

# PROGRESS.

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## MR. SEGEE'S HEAVY LOAD

A STARTLING FIND IN THE VICINITY OF LILY LAKE.

How the Washington-like Mr. Ritchie, the Master-of-fact Mr. Kemp, and Mr. Segee of "Enchanted City" Fame Unearthed the Metal-Exciting Episodes.

Ever since Captain William, alias Robert, Kidd buried untold wealth at St. John, the Bay Shore, Saunders' Point, Long Island, Deer Island, Passamaquoddy, Quaco, Wood Point, Dorchester, Oak Island, Goat Island, Grand Pre, Boot Island, Kingsport, Hall's Harbor, Scot's Bay, Parroboro, Isle Haut, Advocate Harbor, and numerous other places along these shores, "as he sailed," people have buried money in a good many holes, searching for treasure in every one of the above hiding-places. It was the habit of the famous mariner, after his crew had finished digging a hole and lowering the treasure into its depths, to ask who would guard the gold.

A big negro would invariably answer "I will." Then Captain Kidd would give an illustration of that exquisite humor which was one of his charming characteristics. "Guard it, then," he would say, playfully drawing a pistol and shooting the negro. The black man would fall into the hole, and "as he sailed" his treasure would speedily be covered with their mother earth.

This little comedy was enacted at St. John, the Bay Shore, Saunders' Point, Long Island, Deer Island, and the several other places, already enumerated. The negro that fell into the hole at Lily Lake, St. John, had only agreed to guard the treasure for a limited time. That limited time, according to the statement made by Mr. Manfred Ritchie, of Portland, was only up this year. And that was the reason why it was only last week that Mr. Manfred Ritchie dared to dig for a treasure the hiding place of which he had known, as he stated, for many long years.

About three weeks ago, Mr. Ritchie happened to be talking to Mr. Jacob Kemp, another well-known citizen of the North end. The conversation turned on buried treasure.

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Ritchie, "I happened to be digging from school one day, and I was digging away in the ground with a cane, and I dug pretty deep, and at last I found some copper nails and some pieces of oak."

Mr. Kemp was interested. "Where was your diggin'?" asked Mr. Kemp.

At first Mr. Ritchie told him that he had been digging at Cat Back; but afterwards concluded that it was on the Strait Shore road, near Ghost Rock. It was some time since Mr. Ritchie was a boy, hence his uncertainty as to the exact spot.

Mr. Kemp was interested. He hunted up Mr. James Harding, who is more familiarly known by the euphonious title of "Jimmy the Bum." Mr. Harding is an expert mineralogist. He possessed a divining rod, which is of great service in his scientific researches. The mineralogist was only too ready to go on a prospecting tour with Mr. Kemp. They concluded to try the Strait Shore road first. The mineral rod worked like a charm. Mr. Kemp was happy, and so, for that matter was Jimmy the Bum.

Mr. Ritchie soon learned that Mr. Kemp and Professor Harding had visited the vicinity of Ghost Rock. He also heard that Mr. Kemp proposed going into mining operations on a large scale at that place. Mr. Ritchie, perhaps from anxiety to have a monopoly of any other copper nails or pieces of oak that might be found, told Mr. Kemp that the Strait Shore road was too public a place to dig. Mr. Ritchie then told of a much more secluded spot by Lily Lake where, according to a chart in his possession, a priceless treasure was awaiting those bold enough to take it away.

Widely varying reports of the seeking and the finding of the Lily Lake treasure have appeared in the daily papers this week. Progress feels called upon to give the correct version of the affair, which differs very materially from the other accounts.

Mr. Ritchie showed Mr. Kemp the chart. This chart, according to Mr. Ritchie, who it is devoid of imagination as George Washington, was a copy of the original map, showing the locality of the treasure, the original being in the possession of Mr. Isaac G. Oulton. Mr. Ritchie has a friend who has a different story concerning the chart that was shown Mr. Kemp, but as this friend, on a visit to Lily Lake, drew that chart, his ideas may be somewhat biased.

The particular friend of Mr. Ritchie's and other friends of Mr. Ritchie's, proved useful in other ways. They had helped Mr. Ritchie to mould five bars of zinc. They had helped him manufacture a box out of the oldest deal, bound together with the oldest nails, that they could find. They helped him put the bars of zinc in the box, and fill it up with moss. Mr. Ritchie and the friend that afterwards drew the chart drove to Lily Lake with the box of treasure, and buried it beneath the roots of a tree.

On Tuesday night of last week Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Kemp started for Lily Lake to dig for the treasure. Some of their friends also went, but not in company with Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Kemp. Mr. Ritchie may have known that they were watching the digging from bushes near by, but Mr. Kemp did not.

It is generally supposed that people who dig for buried treasure do so with as much silence as possible. However it be, Mr. Kemp was not particularly silent. His remarks so amused one of the gentlemen in the bushes that he was forced to cough so as not to laugh.

"What's that noise?" said Mr. Ritchie. "Go on with your diggin'," said Mr. Kemp. "It's nothin' but a blamed owl."

The watchers in the bushes were disappointed, for although Kemp and Ritchie—especially Kemp—dug some pretty big holes, they found no treasure. Mr. Ritchie afterwards stated that he had not been to the place the night before, and that he was not able himself to locate the place where the box was buried. At any rate, the two went home about twelve o'clock. Mr. Kemp wished Mr. Ritchie to return to the diggings at two o'clock a. m., but Mr. Ritchie refused. Next morning about seven o'clock Mr. Kemp returned to Lily Lake, accompanied by Jimmy the Bum, who took his rod with him. The rod refused to turn, so the professor decided that there was no treasure in the vicinity.

Mr. Kemp lost faith in Jimmy, and called upon Mr. Ritchie, urging him to continue the search for the treasure. Mr. Ritchie said that he thought that they would better take a third party with them, as they would certainly have better luck if they did. Mr. Kemp thought so, too.

The third party Mr. Ritchie suggested was Mr. John Segee, a gentleman who had many years' experience in treasure-hunting, as had his father before him. Mr. Segee, according to his own story, met the Angel Gabriel in Clark's Alley, one evening, years ago, and told him of an enchanted city under Delaney's hills. So ever since Mr. Segee has been cutting into a solid limestone cliff there, hunting for the enchanted city. Mr. Segee did not need much persuasion to join the Lily Lake expedition. His only fear was about the ghost that guarded the treasure, so Mr. Ritchie had to inform him that the ghost's time was up. Mr. Ritchie said that he himself had been awaiting the release of that spook ever since he had come into possession of the chart.

On Thursday night of last week the three adventurers started for Lily Lake, with a bag containing a pick, spades and a hatchet. The guests invited by Mr. Ritchie for some reason failed to put in an appearance.

Mr. Kemp is a man of very different character from Mr. Segee. Mr. Segee, as one North End gentleman says, is "the essence of superstition," while Mr. Kemp, according to the same authority, "would have dug for that box until he got it if the devil had appeared with horns, unless the devil was bigger and stronger than he was."

The diggers had not dug long, before they struck a stone, which, with infinite pains, was rolled away, leaving a considerable cavity. The superstitious Segee gazed into the hole, and said, in sepulchral tones, "It's a grave."

"Grave be —!" said the matter-of-fact Kemp.

Then Mr. Segee bethought himself of his enchanted city. He thought that the opening was part of a sewer that led from it. So in an even more weird manner, he exclaimed, "It's a sewer."

Mr. Ritchie says that the expression of supreme contempt on Mr. Kemp's face caused by this remark was something wonderful to behold. In tones equally expressive Mr. Kemp cried: "Sewer be —! Had Adam a sewer?"

Mr. Kemp was evidently expecting to find treasure of an even earlier date than the time of Captain Kidd.

At length the treasure-seekers unearthed a large box that looked as if it had lain in the ground for many years. According to Mr. Kemp, it had been there so long that the roots of a tree had grown completely around it. The hatchet did quick work.

Something glittered in the pale light. "Ashes," said Mr. Kemp. "It's gold," said Mr. Segee.

Mr. Kemp indulged in some characteristic remarks concerning Mr. Segee's theory, but qualified his first statement by saying that it was "silver—silver ore!"

But when the silver ore was removed, and five large bars of metal, with a skull and cross-bones and the date "1750" on each of them were brought forth, Mr. Kemp was quite as excited as Mr. Segee. "It's bars of bullion," he said, and began to chide himself for agreeing to a third party. In his abstraction Mr. Kemp was observed putting one of the bars into his pocket. "Here," said Mr. Ritchie, "that's not fair."

## MRS. LEAR USED A WHIP.

SHE CURLED IT ABOUT THE CYCLIST'S SHOULDERS.

Because He Had Too Much to Say—An Episode of the Road That Does not Reflect Credit Upon any of the Parties—Settled Out of Court.

HALIFAX, July 26.—The sensation for the week, in this city where "sensations" are infrequent, was the affair at Bedford in which three or four very prominent people figured. It was a quartette consisting of T. K. Warren, employed by Musgrave & Co.; Dr. William May, a wealthy physician of Washington, who is spending his summer here; Percy Lear and Mrs. Lear, of this city. The story of this trouble may be briefly told. Mr. and Mrs. Lear were driving in a buggy; Mr. Warren and Dr. May were on bicycles. It was dusk. The bicyclists came up behind the carriage. The course of the carriage was irregular, making it difficult for the wheelmen to pass. Warren got by safely, and as it to celebrate his success rang his bell with gusto. May had more difficulty and when he succeeded in passing gave vent to his thankfulness, or displeasure, whichever it was, by making some remarks to the occupants of the carriage. Whatever it was that he said, the language enraged Mrs. Lear, and she urged on her horse after the flying bicyclists, who seemed to become alarmed. They are both heavy men and the horse overtook the wheelman. Then Mrs. Lear raised her whip and dealt a blow to the doctor's shoulders. Warren was not in it. At Wilson's hotel there was a repetition of hostilities. Dr. May decided to invoke British law. W. B. Wallace is summing at Bedford and the lawyer, being so handy, was retained by Dr. May and instructed to bring an action against Mrs. Lear for wilful assault. The summons was served and the time of trial fixed for this (Thursday) afternoon. In the meantime proposals and counter proposals passed between the parties for an amicable settlement outside the courts. Those efforts proved successful, and Dr. May is now armed with what he considers an ample amende honorable. Mr. Warren is glad to have nothing more to do with the unpleasant incident, and possibly Mrs. Lear has learned that there is such a thing as having too hasty a temper.

Mrs. Lear came to Halifax years ago as a member of an opera company. She met Mr. Percy Lear, son of the late James Lear, who died suddenly at Moncton a couple of years ago. They married and settled down in this city. Mrs. Lear has a fine soprano voice, and she was very frequently heard at the best concerts here. The Orpheus club more than once engaged her as their leading soloist, and she was praised by the critics. St. Andrew's Presbyterian choir made her their first soprano, and at present she forms one of the quartette which leads the singing at the universalist church in this city.

Both Resigned and Looked Pleasant.

HALIFAX, July 26.—The dinner by the three national societies of Halifax to the Governor General will take place in Halifax hotel on August 7th. His excellency has accepted the invitation to be present, so that, whatever might tend to keep him longer at the capital or elsewhere, he will not doubt be in his place of honor at the societies' table in due time. There is also not the slightest doubt that the banquet will be a brilliant and pleasant affair, or "function" as the members of the Studley Quoit Club would prefer to call it. And this success will be accomplished notwithstanding the little friction experienced in perfecting the arrangements. Lord Aberdeen is a Scotchman and the North British society would have preferred to be solely responsible for the banquet. But his excellency is well known to be a home rule sympathizer, and the Charitable Irish society consequently had a peculiar interest and attachment to him, and made a proposal that the Scotch, Irish and English societies unite in tendering to Lord Aberdeen a complimentary banquet on his visit to Halifax. The executive of the North British society, to whom was committed the duty of arranging details with similar committees from the other societies, is composed wholly of liberals in politics, except that the president—Dr. A. H. McKay, superintendent of education—is a conservative. Party feeling in Halifax runs high, and in that sentiment the members of the North British society had the right to nominate its president to take the chair at the banquet, but Dr. McKay waived his right and the committee endorsed his declining to officiate. They named Hon. W. S. Fielding, president of St. George's society, for the part, on the ground that he is premier of the province. Following the example of the North British, the charitable Irish society could not do otherwise than allow Mayor Keeffe, president of that society, also to relinquish his right to preside in favor of the premier. The Irish society is next oldest to the Scotch, and

when Dr. McKay declined to officiate the man who would naturally have succeeded to the position was Mayor Keeffe, the chief magistrate of Halifax. But owing to the way Dr. McKay had waived his right there was no chance for Mayor Keeffe and the Irish society, and they don't feel any too well pleased about it. There is not the best of feeling in the North British either. There was a sharp discussion and some pointed questions were asked at the meeting where the report on the committee came up for approval. Some of the conservatives in the society could not see why the North British president should not have maintained his right to the chairs at the banquet, and they indicated pretty plainly that out of deference to his society he should have done so. The fact that premier Fielding was nominated made it harder rather than easier for them to swallow the pill. It took two hours for the society to confirm the committee's report, the chief feature of which was the unhappy chairmanship of the banquet. The fact that Mayor Keeffe was also shut out from the honor did not reconcile the Irish society to the deal. The friction however has pretty well passed away by this time, and, as already stated, the banquet will no doubt be a big success, even though Mayor Keeffe and Dr. McKay sit at a "lower seat in the synagogue" than premier Fielding, president of the youngest, and by the way, of the financially poorest society. Premier Fielding "got there," as he has often done before in other contests.

Gold Mine Stock Does Not Boom.

HALIFAX, July 26.—The group of merchants on Water Street, located near Central and Pickford and Black's wharves, are the possessors of moderate amounts of Memramook gold stock, ranging in value from \$350 down. Mr. J. A. Chipman has a little more than he started with and he got it the day before the report was published showing the wretched results of the tests. A slice was offered at auction by R. D. Clarke, which Mr. Chipman jumped at for \$350 cents per share. He went home that night happy with his newly gained wealth only to wake up in the morning, read his newspaper, and find his little pile had melted into thin air. The pleasure of getting stock at less than half what he paid for his former holding does not console Mr. Chipman when he remembers that after all he can't sell any of it to Mr. Nelly at 50 per cent., or to anyone else for anything. That offer, like the mine, did not "pan out." The whole thing may as well be put down in the profit and loss account now as at any other time. It is bound to go there at last.

MOONLIGHT AND MUSIC.

How a Well-known Musical Critic Had an "Orchestra Chair" on the Sidewalk.

During one of the beautiful moonlight nights of last week, on a residence street of this city was seen an unusual instance of the dolce far niente indulged in by a well-known citizen. In a neighboring house a number of voices were blending harmoniously in rendering an extensive repertoire of familiar airs, such as have been heard again and again at any period during the last twenty-five years, and including, of course, a number of the current melodies—ancient and modern so to speak. The gentleman referred to was observed, seated very comfortably in a camp chair on the sidewalk, several doors beyond the house where the voices were, enjoying his pipe (in which he frequently takes much solid comfort), the moonlight and the music, which latter he at times applauded vigorously. He was supported by a gentleman friend and wife standing by, and, in his cool composure, offered a perfect illustration of otium cum dig. It was refreshing simply to look upon him. He does not carry a chair about with him on moonlight nights as a matter of habit, but on the occasion referred to the chair was kindly loaned him by his gentleman friend, who was solicitous for his creature comforts. It is whispered to the writer that the gentleman who was seated as above described bore a striking resemblance to a well known musician, and because of his applause it is believed the music must have been good, that is, it there was no mistake in the matter of identity.

Travelling Cobblers.

A Richibucto correspondent writes: This town in common with many others has its sensations from the appearance of tramps. Sometimes they consist of bands of gypsies, pedlars and the well known umbrella mender. Of late, however, there has been quite a sensation caused by the arrival on the campus of a "quartette of cobblers." Being respectable in dress and manners, they were entertained at one of the principal hotels. Judge of the surprise caused by advertising themselves as ready to push their trade. They showed themselves conscienceless by endeavoring to monopolize the business of the place in that line. Suspicion is to them as part of a gang of fakirs.

Why not have long selected some in your choir? Spirit choirs recruited. Duval, 19 Waterloo St.

## A MERRY WAR OF WORDS.

THE CHIEF OFFICER AND CARPENTER OF THE CRUISER CURLEW.

Pass the Time Away and Amuse a Lot of People with a Free Fracas—Trying to Iron the Carpenter Whose Political Pull was as Strong as the Mate's.

There was war in the harbor Wednesday evening. There was trouble on the cruiser Curlew, the pride of the Bay of Fundy and the terror of the American fisherman who steal the herring fry that otherwise would be taken to Eastport by our own men and sold for sardines. If we do wrong ourselves it is some consolation to know that we prevent others. But to return to the war or perhaps it was motley. The D. S. S. Curlew was lying at the West India wharf on Wednesday evening, her brass guns had just received their last polish, Captain Pratt had gone into the town on business intent, and the first officer, Mr. Kinney, was about the binnacle talking to a lady. Up at the fo'castle the carpenter was amusing himself with some children who wore uniform, but were perhaps boys out on vacation. They would not be very formidable antagonists if no better than they looked.

The carpenter was noisy and Mr. Kinney came forward to see what was the matter and there the fun began.

"Did you say you were going ashore?" said Mr. Kinney.

"Well if I did, what have you got to say about it," was the carpenter's reply.

"You're not going ashore tonight, I tell you," said the first officer.

"What's going to stop me?"

"Well, you'll see, if you try it. You go up that ladder now and see how quick I'll stop you!"

"You'll do a — of a lot. I suppose you'd shoot," said the carpenter.

"No! I wouldn't shoot, but you just try it," said Mr. Kinney.

"I don't want to go ashore," said the carpenter, "but, taking off his coat and cap and laying them on a box of biscuit, 'you're not big enough to stop me, if I wanted to,' and he placed himself in a pugilistic attitude.

Mr. Kinney first buttoned up his coat, in a sort of a "stood like a warrior taking his rest with his martial cloak around him" style—then he pulled it off—ordered Jack to bring him his irons, and throwing the coat with all its glory of gilt trimmings, trimmings that have no doubt scared many a Yankee, on the gun carriage, he waded in so to speak and caught the carpenter by the back of the neck, running his thumb and forefinger well under the shirt band.

The carpenter who had perhaps spent some time on a prairie schooner, became somewhat frightened when he heard the call for irons, mistaking it for shooting irons, and got quiet.

As Mr. Kinney held him by the neck another officer, probably the captain of the cockpit, (or if they don't have a cockpit, they should have,) caught the carpenter by one arm. Mr. Kinney in the meantime having appropriated the other. The chief boatswain of the top came back with Jack when he brought the irons; in fact the whole crew was present except the chief butler or baker if they had them on board.

If Jack had known his business, and it may be said right here that he showed a fearful lack of military or naval training and Sir Hibbert Tupper should see about it,—if Jack had known his business he would have unlocked the irons or handcuffs before he handed them to Mr. Kinney.

He didn't, however.

Mr. Kinney dropped the carpenter so that he could get the irons in shape, and the carpenter made a dive down the companion-way.

"Hurry up, with a light there!" said Mr. Kinney, and he dove down the spout after the carpenter. The chief butler dove next, then the captain of the cockpit dove, and the chief boatswain did likewise.

Jack had gone for a light and was merrily singing, "Now I'm the Ruler of the King's Nav'ee"; he stubbed his toe and came down with a crash.

At this point there was some heavy talk coming up from down below decks.

The voice of the carpenter was heard to say; "I may be a small man but you're not big enough to do anything with me. I—your irons, you needn't think that because you come from Novy Scooby that anyone's scared of you?"

Then the voices sank gently away in soul-stirring murmurs and Mr. Kinney came up the ladder, donned his blue and gold, closed the buttons firmly over his massive chest and moved majestically about the binnacle.

The majesty or dignity of the Dominion's naval service had been satisfied and the mutiny, or the row, whichever you please, had been quieted. Slowly and sadly the sun sank to rest, its last rays falling on the clad slopes of a lark point, till it tinged with glory the plate glass and brown stone residence of Peter Shilling—slowly it declined sad at the bloodless tragedy that had occurred within a stone's throw of the Custom house and but a few steps from Lantulum's junk yard.

## A TARTAR FROM WAY BACK.

Conductor Henderson's Patience Tried By A Wayward Woman.

Her name was Todd. Miss Todd we will call her, though she may have been Mrs., but if so, her husband knows he has a better half, and a good deal better.

She was coming down to Fredericton Junction in the cars last Monday morning. She was neatly dressed, and had placed her satchel and basket on the seat in front of her, her sunshade beside her, and appeared to be at peace with the world, and well pleased with herself.

Quietly and calmly in his usual cheery style, came Conductor Henderson through the car. He little thought of the trial that was before him, and this emphasizes the uncertainty of human happiness.

He took up the tickets till he came to the seat occupied by Miss Todd, then he struck a terror, in fact, a fatal terror.

She handed him a ticket which read "St. Stephen to Fredericton." It was also out of date, and worse still, had been travelled on and punched, but had not been taken up.

With a smile that would pass her on any other car, in fact was so heavenly that it would be a passport to the moon she handed Joseph the discussed ticket.

Joe looked at it. He looked at her, then he looked at the ticket. He turned it over with a sort of a can-I-believe-my-eyes expression and then said:

"You can't pass on this ticket, it's no good! Didn't you know it was no good?" and Joseph looked as pleasant as possible.

"Well! it's all you'll get, good or no good. I won't give you another!"

"Then you'll have to pay!" said the conductor, "you can't ride on that!"

"What's the reason, I can't," she said, with that provoking smile.

"It's no good, I tell you, it's been used once and you can't use it again! You must pay!"

"I will not pay, so there!"

"You will have to get off, then," said Joseph.

"Well, I won't get off," she said.

"You won't pay?" again asked Joe.

"No! I will not!"

Joseph then signalled the engineer to stop the train.

After three or four jumps and bangs it came to a standstill.

As soon as it had got perfectly still, her gentle voice was heard to murmur, "I'll pay now, I don't want to get off!" and that heavenly smile brightened her face once more.

Joseph pulled the rope; the train gave a bound and the passengers had reposed themselves for Rysigiornis, when that cheery voice was heard to snap out in accents sharp and decisive, "I will not pay!"

"Then you'll have to get off!" said Joseph, and his hair began to bristle under his cap, and the faces of the passengers were a study.

"All right! just you put me off. Remember there is law and you'll get it—just put me off! I'll not pay!"

The train was again stopped, and the conductor and brakeman were just preparing to fire her off the car when once more the awful stillness was broken by that angelic murmur, "I think I'll pay!" and smiles, tons of them, nothing else can express them.

Once more the train was started. She quietly laid her pocketbook down with a sigh of exquisite content, and that provoking but sweetly modulated murmur like the ripple of pearls passed through the car, "I will not pay!"

Joe jumped for the bell rope. He pulled so hard the rope broke and he almost fell. She looked at him with that smile like sunlight on the water and said in surprise: "Oh! you're stopping the car are you? what is that for! I'll pay!"

Well, pay them, and he once more signalled the engineer to go ahead.

She overhauled her pocket book, and quietly drawing forth the condemned ticket she reached it out to the conductor, with the smile and the remark, "there's my ticket, can't you pass me on that?"

The conductor was mad but he stood it like a Christian is said to stand such things. "You must pay!" he said, "you must pay!"

"Will you put me off the car if I don't?" she asked.

"Yes I will!" said he.

"Then I guess I'll pay," she said.

She began to fumble through the pocketbook, and the train was once more on its way.

She found the same old bit of ill-used pasteboard and offered it again. Joe was about to stop the train when she paid up with the same smile.

Joseph then continued his rounds. He was down at the lower end talking to a Boston passenger when Miss Todd went down to him and asked him in beautiful accents with a face beaming with smiles, can you change me a five dollar bill please? After all the trouble he had had with her he still behaved like a conductor.

## CLIFTON

at Indian Head  
SATURDAY  
Hampel Grove, Moss Glen  
Landing, Hampton  
will leave Hampton  
for St. John  
D. HABLE, Captain.

## Ship Co.

runs between Nova  
and States.  
Time!  
5 to 17 Hours.

## A WEEK

Steamers Yarmouth  
will leave Yarmouth  
Friday and Saturday  
from Halifax  
Wharf, Boston, every  
and Friday at noon.  
oham" will leave Yarmouth  
for Halifax, calling  
Rhelburne, Lockport,  
leave Halifax every  
south and intermediate  
Yarmouth for Boston  
Monday.

John Wery Tuesday  
arriving.

Managing Agent.

## ON 1894.

## JOHN,

## MALMON RIVER.

stopping places  
HAY QUEEN, C. W.  
having recently been  
hall entirely rebuilt,  
pection, will until far  
above-market places,  
day, WEDNESDAY  
on River on MONDAY  
touching at Gagetown  
North River of

...\$1.25  
...\$2.00  
points as low as by any

Steamer can be char-  
tered on Tuesday and Friday

prepaid, unless when ac-  
cording to charter can be secured

after being discharged

days and Fridays.

For further notice we will  
monitors by leaving tickets  
between St. John and  
trips on the above days  
following.

40 cents.

C. BABBITT,  
Manager.

## STEAMERS.

## and Woodstock

West and Olive,  
day, (except Sunday) at  
all intermediate land-  
ings every day (except  
John, Steamer Abford on  
TUESDAY and Friday  
at 8 a. m., for Woodstock  
on alternate days at 8 a.  
m. and 10 a. m. for  
leave St. John EVERY  
Hampton and inter-  
mediate landings every  
at Indian Head at 8.30.

BAIRD,  
Manager.

## L. S. CO.

Daily Service,  
EXCEPT SUNDAY

## AND BOSTON.

Further notice we will  
this company will leave  
for Eastport, Port-  
land and Boston every  
Wednesday, Thurs-  
day and Saturday morn-  
ing at 7.30 (Standard) for  
Port, Lubec and Boston.  
Friday and Saturday  
for Eastport and  
Hampton, making close con-  
nection with the  
& M. Railroad, the  
support with steamers for  
Stephen.

apply to  
AEOLER, Agent.

## ATS.

## MINNAPOLIS R.Y.

ANGEMENT.

25th, 1894, trains will run  
as follows:

Express daily at 8.10 a.  
m., arrive at Annapolis at  
Freight Monday, Wed-  
nesday, arrive at Annapolis

Express daily at 1.05 p.  
m., arrive at Yarmouth  
Freight Tuesday, Thurs-  
day, arrive at Yarmouth

Annapolis with trains of  
or Annapolis Rail-  
Monticello for St. John  
from Yarmouth Steam-  
every Tuesday, Wed-  
nesday evenings and  
from Monday, Friday and Sat-  
urday daily (Sunday except  
Shelburne and Liverpool  
connected at 120 Hollis St.,  
Stations on the Windsor

J. BROWN,  
General Superintendent.

## l Railway

ANGEMENT—1894

AY, the 26th JUNE,  
this Railway will run  
as follows:

## AVE ST. JOHN:

Freight, Pictou  
du Chesne,..... 7.00  
du Chesne,..... 10.10  
Montreal,..... 12.10  
express for Halifax, 14.50

</

FOR A HUNDRED POUNDS.

CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE MISPECK TRAGEDY.

The Discovery of the Murder and Pursuit of the Murderers—Trial of Young Slavin—His Escape—Suicide of Breen and Death of Slavin on the Gallows.

When daylight came on Sunday morning, the 26th of October, only the ashes remained of the two houses in which six human beings had been so foully put to death. The murderers believed that the fire would obliterate the traces of their crime, and it was with this idea that they had taken McKenzie's body from the cellar and dragged it into a room where it was more likely to be consumed. It must be remembered that they were ignorant as well as brutal, and they probably thought there was little chance of the murder being traced to them, otherwise they would have made an attempt to get out of the country. It would not have been a difficult undertaking in 1857. Only the principal towns had telegraph offices, and only a small beginning had been made in railways. By avoiding the settlements the men could have got out of the province, as nearly a week elapsed before an attempt was made to arrest them.

Nobody had seen the light of the burning houses, nor was there a suspicion that anything had occurred until eleven o'clock on Sunday morning. At that hour, Peter O'Hare, the nearest neighbor, who lived half a mile beyond the farm, went to talk to McKenzie about some work which was to be done. On reaching the place, he was astonished to find both houses burned to the ground. He supposed the fire had been accidental and that the family had escaped and gone to some other house. He made no examination of the premises, but returned home and told his wife. She seems to have had a suspicion that something was wrong, for she told her husband to get somebody to go with him and find out where the McKenzies were. He accordingly sought James Robinson, who lived a mile this side of the farm, and together they returned to investigate the affair.

The site of the dwelling house was on the south side of the road, while that of the small house was on the north side, about 200 feet distant. In front of the dwelling, and on a line between the two houses was a barn, and in the rear of the dwelling was another barn, neither of which had been burned. There had been little or no wind during the night. It was plain that neither house had caught fire from the other. This was the first circumstance to excite suspicion.

O'Hare and Robinson then made a superficial examination of the ruins of the dwelling house, and found the empty iron money chest with the door open and the key in the lock. This convinced them that there had been at least a robbery. They at once made their way to the house of the nearest magistrate, Wm. Hawkes, six miles distant. It was then between 3 and 4 in the afternoon.

Mr. Hawkes and the others went at once to the McKenzies', and fearing that the family had been burned in their beds, began to search about the ruins. James Peacock and his son, a lad of 15, had joined them, and the farmer thought there was a body under the remains of the kitchen chimney, which had fallen. On removing the bricks, they were horrified to discover what they supposed to be the remains of Mrs. McKenzie, though so much of the body had been burned that this was merely a conjecture.

Soon after this, young Peacock, who had been searching in the ruins of the small house, found what at first appeared to be a charred log, but which proved to be the trunk of a man, the head, arms and legs being missing. Some metal coat buttons and suspender buckles left no doubt that the remains were those of McKenzie.

Portions of the bones of the eldest child were also found in the ruins of the dwelling house, but both they and the remains of Mrs. McKenzie were so reduced that the iron money chest sufficed to contain them. The bodies of the other children were wholly consumed.

By the time these discoveries had been made, evening had come, and the parties returned to their homes. No word was sent to the city until Monday morning, when Mr. Hawkes, with George Leet and James Robinson, drove in and notified the authorities of what had happened.

Among those of the country folk who gathered at the ruins on Monday morning was John Leet, father of the young man already mentioned. He noticed that McKenzie's small red and white dog had a smear on its side. A closer examination showed him and the others that the mark was the stain of blood. There was no wound on the dog. The blood was that of some of the murdered family.

George Scoullar was at that time chief of the St. John police, and George Stockford, jr., was high constable. To these was delegated the duty of getting at the evidence of the tragedy and of finding the murderers. Capt. Scoullar's suspicions were at first directed toward the Slavins from the fact that the old man and his son had disappeared. He therefore secured Mrs. Slavin and John Slavin, a lad of 12, as witnesses for the inquest.

The inquest began at Mispeck on Tuesday, and was held by Dr. Wm. Bayard, coroner. Mrs. Slavin gave her evidence with great reluctance. She said that Breen had called at her house Sunday morning and had left again saying he was going to Woodstock or Boston. He had not been there the week before. She saw nothing suspicious in his conduct. She had left her husband and Fat at home when she left on Monday morning to come to the city. She knew nothing of their whereabouts after that. When closely pressed on this point she began to cry, and while thus agitated

her second son was brought into the room. On seeing him, she broke down, and as she was being taken out she exclaimed: "Oh! Johnny, Johnny, you won't hang your poor father!"

Johnny gave very clear evidence as to Breen having been at the house during the previous week, and as to conversations about the money McKenzie had. He also told how he had been awakened when the three returned late Saturday night and had seen them with a bag which seemed to contain clothing. Breen had a gold watch and a purse. The next day he saw Breen with a lot of gold. On Monday the three were in a camp in the woods near the house. On a closer examination Johnny told how he had heard the three talk of the killing of the McKenzies.

An important witness at the inquest was Bernard Hagarty, or Hagerton, whose evidence showed that the three fugitives had been at his father's house, 16 miles from the city, on the preceding day, Thursday, to get food, and were sheltered in a camp in the woods.

On hearing this evidence, Capt. Scoullar with policemen Dobson and Marshall, High Constable Stockford and others at once started for Hagarty's house. Residents in the neighborhood joined in the pursuit, and young Hagarty, who was a nephew of Slavin, reluctantly acted as guide. "Dobson led the van," as a ballad on the tragedy used to tell, as they got within a few feet of the camp before the hunted men heard them. Breen and old Slavin rushed out and were at once seized by Dobson and Scoullar. They were broken down by exposure and want of food, and made no attempt to resist. Young Slavin escaped at the back of the camp, but stopped when told he would be shot if he did not come back. He thereupon surrendered.

George Stockford and policeman Marshall arrived in town with old Slavin about 8 o'clock that evening, just six days to the hour after the commission of the murder. In the meantime the coroner's jury had found a verdict of wilful murder against Hugh Breen, Patrick Slavin, senior, and Patrick Slavin, junior. The excitement in the city was intense.

At a later hour, Scoullar and James Stockford brought in young Slavin, while Dobson and George Smith, of Beaver Lake, were in charge of Breen. The two latter prisoners had pointed out where some of the stolen goods were concealed. At a later date more of the stolen goods were found, as well as gold to the amount of \$80 sovereigns.

The prisoners were arraigned at the November circuit, 1857, Judge Parker presiding, when Breen at once pleaded guilty. Old Slavin refused to plead otherwise than to say, "I could not say I am clear of it," and a plea of not guilty was entered for him. He said he did not know any counsel. Young Slavin pleaded not guilty, any counsel the court assigned Messrs. D. S. Kerr and A. R. Wetmore to defend him.

This was on Thursday. On the following Monday when old Slavin was brought into court he looked dazed and obstinate. To the surprise of everyone he pleaded guilty. The judge asked him if he understood what had been said; he replied that he did and that he was guilty. Then the judge asked him if he understood the nature and consequences of this plea; he again replied that he did and that he was guilty. "Shall I direct the plea of guilty to be entered?" asked the judge. The prisoner apparently did not understand this and made no reply. The question was repeated.

"I'm guilty," answered Slavin. "That is all I have to say about it, and I'm satisfied to die for it. I'm reconciled."

This left only young Slavin to be tried, and his trial began the following day. An immense crowd had gathered around the court house, and the outside steps were broken down in the rush that followed the opening of the doors. Both court rooms and corridors were speedily packed with people, and it was some time before the sheriff and constables could enforce even a semblance of order. Hundreds who could not get into the building got on the rocks between it and the jail, climbed the fences and secured other positions where they could see the prisoner as he passed.

The trial occupied three days. The prosecution was conducted by Hon. Charles Fisher, attorney-general, and Hon. Messrs Kerr and Wetmore appeared on behalf of the prisoner. Among the witnesses for the crown were the prisoner's young brother, John Slavin, and Hugh Breen, who had already pleaded guilty. Old Slavin was the only witness for the defence. Admitting all the facts of the murder, which these witnesses told freely enough, the defence was that young Slavin was of deficient understanding, that he acted under the command of his father, and in which he took no actual part. John Slavin's evidence as to how Pat had been made no comment: "He can't read; I can't read; I never went to church; nor Pat, nor my mother. We just stayed in the house on Sundays and played away our time."

Young Slavin was convicted, but not hanged, his sentence being to the penitentiary for life. His prison was the provincial institution on the present Reform-story grounds. After he had been there about fourteen years, showing him self very well behaved, a successful effort was made to have his sentence shortened to, I think, fifteen years. The time had very nearly expired when he anticipated it by making a great deal, and among other things used that official returned from the city in the evening. Having got beyond the walls he quickly made his way to the state of Maine, where Mr. Keefe, one of the keepers, subsequently had an interview with him.

"Why did you run away when your time was so nearly up?" asked Keefe.

"What was I to do when I had a suit of clothes given me, and money to pay my way?" was Slavin's reply.

No attempt was made to bring him back. Apart from the fact that his sentence had nearly expired, there was a question at that time whether an escaped convict came within the scope of the extradition treaty. There was, besides, a general feeling that the prisoner had been sufficiently punished for his share in the murder.

Patrick Slavin, senior, and Hugh Breen were sentenced by Judge Parker to be hanged on the 11th day of December. Before that date, Breen cheated the gallows by hanging himself in the cell with his

neckchief. Slavin suffered the penalty of the law.

At that time the jail had not the basement story which is now part of the jailer's residence, and the only street entrance was in what is now the second story, just above the present door. This had a large stone porch, and was reached by a flight of stone steps leading down to the street. The centre cell in the upper story was the drop room, or execution chamber, and a hinged grating led from it to the gallows, built out over the street on the ground. The supports resting on the top of the porch, the trap door of the platform was held by a line passing into the jail, the cutting of which would cause the trap and its human burden to drop. Everything, except the public. The execution was under direction of Sheriff Charles Johnston, but I believe the rope was cut by the man who had charge of the ironing of the prisoners, one George Thomas, well remembered as an aviator, bell-hanger and ballad writer.

The morning of the 11th of December, 1857, was clear and cold, with just a little snow on the ground. The hour for the execution was fixed for 10 o'clock, but long before the hour a vast crowd had gathered on King street east, or Great George street, as it was then called. There was a crowd, too, in the old burial ground, in the King Square, on the Block House Hill (the rock running eastward from King and Carmarthen streets, and since cut away) and from every point where a view could be had was a detachment of troops from the regiment in garrison surrounded the scaffold, and formed a line impervious to the surging mob.

Slavin came out upon the gallows dressed in dark trousers and waistcoat, but no coat, and a clean white shirt. Very little time elapsed from his appearance until the drop fell. The hanging was what is technically known as a good job, and the only observable motion of the limbs was the momentary jerking up of one leg.

Thus ended the eighth life brought violently to a close in connection with the Mispeck tragedy, and all for the sake of a hundred pounds in gold.

The hanging of Slavin was the last public execution in St. John, and he was the last man hanged here on the old style of gallows with a drop.

JOHN L. WAS SCALED.

Dared Not Fight the Millionaire, Who is Stronger than Sandow.

I know of four men who do not pose as sons of Hercules, and who never made a penny by spectacular exhibitions, who, I think, could hold their own with the quartette of foreign invaders, Sandow, Samson, Attila, and Romulus, in trials of strength. These men are Herman Oelrichs, principal owner of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company; Tea Merchant Harry Buermeier, Editor William B. Curtis, and Frank Manufacturer William Steinway. Of these Herman Oelrichs, millionaire and clubman, is the strongest, and stronger, I firmly believe, than Sandow or any of the other professional strong men.

Two of these men, too, could come very near to giving Corbett or Jackson a trowel in the squared circle—Oelrichs and Buermeier. Both of these gentlemen were adjudged by competent experts fully capable of holding their own with the mighty John L. Sullivan when that renowned gladiator was in his prime. If they could do this with the Hostonian, if they could do this with the Californian or Australian. Of this "big four," Buermeier and Curtis—three—Oelrichs, Buermeier, and Curtis—were and are as good all round heavy-weight athletes as this or any other country has ever seen. The fourth, Steinway, despite his 48 years, can perform downright feats of strength—not juggling tricks—that any of the professional strong men would find it hard to duplicate.

Once, on a wagon with friends at a private trial, Oelrichs entered a lion's cage, and properly accoutered for the fray, of course, actually overcame and reduced to a state of exhaustion by his physical resources a full-grown monarch of the jungle. The lion was muzzled with a plain leather strap, but was not hampered in any other way. Oelrichs thus did better than Sandow, who only dared recently to try with a tame and crippled old lion at San Francisco.

When John L. Sullivan was in his prime ten years ago, knocking out men nightly in four rounds on his exhibition tours, Oelrichs offered to meet the great Bostonian in private and give him \$10,000 if he would not win a straight, but as he was making \$100,000 a year just then he listened to the voice of his manager, the famous sportsman, Al Smith, and determined to take no chances, much to Oelrichs' chagrin.

Father Bill Curtis and Buermeier rank next to Oelrichs as strong men. Another "strong man" in private life is Giovanni P. Morosini. In early life he was a sailor before the mast. He is over 50 years of age, yet he is a perfect Hercules in strength.

The Poetic Nature of Children.

Children have the poet's gift of personification. Their vivid imagination endows everything with life, and they make companions of bird and tree, bush and flower, writes Harriet A. Farrand. A little girl was walking with her mother one day when they saw in the grass the first dandelion of spring. "Run, pick it," said the mother. The child ran, but presently came back without it. "Where is the dandelion?" asked the mother. "Oh," answered the child, "It looked right at me and said, 'Please, little Helen, don't pick me. I want to stay right here.' So I didn't pick it." To her little sensitive heart the impression was just as if the flower had actually spoken the words.

A little fresh-air child, who was soiling herself upon the grass, face downward, and fondle and talk to each separate blade as she lay there, and the sight of a growing caterpillar would throw her into an ecstasy of delight. One morning she came stealing down as soon as it was light. "Why didn't you sleep, Bertha?" called the house-mother as she heard the child coming down. "The leaves talked to me and I couldn't," answered Bertha, looking with eager eyes toward the open door.

A little boy stood with his mouth open and parted lips, listening to the twitter of a robin in the apple tree. "Don't make a noise," he softly said.

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THE No. 4 Machine acknowledged to possess all the features of a perfect WRITING MACHINE. See what some of the users of the OLD STYLE "YOST" machines say of them—here are but samples of many other equally strong endorsements.

St. John, N. B., 2nd July, 1884.  
IRA CORNWALL, Esq.,  
Agent "YOST" TYPEWRITING MACHINE,  
St. John, N. B.  
Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been using the old style "YOST," which I purchased from you in August, 1881, constantly ever since that time. During a portion of that time the machine was required to do heavy work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists of the Saint John districts, under the Dominion Franchise Acts, and for the rest of the time has been used for the ordinary work of a law office. Up to the present moment the machine has not cost me one cent for repairs, and seems to be still in perfectly good condition. The writers who have worked on my "YOST" have been unqualifiedly in their approval. My own personal use of it leads me to regard it with the highest favor. The valuable features of the "YOST" are lightness, strength, durability, simplicity, quick and direct action of the type-bar, perfect alignment and absolute economy. I have not examined the later editions of the "YOST" but although I am informed they have many improvements on the old style machine, am at a loss to understand how they can be very much better for ordinary practical purposes. Yours very truly,  
E. T. C. A. HOWLAND,  
Barrister.



St. John, N. B., July 2nd, 1884.  
Dear Sir: We have been using a "YOST" writing machine in our office daily for about four years, and it has given us every satisfaction. Yours truly,  
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.  
YARBOURNE, N. B., July 2nd, 1884.  
Dear Sir: I have used the "YOST" typewriter for over 20 months, and the longer I use it the more I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines. I consider the pad a great improvement over the ribbon on account of its cleanliness, and the great saving of space. I find the pointer a great convenience for locating positions. The type-guide is over-cast; the greatest weakness of other typewriters; other typewriters have imperfect alignment. I would recommend any intending purchaser to investigate the "YOST" before buying a typewriter. E. K. STREET, Hardware Merchant, 65 Royal Insurance Agt., &c., &c.

The New "YOST" far surpasses the machines referred to above, and the No. 4 has many entirely new features. DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, EASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC.

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Birdie is telling a story to the apple-flowers.

A little girl was watching a gorgeous sunset, when with awe-stricken face she exclaimed: "O mamma, God has opened his door and I can see right into heaven!" She did not know that some poet before had likened the flaming clouds to the "vestibule of heaven."

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Mus

While this city entertainment of other places are supply. The rem blows no one good original one. Moncton, Frederic have been and a entertained by the various city bands excursions and j. Now too the air is of a great band to the near future, town in Nova Scotia, really direct, as much benefit to Provincial Exhibition can perhaps afford fortune of our new men, who will themselves occur home excellence patrons will remember pleasure. Reference to Mr. Tom Daniel, was so willing to least for the honor knew him or hear be pleased to lead city of his adopt. The choir of church obtained special circles and still co- under the well kn Parker. Mr. Da recognized in his choir of the Mt. street and this fifteen applicant gentleman who l two years and distinction of sing The choir of the mixed quartette weeks is grant Honors parental added to the subj the advent of English born a Boston with her to gladden the loyalty and devo native land. Mr. A. Duff, a circles here, is n employ of Mes Boston. Another youth in town in the pe Mr. Percy Boura popular organ Church. Heartly Miss Olive, M ing her vacation others assisted P the occasion of organ in Brussels Thursday. Mr. E. A. appointment of Presbyterian Ch. Eugene d'Alb new three act gr Alice Oates w American actress opera bouff. DeWolf Hop Syntax" is but a ella at School." Miss Inez Meo to star next fall "The Prima Don The Pauline closed at the T last Saturday ev Mrs. Jennie George J. Par Hingham, Mas. The musical c recently wrote, portifice to heal Last week, the company gave t "Aladdin jr." Camille d'Ar the title role in unbus" when it the fall. This is the Wilbur Opera Y.) theatre. T continuous vand Clara Poles K at Albert Hall on Sullivan's "The given 17th Janu Mr. Eugene ist, has signed forty concerts in season. He will in November. Irene Murphy successful as the "letta" in the re Chimes of Norm company, Bosto The late Mad some legacies to them were a t bank books of

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

While this city is deprived of musical entertainment of special merit or excellence, other places are not quite without a fair supply. The remark "It's an ill wind that blows no one good" is not by any means an original one. All the outlying towns, Moncton, Fredericton and distant Houlton, have been and are to be, delighted and entertained by the musical efforts of our various city bands, through the media of excursions and picnics to those places. Now too the air is full of more than rumors of a great band tournament, to be held, in the near future, at Amherst, an aspiring town in Nova Scotia. This idea will probably result, directly and immediately, in as much benefit to that town as would a Provincial Exhibition held there. Well, we can perhaps afford to rejoice in the good fortune of our neighbors and if our bandmen, who in these remote places, acquit themselves according to the standard of home excellence I have no doubt their patrons will remember their work with lasting pleasure.

Reference to that well known basso, Mr. Tom Daniel, who, while in this city, was so willing to aid, will have interest, at least for the musical people here who knew him or heard him sing. They will be pleased to learn of his success in the city of his adoption—Boston—the "hub," "the city of churches." He has recently obtained special promotion in business circles and still continues his musical studies under the well known teacher Mr. Geo. J. Parker. Mr. Daniel's excellence has been recognized in his selection as basso of the choir of the Mr. Vernon church on Beacon street and this too in competition with fifteen applicants, among whom was a gentleman who had studied in Italy for two years and who had the honor and distinction of singing before Queen Victoria. The choir of the Mr. Vernon church is a mixed quartette and a vacation of five weeks is granted to them each year. Honors parental have also recently been added to the subject of these remarks in the advent of a little daughter who is English born and who is expected in Boston with her mamma, early next month, to gladden the heart and intensify the loyalty and devotion of Mr. Daniel to his native land.

Mr. A. Duff, also well known in musical circles here, is now with Mr. Daniel in the employ of Messrs. Jordan and Marsh, Boston.

Another youthful musician has arrived in town in the person of a young son to Mr. Percy Bourne, the well known and popular organist of St. Paul's (Valley) Church. Hearty congratulations.

Miss Olive, Miss Craigie (who is passing her vacation at home) Miss Lake and others assisted Prof. W. Harry Waite on the occasion of the opening of the new organ in Brussels St. Baptist Church last Thursday.

Mr. E. A. Wilbur has received the appointment of organist of St. John's Presbyterian Church here.

Tones and Undertones.

Eugene d'Albert has just completed a new three act grand opera.

Alice Oates was one of the very few American actresses who made a success in opera bouffe.

DeWolf Hopper's new opera "Dr. Syntax" is but a new version of "Cinderella at School."

Miss Inez Mecusker, a concert singer, is to star next fall in a musical comedy called "The Prima Donna."

The Pauline Hall Comic opera season closed at the Tremont theatre, Boston, last Saturday evening.

Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker and Mr. George J. Parker will sing in concert at Hingham, Mass., on the 1st prox.

The musical critic of an American paper recently wrote, "Then silence came like a poitice to heal the bruise of sound."

Last week, the American Extravaganza company gave the fiftieth performance of "Aladdin jr.," at the Chicago opera house.

Camille d'Arville, it is said, will play the title role in "Little Christopher Columbus" when it is performed in Boston in the fall.

This is the tenth and last week of the Wilbur Opera company at Proctor's (N. Y.) theatre. They will resume the plan of continuous vaudeville.

Clara Poole King, will sing in "Elijah" at Albert hall on Nov. 1st next. Sir Arthur Sullivan's "The Golden Legend" will be given 17th January next.

Mr. Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, has signed a contract for a series of forty concerts in the United States next season. He will make his first appearance in November.

Irene Murphy is credited with being very successful as the "mischief-making Serpentine" in the recent production of "The Chimes of Normandy" by the Pauline Hall company, Boston.

The late Madame Alboni left some handsome legacies to the poor of Paris. Among them were a fund to provide 40 savings bank books of \$50 each every year to poor

and deserving girls and boys, without distinction of religion or nationality, and a gift of \$30,000 to found beds in Paris hospitals for Italian patients.

Gounod is credited with saying that "the true composer when a great thought strikes along the brain and flushes all the cheek is conscious that the smile of the deity is beaming upon him."

Miss Edith Howe, the soprano, who was one of the prime donnes of the Carl Rosa Royal English opera company, of last season, will sing in opera in New York during the coming winter. This will be her first public appearance in America. She is a niece of Lawyer William F. Howe.

The Royal Comic opera company playing at Melbourne, recently gave Solomon's "Vicar of Bray" followed by the operetta "Penelope" which is a version of the "Aria Belle." Melbourne papers do not write favorably of the latter piece. Laocome's opera "Ma Mie Rosette" was also given with Wallace Brownlow, a new baritone.

Madame Calve has added to her fame by appearing in a new character, in Massenet's "La Navarraise." In this work, which lasts only fifty minutes, it is said "la chanteuse du midi has scored as pronounced and sensational a success as ever she won in "Carmen" or "Cavalleria." "La Navarraise" will shortly be mounted at Windsor castle for the Queen.

Della Fox is rehearsing her new opera entitled "The Little Recruit." The story of the work occurs during the time of Louis XIV. A little milliner falls in love with a soldier, who is also a teacher of fencing. She becomes jealous of him and disguises herself as a trooper. Miss Fox will play the roles of a milliner, the trooper, a peasant and a grande dame.

Mme. Lucy Chambers, who, in her early days, was much admired as a singer by the great Catherine Hayes, died recently in Melbourne. Mme. Hayes offered to take her to Europe and have her voice trained. This offer was declined, but she subsequently went to London and studied under Manuel Garcia. Later she studied in Italy and sang in opera in the leading cities of that country. In 1870 she returned to Australia as a member of the Baratti Italian opera troupe, which was under W. S. Lyster. She remained in Melbourne after the season closed. Mme. Chambers was a native of Sydney and fifty-three years of age.

Dealing with Lillian Russell Perugini and her plans, the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser says: I should be very much surprised were Miss Lillian Leonard-Solomon-Chatterton-Russell's European enterprise to turn out successful. She may pick up a husband or two, but I fear she will not create an operatic sensation. She is still a beautiful woman, but over in London a singer is expected to sing and an actress to act. Miss Russell has never been able to do either and her voice is not what it was. She was heard at her best four or five years ago. When she was at her zenith, what a beautiful woman she was! Mrs. Langtry was beautiful from the waist up; Miss Russell's beauty was not of that mermaid-like order.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Dan McCarthy is playing in San Francisco.

Miss Agnes Booth-Schoeffel is now visiting at Bar Harbor.

H. Gratton Donnelly is reported to be writing a new play for Stuart Robson.

Miss Maud Hoffman who appeared with Wilson Barrett is kindly mentioned by the English press.

R. M. Field of the Boston Museum has returned from Europe and is now at Poland Springs.

William Redmond and wife (formerly Mrs. Thomas Barry), are at Hull, Mass., for several weeks.

Miss Hope Booth, an American actress, has rented the Garrick theatre, London, and will open there 3rd Sept.

Emily Rigi who is now at Long Branch will continue to play in "Mr. Barnes of New York" next season.

Thomas Hardy is dramatizing "Tess of the d'Urberville" with a view to Elizabeth Robins' playing the part of the heroine.

Richard Mansfield has a play for next season of which Villon, the French vagabond poet, is the hero. It is a three act comedy with songs.

McKee Rankin has at last concluded he is not a success on the stage and is now devoting his time to conducting a school for actors in Denver, Colorado.

John T. Sullivan, the actor, and husband of Rose Coghlan, who was operated on for appendicitis last week, has passed the crisis safely and is now pronounced out of danger.

Miss Yvette Guilbert has at length consented to visit America. She will be absent from Paris one month and she has fixed her pecuniary compensation at \$18,000.

The names of Julia Arthur, James K. Hackett and Eugene Jepson appear in the cast of Charles Matthews' comedy "Who Killed Cook Robin," one of two plays to be performed at Long Branch, August 2nd.,

for the benefit of the New York Herald ice fund. These performers are well and favorably known in this city.

Otis Skinner's arrangements are now completed and he will be seen in "His Grace de Grammont" and also in an adaptation of Victor Hugo's "The King's Jester." Maud Durbin will be the leading lady.

The Castle Square theatre now building on Tremont and Chandler streets Boston has been leased to Edward E. Rose, formerly stage manager of the Boston museum, and also a successful dramatist. The new theatre will open in October.

"New Blood," the latest comedy by Augustus Thomas, received its first production on any stage at McVicker's theatre, Chicago, this week. The play deals with the subject of commercial trusts. C. W. Coulcock, the veteran actor, is in the cast.

Miss Mary Ansell, who played a part in J. M. Barrie's funny play, "Walker, London," at Toole's theatre in London, is to be married to the author. Mr. Barrie is the author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," &c. They will go abroad.

At the Royalty in London, a one act tragedy play, by S. X. Courte, called "Villon; Post and Cut-Throat" has been produced. Villon goes to a priest's house to murder the priest's niece and rob the house. He falls in love with the woman at first sight and dies defending her.

"The Masked Ball" was the change of bill for the Frohman Company at the Opera House last week. It was twice produced, the piece de resistance "Jane" being substituted for it on Saturday evening. The houses were light during the engagement. The company is in Halifax this week.

The San Francisco (Cal.) Examiner, of recent date, speaking of Miss May Nannery's "Queens" at Morosco's grand opera house, says, "Every seat was filled at the huge theatre last evening to see May Nannery and Morosco's company in 'Queens.' The play is not strange to San Francisco, but never has it been better played here. Miss Nannery, who received her dramatic education in this city and in five years rose from a subordinate position to the leading roles, gave an excellent performance of the trying part of Queensa Montrose and Mlle. Rena. In the mad scene, which is the climax of the third act, she showed unexpected power. In the scenes requiring less display of force she gave proof of equal ability." This lady, who is a pronounced favorite in California, is a St. John girl, and is modestly billed as "only a Canadian actress."

A Scheme That Failed.

Farmer Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared upon the surface.

"I tell you how to get away with the crows," said Neighbor Stokes.

"How?" "Get you a gallon of mean whiskey and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. That beats pizen or shooting."

In a few days Farmer Crowder met his friend Stokes.

"Well, how's crows?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's bodaciously ruint," replied Crowder, dolefully. "I tried that 'ere scheme o' yours", and it's a humbug. I soaked the corn and scattered it one day and the next mornin' I went down to the new ground to see how it worked."

"Found 'em drunk, eh?"

"Found nothin'." I hear a devil of a fuss down nigh the branch, and went to see what it was. That was a dad-blasted old crow what had gathered up all the whiskey corn and had it on a stump, and he was retailing it out to the others, givin' 'em one grain of that sort for three grains of my planted corn, and dinged if they hadn't been and clawed up that hull field by sections."

The Typewriter on the Battlefield.

Military authorities appear to be exhausting every resource that will add to the rapidity of communication between the field of battle and the commanding officer. For a long time the telegraph was mainly relied on for the instant transmission of intelligence, and then the telephone was brought into active use. It has been recently seriously proposed that sides-de-camp and other carriers of information in time of war should be taught shorthand, in order to write down important communications with all possible speed, and the latest move in this direction is the introduction of the typewriter on the scene of military operations.

One of the novel features of a recent military tournament in England was the use of the typewriter on the battlefield for the purpose of recording messages from signallers. It is stated that the typewriter operator was also an expert cyclist, and had his typewriter mounted on the handles of his machine. Riding in and out among the horses and gun carriages, which he did without the slightest mishap, whenever he came to a standstill he instantly braced up the cycle by a handy contrivance and pounded away at the typewriter while in the saddle. The message, when completed, was sent to the commanding officer in the rear by means of a trained dog.

The Philosophic Mind.

The Kaffirs are great philosophers. If an ox should die the owner never grieves, but remarks: "Now I must go to work for master (all white men who treat them well are called masters), and in six months he will give me a cow; it will have a calf. If it is a bull calf, in a year I'll again have a pair of oxen, but should it be a heifer calf I'm all the richer, for the next year I'll have two calves instead of one."

MRS. LANGLEY'S CASE.

Despatches to American Papers from London cause a Furor Among the Good People of Lansing, Mich.

LANSING, Mich., July 23.—A despatch to a local paper from London, Ont., concerning a former resident of this city, has created a furor among our people. Mrs. William Langley, of 21 Euclid Ave., London South, was during the latter years of her residence here, constantly subject to fits, which the doctors of this city and Detroit failed to cure. The despatch received here says that Mrs. Langley is now completely cured. Two months ago she began using Dodd's Kidney Pills. From that first she improved and now is perfectly well. The natural inference is that her fits were caused by diseased kidneys, for which there is no remedy equal to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Somebody Blundered.

Merchant—Mr. Remington, you have ruined me—simply ruined me.

Stenographer—How so, sir? Merchant—I dictated the letter yesterday to Mrs. Ferguson, Hotel Woodmore, Suite One, and you began it. Mrs. Ferguson, Hotel Woodmore, Suite One; and Mrs. Ferguson forwarded the letter to my wife.

Resemblance.

The nightingale, that strange musician, Silent in the whole day through, By night her notes of gold are welling Amid the gently falling dew. I cannot boast myself a singer Like the nightingale, 'tis true, But with the notes of mine there's always Just so much falling dew.

IT'S ROBBERY!

An advertisement used in the interest of the celebrated HIRES' ROOT BEER

To describe the effects of that great health drink on the system.

as well as other qualities possessed exclusively by HIRES' has been PIRATED, as a warning to others we give it a free advertisement.

IT POPS Effervescent, too.

Exhilarating, appetizing. Just the thing to build up the constitution

Snider's ROOT BEER.

Wholesome and strengthening, pure blood, free from boils or carbuncles. General good health—results from drinking Snider's Root Beer the year around.

One Bottle makes Five Gallons. 25c. Ask your druggist or grocer for it. Take No Other.

PLACE

HIRES' ROOT BEER

in the space occupied by Snider and you have the advertisement in its original form. The public is advised to always ask for HIRES' and refuse worthless imitations and substitutes. None Are so Good as the Genuine HIRES'.



Great Reductions in MILLINERY!

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

ST. JOHN

Conservatory of Music

AND ELOCUTION, 128 Prince William St. FALL TERM opens Sept. 10th, 1894. Send for catalogue of prices. M. S. WHITMAN, Director. Address during the summer months Liverpool Street, N. B.

WAGONS and CARTS.

Our stock of carriages of all kinds is very complete, and we are in a position to suit the wants of the public in this respect.



The Fredericton Road Wagon.

An illustration of which is shown above, is especially popular. It is the wagon of the business man; low, easy of entrance, very handy and comfortable. The price is right



A Good Road Cart.

In the spring of the year especially, a road cart, such as that shown above, should be owned by every man who owns horses. It saves a carriage, is convenient for exercising and the preliminary training of a speedy horse. Well built, handsome and easy to ride in.

JOHN EDGEcombe & Sons, Fredericton, N. B.

Advertisement for Mount Allison Ladies' College, Owens Art Institution and Conservatory of Music. Includes text about courses of study and faculty.

Advertisement for Hamilton's Biscuits, highlighting 'FINEST MATERIALS' and 'Butter or Lard'.

Advertisement for Ontario Business College, located in Belleville, Ont., offering a wide range of business courses.

Advertisement for Pilgrim Suits, priced at \$11, \$12, and \$13, with details on overcoats and tweed suits.

Advertisement for Acadia Seminary, featuring a college course, teacher's course, and commercial course.

Advertisement for E. W. Sawyer, offering voice, piano and violin, painting and drawing, and elocution and calisthenics.

Advertisement for Collegiate School for Boys, located in Windsor, N.S., with details on the headmaster and school facilities.

Advertisement for Stirling & Browley, featuring a steam boiler and related machinery.



**THE CELEBRATED**  
**WELCOME**  
 THE ORIGINAL  TRY IT.  
 TRADE MARK  
**SOAP.**  
 FOR FAMILY USE.  
 FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

**BARGAINS IN**  
**Boy's Pure Gum Coats,**  
 Price only  
**\$1.90,**  
 WORTH \$2.50.  
 Sent to any address on receipt of price.  
**PRESERVE JAR RINGS,**—500 Gross Jar Rings, Quarts, 500 " " " Pints.  
 Marvel Rubbers, made of pure rubber, any size, sent to any address on receipt of \$1.00.



**American Rubber Store,**  
 65 Charlotte St., - - - St. John.  
**If You Don't Advertise You Die.**  
 "We are Dyeing," but we still keep advertising.  
 We only mention our name, you know the rest.

**American Dye Works Co.,**  
 Works, Elm Street, North End. Office, South Side King Square, St. John, N.B.

**Ventilated Human Hair Goods.**  
 Latest Style in Frontpieces on hand and made to order, also half and full wigs. Specialty: Fine Ventilating for the trade.

**MISS KATIE HENNESSY,**  
 113 Charlotte Street, - - - Opp. Dufferin Hotel.

**Make Your Own SODA WATER.**  
 During the warm weather a drink of cool Soda Water is very nice. By using one of our Seltzogenes you can always have it on hand.  
**PRICE \$8.**  
**SHERATON & WHITTAKER,**  
 38 King Street, St. John, N. B.  
 P. S. Full directions furnished with each machine.



**F. W. SANFORD**  
 Will give Special Bargains in BOOTS AND SHOES for the next week. Just received a fine assortment of  
**LADIES' DONCOLA KID OXFORDS and BUTTON BOOTS.**  
 Also, another lot of those cheap Canvas Shoes for men and boys.

**Have You Seen It?**  
 We opened this week 50 pieces of our  
**ALL-WOOL, DOUBLE-FOLD**  
**FRENCH DRESS SERGES, 25c. A YARD.**  
 In Blacks, Navy Blues, Browns, Greens, Cardinals and Fawns.  
 This Serge is Pure Wool and should be good value at 35c. a yard.  
 "Samples mailed to any address."

**S. C. PORTER,** 11 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

**SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.**

St. John—North End.

The funeral of the late Mr. F. T. C. Burpee whose death occurred at Calais on Tuesday last, took place from the residence of Mrs. Isaac Burpee, Mr. Peasant, on Thursday afternoon and was largely attended. The remains were brought from Calais on Wednesday, and were accompanied by his widow and only daughter, Mrs. J. E. J. Baxter, formerly Miss Katie Burpee, who arrived from England too late to see her father alive. Before the remains left Calais a short service was held, and they were followed from the house to the station by the men of the granite works, who were in Mr. Burpee's employ. Mr. Burpee was a resident of St. John for some years, but had resided in Calais of late.

Governor and Mrs. Fraser spent a few days in St. John this week accompanied by Major Gordon, A. D. C. Mrs. Fraser was at home to her friends at the Royal on Wednesday and Thursday afternoon when numbers of people called and enjoyed a pleasant chat.  
 Miss Mina Randolph, Fredericton, is the guest of Mrs. Blair, Wellington Row.  
 Mr. Thomas B. Jones has been laid up in the hospital the past week but is now convalescent.  
 Mrs. Henry G. Gray, Ottawa, with her son, is visiting Mr. A. C. Fairweather at Robbessy.  
 Mrs. Weldon, widow of the late Judge Weldon, is visiting St. John; she is the guest of her son Mr. C. W. Weldon, Chipman's Hill.  
 Mrs. M. J. Hazen and Miss Hazen left this week for Dieby, N. S., to spend a few weeks.  
 Mr. Stevenson accompanied by her nieces Misses Marie and Alice Christie, is visiting St. John.  
 Mr. Wm. Jarvis left this week on a business trip through the Annapolis valley.  
 Mrs. Charles Hodson and family are visiting the "Cedars" where they will remain a few weeks.  
 Mr. Albert Greenwood, Fredericton, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. H. H. Peters, Charles street.  
 Mr. E. P. Winslow, formerly of the bank of Montreal in this city, now near the station, has passed through St. John this week en route for Halifax.  
 Mrs. MacLaren and Miss MacLaren are spending a few weeks at Riverside.

Truro.

Mr. James B. Gillespie who is now in Halifax, writes that he has been engaged to take the leading tenor of the St. Andrew's church in this city three months. Mr. Gillespie has, been unable to sing for the past three months on account of throat trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. MacDonald, and Miss MacDonald, of Halifax, spent several days this week in the city.  
 Mr. G. Wetmore Merritt returned this week from a pleasant fishing excursion on the Nepisiguit.  
 The Rev. Dr. deBolt, of St. Martin's, has accepted the position offered him as principal of the Acton, Ill., Baptist college.

Mr. W. Kust, a leading Boston baker, and Mrs. Rest, spent several days in the city this week.  
 Mr. Alexander Masanuy left this week on a business trip to England.  
 Mr. Charles Knodell is enjoying a fishing excursion to Megantic.

The Rev. Dr. Withrow, a leading Methodist divine of Toronto, is in the city.  
 Mr. G. Bentley Grand, residing at Mrs. Ross, Riverside, for the summer months.

Miss Mand Robertson is visiting her sister, Mrs. Curry, at Halifax.  
 Miss Myra Randolph of Fredericton, is visiting Miss May Blair.

Mrs. Carrite, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stockton, Mount Pleasant, left this week for New York.  
 Mr. C. E. Pierce, and Miss Pierce of Boston, who have been visiting in the city, left this week for home.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Godard left this week for Anacosta, Montana.  
 Mr. William J. Pratt, of Greenbush, N. Y., is the guest of Mr. William Lewis, St. James street.

Mrs. James Kelly, of North End, and her cousin Miss Amy McLaugh of Fairville, will spend a few weeks in this city.  
 Mrs. Robert Boyer, and little daughter, Gladys of St. Martin's, are visiting their friend Miss Raymond.  
 Miss Curtis Knodell, of Boston, is visiting her friend Miss Alice Foster, Waterloo St.

Her friends expect to learn that Miss Jean Raymond, Union St., has been confined to her room for the past few days.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lordly are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Perkins of St. John, at their summer cottage, Bear River, New Scotland.

Mrs. W. S. Gardner and daughter, of Montreal, are the guests of Rev. Dr. Bennett.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Percy Lewis, who have been visiting Hon. J. D. Levin in this city, returned this week to their home at St. Stephen, Y. B.  
 Mrs. J. W. Cudlip and Miss Emily Cudlip left town this week for a stay at Bay shore.

Miss Ethel Butt, who has been visiting friends in St. Stephen, returned home this week, accompanied by her friend Miss Todd, who will spend a few weeks in the city.  
 Dr. and Mrs. Currie, of Halifax, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Fairweather, returned home this week. They were accompanied by Miss Robertson.

Miss Edna Simonds, of Boston, is visiting friends in the city.  
 Miss Agnes A. Lyon, of Boston, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. N. B. Ives, at Westfield.  
 Miss Lillian Beckwith, of Fredericton, is visiting Miss Ella Taylor, Duke street.

Mr. George F. Harding, of this city, is visiting friends at Ottawa.  
 Miss Louise Stammers, of Boston, who has been spending a fortnight with relatives in the city, returned home on Wednesday.  
 Mrs. George Simpson, and Mrs. William Simpson, left last week for a visit to friends at Springhill and Digby, N. S.

Mr. James Ferris, Mrs. Ferris and Miss Ferris, of Ottawa, were in the city this week, en route for Prince Edward Island, where they will visit friends.  
 Mr. Dennis Bourke, of Ottawa, is the guest of his brother in this city.  
 Mrs. H. E. Perley, and her son Mr. M. H. Perley, of Ottawa, are in Robbessy, the guests of Mr. A. C. Fairweather.

Hon. St. E. Foster and Mrs. Foster, arrived in the city Tuesday afternoon in their private car "Cumberland," and proceeded at once to their residence at Apohewit.  
 Mr. and Mrs. George F. Dinmore, of Boston, are making a visit to this city.  
 Mr. J. E. McCulloch, a former resident of this city, but now living in Montreal, spent part of this week here.

Judge and Mrs. Stedman, of Fredericton, came to the city on Monday, and on Tuesday went to Dieby, where they will remain a short time.  
 Mrs. W. Howe, of Brooklyn, is the guest of Mrs. The Misses Christie, daughters of Dr. James Christie.

By asserting the truth the wise will take heed. That which cannot be done without hands to perform. And that photos by Climo and Son are made by artists of skill in perfection and form. To do the impossible none can succeed. To have art-finishers they must be on the ground. And for the truth of this we challenge the world. That at Climo and Son's such artists are found.  
 64 Princess St. Telephone 642.

**On Monday, 30th July,**

We commence our customary midsummer clearing up by offering many lines at greatly reduced prices: please note the following:

**In the Linens:** A 54 in. Bleached Table Linen worth 22c for ..... **15c**  
 A 58 in. half Bleached Table Damask worth 95c for ..... **50c**  
 Good Linen Towellings worth 10c, for ..... **7c**  
 Real Russia Crush for ..... **12c**  
 Large Linen Towels for ..... **25c** pr.

**In the Dress Goods:** All Wool 40 in. French DeBeiges worth 50c for ..... **35c**  
 All Wool 42 in. Armure Cloth worth 75c for ..... **50c**  
 All Wool 42 in. Whip Cords worth 40c for ..... **29c**

**At the Kid Glove Counter:** Ladies' Pigskin Gloves worth \$1.00 for ..... **75c**  
 Chamois Washing Gloves worth 90 and 95c for ..... **75c**  
 Misses' Best Quality Kid Gloves worth \$1.00 for ..... **75c**

**Cotton Goods:** A few patterns of Crinkled Prints worth for ..... **15c**  
 Light Ground Duck Suitings worth for ..... **10c**  
 Pongee Prints, m'xd blue and brown shades, 12c for ..... **10c**  
 Blouse Muslins, worth 28c for ..... **19c**  
 Apron Lawns, with satin striped border, 19, 22 and 25c, for ..... **15c**

**Ladies' Counter.** A lot of Ladies' Misses' and Child's Summer Vests, all short sleeves, worth 50c to \$1.00 each, for ..... **25c**  
 Cotton Ribbed Vests, 3 for ..... **25c**  
 1/2 Sleeve Ribbed Vests, 18, 20 and 25c  
 Cotton Blouses, balance, all ..... **50c**

Two months yet that Wool Challies will be worn. We have a good variety of designs in light and dark grounds; were 40 and 45c. first of the season, now ..... **25c.**

**DANIEL & ROBERTSON, Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts.**

**TOILET WATERS.** **PERFUMES.** **HAIR GOODS.**  
 Hand Mirrors.  
 Brushes and Combs.  
 Hair Pin Boxes,  
 Solid Silver and Shell Hair Pins.  
 Cut Glass and Fancy Bottles.  
 VARIOUS OTHER ARTICLES  
 SUITABLE FOR  
 THE HOLIDAY TRADE.  
**AMERICAN HAIR STORE,**  
 87 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.  
 22 PRINCE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

**J. H. Connolly,**  
 PHOTOGRAPHER, 75 CHARLOTTE ST.  
 is offering a discount  
 — of 20 Per Cent on Orders of —  
**\$6.00 AND OVER.**

**We Lead in Prices.**

**OTHERS TRY TO FOLLOW.**

We give the very best value in  
**Parlor Suites in the City.**  
**OUR \$60.00 Wilton Rug Suites**  
 cannot be equalled.  
 Handsome Rolling Front Oak Desks,  
 with or without bookcase.  
 Some Very Cheap Boys' and Girls' Desks.

**A. L. RAWLINS & SO**  
 54 KING STREET.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

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

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax at the following place: KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, 24 George Street...

July 26.—Mrs. J. B. Duffus will leave on Saturday for a trip to England.

Mrs. W. H. Barker, Miss Helen Barker, Miss M. McLaughlin and Miss Teasdale, of St. John, are visiting friends in this city.

Mr. J. F. Fox, of Montreal, is in the city, the guest of Mr. J. R. Craig, Spring Garden Road.

Miss Grace Hart, of this city, who spent the winter in Truro at the Normal school, left this week for Baddeck, C. B.

Miss May Gastonauy is in Moncton, the guest of Mrs. White, Archibald street. From Moncton Miss Gastonauy will proceed to Alberton, P. E. I.

Mr. F. H. Clancy, of Amherst, N. Y., is the guest of his brother, Mr. J. J. Clancy, of Willow Park.

Mr. Charles W. Lavers, of Boston, is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. A. D. Morris is the guest of her brother, Captain Frank Hall, at Lunenburg.

A pretty wedding was solemnized in St. Paul's church on Thursday evening, the principals being Mr. Horace Thompson, of Hamilton, Bermuda, and Miss Nellie Ross, of this city.

Mr. Charles W. Lavers, of Boston, is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Plant, and Mr. P. L. Chipman are making a trip to Lunenburg, Chester, and Bridgewater.

Rev. Dyon Hague and Mrs. Hague left on Wednesday evening for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Blackmore are in the city visiting friends.

The picnic of the Christian church Sunday school was held at Cow Bay, Tuesday.

July 26.—The spell of social inactivity that I feared was upon us for the season was happily set aside on Tuesday by Mrs. H. G. C. Ketchum.

A large afternoon tea at her home on Victoria street, where the outdoor appearance almost rivals the prettily arranged interior.

The hostess wore an exceedingly pretty and becoming princess dress of black satin with lace, brettles and yoke of violet satin overlaid with lace.

Miss Pipes with her niece, Misses Grace and Fannie Pipes, have gone for an outing at Tidnish Shore.

Mrs. Will Black is also residing in the same locality. Mrs. James Moffat drove over to their cottage at Tidnish on the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Chapman were in Parrsboro for a few days this week, returning home on Monday.

Dr. Bliss went to Halifax on Monday to be absent for the week.

Miss Pipes with her niece, Misses Grace and Fannie Pipes, have gone for an outing at Tidnish Shore.

STEINWAY, CHICKERING, NORDHEVER PIANOS. LIBERAL TERMS, REASONABLE PRICES. A lot of second hand Pianos and Organs can be obtained at low prices and terms to suit purchasers.

A. PETERSEN, 68 King St. Sole Agent for Canada. BUTS A GOOD ORGAN. This gives you an idea of our SPECIAL WHOLESALE PRICES.

QUALITY Is an important thing in a CARRIAGE Buy from a reliable house and get the best QUALITY.

PRICE & CARRIAGE SHAW, BUILDERS 222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B. Murphy Gold Cure INSITUTE For the treatment of Alcoholism, the Morphine and Tobacco habits.

MOUNT PLEASANT, ST. JOHN, N. B. CARROLL RYAN, Manager. frequently meets there in tremendous droves rolling at full speed in the suburbs.

AMHERST. [Progress is for sale at Amherst by Charles Hillcoat and at the music store of H. A. Hillcoat.] July 26.—The spell of social inactivity that I feared was upon us for the season was happily set aside on Tuesday by Mrs. H. G. C. Ketchum.

BACHELOR CIGAR - CIGAR - IT IS THE FINEST of Havana CIGAR - CIGAR - IN THE DOMINION. Ask for the BACHELOR CIGAR - CIGAR - and be convinced that

A. ISAACS, - 72 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. N. B. Sole manufacturer for the genuine GO. SMALL QUEEN.

DIGBY. [Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.] JULY 25.—Miss Weldon of Boston, Mass., is on her annual visit to Digby.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Burrill of Yarmouth are spending a few days in Digby.

Mr. George F. Stone and bride, nee Cochran, daughter of the late Rev. Robert Cochran, P. D. of Austburg, Ohio, arrived home Tuesday via Yarmouth.

NEW GLASGOW. [Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. (Friend and H. H. Henderson.)] JULY 25.—Mrs. J. H. Stuckler gave a very pleasant garden party to a number of friends last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stuckler gave a very pleasant garden party to a number of friends last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stuckler gave a very pleasant garden party to a number of friends last evening.

FOUR EXCELLENT BARGAINS IN SILKS. At the close of a successful season we have decided to clear out the balance of our SUMMER SILKS and have marked them at Special Prices, as follows:

Our Entire Stock Parasols Reduced Prices. SPECIAL LOTS AT \$1.25 and \$1.50. Black and Colored Silk Parasols, Black and Colored Changeable Silk Parasols, Black and Colored Lace Trimmed Parasols, Durable Silk Coverings and Natural Hoods.

Manchester Robertson & Allison A Beautiful Gown. It is a frequent experience with ladies that when the dress is bought with care, and made with taste, some indefinable thing is lacking to give it the perfect touch of beauty.

Trade Marks FOR SALE. The Trade Marks for Canada, with formulae of the following well known preparations.

"Sciaticine," "Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion," "Food for Flowers," Hanington's Quinine Wine and Iron, Penetrating Liniment Owens' Pile Ointment.

G. T. HANINGTON, 278 St. Urban St., Montreal. The above preparations are well known in the Maritime Provinces, where they have had a large sale, and the reason for selling is the retirement of the owner from business.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT? In order to have something light, nutritious, easily digested, delicious and attractive to the taste by all means try EAGAR'S WINE OF RENNET.

EAGAR'S WINE OF RENNET. This old established and reliable preparation will enable your cook to serve you with eight or ten delicious dessert dishes, which can be made in a few minutes at a cost of a few cents, and make your table the envy of all your neighbors.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. Granville and Duke Sts., Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery.

LOOK. July 24.—Last Thursday noon spent the day at the pleasure of Mrs. Amos Chabois on the harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Burrill of Yarmouth are spending a few days in Digby.

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NEW GLASGOW. [Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. (Friend and H. H. Henderson.)] JULY 25.—Mrs. J. H. Stuckler gave a very pleasant garden party to a number of friends last evening.

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LOCKEPORT.

July 24.—Last Thursday a select party of pleasure spent the day at Orono, enjoying the boat, sailing of Mrs. Ann Churchill and the evening in boats on the harbor.

PICTOU.

[Progress is for sale in Pictou by James McLean.] July 24.—Mayor Stetson had his week moved into his handsome new residence on Spring street. His sister Mrs. Lander and family of Norfolk, Va., are at present his guests.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor and at the book store of G. S. Wall in Calais at O. P. Treat's.] July 23.—There are a number of visitors in town every day and every evening there is some sort of an entertainment for the amusement of the town.

Photography.

SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP, REFINED FINISH and moderate prices, combine to make these PHOTOS the most satisfactory in St. John today.

HAROLD GLINO, 85 Germain Street.



This SOAP contains no adulteration or excesses of alkali to irritate the most delicate of skins. For this reason it is also best for Clothes, Linens, Fine Lawns, Cambrics, Laces and Embroideries.

J. T. LOGAN, MANUFACTURER; 20 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

ANNAPOLIS.

July 26.—Mr. George Munro, of Amherst, spent last week visiting his old home. Mrs. DeBlas, returned from Halifax.

SYDNEY, C. B.

[Progress is for sale in Sydney by John McKinnon.] July 24.—Dr. James Ross, of the McKay Bennett, was in town on Friday.

BREDA.

Mrs. Isaac Grant, of St. Paul, Minn., is at present the guest of her mother, Mrs. A. P. Ross. A tennis tea was given on Saturday by Mrs. A. D. Munro and Mrs. C. M. Macdonald.

GRAND MANAN.

July 23.—Mrs. Sully spent a few days at Camp Julio. Mrs. Lina Wait and Miss B. Baker returned today to Boston, after spending the last few weeks with the former's parents.

THINGS OF VALE.

Assistant.—I detected a man in the act of trying to sell job lots of goods.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

July 25.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Radolf entertained a number of their young friends to a drive which party on Tuesday night.

CAMPBELLTON.

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

CHERRY RIVER.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Stewart, of Bathurst, are the guests of Mrs. William East.

LAND OF EVANGELINE.

with cool temperate summer days, ozone-laden breezes, scenery mirrored in LONGFELLOW'S verse, and the most hospitable of people. It is a land of enchantment, of lakes and streams, valleys and mountains.

GRANVILLE FERRY.

[Progress is for sale at Granville Ferry by W. A. Irvine.] July 26.—Mr. and Mrs. S. Pickup spent a couple of days in Bear River last week.

LIVERPOOL.

July 24.—Liverpool is looking lovely as ever, though rain is very much needed. The L. C. band gave one of their popular concerts on the island above the Liverpool Bridge.

WORTH TEN DOLLARS A BOTTLE.

Any person who has used Polson's Nervine, the great pain cure, would not be without it if it cost ten dollars a bottle. A good thing is worth its weight in gold, and Nervine is the best remedy in the world for all kinds of pain.

TEILEY'S TEA?

Teiley's Tea is economical and pure. Teiley's Tea is refreshing and healthy. Blended and packed in 1 lb. and 1/2 lb. lead packets by JOSEPH TEILEY & CO., of London, England.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION, LIMITED. OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK. CAPITAL STOCK: \$150,000. Incorporated to Promote Art.

31st Day of July, 1894. 3433 Works of Art, aggregating in value \$65,112. Every subscriber has an equal chance.

LAND OF EVANGELINE. WINDSOR & ANAPOLIS RAILWAY, KENTVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA.

SPECIAL TOUR Around the World 100 DAYS FOR 100 GUINEAS or \$510.00. 5 Continents Visited. EUROPE, AFRICA, ASIA, AUSTRALIA, and across AMERICA by the

BUY CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Steamship "MIOWERA" leaves Southampton, England, about Aug. 27th.

HORSEMEN, Read this. I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my stable for over a year, and consider it the VERY BEST for horse flesh I can get, and would strongly recommend it to all horsemen.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED. T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE.

GIVE IT A TRIAL. Dr. J. H. Morrison, PRACTICE LIMITED TO EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT. 108 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

CORSETS. Have Large Imitators But No Equal. HOTEL "CEDARS".

Large advertisement for Lorimer's Pepsin Sauce, featuring text about its benefits for digestion and health, and a small illustration of a person.





THE PITSTOWN STRIKE.

Before the strike there was not in all England a happier home than that of Rev. Mark Warren, baptist minister of Pitstown. His great right hand, built by his father, John Warren, the wealthy coal-owner, was crowded every Sunday with working people, a large proportion being miners and their families. The salary they gave him was £80 a year, but what did that matter when John Warren, who lived in daily dread that some rich city church might steal his son away, insisted on making him an allowance of £500 a year so long as he remained to strengthen the baptist cause in the Midlands? The Warrens belonged to one of the oldest nonconformist families in England, and the denomination as of his ancestry and his money. He had been delighted when Mark married the daughter of a famous baptist minister, although she brought not a penny to her dowry, and now that he was the proud grandfather of a handsome boy of seven, every wish of his heart was gratified. Year followed year in perfect peace. Mark refused three invitations to larger churches, and each refusal endeared him the more to his father. Then with scarcely a warning, came the great strike and a violent quarrel between the coal owner and his son.

John Warren's mines were involved, and half of the Pitstown congregation were out of work. Mark threw himself heart and soul into the people's cause, started a relief fund, and by graphic letters stirred up a sympathetic agitation in the London press. Strictly speaking, there are only two classes of human beings; those who are always right and those who are sometimes wrong. The minister and his father unfortunately both belonged to the former class. Dear as Mark loved his father as a man, in his capacity as employer of labor he had begun to consider him a tyrant and a sweater, whose wealth was ill-gotten gold. The whole subject of the conditions of the coal industry in England was forced on his attention by the strike, and he decided that it was his duty to accept not another penny of his father's money. Without considering the consequences, he returned to the bank the quarter's cheque which came to him as usual on the last day of September. Then he called on his father to get him to concede to the men's demands, and ended with a broad hint that the oppressors of the poor had no right within the walls of the Christian sanctuaries. He behaved most unwisely, as he was forced to admit when the mischief was done, but sympathy for the starving women and children burned in his heart like fire. For their sakes he was ready to brave all risks.

He expected an angry outburst, but John Warren heard him to the end in silence. When Mark had finished he rose and opened the door. "Leave my house," he said, in a perfectly quiet voice; "from this day forward you and mine lie apart." A servant was passing at the moment and within an hour it was known that the minister had quarreled with his father. Mrs. Warren at first took her husband's part, but as weeks went on, and the suffering brought heavier demands on their purse, while the small stipend was in arrears when they needed it the most, she begged Mark to let the quarrel end.

"Let me go to Mr. Warren," she pleaded. "He has never refused me anything. You know how he keeps my father's sermons on the bookshelf in his bedroom, and reads one every night. He told me before the strike that whenever he looked at me he remembered my father, who had done him more good than anyone in the world. Let me go, dear; we have only ten pounds left."

"I will not allow you to go," replied the minister firmly. "We are fighting a battle which concerns not Pitstown only, but the whole industrial future of England. The men will win if they can hold out for a few weeks longer. I am going to address them in the town hall to-night, and if I knew you and I had not twenty shillings in the world, still I should say, 'Don't yield.' Surely we may sacrifice a little when they have to bear so much."

"But I believe the men are wrong, Mark. How can they expect high wages when trade is so bad? Harold ought to have a warm new suit for winter, and my blue serge is a rag. I'm glad your father does not come to church now; he would be ashamed of my appearance. It's all very well to spend one's strength for strangers, but I think a man's first duty is to his own."

She left him and he turned wearily back to his sermon. How much longer would this battle last, in which his foes were those of his own household.

Another fortnight passed, and at length there were signs of a settlement. "Privation has made itself felt in the minister's home, for he insisted on sharing his last sovereign with his people. Mrs. Warren made no further complaints, but she scarcely spoke to her husband, and he knew that her heart was bitter against him. One bleak evening he was sitting alone in his fireless study, wondering whether the next day would bring the news of peace. To his surprise, his wife came in. Her face was pale, and in her shabby gown she looked pinched and thin. A pang of self-reproach pierced his heart as he looked at her. "My dearest," he said, "I think our troubles are nearly over."

"Mark," she said, as if she had not heard him, "were you going out this evening?"

"I have promised to say a few words to the men."

"Then perhaps you will call at the doctor's on the way and ask him to come and see Harold. He complains of sore throat and has been very feverish all the afternoon. I shall not be satisfied till I see the doctor. Will you call?"

"Certainly, my dear, and I will go now and look at Harold. Don't distress yourself about him. You know he frequently has these feverish colds."

He ran up stairs to the nursery, while the boy was sitting on the floor before the fire listlessly throwing about his sticks. His eyes were heavy and his cheeks flushed, but Mark saw nothing alarming in his condition. "I wanted to put him to bed," said Mrs. Warren, "but he cried to stay by the fire, and I was afraid to excite him."

"He had better go now," Mark said, "and I will be back as quickly as I can. It is only a cold and don't be frightened."

He put on his overcoat and hat and hurried into the street and rain. He had scarcely walked a hundred yards from his own door when there came a sudden burst of bells. The bells of the parish church had never before been heard on a week

night, and there was the bell of St. Edmund's, the bell of St. Agatha's, the bell of his own chapel. He forgot everything else in the joyful assurance that the strike was over and ran swiftly till he reached High street. There was a wild confusion of voices and shouting, in a moment he was surrounded by a group of miners, who grasped his hand and carried him along with them. "Victory! victory!" they cried. "The news has come from London—we have won!"

Pitstown seemed to have gone mad with joy. Mark Warren was raised shoulder high by the crowd and carried in triumph to the town hall, where there was such a scene of weeping and laughter, such passionate embraces and congratulations, such hymn-singing and praying, that Mark Warren forgot himself, his home and all his private interests, and now that his people's captivity was turned again was indeed like one that dreamed. It was ten o'clock before the crowd surged once more into the streets. Still surrounded and pressed upon by his friends, dizzy and confused with long excitement, the hoarse voices at his side sounding far off and unreal, Mark at length reached his own door. It was open, and his wife, with a shawl thrown over her head, stood waiting for him.

"And the doctor?" she said, when he had come in and the door was closed. "Well, I declare, I forgot," said Mark. "How could I have been so careless? I will go at once. I do hope the boy is no worse."

His hand was on the door, but she called him back. "He has been getting worse all the evening and I went myself an hour ago. It is diphtheria—a bad case."

Two days later Harold died.

From that time Mark Warren was alone in the world. His father, whose health was failing, gave no sign of pardon. His wife blamed him for the death of the boy; he saw plainly that her love was cold. Some months after the strike ended he received a call to Liverpool, and there in five years he made a brilliant reputation. At the age of thirty-seven he was by common consent, the rising man of his denomination. He had written several books, and his ambition was more than satisfied. But he was prematurely old, and in preaching there was a note of sadness which surprised those who remembered the buoyancy of his early days. In society he was reserved and silent, and his brother ministers called him stern and proud. He was left much to solitude, for his father, whose affection for Helen had survived the quarrel with himself, liked to have her staying with him for months together, and in pity for the lonely old man, but chiefly because he saw she was happier anywhere than at home. Mark let her go. One summer she had pressed him to join a party of ministers who were arranging a tour in Norway, and he suggested that others were taking their wives and that he would like her to accompany him. "No," she said, "your father writes to-day that he is waiting for me. I will spend the month with him."

This was June, and in October she was again at Pitstown. During her absence Mark received an invitation to preach in a village a few miles from his old home. It was his first visit to the district since he had left it, and as the invitation was not to a Pitstown chapel he decided to accept it. As he travelled from Liverpool into the heart of the mining district, countless memories of the past came back to him. He recalled the least incident of the strike which had been a crowning victory for labor and the breaking up of life for himself. As he meditated on those happy years, when life was gay and no sacrifice was demanded, it came into his mind that he would go to Pitstown that evening and visit the little grave which was all that was left him of the dear old home. He reached the nearest station about noon, and found a gig waiting to take him to the village. There was no one in the manse but a servant, and having made the arrangements for Sunday, he set out in the gray October afternoon, on his five miles' walk to Pitstown.

The same afternoon, John Warren and his daughter-in-law were in the cemetery, where they came every week with flowers. The old man dropped visibly as he stood by the grave. "I often think," he said, watching her arrange white chrysanthemums, in a cross shaped vase, "that I should like to see my boy again. He was wrong, but I need not have kept up the quarrel when the strike was over. But there—it was not all my fault either. You never forgave him the boy's death."

Helen worked harder at her task but her face quivered. "Ellwood, of Manchester, who was with him in Norway," the old man went on, "told me he seemed to enjoy nothing. He was restless to be back to his work, and when they made up parties used to go and sit by himself, and they would find him, after hours, in the same position. Ellwood thinks he only went because you pressed him."

Helen rose and looked out over the black, dreary landscape. A few drops of rain had fallen, and the sighing wind crept over the graves. "Don't reproach me," she said, "I would have forgiven him—him, oh so gladly—if he had grieved for Harold. All these years he has scarcely named him. It he had once said, 'Let us go back to the grave,' I could have pardoned everything."

They had turned to go, when a figure came towards them with downcast eyes. Helen ran forward and put her hand on his arm. "You, Mark! What has brought you here?"

"I came to see the grave," he answered simply, and the three stood together for a moment in silence. Mark's father was reading in the stern, careworn face the story of those loveless years.

Helen had turned away crying, but he took her hand and put it in her husband's. "She said she would pardon everything if you would once come here. But, Mark, I think it is you who must pardon both of us."

There was no one to watch them in the little lonely cemetery. Hand and hand husband and wife stood together by the grave of their child, and though neither spoke, each knew that here all unkindness ended. The trees were shaken by the October wind, the rain fell fast on the white flowers of the cross, but in these two hearts the autumn evening was like a noon of spring.

THE CONVICT'S STORY.

The Philanthropic Visitor to the prison was very much impressed with the appearance of one of the convicts. He did not look like an evil man. There was intelligence in his face and the light of learning in his eyes. The Philanthropic Visitor got permission to speak to the convict, and he soon found from the convict's conversation that he was a man of education. The visitor spoke kindly to him for a few minutes, and at last asked how he came to be in such a place. The convict sighed and said:

"Unless you are a smoker of tobacco, I am afraid you will not appreciate the cause and effects which led to my being here. I refuse to tell my story to anyone who is not a smoker."

The visitor acknowledged that he liked a cigarette occasionally, and the convict accordingly went on with his sad recital.

"Well, sir," said the convict, "I began on cigarettes when I was a boy and gradually worked up to cigars and finally took to a pipe. I smoked incessantly; it seemed to soothe me in my business worries, and although people warned me of the injurious effect on my health, I paid no heed to them. At length, however, I fell a victim to a nervous disorder, and I called on a noted specialist from New York. I was living in Virginia at the time. The specialist told me that I must stop smoking, otherwise it would be the direct cause of my death. If you are a smoker, sir, you have tried to stop at least two or three times since you first took to the weed. You know, then, how it is yourself. After the doctor had given me his orders I began a desperate struggle with the habit. My trial was an utter failure. You see smoking had become automatic with me. When I went down-town I would enter a cigar store and buy some cigars without being before I quite realized what I was doing. So finding that I could not break myself of the dangerous passion of tobacco, I was frank with my doctor and told him that it was very evident that I must die. I asked him how long he would give me to live if I smoked as much as usual. He said about three months. This was very serious. I did not wish to die, of course, but knew that I could not stop the habit of smoking."

"Is there not some antidote for the habit, or can you give me something else to take the place of tobacco?" I asked.

"Oh, all you require," he said, "is a little strength of will. I should think that a man of your powers would soon overcome the habit of the weed."

"This was all he knew about it. Never having smoked myself, he had no idea of the strength of the habit which he might have for years. At last I convinced him that no strength of will I had would enable me to quit the pernicious practice."

"I will think it over," he said, "and will see what we can do before the days of the gold cure, and I could get no help from drugs toward breaking my bonds. Two or three days after the doctor came to me and said:

"There is a ship in the harbor which sails soon for San Francisco, which is a voyage of several months. The captain is an old friend of mine and has never touched liquor or tobacco. You are a rich man and can arrange terms with him. He will get together a crew that do not use tobacco in any form. This as you know will be a difficult matter. You will be six months or so getting round the Horn, and if you take half a dozen cigars with you, so that the impulse will not come upon you until you are well out at sea, I venture to say that you will be cured of the habit before you reach San Francisco."

"I met the captain that night, and we speedily came to terms. The doctor now allowed me to smoke until I went on board the ship. Things were very pleasant for the first few days out, because I had plenty of cigars with me. Reason told me that I had no self-control, and I smoked them more rapidly, one after another, until they were all gone. Then came purgatory. I found that the captain had kept to his contract only too well, and that there was not one of the crew who used tobacco in any form. I tried bribery and everything else with them, but it failed all of us, and though they were quite willing to be bribed, there was no tobacco among them. They had not known what kind of a passenger was coming aboard, and did not guess the money that might be made by the possession of the weed. As the voyage went on, I was not a very happy man, and I made my port togetteer I had my pipe in my pocket. I resolved to smoke anything that would burn in a pipe; so one day when the captain was out on deck, I prowled around his cabin to get some paper to smoke with. He was not a very kind man and there were no books on board. I was afraid to tear any business papers, as it

might cause trouble, but I knew bills of lading were done in duplicate, and there was one now upon his desk. Before stuffing some of the paper in my pipe I glanced over to see what it was so that I might write it out again if it became necessary to do so. I could not believe my eyes when I read. It was the bill of lading of that schooner, and what do you think the vessel was loaded up with? Why, Virginia tobacco! It was evident that some of the crew knew this, no one except the captain, and, he, of course, would not tell me, having undertaken my cure, and being a friend of the doctor. Just think of it. The ship was loaded from stem to stern with prime tobacco, and me dying for a smoke! I sat up all that night working at the paneling in my stateroom and when, towards morning, I succeeded to make a passageway large enough to crawl through I broke open one of the packages. It was full of splendid Virginia tobacco, and as you may imagine, I revealed in smoking, though I had to do it in secret. When we reached San Francisco the owners came aboard and found that I had broken cargo and burglarized their tobacco. I offered to pay for it, but it was no use. I was arrested, tried, sentenced, for the crime I had committed seemed to be pretty nearly the same as if I had turned pirate, or led a mutiny."

When the convict had finished his sad story the Philanthropic Visitor went to the governor of the prison and asked: "Can not something be done for the man who is in for breaking the cargo of a tobacco ship? Anyone who smokes knows what a terrible temptation it must have been."

"Oh, that man," said the governor, raising his eyebrows. "He is not in for breaking cargo; he is a novelist and is doing time for murdering a critic. It was brought in justifiable homicide, and he merely told you the latest yarn that ran through his brain. He never smoked in his life."

Equal Rights.

Two of those women who believe that women should have the same privileges as men everywhere were talking over the matter in a car recently. Pretty soon an elderly man, who had been both amused and exasperated by their "advanced" ideas, turned to the one nearest him and said:

"You believe that women should do about the same as men in nearly everything, don't you?"

"Yes."

"That they should dress pretty much the same?"

"And, perhaps, carry canes?"

"Yes."

Then the elderly man leaned over and in the most kindly manner said: "Have a cigar?"

Mark Twain, like many other prominent novelists, does not decide upon the titles of his books until they are completed. He then submits a list of some ten or twenty to his publisher, who selects those he thinks the most suitable and attractive, and the pair then meet and make a final selection.

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SURPRISE

Soap Saves

the worker. It takes only half the time and work to do the wash, without boiling or scalding the clothes; the clothes are not rubbed to pieces; there's no hard rubbing—but the dirt drops out and they're left snowy white; the hands after the wash are white and smooth—not chapped.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

COLONIAL HOUSE, MONTREAL. Prints, Etc., at Great Reductions.

French Dress Sateen, 17c. per yard; Scotch Crepon Zephyr, (Gingham) 25c.; French Colored Lawn for Blouses and Dresses at 25c. per yard. Large assortment of Striped and Checked Gingham for Dresses, 27c. to 40c. French Washing Cretonne from 25c. per yard. Butcher's Linen for Ladies' Costumes (all shades) \$1.25. Cotton Frills for Dresses (all shades) 28c. Light Cotton Challie, 15c. to 18c. per yard. Remnants of Dress Sateen, Gingham and Print, 20 per cent. off and 5 per cent. off for cash.

Hardware Dep't—Novelties, Etc.

Granite Ware, Aspinall's Enamel, Wooden " Water Coolers, Iron " Top Filters, Wire Screens for Windows, Wire Dish Covers, Magic Ice Cream Freezers.

Complete Stock of Kitchen Utensils, 5 per cent. Discount for Cash.

Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal.

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Galvanized or painted. The Shingles others try to imitate. Has no equal. Can be laid by anyone Fully Guaranteed. Cut out this advertisement and send it to us, and special prices will be quoted you.

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OXFORD GAS RANGE, FOR COOKING PURPOSES.

In cooking roasts, steaks, chops, etc., the meat is seared over at once, closing all pores; the natural flavor and juices are retained, thus preserving all the vital and more healthful portions of the meat. . . . Again, the meat does not shrink or dry up as when cooked by a coal or wood stove. All manner of pastries, bread, biscuits, rolls and cake may be baked to perfection, and with despatch; and without the heat and discomfort in your house that attends baking by the old method. . . . This is the most powerful as well as most economical Range on the market; no other range will afford such perfect satisfaction. Write for circular and prices.

J. S. CURRIE, 41 DOCK ST., - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1855 Taylor's Saffes

While suffering I tried many of the advertised medicines and also doctor's prescriptions; but never found a cure until I procured a supply of Paine's Celery Compound from Macfistie & Elvidge, druggists in this town. Paine's Celery Compound worked like a charm—it seemed to strike at the very root of my trouble. I am now cured; every pain is banished, and in every respect, I am a new man. I shall always consider it a pleasure and duty to strongly recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all who are afflicted with rheumatism."

B. B. BLIZARD St. John, N. B., Sole Agent for the Maritime Provinces.

A Gentleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "For 20 years past, my wife and I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.'"

"In 1868, my affianced wife was nearly bald, and the hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.'"

"I have promised to say a few words to the men."

"Then perhaps you will call at the doctor's on the way and ask him to come and see Harold. He complains of sore throat and has been very feverish all the afternoon. I shall not be satisfied till I see the doctor. Will you call?"

"Certainly, my dear, and I will go now and look at Harold. Don't distress yourself about him. You know he frequently has these feverish colds."

He ran up stairs to the nursery, while the boy was sitting on the floor before the fire listlessly throwing about his sticks. His eyes were heavy and his cheeks flushed, but Mark saw nothing alarming in his condition. "I wanted to put him to bed," said Mrs. Warren, "but he cried to stay by the fire, and I was afraid to excite him."

"He had better go now," Mark said, "and I will be back as quickly as I can. It is only a cold and don't be frightened."

He put on his overcoat and hat and hurried into the street and rain. He had scarcely walked a hundred yards from his own door when there came a sudden burst of bells. The bells of the parish church had never before been heard on a week

night, and there was the bell of St. Edmund's, the bell of St. Agatha's, the bell of his own chapel. He forgot everything else in the joyful assurance that the strike was over and ran swiftly till he reached High street. There was a wild confusion of voices and shouting, in a moment he was surrounded by a group of miners, who grasped his hand and carried him along with them. "Victory! victory!" they cried. "The news has come from London—we have won!"

Pitstown seemed to have gone mad with joy. Mark Warren was raised shoulder high by the crowd and carried in triumph to the town hall, where there was such a scene of weeping and laughter, such passionate embraces and congratulations, such hymn-singing and praying, that Mark Warren forgot himself, his home and all his private interests, and now that his people's captivity was turned again was indeed like one that dreamed. It was ten o'clock before the crowd surged once more into the streets. Still surrounded and pressed upon by his friends, dizzy and confused with long excitement, the hoarse voices at his side sounding far off and unreal, Mark at length reached his own door. It was open, and his wife, with a shawl thrown over her head, stood waiting for him.

Sunday Reading.

A LAYMAN'S SERMON.

Frothed in the Editorial Columns of the New York Tribune. And as they say, shall thy strength be destroyed, etc.

Human nature is made of very strange material. We are constantly surprised at our ability to bear what seems to be unendurable. Under the pressure of a great incentive we can accomplish miracles, and when necessity compels, we can endure anything.

No man is thoroughly acquainted with himself. There are depths and heights in his soul which he has never explored. In one environment he is a commonplace creature; in another he develops into a hero.

During the war the farmer's boy was thrilled by a spark of electric patriotism, but great deeds were beyond his thought. He had never seen the heroic element in his nature.

But we can endure as well as do when we must. No one knows how much he can bear until he is tried. Providence has made life hard because every man needs the test of fire.

You are content, and your home is a happy one. Wife and child sit at your winter fireside and you contemplate your surroundings with grateful satisfaction.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London, has preached a sermon on the subject of "The Revival of the Dismal, Bare Rooms to which the mothers are generally invited, he assembles them once a week in a hall converted into a comfortable sitting room, with crimson drugged floor, comfortable

chairs and small tables, and groups of flowers. The attendance averages from 250 to 300, and the women are divided into groups, each of which is in charge of a young lady who acts as hostess and sees that they are comfortable and happy.

TALMAGE ON WEDDINGS.

The Latest Thoughts of the Doctor on this Interesting Subject.

The past month has been full of the tinnitulation of wedding bells. Orange blossoms in a thousand homes and churches, north, south, east and west.

And when, in the cloths of Horeb, Of old was His presence known, The dread ineffable glory Was Infinite Goodness alone.

And yet, maybe, beyond the murky sea, Across which death one day will carry me, Her joyous soul will be the first to come And bid me welcome to my Father's home.

Life, joy, and love— And yet, maybe, we may not understand Life's rich abundance in that farther land, Till some sweet day we lay our burdens down And change the cypress for the olive crown.

What the Age Demands. We want a man to walk one more among The wrangling Pharisees to drive the beasts and hooded and fire-norried gorgon of despair.

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The Minister's Daughter.

In the minister's morning sermon, He had told of the primal fall, And how thereafter the wrath of God Rested on each and all.

And how, of his will and pleasure, All souls, save a chosen few, Were doomed to the quenchless burning, And held in the way thereto.

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A Successful Young Man.

And how it was that he was a successful young man. A young man who had been born and brought up in New England country town began to prepare for college, and decided that after his college course he would go to the Pacific States, and begin life in the spirit of a pioneer.

During his two years of preparation for college he was the most active member of his own church—which was declining in numbers, owing to the removal of many families to the city—and of the Village Improvement Society, which had become a social feature of the town.

An old farmer with crumbling buildings and sinking walls, met the young man one day under the cool village elms, and said to him: "They tell me you are going to college?"

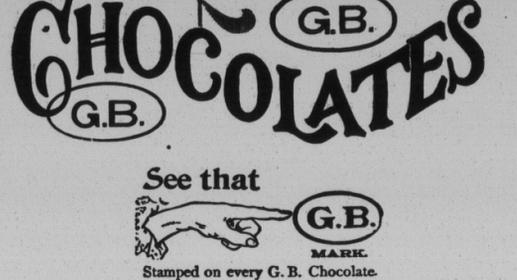
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BUY G.B. CHOCOLATES



Goes to Europe for Treatment

Suffering For Years from Insomnia and Nervous Debility—Prostrated, Exhausted—No Vitality—No Rest Until "Nature's Sweet Restorer," South American Nervine Tonic, Built up the Nervous Organism, and Gave Back to the Worn and Exhausted Nerve-Centres their Wonted Vigor.



ADOLPHE LABODIE, B.C.L., J.P., OF THE WELL-KNOWN LEGAL FIRM OF LABODIE & LABODIE, MONTREAL.

For four generations the remarkable family of LaBodie have been prominently identified with the legal and professional life of Montreal. A long line of active, intellectual men, whose ambition to rise to prominence meant a constant drain upon the nerve forces and a tremendous demand for brain power.

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 100 King St.; R. E. Coupe, 578 Main St. E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co.; 41 Charlotte St.



A Bright Lad,

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us: "When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even I did not die."

CONSUMPTION.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent free to weak and consumptive persons. Write to Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

THEY SPOKE OF BURNS. MEN RUDE AND ROUGH PRESSED ROUND TO HEAR

The praise of one whose heart was made of simple, manly stuff, as homespun as their own—The Fourth Volume of "Burnsiana"—An Amherst Poet Represents.

The article embodies "To Ailsa Rock," one of the richest of his magnificent sonnets. Most attractive to us are the "Unpublished Letters of Burns," collected in an article by G. A. Aitken; and "Some Burns Relics," by John Muir.

The poet's day, was an inn, where he found lodgment on one of his journeys from Edinburgh to Ayrshire. Were there some contracted lives under the roof at that time, the unconscious limitations of which inspired the following lines scratched on one of the window-panes?

"The ants about a clod employ their cares, And think the business of the world is theirs. Lo! I waxen combs seen places to bees, And mites conceive the world to be cheese."

There is an alleged poem of Burns—we wonder if it is his!—which, if genuine, throws some light on his domestic life at Ellisland, and illustrates touchingly the affectionate care of "Bonnie Jean."

There is no doubt but that in the first year or two on this upland farm beside the Nith they spent the happiest and most hopeful portion of their married life. There was absorbing occupation in his farming, with occasional but delightful visits of the Muse, with more of quietude and freedom of excess than he had been, or was, afterward, accustomed to.

Equally interesting to the biographer, or the curiosity-monger, are the extracts from the Kirk-Session Records of Mauchline, relating to the liaison of Burns with Jean Armour. Rumors had begun, and

were in circulation, before April 1786. On the second of that month information was formally lodged with that board of discipline, and they proceeded to action immediately, by appointing as a committee James Lamie and William Fisher, to confer with her parents. Jean had gone away from home into another parish, which action on her part tended to confirm the suspicions already excited.

Record is made that on the 5th of the month Lamie reported to the session that he had interviewed Mary Smith, (the maiden family name is retained in Scotland after marriage—or was then) mother to Jean Armour; who told him that she had not suspected her child, and that Jean had gone to Paisley to see her friends, but would soon return. The delinquent daughter was summoned by the Session to appear in person, but failing to do this, directed a note to the parish minister, confessing her fault, and implicating Burns.

Some months ago the Expositor gave the particulars of the remarkable cure wrought upon Mrs. Avery, who lives at Pleasant Ridge, a few miles out of the city, and the case created much interest among people of the city and vicinity. We are now in a position to give the particulars of another wonderful cure that has occurred in the city since the first of January.

Mr. Burns gave a guinea "note for behoof of the poor." We can well imagine how the proud and fiery spirit of Burns must have been galled by the indignity of the "cutty stool"; but with his strong sense, and appreciation of justice, he doubtless would have submitted to the necessary formality without deep resentment, if the rebuke had been administered by a kind, judicious man.

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THE VERDICT OF THE COLLECTION IN THE POEM BY JOHN MACFARLANE:

Behold!—a morning sky, And smiling in its meadow a lark, So sweet and clear, so trouble-drawn night, Nor footstep of the dark.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

THE STRANGE POSITION IN WHICH A BRANTFORD MAN FOUND HIMSELF.

Physicians Could Not Agree as to the Nature of His Trouble—Fell Away to a Mere Skeleton—Was Unable to Move About—Continuously Suffered Terrible Pains.

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seats before a sheet of flame burst through the floor just under the very spot over which the young matron had been sitting. The electrical apparatus beneath having ignited at that very point. She declares she will never stroke another cat.

A TALE OF GRASSHOPPERS.

How They Pulled the Bell-Rope and Stopped the Train.

"Tell us about them in the cars," said Long Jim. "This gentleman from the East ain't never seen the like."

"They stopped the cars more times than you could count on your fingers by getting on the tracks, and makin' them slippery, actin' like so much grease. And once—gentlemen, you may not believe it but it's gospel truth—they pulled the bell and the engineer stopped the car stock—ill. It was this—way, for I were there, and see it myself. The conductor came into the car when it stopped, an' he says, says he:—'Who pulled that bell-rope?' Every-body was scared, 'cept me, an' I spoke up an' says:—"

"The hoppers did it!" "Don't talk foolishness," says the conductor. "I don't 'low no galoot to tend to my duties. When this train is stopped I do it myself. Don't none of you ever tetch that bell-rope agin'."

"I'd like to see enybody tetch it now," says I, an' I pinter it out to him, weighted down with hoppers as thick as a constrictor snake after it had swallowed a calf, an' the car bell a-ringing like mad."

"Holy Moses," he says, an' looked skait, but it were a fact just the same. Them hoppers followed us into the engine, and we sat there, knee-deep in 'em. Scarril! No, not much to speak of. You see them wasn't the seventeen-year locusts with a big 'W' on their backs. These here critters were little slim things, kind of a brown-green, but Lord, how they did eat things! We folks had shooter nets in our windows, and in two minutes after the hoppers struck us it hung in strips and threads and they were swarmin' round the house like flies."

"If they come agin," said Long Jim, "I'd jest fill up every growin' thing with pizen, an' then when the hoppers were all dead I'd burn 'em and use 'em for fertilizers."

"Yer mought," said the man on the cracker-box with a thoughtful look, "if they sent cards a-sayin' they was comin'." But when they steal on yer like a thief in the night, you can't most always calculate just what you would do. I'm layin' for 'em this year, but they ain't sent on no advance agent with plan of campaign, as yet."

DONT LET ANOTHER WASH-DAY GO BY WITHOUT USING

SUNLIGHT SOAP. YOU will find that it will do what no other soap can do, and will please you every way. It is Easy, Clean, and Economical to wash with this soap.

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No More Misery. ITCHING PILES is an exceedingly painful and annoying affliction, found alike in the rich and poor, male and female. The principal symptoms are a severe itching, which is worse at night when the sufferer becomes warm in bed. So terrible is the itching that frequently it is impossible to procure sleep. Often the sufferer unconsciously during sleep scratches the parts until they are raw—ulcers and tumors form, excessive moisture is exuded. Females are peculiarly affected from this disease, causing unbearable irritation and trouble. These and every other symptom of Itching Piles or Irritation in any part of the body are immediately allayed and quickly cured by Chase's Ointment. It will instantly stop itching, heal the sores and ulcers, dry up the moisture.

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# WOMAN and HER WORK.

A British ratepayer has recently made the appalling discovery that amongst the patrons of the public baths fitted up in the principal cities of England, for the convenience of the poorer classes, only one out of every seven is a woman. And the rate-

payer above mentioned has taken the trouble to write to the Pall Mall Gazette commenting on the fact, and drawing the conclusion therefrom, entirely to his own satisfaction, that women are less cleanly than men.



STYLISH OUTING COSTUMES.

The gown at the left center is of heavy crepon bordered with bengaline. The corsage and sleeves are of bengaline. The vest and revers are of white satin. The other center wrap is of fine mohair with sleeves and facings of bengaline, all black. The incroyable costume is of heavy cheney silk, mauve in color. The coat is of royal purple velvet. The costume at the extreme left is of shepherd's check surah, with white china silk combination, and the silk is overlaid with black insertion.

Of course this one man's opinion is not of sufficient weight to brand our sex with the stigma of lack of cleanliness, and more than one swallow it requires to produce a whole summer by his mere appearance, but as I have seen the item, and the ratepayer's letter, rather widely copied in Canadian papers, and no one has arisen to set the troubled mind of its gifted author at rest, I am moved to cross swords with him myself in defence of my sisters in the humbler walks of life, and make a few suggestions which I am satisfied would never have entered his narrow mind.

I am painfully aware that amongst a certain class of men there exists—and none the less deeply-rooted because of its utter absurdity and untruth—a stubborn belief that men are more given to personal

mance in general society, and very properly holds her tongue on the subject of her ablutions, with the cruel result that she is frequently credited with an indifference to the pleasures of the lavatory which she is very far from feeling.

I can truly say that I have yet to meet with a thoroughly uncleanly woman moving in respectable society, while I regret to say that I have known several—aye, half a dozen or more men, who answered to that description perfectly, and yet move in the best society; and at this moment I know more women than men to whom a daily bath is an absolute necessity, and who are just as great "cranks" on the subject of cleanliness as any man in the world.

But to return to those poor women in London who have so obstinately refused to avail themselves of the privileges and conveniences of the free baths so generously provided either by the municipal or imperial government, I forget which, and incurred the stigma of allowing seven men to bathe each day, for every one woman



NEW MOURNING GOWNS.

The home gown on the right is of heavy crepe cloth, in mohair, with sleeves, corsage and sash of silk wavy henrietta and dull ribbon bows for trimming. The costume on the left is of andora cloth, with a courtly and crape panel and sleeves and gumples of the same. A small bow with tape fringe finishes the corsage.

cleanliness than women. How the idea originated I am not prepared to say, unless it may be that the man who is fond of bathing is usually equally fond of talking about it, and taking it calmly for granted that no one else in the world but himself

who took advantage of free soap, water and towels.

I wonder if it ever struck the writer in the London paper, that there were hosts of women in that great city so poor that they had not sufficient clothes to cover their

bodies decently, and that poor as they were they still retained enough of womanly modesty to prevent them from venturing on the public streets in the rags they wore at home? That many of them had not possessed a pair of shoes for years, and naturally shrank from traversing the long distance which often intervened between their own dwelling and the public baths in bare feet? That others again were shut up in mills, shops and laundries almost from daylight till dark earning their daily bread, and had their poor household duties to attend to, both before they went to work, and after they got home: so that they simply could not snatch time to indulge in the luxury of a bath, unless they chose the dead of night, when of course the baths would be closed. Some poor women have no one to leave their babies with while they are away from home, and so are tied to the house from one year's end to another.

I think there is another class still, and a more numerous one than the casual observer might imagine, of women who, poor as they are, yet retain a certain obstinate pride which would make them consider that they lowered themselves in the eyes of their



VESTS AND CHEMISSETTES.

The center figure shows a novel combination of white duck vest and black pongee shirt waist with cravat bow. The upper left figure is a full vest of brocade. That below it is a polka dot pique vest, plain and double breasted. On the right below is a white chemisette and collar, both postiche. Above it is a false front to wear under a blazer coat. It is postiche.

neighbors, and proclaimed their poverty to the whole world, when they made use of any public institution which at all savored of charity, even when it took the form of a bath. Such women may not be uncleanly, but so long as they possess a pair and a piece of yellow soap at home they will not "go out to wash themselves" as they would express it.

With the men of their class it is different. They must be on the street frequently, so they have to be dressed decently, however the woman at home may be clothed, and when once their hours of labor are over their time is their own. They have no children to look after, no cooking to do, and no clothes to mend, so nothing is easier for one of them to do than to stroll into one of our baths and have a refreshing dip, either at dinner time, or after six o'clock in the evening; it will soothe his temper, relieve his tired muscles, and at the same time give him a reputation for cleanliness, which his poor jaded wife at home might also enjoy, if he was willing to stay in once in a while, and look after the children, while she took her turn of rest and refreshment. I think perhaps these are a few of the reasons which may have prevented poor women from indulging freely in the luxury of public baths, and I hope that at least those who read the Woman's page of PROGRESS will judge them more leniently than the writer in the Pall Mall Gazette seems to have done.

Nothing has been further from my intention than to stir the feelings of any member of the sterner sex who may chance to read these pages. Bless his dear heart, I would not wound him for the world, either individually, or collectively! I know he is a sweet clean soul, but still he tells about his virtues in that respect too much, and at the same time is so inclined to doubt the existence of similar good qualities on our part, that I feel I am only doing justice to my own sex, in opening his eyes to the fact that he is not the only human animal who appreciates the blessings of soap and water.

ASTRA.

Mrs. Clark's Mind at Rest. Mrs. Richard Clark, wife of the Congressman from Mobile, is one of the few women brave enough to scatter witty things in the waste of five minute official calls. At the house of Mrs. Hale of Maine the church service was mentioned. "There's one portion of the litany," said Mrs. Clark, "that always used to bother me. It's where we pray especially for the 'widowed and fatherless.' I never

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Sizes 6, 6½, 9 and 10. Formerly \$5, \$6 and \$6.50, now \$2.50, \$3, and \$3.50

LADIES' KID BUTTON BOOTS,

Small sizes 2½, 3 and 3½, going at about Half Price.

WATERBURY & RISING, 34 King, 212 Union Street.

see why they needed praying for so much, as I thought motherless children deserved pity much more, but I've just found out why the motherless aren't mentioned. It's because there are so few of them, as the first thing a man does when he is bereft of his wife is to look around for a new mother for his children."

### For Body and Brain.

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Nourishes, Fortifies, Refreshes,

Strengthens entire system; most Agreeable, Effective and Lasting Renovator of the Vital Forces.

Every test, strictly on its own merits, will prove its exceptional reputation.

Palatable as Choicest Old Wines.



I can certainly add my testimony to the virtues of "VIN MARIANI," which I have found excellent, and am well convinced of its quality. HENRY IRVING.

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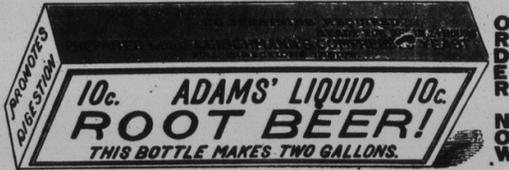
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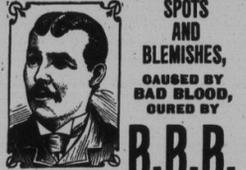
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LORENZO PULSTON.

DEAR SIRS.—I am thankful to B.B.B. because I am to-day strong and well through its wonderful blood-cleansing powers. I was troubled with scrofulous spots and blemishes all over my body and was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I took one bottle, with great benefit, and can positively say that before I had taken half of the second bottle I was PERFECTLY CURED. I am so pleased to be strong and healthy again by the use of B.B.B. and I can strongly recommend it to everybody. LORENZO PULSTON, Sydney Mines, N.S.

## SPOTS AND BLEMISHES, CAUSED BY BAD BLOOD, CURED BY B.B.B.

HOW PAT MISSED IT.

And how his Cousins who Looked Like him Took a Pretty Wife.

Two cousins, whose appearance, names, and handwriting were similar, once found employment in a lumber camp in the Rockies. One night all were interested in a game of cards, and were urging Pat (one of the cousins) to join. Pat had just sat down to write to his girl, but as he was the champion player of the camp they would take no excuse. His cousin offered to write the letter for him, and asked what he should say. Pat told him to write what he would himself say under the same circumstances, which the cousin proceeded to do, ending with an urgent proposal of marriage, to take place at an early date.

When the game was finished, all hurried to bed. The subject of the letter did not again recur to Pat's mind till he received an answer containing an acceptance, also stating that the time designated would hurry his sweetheart somewhat in her preparations, but that she would comply with his request and come at once. Needless to say, Pat was dumfounded at the contents of his letter, and started to find his cousin, who, when confronted with the question: "What did you say in the letter?" indulged in roars of laughter. Pat handed him his letter, upon reading which the cousin realized he had got Pat into a bad scrape. Later, as he heard Pat disclaim any intention of marrying that "little roly-poly," he felt his own position was still worse, as he had brought it all about; and it dawned upon him it was not so funny after all. The only way of escape he could plan was to meet the oncoming stage on which, as he was a passenger at the nearest town and by his most persuasive eloquence and his three years' hard earnings persuade her that there had been a mistake, and induce her to return. With much trepidation, he went the following Wednesday to Helena, and arrived in time to tie his horse to a neighboring tree when the stage drove up. The passengers rapidly alighted, the second to step down being a trim-looking young lady.

He soon heard his own name spoken, and was signalled by a friend, who presented him to the handsome young lady as the gentleman she was inquiring for. With a joyous look she extended her hand, which the cousin rapturously shook. She reassured him by remarking "he had not changed any. In less than an hour he had convinced her that there was no need of further delaying their happiness, and secured a minister, and had the knot tied—he perfectly satisfied with the turn affairs had taken, and she wholly unconscious that she had married her supposed lover's double.

A TEST OF SINCERITY.

And why Enekezi Thought it Best not to be Sincere.

The mighty Sheik Abdullah spake one day to the Court sage, old Enekezi, as follows: "You are always ready to give sensible advice, Enekezi; perhaps you could tell me which of my councillors are really sincere?" "A very simple matter," replied the sage, confidently. "I will tell you, at once, mighty sheik, how that is to be managed. Go and compose a long ballad this very day." "Stop," interrupted the sheik, "you forget that I am no poet!" "That's just it, mighty sheik! Go and write at once a long ballad, and read it to your assembled councillors."

"But, Enekezi, bear in mind that I never wrote a line of poetry in my life." "So much the better. When you have read the long ballad to your councillors, you will judge of the effect for yourself. Tomorrow I will come again, and learn the result of your observations."

Next day the wise Enekezi entered the sheik's tent, saying: "Did you follow my advice, mighty sheik?" "Certainly." "And what happened after you had read your ballad?" inquired the old man, smiling. "Oh! I was completely taken by surprise. One exclaimed that this was the long-sought-for ballad of the great poet Ihu-Yemin; another, that I was a new bright luminary in the firmament of poetry; a third craved permission to cut off a small piece of my robe in memory of the eventful occasion and the immortal bard—'writ word, they all were in ecstasies and praised my ideas and my language up to the skies.'"

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HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache Purifies the Blood Cures Indigestion The Ladies' Friend Cures Dyspepsia For Biliousness Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to 43 and 45 William St., Montreal. Sold in St. John by T. B. BARKER & SONS, 25 McDIARMID and J. E. MAHONEY, Indian-st.

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

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ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.

An Article Suggested by the Murder of President Carnot. Looking over the records of the past ninety-four years—and in the space of a brief article it is impossible to go farther back than the beginning of the present century—one is struck particularly by two things: first, the large number of determined attempts which have been made to assassinate the rulers and princes of Europe; and secondly, the small percentage of cases in which the would-be murderers have been successful in their object.

Once every three years, upon the average, one or other of the rulers of the seven principal European countries, England, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, and Spain, is menaced with a violent death, but nine times out of ten the intended victim escapes, generally by the most marvellous accident. The following list shows how the thirty-one most distinguished attempts to murder a ruler have been distributed among the different countries:—

France (one successful)..... 10 Russia (two successful)..... 7 England (all failures)..... 6 Austria (all failures)..... 5 Austria (b. ch. failures)..... 2 Italy (a failure)..... 1 Total..... 31

By far the most dramatic royal assassination was that of the Emperor Paul of Russia, on the 24th March, 1801, by his nobles. As usual, Paul had retired to rest booted and spurred, and in his regimentals. At the dead of night he was awakened by an unusual noise; the door of his chamber opened, the only faithful sentry, as it proved, in the palace, was being killed by nine nobles. They burst into the room and began to attack the Emperor. Paul hid behind chairs and tables, and begged for life. He offered to abdicate; he offered to flee; he offered to become a prince; he offered them vast estates in vain. Then he made a wild dash for the window, fearfully gashing himself, but he was dragged back. He picked up a chair and for sometime kept the nine of them at bay, and only after terrific struggles was he seized and strangled with his own sash.

The life of the late Czar Alexander II. was unsuccessfully attempted five times, in 1866, 1867, twice in 1879, and in 1880. On the 13th March, 1881, at 2 p.m., a bomb exploded both his and his murderer's chamber door; the bomb exploded, as it were, in the air, and the assassin, by means of an explosive was that by St. Regent on Napoleon I., in 1800. Fifty-two people were injured, twenty were killed outright; forty houses were wrecked, but the Emperor escaped without a scratch. The fuse was wrongly timed. The annals of regicide contain many awful chapters, but nothing more disgraceful than one little incident connected with this affair. Before setting the explosive barrel, St. Regent asked a little girl to hold his horse, knowing perfectly well that she would be killed. As a matter of fact, only her feet were ever found.

Except in the most recent instance, that of the late President Carnot, all the attempts against French rulers have failed. Louis Philippe, for example, seemed to be a charmed life. Practically the only attempt, by the way, to kill a monarch by means of an explosive was that by St. Regent on Napoleon I., in 1800. Fifty-two people were injured, twenty were killed outright; forty houses were wrecked, but the Emperor escaped without a scratch. The fuse was wrongly timed. The annals of regicide contain many awful chapters, but nothing more disgraceful than one little incident connected with this affair. Before setting the explosive barrel, St. Regent asked a little girl to hold his horse, knowing perfectly well that she would be killed. As a matter of fact, only her feet were ever found.

Napoleon III. escaped three times, from Pinaro in April, 1855, from Bellemare only five months later, and from Oran and his accomplices in 1858. On the last occasion, Orsini himself was wounded, one of the Emperor's horses was killed, a footman injured, and the carriage in which Napoleon and his wife were driving was shattered. The principal occupants were quite unharmed. Alonzo XII. of Spain was murderously assailed twice, without result. The present Emperor of Austria has also withstood two determined attempts upon his life, and King Humbert of Italy one. The old Emperor William of Germany went scot-free after three assaults. Five times, 1840, 1842, 1849, 1850, 1882, has our own Queen been face to face with death at the hands of an assassin, but it is satisfactory to know that none of these attempts had the slightest political importance. Three of the assassins were mere lads, and all of them were more or less insane. The danger to Her Majesty, however, was none the less on that account. All the would-be murderers except one, an ex-huntsman of Hussars, who on the 27th May, 1850, assailed the Queen with a stick, fired with pistols—and missed.

It is curious how many assassinations and attempted assassinations have taken place at the theatre or on the way to the theatre. To mention a few instances, in 1800 George III. was fired at in Drury Lane Theatre by a man in the pit; the attempt on Napoleon I. in the same year, already described, happened on the way to the theatre, as also that on Napoleon III. in 1858; Abraham Lincoln was killed at Ford's theatre; and everyone knows the sad circumstance of Carnot's end.

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TURKEYS, CHICKENS, GESE AND DUCKS. Annapolis Co., N. S. Beef. Kings Co., N. B., Lamb, Mutton and Veal. Ontario Fresh Pork. DEAN'S SAUSAGES. Ham, Bacon, Clear Pork and Lard. Celery, Squash and all Vegetables. THOS. DEAN, City Market J. D. TURNER, Dealer in Oysters, Clams, Fish, Feet, Lumps, Tongues, Steaks, Minced, Peas and Fruit. Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish of all kinds. Wholesale and Retail at 23 KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN N. B. Do you Write for the Papers? If you do, you should have THE LADDER OF JOURNALISM, a Text Book for Correspondents, Reporters, Editors and General Writers. PRICE, 50 CENTS. SENT ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, BY ALLAN FORMAN, 117 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. State where you saw this and you will receive a handsome lithograph for framing.

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A CONSCIENTIOUS YOUNG PAPA.

Thoughtful of Baby and Anxious to Tell the Truth. On board one of the great ocean liners which arrived yesterday, came a very conscientious young papa, says Thursday's New York Sun. He was blonde, he was fat, he was earnest of demeanor, and he sat down beside the customs officer in the saloon and gave his name with an anxious and truthful expression of countenance.

"Are you alone?" asked the custom official, who was blonde himself, but slender. The fat young conscientious papa blushed consciously. "No," he answered. "I have my wife with me. We went abroad for our wedding trip a year ago January, and I have our baby." "He is?" "How many pieces of baggage have you?" interrupted the imperturbable official. "Four trunks, two satchels, and a shawl strap." "I'm, seven. Have you anything to declare?" "Well, I don't know. I have three little plaques bought for the baby. They are about so big. He took notice of them in a store. They are quite light-colored, you see." "How much did they cost?" "About fifty pennings apiece?" "Fifty pennings apiece." "He said the Customs officer again. "That's all right. Anything else?" "Yes. We have a large case of Blank's Food for babies. You see it's cheaper on the other side than it is here at home, although it's made in the United States. It's the same kind of food babies are fed here."

"That's all right." The customs officer began to have to act the imperturbable. It no longer came easy. "Anything else?" "Nothing else I thought might be dutiable." When the usual formal questions were asked about merchandise, commissions, &c., he gave his word and was told where to sign his name, and the official turned to the next person in the long line waiting at his left in the dining room chairs. The young blonde papa hesitated again before the solemn signing of his name to the document. "I have one other article perhaps I ought to declare," he said conscientiously. "What is it?" "A college table cloth."

"A college table cloth." "A college table cloth. I thought that when the baby gets ready to go to college— And then a broad and beautiful smile rippled over the official's face. His first look was gone. But he only said in gentle tones, which fell like balm upon the ears of the waiting passengers, weary of foreign tongues: "Oh, that's all right, too!"

Willing to Fight for it. An English journal tells a good story at the expense of the earl of Derby, while walking on land belonging to the earl a collier came to meet the owner. His lordship inquired if the collier knew he was walking on his land. "Yes, your lordship, I've got no land myself," was the reply. "I've got no land myself," was the reply. "Where did the earl get it from?" "Oh," explained his lordship, "I got it from my ancestors." "An' wheer did they get it from?" inquired the collier. "They got it from their ancestors," was the reply. "And wheer did their ancestors get it from?" "They fought for it," he well begged," said the collier, squaring up to the noble earl, "I'll fight thee for it!"

Too Much for the Philosopher. Mr. Herbert Spencer on a certain occasion had a little argument in which he got decidedly worried. One day a small boy happened to be in the company of the philosopher when a number of crows flew by. "What an awful lot of crows," exclaimed the juvenile. The expression did not please the great writer.

"I have yet to learn, little master," said he severely, "that there is anything to inspire awe in a few crows." "All right, old man," was the pert answer. "I did not say a lot of awful crows. I said an awful lot of crows." Mr. Spencer did not pursue the controversy. How He Lost Her. George—I have been invited to a flower party at the Pinkies. What's that about? Jack—That's one of the notions new this season. It is a new form of birthday party. Each guest must send Miss Pinkie a bouquet containing as many flowers as she is years old, and the flowers must have a meaning. Study up on the language of flowers before ordering. Florist's boy (a few hours later)—A gentleman's left an order for 20 of these flowers, to be sent to the Pinkies with his card. Florist's—He's one of my best customers. Add eight or ten more for good measure. Irony of Fate. "Why did you never marry, Tom?" "Well, you see, old man, when I was quite young I resolved I would never marry until I found an ideal woman. After many years I did find her—" "Well, then?" "She was looking for an ideal man."

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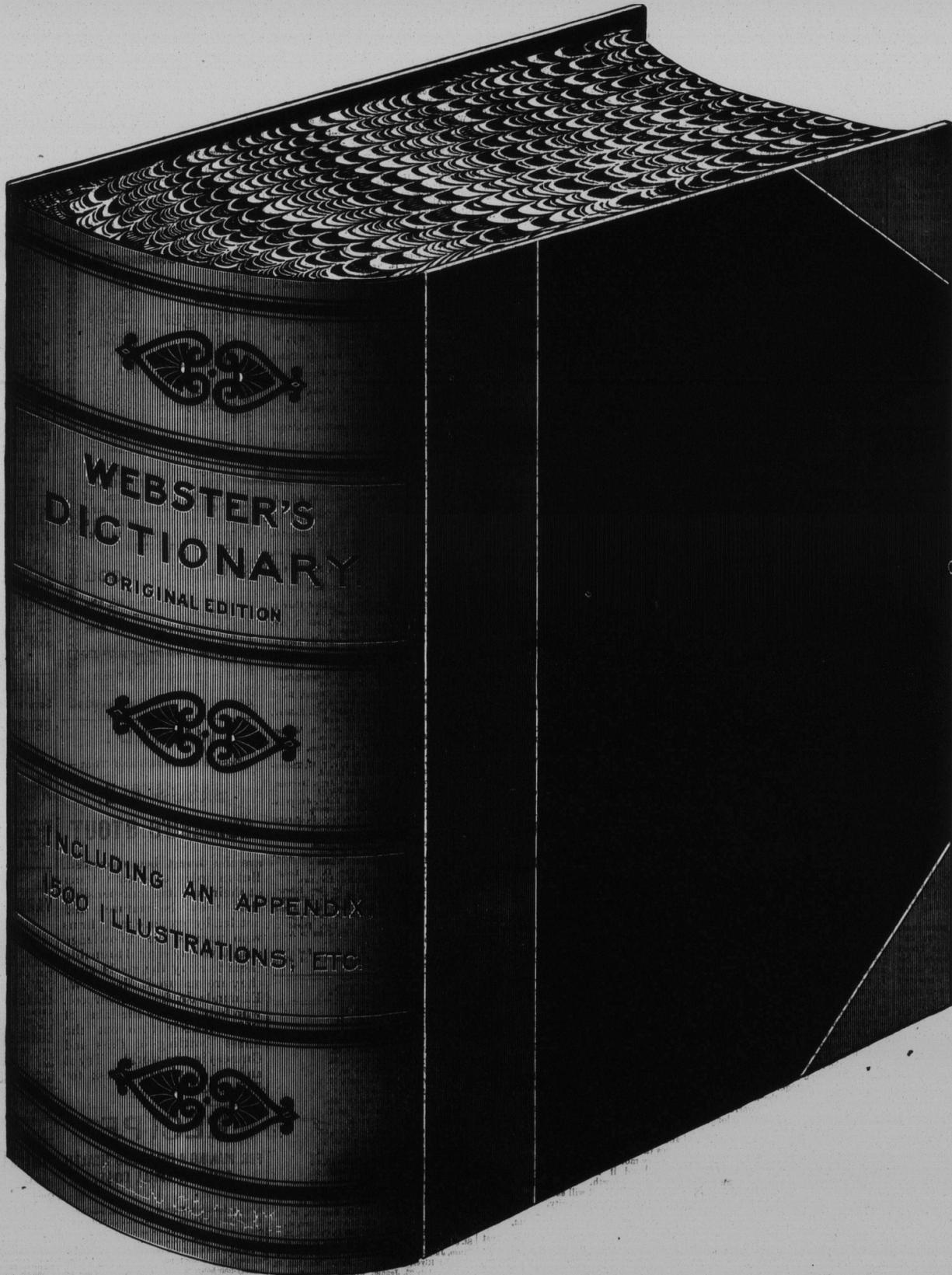
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MARRIED BY MISTAKE.

While the Northern Bruiser sat in the chair in his corner and was being fanned, he resolved to finish the fight at the next round.

The superior skill of his opponent was telling upon him, and although the Bruiser was a young man of immense strength, yet up to that time the alertness and dexterity of the Yorkshire Chicken had baffled him and prevented him from landing one of his tremendous shoulder thrusts.

But even though skill had baffled strength up to this point, the Chicken had not utterly succeeded in defending himself, and was in a condition described by the yelling crowd as "groggy."

When time was called the Bruiser was speedily on his feet.

The Chicken came up to the mark less promptly than his antagonist, but whether it was from weakness or lack of sight, he seemed uncertain in his movements, and the hearts of his backers sank as they saw him stagger rather than walk to his place.

Before the Chicken, as it were, fully waked up to the situation, the Bruiser lunged forward and planted a blow on his temple that would have broken the guard of a man who was in better condition than the Chicken.

The Yorkshire man fell like a log, and lay where he fell. Then the Bruiser got a lesson which terrified him.

A sickly ashen hue came over the purple face of the man on the ground. The Bruiser had expected some defence, and the terrible blow had been even more powerful than he intended.

A shivering whisper went around the crowd, "He is killed," and instantly the silenced mob quietly scattered. It was every man for himself before the authorities took a hand in the game.

The Bruiser stood there swaying from side to side, his gaze fixed upon the prostrate man. He saw himself indicted and hanged for murder, and he swore that if the Chicken recovered he would never again enter the ring.

This was a phase of prize-fighting that had never before had experience of. On different occasions he had, it is true, knocked out his various opponents, and once or twice he had been knocked out himself; but the Chicken had fought so pluckily up to the last round that the Bruiser had put more of his tremendous strength than he had bargained for, and now the man's life hung on a thread.

The unconscious pugilist was carried to an adjoining room. Two physicians were in attendance upon him, and at first the reports were most gloomy, but towards daylight the Bruiser learned with relief that the chances were in favor of his opponent.

The Bruiser had been urged to fly, but he was a man of strong common sense, and he thoroughly understood the futility of flight. His face and his form were now well known all around the country. It would have been impossible for him to escape even if he had tried to do so.

When the Yorkshire Chicken recovered, the Bruiser's friends laughed at his resolve to quit the ring, but they could not shake it. The money he had won in his last fight, together with what he had accumulated before he was a frugal man—was enough to keep him for the rest of the days, and he resolved to return to the border town where he was born, and where doubtless his fame had preceded him.

He buckled his gaiters in a belt around him, and with a stout stick in his hand he left London for the north.

He was a strong and healthy young man, and had not given way to dissipation, as so many prize fighters had done before, and will again.

He had a horror of a cramped and confined seat in a stage coach. He loved the free air of the heights and the quiet stillness of the valleys.

It was in the days of highwaymen, and travelling by coach was not considered any too safe.

The Bruiser was afraid of no man that lived, if he met him in the open with a stick in his hand, or with nature's weapons, but he feared the muzzle of a pistol held at his head in the dark by a man with a mask over his eyes.

So he buckled his belt around him with all his worldly gear in gold, took his own almost forgotten name, Abel Trencheon, set his back to the sun and his face to the north wind, and journeyed on foot along the king's highway.

He stopped at night in the wayside inns, taking up his quarters before the sun had set, and leaving them when it was broad daylight in the morning. He disputed his reckoning like a man who must needs count the pennies, and no one suspected the sturdy wayfarer of carrying a fortune around his body.

As his face turned toward the north his thought went to the border town where he had spent his childhood. His father and mother were dead, and he doubted now if any one there remembered him, or would have a welcome for him.

Nevertheless no spot on earth was so dear to him, and it had always been his intention, when he settled down and took a wife, to retire to the quiet little town.

The weather at least gave him a surly welcome. On the last day's tramp the wind howled and the rain beat in gusts against him, but he was a man who cared little for the tempest, and he bent his body to the blast, trudging steadily on.

It was evening when he began to recognize familiar objects by the wayside, and he was surprised to see how little change there had been in all the years he was away.

He stopped at an inn for supper, and having refreshed himself resolved to break the rule he had made for himself throughout the journey. He would push on through the night, and sleep in his native village.

The storm became more pitiless as he proceeded, and he found himself sympathizing with those poor creatures who were compelled to be out in it, but he never gave a thought to himself.

He could not conceal from himself the fact that he would be reckoned a good match when his wealth was known for, excepting the squire, he would probably be the richest man in the place.

However, he resolved to be silent about his wealth, so that the girl he married would little dream of the good fortune that awaited her.

He laughed aloud as he thought of the pleasure he would have in telling his wife of her luck, but the laugh died on his lips as he saw, or thought he saw, something moving stealthily along the hedge.

He was now in the depth of the valley in a most lonesome and eerie spot, and the huge trees on each side formed an arch over the roadway and partially sheltered it from the rain.

He stood in his tracks, grasped his stick with firmer hold, and shouted valiantly, "Who goes there?"

"There was no answer, but in the silence which followed he thought he heard a woman's sob.

"Come out into the road," he cried, "or I shall fire."

His own fear of pistols was so great that he expected every one else to be terrified by the threat of using them; and yet he had never possessed nor carried a pistol in his life.

"Please—please don't fire," cried a trembling voice from out the darkness. "I will do as you tell me." And so saying the figure moved out upon the road.

Trencheon peered at her through the darkness but whether she was old or young he could not tell. Her voice seemed to indicate that she was young.

"Why, lass," said Trencheon kindly, "what dost thou here at such an hour, and in such a night?"

"Alas!" she cried weeping; "my father turned me out, as he has often done before, but tonight is a bitter night, and I had nowhere to go, so I came here to be sheltered from the rain. He will be asleep ere long, and he sleeps soundly. I may perhaps steal in by a window, although sometimes he fastens them down."

"God's truth!" cried Trencheon, angrily. "Who is thy brute of a father?"

"He is the blacksmith of the village, and Cameron is the name," said Trencheon.

"I remember him," said Trencheon. "Is thy mother dead?"

"Yes," answered the girl, weeping afresh. "She has been dead these five years."

"I knew her when I was a boy," said Trencheon. "Thy father, also, and many a grudge I owe him, although I had forgotten about them. Still, I doubt not but as a boy I was as much in fault as he, although he was harsh to all of us, and now it seems he is harsh to thee. My name is Trencheon. I doubt if any in the village now remembers me, although, perhaps they may have heard of me from London."

He said, with some pride, and a hope that the girl would confirm his thoughts.

But she shook her head. "I have never heard thy name," she said.

"Ah, well," he cried, "that matters not; they shall hear more of me later. I will go with thee to thy father's house and demand for thy admittance and decent usage."

But the girl shrunk back. "Oh, no, no," she cried, "that will never do. My father is a hard man to cross. There are none in the village who dare contend with him."

"That is as it may be," said Trencheon, with easy confidence.

"I, for one, fear him not. Come, lass, with me, and see if I cannot, after all these years, pick out my father's dwelling. It is outrageous that thou should wander in this storm while thy brutal father lies in shelter. Nay, do not fear harm for either thee or me, and as for him, he shall not suffer if thou but wish it so."

And drawing the girl's hand through his arm, he took her reluctantly with him, and without direction from her soon stood before the blacksmith's house.

"You see," he said, triumphantly, "I knew the place, and yet have not seen the town for years."

Trencheon knocked soundly on the oaken door with his heavy stick, and the blows resounded through the silent house. The girl shrunk timidly behind him, and would have fled, but that he held her firmly by the wrist.

"Nay, nay," he said; "believe me there is naught to fear. I will see that thou art not ill-used."

But thou art dripping, and I stand clattering here. Once more I will arouse my father-in-law."

So saying he stoutly rapped again with his stick upon the door.

Once more the window was pushed up, and again the angry head appeared.

"Get you gone!" cried the addled blacksmith; but before he could say anything further, Trencheon cried out:

"It is thy daughter here who waits. Open the door, thou limb of hell, or I will burst it in and cast thee out as thou hast done thy daughter."

The blacksmith who had never in his life been spoken to in tones or words like these, was so amazed that he could neither speak nor act, but one stout kick against the door so shook the fabric that he speedily saw another such would break into his domicile; so, leaving the window open to the night breeze, he better reach the blacksmith came down and drew the barrier from the door flinging it open and standing on the threshold so as to bar all ingress.

"Out of the way," cried Trencheon, roughly placing his hand on the other's breast; "the curses might the better reach thee, but the blacksmith came down and drew the barrier from the door flinging it open and standing on the threshold so as to bar all ingress."

"Out of the way," cried Trencheon, roughly placing his hand on the other's breast; "the curses might the better reach thee, but the blacksmith came down and drew the barrier from the door flinging it open and standing on the threshold so as to bar all ingress."

"Get thee out of this house," cried her father, fiercely, turning upon her.

"Talk thus not to my wife," said Trencheon, advancing upon him.

"Thy wife," cried the blacksmith in amazement.

"My wife," repeated the young man, with emphasis. "They tell me, blacksmith, that thou art strong. That thou art brave. I know, but thy strength I doubt."

Then placing the other on the blacksmith's shoulders, he put his weight upon him, and the blacksmith, cursing but helpless, sank upon his knees.

"Now, thou hardened sinner," cried the Bruiser, bending over him, "beg from thy daughter for thy knees for a night's shelter. Come to me and test it."

The girl clung to her newly found husband and entreated him not to hurt her father.

"I shall not hurt him if he do but speak. If he says naught but comes on his lips, why then those lips must kiss the flags that are beneath him. Speak out, blacksmith; what hast thou to say?"

"I beg for shelter," said the conquered man.

Instantly the Bruiser released him.

"Get thee to bed," he said, and the old man slunk away to his chamber.

"Wife," said Abel Trencheon, opening his arms. "I have come all the way from London for thee. I know not what thou drew me north, but now I know that One wiser than I led my steps thither. As far as serving a man can promise, I do promise thee that thou shalt never regret being cast out this night into the storm."

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Serious Facts for the Consideration of Mothers.

All wise people will readily admit that, for young infants, the ideal food is healthy mother's milk; but when this is out of the question, a prepared infant food must be used. This prepared food should closely resemble healthy human milk.

The stout old man thrust his head through an open window.

"God's blight on thee," he cried; "those pair of fools who wish to wed so much that ye venture out in such a night as this. Well, have your way, and let me have my rest. In the name of the law of Scotland I pronounce ye man and wife. There, that will bind two fools together as strongly as if the archbishop spoke the words. Place the money on the steps. I warrant none will venture to touch it when it belongs to me."

And with that he closed the window.

"Is he raving mad or drunk?" cried Trencheon.

BORN.

Halifax, July 20, to the wife of Jas. Rosborough, a son.

Halifax, July 20, to the wife of W. C. Boxell, a daughter.

St. John, July 22, to the wife of T. Percy Bourne, a son.

St. John, July 22, to the wife of W. C. Boxell, a daughter.

Halifax, July 23, to the wife of David Cassidy, a daughter.

Halifax, July 23, to the wife of A. M. Boutillier, a son.

Halifax, July 23, to the wife of Geo. W. Russell, a daughter.

St. John, July 23, to the wife of J. S. Currie, a daughter.

Windsor, July 23, to the wife of Thomas Redden, a daughter.

Moncton, July 23, to the wife of Geo. C. Allen, a daughter.

Halifax, July 23, to the wife of Samuel Jenkins, a daughter.

Truro, July 21, to the wife of D. A. Babop, a daughter.

Halifax, July 24, to the wife of William Ryan, a daughter.

Halifax, July 24, to the wife of John Henderson, a daughter.

Halifax, July 24, to the wife of Arthur Stephenson, a daughter.

Halifax, July 24, to the wife of Surgeon-Major T. Dorman, a son.

Moncton, July 21, to the wife of William L. Cowling, a daughter.

Mahone Bay, July 17, to the wife of Rev. J. W. West Head, N. S., July 12, to the wife of Smith A. Nixkerson, a son.

MARRIED.

Bayfield, July 17, by Rev. H. C. McNeil, Robert H. Grant to Alice L. Cameron.

St. John, June 30, by Rev. Dr. Pope, Ford Yerxa to Alice L. Cameron.

Halifax, July 19, by Rev. R. Smith, Nelson Fraser to Emily MacLellan.

Wolville, July 31, by Rev. M. Freeman, Samuel Walsh to Olivia Morine.

Halifax, July 11, by Rev. S. A. Fraser, Alex. C. Scott to Edith S. Leslie.

McNamee, July 14, by Rev. Mr. Bell, Ernest Miller to Jessie Dudley.

Sackville, July 4, by Rev. J. C. Berrie, Warren A. Beatty to Hattie B. Sears.

Yarmouth, July 19, by Rev. Dr. Fillet, Chas. E. Fillet to Jessie K. Miller.

Halifax, July 19, by Rev. Dyson Hague, Horace Thompson to Nellie Ross.

Argyle Sound, July 7, by Rev. W. Miller, W. Good to Gertrude Sewell.

Scott's Bay, N. S., July 19, by Rev. Mr. Fisher, Ozley Steele to Lella Jones.

Chatham, July 17, by Rev. Henry J. Joyner, David Cripps to Bridget Holland.

Moncton, July 18, by Rev. W. W. Weeks, William E. Wilson to Susie Somers.

Springhill, July 18, by Rev. H. B. Smith, Henry Evans to Maggie Copeland.

Woodstock, July 24, by Rev. Canon Neales, Willard Carr, O'Flynn to Annie Stewart.

Halifax, July 11, by Rev. S. A. Fraser, David H. McKay to Emma McCaffrey.

Dorset, July 18, by Rev. I. R. King, Thomas W. Saunders to Julia M. Jones.

Westville, July 13, by Rev. R. Cummings, Thomas Marshall to Marian Hayden.

Bridport, July 19, by Rev. J. Sinclair, John A. McKenzie to Mabel Cameron.

Yarmouth, July 16, by Rev. J. H. Fosha, Irvine Goldie to Emma Newell.

Bridport, July 19, by Rev. J. Sinclair, Robert G. McLeod to Ella M. McKenzie.

Fredericton, July 18, by Rev. George E. Payson, Arthur McDonald to Florence E. Goodwin.

Westville, July 13, by Rev. R. Cummings, Thomas McKenzie to Catherine Fraser.

Mosier River, July 5, by Rev. MacLeod Harvey, Nelson Mosier to Matilda Mosier.

Sydney, N. S., July 9, by Rev. David Hickey, Joseph Moore to Naomi Deaton.

Fredericton, July 18, by Rev. Geo. E. Payson, Charles Barber to Jennie Wilson.

Centerville, July 18, by Rev. Eldred Charlton, Daniel Watson to Mrs. Susan Nicholson.

Sidney, C. B., July 15, by Rev. James Quinn, James McDonald to Annie Stewart.

Yarmouth, July 19, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, Ralph McDonald to Florence E. Goodwin.

Bear Point, N. S., July 16, by Elder Wm. Halliday, David Sinclair to Annie Crowell.

Springville, N. S., July 19, by Rev. Dr. Wilson, Charles L. McAllister to Maude M. Dingee.

Little River, N. S., July 17, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, John Stewart to Emma Elford.

New Glasgow, July 14, by Rev. Arch. Bowman, Herbert E. Munson to Anna Elliot.

St. John, July 17, by Rev. W. J. Halse, James A. McKenna to Marjorie F. Thompson.

Fredericton, July 18, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, John S. Donavan to Jessie L. Colwell.

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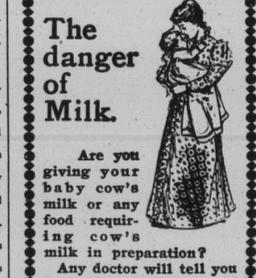
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LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p. m. 4.45 p. m.; Passengers and Freight (Sunday excepted) and Saturday at 6.30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 11 a. m.

Connections at Yarmouth with Annapolis Railway, at Digby with the Annapolis Railway, at Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings. Will leave Yarmouth (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool through tickets may be obtained at the Halifax, St. John, and the principal Stations on the Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway.



The danger of Milk. Are you giving your baby cow's milk or any food requiring cow's milk in preparation? Any doctor will tell you that the worst forms of tubercular disease are conveyed through the medium of cow's milk. In this connection Nestle's Food is invaluable, as with the addition of water only it is a safe and entire diet for infants.

A large sample and our book "The Baby" sent on application. This, Leeming & Co., 25 St. Peter St. Sole Agents for Canada, Montreal.

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People to Understand That BASS'S ALE, GUINNESS'S STOUT

are the finest beers brewed. But in order to obtain them at their best it is indispensable that they be matured and bottled by experienced firms who possess the knowledge and have the capital to enable them to carry the goods until they are matured. Messrs. W. Edmunds Jr. & Co., Liverpool, who bottle under the label of PIG BRAND turn out the finest bottling of Bass and Guinness in the world. Try it and be convinced. Ask for PIG BRAND.

RECIPES FOR MAKING A DELICIOUS HEALTH DRINK AT SMALL COST.

Adam's Root Beer Extract.....one bottle Fiechmann's Yeast.....half a cake Sugar.....two pounds Lukewarm Water.....two gallons Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice when it will open sparkling and delicious. The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

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NUT OR STOVE SIZE. LANDING. Very Cheap for Cash. Caledonia House Coal. J. F. MORRISON.