

# PROGRESS.

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## IT MADE TOO MUCH TALK.

### WHY THE BOARD OF HEALTH HAD TO CHANGE ITS PLANS.

The Appointment of Relatives of Two of the Board to Positions was a Mistake—How it was Rectified—Mr. John Kelly to the Front as Usual.

The St. John board of health has taken a tumble to itself this week. It has taken two tumbles, in fact, a tumble in and a tumble out again. It has been talked about a good deal and would have been the subject of considerable more talk had it carried out some of its intentions.

In addition to Inspector Waters, there have been six inspectors for the city who worked only in the summer season during May and June. They were paid \$1.25 a day, and 60 days was the most made by any one of them last year, while 38 days was the least. In addition to these were inspectors for Lancaster and St. Martins at \$50 each for the season. All these cost \$467 last year, while Inspector Waters got an annual salary of \$425.

Inspector Waters resigned last week at the request of the board. PROGRESS in announcing the fact said that the reason assigned was unsatisfactory performance of duty, but that other things were hinted at. It was not considered advisable to specify what the other reasons were, though the talk around town was that relatives of two members of the board were after the place.

The board held a meeting last Wednesday and discussed the question of inspectors. It was pointed out that the service done by the summer inspectors was not in all cases satisfactory, and it was agreed that more efficient work would be likely to result if the system were changed. The idea advanced was to do away with all the inspectors in question and appoint two permanent men at an annual salary of \$425 each. This would make the cost no greater than before, and would insure systematic work the year round. The idea was favorably received and the board then and there proceeded to appoint the new officials.

There were several applications for the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Waters, and the board chose out of the number Charles E. Reynolds and Louis Bruce. The first named is a son of Mr. James Reynolds, chairman of the board, and the other is a nephew of Dr. Wm. Christie, a member of the board. The announcement of their appointment appeared in the papers Thursday morning. Then people began to talk.

These were the relatives who had been mentioned in connection with the resignation of Inspector Waters, and now not only had one of them got the position, but an equally good position had been created for the other. On the face of it, the affair looked bad, though it may have been done in the most innocent manner possible. The members of the board of health are men of high standing, and that body is one of the last in which the public would be likely to suspect nepotism for any other item pernicious in a corporate organization. Individually and collectively they enjoy public confidence. Especially is this true of Chairman Reynolds, whose time and energies have been given so freely for the benefit of the citizens for years past. No one could imagine him misusing an official position, and it is now known he did nothing of the kind in this instance. He did not press for the appointment of his son, and it may be argued that his son had as much right to apply as had any other man. Possibly he felt so innocent in the whole matter that the suggestion of a misconception by the public did not occur to him. It may not have been his place to object, and possibly a small tribute of their regard for their honored chairman to choose his son. So Mr. Reynolds was appointed.

It was the same, in a way, with Dr. Christie. He is looked upon as a straightforward man in whatever cause he may espouse. The citizens elected him to the reform council over a man who had not only a title but had been an early and active member of the Tax Reduction Association. No one asserts that Dr. Christie gave his nephew a pointer to try for the position, and certainly nobody can blame him for not opposing the application with the vehement rhetoric which illuminates his speeches at the council. So the board of health paid a small compliment to their esteemed colleague by appointing Louis Bruce as the other inspector.

Now the appointment of a relative of any member of the board to a position was not likely to provoke comment under ordinary circumstances. In this instance, however, the combination of incidents was unfortunate. Before Inspector Waters resigned, the rumor was current that his place was wanted for Reynolds or Bruce. This idea may have been utterly baseless. It may have been the mean suspicion of a grovelling mind, but it was the kind of a rumor that is apt to find credence. It was not quieted by the fact that not only one of

these applicants, but both of them, were appointed. So it was that people began to talk.

Chairman Reynolds is the kind of a man who would feel keenly wounded by any suspicion of his motives in an official position, and he was around town as usual on Thursday morning. Later in the day it was announced that Charles E. Reynolds declined to accept the appointment, and in the afternoon another meeting of the board was held to fill the vacancy. This time the North End came to the front, and Mr. Daniel O'Neill was appointed.

Everybody knows Mr. O'Neill, and the appointment must be considered a good one. He is a competent man with the advantage of age and experience in dealing with all classes of people. This is an important qualification in an inspector who has sometimes a difficult duty to perform, which would not be easy for a young man with a limited experience.

So the board of health has resumed its wonted tranquility, people have stopped talking, and the North End is happy because another of its citizens has an office. It may be incidentally remarked that Mr. John Kelly is a member of the board, and he generally gets there.

## IS DOING A GOOD WORK.

### The Quiet Way in Which Great Reformations are Being Accomplished.

Many people read the accounts of the "cures" that have appeared from time to time in the press, and lay down the paper with an incredulous smile. They are unwilling to believe, but do not want their credulity taxed beyond a certain point. A few days ago one of these skeptics was invited to pass an evening at the sanitarium of the Bellingher Remedy Company at 78 Sidney street.

A modest place he found it, still pleasant and possessing all the attractions of recent visitations of carpenters and painters. While there he was introduced, with their cordial consent, to a number of the gentlemen who were in the sanitarium as patients. There were men who for years had been the slaves of morphine, who, for years, had not known an hour of natural happiness and who a short time ago could only look forward to a life of misery.

There were men there who for fifteen or twenty years had been the victims of liquor who had become so thoroughly mastered by it that they hardly knew a sober hour. For days all these men had not tasted a particle of morphine or a dram of liquor. Almost from the hour they placed themselves under the care of Dr. Adams and the Bellingher treatment they were able to refrain from the use of the drug and liquor. A wonderful thing! But they spoke of the fact themselves with such gratefulness, with such gladness that he who failed to believe them must be more than skeptical.

They showed the writer the hypodermic syringes that they had used for years, they spoke of the fearful craving for the drug when by any mischance their syringe would not work, or their supply of the drug was exhausted, and more conclusive than anything else they pointed to the amount they had brought to the institute, not a particle of which had been used since.

These men had wives and families at home, and when they spoke of the miserable, anxious life they had and the pleasant prospect for them in the future, one could gain a faint idea of what their feelings were. Dr. Preston of this city has not hesitated to come to the front and say what the Bellingher cure has done for him. He writes to Dr. Adams such a letter as a man might write who had suddenly been liberated from bondage, and who hardly knew how to express his thanks to his deliverer.

That letter has already been printed but it appears again today on the fourth page of this paper. It is worth reading. To one who had heard so much about the cure there was a natural curiosity to see how the treatment was administered. There did not seem any way to have this gratified until one of the patients remarking that it was about time for his "dose" turned to the writer and said with a laugh, "The penalty for witnessing the operation is to take one yourself."

After all it was all over in half the time it takes to write this sentence. The arm was bared, an injection of liquid through a hypodermic syringe given and a small amount of medicine given the patient to drink. There was no pain, no nausea nothing that seemed at all disagreeable. Dr. Adams says that none of his patients have the dreadful sickness spoken of in some institutes. He does not encourage them to take liquor and then give them their dose producing what is known as a "cross shot" and fearful sickness. His patients have the freedom of the city. If they want liquor or morphine they are able to get it but he is confident that they will not want it.

A more interesting evening has not been spent by the writer for many a day. The spirit of content that hovered over the patients in that sanitarium, could not fail to influence any one who talked with them and listened to the earnest way they spoke of their recovery.

## KELLY KEPT THE DRUM.

### REFUSE OF A DETACHMENT OF THE GALLANT SIXTY-SIXTH.

One Occasion in Which Military Law Did Not Command Respect in Halifax—The Bold Mike is Likely to Hear More About It at a Later Date.

HALIFAX, May 17.—There was an amusing scene at the academy of music on Tuesday night during a performance of "True Irish Hearts,"—a scene not provided for on the bill. The principals were Colonel Humphrey, of the 66th P. L. F., Lieutenant Kelley Johnston, and Drummer Mike Kelly. The 66th were ordered out to practice on the common for the Queen's birthday review. Mike is a drummer in the band, as well as a drummer in the academy orchestra. He gets \$1 per night for his services at the academy, but when he goes to the common with his regimental band his only recompense is a certain amount of glory. Probably that was the way he looked at the matter when Colonel Humphrey's order came to parade on Tuesday night. It was reasonable he should see it in that light, but then he should also have considered that it was a 66th drum, worth \$100 or so, that he was using, and had used night after night and week after week, and that it was needed at the parade.

Naturally enough, Colonel Humphrey viewed the situation from that standpoint. When the battalion was ready to march from the drill hall it, was reported to the Colonel that Drummer Kelly was absent again. Bandmaster Carleton was short-handed. Colonel Humphrey considered it was time he should take a stand for the credit of the band and of the regiment. He accordingly peremptorily ordered Lieutenant Kelly Johnston to take an escort, proceed to the academy and bring up Kelly and the drum, or if not able to get the man to be sure and capture the drum.

The lieutenant took two men and fully armed they marched down the street to the academy, and up to the orchestra in front of the stage. Every eye was upon the soldiers and every ear was strained to hear what was said. The conversation was not carried on in audible tones; they didn't speak out as soldiers should, and only one or two in the front row knew what went on. And, true enough, nothing did go on, for Kelly positively refused to give up his drum, making some paltry excuse.

The lieutenant, strange to say, was satisfied with Kelly's ultimatum, "I refuse to give up the drum." So he marched his escort up the aisle and back to the common where, by this time, the 66th practice was half over. Military law would have borne out Lieutenant Johnston, if not in arresting Kelly, at least in taking the drum, but the meek officer did neither, and he left the drummer beating a tattoo of defiance to Lieut. Johnston and his escort, to Colonel Humphrey and the 66th P. L. F., and to the Queen's regulations. The satisfaction of the Duke of Wellington after Waterloo, may have compared to his own satisfaction as he watched Lieutenant Johnston's retreat up the Academy of Music aisle.

Col. Humphrey's feelings may be imagined as he received the message: "Kelly refused to give up the drum." His look of scorn at the lieutenant, who had failed even to capture a drum, with his force of three to one, and the adjectives he used, cannot be reproduced.

Mike came out ahead in this skirmish, but in the pitched battle which will follow, his chances of another such victory are very slim.

## BANKS FOUND OLD FRIENDS.

### But the Liquor Was All Out of the Way Before He Appeared on the Scene.

HALIFAX, May 17.—The boys are talking about a recent visit of Inspector Banks to No. 117 Grafton street in search of liquor drinking or illegal selling. These visits of Banks to Grafton street are becoming more and more frequent, and though he has not found cause for prosecution he is inflicting fatal blows on business there. The reason is that the young men and older ones too, who patronize those establishments are afraid that the inspector may sometime take it into his head to subpoena them for evidence he may need. One can easily see how uncomfortable it is to be in the power of an official who may at any moment issue a piece of paper that will compel attendance before Stipendiary Motton to tell "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." And it may be mentioned in passing that Mr. Banks is said to have already secured, with the dates, scores of names of people who may some time be called upon in this way.

At the special visit referred to, at No. 117 Grafton, Mr. Banks found four or five old fellow-workers in political campaigns, men who had been shoulder to shoulder with him in lib.-con. ward committees. Two of them were well known young lawyers, and the crowd had much experience in handling the sinews of war at election times. There is a very slight probability that

these men will be served with subpoenas, as not even a drop of liquor was toud in the search which followed. The reason for the society probably was that the inspector arrived too closely on the heels of the men who were there on "pleasure," so that his "business" visit was largely a failure. It was a rather awkward position in which the merry-makers found themselves, but many other similar companies in the last few weeks have had a similar uninvited guest, and probably others will fare in the same way in the future while liquor license Inspector Banks continues his nocturnal dreading rounds.

## FUN FOR THE HOLIDAY.

### A Big List of Entries for the Local Race—A Match Race.

PROGRESS is glad to note the fact that the Moosepath season opens this year on the 24th of May with two races and a match contest between Deceiver and Helena. The fact that there are fourteen entries for the "green race" and seven entries for the gentleman's driving race disproves any idea that local races would not fill or be interesting.

Mr. Thomas Dean and Dr. Pendleton have the track and it is safe to say that it could not be in better hands. They offered good purses, local races considered, and the result is that in one race the entry fees will more than pay the purse by \$5, while in the other they will amount to \$45 of the purse. The correct list of entries is as follows.

GREEN RACE—PURSE \$75.  
Little Rocket, Peter Carroll, W. Hamilton, W. McEvoy, John Griffin, John Holton, Dr. Pendleton, Geo. Carvill, W. Calne, W. Gordon, S. Ewing, San Fear, Jr., J. Huggard, J. McKimney, O. Dick, C. Colwell, Roymont, A. Tower, Dart, U. Colwell.  
GENTLEMEN'S DRIVING RACE—PURSE \$75.  
Johnny Dick, R. O'Shaughnessy, W. McEvoy, Dr. Pendleton, W. Campbell, Thea. Halsey, W. Gordon, Nettie G., (pacer).

It will be pretty hard to pick a winner out of either race, but the favorite in the green race at present is Jessie Mack with Little Rocket, Westwind and Roymont to be heard from. But this is mere talk, with fourteen entries the horse that is fortunate in the end off and level gaited will stand a good show for a place. In the gentleman's driving race the first place should be between Johnny Dick and Black Jack. Nellie G., the pacer, is reported as an unknown flyer, and she will probably give the others a game race.

Helena and Deceiver should make a grand race. The mare is in good shape but Deceiver is big, strong and speedy.

The train leaves the I. C. R. station at 1.45 local time. Buses also run to the park. Admission is but a quarter and there should be a good crowd to witness a day's good sport.

## MR. SHERATON'S HARD LUCK.

### Furniture Seized Under Old Judgments for Five Thousand Dollars.

HALIFAX, May 17.—After A. B. Sheraton's ejection from the Queen hotel he moved to the "Annex" on the opposite side of the street, which is held in the name of Mrs. Sheraton. There is personal property in that building, also in Mrs. Sheraton's name, estimated to be worth about \$5,000. It was seized a couple of days ago by the sheriff, under executions on two old judgments.

One of the executions is under a judgment for \$4,000, by Green Son & Co., of Montreal, obtained by that firm against Mr. Sheraton, while he was in the carpet business in St. John, previous to his coming to this city. The other execution was obtained by the bank of Montreal for \$1,000. The goods are now in the possession of the sheriff, and unless relieved by Mr. Sheraton will remain there till the autumn, when the matter will be tried out by the courts.

What will become of Mr. Sheraton, should the decision of the full bench be against him in the appealed ejection matter, is what people are asking. While condemning his recklessness in business, they speak kindly of him as an open handed generous man, and regret his misfortunes. It would have been far better for him to have kept out of law at least.

## The Congregation is All Right.

Rector Sibbald, of St. Luke's has gone on a vacation for the benefit of his health. Before leaving he requested the Sun to say that "the statement which had been circulated to the effect that he and his congregation were at variance with each other did not contain a particle of truth." They are," he said, "a true and loving congregation, and as such we have always been able to get along without any trouble." This is quite true. The congregation as a body has been in accord with Mr. Sibbald, and as PROGRESS has shown all the little disagreements there have been have been caused by two or three persons who want to deal with both the spiritual and temporal affairs of the church.

## THE END OF A LONG RACE.

### DR. MARCH WILL BE QUARANTINE OFFICER AT ST. JOHN.

He Appears to Have Had the Inside Track All Along, Though Others Had Claims and Promises—The Choice of the Lap Between Him and Dr. Gilchrist.

It is announced that Dr. J. E. March has secured the position of quarantine officer at this port, and that the appointment will be gazetted in a few days. The position is worth about \$1,800 a year, and as it does not preclude a doctor from general practice, it is considered well worth having.

That has been the opinion of several physicians in St. John, ever since it was known a year or two ago that Dr. Harding was to be superannuated and a new man appointed. Several contestants entered the race, but for some time past the contest has been narrowed down to three, all of whom had a certain amount of pull and relied more or less on the promises of political friends.

A sort of a side issue was raised last year by the proposition that Dr. Harding should continue to hold the office and have an assistant. Dr. W. W. White was brought to the front for the latter position, and a petition was circulated for signature. The project fell through, however, and the contest for the main place was continued as before.

Dr. Gilchrist had been one of the early applicants, and his friends thought he had done enough party service to entitle him to get a reward. It was understood that he long ago had the promise of Hon. Geo. E. Foster, and that Mr. E. McLeod was also pledged to work for him. This looked like a combination that ought to carry, and Dr. Gilchrist's friends were justified in their belief that he would eventually get a place. Perhaps he may, even now, but it will be after Dr. March is done with it.

Dr. March has been a red-hot campaigner for the conservative party in St. John, and his ardor has not slackened since, he has been after this position. He was "not with the mugwumps" when Mr. Chesley was elected, but stood by the regular party and worked for all he was able. This did not secure him the support of Mr. Chesley, but it added to his previous claims, and he was understood to have Mr. J. D. Hazen at his back.

Mr. Chesley had a candidate in the person of Dr. Wm. Christie, his old time ally in civic politics and a warm personal friend. He was bound to stand by him if he wanted the office.

Dr. Christie did want the office for a while, but latterly he concluded that he did not need it. Perhaps he thought he had enough to occupy his time in his general practice to say nothing of the fact that he is an alderman, a member of the board of health and on the hospital staff. In a busy season he might be embarrassed by the multiplicity of his duties. He retired from the contest.

This left Mr. Chesley free, and he had one of two North End men to chose as his man. Dr. Christie and the Chesleys have never been conspicuously fraternal in their political affiliations, and Dr. Gilchrist was not one of those who supported the Chesley combination in the palmy days of the old city of Portland. Mr. Chesley had more reason to remember Dr. March, and apparently he joined with Mr. Hazen in urging that gentleman's appointment.

This gave a majority of the St. John members, but it is understood consideration was also given to the fact that Dr. March is a much younger man than Dr. Gilchrist, and all other things being equal, a young man would stand a better chance than an elder physician for the post of quarantine officer. Whatever may have been the reasoning Dr. March got the place.

He appears to have felt pretty sure of getting it for a long time past, as it is announced that during the year he has been qualifying himself by a study of the quarantine system of New York. He evidently got the straight tip from Ottawa a good while ago.

## Did Not Ask for an Increase.

Reference was made last week to the fact that, from the lack of funds, the board of health did not increase the salary of Mr. McCarthy, inspector of plumbing. In justice to the Inspector it should be stated that he had nothing to do with the matter, and that he did not ask for an increase of salary. There was a feeling among some members of the board that his services were worth more than he was getting, and the proposition to give him more was in recognition of his efficient work.

## Should Catch Them in a Net.

The police, in a sort of a way are trying to carry out the law in regard to corner loading. They parade Charlotte street in the evenings and shoo away the groups standing on the sidewalks at the corners, but to make them "move on" is another thing. They simply step back to the roadway, and as soon as the police have passed they resume their line of observation on the edge of the sidewalk. Across the foot of Coburg street, there is sometimes a row of idlers three ranks deep. It may be a hard problem to deal with this problem of street loafing in all its aspects, but it is a serious nuisance which seems to flourish better in St. John than in any city of like size in America. A net properly handled would scoop in hundreds of standing, staring loafers any night of the week. It is a pity something of the kind cannot be done.

## THEY LIGHTED ON BRUCE.

### Some Other Cases in Which Moncton Takes Matters Very Easy.

MONCTON, May 18.—The legal authorities of the city of Moncton, seem to be very slow in the performance of their duties. Some time ago the keeper of a house of ill-fame named "Bill" Wilbur, struck a blacksmith with a pick-axe and disabled him for life, Wilbur was arrested, committed and convicted by the grand jury, and ran away to the States, but he returned to Moncton, and is today one of the leading political beelers in this city. The mayor of Moncton, and the W. C. T. U. and the Evangelical Alliance, and the committee on the purity of the city, are certainly aware of the fact that Wilbur is still employed in his netarious and demoralizing business, and yet we hear nothing about the sheriff refusing to do duty—there is no complaint made by the mayor, that there is an escaped criminal in the city, there are no demands being made that he should be arrested, being made that he should be dismissed, there is no Christian Worker uttering loud complaints to the city marshal, and "Bill" Wilbur, is as free as the most prominent Monctonian in the railway centre.

Bruce McDougall, who only seems to be guilty of writing up in his paper the dives kept by such men as Wilbur, is in jail on a serious charge, and has arrayed against him the mayor of the city, the evangelical alliance, the W. C. T. U., and the purity of literature. Besides, even while he is in jail, and waiting his trial, the mayor of Moncton makes an uncalculated attack upon him in his place at the council board, describing him as a "low blackmailer," and a "cancerous sore" in the city. Probably the aldermen, who did not at once call the mayor to order, are to blame for this serious contempt of court, which it certainly was, but while it may be a contempt of court, it will no doubt be allowed to pass, on account of the ignorance of the speaker.

Another case I might mention is the case of the Queen vs. D. M. Wilbur, who was arrested on a serious charge, and that also has been allowed to stand over for several terms, and it is said that the offence was condoned by the accused giving the complainant a certain sum of money and signing an agreement to leave the country. The mayor and the civic authorities, when they have an animus, can prosecute with great success, but when they have no spite at the one who is charged, they can make the punishment very light. The Wilburs and the Donnellys may steal and rob to their hearts content, and they still can enjoy their freedom. They may open and run in full blast, day and night illegal rum holes, and houses of bad repute, but the mayor is not disturbed, the police magistrate is not called in to convict them, and the sheriff is not criticised for refusing to do his duty. D. M. Wilbur who was arrested on a charge of criminal assault upon a young girl is a member of the conservative (political) club, and was a committee man with the present Mayor of Moncton, in several late political campaigns, in the interest of the Lib. Con. party.

The reports of the remarks made by Mayor Sumner, as complainant in the case of the Queen vs. MacDougall, are not at all creditable to a chief magistrate who is merely acting in the capacity of a public servant. The case of Bruce MacDougall, is not between Mayor Sumner and MacDougall therefore the mayor should not make it so by his talk. WATCHMAN.

## It Weighed With the Court.

Mr. E. H. McAlpine, referee in equity, has received a good many congratulations on the fact that the supreme court of Canada confirmed his report in the matter of the Nicholson estate. "It was just this way," he explains. "On the morning of the battle of Trafalgar, Nelson asked if the men had had their grog, and on being told they had, exclaimed, 'Then let the battle proceed.' When my report came before the court, they probably asked, 'Whose report is it?' The answer was 'McAlpine's,' and the order of the court was 'Then let it be confirmed.'

Last year some peace loving resident of Carleton spiked a salute gun at Fort Dufferin with what is believed to be a file, and is certainly a piece of very hard steel. All sorts of ingenious ideas have been advanced as to how the obstruction could be removed, but as the only ones that were practical involved the destruction of the gun itself, the spike is still there and likely to remain. Another gun whoe the echoes in honor of the Loyalists yesterday.

BOSTON'S BIG COMMON.

THE CROWD IS FOUND THERE SUN-DAYS AND WEEK-DAYS.

A Gathering Place For People with All Sorts of Opinions—Men Who Would Reform the Country if They Could—Where Endless May be Found.

BOSTON, May 15.—Sunday is the great day on Boston common, the day when all the people linger on the walks, stroll through the grass, sit on the trees, or listen to the gospel preachers and social reformers, or the band concert.

During the week it is simply a short-cut to the Back Bay for the majority, but there is a time when there are unoccupied benches to burn as it were, on the common, and the long line of humanity basking in the sun along the Tremont street wall is seldom broken. There you see life. Sitting on one of the benches facing the street, you see thousands of people passing and re-passing, hundreds of street cars of every size and color, long lines of them, horse cars and electric, moving along at a snail's pace it not stopped altogether.

It is a sight that invariably strikes the visitor from the rural districts, and he is always very much in evidence with his best girl. Then there is the "perpetual unemployed," the weary looking lords of the common, who like a bench a piece after night fall, and whose slumbers are often broken by a tap on the bottom of the feet with a policeman's baton.

But all sorts and conditions of people loaf on the common, nurse girls bring children to sail boats on the frog pond, or get under the trees, respectable looking men, and with spare time go there to read the daily papers, while hundreds of school boys and newboys and boot blacks, and pretty big boys, play base ball, and duck and drake, and all the games imaginable all day long, even coming back in the evening to play under the electric light.

The Sunday crowd is interesting. Everybody is on the loaf, and even those who wear an anxious look on week days out of work, and business worried have leisure, an air of which seems to stick out all over them.

So the people who like to hear themselves talk have plenty of listeners.

Some years ago it used to be quite common for local preachers to hold forth on King Square in St. John, and I remember one old fellow in particular—Mr. Moffatt, the blind man—but of late years the salvation army has had the outdoor business pretty much to itself.

On Boston common the talking is not confined to religion, by any means, for social reformers of all kinds turn up Sunday after Sunday until some of them are now almost as much a part of it as the monuments or the frog pond.

There are socialists, single taxers, nationalists, everybody with a hobby, in fact, and with nerve enough to face an audience turns up to have his say on the common, and always finds an audience.

Santimonious old gentlemen with long white whiskers, and a few enthusiastic Sunday school pupils select a spot, and then begin to sing, then a crowd begins to gather. It takes very little to arouse the curiosity of the people, and along in the afternoon, the common is spotted with black spots of humanity.

The crowds are not listless by any means. The radicals with schemes for hurrying on the millennium, always have a mob ready to cheer and applaud when the back Bay capitalist is assailed, and when a disbeliever gives expression to his views in an undertone, there is always somebody at his elbow to take the other side. In fact every one of these gatherings has a number of side shows, some of which become quite exciting, and it has sometimes been a wonder to me that the whole thing did not end in a free fight.

Passing through the common last Sunday afternoon, I stopped to see the result of one of these side shows. A short stout fellow with an English accent wanted to know why American free traders wanted to adopt the policy of a country they said was no good and a back number, then shot off a harangue for protection.

"You wanted to have things cheap," he said "now you've 'em cheap, and you ain't got any money to buy 'em. That's a 'ell of a policy ain't it?"

"Kats" said a young fellow with the finest kind of accent, "it isn't policy, it's the sweat shops if you mean cheap clothes."

Then all the defects in the immigration laws were pointed out and discussed, until the atmosphere got warm, and one called the other a ward heeler, and the meeting broke up, the friends of the debaters carrying them off bodily.

The foreigners in these crowds have a good deal to say, and if the Jews on the common could be taken as representatives of the race in this country, they would be the strongest trades unionists and social reformers in the country.

The Sunday crowds of Boston are out nowadays. From the common the people drift down through the public gardens, which are looking prettier than ever, and every week brings out more leaves and more shady spots, and fewer places to sit down. The flowers are all abloom, and fragrant, the swan boats sail on the lake, and the summer is here.

So, too, out at Franklin park, bicycles by the hundred, strollers by the hundred,

hundreds loitering on the grass, having a nice quiet time. Tens of thousands at the marine park, and street cars crowded all the afternoon. There are plenty of places to go.

A young St. John man who arrived here went down to Scollay Square Saturday night, to ward off homesickness. The receipt worked first rate. He met fifteen St. John men within an hour. It was like standing at the head of King Street and seeing the Saturday night crowd doing the see-saw set, up King, along Charlotte, down Union, etc. etc. No place like home. R. G. LARSEN.

WHY BRUCE IS IN JAIL.

The Plain Dealer Happened to Swing in Too Wide a Circle.

The editor of the well, if not always favorably known paper called the Plain Dealer is in jail. He has, been there for some little time, and while a good many people sympathize with him, others rejoice exceedingly, not exactly as over a brand plucked from the burning but rather as those rejoice who see a brand which is scattering sparks in every direction, and threatening their own hay ricks every moment, in a fair way of extinction. But unfortunately the gentleman who now languishes within the hoary walls of Dorchester jail, declines to be extinguished and still continues to lamish thunderbolts at the heads of his enemies, and those whom he considers his oppressors from behind the prison bars.

The editor of the Plain Dealer won notoriety about two years ago, by starting a weekly paper, which speedily became famous as a red-hot advocate of the working man, and a fierce opponent of all who attempted to take advantage of that "honest tradesman," or interfere with his rights in any way. The paper was distinguished from the first for its policy of making bold, and often injudicious attacks on everyone who happened to be in favor. It struck out in every direction with such apparent impartiality that it was impossible to predict who would be the next victim, and if it often hit the wrong man, why it did not deserve it this time he would be sure to do so soon, therefore there was no harm done—he had only been dealt with a little out of his turn, that was all.

Sometimes these attacks on the most respected citizens were utterly unwarrantable and excited the warmest indignation; and again the little sheet would administer such a well deserved flagellation to some evildoer that its very fearlessness compelled the admiration of those who were not in accord with it on any other subject and people who did not approve of the paper itself, would sum up their opinion in the comment that "Bruce was a dear fellow, and it was a great pity he did not make better use of his talents."

But that was some time ago, and it the fearless journalist has alienated some of the people, who were inclined to be friendly to him at first, he has only himself to blame for it.

In his mistaken zeal for the working man, who does not seem to have taken his efforts in the best part, he began a series of little and most unjust attacks on the heads of departments in the I. C. R. From the general manager down, he hurled invective and accusation at them under the mistaken idea that he was helping the working classes. With three or four notable exceptions, every man who occupied a position of any prominence on the list of I. C. R. officials was a rasal of the deenest dye, and if he had his due according to the Plain Dealer, he would certainly have been making brooms and pails in an institution with close cropped hair, and variegated clothing. I believe even the Minister of Railways was a rasal too, but I am not sure.

Not satisfied with accusing the most respectable men of almost every crime in the catalogue, except murder, the editor of the Plain Dealer unfortunately adopted a style of literature in his paper which made it unfit for decent people to read: he asserted that he was putting down vice, and using this means to accomplish his end, but he was unfortunate in making the remedy appear so much worse than the disease itself, which at least kept out of sight, that the Evangelical alliance, and the W. C. T. U. felt compelled to take the matter up and prosecute him under the Dominion act relating to impure literature. A warrant was issued, and after a good deal of delay, and some dispute, the culprit was lodged in jail at Dorchester.

But now comes the most singular part of the case. Imprisonment failed to crush the dauntless spirit of the Plain Dealer man. He blamed three prominent Moncton men, one of whom was the Mayor, for his incarceration, and he resolved, like Constance in "Marmion," that they should "dread me in my living tomb," so he employed the too abundant leisure his dungeon cell afforded, with such effect that the next issue of the renowned Plain Dealer was a literary curiosity in its way! It made things decidedly interesting for the men its editor blamed for his loss of liberty, and it not only said some very unpleasant things, but offered to prove them.

This of course was not to be tolerated for a moment. Liberty of the press was all very well but not too much liberty, and therefore the paper which had been sold openly on the streets for more than a year during the time it was doing its best to

ruin the reputations of some good citizens, without the least effort being made to suppress it, became all of a sudden too obnoxious a sheet for decent people to countenance in any way, and the city marshal received instructions to seize the entire edition, and prohibit its further sale. The edition referred to, came out on Tuesday, and so prompt was the action taken, and so rapid the effect produced by the statements made in the paper, that on Wednesday evening a lengthy reference was made at the meeting of the city council, to the "cancerous sore in our midst" and an appeal addressed to all good citizens to discountenance the Plain Dealer in every possible way.

The significant statement was made that no one knew "what was going to come out, or who was going to be blackmailed," and reference was also made to the rumor that it had "been a blackmailing sheet all through." It was asserted that the sheet had had a detrimental effect on Moncton, and prevented good men and true from taking up their abode in the city, so it must be put down once and for all.

True! Oh King! You speak the words of truth and soberness, but why was the fact not discovered sooner? Were not the statements which appeared concerning the I. C. R. officials quite as scandalous, quite as libellous, and quite as offensive to their wives and families, as anything which has come out lately? I think so, but of course that was not the same thing at all, the difference was not so much who fired the stones, but who was hit in the fray, and somehow the reckless firing lately, seems to have changed the point of view wonderfully and curtailed the liberty of the press in a corresponding degree. In short the Plain Dealer had evidently struck the "wrong man" in a different sense from that referred to at the beginning of this article, and therefore the time for suppressing the paper, and giving the public an object lesson in morality, came rather sooner than it might have done otherwise.

It may be all right, and the seizing of an edition not one fourth as bad as many others of the same publication which have been sold without hindrance, may not be such an arbitrary proceeding, or show so much personal feeling as it appears to at first sight, but on such an occasion the homely old proverb "What is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander" naturally occurs to the unbiased mind, and the said mind cannot help speculating as to why so well known a culinary rule was disregarded in this instance, and apple sauce served with the goose of one description while sauce piquante, was administered with the other.

JUSTICE.

Why Eyes of Portraits Follow You. How is it that the eyes of some portraits seem to follow a spectator around the room? It is thus explained: Suppose a portrait has its face and eyes directed straight in front, so as to look at the spectator. Let a straight line be drawn through the tip of the nose and half way between the eyes. On each side of this middle line there will be the same breadth of head, of cheek, of chin, and of neck, and each iris will be in the middle of the whole of the eye.

If one now go to one side the apparent horizontal breadth of every part of the head and face will be diminished, but the part of each side of the middle line will be diminished equally, and at every position, however oblique, there will be the same breadth of face on each side of the middle line, and the iris will remain in the centre of the eyeball, so that the portrait will preserve all the character of a figure looking at the spectator, and must necessarily do so wherever he stands. In portraits the apparent motion of the head is generally rendered indistinct by the canvas being imperfectly stretched, as the slightest concavity or convexity entirely deforms the face.

Where the Twilight is Short.

The period of twilight shortens toward the equator and lengthens toward the poles. In other words, the less the thickness of air through which the rays of the setting sun have to pass, the sooner darkness comes. From this it naturally follows that the region which has the shortest twilight is the one which is situated nearest to the equator and at the greatest elevation. These two conditions are combined in the region in which stands Quito, the capital of Ecuador. This plateau is 9,422 feet above the level of the sea, it is also surrounded by mountains, twenty peaks, eleven of which rise beyond the snow line, visible from the streets of the city. Added to this, it is only fifteen miles south of the equator; hence it has a shorter twilight than any other spot on the equator, partly because of its elevation and partly because the western mountains intercept the rays of the setting sun and so cause darkness to follow daylight with greater rapidity than any other spot on earth.

Ivy Around Houses.

The growth of ivy on the walls of houses renders the walls entirely free from damp, the ivy extracting every particle of moisture from wood, brick, or stone for its own sustenance by means of its tiny roots. The over-lapping leaves of the ivy conduct water falling upon them from point to point until it reaches the ground, without allowing the walls to receive any moisture from the rain.

How Whiskey can Enliven Folks.

The skull of a man who has died from delirium tremens contains an alcoholic gas. A small opening in the skull, soon after death, permits the gas to escape, and it can be ignited, and burns with a bluish flame.

How much pleasanter this world would be to live in were it as easy to go to bed at night as it is to get up in the morning, and as easy to get up in the morning as it is to talk of getting up when you go to bed!

Single Advice from a Deserter.

They say that stolen kisses are the sweetest," he said, "as they sat on the steps, looking at the moon."

"Indeed?" she said. "Yes, what do you think about it?" "Oh I have no opinion at all; but it seems to me if I were a young man I wouldn't be long in doubt as to whether they were or not."

The Old Novel and the New.

"What is the difference between the old novel and the new?" I am asked. Here is a sentence which will just answer the question: In the old fiction they marry in the last chapter and live happily ever afterwards. In the new they marry in the first chapter and live unhappily ever afterwards.

Hit the Facts of the Case.

While engraving a matrimonial invitation, a New York artist made a curious blunder. The invitation read thus: "Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have the pleasure to request your presence at the marriage of their daughter."

A curious organ is to be seen at the Jesuits' Church at Shanghai, China. It was manufactured by a native, a "brother conjurer" of the Jesuit order. The pipes of the instrument are in bamboo wood instead of metal, and the sonority is of incomparable sweetness, "angelic and superhuman," says a correspondent, and such as has never been heard in Europe.

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2 and 3 PLY WIRE EDGE. The Best Roofing for this Climate. For roofs of all shapes and sizes. Anybody can put it on. Will last with care as long as the building.

BECAUSE It is the only Roofing made by the patent improved machinery. Every roll will unroll PERFECTLY FLAT, without wrinkles, pucker, crease, ridge or tear. It is not brittle, but soft and pliable. It has the patent wire edge. Ask for samples and prices.

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Bicycles.

Brantford Bicycles, New Designs. We have received a shipment of the above Bicycles. They are entirely new in every particular combining all the best features of this year's patents. Elegant in Design and Perfect in Workmanship. Every wheel is Guaranteed. Call and see them or send for catalogue.

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Since the concert by the Bicycle club minstrels last week there has been nothing given in the city of any marked interest to the musical public.

The Black Patti, as she is called, will also be heard during next week, at the opera house. She will be assisted by Mr. Douglas, violinist, who is the son of the celebrated Fred Douglas, and also by Miss Nahar, elocutionist.

The Bicycle Club Minstrels will give a concert in Moncton on the Queen's birthday.

As intimated in this column last week would be the case, Mr. Archie Cook has been appointed to the position of organist for the German street baptist church.

The musical examinations at the Morley ladies' college have been completed. Prof. C. D. Bristowe of Fredericton was examiner. The examinations have been attended with satisfactory results.

The concert of the St. John Oratorio Society have been definitely fixed for the 20th and 21st, June. Miss Tarbox of Portland, Me., has been elected to sing the principal soprano solos.

The date for the production of "The ten Virgins" under the management of Mr. J. S. Ford, has not yet been determined, but it will probably be early in June.

Tones and Undertones.

The cost of the raw materials of a violin, comprising seventy different parts, has been estimated at about \$4.60.

Mrs. Alice Shaw, the whistler, recently made her first appearance on the Pacific coast at the Orpheum, San Francisco. Her success was triumphant.

Gustave Kerker has composed the music for the spectacular comic opera "The Viking." The work deals humorously with the discovery of America.

The summer opera season by the Manola-Mason company will begin at the Tremont theatre, Boston, on 28th inst. The opening opera will be "Patience."

"Hendrik Hudson" in which Corinne is adding to her popularity in Boston, is described as "a happy blending of operabonnie, burlesque and specialties."

"The Old Homestead" quartette, which includes Val P. Akerley of this city, have found the concert stage so attractive they will not return to the dramatic stage this season.

Vladimir de Pachmann, the pianist, will not be able to appear in public again this season in consequence of the recent injury to his arm which proved more serious than at first supposed.

The highest recorded price ever paid for a violin bow, viz., fifty guineas, was for one made by Francois Tourte, of Paris, the greatest bow maker that ever lived.

Camille D'Arville will be seen in the new opera entitled "Morocco Bound" next September. She is now with the "Venus" Company. She will spend her vacation at Manhattan Beach.

Francis Wilson, with the ever popular "Erminie," began a fortnight's engagement at the Tremont theatre, Boston, last Monday evening. "Erminie" will be the bill throughout the engagement.

Lillian Russell sails for England, June 10. She is engaged for twenty drawing rooms in London and will receive 100 guineas for each appearance. She has quarrelled with her latest husband already.

In singing it is said there are three things necessary to the production of a full, bright, ringing tone, viz., "The knowing eye, the glad smile, and the innocent hand." So says a New York singing teacher.

Whitney Mockridge, a favorite Chicago tenor, leaves shortly for England. Mr. Mockridge is a Canadian, having been born at Fort Stanley, Ont., in 1861. At seventeen years of age he was tenor soloist and then sang in Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" in Toronto.

The summer promenade concerts at

Music hall, Boston, began last Saturday evening under the management of C. A. Ellis. These are the well known "Pops." An orchestra of fifty musicians, selected from the Symphony orchestra, and under the direction of Mr. T. Adamowski, will give a programme from 8 to 11 o'clock each evening, except Sunday.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Few, if any, attractions have received from the local press more liberal advance writing than has been bestowed upon "The Still Alarm" which, with its hero, its horses and realism, was given a first St. John production at the Opera House last Wednesday evening.

The Chinese consul at Boston and his "dainty and charming little wife" are regular patrons of Keith's new theatre. They frequently occupy a box through the entire evening.

Rhea's season closed at Springfield, Mass., on the 18th inst. She will spend the summer at her home near Paris, France. She is booked to appear in this city early next fall.

"The Amazons" will close its season at the Lyceum theatre (N. Y.) on June 2: from which date the company will enjoy a vacation until 13th of August when they open in Chicago.

Marie Wainwright lost all her scenery and properties for "Twelfth Night" by the burning of Davidson's theatre, Milwaukee, a short time ago, and it is probable will not be seen in that play next season.

Miss Marie Hillyer, who will be remembered here as a clever and capable member of Tyrone Power's company, has recently been married to R. W. Withycomb, of Montreal. Miss Hillyer is of English birth.

"The Masqueraders" has proved an enormous success at the St. James theatre, London. The house is crowded at each performance and the capacity of the house for the next five weeks is booked in advance.

Joseph Haworth has been giving "Hamlet" at the Grand Opera house, Boston, and his work is much commended. It is said "his conception of the moody Dane is clear and distinct and admirably worked out."

Sadie Martinot, who is at present suing for a divorce from her husband, Fred Stinson, manager for Julia Marlowe, it is said will shortly be married to Max Fygan, the actor. She and her husband have not lived together for ten years past, and desertion is the ground of her divorce suit.

The New York Sun of 13th inst. has a well conceived article on the stage productions in that city. It says, "Our stage has suffered acutely from a late spring attack of nastiness, but the moral conditions of the drama with us is generally so clean and healthy that most of the foulness has been thrown off easily."

"Musotte" and the "Check Book" simply made us sick but not seriously ill. Greater injury to the drama was inflicted by "Hannels" because it shocked and repelled Christians. It died of a lack of audiences and will soon be forgotten.

Less transitory, however, and therefore more hurtful, is the disease of "Living Pictures" which broke out in "1492" and has spread to "Adonis" and the music halls.

It Skipped One Note. A theatrical musician owned an ebony flute with silver keys; he valued it highly, but as one of the upper notes was defective, he seldom used it.

A young man lodged with the musician, and between the two a close friendship existed. One night the ebony flute disappeared, having, no doubt, been stolen. Suspicion fell on several persons, but nothing could be proved against any of them.

Not long afterwards the lodger went to live in a town a few miles off, but as the friendship between the men still existed, they occasionally visited each other. Nearly a year afterwards, the musician paid his friend a visit, and was pleased to find him in possession of a beautiful bullfinch, which could distinctly whistle three tunes.

The performance was perfect with this exception, that whenever he came to a certain high note he invariably skipped it and went on to the next. A little reflection convinced the musician that the note in which the bullfinch was imperfect was the deficient one on his lost flute.

So convinced was he, that he immediately sharply questioned his ex-lodger on the subject. He at once tremblingly confessed his guilt, and that all the bird knew had been taught him on the stolen instrument.

Waking "Rip" Up. Mr. Joseph Jefferson was playing "Rip Van Winkle" in Chicago when he went to the theatre one night much exhausted by a long day's fishing. When the curtain rose on the third act, it disclosed the white haired Rip still deep in his twenty years' nap.

Five, ten, twenty minutes passed, and he did not waken. The fact was that all the time Jefferson was really sleeping. Finally the gallery became uproarious, and a man called out: "Is there going to be nineteen years more of this snooze business?"

At this time Jefferson began to snore. This decided the prompter, who opened a small trap and began to prod Rip from below. The much traveled comedian began to fumble in his pocket for an imaginary railroad ticket and muttered: "Going right through 'ducker'."

The audience was transfixed with amusement. An instant later Jefferson sat up, with a loud shriek, and evidently in great agony. The exasperated prompter had "jabbed" him with a pin!

management of Mr. Will Thompson. The performance was very creditable indeed and far beyond the average of amateur work.

Mary Hampton has abandoned the idea of going to Europe this summer. She goes on tour with the Empire, N. Y., theatre stock company, June 10th.

The wife of J. K. Emmett, jr., is suing for the half of the estate of the late J. K. Emmett. She claims to be entitled to one half under the will of her father-in-law.

Theatrical life on the road is thus described by a leading actress. Sunday transportation; Monday preparation; Monday night, realization; Tuesday, prostration.

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MAN WILL HAVE BIG BRAINS.

What Evolution May Accomplish for Him In the Course of Time.

In reviewing the history of evolution, if one point strikes us more than another, it is Nature's economy. From the beginning of time all forms of animal life have been moulded and remodelled to keep pace with the changing conditions which surround them, and those which altered circumstances made unnecessary have been doomed to gradual but determined obliteration.

What has been in the past is our only criterion for what will be in the future. Nature, we may well suppose, will continue this adjustment of all things created both great and small until the end of Time and with the same resistless economic hand.

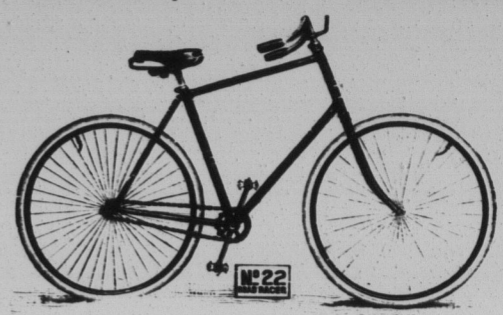
In making a scientific forecast of the coming man we have only to keep this axiom before us—What is not needed disappears. Let us then briefly consider the influences at work upon our species. First of all, civilization means the predominance of mental over physical powers. What was once done by bodily toil is now done by wit, mechanism and mutual agreement.

The man of civilization neither hunts for his dinner nor his wife. Everything is changed. Carriages and horses, trains, trams, and omnibuses must have their effect, and it is noticeable in dwindling legs and feet.

Clearly then our descendants will have larger brains at the expense of the body. Physical activity will become a drag. But the brain by itself would be useless, the existence of the human hand, at once its teacher and interpreter, is quite essential.

The man of the year 1,000,000 A. D. will be all brain, eyes and hands. The decay of teeth and hair, the reduction of jaws, mouth, nose and ears is inevitable. Picture to yourself, then, a vast head, oblong and egg-shaped, supported on two huge sensitive hands with diminished body and tiny feet depending almost useless if not the rear. The whole muscular system will be shrivelled into mere nothingness, a dangling degraded pendant to the mind!

QUADRANT Road Racer, - 1894 Model.

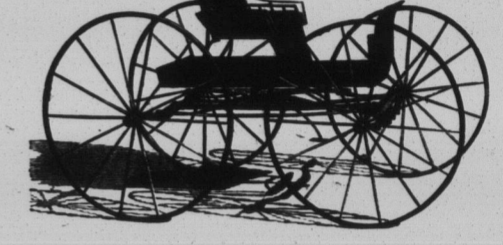


Weight 28 to 30 lbs. - - Price \$125.00 Pretty Nice Wheel, Isn't it?

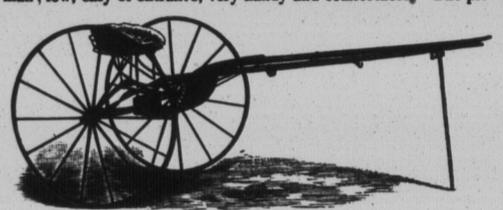
F. H. TIPPET, General Agent, 81 Prince Wm. St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

WAGONS and CARTS

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



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



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

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, FREDERICTON, N. B.

BONNELL'S GROCERY.

We have 150 Bbls. Potatoes, ass't kinds, viz: Snow Flakes, Kidneys, Coppers, &c. Also Turnips, Carrots, Parsnips and Beets, for sale low at

A Large Order

5,000 FULL SHEET POSTERS

In one run is the largest order of its kind ever turned out of a printing office in St. John, and to be printed in two colors adds more glory to the job. This is what PROGRESS Job Printing Department has just completed for a large Medicine concern in St. John. We feel that in this job we have as good an advertisement from our little imprint in the corner, as from any work we have ever done.

June Weddings

THIS IS ONE OF THE TWELVE MONTHS

in the year that PROGRESS looks ahead to with great interest. It being the month of Weddings, Society Printing takes a boom.

Write to us and get our prices and samples, or, if you have an idea of your own, send it along and we will try and please you.

PICNICS AND EXCURSIONS

All Kinds of Printing for pleasure parties furnished at as reasonable rates as can be found anywhere. Posters, Dodgers and Tickets for Sunday School Picnics and Society Outings.

"PROGRESS" PRINT.



MILLINERY.

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

Any Time is the right time for everybody to drink Hires' Root Beer. A temperance drink. A home-made drink. A health-giving drink. A thirst-quenching drink. A drink that is popular everywhere. Delicious, Sparkling, Effervescent.

NOTHING SO NICE AS HAMILTON'S SUPREME DELICIOUS Chocolates. ASK FOR THEM.

HOTEL "CEDARS." Opens June 1st, 1894. THIS HOTEL is situated on the banks of the St. John River—18 miles from the city—where everything for the summer boarder can be had. Boarding, bathing, driving, shady walks. Cuisine unexcelled. Terms on application. W. M. S. CANON, Log Resch, N. B.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 19.

WHERE MILLIONS GAMBLE.

A good many readers of PROGRESS know something about the Louisiana Lottery.

Letters from two correspondents, in this issue of PROGRESS, treat of the case of BRUCE McDUGALL, from different points of view.

Home Secretary ANQUITH seems to have married a lively maid when he became the husband of Miss TENNANT.

PROGRESS is in receipt of an illustrated pamphlet entitled "Beautiful Nova Scotia," which is being distributed by the Yarmouth Steamship Company.

The closing exercises of the St. John Conservatory of Music will be held in Mechanic's Institute, Wednesday evening, May 30th.

The Delinestor for June has been received at the American Department store, 19 Charlotte street, and is as usual full of live information for the fair sex.

Some of the parishioners of a Portland (Me.) Methodist clergyman have formulated charges against him.

The fleece which was brought home by the Anglo-Saxon in summer was spun into clothing by the female part of the family during the winter.

Several unusually large fires in New York and Boston this week bring to mind the unexplained fact that casualties and crime seem to go in lots, as it were.

Considering the amount of scare there was over the first case of small-pox at Sussex, the authorities seem to have been free and easy enough in taking for granted

existence was begun. The federal government refused to allow it the use of the mails, and the legislature, despite a proffered bribe of \$1,250,000, declined to renew the charter.

The Royal Society of Canada may not be very much of an affair, but those who are most conspicuous in sneering at it are said to be men who have been anxious to get into it and are mad at being left out.

It is not always the burg but the equal. This time the merchants and consumers are alike making a noise over the vicariously protective duty on pork.

Nature may be said to be performing an acrobatic feat this year, in the way of a backward spring.

PROGRESS Job office has just completed for Mr. LeB Robertson manager of "The Robertson Photo Supply Co."

Base Ball on the Twenty-Fourth. With a view to revive the interest in base-ball, Mr. Frank White and others have arranged for a match here on the twenty-fourth with a team from the state college at Orono, Me.

The United States government does not always seem inclined to deal lightly with bondsmen.

A Public Recital. The closing exercises of the St. John Conservatory of Music will be held in Mechanic's Institute, Wednesday evening, May 30th.

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FEELERS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Capote Ajar. Tonight while I was reading, And my aching eyes were pleading,

Dear loved faces were so smiling, Glances, that while death's well sending,

Now the moon is brightly shining, From my brain dense clouds are bidding,

Ab! may I, when calmly sleeping, When death's chill, is o'er me creeping;

Oh, white breath reaching through boundless space, And world dust wafting down,

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INSTRUCTION IN TECHNOLOGY.

How It Will Be Easy to Establish a School in the City of St. John.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—I learn that through Mr. J. Douglas Hixson M. P., an application has been made to the Minister of Marine for the use of the Marine Hospital and grounds for the purpose of establishing a school of Technology in St. John.

The industrial facilities in the maritime provinces have never been properly utilized, and are open for great development.

If we are to have iron ship building in these provinces—and it is not why not?—we must utilize the better skill than that of Mr. David Lynch, he is better skilled than any other mechanical draftsman in the province.

In the chemical line, we have a young man in Mr. Alfred McIntyre, undoubtedly one of the leading authorities in Canada, and with his local and foreign experience, he would be a great acquisition to the staff of our college.

There are a large number of other mechanics as well as professional men who could quite readily be utilized in this connection.

We have in the city of St. John, the very best advantages both as to access to raw material of all kinds, cheap living, facilities of transport both by land and sea, in addition to the finest climate on the continent, and all the necessary elements to make an industrial centre.

A great many industries have been started in this city which have failed largely through the fact of their being undertaken by people who did not understand the business which they were working upon.

Our capitalists have been frightened by the repeated failures in their attempt to help such enterprises, and they cannot well be censured to be unwilling to put their capital in any other of such unprofitable ventures.

If our people can be thoroughly trained in the different mechanical branches, so that establishments might be controlled by our own people, worked by our own operatives, and generally made solid local institutions, all these difficulties will be overcome.

As it is now our own draw back to our city as an industrial centre, is the fact that there are so small a number of skilled operatives available.

As soon as a man begins to develop any great skill, there are so little inducements held out to him, that he almost invariably goes to other places.

In addition to this fact, if a young man has any tendency for mechanical pursuits, the facilities offered for apprentices in our local establishments are so limited, that it is almost a necessity to send our young men away to learn their trades.

As a general thing they do not return after having perfected their training.

If this school of technology can be organized and carried out, it will undoubtedly be the means of overcoming many of these difficulties and be the first step to establish in St. John a real work in industrial works that will in a few years attract to ourselves.

I trust that this matter, maybe agitated by the press, and that it may be carried to a successful issue.

A Word for Our Boys. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—If you will allow me to make a suggestion, I think that I can give you a topic that will be interesting not only to our boys, but to their parents, and sisters, cousins and uncles, to say nothing of their schoolmates.

The great question at the present time is to know what to do in order to keep our boys at home; nearly all of the learned professions being over-run as an illustration, a paragraph in one of the local papers stated that somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty lawyers were interested in a single case of litigation now going on in this city, will give some idea of the small scope that any of our boys would have in that profession.

Very many of the boys are brought up with the idea that they cannot undertake any work which will necessitate their selling their hands without selling their social reputation.

Having resided in a country where at one time all that was necessary to drive a man from one industry to state that he was either a mechanic or engaged in trade, I have recently found that this feeling is very rapidly dying out, and the people are beginning to realize that there is just as much scope for ability in the mechanical world as there is in the professions.

We find now in England (the country referred to) that a large number of the younger sons of the nobility are not only coming out as farmers, but are being appreciated among all the mechanical establishments in Great Britain.

If our boys can be once thoroughly imbued with the idea that it is not a disgrace to a man, but very much to his honor, to turn his attention to any branch of mechanical work, and that the business does not make the man, but the man the business, we will then make the first step towards turning the energies of our young men in the right direction.

I would like to see this matter dealt with by some pen more able to handle the subject than I am, and I trust that this may simply be the means of starting a discussion on the subject.

THE STORY OF HIS REFORM.

(From the Daily Record.)

How He Escaped The Morphine Fiend.

WITHOUT A BIT OF PAIN.

Dr. E. A. Preston Writes a Frank and Interesting Letter Regarding his Experience of the German Remedy for Morphine—He is a Changed and Thankful Man.

In a quiet but effective way the Bellingerman Remedy Co. at 78 Sydney street of this city is doing very successful work, the Record has spoken of this before, of facts that were within the personal knowledge of the writer since he knew the patients under treatment, but nothing that has appeared in these columns concerning this marvellous remedy for the liquor and morphine habits approaches in interest the letter of Dr. Preston which he sent to Dr. Adams, the physician in charge of the sanitarium. It is an "open letter" and as such can be published. There are few men and women who have not some friends whom they would wish to see cured. To these especially this brief story will be of peculiar interest.

An Open Letter. 247 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B., May 7 1894.

DEAR DOCTOR ADAMS:—A little over two months ago, I placed myself under your care for the cure of the Morphine Habit. For about fourteen years I had been addicted to the use of this most terrible drug, and during that time I had made several attempts to free myself, one of which at least, I think I may truthfully say, was most heroic. Each effort towards freedom resulted in the most unmistakable failure, and I had arrived at the despairing conclusion that I would have to continue using morphine to the end, and that end was ever before my mind's eye as likely to come at any moment.

I must confess that while I never for a moment doubted that the promises you made were given in good faith on your part, I began the treatment doubtfully, and with very little hope as the satisfactory result you so confidently assumed me of. To be cured of this habit, to which I was so completely a slave, even with considerable suffering, would have been hailed as a priceless boon, but it was very difficult for me to believe that you could cure me as you claimed—without pain or suffering.

Let me say that every promise you made me was fulfilled to the letter, although during my treatment I was forced to attend to quite an arduous medical practice, I never for one moment suffered pain of any kind. As an old morphine habitue I say without fear of contradiction that in the Bellingerman treatment an absolute, painless and perfect cure has been discovered. As a physician I do not hesitate to endorse the said treatment as the only one known by which freedom from the drug can be obtained, without the most distressing suffering and physical weakness. As a grateful man, once more restored to himself and with the possibilities of a happy future in view, I pray you this open letter hoping and writing that it may be the means of inducing some other unfortunate to place themselves under your kind and patient care, knowing as I do that in any case you undertake the same release is certain.

From the day and hour I took your first dose of medicine I have not had or desired the least particle of Morphine, and although during treatment, the drug was constantly in my possession, I have never had the slightest temptation to use it. The dreaded insomnia, the unbearable uneasiness and unrest, always experienced—even during moderate reduction, I have not suffered from, at all, but instead have had refreshing sleep, which has indeed proved itself "nature's sweet restorer," and today I stand a living example and proof of the efficacy of the Bellingerman treatment.

I wish to say, also, from close and continuous observation of other patients undergoing treatment for the disease of alcoholism, I am prepared to state that the cure of the Whiskey Habit is just as sure and certain.

If at any time by the use of my name or by referring any of your prospective patients to me, you may persuade them to place themselves under your care for treatment, I shall esteem it as a favor to have you do so. I repeat that in every case you undertake the issue must be the same as in my own case, viz., a perfect cure.

With many thanks for your kindness and sympathy, allow me to subscribe myself, Yours most gratefully, EDWARD A. PRESTON, M. D.

"Progress" is on sale in Boston at the King's Chapel news stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

ST. MARTINS.

May 15.—Mrs. John Baird of Moncton, spent last week here, the guest of Mrs. George S. Parker.

Mrs. R. D. McA. Murray has returned home after making a pleasant visit in St. John.

Mrs. S. K. Daly left for her home in St. John on Saturday. While here she was the guest of Mrs. J. Carson.

Mr. Fred McLeod spent Sunday here with Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Skillen.

Mr. Robert Bowyer is confined to the house through illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott left this morning for their home in Yarmouth, N. S.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Skillen spent part of last week in St. John the guests of their daughter Mrs. D. Brown.

Mr. Ward Morrison left last week for Boston on a visit to his brother.

Miss Maude Weir spent Sunday here.

Many of the large sheep farms of Australia are divided by stone and wire fences, and the iron wires have now been utilized as telephone lines, enabling the stockmen to communicate with headquarters and relieve the loneliness of their lives.

Social and Personal.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.,

65 TO 69 KING STREET.

EXTRA SPECIAL, BLACK SILK VELVET

now named as the leading and most durable material for ladies' capes, the combination being full police pattern Black Velvet Cape with rich black silk moire collar and ruffle. For this style of garment or any other purpose we shall sell at a price never named before in this city.

RICH BLACK VELVET,

full 24 inches wide, \$2.50 per yard, never sold under \$1.50; only a limited quantity to be sold for Dress, Jacket or Caps. You will not perhaps for years see such elegant wide Black Silk Velvet at so low a price as \$2.50 per yard. Take elevator to second floor and see it; also all the new shades in Trimming Velvets only \$1.25 per yard.

MACAULAY BROS. & Co.

PERFUMES.

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

WARNING. WARNING.

To my customers I will warn them having anything to do with agents using my name as a means for disposing of those Club Tickets that are being sold in the city, a number of which have been brought to me, the persons buying them thinking that they emanated from my Studio. I do not issue any such Tickets, they come from a Studio whose proprietor's name resembles mine.

Special Cabinets \$3.00 Per Dozen. For this Month Only \$3.00 Per Dozen. J. H. CONNOLLEY, 75 CHARLOTTE ST.

THE PEOPLE'S PATRONAGE

That's What We Aim At AND WE GET IT BECAUSE OUR AIM IS GOOD.

Lots of Merchants Say We Aim to Please. FOR OURSELVES WE CAN SAY We Actually Do Please Thousands!

WILL PLEASE YOU IF YOU GIVE US THE CHANCE. We will sell you a complete and beautiful Dining Room Set, consisting of Sideboard Extension Table and six chairs for \$23.50.

A. L. RAWLINS & O'N, 54 King St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

High Class Dress Novelties.

A few days ago we secured a lot of Silk Wool Dress Stuffs at a great bargain and are offering them at their very low price of 95c yd—worth in a regular way \$1.75. Very handsome mixtures such as: Navy and Gold, Fawn and Light Blue, Brown and Fawn, Green and Pink, Black and Heliotrope, &c. &c. There are about two dresses of each in stock today. Samples mailed, but we advise the immediate sending of any order for these goods to ensure delivery.

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

Many Novelties added to the Millinery Department this week.

THE CELEBRATED

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

SILK GUM

Mending Tissue, Only 10 cents a Package. LIGHTNING MENDER.

Mends Kid Gloves equal to new. Mends Dresses, Clothing of any kind. Curtains, Umbrellas, Parasols, Lace. The Finest Silk or heaviest Woolen Goods, and will save many dollars worth of clothes.

American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte St., - - - - St. John.

Cash. Cash.

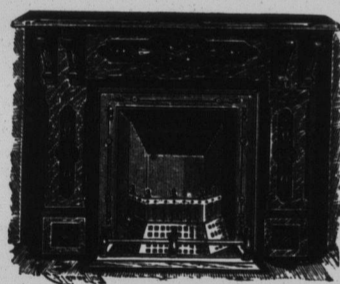
TEA, COFFEE,

SPICES.

Cash. Cash.

HARDRESS CLARKE, CASH GROCERY, 73 and 75 Sydney Street, (near Princess)

SLATE AND WOODEN MANTELS.



We are prepared to furnish SLATE AND WOODEN Mantels of any design. Persons wishing to purchase would do well to call at our store, 38 KING ST., before purchasing elsewhere.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER.

JOSEPH I. NOBLE, Jr., MANUFACTURER OF FINE CUSTOM SHOES, 78 GERMAIN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.



New Summer Dress Materials.

We have opened during the last few days and are now showing

A LARGE AND HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF: New Dress Materials

For Summer Wear, in all

THE NEWEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE GOODS.

And Exceptionally low in Price.

Samples Mailed to any Address.

S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Mrs. George McAulay returned last week from a trip south.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. Macaulay will sympathize with them in the loss of their child aged 15 months.

Miss Maud Bishop, of Bathurst, is the guest of Mrs. G. W. Pagley at Roxbury.

The death of Mr. Charles M. Coker, which occurred last week was heard with much regret by his many friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Tippet and family, left last week for Montreal where they will, in future reside.

Mrs. Charles F. Harrison spent this week at New York, where she went to meet her father Mr. James I. Fellows who arrived there from England about two weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Caesar Hawkins and child, of Hong Kong, spent a few days in the city this week, on route for England.

Miss Gessie Wright, daughter of Mr. John Wright, of Goodrich street, is home on a vacation.

Mrs. George MacLean, who has been spending the winter in the south has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Bustin, of Cedar street, are receiving congratulations, the occasion being the advent of a little stranger.

Mrs. Borden and her little daughter, of Sackville, spent part of last week with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wisely, and on Saturday went to Fredericton to visit for a few weeks.

Mr. Robert Sillip has returned home from a pleasant visit to New York.

Miss Beatrice Seely of Mount Pleasant, has been spending the last four or five weeks among friends in Hampton, and returned home on Saturday.

Mr. Blake and Mr. Young of St. Stephen, were among the visitors to North End this week.

Mrs. Andrew Skillen, of St. Martin's, was in town a few days last week.

Friends were glad to see Mr. Ned Rowan, now of Everett, Mass., formerly of north end in the city this week.

A young son has come to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Edwards, Nydia joins in congratulations.

Mrs. Purdy and Miss Dorothy Purdy expect to go to Greenock this week.

Umbrella and Parasol repairing and re-covering. Duval, 19 Waterloo St.

PROGNOSIS for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore at the Central Bookstore and by J. E. McCoy.

May 16—Sunday the first Baptist church celebrated the 6th anniversary of their organization.

Mr. George H. Warner, who has been in the West Indies for a short time, has returned to the city.

Miss Maud Bishop, of Bathurst, is the guest of Mrs. G. R. Pagley, Roxbury.

Captain Perry Donville, of Hamilton, Ontario, is the guest of his cousin, Colonel James Donville.

Miss Gertrude Schofield in company with her brother Mr. Charles Schofield, will leave in September on a trip to England.

When to athletics I incline My wayward heart my torn would crave, But artists are so rare to find, The thought it makes me feel quite grave, I've been photographing in many ways, In Boston, London and Paris Salons, But never in these high-toned days So perfect as by Cline & Son, 54 Princess St., Telephone 642.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

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

HALIFAX NOTES.

Processions for sale in Halifax at the following places:
Lester's Book Store, 24 George street
Morgan & Co., Barrington street
Carpenter Street, 111 Hollis street
Lester & Hylton, Morris street
Carpenter's Book Store, George street
Boulton's Dairy Store, Spring Garden Road
Powers' Dairy Store, Opp. I. C. R. Depot
G. J. Clark, 107 Gottingen street
Several others were set out in honor of General Montgomery Moore, who has made himself most popular by his visits to the public schools.

H. M. S. Partridge has arrived from Bermuda, and will be shortly followed by the Canada, which leaves on the twenty-third of May, bringing Sir John Hopkins horses and gear.

Mr. Graham Fraser and Mr. G. Forrest MacKay of New Glasgow, left by the Alpha on Tuesday for Bermuda.

Captain and Mrs. Spain are staying at the Queen hotel. Captain Spain leaves shortly on the Acadia for the usual spring cruise.

The funeral of Miss Laura Black, whose death took place so sadly and suddenly in Weymouth, was held here on Monday afternoon. Funeral services were held at the house of her nearest relative and also at the grave, by Rev. Mr. Rogers, Rev. G. J. Bond and Rev. Mr. Smith. The funeral was very largely attended and very beautiful flowers had been sent by friends. The grave was lined thickly with fresh moss and mayflowers. Much sympathy is felt for the brother and sisters of Miss Black and for her immediate friends.

Arbor day has grown to be quite an important date in Halifax school life, and this year it was observed with even greater interest by the children than usual. Several trees were set out in honor of General Montgomery Moore, who has made himself most popular by his visits to the public schools.

Master Turnbull's concert on Wednesday evening is largely assisted by local talent. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Bernhard Walters, Mr. George Burgoyne, Mr. Chute and the Halifax Male Quartette contributing vocally, while Mr. Hutchins, organist of St. Paul's will assist Mr. C. A. Harris in accompanying. The concert is under the patronage of the Lieutenant Governor.

At the Academy of Music this week, we have True Irish Hearts and the Cruiskeen Lawn; Irish dramas always draw fairly in Halifax, and Mr. Rowland's company is a good one.

The wedding of Miss Mary McGregor, daughter of the late Rev. P. G. McGregor, of Halifax, and Mr. Robert Davidson, of Bridgewater, took place on Tuesday at the house of the bride's sisters in Tobin street. The guests were only the immediate family. Professor and Mrs. Gordon McGregor, Dr. and Mrs. Read, Mr. and Mrs. Dunean etc. Miss McGregor will be much missed here in the W. C. T. U., of which she was a very active member, filling for some time the office of secretary. A farewell reception was given to Miss McGregor last week, by the ladies of the Union, at the Granton street rooms, which were decorated to the occasion. Good wishes in quantity follow Miss McGregor to her new home.

The wedding of Rev. Laurence Skey and Miss Kellogg is fixed for Thursday morning at St. Paul's church, too late in the week for an account in Progress.

The bride's dress is to be very pretty, and she will be accompanied by no less than six bridesmaids, of whom two are tiny children, the others being grown up young ladies. The ceremony is to be performed by the Rev. Dyon Hague, and after it a small reception will be held at the house of Mrs. Kellogg.

I hear from England that the Queen will not permit Prince Victor Duleep Singh to assume his father's title of Maharajah. The Queen, Princess Victoria's godmother, and might be expected to look kindly upon him, but nevertheless obliges him to be contented with being plain prince. He is a capital swordsman, a keen and active sportsman, and he is, in addition, a very good linguist. It is not surprising that he is so well liked by the English people, who know him well to believe the newspaper report which says that he is an excellent boxer.

Lady Aberdeen, I hear, discourages the "barn dances" on the ground that they are too noisy, and that it is not suited to a crowded ball room. It is very popular in Halifax and indulged in by every one, including many ladies who have left their youth far behind them. It is an undoubted fact that whenever the "barn-dance" is started at a ball, the matrons and maids who ever dance anything, as we call it always, with either ease or grace. Prince George was particularly fond of the military, but all the same it is to be discouraged this summer.

Sir James Howe is making a short visit to Halifax.

Captain Godard, R. N., and Mrs. Godard have arrived from Bermuda.

There is a new engagement in Halifax society, not yet announced publicly, but I regret to hear that it means one more of our beautiful Halifax girls leaving their birth place, for a home far away from the Atlantic ocean.

There will be an ordination held at St. Paul's church on Sunday evening next, when the Rev. N. Lewis Perry, curate of St. Paul's, will be ordained a priest by the Bishop of Nova Scotia. MORNING GRANVILLE.

WINDSOR, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowles Bookstore and by F. W. Dakin.]

May 15.—Quite a large ball, informal dance, given by Mrs. Gossop on Friday evening of last week, was much enjoyed by those who were present. Parties have been so very rare in Windsor lately that this one was hailed with delight by the young people. Those who were invited as far as I can learn were Mrs. William Curry, Mrs. Curver, Mrs. Lawson, Miss Sadie King, Miss Lawson, Miss Morris, Miss Ouley, Miss Piers, Miss Kate Smith, Miss Burgoys, the Misses Wilson, Miss Kate McCallum, Miss Keith, Messrs. Sangster, Paul Dimock, P. Ouseley, I. Forsyth, C. Rossier, E. Reid, G. McCallum, Lithgow and Gossop.

Mrs. Jamieson, who has been visiting friends in Lockport and Annapolis for some weeks, returned to Windsor last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Shatford, of Halifax, have been in town for a day or two.

Miss Stamer, who has been spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Shatford, at Hubbard's Cove, is home again.

Mr. Lawson, of the Commercial bank, and Mr. John Keith, have been in town for the purpose of establishing a branch of the bank in that town. I believe offices have been secured on Inglis street and that Mr. Armstrong, now of Middleton, is to be in charge of the agency. His many friends in Windsor congratulate him on his promotion.

Mr. and Mrs. Soloman have the sympathy of the community in the death of their only daughter, Mrs. Reira, which occurred on May 8th at St. John's, N.B. The circumstances are particularly sad, as Mrs. Reira left here a bride only a few months ago. The remains are being brought home for interment.

Mr. David Soloman, principal of Pictou academy, has been home for a few days.

Mr. F. Curry's friends are glad to hear that he is recovering after a very serious illness of several weeks.

The Walker concert took place on the 10th, and was attended by a fair audience, which was made up in a large measure of the pupils of the church school for girls and the collegiate academy. Those who were present missed none of the best vocal playing ever heard in Windsor. Mr. Walker's sweet singing was much enjoyed, and Miss Harvey's friends only wished for her that she had had a better piano upon which to exercise her skill, which is

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AMHERST. [Progress is for sale at Amherst by Charles Hillcoat and at the music store of H. A. Hillcoat.] MAY 16.—The concert given on Friday evening in the Methodist church was well attended and the singing upon the whole was well rendered. Mrs. C. W. Harrison of Sackville was the leading attraction and her selections were of a high order. She wore a very handsome evening toilette of pink satin trimmed with pale green and diamond necklace, and her fascinating manner and sweet voice were quite irresistible to the audience who applauded rapturously and received one of the prettiest numbers of the evening in reply, which was quite an innovation in a church but wholly excusable. The members of the Methodist choir sustained their reputation in the quartettes and anthems. Prof. Max Sterne added an organ solo and was Mrs. Harrison's accompanist. Those who were prevailed by the disagreeable weather from attending Miss Lach's concert on Monday evening lost a great musical treat and those present were favored with the opportunity of hearing a most pleasing singer with a voice far beyond the ordinary in compass and culture and of the most pleasing quality; at times reminding one of Canada's famous singer, Madame Albani and it is sincerely hoped that she will overlook the small audience and give us another evening when there is no so much going on in that way. Miss Goodwin, Miss Harper, Miss Crompton and Miss Fawcett, were well received in their various pieces, all of which were most creditable to the performers, setting aside the quality of the piano, which in no way could be pleasing or satisfactory to artists. Mr. Raymond Archibald, the violinist, pleased the audience in the most and if he is not ranked among our best in the near future, possesses the peculiar magnetism that a good violinist requires. Much regret was expressed at the non-appearance of Mrs. Landers, the excellent soloist, who was unable to attend on account of illness. Miss Mattie Campbell left on Monday evening for Chicago, followed by the best wishes of a large circle of friends aimed premature showers of rice, indicative of the future happiness awaiting her in the Metropolis. Miss Campbell will be joined in the journey by her brother, Mr. G. H. Campbell, of Winnipeg, who will go with her to Chicago, where she will wed Rev. L. J. Ingraham. The ceremony will take place on Thursday morning, at the residence of her brother, Mr. W. A. Campbell. From

SYDNEY, C. B. [Progress is for sale in Sydney by John McKenzie and G. J. McKinnon.] MAY 15.—Rev. R. D. Bambrick of Sydney mines, spent last Tuesday at the rectory. Mr. J. Hudson left for Pictou on Friday. Rev. S. J. Draper was in town on Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Donkin and Mr. Frank Donkin spent a few days last week in Cow Bay. Miss Eadie returned from North Sydney yesterday. Miss Lena Johnstone is staying with her brother at Victoria mines. St. George's church was nicely decorated on Whitenside. The towers on the steeple which were damaged were given by Mrs. S. C. Hill. The font was covered with moss and mayflowers. CANNARY QUAY.

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thence the happy couple go to Bloomington, Wis., where Mr. Ingraham is to be pastor of a English church. Many very costly and pretty gifts were bestowed upon Miss Campbell, prior to her departure, and it will be a lasting regret that we cannot see her in our array, but feel assured that she will look pretty. Mrs. and Mrs. C. I. White of Sand River, were in town on Tuesday. Mrs. C. W. Harrison, of Sackville, was the guest of Mrs. A. W. Victoria street, on Friday. Mr. D. W. Robb returned last Tuesday evening from a business trip to Ontario. Miss Beattie Harding arrived home last Friday evening from her long visit to her aunt in Chatham. She was accompanied by her cousin, Miss May Ross, who will remain for the summer, much to the delight of her many friends made during previous visits. Mrs. Sterne and Mrs. Hibbard, of River Hibbard, are visitors in town. Mrs. C. S. Cameron arrived last Wednesday from Amherst, and will, in the future make her home in Amherst. Mrs. H. G. 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PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1894.

DESERVE GOOD WORDS.

STEPMOTHERS AS A CLASS HAVE BEEN UNFAIRLY USED.

Traditions as to Their Wickedness Are Not in Accordance with the Facts in Most Instances—Where Stepmothers Have Hard Trials to Endure Sometimes.

If there is one person in this world that I sympathize with above all other oppressed and down-trodden creatures, it is a stepmother; and the fact that the misguided woman has brought her troubles upon herself, so far from weighing in the balance against her, and giving the Job's comforters of her acquaintance a chance to say, "It is her own fault, and she deserves to suffer for her folly," should rather entitle her to the Victoria Cross with its grandly simple legend "For Valor."

The soldier who dashes alone up the slope commanded by a hostile battery, and rescues a wounded comrade in the very face of the enemy's guns is a brave man, and has won his "three pennorth of bronze" fairly; but then he does it in the heat of battle, when his blood is at fever heat, when the sense of danger is lost, and even the instinct of self-preservation lies dormant in the mad lust of battle which dominates every other feeling in the heart of the true soldier while he is in action.

But the woman who is her own mistress and in her right mind, and yet deliberately marries a widower, with a large family of small olive branches, and faces the ample task of bringing up another woman's children; or worse still, walks into the lion's den of a grown up family, some of them nearly as old as herself, displays the courage of the martyrs of old who walked singing up to the stake! Both approach their fate in cold blood, with only this difference—that the martyr had some slight idea of what he had to endure, while she has none. But then his sufferings were comparatively soon over, while her's often end only with her life.

Of course I know very well I am preaching the very rankest kind of heresy towards some of the most cherished traditions of the world as ever huffed to its foolish old breast, and trying to shatter an idol as dear to humanity at large, as a belief in the elixir of life, was to the alchemists of the middle ages, or the existence of Captain Kidd's treasure seekers of the nineteenth century.

From almost the earliest times of which we have any record, the wicked stepmother has been almost as important a feature in song and fiction, as Fenimore Cooper's lonely horseman, or the villain in a melodrama. In medieval times she starved and beat her luckless children, when she did not murder them outright, but as a rule—especially in poetry—she took the shorter method, and simply strangled them first, and then threw them either down a well, or into one of the vaults with which every medieval castle of any standing was provided.

In more modern days the wicked stepmother contented herself with oppressing the gentle beings confided to her tender mercies, by every means in her power. She turned their father's heart against them, managed to fasten suspicion of some kind upon the noble boy who had borne everything patiently for the sake of his lovely fragile sister, and finally succeeded in driving him forth from his father's house, and his own rightful heritage. She next managed to part the gentle girl from her lover, and give the grievous which last act of cruelty caused her, every chance to foster a natural tendency to consumption, and so remove the last obstacle in the way of her own son's succession to the family acres. In the present day, the popular ideal of a stepmother is a bold strong-minded woman who bullies the unfortunate youngsters under her care out of all reason, feeds them on bread and molasses while her own children get jam and cake, cuts down her own worn out dresses for them and is only generous of spankings to them.

And yet, in spite of all this accumulated mass of evidence, it is a source of perpetual wonder to me that a widower ever succeeds in finding any woman possessed of sufficient strength of mind, heart and character, to assume the thankless position of being a second mother; because the stepmother et reality is generally such a vastly different person from her prototype in fiction.

She is often a young girl full of romance, and generous impulses, and very much in love with the man who is so much older than herself, and yet who has selected her in spite of her youth and inexperience to take the place of the wife he has lost. I don't know why she should be, I am sure but still it is very often the case. The poor young thing is full of love and pity for the motherless children of the man she loves and brimming over with enthusiasm and unselfish plans for their happiness. She probably takes them at their father's valuation, and being young and inexperienced she is prepared to find a family of the sweetest cherubs that ever graced a household, all yearning for a mother's love, and prepared to meet her with open arms

and bestow upon her all the accumulated store of affection which has been pent up in their hearts since their own dear mother's death, and is only waiting for an object to expend itself upon.

And what does she often find to be the real state of affairs? She discovers too late that she has entered a household every member of which except the head, is an enemy, and who have all banded themselves together bound by a common bond, the determination to make her life as unpleasant as possible. Four or five sturdy children ranging in age from the precocious girl ten or eleven who has been primed with every wild tale of a stepmother's cruelty that can be imagined, ever since the fact of her father's engagement became known and who has been pitied and mourned over, and sympathized with over the bitter fate in store for her, by every nurse, governess, and misguided friend of the family who had nothing better to occupy their time, till her heart is harder than the nether millstone against the unfortunate step-mother—down to the delicate boy of three or four years old who has never known a mother's guiding hand, and who is so utterly spoiled now, that even his own mother could scarcely have patience with him.

Into this hostile camp the luckless bride is ushered and it is needless to say that it does not take long for her enthusiasm to abate, and her loving plans to evaporate into thin air. Perhaps there is no being in this world so hard to get on with, or to manage as a child; indeed I often wonder how their own mothers can put up with them and many honest mothers have confessed to me that nothing on earth but the divine mother love enabled them to have the patience necessary in bringing up children. And yet the stepmother is blamed if she falls short in the most trifling degree, or fails one iota in love or duty towards the children who are not only not her own, but who only give her dislike and suspicion in return for all her care.

She tries bravely to win their love, and if she fails, at least to do her duty, and keep the real state of affairs from her husband, partly lest it should worry him, and partly from a nervous dread lest he should think it her fault.

By and by children of her own are born to her, and though they do much to heal the heartache, they make her task harder in one way, because then she knows what the real love between mother and child is; and the constant struggle to avoid making any difference between the child who loves her and is her own, and the one who hates her and has none of her blood in its veins, becomes almost too great for human nature to endure. And yet there seems to be no sympathy for her anywhere, and all her troubles must be crushed down, and borne alone, so that she may show a smiling face to the world, which too often condemns her unheard.

But thank Heaven there are some exceptions to this dismal picture, and I have known two or three instances where the stepmother was valued as she deserved, and loved in only a lesser degree than the real mother could have been.

Several men, and two or three women whom I have known, have told me that their own mother could not have been dearer to them than the woman who had taken her place. One friend of my own, a lady past middle life, lost her mother whom she adored, and in speaking to me of her friend, said, "I have lost my best friend, and I scarcely know how to take up my life again and go on without her. I never knew any other mother, and I am sure my own could not have been more to me." I never knew till then that the mother she loved so dearly was only a stepmother.

I do not doubt for a moment that there are some bad stepmothers; in the nature of things there must be a few—but I believe, judging from my own experience, that the good ones predominate largely, and that their path is by no means strewn with roses, owing to the foolish custom so many people indulge in, of trying to prejudice their stepchildren against them; and also to the determined hostilities of the children themselves.

ASTRA.

Told of Lord Beaconsfield. Freedom of speech has its penalties. Lord Beaconsfield was living at Hughenden Manor. He was one day walking on the terrace, in a easy coat and old slouch hat, when two women of strong Gladstonian opinions entered the gate. Supposing him to be a keeper or gardener, they inquired if he would show them over the place, which he at once undertook to do. While they were walking about they overheard him with questions as to the habits of the master of the manor, and one of them finally said: "Do you think you could manage to get us a sight of the old beast himself?" "Madam," was the polite rejoinder, "the old beast has the honor to wait upon you now."

As Near as She Remembered.

The woman who married her dead husband's brother had a neat way of putting things. The portrait of her first husband hung in the parlor, and when asked whose portrait it was, she would reply:—"Lord's sake! that 'ere is a likeness of my poor dead 'brother-in-law,' and as near as I can recollect, it is a pretty tolerable pictur of him."

NOT ALL METHODISTS.

TURNING OF THE TABLES AS TO THE OFFICES IN HALIFAX.

Denominationalism in the Matter of the City Offices—Catholics Are to the Front and in a Number of Instances Are in the Line of Promotion in the Future.

HALIFAX, May 17.—Some time ago a leading Boston paper contained an article congratulating Irishmen and Roman Catholics on the fact that two of the most exalted positions in Nova Scotia at the present time are held by descendants of sons of Erin, and that the senior member for this county in the Dominion commons, as well as the junior member in the Senate, are proud of their Irish Catholic lineage. Governor Daly, Mayor Keefe, Thomas E. Kenny, M. P., and Senator Power, next to being Canadians, boast of their love for Ireland. These men with all their possible faults, are a credit to the old and the new country both.

But the fact that those prominent positions were held by Catholics did not altogether make up for what some people here considered an undue representation in the civic employ, in the offices of the various departments at the city hall. Mysterious paragraphs appeared from time to time in the papers rather complaining that there were too many "Methodists" in receipt of salaries from the city, and that that denomination had too large a share of the fat offices. Possibly some such disproportionate state of affairs existed two years ago but there is a decided change now, or there soon will be.

The Catholics did not set out to capture the heads of departments all at once, and that they are in a fair way to partial success in that direction now may be pure accident, but it looks as if before long it might be the Methodists and other Protestants who will be complaining that to a certain extent they are out in the cold. Lately, whenever a junior clerkship was to be filled, generally a Catholic has been selected for the place. It will thus only be a question of time when, in the course of promotion, those juniors will be the heads.

This conclusion has been suggested by the appointment last week of James J. Hopewell, as assistant clerk of works. The late clerk, W. B. McNutt, was a pillar in the Methodist church. Since his death, Mr. Reilly, a Catholic, is promoted and another Catholic made assistant clerk. Whatever may be said of Mr. Reilly's qualifications for his position, Mr. Hopewell at least will make an admirable officer, and the chances are that ere long he will be clerk of works. After all, citizens should not look at a man's creed in discussing his qualification for an office, and that is not the intention of this letter, but there are people who do, and sometimes it makes an interesting pastime for them. Mr. Hopewell is the right man in the right place. He was long in the office of the North Atlantic steamship company, and recently, when that concern was bought out by the Plant line, he found himself out of a situation. That is how he came to be a candidate.

Another instance of such a denominational change is furnished in the city clerk's office. Mr. Rhind, a staunch Episcopalian, was superannuated more than a year ago on account of ill-health, and Henry Trenaman, the old assistant, and also a Protestant, was made his successor. L. F. Monaghan, an influential young Catholic, was appointed assistant. The appointment was a good one. Mr. Monaghan makes an efficient officer, and in course of time, Mr. Trenaman, being twenty-five years his senior, Mr. Monaghan will be city clerk. That makes, practically, a denominational change in two of the important offices.

In the city engineers office the assistant, Mr. Johnston, is a Catholic, and if Mr. Doane were to resign, or be removed for any cause, Johnston would take a step up, and there is no doubt would be found a perfectly capable official, as he is now in the assistants position.

In the poor's asylum Superintendent Daw is a decided Protestant. If anything were to happen him his successor will likely be Mr. Mulcahey, the secretary of the institution under the charities committee. Whether or not Mr. Mulcahey could satisfactorily perform the duties would remain to be seen. He is a Catholic.

Ewen Morrison is the efficient foreman of the water works department, an official whom the Moncton people were after some time ago. The Presbyterian church finds in Mr. Morrison an enthusiastic adherent. Should we go elsewhere, and for any other reason should it become necessary to appoint a successor to Mr. Morrison, the man who stands the best chance to get the place is John E. Burns, the present water inspector, a leading member of St. Mary's society and a devout Catholic.

When John O'Sullivan was appointed chief of police, Garrett Cottar, the former head of the force, was continued as city marshal. This made two Catholic heads of departments instead of one as before. Had all the churches in the land been

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searched a better man for the new position than Chief O'Sullivan could not have been found. "Exceptions prove the rule," for the deputy chief of the police force, Chas. Nickerson, is a Methodist, and S. R. Phelan, chief assessor, is a Catholic, while his two assistants are Protestants.

(One change in the opposite direction from those indicated was made when John A. Mackassay lost the license inspectorship and H. H. Banks was given the position. But the reason of that was that Mackassay notoriously neglected his duties, possibly working harder to do nothing than some men would have done to accomplish all that was required of them.

A fitting remark with which to close, is that a man's creed does not necessarily make him a better or a worse civic official, but the "denominational" facts as above are simply given for what they are worth, and some people are talking about them.

METAPHORS THAT AMUSE.

Quiver Comparisons Made by People Who Were Cynical or Funny.

"Ridicule," says a German critic, "is like a blow with the fist; wit, like the prick of a needle; irony, like the sting of a thorn; and humor, the plaster which heals all these wounds." All of these qualities may be found in some metaphors.

Man is said to be an animal that has a mania for getting up societies and making himself president. If the presidency has been already claimed he contents himself with the position of treasurer. In a cynical old bachelor's opinion ideas are like beads—men only get them when they grow up, and women never have any at all.

It was probably another old bachelor who said: "Nature shudders when she sees a woman throw a stone, but when a woman attempts to split wood nature covers her head and retires to a dark and mouldering cave in temporary despair." A spinster says: "Old bachelors are frozen-out old gardeners in the flower-bed of love."

A farmer said: "One thing I don't like about city folk—they be either so stuck up that yer can't reach them with a haystack pole, or so friendly that they forget to pay their board."

A rural poet said of his lady-love: "She is as graceful as a pond lily, while her breath is like an armful of clover." An American poet wrote a eulogy of Washington, "whose glorious life should compose a volume as Alps immortal, spotless as its snows. The stars should be its type, its press the ages, the earth its binding, and the sky its pages." Truly some American poets go in for marvels of metaphor.

A fanatical Sabbatarian writes: "The Sunday newspaper is a crayfish in the dykes of mischief, the public houses, and the gambling dens are roaring for exit." A newspaper described a fire by saying that the red flames danced in the heavens, and flung their fiery arms about like a black funeral pall, until Sam Jones clambered hurriedly on the roof and doused them out with a pail of water.

"You look," said an Irishman to a pale, haggard smoker, "as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back again."

A schoolmaster, describing a money-lender, says: "He serves you in the present tense, he lends you in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjunctive mood, and ruins you in the future."

A close observer of human nature remarks: "Time marches on with the slow measured tread of a man working by the day." A French author is charged with the prediction that France will throw herself into the arms of the liberating sword. This is not quite so bad as the Democrat's speech: "We will burn our ships, and, with every sail unfurled, steer boldly into the ocean of freedom."

How to Clean Brass.

A good material for cleaning brass is oxalic acid. As this is a poison, of course the article, after cleaning, should be thoroughly washed, to remove the excess of acid and the salts formed by it with the copper and zinc of the brass, but it is safe if used intelligently. Much of our brass now in use is covered with a coating of shellac varnish, which protects it from tarnishing, and requires no cleaning as long as the varnish remains intact. If, however, the coating be broken, and we want to remove it and clean the brass underneath it, it should be remembered the shellac is soluble in alcohol, and it may be rubbed off with a cloth wet with this substance, the brass cleaned, and a new coating of shellac applied.

LED BY OTHER RODENTS.

A Blind Rat Guided to and From Its Food and Hiding Place.

The manner in which rats steal eggs has always been regarded as a wonderful example of animal intelligence. It is well known how one rat will hold the egg firmly between its four legs, then turn over upon its back and, remaining in this position, allow itself to be pulled along by other rats until the nest is reached. Remarkable as this may seem, a writer for the Pittsburg Dispatch recently heard of a still more astonishing example of the intelligence of a rat. Patrick Hurley lives in a rural portion of the twenty-third ward. Some distance from his home is a large barn, where, besides horses and cows, he keeps quite a number of chickens. About 100 yards from the barn a brook winds its way through a ravine. Naturally the presence of corn and grain about the barn had drawn many rats. They frequently come out in the barnyard for food or to play. Among the rats the Hurleys had observed one that was a rare specimen of its tribe. Its coat was of a pure white. Strangely, too, the white rat, whenever it appeared, had a companion that was apparently leading it. This peculiarity caused the people to watch the rodents. They discovered that the white rat always had a straw in its mouth by which the other rat led it. They concluded the rat was blind. Sometimes, when a particular good lot of corn was found, the white rat would drop the straw and proceed to satisfy his hunger. But by an impatient movement he was always able to bring to him one of his friends, who would pick up the straw, give it to him and lead the unfortunate back to the nest under the barn. One of the most remarkable things noted was the fact that every day the blind rat was led out by another down to the brook to get a drink. This was not an occasional but a regular performance. After the blind animal had satisfied its thirst the straw would be put into its mouth by its companion or attendant, and the rat led carefully back. But one day some boys, who were not acquainted with the story of the blind white rat, saw the two animals coming from the creek, and at once made a charge on them. The leader of the blind rat endeavored to hurry up its charge, but was finally forced to let go of the straw and scamper off to save its own life. The white rat, left helpless, ran blindly around until the boys caught and killed it.

PURELY DENOMINATIONAL.

One of the Stories Told by Jay Cooke of a Man From the Rural Districts.

Jay Cooke, in 1866, told the following: "One day, when I was putting government bonds upon the market, I was greatly annoyed by the clerks telling me there was an old man in the office who would do no business with them and must see me. To get rid of him I went out. Said he: "'Mr. Cooke, I have got \$3,000 in gold in this bag. I can't do anything with it in town here I live; they are circulating grocer's checks and everything else but money, and I am frightened because I think I will be cheated if I dispose of it. Will you sell me on your word of honor if these bonds are sound and right?"

"I replied: 'If they are not right, nothing is right. I am putting all I have in the world into them.' "After further conversation the man concluded to take them. "What denomination will you have them in?" I asked. "This was too much for the man. He had never heard that word used in connection with business. He scratched his head and said: "You can give me \$500 in Old School Presbyterian, to please the old woman, but I will take the best of it in Baptist."

Comparison in Years.

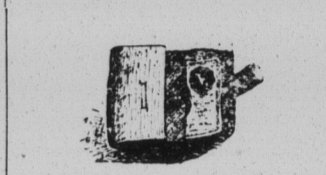
How strange our ideas of growing old change as we get on in life. To the girl in her teens, the ripper maiden of twenty-five seems quite aged. Twenty-two thinks thirty-five an "old thing." Thirty-five dreads forty, but congratulates herself that there may still remain some ground to be possessed in the fifteen years before the half century shall be attained. But fifty does not by any means give up the battle of life. It feels middle-aged and vigorous, and thinks old age a long way in the future. Sixty remembers those who have done great things at threescore; and one doubts if Parr, when he was married at one hundred, had at all begun to feel himself an old man.

The American, not the Moncton "Thad."

The late Judge Jere Black once said of Thad Stevens: "He's one of the brightest men ever born and can say the smartest things, but in respect of being under any sense of obligation to his Creator his mind is a howling wilderness.—Ex.

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POLITICAL NOTES.

A Glance at the Leading Measures Carried in the House of Assembly of New Brunswick, from the Year 1854.

By G. E. FENNEY, Fredericton, N. B.

No. 20.

Session of 1856—The Dismissal of the Sergeant-at-Arms—Quite a Commission—New School Bill—Contention about the Bible in Schools—Removal of the Seat of Government to St. John—Warm Discussion Thereon.

SESSION OF 1858.

On the 10th of February the Legislature was convened and a lengthy speech delivered by the Lieutenant Governor. Mr. Garden, who had been Sergeant-at-Arms of the House for many years, was superseded in his office by the Government, and the position given to Mr. Coburn. Strong feelings were expressed by the opposition, led by Mr. J. C. Allen and Mr. John H. Gray, and denounced as an unprecedented act by any Parliament in the world. The Government, however, was strong in number and voted the opposition resolution down,—14 to 21—whereas it had been carried it would have been tantamount to a want of confidence vote. As there had been several removals from office since the Liberals came into power within a year, the motion just made was brought as a test question. If carried, restoration in all the other cases would have been insisted upon by the opposition.

Early in March the Attorney General (Fisher) introduced a Government measure, entitled "A Bill relating to Parish Schools," which led to a discussion lasting many days, at intervals of time. A recital of the condition of the Schools in 1858, is all that is necessary to enable the educationalists of 1894 to contrast the relative positions. In 1857, £27,889 11s. 6d. was appropriated to education, including all kinds of educational establishments. This was in a population at that time very little exceeding 200,000 persons, and £20,000 was for Parish Schools alone. This expenditure required a corresponding oversight, supervision and control in order properly to benefit the country. In proportion to the population from 32,000 to 33,000 children ought to be attending school, which was the most that could be expected to attend. In 1857, according to returns made, over 29,000 children attended the public schools, which were 773 in number. No system it is remarked, could be perfected at any one time. None ever had been. Take Nova Scotia or Canada for instance. There was probably no better system of Education in the world in 1858 than that of Canada West. That system under the care of a very able man had been growing for 12 or 14 years. In 1846 it was in a very chaotic condition, even with a perfect system of Municipal Government, which taught the people the virtue of self reliance. In this Province up to 1844 there was little or no change in our educational system. There was no classification and no arrangement. There was but one salary for teachers (£26). The only control over the schools was by Trustees. In 1845 and 1846 certain leading men considered the question of education had grown to greater importance, and in 1846 a Report of a Committee of the House of the Assembly was embodied into a Bill, which was considered by the House and lost. This, however, broke the ground for the new system. In 1847 there was another Report and a law was enacted providing very many of the parts of the law then existing.

It is not necessary to notice more particularly the amendments suggested in the old law by the Government to render applicable the scope and genius of the present Bill to the requirements of the day. It is enough to remark that the passage of this measure in 1858, with its improved machinery, paved the way for the School Law as it exists in 1894—for with few exceptions, such as general taxation for educational purposes, Superintendent, his duties, &c.—the Acts are very similar. Every amendment proposed by the Opposition was voted down. "Religion" and "Morality" formed two of the staples in the discussion, and caused much asperity and bitterness, in which strong sectarian feeling was exhibited throughout. No matter what the faith of politicians—whether they were religious or not religious, they all had something to say about the Bible, and that that book must be maintained at all hazards, as the bulwark of all sound education. But there were those who did not want the Bible at all in schools, unless upon certain conditions. Others that its use should be made optional with the Teachers. [It did not, however, signify with members generally how the Bible should be treated. Their sincerity rested upon their political faith altogether. As an example, Mr. Gray would make it compulsory that in all schools alike the Bible should be read; while in opposition to this view, a Roman Catholic gentleman said that if this were done it would be an insult to his co-religionists. Another Roman Catholic gentleman on the same political side with Mr. Gray, would also make it compulsory that the Bible should be read in schools. To test the question, Mr. Gray moved an

amendment to the following section:—"No pupil is required to read or study in or from any religious book, or join in any act of devotion objected to by his parents or guardians." Mr. Gray's amendment to this section is as follows:—"That a portion of the Scriptures should be read by every Teacher to the pupils in the Parish Schools every morning on the assembling of the School. The longest debate upon any section of the Bill turned upon this Bible issue; but the amendment was finally voted down.

On the 25th March, Mr. McLeod (King's) moved a resolution for the removal of the Seat of Government to St. John. As this question came up again in 1880 on the burning of the old Parliament buildings, it may be of some interest to the Politician of the present day to read what was said upon the subject a quarter of a century ago.

Mr. McLeod on speaking to his resolution said in substance he had no interest in this question himself, more than for the public good, and he moved this resolution to set a vexed question at rest. The House was no longer commodious or convenient. Its narrow capacity and fetid atmosphere were most uncomfortable and unhealthy. The sums annually expended here for repairs and other purposes would be more than necessary to pay for a better place elsewhere. The majority of the people coming either to the Legislature or the Public Offices, had to pass through St. John, and it would be cheaper and more convenient to them to stop there. At least £300 a year could be saved in printing; £300 a year in repairs; and the Treasurer and Railway Commissioners being in St. John, they could be more conveniently consulted there.

Mr. Eed hoped the question would be now settled once and forever. He had made up his mind in regard to the general interests of the country, and not on mere local considerations. Every stranger praised the present site of the Seat of Government, and commended the selection of our ancestors. This House gave better accommodation than given by many of the New England States; and as to the atmosphere, it could not be compared with that of St. John—the foggy atmosphere of St. John. As to its size, the House was large enough for its members. The sum of £14,000 had been borrowed for certain purposes in Fredericton. If they destroyed the value of property here could they ask the return of this sum? (Cries of no, no.) They would sacrifice Fredericton without benefiting St. John, and certainly this was not desirable. There was no pressure on this subject. There was not a petition on the table respecting it. We had an enormous debt, with an interest of a hundred pounds a day. (Mr. Johnstone—you only double it.) A mere denial of his hon. friend did not satisfy him, for he had made a calculation, in error, he should be glad to be corrected. Well, we are going now to enter into an expense of £100,000, while we had scarcely a road or bridge in the Province, and we were to do this to get rid of a little fetid air, and to convenience a few members who had to come through to St. John? Fredericton was as central a place as could be found, and the river was a magnificent highway to it. He referred to the Legislatures of the United States, nearly all of which were situated at rural towns, and not at centres of commerce and industry. He had no local or monetary interest in the matter; he looked at it simply as a matter of justice, and he hoped it would be settled as his hon. friend had said "once and forever."

Mr. Kerr felt a difficulty in voting on this subject, because he believed it would cause great expense. No arrangements had been made at St. John, and if this resolution passed, those who had suitable places in St. John would immediately raise the value of their fifty or a hundred per cent. The Halifax Legislative Buildings cost £120,000; and unless he knew what his constituents and the country thought of the matter, he would not support the motion. He thought, too, some notice should be given to the people of Fredericton, so that as little injury as possible should be done to private interests.

The Provincial Secretary was prepared to vote on this subject and in favour of it. A large portion of his constituents were indifferent on this question; as to the people of Fredericton they would not suffer by it as was supposed. The only doubt he ever had on the subject arose from a fear that in a large city there might be external pressure brought to bear on the Legislature. But this was not the case in Boston, or in Richmond, in Virginia. The expense would not be so great in St. John, and a place could be rented for less than the cost of printing and publishing the debates which would then be saved (?) The office of Receiver General could be abolished, the Post Office expenses could be lessened; and the present Queen's Printer could, if he moved to St. John do his business at less cost by £500 than now. He felt that in five years property in Fredericton would be worth more than now. But that was not the question, it was public interest alone. As to the expense of buildings, Charlottetown had a fine stone building for £18,000, and if it were necessary to erect buildings the most that would be required would be £30,000. The de-

partments could be all brought together and consequently be got much cheaper. He thought in every respect the movement to St. John would benefit the country, and on that ground he should vote for it. [NOTE.—The writer would here interpose a few remarks in reference to the above suggestion, viz: "that the departments could all be brought together, and consequently would be much cheaper." It has always appeared to the writer that a great blunder was committed by a previous Government in not having made provision in the new Parliament Building for all the public offices to be concentrated under the one roof, the failure of which necessitated a heavy but unavoidable expenditure for another large building for the special use of the public offices.]

IT WAS BOUND TO SET.

The Argument Used by a Parakeet Who Wanted to Raise Some Chickens.

A citizen of Rumford had canvassed the town in vain from end to end in search of a rooster, "then he heard that an old darky on the Boston Providence and Newport road had a great deal of 'setting stock.' As this was just what he wanted, he lost no time in hunting him up. He found the old man building a hen coop in the rear of his residence. Approaching, he asked, by way of broaching how many hens he had setting.

"Three hens and a rooster, boss." "And a which?" inquired the poultry man, thinking he had not heard straight. "Seeing the look of distrust on his visitor's face he took him into a low building, and sure enough there sat a large Brahma rooster calmly covering twenty eggs. On one side of him sat two hens and on the other a third hen. The visitor, seeing how stately the rooster set, secretly resolved to get some of the darky's eggs and hatch out a special set of roosters. On being asked what he did when the rooster wouldn't sit any longer, the darky replied that "if a rooster done bound to set," pointing underneath the box.

Looking under the box the visitor was surprised to find both of the rooster's legs sticking through holes in the box. The black rascal had actually bored holes through the box and tied the rooster's legs underneath, so, as he said, the rooster was "done bound to set."

Inquiring into the matter the Rumford man found that the darky had four hens and one rooster. Three of the hens were setting and the other hen was laying. The darky, finding the eggs of the hen accumulating quite fast, decided to let up feeding the rooster corn, and make him hatch a flock of chickens.

How Plants Breathe. Plants like animals, breathe the air; plants breathe through their leaves and stems just as animals do by means of their respiratory organs. When a young plant is analyzed it is found to consist chiefly of water, which is all removed from the soil; there is about 75 per cent or more of this fluid present, and the rest is solid material. Of this latter by far the most abundant constituent is carbon, almost every atom of which is removed from the atmosphere by the vital action of minute bodies contained in the green leaves. The carbon is taken in by the plant as carbonic acid gas. Plants also absorb oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen from the atmosphere in different quantities through their leaves, and also by means of their roots. These new products stored are in turn used in building up the different organs of the plant. Plants give off used-up moisture through their leaves, just as animals perspire through the pores of their skins. Calculations have been made as to the amount of water thus perspired by plants. The sunflower only 3 1/2 feet high, with 5,116 square inches of surface exposed to the air, gives off as much moisture as a man.

How Railways Wear Out. If the railway consists of a single line, so that as many trains go north as south, the rails will wear out equally. But if there is a double line of rails, then on the line which the trains travel from south to north, the eastern rail would theoretically wear out, and on the other side the western rail. For a train starting, say from the south, will have a certain velocity round the earth owing to the earth's revolving round its axis from west to east. The farther north the train gets the slower does this velocity from west to east become. The force applied to retard this velocity is applied to the flanges of the carriage wheels by the eastern rail, the friction on this rail will consequently be the greater, and, theoretically, it ought to wear out first. Similarly, on the other line, the western rail applies the pressure needed to accelerate the speed of the train from west to east. On calculating out the pressure needed to alter this velocity over a hun-

A Bright Lad, Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us: "When I was a year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even I did not die, I was so weak and poor. A bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. I put myself so as to break the skin; it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take so much of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong." J. D. M. Forester, Keas.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla Cures others, will cure you Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.



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dred yards of rail it is found to be a negative quantity. So that, practically, the rails will wear away at the same rate. The smaller pressure on the western rail also causes it to "creep," or draw southward faster than the eastward one.

Bathing for the Complexion.

In order to keep the complexion nice avoid bathing with hard water, which should be softened with a few drops of ammonia, or a little powdered borax. The face should never be washed when it is very warm, nor should very cold water be used for it. When travelling by rail it is best not to wash the face, but simply to wipe it over with a little eau de cologne and rose water. The dust of travelling should not be removed with cold water, but on reaching the hotel bathe the face in hot water, with plenty of good soap, and then rinse it thoroughly in soft water with the chill off it.

In cases where the skin is coarse and greasy, friction with a rough towel after drying is of service but those with delicate skins should never use a coarse towel.

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which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EARLY DIGESTED. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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In presenting to the public our No. 4 Machine we feel that we have combined all the latest and best improvements of the most successful inventors and experienced mechanics.

The Carriage of this Machine contains many practical improvements, the usefulness of which will at once be apparent. Among those specially worthy of mention are the following: The new and improved Release Key, whereby the carriage can be released as well when raised as when lowered, and can be positively stopped at a given point without the allowance of a single space for momentum. This instantaneous stopping will undoubtedly be much appreciated by rapid typists. A new arrangement for making Single, Double and Triple Spaces. A new and improved Paper Feed, which is admirable both for its simplicity and the impossibility of getting out of adjustment. A line can be written clear to the bottom of the paper. Still another feature is the new Space Key, which has a Perpendicular Drop, the same as the rest of the keys. Besides the improvements, this Machine contains all the good points of our No. 1 and No. 2 Machines.

THE SPEED OF THE YOST CAN BE LIMITED ONLY BY THE ABILITY OF THE OPERATOR TO FIND AND PROPERLY STRIKE THE KEYS. THIS WE GUARANTEE. In other words, its mechanism is contrived to respond instantly to the touch of the operator by the adoption of certain expedients, by the use of which— 1st—The touch is soft and even, and the depression slight. 2nd—The carriage feeds immediately after the type leaves the paper. 3rd—The escapement is so arranged as to be perfect and uniform. 4th—There is no ribbon movement to require attention or consume power. 5th—The arrangement of the keyboard conduces to great speed. 6th—Rapidity does not affect the alignment.

MANIFOLDING. The construction of the Yost makes it necessarily the best manifolding machine extant. Having no ribbon, there is nothing to intervene between the paper and the sharp, penetrating outlines of the type, and in accomplishing this the first copy is never sacrificed, but can, on the contrary, be press copied (when a copying pad is used) three or four times. The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, EASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC. Second hand Ribbon and Shift-Key Machines for sale cheap.

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Sunday Reading.

WILL KEEP ITS JUBILEE. Great Demonstration by the Y. M. C. A. of the World to be Held Next Month. Just fifty years ago in June next the Young Men's Christian Association and the Salvation Army were started in London.

At a meeting on June 6, 1884, of the assistants in the house of Hitchcock & Co., the formal organization of the Y. M. C. A. took place, and its object as stated was "to improve the spiritual condition of young men engaged in the drapery and other trades."

Committees are now at work in this country and England completing the details for a monster celebration, an international affair, to be held in London, commencing June 8. The jubilee exercises will last for a week, and there will be delegates present from seventeen nations.

Delegates to the meeting in London from this country will leave the United States the last week in May. They will attend from every State in the Union. The Thirtieth International Conference of the Y. M. C. A. will be held in London also during jubilee week.

In the "call" received at the Y. M. C. A. headquarters in this city it stated that the conference would undoubtedly be the largest ever held, and that "it is believed that this immense gathering of Christian workers, representing the churches of Christ in many lands and convened for the purpose of deliberation and conference as to how their different societies may more effectively prosecute their work and labor for the spiritual, moral and social well being of young men will prove additionally helpful to the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom if the prayers and sympathetic co-operation of Christian congregations throughout the country can be secured in furtherance of the object for which the conference is held."

Mr. Williams, the founder of the Y. M. C. A., is still in the enjoyment of his full mental powers. On the death of the Earl of Shaftesbury, in 1885, Mr. Williams became president of the London Association, which position he still retains. Few men enjoy the privilege of seeing a work, instituted by themselves, so widely extended and so fruitful of good as the Y. M. C. A.

The first convention of the American associations was held in Buffalo June 7, 1864. This was really the first conference of the associations in the English speaking world. There have been thirty conferences in this country since then. Much of the success

of the international Y. M. C. A. in this country is attributed to its chairman, Cephas Brainerd. "He, in the beginning, and when it was unpopular," said one of the Y. M. C. A. officials yesterday, "grasped the basal idea of association work by young men for young men, and has clung to it tenaciously throughout. Every report of the committee of the conventions since his chairmanship has been written by him.

There are fourteen branches of the association in this city, and the members are now making extensive preparations for the jubilee exercises in the first week in June. The celebration of the fiftieth year of work for the Y. M. C. A. will occur simultaneously with the London jubilee exercises.

In this state alone there are 40,000 young men banded together in 150 associations. Out of this number 9,000 are in 27 railroad associations, 1,400 in colleges, 500 in four non-English associations, and 5,500 in 58 boys' branches.—N. Y. Press.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET. Some Account of the Good Work She Has Done in London.

In view of the fact that Lady Henry Somerset is expected in Canada in July, the following account of her work in London will be of special interest. It will be seen that the English W. C. T. U. is following the example of the American in the taking up of many different lines of work.

To a three-storied building in Norwood road, not far from the famous necropolis of that name, has lately been given the title of 'Somerset House.' It is the first independent headquarters possessed by a branch of the British Women's Temperance Association, and it is to perpetuate the name of the president of the association, Lady Henry Somerset, that the title has been given to it.

Now plainly something needs to be done to awaken the Christian conscience in this matter of giving today. The old law of giving was the tenth. This stood at the foundation although it was not the full measure even under the old dispensation. But it served as a gauge, and still may serve such a good office to day.

These premises had to be relinquished after a time, and a move was made to Lansdowne Hill, near by, where the work went on for another three years. The location was not a very convenient one in many respects, and another move was made to the large house, 152 Norwood road.

The work on behalf of domestic servants is, of course continued, and there is sleeping accommodation for some seven or eight servants out of place. There is a registry which is free to all servants, and the demand for domestic help is always greater than the supply.

One of the rooms in Somerset House is fitted up as a meeting room, and here are held the weekly gospel meetings, on Sunday evenings, prayer meetings, mothers' meetings, bible readings, meetings for the deepening of the spiritual life, etc. For years past Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett have conducted an open-air service on Sunday afternoons during the summer season, on a spot opposite the gates of Norwood cemetery.

A very curious indication of the effect of Christianity upon woman was brought to light by the late Prof. Rolleston. He made, in the Museum of Oxford, one of the largest and most remarkable collections of human skulls that has ever been brought together. A friend informed the Rev. Hugh Hughes that when the professor instituted minute investigations with respect to the capacity of skulls before the advent of Christ and since, he discovered the striking fact that the difference in size between the

male skull and the female skull is much less in the Christian era than in any previous period of history. "Here then, as we see," writes Mr. Hughes, "we have imbedded in the very physical frame of woman a very striking indication of the way in which Christianity has already enlarged her intellectual sphere; and this is but a prophecy of the immense and limitless services which Christianity will render to woman in the earlier ages before us."

It will thus be seen that the work centering in Somerset House has many ramifications, and is bound to exercise much happy influence all around. Mrs. Fawcett is very anxious now to constitute the house a home for a limited number of Christian ladies possessed of a small income, who would value Christian fellowship, and engage in such work as they might find congenial, either in connection with Somerset House or any of the Christian churches of the district.

The presence of Lady Henry Somerset in Norwood on Monday evening excited much interest. She attended the new headquarters, and in the presence of a few invited friends, gave a stirring address, highly commending the forward move made by Mrs. Fawcett, and predicting that her example would soon be followed all over the country. The Rev. W. Scott brought God's blessings on the extended enterprise, and the place was thus, under happy auspices, dedicated to its many holy and helpful uses.

GIVING TO THE MISSIONS. Christians are to Often Found Delinquent in This Respect.

Nine-tenths of all that is given to the work of missions is given by one-fifth of the Christian membership. Or, to put it in a clearer light, every time that a dollar is given, one person gives ninety cents of it and four other persons the remaining ten cents, or two and a half cents each. Taking the aggregated wealth, and then taking the amount out of this which is given to missions and dividing it up among the membership, it has been estimated that Christians give one-sixteenth of one percent of their wealth per capita to the work of wider civilization.

The sin of God's people in this direction is greater than they dream of. In a missionary circle, not long since, a devoted woman in private conversation said to one of its well-to-do members, "I do not think we have really given to God's work until we feel that our giving has deprived us of something which we would otherwise have been glad to have."

This pretty parable is from the pen of a reverend writer. "The flowers got into a debate as to which of them was the flower of God; and the rose said, 'I am the flower of God, for I am the fairest and most perfect in beauty and variety of form and delicacy of fragrance of all the flowers.'"

And the crocus said, "No, you are not the flower of God. Why, I was blooming long before you bloomed. I am the primitive flower; I am the first one." And the lily-of-the-valley said, modestly, "I am small but I am white; perhaps I am the flower of God." And the trailing arbutus said, "Before you came forth, I was blooming under the leaves and under the snow. Am I not the flower of God?"

Woman and Christianity. A very curious indication of the effect of Christianity upon woman was brought to light by the late Prof. Rolleston. He made, in the Museum of Oxford, one of the largest and most remarkable collections of human skulls that has ever been brought together.

Christianity upon woman was brought to light by the late Prof. Rolleston. He made, in the Museum of Oxford, one of the largest and most remarkable collections of human skulls that has ever been brought together. A friend informed the Rev. Hugh Hughes that when the professor instituted minute investigations with respect to the capacity of skulls before the advent of Christ and since, he discovered the striking fact that the difference in size between the

male skull and the female skull is much less in the Christian era than in any previous period of history.

"Here then, as we see," writes Mr. Hughes, "we have imbedded in the very physical frame of woman a very striking indication of the way in which Christianity has already enlarged her intellectual sphere; and this is but a prophecy of the immense and limitless services which Christianity will render to woman in the earlier ages before us."

Messages of Help for the Week. "Today if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts....For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword....and is a discoverer of the thoughts and intents of the heart....all things are naked and open unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do....We have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the son of God....Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." Hebrews, 4.

"Whoso despiseth the word shall be destroyed; but he that heareth the commandment shall be rewarded. Proverbs: 13, 13. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Psalm 46, 1. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." Psalm 55, 22. "Thou visitest the earth....thou greatly enrichest it....thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settest the furrows thereof; thou makest it to send forth showers; thou bleasest the spring thereof." Psalm 65: 9, 10.

"God....will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." 1 Cor. 10: 13. "I say unto all, watch." Mark: 13, 37.

The Y. M. C. A. Jubilee.

Great preparations are making in London for the celebration there this summer of the Young Men's Christian Association. It is expected that more than two thousand foreign delegates, representing every part of the world, will attend the celebrations. There will be receptions by the Lord Mayor, ceremonies in Westminster Abbey, services in St. Paul's Cathedral, and a great gathering in the Royal Albert Hall.

A Gentleman

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

"In 1868, my affianced wife was nearly bald, and the hair kept falling out every day. I induced her to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."—Antonio Alarrun, Batavia, Tex.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS.

Dr. Humphrey's Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for years in the most successful manner, and are the people with entire success. Every single Specific is a special cure for the ailment and does the Sovereign Remedies of the World.

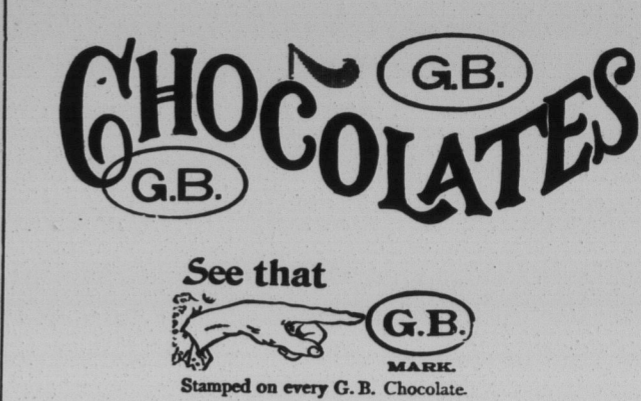
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Dealer in Oysters, Clams, Pies, Feet, Lamb's Tongues, German Mustard, Peasants and Fruit. Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish of all kinds, Wholesale and Retail at 23 KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN N.B.

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When the Nerve Centres Need Nutrition.

A Wonderful Recovery, Illustrating the Quick Response of a Depleted Nerve System to a Treatment Which Replenishes Exhausted Nerve Forces.



MR. FRANK BAUER, BERLIN, ONT.

Perhaps you know him? In Waterloo he is known as one of the most popular and successful business men of that enterprising town. As managing executor of the Kuntz estate, he is at the head of a vast business, representing an investment of many thousands of dollars, and known to many people throughout the Province.

Solid financially, Mr. Frank Bauer also has the good fortune of enjoying solid good health, and it appears indicative anything, it is safe to predict that there's a full half century of active life still ahead for him. But it's only a few months since, while nursed as an invalid at the Mt. Clemens sanitarium resort, when his friends in Waterloo were dismayed with a report that he was at the point of death.

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

LONDON, THE ODD POET.

FURTHER GLIMPSES INTO THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

He shared with Byron and Southey in an Aversion to George the Third—The Story of a Deal in Sheep—Some Fruits of His Travel and Residence in Foreign Lands.

Landon coincided with both Byron and Southey in one pet aversion for the reigning monarch, George III. Byron's treatment of him in the "Vision of Judgment" is well remembered; and in his "Gebir" Landon is quite as scathing. In the purgatory of the conquerors with the Sturats, and William the deliverer, he sees one whom he confuses with Louis XVI. to avoid the imputation of treason:

"Avar, what wretch that nearest us? What wretch is that with eyebrows white, and slanting brow?"

In his writings he recurs more than once to that monarch with indignant appreciation of his meanness. He makes Sheridan say to Wyndham, "I do believe in my conscience he would rather lose the affection of half his subjects than the carcass of one fat sheep. I am informed that all his possessions in Ireland never yielded him five thousand a year. Give him ten and he will chuckle at over-reaching you; and not you, only, but his own heirs forever, as he chuckled when he cheated his eldest son out of what he pocketed in twenty years from Cornwall, Lancashire and Wales."

Landon was never satisfied with his reference to the occasion on which the villainous George had cheated himself. When in Spain he desired a ram and two ewes of the celebrated Merino breed; when the nobleman with whom he conversed replied: "Oh, I will give you a score." Landon expressed his thanks, whereupon the nobleman said: "The King of England is to have a cargo of them, and I will send yours in the same ship." With the arrival of the ship, came a letter from the generous donor, saying that the sheep were at hand, and that an application to the King's steward would secure them. When the letter was presented to that functionary he declared he had no commands on the subject. "But his majesty," Landon pursued, "has undoubtedly information of the fact." "That," replied the steward, "is within his own breast." "But on seeing this letter," continued Landon, "his majesty will certainly give command for the sheep to be delivered to me. Be so good as to see that it is laid before his majesty." That the steward declined is no matter of astonishment.

Application was next made to a friend of the poet, a nobleman high in favor with the king, who, when a favor was requested, warmly responded: "With all the pleasure in the world; anything that is in my power." But upon a fuller explanation of the case, and a request to have the Spanish noble's letter laid before the king, his manner changed, and after a moment of silent astonishment he exclaimed: "Lay the matter before his majesty! Advise his majesty to have a score of Merinos of this quality delivered up to you! Why, Landon, you must be mad. There is not a man in the kingdom who dares do such a thing. It would be his ruin." So the poet might whistle; and the royal rogue, as the indignant subject would believe, kept his sheep, and left him minus a property valued at £1000. He might chew the cud, but not in silence.

Landon was married to Miss Julia Thuillier, a lady of French extraction, whom he first saw in a ballroom at Bath, and of whose beauty he was instantly enamored. Her beauty was her salient qualification for union with such a man as Landon; and he soon after found that a pretty face and an empty mind were an un-substantial foundation on which to build a life-long happiness. Such disillusion occurred as her sudden breaking away from the music of his voice reciting one of his poems, to listen to that of a street organ, but more particularly to see the monkey. The imperfect union took place in May, 1811, after which they settled for a while in Lantony Abbey, a considerable estate in Wales, purchased by the sale of other and ancestral property. His large expenditure here was the occasion of subsequent regret and annoyance. Mr. Home gives the following account of the matter:—

"In 1806, Mr. Landon sold several estates in Warwickshire, which had been in his family nearly seven hundred years, and purchased Lantony and Comjony in Monmouthshire where he laid out nearly £70,000. Here he made extensive improvements, giving employment daily for many years, to between twenty and thirty laborers in building and planting. He made a road at his own expense, of eight miles long, and planted and fenced half a million of trees. The infamous behavior of some tenants caused him to leave the country. At this time he had a million more trees ready to plant, which, as he observed, were lost to the country, by driving me from it. I may speak of their utility if I must not of my own. The two chief offenders were brothers, who rented farms of Mr. Landon to the amount of 1500 per annum, and were to introduce an improved system of husbandry. Mr. Landon got no rent from them, but all manner of atrocious annoyances. They even rooted up his trees, and destroyed whole plantations. They paid nobody. When neighbors and work-people applied for money, Mr. Landon says they were referred to the devil, with their wives and families, while these brothers had their two bottles of wine upon the table. As for the Suffolk system of agriculture, wheat was sown upon the last of May, and cabbage, for winter food, were planted in August or September.

Mr. Landon eventually remained master of the field, and drove his tormentors across the seas; but so great was his disgust at these circumstances that he resolved to leave England."

It is with a peculiar pang a generous soul discovers himself wronged by persons upon whom he has conferred benefits. To find that to give is to invite plunder, that to assist people has laid a premium on meanness and shiftlessness, is not encouraging to men who aim at benevolence. But such a condition of affairs is turn aside from their fellows, with the conviction that little is to be expected from the multitude, misapprehensive of your best motive, and taught only by your favors to make larger demands. Even after he had been sometime in Italy this annoyance had not ceased; and not without reason, he refers to the Welch peasantry around Lantony as "a churlish nation" and a "reptile race." He knew them, "rude, thievish, and unattractive." They poached right and left, without mercy. "He used to have twenty watchers on his moorland hills to protect his grouse. He had 12,000 acres and never used to see a grouse upon his table." He directed his steward to let "his new and splendid house in which he had resided but six months," and the imjunction was dissolved. Five years afterward a gentleman who had made application for it, met Landon in Italy. "How was it," the poet asked, "that you did not take Lantony?" "How? why it was not to be taken." "It has been to let there five years." "You amaze me, I was most anxious to take it, but your steward assured me it was not to be let on any account." Inquiry revealed the fact that the house was kept vacant to accommodate some friends of the factor, who came there to shoot his grouse. In the storm of indignation he ordered the immediate demolition of a house which had cost him some £8,000, and dismissed the delinquent from his estate and service.

The years of Landon's travels and residence abroad were exceedingly fruitful in experience and literary product, and especially of that material, which the traveller acquires, digests, and works into his books. It is said of him,—"He has lived much abroad in the most eventful times in the history of the world. He witnessed the progress of the French Revolution; saw Buonaparte make First Consul; saw him and his armies go out to victory; saw and conversed with the greatest of his generals, and the most remarkable men of those times and scenes. His conversation therefore, abounded with facts and persons from his own actual knowledge, of which most other men have only read, and many of which no one has read." He continued for some time in France, principally at Tours; then he entered Switzerland and Italy, and after trying Pisa, Pistoja, Como, for several "wandering years," he finally "pitched his tent in Florence in 1821." This became to him the city of his heart, as much as to the Brownings. For some years his residence was in the Palazzo Medici; but, upon the death of the proprietor, the palace having been sold, he was obliged to look up another home. In his search he was particularly fortunate, and found an estate which, by its elegance, its beauty of situation, and its rare associations, was as eligible for a poet's residence as could be desired. On the banks of the little river Africo, two miles from Florence, he came upon the Villa Gherardesca, which, being for sale, he made his own. Surrounded by the most exquisite scenery, it was situated amid his gardens, and with about 1000 acres of land. "It was built by Michael Angelo, and is one of the most delightful residences in the world." This was Landon's home during many years, and of his family after he had left it. Many are his references to the place, both in his verse and his prose. With deep feeling and regret, in one of his poems he writes,—

"Let me sit here and muse by the  
Awhile, aerial Fiesole!  
Tay sheltered walks and cooler grove,  
"Tillas and vines, and olive poke,  
Catch me, entangle me, detain me,  
And laugh to hear the night owl peep at me."  
Again, in the "Farewell to Italy," he drops the following "melodious tear":—  
"I leave thee, beautiful Italy; no more  
From thy high terraces at evening  
To look supreme into thy depths of sky,  
Tay golden moon between the cliff and me,  
To thy dark spires of antique expression,  
Bordering the channel of the milky way,  
Fiesole and Valdarno must be dreary  
—And my own lost Africo  
Murmur to me but in the poet's song,  
—And I believe,—what has not believed?—  
Weary will I age, but unoppressed by pain,  
To close in thy soft clime thy quiet day,  
And rest my bones in the Minerva shade."  
PASTOR FELIX.

The New Atlantic Cable.  
The laying of the new Atlantic cable is not an event of the same importance as the laying of the first cable of this kind, but the fact that it is expected to raise the speed to thirty words a minute in the transmission of messages, indicates that it will revolutionize the sending of submarine messages and draw Europe into much closer relations with America than existed before. This will quicken the two continents in their thinking and feeling, as well as in their commercial relations. It is one of those subtle, yet important agencies by which the whole of mankind are constantly being brought into closer relations, man to man. At the present time the news of London and Paris and Berlin papers is transmitted to us with such speed and accuracy that we are able to judge what is going on in Europe, with substantial comprehension of its import, and when this new cable is in operation news of this kind will be much more complete than it has ever been before.

Belonged to the Same Lodge.  
Mr. McSwat had risen unusually early, and as he opened his kitchen door to see how a sunrise looked he encountered the milkman.  
"Hello!" he said. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"  
"Yes, sir," replied the milkman, filling the crock on the step from his can. "I initiated you night before last into the Royal Order of the Nobles of the Ancient Mystery. I'm the Majestic Generalissimo, you know. Fine morning, isn't it?"

Would Accept the Sacrifice.  
"Could you love me, darling," he whispered, with a tender, pleading look in his eyes, "if I had only one coat to my back?"  
"I could," she replied softly, as she nestled in his great, strong arms, "if I knew you had sacrificed the others to buy me a new dress."

SOME CURIOUS FUNERALS.

Odd People Who Have Attracted Much Notice After Their Deaths.

Amongst curious funerals which have taken place that of a certain dust contractor, who lived in the reign of George IV., deserves mention, for the following strange possession followed him to the grave: First came twelve boys carrying links, followed by twelve men bearing dustmen's whips and shovels reversed. A dust-cart, covered with black baize, containing the coffin, surmounted by a large plume of black feathers, came next, after which was led the deceased contractor's favorite horse, pulled by cloth spatterdashoes. The pall-bearers consisted of twelve dustmen and brickmakers, all clad in white flannel and leather breeches, and a string of carts, filled with dustmen, cinder-sifters, and chimney-sweeps, followed up behind.

The funeral of Clegg, the conjurer, who lived in the eighteenth century, was solemnized in the following manner: On the day of his burial, sixty of his friends were invited to take a last view of his body, and for their refreshments sixty-two spiced cakes and twenty shillingsworth of the best ale were provided, while each guest was presented with a sprig of holly, rosemary, and gorse. After the spiced cakes had been consumed, some fiddlers who were in attendance struck up the air, "Britons, Strike Home," and the mourners drank a last bumper to the health of the departed. The funeral procession consisted of the fiddlers, who led the way playing the above tune, followed by the mourners in a more or less exhilarated condition, while a curate seated upon an ass brought up the rear.

An eccentric old Yorkshireman, who died early in this century, evidently determined that the town in which he lived should not easily forget the day of his burial. A free public breakfast was given to the town on the morning of his funeral. No hearse was employed to take the body to the grave; but the coffin, along upon towels, knotted together, was borne along by relays of men. On arriving at a certain heap of stones, outside the churchyard, the coffin, according to directions given in the deceased's lifetime, was "bumped three times, and the 'Lamentation of a Sinner' was sung by the crowd. As it had been previously given out that every man, woman, and child who should enter into the churchyard with, or after, the procession should receive sixpence, it is probable that no funeral in that parish had been more numerously attended.

As an exemplification of the saying that the ruling passion is strong in death, we may mention the funeral of an old lady who was much addicted to snuff-taking. Before she was placed in her coffin, snuff was thrown into it, and likewise strewn upon the threshold before the cortege departed. The coffin was borne by the six most inveterate snuff-takers in the parish, and six old maids, with well-filled snuff-boxes in their hands, acted as pall-bearers. At every twenty yards snuff was thrown upon the ground in advance of the coffin, while the largeness of the fee to be paid to the officiating clerical man was the proportion to the amount of snuff he consumed during the proceedings.

After these somewhat complicated directions for burying, it is pleasant to turn to the simple arrangements which, two hundred years ago, Mr. Fisher, Dilke made for his wife's interment. The coffin he constructed out of the wooden boarding of his barn wall, and after bargaining with the sexton for a cheap grave, obtained one for a groat. Having persuaded some of his neighbors to act as pall-bearers, he read to them a chapter from the Book of Job while they were getting the body ready, after which he regaled them upon six pennyworth of cakes and a bottle of claret. No clergyman was present, but the chief mourner acted at the funeral service. The coffin was lowered into the grave, a spadeful of earth thrown upon it, the bereaved husband uttering the words: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," after which he added: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation," and the ceremony was over.

America's Greatest Deadhead's Trust.  
"The postmaster general of the United States has at his command a greater number of railway mileage free of cost than perhaps any man in the world," said a railway passenger conductor. "My ignorance of this came very nearly costing me my job a few years ago.

Over in Illinois one midnight the through train, of which I had charge, was flagged at a little way station, and a red-faced man climbed aboard the front passenger coach. The stoppage of my train at that hour of the night made me mad, to begin with, and I was in no good humor when I approached my new passenger to collect his fare. Then, when he showed at me a much-handled piece of paper-board, signed by the postmaster-general, and commanding in imperious language that the holder be carried free of charge on all trains carrying United States mails, I lost my temper completely. I was so mad that I would listen to no explanation from him, because I considered him either a train robber or an impostor, and made him pay his fare in the coin of the realm, for which I gave him a receipt.

I soon heard from my mistake after I reached St. Louis. The Post Office authorities sent me a card from the postmaster-general, commanding the conductors of all railroad trains which carry mail to pass the bearer free. The name of no railroad company or official appears on the card, but the holder of it can travel on any road in the United States as far as he wants to go without paying a cent."

His Idea of Paradise.  
Henry Watterson tells of a politician who was inveigling agents Cleveland before a number of auditors in Washington.

"I'm going to quit," says he. "I'm going to get out and keep out of sight for the four years. I know a secluded spot in the James River country where I'll go and live. It's an ideal home for a weary recluse. About two hundred yards back of the cottage there's a spring house and close

by is a mint bed, while just across the creek a friend of mine runs a distillery." A Kentuckian was among the auditors, and at this juncture he interrupted the speaker.  
"Excuse me, stranger, but that must be paradise!"

THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE.

WONDERFUL ADVANCES MADE IN THE LAST FEW YEARS.

Mr. John McGovern of Toronto Relates an Experience of Deep Interest—Utterly Helpless and Suffered Greatly Before Relief Came.

From the Toronto Globe.

Very little is heard by the general public of the great discoveries in medicine, and the countless scores of lives that are saved by the advancing knowledge of medical science. People who a few years ago were left to drag out a miserable existence as hopeless invalids, or helpless cripples, are now, thanks to the advances modern medicine has made, restored to the fulness of health and strength. Mr. John McGovern, who resides at No. 2 Alpha Avenue, in this city has good cause to appreciate the truth of the above statements. Mr. McGovern was formerly an agent for agricultural implements, and is well known in different parts of Ontario. A Globe reporter who had heard that he had been restored to health, after an illness which threatened to leave him a hopeless cripple, called upon him at his residence recently, and was given the following interesting account of the case:—  
"My trouble first began," said Mr. McGovern, "two years ago when I was living in the Village of Bolton, in the County of Peel. The trouble was all in my elbows and knees, and the doctors thought it was rheumatism. I couldn't walk a block without wanting to sit down, and even to walk down stairs was hard work. It afflicted me terribly. I was all right in other ways but for this terrible weakness. For a year and a half I suffered from this, but by sheer force of will held out against it, and managed to get about; but six months ago I broke down completely, and had to give up my business. I then removed to Toronto, and for three months after this I was in terrible shape. I was almost always confined to my bed, being able to come downstairs for a little while, perhaps once a day. I suffered all the time from a terrible soreness in the joints, and at this juncture my appetite began to fail, and I was only able to eat the lightest food, and not much of that. I could find nothing to give me relief. All this time I was unable to do anything, and had I not fortunately had a little money laid by which enabled me to go on, I would have been dependent upon my family for support. Well, while I was in this terrible shape, my eldest son prevailed upon me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and early in last July I began to use them, and I took them steadily during that month and the two following months. Before the first box was finished I began to get relief, and from that on I steadily improved until I was able to discontinue the use of the Pink Pills, feeling that I was fully restored to health. I am satisfied in my own mind that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would still have been helpless and suffering, and I have much reason to be thankful that my son persuaded me to use them. Thanks to Pink Pills I am now a new man and intend soon to resume my work."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Bear in mind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes to use them. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had from all druggists, or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A Word in Your Ear, Madam!  
Are you not feeling as well as usual this year? Is that tired, run-down feeling getting the upper hand? Do you sometimes feel nervous enough to fly? Are you sometimes even cross with the children? Do not mention that poor, patient husband of yours?  
Get a half Dozen Bottles of PUTNER'S EMULSION, take it freely, and see what a charm will come over your existence.  
Read this to your husband this evening, and he will bring you the medicine when he returns from the club. It is pleasant and safe to take. Six bottles for \$2.50.  
FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.  
T. W. BIRD & SON, MONTREAL.

Get a half Dozen Bottles of PUTNER'S EMULSION, take it freely, and see what a charm will come over your existence.  
Read this to your husband this evening, and he will bring you the medicine when he returns from the club. It is pleasant and safe to take. Six bottles for \$2.50.  
FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.  
T. W. BIRD & SON, MONTREAL.

See More on New BICYCLES  
A set of cycle gear, 27 others as low. Bicycles and other goods. We sell everywhere. Write for catalogue. T. W. BIRD & SON, MONTREAL.

For Body and Brain.

SINCE 30 YEARS ALL EMINENT PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND

VIN MARIANI,

The original French Cocoa Wine; most popularly used tonic-stimulant in Hospitals, Public and Religious Institutions everywhere.

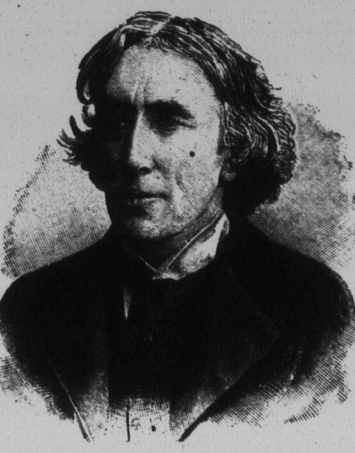
Nourishes, Fortifies, Refreshes,

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

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

Palatable as Choicest Old Wines.

Lawrence A. Wilson & Co. MONTREAL. Sole Agents in Canada for MARIANI & CO., OF PARIS.



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

COMING changes on Charlotte St. T. YOUNGCLAUS intends moving at 1st May to his commodious store in Union Block, Cor. Mill and Main Sts., North End. Custom Tailoring will then be carried on extensively on the premises. In the meantime his large stock, at 51 Charlotte, is marked down to hard time prices and must be cleared out before moving. Rare bargains can be had.

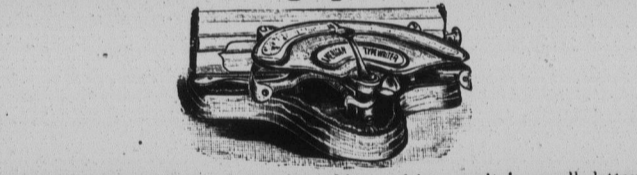
City Market Clothing Hall, 51 Charlotte St. T. YOUNGCLAUS.

THE PELEE ISLAND WINES ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

Our mission is solely to supply Nature's own pure food. Our reason for offering this product to the public, to you, is that it is pure. There is need of such an article of grape-juice. We have the testimony of hundreds of letters to prove the assertion. Nearly all the bottled juices now on the market contain an antiseptic of some description to prevent fermentation, generally salicylic acid. Why does such juice fail as a food? Simply because the antiseptic principle that preserves the juice in the bottle exerts a similar influence in the stomach, and prevents the natural action that is part of Nature's plan for assimilating food. Our concentrated juice of the grape is absolutely free from all antiseptics and is Nature's best food and strength producer for weak and defective digestive organs.

E. C. SCOVIL, Maritime Agent, 62 Union St., St. John. Telephone 52. Be sure and get the PELEE ISLAND BRAND.

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This is a well-made, practical machine, writing capitals, small letters, figures and punctuation marks (71 in all) on full width paper, just like a \$100 instrument. It is the first of its kind ever offered at a popular price for which the above claim can be truthfully made. It is not a toy, but a typewriter built for and capable of REAL work. While not as rapid as the large machines sometimes become in expert hands, it is still at least as rapid as the pen and has the advantage of such simplicity that it can be understood and mastered almost at a glance. We cordially commend it to helpful parents and teachers everywhere.

Writes capitals, small letters, figures and marks—71 in all. Easy to understand—learned in 5 minutes. Writes just like a \$100 machine. Weighs only 4 pounds—most portable. No shift keys. No Ribbon. Compact, takes up but little room. Prints from the type direct. Built solid and simple, can't get out of order. Prints on flat surface. Capital and lower-case keyboard alike—easily mastered. Writing always in sight. More "margin play" for the small letters which do most of the work. Corrections and insertions easily made. Takes any width of paper or envelope up to 8 1/2 inches. Takes good letter-press copies. Packed securely in handsome case and expressed to any address on receipt of price—\$8.00, in registered letter, money order or certified check. We guarantee every machine and are glad to answer all inquiries for further information.

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AGENTS WANTED. J. P. HANINGTON, General Agent, Montreal.

ENGRAVING. "PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU, ST. JOHN, N. B.

WOMEN

The designs in and varied this flowers and spr are set quite ground is well lovely summer d



The foot of the lined with je that it was finc yoke was scial the addition of lace, which fel of jet. By the a color as heli



The foot of the lined with je that it was finc yoke was scial the addition of lace, which fel of jet. By the a color as heli

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# WOMAN and HER WORK.

The designs in black China silk are many and varied this year, and in nearly all, small flowers and sprigs seem to prevail; they are set quite closely together, and the ground is well covered. These silks make lovely summer dresses, trimmed with black

much to date; it is amythist now, but, as it looks very much the same, the chief difference is in the name.

Another lovely design in these silks is a little flower resembling the bovardia, with which most of us are familiar—at least on



HOME DRESS AND TEA GOWN.

The gown shown on the right is of heliotrope and white percale, with a wide flat band of polka dotted percale, which is also heliotrope and white. The skirt waist is of the polka dot percale. A wide ribbon of the same shade forms a belt with cash ends in the back. The tea gown is of mordore India silk with large figures. The front is of mordore bengaline, with ruffles of point de gaze at intervals. There are wide revers of mordore bengaline. The sleeves are double puffs trimmed with the lace. There is a wateau plait in the back.

or cream lace, and they are so reasonable in price that they bid fair to take the place of chollies. Such dresses are made with full, slightly draped skirts, some of them showing little paniers on the hips; and narrow moire ribbon is lavishly used for trimming. Sometimes it is seen in many rows around the foot of the skirt, and again in vertical lines. Of course moire is the rage just now, and a very pretty rage it is when kept within the bounds of moderation. Nothing can be prettier than moire as a trimming, but as a whole dress I cannot say that I care for it—the effect is too heavy.

To return to the sprigged china silks however, a charming model was of small sprays of heliotrope with the tiny flowers, and good sized green leaves, and the skirt was trimmed with curious little panels of bias moire about two inches wide which outlined each breadth, and reached from the waist, to within about fifteen inches of

Christmas cards, where it is a favorite decoration—it is a lovely shade of cherry, and made up with cherry colored moire, it would be a most effective dress not only for a brunette, but for almost anyone blessed with a complexion at all.

Fancy a combination of gray and yellow? Few of us would care to experiment with two such risky colors, either of which require care, and excellent judgment in use alone, but together they sound as dangerous almost as dynamite, and yet such a combination was actually created by a New York dressmaker lately, and the lady who wore it was a blonde, with very yellow hair. The materials were striped grey satin, made up with yellow moire; the sleeves, belt and sash, as well as the bit of underskirt which the looping of the skirt showed, were of the yellow, and the rest of the dress gray. A little bonnet of white lace, with yellow moire bows, and yellow



HOME JACKET AND BLOUSE COSTUME.

The figure on the right shows a Russian blouse toilette of black silk and dotted net. The net skirt is in three sections. The waist is a French pinfore style, with net yoke. The three parts of the skirt are set on like flounces over a taffeta skirt. The figure at the left shows a new tea jacket with bolero effect, wrought by lace over mauve satin. The jacket is heliotrope crepon, with lilac crepe de chine full vest and royal purple velvet ribbon trimming and royal velvet collar and revers.

the foot of the skirt. Each panel was outlined with jet passamenterie so narrow that it was scarcely more than a cord, the yoke was finished in the same way, with the addition of a five inch ruffle of black lace, which fell from beneath the heading of jet. By the way there is no longer such a color as heliotrope if you would be very

gloves completed the odd costume. And this is not by any means the only gray and yellow gown I have seen described in recent fashion magazines; and another was of grey crepon, made up with yellow satin, and, in curious contrast to the first, it was worn by a very decided brunette. There is a very marked tendency to revive

black silk for general dress wear, not the old stiff gros grains, but the soft diagonal weaves such as surah, taille peau de soie, and satin surah. Such silks are made up with a plainness that is almost tailor made, and trimmed either with a very little jet passamenterie, or facings of moire; plain cotton jackets with full vests of spangled net or gauze are also a feature of such gowns, and very distinguished looking they are in their rich plainness.

I believe lace dresses are to be worn again during the coming season, both in black and white; sometimes the black lace will be set on a foundation of black taffeta in the form of several flounces, with the bodice covered plainly with the same lace, and again it is in the old shape of a wide skirt of the lace simply gathered over an underskirt of silk. Spanish lace will be popular for such dresses, both in black and cream; indeed it is a question whether that matchless lace has ever quite gone out of fashion. Where lace flouncing is used for the costume, the bodice is cut from the upper part of the lace, while the edge is reserved for the wide bertha and bretelles which decorate it when finished.

As for millinery, it seems to be following the old rule that the larger the hats grow, the smaller the bonnets become, in order to strike a sort of average, as it were, and really, if the full dress bonnet gets any smaller it will soon consist of the traditional rose, and pair of strings, to match the "incroyable" neck bows, I suppose but fortunately it has not met with any success so far, and I fancy most women have too much vanity to disfigure themselves with anything so unbecoming.

Light colored rough straws in large hats, are trimmed in dark colors, while black hats are brightened with light colors, bright flowers and cream lace; part of the trimming is invariably set under the brim somewhere, generally at the back. Little jet bonnets are trimmed with wings of wired lace, and a couple of bright colored roses or velvet rosettes directly in front. Feathers are "in" again, very much in, and you can scarcely put too many on one hat, they often droop over the hair in the old-fashioned style familiar to our grandmothers. Violets are as fashionable as ever, and a lovely little toque is made of black tulle spangled with jet, the brim being composed

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FOR Ladies' Tailoring and dressmaking purposes



Silk and Twist stands unequalled. It gives a finish to a garment not to be attained by any other means. Ladies prefer it, Dressmakers recommend it.



eight minutes, or until the white and the yolks are set. As soon as baked pour over a tomato sauce and serve. Eggs With Tomato Sauce. Boil six eggs hard; cut them lengthwise in halves and lay in a dish. Cover with seasoned tomato sauce. Stand over hot water for fifteen minutes and serve. Perhaps it might be as well to give a

# Colonial House, - Montreal.

Great Bargains in Dress Materials!!! Large lot of the following goods have just been bought very much under regular prices, and are offered correspondingly low:

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# Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal.



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Combined with the best filling in the world, makes the "Featherbone Corset" unequalled.

TRY A PAIR.



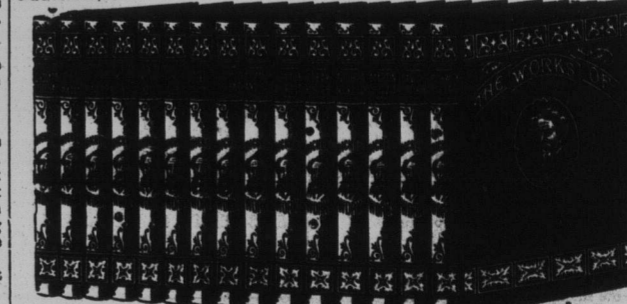
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GOWNS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

The upper center figure shows a novel dress for a girl, of two shades of brown crepon laid in alternate plaits. The waist is laid open vest fashion, the vest and revers being of white pique feather stitched in red. The figure at the extreme right is a pinafore of marsee with tucks above a hem and embroidered ruff and collar at the neck. The right figure below is a long sleeved apron of linen lawn open in the back. That on the extreme left is of dimity with a bias band of turkey red around the edges. It is open in the back.

of a sort of double garland of violets sewn on in tiny bunches, and the only other trimming a little aigrette of wired lace standing up at one side.

Dotted net is steadily going out of style for veils, though it is so universally becoming that its retirement is sure to be slow, however sure it may prove in the end, and the girl with the freckles will mourn long and bitterly when it has finally disappeared, and the plain Brussels net which is to take its place has really made its appearance.

If there is one difficulty above another which besets the path of the anxious housekeeper at this time of the year, it is the problem of what to have for breakfast! The close season for sausages is here already and in a short time even finnan haddies will be an unattainable luxury; eggs of course are always to be had but then one tires of them so soon, that unless they are cooked in new, and appetizing ways they scarcely enter into the scheme of breakfast relishes at all. There are one or two ways of preparing eggs which may be new, and are certainly appetizing.

Eggs Sur le Plat. Break five eggs carefully in a greased baking-dish. Sprinkle with pepper, salt and butter, and put in a quick oven for

good recipe for making tomato sauce, and I think this one will be found excellent. Tomato Sauce. Simmer one pint of tomatoes with two slices of onion, a sprig of parsley, two cloves and one bay leaf for fifteen minutes. Press through a sieve. Melt one tablespoonful of butter without browning; add one tablespoonful of flour, stir until it thickens. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

There are a great many dishes that can be made up with little trouble and less expense, and yet which are quite as good as any of the most expensive dainties ever "put up" at a canning factory. Liver and bacon has a vulgar sound I know, but there are few nicer breakfast dishes when it is properly prepared and cooked. Liver and Bacon. Cut calves' liver into thin, neat slices and fry a delicate brown in the same pan with thinly cut slices of good bacon; cook the bacon till it is almost frizzled, but not in the least burnt, and in serving roll each slice of liver as fritters are rolled, placing a slice of bacon inside each roll; arrange the rolls side by side on a hot dish, and it will make quite a dainty looking breakfast dish. ASTRA.

Kept His Books Posted. On the body of a notorious brigand recently killed in Turkey was found \$20,000 and a note book, which showed that he had killed 192 men.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

People of Russia, as a rule, speak only their own tongue.

Naphtha is death on moths, but very dangerous to handle.

In London there is a fur company which was established during the reign of Henry VII.

The largest railroad shops in the world are those of the Big Four at Bellefontaine, Ohio.

In Russia, as in France, Italy and Spain, titles carry no privileges, either official or social.

The orange grows wild all over tropical Asia, and is everywhere regarded as indigenous.

Earthenware sleepers have been tried at Shimabashi station, Japan, with satisfactory results.

It is estimated that 3,000,000,000 oysters are consumed in the United Kingdom annually.

Coal is dearer in South Africa than in any other part of the world; it is cheapest in China.

The "rock cork" mentioned by Pliny and other ancient writers is thought to have been asbestos.

Some plants are so sensitive that the passage of a cloud over the sun will affect them to a considerable degree.

Professor Tyndall is said to have been the first man to ever attempt to produce an artificial rainbow—this in 1883.

The largest needle factory in the world is in Redditch, Worcestershire. Over 70,000,000 needles are made weekly.

One mile of wire, such as is used in the manufacture of hair springs for watches, would weigh less than half a pound.

Some species of fungi have neither roots, stems, leaves, flowers nor seeds, and derive their nourishment through their pores.

Cherrapongee, in southwestern Assam, is the wettest place in the world, the average annual rainfall there being 610 inches.

Some species of birds have exceptionally long lives allotted to them. The raven has been known to live 166 years and the swan 115.

The longest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India, over 6,000 feet, and is stretched between two hills 1,200 feet high.

Native Australians have their war boomerangs, their hunting boomerangs and their amusement boomerangs—all different weapons.

The South Sea Islands is the home of a worm which emerges from its hiding place only one day of a certain change of the moon in October.

Brazil produces on the average 360,000 tons of coffee per annum—that is, about four-fifths of the whole amount consumed in the world.

There is a remarkable "burning spring" in Lincoln County, Kentucky, which regularly overflows its banks every afternoon at half-past 4 o'clock precisely.

In New-Mexico canons one may see natural stone pillars cut into fantastic forms by the sand blasts formed by the wind sucking up and down the narrow passes.

One of the oldest seats of learning in Europe, the University of Valladolid, celebrated recently its sixth centennial as an established university. In 1293 King Sancho IV. of Castile and Leon gave a charter to this school. But it had been in existence long before the Christian era.

Leaves of the talipot palm in Ceylon sometimes attain the length of 20 feet with a width of 18 feet. They are used by the natives in making mats. The leaves of the double coconut palm are often 30 feet long, while those of the Inaja palm on the banks of the rivers of Brazil are sometimes 50 feet long, and 10 to 12 feet wide.

Alaska is large enough to allow territory equal to the size of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Empire of Germany with its twenty-six states, the Republic of France with its eighty-six departments, the kingdom of Greece with its thirteen monarchies and the Republic of Switzerland with its twenty-two cantons to be carved out of it.

A very simple method of inducing sleep in cases of persistent insomnia, and one that has succeeded where many drugs have failed, is simply to administer a moderate amount of liquid food before the patient goes to bed. This diverts the blood from the brain to the abdominal organs, and takes away the cerebral excitement that precludes sleep.

It is well known that sea water has a most beneficial effect upon the appearance of horses, imparting a satin gloss to their coats, a brightness to the eyes, and a generally refreshing appearance. It is no unusual thing at seaside resorts to see bathers giving the animals in their charge the sea plunge as regularly as the most systematic bather on the beach.

A special feature of Java oranges is that they will keep from thirty to forty days, and, if properly packed, for even three months. New orange groves are continually being laid out, and now number some 400, against 200 some fifteen years ago. This industry has influenced the population of Java, which now contains 42,000 inhabitants, against 15,000 some twelve years ago.

A good extemporized apparatus for removing carbonic acid gas from a well is simply an opened-out umbrella let down and rapidly hauled up a number of times in succession. The person who made and reports this experiment states that the effect was to remove the gas in a few minutes from a well so foul as to instantly extinguish a candle previous to the use of the umbrella.

The so-called rice paper is not made from rice, as its name implies, but from the snow-white pith of a small tree which, so far as is known, grows only in Formosa, and belongs to a genus represented in the United States by the common saraparilla and the spikenard. The stems are transported to China and there the rice paper is made, which is used by native artists for water color drawings or dyed of various colors and made into artificial flowers.

HELIOTROPE AND INFANTS DELIGHT TOILET SOAP JOHN TAYLOR & CO. TORONTO Sole Manufacturers

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A Good Move and a Fine Store JAMES S. MAY & SON, Tailors, Have removed from the Denville Building to 68 PRINCE WM. STREET, store lately occupied by Estey & Co. Telephone No. 748.

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ICE! Wholesale and Retail. Telephone 414. Office 18 Leinster Street. Mrs. R. Whetsel

AS BAD AS IN RANGOR.

The kind of Whiskey They Sold in Leadville in its Early Days. As three men were standing in front of the bar of a Smithfield street saloon yesterday, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, one picked up the glass of whiskey that was placed before him and, tasting it, made a face that looked as if he had taken poison. "My, but that's rank stuff," said he, as he put down his glass and wiped off his mouth with his handkerchief. "That's almost as bad as the whiskey we got out west during the great gold and silver excitement. I remember in Leadville there was a wag kept saloon who did not try to disguise the quality of the liquor that passed over his bar, but rather made careful preparations for the effects that he knew it would cause. It is said that a tenderfoot once came in and asked for a whiskey. He was surprised, the bartender placed a small whisk broom by the side of the bottle. Of course he was puzzled, but he poured out his drink and drank it slowly, unwilling to profess ignorance in the ways of the wild west and thinking that some person might come to his rescue. The door opened and he saw the man who had saved him. A big burly fellow, bristling with revolvers and bowie knives, stepped in the door and, going up to the bar, ordered whiskey in a voice that seemed to come from somewhere below the cellar. A bottle and glass were passed to him and, as before, a whisk broom was added to the layout. The tenderfoot watched the man carefully. He poured out a good-sized glassful, then after gulping it down, quietly picked up the whisk broom, and going over to a corner of the room, brushed away the sand from a portion of the floor. He then lay down and had a fit. But, of course, all the whiskey we got out there was not as bad as that."

Great Fun for the Boys. A Christiania newspaper which does not give itself up to the comic element relates that a Dutch lawyer, named Nikolson, bequeathed the whole of his property to trustees, to be employed in the purchase of bicycles for the children attending school, while part of the money is to go towards paying a teacher to train the boys in bicycle riding. The validity of the will has been disputed by the sons of the testator, who refuse to acknowledge it, so that it is still a question of doubt whether the children will reap the benefit of the strange bequest. That the testator was sincere enough, and that he recognized in the wheel untold blessings which might have escaped the observation of minds of less acumen, the concluding portion of the will should go to prove. It says: "I have always found a bicycle a capital protection against the impertinence of those people who y-riest in stopping your walk to spin a long yarn in the hot sun or in the biting east wind. My machine, unlike a horse never shies once, and in my drives I have had no need to intrust life and limb to the tender mercies of a coachman."

She Invented the Cocktail. The drink known as the cocktail was invented and named by Elizabeth Flanagan, the wife of an Irish soldier who died during the revolution. She then became a sutler and followed the troop of Virginian horses which in 1779 wintered at Four Corners, Westchester County, N. Y. Betsy Flanagan set up a hotel, which the American and French officers frequented. They would come in after a night at the card table for a "bracer," and Mistress Flanagan would provide them with a drink that made them feel as "fresh as cock's tail." In time the compound received the name by which it is now known.

How to Write to Royalty. The paper on which letters to Queen Victoria are written must not be folded. No communication which bears evidence of having been creased will ever fall into Her Majesty's own hands. The proper method is to write on thick, glossy white paper, and to despatch the missive in an envelope which fits it. Any folded communication never reaches the Queen, for the simple reason that she won't look at it. All such letters are opened by the Mistress of the Robes, and as a rule their contents never get beyond her; or, if the letter is of importance it is returned to the writer with the directions how to forward it.

Dandelions for the Blood. Few people, I think, know that dandelion is an excellent thing for the complexion. The young leaves should be eaten as a salad, or the root of the dandelion may be bruised, and the juice squeezed out, and mixed in the proportion of two-thirds juice to one-third of rectified spirits of wine. It should then stand for several days and be filtered through blotting paper and a flannel bag. A teaspoonful is to be taken occasionally two or three times a day.

Try It on the Hotel Clerk. One of the easiest and most trustworthy modes of determining whether a supposed diamond is genuine or false is as follows: Pierce a hole in a card with a needle or pin, and then look at it, using the stone as a lens. If the supposed diamond is genuine you will see but one hole; if false two will appear. With an imitation stone you may also see the lines on the skin of your finger; with the true gem you cannot.

The One They Wanted. There is a story of an eccentric nobleman who amused himself by constructing an elaborate mausoleum for his own remains, and who, when the edifice was erected, asked the architect: "Is anything now wanted to complete your design?" "Only your lordship's corpse," was the unexpected answer.

For a Nerve Tonic USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. Dr. H. M. Marlow, Augusta, Me., says: "I regard it as one of the best remedies in all cases in which the system requires an acid and a nerve tonic. I have used it freely with most excellent results."

Haggle Compensation. "I should think bicycle riding would contract the chest," said Dawson. "It does," said Ryder; "but see what fine, full, rounded shoulders you get."

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT FOR HOUSEHOLD USE. OVER EIGHTY YEARS EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT IT POSSESSES VERY MUCH MORE THAN ORDINARY MORF. For INTERNAL use as much as EXTERNAL use. In Soothing, Healing, Penetrating. Once used always wanted. Ask Dealers for "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment" in the form of Ointment, Cream, Lotion and Salve. For Rheumatism, Sprain, Stiff Joints, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Stomachache, Painful Menstruation, Lame Back, Stiff Joints, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Swellings, Itch, and all other ailments. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere. J. R. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

PARSONS PILLS. Make New Rich Blood. "Best Liver Pill Made." Positively cure BILIOUSNESS and SICK HEADACHE. LIVER and BOWEL COMPLAINTS. They cure all impurities from the blood. Women find great benefit from using them. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere. J. R. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

SHARPS BALSAM OF GINGER AND ANISEED. CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS. OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

CHOCOLAT MENIER. Common Error. Chocolate & Cocoa are by many supposed to be one and the same, only that one is a powder, (hence more easily cooked,) and the other is not. This is wrong-- TAKE THE OIL from the Egg, TAKE THE Yolk from the Olive, What is left? A Residue. So with COCOA. In comparison, COCOA is Skimmed Milk, CHOCOLATE, Pure Cream.

SHILOH'S CURE. THE GREAT TAKE THE BEST COUGH CURE. Cures Consumption, Croup, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists and Chemists. Sold by Samuel Waters.

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MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

According to Figaro, Zola is the most popular French novelist, with Daudet a good second.

George McDonald, the English novelist, has greatly improved in health during his winter's stay in Italy.

The baroness Emma Spoori, of Norway, is said to be the best-known woman painter in Northern Europe.

Three United States senators were born in foreign lands—McMillan in Canada, Pasco in England and Walsh in Ireland.

The Bavarian government has awarded Ridgway Knight, the American painter, the cross of the Royal Order of St. Michael.

A few weeks ago the governor of New Zealand was compelled to pay a fine of five shillings because his coachman drove too fast.

Prince Bismarck is the possessor of 482 crosses and decorations. These, placed side by side, cover a space of twenty-one feet by several inches deep.

E. T. Reed, who succeeds Harry Furness as the illustrator of Punch, five years ago was an unknown artist. He is said to be exceedingly clever.

Rosa Young, a direct descendant of one of the Pitcairn mutineers and a woman of more than usual intelligence, is writing a history of the Pitcairn colony.

The czarowitz is said to be disinclined to marry. He wants to renounce the succession to the thrown in favour of his youngest brother, the Grand Duke Michael.

Queen Victoria has inspected a number of villas in the neighborhood of Florence with a view of purchasing one, which her majesty intends to present to Princess Beatrice.

The millionaire of the United States navy is said to be commodore George E. Perkins. In the army the wealthiest man is General Nelson B. Switzer, who is also a famous cavalryman.

Professor Ibrahim Hakki Bey, the Turkish commissioner to the world's fair, has returned to Constantinople so Americanized that his friends are afraid he may get into trouble.

Miss Ella Hopworth Dixon, the daughter of Hopworth Dixon, who is making a name for herself in the literary world of London, is also an artist of more than ordinary ability.

Prince Constantin Wiasenky, of Russia, is an indefatigable traveller. He has just returned to Paris after a trip of 43,000 kilometers across Asia and is ready to start on a tour through Africa.

Mr. Gladstone has received vast numbers of letters, the bulk of them from members of the working classes, and not a few accompanied by personal gifts, which the ex-premier is earnestly pleased to accept.

The Princess Beatrice closely follows all the topical songs, and after dinner at Balmoral the queen frequently listens to a medley of popular airs played by the princess, who in all theatrical matters is thoroughly up to date.

The Prince of Wales is the owner of one of the worst slum districts in London. He refuses to purify it. There are sixteen other slums, and the city council estimates that to renovate and purify them would cost \$10,000,000.

William Astor Chanler, the African explorer, has arrived at Zanzibar after his second expedition. His expedition was fairly successful. He will contribute a report of his exploration to the New York Geographical Society.

Mrs. Claudia Herrera, who died in San Francisco the other day at the end of the 120 years was born in And de Jesus Maria, Mexico. She moved to San Francisco when she was 75 years of age, and since then until recently was an active worker.

At Freshwater, on the Isle of Wight, a great granite cross in one stone is to be erected in memory of Tennyson. It will be a cross like the Irish crosses at Iona and elsewhere in Ireland and Scotland. It will stand on the highest part of the town.

Mrs. Anna W. Williams, whose profile graced the silver dollar, is a teacher of the kindergarten philosophy in the Philadelphia normal school. She is also a lecturer of considerable popularity, and has written many papers on Froebel and his doctrines.

Mr. Jenkins, the almost forgotten author of "Ginx's Baby," has been chosen by the Dundee conservatives to run for the parliamentary representation of their city. He represented Dundee in the 1874-80 parliament, and it was then that his book, which attracted a great deal of attention, appeared.

The Empress Frederick has induced two Berlin societies of amateur photographers to co-operate in bringing about an international exhibition of photographs by amateurs in 1895. Her majesty has undertaken to be a patroness, and has requested Princess Henry to act as her substitute on the committee.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward says that before she finished her first novel she was seized with writers' cramp and that every word of the novel had to be dictated to a shorthand writer. She has since recovered the use of her hand. Mrs. Ward often rewrites a page twenty times before she is satisfied with the result.

Thomas H. Benton, for thirty years United States senator from Missouri, would not allow the word "Hon." to be prefixed to the pamphlet copies of his speeches which he sent to his constituents and other persons. The title page reads: "Speech of Mr. Benton, of Missouri." There was but one Benton.

Wee Hun Feun, once a millionaire Chinese miner in Arizona, who was last heard of at her residence in South Africa, whether he went with his pretty American wife to make another fortune, has succeeded in buying an interest in the Kagasi diamond mine. It is said that Barney Barnato, the diamond king, is his partner.

The Duchess de Pomar is creating quite a sensation in Paris by a series of lectures at her residence. Owing to the growing interest in these lectures on christianity and mysticism the duchess restricts the admission to her house to bearers of personal invitations. To avoid the interruptions by late arrivals the doors of the mansion are closed precisely at 3 o'clock.

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MARRIAGE STATISTICS.

AGE AT WHICH PEOPLE CHOOSE PARTNERS FOR LIFE.

There is a regularity in various parts of the world—Russia leads All Nations in the Matter of Early Marriages—Figures and Facts of Interest.

To the question, "When do people marry?" a very great many answers may be given, and in whatever way we want to reply to it, statistics prove that if the cases of a large number of people be considered, there is a most extraordinary regularity to be found in the answers to be given. In individual cases few things seem more open to variation or more subject to a variety of circumstances and changes, but in considering a population, very little variation from the average is to be found.

Taking as the first kind of answer to the question the age at which people marry, we find that, according to Plato, the proper age for a man is 30, and for a woman 20. Aristotle was of the opinion that the man should be 37 and the woman 18, a discrepancy in that the nowadays would be thought rather considerable. The minimum age fixed by law, which of course does not represent the most appropriate age, was, in Sparta, 30 for the husband and 20 for the wife; in the Roman Empire, 25 and 20; by Canon law, 14 and 12. In England, 16 and 15; in France, 18 and 15; in Prussia, 18 and 14; and in Austria, 14 and 12. The Emperor Tiberius made an edict against the marriage of women over 50, or men over 60; naturally, it did not last long and was soon repealed.

Statistics show that the average age at which people marry is, in England, 27.7 for men and 25.5 for women. In Scotland, the men are nearly a year older and the women about the same age. In Ireland the average age of men when they marry is 29.2 for men and 21.5 for women. It is about the same in France and Italy.

The greatest average age of people when they marry is found among the Belgians: the men being 31.3 and the women 28.5. Russia is the country where people marry at the youngest age, the average being 25.2 for men and 21.5 for women. Among the Jews, the men at the time of their marriage average just over 30 years and the women just over 26.

Statistics prove that out of every 1,000 Russian men who get married no fewer than 378 are under the age of 20, while in no other country for which statistics are available is the number under 20 years of age greater than 35 per 1,000 which is the normal figure for England. Scotland comes next with 32. Sweden comes last on the list, only one man out of every 1,000 being foolish enough to get married before he reaches the age of 20. Between 20 and 30 is the most usual age for Englishmen to enter the matrimonial state.

Marriages of men over 50 are most favored by the Jews: 66 out of every 1,000 make Jews who marry having passed their half century. Only 38 out of every 1,000 Englishmen or Irishmen are more than 50 at the time of their wedding; while only 21 Russians per 1,000 marry after 50.

Turning to similar statistics for women, Russia again heads the list for youth, 573 out of every 1,000 women, or considerably more than half, being married under the age of 20; 150 English girls out of every 1,000 who marry are under 20, while Sweden again shows the fewest number of low ages, namely, only 51. It is the practice for a considerable number of Jewish women to marry before they reach the age of 20, the normal figure being 23; per 1,000. The same as with men, the age 20 to 30 is the most usual time for marriage; Ireland heads the list with 713 brides out of every 1,000 being between 20 and 30 at the time of their wedding. Russia is lowest with only one bride out of three of that age. In England, Scotland, and Prussia about 780 out of every 1,000 wives are married when they are between 20 and 30 years of age.

When women are over 50 their chance of marriage is in most countries very small; only 6 marriages per 1,000 in Russia, and only nine per 1,000 in Scotland, taking into account the example of their fellow men, and submitted to the matrimonial yoke. These figures only deal with people as a whole—a most undignified way of treating so important a person as a bride. A bridegroom, as such, is naturally insignificant, but there are some important exceptions who, not as bridegrooms, but as men, have stood out so markedly from their fellows as to make it interesting to notice the ages at which they married.

Many of the world's most famous men, including Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Beethoven, have remained bachelors; the majority of geniuses have followed the example of their fellow men, and submitted to the matrimonial yoke. These ages at which they married cannot be taken as any example for other men to follow, for the question of marriage geniuses have not by any means proved themselves invariably wise. The cases of a few notable men may be given.

Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway when he was 19. Frederick the Great was married at 21. Mozart and Walter Scott were both 25. Dante was 26. Napoleon was 27 when he married the rich widow, Josephine Beauharnais; and Byron was 27 when he, too, married an heiress. Robert Burns was married at 30. Milton began his unhappy union when he was 35.

Another kind of answer to the question, "When do people marry?" is to be found in the month in which weddings take place. There are a good many superstitions as to the unluckiness of certain months, and there are also different circumstances connected with the various countries that make marriages at certain times more convenient or probable than at others. Thus in some countries marriages seldom take place in Lent; in others, a quarter of a pound of plum, burnt and powdered, one pound of sugar, three pints of rice flour boiled to a thin paste with water, and a pound of clean glue dissolved.

Yung Kwai, who is to marry Miss May Burnham, of Springfield, Mass., on the 23rd of this month, is one of a dozen of the most brilliant young men of China as tested by a competitive examination, and was sent to this country by the Chinese government as a diplomatic attaché, in order to learn American ways. His engagement to a charming American girl would indicate that he is an apt pupil.

mediately between these two, only averages marriages out of every 1,200 and so many couples seem to get married in February, that only 12 can usually be found to get married in March.

The leviness of the Russian marriages in March is most nearly approached by the leviness of marriages in Vienna in the month of December, only 13 out of every 1,200 taking place in that month; while here, again, February is the favorite time.

Taking the combined statistics for 12 different European countries or cities, we find that November and February are the most popular months; 155 marriages out of every 1,200 taking place in the former and 149 in the latter month. January comes next, with 124; while May and October take the next place, with 114 each. April and June are average months, with 104 and 97 respectively; and then the months tail off with an average of 80 for July, 78 for September, 69 for December, 68 for August, and 49, or less than half the average, for the unlucky month of March.

Yet another set of answers may be given to the question, "When do people marry?" and we may consider whether the husbands and wives have not been previously married.

In England out of every 1,000 bridegrooms 861 are bachelors, and a somewhat similar proportion maintains in most other countries; the greatest variation being 899 bachelors in Greece and 808 in Russia; the average for 15 countries being 858 bachelors and 142 widowers out of every 1,000 husbands.

Widows stand the best chance of a second marriage in Russia and Hungary, in both of which countries 136 out of every 1,000 brides are widows. Their chances are at the lowest point in Sweden and Norway, where the numbers of widows who marry are respectively 60 and 59 per 1,000 brides. The normal proportion among brides, in England is 902 maids and 98 widows. The average of the same 15 countries as before is 908 maids and 92 widows, so that it appears that a much larger proportion of widows marry a second time than widows; no fewer than 142 marriages out of every 1,000 having a widower for the bridegroom, while only 92 marriages per 1,000 have a widow as the bride.

The question, "When do widows and widowers re-marry?" is also susceptible of a statistical answer. The normal age for widowers in several countries only varies between 41½ and 42½, so that it may be said fairly accurately that the average age at which widowers re-marry is 42. Widows for the same countries vary between 38 and 40, and have therefore, 39 as the average age at which they marry the second time.

Revered in Their Own Language. A personage almost as widely known in the ecclesiastical world as his most revered master was the late Archbishop of Canterbury's coachman. He served Dr. Tait also before his elevation to the archbishopate. While as yet he occupied the see of London, Scores of stories have been told of the peculiarities of this individual, and the following, among others was often related with the keenest relish by his grace: One day when, as bishop of London, his lordship was returning from some meeting in the city, the carriage he occupied with some cab, and the coachman freely indulged in an old-time habit of swearing lustily at the various drivers. The bishop heard him, and sternly remonstrated.

"Beg your pardon, my lord," was the reply of the unabashed Jehu, "but I heard you tell them 'ere gents as was ordained last Sunday that if you don't speak to people in their own natural tongue you will never get 'em to understand you."

His Regard for the Sex. The steak was tough, undeniably tough. Even the landlady noticed its resistance when the boarder struck it with his knife. "Madam," he inquired, "did this steak emanate from the flesh of a cow?" "I don't know, really," she replied with considerable embarrassment. "May I ask," he went on, "if you will discover and inform me?" "What difference does it make?" "A great deal, madam," he answered politely. "I have a few adverse remarks to make on its age, but you must know my regard for the sex would prevent my making them if this were of the feminine gender" and there came a loud pause and the clatter of knives and forks proceeded.

His Shocking Bad Luck. A man once had a ten-cent-bit. He wanted a shave very badly, but he wanted a drink about as much. Suddenly a bright thought struck him—he would toss up for it. "Tail gets a drink, and head gets a shave." Up went the coin, and it came down head. The man looked at it for a moment dubiously; then, like an inspiration came the thought: "It is always best two out of three." Accordingly it was tossed up again, this time coming down tail. "This decides," thought he, and again the coin was tossed in the air. What means that blank expression of despair over his face? The ten-cent-piece has rolled into the sewer!

Widows in China. According to the laws of good society in China, young widows should not remarry. Widowhood is therefore held in the highest esteem, and the older the widow grows the more agreeable her position becomes. Should she reach fifty years, she may, by applying to the Emperor, get a sum of money with which to buy a tablet on which her virtues are named. The tablet is placed over the door at the principal entrance to her house.

Useful at This Season. A good whitewash is prepared as follows: Take six quarts of lime, slack it with boiling water, then cover it till it cools alittle, and strain it, add then a quarter of a pound of slum, burnt and powdered, one pound of sugar, three pints of rice flour boiled to a thin paste with water, and a pound of clean glue dissolved.

The pecuniary rewards of British art are unequally distributed. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the latest of the art baronets, is to have an income of £15,000 a year. The fortune left by the late Fort Mearns Brown, on the other hand, was scarcely £1,000. No artist of recent years left so large a fortune as Edwin Long, who died three years ago having accumulated nearly £75,000.

HOW TO PRONOUNCE THEM.

English Names That Are Not Sounded, by Any Rules of English. There are thousands of English people who would talk of going to the "Durby" would say that Lord Rosebery lived in "Berkeley" Square, would pronounce Lord Lindsey's family name of "Berrie" as if it rhymed to thirty, would refer to the late Sir Harry Verney as if his surname were spelt with a "u," and would allude to the great Scotch clan of the Kerrs as if they were merely a family of mongrels—all this without any idea that they were infringing any law or hurting anyone's feelings; whereas they ought to have said Darby, Barkly, Barty, Varney, Kerr—the e in each of these cases, and many more, being broadened to the sound of "u."

The same change transforms Lord St. Vincent's family name of Jervis into Jarvis. A similar tendency to lengthen a vowel is shown in the ancient names of Pole-Carew, Chandos-Fole, Pepps (the family name of the Earl of Cottingham), Cowper (the family name of Earl Cowper), and Ch (the family name of the Earl of Leicester). The proper pronunciation of these is, respectively, Pool-Cary, Chandos-Pool, Peeps, Cooper, and Cook. The same influence has transformed Holker Hall, the seat of Mr. Victor Cavendish, M. P., the heir of the Dukedom of Devonshire into Hooker Hall, and made the Earl of Home unrecognizable as the Earl of Hume.

When we approach the question of Scottish names, however the difficulties become immense. No Southern would, by the light of Nature, imagine the proper pronunciation of Marjoribanks (family name of Lord Tweedmouth) was Marchbanks; that Lord Wemyss is Lord Weems, and his family, the Charteries, are shortened to Charters; that Sir Horace Farquhar must be addressed as Farkwar, and Lord Hamilton of Dalreell described as De-el-ell; that the Marquis of Tweeddale becomes mere Tweedle; the Isle of Lewis is abbreviated to "the Looze," and the Thane of Glamis must be simply styled Lord Glamis.

This clipping process, however, is not peculiar to Scotland. Mr. Gladstone's Welsh castle is generally known as Horden, not Hawarden. The Duke of Westminster lives in London at what is properly called Grosvenor (Grosvenor) House. The Earl of Devon shortens his family name of Courtenay to Cortney. The Duke of Sutherland compresses his lengthy patronymic Leveson-Gower into Looson-Gore. The Talmashes of Helmingham must be called the Talmashes. The Marquis of Abergavenny removes a whole syllable from his title and is merely Lord Abergenny. The Admirable Crichton would have pronounced his name to rhyme with Brighton; and Lord Rowton, when he has occasion to mention his family name of Corry, always makes it into Curry.

Under the same dispensation the Hobart Hampden Earls of Buckinghamshire pronounce the first syllable of the surname as did the venerable Mother Hubbard, the Mainwarrings become Manerings; the poetic sound of Cholmondeley is vulgarized to Chumley; young Lord Amphil is so oddly pronounced that it seems as if he got his title from an anvil; Pontefract Castle becomes there Pomtrek; Lord Bellingbroke owns only to the style of Bellingbrook.

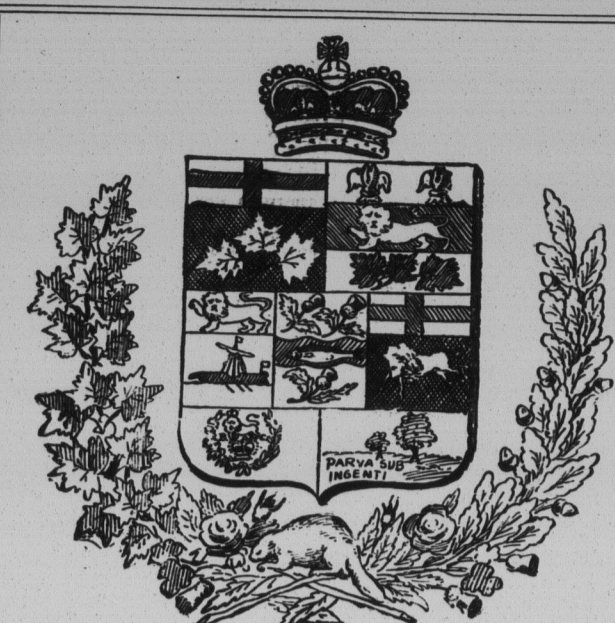
Some of the most remarkable facts of pronunciation are to be found in connection with the foreign names which have become Anglicized by time and corruption. Nobody, unless they had received a lesson in the mystery, would imagine that Lord Beauchamp ought to be addressed as Lord Beacham, or that the cockney who referred to Beavor Castle by its ostensible name of Belvoir, would intallibly provoke a smile. Beaulieu is another case of the same kind, for it has degenerated into Beely. People who remember that they used to talk of Robert Devereaux, Earl of Essex, of Elizabeth's time, as if his surname rhymed to mew, must grasp the idea that Robert Devereaux, was in all probability of the present day, is not satisfied unless his surname rhymes with dukes; and Meux's brewery has precisely the same sound as Mukes.

The most catchy corruptions are to be found among the Saints. For instance, the grand old name of Seymour is merely a variant of the Norman, Saint Maur, which, in process of time, adopted a form of phonetic spelling which eclipsed the true one. Saint John, on the other hand, has retained its original orthography while acquiring the sound of Sinjon, and the same is the case with Saint Clair, which is properly pronounced Sinclair, and is sometimes spelt that way. The same peculiarity may be noticed in St. Legere and St. Lawrence, which are given the sound of Siliger and Sillawrence. On the other hand, the modern titles of St. Levan, St. Gerundus, St. Oswald, being derived from British Saints and not from Latin ones, are pronounced hard, as Saint Oswald, Saint Germans, and Saint Levan.

A curious incident of the rapidity with which names derived from foreign countries become corrupted by continual use in English mouths, is supplied by the proper pronunciation of the word Trafalgar. Properly, it should be Trafflagarr. It is so called in Spain, and the eldest son of Earl Nelson has always been styled Viscount Trafflagarr. The origin of the alteration is said to be traced to the stirring poem, "Twas in Trafalgar's Bay" where the pronunciation was deliberately altered to suit the metre. The great British public accepted the change without any care for propriety, and it is immortalized in Traffalgar Square.

On the other hand, a modern instance will show that these verbal gymnastics are not limited to foreign names. The name of Parnell, for instance, was well known in England before the days of the great Irish leader. The emphasis was invariably laid on the first syllable. Mr. Parnell himself had the same habit in dealing with his own patronymic. Yet, to the great mass of the nation of all classes he was known as Mr. Par-nell, (accent on the last syllable), and will probably go down to posterity as such.—Tid Bits.

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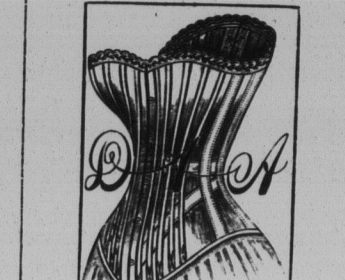
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A JUST RETRIBUTION.

The Rev. Edward Jenkins, of Tooting-on-the-Tyne, was a most estimable and near-sighted man. He was a curate in charge of a small parish, and he was thoroughly and tirelessly devoted to his work. He was not yet thirty years of age, and being unmarried, he was naturally extremely popular with his unmarried feminine parishioners. The younger ones were one and all in love with him; even those of them who were already in love with someone else, and engaged to be married, unblushingly professed that they were also in love, though of course in a strictly ecclesiastical way, with the Rev. Mr. Jenkins; while the elderly spinsters, who had almost abandoned the hope of marriage, took courage when they remembered how near-sighted Mr. Jenkins was, and said to themselves that to lose all hope was to distrust Providence, and was unworthy of a Christian woman living in a land where hair-dye and cosmetics were to be had.

Mr. Jenkins had been three years in Tooting when he was finally lamed by a bold and persistent widow. Most people said Mrs. Carter was a bold faced thing who had actually asked Mr. Jenkins to marry her. Though this was only a malicious surmise, it is quite possible that it was true, for the curate was so excessively timid in the presence of women it is hardly conceivable that he should ever have found courage to ask any woman to marry him. From a worldly point of view his engagement to Mrs. Carter was a fortunate thing. The widow was, it is true, ten years his senior, but she was remarkably well preserved, and was still a decidedly handsome woman. Moreover she had an income of nearly a thousand pounds, and held the Anglican views which Mr. Jenkins was secretly anxious to hold and avow, but which he lacked the courage to adopt unaided. With the support of a rich and determined wife, he felt sure he would find courage to place at least two candles on his altar, and perhaps even to intone a part of the service. In the first flush of his engagement he was a very happy man, and his near-sightedness prevented him from observing the looks of pain and disappointment with which most of his feminine parishioners met him.

Soon after his engagement Mr. Jenkins took his annual holiday. It was, as usual, a very brief one, for there was no one to take his place when he was absent, except now and then a casual clergyman out of employment, and Mr. Jenkins was too devoted a churchman to be willing to leave his parishioners to the mercy of the local dissenting preachers. This year, moreover, he was unwilling to be long away from his fiancée, and he therefore contented himself with ten days' run down to Interlaken. On his way home he wrote to Mrs. Carter from Paris, mentioning the hour when he expected to arrive at Charing Cross, and faintly hinting that it would be a peculiarly blessed thing were she to meet him at the station, it so happening that the widow was in town at that time. Mr. Jenkins added that he was bringing her a little present from Paris, which he ventured to hope would be dear to her for his sake, although he should offer it with fear and hesitation. This was an allusion to some lace that he had picked up in Paris, and as to which the vendor had paid him that it was formerly the property of the Empress Eugenie, and of great value. Being of a trustful nature, Mr. Jenkins believed this story, but as he knew that he was entirely ignorant of the merits of lace, he sometimes feared he had been cheated, and was bringing home to Mrs. Carter a present which she might regard as worthless and impertinent.

Gentle and unassuming as Mr. Jenkins habitually was, there was one respect in which he was ungenerously a proud, not to say self-righteous, man. He was never sea-sick while crossing the Channel, and on such occasions he could not help displaying his pride of stomach in a way that sea-sick people found offensive and cruel. It was his custom to walk about the deck gazing curiously at the sufferers, and apparently wondering what could be the nature of the malady which gave them such obtrusive misery. He was always offering to aid sea-sick men and women, and though he told himself that he did this as a Christian duty, it is to be feared that his real motive was to parade his own superiority to those who could not, like himself, eat cold boiled ham in the cabin in the very faces of prostrate and outraged men.

Mr. Jenkins was nearly half-way across the Channel on his way from Boulogne to Folkestone, and was with difficulty pronouncing the deck, for the sea was rough, and the motion of the boat exceedingly lively, when he saw a baby crawling alone among a group of passengers who at that moment were one and all quite incapable of attending to the wants of any infant. "This," said the clergyman to himself, "is the child of some poor woman who is too sick to give it proper attention. I will take care of the poor little thing until its mother reappears." So he picked up the child, which was apparently about fifteen months old, and handled it in his arms as he had so many times dandled the infants of parishioners when making his pastoral visits.

The baby was much pleased with the attention which it received, and wreathed its hands in Mr. Jenkins's whiskers, and cooed and chuckled in a way that the clergyman found both flattering and amusing. This unconscious tribute of confidence and affection from one so young added to the self-complacency with which he reflected that he was almost the only passenger on the boat who was not sea-sick. He resolved to take care of the child until the boat should reach Folkestone, when he would hand it over to its mother, and receive her heartfelt gratitude. Presently the baby went fast to sleep in the curate's arms, and he sat down in a sheltered corner, and mused peacefully on the bliss of married life and the admirable conduct of his stomach.

The boat reached Folkestone, but no signs of any claimant to the infant were to be seen. However, this did not disturb Mr. Jenkins. He resolved to place himself in charge of the child, and to make his way to the mother so that it would be impossible that she should not see him and receive back her darling. Passenger after passenger went ashore with the resigned air of people who have suffered too much to be happy again, and Mr. Jenkins watched eagerly for the expected mother. She did not appear, and when apparently the last passenger had left the boat he decided that she must have been very bad indeed, and had lingered a little longer than

the other passengers in the ladies' cabin. He sat down with his sleeping infant to wait a few moments longer, when an officer approached him and said:—"Now, sir! I must ask you to step ashore. We are going to lay this boat up in the port."

"I am waiting for the child's mother," replied Mr. Jenkins. "There ain't no mother aboard this boat," said the officer, rather gruffly. "Then I must have missed her," cried Mr. Jenkins, jumping up in a fright. "She must be on the pier now." So saying he rushed ashore, to find that the London train was on the point of starting, and that there was no time to search for a possible mother on the pier. To his frantic demand to know if any woman had lost a baby, the guard told him he had better get into his carriage at once. "You'll find the missus at London, I deary," he soothingly remarked, as he pushed Mr. Jenkins into a second-class carriage and slammed the door. The train started, and the clergyman found himself alone with his sleeping charge.

By this time he was thoroughly frightened. He would probably, as the guard had said, find the child's mother at Charing Cross, or Cannon street; but suppose he was again to miss her, as he had evidently missed her at Folkestone! What on earth should he do with an unclaimed baby, and what would Mrs. Carter think if she came to meet him, as she undoubtedly would, and should find him with an unexplained infant in his arms? What if some woman had deliberately deserted the child? Would anyone believe his explanation of the way in which he came into possession of it? Just then the baby awoke and began to express in the strongest way its disapproval of railway traveling.

Mr. Jenkins tried every possible plan in which to soothe the crying child, but his efforts were in vain. The infantile dialect which he invented on the spur of the moment, and in which he tried to explain that the infant was "riding in a coachy-coachy," and would shortly have unlimited quantities of "dindin," failed to meet the baby's views. Mr. Jenkins came to the conclusion that it was either suffering from colic or from hunger, and that in neither case could he do anything for its relief until the train reached London. The prospect of being shut up an hour and a half with a baby yelling at the top of its lungs, and possibly undergoing real suffering, was an alarming one, but it was not so alarming as the conviction which gradually forced itself upon his mind that some wicked mother had deliberately deserted the child, perhaps with a view to the clergyman's social and professional ruin. The more he thought of facing Mrs. Carter with the infant in his arms, the more he saw that it was beyond his courage and he resolved to leave the train at Cannon street and trust to making some explanation of his non-arrival at Charing Cross somewhat later, when he should have a better command of his nerves.

The child continued to cry, and Mr. Jenkins remembered that he heard mothers and nurses speak of concealed pins as an occasional cause of infantile dissatisfaction. Had there been anyone else in the carriage Mr. Jenkins would hardly have dared to begin a search for surreptitious pins, but in the circumstances he ventured to take that extreme measure. His total lack of familiarity with the manner in which babies are usually dressed made his search one of peculiar difficulty. He virtually uncrested the baby in the course of his search, and after satisfying himself that the pins were not responsible for its dissatisfaction, he tried to dress the child again, and he found it a task far beyond his powers, and at last contented himself with wrapping the clothes promiscuously around the baby and tying it up with a piece of twine, as though it were a parcel. Not until Cannon Street was nearly reached did the baby cease crying, and then only because it was exhausted; and Mr. Jenkins, seeing how weak the infant evidently was, began to ask himself whether, in case it died of exhaustion caused by want of food, he could be held guilty of murder.

The moment the train stopped in the Cannon Street station Mr. Jenkins leaped out and rushed towards the refreshment room, determined to give the infant a glass of milk, and then to drive with it to the Foundling Hospital. He had no longer any expectation that the missing mother would make her appearance. It was simply impossible that she could have left the boat without seeing him with the baby in his arms, and as she did not claim it at that occasion, it is clear that she had no intention of claiming it at any time. He had nearly reached the end of the platform when he suddenly found himself face to face with Mrs. Carter.

"Edward! Mr. Jenkins! What does this mean?" she demanded, in a stern voice. "It's—it's a baby, my dear," replied Mr. Jenkins. "But how in the world did you happen to come here?" "Because I thought I might meet you here and go to Charing Cross with you," she replied. "I need not ask why you are leaving the train here, after having made sure, as you thought, that I was at Charing Cross?" "But, my dear Sarah," urged Mr. Jenkins, "I am in the most dreadful position."

"So I see," said Mrs. Carter, coldly. "A person is generally in a bad position when he is found out. This is the present that you were bringing me, is it? The one which you hoped I would be willing to receive for your sake, and were almost afraid to offer me. I am glad to know that you did have decency enough to hesitate about offering it to me. Good morning, Sir," and the widow turned away. "But Sarah! I assure you this is only an accident. I never saw the child till this morning. I accidentally found it." "Of course, you found it under a cabbage leaf, I suppose Mr. Jenkins? The only repairs you can make will be never to venture to speak to me again, and to marry that unhappy child's mother, if you can. Don't say another word, sir, or I will call for help.

The widow marched proudly away, leaving Mr. Jenkins overwhelmed with her terrible words. He saw it all now. She believed that the child was his, and that he had dared to bring it home in the hope that she would adopt it. She was a British matron, though at present on the re-

tired list, so to speak, and she felt herself insulted, outraged and deceived. Of course she would talk of her wrongs, and the whole story would be made public. Mr. Jenkins realized that he had not only lost his bride and her thousand pounds a year, but that he had lost his character and his sanity as well.

It was a situation that might well have unnerved a stronger man than the timid curate, but in all his misery he did not forget the necessities of the infant, and his first act was to find a woman and a glass of milk, and to induce the former to devise some effective mode of feeding the baby. The woman succeeded. The milk was poured into the infantile slot, and smiles and gurgles automatically made their appearance. Then the curate, calling a hansom, drove to the house of an Anglican sisterhood where no one knew him, and when the door was opened, thrust the infant into the arms of the astonished maid, and bolted back into his hansom, which, in accordance with his previous instructions, instantly drove at a breakneck speed to Waterloo Station. There Mr. Jenkins caught an express train for Southampton, and the next morning was on his way for America.

The moral of this story seems to be that the man who makes an ostentatious display of his superiority to sea-sickness is sure to lose his character and his sanity. He will commend itself to everyone who has crossed the Channel, and while suffering the agonies of abdominal insurrection, has been gazed at with a superior smile by some unfeeling man smoking a bad cigar, and loudly proclaiming that the one thing he likes better than anything else is a breezy passage across the Channel.

How It Scared People. The little insect popularly called the death watch or tick is a timber-boring insect which usually commences its insect late in the spring, and is no other than the call by which the male and female of the same species utter their notes during the mating season. The sound they emit is not owing to the voice of the insect, but to its beating on or striking a hard substance with the shield or fore part of its head. The prevailing number of ticks is from seven to nine and eleven, and it is this circumstance which probably adds to the ominous character it bears among ignorant and superstitious persons.

The highest mountain in the world, Mount Hercules, in the Isle of Yapus, or New Guinea, was discovered by Captain J. Lawson, London, in 1881. It is 32,763 feet high, or 3,781 feet higher than Mount Everest.

BORN.

- Halifax, May 9, to the wife of A. Harley, a son.
St. John, May 18, to the wife of W. H. Fry, a son.
Halifax, May 9, to the wife of R. Kimmins, a son.
Halifax, May 11, to the wife of L. T. Holland, a son.
Halifax, May 6, to the wife of Edward King, a son.
Halifax, May 8, to the wife of J. A. Johnson, a son.
Parrboro, May 8, to the wife of David Law, a son.
St. Andrew, May 7, to the wife of Levi Handy, a son.
Moncton, May 12, to the wife of Thos. E. Babin, a son.
Antigonish, May 4, to the wife of C. F. McIsaac, a son.
Alton, N. B., May 12, to the wife of James McKinley, a son.
Charlottetown, May 7, to the wife of James Simpson, a son.
Pleasant Vale, May 3, to the wife of John Franklin, a son.
Sydney, May 6, to the wife of Frederick B. Lewis, a son.
Sydney, May 2, to the wife of J. A. McDermaid, a son.
New Glasgow, May 9, to the wife of James Mason, two sons.
Halifax, May 9, to the wife of A. G. Morrison, a daughter.
Shediac, May 9, to the wife of George McWilliam, a son.
Acadia, May 4, to the wife of W. C. G. Tait, a daughter.
Halifax, May 13, to the wife of J. P. Nelson, a daughter.
Egmontville, May 4, to the wife of Daniel Lewis, a daughter.
Chatham, May 2, to the wife of Wm. Ferner, a daughter.
Sackville, May 10, to the wife of Alex. Ford, a daughter.
St. John, May 10, to the wife of S. T. Bastin, a daughter.
North Sydney, May 2, to the wife of D. W. McKinstry, a daughter.
Dalhousie, April 12, to the wife of George Hanney, a daughter.
St. John, May 8, to the wife of John M. Robertson, a son.
Clare, N. S., May 3, to the wife of J. D. Lombard, a daughter.
Bay, May 4, to the wife of Wm. W. Williams, a son.
Weston, April 28, to the wife of J. N. W. Williams, a daughter.
Kingston, N. S., May 2, to the wife of Edward Benjamin, a son.
Tidnish, P. E. I., April 29, to the wife of F. J. West, a son.
West Bay, N. S., May 4, to the wife of William Conroy, a daughter.
Charlottetown, P. E. I., May 1, to the wife of R. E. McIsaac, a son.
Red Point, P. E. I., May 2, to the wife of Alexander Robertson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- St. John, May 1, by Rev. E. Robson, G. D. Roper to Mary Ellen Crosby.
Halifax, May 10, by Rev. N. LeMoine, William Hall to Janet Stanford.
Bath, N. B., April 28, by Rev. D. E. Brooks, Watts to Cora Sibley.
Dartmouth, May 9, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, George Strum to Ellen W. Sibley.
Lunenburg, May 9, by Rev. Mr. Batty, Captain R. Conrad to Emily Hermon.
Halifax, by Rev. Wallace Williamson, J. W. Frowse to Katie Robertson.
Florenceville, May 10, by Rev. H. Hayward, Alexander Foran to Lucy A. Kinney.
Halifax, May 7, by Rev. Dr. Foley, John Sydney Davis to Annie Victoria Forbes.
Amherst, May 10, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Wm. H. Forrest to Margaret Ann Day.
St. Ann's C. B., May 3, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, John S. Rochman to Annie McLeod.
Hampton, May 8, by Rev. George Howard, John A. Brayley to George M. Hoaglin.
Crow Harbor, May 8, by Rev. James Scott, Tyrus Hendabee to Francis M. Pelmatie.
Fredericton Junction, May 9, by Rev. W. R. Reid, David McDermott to Sadie A. Galbraith.
St. Andrew, May 3, by Rev. Charles Combes Ernest D. Graham to Amy E. Johnson.
St. Andrew, May 4, by Rev. Charles Combes, Charles W. Fry to Mary R. McCallahan.
Cove Bay, N. S., May 1, by Rev. Wm. Grant, Murdoch McDonald to Bridget Hines.
West Bay, C. B., by Rev. A. McMillan, Duncan McMillan to Flora J. McMillan.
Pleasantville, N. B., May 10, by Rev. G. C. Pringle, David McDermott to Sadie A. Galbraith.
Dartmouth, May 10, by Rev. Thomas Stewart, Albert Martin Robinson to Maggie Irving.
Weymouth Falls, May 7, by Rev. F. R. Langford, John Albert Francis to Gertrude Langford.
Kentville, May 1, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, assisted by Rev. C. West, Leonard K. Morton to Lou R. Prosser.

DIED.

- St. John, 14, Nicholas Miller, 67.
St. John, May 12, John Logan, 75.
St. John, May 1, L. McLeod, 81.
Millon, May 1, Oliver Kempton, 81.
Parrboro, May 9, Dow D. Hoop, 80.
St. John, May 14, John Dumano, 90.
Fredericton, May 8, Ida May Israel, 16.
Caledonia, May 6, George C. Francis, 66.
Halifax, May 12, William Weagle, 46.
Halifax, May 12, Mrs. J. Weagle, 46.
Chatham, May 6, John McFarlane, 70.
Bookfield, May 4, Jeremiah M. Carthy, 67.
Tobias, May 7, Abram Smith Lent, 67.
Milltown, April 27, Jennie E. McCosh, 28.
St. Stephen, May 8, Douglas McMillan, 68.
New Glasgow, May 10, Alexander Grant, 77.
Half Island Cove, May 6, William Haines, 78.
Ellershouse, N. S., April 28, Henry Foster, 74.
Caledonia, May 8, Rachel, wife of John St. Clair.
Lower Onslow, N. S., May 4, George Grove, 35.
Liverpool, May 3, Elsie, wife of John Ryer, 34.
Kingston, Kent Co., May 15, Alexander Girvin.
Princeton, N. B., May 2, Mary Ann Fickett, 32.
Albion, P. E. I., May 8, James C. McPail, 63.
Basewood Ridge, May 4, Willie Crawford Bowles, 3.
St. John, May 14, Sophia M., wife of J. R. Ruel, 66.
St. John, May 13, Jane, wife of John Anderson, 69.
Stanhelm, N. B., May 11, Charles Murray M. D. 41.
Bloomfield Station, N. B., May 8, Alfred Matthews, 54.
Kennectook, April 29, Carr, son of Dr. Wm. Cook, 22.
Lower Onslow, N. S., May 4, Mrs. Mary Hewitt, 64.
Weymouth, May 11, Laura S., daughter of S. G. Black.
Milltown, May 2, Mary Ella, wife of Hugh McMillan, 21.
St. John, May 15, Ethel Garney, daughter of Peter Smith, 2.
Yarmouth, May 5, son of James and Theodosia Wallis, 16.
St. John, May 10, Sarah, widow of the late John Long, 85.
Lockport, April 28, Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Locke, 67.
Liverpool, May 8, Bessie M., wife of Edward C. Hedges, 24.
Halifax, May 8, Mary A., widow of the late William Barrett, 90.
Digby, May 4, George T., son of Capt. George T. Wright, 16.
Earlton, N. S., May 1, William P., son of John McKay, 21.
Halifax, May 30, Catherine, wife of Thomas Mulcahy, 42.
Liverpool, N. S., May 7, Clara, daughter of Jacob Matheson, 22.
Dartmouth, May 13, Mary, wife of Alexander P. Hutchins, 36.
Halifax, May 14, Anthony, son of Joseph and Elizabeth Connolly, 2.
St. John, May 9, George B., son of Charles and Amelia Piercy, 9.
Melbourne, May 3, Maggie Theresa, daughter of Israel Hervey, 23.
Parrboro, May 4, Ellibourne W., son of Willard and Maria Lockhart, 9.
Pugwash River, April 30, Ella Elizabeth, wife of Eobhan McLean.
Brazil Laki, N. S., April 27, Lovina, daughter of John Whitehouse, 6.
Caledonia, May 12, Peter Joseph, son of Peter and Mary Hannington, 18.
St. John, May 11, Catherine Philbrook, widow of George Philbrook, 24.
Milford, May 14, Eliza T., daughter of William and Eliza Somerville, 24.
Fredericton, May 11, John Reed, son of John B. Reed, 24.
The Annie Robinsons, 11.
Union Mills, May 5, Edith E., daughter of W. Smithson Robinson, 11.
St. John, May 13, Frank, son of John F., and Lucia Laughlin, 3 months.
Salem, May 9, Clyde Forrester, son of Capt. G. Leslie and Lella Welsh, 2.
Port Hood, C. B., May 8, Charlotte B., widow of the late James McDonnell.
Doughfield, May 5, Mary Helen, daughter of Mr. Wm. C. B. Danich, 15 months.
St. John, May 13, Seth Lerou, son of Fred and Emma Woodruff, 6 months.
St. John, May 9, Frankie H., son of Frank A. and Addie D. Kerley, 2 months.
Barney's Ridge, N. S., April 22, Aggie Jane, daughter of John Staker, 11.
St. Andrew, May 3, Hannah Elizabeth, wife of Capt. Benjamin H. Grant, 39.
Salem, May 5, Adeline Leslie, daughter of Capt. G. Leslie and Lella Welsh.
Bridgewater, N. B., May 9, Catherine C., wife of Capt. Chambers McLachy, 63.
North River, May 9, Sadie Allen, daughter of George and Kate Dickson, 2.
Halifax, May 10, Annie, daughter of Catherine, and the late Thomas Kennedy, 17.
Greenwood, May 3, Margaret Catherine, daughter of Daniel B. and Elizabeth Dunbar.
Salem, May 10, Leslie Winifred, daughter of Capt. G. Leslie and Lella Welsh, 9 months.
St. John, May 10, Edith May, daughter of George A. and Roseline Macaulay, 15 months.

GAMEKEEPER AND POACHER.

A Desperate Encounter and a Timely Rescue. The Yorkshire (England) Factory Times, of March 16th, contains the story of a bout between a gamekeeper and a poacher, in which the former came out second best, and would have been killed but for a timely rescue. The poacher was not a man but an infinitely more subtle and dangerous antagonist; and but for the intervention of a Canadian his coveted victim would today be numbered with the dead. The story, as related in the English paper named above, is as follows: "Mr. James Coulton was for twenty five years gamekeeper on the estate of Weld Blundell Esq., Southport. Several months ago he was attacked with partial paralysis, and when the doctors termed softening of the brain. He was confined to his bed and had lost all hope. Hearing of the (great Canadian) Hawker remedies, he was induced to give them a trial. After taking four bottles of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, and a box of Hawker's liver pills, a change manifested itself; a continuous improvement took place, and he is now well. He is today able to go about all the avocations of his daily life. Nothing but Hawker's tonic saved him, for he was bedridden and the fat had gone forth that his case was hopeless. It does not require a very brilliant mind to draw the right inference from the above clear and emphatic statement. It is that any person in an enfeebled state of health, from whatever cause, will find in Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, a sure agent for the restoration of health and strength. The terrible poacher, Disease, has no armor to withstand the power of these great remedies. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is a certain cure when faithfully used for all diseases arising from nerve exhaustion, weakened or impaired digestion, or an impoverished or impure condition of the blood, and the prostrating effects of la grippe or any nerve weakness of heart or brain arising from worry, overstrain of mind or body or excesses of any nature. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, and Hawker's liver pills are manufactured by the Hawker's Medicine Co., St. John, N. B., Canada, and can be obtained from all druggists and dealers. Tonic fifty cents a bottle or 6 bottles for \$2.50. Pills twenty-five cents a box.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Wm. McMULKIN, Agent at Indiantown.
R. HARRITT, Manager.
STEAMER CLIFTON will leave her wharf at Indiantown MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons at 4 o'clock for Chapel Grove, Moss Glen Clifton, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton and other points on the river. Will leave Hampton Wharf the same day at 5.40 a.m. for St. John and intervening points. R. G. EARLE, Captain.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING November 13th, the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday mornings at 1.30 standard. Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a.m., and Portland at 5 p.m., for Eastport and St. John. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrew, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 8 p.m. R. G. LAEGHLE, Agent.

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

DONT LET ANOTHER WASH-DAY GO BY WITHOUT USING YOU will find that it will do what no other soap can do, and will please you every way. It is Easy, Clean, and Economical to wash with this soap. SUNLIGHT SOAP. HARDING & SMITH, Agents.

DYSPEPSIA CURED BY B.B.B. MR. GEO. READ. Read the Proof. DEAR SIR:—I write you to say that for some time I had been suffering from acute indigestion or dyspepsia, and of course felt very great inconvenience from same in my general business. I thereupon decided to try Hardley's Blood Bitters, and after taking two bottles I found I was quite another man, for B. B. B. entirely cured me. I have also used it for my wife and family and have found it the best thing they can take, and from past experience I have every pleasure in strongly recommending B. B. B. to all my friends. I write you because I think that it should be generally known what B. B. B. can accomplish in cases of indigestion. Yours faithfully, GEORGE READ, Sherbrooke, Que.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN, GRAND LAKE AND SALMON RIVER. All intermediate stopping places. THE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN" C. W. BARNES, Master, having recently been thoroughly overhauled, her hull entirely rebuilt, strictly under Dominion inspection, will, further notice, run between the above-named places, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 6.30 o'clock, local time. Returning will leave Salmon River on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, touching at Gagetown Wharf each way. FARE—St. John to Salmon River or vice versa, continuous passage, \$1.25. On return tickets good for 30 days. Fare to intermediate points as low as by any other steamer. This "Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of each week. All FREIGHT must be prepaid, unless when accompanied by owner, in which case it can be settled for on board. Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays. SPECIAL NOTICE—Until further notice we will offer inducements to excursionists by issuing tickets to all regular stopping places between St. John and Salmon River on Saturday trips up, at one fare, good to return free Monday following. No return tickets less than 40 cents.

Yarmouth & Annapolis R.Y. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Thursday, Jan. 4th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 4.45 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.45 p.m. CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of New Brunswick and Annapolis Railway. At Yarmouth with trains of the Yarmouth, Annapolis and Amherst Railway, and with the Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway. Through tickets may be obtained at 120 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway. Trains run by Railway Standard Time. Yarmouth, N. S. General Superintendent. J. BRUNELL.

Canadian Express Co. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napawan, Tanwanan and Quebec, Canadian Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railway, Intercolonial Railway, New Brunswick and Western Railway, Champlain Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States or Europe, and vice versa. H. C. CREIGHTON, Asst. Supt. J. R. STONE, Agent.

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