

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

WILL NOT RUN AGAIN.

MAYOR ROBERTSON HAS HAD HIS SHARE OF HONORS.

That is, so far as Civic Politics have the Power to Charm—He Has an Eye on the House of Commons—Ald. McLaughlan to the Front as a Candidate.

Mayor Robertson will not offer for a third term. That is one of the facts of which there now seems no question. His Womship has intimated as much to his friends for some time past, but there has been some uncertainty as to just how his words were to be construed. There were some who interpreted his words to mean that he placed himself in the hands of his fellow citizens to do with him as they pleased. He would not come forward and say he was a candidate, as that might look as though he wanted to grab the office, a situation in which previous incumbents of the office have brought their aspirations to grief. At the same time, thought some, he would not be averse to accepting a third term if the citizens felt they could not do without him, and would give a gracious consideration to a requisition bearing evidence that the people cried for him and would be satisfied with no other brand. Should there be no such evidence of a demand for his services he would retire gracefully and with honors.

Such supposition did His Worship an injustice. He has not wanted a requisition, and no attempt is likely to be made to induce him to change his determination. He will go out of office with a very good record, in which his occasional official breaks will not be remembered against him. Under the administration of himself and the existing council the city affairs appear to have been well managed, and in some respects there has been a notable advance. He has undoubtedly tried to do his duty, and it may be added that in his public life he has, like some kinds of wine, been materially toned down and improved with age.

One good reason assigned for the Mayor's wish to retire from active civic politics is that he has other and more extended ambitions. There has been a belief that he would accept the position of collector of customs, if it were tendered to him in some more definite manner than the office of appraiser has been dangled before Messrs Hamilton and Kelly, though if both he and John Chesley were appointed, after the same fashion, Mr. Robertson might think the consequent result just a little too rich for his blood. There is no certainty, however, that he will get the contract, for there is a belief that, come what may, something must be done for Chesley. Mr. Chesley himself has been strongly of this opinion for a long time past, and it is the hope does not end in fruition, it will not be through any indifference or negligence on his part. The removal of Mr. Chesley from politics would give Mr. Robertson an opportunity for which he is said to be very wide awake.

That is to be one of the government candidates for St. John. When he was last put forward by the machine he was not in training for such a contest, and Mr. Chesley, coming forward as an independent, easily defeated him, very much to the surprise of the machine and its friends. Mr. Robertson proved himself such a good talker in that campaign that he talked himself out. Since then, with added experience and profiting by past mistakes, many of which Progress has kindly pointed out from time to time, he has put some hoops around himself and grown stronger and wiser. Should he run an election again, it is safe to say that "I George Robertson" would not be so much in evidence, and that he would take a better method of posing as a friend of labor than by telling how he once went to the lumber woods with a little axe on his shoulder.

Should the machine not want him as a candidate, it is believed he will run without the machine, as an independent conservative. He saw the success which attended such an experiment of Mr. Chesley, and he doubtless feels that having been two years before the people he has a personal strength that would ensure him a victory. His friends say that he will be a candidate in the general election, even if he has to go it alone.

The question of a successor to Mayor Robertson has become an important one. The names of several aldermen have been mentioned, but only one is known to be in the field. Taking them at random they may be disposed of as follows:

Ald. Bizard, the father of the council, has been mentioned. He is so well known that it is not necessary to speak of his good qualities. He would give the office of chief magistrate an air of eminent respectability, and would have abundant leisure to devote to civic affairs. Ald. Bizard is not likely to come forward unless he thinks he is wanted, but would no doubt give a requisition his favorable consideration.

Ald. Christie has been thought to be in

training for the Mayor's office, but what- ever his aspirations may be he does not want it this year. He declined a nomination for the local legislature, and seems to be content to serve as an alderman for a year or two yet, until he can arrange to spare more time from his medical practice, which is large, and in which he has at present no assistant to divide the work with him. Ald. Christie has gained strength at the board within the last two years, since some of the other aldermen were sent back to private life, and has shown himself a very efficient worker during the last twelve months. He will probably be in the field for mayor some time, but it will not be this year.

One of the papers has mentioned the name of Ald. McRobbie, though there does not appear to be any good foundation for the rumor. Ald. McRobbie, when asked by some of his colleagues if he intended to be a candidate for alderman this year, gave a definite reply. Some ingenious logician may have interpreted this to mean that he was not sure whether he would be a candidate for alderman because there was a possibility of his being candidate for mayor. There is no McRobbie boom yet, however, and there seems to be no indication of one just at present.

The name which has been most to the front for some time past is that of Ald. McLaughlan. He is quite willing to run and may be said to be in the field. The alderman has served five years at the board, has filled the positions of deputy mayor and warden of the municipality, and has acquitted himself with credit in all that he has done. He has a clean record, and has a large circle of personal friends, and in an event of a contest would undoubtedly poll a splendid vote. It would take a strong man to beat him on his personal popularity and civic record, and as there seems to be no public issue on which an opposition can be founded, Ald. McLaughlan's chances for being the next mayor may be said to be particularly bright.

The T. R. A. has not been heard from this year. Some people assert that it is still alive, but if it is it has not yet shown any signs of kicking.

JUDGE TUCK'S CONDITION.

ABLE TO SIT ON THE BENCH WITHOUT MEAT OR DRINK FOR NINE HOURS.

An incident last Saturday in the Supreme Court at Fredericton shows that the tribulation sometimes outside of the Cabinet at Ottawa. For the convenience of the lawyers residing in St. John and to permit them to get home for Sunday the Court has been allowed to sit on that day until two or three o'clock without adjournment; and so on that day when a certain case was finished at about one o'clock, Judge Tuck, who is acting chief Justice, called on the Consolidated cases and said that the three judges including Justices Landry and Vanwart would hear the argument until two or three, or, if the counsel thought they could get through, until half past three.

Mr. Fagley, one of the council, arose to begin his argument when Mr. Justice Vanwart interrupted him and said, "Gentlemen, you will have to excuse me for the present. I find the condition of my health such that it injures me to go without my mid day meal; in fact I am likely to have a head ache and suffer to such an extent by doing so that I am unfit for work. I have spoken about this before, now I am going to act and in future look after the man instead of the judge."

There was a pause and the naturally ruddy complexion of Judge Tuck brightened as he replied, "Perhaps I have been too urgent in asking the court to sit. In fact I have not given it a great deal of thought other than to suit the convenience of the counsel, but the fact is, gentlemen, I find myself in such physical condition that I could not sit here from nine o'clock in the morning until six in the afternoon without anything to eat, or for the matter of that, anything to drink."

The court adjourned until two o'clock, however, when Judge Vanwart was present to listen to the argument.

The County Won't Get Left.

The county of St. John gets printing amounting to between four and five hundred dollars done every year and tenders are asked for the work. This year the committee made a departure and with each tender requested a certified check for \$100 as a guarantee for the satisfactory character of the work. Twice the deposit was about one quarter of the amount of the whole years work, and the request was considered as somewhat extraordinary. Still three concerns Messrs Barnes & Co. G. A. Knodell and Progress print put in their tenders and checks. Mr. Knodell's estimate was the lowest and the contract was awarded to him. The principle of requiring a check with tenders is no doubt an excellent one but there should be some reason in the condition. To ask a deposit of one hundred dollars for doing four hundred dollars worth of printing, spread over twelve months, in a satisfactory way is unreasonable.

TALKING ABOUT TIMES.

FURTHER DISCUSSION OF WHAT IS A LIVE QUESTION.

Captain Smith's Letter Last Week Brings Out a Letter from a St. John Man—The Canadian Pacific Has Its Own System of Arranging the Standard.

Last week Progress published a valuable contribution to the literature of standard time, in the form of a letter from Halifax dealing very clearly with the subject. As was stated at the time, the writer inadvertently omitted to send his name, but it is now learned that the writer was that excellent authority on many subjects whose latitude and longitude are involved—Captain W. H. Smith, R. N. R., chairman of the board of examiners of Masters and Mates. In a letter since received from him, he explains his omission as follows: "I was enclosing similar communications to some local papers of St. John, the same day, and having my time occupied with other important matters, I presume the letter was inadvertently put in the envelope addressed to you."

"I desire to say that I take a great interest in the matter of Standard Time, and I would like to see that a useful and correct arrangement should be adopted by all cities and towns, and will end this letter with a bit of advice to all, and that is stick to the time of your zone."

Captain Smith's letter, however, even without the authority of his name, appears to have attracted much attention and to have been read with an interest that has set some people thinking on the question. Here is another letter, from a St. John citizen, which shows that the railways are very far from being right in their adoption of times and that at least do not attempt to "stick to their zones." This correspondent says:

"It was a great pleasure to read the exposition of the principles of Standard time in your last issue. A great deal of light has been thrown on the subject by your timely publication and the citizens of St. John will no doubt profit thereby."

"One point was not elaborated by your correspondent—the world wide importance of the subject. Standard time is the outcome of an international conference called together by the United States in 1882."

To this conference twenty five nations sent duly accredited representatives. The countries represented were Austria-Hungary, Brazil, Chili, Columbia, Costa Rica, France, Germany, Great Britain, Guatemala, Hawaii, Italy, Japan, Liberia, Mexico, Netherlands, Paraguay, Russia, Salvador, San Domingo, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, United States and Venezuela. This conference after a full month's deliberation, promulgated the hour zone system or Standard time, so called, which your correspondent so ably explained. But while the conference established twenty four zones and defined their boundaries it allowed a certain amount of latitude for practical application. The hour zones theoretically extend seven and a half degrees of longitude on each side of the hour meridians, but in practice it is by no means an essential rule. The boundary line of contiguous zones may be governed by national, geographical or commercial purposes.

"The C. P. R. has taken advantage of this proviso to such an extent as to practically destroy the whole intent of the conference."

"In our latitude an hour zone would be from 850 to 900 miles wide, but how does the C. P. R. regulate its time zones? The Pacific time zone extends considerably into the Pacific ocean and the portion of land included in this zone amounts to only 600 miles. On the line of the C. P. R. the boundary between the Pacific time zone and mountain time zone would fall in the vicinity of Calgary, but the C. P. R. moves the boundary about 200 miles west to Donald, making the run on Pacific time 454 miles. The run in Mountain time zone is 891 miles from Donald to Brandon. The boundary has again been moved west from Winnipeg 125 miles. The run on Central time is 559 miles from Brandon to Ft. William. The boundary has been moved west again this time 375 miles from Chapleau. The run on Eastern time is 1754 miles from Ft. A. William to Halifax. The boundary is moved east this time about 625 miles from McAdam. This is how the C. P. R. arranges its time zones:

"Pacific standard time	454 miles
"Mountain "	891 "
"Central "	559 "
"Eastern "	1754 "

"The deviation of the roadbed from a straight line if taken into account would not materially affect these figures. The C. P. R. track is very straight and runs nearly due east and west."

"These figures show that the C. P. R. does not attempt to run on true Standard time but adopts standards to suit itself. If the American railways should adopt as arbitrary time zones as the C. P. R. has done there would be no such thing as standard time in North America."

"In the face of these facts how can any one claim that it is the proper thing for the localities along the lines of the C. P. R. to adopt the same time standards that it has? This community should adopt the proper standard, i. e. the standard to which we belong according to the international conference known here as Atlantic Standard, and then every effort should be made to induce the railways to adopt the proper time as well."

There can be no doubt that the term "Atlantic" standard, as Capt. Smith suggested last week, is a better term than "Intercolonial" standard which was the designation given in the schedule of maps published after the convention of 1883. Nor is their doubt that New Brunswick and Nova Scotia properly come under the Atlantic standard, and were so scheduled at those conventions. The Intercolonial railway runs for the greater portion of its length within the designated limits of Atlantic time, the zone of separation being about where the railway comes out on the shore of the lower St. Lawrence. The Intercolonial, however, adopted the Eastern standard at the outset, and the Canadian Pacific having also adopted it, the present state of things has been brought about.

The question in St. John is a vexed one. Uniform time is demanded, and that means one time for both railway and citizens. Eastern standard for the one and Atlantic standard for the other, as in Halifax, will not bring uniformity, though the difference of an even hour is preferable to the present difference of odd minutes between Eastern standard and local mean time. Should the city adopt Eastern standard, as a matter of expediency, uniformity is secured, but the time is not the true time according to the arrangement of the standard meridian. On the other hand, should Atlantic standard be adopted, there is no assurance that there will ever be uniform time, for as far as heard from the railways have negatived the idea that they will ever consent to change their standard.

The more the time problem is discussed the more need there seems to be that it should have the fullest consideration before any final step is taken to adopt our standard or the other.

INVADED A PRIVATE HOUSE.

Latest Idea of the Police in Regard to Searching for Liquor.

Robert Hickey, an employee in a bottling establishment lives with his wife and four children on 55 Britain street, in the third flat. Three of his children have been sick with the measles and their mother was attending to them last Saturday night when she was surprised, during the absence of her husband, by the entrance of two policemen, Sergeant Jenkins and Sergeant Kilpatrick. They demanded of her that she hand over to them any liquor that was in the house, and she pointed to two bottles of whiskey, which they took. Not satisfied with this, they searched around and found a soda water bottle with a very small quantity of gin, which had been procured for the sick children. There were no glasses or other paraphernalia of a bar room found, no persons frequenting the place, and not the slightest evidence that liquor was kept for sale. To the minds of the two policemen, however, there was proof of the violation of the Liquor License Act, and Mr. Hickey was notified to appear before the court on Monday.

Mr. Hickey is a man who believes that he has a right to take a drink, or to ask his friends to join him if he sees fit to do so. He has been in the habit of keeping liquor in the house, instead of spending his leisure hours in bar rooms, and the whiskey found by the policemen was solely for his personal use. He does not keep a shop of any kind, and when the searchers climbed up to the third floor, where he has his home, they had no expectation of finding a shop. They were looking for liquor, and they found it just as they might have found it in dozens of respectable private houses if they had intruded in the same way and for the same object.

Mr. Hickey appeared before the court on Monday, and Jenkins told his story. Mr. Hickey waited and got an adjournment of the case in order that he might show he was wholly innocent of the charge brought against him. On Wednesday he again went to court, in company with a lawyer, told his story and had the case dismissed. There was absolutely no evidence against him.

The Liquor License Act makes it the duty of policemen to search out and prosecute all offenders against the provisions of the act. There must, however, be a reasonable ground for belief that the law is being violated, and the presumption is that those who are entrusted with this duty of searching out have ordinary discretion. Were it not so, any man would be at the mercy of possibly spiteful persons who would tell the police that there was liquor sold in his private house, and thus no man would be safe from intrusion and from the necessity of having to go to court to free himself from an unfounded charge. Were the fact of a man having liquor in his house prima facie evidence that he was selling it, some of our prominent citizens would be forced to explain themselves in court pretty often, and some of the policemen themselves would be very liable to have a visit from the chief inspector or some of his ultra-sensitive sergeants.

WHEELER IN HIS CELL.

HOW HE APPEARS AND WHAT HE SAYS OF THE MURDER.

Declares He Did Not Kill Annie Kempton but Thinks He Will Be Convicted of the Crime—Something about the Man and How He is Regarded There.

The crime at Bear River is one to call for prompt justice when the guilt of the murderer is made clear. Annie Kempton, a girl of 15, was found murdered in her father's house, early in the morning. She had been dead several hours, and was probably killed the previous evening. The condition of the room appears to show that she had fought some person, who, knowing her to be alone, had undertaken to assault her, and that either angered by her resistance or frightened by her threats of subsequent prosecution, he knocked her senseless by a blow on the head with a bullet of wood, and that afterward he cut her throat to make sure of having her life. Wheeler was the man who called at the house in the morning and found the body. According to the story of young Benson, Wheeler had been there the evening before and had cautioned him to say nothing about it. Evidence has also been given of remarks made in the past by Wheeler of designs he had against the girl, and his explanation of his movements on the evening of the tragedy has been shown to consist of clumsy untruths. Apart from the evidence of Benson, Wheeler's own words seem to form a strong case against him and naturally give color to the almost universal belief in his guilt.

A representative of PROGRESS visited Digby and Bear River during the past week, and had a talk with the prisoner. Wheeler is twenty-six years old, about five feet two inches in height, with broad shoulders, the lower part of his body being very slight. His face resembles that of an Indian, with high cheek bones, small nose and snapping dark brown eyes. His hair is black and very thick over the temples. He is said to have come from Australia, but has knocked around the world a great deal as a sailor, and has a foreign accent in his speech. He says he has never been to school, but he is believed to understand two or three languages well enough to make himself understood in them, French being of the number. He can read and has been studying the bible since his arrest, remarking that it is now his only friend. When talking, he looks anybody straight in the eyes, and has no hesitation in answering any question he is asked.

Wheeler came to Bear River about twelve years ago, and for a while worked as a hand on coasting vessels. Of late years he has followed a sort of a free and easy life, doing odd chores, picking berries in their season and getting Mayflowers for St. John customers. He has not been a drinking man, but he has been in bad repute among the villagers on account of his living at the house of Tillie Comeau, a woman at least 20 years his senior and the mother of several children who have no positive means of identifying their fathers. The scandal caused by Wheeler choosing this boarding house has in the past given rise to occasional proposition to run him out of the district and he claims that once an attempt was made to get him drunk so that a sort of an improvised vigilance committee could deal out summary punishment to him.

Tillie Comeau, is a sharp, intelligent French woman, who has been in the habit of doing washing and housework for the people around Bear River. She had of late spent the nights at the Kempton house, to keep Annie company during the absence of the parents. One of the points against Wheeler is that on the night of the murder he told Tillie she need not go to the Kempton house, as one Grace Morine was to stay with Annie that night. The Morine girl declares that she had no intimation of any such arrangement.

Tillie says that Wheeler has always paid his board at her place and adds that he was of a kind nature and the last person she would believe guilty of murder. Her children also said he was always kind to them.

On Tuesday last Peter Wheeler was seen by a PROGRESS man in his cell at Digby. When asked if he knew who was talking to him he replied in the negative, but he asked if he remembered who he and Tillie Comeau used to gather mayflowers for in St. John, he at once spoke up in an easy off handed way and was as open for a chat as any man in his happiest mood. "Well, Peter," was asked, "have you anything to tell me in reference to this affair?"

"No, sir," was his reply.

"Your trial is to commence at Bear River on Thursday?"

"Yes sir, and it they convict me which I suppose they will I will never gather any more Mayflowers for you."

Here the prisoner's voice dropped a little and in a soft and sympathetic way he went on to say that the people all seemed hard on him for what he could not say, and that

HE THOUGHT THEY WERE TREATING HIM VERY BADLY.

FOR "AS GOD IS MY JUDGE I NEVER LIED TO ANNIE," HE SAID WITH GREAT EARNESTNESS.

The people of Bear River are very much amazed over the different reports that have been published in connection with this murder, and they all say that none of the reports have been the same. The general opinion is that whoever the murderer is he evidently had a pretty rough wrestle with the girl in trying to commit an assault, and that falling in this he struck her with a club of wood to keep her quiet and on finding her again coming to her senses he cut her throat. They do not seem to support the reports that the upsetting of furniture etc. were caused in the struggle for life, but in previous a rough and tumble wrestle. They also think the death wound was made quick and on the fly, and that the stains of blood on the different articles and on the door, were done in the excitement of the murderer.

THEY DROVE OUT AND DINED.

A Merry Party on a Pleasant Time—The Victoria Drive.

One up the events of the winter which many people look forward to is the "New Victoria Drive". For six years it has been an annual affair and the enjoyment afforded by it has even exceeded the pleasant anticipation of the event.

Wednesday a genial party of friends of the house and the proprietor Mr. McCoskery found themselves in one of the big sleighs of Watson's livery and en route to the scene of their last merry making, the Clairmont, at Torryburn. The party was not as large as that of last year but there were plenty to make merry and enjoy themselves.

Supper was served with Mr. McCoskery in the chair while he was protected on his right by a strong arm of the militia, Colonel Domville of the 8th Hussars, and upon his left by that capable representative of Canada's navy, Captain Pratt.

The popular organizer of the affair Mr. Cameron filled the vice chair and if he experienced any difficulty in doing justice to all that was placed before him it was not because he lacked assistance from his wings Mr. Quinton and Mr. March.

With Captain Ferris presiding at another table and the redoubtable and argumentative "Mayor of Blue Rock," Mr. Timothy Donovan upon his left there was added a certain completeness to the arrangements for the feast and the merry making speeches.

Suffice it to say that while the keen appetites of the party were unsatisfied there was an air of business about the board that spoke volumes for the cookery of the Clairmont and the varied menu.

The usual formal and loyal toast of the Queen met with such a response in the way of cheers as is seldom heard about a festive board and the few but appropriate welcoming remarks of Mr. McCoskery in proposing it were warmly received.

Then replying to the health of Canada's governor general, Colonel Domville made a merry and practical speech introducing the broader politics of country before party and giving utterance to many sentiments heartily applauded by all present. The Colonel is as pleasant and agreeable an after dinner speaker as he is forcible and aggressive upon the platform.

Mr. Timothy Donovan was asked to speak for the governor and he did so in his own interesting and emphatic fashion. Mr. Donovan's speech was original in thought as well as words and afforded much enjoyment to those present.

The army and navy brought Captain Pratt and Colonel Domville again to their feet with brief speeches while Mr. D. Dias was excused upon the promise of a song at a later hour. Then our mercantile and shipping interests called for Messrs. Cullinan, Callaghan, Knex, and others whose names are not recalled at this moment. Mr. McCoskery and the New Victoria were both honored and replied to much to the satisfaction of those about the board. Other features of the supper were the eloquent speeches of Messrs. Quinton, March and Cameron in proposing and responding to toasts. The press was not forgotten, and the Sun and Progress replied. Mine host Newcombe was called to the front and complimented upon his spread, and he too found that a speech was necessary. An hour or two of jest and song, wit and humor were then pleasantly spent, and it is not necessary to say that they were all the more enjoyable because of the good singing of Messrs. Delay and Dias.

A "Worth-Nothing" Young Man.

A young lawyer who took his best girl out for a drive a few days ago, met with a mishap, which threw both him and the young lady out. The horse got away and ran about a mile, shattering the sleigh so that it was hardly worth repairing. Now the young man who is zealous in his endeavors to collect accounts for his, or his employer's clients, sets up the claim that as he is worth nothing the livery man can whistle for the cost of repairing the sleigh. This is not an uncommon plea but in this case it would seem to merit a stronger adjective than "uncommon". The matter is likely to go to court.

TAXPAYERS GROANING.

A NEED OF MORE EARNST CIVIC EFFORT IN HALIFAX.

Other Matters of Interest in the Sister City—Money Wanted For the Sailors' Home—The Victoria Hospital and its Rates for Private Patients.

HALIFAX, Feb., 6.—The report of the committee on salaries of civic officials as everybody knows received an ignominious hoist in the city council some weeks ago. A new committee was appointed, in the hope that new men, with new ideas, would be able to evolve a scheme more practicable and which might prove more acceptable to the alderman's sense of what was judicious and right. The members of that old committee were so disgusted with the wire-pulling, and time-serving and self-seeking encountered that they washed their hands of the business and resolved never more to attempt "reforms" of that kind. Yet their failures did not discourage six other aldermen from allowing themselves to be nominated as a new committee on salaries. The list begins with Alderman Geldert who is a hard-working civic representative from ward 1. His colleague from that ward, Alderman Musgrave is now understood to have been anxious to obtain a place on the committee, but this desire was not known when the committee was struck, and perhaps it is just as well it was not, for Alderman Musgrave is not a city father who devotes much time to the affairs of the city corporation, though who can say that he does not spend many hours in secret thought upon the condition of civic affairs. Alderman Geldert, therefore, is the man of the hour on the salaries committee from ward 1.

Alderman W. J. Butler is the representative from ward 1. He is in earnest in his desire to effect reforms and to secure from the civic officials the biggest return possible for liberal salaries, wrung from the pockets of the people. Alderman Butler will doubtless bring his business knowledge and sagacity to bear on this question with good effect.

Alderman Mitchell is the member of the committee from ward 3. The public hope to see the alderman's sound, practical, level-headed common sense brought to bear on the subject to be considered, and they may safely depend upon it there will be no disappointment so far as he is concerned.

A better man than Alderman Hubley of ward 4, could not have been selected if economy is to be the objective point aimed at by the committee. "Economy" is Alderman Hubley's watchword by night and by day, sleeping and waking, in the council and out of it, whether he happens to be in the majority or minority; economy and Alderman Hubley are inseparable as were the Siamese twins. Let him get to work once more now.

What will Alderman Eden from ward 4, and Alderman Outhit from ward 6 do? Not very much of their past achievements in the arena of civil politics are to be considered. But let this be their chance. Representatives of wards 5 and 6 on this committee now or never more than justify the best expectations that have been formed of you. There is much to be done by you; much that can be done on this salaries committee, if you will only faithfully try. The taxpayers of Halifax are groaning under burdens present and prospective. Do your best, like true civic fathers to reorganize, reform and improve the clerical staff at the city hall. Past shortcomings on your part will be forgiven if you do this! Six men of the salaries committee, bestir your selves, and earn the heartfelt thanks of the community!

The directors of the Halifax Sailors Home are in dire distress for money. For several years past there has been the same sad story of deficit after deficit. Last year the gross shortage in income over expenditure was \$1,100, and during nine years the floating debt on current account has grown to the appalling figures of \$7,000. The home has a building which cost \$30,000, half of which has been paid for, the remaining \$15,000 being covered by mortgage. The Sailors home is one of our most useful philanthropies, and it is regrettable that it is not in a more flourishing financial condition. The reason for its poverty does not lie with those who have the home in charge, nor with the home itself. With such men as James Morrow, Samuel M. Brockfield and George S. Campbell actively at work on its directorate and with a faithful man like George Graydon as manager, the home should succeed. The number of sailors coming to this port is as great as ever, but they come in steamers and there is not the long wait that there used to be in the days of sailing vessels. Nevertheless the Home is an essential to a seaport like Halifax, especially in summer when they are so many men from the Royal Navy on our streets. The Sailor's Home does a vast amount of good and the benevolent people of Halifax may be depended upon, when they come really to see its needs, to put their hands in their pockets and rescue it from its present perilous position. An appeal is shortly to be issued for assistance. Besides this a "Grand nautical fair" is talked of for next summer.

PROGRESS last week drew attention to the desire that in the Hospital at St. John, private patients should be allowed to have their own physicians if they so wished, rather than be confined to the hospital staff.

This is a privilege which was granted to private patients at the Victoria General hospital in this city, but only on terms which make it practically useless. A patient who comes into the hospital and pays \$9 per week for board may be waited upon by his own physician but not otherwise. Some time ago the tariff was \$7 but the authorities raised it to \$9.

The Victoria hospital is an institution in which the people of this province have a commendable pride great, though occasionally there are peculiar developments. The case of the young woman brought in with a diseased face, and who after two months in the hospital, so greatly surprised the physician in attendance, is a case in point.

In order that the great pressure on its accommodation may to a certain extent be relieved the provincial legislature is considering the possibility of subsidizing local institutions throughout the province, such as Rev. W. C. Wilson's cottage hospital at Springhill, etc., only such cases would then be sent to Halifax as could not be dealt with at those local institutions.

THE PAIN IMMEDIATELY LEFT ME.

So Says Mrs. W. T. Rundle, of Dundalk, After Using Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

How difficult it is for those afflicted with heart disease to get relief, and to get it quickly. The pain hangs on, and is suggestive of the most terrible results, for heart disease cannot be trifled with. Here was Mrs. W. T. Rundle, the wife of a well known cattle dealer in Dundalk, who suffered severely from pains in the region of the heart that, to quote her own words: "I was for some time unable to attend to my household duties. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and I must say the result was wonderful. The pain immediately left me after the first day, and I have had no trouble since."

Strong testimony, and yet Mrs. Rundle stands along with thousands of others who can say the same thing.—Sold by H. Dick and D. McDiarmid.

Natural Resentment. "Little boy," asked the sympathizing lady, "why do you cry so?" "Is there anything in the manner of my expressing my grief, madam," responded the Boston boy, "that strikes you as being out of or inappropriate? Boohoo! Boohoo!"

She had to be Tucked in Bed With Her Feet. "My wife," says Mr. Thomas Crosbie, of Lisle, Ont., "was laid up with rheumatism for months, and for two weeks the pain was so intense that she had to be turned in bed with sheets. I saw an advertisement in the Alliston, Ont. Herald, saying that 'South American Rheumatic Cure' would give relief in fifteen minutes, and quickly cured. I at once took the trial for that place, and secured one-half dozen bottles from Mr. J. R. Hipwell, druggist. My wife began the use of it, and in 24 hours she was out of bed, and has not been troubled with rheumatism since. This remedy is a wonder worker, and I believe will prove a great blessing to anyone suffering from rheumatism." Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

A stick of timber 119 feet long and 22 inches square, without a knot or blemish, was cut in a mill at Hequiam, Wash., last week. It is the longest piece of timber ever cut in that neighborhood, and the most nearly perfect any of the old lumbermen there has ever seen.

Onion juice is said to be very effective in promoting the growth of the hair. The winter is so mild in France this year that daisies are already blooming in the Parisian parks.

"77" GRIP

Look out for Grip! All the Weather Conditions favor the Disease.

Look out for the Grip. The weather conditions proceeding an attack of the Grip have invariably been the present conditions and the thing to do is to be on the safe side. Be careful and don't catch cold. If you do catch cold take care of it at once. GRIP SYMPTOMS. Sense of illness, Pain or Soreness in the Head, Back, Chest, Side or Limbs; or Cough, Sore throat, Catarrh, Influenza, Protrusion flowing from the Nose or Eyes, Itching, and Redness of the Eyelids, General Prostration and Fever. Sometimes one, and again another symptom is more prominent. The appetite impaired and the nervous system unstrung, depressed and run down.

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DON'T LIKE THE LEAGUE.

CHARLOTTETOWN CITIZENS AND THE SCOTT ACT.

The Methods of Some of the Reformers Are Scored by a Correspondent—The Way Taken to Secure Convictions is Not Looked Upon With Favor.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: The temperance workers in Charlottetown, can lay claim to enthusiasm in their work. They never go at it half heartedly, they undertake it in all earnestness, and if in the carrying out of their projects they sometimes go to extremes it need not be wondered at. But alas! the zeal does not always last. It is too often like the effervescence of the soda, from a soda water bottle: it pops over in the extreme anxiety to get vent at first, fizzles for awhile and then falls flat.

Charlottetown is again a Scott Act town. Just at present its temperance people have much cause for thankfulness in the numerous summonses served upon, and the many convictions obtained against the noble army of rum-sellers. But it seems as if the most extreme lovers of the Scott Act, must find that there is something amiss with that praiseworthy law, for it does not seem to be all plain sailing to enforce it.

Therefore, to emphasize matters and to compel the rum-sellers to stop his "mercenary business" as the good, charitable temperance people call it they accordingly put their worthy and fertile brains together consider the matter over and the outcome of it all was the establishing of a new society in our midst.

This society rejoices in the name of the "Citizens' League" its object is to further the cause of temperance,—and the proscriber in his arduous work and finally to rid the rum-seller off the face of the earth. Beginning at Charlottetown all the citizens who are "right minded" (and any one who does not hold the views of the League is wrong minded) belong to it, it is supposed to number members of all classes and conditions of men even to the former rum-seller who after having made his pile saw the error of his ways and now is the loudest in his condemnation of it.

The League was organized with a public meeting in the Opera House and with a band discoursing sweet music outside in order to attract the attention of any one who mayhap might not have heard of the laudable undertaking that was being entered upon that night.

The first night's meeting was a great success. But on the second meeting a short time ago the "fizz" of the society's members was about at an end and while they resolved at the first meeting to do such great things themselves, at the second they concluded they would pay some one else to do it and now the right minded men (if they still remain) will be left to follow the precedent of a Rev. member and strike their name off the roll of membership.

For the second meeting proved, conclusively that it was being made a political affair and in addition to that a resolution was passed to offer a reward of five dollars to any person giving such information as would lead to the conviction of any party selling liquor, the reformer's name to be kept secret and the money to be paid when conviction was obtained.

This is certainly a unique feature in the many ways of furthering the temperance cause and what makes it still more so is the fact that one of its prime instigators, is a man, who, twenty-five years ago, sold more liquor than any one else in the city and who at the present time is said to owe a bill of \$140 to a liquor dealer for liquor supplied him a short time ago for electioneering purposes. "Consistency thou art a jewel." Here is a man toadying to the temperance party and condemning liquor selling in the highest terms whose own hands are hardly free of the very business he is condemning. But he fondly imagines that no one remembers that fact.

More than that, the very thing he is trying to put down, he buys in large quantities, it may be does not pay for and then distributes through the country to bribe people for their votes or else to please a certain class of men who look for and always receive "treats" galore during election time. He speaks of the "methods" of the business. He surely ought to know them pretty well and be up to all the tricks of the trade and therefore to change the old adage to "it takes a rum-seller to catch a rum-seller," he doubtless thinks he is an invaluable addition to the League, other members of it deserve special mention which there is no space for here; they will get it in their turn. But if the League wants to do good why does it not employ fair means?

That "five dollars" will be productive of more harm than enough. The men who would be small enough for the sake of five dollars, to obtain the information the League wants are the very men who would borrow ten cents for a drink, inform on the man who sold it and then take the "League's" five dollars and have a good spree on the temperance people's money.

The Scott Act is being made a perfect god of by many temperance people in Charlottetown, it makes no difference what a man might be; he may be a biased broken down rone, a man whom women should refuse admittance to respectable houses but if he talks up and works for the "Scott Act" the temperance women canvass for him and will bear nothing against him. He may be a man who believes in neither heaven or hell, but if he believes in the "Scott Act" it seems to be all the religion required.

The temperance people persistently refuse to license what they call an evil but at the same time compel the vendors to pay for the privilege of being vendors.

They run down liquor in every shape and form but when some of them want it themselves for sickness or as a tonic they get some bitters, or like things from the druggist, put them in it and fondly imagine they are taking "only medicine."

If the league members would only have the courage of these convictions, come out boldly and say they will work in every possible way to further the cause they pretend to champion, people would respect them for being brave enough to do so. But they do not want to do the "dirty work" such as sneak around places and act as informers so they are willing to pay men to take that part of it in hand, and there is going to be some pretty dirty work done before the "Scott Act" is tried for another term; either a recognized license law, or strict Prohibition is what is wanted. While the Government profits by the revenue derived from the importation of liquor that liquor will be sold by fair means or foul and all the "Citizens League" in the world even with superannuated rum-sellers at the head of them are not going to prevent it.

Out with the temperance cranks, some of whom sneak in the back doors of the very places they are trying to close. Out with those who dictate to others tell; them they are committing a sin if they drink a glass of liquor while they themselves sit by their own fireside and enjoy their own glass of hot toddy these winter nights. Out with those men or women who have satiated themselves with the evil and dare not touch it. Let people who hold temperance principles from convictions take matters in hand. Let their lives show that they practice what they preach let them advocate "Prohibition;" not "Scott Act" and then there will really be a step taken on the right road.

Then when Prohibition waves its banner over us maybe the league will find decent respectable work to do in the enforcing of a decent respectable law. In the meantime it had better relegate itself back to the ashes of the dead and gone rum-sellers from which but few of them can deny it has arisen.

CONSISTENCY. Charlottetown, P. E. I., Feb. 4.

The art of printing is covered by 5,833 patents, either of machines or special devices employed in the work.

About one-third of the butter imported into Great Britain last year came from Denmark.

\$10 Reward. Hello, John, what's this? Mr. Snell says he will pay \$10 to any person that cannot learn Pernin-Snell shorthand at home; lessons by mail. He does just as he says he will. That's a fair offer. I'll try it. Set of capitals 10 cents. S. A. SNELL, - - - - - Truro, N. S.

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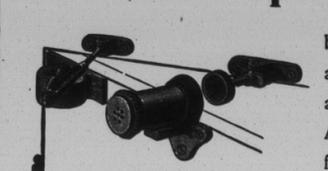
Five applications from merchants have been received in the last few days. Three of these were for YOUNG MEN who could write Short Hand. This is an indication of the demands of the times. Book keeping is good. Short Hand is good, but the combination is better.

Our revised terms give excellent opportunities for those who can spare time for the combined courses. Send for Catalogue giving terms &c. S. KERR & SON, Odd Fellow's Hall, St. John Business College.

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We pay highest prices for old Postage Stamps used before 1870. From \$1 to \$100 paid for single extra rare specimens. It will pay you to look up your old letters. Remittances first mail after receipt of stamps. A. F. HANSMAN & Co., 18 Leader Toronto, Canada.

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by careless people and doors that slam are alike annoying. A desirable device for closing doors without noise, and keeping them closed, is the ECLIPSE CHECK AND SPRING. The sample we have shows that it is simple and durable. Come in and see it.

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P. S. We have just received another lot of Diamond Skate sharpeners so popular with the boys at this season. Price 25c.

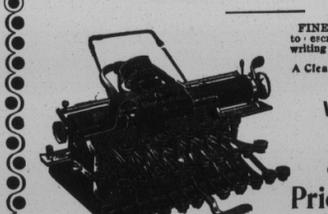
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VISIBLE WRITING AND DIRECT INKING, GOOD DUPLICATOR. Price Only \$45.00.

The Visible Writing is worth the money. A Full Key Board Machine, 84 Characters, Capitals, Figures, Fractions, French, German and English, Change Wheels: It will do all that can be done on the \$120 Ribbon Machine.

For years a large majority of the people have been looking for a practical, low-priced, portable, key board machine. A machine that equals any of the high-priced ones in capacity and quality of work, and excels them all in convenience. This is the purpose of the Blickensderfer No. 5.

MANIFOLDING. Heretofore it has been found impossible to manifold satisfactorily on a type writer of the wheel class. The Blickensderfer, No. 5, while possessing every desirable feature of the wheel machine, has the direct powerful stroke of the lever class, thereby manifolding with unequalled force and clearness.

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EXTRACT FROM JUDGE'S REPORT, CHICAGO COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, 1893. BLICKENSDERFER SMALL TYPE-WRITER. Excellence of a small type-writing machine, designed to meet the requirements of general office and clerical work.

It is a type-wheel machine; the wheels are interchangeable and inexpensive, writing is always in sight; has very few parts; can be adjusted to any width between lines; is a good manifold, and has a light, well arranged key-board. It shows lightness, simplicity, scope, inexpensiveness and strength.

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

That there are a number of promising young singers within the bounds of this city I fully believe, and that in some instances care is being taken to cultivate and develop this gift of song I also believe, and the pupils of the conservatories and skilled teachers abroad, as in the case of Miss Jessie Gordon Forbes (of whom mention was made last week) invariably do the highest credit to their teachers. From time to time one hears of St. John ladies leaving home to pursue their musical studies at the Conservatory in Boston, for instance. Among those of whom I have recently heard is a young lady from North End—Miss Kate Donavan—who sang in the choir of the church of the Holy Trinity here. This lady's voice is a soprano and no doubt as in the case of her several predecessors will yet be heard from as maintaining the reputation for good work that characterizes all St. John representatives in these institutions.

There was what might be called an experimental concert at the Opera house last Tuesday evening at which Miss Liko was the principal singer. This young lady is a pupil of Prof. Titus and when freed from nervousness does her rather a little credit. Whenever I have heard her sing I have noticed she was nearly always nervous to a greater or less extent.

On Thursday evening a subscription concert was given at the Opera house—So late in the week as to preclude all further notice in this department for this issue. It served to introduce a tenor, Mr. Mason, of whose voice and method the advance notices speak very favorably. Mrs. Wootton was the principal soprano.

Mr. J. G. Frank of the band of the 23rd Reg't at Brooklyn, New York, is said to be the only solo performer on the bass trumpet in America.

It is supposed to be not generally known that Ivan Caryll, who wrote the music of "The Shop Girl" which is now so popular, is the husband of Geraldine Usher (Dollie), a Boston girl and a member of the first Ideal Opera Company.

W. H. Clark one of Boston's favorite Basses has joined the forces of the Castle Square theatre opera company in Boston. The Gilbert and Sullivan revival began there last Sunday evening with a production of "Iolanthe." It will interest St. John readers to know that Miss Edith Mason will sing the title role. Mr. Clark will sing the part of Private Willis.

"Iolanthe" was first given in Boston at the opening of the Bijou theatre on December 11, 1882. The following was the cast of the opera.

The Lord Chancellor	Henry E. Dixey
Stephen	Siz. Brocolini
Earl of Tottolter	W. H. Pesenden
Earl of Mt. Ararat	Edward P. Tompkins
Private Willis	Augustus K. Tompkins
Iolanthe	Clara Poole
Payllis	Janet Edmondson
Fairy Queen	Mary A. Sanger
Callis	Annie Calloway
Lelia	Hetti Delano
Fees	Sylvia Gerrish

John J. Brahan led the orchestra, and Reeves's band appeared on the stage. Francis Wilson has staved "The Chief-tain" after giving it at the Tremont theatre, Boston for two weeks. He is now giving "The Merry Monarch" which is as merry and fun making as it ever was. Lulu Glasser of this company it is said "was pleasing to the eye, lively, graceful and saucy and sang well."

The following elegant description of Madame Nordica appears in a musical publication.

"Look at Nordica!" said a keen observer. "Look at that Plymouth Rock jaw! No wonder she is on top today! Will power is written all over her intelligent and sweet mug."—Musical Courier.

Yvette Guilbert and her manager Teddy Marks have sailed for Europe. It is said they will soon be married.

Loie Fuller will produce her new spectacle "Salome," at Koster and Bial's, for which she will receive \$1,000 a night. She will give only twenty-four performances and return at once after the engagement is over. A Boston paper says one can hardly believe she is the same Loie Fuller we used to know, that now gets \$1,000 a night for a short performance. How strange are the workings of fate!

The fourteenth rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was given in Music hall, yesterday afternoon, February 7, at 2:30 o'clock and will be repeated this evening, February 8 at 8:00 o'clock.

Programme:
Fantasy Schubert
Concerto for violin in D minor Viennese
Prelude to Act I, "Lohengrin" Wagner
Symphony in G, "Tasso" Liszt
Soloist, Mr. M. Marick.

There seem little doubt that Miss Boucicault, a niece of Dion Boucicault, will astonish the opera-loving world when it hears her, says an ex-change. The most extravagant praises are heard of her. "No such voice known since Patti's" being perhaps the most extravagant. Her dramatic talent is said to be second only to her marvellous voice. Her London debut at Covent Garden in June, under Sir Augustus Harris, is announced.

Mozart's "Don Juan" will soon be given at the Munich Hof theatre in exact accord

with the original score, which was in the possession of Madame Viardot Garcia.

The Jubilee performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" will take place next fall, the work having been produced at the Birmingham (England) musical festival of 1846.

The full name of Chevalier, the London music hall singer, is Albert Ossemo Brittanico; Gwathwaeye Louis Chevalier. He is to appear in New York in March as previously stated and is to receive a salary of \$3,000 a week.

A London critic who was asked why he disliked opera contented himself with defining it as "an entertainment in which a tenor, betrayed by a barytone, calls out, 'I love you' to a soprano, who exclaims to the barytone, 'Do not kill him; I love him in return.'"

A Western paper is responsible for the following note. The debut of Patourkaski, the pianist, was a dazzling success. After the performance of the symphony there were storms of applause, but when a committee from the audience had gone upon the stage and found the artist's hair to be beyond question his own, the enthusiasm beggars description.—Detroit Tribune.

Mrs. Marie Vandervær-Green has been engaged as the leading contralto, for the Albany concerts. By the way I read that Albany is expected in Chicago early this month. If this be the case there is little probability of the recent report that she was to appear in this city on the 14th inst. will be verified.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The many friends and admirers in this city of Miss Percy Huswell will regret to learn that owing to ill health she will be obliged to resign her position as a member of Augustin Daly's Company. It is to be hoped her indisposition will be only temporary.

Miss Hope Ross and Mr. Melvyn Arbuckle, members of T. Daniel Frawley's theatrical company in San Francisco, are engaged to be married. It is said to be a veritable love affair. Miss Ross, who is now 24 years of age, has been on the stage since she was 11 years old. Mr. Arbuckle an American ex-actor, is a promising actor.

Mr. B. Curtis (Sam'l of Posen) and his wife will shortly appear in Vandeville. Madame Modjeska's illness has caused the disbandment of her company. This lady as previously mentioned has booked time at the opera house in this city in May next I believe. Modjeska is convalescing slowly but surely.

The profits of F. H. Sothern in "The Prisoner of Zenda" this season are estimated at the comfortable sum of forty thousand dollars.

It is stated that Dominick Murray has retired from the stage.

Helen Dauvray is returning to the United States from Australia, and intends again to star in "Oae of our Girls."

Augustin Daly's company is now rehearsing a Daly version of "Henry IV," with Ada Rohan as Prince Hal.

Louise Thorndyke Boucicault the alleged widow of the late Dion Boucicault, is playing in "The Jilt."

Charles Dabney is the name of an English actor who plays a part in "My Lady Slavey" in New York. He came to the United States in 1890 with the London Gaiety company headed by Florence St. John.

James O'Neil of "Monte Cristo" fame, is said to have accepted the offer of a syndicate to give the "Passion Play" in the United States if the consent of the different churches can be procured. This syndicate is said to be backed by a capital of \$1,000,000.

Nat Goodwin has brought suit for \$50,000 against a Chicago newspaper which said he had won money by gambling.

Annie Clark, Kate Ryan and Arthur Forrest have been successful in their several suits for ten weeks salary, brought against Mr. Goodwin of the grand opera house, Boston.

The Katherine Rober company closed a very successful season of two weeks at the opera house here last Saturday evening.

It is believed that the first electric light installed in an American theatre was a Jablockhoff candle, used as a focusing lamp in the old California Theatre, in Bush Street, San Francisco, in 1878. The managers of the theatre at that time were Messrs. Baton & Hill, Gen. Barton, and Frank Lawler. The play was "Antony and Cleopatra," Rose Eyttinge and Cyril Scoble taking the leading parts. Mr. A. H. Reece was the engineer in charge of the work.

Lady Fanny Gregory, who died in London a short ago, at one time was one of the most accomplished and versatile actresses on the English stage. She was better known in the theatrical world as Mrs. Stirling, and was a daughter of a Capt. Hehl of the Horse Guards. Born in 1817 she was educated in France, and on her return from that land found her family were in financial troubles, when although but 16 years old she determined to try her

HINDA. MAZURKA CARATERISTIQUE. A. FRENCELLI.

Tempo di Mazurka.

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fortune on the stage. She adopted the stage name of Miss Fanny Clifton and first appeared at the East London Theatre where she was favorably received chiefly perhaps of her handsome figure and musical voice. She soon after married Mr. Edward Sterling, stage manager of the Pavilion. She retired from the stage in 1886. She was married in 1894 to Sir Charles Gregory, Consulting engineer to the Colonies of Ceylon, the Cape of Good Hope, Western Australia and Trinidad.

An article in Blackwood's magazine says: Long before the stream of Norman minstrel art, sacred music was exercising a beneficial influence. The early British Church possessed sacred music, but this was gradually driven out before the onward march of that new Church music which Augustine brought with him from Rome (A. D. 597). The Gregorian music (evolved by Pope Gregory out of the Greek tetrachoras and some existing Ambrosian chants) was heard and loved wherever Augustine and his monks built a church. By its means a deep impression was left upon the minds of those who heard

and joined in it; but it is curious that we miss altogether the ecclesiastical flavor in the earliest examples that have come down to us of English music during the first quarter of the thirteenth century.

The free and uncontrolled secular music was the first to reflect itself in permanent manuscript form. Church music per se was not progressive; the Church tones for the "service" and "mass" music were fixed, and only a heretical off use was the outcome of tampering therewith, but no such restrictions hampered secular music."

EDWARD BLAKE'S SUCCESSOR IN DURHAM.

Be best Beth, M. F. for Durham, Ont., is Another who Recommends Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

The observing public are commencing to ask, Who has not a good word to say for Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder? Certainly the best citizens the Dominion over are talking its praises, and not without cause. Mr. Robert Beth, member in the Commons for Durham, the old constituency of Hon. Edward Blake, is another addition to the prominent citizens who have used this medicine, and from their own experience can say that for cold in the head, catarrh

in its different phases, and hay fever, there is no remedy to equal this. It never fails to relieve in ten minutes. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

As fasters the Jains, (in India, are far head of all rivals. Fasts of from thirty to forty days are very common, and once a year they are said to abstain from food for seven or five days.

RECEIVED \$100 WORTH OF GOOD FROM EACH BOTTLE.

The Words of the Rev. James Murdock, of St. John, N. B. Concerning South American Kidney Cure.

This clergyman never spoke truer words. He had suffered for a long time from kidney trouble, and commenced to think—as will certainly become the case if a remedy is not secured—that he was fated to die of kidney disease. He read the claims of the manufacturers of South American Kidney Cure, with a scepticism, perhaps. But he tried the medicine, and felt much benefited within two days, and using his own words: "I have taken in all four bottles, and consider that I received \$100 worth of good from each bottle." The figure is not nearly high enough, for when kidney disease is not stayed, death quickly follows. —Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

ANNOUNCEMENTS under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 30 words) cost 25 cents each line per week. Five cents extra for every additional line.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Catherine street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

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

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The circulation of this paper is over 12,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Head Office: French Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 8.

SOME PROJECTED REFORMS.

There seems to be a yearning for reform among some of the good people of St. John. Among the first of the important propositions under consideration is that of having local prohibition of the sale of liquors. The undertaking seems a large one, but it can be accomplished if a majority of the citizens are of that way of thinking and will sign petitions against any licenses being granted this year. Whether enough will consent to do so is another question.

This new and aggressive action has been developed within the last week or two, and is chiefly due to the ambition of a liquor dealer who attempted to grasp too much by seeking to get a license in Carleton. In this he made a mistake which may result in his not only failing to secure a license in Carleton, but in the loss of license to him and others in the city. At the very least, if the present plans of the prohibitory alliance are carried out, the liquor dealers will be put to an unusual amount of trouble and expense in getting a renewal of their license for the present year. That they will get them, however, is very probable, for though a majority of the ratepayers may not be patrons of saloons, it is not every true friend of temperance who believes that the time has come for local prohibition. There is such a thing possible as being intemperate in temperance.

It is conceded that the saloon, in the abstract, is an evil, but the question of dealing with that evil is a serious one. The problem in Carleton was very easily solved. There had been no saloon there for a number of years, and public opinion was very strongly opposed to a license being granted there now. Carleton is in many respects like a suburban town, and while some of its people have no scruple in drinking liquor they do not want saloons at their doors. The conditions in the community are quite different from those of a metropolis, and having no saloons there at present there is no reason why the settled order of things should be disturbed. In a community like Carleton, it is quite possible to have practical prohibition, but it is not so easy a matter in the city proper, where even the existing license law is only made to apply in a manner notoriously imperfect and partial.

The refusal of license in Carleton means, for all practical purposes, that liquor will not be sold to any great extent. It is not so sure that a refusal to grant license in St. John would have equally desirable results. In a city of this size, a seaport town, a place frequented more and more each year by strangers, it ought to be a subject for serious consideration whether prohibition would prohibit or whether it would simply make the liquor nuisance a worse one than it already is. St. John, at present will compare very favorably with the prohibition city of Portland, Maine, in regard to the number of arrests for drunkenness, though, under the chief's abominable system of encouraging needless arrests at night by giving the arresting policeman a relief from duty, it cannot be said that our police constables are at all negligent in seizing those whose walk or conversation gives any pretext for the exercise of authority. Many of the arrests which are made in St. John are due less to the fact of there being licenses than to the fact that the license law is enforced chiefly against dealers who are the least of the offenders, while persons with more influence either boldly sell under license during prohibited hours or sell just as boldly without any license whatever. The largest number of cases before the court come on Mondays, and because the drinking has been done during hours when the police should have prevented the sale of liquor. At the worst, however, St. John cannot be called a very bad city for its size, and it would be very much less so if the license law were enforced as it ought to be.

Prohibition is in sympathy with any movement which will really abate the liquor nuisance, but there should be a careful consideration of all the bearings of the question, with the experience of other cities as a guide. It is not arguing on one side or the other at present, nor does it touch what many may consider an important point, the question of revenue from license and how any deficiency is to be made up. What seems to be an important consideration is whether prohibition in St. John will prohibit, or whether it will mean the taking away of licensed premises of good repute and supplying their place by unlicensed premises of evil repute. All the bearings of the question should be considered by those who have the best interests of temperance at heart.

Another projected reform is one which Progress referred very fully when the idea was first advanced. Some good ladies of St. John, with the interests of the rising generation at heart, have had in mind a curfew bill to be rung at certain early hours in the evening to warn children of the street. It will be remembered that when the matter was first agitated Progress stated that legislation would be required to carry out such an idea. The magistrate and the chief of police, however, by some extraordinary distortion of vision, read an old law made for thieves and like as applicable to the case. Under this the chief issued his most absurd ukase, and actually did cause the illegal arrest of two women, whom the magistrate sent to jail. When Progress printed out the utter illegality of the chief's order, there was an end of the matter, and women and children have since been free to roam the streets at all hours without fear of arrest.

The ladies have now made another step, and have resolved to petition the legislature to pass a curfew law by which all children under sixteen years of age unaccompanied by guardians, shall be warned off the streets at the hours of seven in the winter and nine in the summer, or be subject to arrest. This is a very important measure—much more so than it may seem—for it involves grave questions as to the rights of persons and the liberty of the subject. If such a bill is presented to the legislature it will no doubt receive careful consideration, and some effort will be made to learn whether this is the wish of the citizens in general or only of the ladies who are active in the movement. It cannot be hastily dealt with, and there are many who doubt that the legislature will pass such a radical law for a city of the size and importance of St. John.

There may be other reforms in view, but these are the two which are prominently to the front at present. Both of these come from people with excellent intentions, and both should be carefully weighed by the people on their practical merits or demerits.

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USES OF THE NEW LIGHT.

A few weeks ago, Progress had some reference to the wonderful discovery of Prof. ROENTGEN by which rays of light were made to penetrate opaque bodies and photograph objects within or beyond. Thus a substance behind a cloth could be shown in a picture, or even the bones of the body could be photographed as if they were not covered by flesh. Since then the discovery has been very widely discussed by the press on both sides of the ocean, and further experiments have been made showing that all which has been claimed can be verified. The question is how far the new light will be of practical use.

Some of the leading physicians and surgeons do not as yet see where the light is to be of material benefit to their profession. If it could make the whole body transparent, it would be a great thing, of course, but it does not do this. It will, apparently, photograph through flesh, but not through bone, nor will it reach into cavities which are shadowed by the bony structure. It cannot, therefore, photograph the brain, or show the course of a bullet hidden anywhere among the bones of the body. It may be able to give a view of the stomach, but this is already possible by modern appliances by which the stomach and other parts of the internal economy can be lighted up with an electric bulb and viewed through tubes provided with reflectors. If, however, the new light can locate calcareous deposits in various organs, that fact of itself will render it of wonderful utility in surgical science.

That the discovery is attracting wide attention and being made the subject of extended experiment is shown by the fact that a successful test of the process was made at McGill college, Montreal, last week. In that instance a photograph of a hand was taken, through a closed mahogany plate-holder an eighth of an inch thick, and a negative silhouette of the hand obtained. The test took place in daylight. In the opinion of Prof. Cox, of McGill, the cause of the phenomenon is not a new light but induced electrification. By and by, no doubt, the whole process will be explained, but at present only the results are certain, leaving the cause to be found out.

It is yet too soon to predict to what useful ends the discovery may be applied in the arts and sciences or in the work of everyday life. It probably has a great future of some kind.

The problem of how to get rid of superfluous dogs was promptly settled in a section of West Virginia recently. A mad dog got running amuck and succeeded in biting about fifty other dogs, as well as a number of children and a great many

cattle. The journey of this public enemy was through two counties in the state, and as a remedial measure the authorities ordered all the dogs in those two counties to be killed without delay. The edict was enforced, and at last accounts the slaughter was being carried on at the rate of two hundred a day. If a mad dog should happen to run through St. John, with similar results, it would be a great thing for the horticultural society.

Supreme court judges, who occasionally go wholly outside the line of their judicial functions in expressing opinions on the evidence before them, may be warned by an order for a new trial granted in Toronto last week. The ground of appeal was that the judge, in his charge to the jury, had used these words: "You have heard the whole story, and I can simply say that a case more utterly lacking in the elements of honesty has never been before me." The jury, naturally enough, found a verdict for the defendant, whereupon the plaintiff felt he had ground for appeal, in which opinion the higher court quite agreed with him.

Next Friday will be St. Valentine's day, a festival not held in as high repute as it used to be among loving lads and lassies. Time was when the sentimental missive on this day was the usual expression of affection, and it is not so long ago since a brisk trade was done by the stationers in the more expensive and elaborate valentines. Of late years the comic valentine is chiefly to the front at this season, and when not sent in an utter spirit of aimlessness is converted into an offensive anonymous letter. The valentine is a decaying industry, though enough missives are still sent to materially add to the labors of the post office officials.

The evil men who love darkness rather than light are not benefited by the progress of modern science. The use of the ordinary electric in the streets of cities has proven a most efficient auxiliary of the police in suppressing crime, and now the big search light has been found of advantage on special occasions. In Lancashire, England, recently, a manufacturer who had to run his factory at night during a strike used the search light with excellent results in preventing violence, the strikers having previously undertaken not only to interfere with the new hands but to set fire to the premises.

Some of the largest Boston hotels have been drawing the color line by refusing to accommodate a Rev. Mr. ARNETT, a colored bishop of the African Methodist-episcopal church. The only reason for the refusal was the man's complexion, and naturally there is a good deal of indignation about the matter. The law against such discrimination is strict enough, but some of the big hotels would probably prefer to pay the penalty and exercise their pleasure as to who should or should not be their patrons.

The danger of using boiler-plate matter is exemplified by a Halifax paper which has a sketch of Prof. SIMON NEWCOMB, the astronomer, evidently prepared by somebody who never was in this part of the world. The account says that the professor "was born in the northern part of Nova Scotia, and his boyhood was spent in the bleak region," etc. If a St. John paper should speak of Nova Scotia as a "bleak region" there would be all sorts of bad motives imputed to it.

One of the daily papers in its report of the proceedings of the supreme court at Fredericton, states that "Major VINCE" made a motion of some kind. It might be well for reporters generally to understand that a lawyer does not wear his militia titles in court, any more than he wears his uniform. He is plain "Mr." in the contemplation of the law, no matter how much he may cover himself with glory when he forsakes the court room for the drill shed.

When they have an election in Northumberland they pay attention to it, no matter what else may be on the programme. When the county court opened there, recently, the lawyers all agreed that it was of no use trying to conduct suit while a campaign was in progress, and so all the cases stood over by consent until the election should be over and the people return to their usual avocations.

The enterprising Monctonians who stole the ballots cast for a Scott Act election were evidently not experts in the business, for they failed to take enough to make the result of the election uncertain on a recount. For good or for ill, Moncton is likely to have to remain under the provisions of the act for another term.

Attorney-General BLAIR became a member of the Farmers and Dairymen's Association during the session of that body at Fredericton this week. He will now be more than ever qualified to put the opposition through a course of sprouts.

Mr. DEVLIN, M. P., and other public men who were quoted on Monday as being confident of the defeat of Sir CHARLES TUPPER in Cape Breton, went out of the prophecy business at an early hour on Tuesday evening.

When Mr. ASTOR summarily dismissed HENRY CURT from the position of editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, it is not improbable that Henry cursed the condition of things.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Little Children. (After Præd.)

The author is sending the manuscript of the following poem, observes: "You have, no doubt read Præd's Poems. (Wimthrop Mackworth Præd, English Lawyer and Poet, born 1802, died 1783.) Not many have. He was the poet of society. In Mrs. Milnes's recollections she says she could not find a copy in England, and had to send to America for them. I have a copy in my library,—the only copy in the country. He has a poem,—'Laugh On My Cousins.' There are a number of children on all children. In imitation of Præd, but with some very marked differences, as you will see by comparison, I wrote the enclosed poem."

Play on, dear children, have your fun,
Take pleasure while you may;
No spoils are near upon your sun,
No clouds obscure your day.
Your cheeks like roses blushing red,
Life has for you no thorn;
Then play till time to go to bed,
And play again at morn.

The years will stay those little feet,
Which now so blithely run;
And footsteps lag upon the street
When weary day is done.
Those little hands will rougher grow,
That now can only play;
And trouble, then, the heart will know,
Where all is now so gay.

Those pretty eyes will lose their light,
The voice will change its tone,
The tropic tints which fill your sight
Will fade in frigid zone.
Play on, play on, this charming earth
Is made for such as you;
For you its beauty, joy, and mirth,
Its gleams of sunny hue.

Play on, play on, and do not mind
What cross old grannies say;
Such people should be deaf and blind,
— Play on, dear children, play.
Play on, play on,—for night will soon
Its sullen sceptre sway,
And evening close on childhood's noon,
— Play on, play on, today.

To-morrow there will quiet reign,
Ethereal in silence, there,
The childish music makes refrain,
This laughter fills the air.
To-morrow desolation's gloom,
Broods o'er the empty hall,
No pattering footsteps in the room,
No children's voices call.

To-morrow, mute the little lips,
And still the restless feet;
The little hands, with marble tips,
On painless bosom meet.
O where is then the merry glee,
The children's jocund play,
The joyous romping, glad and free?
— Let children play today!

My hair is gray! the years have set
Their silver on my brow,
But mirth in old age forget
The little children now?
'Tis true I cannot jump and run,
December is not May;
Don't mind me, children! have your fun,
Dear children, play today!

Play on, play on, for time is brief,
To you that seems so long;
And com'n's eyes—the wrinkled thief,
Will snare your childish song.
Life is a game where cheats abound,
And falsehood wins the day;
In childhood trust and truth are found,
— Let children play today!

HON. CHARLES H. COLLIER,
Author of "The New Year Comes, My Lady,"
Hillsboro, Ohio.

Laureate's Love Song.
When first I knew my heart was thine,
There came a sweet surprise;
The life and all the light of love
Shone round me from the skies.
The summer world was bright and sweet,
The stars were clearer shiner;
The flowers blossomed at my feet,
When first my heart was thine.

Love's evening star in diamonds bright,
Rose in a golden sea;
And cast its splendour on delight,
On all as true as we.
And often lingering long beneath
That broad majestic pine,
I waited for the trying time,
When first my heart was thine.

The penitive dream that veiled your face,
Its meaning then revealed;
Sweet language in your thoughtful eyes,
No longer lay concealed;
My soul to yours in silence breathed,
As Affection's life divine;
Sweetheart loved us all the way,
When first my heart was thine.

The pleasant places where we loved,
In happiness to meet;
The lover's kiss, that followed kiss
Was life's own sweetest sweet.
O fondest love is all the earth,
What heavenly joy was mine;
To feel your arms around me thrown,
When first my heart was thine.

Dear heart! how deep and strong since then,
Has truth between us grown;
How bloom the splendour of love,
That withered so alone.
What agony of pain to part,
Soul sorrow most defined;
For dearer far life was then,
At first my heart was thine.

CYRUS GOLDIE.

Foot Crow.
The bird of hardest note and sweetest wing,
By vanity persuaded he can sing,
Has such a confidence in his parent
That all the frightened thrushes ling are mute;
Then flap his wings and takes his noisy way,
The fox's plaudits has endured the bay;
He cares not that the corn of prales turns chaff,
And Reynard has the carrion and the laugh.

The Ingle Side.
It's rare to see the morning breeze,
Like a bonfire from the sea;
It's fair to see the little blue
The lip of the flowery sea;
An' then it is on the green hill side,
When hant the hantary breeze;
But rarer, father, fierer far,
Is the Ingle side for me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
The birds may fill the trees,
An' langh an' a' the scented rare,
That summer's growth can gie;
But hant the hantary breeze,
An' the darling o' our eye,
That makes to us a wae complete,
O the Ingle side for me.

—How Alas!
In "A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns."

Lines Written In An Album.
Friendship is an evergreen,
Love, a red, red rose;
The red rose droops when winds blow keen,
The palm no farther shows;
Be thine and mine, through storm and calm,
The perfume of the pine and palm.

—George Mathis.

AN INTERESTING PLAN OUTLINED.

How to Obtain a Varied Collection of Beautiful Photographs.

The Ira Cornwall Co., Limited, have taken the warerooms, 18 King Street, lately occupied by Mr. A. Petersen and will continue the musical and art agencies previously carried on by Mr. Petersen. They have been appointed general agents for the "Steinway," "Chickering," "Nordheimer," "Himbymen," and other pianos as well as the Soule Photographic Co. of Boston. The company will open with a full stock of bicycles, sporting and Athletic goods, typewriters, duplicating apparatus and other specialties which they will handle and will afford quite an additional attraction to the south side of King Street.

How to Make an Art Album.

We find that many people are interested in collecting photographs of works of art, but through a lack of systematic arrangement their collections are never completed. The question is frequently asked us: "How shall I begin?"

In reply we have several suggestions to make in order to appeal to the tastes of various people. Have you been abroad? If so, a complete illustration of your trip is almost a necessity, and the arrangement of the album is simplified by following your route exactly as you travelled, interspersing the paintings and sculptures which have made an impression on your mind in their proper places.

If you did not have time to purchase photographs while away, or if you wish to fill in pictures or views which you were unable to secure, we can be of great assistance to you. If you will send us an outline of your journey, we will send a selection of photographs to you on approval covering the chief points of interest in each city visited.

Are you literary in your tastes? If so, make up an album of your favorite authors. Use first the portrait of an author, then his home if obtainable, and let this be followed by illustrations of his works. Scott, Shakespeare, Burns, Dickens, and many others may be treated in this way, making a most interesting collection. We also publish full sets of illustration for books on art and travel, such as "The Marble Faun," "Ben Hur," "Romola," "Corinne," Grimm's "Life of Michael Angelo," Taine's "Italy," and a host of others.

Do you wish to study the old masters? We can supply you with photographs of all the leading works in the famous European galleries. These are arranged chronologically in our catalogue, and are also divided into schools. Portraits of the artists themselves are often procurable, and these, with three or four of their leading works, give one a good insight into the style and treatment of subjects by the different schools.

Is architecture your hobby? An interesting and decidedly useful album may be made by following the progress of building from the early Egyptians to the present time, including the Greek, Roman, Renaissance, Gothic and Modern styles, interspersing the famous marble buildings of India and the curious temples of Japan.

Are you simply a lover of pretty pictures, pleasing to the eye? Many of us care to own a book that would please the casual caller, or entertain the children. Such a book sent to an invalid would while away many a tedious hour.

A careful selection from Part Third of our catalogue would be required for this purpose, and our illustrated catalogue would be of great assistance. This illustrated catalogue contains over 2000 minute illustrations of the subject found in Part Third of our catalogue and supplement. It is sent to persons desiring to make selections on receipt of a deposit of six dollars, which money will be returned or credited on account at the option of the purchaser on its safe return to us within four weeks of its receipt.

Our printed catalogue and supplement of over 12,000 subjects can be seen at our warerooms or will be forwarded on receipt of fifteen cents. Address The Ira Cornwall Co. (Limited) 68 King street, St. John N. B. General Agents for the Maritime Provinces for the Soule Photographic Company of Boston Mass.

Mr. A. Petersen will still continue to hold the general agency for the Maritime provinces.

CHASED BY A CONSTABLE.

The Man who Started out for Sea but Came Back With an Escort.

HALIFAX, Feb. 6.—There was a business chase the other day after a debtor who owed Mrs. Amy J. Hiesler the sum of \$12 80. Mrs. Hiesler does business in this city under the married woman's act, her husband, Daniel Hiesler, being the active part of the partnership. The debtor was J. Arthur Hiltz, of Chester. Mr. Hiesler took out a capias for \$12 80, for Mr. Hiltz was known to be on a schooner which was to sail that night. Though City Clerk Treaman was brought down to his office at dead of night to make out the capias for immediate service, it was labor lost, for though they did their best, under cover of darkness the debtor eluded the grasp of the police and Hiesler, and he stood an excellent chance of getting safely away in the early morning.

But friend Hiesler was not a man to be disappointed by one failure. He was up

long before the sun, in the morning and down to the wharf where had lain the Hiltz schooner. She was in the stream by this time though with her sails fully spread to the light morning breeze. Hiesler imagined he saw leaning over the rail, with a sardonic smile playing over his features, the familiar form of his disappearing debtor. This moved him to action, if such nerving was needed, and Hiesler, with Policeman Ross, who had the capias, ran down the street to the ferry slip. There they found George Liston, the colored boatman, the her of a more life-saving story. Quick as determined men could do a boat was engaged, and pushed off, with Liston and Ross tugging strongly at the oars and Hiesler seated in the stern sheets with his weather eye fixed on the schooner, as she moved slowly down the harbor under a full spread of canvas. The light wind was in the pursuer's favor, for had there been a decaat breeze, Hiltz would have been perfectly safe and the oarsmen would not have been in the race for a moment. Soon the colored man and the policeman brought the boat within hailing distance, but the schooner's master heeded not. Yet when the boat pulled up alongside of the half-beamed schooner the master did not attempt to beat back the swartly owner of the boat, nor the blue-coated policeman, nor even did the crew strike at the doughty Hiesler. No, they allowed them to make their way to board the vessel.

Down they went into the cabin and there found their prey. Policeman Ross failed to satisfy the capias with the required \$12 80, the next move was to take the body of Hiltz. He had probably heard of the fate of the Guysboro captain who resisted the police a few weeks before, and he deemed "peace at any price" his safer cause. Without any unseemly ado he consented to take to the boat and to return to the city. Back he was brought and Hiesler saw his man securely locked up in jail where Sunday and Monday were spent in natural colloquies on the hard-heartedness if most of the people in this world, and Kueler in particular.

A Credit to the Street.
Nothing pleases business people more than to see a large unoccupied building fitted up and in the hands of enterprising tenants. The Burpee building on Prince William street, so long occupied by Clarke, Kerr, and Thorne, and their successors is now with its interior fittings one of the handsomest fronts on the street. The Canadian Drug Company is established and the staff is busily at work. Progress has mentioned the fact that Mr. Nevins and Mr. Miles are connected with the new company and since then, Mr. John Russell Jr., who for many years has been one of the most active of the shipping staff of H. D. Troop, & Co., has joined the staff. The offices of the company are compact and thoroughly business like. They present such a handsome appearance that many a passer by pauses to glance at them. The carpenter work was done by Mr. W. L. Prince, Mr. J. H. Dody had the contract for plumbing and heating, and the painting and decoration was in the hands of Mr. Stentiford.

SUSSEX.
[Progress is for sale in Sussex by G. D. Martin R. D. Boel and S. H. White & Co.]
Feb. 6.—Willard Brock, Moncton, spent a day or two of last week here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. Arnold.
The sleighing party gotten up by some of the young men on Wednesday night was a very enjoyable affair. The party numbering forty-five in all, were driven to Mr. Walter McMonaghy's house at upper corner where the evening was spent very pleasantly in dancing; about midnight refreshments were served after which dancing was indulged in till about 2 o'clock when the party broke up, all having spent a jolly time. The music was furnished by Mr. S. Chapman. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Moore, Mrs. G. D. Martin, Miss Lillian Hallett, Jessy Ewing, Miss Golding, Miss McLeod, Mrs. Hallett, Mrs. McKee, Miss Brown, Miss Blanchie, Miss Culbert, Kate Morrison, Alice Howes, Miss Desmond, Dolie Harrison, Miss A. Whiston, Jennie Gordon, Missie Chapman, Fanni Carmichael, Miss Johnson and others, Messrs Church, Veslie, Shipp, Howes, F. and H. Fairweather, Mills Thompson, Dr. MacNicol, Dr. Murray, J. John-Morrison, J. Howes, Hunter, Chapman, Crown and Ashton.
The ladies of Trinity church sewing circle are to hold their annual meeting in their rooms in brick block this evening at 8 o'clock. Invitations have been issued to friends outside the circle to be present.
Miss C. Langan of St. John is the guest of Mrs. Wm. Morrison.
Miss Webster, Petitedic, is visiting Mrs. John Macdonald.
Mrs. Calvin Alward, Havelock is spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Ben Bowen.
Miss Lulu Ryan of Boston is spending some time at her home here.
Miss Foster of St. Martins is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roach.
Mrs. Andrew Fries, while skating at the rink last Tuesday night had the misfortune to fall on the ice cutting her forehead very badly, but it doing nicely and will soon be able to go on again.
The friends of Mr. Harold Charters are congratulating him on his promotion from the bank of Nova Scotia here. Mr. Ir. Wainman of Aboquai is to fill the vacancy.

ANAGON.
Feb. 6.—Mrs. George McLaughlin and two children are visiting Mrs. McLaughlin at "The Lilacs."
Dr. Manchester of Sussex spent Monday in town the guest of Mr. Davidson.
Mr. Duncan McNaughton is confined to the house with a severe cold.
Messrs. Horst O. Price of Petitedic and Cliff Price of Havelock spent Monday with Messrs. Davidson on "Apple Hill."
Mr. E. D. Stockton of Boston Mass., is here on a visit to his parents Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Beckley. Dr. Burdett of Sussex was to town last Thursday the guest of Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin.
Mrs. A. Subbitt and G. Summ of Petitedic are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin.
Mrs. Fred Davidson last Monday at her residence "Waterside Villa."

SMOOTH ON THE HANDS. WELCOME SOAP FOR FAMILY USE. ROUGH ON THE DIRT.

Perhaps you are one of the few that has not yet tried Welcome Soap - if so do not delay longer. One trial will make you an enthusiastic permanent patron.



THE MERRY RATTLE BURNING UP DOLLARS, and suggests the wisdom of buying an economical stove such as the MAYFLOWER.

Wholesale and Retail.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER.

38 King Street.



This lady is sewing on "WAKEFIELD" Leather Skirt Binding.

WAKEFIELD LEATHER SKIRT BINDING. Ask your dealer for it.

MacDONALD BROS., SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA 13 St. George Street, - - - Montreal.

Sea Foam Soap advertisement with logo and text: 'A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap.'

Priestley's Black Dress Fabrics advertisement with logo and text: 'Are they not exquisite in their soft rich, "ness"? is the constant remark of ladies touching Priestley's famous black dress goods.'

WATSON'S DUNDEE WHISKY advertisement with logo and text: 'Daintiest Blend on Earth.'

Social and Personal.

With such delightful weather, such sleighing and such mild clear nights it is only natural to think there have been many sleighing parties during the past week. Every night the roads have been alive with gay parties, coming and going to and from the favored resorts of each particular crowd; and though sometimes the hour of returning may have been a little late, everybody enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent.

A merry sleighing party drove to Rothesay on Saturday evening returning at half past ten o'clock. A pleasant evening was spent at the Bellevue which is nicely adapted to entertaining outing parties of this kind and where at excellent supper was served. Those who went out were, Mrs. L. E. Harrison, Mrs. M. S. L. Ritchie, Mrs. Jas. Stratton, Mrs. R. C. Grant, Mrs. Alex. Wilson, Misses Wick, Troop, M. McMillan, W. Watson, Thompson, Vassie, J. Vassie, E. Skinner, M. Skinner, Vail, McAulry, Jones, L. Robertson, Hamilton, McKean, Skinner, Christie, Dana, Donville, M. Donville, Travers, Jarvis, Loring, Parks, G. McMillan, Adams, Furlong, E. Furlong, M. Furlong, E. Turnbull, M. S. L. Ritchie, Wm. McKean, D. Troop, A. Wilson, A. McMillan, W. E. Foster, W. B. Robinson, W. Harrison, J. McDonald, F. Fairweather, R. Hamilton, J. H. M. Robertson, C. M. Bostwick, J. F. Grant, C. deBury, F. Barker, J. Harrison, G. Ruel, F. Clark, G. B. Gerrard, F. Clark, W. McAulry, J. G. Keator, H. Travers, G. Collins, A. W. Adams, S. Skinner, A. G. Blair, Jr., R. H. Gordon, James Thomas, C. McTroop.

Among the most successful hostesses of the week was Mrs. Robert Thomson who entertained a very large number of friends at an at home at her residence on Sydney street Tuesday afternoon. The drawing room, in which Mrs. Thomson assisted by Miss Thomson and Miss Moss, received the guests was beautifully decorated with palms, and flowers and the table in the dining room laden with dainty refreshments was artistically arranged with pink carnations, daisies and white lilies.

Mrs. Thomson received her guests in a handsome black silk trimmed with white; Miss Thomson looked particularly well in a striking combination of black crepon, yellow moire silk and black lace, while Miss Moss Thomson was wearing a pretty black crepon with satin trimmings. Mrs. Vassie and Mrs. Robert Thomson dispensed tea and coffee, the former wearing a most becoming dark blue costume and the latter black crepon with bodice of pale green elaborately trimmed with white lace.

The following young ladies assisted in looking after the guests, Miss Edna Jones, who wore a black moire silk with a pretty pink silk bodice; Miss Mary McMillan, black with pink silk bodice; Miss Grace McMillan, black, with pale blue silk bodice; Miss Holden, black velvet and pale blue silk; Miss Blair, black silk, pink silk bodice; Miss Donville, black silk and lace; Miss Vassie, black with pale green bodice; Miss Annie Smith, pale green gown.

Among the ladies who called during the afternoon were, Lady Tilley, Countess de Bury, Mrs. Stratton, Mrs. Laurence Sturdee, Misses Reed, Mrs. Parks, Mrs. J. G. Taylor, Mrs. Timmerman, Mrs. James Jack, Mrs. Anne Jack, Mrs. McMillan, Misses Cavall, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. W. W. White, Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Warner, Miss Sayre, Mrs. Starr, Mrs. Simonds, Mrs. Wickwire, Halifax, Mrs. Spurr, Mrs. Prescott, Mrs. Berrymann, Mrs. Seeley, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Ruel, Mrs. Pugsley, Misses Vassie, Mrs. Malcolm McKay, Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Geo. K. LeLoed, Mrs. R. C. Grant, Miss Furlong, Miss Kathleen Furlong, Mrs. Vassie, Misses Vassie, Mrs. Horace King, Mrs. Sancton, Mrs. J. J. Kaye, Misses Kaye, Mrs. Allison, Miss Allison, Mrs. James Harding, Mrs. Miss Holder, Mrs. Inches, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Vroom, Miss Vroom, Misses Thomson, Mrs. Stetson, Mrs. Markham, Mrs. Dever, Mrs. McCredy, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. C. J. Coster, Mrs. Gill, Mrs. Boyle Travers, Mrs. Allen Daniel, Miss Elliot, Mrs. A. Armstrong, Mrs. Misses Gilbert, Miss Blair, Miss Donville, Mrs. I. Burpee, Miss Nan Burpee, Mrs. Austin, Miss Eaton, Miss Upton, Mrs. Leigh Harrison, Mrs. Binning, Mrs. (Dr.) Bruce, Mrs. Magee, Mrs. Rankine, Mrs. W. H. Trueman, Mrs. W. McLaughlin, Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, Mrs. J. H. Thompson, Miss Smith, Miss Beat, Miss Kinear, Mrs. Cruikshank, Miss Cruikshank, and many others.

In the evening a small dance was given for the young ladies who waited and a very enjoyable evening was spent; the following gentlemen were present at Mr. George Blair, Mr. A. McMillan, Mr. Walter Clarke, Mr. Gerard, Mr. Gerard Ruel, Mr. James Harrison, Mr. George Jones Mr. W. Harrison. Last Friday afternoon Mrs. J. R. Stone of Gorman street gave a very pleasant at home for the entertainment of her sister Mrs. Wickwire of Halifax. This pleasant home looked especially bright on the occasion mentioned, and a number of pretty gowns were worn. The young ladies who dispensed coffee, chocolate and ice looked particularly dainty in becoming toilettes; the young ladies who assisted the hostess were, Misses Walker, Miss Besie Robertson, Miss Edith Rainnie, Miss Lillie Markham, Miss Robertson, Miss Stone. Among the ladies present were, Mrs. F. R. Inches, Mrs. H. H. McLeod, Mrs. Va ste, Misses Fannie, Mrs. Robert Thompson, Misses Thompson, Mrs. Jack Thompson, Mrs. Spurr, Miss Jessie Fleming, (Newcastle) Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Pugsley, Misses Pugsley, Mrs. William Rainnie, Misses Rainnie, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. Alex. Wilson, Mrs. Keltie Jones, Mrs. Tuck, Misses Tuck, Mrs. Fort, Mrs. Henry Rankine, Mrs. Thos. Rankine, Mrs. Frank Rankine, Mrs. T. William Bell, Mrs. F. S. McNutt, Mrs. G. Rainnie, Mrs. W. W. McLaughlin, Mrs. Jewett, Mrs. Sancton, Mrs. Lawton, Mrs. Finlay, Mrs. McAulry, Mrs. Wm. Trueman, Miss Troop, Miss Annie Smith, Mrs. Howard McLeod, Mrs. J. Fred Lawton, Mrs. Robertson, the Misses Robertson, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Fred Rig, Mrs. Markham, Misses Markham, Mrs. Streak, Mrs. McArthur, Mrs. Law and many others.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Peter Clinch gave a sleighing party to twenty-five friends to Rothesay, where a delicious supper was served at the Bellevue at seven o'clock, after which dancing kept the guests well amused, the music for the first two dances being furnished by the band; and piano, a very brilliant manner, while Miss Kathleen Furlong presided at the piano; city musicians furnished the music for the other dances of which there were about ten. Before the party left Windsor Hall it rained and blew.

What are you wearing On your feet this weather?

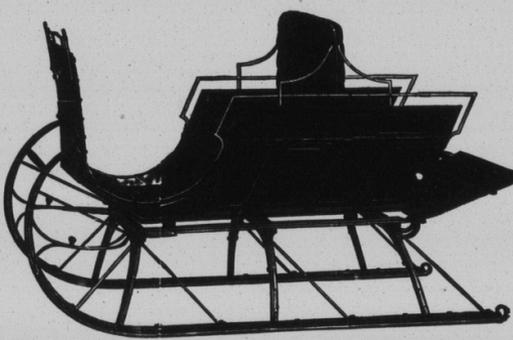
There is style in footwear as there is in hats. Each year the Granby Rubbers and Overshoes are modelled to fit all the fashionable shapes of boots. They are thin so as to prevent clumsy appearance and feeling and to make them so necessitates the use of the finest quality of rubber. While Granby Rubbers and Overshoes are up to date in Style, Fit and Finish, they retain their old enduring quality.

Granby Rubbers wear like iron.

Merry Sleigh Bells.

The Finest Winter Turnouts in the Country

HAVE YOU GOT A NICE SLEIGH?



If not just look at this Family Gladstone. Neatest and handsomest turnout made.



And then on this Sleigh. Just the thing for Comfort, and for Fast Driving. Strong and Durable.

For prices and all information apply to

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

Bisquit Dubouche & Co. COGNAC. FAMOUS Vintages of Brandies. In Wood and Case. Ask your Wine Merchant for the n

Brainers & Armstrong's PATENT SKIN SILK HOLDER. INVALUABLE TO USERS OF FILO AND FLOSS SILKS FOR WASH SILKS. Latest Designs. In Stamped Linen Squares for Doilies and Center Pieces. New directions how to work them and colors to be used. Ask for the B. & A. Patterns.

Vertical text on the far left edge of the page, partially cut off.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

There is for sale in Halifax by the news boy and at the following places: C. S. DEFEVER, 111 Hollis street; M. YOUNG & CO., Barrington street; G. FORD SMITH, 1311 Hollis street; C. T. BROWN'S BOOK STORE, 1311 Hollis street; FOWLER'S DANCE STORE, Opp. I. C. R. Depot; MARSH'S NEWS CO., Railway Depot; GARDNER NEWS CO., Railway Depot; H. SILVER, Dartmouth N. S.; W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.

Society has been rejoicing lately over the rumor that the ships are to return in March. When the ships are late it makes the summer gales very late also; but this is not likely to be the case next summer and for this we are duly thankful; so many prominent American ladies find their way to Halifax during the season that we may be pardoned for suspecting them of designs upon the British army or at least that portion of it which is stationed in this city, but let us give them the benefit of the doubt and say they come for rest and change of scene.

Mrs. S. H. Holmes gave a large dance on Monday evening of last week at her elegant home on South Park street; Mrs. Holmes was assisted by her daughter and both made most graceful and perfect hostesses. The rooms are splendidly adapted for dancing and it was a late hour when the gay party broke up after an evening of perfect enjoyment. There were two large teas last week one at one of Inglis street's pleasant homes and on Saturday another very large one at the home of one of our best known hostesses.

There have been very many sleighing parties and on Wednesday a very pleasant one chartered by Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. H. Johnston went to Bedford, to Wilson's and had a pleasant dance and supper after which they returned home.

There are quite a number of At Homes announced for this week, and there were several last week; Mrs. Howard Bligh and the Misses Bligh were at home at their residence on Bland street Saturday afternoon from five to seven, and on Friday evening Mrs. W. B. Torrance had quite a large party. Mrs. W. H. Wiswell will be at home tomorrow (Thursday) at her residence 144 South street from 4.30 to 6.30 o'clock; there are also to be a number of large and small card parties before and then the society reporters work is done for six weeks at least.

Everybody is holding themselves in readiness for the musical treat in O'pheas hall tomorrow night. A great deal of new talent will add interest to the occasion.

The carnival preparations are going rapidly forward but I believe we are not to see the miniature there are to be several special dances sets and two or three intricate figures arranged by Capt. Kent who in addition to being a splendid skater himself has the happy faculty of teaching and arranging things generally.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mrs. Bell in the illness of Mr. J. Bell, at Bermuda; a short time has elapsed since they were here as a happy bride and groom and I am sure every one of her acquaintances are genuinely sorry for her in her great trouble.

Mayor Comptrolle leaves on Saturday for England to join Mrs. Comptrolle who went home some time ago.

Mrs. Bowley widow of the late Bishop of Coven try is here a guest of her sister Mrs. (Joh.) C. J. Stewart; Mrs. Bowley was a belle and favorite here both as Miss King and then as Mrs. Fred Allison and her many friends will be glad to extend her a warm welcome.

Mrs. and Miss Wilde gave a couple of very pleasant teas last week that were well attended and greatly enjoyed.

Mr. Albro's condition is not improving as his friends could wish; a slight tracheitis on his is the cause of his very serious illness.

Capt. Nagle of the 66th left for the West Indies this week on a year's sick leave; Capt. Nagle has been slowly recovering from an attack of rheumatism and has been advised to seek a warmer climate to rid his system of the pest of this country and fog.

There was a very large skating party last Saturday afternoon given by the officers of the Royal Artillery.

The death of Lady Kenny the widow of Sir Edward Kenny occurred Saturday forenoon at the age of 81 years. Lady Kenny was a Miss Forrester a native of this city and was of a very kind and benevolent disposition; and her greatest pleasure was in improving the conditions of others and besides those who knew her personally many will mourn the death of this estimable lady. She will be buried on Sunday Archbishop O'Brien made a very feeling reference to her death and paid a high tribute to her beautiful life. Three sons of Lady Kenny are Jesuits and the other children are T. E. Kenny M. P. Mrs. Kehoe, Madame Kenny of T. E. Kenny M. P. Mrs. Kehoe, St. Louis, Mrs. Daly, wife of the Lieut. Governor, J. P. Kenny, and Mrs. Fane, wife of Rear Admiral Fane of Portsmouth. Mrs. Daly and Lady Kenny's other relatives here have the deep sympathy of all their friends and acquaintances.

TRURO. [Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, and D. H. Smith & Co.]

Feb 5.—Society circles have at last taken their winter rest and resumed the even tenor of its way, in doing so presenting the season. Last week quite a number of dances, small and large, card parties and afternoon teas.

The largest function of the week and, indeed, for some time, was Mrs. Fred Prince's dance, last Thursday night. It was a lovely dance and thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by the large number present. Two spaces on parlors adorned with ample space for dancing, which was kept up until long past midnight, until well into the small hours. Among the invited were: Mr. and Mrs. D. McKie, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Crowe, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Robert, Miss E. Wilson, Miss E. Smith, (H. Hax), Mrs. Vernon, Miss B. Tremaine, Miss M. Archibald, Miss Jean Crowe, Miss Black Miss G. Hyde, Miss Bailey, Miss Chase, Miss Buchanan, Miss Stanfield, Miss Lily McCurdy, Miss Stevens, Miss Anna McE., Miss Barnard, Miss L. Laurence, Miss Hattie Snook, Miss M. McCleod, Miss May Bigelow, Miss Piers, Messrs. Underwood, A. Campbell, W. S. Spencer, H. C. C. Yull, F. L. Murray, W. Crowe, J. Crowe, L. Crowe, C. Coleman, A. V. Smith, J. Stanfield, C. H. Williams, E. Vincent, E. Vernon, A. Back. With very few exceptions the invited guests were all present. Mrs. Prince received in black velvet a d crepon, with deep brocade of white and red lace. She was assisted by the Misses Prince. There were some new and strikingly beautiful toilettes among the ladies, Mrs. E. Smith's toilette of pale blue silk, with trimmings of rare old ice and diamond ornaments was especially lovely and very gracefully worn. Miss George Hyde looked lovely in heavy corded cream silk with deep brocade, berthe of beautiful white lace; Miss W. Crowe, in an exceedingly becoming gown of green silk, lace trimmings; Miss Jean Crowe, very rich and becoming toilette of yellow silk with lavender silk sleeves, and trimmings of silver pascuente; Miss Tremaine, handsome silk, white chiffon trimmings; Miss Archibald, pale blue silk; Miss Bigelow, white tulle with footings of crimson rose buds; Mrs. McCleod's black velvet, yellow chiffon; Mrs. McCurdy, cream satin; Miss Buchanan, cream serge; Mrs. Prince's supplest few toilettes to be desired, from the substantial to "frills" light as air.

FRAGRANT AND CLEANSING GET BABY'S OWN SOAP IT'S AT THE TOP OF THE LADDER THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL

Gladstone Sleighs The handsomest in St. John. Materials and work of the best. Price & Shaw, 222 to 228 Main Street, St. John, N. B.

Relieves Your Cough in Ten Minutes. HAYMAN'S BALMS OF HOREHOUND. For Influenza, Coughs, Colds, Etc. Sold Everywhere. Price 30c. and 75c.

BIRD MANNA! The greatest remedy for the many breeds of the Hares Mountains in Germany. Bird Manna will prevent their illness, and restore them to good condition. Sold by T. J. COOKE & CO., General Agents, 20 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

IF THE MAN IN THE MOON TOOK SICK WHAT WOULD HE DO? Just spend his Four Quarters for a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters as all sensible people do; because it cures Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Bad Blood, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

CONSUMPTION. The Lightning Cure. It is scarcely more rapid than the lightning in its action of Nervine in all kinds of pain. It is curative in a week, and its effects are permanent. It is a powerful and penetrating Nervine. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of Consumption. It is a powerful and penetrating Nervine. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of Consumption.

DIGBY. [Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.] Feb 5.—Dr. Hallett of Weymouth was here on Monday on professional business. Mr. H. B. Short is on a visit to Yarmouth this week. Mr. R. C. Hughes of Annapolis is here this week visiting friends and relatives. Hon. L. E. Baker of Yarmouth was in town Tuesday. Judge Owen of Annapolis was here on Tuesday. Mr. W. M. Alcorn editor of the Annapolis Spectator, was here on Monday. Dr. J. Jones went to St. John Tuesday for a few days. Miss Jessie Stewart is visiting relatives at Annapolis; Misses Jennie and George Turball are also there visiting friends. Mr. W. E. Browne is on a visit to Ottawa. Judge Savary is in town this week holding county court. Miss Edith Jones of Weymouth was being congratulated by Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Monro on Saturday; also Mr. F. C. Whitman of Annapolis. Mr. E. Ellenbarth has returned from his visit to H. Hax. Miss Mani Monro has gone to Halifax to remain in the winter with her sister. Mr. George Ambrose son of Rev. Dr. Ambrose, has been here a few days visiting friends. JULIETTE.

ST. GEORGE. [Progress is for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien.] Feb 5.—The O. M. Club gave a dance in Court's hall on Thursday evening a former resident of St. George has been spending a short time with friends in town. The funeral of Mr. James Spiny took place from St. Mark's church on Monday afternoon the deceased gentleman was nearly one year of age. Miss Josephine MacVicar gave a charming little party at her home on Friday evening, which was much enjoyed by the ladies looked particularly well nearly all being gowned in a fancy silk waist and dark skirts, those attending were, Miss King, Miss Lovers, Miss Dick, Miss Bal'win, Miss Marsh, Miss Florence Lovers, and Miss Ella MacVicar, Gillmor and Arch MacVicar. The friends of Mr. James Keelman will be pleased to hear he is able to drive out. Mrs. Gillespie Penfield is visiting her daughter Mrs. James McKay. MAX.

BEUCODIAC. Feb 4.—Last Thursday afternoon the members of the Lyceum drove to Havelock, where they gave an entertainment in the public hall. Though it could not be called a success, financially, still the members were highly pleased with the very enjoyable time they had. Miss Triles and Miss Fug-ley, St. J. hn, have returned from a visit to Moncton. Miss Margaret Blakney has returned from her visit in Havelock. Mr. Clarence Gross of Moncton is in our village to day. Rumor says there is an attraction, other than the scenery. A very enjoyable affair last week was the picnic in the "Foresters" hall, the proceeds, which amounted to \$12.50, are for the benefit of the bandist church. Mr. J. E. Brown has returned to Campbellton after a short stay with his family. Miss Jessie Fleming returned from St. John on Friday and left for her home in Newcastle this morning. ROSAMOND.

BEUCODIAC. Feb 4.—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Irving spent Sunday in Kingston. Mr. and Mrs. G. Girvan of Kingston spent a few days with Mrs. J. C. Rose this week. Mrs. A. J. Dyson of Cocagne who has been visiting Mrs. A. Hanigan at the "Victoria" has returned home. Mrs. J. A. Irving and Miss Gladys have returned from a very pleasant visit to Mrs. Irving's former home at St. Nicholas river. Mr. N. J. Ross has returned from his trip to Toronto. Mr. Leslie of Shediac spent Sunday here. Mrs. Deane Kestel and Mr. Taylor Village last week, having received word that her father was very ill. Mrs. Johnson is visiting friends in Kingston. VERN.

GLACE BAY. Feb. 4.—Mr. and Mrs. David MacKeen gave a small dinner party last Thursday evening. A very enjoyable evening was spent by those who were present. Mrs. A. MacQuarrie entertained some of the children last Wednesday afternoon. I have heard that the intention was to have had a sleighing party for the little ones, but as the weather turned extremely cold, the children amused themselves indoors, and spent a very enjoyable afternoon. Some of the ladies who were present were, Misses Macpherson, Francis and Dore MacKeen, Boo Nicholson, Mrs. MacQuarrie, Burchell, Anna Gladys Blakmore, Annie McLeod, Clara Young, Mrs. MacQuarrie, Master Roy Nicholson, Clair Blacksett, Frank MacQuarrie, and Robbie Burchell. Mr. R. B. Jack is spending a few days here, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rigby. HARRY.

HARBOUR. Feb 5.—Mr. and Mrs. James Brown left on Sunday morning for Boston, U.S., where they purpose remaining some weeks. Thence they go to Edinburgh, Scotland. Mr. E. B. Backerfield returned from St. John on Monday evening. Mr. J. D. Paine spent on Monday in Harcourt and left for Fredericton Tuesday. Sheriff Leger was in town on Monday. The parlor concert in the rectory on Thursday evening was attended by a large number of people. There was a farewell party for Mr. and Mrs. M. Dunn's last evening held at Mr. John Wathen who purpose leaving for St. John to attend the academy at St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Curry, left for their home today. Miss Michael is visiting her sister Mrs. Emily Albert. EMIL.

SPRINGHILL. [Progress is for sale in Springhill by Daniel A. Fraser.] Feb 5.—A very pleasant surprise party was given to Mrs. J. Murray, Jr., on Thursday last, but whether the event was quite as much a surprise to Mrs. Murray as it was supposed to be, I know not the amusements consisted of dancing and cards and a very enjoyable evening was spent. Another delightful surprise party was given to Mrs. N. L. McDougall on Tuesday last. It is needless to say that everyone enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Curry, left for their home today. Miss Michael is visiting her sister Mrs. Emily Albert. EMIL.

A Treasury of Information THE SUNLIGHT ALMANAC 1896 Containing 400 pages of useful information for all members of the household GIVEN FREE TO USERS OF SUNLIGHT SOAP

POTS, PANS, KETTLES, and all other Kitchen Utensils in "CRESCENT" Enamelled Ware stand the test of time and constant use. Never chip or burn. Nice designs. Beautifully finished. Easily kept clean. EVERY PIECE GUARANTEED. "CRESCENT" IS THE KIND TO ASK FOR. If your dealer does not supply you, we will. Messrs. Davidson Manufacturing Co. Ltd. MONTREAL.

BICYCLES KENWOOD, RABBITER, CRESCENT, CRAWFORD and SPECIALS. NEW AND SECOND-HAND. We sell everywhere. Out our prices and save money. Repairing and overhauling. Catalogue Free. T. W. BOND & SON, 1625 Notre-Dame St., Montreal

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION "WILL IT WEAR?" NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK OF 1847 ROGERS BROS. AS THIS ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX "1847" IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership heretofore existing between Ward C. Pitfield and Samuel Hayward, doing business at the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, under the name and style of W. C. Pitfield & Co., has this day been dissolved by the mutual consent of the said partners. The closing of the books of the said partnership is to be completed on the 15th day of February, 1896. WARD C. PITFIELD, S. HAYWARD.

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP. The undersigned, desirous of forming a limited partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, HEREBY CERTIFY:— (1) That the name or 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 such articles as are usually bought and sold by dealers in dry goods, cloths, &c. (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 Province of New Brunswick, is the General partner, and Samuel Hayward, who resides at Hamilton, in the County of Kings, in the said Province, is the Special partner. (4) That the said Samuel Hayward has contributed the sum of thirty thousand dollars to the common stock. (5) That the period at which the said partnership is to commence, is the third day of January, 1896, and the period at which the said partnership is to terminate is the third day of January, A. D. 1899. Dated this second day of January, A. D. 1896. Signed, WARD C. PITFIELD, S. HAYWARD.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK, SS. BE IT REMEMBERED that on the second day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety six, before me, James A. Belyea, a Notary Public in and for the Province of New Brunswick, by and for only by appointed, admitted and sworn, residing and practicing at the City of Saint John, in the said Province, personally appeared at its said City of Saint John, Ward C. Pitfield and Samuel Hayward, the co-partners named in the foregoing and annexed Certificate of Co-partnership, and severally acknowledged that they signed, sealed, executed and delivered the said Certificate of Co-partnership as their respective act and deed and to and for the uses and purposes therein expressed and contained. IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF I the said Notary have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the second day of January, A. D. 1896. J. A. BELYEA, Notary Public. [L. B.]

Do You Carry a Stove? In your pocket? If not, you do not know comfort is. Call and see THE World POCKET STOVE. It burns two hours without re-lighting. A supply just received by W.C. Rudman Allan 35 KING STREET. Price, with carb 25c, \$1.00. T. 1513-1323 233.

ASK YOUR DRUGGISTS FOR IT. RAMSDELL'S CURE FOR DANDRUFF For removing dandruff from the scalp or restoring gray or faded hair to its original color I challenge the world to produce its equal. MANUFACTURED AT 87 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE BEST OF THREADS IS CLAPPERTON'S At least those who have used it say so.

Memorials Interiors Decorations Castle & Son, 30 University St., Montreal

The Veeder Cyclometer. Weight 1 Oz. Positive Movement. Dust Proof. Water Proof. Cut Exact Size.

Attached to front shaft inside of nut, obviating any possibility of striking an obstacle and breaking the Cyclometer. Best Discount to the Trade. IRA CORNWALL, Wholesale Agent for Dominion of Canada, Board of Trade Building St. John, N. B., Canada.

Do That the Am Disease Very women Did you And there is to be seen ble: Women If you in the b come from If you a not know are it is When cure for ed, are y ing time risk if y

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1896.

MYGLORY IN THE CHAIR.

HOW THAT COUNTY COUNCIL GOT THROUGH ITS WORK.

The Warden's Way of Receiving Papers and Putting Motions to the Meeting—Where the Big Red Pencil Was Used—What the Horse Nails Suggested.

Within the walls of the court room, the members of the Madawaska congress, alas county council, huddled together within the bar, around the lawyers long tables, and there held their annual pow-wow concerning the past, present and future of all us poor fellows. The first tussle was the election of the warden of course, and who do you think got there? You would guess for a fortune and you would never strike the name of the sovereign of our municipality. Well, it is Myglory (in French, Magloire), but nobody else's glory. He had but one opponent who, unfortunately, knew how to read and write, and that killed him on the spot, for Docite's very good reason that "he might do something we can't understand." So Myglory was shoved triumphantly into the presidential chair which squeaked under the massive weight (not of ignorance, mind you) which fell to its lot.

Here is the way the election was received outside of the railing:

"The man can't read or write!"

"Yes, he can," said a friend, "I saw him write his own name."

"How do you know whether it was his name or not, you can't read nor write yourself."

"Oh, well, he's got a big red pencil, and eyeglasses which he puts on when he's writing or doing something on the paper."

"Ah, pshaw, he learned how to make a zig-zag two years ago, so I called it his name."

"Well, well you'll see by and by," and everybody waited for his opportunity which was not long coming. Somebody presented a motion to the warden, but he passed it on the secretary his servant and proxy, who read the contents and it having passed, he condescendingly endorsed on it "approved" and handed it back again to Myglory to put his zigzag on it. Myglory fished into his bushel pockets, and amid the clinking horse-hoe nails and other minutiae of the iron industry, the great big red pencil was produced. Just here an incident must be related.

Myglory is the possessor of a big black mare, nearly as big as himself, but which can go a little faster than he. Felix whom you know, has a smart little mare and delights in running all around Myglory's sulky when the two meet on the war-path, that is what is called elsewhere a race course. So, one day, funny Felix, on purpose let Myglory best him, and the air rent by the noise of the victory from the Allegash down to Van-Buren. Then there was a match to test the two horses. It was a Sunday afternoon, after vesper, on Murchie's frozen mill pond, that the fearful and bloody contest was to take place. The bone and sinew of the country, the christians as well as the gentiles, those who had horses as well as those who had not, young people, old people, rich people, poor people, funny people and crazy people, everybody from afar and near was there. The gong struck and the two mares shot out like cannon balls, but something went flying behind Myglory's mare. It was her shoe. "Whoa! Whoa!" and all was over. The shoe had only two nails in it, and there were no signs of any in the mare's hoof, so Myglory was there and there accused of no less a crime than purposely hauling out the nails, so that there should be no race, and that his mare could preserve a little while longer the only laurels it ever did, or ever will get. Of course Myglory with a voice that covered the hills denounced such an imputation on Felix's part, and said he wouldn't race with him any more. The matter rested there till to-day, but when the big red pencil came out with all these old horse-shoe nails, all doubts were dispelled and his conviction was a foregone conclusion.

Myglory first gave the pencil a lick that would make a suckling colt blush, and having put out on his eyeglasses set to work. Somebody was mean enough to say that there was a hole in the table underneath the paper as nothing seemed to move. But it was the lead, dried by ages, which was not yet sufficiently moistened, so it was again dipped into the pot of saliva and came out working like a newly filled fountain pen. You ought to see Myglory write. It was worse than the kickapoo painting Sagwa on the fence, at least it took about as long.

The applicants for licenses "drew near and gave their attendance to be heard," but owing to so much time being taken up to imprint the warden's autograph, some gain had to be made elsewhere, otherwise the council had every prospect of sitting there till doomsday, and to avoid such a calamity to the country, the whole batch of licenses were granted en bloc, and Myglory again started his patent quill at a dead march rate.

In the parish of Saint Hilaire, the majority of ratepayers had petitioned against the granting of any licenses in that parish, as they did last year, but without any more success. The petition was duly filed but when it came before the council it had lost by the "roller process" the one hundred and sixty signatures attached to it. The wise men from the east got their heads together, and gravely decided that they could not entertain a nothead, after which routine and tawdry pipes were indulged in for the rest of the day.

The second day's proceeding at first threatened to be very short, as no one spoke nor moved, and the secretary kept prompting them that if there was nothing to do they had much better adjourn. After receiving such a hint three or four times, the fun began. Myglory drew forth a paper from the pocket which sheltered the big red pencil, and handed it to Levite, which being read, consisted of an offer by a responsible party to perform the duties of Inspector of Licenses for one hundred dollars a year instead of \$175 00, the salary then paid. So a motion was at once written out, to reduce the salary to one hundred dollars. Coun. Cyr was the seconder of the motion and presented it to the warden, who immediately handed it as usual to the secretary for interpretation.

But Coun. Cyr had not been sitting at the board for twenty years for nothing. He jumped to his feet, indignantly snatched out of the secretary's hands the unfortunate motion, and all crumbled up in his vigorous clutch he brought it down with a bang on the table in front of the warden:

"You are the warden," he shouted, "and do your work, or we'll bolt."

"Can't I have my work done by another, inquired Myglory."

"No; You can't," thundered Coun. Cyr.

"Read the motion, I tell you, and put it to a vote or you'll be declared incompetent."

Myglory betook himself to thinking of McKeezie Bowell's late troubles, and he decided to hang on to office. So bending towards the councillor at his right, he whispered, showing the motion. "Say, tell us, what's in that paper, will you?"

"The devoted neighbor failed not in his duties to charity, and after a few rehearsals the warden thought he had it all off by heart. Rising in all his might, he freed himself of his glasses, and glanced at the paper:

"Well you know, this paper..... is to..... hem, hem, it is moved and seconded that the Inspector..... hem, hum, ho, om..... well you have heard the whole story, it is that, the price of the inspector "go down to one hundred dollars."

"Drink hearty!" said some rascal in the crowd. "Didn't I tell you that Myglory could read?" repeated his friends on all sides.

"Well now," said the warden, all those who don't want the inspector to get one hundred and seventy five dollars, stand up."

Eight sturdy and stalwart men rose to the command. After counting them aloud, Myglory intent on showing he could count higher than eight rose; "Me too! that makes nine."

"Sit down!" vociferated the irritated member for St. Anne;

"You have no right to vote except in case of a tie. I'll learn you."

"Ah, well," said the warden, "that's only eight then."

The councillors voted themselves a dollar and a half a day for their care and diligence and this was well earned. As the warden expressed it. "Say bon saw."

By this time the warden could sign his name inside of ten minutes and he was complimented on his progress by one of the board.

The dying gasp of the council was a motion that the warden treat the crowd. This was "hollered," unanimously, everybody standing as they do at theatres to the strains of the national anthem. REQUIS.

P. S. It was also ordered that the minutes of the meeting be published as soon as possible, and that ten copies at least be forwarded to each councillor. The secretary will probably communicate with you for the required number.

Why Is It?

That when you put your hand in your pocket for a nickel and find a quarter, you are disappointed?

That, if a woman, you insist upon telling the conductor to stop the car at the next street when you have already seen him pull the bell cord for somebody else?

That, when you owe your grocer a small bill, you trade and pay cash at his competitor's?

That you wear your old coat without finching, provided you have a better one at home?

That the weather gets cold so early in the autumn if you have a new sealskin sacque?

That you say you "used to play a good game," when you can't make a single carom at billiards?

That you use a half a dozen towels on the sleeping car when one is sufficient at home?

That you tell an utter stranger facts you wouldn't whisper to your dearest friend?

That you grapple with and overcome a present trouble or misfortune when you worry over a theoretical one in the future?

IN OLD MINSTREL DAYS.

RISE, DECLINE AND FALL OF THE BURNT CORK ARTIST.

One Reason for the Change is the Failure of the Younger Generation to get new fun—The Story of the Beginners, and Success of the Minstrels.

One of the things that puzzle some observers of the American stage is the entire decline of negro minstrelsy says the N. Y. Sun. Time was when the presentation of the negro was regarded as an incident of every actor's work. Edwin Booth in his younger days played a negro role, and Lawrence Barrett did the same. This was not looked upon as undignified for any actor, and many actors began their apprenticeship in this line of work. Negro fun was for a long time the one distinctive American school of stage humor. Within the last fifteen years, which about measure the period in which its fall has been accomplished, there have been numerous minstrel companies travelling over the country. Now there are probably not so many as three that find their way to the first-class theatres in any cities of the country. There is one prominent organization of the kind, and it seems about all that the country can support.

The amount of genuine negro fun in any of the negro presentations now is so slight that the performances are more like a vaudeville act done with the aid of burnt cork. This fact is mentioned often as the most potent reason for the decadence of the amusement, which was at one time the most popular form of comic entertainment in this country. Some say, however, that the introduction of features not distinctively characteristic of the negro did not begin until it had begun to be manifest that public taste was drifting away from minstrelsy. In the attempt to win that back the minstrels took on features that had become popular in other forms of amusement, and ended by absorbing so many of these that the old-time negro flavor was crowded out. Spectacular display was called in to help the waning popularity of the songs and dances. The genuine negro dresses gave way to satins and velvets. Men rattled the bones and beat the tambourine dressed as Hamlet, Macbeth, and other Shakespearean characters. Every innovation of this kind seemed to hasten the end. Declining interest was not to be revived by any such devices. Multiplication of performers did no more to win back popularity to the negro minstrels. They seemed doomed. So it happens that one of the questions of the "show business" today is: "What killed negro minstrelsy?"

What ever the answer may be, its inference is invariably that nothing will revive that old-time diversion. It has had its day. It was a long one and a prosperous one: but there is no doubt that it is done for good.

An interested observer of this present condition of affairs is William, or rather, "Billy" Birch, who, with Backus, Wambold, and Bernard, founded the old San Francisco minstrels, which from 1865 until 1885 played in New York city. Birch is an old man now for the minstrel business, and his three partners are dead. Despite his bad health, Birch finds his way to the theatres two or three times a week, and his reflections on the minstrel business are more cheerful than those of most of the men who have been in it, even if they are not flattering to the men who are engaged in a similar line of work today.

The end of negro minstrelsy came," he said to the Sun reporter the other day, "not because the people grew tired of it, but because the younger men who took it up were not able to create any new fun, but went on doing year after year just the same things that had been done by their predecessors. They did the same old acts, told the same old jokes and expected people to keep on laughing at them. Even if the jokes had kept on using, they ought to have remembered that the way in which a joke is told has a good deal to do with its effect. You know how much an ordinary story depends on the way it is told. In the old days we were always on the lookout for something new. Sometimes it came to us suddenly; sometimes we had to work hard for it. The people would laugh just as much now as they ever did at negro minstrels if the men would give them something new. But they won't. They tried to cover up this lack of novelty with marches and lots of men. But one good joke that they weren't tired of and one good man to tell it would have been worth all these things put together. They won't get the new jokes, and minstrelsy is dead for that reason."

"It used to be a newspaper joke that all the minstrel sayings and conundrums were taken out of comic elms, but, in fact, more of them came out of the minstrel business. I remember when we were playing down at 585 Broadway that I started the joke about the country cousins visiting the city, and then sending a few provisions to make up for it, and that joke is still doing duty in the comic papers. I had a cousin that lived up in Utica—he's living there

First Opening of Fancy Dress Materials

FOR SPRING..

Our first lot of early Spring Dress Materials is just to hand, and now showing in Dress Goods Department.

Fancy Tufted Cloths, Mixed Tweed Suitings, Two-tone Diagonals, Fancy Granite Cloths, Boucle Weaves,

Silk and Wool Mixtures.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

WATER NOT POPULAR.

Very Pronounced Medical View of its use Three Centuries Ago.

It needed a very bold man to resist the medical testimony of three centuries ago against water drinking. Few writers can be found to say a good word for it. One or two only are concerned to maintain that, "when begun in early life it may be pretty freely drunk with impunity," and they quote the curious instance given by Sir Thomas Elyot in his "Castle of Health" 1541, of the Cornish men, "many of the poorer sort, which never, or very seldom, drink any other drink, be notwithstanding strong of body and like and live well until they be of great age." Thomas Cogan, the medical schoolmaster of Manchester fame, confessed in his "Haven of Health," 1589, designed for the use of students, that he knew some who drink cold water at night or fasting in the morning without hurt; and Dr. James Hart, writing about fifty years later could even claim among his acquaintance "some honorable and worshipful ladies who drink little other drink, and yet enjoy more perfect health than most of them that drink of the strongest." The phenomenon was undeniable, but the natural inference was none the less to be resisted. Sir Thomas Elyot himself is very certain, in spite of the Cornish men, that "there be in water causes of divers diseases, as of swelling of spleen and liver." He complains oddly also that "it fitteth and swimmeth," and concludes that "to young men, and them that be of hot complexions it doeth less harm, and sometimes it profiteth, but to them that are feeble, old, and melancholy, it is not convenient." "Water is not wholesome cool by itself for an English man," was the version of Andrew Bore—monk, physician, bishop, ambassador, and writer on sanitation—as the result of a life's experience. And to quote the "Englishman's Doctor":

Both water and small beer, we make no question. Are enemies to health and good digestion.

But the most formal indictment against water is that of Venner, who, writing in 1622 ponderously pronounces "to dwellers in cold countries it doth very greatly deject their appetites, destroy the natural heat and overthrow the strength of the stomach, and consequently confounding the concoction the cause of crudities, flatulencies, and windiness in the body."—The Hospital.

Her Favorite Animal.

She—Yes, I am very fond of a pet. He—Indeed! What, may I ask, is your favorite animal? She (frankly)—Man.

The valuation of Ireland for rating purposes in 1895 was £14,290,203—an increase of nearly a quarter of a million sterling as compared with 1891.

THAT IMPALING CASE

Mr. H. E. Hudson, of Combermere, Severely Injured.

Protruding Knot Wound—Entered the Body Four Inch—Bladder Injured—Kidney Disease—One Box of Dodd's Kidney Pills

Barrie Bay, Feb. 3, (Special).—Universal interest has been taken throughout this newly-settled region in the cure of Mr. Hudson of Combermere, hunter, trapper and lumberman. Personally well known to every man, woman and child, his case, both before and since the cure, has created much talk.

The accident occurred over eight years ago when he fell upon a protruding knot in such a way as to enter the body from beneath, injuring the bladder and affecting the kidneys. Speaking of his sufferings and cure he says:

"I was confined to my bed for six weeks to commence with, have suffered from pain across the back, weakness and loss of time for eight years.

"I have taken one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and since taking the first four doses have been free from pain.

"One box to me has been worth more than one hundred dollars, as only one was necessary to complete my cure.

"I have had not the least symptom of any return and am able to work as well as ever. I could in my life."

WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS

28-34 Waterloo St. 66-70 Barrington St. St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

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28-34 Waterloo St. 66-70 Barrington St. St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

Sunday Reading.

MAKING THE MOST OF IT. The Loss of Something Should Not Be Taken as the Loss of Everything.

Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooks has these encouraging words on this topic: Strengthen the things which remain.—Rev. iii., 2.

We are all too much disposed to regard the loss of something as almost, if not quite the same as the loss of everything.

There is something in the practical direction of affairs, there are those who think it has nothing to do. But, at least, it stands in the world as the only agency whose avowed purpose is to maintain those great principles of faith and conduct on which the nations welfare depends.

So it sometimes seems to men of refinement and culture that they are shut out from all contact with the affairs of business and political life. They have no part in the movement of the world.

What remains to me? But for him, too, there is left the opportunity to learn, while he waits, all that is in his power to learn; to keep his mind alive and his heart true.

So the vigor of youth and earlier manhood goes, but the garnered wisdom of the faithful years remains to help the world. A man's fortune is taken away. But all is not lost, nor is the best lost.

Amid the criticism and skepticism of our time, timid souls cry out that faith is no longer on the earth. But when we look more deeply into the movement of religious thought we shall find that much remains.

Childlike credence may have departed, but the intelligent faith of manhood is more than ever with us. We may not be able to rest our faith in the goodness of God on isolated and miraculous acts done at some past time, but our faith in the goodness of the total order of the universe was never so deeply impressed upon the heart of man as it is today.

Sometimes people become very much frightened over the modern criticism of the Bible. They think nothing will be left of the Bible when it has finished its work.

value of the sermon on the Mount, or the parable of the prodigal son, or the great chapter of St. Paul on charity, or the sweetest psalms, or the noblest utterances of prophecy. These will ever remain to us to bless, to comfort and to raise us up.

Yes, something is always left to us. And nothing shows the real value of a man or woman more than his or her determination to make the most of what is left.

With a few exceptions, the stockholders of the Massachusetts society who have died within the past two years have had their bodies cremated. Of the 174 cremations by the Massachusetts society, however, only a few were of bodies of stockholders.

So, too, a man shows his genuine worth when he keeps his heart in sympathy with the world's activity, although he is not allowed to take any part in it—when he tries to send his word of cheer to those who are struggling in the arena which is closed to his action, but not to his loving thought.

Then the worth of the human spirit shows itself grandly sometimes in the way it bears its infirmities. What is best in a man is revealed in the days when nothing remains but to bear his burden of pain.

What is true of him is no less true of many others, who, in the days of patient waiting have revealed the sweetness and strength of their natures, and who, by making the most of what remained, have won the reward of those who endure to the end.

But it seems to me the supreme test of character is to be seen in what men and women will do with the remainder of their faith. The selfish and the frivolous will say "So little remains why care for it?"

Ultima Veritas. In the bitter waves of we, Broken and tossed about By the sultry winds that blow From the desolate shores of doubt;

CREMATION IN NEW ENGLAND. Spray of Petroleum Produces a Temperature of 3,000 Degrees.

After that the number of cremations has shown a steady increase. The Massachusetts society began the cremation of bodies Jan. 4, 1894, and in the first year eighty-seven bodies were thus disposed of, some of them having been held for cremation from the last month of the preceding year.

Perhaps no more forcible argument has been made in favor of cremation as a mode of disposing of the bodies of the dead than the experience of the contractors who were engaged in the construction of the subway.

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Bodies have been sent to Boston for cremation from all parts of New England as far distant as Newport, Me., Truro N. S., and New York City, although there is a crematory at the last-named place. All who have visited the crematory to see the process applied to bodies of their friends or relatives have gone away satisfied with the advantages of cremation.

THE KINGLY REIGN OF CHRIST. Lessons to Be Derived From the Study of One of the Psalms of David.

"Give the King thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness up to the King's son. He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgement. The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills by righteousness."

Unless the universal judgement of careful Biblical students is utterly astray, this psalm may be regarded as the deep desire that burned in the heart of David concerning the kingdom for which he had fought and suffered, which was soon to pass from his control to the hand of Solomon, his son.

Venerable Neal Dow, who, tho' born in 1804, is still young,—92 years young, as Oliver Wendell Holmes would say—has been writing an article for The Golden Rule on "How to Reach a Long Life."

Why should the phrase 'A nation of shopkeepers' be a term of contempt? Why should the word tradesman be other than a title of respect? Because commerce has not only fallen from its true ideal, but has almost lost sight of it.

BUDDHISM IS BORROWED. The Ethics of the Wisdom of the East Dealt with by Learned Men.

The subject of "The Derivation of the Ethics of Buddhism" was investigated and carefully discussed at the first meeting for the new year of the Victoria Institute of London, England; its consideration being introduced in a brief paper, the author of which called attention to the frequency with which moral precepts, often similar to those in Holy Writ, were quoted as from Theosophists and others who sought to minimize the value of the Christian scriptures.

Attention was drawn to the evidence given by Strabo and other ancient writers to the great commercial intercourse existing in the tenth century B. C. between India, Persia, Parthia, Media, and the Euxine, as well as the ancient traffic by sea which recent research has shown to have existed, and has been referred to at a recent Meeting of the Institute as carried on from India round Ceylon and up the Red Sea, the ships being mostly manned by those intrepid mariners, the Phoenicians.

Father Ignatius on Spiritualism. The holy apostle says, "I care shall be seducing spirits working lying wonders."

The Old and the New. The conflict between Antonio and Shylock is a national one, and the reconciliation will not come until the rigorous law of Judaism is softened and mellowed by Christian culture—by Christian culture I mean the fruits of Roman and Greek civilization.

Commerce is Honorable. Why should the phrase 'A nation of shopkeepers' be a term of contempt? Why should the word tradesman be other than a title of respect?

Humility is the Best Attainment. Are there any here to-day asking what is the best use I can make of my best self? What is the best monument I can build to perpetuate my name? I reply, Give your best self to your fellow men; that is the best use you can make of your best self.

Rest Comes at Last. Sometimes we are greatly helped to peace by discovering how short is the time of burden bearing. This flower of rarest comfort is gathered in the valley of the shadow of death.

A Message From God. "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his ways. For thou shalt eat the labor of thine hands: happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee."

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

Have You seen the New Model No. 2 IMPROVED AMERICAN TYPEWRITER



CONTAINS New Ideas and Improved Construction developed in the manufacture and use of the No. 1. It is a marvellous combination of simplicity and capability, being rapid, durable, portable and serviceable.

On Third Year and No Competitor. Send for catalogue and letter written with Ira Cornwall, General Agent For the Maritime Provinces.

welfare and happiness of the people. Can not one find anything to do? There is the temperance cause, with room enough for an army of helpers. When its triumph is an infinite blessing to the nation, the state, and the people will be the result.

No one has failed to notice the almost helpless anarchy of Christendom. The energies of the church are in a state of innocuous higgledy-piggledy. We have not yet reacted from the intense individualism of the reformation—the individualism which reduced the Bible to a heap of infallible aphorisms, the church of 200 screaming and discordant sects, all professing belief in one God, allegiance to an undivided Christ, each more or less claiming to be the Christian church; an individualism which has paralyzed the social function and made a social creed all but impossible.

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NOTCHES ON THE STICK

PATERFEX DEALS WITH A HERO OF WHITTIER'S VERSE.

The Story of Hugh Tallant and the Trees He Planted—The Sycamores and Their History—Further Light on the Subject—Other Literary Notes.

On a midsummer afternoon, when Cape Blomidon sat in an undisturbed attitude of meditation, brooding over the flight of Gluscap, at the entrance of the sunny Basin, and all the woods and hills assisted the dream, we first saw Hugh Tallant pass before us, and heard the name of the Bard of Amersbury. A lad of fifteen, or thereabout, we had gone over to the "old place," where our grandmother kept, under her bed's head, a box of figs or dates, to share with her grandchildren,—the more liberally perchance, because her children of a tender age had lacked them. The whirr of her spinning-wheel was heard up the back stairs; for the quick-stepping old lady was famous with that instrument, as well as with her reel and knitting needles, and would declare that day ill-spent on which the greatest number of knots had not been turned off. Her joy and pride in banks of yarn being, we verily believe, greater by far than ours in paragraph and poesy. We sat at the head of the garret stairs, watching her as she tripped backward and drew her grey or white yarn, then forward, while she sent the wheel whizzing again,—as fine a grandmotherly Arachne as your wholesome eyes would wish to dwell upon;—or while she drew forward her reel, and sent it clacking round till the fruit of the spindle had been doubled into a skein. In the garret was an old table, under which was a drawer for an idle lad to rummage in; and thence we drew forth some pieces of rhyme clipped from the family newspaper by Emmeline—our aunt Emmeline—and the youngest daughter of the active and lively spinner. Ah, me! The threads, of life for both of them, have long been spun and nicked. Their stones have long gathered moss in the little grave-yard on the hill; but how vividly that summer day—and many another with it—comes up to me! Among these strips of verse, there was one longer than the rest, and more stained and crumpled; but it alone bore the charm which the years have not dissolved. It bore the title of "The Sycamore," and the name of "John Greenleaf Whittier." As the reading of these verses proceeded the whirr of the spinning-wheel sounded fainter and fainter, and grandmother's agile form moved through a haze of fancy. More and more prominent became the ancient Milesian gleeman and his row of sycamore trees by the Merrimack. Scarcely any ballad—and to legendary ballads I am partial—has ever bewitched me more! I saw

There he lived again, after a century and a half, fiddling through the moonlight eaves, or mingling his shouts with the fishers as they swept to the shore with their "bulging nets," or made the husking party or lyke-wake glorious with his songs and old world stories. If outside could be heard the note of a bird among the apple trees how would it chime with—
"Hark! he'd say, 'tis thy singing!
"Hark! he'd say, 'tis thy singing!
"Hark! he'd say, 'tis thy singing!
"Hark! he'd say, 'tis thy singing!"
And the picture of Washington on his progress down the Merrimack, and under Hugh Tallant's tree,—that was the modern, but not less romantic and vivid, touch!

Very few of old Hugh's many acres farms have descended to us, but I am more than content with the youth to look down the long future and know of the poet yet to come, whose song and own hand-writing and especial message I should be most pleased with, and then of his Irish wit to set about gaining them for me by planting trees on the river side. My matronly sister insists upon dashing my enthusiasm by reminding me that possibly Hugh may have planted the trees with no higher aim than that of earning his dinner by his labor. I scorn that idea, however, and will not be convinced that the young man would have so contentedly dug post-holes all day. He planted the trees because he loved them and flowers, and birds, and everything beautiful, natural, and free, and I am going to have him sainted for it, and a day awarded on the family calendar. Salt Hugh's day shall be honored with Thanksgiving festivities. His ballad shall be read, and we will not forget, with our toast to his memory, the memory of the singer who has sung both of him and of the "sea-beast land,"—the only spot we call our home.

human heart, amid transitory things, is seeking out some symbol of permanence,—in walking by grassy lanes, or over bare hills, or in the city streets, where these lines rushed to his mind, and forced themselves to his muttering lips—
As the marble calm of Tadmor
Mocks the desert's shifting sand.
Imagine, therefore, our pleased surprise, upon coming to the history and personnel of this poem, at the close of Mr. Pickard's first volume of the Poet's "Life and Letters." It was a brief passage in Merrick's "History of Haverhill," which set that "barny noddle workin' prime," which should do so much to make New England a ground enchanted; for in a copy of the poems owned by Mr. Whittier was found by his biographer the following passage, written on the margin of the page where the poem in review occurs:

About this time, the sycamore trees, now standing before William Samuel W. Duncan's mansion, were set out. The work was done by one Hugh Tallant, a wanderer from the green fields of Erin, and who was a famous fiddler. He lived with Colonel Richard Saltonstall, in the capacity of a servant, and tradition says that he frequently made his monotonous sounds with his cat-gut and rosin for the gratification of the village swain and lass.
A descendant of old Hugh, a Miss Caroline D. Tallant of Nantucket, comes into the poem's history, with a letter written to the poet soon after its publication. Being uncertain if her ancestor was indeed the person intended by Whittier, she wrote to him a letter of inquiry and of revelation:
It is traditional lore in our family, that three Tallant brothers, of whom one was Hugh, came over from Ireland and settled in New Hampshire, and that from them descended all who bear the name of Tallant in America. My grandfather, Andrew Tallant, was the son of Hugh. He died last spring in Pelham, N.H., on the old homestead which was left him by his father. I remember having seen one other son of Hugh. When I was quite young one of my uncles took me to ride from Concord to Pelham, and on the way we stopped at an old brown house, quite in the woods, that I might see his father, and Hugh Tallant was almost as much for admiration as Washington. But it was with young eyes he saw the goodness of his countrymen, for he was held a child in arms on the battlefield. The battle of the Boyne was July 1st, 1690, which would make Hugh Tallant only 105 in 1895—not agreeing exactly with the statement on the coat of arms. Your ballad says
"One long century hath been numbered
And another half way told,
Since the rustic Irish gleeman
Broke for them the virgin mould!"
Hugh Tallant, a hundred and fifty years ago, was an Irish youth of seventeen or twenty, with all the poetry of his nature fresh and uncorrupted within him, as so it was just the age for him to disclose his musical and fan-loving disposition. Did your Hugh wander round from town to town with a fiddle and a pack?

Of course Whittier was not long in making answer:
"I tried to get me almost as much by surprise as the entrance of the veritable and venerable Hugh himself would have done. When I wrote the poem in question, I never expected that a fair descendant of the Milesian tree-planter would be called up. In fact, Hugh Tallant was to me a pleasant myth, a shadowy phantom of tradition, on my. Since receiving thy letter I have ascertained for a certainty that the Hugh of my ballad and thy great-grandfather are one and the same. I am not sure of the date of planting the trees, but it was certainly in the early part of the eighteenth century. Hugh at that time was a resident of Haverhill, on the Merrimack, now a town of some ten thousand inhabitants. The trees, twenty of which are now standing, he planted on the river bank, before the mansion of Colonel Richard Saltonstall, brother of Governor Saltonstall, of Connecticut. The tradition of him is pretty correct. He lived in the ballad. After leaving Atkinson (N.H.) then a part of Haverhill, he moved to Pelham or Windham, became a considerable landholder, and was noted for his love of fun and lawsuits. He to the Tory side in the Revolution, was outlawed, shot at, and driven off by his neighbors, but soon managed to return. These latter facts I have just learned. I wish they had been before me, as well as those of thy own letter, when I was writing "The Sycamores." The trees are about twelve miles up the river from my residence [in Amersbury.] I should like to show them to a descendant of the merry troubadour who planted them. I give the name as it stands in the Haverhill records.—Talent, I presume it should be Tallant. Of course thou art at liberty to alter it in the poem. The incident of Washington is true.
To this Miss Tallant,—who does no discredit to her ancestor, and the Milesian strain in her, by the briskness of her writing,—responded in this lively, enthusiastic manner:

Very few of old Hugh's many acres farms have descended to us, but I am more than content with the youth to look down the long future and know of the poet yet to come, whose song and own hand-writing and especial message I should be most pleased with, and then of his Irish wit to set about gaining them for me by planting trees on the river side. My matronly sister insists upon dashing my enthusiasm by reminding me that possibly Hugh may have planted the trees with no higher aim than that of earning his dinner by his labor. I scorn that idea, however, and will not be convinced that the young man would have so contentedly dug post-holes all day. He planted the trees because he loved them and flowers, and birds, and everything beautiful, natural, and free, and I am going to have him sainted for it, and a day awarded on the family calendar. Salt Hugh's day shall be honored with Thanksgiving festivities. His ballad shall be read, and we will not forget, with our toast to his memory, the memory of the singer who has sung both of him and of the "sea-beast land,"—the only spot we call our home.

And now, if the reader will but take down from the shelf his "well-hated" copy of Whittier, and renew his acquaintance with Hugh Tallant and his Sycamores all this shall not have been written in vain.
We recall a dark, chilly evening, when the mail-stage stopped at the post-office of Perry, and we delighted ourselves after turning in beside the bright fire-place of the farm house where it was kept, in the com-

pany and with the amenities of our host, Washburn—a farmer, a gentleman and a scholar. He was one who, if he wrote of a hay-rick, a pig-stye, or a shed for housing manure, would do it with the ease and grace of style which marks a Goldsmith. We have found the fellow of this philosophic, modest, genial man, who fitted by his conversational gifts to grace a learned society, preferred the retirement of a rustic village, in the West, and in the person of Henry W. Hope, of Paint, Highland Co., Ohio,—a man to whom the charms of literature and of nature, and the voices of friendship and humanity cannot make their appeal in vain. He lives in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery in the southern portion of Ohio,—sometimes called "the Wonderland" of the State—where he is known and esteemed by his fellow citizens, by reason of his personal worth, and his activities for the promotion of the public welfare. The legendary and scenic treasures surrounding him his pen has done much to popularize; and visitors to the Falls of Paint, or the celebrated caves in his vicinity, find in his conversation a charm entirely aside from his curious knowledge of the locality. Mr. Hope comes of sturdy Scotch-Irish parentage. He says: "I am glad to find you disposed to eulogize 'Old Scotia'; her people and her history. . . . It pleases me to think I was born among the Scotch-Irish near Belfast, and on the shores of Lough Neagh, (pronounced Nay) . . . I take the liberty of sending by this mail, a couple of copies of the little newspaper published at Bainbridge, near here, The Bainbridge Observer, asking your attention to paragraphs that may interest you in each, under my signature. I do not know that you are at all interested in the paw-paw, but I thought you might at least like to read about it. You will see it is a kind of hobby of mine to praise it, for I like it, and believe it ought to have more friends. The other copy contains a slight tribute to my dear friend, Collins, over your shoulder, (Hon. Chas. H. Collins, of Hillsboro, Ohio, of whom mention was made in PROGRESS a few weeks ago). He is one of the kindest of men. . . . and loves everybody, except perhaps the scold, the selfish and the vile, whom sometimes he scorns in his law practice. Such keep shy of him. His lights of rhetoric on such occasions captivate justice. Besides all this, he is a lover of nature in all her moods." The paw paw, here spoken of, is a wild fruit tree. We hope to return to this subject again.

The Bookman for January (Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers, N. Y.) has done honors to several of our Canadians. There are portraits of Ekelwyn Wetherald, Archibald Lampman, E. Pauline Johnson, and Duncan Campbell Scott, with notices of their writings:
In the November Bookman there was a notice of "The White Wampum" by Miss E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahioniwake), "A flower of Canadian culture," and an Indian princess of a proud and ancient tribe. Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe and Co., who are Miss Johnson's publishers have also placed their imprint on a book of poems entitled, "The House of the Trees and Other Poems." The author, Miss Anne Ekelwyn Wetherald, lives at Fenwick, Ontario, and has made large contributions of verse to a number of the leading magazines. This volume will introduce her to a wider audience, and enlarge the circle of her appreciative readers. We have already announced Bliss Carman's "Behind the Arras," which is now published. The decorative talent of Mr. Tom Metyard has been utilized in illustrating the poems, which he has done after an original fashion. There has just been published by Messrs. Copeland and Day a new volume of poems, entitled "Lyrics of the Earth," by Archibald Lampman, one of the group of young Canadian singers. Mr. Lampman's verse is also known through the magazines and by a little volume, "Among the Millet," which appeared a few years ago. Another volume entitled "The Magic House and Other Poems," by Duncan Campbell Scott, has just been issued by the same firm. Mr. Scott is a young man under thirty, employed in the Department of Indian Affairs in Ottawa. A volume of stories will appear from his pen in the spring. Like Mr. Lampman and Mr. Scott, who both live at Ottawa, Mr. William Williford Campbell fills a position in the Civil Service, and devotes his leisure to the writing of the novel. A poem of Mr. Campbell's will be found on another page. Mr. Campbell's work so far, shows evidence of poetic power and strenuous, and he has in a larger degree perhaps than all the others dramatic intensity.

The poem referred to is a lyric entitled, "When the Birds Fly Home," full of sweet cadences and autumnal pictures. These stanzas put an Indian summer landscape before us, and induce in the lover of nature the appropriate feeling.
Then a fire is in the sunnack
And a mist is on the hills,
And a gentle pensive gleam
The whole world fills.
Then the morns are grey and rainy
With a windy, driven rack,
The fields are full of shining pools,
The mud sin stalks are black;
Or the nights are clear and frosty
To the world's blue dome.
In the lonely days of Autumn
When the birds fly home.

It may be an authentic anecdote, for it agrees with what we know of them, that Matthew's Hook and Hood, being together on a tramp about some London perilion,

Though all the beds and flowers are dead,
The golden-rod is out,
Flaming with the aster-bloom
On all the hills about.
You may meet them on the roadsides,
You may pick them in the lanes,
While the barnyard from the stable-fleets
The heavy-laden wain.
Goes with far shouts of labor,
With the arms and faces brown,
While the cattle come home lowing,
And the sun dips down.
Through all the hollow, smoky day
There goes a lonely call;
'Tis the joy across the stubble-fields
Pressing of the Fall;
Or the crow, that somber solitary,
Among his darkling plies;
Or the chickadee beside the brook
That on its amber shines;
Or the plough-boy to his drowsy team
Amid the furrowed loam,—
O the lonely days of Autumn
When the birds fly home!
O the world is full of waters
And a sense of far-off sound,
And a thousand mists and colors rise
From woods and hills around.
'Tis the splendor of the Autumn,
'Tis the glory of the Fall,
When the King of Death walks silently
Adown the bannered hall;
And the beds of sleep are making
For the hearts that fall woe-ridden,
In the lonely days of Autumn
When the birds fly home.

We also ascertain from "The Bookman" that "Vagabondia," the volume of poems by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey, of which the readers of PROGRESS have heard so much, is in its third edition.
"The Bibelot,"—have you seen it? To one who enjoys a literature de luxe, who delights in quaintly beautiful things, out-of-the-way, unbacked, and choice bits of printing, these things are a treasure. The literary epure has here just what he likes. Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland Me., and his works are being found out by readers who have nicety of taste. These are booklets that we handle delicately, as we do rare and fragile blossoms; we count them the violets in a windflower of literature, and of the printer's art. We have the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," as Edward Fitzgerald gave it dress in English; Mr. Long's translation of "Acanthis and Nicolette; Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel," "The Sonnets of Michael Angelo;" "Medieval Latin Students' Songs;" "Fragments from Sappho;" "A Discourse of Marcus Aurelius;" "Hand and Soul," a rare study in prose by Dante Gabriel Rossetti; "A Book of Airs from Francois Villon Campien;" "Ballades from Francois Villon," and the like. The "Bibelot" press is an institution, and the lover of literature that is rare can, we believe, nowhere obtain more for his fifty cents than from Mr. Thomas Mosher. We have some of these tasteful booklets from the hand of Mrs. Caroline Dana Howe, of Portland, and will not refrain from this expression of our pleasure in them.

In Bishop Aticus G. Haygood, of the Methodist Episcopal church South, the negro race loses a most generous and influential friend and helper. No one man in the South, sharing the feelings, natural to the white race, (prejudices, we people of the North call them.) has been able and willing to do so much as he to bring about a sentiment of tolerance and a just consideration of the status and claims of that unfortunate race, but a little while out of bondage. He gave no uncertain sound, and, being dead he yet speaketh, through the pages of his book, "Our Brother in Black," and his royal soul will still be marching on." His characteristics were, an unusual wholeness and soundness of many life, a deep sympathetic emotional nature, broad scholarship, aptness to conceive saving plans, and unusual energy in their execution. No view of his character would, however, be complete, that omitted his personal and social charm. He was the centre of any joyous brotherly group of men. One who never met him in the social circle, says Dr. Hovey, can scarce have a "conception of the charm of his character; he was bright, humorous, and lovable to the last limit. A truer friend never lived. I verily believe that he would have counted it no hardship to die for those he loved. His contempt for cant and pretence was strong. He actually hated Phariseism of every kind, regarding it as a form of malaria that poisons the air and brings death to all high virtue and true religion. Who can tell the worth of such a man to the world? He will be remembered as a public benefactor when all his small critics lie forgotten in unhonored graves."

At an American sale of autographs a few years ago, the highest price obtained was \$50 for the signature of Roger Sherman. The autograph of Napoleon I. brought \$31, that of Thomas Jefferson, \$6; Andrew Jackson, \$5.50; Aaron Burr, \$7.50; Benjamin Franklin, \$22; Patrick Henry, \$8; James Madison \$6.50; and Davy Crockett (such is fame!), \$3.45. A signature of Washington at the same sale brought \$3. An autograph of Benedict Arnold (date 1772) was quoted a few years ago at \$10, and one of Martin Van Buren (1847) at \$4.50. The plain, spirited, and striking signature of John Hancock, first of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, familiar to every schoolboy is rated among collectors at \$5, and the signature of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, at \$4. James Monroe, who formulated the Monroe doctrine, does not stand high in the good graces of autograph hunters, for his signature while a President of the United States sells in the autograph market for \$2. James Buchanan's signature, forty years later, but probably much rarer, sells for \$1. Three celebrities, whose autographs are considered very valuable by collectors, are Lord Byron, Robert Bunsen, and Lord Chesterfield. Sarah Bernhardt's signature may be secured in the autograph market for \$3.

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EFFECTS OF LA GRIPPE.
ENFEEBLED CONSTITUTIONS AND DEATH THE RESULT.
Official Statistics Show That in Ontario Alone 2,023 Deaths Resulted From This Cause in 1892-93-94—How to Avoid the Baneful After Effects of This Disease.
Very few people have any conception of the deadly effects of la grippe or influenza, which with each recurring winter sweeps over Canada, lowering the vitality and broken constitutions. It is an equal number of deaths caused by say cholera, the whole continent would be in a panic, and it is only because the deadly effects of la grippe are not understood that its approach is viewed with less apprehension.
Dr. Blyde, the very efficient health officer for Ontario, in his annual report to the provincial government, shows that the deaths in Ontario alone from the effects of la grippe for the years 1892-93-94 reached the aggregate of 2,023, a number sufficiently large to make us view the scourge with positive alarm, for in addition to this mortality, there are beyond doubt thousands who from more or less cause are left with shattered health and ruined constitutions. La grippe is a disease of the nerve centres, with a specially marked effect upon the heart, and the obvious duty of those who have suffered from even a mild attack is to strengthen and fortify the nerve forces. For this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act more promptly and thoroughly than any other medicine yet discovered. Their function is to supply impoverished blood with its lacking constituents, and to build anew shattered nerves. That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills perform what is claimed for them in the voluntary testimonials of those who have been restored to health. One strong case in point is that of Mrs. A. Graton, of Hull, Que. To a newspaper reporter who interviewed her, Mrs. Graton said:—"I was always a strong and healthy woman up to about four years ago. At that time I had a severe attack of la grippe, the after effects of which left me weak and nervous, with pain in my back and stomach, and almost constant severe headaches. I found myself so completely used up that I was unable to do any work about the house no matter how light. My appetite had gone and I had no relish for any kind of food. For about a year I continued to be thus tortured, getting no freedom from pain either day or night. I had tried different kinds of medicine prescribed by a physician but they did me no good. I began to believe that medicine would not cure me, and as I always had a terrible cough I was sinking into consumption. One day a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had heard and read much about this medicine but had not thought of it as a cure for myself, but I felt that it might be worth trying and procured a supply, and after the use of a couple of boxes I began to feel an improvement. I continued their use until I had taken twelve boxes when I found myself free from pain, with a good appetite, and as well as ever I was in my life. Last December, as the result of a severe cold, I was again taken ill, but this time I tried no experiments with other medicine but went straight to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the most beneficial results as you can see for yourself. I have such faith in Pink Pills that I never allow myself to be without a box, and take them occasionally as a tonic, and I will be glad if my experience will prove helpful to some other poor sufferer."
When you ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills see that the full trade mark is on every box. Imitations and substitutes are worthless, perhaps dangerous.
His Memorable Day.
Mrs. Grimes (of the suburbs)—I wish I could remember what day it was I sent those light brown gloves of mine to the dyer."
Mr. Grimes—It was three weeks ago last Thursday. That was the day I didn't have to bring anything home from downtown.

SAFETY FOR OUR GIRLS.
Paine's Celery Compound Makes New and Pure Blood, Gives Strong Nerves, and Builds up the Body.

Medical men everywhere admit that Paine's Celery Compound is the best medicine for pale, weak and sickly girls. It builds up wasted tissues, makes pure blood, and produces strong nerves, enabling girls to reach healthy and perfect womanhood.
Mrs. Boulanger, of St. Henry, Montreal, saved her daughter's life by having her use Paine's Celery Compound at a most critical time. The young lady is now one of the healthiest, brightest and most attractive girls of the town. Her mother writes us in about the wonderful cure—
"My daughter, aged 17 years, has for long time been in a weak state of health, so much so, that she was not able to do any work about the house, and often was unable to comb her own hair; this has been the case for some years, and I feared she would never be strong.
"I was induced to have her use Paine's Celery Compound. She has used two bottles, and is now a different girl. She is not only able to wait on herself but often does the whole of the housework, and from sea to sea as strong as a girl of her age should be.

The last two fell to joking, and proposed a hot mot in friendly rivalry, Matthews to be the umpire. Soon they came to a shop that announced, "HOME BREWED BEER," and Hook suggested that the "bear," might be of "their own brain." Directly they turned a corner, and came upon a warning placard—"Beware The Dog!" when Hook, looking round quizzically to Hook, inquired: "Ware be the dog?" Matthews laughingly declined to decide between so equal a pair of jokers, and so the matter was rested.

Rev. Dr. Hunter has been obliged, through failing health to resign his pastorate in the Dominion Square Methodist church, Montreal. We hope his restoration may be speedy; such men are needed.
Mr. W. Blackburn Harte, the Canadian, once associated with Montreal journalism, issues from Boston, The Fly Leaf,—described by The Week as "the latest of The Chap Book style of periodicals."

Mrs. S. A. Curzon thinks Canadian public men are attending to every thing but the "chief thing,"—the industrial and social development of the country. We think there is some truth in her sayings.
PATERFEX.

THE TRADE IN AUTOGRAPHS.
Whims of Collectors that Effect the Value of Signatures of Celebrities.

A considerable trade in autographs of celebrated persons is carried on in New York, though the great international market for valuable autographs is London. There are autograph as well as stamp collectors, and there are autograph as well as stamp brokers. The trade in old, rare, and valuable postage stamps is much better systematized than that in autographs, and fluctuations in price of the latter are, in consequence, much more general. Autograph collectors usually secure the signatures which they seek at private sale through the intervention of autograph dealers, but occasionally there is a public auction sale, and then a new set of quotations is established. The prices are invariably higher in cases of deceased persons, whose supply of autographs (except fictitious posthumous ones, of course) is necessarily limited. The value put upon signatures of living persons by collectors fluctuates greatly. The autographs of a distinguished actress or singer, for instance, such as the late Adelaide Lilian Neilson, Parepa Rosa, or Pauline Lucca, would be in much demand while she was a public favorite, but the demand for their work, as it has done, decrease after her retirement.
At a public auction of rare and valuable autographs in London some years ago, the signature of George Washington brought £10, or \$30, an autograph of Benjamin Franklin, £5, or \$30, and one of Washington Irving £3, or \$10. At the same sale an autograph of Walter Scott brought £17 and an autograph of Robert Burns £18. The caprice of collectors of autographs was shown by the fact that a signature of George Eliot and one of Queen Elizabeth brought the same price £11, or \$55. The autograph of Lord Nelson brought £11 and of Thackeray £6. An autograph of Schiller brought £6 and of Richelieu £5.

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Official Statistics Show That in Ontario Alone 2,023 Deaths Resulted From This Cause in 1892-93-94—How to Avoid the Baneful After Effects of This Disease.
Very few people have any conception of the deadly effects of la grippe or influenza, which with each recurring winter sweeps over Canada, lowering the vitality and broken constitutions. It is an equal number of deaths caused by say cholera, the whole continent would be in a panic, and it is only because the deadly effects of la grippe are not understood that its approach is viewed with less apprehension.
Dr. Blyde, the very efficient health officer for Ontario, in his annual report to the provincial government, shows that the deaths in Ontario alone from the effects of la grippe for the years 1892-93-94 reached the aggregate of 2,023, a number sufficiently large to make us view the scourge with positive alarm, for in addition to this mortality, there are beyond doubt thousands who from more or less cause are left with shattered health and ruined constitutions. La grippe is a disease of the nerve centres, with a specially marked effect upon the heart, and the obvious duty of those who have suffered from even a mild attack is to strengthen and fortify the nerve forces. For this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act more promptly and thoroughly than any other medicine yet discovered. Their function is to supply impoverished blood with its lacking constituents, and to build anew shattered nerves. That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills perform what is claimed for them in the voluntary testimonials of those who have been restored to health. One strong case in point is that of Mrs. A. Graton, of Hull, Que. To a newspaper reporter who interviewed her, Mrs. Graton said:—"I was always a strong and healthy woman up to about four years ago. At that time I had a severe attack of la grippe, the after effects of which left me weak and nervous, with pain in my back and stomach, and almost constant severe headaches. I found myself so completely used up that I was unable to do any work about the house no matter how light. My appetite had gone and I had no relish for any kind of food. For about a year I continued to be thus tortured, getting no freedom from pain either day or night. I had tried different kinds of medicine prescribed by a physician but they did me no good. I began to believe that medicine would not cure me, and as I always had a terrible cough I was sinking into consumption. One day a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had heard and read much about this medicine but had not thought of it as a cure for myself, but I felt that it might be worth trying and procured a supply, and after the use of a couple of boxes I began to feel an improvement. I continued their use until I had taken twelve boxes when I found myself free from pain, with a good appetite, and as well as ever I was in my life. Last December, as the result of a severe cold, I was again taken ill, but this time I tried no experiments with other medicine but went straight to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the most beneficial results as you can see for yourself. I have such faith in Pink Pills that I never allow myself to be without a box, and take them occasionally as a tonic, and I will be glad if my experience will prove helpful to some other poor sufferer."
When you ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills see that the full trade mark is on every box. Imitations and substitutes are worthless, perhaps dangerous.
His Memorable Day.
Mrs. Grimes (of the suburbs)—I wish I could remember what day it was I sent those light brown gloves of mine to the dyer."
Mr. Grimes—It was three weeks ago last Thursday. That was the day I didn't have to bring anything home from downtown.

At an American sale of autographs a few years ago, the highest price obtained was \$50 for the signature of Roger Sherman. The autograph of Napoleon I. brought \$31, that of Thomas Jefferson, \$6; Andrew Jackson, \$5.50; Aaron Burr, \$7.50; Benjamin Franklin, \$22; Patrick Henry, \$8; James Madison \$6.50; and Davy Crockett (such is fame!), \$3.45. A signature of Washington at the same sale brought \$3. An autograph of Benedict Arnold (date 1772) was quoted a few years ago at \$10, and one of Martin Van Buren (1847) at \$4.50. The plain, spirited, and striking signature of John Hancock, first of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, familiar to every schoolboy is rated among collectors at \$5, and the signature of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, at \$4. James Monroe, who formulated the Monroe doctrine, does not stand high in the good graces of autograph hunters, for his signature while a President of the United States sells in the autograph market for \$2. James Buchanan's signature, forty years later, but probably much rarer, sells for \$1. Three celebrities, whose autographs are considered very valuable

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Walter Baker & Co., Limited.
Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
Cocoas and Chocolates
on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I see that Dr. Talmage, that strong rugged preacher who is afraid of no man, be he prince or peasant, and who hurls his thunders from the pulpit with a force which hits out straight from the shoulder and makes the evil doer of all conditions shake in his wicked abode—I see that this great preacher has been lifting up his voice in behalf of the helpless, dumb creatures who cannot speak for themselves and who need an advocate badly enough, God knows, in this cruel, as well as wicked world. Dr. Talmage has not contented himself with writing a short article, or even a paragraph in some paper on the subject; he has considered it of sufficient importance to be treated from his pulpit, and has preached a sermon lately which is at once an eloquent appeal for the merciful treatment of God's helpless ones, and a stern denunciation of those who ill treat them. I cannot refrain from giving an extract from this remarkable sermon, for the benefit of Progress readers, in the hope that the powerful words of one of America's greatest divines may serve to help the cause I have always had so closely at heart, and have ever striven to champion to the best of my small ability. "Behold in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into the Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, and the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the new-born babe. And well might they kneel. Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that He should, during the first few days and nights of His life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts whose moan and bellowing have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs? It did not merely 'happen so' that the intelligent creatures of God should have been that night in close neighbourhood.

"Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a worn-out horse on the tow-path, not a herd freezing in the poorly built cow-pen, not a freight car in the summer time bringing the bees to market without water through a thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox, or rabbit, or pigeon, or dog, in the horrors of vivisection, but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable surrounded by brutes. He remembers that night, and the prayer He heard in their pitiful moan He will answer in the punishment of those who have maltreated the dumb brutes. They surely have as much right in the world as we have. In the first chapter of Genesis you may see that they were placed on the earth before man was—the fish and fowl created on the fifth day, and the quadrupeds the morning of the sixth day, and man not until the afternoon of that day. The whale, the eagle, the lion, and all the lesser creatures of their kind were the predecessors of the human family. They also paid rent for the places they occupied. What an army of defence all over the land are the faithful watchdogs. And who can tell what the world owes to the horse and camel and ox, for transportation? And robin and lark have, by the cantalas with which they have filled orchard and forest, more than paid for the few grains they have picked up for their sustenance. When you abuse any creature of God, you strike His creator, and you insult the Christ, who, though He might have been welcomed into life by princes and taken his first infantile slumber amid zryan plush and canopied couches, and rippling waters from royal aqueducts dripping into basins of ivory and pearl, chose to be born on a level with a cow's horn, or a camel's hoof or a dog's nostril, that He might be the alleviator of animal suffering, as well as the Redeemer of man. He who was their creator humbled Himself to their companionship for a season, thus securing sympathy for them.

"Standing then, as I imagine I do, in that Bethlehem night with an infant Christ on the one side, and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry—take care how you strike the rowel into that horse's side. Take off that curb bit from that bleeding mouth. Remove the saddle from that raw back. Shoot not for fun that bird, too small for food. Forget not to put water into the cage of that canary. Throw out some crumbs to those birds caught to far north in the winter's inclemency. Arrest that man who is making one horse draw a load heavy enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat or transfixing a butterfly or grasshopper. In your families and in your schools teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown, and in this marvelous bible picture of the nativity while you point out to them the angel, show them also the camel, and while they hear the celestial chant let them also hear the cow's moan. No more did Christ show interest in the botanical world when He said 'Consider the lilies' than He showed for the

ornithological when He said, 'Behold the fowls of the air,' and the quadruped world when He allowed Himself to be called in one place a lion, and in another place a lamb. Meanwhile may the Christ of the Bethlehem cattle pen have mercy on the suffering stock-yards, which are preparing diseased and fevered meat for our households. For the cattle, and the sheep in the folds and stalls and upon a thousand hills are His."

These are strong words and they bear weight with them, coming, as they do from a man of Dr. Talmage's standing. It rejoices my heart to see that he has considered the innocent pastime in which so many dear young girls indulge, of impaling butterflies, grasshoppers, beetles etc., on pins and then leaving them to die, worthy of special mention. More power to Dr. Talmage elbow, and to that big resonant voice of his! May he live long and prosper, may his days be spent in peace and plenty, and his nights in refreshing sleep, may he long be spared to scare the wits out of the simial, to lift up his voice for the defenceless, and to guide the feet of his flock into the right path and may his shadow never grow less! I would that more clergymen were like him, and gave themselves a little more trouble about the dumb creation, who need their care, and a little less about the heathen who don't.

It seems positively ridiculous even to mention cotton and linen fabrics now, when January has only just passed from the stage, and given place to his scarcely more gentle brother, February, but still these airy materials are already in evidence in many of the shops and if one would be up to date at all, now is the time to mention them while they are still a novelty, because in a few weeks more everyone will have seen them for themselves. Almost immediately after the Christmas rush has subsided in the big stores, the new cotton goods make their appearance in the windows, and we get a mental chill, every time we glance at the lawns, muslins, prints and airy laces, which really seem to be shivering themselves. The new organdies, French ginghams, dimities and challies, all seem very much alike in pattern, most of them coming in dainty stripes either plain, or figured over with rose buds, small dots, or Persian designs in soft delicately blended colors. It is true that they are of their popularity, and come in more variety than ever, in fact I believe they are to be more fashionable this season even than they were last. White striped in various colors will be the most popular of all for summer dresses. It is really strange that the summer goods should be displayed so much sooner than the very earliest materials for spring wear. One scarcely gets a hint of spring goods before the end of February, and the best houses do not get in their spring importations much before the first of March.

The best style dresses for late winter are nearly all made of plain smooth faced cloths and in plain colors, the various shades of green, plum, and brown having the preference. No matter in what style they are made there is usually a coat of cloth to match accompanying the gown, and as it is lined with chameleon silk, as shot silk is now called, it gives a very distinguished appearance to the plainest dress. With most costumes the bodice consists of a silk blouse matching the lining of the coat. For instance, a coat and skirt of black cloth, with lining and bodice of green and black chameleon silk makes a very elegant costume. Tailors are strapping the seams of skirts as well as coats, and silk braid is often used for this purpose, but somehow the strapped seam has always had a very stiff appearance, and I do not fancy the fashion will prove at all lasting. One of the odd fashions which promises to last at least far in the spring is the fur bodice with velvet sleeves. It is usually made with revers opening over a vest of some fancy silk, and as it frequently reaches only to the belt line, it is most useful and economical in using 'pieces' of fur which would scarcely be available for any other purpose. Embroideries of all kinds have never been so popular as they are now, for trimmings, but unfortunately they are so expensive that it requires a very long purse to follow the fashion in this respect. White satin is a favorite background for the most elegant of these embroideries, and a distinctive feature of all the most dressy gowns, not only in silk and velvet, but also in cloth is a touch of this embroidery somewhere on the bodice. Very open embroideries over colored satin are much used in bands of various widths, on the waist, sleeve and skirts, and they make a very stylish trimming. Sometimes they are scalloped on each edge, and arranged down the front seams and around the bottom of the skirt above a band of fur. It may be worth while to know that a very effective imitation of this expensive trimming may be easily made at home and at the smallest cost, by substituting lace insertion for the embroidery, and lining it carefully with satin. One of the very new-

est things in trimming is white kid with white braid sewn on in designs taken from guipure lace. The braid is sewn on so that it stands on edge, and the effect is very odd indeed.

A new fancy in the cut of skirts is to have the first side gore broad enough at the top to fit in below a tightly fitting hip piece, and the fullness at the back arranged in a box plait. This model of cutting is often seen in the new princess dresses, and it takes of from the excessive plainness of the princess skirt. Skirts trimmed around the bottom with Soutache braid, are amongst the latest importations. Another recent revival in skirt trimming which would have been much better left in the oblivion it well deserved, consists of wavy bands of velvet in graduated widths, arranged far apart, with the widest at the foot, and the top one just below the hips.

Odd sleeves quite different from the gown itself are still seen in many dresses, and it would seem as if dame fashion must be exhausting all her ingenuity in devising novel shapes for them, so many and so varied are the designs seen. One, for any soft thin material, shows a very full puff all around the armhole, and a smaller one at the elbow, the intervening is tucked finely to fit the arm quite closely, and a ribbon tied in a bow on the outside encircles it, just above the smaller puff. It is a very quaint and pretty design beside being quite new. Another model which reaches to the waist, instead of the elbow, shows the familiar full double puff, drooping very much towards the elbow, and finished at the top by a close little cap of applique jet and embroidery, and at the wrist by a full lace ruff falling over the hand. This ruff of lace over the hand is a pretty, and most becoming fashion, as it makes a dainty white hand look prettier than ever, and is a merciful screen beneath which the hand which is either too thin, too fat, or too pink, not to say red, for beauty, look almost pretty. Still another model for the sleeve of an evening dress in any light gauzy material has bands of satin or velvet ribbon arranged over it in stripes extending from the shoulder to the elbow, where they end in loops; a sort of ruche of longer loops forms an epaulette over the shoulder, or runs standing up towards the neck, and the other about twice the length, falling over the sleeve.

Here is a particularly pretty evening bodice which any clever girl with a taste for dressmaking could easily make at home, and which would not be beyond the means of a girl very moderately provided with pin money. It is of yellow chiffon made over a lining of either silk or satin in the same color. The lining is of course close fitting and the chiffon is simply fulled at neck and waist and adjusted to the lining. It overhangs slightly at the belt which is of the same silk as the lining, and is finished with bretelles, which widen out over the shoulders into epaulettes, of white lace laid over the yellow. The collar is made of chiffon laid on stiff net and is edged with a frill of lace, it is in the standing Stuart shape, which flares slightly out from the neck and is cut away towards the front leaving the chin free. The sleeves are full soft double puffs of chiffon over a foundation of silk, and are finished at the elbows with a frill of white lace. Now considering that chiffon can be purchased in double width at 65 cents per yard that wide and very pretty patterned white lace is very cheap, and then even if one does not happen to have an old evening dress which can be sponged and cut up for the lining, very good lining satin can be bought for 40 cents a yard; a waist like the one I have described should not cost very much if made at home.

I am afraid the fiat has gone forth that the style in hairdressing is to be the pompadour, that the parting is to be discarded, and the full skye terrier bang extending from ear to ear will soon be a thing of the past. High authorities on fashion assure us that the change is a sensible and necessary one, as it is a mistake to part the hair for any length of time, and a change of arrangement brings a fresh layer of hair to the surface, and gives it just the rest it requires. Very satisfactory no doubt to the women who are blessed with round foreheads higher in the centre than at the temples, and to whom the new style will be becoming! But how about the rest of us? I suppose we poor souls whose foreheads are so low and so square that they scarcely give us room to raise our eyebrows, and make our tempers extend half way to the backs of our heads, must either suffer for the general welfare, or be content to keep entirely out of the fashion. The Varied Uses of Apples. Apples are universally liked, and at this season of the year they are the housewife's greatest stand-by. Many and various are the ways in which they may be used. A journal of health recently said: "Apples are excellent brain food, for more than any other food do they contain phosphoric acid in an easily digested state.

Old Fashioned "Apple Sauce." Fill a small stone crock with firm sour apples that have been pared, quartered, and cored. Turn over them about a pint of sugar and a scant cup of water. Cover the crock closely and place it in the oven when the evening meal is over, and let it

remain until the next morning. The flavor and color of the apples are quite different to those stewed over the fire.

Jellied Apples. To make jellied apples put over the fire in a saucepan a generous pint of water, two cups of sugar, and the juice of a lemon. Peel, quarter, and core tart apples enough to make two quarts, and when the syrup has been boiling ten minutes put in the prepared apples and cook slowly until they are tender, putting in as many apples at one time as may be cooked without crowding.

Apple Salad. Use a highly flavored apple. Spitzenberg, if to be obtained. Peel and cut the apples into cubes, and have as much crisp celery cut fine as you have fruit. Sprinkle them with salt and mix together with a little mayonnaise dressing. Place in a dish and cover the top with thick mayonnaise dressing. Garnish around the edge with the white leaves of the celery, and scatter a few pecan nuts over the dressing. Have the apples and celery very cold before cutting them. This salad is particularly nice with ducks or game of any sort.

Apple Compote. Among the many ways of serving fruits in season, a compote is one of the most delicious, yet few cooks understand the art of making it properly, their attempts to do so resulting in a dish of stewed fruit. Firm, perfect fruit only should be selected, when a compote is to be made. It should be peeled quickly, dropped in alum water, or ice water and lemon juice, then into the boiling syrup, and cooked until clear.

Apple Compote a la Flamme. For a company luncheon or tea.—Cut one-half dozen sour apples, put in a preserve kettle with the juice and rind of a lemon and three cups of water, set over the fire to boil until tender, take up and strain, return the juice to the kettle with one-half pound of sugar, and let cook for two minutes. Peel eight large apples, remove the cores carefully and drop the apples into the syrup, let simmer gently until tender and clear, take from the kettle, fill the centers with orange marmalade, carefully in a compote dish, boil the syrup slowly until thick, when the apples are very cold and the syrup cool pour over it. Set on ice until chilled before serving.

Apple Trifle. Use a medium sized tart apple. Peel and core. Place the apples in a baking dish and pour over them half a cup of water. Put the pan in a hot oven, and when the apples become heated sprinkle over each one sugar enough to form a coating, and bake them until soft. Prepare a syrup with one small cup of water, half a cup of sugar, a spoonful of lemon juice, and a little of the grated rind. Blanch and chop fine almonds enough to make two tablespoonfuls; have the same quantity of chopped raisins, and cut into

Some Badly Broken Lines at Badly Broken Prices.

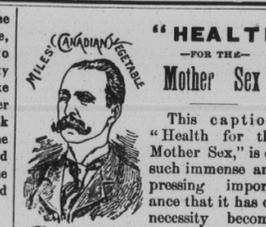
February IS here; but we still have a few hundred pairs of Shoes, odds and ends, yet perfect goods which must be sold at some price before February 10.

SHOERLY They are marked down to prices which will sell them quickly.

Waterbury & Rising, 61 King and 212 Union St.

RIP PANS ONE GIVES RELIEF.

bits two dozen candied cherries; add these to the ingredients. Place over the fire, and when the syrup becomes hot draw to the back of the stove and cook slowly thirty minutes. When the apples are baked take them from the pan and set close together on a pretty dish, taking care not to break them. Fill the centres and between the apples with pieces of the cooked fruits, and pour them over the hot syrup. Serve the apples cold with whipped cream piled around them.



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This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal. Price 75 cents.

Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

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That are easy to walk in and never lose their proper rippling folds and firm hem, may be made by using light weight No. 10 FIBRE CHAMOIS

all through them. But cut it across the goods and tack it frequently to the lining and put a narrow band of heavy weight, No. 30, around the bottom for extra stiffness.

Get the real Fibre Cham-ois The name is on each yard

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I CURE FITS! Visible results and bottles of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Give Name and Post Office address. ROOT, M. C., 100 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

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Flange of the Burning Steamer Caroline Over the Great Cataract.

In the year 1837 the province of upper Canada was ablaze with internal and external strife. Many strong men had left their homes to do battle, and the timid men...

Colonel McNab concluded that this method of supply of the patriots must be cut off, and he therefore decided on an expedition to send the Caroline to destruction.

At first it was thought that he was one of the attacking party, but the late J. M. Blutterby fully identified him as a loyal Yankee.

When the news of Caroline "massacre" spread there were wild mutterings of war. The United States government demanded redress.

In November, 1840, Alexander McLeod came from Canada to New York and boasted that he was the slayer of Durfee.

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Cures Sick Headache Purifies the Blood

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Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c.

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An essay, describing a really genuine cure of deafness, ringing in ears, etc., no matter how severe or long standing will be sent post free.

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It improves the Digestion, Purifies the Blood, repairs the waste that is continually going on, and completely removes that Wear, Langid and Worn out feeling.

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MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY

WILLIAM LARK

GOOD DOG STORIES.

Incidents from Exchanges Showing High Powers of Reasoning.

A young man had for some years owned a dog, which was his constant companion. He married, and moved with his wife and dog into a house on the opposite side of the street from his father's house, his old home.

A resident of Fimlico writes that he took charge of a black-and-tan terrier belonging to a friend who was to leave the neighborhood. It was reported to me that Jimmie always left the house after breakfast.

Angus Albert, a baker doing business in New Orleans, owns an intelligent dog, Fifiue, that keeps his master's shop for him.

Dr. John Clark Redpath, the historian, living at Greenacres, has a rather remarkable dog, known all over Putnam county as Duke.

Professor Erle, the eminent philologist, has caused no small stir in England by a proposal to omit orthography entirely from education.

I WAS CURED of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT. C. I. LAURE, Sydney, N. S.

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In some conditions the gain from the use of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is rapid. For this reason we put up a 50c. size, which is enough for an ordinary cough or cold or useful as a trial for babies and children.

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Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.

Weakness Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc.

Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body.

Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

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Table with columns for destination (e.g., To Welford, Hampton and intermediate points) and rates.

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The American Constitution; the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever

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is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy; by mail \$2 a year. Address THE SUN New York

BLIZZARD STORIES.

Recollections of Awful Cold Snaps by Intelligent Emigrants.

"I remember the winter of 1873 very well," said Tom Anderson. "I was moving a small bunch of cattle from Tarrant County, Texas, near Fort Worth, to Greeley, Colo., at the time. The railroad was completed only to Wichita Falls, and we had to drive across No Man's Land to Colorado, it taking three months to accomplish the trip.

"That blizzard must have been very general," said Silas Adams. "I was living in Peoria, Ill., at the same time. Peoria is built along the western bank of the Illinois River, which widens into a lake at that point.

It was not simply frosted; the roots of the hair had frozen, and every vestige of color had been taken out. The next day we went to Peoria, ten miles below Peoria, to attend the wedding of a friend of my wife. I had never been there, and it was evident that my wife's friends were astonished at my seeming age.

The Man He Was Glad to Meet. Not long ago a celebrated novelist was the guest of honor at a brilliant reception. He had heard the praises of his own work until every one but a conceited man would have been faint and weary, but he had borne up bravely through it all.

The heart must always be glad when it learns the true basis of peace in the blood shed on the cross. Rest on that precious blood; make much of it; remember that God sees it even if you do not; be sure that it pleads through the ages with undiminished efficacy, and be at peace.—Meyer.



A LIFE SAVED

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"Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough that allowed me no rest, either day or night. The doctors pronounced me a hopeless case.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. By the time I had used the whole bottle, I was completely cured, and I believe it saved my life.—W. H. WARD, 5 Quincy Ave., Lowell, Mass.

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FOR THE TEETH & BREATH. TEABERRY.

DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALINE CURES ASTHMA. So that you need NOT SIFT UP all night gasping for breath for fear of suffocation. Send your name and address, we will mail trial bottle FREE.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed.

fills a much higher place in the estimation of eyes his friends, than when the shabby and indifferently clothed.

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For sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

LORD BILLY'S FADS.

When Lord William Willoughby went to Eton, his chums, and he soon had many, called him Willie. Six months later this name was dropped and Billy substituted.

Lord Billy was rather a queer fish. He had notions of equity and fraternity not at all in keeping with the traditions of his family and order.

Lord Billy disliked him intensely, but did not allow this dislike to color his intercourse with others who were neither his nor toadies.

Lord Billy was very plain spoken, as an independent British workman has a right to be. He disdained keen, cutting sarcasm, and hit out straight from the shoulder.

At 21 he inherited £10,000 a year, and his friends were rather puzzled as to what he would do with it.

Lord Billy stroked his slight beard thoughtfully. "Not necessarily," he said, after a prolonged pause.

Lord Billy was making a set of patent shoes for his favorite huxter. Being engaged in farrier's or blacksmith's work he was clad in keeping with the occupation.

Dark brown hair curled over his lofty forehead; his dark brown eyes were honesty itself, and the slight beard—Lord Billy held razors in contempt—set off his regular features and massive chin to perfection.

than Lord Billy that the proper time to strike iron is while it is hot. He also knew that an unnecessary heating would ruin the temper of the metal.

When the last spark had been hammered out of the iron he looked up to see his mother standing in the doorway, holding up her velvet skirts with both hands, an expression of horror bent with dismay on her generally placid face.

Lord Billy plunged his horsehoe into the cold water tank, where it hissed and spluttered as if angry at being compelled to relinquish what remained of its heat in a cloud of steam.

"Welcome, mother mine, to the Rockminister forge," he cried, an amused smile playing about his handsome face.

"Certainly I am the only Willoughby of our stock that ever knew how to earn his living by the sweat of his brow—at least during several centuries. But honest labor is no disgrace, and I am a great deal prouder of my skill with the hammer, the chisel and the saw than I am of the name of which you have spoken."

"I know you are incorrigible, so it is useless to point out the absurdity of your proceedings. William I came to talk to you seriously. What do you intend to do in the future? You surely can't be thinking of devoting yourself to the manufacture of horse shoes and doing odd jobs about the Hall."

"Do you intend to marry?" "I think not." "Why not?" "Because I should never feel sure that the lady who accepted me was not influenced by my title and wealth."

"I hope you will keep in that mind, at any rate. I am thankful for small mercies. I came to tell you that Lady Mabel Vernon is coming to Rockminister next week. She is a charming creature and very lovely, but I suppose it will be useless to ask you to see civil to her. She is of our order."

Lord Billy laughed quietly, and having fished the horsehoe out of the water tank with the pincers, buried it in the "breezes" on the hearth, and applying himself to the bellows, speedily blew up a fierce flame, which as quickly converted the dull, curved piece of iron into a glowing crescent.

"I admit we must have money," he was saying: "we can't go on without it; but we can't expect it to come to us. I am not so sanguine as to suppose that £10,000 will walk into the office of its own accord and say: 'Here I am, gentleman; discharge your liabilities and start anew. Go slow next time, and build no more houses of cards on your patents.' You say I am an optimist. I am, and nil desperandum is my maxim."

"That's all very well," growled Mr. Brown. "I know when I am beaten; you don't. What are the facts? We have been advertising for the last three months for a partner with capital. We've had dozens of applicants for the vacancy, but a glance at our statement of affairs has frightened them all away."

"No; I expect to find a man able to look into the future with my eyes. Our patents have a future before them, and I shall stick to the ship as long as two planks hold together."

"Then it's time to jump into the lifeboat and cheer off," snarled the pessimist. "The last two planks have parted this morning. Read this."

"I really don't," continued Mr. Stanhope, "but I'll see Smith and Weston, and try to come to some arrangement."

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IRA CORNWALL, General Agent, I. E. CORNWALL, Special Agent.

see the works, but as you were out they said they would call to-morrow. The younger one particularly desired that Mr. Willoughby should conduct them, with marked stress on the "Mr."

"I really don't," continued Mr. Stanhope, "but I'll see Smith and Weston, and try to come to some arrangement."

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WAVED CHERRY PECTORAL

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Lamb, keys, chickens.

14 City Market

and Tongues, Feet, Tongues.

THE TEETH & BREATH

MAN, Street, of King.)

ADAWASKA, N. B.

ARD, Proprietor.

bray's residence had addressed Lord Billy as "my lord" instead of "Mr. Willoughby," there would have been no storm to record.

Mrs. Malcolm and her charge did not leave town on the morning of the impediments would not allow of it. Their respect-ful lady's maids protested against the hurried flight, and almost broke out into open rebellion. As a consequence the journey was deferred twenty-four hours.

The ladies found that they could pleasantly and profitably pass the time shopping. In Regent street they met Lord Billy. Mrs. Malcolm stared at him as if he were an utter stranger, and passed him by. Her charge smiled and inclined her head. Lord Billy bowed with the grace of his race.

"What a fright!" exclaimed the elder lady. "Don't be so hard on the poor fellow," returned the younger. "The bows and dresses like a thoroughbred gentleman."

"I am not. Any girl might be proud to be seen with Mr. Willoughby. Don't be alarmed, aunt; we have tomorrow, and we shall probably never meet him again."

Lord Billy walked a few paces and came to a standstill at a tobacconist's window. "Now is my chance," he told himself. "I could easily discover where they reside. They are walking; I have only to follow them."

He turned and retraced his steps half a dozen yards, then once more proceeded, and walked in the contrary direction.

Verily Lord Billy's ideas of honor were slightly Quixotic. The majority of young gentlemen in love would have sought out Sir Thomas Mowbray's butler or footman, expended half a crown and learned everything. Many would have kept the desired girl without any expenditure. Lord Billy could not bring himself to do either.

He visited the house in Park lane many times during the progress of the work. Needless to say he did not meet his ideal; she was in the country.

He made inquiries in a cautious way, brought up Sir Thomas Mowbray's name in conversation at his club and among his friends. Many knew the gentleman, but advanced to the mistress of the ladies and glanced toward the ladies on the lawn, and after the conventional greeting remarked:

"You have a good many city people here, Mrs. Putnam."

"Yes, and let me present you to some of them," and in her pleasant, friendly way she led her visitor from group to group, making no embarrassment in shaking hands with so many strangers, but cordially shaking hands with all who were introduced to her.

A WESTERN PREACHER.

During the great Christian Endeavor Convention in Boston last summer, Mrs. Putnam, mistress of Roseland Farm, a summer resort in the northeastern portion of Connecticut, received information from her children who reside in South Dakota, that their pastor was a delegate to that assembly, and would visit her on his way home.

It favored the idea, as that would be almost like visiting the historic village where they were born. Then a letter was received from the Western delegate, telling Mrs. Putnam that his visit to Boston was completed, and he would reach her farm the following day, if convenient to her.

Mrs. Putnam is a gracious, hospitable woman, and she at once telegraphed the reverend gentleman of her anticipated pleasure in receiving him. Then she mentioned to a number of her boarders that her daughter's pastor, the Rev. Julius Brown, would arrive the following evening, and she proposed that she and her boarders should go to meet him, and she would be glad to have them.

Of course, in this remote locality, where letters and newspapers are a luxury, and an occasional picnic or tea party is the highest form of social dissipation, the ladies at Roseland Farm were curious to whether the Rev. Julius Brown was young, handsome, and a bachelor or benedict, and last, as cultured, a scholar, an earnest, intelligent preacher.

"I wonder if he will convert us from the error of our ways," remarked a thoughtless maiden from New York.

"How absurd," replied her intimate girl friend. "He is some antique old fellow, who wears a frizzy wig and green spectacles, and has a wife and six children. We shall be obliged to give up whist and dancing. I suppose, while he is here, and behave like missionaries."

The following afternoon, as an open carriage with two men in it came up the drive toward Mrs. Putnam's house there was an unusual stir on the lawn and piazza, while in a half-suppressed whisper one of the boarders made the announcement of the Rev. Brown's arrival. Then a long, languid, unburned individual alighted from the vehicle, and in rather awkward fashion advanced to the mistress of the ladies and glanced toward the ladies on the lawn, and after the conventional greeting remarked:

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The thoughtless maiden and her friend quickly noticed the stranger's thick Auburn locks, his evidently good eyesight, and that he is far from being "a trimpy old fellow."

As usual at this hour, Mrs. Putnam's boarders were in excellent spirits. The o'clock tea, with the red raspberries, thick yellow cream, the sweet, thin slices of bread and sweetener butter, the fragrant tea and coffee, the "angel food" and golden-bued sponge cake, had put them in good humor. The "Western" preacher, as they had quickly named the reverend gentleman who had brought him from the nearest railway station, into the dining room for refreshment and conversation.

It was by this time 8 o'clock, and the lamps were lighted in the music room and parlor, the whist tables were set and some of the numerous amateur musicians jumped at the piano and played a fragment of a waltz, which evoked the usual spirit of revolution at this hour in a delectable time. In the midst of this whirling and capering Mrs. Putnam came with the two gentlemen, who did not pass on to the parlors, but stopped, as if in pleased and envious observation. When the dancing ceased there was a rush for the card tables, but he did not understand the game; he said he did not understand the progress of the players with very evident interest, till some one asked how he liked Boston, and if the convention of the Christian Endeavor Society was a success. Then he ran to his grip bag and brought forth numerous evidences of his participation in that event, and stated in a very concise manner his great admiration of "the Hub."

made for his ministerial function, it must have been in "the wee sma' hours," as he rowed on the adjacent lake in the afternoon accompanied a party to distant village for a game of tennis in the afternoon, and lingered until 9 o'clock P. M. on the piazza on Saturday evening.

The following Sunday was a warm, but clear, delightful July day, and nearly all the boarders of Roseland Farm were ready by 10 o'clock in the morning to take the drive to the pretty old church on Dudley Hill, the preacher in his best clerical suit among them. Three or four pews were occupied by the ladies and their escorts, with the regular pastor of the congregation, ascending the pulpit steps, and was seated. The auditorium was well filled, and the choir was in excellent voice.

One could easily detect from the rising flush on Mrs. Putnam's good countenance that she still had her doubts as to the ability of her Western friend to satisfy such a fashionable assemblage, and she glanced furtively up and down the ranks of her boarders and the seats filled with strangers and the best people of the neighborhood.

The Rev. Mr. Shaddock, the regular pastor, a slow, pompous man, after the usual preliminaries—the long prayer, "acquainting the Deity with the general run of affairs," as the progressive woman audibly whispered to her daughter; a fine and solemn benediction, and the regular prayer, "acquainting the Deity with the general run of affairs," as the progressive woman audibly whispered to her daughter; a fine and solemn benediction, and the regular prayer, "acquainting the Deity with the general run of affairs," as the progressive woman audibly whispered to her daughter.

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"But I am an Englishman," said he, "and Boston resembles my native city, and after a seven years' residence in the far West it was most delightful to visit your New England center. I shall carry these banners and songs to my people, and they will remember me to represent them, with the remembrance of many delightful days, not to be forgotten." Then after the gentleman friend departed he bade his new acquaintances "good night."

Mrs. Putnam invited "the preacher" to remain for a week's rest before he resumed his journey to Dakota. He had become popular with her guests through his entire unpretentiousness and kindness, and her hospitality to him was approved. He gave some interesting experiences of his missionary work in the far West before he had a settled congregation, and when the inquiry was made if he would not like to return to his native city, he replied that "perhaps he was not fitted for the more cultured Eastern life, after being several years in the West."

CONCERNING MATCHES.

Their Cheapness and Their Annoying Habit of Breaking in Two.

Foreign competition, or some other cause of special economy, has brought about an unusual tenuousness in American matches says a New York paper. Everybody recalls a time when the best known American match never broke beneath the friction necessary to set it alight. Now certainly one match in three breaks in this fashion. Perhaps the best wood for matches has been exhausted, since whole forests are said to be destroyed annually by the match industry, and an inferior wood is being employed. Perhaps wood costs more than it once did, and the match makers have reduced the size of their sticks so as to get half a million more from the same quantity of timber. It is noteworthy that the foreign matches weigh individually no more than the domestic, but are often flat and oblong instead of cylindrical, so that great strength is obtained in proportion to the amount of wood used.

Various substitutes have at times been used for wood in the manufacture of matches. Everybody is acquainted with the tiny wax taper matches of French manufacture, a rarity in this country thirty odd years ago, though common enough now. The earlier ones were abundantly strong, and would burn long enough to light a spry man to bed, but the expense of manufacture has prevented these matches from becoming popular. A more recent substitute for wood is paper. It is placed in a mold and treated with some material that gives it rigidity. These matches often bear a printed line of some kind. A proprietary club of this town furnishes such matches free to its members. Each individual match bears the name of the club.

There was a time when matches that light only upon the containing box had a great vogue in clubs, hotels, and other public or semi-public places. But this device has its drawbacks, for while it deterred some men from carrying off matches by the hand, it taught some to carry them off by the boxful. The device is maddening in the family circle, as it usually results in the transfer of a very box of matches from the place it should be in to the last place where any one has needed a match. The constant chattering of matches, too, has somewhat removed the necessity for a match that cannot be carried off with advantage to the purloiner. So now, as of old, every man that smokes fills up his own little matchbox from any public supply that is handy and goes on his way with a clear conscience. Matches are so cheap, indeed, that they are given away to good customers by tobacconists, and one seldom sees nowadays that elaborate device that pokes up at demand a single match for the consumer's paper and the ancient candle lighters, long slender cones of moderate and small means, are less and less used, and the cheapness and superior convenience of matches having brought about the change.

BORN.

- St. John, Feb. 1, to the wife of L. A. Curry, a son. St. John, Jan. 20, to the wife of F. P. Curran, a son. Moncton, Jan. 20, to the wife of J. W. Gay, a son. Windsor, Jan. 27, to the wife of W. H. Payant, a son. Orono, Jan. 29, to the wife of Alfred Servant, a son. Halifax, Jan. 30, to the wife of R. J. Anderson, a son. Moncton, Jan. 30, to the wife of Hilaire Cormier, a son. Bridgeport, Jan. 18, to the wife of John Ringier, a son. Bridgetown, Jan. 27, to the wife of John Thompson, a son. Belle Isle, Jan. 17, to the wife of Rupert P. Gessner, a son. Yarmouth, Jan. 12, to the wife of Heman A. Hestey, a son. Moncton, Jan. 31, to the wife of Thomas Keirwin, a son. St. Croix, Jan. 30, to the wife of D. Spencer, a daughter. Hantsport, Jan. 15, to the wife of Edwin Borden, a daughter. Yarmouth, Jan. 15, to the wife of Howard Steele, a daughter. Tony River, Jan. 22, to the wife of David Turner, a daughter. Karleale, Jan. 24, to the wife of Alfred Young, a daughter. Port Hood, Jan. 29, to the wife of J. I. Smith, a daughter. Parrboro, Jan. 27, to the wife of Truman Clarke, a daughter. Bridgetown, Jan. 23, to the wife of R. W. R. Purdy, a daughter. Charlottetown, Jan. 22, to the wife of Frank Bealer, a daughter. Truro, Jan. 30, to the wife of Prof. A. G. McDonald, a daughter. Mastowey, N. S., Jan. 10, to the wife of L. P. Smith, a son. Liverpool, Jan. 21, to the wife of George A. Phalen, a son. Hebron, Jan. 29, to the wife of Capt. Joseph Cross, a daughter. New Ross Road, N. S., Jan. 17, to the wife of Neil Burgess, a son. Wallace Bridge, Jan. 28, to the wife of Maj. Ward, a son. Hamilton, Bermuda, Jan. 21, to the wife of H. A. Pitt, a daughter. Tusket, Jan. 28, to the wife of Michael Donnelly, a son. Wallace Bridge, Jan. 28, to the wife of William Cummins, a son. Charlottetown, Jan. 25, to the wife of Herbert J. Love, a daughter. New Glasgow, Jan. 21, to the wife of James Morrison, a daughter. Pictou, N. S., Jan. 2, to the wife of Frank Smith, a daughter. Wigo, P. E. I., Jan. 29, to the wife of Charles McKinnon, boy and girl.

SURPRISED HIS CREDITORS.

A Point for Men Who Get in Debt and Have No Cash in Hand. A man who had been a "toucher" died at a South side hospital a few days ago. His acquaintances were shocked and pained to hear of his death, although more than one remarked that he would like to have what was due him from the deceased borrower.

The man had been well liked, and his failure to pay what he owed was charitably ascribed to his carelessness in business matters rather than any intent to defraud. When he earned money it seemed to get away from him immediately, and so that he was compelled to borrow right and left, usually in small sums, but with alarming frequency. His borrowing had extended over a period of years and none of those whom he owed had kept any account of the sums. They did not believe it within the range of possibilities that he would ever get together enough money to enable him to settle up.

Then, when he died in the hospital it was considered that the books were balanced.

Imagine their surprise to learn that their impetuous friend had kept the most minute account of all his borrowings, had managed to keep up the payments on his life insurance policy, and while on his death-bed had given to his sister the most explicit directions for the paying of all his own debts from his life insurance money, the balance to go to her.

She carried out the directions. One man who needed money received the welcome lump sum of \$100. The others more than they believed was due them. Then all the harsh things that were ever said of him were retracted.

It appears that very often, especially after his health became broken, he had borrowed in order to keep his life insurance paid up—Chicago Record.

able to Read Writing. "I never will forget the queer incidents and experiences I had when I first bought a typewriter, and sent out in print my correspondence and bills to my customers who lived in the rustic regions about me," said a merchant from a backwoods town. "Several of my patrons dropped me, and I was at a loss to account for their manner, which changed toward me. At last the mystery was solved. A busy young farmer drove up to the store, tied up his oxen, and stalked into my office. "Mr. Blank," said he, "I'd have you know that I know how to read writin', and you don't have to print your letters' and bills when you send them to me. I don't propose to be insulted in such a manner." "He then threw down the letter on my desk and stalked out."

REGIMENTS OF GUARDS.

The N. Y. Sun gives the following information in reply to a correspondent:

The Coldstream Guards is the second oldest regiment in the British army, the First Foot, now called the Royal Scots or Lothian Regiment, being the oldest. The Coldstream Guards was raised by George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, in 1660, at Coldstream, a small town in Berwickshire; it was called originally Monk's Regiment of Foot. The Coldstream is the second regiment of Foot Guards; the first is the Grenadier, the third the Scots Guards. The second battalion of the Grenadier Guards was sent to Bermuda in 1890, because of a mutiny, but was bought back by way of Halifax in a few months. The Prince of Wales has never been Colonel of the Coldstream Guards; the present Colonel is Sir F. C. A. Stephenson. The Coldstream has generally had a real soldier as their Colonel; perhaps always. The Colonelcy of each line and cavalry regiment in the British army is held by a general officer, who receives as Colonel on the active list. The regiments, if they are cavalry, and the battalions, if they are infantry, are commanded by officers who rank in the army as Lieutenant-Colonels, but in the regiments as Colonels, and receive Colonel's pay. The system of promotion in the British army is complicated; an officer receives promotion by "army rank" for distinguished service, perhaps, but does not receive regimental promotion. When his regiment is alone, he has simply regimental rank; when several regiments are brigaded together, his army rank has its effect. Thus a Captain, brevetted Major, may command in a brigade the very battalion in which his actual rank would place him far in the rear.

Europe's war scare is bringing business to this side of the water already. A firm in Lexington, Mo., has just made a contract to furnish 500 mules to the British Government. The animals are to be delivered before April 15, next.

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- St. John, Feb. 1, to the wife of L. A. Curry, a son. St. John, Jan. 20, to the wife of F. P. Curran, a son. Moncton, Jan. 20, to the wife of J. W. Gay, a son. Windsor, Jan. 27, to the wife of W. H. Payant, a son. Orono, Jan. 29, to the wife of Alfred Servant, a son. Halifax, Jan. 30, to the wife of R. J. Anderson, a son. Moncton, Jan. 30, to the wife of Hilaire Cormier, a son. Bridgeport, Jan. 18, to the wife of John Ringier, a son. Bridgetown, Jan. 27, to the wife of John Thompson, a son. Belle Isle, Jan. 17, to the wife of Rupert P. Gessner, a son. Yarmouth, Jan. 12, to the wife of Heman A. Hestey, a son. Moncton, Jan. 31, to the wife of Thomas Keirwin, a son. St. Croix, Jan. 30, to the wife of D. Spencer, a daughter. Hantsport, Jan. 15, to the wife of Edwin Borden, a daughter. Yarmouth, Jan. 15, to the wife of Howard Steele, a daughter. Tony River, Jan. 22, to the wife of David Turner, a daughter. Karleale, Jan. 24, to the wife of Alfred Young, a daughter. Port Hood, Jan. 29, to the wife of J. I. Smith, a daughter. Parrboro, Jan. 27, to the wife of Truman Clarke, a daughter. Bridgetown, Jan. 23, to the wife of R. W. R. Purdy, a daughter. Charlottetown, Jan. 22, to the wife of Frank Bealer, a daughter. Truro, Jan. 30, to the wife of Prof. A. G. McDonald, a daughter. Mastowey, N. S., Jan. 10, to the wife of L. P. Smith, a son. Liverpool, Jan. 21, to the wife of George A. Phalen, a son. Hebron, Jan. 29, to the wife of Capt. Joseph Cross, a daughter. New Ross Road, N. S., Jan. 17, to the wife of Neil Burgess, a son. Wallace Bridge, Jan. 28, to the wife of Maj. Ward, a son. Hamilton, Bermuda, Jan. 21, to the wife of H. A. Pitt, a daughter. Tusket, Jan. 28, to the wife of Michael Donnelly, a son. Wallace Bridge, Jan. 28, to the wife of William Cummins, a son. Charlottetown, Jan. 25, to the wife of Herbert J. Love, a daughter. New Glasgow, Jan. 21, to the wife of James Morrison, a daughter. Pictou, N. S., Jan. 2, to the wife of Frank Smith, a daughter. Wigo, P. E. I., Jan. 29, to the wife of Charles McKinnon, boy and girl.

MARRIED.

- Digby, Jan. 25, by Rev. H. Harley, R. S. McCormick to Mary Smith. Falout, Jan. 8, by Rev. Joseph Murray, Osmond Lake to Alice Haley. Digby, Jan. 25, by Rev. H. Harley, R. S. McCormick to Mary Smith. Five Islands, Jan. 15, by Rev. A. Gray, Strathmore to Annie Bird. Hantsport, Jan. 8, by Rev. D. E. Hall, William Frazier to Josie Bishop. Truro, Jan. 24, by Rev. Mr. Parker, William Shepherd to Maud de Roach. Liverpool, Jan. 2, by Rev. J. D. McEwan, Brenton to Lucy Dexter. Yarmouth, Jan. 9, by Rev. R. D. Bambrick, Ina Shaw to Gertrude Tooker. Sandy Cove, Jan. 9, by Rev. J. C. Morse, Turner to Nancy Stanton. Matland, Jan. 21, by Rev. G. R. Martell, Joseph McCullough to Eva Harvey. North Sydney, Jan. 20, by Rev. Dr. Murray, William Moore to Minnie Boston. Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 16, by Rev. Dr. Bu. S. Albert H. Merrill to Mary Anne Bay. Central Economy, Jan. 16, by Rev. A. Gray, McEwan to Elizabeth D. Doyle. Hopedale, Jan. 9, by Rev. C. L. Gordon, John D. Cameron to Annabella Holmes. Bear River, Jan. 16, by Rev. E. N. Nobles, Charles W. Behring to Emma A. Beck. Jeddore, Jan. 29, by Rev. Jas. Robertson, William Mitchell to Naomi Milt. Liverpool, Jan. 18, by Rev. E. L. Fash, Charles Baker to Martha Alice Eyles. Guysboro, Jan. 22, by Rev. J. W. Gardner, William S. Penny to Olivia Armsworthy. Port Lorne, Jan. 16, by Rev. E. F. Coldwell, Willam E. Foster to Alice Hudson. Billtown, N. S., Jan. 18, by Rev. M. P. Freeman, Judge Dodge to Bertha Landers. Shelburne, Jan. 29, by Rev. A. W. Lewis, Stanford Kenny to Charlotte E. McAlpine. Mahone Bay, Jan. 24, by Rev. J. Wm. Crawford, John C. Kanes to Fio Bell Frank. Eastport, Jan. 29, by Rev. Z. Thilling, Edger Mitchell to Mary E. Emery. Central Economy, Jan. 15, by Rev. Andrew Gray, E. J. O'Brien to Mary Eva Webb. Gloucester, Jan. 18, by Rev. F. J. Charlton, Captain Richard L. Smith to Eva Dakin.

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Medford, N. S., Jan. 21, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, William E. Spicer to Sarah E. Burns. Farnboro, Jan. 27, by Rev. H. K. McLean, Captain Norie M. Ogilvie to Margie E. Conlon. Charlottetown, P. E. I., Jan. 22, by Rev. C. W. Corey, Albert Mitchell to Sarah Senton. Prince of Wales, St. John Co., by Rev. J. D. Westmore, David F. Belding to Ida May Cairns. Upper Musquodibit, Jan. 27, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, Augustus Naughton to Margaret Maynard.

DIED.

- Truro, Jan. 20, John Dean, 16. Halifax, Jan. 20, John Hill, 77. Halifax, Jan. 20, Jacob Taylor, 71. Karleale, Jan. 18, Daniel Ellis, 82. East Noel, Jan. 15, Allan Neal, 47. Brule, Jan. 24, George H. Cook, 87. St. John, Feb. 2, George Carlin, 75. Bear River, Jan. 27, Wm. Hantshaw. Sheet Harbor, Jan. 21, Hugh Dunn, 80. West Quaco, Jan. 20, Michael Sullivan. St. John's Nfld., Jan. 21, Wm. Ryan, 81. Boston, Feb. 1, Mary wife of David Kirk. St. Stephen, J. A. 21, Robert Johnson, 66. Upper Omburg, Jan. 19, John Dugan, 77. Seaside Village, Jan. 24, Roy Rochester, 80. Hibernia N. S., Jan. 17, John Ratsburn, 77. Port Cadonia, Jan. 26, Mary Murran, 25. Falmouth, Jan. 12, Mrs. Margery Lunn, 68. Petipawick, Jan. 23, Isaac G. Greenough, 23. Grand Pre, Jan. 12, Mrs. John Faulkner, 68. Smith's Cove, Jan. 21, Crocker Woodman, 77. Guys River, Jan. 23, Mrs. James Hillings, 80. Golden Grove, Feb. 9, Corby M. Woodman, 84. Round Hill, N. S., Jan. 22, Mrs. L. Willet, 80. Millbrook N. E., Jan. 15, Annie McGeorge, 21. Charlottetown, Jan. 28, Capt. Andrew Doyle 78. Deer Island, Jan. 20, Mrs. Mary J. Ferris, 90. E. W. Davis, Jan. 19, Archibald McIntyre, 82. Spritzfield, N. S., Jan. 19, Angus McDonald, 85. West Pubnico, Jan. 20, Mrs. Roman D'Con, 58. Boston, Feb. 1, Julia widow of Joel Raymond, 67. Moncton, Jan. 11, Lewis Z. Newell of Yarmouth 13. Halifax, Jan. 10, Cecilia widow of Jacob Miller 76. South Malabar, N. S., Jan. 12, Nelson Allison, 16. E. W. Tenny Cape, Jan. 23, Mrs. H. B. Huntley, 89. Douglas Mill, Tidnish, Jan. 22, Edmund Doyle, 60. Westchester, N. S., Jan. 25, Martin C. Hailey, 60. West Head C. S. I. Lucia, wife of Alan Newell, 33. Greenfield, Jan. 29, Eliza, wife of Charles Ritchie, 80. Montclair, Wis., Jan. 8, James Coates Farquharson 70. St. Stephen, Jan. 17, Alice wife of Charles Jameson, 82. Long Beach, Jan. 22, Mrs. Catherine McCullough, 83. Knoxford, Jan. 1, Mary E. wife of David Lawrence, 53. Grand'Manau, Jan. 8, Capt. Daniel McLaughlin, 72. Chicoutou, Jan. 19, Ruth wife of John Mallory, 74. Jacksonville, Jan. 27, Extra Thomson of St. John N. B., 65. Boston, Jan. 21, Ruth, daughter of Benj. Rogers of N. S. Bayrefield, Cal., Jan. 10, Mrs. Edward Randall of N. S. St. John, Feb. 2, Mary J. widow of Alexander Jardine. St. Stephen, Jan. 23, James G. son of Thomas Mesbah, 1. St. Stephen, Jan. 26, Mary E. wife of Emory Hartford, N. S. Holt, Fla., Jan. 23, James P. Black of Dorchester N. E., 74. St. John, Jan. 30, Adelaide widow of John N. Seymour, 68. Truro, Jan. 21, Louisa Miller, widow of Henry Brown, 85. Halifax, Feb. 1, Lady Kenny widow of Sir Edward Knyvett, 84. Cape Tormentine, Jan. 25, Carlotta wife of A. W. Dobson, 51. Lunenburg, Jan. 24, Margaret widow of Sampson Moore, 65. Elmsdoun, Jan. 16, Roy, youngest son of Charles H. Newcomb, 2. Halifax, Jan. 12, Hattie A. daughter of Daniel and Sarah Smith. Greenfield, Jan. 26, Amelia daughter of Henry Freeman, 25. Boston, Jan. 21, Ruth, daughter of Benjamin Rogers of Yarmouth. Middle River, N. S., Jan. 16, Sarah, widow of John McLennan, 67. New Tusket, Jan. 20, Gardner, son of George and Ruth Price, 2. St. John's Nfld., Jan. 21, Elizabeth, widow of late John W. A. Tangier, Jan. 23, Mrs. Ann Mason, widow of Henry Van Buskirk, 47. Long Beach, Jan. 20, Myrtle, only child of Ira and Ida, 6 months. Carleton, Jan. 31, Maud, daughter of John and Sarah McKenna, 25. Biscuit, Antigonish, Jan. 25, Mary only daughter of John McDonald, 25. Marzaret, Jan. 15, Elzabeh, daughter of the late Thomas Robinson, 67. Halifax, Jan. 29, Percy Freeman, child of A. A. Quip and Beatrice McCullum. Shelburne, Jan. 21, Jennie, second daughter of Capt. Edward Murphy, 22. Pictou Island, Jan. 3, John S. son of Murdoch and Sarah McKinnon, 6 months. Halifax, Jan. 18, Robert Tolomee Murray child of Geo. F. and Lily Cook, 4 months. St. John, Jan. 31, Elizabeth J. 8 years 11 months; Feb. 1, L. 11 months, only children of Norman and Isabel Montague.

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