

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

DID NOT DEAL WITH IT.

RODNEY WHARF SCHEME IS NOT YET SNUFFED OUT.

The Council Has a Peaceful and Orderly Session—How the Aldermen Take Matters When There Is Nothing Much to Interest Them.

This has not been a busy week with the common council. The committee appointed to find out a way to reduce the rate of taxation to \$1 on the \$100 has not had a meeting. Perhaps the figures furnished by Progress last week have set the aldermen to thinking the thing out a little before they begin to take off their coats and go to work. Nor has the committee appointed to investigate police matters been in session. Indeed, it is so long since the latter body did anything that interested parties are beginning to wonder if the whole matter has not been shelved. In the meantime, report says, a good deal of additional evidence has been handed in.

The council held a meeting Thursday afternoon, at which the principal business was to consider the matter of harbor improvements, according to notice of motion of Ald. Shaw. That happened to be just the particular matter that was not considered. There was not a full board and it was understood that if anything was done both schemes would be knocked on the head. Ald. Allen was away in New York and Ald. Christie was ill, while some other cause detained Ald. Nase. The matter came up about 5 o'clock, after Ald. Stackhouse had tried to put a motion to adjourn, and half an hour or so was spent in an argument as to what was the best way to legalize an adjournment without considering a motion for which the regulation 30 days notice had been given. The mayor proposed to adjourn the proceedings to a specific date, but Ald. Kelly came to the front with what he claimed to be a ruling of the recorder that made that kind of an adjournment impossible. He quoted the recorder as saying that the council could adjourn only from day to day, but the mayor had never heard of such a ruling and quoted Cushing or some equally good authority, as to the power of adjournment without special regulation existed. Then Ald. McCarthy thought that to be safe the motion of Ald. Shaw should be put and the discussion adjourned. Ald. Shaw did not want an adjournment to a specified date but he should not be able to present. There was a good deal of talking, wise and otherwise, by the members, and finally an adjournment was made to Friday of next week.

There are several things noticeable about the meetings of the council. One is that the mayor keeps very good order.

Another is that some of the aldermen who go into the ante-room to smoke while reports are read, use abominably bad tobacco.

Another is that some of them have a tired look a good deal of the time, unless something comes to the front in which they are especially interested. This something does not appear to be the condition of the departments.

The annual report of the director of public works ought to be considered a somewhat important document. The aldermen, as a rule, did not appear to think it worthy of attention. When the common clerk began to read it, some went into the ante-room to smoke and swap jokes, while others turned around in their chairs and began animated conversations with their neighbors. There was a loud buzz of talking which rapidly grew louder. Then the mayor observed, with evident sarcasm, that unless the aldermen wished to consider the report as read, they ought to keep order. The suggestion that it be so considered was snapped at by some of the aldermen, and the plea was that the report could be read when it was printed. Ald. Likely thought the newspapers needed news these times and that they would be glad to publish it. He should not be surprised if it was all in Progress on Saturday, he said. Finally amid partial order the report was read. It affirmed that there was no hope of a reduction of the assessment for this branch of the public service, and dealt with the work and property of the department, including the celebrated roller which was reported in good health and condition but of not much use to the city. A warm eulogy was given to the watering carts, and a facetious reference was made to two horses which the director recommended should be sent to the home yard one good horse purchased in their stead. The main facts and figures of the report may be dealt with at a future time. The department is living up to its income.

In the meantime the immediate matter for consideration by the public is the question of harbor improvements. The plans explaining the matter are at the common clerk's office and open to the inspection of the public. The citizens should take a look at them.

When they do so, they will not be long in forming a well founded opinion on the subject.

THE NOVELTY WORN OFF.

The Opening of the Legislature not What It Used To Be.

If a stormy day indicates a ruffled session there will be plenty of fun in the New Brunswick legislature this year.

The novelty of the "opening" has worn off in the capital, and the occasion is not looked forward to with unusual anticipations by any others than a couple of hundred "trainers" and two or three scores of collegiates. They, together with the small boys and girls of Fredericton, comprised in the main the listeners to the speech of his honor.

There were a good many members present, all of them apparently in the best of humor and willing and eager to earn \$300 and traveling expenses.

There was considerable curiosity in regard to the improvements in the assembly room and it is not too much to say that they gave general satisfaction. There will be some, no doubt, who would prefer to lean over a rail on the floor of the house than climb the stairs to a more commanding view, and a more comfortable seat up stairs. But they belong to that class who object to everything, more especially when the government has any general in it.

Progress understands that the opposition number a baker's dozen, but what they lack in numbers will probably be made up in vigilance. There are some good talkers among them and none of them are short of "wind."

The pleasantries exchanged between the two leaders were somewhat sarcastic. The Attorney General seemed to think the recent banquet tendering Mr. Hanington a good subject and he made the most saying enough to make any ordinary man unhappy.

"Hon." James I. Fellows has not put in an appearance yet and there are some doubts that he will do so. When last heard from he was in Japan bag and baggage. That last word reminds me of a good story that has gone the rounds in the capital to the effect that a local artist painter secured a fat job when he was instructed to add the prefix "Hon." to the plain name upon such numerous trunks. Apart from this, however, Mr. Fellows made it very pleasant for all he came in contact with. In other words he made a good "impression," not an exceedingly difficult task when a man has the cash to spend and launches it out at the rate of \$650 per month.

There is one brilliant local event looked forward to. Next Thursday evening the daughter of the Attorney General Blair and the youngest son of President Randolph of the Peoples' bank, will wed.

His Pleasure Cut Short.

There was slight misunderstanding at the artillery ball Monday evening, and one the guests left before the "wee small hours." He had received an invitation, but was anxious that a friend of his should also attend, and made a visit to one of the officers. He did not get a written invitation for his friend but claims to have gotten a verbal one from a some one in the office. Both went to the ball, and during the evening the officer asked the gentleman who was there on the strength of the alleged verbal invitation, whether he had been invited, he told the circumstances of the case whereupon the other gentleman was interviewed, and asked what right he had to invite people. He offered an explanation, but it was not satisfactory to the officer, and he was told to leave the hall.

The affair has been generally discussed about town, and there are many versions of it. It is said that application was made to the officer to have an invitation transferred, and that he had promised to call a committee meeting, of whose action in the matter he had no doubt. On the strength of this statement, and that of the guest whose pleasure was cut short, the gentleman on whose behalf the application was made went to the ball.

Lenten Self Denial.

In one of the city Sunday schools last Sunday, a lady teacher was endeavoring to instruct her class of boys on the virtue of self-denial during Lent, recommending them to abstain from this or that luxury until Easter. When she thought they had sufficiently grasped the idea she enquired, "Now what do you think you would like to give up?" Very promptly came the reply, "We will give up coming to Sunday school." The teacher sighed, and began her instruction anew.

Models of Politeness.

Chief Clark appears to have been instructing his men in matters of etiquette. During the session of the common council, on Thursday, a gentle knocking was heard at the chamber door. When the high constable responded, a policeman presented himself bearing in his hand a letter for one of the aldermen. If there had been a green baize door, as in the court room, he would have had hard work to make himself heard.

ON A DIFFERENT PLAN.

A CHANGE IN OPERATIONS AT THE HARRIS CAR WORKS.

The Firm Says There is no Strike and the Men Say There Is—Their Reasons for Thinking So—The Proposed Union of all the Trades.

There is a difference of opinion between the Harris car works company and the men who were formerly employed by it, as to whether there is a strike on, at present, in St. John.

The workmen say there is a strike. They have been holding meetings and making speeches that would seem to indicate that what they say is true.

The officials of the Harris company have announced through the government organs that they are not aware of a strike being in progress; that they have all the men they need, and that work is going on in their establishment as usual. Nevertheless every man who applies for work is hired, and men who would not be allowed inside the gates last fall, because they were incompetent, are now seen there in their shirt sleeves from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m.

When the ten hour movement became general in St. John, about two years ago, the working men found little difficulty in getting the hours reduced. In a few establishments they met with opposition. The Harris works was one of them. The men struck and won.

But they never experienced the joys of victory. There was always a fear that they would be called upon to give up what they had won, and what they considered was right; and every suggestion put forward by the firm with a view of economizing, made some reference to the hours of labor. But the men were firm. Although a proposed reduction in wages was something that few men in the employ could afford to regard with indifference, it was never the cause of a strike.

A return to the ten hour system, however, was another matter, and they would not listen to it.

Last fall, as the last cars of a contract were being finished, a number of workmen were discharged every pay night. This continued until there were not more than a half dozen men in the works. When the car works were sold there was an uncertainty as to whether they would ever run again. Some of the former employees found employment elsewhere; others left the city, but the majority walked the streets all winter, hoping that work would be resumed. The North End grocers were also hopeful, although their book keepers were kept busy making entries. Several of them made so many entries that they had to close up their establishments.

About a month ago the Harris company announced that it had a contract to build 140 hoppers. Hoppers are cars used in the transportation of coal. The men in the car works used to turn out, on an average, four a day. There was a large force of experienced workmen. Every man had a certain part of the car to make. The timber was taken by the men in the mill, and when it left their hands all the outside workmen had to do was to put the cars together. Long experience had taught the men how to do the work quickly and well. They could tell for what part of a car a piece of timber would be useful by simply looking at it, and there was very little stock wasted.

And so it was in every department of the works, where between 300 and 400 men were employed.

The present contract is being turned out in a different way, and unless the firm has decided to make the change, the workmen think there is a strike.

Although every applicant is hired there are less than 100 men working in the establishment. Work was begun on the first car three weeks ago, and the men have been spending ten hours a day there ever since. Yet not more than two or three cars have been finished, and they are not painted.

Among those who think there is a strike are the moulders, who make the car wheels. They only work about seven hours a day, and think nine hours is enough for the car builders to work. The moulders knocked off last week, and have since formed a union. Whether they are on strike is another question.

The last car wheel made in the foundry was put under a hopper this week, and where the rest are to come from is a matter for speculation among the men who say they are on a strike. It is said that the firm intends to import wheels, but the men say that a moulder's union is not an original idea with them.

That is the way the matter stands. The workmen have been very active during the last few weeks, and it is proposed to form a union of all the trades in St. John. They intend to ask all the trades unions in the city to send representatives to consider the question, and if a union is formed, a strike that will be a revelation to St. John people is among the probabilities of the future.

The car builders have written for information to the Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, and, when an answer is received, intend to take immediate action.

THE COLORED CAKE WALK.

A Good Performance of Which Only the Select Saw the End.

The members of the colored lodge of Oddfellows in this city had a concert and conversation in their hall, Germain street, Tuesday evening, to raise money to pay the duty on a set of regalia they are importing from the United States. Prof. Washington announced that they had enough to pay for the regalia, but the duties were considerable of a drawback. A very good programme was given, of which the jubilee singing was the best feature; but what the audience was most interested in was a cake walk, which it was understood would be the event of the evening. As the time wore on and no mention was made of the cake walk, there was apparent dissatisfaction among the colored auditors, some of whom remarked that they could get all the singing they wanted at home, but they couldn't see a cake walk every day, and that was what they had come for. After the musical part of the programme, refreshments were in order, and colored youths and their girl friends got their chairs around and merrily ran high over cake and ice cream.

Meanwhile there were numerous enquiries for the cake walk, and when Prof. Washington announced that owing to "unforeseen circumstances" it had been decided to omit that part of the evening's entertainment, there was great disappointment. As there seemed to be a general understanding among all present that the "unforeseen circumstances" was the unexpected large attendance of another color from that of the managers, this part of the audience attracted more attention than would probably have been bestowed upon the competitors in the cake walk, had that event come off. The announcement was the signal for an inspection of furs and ulsters, and some left the hall.

But they didn't go far, and those who passed out saw dusky lovers enjoying quiet flirtations in the halls leading to the street.

As the "unforeseen circumstances" found little enjoyment in being placed on exhibition as monstrosities by a colored conversation they left the hall. There was activity by those who remained. The chairs which had all been facing the platform at one end of the hall were hustled into the centre, and ticket taker Gordon locked the door, and kept an eye peeled for visitors of another complexion. Then preparations for the cake walk began in earnest.

The colored gentlemen selected their partners, formed in line, and started off to walk for the cake. It was a trial of gracefulness and endurance, and both were exhibited to a remarkable degree. Had it been a leap year affair, Mr. Robert Washington would undoubtedly have been the beau. Miss Gordon, who might be considered a blonde in such an assembly was his partner; and wore an elaborate display of red beads, artistically fastened to her dark hair. This couple was graceful itself, but lacked endurance.

Mr. Jones and Miss Louise Otis could lay claim to both qualifications, and won the cake. Miss Otis might also be considered a blonde, and has an imperious air which was most noticeable during the conversation, when she found a brunette in the chair next to that occupied by Mr. Jones, after she had returned from a visit to the refreshment room. On this occasion Miss Otis attracted more attention than the cornetist.

Mr. Jones is not a blonde. He is a sleeping car porter. A passenger who happens to wake up in the night would not mistake him for a ghost. But as a cake walker he is without an equal, and was most fortunate in selecting his partner.

Thankful For a Little.

The fact that the new hot well and pump effected a saving of \$144.60 in the consumption of coal for the ferry in four months and twelve days is something of which the ferry committee is very proud. One of them told Progress that he hoped due prominence would be given to the fact. The papers, he said, were ready to blame the council and did not give it credit when it did save money. Progress therefore gives due prominence to the statement that the ferry, which has been running in debt to the tune of more than \$12,000 a year, has begun to save at the rate of between \$30 and \$40 a month. Everything helps in the way of economy, and the public should be thanked for even a little.

How She Takes Castor Oil.

"If tomorrow is a windy day I will take a dose of castor oil," remarked a young lady recently. "It is too calm today."

Progress did not know what relation the wind bore to medicine, and expectant of a new theory made some enquiries.

"It's just this way," was the answer. "Castor oil always does me good, but though I do not dislike the taste of it, the smell sickens me. When I have to take it, I go into the yard and stand where the wind will blow the smell away. If the day is calm I cannot do this, and so I have to wait until the weather suits. Quite a good idea, isn't it?"

SOME OF THE FIGURES.

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE TAXPAYERS IS NOT GOOD.

Increased Indebtedness Seems to Be the Order of the Day—Increased Assessments Are to Come—What the Chamberlains Tell the People.

As a matter of comparison some figures of the chamberlains' reports for this year, and that are now in order. Last year, the funded debt was \$2,733,702; this year it is \$2,802,302, an increase of \$68,600. The total liabilities in 1890 were \$3,103,096, while in 1891 they were \$3,160,216. The balance of assets over liabilities is larger this year, owing to increased values of real estate, plant and debentures; and there are larger balances due from sundry accounts. Yet last year there was \$60,317 to the credit of the city at the Bank of Brunswick, while this year the sum is only \$17,609.

The street department, as shown last week, increased its indebtedness nearly \$2,000 and has gone beyond the estimates to the extent of nearly \$6,000. The police department has had a falling off in fines, but has saved something in the way of carriage hire, sitting magistrates and stationery. Last year it cost \$182 to supply the magistrate's place when he was absent, and \$164 of this went to Justice T. R. Jones. The sum is only \$40 this year. Last year, too, there was nearly \$200 for carriage hire and the like which does not appear in the present report. There was also \$226 for printing and stationery, but this item has been got down to \$211, which seems fully enough in any case.

The fire department has increased the salary list from \$16,847 to \$19,201, and in other ways increased its indebtedness to the extent of more than \$5,000. The fuel and light bill has jumped up more than \$500, while there is an item of \$920 for "new hose and electric trip." The excess of what the department has cost over what it was thought it would cost is \$6,741.

The ferry account, as everybody knows, has been in a bad way. It has gone behind at the rate of over \$12,000, and has a total indebtedness now of \$23,504. The chamberlain thinks that the deficiency must be met by increased taxation. There is power to make a special assessment to the extent of \$10,000 for this purpose, though only \$4,000 was levied last year. He thinks that the change in the fares will make a difference in favor of the city of 25 per cent. in the course of the year. Bye and bye, he has faith to believe, the institution will be self-sustaining.

Taken as a whole, the motto of retrenchment and reform does not appear to have been deeply graven on the hearts of the city rulers. There has been some good work done, which will be permanent work and add to the beauty and stability of the city. There will be much for future generations to admire as they take their walks abroad, but there will be much for them to think about when they pay their annual assessments. This may be a pleasant way for the people of the present to look at things, but it is becoming painfully evident that the present generation will have to bear its share of the burden.

And in the meantime a committee of the common council has undertaken to find out if the rate of assessment can be reduced from \$1.47 to \$1.00 by lopping a little off of the salaries here and there.

He Will Be Missed.

It is no reflection on the new secretary of the exhibition association, Mr. E. B. Ketchum, to say that Mr. Ira Cornwall will be missed in that office. He has not only given the duties of his office an unusual amount of attention, but has put an energy into his work in which few men could hope to rival him. Mr. Cornwall is one of the men who likes to work for the sake of working, whether he is paid anything for it or not. Had his salary been commensurate with the amount of energy developed by him, he should have had a snug sum laid by out of it by this time. Mr. Cornwall goes on the board as a director, and it is safe to say that in such capacity he will not be a figurehead with a mere yes or no to the propositions advanced from time to time.

Sold to Pittfield & Co.

Messrs. W. C. Pittfield & Co. have purchased the Turner & Finlay stock and the goods are now being sorted and remarked. The King street store has been rented until the first of May. When the work of remarking is completed notice will be given, and genuine bargains are promised, as the stock was purchased for cash at a low figure, and will be retailed at unheard of prices.

A Comedy Band.

The music at the Palace Rink Tuesday evening during the fancy skating contest did not seem to meet with the approval from the spectators that the work of the contestants did. The St. John Comedy band was in attendance, and as musical comedians they were more than true, to life.

NO FELONIOUS INTENT.

A Principle That Might Hold Good in Many Cases.

A city policeman was sent to Fredericton last week to arrest a man who had appropriated a lot of clothing, etc., from the hotel where he had been staying in St. John. The prisoner was brought back and explained that he had not supposed the articles were of any value, and thereupon the prosecutor was induced to declare a belief that there was no felonious intent. The prisoner was thereupon released and went on his way rejoicing. A moderate estimate fixed the value of the articles he had carried off at \$10. Others believe they were worth more than that sum.

It is quite possible that the man had such a dim idea of the value of property and the right of ownership that he did not intend to steal anything, but he took the clothing and would have kept it had he not been forced to give it up. He may congratulate himself that the court was in a good humor that day.

If the principle applied in this case holds good, the court will have an easy time in disposing of a great many of the cases brought before it. All that is necessary is for the accused to work upon the sympathy of the prosecutor and that is an end of the matter. In the meantime a good many men are sent to jail for longer and shorter terms for offences which cannot be construed to have arisen from any felonious intent. A man may get six months close confinement for taking a glass too much and breaking in a door, while another may get four months for breaking a window. The man who gets drunk in the majority of cases, has no bad intent when he starts. Why not average up a little, and have as easy a method for one class as for another?

How He Takes Advice.

When the board of public safety holds its investigation into public affairs, some very interesting revelations will be made. It is said that members of the committee have received considerable information in regard to the doings of the police that is not found in the reports, and that when the investigation begins will prove interesting. Just now, however, harbor improvements and the probabilities of re-election are engaging the attention of the aldermen, but it is said that the police committee will have a meeting shortly.

Ald. Lon Chesley is chairman. When the two officers were found in a barroom a short time ago the chief went to him for advice. The alderman gave it reluctantly, but was in favor of giving the men another chance. The chief listened attentively, then went to the central station and discharged the men. In reply to a question, he said he had acted on the advice of Ald. Chesley. The latter has been wondering ever since whether his colleagues at the council board usually understand what he says as well as the chief.

No Fun In It This Weather.

The firemen did considerable toward earning their salaries this week. Wednesday was not a night that people would crowd to a fire, and the firemen were pretty well frozen up before they left Douglas avenue. Most of them went to bed early Thursday night, and listened to the wind as it blew the snow into huge banks. Then the bells rang out about 11 o'clock and solitary firemen who looked as if they would like to resign their positions immediately ploughed through snow banks to Winter street.

A Great Thing for the School Boy.

The exhibition car from the North West proved a popular resort while here. As the supply of circulars seemed inexhaustible, everyone who came out of the car had enough reading matter to last them a week. They were all about farming, big turkeys and squashes. The school children of the dominion will be well posted on such matters before the car is side tracked for good, if all Canadian youngsters appreciate colored pictures as much as those living in St. John.

Mr. Foster's Grievance.

The sidewalk in front of Foster's grocery on St. James' street is a favorite place of meeting for the young men who live in that vicinity and have spare time on their hands. There are so many of them, however, that no matter how attractive Mr. Foster makes his show window, passers-by never get a chance to look at it. Mr. Foster has made frequent objections to having his store front obscured in this manner, and has informed the police about it. But the crowd still meets.

Waiting for the Storm to Clear Up.

The people who intended going to Boston in the *State of Maine* Thursday, had an excellent opportunity for a personal inspection of the steamer before starting on their journey. There were quite a large number of passengers for this time of the year, and they all spent the day on the steamer, some of them coming up town for their meals, while friends who wanted to bid them farewell had unnumbered opportunities to do so before the storm ceased up.

EDMUND COLLINS WORK, AS HISTORIAN, JOURNALIST, AND STORY WRITER.

A Former Fredericton Man, Biographer of Sir John A. Macdonald—His Life in Canada and the United States—Some of His Literary Work.

Edmund Collins died in New York city on February 23. He was born in Newfoundland, and during the sixteen years past he achieved distinction as a literary man, not only in this country, but in England, where his historical works especially have made him well known.

He became the biographer of Sir John Macdonald and the history of his life which he wrote is really the history of Canada itself. This was his greatest work, to which he used to turn with a certain pride.

His next work of importance was Canada Under Lord Lorne, which he wrote under Lord Lorne himself, with whom he cemented a warm, personal friendship that continued after the arrival of Lord Landsdowne at Rideau Hall.

He went to New York about six years ago, conducted the Epoch, Seligman's paper, for the first two years of its existence, and was editor of the Dry Goods Chronicle for a year.

His early life was spent in Newfoundland and Labrador and those wild northern coasts with their sea birds, rocks and icebergs furnished him with the material and inspiration for his best work.

His theme was mostly Canadian, yet in New York he also entered successfully into competition with the best writers upon their own ground. He always took a keen interest in Canadian affairs, yet had none of the narrow provincialism of some who are content to be Canadian and nothing else besides.

The deceased writer came from an old English family to which belonged Collins of dictionary fame and Wilkie Collins the novelist. His grandfather was one of the earlier governors of Newfoundland, administering the affairs of the island from the deck of his ship and he was also a cousin of Col. Freemantle of the Coldstream guards and of Sir William Blake, lately governor of Jamaica.

ALL THE WAY FROM BOLIVIA.

What a Former St. John Man Says of the Mining Industry. PROGRESS goes to a great many out of the way places in the world, and there is nothing surprising in the receipt of a letter from the remote regions of South America.

The writer, a former St. John man, started his letter on its journey on Dec. 21, as appears by his mark on the envelope, for the date mark of the first post office it reached is illegible. It reached St. John on Feb. 24. The envelope has no postage stamp, for the reason explained in the letter.

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Some weeks ago I wrote you from Challengate, which letter I trust you have received ere this, more especially as I entrusted it to a Winnipeg post to post for me, as there were no postage stamps procurable there, the tracing system being in vogue, a requisite of the local postmaster. I am employed here in a silver extraction works, we receive lower grades of silver ore from the Aullagas mine in Colchagua and our output of Plata Plata is about \$10,000,000 American gold, sufficient to cover the whole working expenses of the mine and establishment. The Aullagas company are at present paying a dividend of two per cent. monthly on the shares of \$1,000

EDMUND COLLINS WORK, AS HISTORIAN, JOURNALIST, AND STORY WRITER.

nominal value, but upon which only some \$60 have been called up. No shares to be got hold of; what few do change hands are valued at \$800, but, of course, subject to balance of call. This is a lovely valley here about 11,000 feet above the level of the sea with something approaching a European vegetation. Potatoes, Indian corn and barley are produced in abundance and I have no doubt but what all sorts of the harder vegetables could be produced in abundance, but the experiment has not been tried yet. There is any quantity of water for irrigation purposes with plenty of fall. We have an eleven stamp mill here besides a revolving stone for grinding. Can dispatch about ten tons of finely pulverized ore in 24 hours. The metals are very docile and we manage to secure about 55 per cent. of the assay of the silver. The expenditure of silver per mart (8 oz.) extracted is about 5 oz. Purpose shortly letting you have a scientific paper on the extraction of silver, also a geological report on the far famed Potosi mountain the mines of which are doing very well just now, their output being about \$10,000 monthly, working expenses \$20,000, surely they ought to declare a dividend soon, but don't buy, this state of things is not going to last, but don't say I said so.

Faithfully, FORWARD, Agona via Macha, Bolivia, Dec. 21, '91.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

Effie Johnson Who Rescued Boyd Kelly From Drowning at Campbellton. Effie Johnson, the 14-year-old daughter of mechanical foreman Johnson, of the I.C.R., at Campbellton, by her daring and courage in saving the life of a playmate from drowning has made herself the most popular girl in the north shore, surely they ought to declare a dividend soon, but don't buy, this state of things is not going to last, but don't say I said so.



twice before his little playmate saw him, and going to his assistance saved his life at the risk of her own. In recognition of her noble action the citizens of Campbellton presented her with a fine gold watch, handsomely and suitably engraved. The presentation was made at the residence of her father, by Mayor Alexander, in the presence of a large number of Campbellton's representative people.

Not only in Campbellton was her action appreciated, for when the news spread throughout the provinces, the little heroine received many tributes from admirers in different parts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

ODE OF THE BOLIVAR. RUDYARD KIPPLER'S LATEST. Seven men from all the world back to port again; Rolling down the Batelife road, drunk and raising Cain.

EVERY ONE IN NEED OF INFORMATION. On the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers," price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation rating of every one, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising—address: RUSSELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce street, N. Y.

ADVERTISING. IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE, write to GEO. P. RUSSELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce street, New York.

FOR SALE. HALLETT, DAVIS & CO. Square Piano, 7 1/2 octave; four and a half tone; 100 lbs. net; short in time in use; must be sold; price, \$250.00. C. FLOON & SONS, 21 and 33 King street.

ENERGETIC CANVASSERS, men or women, wanted to sell "The Islay Blend" Whisky, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street—Miss McLENNAN, May 2.

STORIES OF CITY LIFE.

A North End Woman Leaves an Order, and an American Buys Moccasins. A few days ago a lady of the North End, who is highly esteemed for her beauty, as well as for her amiability, called at a store and left an order for a supply of robes—de-nuit for her husband. In due time they were completed and delivered, but were so small that the unfortunate husband was unable to get his head into them, much less to get them on.

The next afternoon, being over in town, she called at the establishment, and seeing one of the firm, told him of the mistake that had occurred. This gentleman expressed deep regret, and asking her to let them have an old garment as a pattern, promised that a new set would be made and delivered, which would be entirely to her satisfaction.

Accordingly, when she returned home, she went to her husband's wardrobe, and taking out at random one of the garments therein, handed it, without special inspection, to the messenger from the store who had called for it. Now, it happened that the garment sent as a sample, had, by some means or other, received a bad tear on one sleeve, and the lady in question, being like John Gilpin's wife, of a frugal mind, and not wishing to put new wine into old bottles, or to waste new cloth on an old garment, had cut off that part of the garment commonly known as the tail, using the material so obtained for the purpose of patching the sleeve.

You may doubt the truth of my statement, but it is a fact nevertheless that each of the new garments was a perfect fit in every respect, and made strictly according to sample, even to the cutting off of the tail. The garments were at once returned to be retailed.

The second story makes a well known and genial Prince William street banker and a Union street merchant, who is supposed to sell everything from baskets and clothes to sulphur mineral water.

A few days ago the banker had a visit from a friend, a native of the U. S., and who, during his call, remarked, he would like to take home, as a memento of his visit to St. John, a pair of Indian moccasins. So the banker, in the goodness of his heart, said: "I will give you a card to my friend Mr. — on Union street, who has just the article you want; you tell him that I sent you, and show him that card, and he will be sure to give you a special bargain."

The friend set out, and after about an hour's time, again turned up at the banker's. "Well!" was the banker's inquiry, "How did you make out?" "Oh!" groaned the visitor, "I haven't got the taste of the stuff out of my mouth yet." "Taste out of your mouth?" was the puzzled inquiry, "Why what taste, I thought you went up to buy a pair of moccasins?" "Oh, yes!" that part of it was all right, your friend was very kind and very hospitable, in fact too much so. He took me into a small back shop that he had there and telling me that he was sorry that he had not any more to offer me, but that he had something that tasted just as nice, and was far more beneficial, poured me out a big tumbler full of a white and very innocent looking mixture.

"Not knowing the customs of your country, I supposed that the place corresponded somewhat to our drug-store, and that the mixture he handed me was some new cock-tail of native invention. In my simplicity I took the wretched stuff and drank off nearly the whole tumbler full before I realized what the taste of the beastly mess really was."

"W. W. was the banker's inquiry, "and what was it?" "Cod liver oil and mineral water!"

ADVERTISING. IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE, write to GEO. P. RUSSELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce street, New York.

FOR SALE. HALLETT, DAVIS & CO. Square Piano, 7 1/2 octave; four and a half tone; 100 lbs. net; short in time in use; must be sold; price, \$250.00. C. FLOON & SONS, 21 and 33 King street.

ENERGETIC CANVASSERS, men or women, wanted to sell "The Islay Blend" Whisky, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street—Miss McLENNAN, May 2.

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HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Probably Arnold Winkelreid will be remembered with gratitude long after the name of the sweet singer of Michigan shall have rotted in oblivion. He recognized and stuck to his proper spear. I can think of some men now, even in this age of the world, who could win glory by doing as A. W. did. They could offer themselves up. But the heroes of the present day are different. They are just as courageous, but they take a wheelbarrow and push it from New York to San Francisco or they starve forty days and nights and then eat watermelon and lecture, or they eat 800 snipe in 800 years, or they get an inspiration and kill somebody with it. The heroes of our day do not wear peaked hats and sass tyrants and knock the worn out of an apple at fifty-nine yards rise with a cross-bow, as Tell did, they know how to be loved by the people and get half the gate money. They are brave, but not mortally. The heroes of our day all die of old age or political malaria.—Bill Nye.

Be virtuous and you will be eccentric.—Mark Twain.

And yet I am told the Central Americans are a kindly people in the main. I never met but one of them—a Costa Rican, on board the Ariel. He lay sick with fever, and I went to him and took his hot hand gently in mine. I shall never forget his look of gratitude. And the next day he borrowed five dollars of me, shedding tears as he put it into his pocket.—Artemus Ward.

My visions of spring have taken the wing, and are off with the flight of the stork, and the climate today, in a mild sort of way, reminds me of Central New York. For the beautiful snow, as you probably know, has taken this country by storm; and with wonderful thrift it piles drift upon drift, in the very worst kind of bad form. The trains are delayed, and my lecture is played, for it's thirteen long miles to Carleton; and the way it is snowing and drifting and blowing thirty rods make a pretty long mile. So despairing I wait till the storm shall abate, and some kind of train comes along, when, shorter and fletter than any short meter, I'll cut off the rest of my song. But with portent most dire, still higher and higher, still pile up the drifts at the window; with the roar of a gong the storm sweeps along, and no one seems able to hinder. It's provoking, oh, very; I thought February a season devoted to thaw; but the ground-hog, I guess, at he just like necessity, knows neither season nor law. For the flakes whirling down I can't see the town; I can't tell the South from the Bend; for all I can see, all the world except me, has suddenly come to an end. It's just my best luck, in a drift to get stuck, and I think if I sought the quantity that a snow storm would fill and fill every hollow, with the drifts of a seventy-eight.—Robt. J. Burdette.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. ANNOUNCEMENTS under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 25 words) cost 5 cents insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

RUBBER MENDER. FOR MENDING Clothing, Silk and Worsted Dresses, Fine Hats, Coats, Caps, Cases, Checks, and all articles on right side. Sample package by mail 10c, large size 25c. BARTLEY & CO., 36 Charles Street, St. John, N. B.

KODAK CAMERA FOR SALE, in splendid condition, and loaded for 10 exposures. Cost, only four months ago, \$25, price \$15. R. W. HANMER, Dorchester, N. B., mar. 5-11.

NEW GOODS: WORSTED COATINGS and Suitings, Scotch and English Tweeds, Light Overcoatings, Plain, Checked and Striped Trouserings, Prices—suits from \$14.00; Pants from \$4.00; Overcoats from \$13.00. A. GILKROW, Tailor.

STAMPS. PACKET C. contains 100 varieties of postage stamps, and a S. B. stamp of every packet, only 15 cents; Fine approved sheets at 33 per cent. commission. Also pay highest prices in exchange for cash for U. S. and P. E. stamps. HAWSON & SAUNDERS, P.O. Box 309, St. John, N. B. feb. 20-41

EVERY ONE IN NEED OF INFORMATION. On the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers," price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation rating of every one, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising—address: RUSSELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce street, N. Y.

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CANNED Salmon, Lobsters, Oysters, Corn, Tomatoes, Peas, Beans, Peaches. 1400 Cases. In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

ARTISTIC MANTEL PIECES!



In Wood and Slate, Andirons, Fenders and Fixtures of all kinds for Open Fire Places in new and attractive designs. Tile Hearths and Facings in all the latest colorings, and in great variety. We have just completed some alterations in our Showrooms made for the purpose of showing a large assortment of above goods with proper surroundings, and it will afford us much pleasure to have all who may be interested, whether purchasing or not to call and inspect what we have to show.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. St., MANUFACTURERS Stoves, Mantel Pieces & Tinware. ENGLISH CUTLERY.

For Hotel and Family use, Fine Electro Plated Table Ware.

T. McAVITY & SONS, - St. John, N. B. Whatever furnishes us with good, healthy, legitimate fun will make us stronger physically as well as mentally, and give us renewed vigor in the daily struggle for position and emolument. That's what the wheel is doing for hundreds of professional men all over the land.—Dr. W. K. Doty, New York.

SINGER SAFETY BICYCLES.

20,000 Singer Safety Bicycles manufactured in 1891! Special Improvements for 1892: The Singer Wired Cushion Tire. The Singer Ball Steering Head. The Singer Steering Lock. The Singer Detachable Crank Bracket. We are Sole Agents for Singer & Co., Coventry, England, for the Maritime Provinces. Send in your name for 1892 Catalogue of Cycles and Cycle Supplies. SPECIAL SINGER, 1892.

C. E. Burnham & Son, 83 and 85 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Always ask for Islay Blend.

TAKE NO OTHER! SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING Retail and Wholesale dealers everywhere.

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

REPORT ON "THE ISLAY BLEND" WHISKEY. Registered by request of Messrs. MACKIE & CO., Lagavulin and Laphroaig, Island of Islay, Argyshire, Scotland.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, LONDON. I have carefully analyzed and tested the above Whiskey, and am of the opinion that it is a very High Class Brand, and of very delicate flavor, and mellow throughout; there is an entire absence of any artificial sweetening, or any other matter which renders the majority of Whiskey deleterious. It is also entirely free from fusel oil. The slight color it has is obtained from lying in bond, and from a proportion of the Whiskey being matured in sherry casks. I can safely recommend it for medicinal purposes as being a reliable and thoroughly genuine article. (Signed) ALFRED ROBINSON, M.B., M.R.C.S., Eng., Etc.

CITY ANALYST'S LABORATORY, 138 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, 30th, Sept. 1890. Report of Analysis of a sample of Messrs. MACKIE & Co.'s "ISLAY BLEND" of Whiskey, received on the 24th inst. I have made a careful analysis of a sample representing 800 dozen bottles of Messrs. MACKIE & Co.'s "ISLAY BLEND" WHISKEY, and I find that it is a pure Whiskey, and entirely free from any coloring or flavouring matter, except such as is naturally absorbed by being matured in Sherry Casks. I am of opinion that it is several years old, and a superior quality of Whiskey. (Signed) JOHN CLARK, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S., Lecturer on Chemistry at the Royal Infirmary & School of Medicine, and Public Analyst for the City of Glasgow, etc.

IMPORT ORDERS SOLICITED BY T. WM. BELL, St. John, N. B. SOLE AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

For \$8.95. That's what they say of a good Dictionary such as PROGRESS offers with a year's subscription.



IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

There is always a rush of entertainments, musical and otherwise, just before Lent, and this year has proved no exception to the rule.

I was extremely pleased with Miss Kitty Wilson's playing at the Stone church on Sunday last, which was distinctly above the average of the performance of most lady organists.

The Philharmonic club are hard at work practicing for their concert, which, I believe, will come off as soon as possible after Easter.

The Amateur Musical Club met for rehearsal and general business at their rooms on Tuesday last, when a programme of music was presented.

A capital performance to a good house was that given by the City Opera House on Monday last. The programme was drawn up by its already high reputation, and fully deserves the support and patronage of our citizens.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Fyke O'Callaghan is not a new play in St. John, but when presented at the Opera house Monday evening with ladies in the cast, the audience saw it played to better advantage than ever before.

The fairies stories of olden days are oftentimes repeated in the present, the only difference being that the "fairies" are more substantial. In the operative way, Agnes Huntington's experience as told by the N. Y. Press is a fair sample.

In talent, quickness of wit, artistic ambition, the ability to do a great deal of hard work, shrewdness of business capacity, honesty of womanhood and remarkable personal beauty, Miss Agnes Huntington is a typical American girl.

She saved up a few thousand dollars out of the former and, tempted by the latter, she quitted the American states abruptly. Having an idea that her talent would be best developed by the atmosphere in which Christine Nilsson's voice was trained she went to Sweden.

The young American girls accompanied Herr Guldenstern to his organ loft one afternoon during the rehearsal of selections for the following Sunday.

When the rehearsal was ended and the performers descended from the organ lofts they were approached by the stranger. Herr Guldenstern started, and was noticeably embarrassed when he observed their auditor.

they were approached by the stranger. Herr Guldenstern started, and was noticeably embarrassed when he observed their auditor. He bowed with the humility of deference that seemed extraordinary to the republican notions of the young American girls.

Of her subsequent success it is unnecessary to say anything. She is now a star of the first magnitude.

THE PLEASURES OF DYING.

Last Sensations in This World are Almost Always Happy Ones.

A human being's death was formerly considered a great struggle, and vivid, almost shocking, descriptions of the phenomena of dying were giving in such exaggerated forms that none cared to think of the supreme moment when death should come to them.

As the end of life approaches nature often brings her peculiar anesthetic and the person passes off without suffering half the agony which the sickness causing the death brought to the patient.

The pleasures of dying can only be likened to those of the dreamy morphine eater, who gradually passes off into a semi-conscious state when everything seems like floating visions of bliss.

Morphine, cocaine, ether and laudanum bring to the patient this same mental and nervous condition, and patients resort any attempt to rouse them from their dreamy state.

Before the death rattle is heard the convulsed frame relaxes, the sign of pain and suffering on the face disappears, and often a smile partly opens the lips.

The real knowledge of euthanasia certainly diminishes, it does not entirely relieve, the dread of many of the last struggle, which has been made so horrible by vivid descriptions of its agony.

It is a fact that the pain of death is frequently far less than the pain that accompanies many diseases that are not fatal. The pain of rheumatism, for instance, is probably more severe than the unusual pain of dying.

That enterprising firm, D. McAlpine's Sons, has issued a Gazetteer and Guide for the Maritime Provinces, in the form of a book of nearly 700 printed pages.

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ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale at Parrboro Bookstore. MARCH 2.—The Colwell party referred to last week, and which took place on Thursday evening, was a successful affair and the sum of thirty dollars was realized in aid of the mission band of the Methodist.

Miss Billings of St. Andrews, is visiting Mrs. J. Booth. Mr. E. B. Kjerstead is visiting friends at Springfield, Kings county.

Mr. W. H. Allen of St. George, is visiting his sister Mrs. W. H. Whitlock. The Royal Prussian concert and hall in the Roller skating rink, on Friday evening, was a brilliant affair.

Water street yesterday afternoon was a scene of considerable excitement and commotion caused by another team and carriage colliding with Miss Jones's carriage.

Mr. Howard Grimmer is visiting his sister, Mrs. W. C. Grimmer. Mr. W. Allen of St. George last week.

The match on Monday afternoon and evening, between the Fredericton St. Stephen clubs, resulted in a victory of two points by the Celestials.

Mr. D. D. Fredericton, are among the guests of the "Windsor." Mr. Allan Ritchie of Clapham, and Hon. A. E. Peck of Fredericton, are among the guests of the "Windsor."

Mr. and Mrs. G. Clayton Leonard and two children, also Mr. Clifford Vanstone left on Tuesday for Nanaimo, British Columbia, where they will make their future home.

Mr. A. Shorey of Montreal, is in town. Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Russell of Chicago, Miss Russell and Mr. E. Brine of St. George, were in town this week.

Among the strangers in St. Stephen are Mr. Edmund H. Allen, Mr. Helder Vickers Bridges, Mr. A. Smithson Murray, Major Thomas Loggie, Fredericton, N. B., and Mr. J. J. Peake St. John.

Miss Nettie Eastman gave a very pleasant party to a large number of her friends at the residence of her father, Mr. E. Eastman, on Tuesday evening.

Among the guests were Mrs. A. McCusker, Mrs. Fred Eastman, Mrs. E. Brine, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Turner, Miss Finkle, Miss McGeary, Miss Grace Girardin, Miss Sallie Eastman, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Turner, Messrs. Howard, McAdan, A. McDonald, F. Murchie, T. Murray, Sandy and Mrs. H. B. Turner, Mrs. W. M. Richardson.

TRURO, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fairbank's. MARCH 2.—Mr. F. W. Dincock, formerly of the Merchants Bank staff here, was in town last Sunday and Monday.

The entertainment in the crypt of St. John's church last Thursday night was a grand success in every way, the sum realized exceeding the committee's wildest expectations.

The body shows signs of a painless moment, and if the mind wanders and the tongue utters words, they are all of pleasure and joy.

The real knowledge of euthanasia certainly diminishes, it does not entirely relieve, the dread of many of the last struggle, which has been made so horrible by vivid descriptions of its agony.

On the tapis, but to be mentioned, for is not Lent upon us, that the Misses Fannie Yull and W. Mauger Ross are contemplating the dispartation of "five o'clocks."

Mrs. A. L. Slipp entertained a number of Master Waters' friends on Saturday last when she was present because of the death of two of her daughters, Mrs. S. E. Tremblay and Mrs. E. Brine.

Mrs. Clement Dickie has returned to her home in Casard, Kings county. Mrs. Geo. A. Layton, of the "Willows," returned home on Saturday last when she was present because of the death of two of her daughters, Mrs. S. E. Tremblay and Mrs. E. Brine.

Messrs. Geo. N. Stuart and T. S. Patillo returned last week from a hunting trip in the western part of the province, but found game scarce, so will duck being the only game bagged.

Mr. E. B. Stuart gives a recital at his studio, Victoria square, west, next week. The Green's annual dance was to have come off last night, but the "powers that be" willed otherwise, and the dance was postponed.

Mr. T. S. Patillo leaves this week for his usual trip to Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, returning by Niagara, and Upper Canadian cities, etc.

Envelopes—Commercial white—Amber—Folders, lastly and neat by "Progress Print" PARRBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrboro Bookstore. MARCH 2.—The week before Lent has been quite lively. The "Social club" were giving the "Quadrille club" Friday evening. All were able to dance at the same time as the piano was placed in the entrance hall and there were three rooms besides the supper room which was thrown open at twelve o'clock displaying the prettily laid and tempting supper tables.

The second reading of the Women's Missionary society was held in St. George's school room on the evening of the 2nd inst. The programme was good and the programme very highly appreciated.

The first piece was an instrumental quietude by Mrs. H. B. Turner. She sang and Mr. Hebb. Then followed a series of songs, "Hope Beyond," a duet by Mrs. Hebb and Mrs. Roper, was well sung. Rev. S. Gibbons has the somewhat unusual gift of a strong smooth voice,

full of natural melody, and he knows how to read; his selection from "Handy Andy" was greatly enjoyed. Perhaps the most amusing feature of the evening was "The Robber Kittens" by a number of the girls. The leadership of Miss Mattie Woodworth's recitation, "The Lightning Rod Man" was remarkably well done and elicited well merited hearty applause.

The members of Miss Lodge's F. & A. M. invited their lady friends to a tea in the lodge room on Thursday evening. Songs were sung and some violin selections were given by Dr. MacKenzie accompanied by Mrs. Gibbons.

An excursion under the auspices of P. B. B. went to Springhill in a special train to attend the carnival on Tuesday evening. Mr. Coram, of Lowell, Mass., was in town a day or two last week visiting his father and mother and Mrs. Young, his sister. He had with him his little son.

Mr. J. Medley Townsend, of Amherst, spent Sunday in Parrboro the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Townsend. Mr. Clarence Holmes is home from Kentville spending a few days. Mr. Woodworth went to Sackville for a day or two on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Newell Corbett, who has been away for a week or two, returned on Monday. Mrs. Dr. P. B. B. is home from Kentville, where she has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Eaton, returned to Amherst on Monday. Mrs. Townsend is spending a few days in Springhill.

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Fountain Syringes. 1 Quart, \$1.25; 2 Quarts, \$1.45. 3 Quarts, \$1.65; 4 Quarts, \$1.85. BEST QUALITY. Rubbers all kinds—cheap! A splendid Syringe all complete only 35 cents. Rubber Tubing pipes and Stop Cocks, separate, for Fountain Syringes. Atomizers, Finger Cots, Bed Pans, Invalid Rings, Air Pillows, etc. Rubber Sheeting, Bath Brushes, Bandages, Water Bottles. COMBINATION WATER BOTTLE AND FOUNTAIN SYRINGE. Write for Prices. All orders by Mail promptly attended to. (If not satisfactory money refunded.)

FRANK S. ALLWOOD, 179 UNION STREET, All kinds of Rubber Goods Repaired; Boots and Shoes Resoled.

CANNED GOODS IN STOCK AT W. ALEX. PORTER'S.

100 Cases Canned Tomatoes, Little Chief Brand. 125 Cases Canned Corn, Little Chief and Hoeg's B. Also 6 Cases French Peas. 25 Cases Canned String Beans. 20 Cases Canned French Beans. 50 Cases Canned String Beans. 50 Cases Canned Peaches, heavy syrup.

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

NORTH STAR BOLOGNA! 25 lb. Boxes, 50 lb. Boxes, or 5 and 10 Case lots. CAN FILL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

JOHN HOPKINS, 186 UNION ST. 133 Telephone.

Is the time to have your Furniture Repaired and Re-upholstered. We are selling Lounges Cheaper than ever—good ones from \$5.00 upwards.

EVERETT & MILLER, - 13 WATERLOO ST.

Advertisement for CUTICURA. HUMORS OF THE SKIN GURED BY CUTICURA. IT is a New Comer. But it Gets there Just the Same! And if you have any money to spend on COUGH MEDICINE, throw it where it will do you some good. MUNRO'S CONCENTRATED LICORICE COUGH ELIXIR. In only 25 Cents per Bottle, but is really worth a dollar. For sale by WHITE, COLWELL & CO., 30 to 36 Union St., St. John.

ST. JOHN OPERA HOUSE

THE SEASON OF GRAND GIFT OPERA

Monday, MARCH 15th.

THE COMPANY WILL BE THE Largest and Best EVER HEARD IN ST. JOHN.

TICKETS, \$1 EACH.

Can now be had at Murphy's Music Store, Opera House Block; J. Hazen Dick's Drug Store, 148 Charlotte street; and from Mr. Chas. D. McAlpine.

HARNESS REPAIRED PROMPTLY! NEATLY! CHEAPLY! And taken in exchange for new, at WM. ROBB'S, 204 UNION ST.

The Best Pen in Use

The Centric Pen.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL, J. & A. McMILLAN, Bookellers and Stationers, 98 & 100 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

They are Here! WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY AND Progress for \$3.95.

LOOK AT THIS. And say what you think of it. A floral design of all kinds of the choicest flowers and best of the season done up at shorter notice. Designs solicited for all kinds of Orders and Societies at speciality. Cut Flowers and Plants for table decoration always on hand. You cannot do better than give us a trial. Prices lower and we refer to any in the city. CHESTERMAN'S FLOWER STORE, 10 Union St., (next door to Fedden's Drug Store).

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 and 90 Germain street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION FOR JANUARY, INCLUDING TWO SPECIAL ISSUES, 13,250

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES BUILDING, Cor. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 5.

SAY NO NEXT FRIDAY.

The council has deferred the consideration of the question of harbor improvements for another week, owing to the absence of some of the members and the desire of the mover of the motion to have a full board. In the meantime, whatever may be the conclusions of the members, the citizens are becoming fully alive to the advantages of Sand Point as compared with Rodney wharf.

The Trinity church case excited much interest in Canada at the time the action was brought, and afterwards, as it has not been unusual for clergymen here to accept engagements to fill pastorates there.

A QUESTION OF EXPEDIENCY. The question of whether a church should accept a gift of money made by questionable methods has come to the front in an odd way in New York.

IN THE LENTEN SEASON. Those whose custom it is to observe Lent must feel that the season has a special significance this year, and notably so as regards the city of St. John.

While men must continue to differ as to the necessity of the observance of Lent, it cannot be admitted that even though its fasts and special prayers be not recognized, it is well to think of it and what it represents. It is healthful for each

of us to pause now and then in our life to think of where we are and whither we are tending. It is a good thing to remember our frailties and imperfections with a desire to correct them, if ever so little. And it is well to pause now and then in our self-seeking and grasping at the things of pleasure and feel that, at the best, much of it is vanity. The bells which of late have tolled for others will toll for us some day.

There is a brighter side to the mourning season, because day by day it is bringing us nearer to the joyous awakening which comes at Easter-tide. So, if we but learn to value our individual troubles and griefs, we will find a brightness beyond them, even in a worldly sense, and that they serve to fit us for a fuller realization of our blessings.

END OF A NOTED CASE.

A case not without interest to Canadians has just been decided by the United States Supreme Court, on appeal from the New York circuit court. The wealthy corporation of Trinity Church, in that city, engaged Rev. E. WALPOLE WARREN of England, to be its rector, and in pursuance of the agreement he came to America about four years ago. After his arrival, the president of the St. Andrew's Society in New York, Mr. KENNEDY, caused proceedings to be taken against the church corporation under the alien contract labor act.

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WOODSTOCK.

MARCH 2.—On Wednesday last Mrs. Neales gave the last of her series of receptions. Everybody was there and the evening was most enjoyable.

Mrs. Taylor was very pleasantly surprised on the evening of the 31st anniversary of her wedding day by a number of her young friends who gathered for a wooden wedding.

Mr. Stephen Peabody gave a large whist party on Friday evening last. Over a hundred invitations were sent out and nearly all accepted.

Mr. H. A. Connell was married in Boston, on Monday to Miss Ellen Donohoe. The contracting parties were Mr. Connell's house-keeper for the past eight or ten years, and she accompanied Mr. Connell and Miss Gossie on their recent trip to Florida.

Mrs. D. H. Murray of Boston, is visiting her mother. Dr. Keith of Wolford visited his parents last week.

MARCH 1.—One of those enjoyable affairs in which two hearts beat as one occurred in the R. C. church on Wednesday last. The contracting parties were Miss Thyra McManus and Mr. Albert Dyrart.

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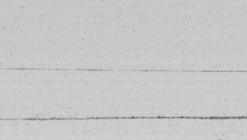
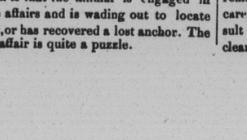
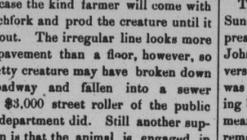
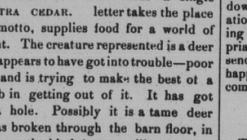
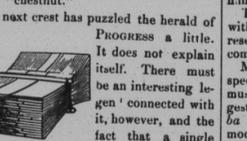
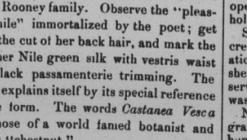
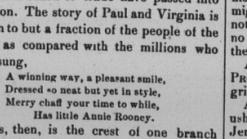
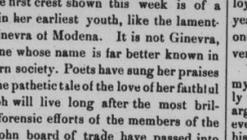
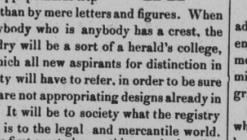
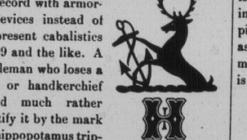
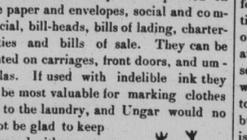
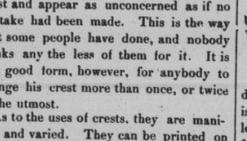
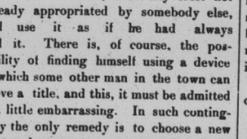
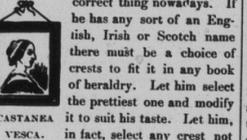
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What About the Girls? No doubt the readers of the Courier will remember, a few years ago, seeing in a picture gallery, now that one has become extinct and another started in its place. It is in full blast at the present time, and is patronized by the old gray-haired men and the beardless youths of the place.—Digby Courier.

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PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING. Mr. J. J. Mc-Gaffigan who returned from New York, this week, brings news of John Boden, who, since going to that city a few years ago, has become as well known in newspaper circles in the metropolis as he was in St. John.

It seems to PROGRESS that a church should take what is offered to it, provided it does not thereby encourage a continuance of the evil practice. If, for instance,

WOODSTOCK.

MARCH 2.—On Wednesday last Mrs. Neales gave the last of her series of receptions. Everybody was there and the evening was most enjoyable.

Mrs. Taylor was very pleasantly surprised on the evening of the 31st anniversary of her wedding day by a number of her young friends who gathered for a wooden wedding.

Mr. Stephen Peabody gave a large whist party on Friday evening last. Over a hundred invitations were sent out and nearly all accepted.

Mr. H. A. Connell was married in Boston, on Monday to Miss Ellen Donohoe. The contracting parties were Mr. Connell's house-keeper for the past eight or ten years, and she accompanied Mr. Connell and Miss Gossie on their recent trip to Florida.

Mrs. D. H. Murray of Boston, is visiting her mother. Dr. Keith of Wolford visited his parents last week.

MARCH 1.—One of those enjoyable affairs in which two hearts beat as one occurred in the R. C. church on Wednesday last. The contracting parties were Miss Thyra McManus and Mr. Albert Dyrart.

Mrs. Thos. Roberts and her son William, are visiting relatives at their old home in St. Lawrence. Rev. G. F. Kinross has accepted the call to New Richmond. He has many friends here and all will be sorry to see him go.

MARCH 2.—Mr. H. L. Ordway is in our midst again, he having returned from Woodstock. A social was held at Mrs. Jewett's on Thursday last. A good time was realized.

Miss Lizzie Harrison, of Manservant, spent a week among her friends in Shelburne recently. Miss Mary Harrison has returned from visiting friends in Fredericton.

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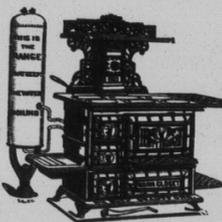
WASH WITH IDEAL SOAP.

Wash everything. It cleans easily and thoroughly. Makes a complete job of anything it touches. It washes one thing as well as another, and does it WELL.

Takes Little Labor and Time.

ASK Your Grocer for it. If he offers you a substitute, tell him you did not come to him for advice but for Ideal Soap. You'll get it if you ask for it that way. There's no substitute; you'll say so after using it.

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Perfect in Operation! Elegant in Appearance! Durable in Construction! And in every way equal to our celebrated Jewel Range only smaller in size. Every Range Guaranteed to be as Represented.

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No. 7, White, 95 cents per Thousand—Splendid value. Note Paper, 10, 15, 20 and 25 cents a box. Note Paper at 5, 10 and 15 cents a Quire. Heavy Envelopes, square, at 5, 8 and 10 cents a bunch.

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BONNELL & COWAN. FINE GROCERIES

Choice Roll Butter and Henery Eggs every Saturday. BONNELL & COWAN, - 200 Union St.

Kerr CREAM CHIPS AND OPERA CREAMS.

INDIGESTION CURED!



Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters are highly recommended for Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, or any disease arising from bad digestion. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Lame Horses.



FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE CURES Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs, Splints, Sprains, Swellings, Bruises, Slips and Shifts in Horses. Numerous testimonials certify to the wonderful efficacy of this great remedy; and every day brings fresh testimony from horsemen in all parts of the country, proving that FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE is without a rival in all cases of Lameness in Horses for which it is prescribed. PRICE 50 CENTS.



St. John—South End. The long talked of Artillery ball, postponed for six weeks in consequence of the death of the Duke of Clarence, came off successfully on Monday last at the Artillery assembly rooms. Colonel Armstrong and the officers of the N. B. R. G. A. issued some 600 or 800 invitations, and though through various causes, many were prevented from attending, there must have been quite 300 on the floor on Monday night. Judging from the decorations, supper, etc., the officers and ladies committee must have worked very hard to see everything carried out as they wished and nothing seemed to me wanting to perfect the arrangements. On entering the building the first thing to strike the notice of the guests were rifles piled in the main entrance and brass cannon on each side of the door with piles of shot. The ball room was most tastefully and appropriately decorated, the regimental colors of the Artillery being draped on one end of the room and those of the old St. John Light Infantry on the other. Bayonets were clustered around each post while over the doors a beautiful supply of red, white and blue bunting was used. At intervals around the walls Union Jacks, Bayonet Stars and clusters of steel cleaning rods were placed together with a collection of military life and varieties of uniforms. The seats in the reception room were trimmed with green wreaths and a further collection of pictures on the walls.

When the ball was at its height the picture presentation was not forgotten. I have seldom seen a better collection of handsome gowns worn by the ladies present, and so many uniforms represented among the men, there being the Cavalry, Artillery, Infantry and Rifles. Perhaps the handsomest in the room were worn by Lieut. Black, of the 8th Cavalry (Sackville). The ladies reception committee was composed of Mrs. John E. Armstrong, Mrs. George F. Smith, Mrs. W. Daniel and Mrs. George K. McLeod. The latter was prevented by recent illness from attending. It is very difficult, in so large a gathering to note all the costumes, especially when moving about. I will, however, describe those I can best remember. One of the most striking gowns was that worn by Mrs. Thomas W. Peters, and was of old rose red, powdered with pearls, and had the same shade of the corsage being trimmed with pearl fringe. Another very handsome costume was that of Mrs. Nett (New York). It was of rich brown satin, in bands of milk fur, drapery of tulle, falling from the shoulders over the train. Mrs. F. E. Sayre looked remarkably well in a gown of yellow silk with chiffon trimmings. Mrs. E. Adams, more beautiful, in trimmings of chiffon to match bouquet of pink roses. Miss Fulton, cream cashmere with ribbon trimmings. Mrs. W. F. Harrison wore an elegant gown of pale heliotrope silk trimmed with chiffon to match. Mrs. B. G. Taylor looked well in a gown of rich canary colored bengaline with chiffon trimmings. Miss Florrie King, yellow silk with black velvet trimmings. Miss McMillan wore costumes alike of white satin. Mrs. E. J. Symonds a gown of baby blue china silk, trimmings of fringe and crepe to match bouquet of pink roses. Miss Payne, orange silk, black trimmings. Miss Hazen, white surah, blue velvet and crepe trimmings. Miss Hoben, pale pink with chiffon trimmings. Miss Aldre (Halifax), pink silk. Mrs. J. R. Stone, crimson silk. Miss Wickwey, Canning, N. S., looked very well in white corded silk trimmed with marquis. Miss Annie Parks, white china silk. Miss Kilian (Yarmouth), white white cashmere, bodice of silk with chiffon trimmings. Mrs. G. C. Coster, black satin and net with green trimmings. Miss Nina Keator, white muslin with trimmings of lace. Miss Lollie Harrison, canary colored bengaline, chiffon trimmings to match. Mrs. E. T. Sturdee, white watered silk, white net over dress. Mrs. John Armstrong, crimson silk, with velvet trimmings to match. Mrs. J. D. Stafford, old rose corded silk (first empire style). Miss Kath Jones wore a most becoming gown of pale blue tulle corded silk. Miss Edna Jones looked very well in white spotted muslin, with trimmings of pink bengaline. Mrs. R. C. Grant, black net over black silk, silver trimmings. Miss Campbell looked remarkably well in white bengaline, with gold trimmings (first empire style). Miss Ross Campbell, canary silk and India muslin. Miss Emma Robertson, buttercup yellow silk, black lace trimmings. Miss Walker, blue china silk. Miss Bayard, black lace over black satin. Miss Ada Bayard, yellow surah silk. Miss Godsoe, pink cashmere with feather trimmings. Miss Nan Burpee, pale blue bengaline, silver trimmings. Miss Nellie Robinson wore a most becoming dress of black velvet. Miss Troop, pink silk, with green velvet trimmings and ured collar. Miss Josie Troop, pale pink silk, trimmings of chiffon. Miss Markham, cream silk with chiffon. Miss Babi Smith, black net spotted with yellow, corslet of black velvet. Mrs. W. L. Busby, pale blue silk. Mrs. C. D. Forest, rich white silk, lace trimmings. Miss J. Ambrose, Digby, black lace over silk, each of yellow silk. Miss Bessie Seely, pale pink silk. Miss Nellie Sniever, black lace over silk. Miss Turner, grey cashmere with trimmings of chiffon.

In consequence of the mild weather of last week, the Saturday night hockey club were unable to have their usual meet. At the last of the assemblies on Thursday of last week, before the departure of the guests, a very successful photograph of those present was taken by Mr. F. H. J. Huel by flash light. Miss Marion Jack returned from Bangor last week and in the guest of Mrs. George Gilbert, Hotheyay. Mrs. W. J. Drury and family leave next week for Kingston, Ontario, to spend some weeks. The many friends of Mr. Thomas M. De Bois were grieved to hear of his death, which occurred at Salsen, Mass., last week. He was much respected by all who knew him, and his funeral there will be much respected. He died at the ripe old age of 92 years, quite suddenly, and with no apparent illness. Another old citizen passed away this week. Mr. James McNeil, after a long and very severe illness died at his residence, Elliot row, on Saturday last. He was much beloved by all his friends, business associates, and brother masses, and his death at the age of 90 years is much regretted. He leaves a widow and one daughter for whom much sympathy is felt. Mr. J. McDonald, Bank of Montreal, returned from Halifax the first of the week and was welcomed back after his long and weary illness by his friends. Among the strangers in town this week who came to attend the artillery ball were Col. Maunell, D. A. G., Major and Miss Arnold, (Sussex), Mr. Bateson, (Antwerp), Mr. Henry Campbell, (Antwerp), Mr. J. B. Ritchie, 66th E. L. Fusiliers, (Halifax), Mr. Currie, Henry Campbell, (Antwerp), Lt. Black, (Antwerp), Mr. Walker, (Halifax), (Pictouville), Mr. W. W. Wills, (Moncton), Miss Kelly, Col. Maunell, of Fredericton, and Lieut. Col. Brenner, of Halifax, have been in town this week. A very excellent athletic competition was given

Spring, 1892. MACAULAY BROS. & CO. 61 and 63 KING ST., St. John, N. B.

Write for Samples of Light and Dark Challies. Printed Muslins, Printed Lawns, Printed Cambrics, and new washing Dress Materials of every description, just to hand this week. The designs in Printed Materials of this Season excel that of any past year in coloring and beauty.

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Headquarters Best Goods made, at Lowest Prices. Fountain Syringes—1 quart size only \$1.00; 2 quarts only \$1.10; 3 quarts only \$1.25; 4 quarts only \$1.50; a good durable family syringe with 3 pipes only 25c.; a regular \$1.00 syringe for only 90c. Just look at these Syringes and compare Our Prices. HOT WATER BOTTLES FROM ONLY 90 CENTS. AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. Sole Agents ATLAS RUBBER CO., New York. P. S.—Mail Orders receive careful and prompt attention.

BUY Model Grand Ranges! and all kinds of Kitchen Furnishings from COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street.

DICKENS IS DEAD But his Works do live after him. And they will continue to live so long as this terrestrial ball keeps up its present gait. Get them in your family. For \$2.00 you can get DICKENS' COMPLETE WORKS (12 vols.) and "ST. ANDREWS BEACON," for one year. Address at once, R. E. ARMSTRONG, Publisher, St. Andrews, N. B.

CHEAP Is the word at REYNOLDS' FURNITURE STORE, for it has been decided to sell out the stock. It is only when a firm FURNITURE. does this that you can expect to get real genuine bargains in all grades of The Reason is plain; because when a merchant knows that he is going to continue in business he will not sacrifice his stock. Reynolds is selling out in earnest. Call and see what he has that you want. G. E. REYNOLDS, - 101 CHARLOTTE ST.

Special Line!

Ladies' Dongola Button Boots, Enamelled Taps, Double Sole, \$1.75. Never sold before for less than \$2.25.

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FOR Early Spring Trade!

We have received the bulk of our new Wool Dress Stuffs for Spring, 1892, and the display surpasses both in variety and designs of patterns, any we have ever offered. We import medium and best qualities only. Common inferior stuffs are not handled by us. We send samples to any address. THE best and most reliable Kid Gloves that come to America, are ROUIZZON'S JOSEPHINE. We pretend to keep a full stock of this make, and have just opened 50 Dozen in Black, and the new shades for 1892; both dressed and undressed. Prices—\$1.00, \$1.10, \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.50.

LONDON HOUSE RETAIL, Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts. St. John, N. B.

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LOVE AT THE COLLEGE.

THE STUDENT PAYS TOO MUCH ATTENTION TO ONE GIRL.

So thinks a Professor at Mount Allison—Will There be Dancing There in the Future—A Little of It Done Now—Gay College Life.

Before twenty years have waited along the waxed floor of time, dancing will be a part of the Mount Allison curriculum.

This statement is not submitted to the public because the writer is a prophet, or the son or daughter of a prophet, the seventh son of a seventh son, a witch of Endor, or a clairvoyant from Boston.

It is simply written because the omens are favorable to such a culmination of events.

If such a prophecy had been uttered thirty years ago, the powers that were would have been powerless, for a time at least. They would have been paralyzed.

In those days, the ladies of Mount Allison Academy had reason to feel like Patrick Henry when he felt the need of liberty or death. And even the boys of the old brigade were not nearly so free as their sons who now have Sir Roger de Coverley in the reverend halls.

The princesses Zayda, Zoraida and Zorahaya were not more zealously guarded than the young ladies of Mount Allison's early days. But in a lonely, scattered place, such as Sackville was then, it frequently happened that young ladies from the academy and young gentlemen from the other institutions did meet, in spite of don and proctor. There were similar doings in the days of the "Thousand and One Nights"; there will be similar doings while the earth remains.

One of the favorite trysting places in those dark days was the covered bridge under which the turbid Tantramar rushes swiftly to tell its tale of woe to Fundy's turbulent tide. On one occasion a sweet young graduate to be and a sweet young man graduate in embryo were talking to one another in this placid retreat, and everything was as sweet as the sap of the tree that grows emblems for a great country. And in the midst of this saccharine state a teacher was seen coming across the broad marshes, and the cup of sweetness was acidified.

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THE AMAZONS OF DAHOMEY.

Women Soldiers and the Hardships They Endure.

Up to the reign of Gezo, who came to the throne in 1818, the Amazon force of Dahomey was composed chiefly of criminals, that is, criminals in the Dahomey sense of the word. Wives detected in infidelity to their husbands and ternaigants and scolds were drafted into its ranks, and the great majority of the women given to the king by the provincial chiefs, that is, sent to him as being worthy of death for misdemeanors or crimes, were, instead of being sacrificed at the annual custom, made women soldiers.

Gezo, who largely made use of the Amazons to keep his own subjects in check and to promote military rivalry, increased and improved the force. He directed every head of a family to send his daughters to Abomey for inspection. The most stalwart were enlisted. King Gelele, his successor, had every day of the women given to him before marriage and enrolled those who pleased him.

The women of Dahomey, having for many generations past endured all the toil and performed all the hard labor of the country, have, for the weaker sex, an exceptional physique, which enables them to bear hardships and privations as well as, if not better than, the men, and this no doubt was an important factor in the causes which led to the formation of the corps. As Captain Burton noted, the women are generally tall, muscular and broad, and the men "smooth, full breasted, round limbed and effeminate looking."

By state policy the Amazons are considered the King's wives and cannot be touched without danger of death. They are sworn to celibacy, a necessary restriction in the case of a female corps, but the King has the privilege of taking any of their number to wife.

The Amazons are taught to disregard obstacles, dangers, wounds, and death itself; hence they often display a ferocious courage which carries all before it. Their chief aim in battle is to carry off a large number of prisoners, human heads and jaw-bones. They show utter callousness to human suffering. They deny all assistance to wounded prisoners.

Reviews or manoeuvres of the Amazons are held in Dahomey during the annual custom, and are not the playful affairs that they are in civilized countries. In a space used a drill ground there is built a bank of thorny cactus bushes about 1,300 feet long, 20 feet broad and 7 feet high. Beyond and parallel with this heap is a house reserved for the King. The house is a heap of thorns which represent the fortifications, descend into the clear space like a ditch, escalate the house, which represents a citadel bristling with defences, and take the town simultaneously. The King is to be twice repulsed by the enemy, but at the third assault they are victorious and drag the prisoners to the Kings feet in token of success. The first to surmount all the obstacles receive from his hand the reward of a battle, says the King: "The reward military valor as the first of the virtues."

The King places himself at the head of the column, harangues his women soldiers, inflames them, and at a given signal they throw themselves with the utmost fury upon the bank of thorns which torture their naked feet. At the first assault, when the most intrepid had already gained the summit of the house, I saw a woman soldier, who was at one of the ends, fall to the ground from a height of sixteen feet. She did not cry, but with a gasp she rose, and seated, though her comrades were trying to reanimate her courage, when the King himself came up and threw at her a glance and cry of indignation. She sprang up, then as if electrified, continued the manoeuvres and carried off the first prize. It is impossible to give an idea of the scene.

THE EMPEROR'S DILEMMA.

An Event in China Shows that Ma Ju-Lang Had Enemies as Well as Friends.

An amusing and curious transaction in China, in which the Emperor took part, is recorded in three recent issues of the Peking Gazette. A short time ago Ma Ju-Lang, an one-time commander-in-chief in Yunnan, died at his native place. Many citizens in the province drew up an elaborate memorial to the emperor, setting out the great deeds that public benefactor had performed, and praying that suitable honors be bestowed upon his memory. The memorialists said that it was he who put down the great Mahomedan rebellion in Yunnan about twenty years ago. "First and last," the paper said, "he was instrumental in killing over 10,000 of the enemy and in his own person practically decided the fate of Yunnan."

In reply to this memorial the emperor issued a decree ordering that the highest honors that could be paid to one of the deceased commander's rank be given to him, including the erection of a temple in capital of Yunnan. The imperial historian also was ordered to compile a record of his brilliant exploits. Afterward another memorial came to the Emperor from Yunnan. The prominent men who signed the document denounced the general in round terms. They said that in his youth he was a loafing, good-for-nothing fellow, who nobody could abide. When the rebellion occurred he sold himself to the rebels. In their service he proved himself a monster of cruelty, and once caused the massacre of 40,000 persons in a captured city. Finally the hard-pressed viceroys bribed him to desert the rebels and enter the imperial service as a general. He rode in a yellow chair, and in all things did as he pleased. Even after that he was treacherous to the emperor, and he exposed the capital to a rebel attack in revenge for being compelled to ride in a green chair. He was always ready to run over to the winning side, and his later services did not in the least atone for his atrocious crimes.

The signers of the document said that those who had recommended him for posthumous honors were nothing but a lot of small traders, and that if the honors were

White Cigarettes to Ashes Turn.

"He smokes—and that's enough," says Ma—"And cigarettes at that!" says Pa.

"He must not call again!" says she; "He shall not call again!" says he.

They both glare at me as before—Then quit the room and bang the door—

While I, their wifely daughter, say, "I guess I'll love him, anyway!"

At twilight, in his room, alone, His careless feet inertly thrown Across a chair, my fancy can But worship his most worthless man!

I dream what joy it is to set His slow lips round a cigarette.

With de-humored whiff and puff—Ah! this is innocent enough!

To mark the slender fingers raise The wizen match's dainty blaze, When chaste light an instant glows On drooping lids and arching nose.

Then, in the sudden glow, instead, A tiny ember, dim and red,

Blooms languently or ripens, then Fades slowly, and grows 'till again.

III.

I lean back, in my own boudoir—The door is fast, the sash ajar; And in the dark I smiling stare At one wide window over there.

Where someone, smacking, plucks the gloom. The darling darkness of my room!

I push my shutters wider yet, And lo! I light a cigarette;

And please for pleasure, and glow for glow, Each puff of light's a word we know;

We talk of love that still will burn While cigarettes to ashes turn.

White Cigarettes to Ashes Turn.

GRAND OPENING

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FINEST STOCK OF FANCY DRESS MATERIAL

Ever Imported by MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

It gives us pleasure to draw attention to the attractive display of dress fabrics now on exhibition in our dress room, embracing all the latest weaves produced this season. Our dress room is the finest in the Lower Provinces, splendidly lighted, and the goods perfectly arranged so as to display to the best advantage our large and well assorted stock of COLORED WOOL DRESS MATERIAL consisting of

Alligator Suitings, Wool Crinkles, Crepon, Pleated Serge, Fancy Bedford Cord, Fine Boucle Stripes, Fancy Chevots, Camel's Hair, Checked Tweeds, Fancy Homespun illuminated effects, Boucle Borders, Tinsel Borders, Vandyke Patterns with Borders.

The above mentioned are some of the leading styles, our assortment comprises all the most attractive designs from foreign manufacturers, placing us in a position to suit the taste of the most fastidious.

The most Fashionable Shades in Plain Colors.

All of the new COTTON FABRICS for Summer, 1892 are now shown on our counters. Fancy printed Lawns, Fancy Satens, Lanas, Drillettes, Senegals, French Cambrics, Percals, Trafford Cloths, Spotted Pique.

ALL NEW AND FRESH STOCK.

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not withdrawn they feared that the tens of thousands of innocent souls who had been sent to Hades would be unable to close their eyes for indignation. They therefore, asked for a revocation of the decree giving honor to the spirit of the deceased Ma.

Here was a dilemma for the emperor. The honors which he had ordered were already in process of bestowal. At last he issued another decree extricating himself from his difficulty. He said that the bestowal of such a high distinction as that of a memorial temple should only be granted where the popular feeling was unanimous in its favor; and, as praise and blame seemed to be equally apportioned in the present instance, he ordered that the previous decree, as far as it related to the temple, should be cancelled. Ma's doings in the flesh are recorded by the historian, but his ghost will have to do without votive offerings, which, it is to be presumed, would be particularly agreeable to it.

GERMAN MARRIAGE BROKERS.

How They Smooth the Way for the Young Officers' Prospects.

European marriage brokers are constantly besieged with requests for introductions to such rich American orphans, particularly from insolent young officers, and it is not unlikely that at least eighty of the ninety-three officers mentioned by the Great Berlin Bureau made known their wants on the condition that only Americans need apply.

The game between the agent and the boarding house keeper is simple. He goes to her with the inquiry whether she has, or will have soon, young American women in her house. The answer is invariably affirmative, for every boarding house keeper catches an American girl sooner or later.

The agent then explains his errand, gives his military customer a gilt edged title, character and so on, and agrees to give the woman 33 1/2 per cent. of his commission in case their united efforts accomplish the match in question. This commission is regulated according to the size of the American girl's dowry. A case without a dowry is not on record, for a dowry is the sine qua non of the whole affair. The housekeeper's duties are simply to find out all about the American girl's property and family, and are, therefore, not onerous, for she would exert herself to get this information for her own private satisfaction anyhow.

This course of inquiry elicit the fact that the American girl is a real American heiress, with real American gold to the amount of a thousand or more annually, the spick and span young officer, with his income of minus a thousand or more annually, is brought around. He appears at dinner at the landlady's table, and is introduced as Herr Baron Imperial of the Guards, best friend of the Imperial Carcater of the Boots. He is all red and blue, with sleek hair parted down the back of his neck, and a mistake pulled out straight to his ears. He talks German love as fast as a dog can trot, and he does not get the girl, because she does not love an officer of the Guards when she sees him.

American mammas and papas are frequently dazzled by the great names in the letters of their daughter in Germany, and they palpitate with modest American pride when "Von Leberwurst" or "Von Schalkop" with a "Lieutenant Herr Baron" or "Hauptmann Herr Graf" before it, shines in the list of regular callers.

The Banana Plant.

Wild varieties of banana have been found in Ceylon, Cochin, China and the Philippines. These, of course, have seeds, but they are inferior to the long cultivated varieties. The banana is cultivated by suckers, and it is in this way that the plant is perpetuated indefinitely.

The banana belongs to the lily family, and is a developed tropical lily, from which, by ages of cultivation, the seeds have been eliminated, while the fruit, for which it has been cultivated, has greatly expanded. In relation to the bearing qualities of this fruit Humboldt, who early saw the wonders of the plant, said that the ground that would grow ninety-nine pounds of potatoes would grow thirty-three pounds of wheat, but that the same ground would grow four thousand pounds of bananas.

The banana possesses all the essentials to the sustenance of life. Of wheat alone, or potatoes alone, this cannot be said. When taken as a steady diet the banana is cooked—baked dry in the green state, pulped and boiled in water as a soup, or cut in slices and fried.

The leaves of the banana, often six feet long and two feet wide, are tender, and the strong wind of the tropics soon tears them in strips, thereby adding to their grace and beauty. The banana is a fruit that beats and bird, as well as man, are fond of, and the owner, when he lives in a sparsely settled country, must protect his plantation by a fence of some thorny plant.

POLYANDRY IN TIBET.

Mr. Bonvalot Tells of Women Who Have Several Husbands Alike.



SUNDAY READING

SERMON.

Is Anger a Virtue?
SERMON BY REV. DR. GEORGE W. DOWLING, OF ALBANY.

"The Lord is slow to anger and great in power."
—Nahum, I, 3.

"Have nothing to do with an unlovely man." Mr. Rochester whispers as he reads his keen, shrewd eye glancing over the marks of trade. "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak," Jesus Christ whispers to his world chosen out of the world. "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," thus says the selfisher. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ," thus says Christianity. So when we bend our ears to catch some definition of manly strength how strange the contradiction between that of the world on the one hand and of heaven on the other—of men as men go, and of our Lord, men's Maker. Very much of our social organization today, friends, has for its unuttered creed that physical, or at the best intellectual, force is the highest test of strength.

How often do we hear it said of this man or of that man who has had cause for offence, "He is slow to break his vengeance, because the opportune moment has not yet come. But I know the man. He is gathering up his strength, and as certainly as the snow falls, silently but surely upon the mountain side, even so he is preparing the avalanche which shall bury his foe forever. He only waits because today he is weak. Tomorrow he will be strong, and the curse will fall." And as it is with men so it is with nations. Ever and again we cast our eyes across the Atlantic and we see the various kingdoms of Europe standing one against the other, with fists clinched and faces stubborn, measuring each other's strength of arm and sinew, and we are told that the only reason the air is not heavy with the clash of war is because each fears the other, knowing its own weakness.

But now notice the contrast in this text. These are slow to anger because they lack power: here I learn that God is slow to anger because He is of great power. Do not miss that idea—if He were less powerful He would be more easily angered. And notwithstanding all the false maxims of this false world, he is not the strong man who will lift himself up with a giant's might and grind an enemy beneath the heel of his hate. No, but he is the strong man who, in the face of insult, in the face of open antagonism, and that which is harder still to bear, in the face of secret persecution, with the thunderbolt already forged and in his grasp, can say, though the cheek may be pale and the teeth clinched, and the whole frame may tremble with the pent-up fire, "No, no, I will not hurt him."

Oh! to have the power to crush some bitter persecutor, to hurl to the dust some cruel foe, to have the ten legions of angels, the power to do all this and then to be able to say, "No, my Father; it is He that I should carry this woe, I will neither murmur nor lay it down nor shrink from it." God's heaven lies about such an one. God's angels come to sing their songs to him, and as Christ stood in the midst of that council chamber smitten and degraded, and yet the only calm and peaceful one among them all, so in this world he who stands who has learned to conquer himself; smitten it may be, mocked and reviled, and misinterpreted it may be; and yet he, the midst of all his heart aches he stands a king, though his only crown may be a crown of thorns.

It is said that the French general who could command a hundred thousand men and carry dismay among the throngs of Europe—that the great Napoleon, who almost conquered at Waterloo, nevertheless trembled like a coward before the sneers which Mme. de Staël circulated among the parlors of Paris. And there is many a man who might win a battle with his sword, but who would shrink from a comrade to say his prayers. Dare you? Many a one who could walk with unflinching step into the face of the belching battle's roar would shrink like a craven recreant into the corner rather than face the sneering laugh of some poor ridiculing blasphemer. Remember, young men, if you are weak enough to let him, he may laugh you out of your manliness of character, out of purity, out of heaven, but he never can laugh you in again. He takes everything, and in return he gives you nothing.

The Dignity of Self-Conquest. And here we reach the practical lesson for you and for me—the dignity of self-conquest. Not he, the great man who, standing aloof in contemptuous pride, looks upon humanity as existing for him; but he who has learned from Jesus Christ the lesson that he exists for humanity. Talk to me not of the greatness of those who have plodded amid breaking hearts, their feet wet with women's tears, to palaces and thrones and dominions. He was a greater monarch than they all, who, a poor and ignorant slave, standing upon the sinking vessel's deck, pressed forward to enter the life boat as she was about to sink. Already the boat was filled to the gunwales; the sailors noticed that he had something wrapped in his arms; they refused to admit him unless he cast that away. And so he laid aside the covering, and there were two innocent babes, the children whom his master, their father, had committed to his care. There was his choice—a choice that will come to you a thousand times along your track of life—to live, and others might die; to die that others might live. It was only a moment that he hesitated; and putting his great black manly arms about them and pressing them close to his bosom for the last time, he kissed each smiling little face tilted to his; and then as he lowered them into the boat he said: "My master that I died faithful to my trust."

A Healthy and Delicious Beverage. Menier Chocolate. Learn to make a real cup of Chocolate, by addressing C. Alfred Chouillon, Montreal, and get free samples with directions.

Driving among the Catskill Mountains some years since, on every side were towering highlands covered with forests. It seemed as though God Himself had come down and looked upon those hills, and beneath His gaze they blushed into every color, and every leaf was trembling. But on one side I saw the deep ravine, telling of the swollen mountain stream, which, gathering its waters on the hilltop, had come roaring

down into the valley, dragging up trees and sweeping away homes. I listened to the pitiful story of those who had been awakened in the dead of night, only to find it was too late; that their mountain cottage was soon to become the sepulchre of those they loved. And, pointing to the river, I said to my guide, "If those narrow rivulets bring destruction, what must it be when the river becomes a boiling flood?" "Ah," said he, "it is not the broad streams that bring the danger, for they hold all the waters that come into them; but they are the narrow brooks which overflow their banks and sweep our loved ones from their homes into the churchyard."

And I thought how true it is indeed, that all this material world is but a parable of the moral and spiritual. It is not the man with the soul broad and deep who sends out his turbulence to sweep down others to the grave. No, no, the waters may chase, and fret, and foam, but the deep channel holds all within itself. It is he who, like the little mountain stream, is shallow and narrow, who, unable to contain that which is poured upon him, sends forth his violence to hurt and destroy.

So that the true test of strength is very often not strength, but the power to do what he restrains himself from doing. Ah, it is so much harder for us to wait than it is for us to strike. All of us are more or less animals at the base. We each have our horns, just as truly as the ox, and we are by nature just as fond of going people when provocation comes. Each of us has seen moments, at least, when we would like to stamp on a man as an angry bull tramples the dust beneath his hoofs. But, is that a test of power, worthy of men in the image of God?

Think of two men in the image of their Maker and one of them showing his superiority and strength by staining the other's image with blood and blackening his eyes. Beautiful picture, is it not? It takes only the lowest brute in the field to kick. Ah! but many times requires a soul filled with the spirit of a holy Christ not to do it. Let us not be too quick in blaming that apostle for grasping his sword and smiting the servant of the high priest. He himself had been asleep when he should have been awake, and like many another sleeping Christian when he woke up, he woke up across, and the first thing he did was to strike at somebody else. You and I would have done the same, it is more than likely.

But, tell me, who was the greatest hero, Peter who struck, or Peter's Lord who, with no petulant murmurings, placed the ear even upon his enemy, saying as he did it, "Put up thy sword into the sheath. The cup which my Father hath given me shall I not drink it?" Ah, one of the noblest proofs of the divinity of that sublime man, who walked this earth eighteen centuries ago, lies for me in that sentence which he uttered when he stood silent before them all as they cursed him and sought his blood: "Knowest thou not that I could even now pray to the Father, and He would give me ten legions of angels! But how then would the scriptures be fulfilled that thus it may be?"

Oh! to have the power to crush some bitter persecutor, to hurl to the dust some cruel foe, to have the ten legions of angels, the power to do all this and then to be able to say, "No, my Father; it is He that I should carry this woe, I will neither murmur nor lay it down nor shrink from it." God's heaven lies about such an one. God's angels come to sing their songs to him, and as Christ stood in the midst of that council chamber smitten and degraded, and yet the only calm and peaceful one among them all, so in this world he who stands who has learned to conquer himself; smitten it may be, mocked and reviled, and misinterpreted it may be; and yet he, the midst of all his heart aches he stands a king, though his only crown may be a crown of thorns.

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Oh, I look for Paul's glory, and where can I find it. Not as he was when thinking of himself and the pride and honor of this life only, he stood surrounded by the chief men of Israel, offering him political power and a name which should live in Jewish history. Oh, not there! But when with that intellect which had been schooled at the feet of Gamaliel; with every rational endowment and every quickened faculty, all consecrated to others, he was able to exclaim: "What things were gained to me, those I counted loss for Christ; yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things."

And now, young men, let us not go away from this house without remembering that there is but one worthy aim for all our lives; and that is in the strength which is ransom from Jesus Christ, with every honest effort, to seek to cultivate a nobility like that; a nobility which finds its supremest joy, not in being ministered unto, but in ministering. And how can we attain that? By loving and believing in Him who came in the name of His Father to give his life a ransom for many. Oh, this only when I place my little petty motives beside His who sought utterly, not His own will, but the will of His Father, it is only then that I fully realize the beauty and delight of a perfect self-conquest.

It was when Isaiah stood in the temple filled with the glory of Jehovah that he discovered that he was a man of "unclean lips." It was when Peter, on the shore of Genesaret, saw the glory of Emmanuel in the miracle of the fishes, and cried, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord," then it was that he was prepared for those words from the Lord Himself: "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men." So it is when I stand before this God who is "great in power and slow to anger that I seem to hear Him saying, as He did to Gideon, the least in all his father's house, "Go in this thy might."

As O'Connell mixed his soul with his colors, and thus breathed life upon the dead canvas, so only by sacrificing ourselves, can we hope to paint our life's picture that it shall be recognized by God and by angels. And then how everlastingly true that saying, "He that loveth his life shall find it." Who but the "Crucified" is "the One who liveth?" And today, who can so far lose himself, as to say in every deed, "I am crucified with Christ;" that man shall live in his work, when all the pyramids of Egypt shall have crumbled into dust.

And the history which tells of bloody deeds shall have turned to ashes with a world of fire; in that great hereafter, when God with his own hand shall have swept back the sky, and that bell in his eternal temple shall have struck the knell of time—then his work, whether it be the raising of some granite cathedral or only the wax of straw given to the burden-bearing ox in Jesus name, shall live forever and forever.

Let others seek to wield the sceptre over men, take heed that thou shalt learn to rule thyself. "The Lord is slow to anger and great in power."

CHURCH WORKERS.
What they are Thinking and Doing Every-where.

Dr. John Hall said at the ministerial meeting in Hay's house, that he had been twenty-five years he had never been obliged to go to a prison to look for one of his parishioners.

The oldest Unitarian minister now living is probably the Rev. Thomas Treadwell Stone, D. D., of Providence, who completed his 91st year last week. He is vigorous enough to address a meeting of ministers and did so last Monday.

A biographer of Phillips Brooks, writing from personal acquaintance with the distinguished Massachusetts divine, says that he has the feeling of some grandly different man, distrustful of his ability. It is rather singular that Mrs. Beecher, in her memoirs, makes practically the same statement about the great Brooklyn preacher.

Moody is one of the men they talk of as Spurgeon's successor as pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle in London. Across the water it is believed that the great American evangelist is enough of a Baptist to come within the requirements of the trust deeds of the church property; but little hope is entertained of persuading Mr. Moody to come. A young brother of the Rev. Dr. Spurgeon, who is a vigorous preacher's students—Archibald Brown, William Cuff and E. G. Gauge—are also among the possibilities.

The Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer thus tells the story of his first sermon: "I took for my first text the words, 'As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked.' I ought to have had, 'Thou shalt not steal,' for although my 'first' and 'last' were my own, I stole my 'secondly' bodily from an eminent Scotch divine. But I received my punishment, for though I struggled through the parts that were my own right, I never thought of how that stolen part went until I was on my way home after the service. I have never 'gotten' since."

Spurgeon sometimes carried dramatic action to a ludicrous extent in the pulpit. Mr. Haweis says that once in the middle of his sermon the preacher shouted out: "What's that they say, Paul, 'I can do all things?' I'll bet thee half-a-crown o' that." So the preacher took out half-a-crown and put it on the Bible. "However," he continued, "let's see what the apostle has to say for himself." So he read on, "through Christ, that strength-enth me." O," says he, "if that's the terms of the bet I'm off!" and he put the half-crown back into his pocket.

A curious lawsuit has been instituted in Shenandoah, Va. A few Sundays ago the wife of David Jones brought their infant child to the Episcopal church to be baptized. Before the ceremony began Jones arose and exclaimed: "Hold up! If you christen that child you do it against the wish and religion of her father. I am an English Baptist." The wife said it was her wish to have the child christened, and the minister proceeded with the ceremony. The husband then had the clergyman arrested under a law which states that a father has the spiritual and educational control of his child until it arrives at the age of maturity. The case has been sent to court and will be tested.

Spurgeon's Modesty.

When Spurgeon was called at twenty years of age from his little charge at Waterbeach to London, it was on an invitation for six months. New Park street was naturally somewhat cautious as to a mere youth. Six months of him might be long enough. Spurgeon, on his part, was more cautious still; not of New Park street, however, but for his own sake. He would only engage for half of a specified time. "It will become a youth," he wrote the deacon who had the call in hand, "to promise to preach to a London congregation so long, until he knows them and they know him. I would engage to supply for three weeks, and then, should the congregation fail, or the church disagree, I would reserve to myself liberty without breach of engagement, to retire, and you would on your part, have the right to dismiss me, without seeming to treat me ill." Such refreshing modesty is none too common. It is a sign of true greatness all the same.

The Mother's Prayer.
Starting forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
Oh! we know not what of harm
May befall them;
'Neath the shadow of thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to thee
Do thou hear them;
From the thine of sin and shame
Do thou clear them;
Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
Do thou steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be thou near them.
Unto thee we give them up,
Father, guide them;
In the world we know not what
Much to grieve them—
Many sorrows, and many fears,
Do thou give them;
Trust in thy love and care
We must leave them.
—William Cullen Bryant.

Notice of Dissolution

THE undersigned hereby give notice and certify that a certain limited Partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, conducted under the firm name of "W. C. PITFIELD & Co.," for the buying and selling at wholesale of dry goods and other merchandise, and generally a wholesale dry goods and general jobbing and commission business, which by the certificate of Limited Partnership registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds of the City and County of Saint John in the said Province, was to commence the Twenty-eighth day of December, A. D. 1889, and terminate the First day of January, A. D. 1892, did terminate and it was dissolved the said First day of January, A. D. 1892.

(Signed) WARD C. PITFIELD,
S. HAYWARD.

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAINT JOHN, to wit: Be it remembered that WARD C. PITFIELD and SAMUEL HAYWARD, parties to and the signers of the annexed notice and certificate, personally came and appeared at the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, before me, J. E. BARNES, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace in and for the said City and County of Saint John, and acknowledged the said WARD C. PITFIELD that he signed the said notice and certificate, and the said SAMUEL HAYWARD that he signed the same.

(Signed) J. E. BARNES,
J. P. City and County of Saint John.

Partnership Notice.

THE undersigned, desirous of forming a Limited Partnership under the Laws of the Province of New Brunswick, hereby certify:

1. That the name of the firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is "W. C. PITFIELD & Co."
2. That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the buying and selling at wholesale of dry goods and other merchandise, and generally a wholesale dry goods and general jobbing and commission business.
3. That the names of all the general and special partners interested in said partnership are as follows:
WARD C. PITFIELD, who resides at the City of Saint John in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, is the general partner, and SAMUEL HAYWARD, who resides at the Parish of Hampton in the County of Kings and Province of New Brunswick, is the special partner.
4. That the said SAMUEL HAYWARD has contributed the sum of forty thousand dollars as capital to common stock.
5. That the period at which the said partnership shall commence is the Second day of January, A. D. 1892, and the period at which the said partnership is to terminate is the Second day of January, A. D. 1896. Dated this Thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1891.

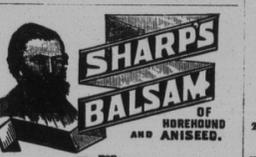
(Signed) WARD C. PITFIELD,
S. HAYWARD.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK,
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAINT JOHN, SS.

Be it remembered that on this Thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1891, at the City of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, before me, JAMES A. BELLEY, a Notary Public in and for the said Province, by lawful authority duly commissioned and sworn, residing and practising in the said City of Saint John, personally came and appeared, WARD C. PITFIELD and SAMUEL HAYWARD, parties to and the signers of the annexed certificate, and in the said certificate mentioned and severally acknowledged, the said WARD C. PITFIELD that he signed the said certificate, and the said SAMUEL HAYWARD that he signed the said certificate.

In witness whereof, I the said Notary have hereunto set my hand and Notarial Seal at the said City and County of Saint John, the said Thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1891.

(Signed) JAMES A. BELLEY,
Notary Public.



SHARPS BALSAM OF PURE GINGER AND ANISEED.
FOR
CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH,
COUGHS AND COLDS.
OVER 40 YEARS IN USE.
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.
ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS,
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KOFF NO MORE
WATSON'S COUGH DROPS
WILL GIVE POSITIVE AND INSTANT RELIEF TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., AND ARE INVALUABLE TO ORATORS AND VOCALISTS. R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP. TRY THEM

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IT CONQUERS PAIN

NEARLY TWO MILLION BOTTLES SOLD IN THE DOMINION IN TEN YEARS

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A SAFE, SPEEDY SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM & NEURALGIA

Ask your Druggist for it and take nothing else.

Children's Clothing Department.

Our high reputation for Juvenile Garments is well established, and this season we have excelled all previous efforts. In ordering state chest measure and age of boy, and we will Ship Goods for Selection, subject to being returned at our expense.

E. C. COLE, - - Moncton.

COLLEGIATE SCHOOL,

Windsor, N. S. Founded A. D. 1788.

HEAD MASTER: REV. ARNOLDUS MILLER, M. A.,—Classics and Science. Toronto and Victoria Universities, Ont.

RESIDENT ASSISTANT MASTER: MR. JAMES C. SIMPSON,—Mathematics, German, Provincial Certificate, Province of Ont. Late of the Engineering Staff, Canadian Pacific R. R. University of Toronto.

RESIDENT ASSISTANT MASTER: MR. ROBERT SIMPSON,—English and Classics. University of Toronto.

FRENCH: CHARLES G. ABBOTT, Esq., B.A., Kings College.

WRITING, DRAWING AND BOOK-KEEPING: MR. S. G. SNELL.

DEBIL AND GYMNASTIC INSTRUCTOR: SHERIDAN CUNNINGHAM,—Late Instructor in Military Gymnasium, Halifax.

TEACHERS IN PIANO AND VIOLIN MUSIC: PROF. W. H. WATTS. MISS N. HENSLEY. MISS KING.

CORNET: J. D. MEDCALFE, Esq.

VIOLIN: J. W. S. BOULT, Esq.

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5000 COPIES FROM ONE WRITING!

The simplest, cleanest working, and most effective duplicating apparatus for reproducing typewritten matter yet devised. Copies all equal to the original work on the typewriter. Is a great saving in printing, and better adapted for circular letters, price lists, etc.

Descriptive Catalogue and specimen of work on application.

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THE GLYDE STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

New York, Charleston, S. C., and Jacksonville, Fla., Service.

Tri-Weekly departures between NEW YORK and CHARLESTON, S. C., the South and Southwest, JACKSONVILLE, FLA., and all Florida Points.

The fleet is composed of the following elegant steamers: "ALBATROSS" (new), "INOCENT", "SANT ROCK", "CANTON", "YANKEE" and "DELAWARE", one of which is scheduled to sail from Pier 39, E. R. (foot of Roosevelt Street), New York, MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS, at 3 p. m.

This is the only line between New York and Jacksonville, Fla., without change. Making close connections at Jacksonville with F. C. & P. R. R., J. T. & K. W. R. Y., & J. St. A. & H. R. R.

CLYDE'S ST. JOHN'S RIVER LINE,
Comprising the elegant steamers "CITY OF JACKSONVILLE," "FRED'S DEBARY," "EYEBROW," and "WILKINSON," leaving Jacksonville daily at 3 p. m., except Saturdays, for Sanford, Fla., and intermediate landings, making connections with all rail lines at Palatka, Astor, Blue Springs and Sanford for all points in Florida.

Passenger accommodations unsurpassed, steamers being supplied with all modern improvements, steam steering gear, electric lights, electric bells, baths, etc. The cuisine on the steamers of the "CLYDE LINE" is unequalled by any other line, the table being supplied with the best the Northern and Southern markets afford. For further information apply to

WM. P. CLYDE & CO., Gen'l Agts.,
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ELECTRIC BELT AND CESS WILL CURE COMPLAINTS.

LAME BACK. RHEUMATISM. DYSPEPSIA. LUMBAGO, &c.

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no action whatever, to form that will generate a 600,000 Feet-Headed The German Electric Belt to Parkdale, Ont.

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VERTISEMENTS. BUREAU,

"ASTRA'S" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," Moncton, N. B.

Suppose you write a sort of memorial to the editor, girls, and ask him please to publish an extra sheet some time soon, and give it all to us, so we can catch up with our work for once, and I can draw a long breath and say "there are all of them," like the man in "The Forty Thieves?"

LUCILLE, Nova Scotia.—Are you quite tired out, Lucille, waiting for your answers? I am afraid so; but I wish you could see my desk, it is getting to be a regular office, and I feel like a "Haunted Woman."

ROLLING STONE, St. John.—You little know what a sympathetic chord you have touched. How I wish I knew of anything that would really cure, or even permanently relieve those most cruel thorns in the flesh!

CONSTANCE, Moncton.—(1) My dear, I think it is a great pity for a girl of fifteen to flirt at all! It is such a mistake for school girls to be too precocious, and no sensible man or woman could admire them for it, and I am sure, the very boys who flirt with, laugh at them.

your letter, in the hope that someone else can throw a little light on the subject.

DEAR ASTRA: I am married woman with a family, and I am greatly pleased with the little pleasure of looking over the papers I see that the Moncton ladies have a great deal of time to spare.

As for putting the children to bed, Housewife, I think I can easily answer that question. The truth is that they— I mean they are not—well, Housewife, if I really must tell you, it is the same reason that prevented Mrs. Alfred Lamble in "Our Mutual Friend" from looking at her baby—she hadn't any to look at; and if I in your bright little city, are not troubled in that way either.

MOO, Moncton.—Did I not hear from you once before? I think I remember your funny, pretty name? It really depends upon the degree of intimacy between the young lady and gentleman. If they know each other at all well, they should know nothing in the least improper or even out of the way, in her accepting such trifling attention.

KITTIE AND MOLLIE.—The idea of suddenly shyness preventing you from writing to me, is certainly refreshing! Why in the world should you be shy of me? Of course I will interest myself in your letter, I love rosebuds, and I fancy you a very sweet pair of twin buds.

HOUSEKEEPER, St. John.—Now I do not want to seem mean, my dear "Housekeeper," yet business is business, and you really must put a two cent stamp on your letter when you write to me, or else two ones. We had to pay two cents before we could get your letter out of the post office as it bore the unpleasant legend, "Insufficiently prepaid."

HOUSEWIFE, Moncton.—My dear Housewife let us shake hands, and metaphorically at least, embrace each other. I don't know either, though I have given the matter a great deal of thought; so to you belongs the distinction of having utterly routed "Astra" in the fastest of her own so, as I cannot answer the question myself, I hope you will not mind my publishing

REASONABLE RECEIPTS.

Specialty Prepared from Fractional Tests for the Lady Readers of "Progress."

"In compiling a list to eat that he may live, nature gives appetite to invite him, and pleasure to reward him."—Gastronomy as a Fine Art.

Cooking is an art—a fine art—and cannot be making in a day, nor can it be learnt by simply reading a book or the subject. The study of cooking must be combined with practice. One important practice is to acquire the knowledge of varying receipts as occasion may require as it would be impossible in a newspaper to give receipts, once adapted to a family of two, another for one of six, and another of twelve persons.

In boiling fish it should be remembered that the coloring matter in fish is affected and partially dissolved by acids. When you are going to boil a chicken halibut before putting it into the fish kettle, rub the white side of it with a slice of lemon. This will render the fish beautifully white.

To Truss a Fowl.—Roast. They are usually bought readily plucked. Cut off the neck, and hold the skin over the back. Cut off the feet, bend the legs down and press them close to the sides, and down to the back. Fasten in this position with a skewer, and tie a string across the joint of both legs to keep them together.

Veal is now quite plentiful in the market. Many people will not eat veal in any shape, but if care is taken in buying and cooking it, no one need be afraid to eat it. There is no meat more tender or useful for making soups and gravies, and there is no meat so rich in its way than a veal cutlet broasted served with tomato sauce.

How to Choose Veal. The flesh of veal ought to be white, approaching to pink, with firm fat. It is best when the animal has been from two to three months old. It should not be too large or it will be coarse and hard.

How to Cook Veal. They may be cut from the fore part of the loin—that is the ribs, or from the leg. The loin is usually made into chops or roasts. It from the leg or fillet, cut them half an inch thick, and shape them like a small steak.

It is both nutritious and of easy digestion. It is usually sold ready prepared for dressing. The honey-comb part is generally preferred. It may be dressed in various ways, the most usual of which is to boil it still tender and serve with white mint sauce. The Carleton club, (London), has a famous specialty of broiled honey-comb tripe, and a club not so far away has fried tripe in batter which seems to be very well liked. This is how it is done.

LADIES' FINE EVENING SLIPPERS!

For Latest New York Styles our assortment consists of Ladies' Red Morocco Duchess Tie Slippers. Ladies' Grey Suade Theo Tie Slippers. Ladies' Grey Suade Adonis Bkle. Slippers. Ladies' Black Kid Windsor Tie Slippers. Ladies' Black Kid Beatrice Slippers. Ladies' Black Kid low cut Opera Slippers.

We also have a few Pairs of SATIN SLIPPERS that we are closing out at \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. WATERBURY & RISING, 34 KING AND 212 UNION STS.

with the powder in it, a pinch of salt, and work them together with a spoon. It should be a batter that is thin enough to coat the article dipped in it without seeming to make it all dough when tried. Coat the tripe into pieces about 2 1/2 inches square, dip them into the batter and fry in a kettle or pan of hot lard. The same batter can be used for frying all kinds of fritters.

A Dish of Cold Meat. Looks very much more inviting when the meat is thinly sliced with a knife that is ground more than once a year, and laid in neat order on a platter with a few sprigs of parsley or cress, and a dish of beets in vinegar set near, than when the misspoken lard is set on the table as it is, for some one to carve in pain and tribulation.

A Discovery. When ordering fish this week I had occasion to step behind the counter to talk with the proprietor. He was opening herrings and throwing the rows away with an oaf, because, he said, "nobody cares for them."

The Care of the Hair and Hands. I am thankful to say it is once more the fashion to brush the hair. No matter how beautiful the hair may be in reality, it loses nearly all its effect if not thoroughly brushed at least once a day.

Witch Hazel Oil. THE CANADA Sugar Refining Co. (LIMITED). MONTREAL. Offer For Sale all Grades of Refined Sugars & Syrups.

Do You intend to Build? Or make alterations in your house, if so send us for estimates of Doors, Sashes, Balustrades, Rails, &c. Pattern sheets of Mouldings mailed free to any address. A. Christie Wood-Working Co., City Road.

but that when the boots were over size that she took care to keep them under the edges of her gown. So this man of genius caused to be constructed a pair of artificial feet of dainty proportions, and had them dressed in the newest and most approved bottines. These he exposed in his atelier and explained to visitors. After awhile he delicately suggested to a lady whose feet were uncomplainingly that she permit these to enter into the picture, and, daintily hooking the false feet to the hem of her gown, made a charming full length photograph.

Set the water on to boil in a little saucepan and the butter in it. Stir in the flour all at once, and work the paste thus made with a spoon till smooth and well cooked. Take it from the fire and work in the eggs one at a time, beating in one well before adding another, and when all are in beat the mixture thoroughly against the side of the saucepan. Make some lard hot. It will take a large saucelpan. Drop pieces of the batter about as large as eggs and watch them swell and expand in the hot lard and become hollow round, and light. Only 4 or 5 can be fried at a time, because they need lots of room. Dished in a heap on a doily, they make a very pretty dish.

February. Baby sends a Valentine, Sing in it, "Thou art mine, All I want in life is love, Thou art like a bird to me, Sweetest friend of babyhood, How I love thee—nest, a Poet, We will send to thee, Mother samples of Nestle's Food free, On receipt of address, Nestle's Food Co. Montreal.

HUMPHREYS' This PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine. Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with it as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. The effects of WITCH HAZEL, when combined and applied in the formula of an oil, is marvelous. It has been used over forty years, and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

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Do You intend to Build? Or make alterations in your house, if so send us for estimates of Doors, Sashes, Balustrades, Rails, &c. Pattern sheets of Mouldings mailed free to any address. A. Christie Wood-Working Co., City Road.

INSTRUCTION. Boys and girls do not learn a practical style of writing in the school. They lack speed and movement. I send copies for teachers to use with the copy-book. SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Windsor, N.S.

Shorthand. LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand for business and social purposes, should enter for our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 8, Appleton Street, St. John, N.B. J. HARRY PEPPER, Instructor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute.

DAY and EVENING CLASSES. Will reopen on MONDAY, JANUARY 4. WISH to thank the public for the generous patronage received during seventeen years of faithful service. I will gladly welcome in the future all who are willing to labor earnestly with me for laying broad and deep the foundations of usefulness and success. I propose to devote to all such my energies, skill and experience. Send for Circulars. S. KERR, Principle, Oddfellows' Hall.

RAILWAYS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Low Rate ONE-WAY Excursions. TOURIST SLEEPING CARS, to Minneapolis & St. Paul VIA THE "SOO LINE."

"SOO LINE." Will leave MONTREAL at 11.45 a.m., Saturdays, DURING MARCH, APRIL and MAY, 1892. For rates of fares and other particulars consult Canadian Pacific or Intercolonial Ry. Ticket Agents. D. McNICOLL, C. E. McFHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't, MONTREAL. St. John, N.B.

Intercolonial Railway. After Oct. 10, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time for Halifax, and Campbellton, 7.30; for Point du Chene, 10.30; for Halifax, 14.0; for Sussex, 15.30; for Quebec and Montreal, 16.55. Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8.30; from Quebec and Montreal (excepted Monday), 9.30; from Point du Chene, 12.45; from Halifax, 19.30; from Halifax, 22.30.

STEAMERS. International Steamship Co. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING Nov. 2, the 8 steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings at 7.30, standard. Returning will leave Boston, Portland and Eastport at 5 p.m., for Eastport and St. John. Freight received daily up to 5 p.m. C. E. LACULLER, Agent.

WINTER SAILINGS. BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO'Y. (Limited). S. S. "City of Monticello." ROBERT FLEMING, Commander. WILL, on and after MONDAY, the 2nd day of November, sail from the Company's pier, Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 7.30 local time, for Duxbury and Annapolis, returning same days sailing from Annapolis upon arrival of the morning Express from Halifax, calling at Digby. These sailings will continue until further notice. HOWARD D. TROOP, President.

City Auction Rooms. LESTER & CO. Auctioneers and Commission Merchants, Sale of Real and Personal Property of all kinds personally attended to, Household Furniture a specialty. Business Solicited. Returns Prompt. 23 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N.B., Canada.

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future efforts may author has passed through the ten of arrangements in view of our submission to the public and a name. The general title of SECRET. radon. AIR. KEENEY, F. POMPEL, Lytton. ARDSEEN, Damas. THIS PLACE. in every civilized age are published and artists sent to the home. of 50 cents is offer whose the books at circulation. We now yearly bers. Do not R. GRESSE, St. John, N. B.

The Ariston PLAYED AND ENDORSED BY The World's Most Eminent Musicians and Pronounced by Them 'THE MOST PERFECT PIANO MADE.' REED & SONS, St. John, N. B. Agents for the Maritime Provinces.

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Five Thousand Dollars

WILL BE GIVEN TO ANYONE IF THE

Following Testimonials are not Genuine!

With such a Record we may safely say that PHOSPHOLEINE IS THE ONLY PERFECT EMULSION FOR THE CURE OF Consumption, Paralysis, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration.

Dear Sir,—I have used your Phospholeine in many cases for which it is recommended, and am well pleased with the way in which it acts. In a case of the most obstinate Chronic Bronchitis (the disease had baffled the usual treatment in such cases) your Phospholeine acted like a charm, and I ascribe the recovery entirely to the use of it. From my experience of it I feel justified in saying that it is an important remedial agent in all cases of Wasting Diseases, and I can heartily recommend it to the notice of the profession and public as a remedy of real merit.

M. F. Eagar. WETMOUTH, N. S.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed find P. O. order for amount due for last gross of your Phospholeine; it was not received for a month after being shipped by you. I find it all and even more than you recommend it to be.

Mr. M. F. Eagar. HEALTH INSTITUTE, 272 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

Dear Sir,—I am very highly pleased with the action of your Phospholeine. It has been used in this Hospital in Pulmonary and other wasting Diseases with success, and being so palatable, is a splendid substitute for the Crude Cod Liver Oil. Will you kindly let me know the lowest wholesale rate for a quantity for Hospital use?

Mr. M. F. Eagar. TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL. Established, 1819. (Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)

Dear Sir,—I have prescribed Eggar's Phospholeine, and as it has been invariably beneficial in the cases under my own observation, I have great pleasure in recording my testimony in its favor. Being a perfect emulsion it is easy of digestion, without producing nausea, which is of the very greatest importance in the class of Wasting Diseases it is especially designed to benefit. I have frequently seen it retained by the stomach when almost every other similar preparation has been tried and rejected.

Mr. M. F. Eagar. R. ADLINGTON, M. D. (Edin.), M. R. C. S. (England).

Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario, &c.

Dear Sir,—I have been suffering from pain in my lungs and chest for past three months, with hard cough, loss of appetite, unable to work; obtained no relief from the Emulsions and other medicine which I have taken; treatment from leading physicians without benefit, but growing worse and weaker, I was advised by Mr. Baker of this place to try Eggar's Phospholeine. I got a bottle, and the first dose my appetite improved and returned, pains left my lungs and chest, and I am now as well as ever. I consider that I owe the restoration of my health to Eggar's Phospholeine.

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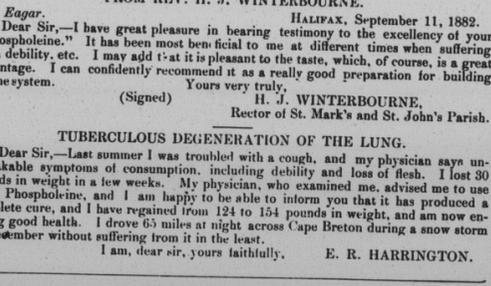


EMBLEMATIC OF HOW PHOSPHOLEINE OUTSHINES ALL OTHER EMULSIONS.

Mr. M. F. Eagar. PLYMOUTH, PENOBSCOT, MAINE, C. Dear Sir,—While away from home hauling bark last winter I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs. I was a stout, rugged man, never was sick hardly a day in my life, but this cold got the better of me; I could not get rid of it under the usual treatment. I began to grow worse, coughed a great deal and became very weak, so that I had to give up work. I was so hoarse I could not speak aloud. I consulted several physicians. I took their medicine but received no benefit, but gradually grew worse. The last physician consulted said I could not live. About this time my attention was called to the Phospholeine by your agent in this place, who induced me to try a bottle, which I did with marked results. To tell the truth, I had but little faith in it. I have tried so many medicines without relief. Before I had finished taking one bottle I began to feel better and to gain in health and strength. After taking a few bottles I was able to work in the hayfield, and have since been steadily improving; my hoarseness is nearly all gone and I have gained nearly 25 lbs in weight. Please accept this as a grateful testimonial from one who has received great benefit from your valuable medicine. Very truly yours, PARKER HOLT.

FROM REV. H. J. WINTERBOURNE. HALIFAX, September 11, 1882. Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellency of your "Phospholeine." It has been most beneficial to me at different times when suffering from debility, etc. I may add that it is pleasant to the taste, which, of course, is a great advantage. I can confidently recommend it as a really good preparation for building up the system. Yours very truly, H. J. WINTERBOURNE, Rector of St. Mark's and St. John's Parish.

TUBERCULOUS DEGENERATION OF THE LUNG. Dear Sir,—Last summer I was troubled with a cough, and my physician says unmistakable symptoms of consumption, including debility and loss of flesh. I lost 30 pounds in weight in a few weeks. My physician, who examined me, advised me to use your Phospholeine, and I am happy to inform you that it has produced a complete cure, and I have regained from 124 to 154 pounds in weight, and am now in enjoying good health. I drove 65 miles at night across Cape Breton during a snow storm in December without suffering from it in the least. I am, dear sir, yours faithfully, E. R. HARRINGTON.



THE FRIEND OF DISEASE VANISHES AT THE SIGHT OF PHOSPHOLEINE.

TRAIN DESPATCHER AT VANCEBORO.

Mr. M. F. Eagar, Esq. Dear Sir,—My wife, Laura A. Finson, was taken ill early this year and suffered severely with a bad cough, accompanied by expectoration of mucus containing blood and great weakness of the chest, general prostration and clammy night sweats, and continued to grow worse until I was recommended to procure for her some bottles of your Phospholeine, and Wine of Rennet. This I did, and after using about five bottles of the Phospholeine, taking a teaspoonful at a time in a wine glass of milk, increased afterwards to a tablespoonful, and shortly after each dose a teaspoonful of Wine of Rennet, she became thoroughly well, her improvement commencing after the first half bottle had been taken. She can now superintend her household duties without any inconvenience, eats and sleeps well, and every symptom of consumption has vanished. I have to thank your medicine for her restoration to health. WALTER R. FINSON, Vanceboro, Maine, U. S.

The statement of facts contained in the above certificate is in all respects accurate. I feel assured that I owe my cure to your medicines. LAURA A. FINSON. September, 1882.

RIGHT LUNG CONSOLIDATED, ONLY SIX YEARS OLD. ASHDALE, HANTS CO., NOV. 13, 1880.

Mr. M. F. Eagar, Halifax, N. S. Dear Sir,—Last winter my son, aged six years, caught the whooping cough. The disease settled on his lungs, and for some time we almost despaired of his life. Our doctor advised me to give him your Phospholeine, and under its use he completely recovered. Yours truly, LEWIS DIMOCK.

Mr. Eagar. PLYMOUTH, MAINE, Nov. 26, 1883. Dear Sir,—At the time I first sent to you for the Phospholeine in June, 1882, I had a cold that I contracted in March. I coughed considerably and was reduced in weight. I tried several cough medicines without much benefit, my cough had become chronic, I commenced taking the Phospholeine and received immediate relief and soon commenced to gain in flesh. After taking four (4) bottles I felt like a new man, had gained 20 lbs. in weight and have not felt so well for several years, and have enjoyed very good health since. One thing more I wish to mention, for several years past I have been troubled with a numbness in the two middle fingers of each hand, sometimes the pain was quite severe, extending to the elbow. I consulted a physician who gave me some medicine that afforded only temporary relief. I am happy to say since taking the Phospholeine I have not had a recurrence of the trouble. Very truly yours, CLARENDON BUTMAN.

Mr. Eagar. Dear Sir,—I have been suffering from pain in my lungs and chest for past three months, with hard cough, loss of appetite, unable to work; obtained no relief from the Emulsions and other medicine which I have taken; treatment from leading physicians without benefit, but growing worse and weaker, I was advised by Mr. Baker of this place to try Eggar's Phospholeine. I got a bottle, and the first dose my appetite improved and returned, pains left my lungs and chest, and I am now as well as ever. I consider that I owe the restoration of my health to Eggar's Phospholeine. I am, dear sir, yours truly, W. C. MORRISON, Practical Engineer.

PRICE 50cts. per Bottle CONTAINING 60 DOSES.

PRICE 50cts. per Bottle CONTAINING 60 DOSES.

SCROFULA AND SALT RHEUM. Dear Mr. Eagar,—I have much pleasure in giving you a record of the effect produced by the use of your Cod Liver Oil Cream. The following cases have come under my particular attention while visiting the sick and poor: A Case of Hereditary Scrofula. The patient had tried most of the blood purifying remedies and Sarsaparilla in use, but for the past 19 years obtained no relief. After taking three bottles of your Cream (Phospholeine) his flesh became smooth and healthy, and he is now completely cured. A case of severe cough in the last stages of Consumption:—The cough was eased, and patient regained flesh and strength. This case is past curing, and the patient was pronounced so by the physicians; but had she obtained of your medicine sooner, would no doubt have been cured. A case in which the patient had given up the use of alcohol. The craving was cured, and the patient was regaining health and strength. A case of loss of flesh, great weakness, and indisposition for exertion of any kind, has been restored to health and strength by using your Cream (Phospholeine). I have also recommended it to many who have been suffering from Dyspepsia, loss of strength and flesh, and in every case it has effected a cure. I have derived much benefit from

THE MINERS' DREAM.

In the bonanza days of the Comstock Lode, Virginia City, Nevada, harbored two populations, in many ways distinct from one another. During the week, the steep streets of the little town, being on the mountain side, were thronged by crowds of eager speculators, mine owners, brokers and business men, who watched the bulletin board for the latest quotations of the San Francisco Stock Exchange, and in offices, saloons, and hotel lobbies, discussed the market, and exchanged reports and rumors concerning the condition of this or that mine. On Saturday evening the scene changed. Thousands of brawny miners then came up from the deep workings for their one breath of fresh air and day for leisure; and as the greater number of these were Cornishmen, they gave a new and foreign aspect to place.

Miners, whatever their nationality, are superstitious. They live close to nature in her mysterious moods, and they acquire a peculiar tendency to believe in the supernatural. Mines, are, at best, uncanny places, full of deep shadows and corners of impenetrable obscurity; full also of queer echoes, and the creaking and cracking of heavy timbers, and the rush or drip of water; while in the deep workings, from one to three thousand feet beneath the surface of the earth, there is an ever-present sense of danger—danger from the immense pressure of the superincumbent mass of rock, and from fire, which, once started in those labyrinths of wood-lined passages, spreads with such appalling rapidity as to baffle and defeat even the utmost precaution and preparation. So it is that the Comstock miners were given to superstition. They had many legends and traditions of fearful things seen in the deep workings; of spectral appearances, of mysterious voices, and more than all else, of supernatural warnings and premonitions precluding disasters in the mines. An interesting volume could have been compiled by any one frequenting the favorite saloons of these honest, old-fashioned miners, for on Saturday nights they were in the habit of "swapping yarns," and the story to be told here is one which was many a time told over pipes and glasses, on these festive occasions.

John Treloar and James Pennart were employed in the Yellow Jacket mine, and, being close friends, they had arranged so as to be in the same shaft—a term nearly equivalent to the sailor's "watch" at sea. Treloar was the elder of the two—a sturdy, powerful, handsome man of thirty, known and liked for his constant readiness to lend his comrades. He was brave and gentle, modest yet resolute—a man of action, yet at the same time a man of sentiment. His chum, Jim Pennart, was five years his junior, and contrasted with Treloar in many ways. He was physically robust, but of lighter frame, good-looking, honest, frank, but possessing less decision and a timidity that was almost morbid. Pennart had on intellect above the merely bodily toil by which he gained a living. He had managed to educate himself partially, and knew enough to be dissatisfied with his position in life. He was not considered selfish, but his was one of those natures which are formed to absorb rather than so dispense trust and affection. John Treloar's loving friendship was poured out upon him, and he accepted it as a perfectly matter-of-fact manifestation. Had the opportunity occurred he might have proved capable of self-sacrifice; as it was, he seemed merely to let himself be loved.

Now these two friends did what has sovered many friendships; they fell in love with the same woman. Alice Minton was not a Cornish girl, but of American parentage and born in California. Left an orphan without means in her sixteen year, she had quite naturally taken to teaching, and had presently obtained a position in one of the public schools of Virginia City, through the interest of an old mining friend of her father. She had met the comrades, Treloar and Pennart, at a ball, where both had danced with her, and when both had walked to the door in an unaccountable silence. The truth was that Jack and Jim were equally hard hit, though neither thought for a moment that the other had been impressed by the pretty and engaging young teacher. Before the mutual discovery occurred, moreover, both had become still more deeply entangled, and when at last the truth came to light, dismay fell upon each, as they looked at each other. Treloar was the first to recover from the shock. His face was white and his mouth drawn and set, as he slowly said:

"Jim, lad, do'st'ee care for her greatly?" Jim, with pained eyes and trembling lips, made answer:

"Jack! she's just all there is to me!" Then silence fell again, and the two brooded, shielding their faces with their hands, no longer looking at each other.

Treloar's voice, low and yet strained, at last almost whispered:

"Lad—Jim—count me out of the running!" Then a pause, and evidently with difficulty: "Stand thou up to the rack, boy! I'll do all I can for thee!"

There was no more talk on the subject. Pennart accepted the sacrifice, after his quieting of his conscience, with the assumption that his friend did not really care much for the girl. Treloar did not appear to feel the renunciation deeply, though he knew in his heart of hearts that he had missed the best life could hold for him, and though even his modesty could hardly have failed to realize that Alice looked upon him with special kindness. But he kept his word loyally as ever, and when he found that by continuing to visit Alice, though with a single-minded purpose to advance the woeing of his friend, he was only compelling for himself, he determined to keep away, and thenceforth did so. Still Jim Pennart's suit did not prosper. Alice Minton was no coquette, but a very candid and ingenuous girl. She did not dislike Jim, and she did not realize that her feeling toward Treloar was more than one of strong friendship. It was only as his absence became more marked that she caught herself pondering upon its possible cause, to an extent that surprised her when she reflected upon it. Still the full truth remained unsuspected by her, and as Pennart's visits became more frequent, a sense of habitude commended him to her, and she was in a fair way to be prepared for his offer of marriage, when something occurred which definitely changed the situation, tragically and definitely.

All the workings on the Comstock Lode are lined and roofed with heavy framed timbers, from a foot to eighteen inches square. Even these massive beams often have proved unequal to the tremendous strain upon them; and when they do not give way it is found necessary to replace them at intervals, their fibres being destroyed by the pressure. The great heat of the lower workings also dries these timbers, so that they become dangerously inflammable; and when, as sometimes has happened, the rock itself is at a very high temperature, mere contact with it may set the wood on fire.

How the great fire in the Yellow Jacket mine started will never be known, for those who were alone likely to know the truth perished in that disaster. The foulest rumors were afterwards spread abroad to injure the superintendent of the mine, notwithstanding that he had risked his life in attempting to rescue the imprisoned men.

It was the night before this disaster that John Treloar dreamed a dream. He thought he was down in the mine on a twelve-hundred foot level, and that some serious accident—but he could not make out what—had happened. Whatever its nature, he found himself, with his mate, Jim, struggling to reach the shaft; and as they labored through the passage they were the sound of a heavy fall, and the way was blocked before them by the collapse of the roof. And he dreamed that he and Jim set to work to dig themselves out, but that his own strength failed under the heat and foul air, and that Pennart had to drag him through the opening they had made. Toward the end, the dream became less distinct, and the last he remembered was a slowly broadening gleam of light, which, he thought, represented their approach to the shaft.

Then he awoke, and at breakfast he told his dream; and his comrades did not like it at all, but shook their heads, and one or two of them determined then and there that they would "lay off" that day and not venture to go down the Yellow Jacket.

Now, the strangest part of this strange story is that on this same night Alice Minton dreamed about the counterpart of John Treloar's dream—but with a difference which can hardly be regarded as fortuitous. She, too, found herself in the mine, and looking on in a great agitation. At first she saw only a crowd of excited miners running this way and that. Then she seemed to float away from the crowd, and into a comparatively silent working, where two men were frantically digging at a heap of rock and earth that filled the passage in front of them. She looked, and recognized the two friends, but she could not speak, and made herself known to them.

Presently a narrow opening was made between the roof and the top of the fallen mass, and then the men seemed to be talking, but she could not hear what was said. After a pause, one of the men sank upon the ground, and the other climbed the obstruction and made his way through the opening. At this moment, an intense longing to know which of them had escaped and which was left behind overcame her, but she was now unable to distinguish their faces; and as she seemed to strain forward in order to see, a cloud of vapor or smoke rolled along the dimly lighted passage, obscuring the scene completely, and the girl awoke with a shudder, and the name of John Treloar upon her lips. Then she knew for the first time that the feeling in her heart towards this man was stronger than that of friendship. At the breakfast table next morning she, too, told her dream, and those who heard it recalled an marvel at the story afterward.

For within twelve hours the great fire in the Yellow Jacket mine broke out, and all Virginia City was thronging to the hoisting works, where the masses of timber, being worked at dangerous speed, and the cage was being almost hurled up and down the deep shaft, and the clanging of the signal bells, the shouting of orders, the excitement of the miners, and the piteous moans and cries of the women who had hastened to the surface, below, combined to make a memorable and tragic scene. And now the smoke grew thicker in the shaft, and those who looked down saw red points far down, showing that the fire was no longer confined to one level, but had made its way in the dry timbers far and wide. So prompt and well judged had been the action of the superintendent, that three-fourths of the shaft on duty below had been brought up, for the most part uninjured, though in some cases near to suffocation from the smoke and heat. But there were still twenty-seven men unaccounted for, and it was known that most of them had been in the workings farthest from the shaft. So long as these miners remained in the mine, it was necessary to continue forcing air down the mine, even with the certainty of increasing the fire, and now volunteers were called for to go down, at deadly risk, and search for the missing ones. The superintendent announced his intention of heading the rescue party, and though he was not loved, the men cheered him for his pluck, and pressed forward with characteristic gallantry and devotion to offer themselves for the perilous service. An attempt was made to clear the shafts of smoke sufficiently to prevent the suffocation of the men while descending, and the cage was lowered with such a rush that old miners held their breath as they watched the great cable spin over the drum.

Meanwhile the dream had been fulfilling itself in the depths of the mine. Treloar and Pennart were as usual working together when the alarm was given, and it had broken out in the level they were in. They quickly ascertained that the way to the shaft was still open, and they started for it, side by side, retaining their tools more from torquidity than foresight. They were within a hundred yards of the shaft when Treloar halted and pulled his mate back, and, as he did so, the ground and walls of the passage shook; there was a rending, grinding crash of timber, and a great mass of rock fell from the roof in front of them, filling the gallery. They stood still until it seemed that there would be no further fall, and with scarcely a word, simultaneously attacked the obstructing mass. Both powerful men and skillful miners, they knew how to apply their tools with most effect, and in less than half an hour so much had been cleared away from the top of the barrier that it was possible to creep through close to the roof. But while they had been working, the fire had been advancing in their rear, and sudden puffs of super-heated air, whiffs of black smoke and an ominous rise in the temperature, accompanied by a sharp, crackling

sound, growing constantly nearer, warned them that little time was left them for escape. At this moment Pennart leaped exhausted on his pick and turned to Treloar, meaning to ask him if it were not best to stop work and try to free the passage over the pile of rock. To his consternation, he saw John slowly sinking to the ground, his face white, as if fainting. Pennart sprang to his side, and would have saved him, but Treloar shook his head, and, after grasping for breath a moment, whispered rather than spoke:

"No, no, dear lad! It's no use! I'm done! Climb thou through the hole. See! The smoke is thickening, and another minute 'll block that way, too, for 'will hang under 't' roof an' choke thee. Good-bye, dear Jim, an' don't worry over me!" And he sank against the timbers of the wall, panting heavily.

The crisis of James Pennart's life had come. In such circumstance men's minds work with lightning rapidity, and he took in the situation instantly and grasped the duty that lay before him clearly. There was to save his friend, no matter at what peril to himself. He knew perfectly well that John Treloar would have had no hesitation in such a case. He knew that there was just a chance of being able to thrust John through the hole or to go through first himself and then drag him after. He felt still physically capable of doing this, and yet something held him back. All his obligations to his friend rose up against his sluggish will. With them, unhappily, rose, also, a remembrance of Alice Minton, and the thought of the man who lay unconscious before him. No definite purpose of evil crossed his mind; no definite feeling of jealousy; but the hesitation which paralyzed his moral nature deepened. All this reflection, tedious as it is to represent in words, occupied but a few seconds that there seemed to have been hardly a pause after Treloar's speech when his comrade answered:

"Nonsense, John! You're a long way from being done yet. Lean on me, and we'll make the rillo together."

But he said this, James Pennart clearly knew that the moment for action had passed. John Treloar's eyes opened slowly, he moved his head so that he could look down the gallery, and seeing a dense curtain of smoke pressing toward them, he once more shook his head, and with a half-strangled utterance, murmured: "Get out, Jim, for the sake—of—Alice!" and his head sank upon his breast.

Pennart hesitated no longer. Pressing his friend's hand, but unable to speak for emotion, he sprang up the pile of debris, forced his body through the narrow opening, rolled into the clear gallery, and reached the shaft in time to be taken up on the last trip of the cage. As he was struggling over the rock-heap after abandoning his comrade, he thought, but could be sure, that he heard a faint, dying voice whisper: "Alice!" It might have been an echo or a fancy, and no one could prove or disprove it; for when, after many weeks, the Yellow Jacket mine was once more habitable, nothing but a few charred bones remained beside the fallen rock in the gallery, to show where John Treloar had died. Had died—I have said—but, after all, what did these two men do whose life ended on that fateful day? John Treloar's name is never mentioned by the miners save with deepest respect and admiration. He, indeed, to our circumstances, is a man of mixed happiness and success and love; but what do we know of ultimate consequences? As for James Pennart, surely his was a living death from the hour he proved recreant to his duty; for he was sensitive and clear-sighted, and he could not forgive himself. Neither could Alice Minton forgive him, or look upon him with kindness thenceforward. She never married, and he, miserable, went forth a wanderer, objectless, hopeless and indifferent to the future, feeling that nothing it held could by any possibility affect or mitigate the burden of the head of Jove, full-sized, as well as fully armed.

House Flies do not Grow.

To convince householders that the small flies on their window panes never grow to be large ones—in fact, never grow at all—is a task of no little difficulty sometimes. The difference in size of flies is always the distinction of sex or species, but never of age. With the exception of the gradual unfolding of its crumpled wings, no change comes over the aspect of a fly from the moment of its birth from the chrysalis to that of its grown up state. It is no more a big fly or a goose a fully developed duck. All the growth of a fly is accomplished in the maggot state; then a short period of somnolence as a smooth brown chrysalis intervenes, from which finally the young fly springs, like Minerva from the head of Jove, full-sized, as well as fully armed.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Retrospect brightens existence only as it is replete with pleasant memories. K. D. C. positively cures the worst cases of Dyspepsia or Indigestion. Ask your druggist for it or send direct to K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

Don't flatly refuse to pay a bill and fondly cherish the belief that settles it. The World's Fair—'Twill be fairer still when all dyspepsias have been cured by the use of K. D. C.—the Greatest Cure of the Age. Cure guaranteed or money refunded.

Some never uncork the vials of their wrath except to pour forth a torrent of abuse. Unlike all other Dyspepsia medicines, K. D. C. is not a cure-all or a laxative, but is a purifier and builder of the stomach—the sense of nine-tenths of all diseases. For restoring the stomach to healthy action it is specially prepared.

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Substitute nothing for K. D. C.—the Perfect Cure. It acts like magic on the stomach. Test it for yourself! A free sample package mailed to any address, K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

Tricks and treachery are the practice of fools that have not wit enough to be honest.—Franklin.

A king appointed by acclamation! Having been tested and proved worthy by acclamation, been acknowledged the king of medicines. Dyspepsia cured or money refunded.

CANADA. PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK. FIVE AND TEN YEARS FISHING LEASES.

CROWN LAND OFFICE, FREDERICTON, N. B. 17th February, 1892.

THE exclusive right of Fishing (WITH THE ROD ONLY), in front of the ungranted Crown Lands on the following Streams, will be offered for Sale, at Public Auction, at this Office at noon on WEDNESDAY THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY OF MARCH, 1892. Lease of the Fishing Rights will be governed by existing Regulations and will be for the term of FIVE and TEN YEARS from the 1st of March, 1892, as mentioned below.

Table with columns: No., STREAMS, FORMER LEASEE, and Upset Price Per Annum. Lists fishing leases for streams like Restigouche, Upsalquitch, Nepisiguit, Miramichi, and Cains.

Copies of the Regulations to govern the above Sale, or any further information, may be had on application to the Fishery Commissioner, J. Henry Phair, Esq., Fredericton, N. B. L. J. TWEDDIE, Surveyor General.

NOTE. S. means Salmon Fishing; T. means Trout Fishing.

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GET ONE NOW! This is the greatest bargain ever offered in the provinces, and it is hard to tell how soon the supply may run out.

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Advertisement for Morrison & Lawlor Hard Coal, 350 Tons Best Quality Anthracite.

Extracts from History of St. Insurance Co. of Canada. I am old, my heart throbs, the stirring scene. Yes, it is just 1942, and the hovered over for was an eye-witness for I was carrying popular excitement were older and so in all the men do not stop is upon them brothers' blood. Peace had been of America. 1861, the cry and the guns awakened a war. Peace of 30 years people other conditions Rio Grande. Canada any re It was all Prior to 1889 enjoyed certain paid less on the other bor. In the annexed to the leton voted a were enough bor to carry t became a part. Then the Ca of them as c whedled into they should b of assembly o might be such to secure it w action not b would, of cou was taken. another and of Carleton wanted to get something to They soon navy, comman consisting of Western Exe man took pas was assessed ings of a stor for a free ter built. At first, the street talk conciliate the a hot well in a saving of \$ months and t the annual do reduced to ab well, but they make the "g water and let such a device and murthered ing and all th There were days. Thirti us had been southern com itself when G the front in 1892. "Hissen Da when he held the right der of his voi word portraits would have h he done not the common again. John Babi also a lawyer that and infir a crisis, he w arms. Step to the ran brigade o was the joint Langan of a of the kind, trajectories, projectiles, atmospheric ful hours his pheres, disks horrid art of ionists what the southern leader. He common cou Enoch B. fisherman w terests would was also a council. So was J ance agent. So was A Stackhouse.