





EX-CORONERS UNHAPPY BECAUSE THEY ARE NO LONGER CORONERS.

The Final Issue of the Undue Estate Indulged in by a Halifax Coroner Last Year—There is a New Office, That of "Medical Examiner."

HALIFAX, March 14.—The coroner has been legislated out of the city of Halifax. It was the only way to get clear of a highly objectionable, not to say expensive official. In his scramble after the dead, by the Halifax coroner as a class, disgrace was brought upon the ancient office, and scandal fell upon the city. 'Tis true, all our city coroners were not of this bustling, "grasping" sort, but those who were could not be reformed or curbed. The innocent coroner had in a measure to suffer with the guilty coroner. So the legislature has stepped in and enacted that henceforth in the city of Halifax and town of Dartmouth there shall be no more coroners. Their usefulness is gone—gone since the time when the coroner's only object in holding his quest seemed to be to pocket the \$7 profits accruing to him for his alleged work.

It is noteworthy that it is only here in the capital that the coroner is swept away. Elsewhere in the province he still exists. The reason of that is that it was only in Halifax that the coroner as a class abused his office and disgraced himself.

Here in place of the coroner there has been created a new office—one only for the city and Dartmouth, so that there will be one of the old-time rivalry and competition for cases. The new official is called the "medical examiner." All cases of sudden death, where no physician is prepared to give a certificate of the cause of death, will come under his supervision. When such deaths occur, or when fatal accidents happen which may be the cause of carelessness, etc., or where foul play is suspected, the medical examiner will be notified. He will investigate and if everything is all right, will grant a certificate of the cause of death. For this he will be paid a fee of \$4. In case an autopsy is deemed by him to be necessary, it will be made, and an additional fee of \$8 will be payable by the municipality. Supposing that the results of the medical examiner's work convince him that wrong doing of any kind has unlawfully caused death, or if he thinks such may have been the case, then the medical examiner is to hand his evidence over to the stipendiary magistrate, who shall find it his duty forthwith to hold an inquiry.

Three objects are gained by this change. Competition for dead bodies is prevented, farcical coroner's juries will be seen no more, and economy will be secured. It is estimated that the new system will not cost more than \$200 or \$300 per year, while the old took \$800 or \$900 out of the taxpayers' pockets.

"Who shall be 'medical examiner'?" It is easy to say who shall not be, and the provincial government will probably not find it a hard matter to say who shall be. The new official shall not be any of those coroners who under the old system "made heads to be rich" out of the fees of ill-gotten inquests, or out of legitimate inquests they rushed with unseemly speed to hold. The chances are that the office will be given to ex-coroner W. D. Finn, a young man who never abused his office. No one ever accused him of rushing after a dead body. His good work was the only redeeming feature of a system which was discredited by other men who had its administration in their hands. Dr. Finn has the experience required; he has all the abilities necessary; he is on the right side of politics, being an enthusiastic liberal; and he is a popular physician. The chances are ten to one that Premier Fielding will make Dr. Finn medical examiner for Halifax and Dartmouth.

A QUEER WAY OF JUDGING.

Depending on the Reports of Half a Dozen D. A. G.'s.

HALIFAX, March 14.—The 63rd rifles are in high feather because they have been given first place in the efficiency returns over another Canadian city corps of militia. D. A. G. Irving has given them a standing of 143.73 points compared with 142.75 for their great rivals, the 66th P. L. F. This is a decided victory for the rifles, after all, the talk of increased establishment and that sort of thing in the fusiliers. The 63rd feel their success all the more because there is friction between their officers and their commanding officer, or rather the old trouble still exists. And yet the 63rd are not satisfied, for the officers claim that their real superiority over the 66th is not represented by a difference of about one point, but that they are forty points better, as one of the 63rd remarked when the news first came of the efficiency returns. But a change from second to first place ought to be sufficient reward for one year's work, even to such a proud battalion as the 63rd Halifax rifles.

The 62nd battalion of St. John are credited with only 125.50 points. That may or may not be all they deserve, but how absurd it is that battalions all over Canada should compete for efficiency standing on the reports of half a dozen D. A. G.'s, each of whom has a different standard of merit. There is absolutely nothing of value in such a comparison of merit. While such a D. A. G. doubtless sets to the best of his ability, and is as

possible, every one knows that their standards ideas cannot but vary. It is pure nonsense to compare the efficiency of a New Brunswick or Ontario battalion, based on reports of D. A. G.'s in those districts, with the efficiency of Nova Scotia battalions based on the report of the D. A. G.'s of this province.

A Surprising Change. HALIFAX, March 14.—The provincial rifle association of Nova Scotia made a surprising change in leaving off from the council one who has for years been upon it, and who has been the efficient secretary, Major R. A. Weston. A man must be popular with his comrades to secure some offices, and this is one of them. Major Weston's ability gained for him the place year after year, but in the absence lately of the requisite amount of "popularity," he has this year been left in the ranks. His successor is Captain Adams, H. J. A., who will have a chance the coming season to show his metal. Members of the P. R. A. council anticipate good shooting this season with Colonel C. J. Macdonald as president of the P. R. A., and Captain Adams secretary-treasurer. A good record should be made.

WOMEN ARE PERSISTENT. A Reply to "Soreola's" Charge That Women are not Persistent.

It has been declared by some one who has, or who professes to have watched the career of the modern woman, that she is not persistent enough. The masculine element of the human race—that is the modern masculine element—will hardly endorse this assertion, when the matter is viewed from a purely modern standpoint. Nor is ancient history wanting in proof that when once "lovely woman" has made up her mind to carry out some particular project its failure, if failure followed, was not due to want of persistency; inconsistency may have had something to do with the matter, but want of persistency—never. Indeed she has clearly proven that the opposite only is true, and it should be the more readily conceded by modern man, because with the most wonderful courage, in the face of adverse public criticism, she has achieved successes in arenas where for centuries man has held undisputed sway. To decide whether this be her proper sphere is not the object of this article, as upon that subject opinion must ever be divided.

In many countries she has now the political privilege, if privilege she esteem it, hitherto enjoyed by man alone. It might be remarked en passant that if her aspirations in this direction alone, were but a passing fancy of the hour, unsupported by persistency, courage, ambition or whatever term one may prefer, she would long ago have given up the fight as worse than useless. In the field political she has shown a persistency which has been so effective, there is scarcely any need of mentioning other battle fields where her success has been equally great and the victories there achieved, surely have not been the result of chance, but rather of patient persistent effort. With scarcely anything in her favor she has quietly gone to work and now in this nineteenth century, where is she not? The hitherto closely guarded university doors are thrown open at her approach; legislative halls echo the music of her voice; even St. Paul's caution, "Let the women keep silence in the churches" has been disregarded and feminine draperies adorn even the pulpit.

But it were useless to further enumerate the various fields where laurels have been won after many years of thought and work. Were the person, whose remarks I have taken exception to, to bring forward any charge against womankind, except that of not being persistent enough, I would certainly hold my peace, but I think the majority of male readers will agree with me that persistency is a woman's stronghold, whether it be directed towards the minor details of every day life, or the greater and more important matters.

Prescribing for a Dead Man.

A medical student, having failed to pass in London for his utter ignorance of every branch of medicine, went to a city in another part of Great Britain in his endeavor to obtain the coveted diploma. Having ascertained the names the examiners, he entered as a student in their respective classes about a month before the examination in medical jurisprudence. The examiner—a Scotchman—propounded the following question: "You are sent for, sir, to a patient four miles distant, whom you are informed has swallowed an ounce prussic acid. Tell me how you would expect to find him?" The candidate replied that he would expect to find him "looking pale and faint." "And what would you do for him?" "If I had no antidote with me, I would scrape some whitening from the ceiling and give it to him in water." "And d'ye think he'd recover?" queried the examiner. "Yes, I think he would." "Hot upon ye, ye blatherin' fule. He'd be dead an hour before ye got there!" was the crushing rejoinder.

Scarcity of Water in Venice.

In Venice water is something of a luxury, as the inhabitants have to depend upon the rains. There is no company for supplying the city. The water for drinking and domestic uses is collected in subterranean reservoirs, where it is said to be filtered. It is doled out at the public wells, which are open one hour daily for that purpose, and then are carefully locked up.

TALKS OF MAIN FISHERRIES. Fish in Strange Places—A Duck Caught by a Claw—Eels Abound.

It sometimes has happened that in some pond or river of Maine a fish has been caught that is the only specimen of its kind ever taken from those particular waters. The question naturally arises, how did this lone fish get there? Thus, in Little Bear Pond, which discharges its overflow into Sebec Lake through a precipitous rocky channel, usually dry and impassable for fish to ascend at any season, a fisherman named Blood, about forty years ago, caught a ten-pound trout of the variety known as togue, or laker, the only one ever caught there before or since. There are no togues in Sebec Lake, and the only way that the presence of this fish in the tributary pond was accounted for was the local fisherman was that it had dropped from the talons of a fish-hawk that had captured it in Long Pond several miles away, where togues abound.

Another instance of the way in which a curious transportation of the shellfish may take place through the agency of aquatic birds was observed by Eugene Barry of Lynn, while hunting water fowl about Sebec Lake. He was accustomed to station himself at a certain point on the shore to get a shot on the wing at a flock of ducks which flew up the lake in the morning and back at night. For several days he noticed that one duck flew lower than the rest and lagged behind. This duck he at last shot. When he came to examine his trophy, he discovered the cause of its difficulty in flying. A clam had closed its shell on the leg of the bird and refused to let go, and had been borne back and forth between widely separated parts of the lake by the unwilling bird. So long and so fast had the clam been attached to the duck's leg that the sharp-edged shells had nearly severed the limb.

Jerry Cross, once of Sebec, a famous angler and teller of fish stories, now dead, used to tell how one day he was chopping in the woods in company with another man in a place remote from water. A fish-hawk, lets the fish fall directly at Jerry's feet, where it landed, still alive and flopping, upon the dry ground. The wonder and amazement of his companion, who had not observed the hawk, was great, and Jerry affirmed that to the end of his lifetime, the man never could get it into his head how that trout came to be there.

"Did you ever hear of catching an eel by trolling?" said Capt. Frank A. Jordan of the steam launch Frolic on Sebec Lake in Maine. "I have taken two in this way in this lake while trolling for land-locked salmon. You think of an eel, you know, as living always in the mud and finding his food on the bottom, but these rose to a minnow bait in deep parts of the lake. You know that is the kind of water we troll in for salmon. The first eel, weighing three pounds, was taken at the surface in water fifty or sixty feet deep; the second, weighing two and a quarter pounds, was similarly caught in water 130 feet deep. They must have been lying near the surface to be able to seize a troll dragged along at a speed of three or four miles an hour."

"Speaking of the eels of Sebec Lake, they go from the lake up the stream in the spring and return in the autumn. I mean that many of them do. There are always plenty of them left in the lake, as every fisherman who sinks for salmon is pretty sure to find out. It is a sight to see them go up over Greely Falls in the Wilson stream. The water rushes down over the rock through a narrow opening in the ledges, with ten times the force of a mill race, and the current is a stronger one than the eels care to fight 'gains' in getting up the stream. So they take to the rocky sides and work up along them, in or out of the water as may happen like snakes."

It is a sight to see them climbing up the perpendicular face of the smooth, high ledge, but they do it, and get on to the smoother waters above. Over at Ship Pond stream, at the rips, men come every autumn and catch eels to ship to the Boston markets. They use the empty flour barrels to put them in, and as fast as the barrels are filled with eels they head them up and send them to Boston. The eels are put into the barrels as fast as they are caught, and the fishermen say they arrive in Boston alive and squirming.

There's another thing about eels that perhaps you don't know, and that is they come ashore by night in low wet lands, to hunt for food I suppose. In the meadow back of my farm in Bowerbank I have often found them working about in the long grass of a morning after the rain or a heavy dew, at a considerable distance from water, and their trail showed that they had been inland further still. I have heard that the salt water eels in the creeks and inlets of Long Island have this habit of making overland expeditions, and I suppose eels do the same thing in many other localities.

They Illustrate Their Letters.

A bright family have invented a peculiar form of correspondence among themselves, when separated. They call the result illustrated letters. They use large sheets of paper and write what they wish to say pasting on, as they go on, pictures which they cut out from papers, etc., to illustrate their news, or to comment upon it. They sometimes find sentences, or words, in print that may be used with telling effect. Altogether, the recipient of one of these "stage" letters, at the moment of its delivery, is always vastly amused by it. The children of the family find employment and endless fun in getting materials ready for one of them.

A Revolving Stage.

Nothing seems to have come on this side of the Atlantic at all events, of Mr. Steele Mackay's plan of a revolving stage, by means of which a number of scenes could be laid at once, and by a mere turning of machinery be substituted one for the other, stage after stage, with the necessity for thus doing away with the necessity for a change of scenery. Something of the same kind is accomplished by a contrivance invented by M. Juleppi, and it is to be tried at the Porte St. Martin. At this theatre a

drama of the reign of Louis XVI., on the subject of the famous Queen's necklace, is at present being played, and scenic accessories play an important part in it. There are no fewer than thirteen elaborate set scenes, and M. Juleppi, it is claimed, has contrived so that there need be no necessity for dropping the curtain during the whole of the representation. M. Rochard, the manager of the theatre, has invited all the members of the Municipal Council to see a performance of the play, at which the new device will be employed.

A Reporter's Dilemma.

Baile X—, the worthy dispenser of justice at a police court in a Scottish city, loves not the newspaper reporter, and once he detects him amongst his auditors he is very guarded in his deliberations. At the petty division recently, his honor's eye got crossed on a well-known local pressman, whose great forte is little gossip paragraphs. Pointing a significant finger at him, the baillie ejaculated from his box—"Noo, my man, I see ye fine frae here; but, fegs! ye'll get naething frae me, I can tell ye. Ye'll need ta make it oot o' yer bid!"

New Dangers for the Belated.

French footpads have discovered a new weapon for assailing travellers at night. It is a hollow gutta-percha cudgel, which has the advantage over the old-time sand-bags or loaded stick of inflicting an equally effectual blow without producing any visible wound. Consequently, the belated wanderer who has been robbed finds it difficult to persuade the authorities that his tale is a true one, since he can produce no evidence of having been struck.

"77" FOR GRIP

Cold, Influenza, Catarrh, and Soreness in the Head and Fever, Cough, Sore Throat, General Prostration and Chills. Keep your feet dry and if you catch cold take Seventy-Seven. Grip usually attacks a person whose system is weakened by some other disease and accelerates that disease. Every body appears to be troubled with a Cold or Catarrhal affection at this season of the year, and the only thing to do is to take "77" at the first appearance of the malady and avoid exposure.

The atmospheric condition and the wet sidewalks and streets are extremely conducive to such affections, and you cannot be too careful about keeping your feet dry.

"77" will "break up" a stubborn cold that "hangs on."

The praises of Dr. Humphrey's Specifics are on every tongue and sound.

Miracles.

Fredrick Carr, Esq., Geologist, 145 East 16th St., New York, formerly of Montana, writes: "The change from the high altitude of the Rocky Mountains made me a victim of GRIP. I had intense fever; had cough; pain everywhere. Two bottles of '77' cured me. The results have been extremely satisfactory, beneficial and wonderful. After ten hours I felt great relief, and the second bottle cured me."

C. S. Bacon, Southampton, Mass., writes: "I have used your Specifics for many years and have been cured of GRIP. '77' for GRIP is a miracle. It has just carried us through SEVERE COLDS, or as most people would say, 'Grip.'"

H. J. Gude, Duluth, Minn., writes: "I have been using your Specifics in my family for the past three years, and with the greatest success. Your No. 1 Specific for FEVERS is a perfect wonder."

S. E. Nelson, Raleigh, N. C., writes: "Your No. 10 Specific for DYSPEPSIA has done wonders for me. I have gained eleven pounds in ten weeks."

F. W. Bartlett, Chicago, writes: "I am using my third bottle of your Specific No. 10 for DYSPEPSIA, and I feel better since I have been using it than I have before in a year."

Tom Foster, New Bedford, Mass., writes: "I used your Specific No. 15 for RHEUMATISM and had relief. I was so bad that I could not get up or down stairs, but thanks to you and your grand medicine, after taking two bottles I could do about my work as well as ever. It has been a God-send to me, and I shall never be without it."

MEDICAL BOOK. A copy of Dr. Humphrey's Specifics Manual of all diseases mailed free on application. Humphrey's Specifics are put up in small bottles of pink and white, each, or in a box to fit the 4 pockets, holding six times as much, for \$1.00. Sold by all druggists or sent prepaid upon receipt of H. HUMPHREY'S MEDICINE COMPANY, P. O. Box 21, William and John Sts., New York.

"I never found anything so interesting as shorthand," is the common remark of scholars. That is after they try it of course. Simple Shorthand is easily learned, even by mail. SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, TRURO, N.S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. BY a young lady a situation as Companion or to wait on in a family. Can furnish references. Address "L. B." P. O. Box Office, St. John, N.B. 2-18-95

FOR SALE CHEAP—Desirable business property. Tobacco Valley Railway. Splendid opportunity to invest small capital in general trading business. Now is the time to investigate. Address BUSINESS, P. O. Box 33, Richibou, N.B. 3-11-95

WANTED—OLD Postage Stamps of New Brunswick, N. B. or Nova Scotia, P. O. Box 21, William and John Sts., New York. 2-16-95

AS YEARS GO BY the public is realising more and more the value of the "Dyspepsia Cure." For dyspepsia, indigestion, headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., its curative effects are magical. Try Snell's "Dyspepsia Cure."

ONE MILLION CUSTOMERS wanted for beautiful doll parcel. We will send you post free for only 25 cents. 60 night lock imported, stamped cloth dolls. Address: Gorbell's Art Store, 207 Union Street, St. John, N.B. 11-11-94

RUBBER GOODS. Do you want anything in rubber goods? If so send us your order for quotations and you will save money. STANDARD RUBBER CO., St. John, N.B.

RESIDENCE at Bathurst for sale or to rent for the summer months. The pleasantly situated house known as the Titus place is one and a half miles from Bathurst by stage and within five minutes walk of the Kennel, coal, rent reasonable. Apply to E. G. Pendergast, 2nd Floor, Pendergast Buildings, 34-36 Water Street, St. John, N.B. 3-11-95

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Amateur Photo Studio, 28 Charlotte St., St. John, N.B. 11-11-94

Johnson's ANODYNE LINIMENT

It was invented in 1810 by the late Dr. A. Johnson, an old-fashioned, public spirited Family Physician. It is recommended by physicians everywhere. All who use it are amazed at its power and praise it however often. It is used and endorsed by all athletes. It is the best, the oldest, the original. It is useful in every ailment. It is superior to all others. It is not merely a Liniment, it is the Universal Household Remedy. It is useful to all ages. There is not a medicine to-day which possesses the confidence of the public from infancy to old age. Every Mother should have it in the house, dropped on sugar suffering children soon to great relief. Every Mother should have it in the house, dropped on sugar suffering children soon to great relief. It produces an increase of vital activity in the system. Its electric energy overstimulates circulation and inflammation without irritation. Generation after Generation have Used and Praise it.

For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL Use.

Cures Croup, Colds, Coughs, Sore-Throat, Cramps and Pains.

"QUICKCURE" for Toothache

IT ACTS LIKE MAGIC, Never fails to give INSTANT relief. Endorsed by Dentists and Physicians as a most important discovery.

Church's Alabastine For use with COLD WATER.

No Boiling or Hot Water Needed. 16 Beautiful Shades and White. Alabastine will stay in solution several hours and yet sets hard on the wall finally; this gives painters and others ample time to work the same before the setting process takes place.

Saves Time, Saves Waste, and is superior to Kalsomines for Plain Tinting.

Also is adapted to Solid Wall Relief Work, Modelling, Combing, Stippling, Blending, etc.

NOTE.—Alabastine pleases Painters every time, as they see that with it they can do work that will enable them to reclaim their almost lost art from the wall paper manufacturers who have been making the painters buy and hang their chrome or printed imitations of real wall decorating.

W. H. THORNE & Co., Market Square.

Wood Mantels, = Open Fires.

If you intend making any

Change in your House, we wish to remind you that we have on hand a large stock of Wood Mantels in Cherry, Oak, Quartered Oak and Gum Woods, of neat and elegant designs. Also Iron Linings, Tiles, Brass Frames, and Irons and Fenders to suit open Fire Places.



Emerson & Fisher

The "DEVLEINE" CYRENNE WHISTLE.

NICKEL PLATED.

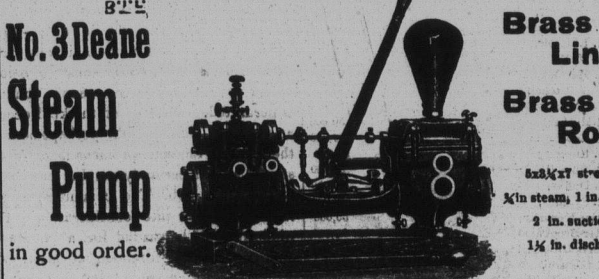
NEW! NEW! NEW! NEW!

SOOTHING, UNEARTHLY, HIDEOUS, MELODIOUS. Sounds like a calliope. You can hear it a mile. Everybody should have one. Sent by mail on receipt of price, 35 cts. each. For sale by

T. M'AVITY & SONS, - ST. JOHN, N. B.

SECOND HAND STEAM PUMP AT VERY LOW PRICE.

No. 3 Deane Steam Pump in good order.



PRICE WHEN NEW. \$225.00. WILL SELL FOR 75.00.

Also Another Good Offer. 15mph. hot Water Heater and Purifier, Brass Work, worth \$150.00, will sell for \$75.00. If you want to add years to the life of your boiler here is a chance to do it cheap.

J. S. CURRIE,

57 WATER STREET - SAINT JOHN, N. B. N. B. If in want of second-hand machinery write me.







PROGRESS. EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from his new quarters, 29 to 31 Commercial street, St. John, N. B.

SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,643. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 16.

CIVIC POLITICS. The T. R. A. are discovering that some of the gentlemen in whom they reposed confidence last year are now finding it expedient to make excuses. They have had speeches from two of them. Messrs. Baxter and Lockhart and they must have been highy entertaining.

An old cartoon by CHARLES KENNE, which has as its victim GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, sold last week for \$33. On the margin Mr. KENNE wrote to the editor of Punch, "Will this do, or is it libellous?"

The New York Advertiser seems to be as untrustworthy in its reports of Nova Scotia news as some of its New York contemporaries. It makes a humble apology to Mr. ZACHARIAS A. HUBLEY, of Worcester, Mass., whom it charged with intent to defraud certain insurance companies, under a claim for damages by reason of an accident which happened in Nova Scotia in 1893.

MAX O'REILLY says: "In going hastily through a country don't ask me what my opinion is; ask me my impression. If I wanted opinions about Canada I would go to well-informed Canadians."

Dens threatened he would do it, and he did. At a late Chicago meeting he charged all that the acts of violence and crime committed during the PULLMAN strike were traceable to the General Managers Association, just as he promised he would. Now he has got that off his mind, he can become a peaceful citizen once more.

THE BIBLE AND INGERSOLL. Abbe HOGAN, in an article in the March Donahoe's, discusses INGERSOLL's recent question, "What has the bible done for commerce, for agriculture, for all the arts and comforts of life?"

Perhaps a better answer to the eloquent colonel would be a more straightforward one. Surely no one can deny that the christian religion has been one of the greatest comforts of life to many people. Even those who consider it wrong must acknowledge its great comforting power as evidenced in its believers with whom they have been associated.

Society, which suffered a direct loss in the recent death of WARD McALLISTER, has now suffered an indirect one in the death of M. WORTH. WORTH has succeeded, however; McALLISTER has not.

The Ladies Home Journal is bringing Mrs. SHAKESPEARE to the notice of the world. Now we will have some cryptogrammatist scripping out that she was the wife of Lord BACON.

Philadelphia is suffering from intemperance charity. It has 1,600 charitable societies, and as the number is added to the papers increase on an even higher ratio.

THE MAXIMS OF SOLOMON, the lessons of CHRIST are applicable to and calculated to benefit every kind of work, and every kind of worker. The direct influence on literature and art of the bible is in itself enough to stamp INGERSOLL's question as essentially foolish.

It is clear that a better answer than Abbe HOGAN gives to the man who thrills his listeners, at frequent times, smashes their doctrines—and secures their dim— would be a straightforward one. If, however, an evasive reply be used, it would better be the counter-question, "What have INGERSOLL's lectures done for commerce, for agriculture, for all the arts and comforts of life?"

Dr. JOHN WOOD, the eminent arclist and authority on art, should be an even more popular a man with the New Woman as Dr. PARKHURST, or any other of the pampered masculine pets of the day. Dr. WOOD says that the modern woman's figure differs decidedly from the typical woman of Greek art.

The world is getting broader and better. A gratifying instance of protestant tolerance was the respect paid by those of that faith to the great Canadian statesman who conscientiously gave up his religion for that of the Roman catholic.

An old cartoon by CHARLES KENNE, which has as its victim GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, sold last week for \$33. On the margin Mr. KENNE wrote to the editor of Punch, "Will this do, or is it libellous?"

The New York Advertiser seems to be as untrustworthy in its reports of Nova Scotia news as some of its New York contemporaries. It makes a humble apology to Mr. ZACHARIAS A. HUBLEY, of Worcester, Mass., whom it charged with intent to defraud certain insurance companies, under a claim for damages by reason of an accident which happened in Nova Scotia in 1893.

MAX O'REILLY says: "In going hastily through a country don't ask me what my opinion is; ask me my impression. If I wanted opinions about Canada I would go to well-informed Canadians."

Dens threatened he would do it, and he did. At a late Chicago meeting he charged all that the acts of violence and crime committed during the PULLMAN strike were traceable to the General Managers Association, just as he promised he would. Now he has got that off his mind, he can become a peaceful citizen once more.

THE BIBLE AND INGERSOLL. Abbe HOGAN, in an article in the March Donahoe's, discusses INGERSOLL's recent question, "What has the bible done for commerce, for agriculture, for all the arts and comforts of life?"

Perhaps a better answer to the eloquent colonel would be a more straightforward one. Surely no one can deny that the christian religion has been one of the greatest comforts of life to many people. Even those who consider it wrong must acknowledge its great comforting power as evidenced in its believers with whom they have been associated.

Society, which suffered a direct loss in the recent death of WARD McALLISTER, has now suffered an indirect one in the death of M. WORTH. WORTH has succeeded, however; McALLISTER has not.

The Ladies Home Journal is bringing Mrs. SHAKESPEARE to the notice of the world. Now we will have some cryptogrammatist scripping out that she was the wife of Lord BACON.

Philadelphia is suffering from intemperance charity. It has 1,600 charitable societies, and as the number is added to the papers increase on an even higher ratio.

THE OUN AND SQUIRT GUN.

One of them wanted to know why the part of a towel that had been dipped in water was darker than the dry portion, and the man of science remarked that no man had ever asked this question, and very few would have been able to give the correct answer.

The Keighley Board of Guardians recently advertised for a married couple to act as porter and cook at the workhouse infirmary. One of the selected couples was Mr. J. E. Eastwood and Miss Harrop, both at present employed at the Penitence Workhouse, and in their application they promised to get married forthwith if they received the appointment.

A little more than thirty miles from the coast of Japan the Pacific Ocean is found to be over four 4,648 fathoms deep. Some officers surveying for a telegraph cable had their wire break at this depth without reaching the bottom. This is said to be the deepest sounding ever made, and is so deep that the two highest mountains in Japan, placed one over the other in this abyss, would leave the summit of the upper one two-thirds of a mile below the surface of the water.

The custom for the Puma Indians of North America to select several promising youths of their tribe from time to time for positions of their traditions, and they are carefully instructed in the historical legends pertaining to their tribe, being required to commit them faithfully to memory. They in turn instruct their successors, and thus preserve the traditions in the exact language recited by their ancestors many years ago.

Mrs. Vanderbilt is going in for cycling; at first she went to an "academy" for her lessons, but now she practices under the same tuition in the great ball-room of her own house. "I haven't yet found a costume I'll wear in public," she said the other day, "but I'm having a lot of people make me designs, so I expect to have something tolerable before summer comes."

The new America rifle, which will soon be distributed to United States troops and militia, carries a small ball covered with a nickel plated steel jacket, and projects it at tremendous speed. Its design is to kill instantly, or to wound without causing great suffering from blood-poisoning and other complications. The theory is good, as well as humane. The wounded man, it is said, means a loss of three soldiers; the other two being required to carry him from the field.

Dghelal Naibo—"The Sinking Mountain"—an isolated Algonquin peak, is now about 300 feet high, and is covered with a slowly but surely disappearing. In the time of the Caesars it was nearly twice its present height. Nor is "The Sinking Mountain" a large, clear lake called Fezzara, which is said to have risen over a large city that sunk in the year 400 A. D.

A physician abroad has devised a vibrating helmet for the cure of nervous headache. It is constructed of strips of steel, which are caused to vibrate by means of a small electric motor. The sensation produces drowsiness, the patient falls asleep under its influence, and awakes free from pain.

Miss Alice French, "Octave Thonet," the story writer, said recently that she took great enjoyment in the fact that she could, if necessary, earn her living either as a typewriter and stenographer, as a photographer, or best of all, as a cook.

By combining many materials it is asserted that bricks of all colors can be produced. For instance, the addition of a small percentage of iron to the clay gives a beautiful mottled brick. The departure will exert an influence on architecture.

Artificial whalebone is now made from leather, which, after having been soaked for two or three days in sulphate of potassium, is stretched, slowly, dried, and subjected first to a high temperature, and then to a heavy pressure, which makes it hard and elastic.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is an untiring patron of massages, gives of facial massage, shampooing, and shampoos. She says she believes, on principle, in being as good-looking as she can.

It has been lately discovered that the French on the approach of war, could call into immediate service a trained body of seven hundred thousand English naval reservists by three to one. This embodies what is called in France the "Conscription Maritimee."

THE OUN AND SQUIRT GUN.

An Anecdote of Hon. George E. Foster and John Thomas Balmer. Apropos of the recent visit of Hon. Messrs. Foster and Costigan to this city, Progress recalls an amusing little incident which occurred in a certain Nova Scotia town some years ago when Mr. Foster met in gladiatorial combat, figuratively speaking, Mr. John T. Balmer, that eloquent exponent of prohibition in the sister province.

A French physician employed a very ingenious artifice. When he commenced practice in a town where he was not known, he pretended to have lost his dog, and ordered the public crier to offer with beat of drum, a reward of a hundred francs to whomsoever should bring it to him. The crier took care to mention all the titles and academic honors of the doctor, as his place of residence. He soon became the talk of the town.

An enterprising young woman who has lately opened an office announces that she is ready to render practical help to men and women of affairs to save them time and annoyances. She proposes, if people will give her opportunity, to act as representative, private secretary and intermediary, with discretion, diplomacy and good judgment are required; as a purchasing agent for the household, buying anything from groceries to wedding outfits and bric-a-brac; as a dispenser of charity where investigation is required; in fact, providentially to fill the office of a "capable person" in the community. As in every large city there is a constant demand for just the services that this young woman proposes to render, there seems to be no reason why she should not succeed.

Too much assurance in speech sometimes results in a moment of enragin and confusion. An eminent living physician has related a comic instance of a lecture in class at a hospital. The students had gathered about a man with a badly swollen eye; one of the poor fellow's eyes was enormously dilated. Some very learned and "cocksure" opinions had been forthcoming as to the connection between the two facts. The heart was said to dilate the pupil of the eye in this remarkable feature. But suddenly the man himself upset all these confident theories: "Gentlemen, it's a glass eye," he quietly observed.

The captain of an ocean steamer in most cases finds out when his vessel is approaching an iceberg from the men down in the engine room. That seems strange, but it is a fact nevertheless. It appears that when a steamship enters water considerably colder than that through which it has been going its propeller runs faster. Such water usually surrounds the vicinages of bergs for many miles. When the propeller's action, therefore, is accelerated without the steam power being increased, word which is passed up to the officer on the bridge that icebergs may be expected and a close lookout is established.

Some time ago, a foreign letter came directed to "Patrick Maloney, First House in America." The letter was from Ireland, and, after the usual inquiries, the clerk learned the time that the vessel bearing the letter arrived. As an experiment, he placed it in the hands of a carrier, who was instructed to deliver it at the end of the pier. The house was a sailors' boarding-house, and, strange as it may seem, Patrick Maloney was found. When the letter was opened, the only contents were found to be a draft for \$400.

There is now at La Rochelle, France, an old man of the name of Jules Zostot, who possesses a marvelous memory. He knows by heart all the verses of the Bible; never; no matter whether it begins a sentence or is a continuation of the preceding verse, his memory is never defective, and he will recite the lines. Some men

Remembrance. The full moon stopped before your tent, That night I saw you stand; In the stars, O Puritan maid, And took your dainty hand. By grave leaves and golden sand, How lovely the moonlight, How still the land.

Oh maiden loved in Shiloh vale, The cushions at your feet, Your silver robe and turban light, Were ever and ever so sweet. But lovelier far your face to meet; As lovely as the twilight sky, When we came to greet.

The pink accents bowed in prayer, By yonder minaret; The silence in the fragrant air, Thy soul was to my heart. And Allah's blessing when the day was set, How often in that love light calm, I met thee yet.

We wandered where the roses lovel, The lightnings to be; By wheat fields kissed in golden bloom, Do madder to me. By warty grapes the clusters hanging free; How tender in the sunlight there, Your eyes to see.

Oh woe were scarlet poppies gay, Or lilacs robed in white; No flower there could touch my love, Or be her in my sight. And faithful, kind did ever prove; My queen excelled the slight, My soul's delight.

Whenever in your white tent door, O maid of Shiloh land; With bowi rose watered whence the stem, Brings dreams of our first stand, The summer winds that cheek has fanned; Have borne again the old song back, Out of this shrouded land. Fanny Furch, Feb., 1895. CROSS GOLD.

In Memoriam. ABRIE WELSHAM (Mrs. JAMES T.) HALL. May 21st, A. D. 1894.

The heart that warmed to all distress, And beat with sympathy and love, That held no thought of selfishness, And loved to share its joys and pains, Where christian thought and faith had place, Is still and cold in death's embrace.

The cheery voice, the moistened eye, The smile that lit the brow's complaint, The tongue that sweetly made reply, Exemplified the earthly man, And her own sorrow, a full cup, We ponder o'er, and treasure up.

Yes, she with Christ did tread the way Where trial, sorrow, pain are found, And ever found in Him a stay. The source from whence blessings abound. Her children's children called her blest.

Sweet peace and rest are hers today, The peace of heaven's eternal rest, 'Mid blissful scenes far in the sky, As in O God, be it that peace, Through Jesus Christ's redeeming grace.

An Arrival at Billville. The brass band's at the station— The flag waves from the dome; We are glad as all creation. Our Congressmen come home!

The birds have gone to singin', An' write the millip' d' foam; The cattle bells are ringin'— Our Congressmen come home!

The weather's bright and sunny, The bees are in the comb; 'Eev' pocket full of money— Our Congressmen come home!

So, sit the old mule ready; The larks are in the loam; He'll hold the plowneck steady— Our Congressmen come home!

With glory we will keep him; No more we'll let him roam; We're all a-goin' to keep him At home, a-homin' a-homin' home! —Atlanta Constitution.

The Witch o' Warrule. There leved a witch on Warrule brae, Her brood were weel an' booty; But an' her 'e'e' were black as slates, Her lips were of the cherry's hue, Her footstep left an' airy, She had a wa' as a king micht lo'e, An' 'imp' as ony fairy.

Itk and wife tauld me to beware, An' no' to gang near the h'air, For he had plann'd in her hair, 'Wad keep a parson busy, But so slight I lik'd the concept', 'I'll tak' the risk an' see her; An' lo! the lassie work'd sic spell On me, I'm findin' her!

She stole my 'er's, she stole my heart, An' wiche'd me abentheir; See I just played the wooer's part, She leaved her face for my dear, She leaved her face for my dear, She spread her hair in wisly ways Bewichin' my we body. Wm. Little.

The Women's Mite. Some charitable women who have not a great deal of money to give away have what they call their penny purses. They have little banks standing in some convenient place in their bedrooms. In these they make it a point of conscience to drop all the pennies which come to them in the way of change. They are not misred, and still they amount in a few months to quite a sum to be bestowed on the favored philanthropy.

He had a Reason. An old lady walking in St. James' Park, London, the other day saw a boy throwing a lot of bread in the water. Struck with the boy's action, she went up to him and said: "Why are you throwing all that bread to the pretty ducks, my boy?" "Cos my Sunday school teacher always told me, if you cast your bread upon the water it'll return to you after many days."

"And do you think your bread will come back to you?" "We'd mums," replied the boy, "if it don't come back to me I shall have a jolly good excuse for sneaking one of them ducks."

Whose Cripples are Unknown. There are no deformed or crippled children in our city. If a child is born deformed, it is at once made away with. You may travel all over China and never see a maimed native. When a serious accident befalls one of them he is likewise put to death. This is a part of their religion, to which they adhere closely.

A Restaurant With no Waiters. An international exhibition is to be held during the summer at Amsterdam. One of the novelties will be an electric restaurant, where no waiter will be seen, and where, by simply touching a button the dish required by the guest will rise and descend as desired.

THE OUN AND SQUIRT GUN.

One of them wanted to know why the part of a towel that had been dipped in water was darker than the dry portion, and the man of science remarked that no man had ever asked this question, and very few would have been able to give the correct answer.

The Keighley Board of Guardians recently advertised for a married couple to act as porter and cook at the workhouse infirmary. One of the selected couples was Mr. J. E. Eastwood and Miss Harrop, both at present employed at the Penitence Workhouse, and in their application they promised to get married forthwith if they received the appointment.

A little more than thirty miles from the coast of Japan the Pacific Ocean is found to be over four 4,648 fathoms deep. Some officers surveying for a telegraph cable had their wire break at this depth without reaching the bottom. This is said to be the deepest sounding ever made, and is so deep that the two highest mountains in Japan, placed one over the other in this abyss, would leave the summit of the upper one two-thirds of a mile below the surface of the water.

The custom for the Puma Indians of North America to select several promising youths of their tribe from time to time for positions of their traditions, and they are carefully instructed in the historical legends pertaining to their tribe, being required to commit them faithfully to memory. They in turn instruct their successors, and thus preserve the traditions in the exact language recited by their ancestors many years ago.

Mrs. Vanderbilt is going in for cycling; at first she went to an "academy" for her lessons, but now she practices under the same tuition in the great ball-room of her own house. "I haven't yet found a costume I'll wear in public," she said the other day, "but I'm having a lot of people make me designs, so I expect to have something tolerable before summer comes."

The new America rifle, which will soon be distributed to United States troops and militia, carries a small ball covered with a nickel plated steel jacket, and projects it at tremendous speed. Its design is to kill instantly, or to wound without causing great suffering from blood-poisoning and other complications. The theory is good, as well as humane. The wounded man, it is said, means a loss of three soldiers; the other two being required to carry him from the field.

Dghelal Naibo—"The Sinking Mountain"—an isolated Algonquin peak, is now about 300 feet high, and is covered with a slowly but surely disappearing. In the time of the Caesars it was nearly twice its present height. Nor is "The Sinking Mountain" a large, clear lake called Fezzara, which is said to have risen over a large city that sunk in the year 400 A. D.

A physician abroad has devised a vibrating helmet for the cure of nervous headache. It is constructed of strips of steel, which are caused to vibrate by means of a small electric motor. The sensation produces drowsiness, the patient falls asleep under its influence, and awakes free from pain.

Miss Alice French, "Octave Thonet," the story writer, said recently that she took great enjoyment in the fact that she could, if necessary, earn her living either as a typewriter and stenographer, as a photographer, or best of all, as a cook.

By combining many materials it is asserted that bricks of all colors can be produced. For instance, the addition of a small percentage of iron to the clay gives a beautiful mottled brick. The departure will exert an influence on architecture.

Artificial whalebone is now made from leather, which, after having been soaked for two or three days in sulphate of potassium, is stretched, slowly, dried, and subjected first to a high temperature, and then to a heavy pressure, which makes it hard and elastic.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is an untiring patron of massages, gives of facial massage, shampooing, and shampoos. She says she believes, on principle, in being as good-looking as she can.

It has been lately discovered that the French on the approach of war, could call into immediate service a trained body of seven hundred thousand English naval reservists by three to one. This embodies what is called in France the "Conscription Maritimee."

The captain of an ocean steamer in most cases finds out when his vessel is approaching an iceberg from the men down in the engine room. That seems strange, but it is a fact nevertheless. It appears that when a steamship enters water considerably colder than that through which it has been going its propeller runs faster. Such water usually surrounds the vicinages of bergs for many miles. When the propeller's action, therefore, is accelerated without the steam power being increased, word which is passed up to the officer on the bridge that icebergs may be expected and a close lookout is established.

Some time ago, a foreign letter came directed to "Patrick Maloney, First House in America." The letter was from Ireland, and, after the usual inquiries, the clerk learned the time that the vessel bearing the letter arrived. As an experiment, he placed it in the hands of a carrier, who was instructed to deliver it at the end of the pier. The house was a sailors' boarding-house, and, strange as it may seem, Patrick Maloney was found. When the letter was opened, the only contents were found to be a draft for \$400.

There is now at La Rochelle, France, an old man of the name of Jules Zostot, who possesses a marvelous memory. He knows by heart all the verses of the Bible; never; no matter whether it begins a sentence or is a continuation of the preceding verse, his memory is never defective, and he will recite the lines. Some men

Of the spider family we have a liking for living in or near a piece of water. One of the most remarkable members is that known as the "rat spider." This creature constructs an odd little raft of leaves and sticks, held together by the silken threads which all spiders use. On this raft the spider sails about, not slipping in any one place, but steering his little boat wherever the fancy takes him. His food consists of small insects, which he finds in the water around him. He is said to be able to run upon the water as well as sail upon it, so altogether he is quite an accomplished creature.

Ben Butler on Harvard Professors. Gen. Butler tried a case before Judge Merrick, who was of the counsel for Dr. Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman. Professor Horsford was on the stand as witness. Butler treated the professor rather cavalierly and Judge Merrick asked Butler if he was aware who he was on the stand. "Yes, your honor, Mr. Horsford," Professor Horsford, professor in Harvard University. "Ah, yes, your honor, I never knew but one professor at Harvard, and he was hanging."

A Conditional Appointment. The Keighley Board of Guardians recently advertised for a married couple to act as porter and cook at the workhouse infirmary. One of the selected couples was Mr. J. E. Eastwood and Miss Harrop, both at present employed at the Penitence Workhouse, and in their application they promised to get married forthwith if they received the appointment. They were eventually selected for the vacant posts conditionally on their marriage.

The Deepest Sounding. A little more than thirty miles from the coast of Japan the Pacific Ocean is found to be over four 4,648 fathoms deep. Some officers surveying for a telegraph cable had their wire break at this depth without reaching the bottom. This is said to be the deepest sounding ever made, and is so deep that the two highest mountains in Japan, placed one over the other in this abyss, would leave the summit of the upper one two-thirds of a mile below the surface of the water.

Handed Down. It is the custom for the Puma Indians of North America to select several promising youths of their tribe from time to time for positions of their traditions, and they are carefully instructed in the historical legends pertaining to their tribe, being required to commit them faithfully to memory. They in turn instruct their successors, and thus preserve the traditions in the exact language recited by their ancestors many years ago.

Mrs. Vanderbilt a Cyclist. Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt is going in for cycling; at first she went to an "academy" for her lessons, but now she practices under the same tuition in the great ball-room of her own house. "I haven't yet found a costume I'll wear in public," she said the other day, "but I'm having a lot of people make me designs, so I expect to have something tolerable before summer comes."

Making it Pleasant to die. The new America rifle, which will soon be distributed to United States troops and militia, carries a small ball covered with a nickel plated steel jacket, and projects it at tremendous speed. Its design is to kill instantly, or to wound without causing great suffering from blood-poisoning and other complications. The theory is good, as well as humane. The wounded man, it is said, means a loss of three soldiers; the other two being required to carry him from the field.

A Vanishing Mountain. Dghelal Naibo—"The Sinking Mountain"—an isolated Algonquin peak, is now about 300 feet high, and is covered with a slowly but surely disappearing. In the time of the Caesars it was nearly twice its present height. Nor is "The Sinking Mountain" a large, clear lake called Fezzara, which is said to have risen over a large city that sunk in the year 400 A. D.

Cured by Electricity. A physician abroad has devised a vibrating helmet for the cure of nervous headache. It is constructed of strips of steel, which are caused to vibrate by means of a small electric motor. The sensation produces drowsiness, the patient falls asleep under its influence, and awakes free from pain.

Veritable Octave Thonet. Miss Alice French, "Octave Thonet," the story writer, said recently that she took great enjoyment in the fact that she could, if necessary, earn her living either as a typewriter and stenographer, as a photographer, or best of all, as a cook.

Bricks of Many Colors. By combining many materials it is asserted that bricks of all colors can be produced. For instance, the addition of a small percentage of iron to the clay gives a beautiful mottled brick. The departure will exert an influence on architecture.

A New Use for Leather. Artificial whalebone is now made from leather, which, after having been soaked for two or three days in sulphate of potassium, is stretched, slowly, dried, and subjected first to a high temperature, and then to a heavy pressure, which makes it hard and elastic.

The Fosters of Foston. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is an untiring patron of massages, gives of facial massage, shampooing, and shampoos. She says she believes, on principle, in being as good-looking as she can.

Three to One. It has been lately discovered that the French on the approach of war, could call into immediate service a trained body of seven hundred thousand English naval reservists by three to one. This embodies what is called in France the "Conscription Maritimee."

The captain of an ocean steamer in most cases finds out when his vessel is approaching an iceberg from the men down in the engine room. That seems strange, but it is a fact nevertheless. It appears that when a steamship enters water considerably colder than that through which it has been going its propeller runs faster. Such water usually surrounds the vicinages of bergs for many miles. When the propeller's action, therefore, is accelerated without the steam power being increased, word which is passed up to the officer on the bridge that icebergs may be expected and a close lookout is established.

Some time ago, a foreign letter came directed to "Patrick Maloney, First House in America." The letter was from Ireland, and, after the usual inquiries, the clerk learned the time that the vessel bearing the letter arrived. As an experiment, he placed it in the hands of a carrier, who was instructed to deliver it at the end of the pier. The house was a sailors' boarding-house, and, strange as it may seem, Patrick Maloney was found. When the letter was opened, the only contents were found to be a draft for \$400.

There is now at La Rochelle, France, an old man of the name of Jules Zostot, who possesses a marvelous memory. He knows by heart all the verses of the Bible; never; no matter whether it begins a sentence or is a continuation of the preceding verse, his memory is never defective, and he will recite the lines. Some men

THE HO J. I. who tic ran HY NEW SPR Our imp New Dres Mate in all newest and Spring is now inspect "The far th somest save ev Very g S 11 Ch















SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Miss Marie Herdwick leaves this week for Wolfville where she will open her millinery rooms.

Mr. Dible, of Fredericton, was at the Clifton on Sunday.

Mr. J. P. D. Brown has returned from his extended absence to Vancouver, B. C., on Monday.

Mr. W. M. Alcorn, who has been on a few days' vacation, returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. W. E. Corbett is visiting friends in Dieby.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

Mr. J. W. Shannon and son are visiting in New Brunswick.

On Thursday last Rev. Fr. Wallace dined several of the officers of the order of Catholic Fathers.

Rev. Mr. Lewis, the new baptist minister, conducted services at 7 1/2 Head and Moor's settlements on Sunday last.

Miss Evelyn Chandler who has been spending several months with relatives in Richibucto and Diebucche has returned home.

Mr. Troy and Mrs. A. LeBlanc, from Dalhousie, were in town Monday.

Mrs. Yoon and two children, from Mecklenburg, Germany, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry McLeary, on route for New Richmond, P. Q.

Mr. W. B. Dawson, of Buffalo, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. J. P. Moss.

Mrs. D. Desmond was summoned to Chatham on Friday to attend the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Keenan.

A party of twelve young people chaperoned by Mrs. W. T. Gales and Mrs. H. McLaughlin, dined at the brilliant moon last evening, and accorded the sugar loaf.

Mrs. Eleanor Shivers entertained a few friends last Tuesday.

Mrs. W. W. Doherty was in Dalhousie for a couple of weeks, on account of the illness of her brother-in-law, Mr. David Ritchie, whose death occurred yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. D. Desmond was summoned to Chatham on Friday to attend the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Keenan.

A party of twelve young people chaperoned by Mrs. W. T. Gales and Mrs. H. McLaughlin, dined at the brilliant moon last evening, and accorded the sugar loaf.

Mrs. Eleanor Shivers entertained a few friends last Tuesday.

Mrs. W. W. Doherty was in Dalhousie for a couple of weeks, on account of the illness of her brother-in-law, Mr. David Ritchie, whose death occurred yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. D. Desmond was summoned to Chatham on Friday to attend the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Keenan.

A party of twelve young people chaperoned by Mrs. W. T. Gales and Mrs. H. McLaughlin, dined at the brilliant moon last evening, and accorded the sugar loaf.

Mrs. Eleanor Shivers entertained a few friends last Tuesday.

Mrs. W. W. Doherty was in Dalhousie for a couple of weeks, on account of the illness of her brother-in-law, Mr. David Ritchie, whose death occurred yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. D. Desmond was summoned to Chatham on Friday to attend the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Keenan.

A party of twelve young people chaperoned by Mrs. W. T. Gales and Mrs. H. McLaughlin, dined at the brilliant moon last evening, and accorded the sugar loaf.

Mrs. Eleanor Shivers entertained a few friends last Tuesday.

Mrs. W. W. Doherty was in Dalhousie for a couple of weeks, on account of the illness of her brother-in-law, Mr. David Ritchie, whose death occurred yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. D. Desmond was summoned to Chatham on Friday to attend the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Keenan.

A party of twelve young people chaperoned by Mrs. W. T. Gales and Mrs. H. McLaughlin, dined at the brilliant moon last evening, and accorded the sugar loaf.

Mrs. Eleanor Shivers entertained a few friends last Tuesday.

THE TYPEWRITER

Do You feel that every drop of blood in the body passes through the kidneys every three minutes day and night?

Good Health is Assured if the kidneys, the sewers of the system, are free from disease and able to perform their great work of purifying the blood.

With pure blood you can avoid sickness, and you cannot have pure blood with diseased kidneys. Put your kidneys in a healthy condition by the use of Warner's Safe Cure.

Warner's Safe Cure and your blood will be pure; your appetite will return; your step will be elastic, your nerves firm, and you will enjoy life as only those with good health and sound bodies can.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE is sold by all druggists throughout the world. Home Office: London, Eng. Branches: Toronto, Rochester, Frankfurt, Paris, Melbourne, Kreuzingen and Dunedin.

WEDDED IN A DARK VAULT. The Singular Experience of a Happy Young Couple.

A marriage in the inky darkness of a vault is something decidedly unique, but that is what occurred in the court house at Kansas City a few days ago.

About 11 o'clock a fine-looking young man and two decidedly good-looking and stylishly dressed young women entered the recorder of deeds' office and asked for a marriage license, and one was issued to William Dray and Viola Roderick.

They said that the marriage was to be a surprise, and requested that nothing be said about granting of the license.

They were granted the license, and finally asked if they could be married right there.

Recorder Quail hastened to the telephone and called up Justice Ebert.

Before the justice arrived word had passed around that a wedding was to occur and the room was filled with uninvited guests.

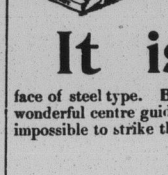
The groom said: "Let's step in here," and the bridal party entered the vault.

The justice was getting along fairly well, and had just reached that part in the ceremony where he asked the couple to join hands, when something happened.

THE TYPEWRITER



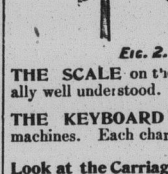
Has ceased to be a luxurious toy. It is now an indispensable business accessory.



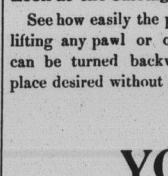
You Want THE BEST? Which is it? Why, THE YOST.



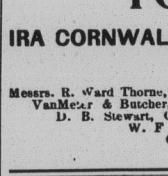
It is The Best. Because of its PERFECT WORK, produced by direct printing from the



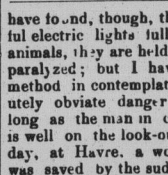
face of steel type. Because of its PERFECT AND PERMANENT ALIGNMENT, secured by the wonderful centre guide, which causes every type to print exactly in line, as it is mechanically impossible to strike the paper except in the proper place.



Then the YOST PAD (which is guaranteed for six months) does away with the clumsy and expensive Ribbon, with all its train of annoying machinery to watch.



THE TYPE-BAR of the Yost is peculiar and unique. It is at once the lightest, strongest, and quickest type-bar on the market, actual mechanical tests prove that a Yost type-bar will run continuously for twenty years without being worn out.



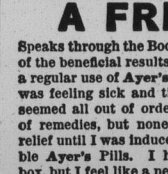
THE POINTER. It always shows letter will print. No calculation or consulting of scales required.



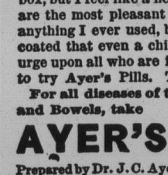
THE SCALE on the front rail is helpful in tabulated work, and its use is generally well understood.



THE KEYBOARD is the universal arrangement, the same as used on the other machines. Each character has its own key—no shifting for capitals, etc.



Look at the Carriage of our New Machine. See how easily the paper is inserted without lifting any pawl or other device.

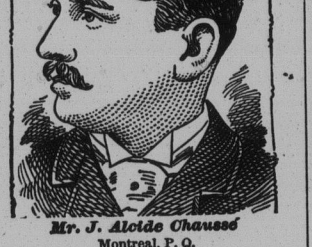


The New Release Key is Very Convenient. It can be used either when the carriage is raised or lowered, and, being fastened to the left end of it, is easily manipulated.

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

Advertisement for Baby's Own Soap, featuring a baby and the text 'I Tell you Children will grow up to have a clear and healthy skin if they use BABY'S OWN SOAP.'

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES



Mr. J. Alcido Chausse, Montreal, P. Q.

A Marvelous Medicine

When Given a Fair Trial Hood's Proves Its Merit.

The following letter is from Mr. J. Alcido Chausse, architect and surveyor, No. 128 Shaw Street, Montreal, Canada.

"Gentlemen:—I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for about six months and am glad to say that it has done me a great deal of good. Last May my weight was 152 pounds, but since then it has increased to 182 pounds."

CAMPBELLTON

On Monday evening a social was given by the members of the Ladies Foreign Mission Society of United Church in St. James church hall, for the enjoyment of the young people in connection with the church, and I think I can correct in saying it was the best of the season.

On account of the inclemency of the weather last Friday evening and the lecture by Miss Ada Crowe of Turro, there was no meeting of the Philharmonic Society, but a large attendance is desired next Friday.



PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MARCH 16 1895.

WOMAN PROTECTS MAN.

"ASTRA" TAKES "GEOFFREY OUTHRETT" TO TASK.

How a Man of "Astra's" Acquaintance Sent His Wife to Tell the Hired Man that He Had a Successor—Then, of Course, There was Adam.

I see that my gifted contemporary of the three storied name whom I usually call "Geoffrey" for short, has discovered that man is the abject sex after all; and has come boldly to the front as the defender of the downtrodden and oppressed. There is no virtue I admire more than generosity, and I am pleased to see that my young friend Geoffrey possesses so large a share of that rather uncommon attribute! It requires some moral courage to stand bravely on the wrong side of the fence, and about, not for the victor, but for "the under dog in the fight," and Mr. Strange has certainly placed himself on record as the valiant champion of a cause which, according to his own showing, is almost lost. I am fond of the under dog myself and he has always been sure of my sympathy, no matter what the subject of the original dispute which led to the combat may have been. Therefore I honor Geoffrey for his loyalty to the sex which "has persisted in its determination to suffer in silence," and his noble determination to speak up for the "down-trodden brotherhood" and air their wrongs to an astonished but sympathetic world.

If I did not know Mr. Strange's grave and practical turn of mind so well, I should be tempted to suspect him of poking a little quiet fun at the "abject sex," but as he spoke seriously, I am going to answer him in the same strain, and place the tyrannical portion of humanity before him in quite a new light.

The gifted author of "The Rights of Men" said some very kind things about his oppressors, and his vocabulary is especially flattering to our armoury proper; he tells us that men bug their chains and enjoy being tyrannized over, and he is willing to admit that if we do ill-treat our helpless victims, we at least make up for it by taking good care of them, looking after their welfare, and providing for their wants as good masters should care for their slaves. But I don't think Geoffrey ever thought of crediting woman with the greatest responsibility which he has to bear, the office of protecting men in time of danger, and standing between him and all unpleasantness in times of peace!

I don't want to go back to the garden of Eden and make use of that time-honored simile of Adam trying to raise Eve as a sort of rampart to hide behind, when he was called to an account for his sin; the illustration is too old and hackneyed to be serviceable in those days when everyone is looking for up-to-date woodcuts. But the newspaper story of the man who lies in bed and encourages his wife to take a revolver in one hand and a lamp in the other, and investigate the cellar in search of burglars, must surely exist, else he would never have secured a permanent position in journalistic circles: while the cold blooded monster who dodges into the barn and leaves his better half to face the lightning rod man, or the insurance agent, unprotected, is a still more real being, and all of us have met personally the man who sends his wife to explain to the tax collector that he will have to call again next week. And all this lovely woman does without a murmur, and still more wonderful, without a tremor. I met with such an interesting example of woman's natural impetuosity, and her invaluable qualities as a shield and protector for man, last week, that I think it is worth relating.

I was spending the afternoon at a house where the master is noted for his moral courage, and the sturdy jealousy with which he speaks his mind when occasion requires; and the mistress is equally celebrated for the gentleness and amiability of her disposition. The family kept a manservant, and on the day I speak of a change had been made in the domestic arrangements, which caused the scene I witnessed. Dan had occupied his position too long, and had not only grown lazy and careless, but had come to consider the entire establishment his own property, and to govern himself accordingly, hence his transfer to another field of labor.

Just before tea, my host came in, beaming with good nature, and as he drew his armchair up to the fire, he remarked to his wife—"Well, Mollie, I have hired the man I was telling you about, and I think he will suit very well; he is coming tonight!"

"What did Dan say about it?" inquired his wife. "Dan? Oh, well, I did not say anything about it. Dan, I told him a month ago that I did not want him any longer."

I don't mind that at all. I'll tell him after tea." At that moment a figure passed the window on the way to the back door, and our prophetic souls told us it was the new hired man.

"Edwin!" said his wife anxiously, "is that the new man?"

"I believe it is," said Edwin carelessly. "As I was going to tell you, Astra, nothing will convince me that there can possibly be another session of parliament before the general election, The country—"

"Edwin! will you go out and separate those men? You know just what Dan is, and you don't know anything about the other man, they may be murdering each other now."

"Really, Mollie, I don't think it very polite of you to interrupt me when I am having such a pleasant conversation with Astra. If you are so anxious about Dan why don't you go round and talk to him yourself? Indeed, now I think of it, you had better do so, you will manage it far better than I could."

For one moment Mollie gazed helplessly just at her liege lord, and then at me, and at last she burst out into a delighted laugh. "He's afraid, Astra, I knew he was," she cried, "the brave man is actually trying to hide himself behind his wife!"

This was too much, so the master of the house tore himself away from the fire and started for the door. He knew who he was dealing with however, and that his wife was capable of any sacrifice for the sake of a joke, so he did not go very far.

"I'll go, dear," said his wife, "I really don't mind." "Well, if you insist upon it, I suppose there is no use in objecting," responded the czar of the household, as he sank gracefully into his chair again, and with an unutterable glance at me, in which pride at Edwin's cleverness in getting off the horns of a dilemma, keen appreciation of the humor of the situation, and dislike of her mission, struggled for supremacy, the weak vessel departed for the scene of action. Now I do hope Geoffrey will not be offended at this harmless little story, which is not meant to be derogatory to man's dignity in any way, in which woman has proved herself competent to take charge of man. He confessed that he shrank from the storm of abuse which he expected to have hurled at his head, and as I felt sure he would be disappointed if none of us took any notice of his tale of woe, consideration for his feelings alone—"has forced me into the field, in our defence, much as I dislike notoriety, and greatly as I dread"—the consequences of disagreeing with him.

GLASGOW PICKPOCKET'S AHEAD.

How a London Detective was Convinced that This Was the Case.

Two detectives, one from London and the other a Glasgow man, were discussing their professional experiences in one of the streets in Glasgow. An argument ensued on the respective abilities of English and Scottish thieves, and the smart one from London, on their parting at a street corner, said that if the London thieves, especially pickpockets, were as harmless as the Scottish ones, they would soon be cleared out. Taking this as an aspersion cast on the astuteness of the Scottish police as well, the Glasgow man was nettled, and thirsted for revenge. Looking round, he espied a little fellow, who had been dogging them, and who was known as an expert pickpocket. Crossing the street, he addressed the small boy, and pointing to the retreating figure of the English detective, he asked if he would know him again.

"Ay," replied the youth; "whit about it?" "I want you to lift his tucker. He says no one in Glasgow could relieve him of it."

"Ay, it's a right—see ony green?" "Honor bright, Tommy, I'll give you half-a-crown when you deliver up the watch to me."

"Ye will, an' whit else?" "Nothing else." "Let's see, then. I'm to lift the tucker, an' ye're to pay half-a-crown for't on the spot?" "Ye, that's it." "An' wad ye ken it if ye seen it?" "I would among a thousand." "Is that it, then?" and the small one, diving into his trousers pocket, dismayed the identical watch, and explained that he had secured it "while the gent was chaffin' about the prig!"

...Letters from... NANNARY

No. 10.

Of course these islands are in a very isolated position geographically and otherwise when we consider the advanced state of enlightenment and civilization in other quarters of the globe. However these people who are in a transitory state politically and socially at the present writing, will no doubt at no very distant day see a cable landed on their shores when they can read the news of the world at breakfast with their poi like the more favored mortals in other sections of this mundane sphere who have no use for poi but who perhaps dearly love to know what is going on in the outside world and who are nothing if not fully up to date and abreast of the times. Honolulu might well be called a telephone town, for there is a telephone in every house that has any pretensions at all. It takes the place of the messenger service that we have been accustomed to see the use and abuse of in the large cities of the United States and Canada. People do not walk, they ride; and when they want anything and do not feel like driving for it they simply say "Hello" and they have it, and there you are. There are no letter carriers as they have no mails except at stated or irregular periods. The policeman is in most cases "native and to the manor born;" he is dressed in a short blue coat, pantaloons and helmet, together with the regulation baton that policemen are permitted to carry in other places. The firemen wear red shirts and no suspenders, just as they did in the good old days of yore when "Boss" Tweed ran with the big six on the confines of the gay and festive Bowery, when every red shirted "Moose" who ran "wid de machine" had his "size," and all the fun and excitement there was in the life of the brave fire-ladder before the Empire City had as many millionaires as it has today. The dwellers on these islands laved by the deep are warm-hearted, generous and hospitable, with bright cheerful sunny dispositions like the glow of their own lovely sensuous clime. Your full bloved Kanaka is in many ways an interesting study. He is gentle, kind and courteous and is nothing if not extravagant and imprudent, as much so as a sailor or an actor. A gentleman residing there told me that he will sometimes toil all day long on the docks for a dollar and when the labor of the preparing day is ended he will call up a hack driven by a Chinaman, pay him his bit out of his scanty earnings, and ride home with the air of an aristocrat. There is a home for the aged and poor Hawaiians, nestled in a sunny vale beneath the frowning shadow of the famous "Punch Bowl," where all are treated well and kindly welcomed, and yet I was told that it never sheltered over fifty souls at any time in its history. There is evidently a commendable amount of pride in the composition of these simple-minded people which causes their sensitive natures to shrink from being a burden on any one or on the beneficence of their rulers. There are poor people there, of course, as there are everywhere, but not a beggar did I even encounter on the streets. The conditions of life are easy, and it costs but a little for them to live when their means are limited, whilst the others live up to everything, having heard or read of the inscription above the entrance to "Foley's Grove," that they must enjoy life when they can for they are going to be a long time dead.

There is a railway out of Honolulu which runs for a distance of twenty-two miles and stops right there, or like the monkey that climbed the tree, turns right around and comes back again.

The band had played the good steamer Australia off for America; the business houses, or at least the English speaking portion of them, were putting on their shutters and locking up their spare cash at noon on Saturday, when we wandered down to the railway station on the invitation of a new-made and kind-hearted friend, where we vainly tried to read the notice on the outside of the ticket office. It was in the native tongue and here we give it to us as we saw it and the translation in English, for which we will not charge you a cent:

KA MAKE MAKELA NA OHUA E KUKAIA LAKOU MAU KI KI KI NA MUAOKIUA ANA I KE KAA.

This simply means in English, "Purchase your tickets before getting on the train." My friend did as the notice directed and got on board the train, which was of the first and second class style, narrow-gauged and not over-sumptuous or luxurious. The conductor had the regulation blue coat and brass buttons and cap to match and seemed to fill the portion of the train as well. There were natives and strangers from other lands, dark-skinned beauties with their lustreous eyes and graceful forms and

stately forms and there were blue eyes flax-haired, people from Chilean latitudes, and all apparently happy and contented; and so we started. The green hills in the background were outlined in rugged beauty against the deep blue of a tropical sky flicked here and there with the white fleecy couriers of the air that was clinging lovingly to the mountain tops. Stretching away to the foothills to the right as we sped along were seas of waving rice fields, taro patches banana and pineapple orchards, and other fruits and flowers climbing into the windows of the ancient grass houses of the natives and other little dashes of tropical life and vegetation only seen in these and similar glorious latitudes. To the left was the majestic ocean breaking in diamond jets and leathery foam over the coral reefs and shifting sands. Along our line of march we see the always working, never idle Chinaman cultivating his taro patch or toiling amid a bed of waving green or mending his nets upon the beach that were drying in the glistening sunshine near where their boats, old-fashioned and ponderous looking, were floating on the waters of Pearl Harbor, where the shark is lying in wait for his prey, and which I believe the U. S. government has secured for a coaling station for their naval vessels. And the greatest of the vast Pacific, Pearl City was lying like a sleeping infant in its mother's arms, near the whispering waters slumbering in peaceful repose beneath the stately cocoanut and majestic palm. "Some day" the land grabbing enthusiast will tell you there is going to be a city there, not only in name but in reality, when the sugar from the adjoining plantations and the rice from the fields will find their way to the markets of the wide world—perhaps. As we dash around a sharp curve our vision is simply intoxicated with the sight of what is said to be the largest sugar plantation in the universe today. The nodding cane with its bright shining emerald wings and grey tasseled ripening bloom is stretching away over the level plain for miles and miles towards the heaven-kissing hills in the background. At this point the end of our little railway jaunt is reached, when we get off and go through the mill. Our first sugar mill, even if we have gone through lots of other kinds of mills in our weary wanderings.

Dress Department.

ELEGANT DESIGNS IN

Silk and Wool French and German Pattern Dresses, INCLUDING THE NEW APPLIQUE EMBROIDERED COSTUMES.

WE ARE also exhibiting a great many new and attractive NOVELTY DRESS MATERIALS in Low, Medium and High Class Goods, which embrace the latest makes and colorings.

BLACK AND WHITE DRESS MATERIALS IN CHECKS, SPOTS, STRIPES, FIGURES, &c.

Moreen Skirtings. Gingham Skirtings.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John.

uses to carry his Euclid or Mensuration book and forth to school, forgetting to get any of it in his head, while others again would purchase one or more of these lamented traverers of the deep and the seller would wrap a large green leaf around his sale skillfully knotted when the purchaser would march off as joyous looking as the fellow who was after drawing a small prize in a lottery. I noticed one large dark skinned fellow at one of the stalls who would jabber and talk in his own language, pick up one of his funny captives and chew it with as much evident relish as a sweet young miss at a picnic would a piece of tutti frutti chewing gum.

LOCOMOTIVES AND ENGINEERS. Fast Runs And Slow Runs, and Peculiarities of Various Locomotives.

It takes about an hour to get steam enough on an ordinary locomotive engine to start it, from cold water. It is a familiar fact that the water in the boilers of steam fire engines in cities is kept hot while the engine is standing in the house by a pipe connection with a boiler in the cellar underneath: when the engine starts its own fire is lighted. Locomotive engines that are running regularly stand in the roundhouse in the intervals between runs with their fires banked. The fires are kept cleaned, but they may be hauled for weeks. The practice varies somewhat in this respect. On some roads fires are hauled once a week, on other roads they are kept up in engines for three or four weeks or more continuously.

A locomotive engineer on one of the fastest runs out of New York, says that he has never seen an engine that would run as fast as he would like to ride. No apprehension apparently is felt by the engineer of a fast engine. Calmness is one of his most noticeable traits; and if he worries at all, it is because he has got a hot box, or something has happened so that he may not be able to make the time, and not because he is going through the air at fifty, sixty, seventy miles an hour. But it should be understood that none but a man of perfect nerve is likely to reach the footboard of a fast engine.

There is not a vast difference between running at night and at day. Signal lights are plainer and can be seen at a much greater distance than day signals. The engineer must, of course, keep constantly in mind where he is, but he comes to know the country just as a pilot knows his landmarks in the dark; and he has this advantage of the pilot that he can't very well get out of the channel. Most engineers prefer day runs, because it seems more natural to work it the daytime, and it is pleasant.

Almost all locomotive engineers prefer a fast run to a slow one. The fast runs are the blue ribbons of the road. Aside from the honor of running a fast train, there is a very substantial advantage in the hours. If an engineer simply stepped into his cab in the station and stepped out again on his return, almost any run might do well enough, but he doesn't do that; he goes to the roundhouse before train time and looks over the engine, and sees that it is in condition and properly supplied for the run, and in every way ready, and he runs the engine to the station. All this takes time. On his return he runs the engine back to the roundhouse; this takes time, too though not so much as the time spent before the run; but together these periods add materially to the length of the engineer's hours. Taking these duties into account the great advantages of a fast run are manifest; the shorter the time spent on the road, the shorter the total time.

There is a common impression that no two locomotive engines work just alike, even though made from the same patterns. A locomotive engineer of long experience says that the impression is correct. He says, by way of illustration, that two high-grade watches of the same pattern, and supposed to be just alike, may not work the same way. One may not vary half a minute in six months and so be, practically, a perfect timekeeper, while the other may vary a minute in a month. It is so with engines; they do not work just alike. One may steam and run better than the other. The slightest variation in finish or adjustment might be sufficient to cause this. When the new engine has been run a year or so it goes to the shop to be overhauled. With it goes a report of the engineer who has run it on the engine's characteristics

CURTAINS.

There are many different styles of curtains, Lace, Chenille, Rep, Damask, etc., but whatever kind you probably want them either cleaned or dyed. Curtains are delicate articles and want to be handled rightly. UNGAR does them, and you can depend on promptness and good work if done at UNGAR'S.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY AND DYE WORKS.

St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S. WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

Royal Emulsion

THE WORLD'S MEDICINE.

From the earliest days of medical science no remedy has achieved such a reputation as

ROYAL EMULSION.

Its curative power is universally acknowledged to a degree unprecedented in the annals of physical research.

As a strengthening tonic in convalescence and for thin and weakly babies and children, and delicate women, IT HAS NO EQUAL.

All Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00 bottles. Dawson Medicine Co. MONTREAL.

and performance. If the engine has developed any defects they can usually be remedied at this overhauling, and it may be that the engine comes out on the road again as smart as any of them.

The Fireman Saved the Doll. "Indeed," said the fireman, "there are a thousand and one things a fireman finds and saves, though perhaps that which gave me the greatest satisfaction was an old rag doll. It was a touching little incident and quite true. It happened at a big fire, and in the midst of the excitement—which I assure you few people realize—the word went forth that a little child was upstairs. I don't want to boast, but away I went. I found her on the second floor asleep in her little crib, with this old doll by her side. I caught the child in my arms and she awoke. She looked up in my face and seemed to understand that I was saving her from the flames."

"Dolly—Dolly," she cried. "The next instant—aye, quicker than it takes to tell you—I had the old rag-doll, and my pals told me that if any artist could only have painted us as we appeared—me with the youngster in my arms, and she cuddling up her treasure—why, there wouldn't have been another picture in the land to touch it."

Fired Mourner in Ireland. The "corrach," or mourning for the dead, is still heard in some parts of Scotland as well as of Ireland. It is a weird chant, cries of lamentation being mingled with remonstrances addressed to the departed for leaving his friends and relatives.

Professional "healers" (old women employed to sing praises of the dead) are to be found in remote places.

ER THE YOST. clumy and quickest type-bar on the continuously for twenty years. Key is Very Convenient. either when the carriage is ad, being fastened to the easily manipulated. The car- ed at any desired point, and placed without moving (a CO. The following Agents: J. Fred Benson, Chatham Pittsburg, Clements, N. S.; J. H. Woodcock, C. B.; N. B., S. B. Children p to have a healthy skin SOAP, it and get CO., MONTREAL. Beautiful ydy ay Gold's New Soap, sent on receipt twenty-five cents, pressed to C. G. C. care, Office, St. John. INTED HELP! Mass of W.G. establish every (local or traveling) to introduce discovery and keep out those racketeers upon trees, fountains and near throughout town and country. For particulars, write to the Boston Medical Electric Co., London, Ont., Can.



WANTED—A VILLAIN!

It was Saturday evening, west outside, and the month of November. I leaned back in my oaken armchair and began to muse. The first chapter was written. For the second chapter one thing, or, rather, person, was essential—to wit, a villain.

My cat, Dorothea, an amiable beast, leaped from the hearth upon my shoulder and perched as she swung her tail, first upon my cheek and then upon the other. Then the back-door bell rang.

Let me explain. I am a bachelor, with Mrs. Street for my housekeeper. There never was, I should think, a better servant than Mrs. Street. But though so replete with good qualities, my good Mrs. Street could not duplicate herself. Therefore, when she was obliged to go shopping on an evening, it fell to me to answer the door-bell. I did not, however, always do it.

But when I heard the trinkle a second time I changed my mind. There was a furtive sound about it that appealed to me. My back door is not really a back door. It is as much to the front as the other.

"Well, what is it?" I said. "It was a young man, with blood on his right hand, and a splash or two of blood also on his face. I saw the blood distinctly, as the kitchen fire gleamed through the two doors on to the man."

"Is—Mrs. Street in?" "The inquiry was put timidly. "She is not," I said. "But oblige me by putting the meat on the table."

"I've got no meat, sir. Will she be long?" "I haven't the least idea," I replied; "but I hope she will not be long."

"He seemed hesitant. I, however, did not humor him. It was not at all likely I should ask a blood-stained man into my house to wait for Mrs. Street."

more prominently even than poor Mrs. Street, and silly persons came my way as I pressed to see the two policemen who patrolled up and down the pavement by my door.

Five days passed and nothing was heard of the young felon. For his mother's sake, if not for his own, I was glad of this. Gradually, also, I grew to rejoice for his own sake. Mrs. Street, though terribly upset, had become singularly loquacious. By fits and starts, she told me the whole history of her "boy"—as she called him. He really seemed to have been, upon the whole, rather a good young fellow, cursed only by a temper, which he had, his mother said, "inherited from his father."

It never occurred to me to wonder why the poor soul took such pains to prejudice me on her son's behalf. Nor did I, oddly enough, until afterwards, notice how apathetic she was about the papers, and such news as they might contain of his apprehension.

But on the fifth day I shared her secret. It was due to that wise cat of mine. The poor beast had lately been very restive. She made plaintive appealing noises even when she came out to have her milk. At first I took this for mere peevishness, such as I myself felt at times. But at length it became a nuisance.

"What on earth is the matter with you, Dorothea?" I inquired, laying down my pen. "The beast went to the door with an eager tail. I opened it, and watched her. She proceeded to the head of the stairs and paused. When she saw me disinclined, as it were, to follow her, she sneezed, and returned to rub herself against my legs."

"Drive on, Dorothea!" I then said, determined to see this eccentricity of hers to its source. She flew down the stairs like a happy cat when she had thus secured my sympathetic attention, and scratched at the kitchen door.

Mrs. Street was in the kitchen, making a pie. I explained what was happening, and was at once struck by her evident desire to account trivially for Dorothea's discontent. "Puss, puss!" she cried coaxingly, to encourage the cat to the kitchen fire.

But Dorothea would have none of the fire. She went meowing to the other door, which led both to my cellars and the back door. I made as if to this door, but Mrs. Street stopped me.

would be Mrs. Street. Dorothea I should be doubtful of in such a contingency, for, although I adore a congenial cat, I fancy there is not much genuine, unselfish love at the bottom of feline nature.

ON A GAMBLER'S LOOK. Starting with a Chip Thrown to His in Fifty He Won \$300,000. A party of horse-racing followers were standing in Willard's lobby, Washington, a few days ago, when a tall soldierly looking man, with white hair and snowy moustache and imperial, strode in and advanced to the clerk's desk.

"See that fellow," said one of elderly men in the group. "That's 'Lucky Jack Doty.' Never hear of him? Well, he's got a story that is worth knowin'."

Thirty years ago there wasn't a higher roller in the South. His people had died out, one by one till only a sister was left, and Jack and her had loads of money and lots of negroes. She got religion the worst way, and all of a sudden went into a convent.

"As I said, Jack was a high roller, but he'd kept within bounds up to the time. When the girl left the world, as they called, Jack was crazy. He was devoted to her in spite of his runnin' around, and he played cut loose and raised a fog. He played the limit, and it wasn't long before the brace player had layouts fixed for him in every town he struck. His money went, when he didn't have the price of a shoe-string. He drifted up to Memphis one night broke and desperate. He went into a larder bank and watched the game for a while, but he didn't get a nod, where not long before the negroes used to break their necks to shove their chair up right in front of the layout for him."

"Old man Galloway had a farrer streak on him that night, and was playin' blues at a hundred a stack. Jack sat down near and secured to illustrate the old man, because he bet nineteen chips on a double seven and got split. He was madder'n a hornet, but he laughed just the same, and said to Jack, as he handed over the split check to him:

"I reckon you wanted a stake, and made me bet odd chips. See what you can do with that." "Jack grabbed the two and a half like a hungry man catchin' a bun and shot it into the square. The king won on the turn. Then the deuce won twice. Jack let the \$20 lay; the deuce won again. Neither dressed like a Sinner came up to him. The dealer thought he had a cinch and never spoke about the \$200 limit. The queen won on the turn.

"Draw down the 200," said the dealer, and Jack took 440 each. Well, the last king and all the queens and aces won, and turned the box down, and carried off the \$7,000 bank roll with him along about day-break. He got the blue split he had started on and had a hole bored in it, and put it on the main of the watch which he kept next. He went to New Orleans and won \$60,000 in five weeks. Then he went on a bank-breaking trip up the river, and he reached St. Louis in the spring of '60 worth \$200,000 in solid cash. He was coming out of the larder bank when a woman crooked like a Sinner came up to him.

"Jack," she said, "gimme that thing you've got on your watch chain and hang this there instead," and she held out a little medal. Jack saw it was his sister. He broke the blue split off, and took the medal and put it on his watch chain. The crooked games fixed for him at St. Louis, but he never played against farrer again. When Doty came out a few minutes later a dozen pair of eyes searched his vest. Dangling from the heavy gold chain that crossed it was the little medal.

heard them half a mile away. They rolled over and over, jumped up and down, and even splashed blood on the windows of the shanty.

The wildcat got the worst of it, and getting into the hard path, leaped at the broken pane in the window, carrying the ash into the shanty. Inside they fought again, the dog at last getting a death grip on the wildcat's throat.

The remarks of Phil when he saw his shanty's interior were vivid, but he is doctoring the dog with liniment and whiskey for another fight.

Great Horticultural Exhibitions. At Nice, during the carnival season, there is a great floral festival, known as the Battle of Flowers. On a recent occasion much attention was attracted by some very pretty young American ladies, who fought in a carriage literally covered with anemones of varied hues. The artillery car was adorned with golden guns, surrounded with a forest of minnows; that at the season represented a lovely anchor of flowers. These floral fetes cost nearly 100,000 francs. At Santa Barbara, in California, a great floral festival lasts four days during which the profusion of flowers in every direction is almost overwhelming. As showing the flower-profusion, it may be mentioned that ten thousand fine roses were used on the decoration of a single vehicle. The most magnificent floral display at the Chicago exhibition. Half a million pansies, 100,000 roses, and millions of other flowers were used. The cost of the plants was \$70,000, and the total expenses of the display \$150,000.

Londoners and Swedes in Cold Weather. Mr. T. Richards, a Swede, who has lived for many years in London, writes to a contemporary: "You mention that there were thirty-six degrees of frost in Stockholm, and you picture the suffering of the inhabitants with such a low temperature. Allow me to state that with their splendidly-built houses, double windows, and perfect heating apparatus with wood fires, the rooms are always kept at a temperature of sixty-three degrees Fahrenheit, and the inconveniences experienced in the ordinary built houses of the London suburbs, with their thin walls, draughts, and bad system of heating, are quite unknown to the middle-classes in Sweden. It is the Londoner who is to be pitied by comparison with the Swede in severe winters."

EVERYBODY'S ENEMY. A famous physician and author entitles one of his books "The Demon of Dyspepsia." It is a bright idea. Demons (or devils) are supposed to be enemies to the human race. Dyspepsia answers the definition completely. Body, mind, and spirit perish through the power of it. War, famine, and pestilence have had things, all of them. Why not? War ends, famine ends, pestilence ends. But when does dyspepsia end? When is a community, or any family free from it? Never. At all seasons, in all climates, it is on hand, and always busy. And after another he can assume every character in the play. He is a whole tragedy company. We used to speak of rheumatism, gout, bronchitis, liver, kidney, and lung ailments, nervous affections, &c., as separate diseases, local in origin and treatment. We know better now. These are but names of some of the disguises worn by the Demon of Dyspepsia—some of the parts he plays.

Take this, from a letter: "Ever since was fourteen years old (eleven years ago) I had suffered from hot flushes, headache, and dizziness. In January, 1886, I was in service at the late Squire Heatley's, Hazlemere Lodge, near High Wycombe. My appetite fell away, and every thing I ate gave me pain at the chest and under the shoulder-blades. I had a bad taste in the mouth, and thick phlegm covered my tongue and teeth. My skin was sallow, eyes of a yellow hue, and I had great oppression and pain at my right side and across the stomach. I was also troubled with wind, and at times violent palpitation, so that I feared I had heart disease. My breath became short, and I had to stop and rest when doing my house work. Next a nasty cough fastened on me, and I shook as I laboured to clear the phlegm away. Bad night-sweats followed, and my linen was wet with them every morning. A doctor who was attending Squire Heatley was called to see me. He attended me over two months, yet I got worse. He said my liver was diseased, and if ever I got better, it would be a long time first. I took more than a dozen bottles of his medicine without benefit, and at the end of March, 1886, I left my situation and returned to my home at Widmore End, near High Wycombe, Bucks.

"My mother was shocked by my condition. I could scarcely crawl about. I could only get upstairs one step at a time, resting on each step; and every breath I drew hurt me. During the day I had to lie down on the couch. At night I went to bed early and could not rise before noon. My mother and my brother thought I had consumption and would never get well. "One day my mother said: 'Ada, why don't you try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup? You know what good it did your brother Thomas.' I sent to the stores in White Hart Street, Wycombe, and got a bottle. After having used it for only a few days I felt better, and gained a little strength. After this keeping on with the Syrup, I had no relapse. By the time I had taken six bottles, the night-sweats, the cough, and all the other bad feelings left me, and I have since enjoyed better health than for eleven years before. I have reason to think that Mother Seigel's Syrup saved my life, and I wish others to hear of what did so much for me. I will answer any inquiries. Yours truly, (Mrs.) Ada Castle, 5, Farnham Road Cottages, Farnham Common, near Slough, Sept. 3rd, 1892."

In this case the Demon mimicked consumption, asthma, and heart disease—which is an organic form at least. Mrs. Castle was not afflicted with. We say "mimicked" them. Yes, the actual truth is that "disease," with fifty others, are only the natural results and symptoms of Dyspepsia. They are poison berries on the tree of Dyspepsia. Pull up that tree by the roots and they all die with it. And may we not be sure that the success of Mother Seigel's great remedy in striking down the demon who threatens us all will be heralded everywhere by the grateful voices of the sufferers whom she saves? Indeed we may.

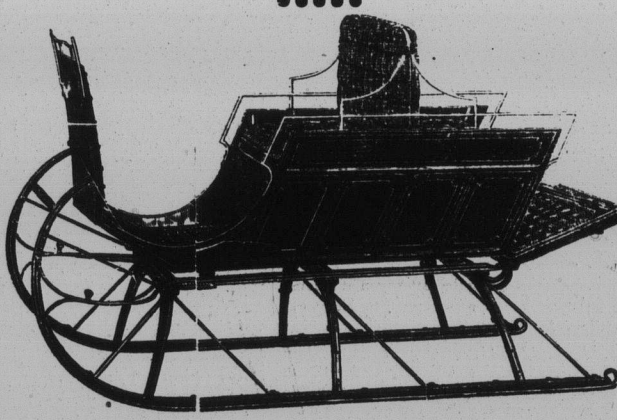
SURPRISE SOAP. Best for Wash Day. Follow the Directions on the Wrapper. The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., - St. Stephen, N. B.

ALWAYS ASK FOR "D.C.L." SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN. PROPRIETORS: THE DISTILLERS, CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.

For Sale by Street & Co. GILLESPIES & Co., - MONTREAL, AGENTS FOR CANADA.

The GLADSTONE SLEIGH.

STYLISH, COMFORTABLE, HANDSOME & COMMODIOUS. IT IS ONE OF THE NICEST SLEIGHS MADE TODAY.



For full information regarding the Gladstone and, in fact any sleigh write to

JOHN EDGEcombe & Sons, Manufacturers of Carriages, Sleighs, etc. Fredericton, N. B.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. POMPANOUS, BEAULINOUS, ADVERTISING, GERMAN'S, AND CANADIAN WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. SAMPLES & PRICES FURNISHED CHEERFULLY.



Sunday Reading.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S SABBATH.

Suggestions Which Will Prove Helpful to Many Careful Housewives.

Housekeepers need one day in seven for rest as much as any other class of laborers, but too often the Sabbath is crowded with duties that seem inevitable. While some duties must be performed, Sunday's work may be greatly lessened.

Bathing the children should be attended to Saturday evening, and clean underwear laid for morning. After the morning's work it will not require much time to comb the hair and change the outer suit.

Much work may be saved on Sunday in the kitchen. Some men are selfish enough to want an extra dinner on Sunday, but however indulgent a wife may be, she makes a mistake who yields to this whim, for besides robbing herself of needed rest, she is planting a principle in the minds of her children that will bear the fruit of selfishness later.

During the week the wise housewife will plan all her Sunday meals and purchase every thing needed. It does not look very consistent to see professed Christians patronize butcher shops, bakeries, milk and ice wagons on the Lord's day.

A sufficient quantity of good fresh bread should be baked or bought on Saturday to last until Monday, and whatever the usual table on Sunday. A plain cake or cookies may be prepared for Sunday, and a pie or pudding if desired, though fresh ripe fruit is preferable, and if not obtainable, canned or evaporated may be substituted.

The meat may be also prepared on Saturday either in the form of boiled or roast beef or boiled ham, veal loaf or boiled chicken, and served for dinner either warmed up or cold. Steak, hash, beef stew or fresh eggs may be used for breakfast, and if a lack of time on Saturday prevented cooking meat, chipped beef or some of the canned meats, salmon or sardines may be substituted.

In the summer season, many vegetables are palatable without cooking, as lettuce, onions, radishes, sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, and in winter there are many dishes like beans and hominy that are as good warmed over as when cooked fresh. When fresh vegetables are out of season, tomatoes, corn, and other canned vegetables that can be quickly cooked should be chosen for Sunday's dinner. Nothing warm is needed for supper, unless a cup of tea or cocoa, and the little ones could be given nothing more suitable than bread and milk.

If the Sabbath is to be a day of rest, visiting should not be indulged in nor encouraged in others, for this makes unnecessary work for the housekeeper. Rising at the accustomed time or a trifle earlier on Sunday morning is one secret of a restful day. The time thus gained will more than atone for the loss of the accustomed Sunday morning nap, and a few minutes rest and sleep just after dinner will prove more beneficial than twice that time spent in sleep in the morning when followed by a busy and worry all day to compensate for late rising.

The children should be instructed to arrange the beds to air before leaving their rooms, and then no time will be lost in making them up after breakfast. If the housewife has had her usual Friday's sweeping and the living rooms are carefully put to rights on Saturday before retiring, the carpet sweeper can be hastily run over the sitting and dining-room floors on Sunday morning and the dust wiped from the furniture where necessary, and the housework is done.

Every housekeeper should so arrange her work that she can attend public worship at least once each Sabbath. It will be more beneficial in a physical as well as a spiritual sense than to stay at home all day with the plea that "it is a day of rest." The mother's Sabbath is not complete unless some time is spent in religious instruction, and by an attractive recital of Bible stories, early teaching a love for God's word. This hour can make one of real pleasure to the little ones if wisely conducted, and will be a bright spot in their memories and an incentive to right living in years to come.

SHORT SUNDAY SERMONS.

Rev. Philip Germond is the Preacher This Week. There was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.—Matt. iv. 1.

This temptation of Jesus is not to be resolved into a "mere train of thought," a "vision," an "allegory," neither are we to regard it as a "myth." There is nothing in the word of God to countenance such an idea.

The scene of our Lord's temptation harmonized with the temptation itself. It was the desolate, blackened mountains of the wilderness of Judea. Of all places in the world this is perhaps the most naturally fitted for the centre of the Kingdom of Satan. In this repulsive and dreaded place our Saviour was tempted not by a Devil, a being, an identity, who is thoroughly permeated with the spirit of evil. We have no more right to reduce Satan to a figure than we have to reduce Christ to a figure. If one is real the other must be.

Jesus was now to be put to the test. His work had fairly begun. He was fresh from his Jordan baptism, where the heavens were opened, where the spirit of God descended upon him like a dove; and where a voice from the excellent glory said: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." His virtues were to be tried with His adversity. The heads of the two kingdoms Heaven and Hell must now meet in contest. In the whole of this contest we are to regard Jesus in his pure

humanity. For though he was divine as well as human we must not understand that the divine nature was tempted or could be tempted. In consideration of this distinction we can see how the body of Christ might "hunger" or his soul be "sorrowful," while as God he could not be subject to these infirmities.

He stands there in the wilderness with no eyes on Him but His Father's and the holy angels, a pure, lone sinless man like the first Adam, leaning on the divine arm alone for strength.

Although twice defeated in not being able to persuade Jesus to deny His sonship, or yield one iota to his power, the devil is not discouraged. He will make a third attempt, he will offer Jesus a universal sceptre—Satan will ask in return is "worship." He makes in his effort a strong plea; he is eloquent in his persuasion. Will Jesus yield? Yield! Nay! "Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him only shalt thou serve.'"

It would seem that Jesus did not recognize with whom he was debating until now; but the moment he asks for worship he is branded as the enemy of God. Jesus has proven himself master of the situation by repulsing three successive onsets. The prince of darkness is met upon his own battleground and defeated. Victory is glorious victory, crowns the Prince of Light! The paradise lost though the first Adam is regained in the second. Just as soon as Satan had departed angels came. The angel of darkness leaves and the angels of light appear on the scene. How great the change! How striking the transition! From the darkest night the brightest morning.

Jesus is faint with his vigils and terrible combat, and to show that he is true master, heavenly visitors provide food and meat for his table.

This was in reality a triple temptation. In the first Satan appeared to the animal appetites in the second to the mental tastes, the love of show, and in the last to ambition.

This was the last temptation that led captive Eve. The fruit forbidden was good for food and appealed to the appetite; it was pleasant to the eye, and so appealed to the sense of beauty, the mental tastes. It would make one wise, even as the gods, and it appealed to ambition. And this the same triple temptation referred to by John: "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride."

Perhaps all of the temptations of life can be reduced to one of these primary principles.

SACRIFICED BY INDOLIGENCE.

People who are Lost in the Hour of their Conversion.

One of the kings in olden times, the legend says, consented that the devil might kiss him on both shoulders, but no sooner were the kisses imparted upon the shoulders than serpents grew forth and began to devour him, and as the king tried to tear off the serpents he found he was tearing his own life out. And there are men who are all enveloped in adders of evil appetite and passion that no human power can ever crush; and unless the grace of God seize hold of them, these adders will become "the worm that never dies." Alas for those who, once having broken away from the mastery of evil appetites and passion, go back to the sins that they once renounced.

There are a great many sacrificed by indolence. In the hour of their conversion they looked out upon the world, and said: "Oh, how much work to be done, how many harvests to be gathered, how many battles to be fought, how many tears to be wiped away, and how many wounds to be bound up!" and they looked with positive surprise upon those who had renounced the kingdom of God while there was so much work to do. After a while they found their efforts were unappreciated, that some of their best work in behalf of Christ was caricatured and they were laughed at, and they began to relax their effort, and the question was no more.

"What can I do for Christ?" How many who in the hour of consecration started out nobly, bravely and enthusiastically for the Saviour's kingdom have fallen back into ease of body and ease of soul!

We all Have Hobbies.

Someone speaking of child-culture, argues that since young people have hobbies, "children certainly have an equal right to a similar indulgence." "Indulging a hobby" is not a happy expression for cultivating a taste or talent, and the argument that the child should indulge because grown people do is unsound. A hobby-horse is a make-believe horse, and neither grown people nor children should cultivate make-believe. Even in the matter of tastes in discriminate indulgence may be a bad thing. It is true that many children are warped out of all beauty and happiness of life by parents who are determined that their children shall follow certain trades or careers in that direction. But steering a child clear of bad tastes or delusive fancies is quite different from fitting him to a Frocrustean bed. Freedom to choose among good tastes, to follow any wholesome bent, the child should have, but to indulge bad tastes or follow wrong bents he should not be allowed. It is in this discrimination that the philosophy of developing individuality goes to extremes and spoils the child even more hopelessly than the Frocrustean treatment.

Right Realism.

It is not a great deal of the discussion among realists in literature due to a different understanding of the term? There appear to be several kinds of realism. Much of it ought to die, and will die, but could the novelist dispense with all realism? What immortalizes a story? Is it that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin" that we want, that we cherish? And is not that a kind of realism? There is no dullness in the right kind of realism. The highest charm of this story is its power to awaken in one's con-

sciousness that whisper which says: "That is true; that agrees with my experience, or that would have been my experience, in like circumstances." It is the work of genius to produce this charm. One might easily suspect the writer who must fly to the unreal and fanciful to save himself from the charge of dullness, of lacking genius.

WHISPERERS.

The World is a Good Deal the Worse for Such People.

When you hear something bad about your neighbors, do not go all over and ask about it, whether it is true, and scatter it and spread it. You might as well go to a small-pox hospital and take a patient and carry him all through the community, asking people if they really thought it a case of small-pox. That would be very bad for the patient and for all the neighbors. Do not retaliate slanders and whisperings. Do not make yourself the inspector of warts, and the supervisor of carbuncles, and the commissioner of street gutters, and the holder of stakes for a dog fight. Can it be that you, an immortal man, that you, an immortal woman, can find no better business than to become a gutter inspector? Besides that, your family table allow no detraction. Teach your children to speak well of others. Show them the difference between the bee and the wasp—the one gathering honey, the other thrusting a sting. I read of a family where they kept a wasp in a glass bottle, and when any slanderous words were uttered in the house about anybody, or detraction uttered, it was all put down in this book. The book was kept carefully. For the first few weeks there were a great many entries, but after a while there were no entries at all. Detraction stopped in that household. It would be a good thing to have a slender book in all households.

Are any of you given to this habit of whispering about others? Let me persuade you to desist. Mount Taurus was a great place for eagles, and cranes would fly along that way, and they would cackle loudly that the eagles would know of their coming and they would pounce upon them and destroy them. It is said that the old cranes found this out and before they started on their flight, they would always have a stone in their mouth so they would not cackle, and then they would fly in perfect safety. O! my friends, be as wise as the old cranes and avoid the folly of the young cranes. Do not cackle.

Bellamy on the Aim of Christ's Work.

"Peace on earth" was the aim of Christ's work in this world. The whole gist of His doctrine and the burden of his teaching approached in ignorance, conceals and end to strife with their fellowmen and live together with them in mutual helpfulness. All this teaching, which was the whole intent of His gospel, was grouped about and crystallized in the Golden Rule, wherein our modern world is founded as on an everlasting rock. To believe in Christ and not to believe in the Golden Rule as the basis for social organization, seems to us a moral and rational impossibility—an unthinkable proposition. Just this, however, our ancestors undertook to do, and it is fair to admit that they were very frank about it; they made no pretenses.

Motherhood and Citizenship.

How do women fulfill the mission of their lives, which, be it welcome or unwelcome, has been divinely ordered? By a false and foolish sophistry and a shallow prudery, it is something too often approximated in ignorance, conceals and prided as it draws near. Girls trained by mothers for wifehood are kept in ignorance of the real issues of their lives. The preparation for marriage is an equipment, more or less, for all things worldly and unworlly, but instruction or mention of "marriage" is seldom given for the procreation of children" has seldom been given. "Ignorant, she bears her child; unlearned and often unthinkingly she rears him, as an 'aside' to some active motive in her life of fame, fashion, or religion. She may coddle and fondle him, but she does not faithfully and devoutly, may neglect no care of his physical well-being, and yet be all unmindful of the far-reaching issues she has in her keeping; and, in the moulding of the plastic stuff she has in her hands, be indifferent to the bends and imprints that are to militate against her in the future.

Mrs. Hawthorne's Happiness.

In "The Hawthornes at Lenox," published in the Century, Mrs. Hawthorne writes thus to a friend concerning her domestic felicity: "I am glad you can dwell upon my lot with 'unusual delight'; for certainly if ever there were a felicitous one, it is mine. Unbroken, immortal love surrounds and pervades me; we have extraordinary health, in addition to more essential elements of happiness, my husband transcends my best dream, and no one but I can tell that he must be, therefore, when I faithfully and devoutly, may neglect no care of his physical well-being, and yet be all unmindful of the far-reaching issues she has in her keeping; and, in the moulding of the plastic stuff she has in her hands, be indifferent to the bends and imprints that are to militate against her in the future.

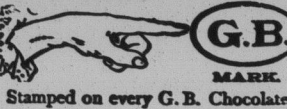
The Weight of Example.

Someone varies an old proverb a little, putting it thus: As once to a child, if ever there were a felicitous one, it is mine. Unbroken, immortal love surrounds and pervades me; we have extraordinary health, in addition to more essential elements of happiness, my husband transcends my best dream, and no one but I can tell that he must be, therefore, when I faithfully and devoutly, may neglect no care of his physical well-being, and yet be all unmindful of the far-reaching issues she has in her keeping; and, in the moulding of the plastic stuff she has in her hands, be indifferent to the bends and imprints that are to militate against her in the future.

Someone varies an old proverb a little, putting it thus: As once to a child, if ever there were a felicitous one, it is mine. Unbroken, immortal love surrounds and pervades me; we have extraordinary health, in addition to more essential elements of happiness, my husband transcends my best dream, and no one but I can tell that he must be, therefore, when I faithfully and devoutly, may neglect no care of his physical well-being, and yet be all unmindful of the far-reaching issues she has in her keeping; and, in the moulding of the plastic stuff she has in her hands, be indifferent to the bends and imprints that are to militate against her in the future.

BUY

See that



Stamped on every G. B. Chocolate.



EDISON'S LATEST PATENT.

A NEW INVENTION BY THE GREAT T. A. EDISON.

Having been appointed General Agent for the

NEW EDISON

Mimeograph Typewriter, ALSO THE New Automatic Mimeograph.

For Reduplication, I shall have much pleasure in showing users of duplicating apparatus these new machines. Users of HAND MIMEOGRAPHS, NEOSTYLES, &c., should be among the first to investigate. Others not using any duplicating apparatus need it more. If it is desirable to save money and lessen labor, it will pay you to call and examine these machines.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ira Cornwall Gen'l. Agent,

Board of Trade Building, Cornerby St., St. John, N. B.

among mothers, and those who have to do with children, than deception. The common exclamation, "The bears will catch you," serves as an illustration of the long catalogue of similar falsehoods told children, which not only weaken their notion of the importance of truthfulness but destroy their confidence in those in whom they ought to put entire faith.

Mrs. Ballington Booth on Slums.

In contrasting the denizens of the Old World slums with those of the New I should say that the brain capacity, wit, and spirit of the people is far in the ascending here, while the crime and desperation for evil may be addit unally strong. Again, it should be remembered that in some cities the slums are exceedingly cosmopolitan. This is particularly so in New York City and the city of Chicago. To meet this difficulty we have in our Slum Brigade representatives of all the nationalities, French, German, Swedish, Italian, American, etc., which enables our workers to reach many who could not properly be reached and dealt with in their own language.

Are our Moral Standards Shifting?

One of the evidences of a moral shifting is that so many people suppose that private and public affairs have two standards; wrong to secure a privilege for oneself by bribing a city council, but right to subscribe money to a campaign fund to buy votes for a party's advantage; and that a distinction may be made between private and public character of public men.

Messages of Help for the Week.

"Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary." Psalm 77: 13.

"Their heart is not right . . . But he, being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity, and destroyed them not. Many a time he turned his anger . . . For he remembered that they were but flesh." Psalm 78: 37, 39.

"Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of thy name; and deliver us, and purge away our sins, for thy name's sake." Psalm 79: 9.

"In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider: God hath set the one over against the other to the end that man should find nothing after him." Ecclesiastes 7: 14.

"It is with me these things: 2 Kings 4: 26.

"He hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted." Isaiah 61: 1.

"Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." 2 Cor. 6: 2.

People Make Money by Using Diamond Dyes.

In every section of Canada, Diamond Dyes are blessing and enable people to save money and make money. One user of Diamond Dyes says:—"I have been using your dyes for seven years. I can only say they are the best on the market. I have made as high as \$24 a week in dyeing, and could not give satisfaction unless I used Diamond Dyes. I do not know without them, for when I am without Diamond Dyes I consider I am without money."

Another user says:—"My wife has thoroughly tested the Diamond Dyes, and they are better than any we have ever used. She used them according to directions, and we have washed the goods in strong soap-suds, exposed them to the piercing winds of our cold winter, and afterward to bright sunlight; and they retain their beautiful fresh color."

The Robber Robbed.

"I remember, a long time ago," said a burglar, "going late one night into a room in which there was one man sleeping. His clothes were on a chair near the head of the bed. I was bending over these clothes and about to take them out to the hall-

when the man suddenly woke up. Without a moment's hesitation, he threw his arms around me. I was young then and strong, but this man was four times as strong as I was. I think he could have crushed me to jelly if he had wanted. As it was, he put me out of the house with the greatest ease. But before he did that, he carried me over to the table and lit a light. As he looked at me, my watch-chain caught his eye, and, do you know, that man took my watch and chain, and kept them!"

A CLERGYMAN'S LETTER.

Magnificent Work Accomplished in St. Anne's Parish.

The Sick and Diseased Made Well by Paine's Celery Compound.

Thousands in the Commercial Metropolis know what the Great Spring Medicine Has Done.

In the great archdiocese of Montreal, the parish of St. Anne's is one of the largest and most important. The parish is a populous one, and its work of the dozen or more clergymen who devote their time and talents to the spiritual and charitable interests of the people is heavy and never-ending.

In this thickly settled and congested parish the sick and suffering are numerous, but Christian help and consolation is ever near in the hour of danger. In scenes of sickness and disease this great parish has been blessed by an agency that has saved thousands of lives in other parts of our Dominion. We now refer to that marvelous medicine Paine's Celery Compound, so well and favorably known in every Canadian home.

The popular clergymen of St. Anne's, from time to time, heard wonderful reports from their parishioners of the magnificent work accomplished by Paine's Celery Compound. Fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters have been raised to health and strength. These pronounced incurable by physicians have been snatched from the jaws of death.

The Rev. P. Rioux, one of St. Anne's most popular clergymen, knowing about the good work done by Paine's Celery Compound, and having experienced most satisfactory results from its use in his own case, writes as follows:—"I am fully convinced both by personal experience and by the statement of many parishioners entrusted to my care, that the celebrated medicine Paine's Celery Compound deserves a high recommendation. I, therefore, willingly endorse the testimonials already given in its behalf."

PROBATE COURT.

City and County of Saint John, Province of New Brunswick.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, or any Constable, under said City and County: Whereas, William R. Russell, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John aforesaid, Clothier, of the age of fifty-six years, the executor named in the last Will and Testament of John Logan, late of the said City of Saint John, Carpenter, deceased, and a legatee under said last Will and Testament, hath by his petition dated the eighteenth of June, A. D. 1894, and the thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1894, and presented to this Court, and now filed with the Registrar of this Court, prayed that the said last Will and Testament may be proved in solemn form; and an order of this Court having been made that such prayer be complied with, YOU ARE THEREFORE REQUESTED TO cite the following next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, namely:—

- William D. Jean, aged 28 years, Car Inspector, resident in the City of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick. Mary Ann Duncan, aged 61 years, Spinster, now resident in the said City of Saint John. Charles H. Dunlop, aged 35 years, Clerk, resident in the City of New York, in the State of New York, one of the United States of America. Huntor Duncan, aged 45 years, Medical Localist, resident in the said City of New York. Walford Duncan, aged 28 years, Clergman, resident in said City of New York. Susan Dunlop, aged 30 years, Spinster, resident in the said City of New York. George H. Hunter, aged 28 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John. Sophia McManus, aged 42 years, wife of Charles McManus, resident in the Parish of Simonds, in the County of Saint John. Mary Hunter, aged 65 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of Simonds, in the City and County of Saint John. Lillie Mand Arnett, infant, aged 14 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of Simonds, aforesaid. Laura Louise Arnett, infant, aged 11 years, resident in the Parish of Simonds, aforesaid. Frederick John Arnett, infant, aged 3 years, resident in said Parish of Simonds. Leonard Hunter Moore, aged 27 years, Soldier, resident in the said City of Saint John. John D. Moore, aged 27 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John. Robert Moore, aged 27 years, Farmer, resident in the said City of Saint John. Elizabeth McConnell, aged 56 years, Widow, Housekeeper, resident at Charlottetown, in the Province of Massachusetts, one of the United States of America. Jane Lahey, aged 48 years, wife of George Lahey, resident in the Parish of Lancaster, in the said City and County of Saint John. Dora Boyd Grant, aged 45 years, wife of Frank Grant, resident at Machias, in the said State of Maine, one of the United States of America. George E. Hunter, aged 31 years, Farmer, resident at San Diego, in the said State of Maine. Eva Mand Eastman, aged 17 years, Housekeeper, resident at Calais, aforesaid. Ann Osborn, aged 73 years, widow of Samuel Osborn, resident in said City of Saint John. Sarah Howarth, aged 70 years, widow, resident in the City of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, one of the United States of America. Margaret Roxborough, aged 68 years, widow of James Roxborough, resident in the City of Boston, in the said State of Massachusetts. Elizabeth Lynch, aged 65 years, widow of James Lynch, resident in the said City of Boston. William Burke, aged 58 years, Farmer, resident at Lunenburg, in the Parish of Prince Edward Island, in the said Province of New Brunswick. Ma Ma McConaie, aged 58 years, wife of Archibald McConaie, Farmer, resident at San Diego, in the said State of Maine. Sarah Ann Salinger, aged 40 years, wife of John Salinger, Car Builder, resident in the City of Portland, aforesaid. Isabelle Hale, aged 47 years, wife of John J. Hale, Clergman, resident in the City of St. John, aforesaid. Alexander Burgess, aged 45 years, Farmer, resident at Erbs Landing, Bellisle, in the said Province of New Brunswick. David Rodgers, aged 43 years, Farmer, resident at Cranville's Landing, Bellefleur, aforesaid. Clara Haise, aged 42 years, wife of Alexander Haise, brass moulder, resident at Reading, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Hannah LeCain, aged 39 years, wife of Geo. LeCain, baker, resident at East Lexington, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. George Howard, aged 40 years, painter, resident at Stonemum, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Edwin H. Hunter, aged 38 years, Freeman, resident of Lowell, in the State of Wisconsin, one of the United States of America. Augusta R. Wheaton, aged 34 years, wife of L. D. Wheaton, of Kingston, in the County of Kings, in said Province of New Brunswick. John T. Hunter, aged 28 years, barber, resident at St. Martins, in the City and County of Saint John, aforesaid. George A. Wheaton, aged 29 years, wife of James Wheaton, of Kingston, aforesaid. Said James H. Hunter, aged 23 years, mariner of said province of New Brunswick. Amos A. Hunter, aged 22 years, Spinster, resident of Kingston, aforesaid. John W. Hunter, aged 22 years, carpenter, resident in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Herman G. Hunter, aged 20 years, Master Mariner, resident at the City of Saint John, aforesaid. Ernest Hunter, aged 23 years, carpenter, resident at Somerville, aforesaid. Maggie M. Hunter, aged 23 years, spinster, resident at Somerville, aforesaid. Louise E. Hunter, aged 17 years, daughter of said Ernest Hunter, aforesaid. Anna L. Worden, aged 31 years, wife of George A. Worden, Farmer, resident at Kingston, Kings County, in said Province of New Brunswick, and the following devisees and legatees of the said John Logan, deceased:—Mary Jane Russell, aged 58 years, Spinster, resident at the City of St. John, aforesaid. Devisee and legatee and the said William R. Russell, aged 58 years, Clothier, aforesaid, and all other next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, if any and persons interested in said last Will and Testament, to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held in the Equity and Probate Court Room in Pugsley's Buildings in the City of Saint John, within and for the said City and County of Saint John, on Monday, the thirteenth day of May next at the hour of two o'clock, in the forenoon, to attend and take such other part with regard to the proving of said last Will and Testament in solemn form as they may see fit with full power to oppose said last Will and Testament as so proved or otherwise as they and every of them may deem right. The said petitioner having made it appear to this Court that he has given the names, ages, occupations and places of residence of all of the said next of kin, heirs, devisees and legatees, so far as the same is in his power so to do. Given under my hand and the seal of the said Probate Court, this third day of January A. D. 1895. ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN, Registrar of Probates for said City and County of Saint John, N. B.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK For Boston.

Monday and Thursday departments at 7:30 (weekdays) leave at 8:30, and arrive at 8:30, and Monday and Thursday departments at 7:30 (weekdays) leave at 8:30, and arrive at 8:30.

Freight received daily up to 6 p.m. Collect and Transfer.

Freight received daily up to 6 p.m. Collect and Transfer.

Freight received daily up to 6 p.m. Collect and Transfer.

Freight received daily up to 6 p.m. Collect and Transfer.

Freight received daily up to 6 p.m. Collect and Transfer.

Freight received daily up to 6 p.m. Collect and Transfer.

Freight received daily up to 6 p.m. Collect and Transfer.

Freight received daily up to 6 p.m. Collect and Transfer.







# WOMAN and HER WORK.

Girls will grow up! It is a way they have, and somehow they always seem to do it so unexpectedly that the performance never fails to cause great surprise in the performer's own domestic circle. Only the other day a dimpled baby, yesterday there is usually a goodly array of debutantes at the Easter dances.

There are various ways of coming out, the most common of which is for the youthful aspirant for society honors to



CHILDREN'S SPRING COATS.

The cloak in the center is of blue serge with black velvet trimmings. The plaited collar is bound with flame colored velvet. The figure at the right shows a cloak and Puritan hood of brown tulle trimmed with lace over brown silk. The coat shown at the left is of apple green camel's hair with a dark green velvet collar embroidered in gold.

long-legged, awkward schoolgirl, all feet and hands and angles, today a young lady; and how and when the change took place it is impossible to say. One thing is very certain:

The child is a woman, the book may close over her for all the lessons are done.

The little maid has graduated, and now the next important event in her life, and the one to which, I am afraid, she has given the most thought, is her "coming out," her formal entrance into that social world, which seems such a veritable fairy-land to her now when she stands heiriting on the confines, but which in after years she may find more like the great desert of Sahara, and grow so unutterably weary of.

Small wonder [that] the ceremony of coming out assumes such importance in the eyes of the eager little debutante; it is really a very great matter to her, this leaving the safe harbor of childhood and seclusion to set sail on the broad ocean of life, and it behooves both the damsels her-

self and her mother to give the subject serious attention, because the matter of launching that fragile craft, a daughter, requires it. Christmas and New Year are favorite seasons for young girls to make their first bow to society, but still we all know that Lent is a great time for the ovation and preparation of wardrobes, so

at the door beside her mother, wearing the simplest and daintiest of costumes, from white mull to china silk, and the most bewitching of smiles.

In this way the debutante is sure of starting out with plenty of friends to help her on her way, instead of being obliged to climb the long hill alone.

It must be obvious to everyone who gives the subject any thought, that such a presentation to society lends a girl far more dignity and importance in the eyes of even her own set, than if she had slipped in by the back door, as it were, entered unannounced, and it also makes more friends for her. Her own family have considered it worth while to introduce her, and her friends think more of her accordingly. Mothers with daughters of their own to present cannot ignore her, when they are entertaining, as they might have done had she come out at some one else's house, or at a large public hall. Old friends of her mothers who do not attend dances and balls and who might otherwise never have met her in society, are pleased as being remembered, and considered of sufficient importance to have their friend's daughter formally presented to them at her own home, and they cannot refuse to do her honor by attending her small function.

But even here, the mother's duties do not end by any means, in fact what mother's duties are ever at an end? It is still in her hands to see that the voyage of life is made as smooth as possible, and the shoals avoided as far as may be, if she takes care to make her girl's home pleasant to all that girl's desirable friends, if she invites the nicest girls, and the nicest young men of her set, to the house as often as she can, not only to parties and teas, but to come in and out in a friendly manner, taking an interest in their pursuits, and plans, and making them feel thoroughly at home. It is not likely she ever will have to complain, as many mothers do, of her daughter making undesirable friends. This does not necessarily involve the spending of a good deal of money. Hospitality of the very best kind is within the reach of people whose means are of the most moderate; but it does cost care and thought and some trouble too. No training could possibly be better for our debutante, however, since a wise mother will teach her all she knows about entertaining at the least possible expense. Show her how to compound the dainty dishes which taste so delicious, and cost so little when made at home, and in short teach her at the same time, the art of being a hostess herself, with all the charming unselfishness and grace of manner the true hostess possesses.

One of the most important lessons such a mother teaches her girl, is the duty, and the grace of universal and unflinching courtesy. Alack, and alas! I fear such mothers must be rare, so rare is this especial charm with the young girl of the present day, who I am sorry to say seems to think only of herself, and to forget that there is anyone else in the world. The girl who does not forget to inquire for those of her acquaintances who are ill, who sometimes takes the trouble to call and find out how they are, and bring them a shape of jelly, or a bunch of flowers, who does not "hate babies," and who finds time for a pleasant chat with old people occasionally, is pretty certain of being a social success, and winning lots of friends, even if she is neither a beauty nor an heiress.

And now, if the debutante is not tired of hearing about herself—and I don't think she is—a word about her wardrobe.

Her evening dresses, however smart and pretty, must be of the simplest description. Muslin, chiffon, crepon, or white silk, cut round in the neck, and rather high, with much satin ribbon by way of trimming, but no heavy satin or moire. Round full waists, and shoulder puffs are the accepted fashions for the bodice, and full skirts just touching the floor all round. Dinner dresses may be rather more elaborate, and there is more choice as to color. Pinks, pale blues, greens or yellows, are suitable, and satin is sometimes seen, but always veiled softened by chiffon, gauze, or some other filmy material.

As for street dresses, they are pretty much the same for the debutante, as for anyone else, except that they are slightly less elaborate and the trimming is not so rich. In short, simplicity in all things is the rule.

Whistling as Exercise.

Mrs. Alice Shaw, the American whistler, says: "Such health as I have had since I began this magnificent exercise must be seen to be appreciated. My chest measures have increased four inches; my throat measures three inches, and my lungs expansion five inches. The muscles of my neck and of my face have had a course of training which they could not have received otherwise, not even from a face masseuse, and my lungs have become actually powerful." Mrs. Shaw recommends that doctors should try the whistling cure on their patients.

**TO CURE DROPSY.**

A New Treatment That Differs From the Old Methods and is Invariably Successful.

McINTYRE, Ont., March 11.—Dropsy is due in the majority of cases to some disorder of the kidneys. It is one of the symptoms of Bright's disease and indicates an advanced stage of the disease. One reason why so many cases of dropsy prove fatal is that a wrong system of treatment is followed. If the cause be removed the disease will disappear. Make the kidneys all right and dropsy will go. This is the plan followed by Hugh Lamont of this place in the case of his fourteen-year-old son, who had dropsy since he was an infant. Mr. Lamont gave the boy Dodd's Kidney Pills and he is now thoroughly cured and hearty.

## Weather Probabilities!

Damp walking from now until Spring; you want to be careful these days. Poor boots and LaGrippe are old comrades, you know, and I go hand in hand. You can't have one without running the risk of having to entertain his friend.

## Take Care

Of your feet by using our Waterproof Boots. We have been considering your wants and have on hand a variety of Boots for Men, Boys and Youths to be worn without Rubbers at very low prices. Solid Leather only. Kept by

# Waterbury & Rising,

213 UNION STREET, TELEPHONE 525 B.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

# Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED

90 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

# RIPANS ONE GIVES RELIEF.



## COMFORT IN CORSETS

Can only be obtained by wearing No. 391 "Improved All-Featherbone Corsets." No side steels to break, hurt or rust.

TRY A PAIR. All First-class Dry Goods Houses Sell Them.

## EQUITY SALE.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner, Prince William Street, in the city of St. John, in the city and county of St. John, and Province of New Brunswick, on

**SATURDAY, THE THIRTIETH DAY OF MARCH NEXT,**

at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of October, A. D. 1894, in a case therein pending between Charlotte Ann Morrison in Plaintiff, and Samuel Morrison, Jane Morrison his wife, Archibald Sinclair and James Collins are Defendants and by amendments wherein Charlotte Ann Morrison is Plaintiff and Samuel Morrison, Jane Morrison his wife, Archibald Sinclair, James Collins and Susan Weldon are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the lands and premises described in the said Decreeal Order as follows:

ALL that certain lot, piece and parcel of land being the westernmost half part of lot number forty-one, situate in the Parish of Simons and bounded by the side lines thereof, and by a line running lengthwise through the same parallel with the side lines thereof, and dividing the same into two equal parts or portions containing each one hundred and thirty acres more or less, as upon and by the plan of partition hereof made and executed between Robert Power and William Hawkes, bearing date the second day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, will more fully appear, the same being registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the city and county of Saint John in Book I No. 3, page 205. And also the lands contained by the mortgage to the Plaintiff's Bill inter alia "as all that other certain lot of land and premises situate at Black River in the Parish of Simons and formerly owned by the father of the said Samuel Morrison." And the balance of the lands (if any) owned by Thomas Morrison, deceased, at the time of his death.

For Terms and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor or to the undersigned Referee. Dated this ninth day of January, A. D. 1895.

J. KING KELLEY, DANIEL MULLIN, Plaintiff's Solicitor. Referee in Equity. T. T. LANTALAM, Auctioneer.

## Dominion Atlantic Ry.

LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE. THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX. (Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.)

On and after WEDNESDAY, October 3rd, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY:

Leave Yarmouth, 8.10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 9.30 p. m.  
Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.50 p. m.  
Leave Kentville, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 8.45 a. m.  
Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:

Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6.40 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6.30 p. m.  
Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6.00 a. m. Arrive Annapolis, 4.45 p. m.  
Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8.45 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 7.30 p. m.  
Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 9.20 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6.00 p. m.  
Leave Kentville Daily, 4.00 a. m. Arrive Richmond, 11.15 a. m.  
Leave Richmond Daily, 2.30 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.10 p. m.

Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; at Yarmouth, where close connection is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for boats to Middleton with the trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway; at the South Coast at Kentville with trains of the Cornwallis Valley Branch for Canisling and Kingsport, for all points in E. S. Island and Cape Breton, at W. Junction and Halifax with International and Canadian Pacific trains for points West.

For Tickets, Time Tables, Etc., apply to Station Agents, to 128 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to the C. T. Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. W. E. Campbell, General Manager. K. Sutherland, Superintendent.

## Madame Warren's

DRESS FORM CORSETS.



Pronounced by the most fashionable dressmaker to be the only Dress Form Corset made over which a dress can be fitted to perfection. Extra long waisted and absolutely unbreakable hip.

For sale only by CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

## Tourist Sleepers Seattle, Wash.

and points on the Pacific Coast

will leave from Windsor Street Station, (Montreal at 9.30 a. m., every Thursday. Holders of second class passage tickets to Pacific Coast points will be accommodated in these cars on payment of a small additional charge per berth. Further information, ticket rates, &c., on application to Ticket Agents.

D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass' Agt., Asst. Gen'l Pass' Agt., Montreal, St. John, N. B.

## Intercolonial Railway.

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

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Eton and Halifax..... 7.00  
Express for Halifax..... 12.50  
Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 12.50  
Express for Sussex..... 12.40

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock.

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 12.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex..... 8.30  
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30  
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 10.30  
Express from Montreal (daily)..... 12.50  
Accommodation from Montreal..... 12.50

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

AP-AL trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

## The Belle of the Ball

Never has A Red Nose, A Rough Course Skin, A Brown Neck, Pimples, Rash, Blackheads, Freckles, etc., etc.

## ARE YOU THE PRINCESS

COMPLEXION PURIFIER

will cure you. We have remedies to meet all cases. Superfluous Hair permanently removed by Electrolysis by experts. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for circulars.

THE GERVAISE GRAHAM INSTITUTE 31 Avenue St., (College St.) Toronto.

## CURE FITS!

Valuable remedies and bottles of medicine sent Free by any delivery. Give Express and Post Office address. H. G. 1077, E. C., 107 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

## VISITING AND HOME TOILETTES.

The figure at the right is a gray point de sole trimmed on the waist with plaited black lace and jet embroidery. The gown on the left is a dark pruned brocade silk. The cape is of black velvet and astrakhan with jet embroidery.

sell and her mother to give the subject serious attention, because the matter of launching that fragile craft, a daughter, requires it. Christmas and New Year are favorite seasons for young girls to make their first bow to society, but still we all know that Lent is a great time for the ovation and preparation of wardrobes, so

at the door beside her mother, wearing the simplest and daintiest of costumes, from white mull to china silk, and the most bewitching of smiles.

In this way the debutante is sure of starting out with plenty of friends to help her on her way, instead of being obliged to climb the long hill alone.

SES  
EY  
VER  
ILLS  
E  
ACHE  
25¢ A BOX

cience  
None more  
dreadful  
LL'S WINE  
CREOSOTE  
triumphant  
trichinial and

Try it.  
Montreal.

nd, as I was the  
at by the driver.  
than halt a mile  
told the visitors  
passengers?"  
d; but I had

ditate for parlia-  
o the county,  
for prison trying  
my."

opponents was  
of 'em in jail,  
of the ordinary,  
especially who  
icked the name of

Smith," said he,  
forris. But I'm  
one got away!"

ed Him.  
the notable men  
mer chat turned  
a, and a distin-  
After gradu-  
western town;  
prospect of im-  
to seek a new  
by his fare, he  
intending to  
one of the  
conductor  
of Nash-  
p.  
sharply.  
paper is in the  
if he identifies  
uctor into the  
explained; Mr.  
the staff; it is all  
in, the lawyer  
recognized me?  
er. I'm travel-  
scared to death  
y."



GAMCOCK AND HOG.

Killed Two Mammals in Farms in Connecticut. The severity of the winter has driven the wildcats and foxes from Turkey Hill and Redhead Hills, Conn., into the surrounding farming districts in search of food.

Degworth lives down on the Housatonic River turpicks. His farm is surrounded by thick timber and wild lands. His nearest neighbor, the Widow Todd, had her chicken house cleaned out by the wildcats last week, and so when he heard a tremendous racket in his yard last Tuesday he guessed what the trouble was.

He could see dimly a large creature flopping and rolling about in the house, and its screams and hisses drowned the cackling of the hens. Holding the lantern lower, Sim managed to get more light on the scene, and then three of the small gamecocks could be seen sailing into a wildcat.

The largest of the original four, a splendid white cock, was dead, and one of the two reds was bleeding badly about the head. The little and black was evidently in the fight to stay, for he did nothing but dodge the claws of his foe and strike for her eyes with feet and beak.

It was a curious battle, and much as Degworth wanted to take a hand and help his brave gamecocks, he did not dare show for fear of killing the birds. The frightened hens were huddled in a far corner of the coop cackling. After watching his chance he saw an opening, and the three cocks retreated all together in a bunch from a stroke of the vicious paws, he shoved the muzzle of the gun in and fired. When the smoke cleared away he saw that the buckshot had done their work, for the ugly beast lay still.

Hopkin's Plat's barnyard is also well guarded against such intruders. He and his farm hands were routed out of bed the other day by prolonged squealing and caterwauling. While they were hunting up a weapon the noise suddenly abated, and all they heard were doleful howls and hoarse grunts. They found the pig pen the scene of the disturbance. One young porker lay dead, and the old sow was badly scratched and torn about the head and shoulders.

The partition between this pen and that which holds Peter Jackson, the ugly old black hog, had been smashed and the hog was giving passionate grunts as he stamped with his sharp hoofs and tore with his tusks a dying wildcat. With difficulty he was driven back. The wildcat was despatched with a club. In cleaning out the sty the men found the body of another wildcat tramped and pounded to a pulpy mass. The wildcat whole enough to be picked up weighed a little more than thirty-nine pounds.

The Colonel's Partner. During one of the big house parties so recently held at the palatial Hungarian residence of Baron Hirsch, the well-known millionaire, the host promised his friends a treat in the form of a dance of peasants from some neighboring villages. After the dancing, the peasant drew up on each side of the hall in which the performance had taken place, and was announced that the village beauty was about to be borne in. She made her appearance, carried shoulder high on a chair, but so thickly veiled that none could catch a glimpse of her face.

A Tribute to Rufus Choate. At a trial in the United States court where a case at bar was being tried for criminally casting away a ship somewhere near the coast of Sumatra, Mr. Choate pressed the captain of the ship as to what another captain said about the place of casting her away. The witness hesitated, but not being more severely pressed, answered: "The captain said we should never be found out, and it we were, there was a lawyer in Boston, named Choate, who would get us off if we had the money in our boots."

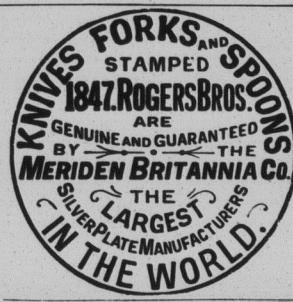
Things to Remember. A cold in the head is the first cause of catarrh. Catarrh is an unhealthy disease and is often followed by consumption.

Chase & Sanborn's



Seal Brand Coffee. Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World. The only Coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR.

CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO.



KNIVES, FORKS AND SPOONS. STAMPED 1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS.

- Dr. Humphrey's Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success. Every single Specific a special cure for the disease named.

MENTAL FATIGUE.

relieved and cured by ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Insist on getting the right article.

SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists as a Guarantee.

JAMES S. MAY & SON, Tailors.

Domville Building, 68 PRINCE WM. ST. Telephone No. 748.

DAVID CONNELL, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES.

45-47 WATERLOO STREET. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building.

Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. WILLIAM CLARK.

ICE! Wholesale and Retail.

Telephone 414. Office 18 Lanster Street. Mrs. R. Whetsel.

AN ALBION AND HIS BIRDARKA

The Albion and his birdarka are among the sights of the Behring Sea regions. The birdarka is made of skin of the sea lion sewed over a light wooden frame. In shape it is very like a racing shell. It is much the same as the Greenland kayak. It has, according to its size, one, two, or three holes in the top, each just large enough for a man to sit in and sit, with his rim close around his waist. No water can get into the boat except through these holes. The birdark is propelled by double-bladed paddles. It looks as frail as an eggshell and is easy to capsize, but in the hands of Aleuts is a safe and speedy boat. The Aleuts are great performers in their birdarkas.

"We saw a fellow in one of these boats come up to the Corwin one day when we were off the Alaska Fur Seal Company's trading post at Atka," said Capt. C. A. Abbey. "Mr. Dirck, the agent, addressed to him a few words in his own tongue and the Aleut grinned and nodded. He backed clear from the ship and began his feat. With his paddle he would turn the boat completely round with a sweep of two, and turn her back in the same way. He would send her ahead at top speed, then instantly send her back almost as fast. He was remarkably skillful in these performances, and it was easy to see that his boat was not only safe but marvellously handy in the hands of an expert."

"He's not doing all he can," said Douglas, the pilot. "I've seen them turn the birdarka completely over, the man going under water on one side and coming up on the other."

"I'll ask him if he can do that," said the agent. At his question the Aleut shook his head, making some muttered reply. Dirck urged him but he was still reluctant. "He says the water is cold, and he don't like to risk it," said Dirck. "Wouldn't a silver dollar warm it for him?" "The Aleut's eyes glistened when he saw the silver, and he at once prepared to attempt the feat. He evidently understood his business and the risk he was about to take. He first loosed his camlins or skin coat from the hoop around the birdarka hole, so he might free himself in case the boat stopped when bottom up. Then, playing his paddle with a peculiar stroke, he caused the boat to swerve and go suddenly over. The man, still in his seat, disappeared under water, and the bottom of the boat raked on the surface. As well as could be seen in the agitated water he still held the paddle beneath. Though under a few seconds, it seemed a long time, and it was a relief to the lookers-on when he emerged on the other side. The boat instantly righted, the Aleut sitting upright in his place, dripping, but wholly composed. "He came grinning alongside and received his stipulated price. Other gifts, including quarters and half-dollars, were passed to him until he had a handful of coin, with a store of provisions in well, and with these he paddled, well pleased, to the shore."

THE BRITISH ARMY WAS DISBANDED.

The British Army was disbanded under dramatic circumstances on Valentine's Day, 1901. The Republican army had been almost swept away by the returning tide of loyalty to Charles, and the sole surviving remnants numbered only 170 troopers, and between 600 and 1,000 infantry. The Coldstreamers, as they were called from their last halting-place on the border previous to the southward march under General Monk, were chiefly instrumental in restoring Charles II. to the throne. On the day named they were assembled on Tower Hill surrounded by an interested London crowd. Presently, on the arrival of four Royal Commissioners, the soldiers were publicly congratulated upon the part they had played in the Restoration. This was followed by waving of flags, beating of drums, volleys of musketry, and shouts of "God save King Charles II." The commissioners then took the muster, and the troops were disbanded, each man laying down his arms. By this step the last contingent of the Protector's famous troopers was nominally dispersed, and the British Army was, for a few moments, wholly disbanded. It was, however, but a formal proceeding, for, immediately afterwards, they were re-enlisted in the King's service, and, resuming their arms, became the root of the British Army of today.

While there are some governors of prisons who are never happy unless they are signing their names to every official document they obtain, there are others who look upon signing official documents as altogether outside what their duty ought to be.

One of the latter class, at the reception of a number of the returning tide of loyalty, said to a man, who happened to be a forger, and who, on a former conviction, had learned the governor's objection to signing papers: "Now, we'll set you to work tomorrow. What can you do best?" "Well," replied the convict with a grin, "if you'll give me a week's practice of signature, I'll sign your official papers for you."

I Was Cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. J. M. CAMPBELL, Bay of Islands.

A Good Duchess. The Duchess of Devonshire likes to go amongst the Duke's people as "my lady bountiful." One day the Duchess met a tenant on one of the ducal estates, and the man, questioned by her Grace, said that "the water came in here, and got in there, and this water was repairing, and that."

I Was Cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Albert Co., N. B. GEORGE TINGLEY.

Don't Forget

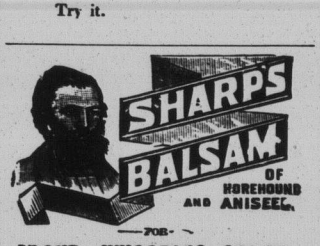
that when you buy Scott's Emulsion you are not getting a secret mixture containing worthless or harmful drugs. Scott's Emulsion cannot be secret for an analysis reveals all there is in it. Consequently the endorsement of the medical world means something.

Scott's Emulsion

overcomes Wasting, promotes the making of Solid Flesh, and gives Vital Strength. It has no equal as a cure for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrophulous Anemia, Emaciation, and Wasting Diseases of Children.

Worth A Trial.

Hundreds of business men in this city read PROGRESS who do not admit in any paper. They do a certain amount of business and doubt the power of printer's ink to increase it. Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to PROGRESS. We will give you a handsome, well written ad., a splendid circulation, and if the people want your goods there should be no doubt about the result.



SHARPS BALM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS. OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, CAPT JOHN. N. B.

A. & J. HAY, JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED.

76 KING STREET.

Turkeys, Chickens, Geese and Ducks.

Dean's Sausages. Ham, Bacon, Clear Pork and Lard, Celery, Squash and all Vegetables.

The Sun

The first of American Newspapers, CHARLES A. DANA Editor. The American Constitution, the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever.

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c a copy; by mail \$2 a year. Daily, by mail - \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, - \$8 a year. The Weekly, - \$1 a year. Address THE SUN New York.

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 and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and St. Lawrence, New York and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Canadian Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Liverpool, Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, F. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territory, British Columbia and Alaska. Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Lines of Mail Steamers. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States or Europe, and vice versa. H. C. CREIGHTON, Ass. Supt.

HIS HONOR'S PLUS H. F.

An Incident of California Justice in "Party-Nine." Justice was administered in pretty crude shape in California in the case of our Lord 1849," said Col. T. L. Cochrane of that State, to a group of friends. "I shall never forget one scene at Stockton. We had then what were styled 'Courts of First Instance.' A judge named Reynolds presided. He wore a high silk hat, about the only one, I think, in the whole state at that time. He was utterly destitute of moral principle. One Williams was prosecuting attorney and a bigger thief never lived. The sheriff was Dick Winn, equal in knavery to the other two. They held court in one corner of the big tent, the rest of which was devoted to gambling, monte being the prevailing sport. The play was of an order for high stakes, and the swell gamblers 'tapped the bank' regularly. "On the occasion I had in mind a Mexican dropped in and began to play with phenomenal success. He won \$2,000 in less than an hour, and was preparing to leave with his gains when the sheriff arrested him on a charge of horse theft. He was taken to the other end of the tent, where Reynolds sat behind a big dry goods box, looking very solemn and dignified. "Williams, as prosecutor, made a very brief speech, in which he proved to the satisfaction of the court that the poor greaser had committed the crime of horse stealing. His money had previously been taken away from him. It consisted mainly of coins and was heaped up on the judge's desk. The verdict of the court was confiscation of the money and two hours to leave the town. The Mexican cast a wistful eye on his wealth, but slunk off as if glad to escape with his life. Meanwhile Williams and Winn had advanced to the desk and were filling their pockets with specie. "Well, I guess the court will have to look out for its own interests," remarked Reynolds, and hastily coming forward, he swept the remainder of the gold and silver coin into his lofty plug hat and declared the court adjourned."

WORTH A TRIAL.

The character which Scotsmen have acquired beyond almost any other people, for the art of becoming their fortunes abroad was never, perhaps, more singularly illustrated than by the following anecdote, which is related on the authority of an eminent scientific tycoon. The Russians and Turks, in their way of the eighteenth century, having diverted themselves long enough in the contest, agreed to treat for peace. The commissioners for this were Marshal-General Keith, on the part of the Russians, and the Grand Vizier on that part of the Turks. These two personages met, and carried on negotiations by means of interpreters. When all was concluded and they rose to separate, the Marshal made his bow with his hat in his hand, and the Vizier his salaam with his turban on his head. But when these ceremonies of taking leave were over, the Vizier turned suddenly, and coming up to Marshal Keith took him cordially by the hand, and in the broadest Scottish accent, declared warmly that it made him "verra happy to meet a countryman in his exalted station. Keith stared with astonishment, as ever for an explanation of this mystery, when the Vizier adled: "Dinna be surprised, man; I'm jo' the same country wi' yourself. I mind weel seen you and your brother, when boys, passin' by to the school at Kirkcaldy. My father, sir, was ballman o' Kirkcaldy."

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed.

What more extraordinary can be imagined than to behold, in the plenipotentiary of two mighty nations two foreign adventurers, natives of the same country, of the very same name! The Bishop was Catalogued. A well-known London photographer was amusingly caught by one of his eminent customers. This was a bishop, who dropped in one day to look up an old negative. The huge bundles of negatives in the studio had been carefully classified, and search was made in a section labelled: "Nobility, gentry, and distinguished personages." The bishop was not there. He turned to another set with the contemptuous label: "Small fry." "Oh, your lordship will not be in that lot," said the photographer anxiously. But his visitor was already examining the pile, and soon came upon the picture of his own face. Labored explanations only made the comedy of discomfiture more complete.

THE BISHOP WAS CATALOGUED.

An English rector asked one of his flock who a rich parishioner had stopped coming to church, and whether the trouble was Latitudinarianism. He answered: "No, sir! It's wusser nor that." "Then it must be Unitarianism?" "No, sir! wusser nor that." "Ah! perhaps it is Agnosticism?" "Oh, no, sir! It's wusser nor that." "But it can't be Atheism?" "No, sir! It's wusser nor that." "But there can't be anything worse than Atheism." "Oh, yes, sir! It's rheumatism." Drink And Devoutness.

THE BISHOP WAS CATALOGUED.

Dr. Norman Keer says he has found that a glass of spirits will make one man violent, another drowsy, a third merry, a fourth melancholy, while a fifth man will cry hard. He has even known a landed proprietor who never had family prayer in his house except when he returned from a drinking bout; and then, no matter the hour of the morning—be it one, three, four, or five—he awakened the whole household and insisted on their coming downstairs for prayer.

THE SCENE, LIKE THE THAMES, HAS BEEN FROZEN OVER IN PART.

At Saint-Cloud the Outrol men on duty have been amusing themselves by building an enormous snow house or the ice, midway across the stream. Upon it they have placed a board with the following inscription: "Vills to be sold. Possession can be had next July."

I WAS CURED OF FACIAL NEURALGIA BY MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Springhill, N. B. WM. DANIEL.

TURKISH DYES

EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant. SOAP WON'T FADE THEM. Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced. One Package equal to two of any other make. Send postal card for Sample and Book of Instructions. Sold by St. John & S. McDIARMID and E. J. MAHONEY, Indianapolis.

Baby Wants It.

Martin's Cardinal Food FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. The most palatable food prepared, and is unequalled by any other preparation of its kind. The best food and the best value, put up in one pound tins, price 25 cts. per tin. Sold Retail by all Druggists and Grocers and Wholesale by KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS MONTREAL.

EPILEPSY

Fits, Nervous Debility. Causes, Symptoms, Results and How to Cure. Treatise free on application to H. C. EASON, 36 de Salaberry St., Montreal.

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liqueur Habit Positively Cured by the Homeopathic Method. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. BY NEVILL FALLS. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victim. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., TORONTO, Ont.

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed. The character which Scotsmen have acquired beyond almost any other people, for the art of becoming their fortunes abroad was never, perhaps, more singularly illustrated than by the following anecdote, which is related on the authority of an eminent scientific tycoon.

THE BISHOP WAS CATALOGUED.

What more extraordinary can be imagined than to behold, in the plenipotentiary of two mighty nations two foreign adventurers, natives of the same country, of the very same name! The Bishop was Catalogued. A well-known London photographer was amusingly caught by one of his eminent customers.

I CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent free by post. Sufferer, Give Express and Post Office address, H. G. HOUST, M. C., 126 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont. PROFESSIONAL. A Scientific Cure without the knife, which is permanent where we have had a reasonable opportunity for treatment. Send for references. Doctor Esmond. TUMOR REMOVAL.

REMOVAL.

DR. J. H. MORRISON, (New York, London and Paris.) Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. 163 GERRAIN STREET, ST. JOHN.

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

COLLECTIONS MADE. Real Estate Prompts. Harcourt, Kent County, N. B. HOTELS. BALMORAL HOTEL, 160 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B. A. L. SHERMAN, Prop. The Leader \$1.00 per day course of the City, facing the beautiful King Square. Large rooms. Good Table. Efficient service. YORKBOURNE HOTEL, CORNERS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B. JOHN H. McDERMOTT, Proprietor. Opened in January. Handsome, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick. DELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with steam and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. J. SIMS, Prop. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. WARREN, Proprietor. Fine sample room in station. Also, a first-class Livery Stable in job at trains and bus.







HIS OWN VICTIM.

Few men have met their future wives in more startling circumstances than served as an introduction between Dr. Frank Aylward and Kate Burleigh.

He had been blundering along blindly for half an hour, just able to make out the mass on each villa as he passed it, when he heard high up in the air, a little ahead, the sound of a clear, sharp, tearing explosion, followed by a rattling of falling and the jingle of broken glass.

In the impenetrable vapor before him he heard cries and exclamations; shouts and disjointed words; frantic exhortations to hasten, and the tread and shuffle of many feet.

He proceeded a hundred yards, when a broad patch of light caught his eye. As he drew nearer it was apparent that the light issued through an open door. A little farther on he found the garden gate of the house wide open.

He drew up and listened. No sound came from that house. No figure appeared in the hall, on the threshold, on the steps. On such a night no door would be left open without good reason. There had been an accident, a commotion, a scare. He, Frank Aylward, was a doctor, and speedy aid might be much needed.

He turned into the grounds and crossed the front garden, ascended the steps and then stood a while irresolute. A slate slid from the roof and fell close to the portico.

Whether had those men and women of the voices fled? Could it be that thieves had broken in and terrified away the inhabitants? No! for he had heard voices of men among the fugitives. Besides, thieves would surely close the door or turn down the gas to avoid attracting observation.

He stepped over the threshold and called out, asking if anyone was there. No reply.

Under the massive hat-rack hung a gong. He struck the gong and sent a strong sweet clangor reverberating through the hall and passages. But it brought back no answering note.

A few slates rattled from the roof and fell close to the portico. On Aylward's right door stood open. Beyond it was the dining-room. He looked in. The gas-lights against the wall and at each end of the sideboard were burning full. Bottles and decanters and the remains of dessert lay on the table. Chairs stood pushed back as though sitters had risen hastily from them. A partly-crushed fibert rested in the jaws of a pair of silver nut-crackers. Some of the glasses were partly full, and in the middle of the table was a cigarette from which a thin film of blue smoke ascended.

Aylward crossed the hall to the drawing-room door, which also was wide open. Here, too, all lights were fully up. The candles in the piano-brackets were burning. A piece of music lay on the floor, and a satin shoe a hand's breadth off.

He began to ascend the broad, brilliantly lighted stairs. He felt as if walking through some splendid tomb, some deserted temple. The hush, the blazing lights, the gleaming brasswork which flashed back the light in rays of gold, the sombre bronzes which swallowed the light, making figures of darkness in the radiance, and above all the sense of human beings recently and unaccountably departed, gave a mysterious and ghostly air.

Off the corridor on the first story, flooded with a full golden light, was the music-room, which had evidently been the room for dancing. Here were a fan and a bouquet on the floor. In the billiard-room a cue stood against the table, and a piece of chalk, fallen from the hand of a player, had tumbled into the middle of the table and now rested there. The boudoir had been given up to cards. On one table the tricks were all mixed up. Another table had been overturned, and the cards lay scattered about.

Under the spell of some irresistible impulse, young Aylward climbed the bright staircase to the landing above. Here bedrooms and bath-rooms and dressing-rooms stood open, brilliantly illuminated. Here water was still running from the tap into a basin. Here reposed a ribbon on a pin-cushion. Here hung a man's white tie on a shaving glass. But not a soul to be seen; not a sound was to be heard.

Aylward reached the foot of the stairs extending to the topmost story. At this point the lights ceased and all above was dark. He called into the darkness. He hesitated to trust himself unarmed and alone into this vault of shadow above those hushed and abandoned chambers.

He called again and listened intently. Yes; unmistakably, this time, there was some kind of reply—a reply half cry, half groan. Setting his teeth he pushed up-wards.

On gaining the floor where the servants had their quarters he found all dark as a grave. He had to feel his way. In all the brilliantly lighted rooms below there was not a single soul; here in the blind void dwelt a voice, a man. He cried—

"Where are you?"

"Here. Who are you?"

The voice came down out of the darkness as if it was the voice of the darkness itself.

"A stranger; my name is Aylward."

"Are the others all out of the house?"

"No one is in the house but you and me."

"My accursed luck again! I have failed! I am hurt, disabled, nailed to this house, which will be my gallow and my coffin in one."

"If you are hurt, let me help. I am a doctor."

A peal of hideous laughter shook the black gloom. Aylward started and shuddered.

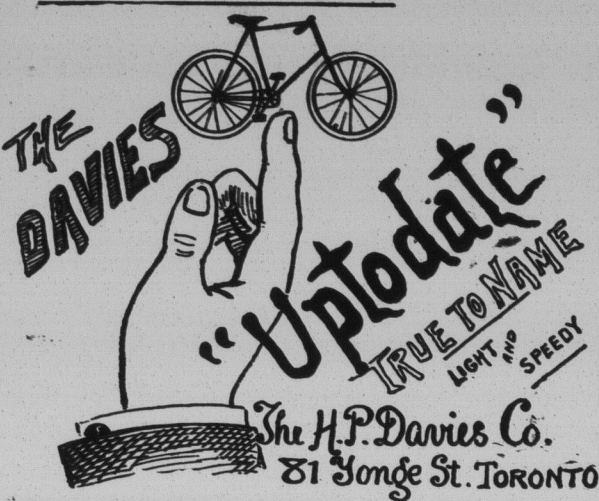
"You are a stranger," said the voice. "All the others had fled. Fly you. This house is mined!"

"Mined! Great heavens! And you?"

"I am a dead man. I cannot move, I am wounded. Something went off unseasonably. The clock in the machine is ticking away like mad, I tell you! It's in the cellar, but I can hear it where I am. There cannot be five minutes more of it to me. Fly for your life!"

"And leave you, disabled, to die! Merciless! Where are you?"

SEND FOR CATALOGUE



Is Acknowledged by Experienced Riders the Canadian Humber.

IN AMERICAN WHEELS WE CONTROL THE "ROAD KING" at \$100.00; the "DUKE" at \$75.00,

and these popular wheels cannot be beaten.

Riders should not be governed by price without regard to quality. Purchase from importers and manufacturers of experience and reliability. We hold the foremost position in the Canadian trade and give one year's guarantee with each wheel. SEND FOR CATALOGUE and we will refer you to the nearest dealer handling our goods.

Agents:—BALEMAN BROS., Woodstock, N. B., IRA CORNWALL, St. John, N. B., BANCROFT & BAILEY, Windsor, N. S., R. CHESTNUT & SON, Fredericton, N. B., H. H. DRYDEN, Sussex, N. B. H. P. DAVIES Co., 81 Yonge Street, Toronto.

"Fool! You are mad! Fly, I say. I owe you no grudge. Those against whom I worked have escaped. The infernal explosion by accident up here sent them scampering. There can't be four minutes of the clock to run. Off with you, or I pledge you my soul you will not see to-morrow!"

Aylward had been searching in his pockets for a match. At length he found one. He struck it, and when it flamed held it above his head.

"In pity's name, where are you?" he cried.

"Here," the voice answered, coming from directly overhead.

Aylward turned his eyes upward, and saw in the square hole of the cockloft in the ceiling a pale bloodstained face.

In an instant the young doctor understood the situation. An explosion had taken place in the cockloft, this man was injured. Another explosion was momentarily expected, and this man could not get out of the way of death!

Before the match went out he had thrust open a door and found a candle on the dressing-table.

He lit the candle, swept all the other things off the table, dragged the table into the corridor and placed it under the trap. He flew back to the room and came out with the washstand; putting that on the table, in breathless haste he fetched a chair and set it upon the washstand.

"There can't more than two minutes of the clock to run," said the face in the hole.

"Never mind. How did you get up?"

"By a rope."

"Have the rope ready," said Aylward, as he began to clamber up the table, washstand, and chair.

"You're throwing away your life for less than nothing; even if you save me now, they will lock me up for life for attempt to murder."

"And serve you right; but you haven't been found guilty yet."

Aylward scrambled through the hole into the cockloft. Was there time to get the man and himself out of this doomed house—if this man kept correct count of his infernal clock? No!

With frantic haste, Aylward made a loop of the rope, hung the man in the loop and lowered him through the ceiling to the floor below. Then clambering down himself, he picked up the wounded man, and staggered along the corridor to the head of the stairs.

"The time of the clock is up. Drop me and run for your life!"

Aylward made no reply. He drew a full breath, grasped the balustrade and began to descend.

head of a young girl with a dark, beautiful, pensive face, seated at a window. Aylward had never before seen the room or the girl.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Will you tell me where I am?"

"The girl rose, and came towards him, saying—

"I am so glad you are better. You are in Elm House, Winchelsea Road, Croyland, the house of my father, Mr. Burleigh. How do you feel?"

"A little queer. Will you tell me what happened after the second explosion? I remember two."

"The second one took place in the cellar. It did not do nearly as much damage as was intended. Only the cellar window and a little brickwork were blown into the front garden. Some of the bricks stunned you."

"And the man I carried downstairs?"

"That was very noble of you. He was so badly hurt by the first explosion, there is no hope of him."

"But who was he? What was his object?"

"Well," said the girl in embarrassment, "I think you must not talk any more. I will send my mother to you."

"In a few minutes Mrs. Burleigh, a tall, stout, kindly woman of fifty, entered. After a few words demanded by the circumstances, Aylward asked for all the particulars he might hear.

"Well, Mr. Aylward, you see, it is a family affair. We shall be forever grateful to you if you do not take legal steps in the matter."

"Nothing is further from my intention," said Aylward, thinking what a pretty picture Miss Burleigh had made in the window with the winter sunlight streaming over her quiet face.

"Crawford Hilton," went on Mrs. Burleigh, "the unfortunate young man who caused the mischief, is a nephew of mine. He is a deplorably unsteady young man. I am afraid his wild ways often affect his reason. Anyway he had pretensions to my only daughter, Kate. She loathed him, and her father and I would rather see the child in her grave than married to him."

"He knew the ways of this house. A day or two ago he smuggled in the infernal machine and hid it in the roof. Last night we gave a party for Kate's birthday. He was not asked. He invited himself."

"He carried the infernal machine down from the garret and set it going in the cellar. He had left his coat and waistcoat in the garret. When he got back down he was waited awhile with the intention of stealing out of the house unobserved. As he was about to descend from the garret, a packet of surplus explosive went off, disabling him, and terrifying all our guests. At the same moment a servant came from the cellar telling Mr. Burleigh there was a strange ticking going on there. We immediately gave out that there had been a gas explosion in the roof, and that there was likely to be another in a cellar, and we hurried guests, servants, and everyone else away to the house of my garden."

"The next important talk he had was with Mrs. Burleigh, but with Kate, when a year after that eventful night he brought

her a present of flowers and got in exchange a promise of the hand which took them from him.

BORN.

Truro, March 6, to the wife of Geo. Kelly, a son. Halifax, March 3, to the wife of Wm. Snorr, a son. Amherst, March 3, to the wife of Fred Black, a son. Dalhousie, March 1, to the wife of Ted Gillies, a son. Parrsboro, Feb. 23, to the wife of John Simpson, a son. Estabrook, Feb. 28, to the wife of Geo. Wilkins, a son. Apohaqui, March 10, to the wife of Geo. B. Jones, a son. Windsor, March 5, to the wife of Capt. Fred Ellis, a son. Halifax, March 9, to the wife of W. A. McDonald, a son. Bay View, March 7, to the wife of Capt. Turnbull, a son. Truro, March 5, to the wife of D. L. Doane, a daughter. Halifax, March 9, to the wife of W. A. McDonald, a son. Truro, March 5, to the wife of Chas. Murling, a daughter. Yarmouth, March 5, to the wife of Chas. Murling, a daughter. Overton, Feb. 28, to the wife of Thos. McLeod, a son. Yarmouth, Feb. 27, to the wife of Robert Patton, a daughter. Hantsport, Feb. 25, to the wife of Alex. Gillis, a daughter. Hantsport, Feb. 21, to the wife of Ezra Churchill, a son. Amherst, Feb. 28, to the wife of James Casey, a daughter. Halifax, March 7, to the wife of James Eray, a daughter. St. John, March 4, to the wife of Geo. H. Worden, a daughter. St. John, March 6, to the wife of Harold Climo, twin daughters. Hantsport, Feb. 25, to the wife of Rupert Benanson, a daughter. Shubenacadie, March 5, to the wife of F. R. Parker, a daughter. Amherst, March 3, to the wife of Clarence McLeod, a daughter. Scotch Village, March 1, to the wife of Harry Croome, a son. Pictou, March 1, to the wife of Freeman Grant, a daughter. Moncton, March 4, to the wife of Alderman F. W. Givens, a daughter. Hopewell Hill, N. B., March 4, to the wife of James Russell, a daughter. Waterville, N. B., March 1, to the wife of Lafayette Richardson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

St. John, March 4, Stewart Campbell to Elizabeth Little of Gore, N. S. Westport, March 4, by Rev. H. E. Cooke, Arthur Feib to Flora Thomas. Truro, March 4, by Rev. A. L. Goggin, Frederick W. Orman to Annie Upham. Upper Sutter, March 1, by Rev. J. S. Sutherland, J. McMillroy to Ella Carleton. Caledonia, Feb. 29, by Rev. D. B. Scott, Charles Russell to Sarah Greenwood. Yarmouth, March 1, by Rev. H. H. Cassman, Riley Hasbani, of Sandford, to Hattie Smith. Cape Negro Island, Feb. 26, by Rev. D. F. A. quar, Messias to Annie Martin, of Gasquet. Waterville, N. B., March 4, by the Rev. John M. Allan, John Belcher to Amanda Bowles. Gasquet, March 4, by Rev. J. Williams, Lewis Messias to Annie Martin, of Gasquet. New York, Feb. 28, by Rev. E. S. Holloway, Leonard G. Lewis, of Yarmouth to Ann Miller. Halifax, March 4, by Rev. C. B. Freeman, J. Howe Anson to Estie Collins, of Hart Highway.

Blackville, Feb. 27, by the Rev. T. G. Johnston, John H. MacDonald to Amanda MacDonald. Parrsboro, Feb. 26, by Rev. J. Sharp, Frederick G. Hollandsdale, of England, to Cecelia Legere. Bridgewater, March 2, by Rev. C. A. Swinburn, Jack Weagle to Eliza Venant, of Newcombville. South Brookfield, Feb. 15, by Rev. D. B. Scott, Siphers Freeman to Mrs. Anne J. Cameron. Windsor, March 10, by Rev. S. Weston-Jones, Thos. H. Burton of Berwick, to Miss Irene Patten. Dartmouth, March 5, by Rev. Mr. Stewart, Geo. Herbert Colwell, of Halifax, to Ethel J. Gentile. Wallace Bay, Mar. 6, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, John A. McMillan, of Pugwash, to Eva Forsner. Yarmouth, March 1, by the Rev. E. B. Moore, Frank Stewart to Georgina Deacon, of Lunenburg. Mill Village, N. S., Feb. 28, by Rev. W. R. Turner, Allison Bennett, of Shubenacadie, to Ella Blackburn. Cumberland Bay, N. B., Feb. 28, by Rev. S. D. Irvine, Robert P. Colwell to Alberta Brown, of Chipman. Fredericton, March 3, by Rev. Willard McDonald, John B. West to Margaret Steen, both of Kingsley, N. B. Windsor, March 6, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, William Jesse H. Cox to Alice Mand Bolman, both of Yarmouth. Windsor, March 6, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Charles Alder D. McDonald, Antigonish, to Bella Cameron Keeloe, of N. S. Maple Ridge, Mar. 6, by Rev. J. M. Allan, M. A. Belcher to Mary W. Dawson, D. D., John S. Belcher to Amanda A. Bowles.

DIED.

Halifax, Mar. 5, James Ryan, 67. Westville, Feb. 27, Kate Foley, 57. Halifax, March 5, Jos. E. Jost, 54. Boston, March 5, Charles Damery. Halifax, March 5, Henry Brown, 63. Noel, Mar. 6, James M. O'Brien, 90. Pictou, March 1, Wm. Browrig, 67. Halifax, March 4, James Brown, 82. St. John, March 4, James Brown, 82. Halifax, March 9, Mrs. M. Croobie, 79. Brookfield, March 7, Wm. P. Cox, 61. Belleisle, Feb. 22, John Urquhart, 84. Wentworth, March 7, Wm. McLatchy. Halifax, March 11, John H. Bland, 67. Halifax, March 9, Mrs. M. Croobie, 79. Tattlerside, Feb. 24, Peter Murray, 21. Middleton, March 2, Arthur Dodge, 64. St. John, March 4, Patrick Doherty, 54. Bridgetown, March 4, Samuel Lloyd, 74. St. John, March 4, Patrick Doherty, 54. Halifax, March 6, Bridget M. Keels, 28. New Annan, Feb. 27, Edith A. Ferry, 18. Halifax, March 3, Mrs. Jane Meredith, 65. Shelburne, Feb. 26, Angus McDonald, 61. Yarmouth, March 1, Benjamin Crosby, 54. Hantsport, Feb. 26, Mrs. Sophie Starr, 65. Old Ridge, March 3, William Eastman, 74. Halifax, March 10, Mrs. Anne Mitchell, 65. Chipman, N. B., March 7, James Lloyd, 73. Old Ridge, March 3, Alex. D. Sutherland, 28. Middle Stewieville, Feb. 27, Thomas Dicks, 66. Hantsport, Feb. 14, Mrs. Margaret Foster, 64. Cambridgeport, Mass., Feb. 27, Thos. Foster, 64. Bloomington, March 1, Walker Armstrong, 60. Yarmouth, Feb. 26, Mrs. Mary A. Cosman, 77. Middle Stewieville, Feb. 27, Thomas Dicks, 66. Hantsport, Feb. 14, Mrs. Margaret Foster, 64. Cambridgeport, Mass., Feb. 27, Thos. Foster, 64. Middle River, N. B., Mar. 5, Wm. S. Pines, 68. Robbinston, Mar. 3, March 4, Thomas B. Pines, 75. Upper Passant, March 7, Charles Cunningham, 76.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.



DO NOT BE DECEIVED With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six cents; when purchased will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.

Chatham, N. B., March 1, Mrs. John Keenan, 67. Barrington, N. S., March 3, Elsie Hopkins, 33. North Brookfield, Feb. 29, Perry Randall, 18 months. Coldstream, Mar. 4, Jan. wife of Geo. Gray, Jr., 38. Misses, N. B., Esther, wife of Job Stanley, 47. Halifax, March 9, Patrick C. C. Mooney, barrister. North Sydney, March 10, the wife of Dr. J. G. Ross, 41. St. Stephen, March 3, Mrs. widow of George Pines, 61. Cape Dauphin, March 4, Mrs. Norman McDonald, 58. Mansfield, C. B., March 5, Mrs. Angus McAnis, 80. Lunenburg, March 7, Miss Sarah Catherine Heintz, 80. St. Andrews, Feb. 18, Fannie, wife of Tom, 42. Chatham, March 3, Patrick, son of James Pheasant, 19 months. Halifax, Mar. 3, Mary, wife of the late William Balger, 78. Chatham, March 1, Mary, wife of John Keenan, 87. Dartmouth, Mar. 7, Marjory, daughter of J. E. Sibley, 4 weeks. White Hook, March 6, Elmer, son of Frederick and Ida O'Leary, 17. Liverpool, Feb. 25, Caroline, widow of the late Henry Fortier, 66. Upper Canada, Feb. 19, Arthur, son of Frank and Clara Schofield, 7. Lunenburg, March 4, Esther, widow of the late Jas. Starrs, 58. Sandford, March 1, Gladys, daughter of John Roddy, 7 months. St. John, March 1, Henry Waters, son of the late Isaac Waters, 65. Roston, March 4, Martha A., wife of the late Elbow and J. Foxwell, 61. St. John, March 10, Joseph F. son of Joseph and Margaret Boyd, 28. Point Edward, C. B., Feb. 28, Maggie, daughter of Joseph N. Lewis, 37. Enfield, N. S., March 4, Martha H., wife of the late Samuel Kennedy, 75. Sydney, March 3, Frederick McDonald, son of D. McK. McDonald, 28. North Sydney, March 3, Margaret Ferguson, wife of Kenneth Ferguson, 41. Halifax, March 9, Mrs. Christiana Borton, widow of the late Elias Borton. Halifax, Mar. 8, Late Miss. Sgt. James John Holdwell, Royal Artillery. Fairville, N. B., March 4, Dominick Edward, son of Dr. E. J. Meyer, 6 months. St. John, Mar. 10, Daniel Second son of Margaret and the late James Lunenburg. New Westminister, C. B., Feb. 18, of diphtheria, James, son of E. G. Hennes, 4. Canaan, Feb. 24, Burpee, second son of Chas. Jones, 37, 39 years and 11 months. Boston, March 3, March 5, Merritt W. Brittain, eldest son of T. J. Brittain of this city, 64. Dartmouth, Mar. 3, Robert, youngest child of Robert and Cecilia Gray, 38 months. Freeport, March 3, Mary, wife of Wm. Cunningham, and daughter of the late John McKay, of Freeport.