains are stopped for days at a time. Several years ago the railroad company reduced the danger of fires being set by tramps by issuing orders to trainmen to let these genies of the road ride through the sheds whenever they boarded a freight train, and under no consideration to put them off until the sheds were safely passed. So this danger has been to a great extent removed, but others threaten which do not offer so easily a remedy. In spite of spark fences on the stacks of locomotives, sparks will rise, and there seems to be no way to keep the city camper from breaking camp and leaving his fire burning behind him.

When from these or any other causes a fire does start in the sheds, immediate action is imperative. Built as they are, they form a sort of funnel through which the air rushes with great force, and this draught is increased when a fire starts. The result is that the structure is consumed with tremendous rapidity, and stories are told of instances where a man could not run fast enough to keep ahead of the roaring flames. Then was to him if the fire is behind him and he does not succeed in finding an opening through which he can crawl to the outer world.

All of these dangers have been reduced to a minimum. The necessities of the occasion demanded a remedy, and this has been found in a system of fire alarms, patrols, and fire trains that probably surpass anything of the kind in the world; situated at distances of a mile apart throughout the entire length of shed-guarded track are placed unlocked electrical call boxes similar to those in use in the cities. On the face of these are inscribed the words "East—West—rock on track—shed down—train wreck—car off—slide—fire." Besides these there are thirty-four fire-alarm boxes, which are kept locked. These are used exclusively for fire. When an alarm is rung in on one of these a gong strikes the number of the box in Sacramento, 100 miles away, and on the different points where the fire trains are situated.

The forty miles of sheds are constantly patrolled by men selected for that purpose. Each man's beat is less than three miles long, and it is so arranged that he passes over it a short time in advance of every train. The most important of all, however are the duties performed by the fire trains, of which there are three. These trains consist of an engine and tender and two flat cars, upon which are mounted immense boilers filled with water. These boilers are decked over to afford room for the crew when at work on a fire. The regular crew consists of three men—the engineer, fireman, and brakeman. But when an alarm is rung out this is enhanced by picking up the nearest section gang. Of these fire trains one is stationed at Blue Canyon, another at Summit, and a third at Truckee.

Whenever a patrolman discovers a fire in a shed he hurries to the nearest box and turns in the alarm. Instantly the number is sounded on a huge gong in Sacramento and at fire-train stations. The crew of the fire train nearest the point of danger spring to their places and await orders from Sacramento. At the latter place the train dispatcher seizes his key and sends his orders along the road to sidetrack all trains. A few minutes pass and the word comes flying over the wire that the last train is out of the way. The dispatcher then strikes the key "Track clear; box 28; go." The engineer seizes the throttle, the



Fire train moves out on the main track, starts for the scene where it is to do battle. The nerves of every man in the crew are strung to the highest tension, for these men well understand that they are about to make a run at the rate of sixty miles an hour, down the side of the mountain and around the curves so abrupt that it seems almost impossible that the engine can stick to the rails. As the train gathers headway the engineer begins an incessant blowing of the big whistle with which the engine is equipped, and whose sound is familiar to every railroad man in the mountains. At the first sound of this whistle every one within hearing springs from the track and hugs the side of the shed, for he knows that there is no time for hesitation, and that in a few moments the train will bound past him like a cannon ball.

In 1877, J. A. Fillmore, general superintendent of the Southern Pacific, had occasion to reprimand "Johnny" Fitzgerald of the Summit fire train, who is the oldest fire train engineer in the service, for not flogging fast enough. A few weeks later Mr. Fillmore happened to be at the Summit when an alarm was rung in from Emigrant Gap, twenty-two miles away. He thought he would like to make the run, and so he boarded the engine. "Johnny" saw his opportunity and determined to make the most of it. As soon as the words "clear track" were received, "Johnny" pulled out, and throwing the throttle wide open, let her go. In less time than it takes to tell it, the train was running a mile a minute. Open places in the sheds a hundred yards in extent seemed little more than flashes of light, and the Cascade bridges were crossed with such speed that the train seemed to leap them, as a greyhound does a fence. Mr. Fillmore sat perfectly still, except that once or twice he asked the engineer to test his air. In twenty-three minutes they had made the run of twenty-two miles, and when "Johnny" turned a look at the superintendent, expecting to get a ripping up the back, Mr. Fillmore said cheerily, "That's the way to go to a fire."

When the scene of the fire is reached the train is stationed as near as possible to the burning timbers, and the battle begins. The method pursued is the same as is used by city fire departments. Two streams of water are thrown against the flames, and it is rare that the fire is not under control in less than twenty minutes. If the wind is against them the engineer must be careful not to let his train get too close, and the axe and pick men who toss aside the burning timbers must look alive that the weakened sheds do not fall upon them.

Several years ago a freight train ran into burning sheds so suddenly that the engineer and fireman were compelled to abandon their posts, and before the flames were extinguished their engines were entirely destroyed. This happened on account of the fire being in sheds immediately east of a tunnel. The freight train with two engines attached, was east bound, and had left the last telegraph station west of the fire before the alarm was sounded. The engineer of the head engine saw the flames as he approached the exit of the tunnel and reversed his lever, but, seeing that it was too late to stop, called to the others, and they jumped. No one was injured, and the cars were saved by uncoupling them and running them back.

It has been a number of years since there has been a fire of any consequence in the sheds. The largest fire that ever occurred was in 1878, when 5,000 feet one mile west of Summit went up in smoke. Johnny Fitzgerald had only been on duty one year then, and he said this was the hottest and hardest fire he has ever had to fight, although the burning of No. 27 woodshed the following year was nearly as bad. During the intervals between fires in the summer the trains are used in wetting

"Now, I call that a Stunning Gown."

Of course it is; all dresses interlined with the new improved stiffening,

Sponge Crépon

are remarkable for their chic. The skirts hang just right and never become limp nor sag in the seams, and the set of the sleeves is perfect. It is also much in vogue for lining flaring capes, the fashionable sailor collar, reverses etc., and no matter how closely gowns are packed for travelling they keep their shape beautifully if lined with the light and uncrushable Sponge Crépon. White, slate and FAST black.

For Sale by all Dry Goods Dealers.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison, Manufacturers IN THE Maritime Provinces. AGENTS FOR THE... 413.3

SPANISH PEASANTRY.

They Are Said to be Fully a Century Behind the Rest of the World.

In Spain, a century behind the rest of the world, machinery has not been introduced; everything is done by manual labor. The tillers of the soil often have to go long distances to the work. Cottages are few and far between; the plains are far-reaching. They start before daybreak and return after nightfall. Tired with their long day they make a frugal meal and then to bed. Of home they really see nothing excepting on Sunday, their only day of rest and leisure. Very picturesque they look standing in groups about the villages, dressed in the long cloak that often sits upon them as gracefully as upon the noble.

Most of the people work in the fields, men, women and children, and not infrequently overwork themselves into ill health and shortened lives. All are simple and primitive, happy as people living under the sun and a generous climate generally are. Wisdom has taught them not to expect the impossible, and they are easily contented. Fun and laughter, a light heart and gay temper are the characteristics of the dwellers in the plains, healthy lives and influences which bear good fruit.

As a result of their toil many an acre, many a mile of the plain country will be seen at certain seasons gorged with the yellow flower of the saffron. This is in great demand in Spain; no kitchen is without a large supply, and it is said to cause the ugly yellow tinge that often distinguishes the Spanish features. Other crops known in the plains are Indian maize in great abundance, and garbanzos, or chick peas. The latter forms almost the staple food of the peasantry, and is supposed to have been brought into the country by the Carthaginians. This also will be found in most of the Spanish kitchens, laying the foundation to many of their dishes.—London Argosy.

Coming Down the Nile.

Some years ago an Englishman was coming down the river Nile, in Egypt, on a large boat loaded with grain, and the birds came off from every village and ate the grain piled on the deck. The Englishman asked the Egyptian captain of the boat, "who owns this grain?" The Egyptian captain said, "I own it." Then the Englishman asked why he let the birds eat up the grain. The Egyptian asked the Englishman, "who made the birds?" The Englishman answered "God." The Egyptian asked "whether grain was a food which God intended birds to eat;" the Englishman said "it was." The Egyptian said "can the birds sow and raise the grain for themselves?" The Englishman said "they cannot." Then said the Egyptian "let them eat. God has provided enough for both them and us."

PERHAPS YOU'RE THINKING

of Autumn clothes. Your Spring ones if cleaned or dyed will be just the thing. Of course they must be done up well, and that's the reason you should send them to UNGAR'S. Nothing is slighted there, but everything receives the care and attention necessary to satisfying the public.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS. 25-26 Barrington St. Boston, Mass.

ay, but hard and this kind better. t other old-me light—rd rubbing. ne enough, ot as safe It's really ar of that way from se modern at every s as good as* never peddled, of Pearl, he PVLE, New York. the precious, mor- difference in the hile Florida terrace taken from the by sell at from \$36 at \$20 a dozen; acts to make the orama. Canada? Because even for a few fending its hygienic ns and breath—est mouth tonic like using "Oid-and-uce. s fitted. vention the blind facility, using the st. The invention metal plate with nged in parallel is moved in mak- amer. r keep your food r by using only he only absolutely le, never cakes swappers, besides odicals, are pub- according to an e combined cir- said to be over man her and her before her RTON'S HREAD. t up with the rogress. urchased. business of the late Mrs. T. bts due the estate, and e are requested to make nderigned. AMES V. RUSSELL. RD. ic for the liberal patron- firm, and hope by strict at- a continuation of the AMES V. RUSSELL, to Mrs. T. A. Vincent. NE CURE'S A so that you need NOT g for breath for fear of me and get the FREE DELAWARE ST. TORONTO, ONT. College's Gerrard Streets, CANADA. most successful Business rates very moderate; from all parts of Canada; per week. If interested, OTT, Principals. NTED. AL MEN. an furnish hair and light 0 per month. Applicants 209 Co., Ltd., Brantford,

THE WHITE FEATHER.

One thing upon which the entire feminine portion of the garrison was agreed was that "that woman" (with the proper inflection) was the worst first in the regiment, if not in the department. Mrs. Bolton's offences consisted of a fashion of raising her appealing, tawny eyes that was melting to the heart masculine, of a tendency to the wearing of gowns of an unusually frivolous and giddy pattern, and of making her front porch in summer and her sitting room in winter the most attractive in the post to the male element. Then there was the matter of Wainright. Wainright was an accepted fact, and filled the intervals when Captain Bolton was at the barracks, at guard mounting, doing office of the day duty or stable duty, with untiring regularity. When Bolton was on scouts Wainright played squire-in-chief to this P. Bolton appeared to be the only one oblivious to the state of affairs; certain it was that it appeared not to trouble him that Wainright should be so evidently in love with the Captain's wife, yet the Captain was not a fool.

It was surmised that he drew some comfort from the fact that the situation was all on Wainright's side. Eleanor Bolton accepted, but did not encourage the man; her manner with him was of a part with that which she assumed toward men and things in general—one of sweet, pathetic indifference, lightened with a smile. Her very indifference goaded her maligners on. She so rarely rewarded their attacks by winning at the stings. Just at first, she had grown a little nervous, had made one or two attempts at conciliation, and had raised her eyes, misty with tears—pleading, yellowish eyes like those of a brown water spaniel—to those of scorn, dizzied again, thereby enraging him still further. But of late, within the last few months, she had taken no notice of such small slights as were put upon her, and had shown no disposition of tears or humility. There is no nature so pure that, by degrees, it cannot accustom itself to falling lower than at first it would have been deemed possible. What with Mrs. Bolton had begun in a desire for amusement and pastime was growing constantly more serious and more necessary. Having learned the power of her charms, she used it, and, as it grew apace, it needed more food to sustain upon.

Having won the submission of the many, she next required the adoration of the one. Wainright was of goodly mien, with more mustache than morals, understood her perfectly and pretended that he did not. He found favor in her eyes, above all others. She set her heart to please him, and in very little time he was at her feet. Then she did not know what to do with him. She knew that to have him forever at her side was not wise, but she hesitated to dismiss him. She was wont to think of him in the light of an opium habit, hurtful but not to be dispensed with. When he began to time his visits to the hours when his captain would be from home, she saw that she was on the edge of the precipice, yet she continued to walk beside it, and Wainright with her. Wainright was useful, moreover; he rarely let civil duties keep him from carrying out his part of cavalier servant, and he earned his one hundred and fifty dollars a month easily and with as little trouble to himself as possible.

Sometimes, in the rare moments when she allowed herself to think, Eleanor would wonder why she permitted to be toward whom she was absolutely indifferent, to influence her life for evil, when she had refused to be influenced for good by the man to whom she had by no means been indifferent in the past. Yet had he not influenced her? For two years his memory—not that he was in the flesh, but worse, dead to her—had been her moving spirit for what of good she had done and left; having known him, she was better. Then the realization that all this was but part of a hazy past, a sort of "aside" in the drama of her life, had caused a reaction. Why should she—who who was young—spend her best years in regretting? There was much ahead, a great deal yet to be enjoyed; and she began to live a life, that she told herself was pleasant.

She was thinking of this now while Bolton was at stables, and she awaited without anxiety Wainright's certain coming. She was looking over the last Army and Navy, which the mail orderly had just brought. The outside sheets were still wet from the snow that had fallen on them. She read over the personals:

Lieutenant John A. Strickland, 11th Cavalry, has been ordered to Philadelphia, Pa. Mon. Lieutenant Strickland has been absent on sick leave and recruiting service for over three years.

Mrs. Bolton read it over several times, not quite grasping the words, yet conscious of the meaning. Her lips felt cold and the blood hummed in her head. Then Wainright came, and was greeted with a smile even sweeter and gayer and happier than usual. Only twice she seemed a little absent-minded and did not answer a question, but she caught herself with a laugh. Wainright thought he had never heard her laugh so easily. He asked her if she had had good news.

"Very. The resurrection of one's youthful pleasures is always so sweet—intensely sweet; don't you think so?" This time Wainright did not understand her. Mrs. Bolton wondered what Strickland would have thought of her now, if he could have overheard what this brass-buttoned Adonis was saying to her, and what she was allowing him to say. Yet when Bolton came in from the cold, snowy, windy, outside world, his brother-at-arms and his wife were languidly discussing the outcome of the rifle contest, a topic which it did not occur to him was slightly threadbare.

And the affair went on apace, steadily developing. Even the men began to wonder what was coming. Strickland arrived. The day he drove into the post, the mules of his ambulance drew up, panting, in front of the commanding officer's, beside a sleighing party about to start off. Strickland recognized among the fur-wrapped figures that of Eleanor Bolton. She was humming "Jingle Bells." He wondered why her lips were so tightly drawn. He ascribed it to the cold; but it was not becoming. They had not been so of old. Of old she would be shocked himself impatiently that was that he was going to forget, as that merry woman in the sleigh evidently had.

Eleanor stopped her song to greet him. There was nothing more than the ordinary exchange of civilities; not even a covert

glance nor the tremulous smile of fiction. Strickland replied to her spoken hope that she should see him soon, that he would surely call upon her at the earliest possible moment.

Strickland found Wainright with Mrs. Bolton when he called on the following day; Bolton was at the troop quarters. After a time Wainright went away. When the Navy's blanket portiers had fallen behind him, there was a moment's pause—only a moment's—a look of inquiry on both sides, an understanding and resolve; when the ball of frivolities rolled on.

But in the next few weeks she thought a great deal, for two people. For Strickland's reasoning powers had left him, and he was back under the spell of years before—a noxious time now. There was only one thing of positive, unassailable good left to Mrs. Bolton; it was Strickland's respect; besides, his love was as nothing to her. She must keep them at all costs, but to do that she must give up his love, and it was very dear. He had said nothing as yet, but she knew that he soon would. The one man whom she had endowed with superhuman strength was about to show himself weak, and because of her. To stop his fall and her own would cost her much; but she would do it. Whatever the regiment thought, Strickland should always believe her to be a noble woman.

The moment when Eleanor Bolton put out her slender arm to stop the downward of two desperate creatures came sooner than she expected. She walked beside Strickland, kept a step with his irregular stride, for she was with him with ease; they had been strolling in the keen night air. Her hands tore the lining from her muff, but her voice was low and even.

"I am sorry you said that, Jack, but I knew you would. Perhaps it's just as well to have it over with. Oh, Jack, if you only could know, if you only knew; you have been unhappy, I've been a flirt, I know it; but I wasn't always so, was I? I didn't flirt with you, Jack, and you know it. I honestly fancied I was not worthy of you. I thought I was doing a painful duty. I was only seventeen, then, remember, and I worshipped you more than I loved you. Now—I love you more than I worship you. I thought that you had forgotten me, that's all. Do you know what I have done, Jack? (One is not a charming woman for nothing. The powers that be are like other men.) One of the powers took a fancy to me once, and I made use of it. Fred will be ordered away from here within a few days. I asked the power, as a special favor, to be taken away from this purgatory as soon as possible. He granted my petition. Of course, I didn't tell him why. I suppose he will think it's the climate. It's best so. But it is. You'll see it some day. There are others besides ourselves; a future as well as a past. The past is ruined; let's not ruin the future. Some time it will be over; we shall have outgrown it, I suppose. Do not hope so. I don't. Take me home now, and don't come to see me again. Look what I've done to my muff. I've torn out the lining. Here's a handful of feathers. There! One has blown on your coat. Are you going to keep it? All right. Some day you will find a little white feather among your papers, and you will laugh and blow it away. When you can do that we can meet again. Jack, say good-by!"

And the years passed, and the regiment still talked, and Mrs. Bolton's name was lightly handed even then, and Strickland was promoted to greater rank and pay. One day the wind found a little down feather among the papers in his desk and blew it away. And the feather was never missed.—The Argonaut.

THE LAW DID NOT APPLY.

It Was Not Anywhere when the Head of the House Was Pursued.

A patrolman on Wilkins street was passing the house of a colored man at midnight when he discovered the owner standing at the gate and accosted him with:

"Well, isn't this rather late bedtime?" "Sah," replied the man, "dar's sich carrying on in my house dat I can't go to bed."

"What's the matter?" "It's de ole woman, sah. I got home a jist a few minutes ago, an' she was sittin' up an' waitin' to pitch inter me fur bein' out so late. Dat's her smashin' de furnitur now. Doan' de law say a man shell boss his own house?"

"The husband generally bosses," replied the officer.

"Has dat woman got any right to pitch inter me?" "You must settle that for yourself. The law suppose you to be de head of de house."

"Dat's what I thought, sah. Yes, sah, I've de lead of dis house, an' I've gwine in dar an' determinate dat point or perish!"

"Don't proceed to violence," cautioned the officer.

"No, sah—no, sah—I won't proceed to no violence. I'll jist go in as de legal head of de house an' inculcate dat woman to stop dis misbehavin' or git out!"

The officer passed along and around the corner, but five minutes later heard a whoop and a yell, followed by the clattering of feet on the sidewalk behind him. As he faced about, the man he had been talking with nearly ran over him, and close behind him followed a colored woman with a bed slat in her hands. They were down the street and out of sight in a minute, but as the officer reached the next corner the colored man came across the street, breathing hard and limping on his leg and said:

"Reckon yo' saw it, didn't yo'?"

"Yes. Your wife was close after you, but you must have dodged her somewhere."

"Didn't yo' tell me dat de law 'sposes de husband to be de head of de house?"

"Yes, I did, but you seem—"

folks what ma's dat law hadn't nebber heard of my ole woman!"—Detroit Free Press.

HE WAS A LADY MAN.

Perferred To Repair the Roof Rather than Carry Buckets of Water.

Abijah Sleighton lunged into Captain Wheeler's little shop, and seated himself on a three-legged stool. "I declare to man," he said, languidly, addressing the active owner of the shop, who was mending a net. "It's distressin' to see a feller as lazy as m' wife's brother William!"

"William!" echoed the sturdy little captain in amazement. "Why, William is always tinkerin' somethin', so far as I can see. Ain't he fixed out your house with all o' conveniences an' contrived all manner of inventions to make things easy?"

"That's just what I mean," said Mr. Sleighton, with a doubtful expression on his sallow countenance. "William's whole mind seems to be set on making things easy, 'stead of keepin' up a siddy wrestle with 'em, same as I always have."

"Why, when William come back from 'follerin' the sea, an' I accepted of his invitation to come and make a home with us, pyin' a little somethin' each week, I explained to him jist how things was."

"I told him that the rain came through the roof so one in bad weather in the room where he'd have to sleep, but I told him jist where it come through, and showed him where I kep' the buckets to catch the water."

"Well, if you believe me, he never used them buckets but once an' that was the day after he come! He was so lazy that he got up and patched that roof the very next day, ruther'n' lit them two buckets back 'n' forth once or twice!"

"An' the same way with the pump. Ruther'n' stop across to Mis' Wilson's an' fill his pitcher of a mornin' that man tinkered on our pump till he got her to goin' again. Took him some of the best part of two days to git her fixed, but he don't begrudge time's long's he can save himself a few steps."

"An' the same way with the chickens; he's built a coop, ruther'n' have m' wife git a little exercise now and then chasin' the little critters off in the strawberry bed."

"I doan't know what we're comin' to," concluded Mr. Sleighton, as he opened the morning paper, from which it was his custom to spell out the news to the captain, much to the captain's distress. "I'm sure I doan't know what we're comin' to. William ain't made no headway with me as yet, but you get sich a lazy feller as that right in the house with ye an' live with him day after day, an' I'll be the firmest principles is libable to give way."—Youths' Companion.

SURPRISED BY THE FEE.

One Instance of a Lawyer who did not Put a Big Value on His Services.

Though yet a young man, Joseph Choate has for years been a leading member of the New York bar, says an exchange. He is a delightful story teller, and, as his tales generally relate to some incident connected with his own experience, they are never stale. His law practice is extensive, and, as he is not backward when it comes to the matter of fees, the following story told by him recently to a party of friends over the "coffee" at the Union League, is particularly good.

"Many years ago," said Mr. Choate, "I was at one time associated in a case with an attorney by the name of Paul, and another a Hebrew, whose name I will not mention, because of the fact that he is still prominent at the New York bar. Our client was a wealthy railroad corporation, and we obtained a verdict in our favor without much trouble. When we came to discuss fees, our Hebrew friend thought that we should divide about \$600. I thought that would be letting the railroad company off a little too light, and Mr. Paul simply rebelled.

"Very well," said our associate, "whatever you do do will be perfectly satisfactory to me. Just collect for the three of us, and send a check to me at your convenience."

"I told Paul to make out a bill for what he thought was right, and I would be satisfied. A few days later Paul collected \$6,000 from the company, and gave me \$2,000. Together we went to give a check to the Hebrew, chucking to ourselves at the surprise we had in store for him. Paul handed him the \$3,000, without giving him a word of explanation. Thinking that of course, it represented the fee for the three of us, he said:

"Way didn't you say this before coming here? I can't divide it into three parts."

"When informed that the check represented merely his share of the fee, he looked thoughtful a moment, shook his head, and quoted:

"E'en, almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

Our Girls Growing Taller.

There are indications that the American woman is gradually growing taller and higher, says an authority. Certainly there are more tall girls in Philadelphia than ever before. A few years ago the fashionable skirt length taken in the fashionable dressmaking establishments was 42 inches, and 42 inches was the length used for all the model gowns sent over from Paris. The model length has now increased to 45 inches, and the increase in other measurements is in proportion. The middle-aged American woman shows an inclination to grow broader across the hips and shoulders, and stouter and thicker through the arms; but the college graduate, the university woman and the debutante grow more gracefully vigorous every year. The typical college graduate is from two to four inches longer from the waist down than formerly. Her waist is getting longer, her chest fuller and her limbs narrower. The middle-aged woman grow corpulent and clumsy through indolence and indulgent habits of life, while the ever-increasing tendency toward athletic sports and outdoor exercise is improving the younger of the sex. The statuesque Juno type may yet express the American woman.—Philadelphia Times.

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ONE TEACHER WE HAD.

When the writer was a schoolboy—a laddered! many a long year ago—was sometimes had a teacher who possessed a genius for his vocation. "How rare men are," said Napoleon. How rare teachers are, say I. Most so-called teachers are mere word-mongers. They stuff the children's memorials with phrases; they plaster them all over with the leaves out of text-books. Dear, dear, the thing styled education is a good deal of a fraud, isn't it?

"Well, one teacher we had, his name was Young,—he was a teacher indeed. He would often lay the book aside and talk to us on the lesson, whatever it was, and set us to talking and asking questions. Goodness! how he did throw light on things. He made them seem like realities, not mere theories; and so he got ideas of arithmetic, natural philosophy, botany, &c., into our heads before you could turn a handspike. Ah! but he, was a teacher, not a stevedore. He sowed our minds with seeds, he didn't cover them with bones. They there aren't more like him.

The world is full of subjects that ought to be treated in his plain, luminous way. One of them is the appetite. People think they know what they mean when they talk of their appetite. They would define appetite as the desire for food. And so far they are right. If you stove could let you know when it needs more fuel, or less, to keep pace with the conditions of consumption, draught, &c., you would be saved many mistakes in the supply of food. Now the digestive organs, taken together, are a stove endowed with feeling. When they require fuel (or food which is fuel) you feel a sensation which you call appetite. When they require none you feel no appetite. What is the inference? Thus, eat when you have an appetite and at no other time, no matter what your reason says or what the doctors say. Nature shows her business better than they know it.

Of the thousand of letters received by us from people who have been ill, almost every one contains a statement to the effect: "My appetite was poor." "My appetite failed." "I had no appetite." "I loathed even the thought of eating," &c., &c. When you think of it, these are very suggestive words. No appetite means no food; no food no nourishment; no nourishment failure of the whole body; slow starvation; death. Every disease, no matter what name it goes by, kills at last by starvation. This is a fact, a fact, a fact. If you don't believe it you haven't thought deep enough to understand it. A lasting failure of the appetite is as dangerous as a cup of poison. It will soon produce poison and scatter it through your body like cholera germs in water. So look out! But why does the appetite fail? Why does it? Nature commit suicide? She doesn't. I'll show you that she does. Take a case—that of Mrs. Mary Ann Critchley, of 179 Martin Street, Leicester, who writes under date of May 10th, 1893.

"For many years," she says, "I was ill. My skin was sallow and the whites of my eyes turned yellow. My appetite was poor, and after eating the simplest food to sustain life, I suffered great pain. My stomach was empty and yet food seemed loathsome to me. In March, 1892, I had a dreadful attack. I could scarcely breathe, and had to give up all work. By and by I got so weak, that I could walk only a few yards without stopping to rest. The doctors and their medicines did me no good."

And so she goes on telling of how one bad thing followed after another, 1893, which the doctors who called consumption, instead of food. The digestive organs were sore, inflamed, torpid and virtually dead. They had knocked off work. When there is no water to run the mill what's the use of putting grist in the hopper? Nature was right, as she always is. "Cure the indigestion and dyspepsia with which your careless habits have afflicted me," said Nature, "and I'll let you eat again. If you won't do that you must die of starvation—which the doctors will call consumption, very likely." So nature talked.

"A neighbor," says Mrs. Critchley, told me of Seigel's Syrup. I used it and I have been in good health ever since. Now what does all this sum up? It sums up this: When your appetite fails, and you have one or more of the other symptoms mentioned, you are to conclude that Nature is whispering two words in your ear—Indigestion—dyspepsia. And your teacher—whoever dismisses the class—adds three at his own: take Mother Seigel's Carative Syrup.

A Texas New Woman.

Texas—a State which reminds the world frequently that it is "bigger than France"—has sent out to the press a remarkable series of very new women, snake charmers, train wreckers, bandits, brides, cattle queens, and dead shots are a few of them. Dallas produces, however, a woman who is the mother of nine children, who believes in the bicycle, who shot at and hit a prowling thief, who when she lived in Michigan, was a deputy recorder of deeds, was admitted to the bar, then went to Ann Arbor and earned a diploma as an M. D. Mrs. Helens Badder, the Texas woman of this story, in an interview says: "Between the professions, law and medicine, because I think it is no more a great departure from woman's ordinary sphere, and it draws out her fine natural sympathies and feelings. In the selection of an occupation I think a woman, like a man, should be left to follow her own inclination and talents. She should be guided solely by adaptability and reason."—New Orleans Picayune.

Full of steam.

It's the usual way on wash day—a big fire—a house full of steam—the heavy lifting—the hard work.

A KETTLE OF HOT WATER AND SURPRISE SOAP used according to the directions on the wrapper does with all this muss and confusion. The clothes are sweeter, whiter and cleaner than when washed the ordinary way.

Thousands use Surprise Soap this way, with perfect satisfaction: Why don't you?

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Advertisement for D.C.L. Scotch & Irish Whiskies and London Gin. Includes a bottle illustration and text: 'Always ask for D.C.L. Scotch & Irish Whiskies and London Gin. Proprietors: The Distillers Co. Ltd. Edinburgh, London & Dublin.'

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Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine. They are pure juice of the grape.

E. G. SCOVILL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B. D. D. DEAR SIR, My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and restorative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs we have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house. Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John Telephone 125. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.



Sunday Reading.

"BREECHES BIBLE."

Still in a Good State of Preservation Although 300 Years Old.

Lovers of the rare and unique in literature will be greatly interested in examining a volume which is found in the large collection which that enthusiastic book lover and collector, Charles F. Lauriat, has recently brought from Europe. This is nothing less than a copy of the famous "Breeches Bible," in the edition of 1599. Although very near to the 300th birthday, the old book is in the most perfect condition. It is not only clean, unstained, and thoroughly legible, but not a leaf is mutilated or wanting. The volume has two title pages, the first, or general title, running thus:

"The Bible, that is, the Holy Scriptures, contained in the Old and New Testament, translated according to the Hebrew and Greek, and conferred with the best translations in divers languages. With most profitable Annotations upon all hard places and other things of great importance, imprinted at London by the deputies of Christopher Barker, printer to the Queen's most excellent Majesty, 1599."

The title page is curiously engraved on wood, the title being surrounded by thirty compartments, containing the portraits of the apostles and the insignia of the leaders of the tribes of Israel. The title page of the New Testament is similar in design, the same block having been used, the text of the title only having been changed. The New Testament has copious marginal references, the manner of use of which is explained in a page most curiously worded and addressed: "The Printer to the Diligent Reader." After a careful description of his method of arrangement of these references the "printer" thus concludes:

"I thus have I faithfully done for thy commodity, respect thou the fruit and give the praise to God. Farewell."

Each page throughout the book is neatly red lined along the margin, top, bottom, and sides and through the centre, and the work having undoubtedly been done by hand in the most painstaking manner. Throughout the volume are scattered various curious illustrations on wood. One of these represents the hosts of Pharaoh pursuing the Israelites into the Red Sea; another is a bird's-eye view of the region about the Garden of Eden. Still another is a remarkable map of the land of Palestine. This edition of the Bible, it is well understood, receives its curious name from the remarkable rendering of the seventh verse of the third chapter of Genesis: "Then the eyes of both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed fig tree leaves together and made themselves breeches."

This curious copy of the Bible, interesting as it is, does not comprise all that is rare and attractive in the volume. Inclosed in the same binding, of the same size and general style of publication, are four other books. The first of these is a copy of the Book of Common Prayer, "printed by Robert Barker, printer to the King's most excellent Majesty, and by the assigns of John Bill, 1641." This is also red-lined throughout by hand, and is in an equally fine state of preservation. The second is a curious publication, the work of an expert genealogist. The title page reads thus:

"The genealogies recorded in the Sacred Scriptures, according to every Family and Tribe, with the Line of our Saviour Jesus Christ, observed from Adam to the Blessed Virgin Mary. By I. S. Cum. Privilegio. Anno Dom. 1638."

The title fully describes the contents of this interesting and curious work. This, too, is ornamented with woodcuts. In the "make up" of the volume these two books described precede the "Breeches Bible." Following it are two other works, the first of which is "A Brief Concordance or Table to the Bible of the Last Translation, serving for the more easy finding out of the most useful places therein contained. Carefully perused and enlarged by Dr. John Downname. B. in Divinity. Allowed by his Majesty's special privilege to be printed and bound with the Bible in all Volumes. London: Printed by William Du Gard for Nicolas Brown and are to be sold by Edward Dod and Nathaniel Ekins, at the Gun in Ivie-Lane, 1662."

The last of the books bound in this volume "The Book of Psalms, collected into English meter by Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins and others: contered with the Hebrew; with apt notes to sing them withal. Set forth and allowed to be sung in all Churches, of the People together; before and after morning and evening Prayer, as also before and after Sermon; and moreover in private houses, for their godly solace and comfort laying apart all ungodly Songs and Ballads, which tend only to the nourishment of vice and corrupting of youth." This early example of the combined hymn and tune book curiously enough, is undated and the printer's imprint is also wanting. It is, however, undoubtedly of the seventeenth century, and of about the same date as the other hymn books contained in this volume. The style of notation is curious. The whole forms a volume nearly three inches in thickness substantially bound in leather, richly ornamented in gold. Once

evidently, it was adorned with silver bosses and clasps, but these are missing. With this exception the volume is perfect.—Boston Transcript.

SOLD BY TABLET.

A Discovery Which is Further Testimony of the Accuracy of the Bible.

In the year 1884 a large number of Babylonian tablets were acquired by the trustees of the British Museum, one of which, having recently been deciphered and published, deserves to be specially noticed, as it throws considerable light on many hitherto obscure passages in Scripture history. The tablet is of unbaked clay, measuring 6 1/2 inches by 7 3/4 inches, and is inscribed on both sides in the Babylonian character with a complete chronicle of events immediately following upon the year 747 B. C.

This tablet begins with the reign of Nabu-nazzar in 747 B. C., and ends with the accession of Shamash-sum-ukin, who was a foster brother of Assur-bani-pal, 667, the famous Sardanapalus of Greek writers. In the early years Nabu-nazzar's reign a violent disturbance broke out in Borsippa, which was with great difficulty put down. During the revolt the statues of some of the gods were taken away, which led to further complications with the Babylonians. One Nadinu, who appears to have been the leader of the rebels, died, and peace was restored, but not for long, for we are informed in the next paragraph that the accession of Tiglath Pileser was the signal for another and more violent disturbance. Bands of Elamites, Moabites and nomads, began to flock in from all parts and overrun the country. Moreover, as the spirit of rebellion had spread as far as Phœnicia, there was great fear of the whole of Western Asia being drawn into a general war. At this point the tablet throws considerable light on a certain passage of Scripture. In 2 Kings xv. 19, we read: "And Pul, the King of Assyria, against the land, and Menahem gave Pul a thousand talents of silver, that his hand might be with him to confirm the kingdom in his hand." Now, there has been much controversy among historians as to the identity of this Assyrian Pul. No such king is known on the monuments, neither is a king of that name mentioned in the cuneiform inscriptions. The recently discovered tablets completely clear up this historical enigma. It appears that Tiglath Pileser adopted a policy similar to that followed in later times by Sargon and Sennacherib. This, which may be called the policy of reconciliation, consisted of allowing the Court of Assyria to reside for six months of the year at Nineveh and six at Babylon. This would naturally give satisfaction to the Babylonian as well as to the Assyrian portion of the population. During the six months that the court resided at Babylon everything was carried out in the Babylonian style. Now we find, according to the new tablet, that Pul is given as a Babylonian abbreviated form of the native Assyrian Tukulti-Pal-Uzur, which, of course, has come to be called by us as Tiglath Pileser. We have here, therefore, a solution of the Scriptural enigma; and we find that Tiglath Pileser and Pul are one and the same king.

The next important passage in the tablet is that concerning the death of Sennacherib and the accession of his son Esarhaddon. When Sennacherib ascended the throne we find that little by little the various foreign states which had become tributary to Assyria refused to send the annual gifts to Nineveh; and, moreover, Merodach Baladan, King of Babylon, attempted to free himself from Assyrian rule. Sennacherib, at the head of a large army, crossed the Euphrates and marched on to Babylon, leaving the administration of the home affairs to Esarhaddon. Merodach Baladan, on hearing of the approach of the Assyrians, fled to the markets, thus leading Sennacherib master of the situation.

Finding no further good could be done in Babylonia, Sennacherib invaded Elam, which was avenged by Hallusa, King of Elam, marching to Babylon and placing a certain Nergal-zizib upon the Babylonian throne. The tablet next informs us concerning the death of Sennacherib, and as this will doubtless be of the greatest interest, we will examine it side by side with the Scriptural account of the same event. In 2 Kings xix. 37, we have the account of Sennacherib's death given thus: "And it came to pass as he (Sennacherib) was worshipping in the house of Nisrech his god that Adramelch and Sharzer his sons smote him with the sword, and they escaped into Armenia. And Esarhaddon, his son, reigned in his stead." What says the tablet? Esarhaddon was the favorite son of Sennacherib, and when the king went out on his Babylonian campaign he left him as kind of viceroy in Nineveh. Hardly had Sennacherib left the country when a revolt broke out headed by two of his sons, against their brother. In column iii., line 34, we have the exact day and month of the assassination of the king given. "The month Tibal (January-February), the day 20, Sennacherib, King of Assyria, in a revolt his son killed him."

The month Adar (March-April), the day 18, Esarhaddon, his son, in the land of Assyria, sat on the throne." It is needless to point out the close connection between the tablet and the Scriptural account. Enough has been said to show that in this new and interesting discovery we have one more testimony to the general accuracy of Biblical history.—Manchester Guardian.

Authority of Jesus.

His authority was that of the truth itself. It applied to the human heart; it satisfied the needs of men who were weary of ritual and dogma. It answered the cry of hearts whose experiences had made them feel deo-

late and out-cast in the world. It had the authority and deep experience. The method of the divine instruction is the same for all of us—through the soul. The way to the deepest truth of the eternal must be trodden with bleeding feet.—R. V. M. D. Slutter.

SOIVING AND BEAPING.

The Story of a Lad who was Taught a Lesson to be Heed of by All.

Some little boys were playing behind the big barn on Mr. Thompson's farm, and, as usual to tell, they were using bad language; also two or three were trying to smoke cigarettes. Now it so chanced that Mr. Thompson himself was in the barn at this time, busy over the repairs needed by some of the farm implements; and, checked by hearing such words, accompanied by the smell of tobacco smoke, he looked out cautiously to see who were the boys so misconducting themselves. In a flash his grief at seeing his own son Willie with a cigarette between his teeth! And, all at once as his father's eyes fell on him the roll of paper and stale tobacco was removed from the boy's lips, while he used some of these very words which had so shocked Mr. Thompson.

Grieved beyond measure, the loving father resolved upon teaching his son a lesson which he should never forget. Early upon the following morning he called Willie down stairs to prepare for a day's work in the field.

"We will plant the corn today, my son. Come with me and I will show you what seed to use."

To the boy's surprise, Mr. Thompson led the way to the ash heap, and began filling his sack with the rubbish there accumulated. When the bag was full he gave it to his son, and proceeded to fill up another for himself: this done they took up their hoes and passed on to the cornfield. When the rows were already for the seed, Willie said: "Shall I run back to the house father, and get some corn to plant?"

"Certainly not, my son; we have plenty of seed here in these sacks;" and forthwith he proceeded to drop bits of trash into the ground he had so carefully prepared. Seeing Willie struck dumb with amazement, he asked: "Why are you not planting? You have an abundance of seed."

"But, father, you surely don't think corn will come up if you plant nothing but rubbish?"

"N, I don't think so; but you seem to be of a different opinion, and I thought I would try your way for once, to see how it would work."

More astonished and mystified than ever, Willie said: "But, father, I never helped you to plant before, so I don't see how I could have a different opinion or way."

"My son, I was in the barn yesterday when you and your friends were playing behind it, and I saw you planting the seeds of bad habits—seeds which cannot fail of yielding a large crop one of these days."

Willie hid his face in his hands, while his father talked kindly and earnestly concerning the harvest he must expect to reap by and by.

"Could I suppose you intended seriously to sow the seed of a bad character? No; I must infer that you expected to gather in a harvest of good things grown from the seeds of evil you were sowing; hence I am following your example. Now, my boy, let this thought sink deeply into your heart to-day; when you may reasonably hope to reap a crop of corn or wheat perfectly free from seed taken from that heap of rubbish yonder, then—not till then—may you expect to reap the harvest of a good character, an honored name, from the seed you were sowing yesterday—bad language and the use of vile tobacco. If you wish to be a good man you must be a good boy, for 'whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap.'"

"Indeed, I won't sow any more rubbish seed, father; but the other boys were all talking slang, and some were smoking."

"Well, my son, whenever you start out to plant any kind of bad seed, just stop and ask yourself, 'What shall the harvest be?—wheat for the Master's garden or tares for Satan?' You will be safe then. Now, we will go back and get some corn."—Christian Observer.

BRIGHTER DAYS FOR JOB.

The Turning Point in His Career When His Trouble Came to an End.

"And the Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends; also the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before." (Job xlii., 10.)

If this book of Job is to be taken as a faithful picture of life when the world was young, it would seem that the world is pretty much what it has always been. Men love and hate, buy and sell, fawn before the wealthy, and forsake a man in the days of calamity, just as they always did. Thirty centuries ago and more, this Idumean Prince becomes a puerper in everything but honor and integrity. Three friends alone are left of all the crowds who thronged his path in the days of his wealth and prosperity. They came to comfort him, but so readily did they blunder about the true condition of the suffering patriarch, and so strangely did they miss the mark at which they seemed to aim in all sincerity that they had become types through all the ages of men who aggravated where they should have soothed. It is wonderful how true to life this story is. As soon as the sun shines upon Job again, as soon as his wealth returns, when the day has come when he needs neither help nor comfort, then his friends and acquaintances came and besomoned, and consoled with him over the evil the Lord had done to him, and every man gave him a piece of money—when he was no longer in need of it—and every one an earring of gold. Such was

his! Such is life! And such it will ever be! But there is one point of interest in this ancient story. It was when Job had cast out all his hard feelings against his foolish friends that the Lord turned against his captivity, and the brighter days dawned. Under such provocation as Job endured, and yet there is no surer test of character than to be able to bear without a murmur the harsh and mistaken criticisms of those who call themselves our friends. But the good day came, when Job cast out all his hard thoughts and unworthy feelings, and bore up his friends in the arms of loving prayer. Then the darkness passed away and the end of Job's life was a sacred sunset of peace and rest.

SUNSHINE OF LIFE.

It will be for Us if We Walk Steadfastly in the Light of God's Law.

"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."—Ecclesiastes i., 7.

The sunshine of life is not a luxury, which the Great Creator in the abundance and prodigality of his counties has poured upon the path of man. That sunshine is a luxury, one dull morning, as a brief experience of clouded skies serves as sufficient proof. But sunshine is a necessity of life. Without light there could be no life. Where there is no sunshine there is no life, no joy no beauty. Let us dream if we care of a world all darkness and gloom! What a nightmare that dream would be! The simple poetry of our days of childhood described the sun in grand and changeless meter, lighting the pathway of all the children of men. The rhyme was simple, the lesson was sublime:

My God, who makes the sun to know
If a proper hour to rise
And to give light to all below
He sends him round the skies.

The more thoroughly we inform ourselves of the wonderful part the sun plays in our life, and joy, and delight, the more thoroughly shall we appreciate the bold song of the Psalmist, "God is a sun and a shield, he will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold from those who walk uprightly," and still more shall we learn the deep and widespread meaning of the words of Jesus when he says: "I am the light of the world." But to come back to Solomon, "Three thousand years ago the Poet Prince of Israel, who had reached the sunset hours of a remarkable life, walked out into bright and cheerful sunshine and rejoiced in his old age; it he could be the mind as well as body in the sweet calm light of the morning, or gaze upon the sun as from east to west, he marched along the sunny pastures of the firmament." It is indeed sweet to walk in the light. It is a pleasant thing to gaze upon the sun that every morning comes to "make all things new," and travels on till over the western hills he passes from our gaze. We do well to prize the sunshine of life, and if we are wise and walk in the light of God's law we shall make our lives full of that brightness that never sets, but shines on "more and more," unto the perfect day. And the more we walk in the light the brighter and the sunnier will be the path of all those who are journeying with us to the unclouded day.

The Chance to do Right.

Whatever God may deny us, he never denies us the opportunity to do the right thing. This thing may be our going forward or our holding back, our acquiescence or our refusal. He leaves it to us to decide, and this is our opportunity. Sometimes the opportunity is to become poor, sometimes it is to become rich. Sometimes it is to live, sometimes it is to die. But it rests with us to make the circumstances in which we are placed our opportunity to do the right thing, and to take it. God often shuts the door in our face in order that we may go through another one which he has opened. He knows that the closed door is the one that we want to go through. But sometimes he permits the opening of a door which he knows and we know we ought to enter. He thus puts us to the test by allowing us the opportunity of keeping out of it. And there are times when he closes all doors in order that we may have the opportunity of patiently waiting and persistently knocking until it is opened. No one can complain of this lack of opportunity, for he is pretty sure to be in one or another of these cases.—Dr. Peabody.

Infidels and Good Works.

Infidels sometimes say that the milk of human kindness runs through their veins, but no college has ever received an endowment from an infidel, Girard was not an infidel, and although he prohibited the entrance of preachers of the gospel into the college which he endowed, he desired the trustees of the college to have the students instructed from the best books of morals. The trustees unanimously decided upon the Bible as the best book of morals, and it is used in the college. The Bible was not mentioned in the will of Girard. No hospital, infant asylum or other charitable institutions was ever endowed by an infidel, but churches of all denominations have these institutions and care for them.—Rev. L. S. Ryder.

Society Lies.

The masses are disposed toward the belief that lies can make one rich, give one position in society, cover up irregularities which would bring him into distress. Men look about them and see these things helping to positions of pre-eminence, positions secured by falsehoods. And so there is a growing disposition on the part of the young to feel in this age that honesty is not the best policy, that men must be false to truth in business to succeed.—Rev. W. A. Hunsberger.

The Field is the World.

Go, then, young man, where glory awaits you. The field is the world. Go where the objects wander, and gather them into the fold of the sanctuary. Go to the lassrettes where the moral lepers herd, Go to th

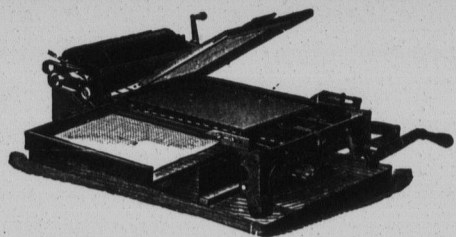
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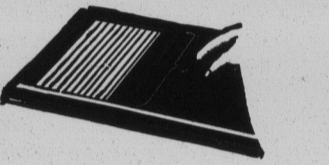
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haunts of crime, and float a gospel message upon the sculent air. Go wherever there are ignorant to be instructed, timid to be cheered, helpless to be succored, stricken to be blessed, and erring to be reclaimed. Go wherever faith can see, or hope can breathe, or love can work, or courage can venture. Go and win the spurs of your spiritual knighthood there.—William M. Panshon.

Music and Religion.

The one thing about music is its harmony, the blending of melodious tones in one harmonious whole, the bringing of its tones under the natural law. We are born for concord and for peace, to live, not in discord, but in perfect harmony. Before the sweet strains of Handel and Haydn were given to the world they were in their souls. You often hear it said that some men do not have an ear for music, but there are few who can listen to the real music that comes from the soul of genius without being moved. The single strain of an Ester anthem has saved a man from suicide.—Rev. R. F. Holway.

Value of the Present.

Life is a bundle of alternatives. Each tick of the clock calls us to choose. The alternatives come to us as independent propositions, invitations, demands. However they may seem to stand apart, the vital principle in the one projects itself forward into the next, and the choosing for one is, in some degree, the choosing for all. We may choose to day whom we will serve. In the face of temptations and trials we shall have to choose tomorrow also. But it is the part which the choice of the present moment plays in the choice of the next to make it easier or more difficult, that gives it a crowning value. The present is the

apex of importance. Now is the accepted time.—Sunday School Times.

Evil Companions.

The company that man keeps determines his character. No man dares undertake the religious life with honesty and earnestness without separating from evil associations. He draws off to the good, and the evil as naturally draws away from him. If evil associates of the past are near to him, they are no longer in sympathy with him; not because of his sanctimoniousness, but because there is something in the man on account of which they do not longer enjoy his society as they once did. The more earnestly he devotes himself to his God, the more they draw away from him. Rev. J. L. Withrow.

Just spend his Four Quarters for a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitter.

as all sensible people do; because it cures Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Bad Blood, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

GIRL BACHELORS' CLUB.

AN ORGANIZATION PEUJLIAR TO NEW YORK.

It is a great idea in society circles and is popular—Some of the Objects to Be Kept in View—(Home) Comforts for the Members at Lowest Rates.

There is in New York a club calling itself by the imposing title of "The Federation of Girl Bachelors' Clubs," writes Constance Merrifield. The members of this club are individual clubs. The "Merry Bachelors," the "Girls' Reading Club," the "Paris Tour Club," and many others are members of "The Federation Club." Individuals also may belong to it, and the only recommendation required from anybody is a letter of unquestioned financial security.

In these days of benevolent associations and aid societies and working girls' helps of all kinds the mention of financial security grates harshly upon the ear. But without financial reference the object of the Federation Club would defeat itself, and the members be as bad off as though they did not belong to it.

The Federation Club is a union of girls clubs for the purpose of securing for the individual members household and dress supplies at prices less than retail. It is a co-operative club, and thus far in its career—that of six prosperous months—it is the greatest success of the century.

The president of the Federation Club is a very pretty girl bachelor. She is not a member of any other club, and put in her claim to membership on the ground that she liked to keep house, but couldn't quite afford it at current rates for rent and household expenses. After a month of membership, so sensible was she on all questions, and so invaluable when the members were "cornered," that she was unanimously elected president for the next year.

The principal thing that the Federation Club does is to hire apartments for its members. A canvass is made and the members tabulated. At the September canvass twenty wanted to live down town, twenty-five wanted a central residence, and fifty desired apartments near Central Park. Ten wanted to be far up in the town.

Acting upon these wishes, the long-headed Miss President dispatched her agent to the apartment houses in the desired parts of the city. Down town she secured a whole flat-house, very desirable in every way, for a third less than regular rental, on condition that she took the whole house for a year. The same arrangement was made uptown, and again around the park. Very nice quarters were secured at low rents, and everybody who lives in a large city knows what this means.

The President next subset the apartments to members according as they desired them. The rents varied, and so did the purses, and all were able to be suited.

The next step was to fit out the different apartments with electric light privileges. Many of the members were artists and needed strong light in all parts of the studio, to supplement sunlight. Small dynamos were procured and put in.

As it was September the long-headed Miss President began looking around for coal. Grates and ranges needed it, whether steam heat were provided or not; and, notwithstanding the coal barons, she got it for a quarter off the retail price by taking 100 tons. This, distributed in the different cellars, according to orders left at her office, gave each a supply for the winter. And so all things are managed.

The President, when interviewed in her rooms about the Federation Club, said: "Our aim, and our only aim, is to give the girls the advantage of things at wholesale rates, and, therefore, we buy everything that is required in a household."

Stepping to a very handsome little escrower she took out three ledgers. "These hold the orders," she said, "and as soon as enough of them are registered I buy the material. Our object is home comfort at living prices. Do you understand?"

Laying one of the books upon the table, she opened at the first page: "This is our bread and roll list," you see," said she. "We order 100 loaves of bread a day and 200 rolls. One baker has our order and he delivers at a little above wholesale to the members in their apartments every morning. I pay the baker and the members pay me. That is why we have to be so particular about financial references."

"With our milk we do the same, also with flour, tea, coffee, and the staples. We also buy meat at wholesale, if desired. I have orders for twenty roasts every Sunday and 100 fowls. I get them cheap and my agents select the meat to be sure that it is prime. We cannot take individual orders, only standing ones, and so we get them at wholesale."

"About our household linen, towels, sheets, etc., we have a system also. We hire them made and marked at a certain store and we get them at hotel prices. There is quite a rebate. I pay cash on delivery and the shopkeeper has them carried to the different apartments all over the city. See? Here is an order from flat No. 6, downtown, for half a dozen towels; another from flat No. 14, uptown, for six pillow cases, and so on. As soon as fifty are wanted I order them, and we are never

kept waiting more than a week or two, as we have 300 'bachelor households' in our federation.

"Carpets, dishes, and such things," chatted on the president, seating herself comfortably in her own pretty apartment, "we cannot promise to buy, as individual fancies differ. But I have here three samples of fine carpet which I can get at a low price, and as soon as there are orders for 100 yds I shall purchase."

"There is one thing," said the president, "about which we are very particular, and on account of which so many co-operative clubs fail. We preserve our independence and our own social circles. None of our members have a personal acquaintance with each other. We have ten directors who audit accounts once a month, but further than that we never get acquainted. Individually I know only a dozen of our members, though I get letters from them all. Here, for instance, is a letter from a young artist who gives lessons in a girls' school. She keeps house well and entertains considerably. She wants a little maid to open her front door afternoons and bring in the tea tray. Here is another letter. This is from a girl who has a business of her own. She goes out early in the morning, and when she returns home wants to find her house in order. She is entertaining considerably and doing her own work. I fancy the same little maid would fit in both cases at different hours, and I can get her for \$2 a week apiece if she can get her breakfast at one place and tea at another. How's that for managing?"

"Of course we launder on a large scale. One of our apartment houses filled with girls' clubs in New York to secure home-comforts as bachelors in hard luck, has a laundry underneath, and here we conduct our own laundry work, taking in a little outside work."

"Are we all poor?" Smiled the president, tilting her pretty nose and settling down into the cushions of her own luxurious divan. "No, I don't think we are any of us really 'poor.' We earn considerable and have very nice positions in the social world. But we have \$100 tastes and \$20 salaries. Hence the Federation Club. As for myself," glancing down the drawing-room, through the portieres into a small reception room lighted with Oriental lamps, "I earn money painting pictures. Yes, I am an artist. But I don't want to paint all the time, so I manage the club on condition of getting my rent free. That is all. I like the club, because it gives us such a deal for our money."

"Now you are going to ask if we have any other rules for admission. References, church certificates, or anything of that kind. And I can tell you there are none. It is managed like a man's club. A prospective member has a name posted. Bidding is done by mail, and after financial security is obtained the bachelor girl is eligible to membership."

"And that reminds me of an incident. A very stylish-looking girl was shown into this room the other day. 'You are the president of the Federation of Girl Bachelors' Clubs?' she asked."

"I nodded."

"I want to belong, but I don't like such clubs generally. I like to keep house as I please. I keep two canary birds and a dog. I go out nights. I have company to dinner. I play the piano until morning. I eat in the parlor. I laugh out loud, and I sometimes have twenty girls to dinner; not to mention the men that call in the evening."

"What is your financial security?" I asked.

"I keep books for a designing firm. I get \$10 a week, and am engaged by contract for a year."

"You are eligible," said I, "and I will send our list for you to choose an apartment and order such things as you want regularly. You will have to chip in on your share of my rent for managing you. It will be about 25 cents a month."

"She went away delighted, and, from her orders, she is spending her full \$10 a week upon good times. But that's her business not mine. And, by the way, she wants two gallons of ice cream tonight, and eight others want a gallon each. I get it for twenty cents a quart."

"This club would be a fine thing for poor girls, shop girls, and seamstresses. But we run ours a little too expensively for them. Why, look into that closet. There are fifty pounds of old-fashioned fruit cake sent here today, ordered by the members, and to be distributed by our special messenger this afternoon. It isn't a poor girls' club!"

"You ask if it takes a head to manage this club? Well, I can say that it does. But I've got head enough for it. I got tired paying a big rent and darned my gloves when I knew I could get the same things cheaper by cooperation."

"We buy feather pillows for sofa cushions—by the hundred. Did I tell you that? And we supply members with \$100 coupons for furnishing their apartments—good for \$110 at the dealer's. And we do a great many of those things. I keep thinking of new schemes all the time, and, though I may be spoiling myself as an artist, I'm sure a great many girl bachelors will be made happy."

Evolution of a Word.

"Average?" A proportionate amount. That is the accepted meaning of the word; but just why a proportionate word should mean "average" is beyond ordinary comprehension. Folk language may hope to unravel the difficulty. In the old French language the word "aver" seems to mean a horse. Not only horse, but farm cattle of every kind—"aver" standing for horses, cows, sheep, etc.—chattels of every name and kind. All the movable holdings or havings were so classed. The Frenchman got the word from the simple Latin word "habere"—to have, to own, to possess. The Frenchman's "aver" was his cattle—

his havings. Later on the word was applied almost solely to horses; consequently an average was estimated according to the work done by aver—cart-horses, as when his horses to carry a share he used of wheat or other products to the lord of the manor. From being used almost solely with reference to horses and carts it was later extended to the carriage of goods saved at straits at sea, and so on to the proportionate amounts of anything. And so does many a useful word of classical parentage come down to us in disguised form and feature.—(Venport Democrat.)

NO TIME TO LOSE.

Variable Autumn Weather Often Seals the Fate of Rheumatic Sufferers.

Victims of Rheumatism find a cure in Paine's Celery Compound.

Nothing Like it for Banishing the Awful Disease.

Old and Chronic Sufferers are Made Hale and Strong.

Mr. William McWilliams, of Bradford Ont., writes as follows about his case:—"Unsolicted, I forward this testimonial as to the value of Paine's Celery Compound. I am well up in years and was sorely afflicted with rheumatism. I purchased and used six bottles of your medicine, and am now perfectly well. I have a rheumatism left, yet given the proof that cured people furnish every week."

Let us utter a few words of warning at all who feel the pangs of a disease that makes life a misery and burden.

The most dangerous season of the year is now with us; there is no necessity to enlarge upon this fact. Chilling winds and damp impure atmosphere aggravate every condition of rheumatism, and bring many a sufferer to the grave.

Take courage all victims of rheumatism. If you have failed with doctors and the ordinary medicine of the day, remember you have not yet given Paine's Celery Compound a trial. This marvelous medicine has made new men and women of thousands who were pronounced incurable by physicians. It can and will do the same good work for you, if you fairly and honestly use it for a time. Mr. McWilliams' case was one that baffled all other medicines but Paine's Celery Compound, which proved victorious at every point, giving him a new and better life. Go then and follow his example.

Women and Philosophers.

Edward von Hartman, whose "Philosophy of the Unconscious" has been of late years the leading text of metaphysics, has been delivering himself of his opinion on the subject of the new woman in a way that is, in three days, to say the least decidedly daring. He believes that the chief cause of our present-day evils is the higher education of women, and he would "put an end to this system with one stroke, and set our daughters back to the level of education with which our grandmothers were satisfied." He has no use whatever for training which renders women too refined and cultured to perform "her natural and social duties—nursing and housework."

According to this philosopher of the Unconscious every woman has failed in the performance of her duty if she has not become the mother of eleven children—"two before the twentieth year, five in the twenties, three in the thirties, and one in the forties; that every true woman ought to do all her own housework, with the occasional assistance of a charwoman for the roughest part of it; and that "maidens cannot learn too early" what is their proper task.

In these opinions the good German metaphysician but repeats the ideas for Schopenhauer. Spencer, and in fact those of about all the philosophers of the world, who have been anything but complimentary to, feminine aspirations in the way of "higher culture." Now let the philosophers beware. For ages they have constructed the theories and theologies of the world and mankind has stood by and let them do it. But if they insist in keeping woman to her "natural and social duties—nursing and housework," she will rise in her wrath and either write a new philosophy to suit herself, or else sweep away the whole business of metaphysics as profitless speculation and idle vaporing. But as she is hardly patient enough to construct out of one idea a complex system which shall explain the universe, she will be forced to adopt the second alternative, and as the new woman generally accomplishes what she sets out to do, the world may yet by her means be relieved from the plague of philosophy which has afflicted it for centuries.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

A Sunflower Clock.

Kansas has often been called the Sunflower State—a title more than ever appropriate since the foreman upon Governor Motley's farm constructed his sunflower clock. Choosing an enormous sunflower he attached to its drooping head a tiny corn-stalk not more than ten feet long. About the plant he drew a circle and divided it into twenty-four parts, each of which was

THE NUMBER 4 YOST.

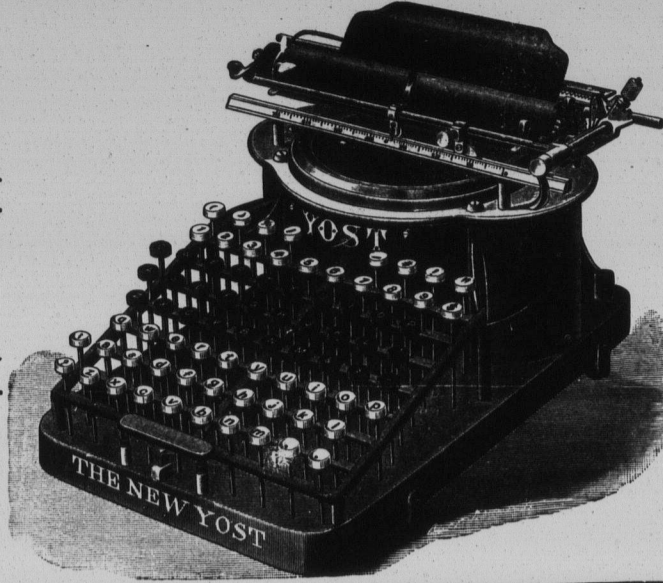
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sub-divided for minutes and seconds. And now, as the faithful plant from dawn till dusk eyes its fierce lord, the cornstalk pointer moves about the dial, indicating the time. The sunflower clock can also be used as a stop watch to time races by holding over it a big umbrella, which checks the revolution upon the instant, when the time to the fraction of a second may be read off on the dial.

ST. VITUS DANCE.

A MACHINA THAT HAS LONG BAF- FLED MEDICAL SKILL.

A Speedy Cure for the Trouble at Last Discovered—The Particulars of the Cure of a Little Girl Who Was a Severe Sufferer.

In a handsome brick residence on the 10th line of Goulburn township, Carleton Co., lives Mr. Thomas Brasley. One of Goulburn's most successful farmers. In Mr. Brasley's family is a bright little daughter, 8 years of age, who had been a sufferer from St. Vitus dance, and who had been treated by physicians without any beneficial results. Having learned that the little one had been fully restored to health by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a



"Now Entirely Free From Disease"

correspondent of the Journal called at the family residence for the purpose of ascertaining the facts, and found the little girl a picture of brightness and good health. Mrs. Faulkner, a sister of the little one, gave the following information: "About eighteen months ago Alvira was attacked by that terrible malady, St. Vitus dance, and became so bad that we called in two doctors, who held out no hope to us of her ultimate cure, and she was so badly affected with the 'dance' as to require constant watching. About this time we read in the Ottawa Journal of a similar case cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which gave us renewed hope. We procured a couple of boxes, and before these were all used there was a perceptible improvement, after using six boxes more she was entirely free from the disease, and as you can see is enjoying the best of health. Several months have passed since the use of the Pink Pills was discontinued, but there has been no return of the malady, nor any symptoms of it. We are quite certain Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her and strongly recommended them in similar cases."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of a grippé, palpitation of the heart, pale and shallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Benjamin Was Too Funny.

"Stick to English, my boy, stick to English," is a wise exhortation, although we seldom heed it unless it comes to us in as forcible a manner as it is reported to have come to Franklin. It is said that Benjamin Franklin, the American, was not unlike other boys in his love for big words, and that one day he told his father that he had swallowed some cephalopod mollusc, when

upon his alarmed father shrieked for help. The mother came in with warm water and forced a half gallon down Benjamin's throat, then held him upside down saying, "If we don't get those things out of Benny, he'll be poisoned sure." When Benjamin was allowed to get his breath he explained that the articles he referred to were oysters. His father was so indignant that he whipped him never afterwards used a word of two syllables when a monosyllable would do as well.

The Wood of the Violin.

The front of a violin is usually made of deal the back of maple. Now, a piece of wood can be set in vibration just like a string in tension, and a certain musical note will be the result, the pitch depending of course, upon the length, thickness, and density of the wood. Well, the curious fact has been established by experience that in all the best Stradivarius violins—the violins that are now the rage—the "note" produced by the front of the instrument is the same; and, again, that in no case is the note of the front the same as the note of the back. We now know that there are acoustic reasons for this, and these reasons determine the kind and quality of the wood. You want the front of the instrument to be light, soft and porous, and you take deal as answering best to these qualities. When the wood is dry the microscope will reveal a multitude of little hollow cells, once filled with sap. The more of these cells there are the more quickly will the wood vibrate to the sound, and here it is that the fiddler skill in selecting the wood comes in. You might cut up a dozen pieces of deal, and perhaps only one piece would be absolutely perfect for its purpose. Similarly with the maple, of which the back of the instrument is made. This is a harder wood, containing less sap, and consequently fewer cells when dry. It is used because it vibrates more slowly than deal, and the effect on the violin is, as Mr. Hawes puts it, "to detain the waves of sound radiating from the deal, and to mix them with slower vibrations of the back in the hollow of the instrument." The ribs and sides of the violin are also of maple, and these serve to connect the quickly vibrating front with the slowly vibrating back, and hold them until both throbb together with full pulsation and body of sound.—Cornhill.

An Egg Came Between Them.

A every-day hen's egg nearly caused a rupture between a Chester young woman and her lover. While in the poultry yard two weeks ago she picked up the egg and placed it in the pocket of her mackintosh, but before she returned to the house the

egg was forgotten. The mackintosh was hung on a hook and was not disturbed until a night or two ago, when it was donned by the young lady, and when the arm of the lover embraced her the long-suffering egg gave way.

Soon the lover grew abstracted, and gradually withdrew his arm. He edged off from the girl, and touched the quick and not understanding his coldness, she also withdrew the space. Finally, seizing his hat, the lover muttered an excuse and left the premises, and the girl fled into the house, where she burst into tears. The broken egg made its presence felt in the house to the other members of the family, but as the young lady had a cold she had not noticed the aroma which drove off her lover. A reconciliation followed, and the lover explained that he was angered to think that the girl he loved could tolerate an odor so awful as that.—Phila. R. cord.

Anticipated Pleasures.

The entire Smith family took a fortnight's vacation this summer. It was an unusual thing for them all to go away together, and they talked about it, individually and collectively, for weeks before hand. They were going to do it and they were not going to do all sorts of things during the precious vacation period. Big Sister said that she meant to ride the bicycle. Little Sister said that she meant to make mud pies all day long, and Big Brother said that he meant to not so much as look at a Latin grammar. "I tell you what I mean to do," cried small brother, all on fire at the prospect of so much do-as-you-pleases. "I'm not going to say my prayers."—New York Sun.

Hard of Hearing.

There's a young man who goes into society—really good society—here, who is quite decidedly hard of hearing. He won't admit, though, and never asks to have anything said to him repeated. This is the latest story they tell on him. He went to call on Miss B. one evening last winter. "Is Miss B. at home?" he asked of the maid who answered the bell. "Yes, sir," she replied, rather softly. "Oh, I'm so sorry," he said, and giving her his card he walked away.—Washington Post.

Champagne Wasted.

The practice of christening ships by breaking a bottle of champagne over the bow seems to be spreading in a way to attract the temperance reformers. A new saw-mill at Spokane, the largest in the State of Washington, was opened for business last week with imposing "inaugural ceremonies," in which a United States Senator took part, and the mill was christened by a woman smashing a bottle of champagne over the buzz saws. Then two other women started the machinery.

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WOMAN and HER WORK.

Birds! birds! everywhere birds and still more birds! The milliner shops are like ghostly aviaries filled with "dead corpses," and the head of the average woman is such a melancholy spectacle, that I am sure if she fully realized how she appeared to unprejudiced eyes, she would hide it for shame. She is a sort of perambulating larder now-a-days, carrying around a load of dead game upon her shallow pate. Every conceivable attitude of bird life seems to be illustrated with ghastly faithfulness upon this season's millinery! The birds cover timidly upon the brim of an enormous felt hat, as if shrinking in terror from an enemy! They stand erect in the front of a so called bonnet, with wings outspread and beak wide open as if catching flies, and anon they settle down in the centre of the crown as if engaged in the laudable occupation of laying an egg, or peep over a nest of velvet loops as though they might be hatching. Sometimes things take a masculine turn and a pair of belligerent youngsters evidently of the fighting sex will perch on a big picture hat, facing each other, and apparently occupied in settling an old score, a la Corbett and Fitzsimmons.

That is one reason I so seldom touch on millinery in writing my fashion articles, because I cannot do it without violating my principles, and countenancing—by the mere fact of describing it—a fashion which is a disgrace to civilization, and so-called christianity. I cannot write about millinery without mentioning birds as trimming, and I prefer to avoid that if possible.

But don't I often wish that I was blessed with unlimited wealth! And would't I employ a goodly share of it in hiring a small army of nice comfortable colored mummies, and big fat red checked Irish "wash ladies" to do nothing but promenade the most fashionable thoroughfares of the largest cities, arrayed in cloaks bordered with chicken and turkey feathers, and wearing immense hats on which turkey gobblers were rampant, and whole broods of young goslings and ducks wandered at will! Would't I personally superintend the trimming as far as possible and see that one huge symphony in green velvet contained a decoration of two life sized game roosters with brass spurs, engaged in a lively "scrap" and that another, say a leaf brown felt, trimmed with the softest brown velvet, bore a large mother hen snugly hatching on her brood in the place intended for the crown? Yes verily, and I would take care that all these artistic fancies were developed in the very best of materials and the ladies wearing them were provided with the very best seats at theatre, opera and matinee; and that they had foremost pews in the most fashionable churches.

If women are at all susceptible to the shafts of ridicule methinks I should effect that reform which all the eloquence of all the writers who have devoted their best energies to the subject, and all the cruel facts, and sickening statistics, published in the last few years, have utterly failed to bring about. Ridicule is so unpleasant you know, that it finds a place in a spot far more vulnerable than our conscience, far more tender, alas, than our hearts—our self love.

It would seem that this evil had come to stay and no law could be framed to reach it, but I know I wish I had the absolute power enjoyed by the czar of Russia or the shah of Persia, and if I could not induce my subjects to see the force of moral suasion, I would resort to force; and simply issue orders to the different chiefs of police that every lady caught wearing a stuffed bird on her head should be gently but firmly detained, her hat removed, denuded of its objectionable decorations and politely returned to her, resistance to be followed by arrest. I think that would prove a radical measure.

But unfortunately, I am neither the possessor of vast wealth, nor unlimited power, so I must needs be content with using my feeble pen in the good cause. One suggestion which has struck me as feasible, is that the temperance people should give the liquor traffic a well earned rest, and turn their attention towards a crusade against the wearing or sale of stuffed birds as an article of female attire.

With this by way of preface it might be as well to touch lightly on some of the autumn styles.

In the first place the present indications seem to point towards less oppressive and flaunting richness and heaviness of material and a greater leaning towards the picturesque and becoming. Many of the Paris hats are simply gigantic and the general trend of fashion seems to be towards large hats. Velvet and felt are of course the usual materials, but some very charming French hats are shown in taffata, shirred into fantastic forms and trimmed with tufts of feathers, antique lace, aigrettes and buckles. These hats have a very picturesque old time appearance which is most fascinating when a pretty young face is beneath them. Chenille is a material very extensively in use, and it is a favorite combination with both velvet and felt. Jet is as popular as ever and many

bright colored velvet crowns are entirely covered by a network of jet.

A lovely hat of finest black felt has the brim turned straight up at the back with a broad bow of black velvet passed through an antique buckle. The outside of the hat was almost entirely concealed by turbaned folds of glace taffata in a shot rose tint. Two black quills rose from a rosette of black velvet at the left side.

A striking hat suitable for church or evening wear, is of chamois colored taffata shirred, and trimmed with clusters of white silk poppies with black centres. A Louis XVI. bow of chine ribbon was placed at the back and under the brim were three large blood red poppies.

Certainly this must be a most unique, not to say bizarre costume, and I should think the next step in this history would be the finding of a woman wealthy enough to indulge in such a luxury, and courageous enough to wear it.

The latest fancy in stock collars bears the fascinating name of "the Marlborough" though the duke whose name is on every lip just at present, should have been made responsible for the queer creation one is at a loss to conjecture. It encircles the throat of its wearer in a plain stock of Persian silk, and at the back spreads out into a wonderful bow, large and full. Fastened to the knot in the centre of the bow, is a tiny mink's head from which two furry tails hang down the back of the gown. It is also shown in American Beauty rose velvet, with the little head and tails of black Persian lamb, and is then known by the name of his grace's fiancée "Conuelo." It is adjustable, and may be worn with any costume.

Dishes to Tempt the Invalid.
Food for an invalid requires much thought and care, for the eyes as well as the palate must be pleased, and the food should be nourishing as well as dainty and inviting. Something for a change is always called for, and a few recipes may be welcome.

To make Nantucket raisin broth, boil one pound of raisins slowly in plenty of water for an hour. Make a thickening of corn starch, moistened with cold water and a small piece of butter. Grate in a quarter of an nutmeg and season with a tablespoonful of brandy or two of wine. Sweeten to the taste. Serve with a toasted cracker.

Beef and Sago Broth.
Beef and Sago make a very nourishing broth. Have two pounds of beef from the round cut into small pieces and put in a saucepan with two quarts of water. Cover and cook until the goodness is all extracted from the meat. Strain and sea. oil with salt. Meanwhile soak one cup of sago in water enough to cover it; add to it the strained broth and return the broth to the fire and let it simmer one hour. Add the yolks of two eggs beaten very light. Let it remain a moment and take from the fire. Serve at once with finger pieces of thin buttered toast.

Cream Soup.
Cream soups are a pleasing change after plain broths or teas. Sago, pearl tapioca, barley, or rice may be used. Take any white stock that is rich and well seasoned. Put into a saucepan a half pint of the stock and the same quantity of cream. When it comes to a boil add one tablespoonful of flour thoroughly moistened with cold milk, and let it boil up once. Have the tapioca or whatever you wish to use in the soup cooked and add it to the soup and serve. Barley requires two hours to cook, rice one hour; sago and pearl tapioca must be soaked in cold water half an hour and cooked the same length of time.

Sago Broth.
An excellent broth for any one with weak lungs is made from two pounds of knuckle of veal cracked into pieces and put over the fire with two quarts of cold water. Cover and cook slowly until it is reduced to one quart. Strain and season with salt. Meanwhile soak three tablespoonfuls of pearl sago in a cup of cold water, heat by setting the dish in a pan of boiling water for half an hour, and stir occasionally. Put the strained broth in a double boiler and add the warm sago to it, cook half an hour, and then stir into it one cup of cream heated to the boiling point and the well-beaten yolks of two fresh eggs. Let all only come to a boil and remove from the fire at once. Serve as soon as possible.

Chicken Jelly.
Chicken jelly may be used in a variety of ways. To make the jelly take a fowl weighing about three pounds. Clean and remove the skin and fat. Cut it into pieces and put them into a saucepan with two generous quarts of water, a bay leaf, and some pieces of celery. Cover and heat slowly up to the boiling point. Let it simmer for four hours. Then season with salt and strain into glasses and set away to cool. When cold remove the fat. This jelly may be used cold or heated, and served like soup. Heat a glass of the jelly and add a gill of sherry or Madeira wine, one teaspoonful of dissolved gelatine, some sugar and the juice of half a lemon. Pour

the liquid jelly into small cups and set away to harden. This makes a very nourishing wine jelly. Pieces of white meat of the fowl may be cut fine and put into a jelly glass and the liquid jelly poured over them. When cold, it is appetizing, sliced and put between thin pieces of bread, buttered, and with the crust taken off, or with slices of jallied chicken with toasted crackers.

Rice and Eggs.
Boiled rice with egg is excellent and generally liked. Wash thoroughly half a cup of rice and put into a double boiler with just enough water to cover it. When the rice is nearly done if any water remains pour it off and add one cup of milk and a little salt. Let the rice cook slowly until done. Beat an egg thoroughly, and the last thing before taking the rice from the fire stir the egg into it as lightly as possible, and serve hot with sugar and cream.

Arrow-root Jelly.
Moisten three heaping tablespoonfuls of the best Bermuda arrow-root with a little cold water and turn into a large cup of water that is boiling over the fire and in which two teaspoonful of granulated sugar have been dissolved. Stir until clear and add one tablespoonful of brandy or three of wine. Wet in cold water individual moulds or small cups and pour in the liquid jelly, and put in a cold place to harden. Serve with whipped cream. When wine cannot be used, in place of it take one teaspoonful of lemon juice.

A big hat of pink felt had a straight brim and was trimmed about the crown with black velvet. A bow at the side was held in place by a buckle of cut steel, an osprey crest stood erect in the centre of a cluster of white ostrich tips and tufts of blush roses under the brim finished a charming hat.

Ostrich feathers will be very much used all this autumn and winter, not only for trimming hats and bonnets but also for collerettes, victorines, etc. Ospreys will also be very popular.

One of the newest millinery departures is the use of velvet and chenille flowers on winter hats, roses in all shades being the favorites, next come poppies, which bid fair to rival the queen of flowers. Jet and steel ornaments are also to be worn in great variety.

The tendency is decidedly towards higher crowns and some of the imported hats look almost like caricatures, some of them displaying crowns which mother goose herself might wear, but these are far too conspicuous, and unbecoming ever to become popular. For large hats the low crown and wide brim still hold their place. Velvet and fur will be used in combination in the winter millinery; in fact fur will be worn so universally this winter that it is no wonder a little of it is creeping upon our hats.

The butterfly is a pretty design in trimming this season. You meet it everywhere, not only in millinery, but in decoration for dresses and it comes made up in lace, jet, cut steel and ordinary passameritis. A costly Parisian evening dress shows a swarm of real lace butterflies, each woven with a most exact attention to nature and yet such butterflies may now be bought by the yard in the best shops. Black lace butterflies form a charming trimming for a yellow silk gown especially when the graceful insects have their wings touched daintily with gold. While those of white lace have the veins in their wings outlined with silver, and are exquisite as any pale tinsel-silk dress. Butterflies of passameritis studded with bright colored stones are quite the rage, and of course jet ones will be quite as popular. A very large one is sold for the bodice, and a perfect swarm of smaller ones go with it to be scattered about the corsage, collar and sleeves. These are not by any means confined to dresses of silk or satin, but are equally effective in trimming cloth costumes.

Velvet bodices are to be much worn with black skirts this winter. Velveteen is shown in many beautiful light shades, both plain and figured, and of such excellent quality that it will be used almost as much as velvet. Silk or velvet blossoms, or bodices in any of the lovely shades of geranium pink, pale mauve, or turquoise, will be greatly worn and some of them will be made with a small yoke of heavy lace, from which start box plits which come down closely to the waist without any hint of blousing, and are finished with a belt of the same color, which adds apparent length to the waist.

A charming gown suitable for evening, theatre, and dressy wear, is of white broadcloth, at least the skirt is, while one of the bodices is of white satin, trimmed with sequins, made into a collar and belt. The second bodice may be of geranium pink, or turquoise blue silk, and these three pieces will form a most useful, and inexpensive gown.

The newest sealskin capes are very wide and full, standing out well from the figure, and giving more idea of style, than warm, as the chilling blast has pretty free access to the figure they are supposed to protect, some of them show the novel, and not particularly attractive departure of jet trimmings, one of the newest having jet chains on the shoulders, and straps of jet across the front. Trimming any material so rich in itself as sealskin, is such a de-

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decided mixture that I do not think it will ever be very generally adopted. Such an experiment can only cheapen a sealskin garment, and make it look tawdry.

I mentioned last week, in a timid whisper as it were an entire costume of persian lamb had been shown in New York. I scarcely dared describe it because it did seem so very improbable, not to say ridiculous for anyone to weight herself down with a whole suit of fur, but today I have something still more wonderful to describe nothing less than a dress composed of bison fur! This singular garment was actually exhibited at the beginning of this month by a well known costume and mantle house in New York. And the price was only the mere trifle of \$100. The fur is a dark rich tobacco brown with an undulating surface, and we are told that the skirt of the gown in question flares decidedly, and is cut a la Peignoir. The front breath is gored and on each side are placed flaps of a simulating pocket. A heavy guipure passameritis in tan outlines the gore and is carried around the bottom of the skirt as a border. The waist has full sleeves of iridescent velvet in shades of brown and green of a corduroy weave, and black satin is effectively combined with the fur as an accessory. A jacket of the fur fits closely to the figure and displays a folded vest of black satin, which meets in front under a full jabot of coru lace, extending from the throat to the waist line. A girdle of gold and pearl fringe encircles the waist. A ripple skirt of black satin, six inches deep falls in full folds about the hips and is attached to the bodice beneath the girdle. Bretelles of black satin surmount the sleeves and a stock collar of satin with loops and ends has both lace and fur associated in its composition.

Tapioca jelly is excellent. To prepare it soak one cup of tapioca in three cups of cold water over night. In the morning put it in a double boiler with a cup of hot water and let it simmer until perfectly clear, stirring often. Sweeten to taste and flavor with the juice of half a lemon and two tablespoonfuls of wine. Pour into cups and set away until perfectly cold. Whipped cream and sugar may be served with this jelly.

Mulled Wine
Use one cup of fine sugar, a tumbler of sherry, and one egg; beat the egg to a froth and add the sugar; heat the wine, and when it is at boiling point put the egg mixture in a pitcher and pour the hot wine over it, stirring it constantly; put in four whole cloves and the same quantity of allspice. Drink as soon as possible.

Another mulled wine is prepared thus; Put in an earthen bowl a small piece of cinnamon, three cloves, a little piece of mace, and a half cup of water; cover and place over the fire in a pan containing boiling water, and let it remain ten minutes; when heated add to it two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a half pint of port wine; agitate cover, and let it remain until the wine is hot; strain and let it be taken as

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Following Agents

J. Fred Benson, Chatham St., New York; J. H. Clements, N. B.; J. H. Woodcock, N. B.; J. H. Woodcock, N. B.

The mackintosh was not disturbed for two ago, when it was young lady, and when she embraced her the long-ve way.

ever grew abstracted, and drew his arm. He edged off and, touched to the quick standing his coldness, she space. Finally, seizing or muttered an excuse and she, and the girl fled into the be burst into tears. The le its presence felt in the er members of the family, lady had a cold she had aromas which drove off her ciliation followed, and the that he was angered to girl he loved could toler-awful as that.—Phila. Ra.

ated Pleasures.

his family took a fortnight's nmar. It was an unusual ll to go away together, and ut it, individually and colpeks before hand. They o and they were not going things during the precious Big Sister said that she a bicycle. Little Sister want to make mud pies all Big Brother said that he much as look at a Latin ll you what I mean to do," ther, all on fire at the pros do-as-you-pleaseses. "I'm y prayers."—New York

ard of Hearing.

ng man who goes into soci-ety—here, who is ard of hearing. He won't and never asks to have any- him repeated. This is the y tell on him. He went to one evening last winter. at home?" he asked of the ered the bell.

he replied, rather softly, "orry," he said, and giving walked away.—Washing-

mpagne Wasted.

o of christening ships by de of champagne over helbow reading in a way to attract e reformers. A new saw- e, the largest in the State of as opened for business last "inaugural ceremony." United States Senator took mill was christened by a ng a bottle of champagne saws. Then two other e machinery.

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MOIS

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1895.

LIVE "C'S" HIS CAPITAL.

The Story of the Beginning of Business by a Pennsylvania Man.

There recently died in Bristol, Pa., one of the best known residents of that town and one of the most unique and original characters in that section of the country. He was Samuel Appleton, who has for the past forty years been known and admired by the manufacturers of Philadelphia in general, and the residents of Bristol in particular.

Mr. Appleton's death will make a gap in the world which will never be filled. He will be missed not only by his business associates, his employees especially—but by all who saw him. The history of Mr. Appleton is known to almost everybody with whom he had any dealings and is as interesting as it is unique. He was born in Leicester, England, about sixty-six years ago and immigrated to this country in 1833. Being thoroughly versed in the various branches of hosiery manufacturing Mr. Appleton was not long becoming acquainted with the few men who were then engaged in that business. After a short time he began to manufacture goods himself, but although extremely original in his ideas he was not successful in his first venture. That did not seem to discourage him a bit, so after his initial failure he embarked again on the sea of business uncertainty. Things went along smoothly for some years, but bad luck came again and it was "a case of quit."

Still undismayed, Mr. Appleton went to work again and achieved a measure of success which lasted for several years, but it was the same old story over again and he failed. These throwings down and gettings up again continued periodically until 1883. It was then that he became discouraged, but Mr. Appleton's originality manifested itself. Before "busting" this time he had new business cards printed bearing the following trade-mark: "No C, No C, No C, No C." None of his friends or associates could solve the enigma of the four Cs, but Mr. Appleton had a reason for everything and always a good one.

So, after quitting business, or business quitting him, in 1883, he sought the advice of his friends. Going into John Field's office one day he told of his troubles and struggles against fate. Mr. Field was a personal friend, and advised Mr. Appleton's pluck and energy. He urged him not to be downcast and prognosticated that all things would come out right. Finally, after Mr. Appleton had given a plain, unvarnished version of his tale of woe, Mr. Field asked: "What is your capital now, Sam?" Mr. Appleton sized with a mixture of curiosity and amazement at Mr. Field and finally answered: "My capital consists of five 'C's.' It was then Mr. Field displayed curiosity. He asked an explanation and got it.

Mr. Appleton said: The five Cs mean this: First C means Clara, my wife, who has just inherited a little money from her parents; second C means cash, of which I have none; third C means credit, of which I have none; fourth C means courage, of which I have none, and the fifth C means character, of which I have none."

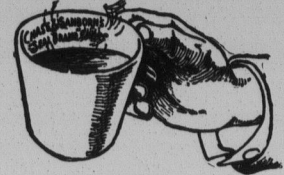
After a little further conversation it was agreed between Mr. Field and the man of five 'C's' that they should enter into business. An agreement, written in ten lines, was drawn up by Mr. Field and signed by both. Mr. Appleton was more than pleased at Mr. Field's magnanimity. A small factory was established in Bristol and work was begun. After a few weeks Mr. Appleton started to turn out his last color hosiery, the first work of its kind that was ever successfully done in this country. His dechouse the first winter consisted of two buckets and an umbrella to keep the rain off. Business prospered and the mills which have since been shut down except for repairs. When Mr. Appleton and Mr. Field would be computing their profits at the end of the year the former would always insist upon setting aside a certain percentage for a contingency account. At length when he became wealthy Mr. Appleton built a handsome cottage and had a photograph of it sent to Mr. Field who wrote under it: "Contingency Cottage No. C, No. C, No. C, No. C."

The picture adorns the mantelpiece of Mr. Field's office to this day. Mr. Appleton's wife died some years ago and he was worth about \$100,000 when he died. During their long business connection Mr. Field never had the slightest difference with Mr. Appleton, and his employees thought he was the most kind-hearted and generous of men.—Philadelphia Press

New Halibut Bank Discovered. An announcement of great interest, not to only the Gloucester fishermen themselves, but to those who love halibut steaks, was made a few days ago. It is that a new halibut bank has been discovered northeast of Newfoundland, said to be teeming with fish, vessels having no trouble in loading to the gunwales in two days' fishing. This industry was nearly ruined last winter, and the new find is a source of great encouragement to the men who have been fighting against hard luck for a long time. The bank is apparently extensive, and so far there have been no choice of spots developed, one part being as good as another. It costs about 3 1/2 cents a pound to ship Pacific halibut East and 7 1/2 cents as low as it can be profitably sold for. The Atlantic halibut readily brings 2 cents a pound more on account of its superior quality, and Gloucester people are looking forward to a harvest from the new bank.—New York Tribune.

Wet feet, cold in the head, cold in the chest, are all reasonable complaints. Hawker's castor cure cures cold in the head. Hawker's balsam cures cold in the chest. School children are not always wise. They expose themselves, and presently you hear a nasty cough. You need Hawker's Balsam. Those who have once used Hawker's balsam will have no other remedy for coughs, colds and bronchial sore throat. It is prompt, pleasant, perfect. The worst case of hoarseness will yield at once to a dose of Hawker's balsam.

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HERBINE BITTERS

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

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PREVENTS CONSUMPTION.

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Cures Consumption in its early stages

Puttner's Emulsion

Prolongs life in the advanced stages of Consumption.

Puttner's Emulsion

is the Remedy, par excellence, for Consumption and all Lung Troubles.

Puttner's Emulsion

is the best cure for all Wasting Diseases

Puttner's Emulsion

is for sale by all good Druggists at 5 cts for a large bottle.

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WILLIAM CLARK

"DARLING NELLIE GRAY."

How Ben Hanby Chanced to Write a Song that Was Widely Popular.

Ben Hanby, the author of "Nellie Gray," is buried in Otterbein Cemetery, Westerville, and much sentimental interest naturally attaches to the town from this fact. The story of Hanby's tender, passionate little song often has been told, although seldom perhaps, truthfully. Like many brilliant and famous compositions of words and music, it was the creation of an hour, and its sudden and astonishing success was altogether unexpected by the author. The inspirations came to young Hanby while he was passenger on a railroad train between Cincinnati and Hamilton. He was happily reading a newspaper, when he found an account of the manner in which a beautiful quadroon girl had been torn from the arms of her lover and taken to the Southern slave market to be sold on the auction block. The quadroon's name was given as Nellie Gray. The story filled Hanby with horror, for he was naturally gentle and kind, and being of Northern birth, the iniquities of such features of slaveholding were appalling. So impressed was he that with pencil and paper, used as best he could upon the jolting and swaying car seat, he jotted down the words of a song in which the incidents of the story were utilized. This was done simply for the relief of his own mind and his overburdened heart, and at that time there was not the remotest design of ever bringing the verse to the light of day.

By the time Hanby had reached his destination he had practically completed the few verses of the song. It was thrown carelessly with his baggage, and soon after his return to his home in Westerville it was tossed among some other papers in his desk and there forgotten for six months or more. One day he came across the manuscript, and sent it to a well-known firm of music publishers in Chicago, with a note saying that if they saw anything in the song they might publish it. The song sprang at once into popularity, and Hanby like Byron, awoke one morning to find himself famous. But this awakening did not come for many months after the pathetic melody of his song had poured from thousands of tuneful throats throughout the land. His publishers never even acknowledged the receipt of the manuscript. They made a fortune from its sale, but of all the thousands of dollars that poured into their bank account Hanby never received a cent. When he wrote to them they sent him six printed copies of the song, without the formality of thanks for the manuscript.

While his song was gaining its popularity and daily growing dearer to hundreds of thousands of tender hearts, Hanby was living "undisturbed" his calm and peaceful rural life. He was yet to learn his fame. Several months after the music of his song had become familiar as household words, Hanby visited a young lady of this city, and requested her to sing for him. She began, and greatly to his surprise, Hanby recognized the words as I music of his "Nellie Gray." It was the first intimation he had that the song had been published.

Hanby came of a musical, as well as highly descended and cultured family. His father was a bishop in the United Brethren Church, and was the compiler of a hymn book which is still in use. Young Hanby composed a number of songs, several of which were published, none, however, receiving the remarkable reception which was given to "Nellie Gray." A few years after the war Hanby died as he had lived, in obscurity and poverty, and the fact that he was the author of the famous song was known to few save the family and intimate friends.—Columbus Dispatch.

Queen Victoria's Taste in Plays.

I suspect that the Queen would be a much more frequent patron of the drama were it not that so few plays produced in recent years have been suitable for presentation at court. To obtain an entree a play has to have as clean a record as a debutante, and it must be admitted that plays have very rarely come up to that description of late. Of plays with a purpose the Queen has a wholesome horror. Her Majesty has almost as great an objection to make the acquaintance of women with a cast on the stage as in real life. The kind of play most to her Majesty's liking is a road comedy, with a good dab of sentiment in it. All the Gaieties have a big vein of sentiment in their composition, and, if anything, Queen Victoria has more than her proper share.—London Figaro.

Quite Secure.

"I want to consult you on a certain point," said Miss Cash to her lawyer. "I am at your service, Miss Cash." "You know Mr. Squidrig?" "Very well, indeed." "He has done me the honor of proposing marriage." "Ah!" "What I wish to ask is if you think my money would be safe in his hands if I were to marry him." "It would be so secure you could not even get it yourself."

Consumption.

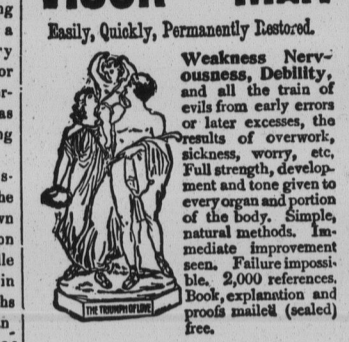
The incessant wasting of a consumptive can only be overcome by a powerful concentrated nourishment like Scott's Emulsion. If this wasting is checked and the system is supplied with strength to combat the disease there is hope of recovery.

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of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, does more to cure Consumption than any other known remedy. It is for all Affections of Throat and Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Wasting. PAMPHLET FREE. Scott & Bown, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

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Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the result of overwork, excitement, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

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For Fredericton and Woodstock

MAIL STEAMERS David Weston and Olive leave St. John every day, except Sunday at 9 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for St. John. Steamer Aberdeen will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 8 a. m. for Woodstock, and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 8 a. m. while navigation permits. Commencing June 1st, steamer OLIVETTE will leave St. John EVERY SATURDAY at 8 p. m. for Fredericton and intermediate landings, and will leave Hampstead every Monday morning at 6, due at Indianopolis at 8.30. GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

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TROUBLES OF PIES.

How They Are Turned Out of Big New York Bakeshops Every Day.

Pie-baking day has always been a great household institution in New England, and the "punkin" pie turned out by the thrifty dame in the genuine Yankee home has a halo of romance around its golden personality that drives dyspepsia out of the question.

But what is the pie-baking day of the home to that of a regular pie tountry? The good mother who made half a dozen good-sized pies, fair, brown and sweet, with the lard glistening through the upper crust in almost imperceptible beads, and the rich fruit within peeping out here and there, it thought she was doing a pretty good day's work. She was. But there is a place on Sullivan street, New York, where they will toss you off 20,000 pies every day and twice that number on Thanksgiving day, every pie a poem of sweetness, ready to expose its treasure of apple, punkin, peach, huckleberry or what not, to the gaze of the hungry man lucky enough to get it.

To make 20,000 pies a day, 40 barrels of apples are used daily, says the Journal of that city, and each apple must be cored and sliced separately. During the pumpkin pie season, from September to Thanksgiving day, 6500 pounds of pumpkins are consumed. Seventy-five bushels of huckleberries and 80 bushels of green peaches are used daily during the season. About 1000 eggs are used every day—for custards, and every 26 days 100 barrels of coconuts are consumed. Comparatively little flour is used in pie-making, and the 20,000 pies call for only 600 barrels every 26 days.

Only pure western lard is used, and 3600 pounds of it are worked into pie crust in this establishment every day. A large amount of goodies are kept constantly on hand in the storerooms, such as raisins, spices, citron and lemons. To make everything sweet and tasty 300 barrels of sugar are thrown into the pies every 26 days. The company makes a pretty wooden rack for the use of restaurant keepers, and the pies are kept in them behind glass doors, like precious articles of bric-a-brac.

The company has a proper appreciation of its pies, and will not suffer them to stand about and get dusty when it can be prevented.

The company sometimes makes big pies for church fairs, to be raffled for, and then there is a great deal of care bestowed on the work. It is no trifling thing to make a pie a foot and a half across and to produce it in a perfectly baked condition, neither too brown nor too yellow, and with enough body to hold itself together. Such a pie is always a mince pie.

The working day of the pie-maker is from 12 midnight till 12 noon. It seems to be a gastronomic fact that people do not eat pies in the afternoon and evening, as a rule. The great time for pie-eating is in the morning hours, when the world looks bright and dyspepsia is only a shadow so dim as to be imperceptible.

There are other pie shops beside that on Sullivan street, including a large concern in Brooklyn, so it may be estimated that, counting in the work of private pie-makers, mothers of families and others, at least 1,000,000 pies are swallowed by human beings in Greater New York every day.

Had to Wait His Turn.

In the days of Gen. Sam Houston, dueling was much more common than now.

After returning to Texas, Gen. Houston happened to give offence to a political opponent, who felt his honor disgraced to such an extent that he sent a challenge to Houston. The bearer of the challenge was received with courtesy civility. He handed the written challenge to Gen. Houston, who read it, and taking up his pen wrote something across the back of the folded paper and placed it in the pigeon-hole of his desk. He then went on to entertain the bearer of the challenge with the pleasant conversation for which he was noted. After a time the man began to grow impatient, and reminding the General of the challenge, asked him if he was going to reply.

"Oh, yes," said Houston, "I am going to reply."

"Well, are you going to accept the challenge of my friend?"

"Certainly I will accept it."

"Will you fix the date for tomorrow?"

"No, not tomorrow."

"Next day?"

"No, not the next day either."

"Well, will you fix a date?"

"No, I am not able to fix a date. You saw me number your friend's note; it is No. 49. There are forty-eight other blanked seconds ahead of your friend and I must take them in turn. As soon as I have killed them off I will attend to your friend; but he will have to wait until his turn comes."

The bearer of the challenge bowed himself out; but of course his friend's turn never came and it is not probable that he was anxious for it to come.—Knnoxville Journal.

How Churches Grow.

Clerical Tourist.—I see you have two churches in your little town. When I was here four years ago there was only one. Villiger.—Yes; they had a big fight some time before last, and half the congregation got out and started another church.

Division of the Earth.

Teacher.—Can any one explain how the earth is divided? Willie (with very important air).—Between them that's got it and them that would like to have it.



CURED BY TAKING AYER'S Sarsaparilla

"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as good as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cal-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never returned.—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

Free from Eruptions

As ever they were. My business, which is that of a cal-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never returned.—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

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MENTAL FATIGUE

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Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern in appointments. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Bargains to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. J. SIMS, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. A. WARD, Proprietor. For sample rooms in connection. First class very B table. Rooms at table and board.

MISS CAREW.

CHAPTER I.

"Jack, is it your intention to marry Mrs. Winthrop?"

"It will do me the honor to accept me—it is."

"This point-blank inquiry and decisive reply were exchanged between myself, Wilfred Madely, and my friend, Jack Davenant, one autumn evening five years ago, as we stood on the terrace of the hotel at Bugestock, near Lucerne."

"Bugestock," as perhaps some of my readers are aware, is a lofty wooded promontory, which juts out abruptly on the east side of the lake of Lucerne. A funicular railway, shoots up almost perpendicularly from the shore to the summit of the cliff, which is crowned by a big white hotel, where my friend and I had been spending our autumn holiday. We were both bareheaded, and my friend, Jack Davenant, while I was perfectly "acquainted with the law," having independent means.

"Is there any just cause why I should not marry Miss Winthrop?" he demanded, turning his handsome bronzed face towards me.

"No cause whatever; she is an excellent match in every sense of the word, and you are a lucky man if you win her. But there may be an impediment." Her sister, Miss Carew, has evidently made up her mind for reasons best known to herself, that Mrs. Winthrop shall not marry again if she can prevent it.

"But fortunately she can't prevent it," he interrupted. "If Stella—Mrs. Winthrop—loves me, as I hope and believe she does, it is not likely she will give me up at the bidding of that interfering old maid."

"She would be very foolish to do so. But she seems to be in a peculiar mood to-day, and even to be a little afraid of her, which surprises me, for Miss Carew does not give one the impression of being a particularly strong-willed or strong-minded person."

"Not strong-minded certainly," he acquiesced. "In fact it is concerned to me, I touched his forehead significantly, and perhaps that is the reason Mrs. Winthrop gives way to her, not to irritate her by opposition. Haven't you seen her nervous, restless manner, and the scared sort of look she has, as if she had once seen a ghost and never got over it?"

"I laughed.

"She is sane enough to make herself uncommonly disagreeable sometimes," I remarked; but to do her justice, she seems devoted to her sister, though in a jealous sort of way that must be very trying."

"Tryng? Stella must be a very yielding nature," he exclaimed. "Poor darling, her life has not been a very bright one hitherto. Married at eighteen to a man old enough to be her father, who kept her shut up like a nun, and now tormented by the surveillance of a jealous old-maid sister."

"But it is the wife that is to me, the future shall atone for the past," he added, more to himself than to me, and returned to his contemplation of the view.

"At a grumpy depth below us lay the 'Lake of the Four Cantons,' calm as a mirror in the evening stillness, while to right and left, like twin sentinels, rose the majestic forms of the mountain Mount Pilatus. The sun had set long ago, and the gold n glow still lingered, and all the air seemed luminous.

Dinner was over and the Bugestock guests, among whom Germans preponderated, were trooping out on the terrace to drink coffee and enjoy the cool evening air. Trim waitresses bustled about, the hotel band began to play, and presently an electric lamp was strung up to a pole above our heads, illuminating the terrace a giorno.

"Here they are at last!" Jack exclaimed, after many expectant glances over his shoulder, and he went forward to meet two ladies who had just emerged from the house.

Except in figure and complexion, both being fair, and both tall and slender, the sisters were as great a contrast as could well be imagined. Mrs. Winthrop was a fragile, girlish-looking woman of three or four-and-thirty, with soft, appealing blue eyes, and ached brows, which gave her face a look of innocent surprise.

It was a face which, if not actually beautiful, was singularly attractive; none the less so, perhaps, for the suggestion of weakness in the pretty curved lips and dimpled chin. Miss Carew was at least ten years her sister's senior, and looked even older than her age, thanks to her worn features and pallid complexion. Her manner was nervous and abrupt, and her eyes, fine brown eyes, which redeemed her face from plainness—had at times, as Jack had remarked, a curiously startled look, as if the shadow of some great fear had passed over her.

"How late you are!" was my friend's greeting. "Dinner was over half an hour ago." He placed a chair for the young widow as he spoke, leaving me to perform the same office for her sister.

"It took me exactly half an hour to convince Edith that it was not too cold to sit out of doors," she answered, laughing; and having been "convinced" against her will, she is naturally "of the same opinion still."

"The air is chilly," Miss Carew asserted, as she drew around her shoulders a voluminous gray woolen shawl.

She interrupted him with a tap of her fan.

"Hush! this is too public a place for sentiment. How full the terrace is tonight, and how loud those Germans talk," she added, glancing over her shoulder at a particularly noisy group near us, the central figure of which was a stout, black-eyed lady with strongly-marked Jewish features, who was attired with more splendor than the occasion seemed to warrant.

"Those dulcet tones are not German," I remarked; "it is Mrs. Solomans, the stockbroker's wife."

The young widow changed her position to have a better view of the Jewess. "Her diamonds are splendid," she said softly, after a pause.

Miss Carew, who had been apparently absorbed in counting stitches, looked up quickly. "Shocking bad form to wear them at table d'hôte," she remarked, in her abrupt way.

"And not very safe," Davenant added, lowering his voice; "there is a thief in the house. The manager tells me that within the last fortnight several guests have missed small articles of jewelry. But the curious part of this matter is," he continued, "that the things have since been restored to their owners as mysteriously as they were taken. It is something rather uncanny about—things vanishing and reappearing as if by some invisible agency."

"You make me quite nervous," Mrs. Winthrop declared, half laughing half serious. "I hope—Are you going, Edith?" she broke off, as Miss Carew began to roll up her knitting.

"Yes, I am cold," the latter replied with a shiver. "You had better come in doors, too; it is getting late."

The young widow hesitated, but meeting her lover's pleading gaze, she answered with unusual decision:

"Not yet; I will join you presently."

Her sister seemed about to speak again, but changed her mind, and walked away in silence.

Soon afterwards I also discreetly vanished, leaving Davenant to make the most of his opportunity. An hour later, looking from my window, I saw the lovers still tete-a-tete, apparently unconscious of the fact that Miss Carew, grim and inscrutable as one of the Fates, was watching them from the steps of the verandah.

CHAPTER II.

"Well, Jack, am I to congratulate you?" I asked my friend the following day, as we were smoking after lunch in a shady nook of the shrubbery.

"Congratulations on what?" he demanded, moodily.

"On having won the fair widow, for I suppose you came to an understanding last night?" Surely she has not refused you?" I added, noticing his gloomy expression.

"She neither refused nor accepted me," he answered, discontentedly. "I could not get her to give me a definite answer. She acknowledged that she cared for me, but she talked mysteriously of an obstacle between us, and when I asked her what it was, she began to cry. Of course the obstacle, is Miss Carew—confound her!" he concluded, flicking the ashes from his cigar.

"Cheer up; it'll all come right!" I told him, consolingly. "Rather than marry the 'obstacle' I'll marry the 'obstacle's' daughter."

"Thanks, old boy, that would indeed be a profit of friendship," he rejoined, laughing, as he arose and stretched himself.

"How intolerably hot it is! I'm going to get an iced 'soda.' A revoir!" he strode away.

The heat was indeed overpowering, and seemed to increase rather than diminish, as the sultry afternoon wore on.

Lightly clad as I was, my clothes oppressed me. My very ring—a sapphire, in a massive old-fashioned setting—was an intolerable nuisance, and I was placing it on the rustic table before me, resumed the novel which I had been reading before Davenant joined me.

But the book was dull, and I was drowsy. The distant voices of the indefatigable lawn-tennis players, and the melody of the much-enduring piano, which reached me through an open window, mingled together in a confused and soothing murmur. I fell into a doze, and from that to a sound sleep. I must have slept some time, for when I woke it was getting dusk.

Before my waking senses fully returned, I had a hazy idea that someone or something had been near me in the arbor; I even fancied that I had caught sight of a woman's figure in the act of leaving it, but when I roused myself and looked round, no one was visible. A glance at my watch showed me that it was time to dress for dinner, and I was moving away, when I remembered my ring, and turned to take it from the table.

To my surprise and dismay it was no longer there.

I looked under the bench, among the bushes, and in every nook and corner of the place—in vain. The mysterious thief had paid me a visit while I slept, and this ring was gone!

I felt that I had only my own carelessness to thank for the loss, but it was none the less vexatious, for the ring was a valuable one. I could only hope that it would eventually be returned, as other missing articles had been.

At dinner I related my adventure, drawing forth a chorus of excited questions and exclamations from everyone within hearing.

She stopped short on seeing me, and for a moment she stood face to face, looking at each other in silence.

Then, as if taking a sudden resolution, she said, with a sort of desperate composure: "I have returned your ring, Mr. Madely."

"My ring," I echoed, "Then," the words escaped me involuntarily. "then it was you who took it!"

She inclined her head without speaking, standing before me like a criminal awaiting sentence. I gazed at her in perplexity. She could not be in her right mind, I told myself, yet there were no signs of insanity about her at this moment. Her face was simply a blank page which told nothing.

"My dear Miss Carew," I said forcing a smile, "what induced you to do such a thing? was it meant as a joke?"

"You can think so if you like," she muttered, without raising her eyes. "I should advise you to give up such 'jokes' in future," I said dryly; "they are rather a dangerous form of pleasantry, and might get you into difficulties."

"Shall you—do you intend to denounce me?" she asked, looking at me.

"If anything of the sort occurs again, I shall be compelled to do so," I returned; but in the meantime I shall keep silence for your sakes."

She raised her eyes to my face with a strange look, a look that seemed full of mystery, and found the ball in my own hand; "Thank you," she said, quietly, and before I could speak again, she walked past me down the corridor.

CHAPTER III.

Three days passed uneventfully, and brought us to Thursday evening, when the weekly soiree danced took place. It was held in the large dining-hall of the hotel, which made a capital ball-room.

Not being a dancer, I seldom attended these affairs, and was inclined to grumble when deprived of my natural rest by the noise of revelry in which I did not share.

At about ten o'clock I looked in, on my way upstairs, and found the ball in full swing. Davenant and Mrs. Winthrop whirled past me to the strains of the "Eden-valse." They both looked radiantly happy, but it struck me that there was something feverish in the young widow's gaiety. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes overbrimming with tears, and she had a half-hysterical ring. She seemed as if she were dancing to the strains of the "Eden-valse." They both looked radiantly happy, but it struck me that there was something feverish in the young widow's gaiety.

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"Good heavens—Stella!" It was indeed Mrs. Winthrop who stood there, white and trembling, her face vacant with fear.

"Stella?" he repeated after a moment; "why are you here?"

"Is it necessary to ask the question?" Mrs. Solomans exclaimed with an angry laugh. "Look! she has my necklet-case in her hand at this moment!" She pointed to it with a fat forefinger. "Luckily she dropped something and woke me, or—"

She was interrupted by the appearance of Miss Carew, who put us aside without ceremony and entered the room. She was very pale, but looked neither surprised nor alarmed. There was a composed dignity about her which I never noticed before.

"Is my sister here?" she asked quietly, addressing Mrs. Solomans. "She has been walking in her sleep."

"Edith, I am here. Take me away, oh, take me away and hide me," the young widow cried, in a tone of anguish, rushing to her, and hiding her face on her shoulder.

The older woman folded her arms round the trembling figure with a look of protecting tenderness which transmuted her face.

"Yes, darling, come," she said soothingly. "I am sorry you have been disturbed, she said with a smile, addressing Mrs. Solomans, who stood transfixed. "Good-night."

Drawing her sister's arm through her own, she led the way along the balcony to the sitting-room they occupied, and turning at the door, beckoned to Davenant and myself to enter.

Mrs. Winthrop threw herself on a couch and buried her face in her hands sobbing hysterically.

In a moment her lover was on his knees at her side.

"Stella, my darling," he began, taking her hand; "do not distress yourself. You have had a bad dream; try to forget it!"

She started at his touch and raised her face, confronting him with a face so changed, so wild and haggard, that the words died upon his lips.

"Do not speak to me—do not touch me," she breathed shuddering from me. "I am not worthy of your love. I am—what that woman called me just now—her worse than a wretched, a wretched, a wretched!"

He drew back involuntarily, gazing at her in speechless astonishment. "What are you saying?" he exclaimed; "you were not cognizant of what you were doing. You were asleep!"

"I was not asleep—though it seems now like a dream. Edith will tell you that." She broke out with a cry of pain, putting both hands to her temples. "My head—my head," she moaned, and with a long shuddering sigh, fell back senseless.

Davenant rose slowly, his face white as the paper on which he was writing. "Is she raving, or is this horrible thing true?" he asked hoarsely turning to Mrs. Carew.

She did not answer him until she laid her sister's nerveless figure upon the couch, and arranged the cushions under her head. Then she turned to him with a face almost as white as his own.

"It is true," she said quietly; "but—"

She held up her hand as he was about to speak. "You must pity, not condemn, her. She is no more to be blamed for this unhappy mania than it is for a physical ailment."

"Mania?" he repeated quickly; "ah, I understand!"

"You have a mania she has had since childhood. The temptation comes upon her as a sudden overmastering impulse. She acts automatically, as if under the pressure of a will stronger than her own, and retains no recollection of her action. There are intervals during which the mania seems dormant, and when again it attacks her—as it has since we came here."

take. Where doctors had said that he must die, this medicine gave him life. He persevered with it, and to-day is in possession of robust health. The secret is this: South American Nerveine treats with the nerve centres, from which flows the life blood that keeps the system in perfect health. When these nerve centres are kept healthy, neither liver complaint nor other troubles will worry one. Mr. Hill's cure was lasting for this reason. Anyone who uses Nerveine will experience same results.

Good Advice.

The young man had seen the play before. He let everybody for four seats around him and he kept telling just what was coming and how funny it would be when it did come. He had a pretty girl with him and he was trying to amuse her.

At length he said: "Did you ever try listening to a play with your eyes shut? You've no idea how queer it seems."

A middle-aged man with a red face sat just in front. He twisted himself about in his seat and glared at the young man.

The silence that followed was almost painful—Washington Post.

Small Sized, Stupor.

A microscope belonging to Marie Antoinette had been discovered recently in a city in the center of France. A little before her marriage, the young archduchess of Austria expressed the strange desire of possessing a microscope. When asked what she intended to do with it, she answered, with a smile; "I would like to see my happiness, which is so small that I cannot see it with the naked eye."—Lam's Horn.

BORN.

Success, Oct. 10, to the wife of H. G. Price, a son. Windsor, Oct. 9, to the wife of Edward Guilfoyle, a son. Picton, Oct. 7, to the wife of M. T. Crowley, a son. Amherst, Oct. 5, to the wife of W. W. McNeil, a son. Sydney, Oct. 9, to the wife of A. L. Rhodes, a son. Halifax, Oct. 14, to the wife of W. N. Brown, a daughter. Toronto, Oct. 13, to the wife of W. H. Lent, a daughter. Sydney, Oct. 9, to the wife of Alex. Martin, a daughter. Ayer's Flat, Que., to the wife of Rev. C. Morse, a son. Halifax, Oct. 16, to the wife of J. Willis Caldwell, a son. Oromocto, Oct. 15, to the wife of Rev. S. J. Perry, a son. Dalhousie, Sept. 30, to the wife of Freeman Roby, a daughter. Yarmouth, Oct. 8, to the wife of Henry Berriman, a son. Windsor, Oct. 8, to the wife of Samuel McDonald, a son. Gays River, Oct. 1, to the wife of Walter S. Elliot, a daughter. Bridgetown, Oct. 10, to the wife of Mr. R. Heare, a daughter. Halifax, Sept. 28, to the wife of Henry Ruland, a son. Caledonia, Sept. 23, to the wife of Herbert Annis, a daughter. Yarmouth, Oct. 8, to the wife of A. W. Frost, a daughter. Halifax, Oct. 16, to the wife of W. J. Delaney, a daughter. Hibernia, N. S., Oct. 1, to the wife of John McBride, a daughter. New Glasgow, Oct. 15, to the wife of Daniel P. McNeil, a son. Guysboro, Sept. 30, to the wife of Bestram Bourne, a daughter. Dalhousie East, Oct. 1, to the wife of Caleb Arnburg, a daughter. Windsor Plains, Oct. 13, to the wife of Benjamin Caldwell, a son. Upper Stewiacke, Oct. 10, to the wife of Dr. C. W. Edwards, a son. Bridgewater, Oct. 19, to the wife of J. Frank Newcombe, a daughter. Quoddy N. S., Oct. 3, to the wife of Rev. McLeod Harley, a daughter. Wallace Bridge, Oct. 10, to the wife of James A. Harpell, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Lunenburg, Oct. 16, Henry R. L. Hill to Ida Silver. Truro, Oct. 10, by Rev. T. Cummings, Angus May to Nettie McKay. Boston, Sept. 29, George M. Russel to Hannah Davidson of Truro. Picton, Oct. 9, by Rev. J. Chisholm, Joseph Mahon to Elizabeth Porter. Halifax, Oct. 15, by Rev. P. M. Morrison, Rufus Leaven to Jennie Colman. Truro, Oct. 8, by Rev. T. Cumming, Luther E. Starrat to Isabel Cox. Truro, Oct. 9, by Rev. Thomas Cumming, Walter Truro to Emma Miller. St. John, Oct. 23, by Rev. Dr. Carey, C. John Stearns to Ruth Smith. Truro, Oct. 14, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Kenneth McCharis to Janie Black. Halifax, Oct. 8, by Rev. David Wright, John Murray to Laura B. Moore. Bristol, Oct. 9, by Rev. D. D. E. Brooks, Isaac Peckley to Lillie Brooks. Annapolis, Oct. 11, by Rev. Mr. White, Willard Rice to Mary E. Wright. Yarmouth, Oct. 13, by Rev. J. H. Fosbury, Sven Johnson to Lucy Kenny. Windsor, Oct. 15, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Thomas Lane to Elizabeth Smith. Economy, Oct. 16, by Rev. A. G. Bray, James G. Faulkner to Marie J. Hill. Jacksonville, Oct. 2, by Rev. J. B. Morgan, John N. Enory to Minnie Watson. Berrys Mills, Oct. 14, by Rev. John Price, William Lutz to Lydia Ann Trice. Maccan, Oct. 15, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Thomas H. Higgins to Ellen Harrison. Picton, Oct. 8, by Rev. A. Falconer, Allen H. McLeven to Jennie Colman. Windsor, Oct. 14, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Isaac B. Farris to Ada M. Fletcher. Halifax, Oct. 10, by Rev. John McMillan, Finlay Frost to Barbara McMillan. Port Lorne, Oct. 1, by Rev. E. P. Caldwell, Edmund C. Hall to Annie L. Britton. Annapolis, Oct. 9, by Rev. G. J. C. White, Robert Carter to Bertha E. Scofield. Westport, Oct. 1, by Rev. H. E. Cooke, Vernon Walsh to Della McDonald. Woodville, Oct. 1, by Rev. E. S. Stevens, Gilbert Ward to Annie Stoddart. Bridgetown, Oct. 17, by Rev. Scovil Neales, J. Carlton Bousie to Gustie Ball. Truro, Oct. 10, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Alexander Brown to Christina Crawford. Digby, Oct. 9, by Rev. Alfred Hasley, Nelson Curthall to Mary Holdsworth. Avondale, Sept. 29, by Rev. J. Fowle, David Ferguson to Bertha M. Mallin. Campbellton, Oct. 15, by Rev. Wm. Thomson, George W. Plant to Florence B. Noble. New Glasgow, Oct. 15, by Rev. A. Rogers, Allan P. Douglas to Laura A. Green. Cambridgeport, Mass., Oct. 5, William Smith to Beila J. Colman of Nova Scotia. Shelburne, Oct. 8, by Rev. F. A. Buckley, Edward Reynolds to Susanna Dickerson. Billtown, Oct. 5, by Rev. M. P. Freeman, Edward G. Shannon to Margaret A. Bill. Grand Haven, Oct. 19, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Otiswell Green to Nettie Brown. Woodville, Oct. 9, by Rev. Thomas Todd, Benjamin McKessie to Emma McMillan. Sydney, Oct. 15, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, Peter C. Campbell to Frances D. Morrison. Halifax, Oct. 16, by Rev. E. H. Pimms, Frank E. Dunlop to Mary Beatrice Randall. Liverpool, Oct. 12, by Rev. E. A. Farley, Rowland H. Cross to Theresa Ann Pettipiece.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.



DO NOT BE DECEIVED. Woodstock, Oct. 9, by Rev. James Whitehead, Ford Estlin to Is L. Woodworth. New Glasgow, Oct. 8, by Rev. J. L. George, Archibald Cameron to Emily MacDonald. New Glasgow, Oct. 16, by Rev. Arch. Bowman, William Here to Maggie Cameron. Eastport, Oct. 8, by Rev. James L. Bealy, John C. McDonald to Edwina Himmelman. Eastport, Oct. 15, by Rev. M. McKenzie, Angus McMillan to Annie McKimmon. Charlottetown, Oct. 16, by Rev. J. Sutherland, John W. Fulton to Florence Ada Nash. Wolford, Oct. 9, by Rev. A. D. McCully, W. Fred Moore of St. John's to Emma J. Lanning. Glenville, N. S., Oct. 8, by Rev. F. J. Pentelver, James D. Soley, to Mrs. Ada W. Bond. St. John, Oct. 15, by Rev. L. G. MacNeil, Walter H. Treman to Edwina Himmelman. Middleburg, Oct. 5, by Rev. Edwin Smith, James Fraser to Rosanna Nelson. Hantsport, Oct. 15, by Rev. George Hawcroft, Harold Schiebner to Alice Wagner. New Glasgow, Oct. 3, by Rev. J. L. George, Archibald Cameron to Emily Margaret McDonald.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

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DIED.

Fleeson, Oct. 11, James Munroe 65. Truro, Oct. 15, J. W. McNutt, 22. Oak Bay, Oct. 14, James Ross, 51. St. John, Oct. 22, C. C. Parker, 75. Little Bras d'Or, Jennie Mallis, 2. St. John, Oct. 19, Mrs. Eliza Woods. Trenton, Oct. 13, Mary C. Atkins, 18. Halifax, Oct. 17, Mrs. Jane Cruse, 72. Perth, Sept. 27, Cornelius Ullman, 83. Salisbury, Oct. 10, W. F. Wortman, 60. Lockport, Oct. 7, Donald McKenzie, 70. Halifax, Oct. 18, William McCarthy, 82. Alma, N. S., Oct. 15, David Sylvester, 61. Lawrencetown, Oct. 8, George Wells, 57. Halifax, Oct. 19, William Mackinlay, 60. Milltown, Oct. 6, Frank Smith, 5 months. Mahon, C. B., Oct. 7, Mrs. Isaac Smith, 57. Chertsey, Oct. 1, Jane, wife of James Lake, 91. St. John, Oct. 20, Capt. Thomas W. Sibley, 91. Amherst, Oct. 20, Rev. Canon Townsend, 84. St. John's Nfld., Oct. 19, Thomas Murphy 51. Waterville, N. S., Oct. 9, George D. Pines, 68. Stouffville, Oct. 1, John S. LeBlanc of N. S. 70. Sydney Mines, Sept. 25, William Hardman, 41. Lower Stewiacke, Oct. 8, George Loges Smith, 20. Halifax, Oct. 11, Rowland Thomas Horns, 54. Victoria Mines, Oct. 10, Thomas Magillway, 21. Douceton, Sept. 27, Mrs. Rose Anna Meahan 81. Prospect, Oct. 9, Deacon David Estabrooks, 62. Month of June, Sept. 25, Mrs. Sarah Huestis 102. Halifax, Oct. 10, Katherine widow of John Murphy, 82. Amherst, Oct. 13, Caroline, widow of Charles Luby 75. Wallace, Oct. 2, Margaret, widow of Thomas Hight 73. Burlington, Oct. 12, Louise, daughter of Charles F. Allison. Lynn Mass, Oct. 20, Kate wife of Fortune Overy of Halifax. Bouchette, Oct. 11, Annie, wife of William McKinnon. Three Mile Plains, Oct. 1, Sarah, widow of Michael Scarry, 75. Broad River, Sept. 23, Mary, widow of George Brown, 96. Livingston, Montana, Oct. 16, A. R. Christie of Truro, 24. Salisbury Road, N. S., Oct. 8, Mary, wife of G. L. Colpitts, 66. Kingsfield, Sept. 29, Mary Retil widow of John Straban, 62. Ayers Flat, Que., the infant son of Rev. C. and Mary Hone. Gardiner Creek, Oct. 20, Mary A. wife of James McBurns. Cape Dauphin, Sept. 27, Rachel, wife of Charles McNeil, 50. Digby, Oct. 7, Harry B. fourth son of George H. Holdsworth, 25. Fraser's Mountains, Oct. 14, Amelia, widow of Henry Masters, 35. Scotch Village, Oct. 2, Sadie, daughter of the late Henry Masters, 35. Milton, Oct. 13, Charles H. son of Edward and Annie E. Horton, 11. Hampton, Oct. 8, Gladys child of W. S. and Annie Masters, 10 months. Milton, Oct. 17, F. T. child of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Ewan, 2. Port Hawkesbury, Oct. 6, Anne McDonald wife of John A. McDonald, 51. Chicago, Oct. 19, Albert E. son of the late John McBride of St. John, 38. Tusket, Oct. 15, Charlotte, Vaughan, child of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Vaughan, 10 months. Carleton, Oct. 11, Amy Bernice, child of Norman and Caroline Gavel, 1. Halifax, Oct. 10, William Owen, son of Patrick and Margaret Stebbins, 4. Amherst Shore, Oct. 10, Wallace, son of Nathan and Minnie Rockwell, 12. Ontario, Oct. 15, Estelle Frances, wife of Daniel Lora, 11. Lower Masse, C. B., Oct. 4, Elizabeth, widow of Charles John