

# PROGRESS.

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## NAMED AS REFORMERS.

THE TICKET SUGGESTED FOR THE CHOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Count Robert Viart DeBury Named as Mayor and a Number of More or Less Known Common Folks as Aldermen—A Wild Break for Tax Reductions.

The Tax Reform Association started out well, with a programme for civic reform which commended itself to the majority of the citizens.

The plan in its essential good points was that first proposed by PROGRESS as long ago as 1890, and referred to in these columns at occasional intervals since that time. The people had thus been to a certain extent educated to it when the T. R. A. adopted it.

The salient points of the plan as to the reduction of the size of the council and election by the citizens at large are sound in theory, and can be made effective in practice if the right course is taken. If, however, the T. R. A. show no better judgment in the selection of candidates than is evidenced by the choice of the executive on Wednesday night, the history of the "people's party" which once nominated Mr. Charles W. Weldon for mayor seems likely to be repeated.

Some of the leaders of the T. R. A. who attended Wednesday night's meeting were in a state of mind on Thursday. They had supposed they were "in executive session" and that the proceedings would be kept from the curious of the outside public, but some of the delegates gave the snap away so badly that the nominations were the current topic on the streets early Thursday morning.

"I thought I had a big enough mouth," said one of the members, "but some men don't seem to know when to hold their tongues. They seem to have been running around to day with their mouths open at an angle of ninety degrees."

"What is the idea of having any secrecy in the matter?" he was asked.

"The idea was that the names would not be made public until it was known whether the men who were named would accept a nomination. If any of them did not accept, the men we went to later would think they ought to have been the first choice. Anybody would suppose that the men who were at the meeting would have had sense enough to see this without having to have an oath of secrecy administered to them."

The indignant member was quite right in assuming that many men would take it as no compliment to be a second choice after some of the names decided on at that meeting. If the T. R. A. is enlisted under the standard of Reform, it seems to have strayed a long distance from its barracks in a search for some of the candidates.

The gentleman nominated for mayor is Count Robert Viart DeBury, who is said to require a few days for consideration before accepting. The count is a gentleman of means and leisure who has taken a good deal of interest in North End affairs. He was once a candidate for mayor in the old city of Portland and was defeated by Mr. Sturdee, who is another of the candidates in this contest. It may be that the Count has since then developed a new strength, but if so it is not apparent to the ordinary observer. Why he should be selected as the representative reformer of the united cities may be more clear to the nominees than to the public, and should be accepted the nomination the chances are pretty safe for some other man's election. The Count may be just the man for the place, but there has been nothing to show it yet, and the people are not hankering after the nobility in civic government.

Under the supposition that the bill will become law, the T. R. A. has nominated one alderman each for the thirteen wards and two to run at large. The latter are Ald. McCarthy, an excellent choice, and Edward Sears, jr., a former alderman and the author of a number of newspaper letters on the decline and fall of economy in municipal administration. Were all the tickets as good as these two men there would be little ground for criticism, but it is not.

The supposition was that a good many of the present council would be omitted from the programme of the T. R. A., and the majority of them are. Apart from Ald. McCarthy, the only members of the board put forward as reformers are Ald. Blizard—who unquestionably has never originated an extravagant measure—Ald. Lewis, who has become a reformer very suddenly, Ald. O'Brien and the junior alderman for Guys. All of these, with the probable exception of Ald. O'Brien will be likely to accept the nomination, and of at least one of them—Ald. Blizard—it may be truthfully said his appearance, manners and conversation will do no discredit to any body. The proposition of the T. R. A. is to nominate Ald. O'Brien for Wellington, where he might or might not be elected, whereas he has a pretty sure thing of it in Kings and is aware of the fact. W. Hawkesley Merritt is also named for Wellington, as an alternative to Ald. O'Brien, or as his running mate in case the

bill does not become law and the ward is entitled to two aldermen.

Ald. Shaw and White are ignored in this calculation. So is Ald. Barnes in Kings where it is proposed to run E. G. Kaye, a young man of excellent character who has yet to gain his experience in civic affairs—and in the running of elections.

In Queens, not only is Ald. McLaughlan ignored, but T. Nisbet Robertson, a strong candidate, thoroughly experienced in civic affairs and with a clean record, is put aside in favor of Dr. Daniels, who however skillful as a surgeon, is neither a practical business man nor one who has ever been dreamed of in connection with civic affairs.

A really good selection has been made in the choice of James Reynolds for Prince. He has often been named in the past, but has never been willing to run. It is quite possible that he may not want to be a candidate now, especially if he thinks the rest of the T. R. A. nominees have any chance of being elected. As an alternative, or running mate, Ex-Ald. Knodell is named for Prince.

The West End had not a strong delegation at the meeting. So far as can be learned it consisted of just two men out of the twenty five present. One of these is said to have come in response to a note asking him to be present and "bring a friend." He did so. Both of these delegates were connected with one of the men they nominated as a reform alderman.

In addition to the junior alderman for Guys, ex-alderman Baskin has been selected as an alternative for that ward. Mr. Baskin has been reported as having had an eye to the mayor's chair for some years past, but the T. R. A. want him back in the council first. Ald. Smith, who is a quiet but earnest member of the council is ignored.

In Brooks ward, ex-alderman Lockhart, who is already in the field, is recognized as a good choice, while ex-alderman Stackhouse, who was the lowest of four when the votes were counted last year, is not so good a choice. Ald. Baxter is left to fight his own battle outside of the T. R. A.

The choice of men in the North End, generally speaking, is an improvement on the majority of the selections on the old city and Carleton. They are all new men—John H. Parks, and David Lynch, for Dufferin; Henry Maher and Henry Hilliard, for Lansdowne; T. Barclay Robinson, for Victoria, and Ernest H. Turnbull, for Stanley. The T. R. A. do not appear to have much of an opinion of the present members. It would be interesting to learn the opinions of the present members concerning the T. R. A.

There is a general impression that the ticket proposed by the executive of the T. R. A. might be wisely amended by striking out the majority of the names, and making a fresh deal. The weakness of it is that most of the old candidates on it are men who would never have got into the council by a vote of the whole city, while most of the new men are decidedly too new to be of much use.

The T. R. A. is likely to find a good many more people to agree with its theories than with its practices, if the selection of candidates is any indication. It is a pity that this should be. Reform is urgently needed, and it can be accomplished on the lines laid down, if the right kind of men are at the helm. It is quite safe to say, however, that the public will not accept a ticket chosen under the system, or want of system, so far developed. It does not appear to have represented much of anything in the way of popular sentiment, and judging from some of the names on the ticket the outside wire-puller has had a pretty soft snap.

If the T. R. A. wants to gain power and command the attention of the people it will have to go to work in a little better way the next time.

## A New Manufacturing.

The Central Press Agency of Toronto, which supplies many Canadian papers with plate matter, is trying to push trade in the maritime provinces and persuade maritime publishers to use the Canadian plate to the exclusion of the American article. Notwithstanding the duty, they find this difficult. The Press associations of the United States, which issue stereotype plates for newspapers, employ the very best literary talent that can be procured, and furnish their customers with original matter in connection with the selected miscellany. This latter work is not done merely with scissors and paste-pot as formerly, but special editing is given to it, with the result that there has been a marked improvement in the quality of the matter. Still, "plate" will always be "plate" so long as the public can recognize the difference in its appearance from the rest of the letter press. To be nearer their customers, the Central Press Agency is about to start the manufacture of "plate" in this city. PROGRESS understands, in the office of the Sun Publishing Company. The work to be done here is simply mechanical, the editing and typesetting being done in Toronto, and the matrices sent here to be stereotyped from.

## A "DOCTOR" IN TROUBLE.

THE SOCIETY AFTER THE SCALP OF DR. HUTCHINSON.

Representative of the so-called British American staff of Physicians and Surgeons—How the "Doctor" was Registered—He Will be called up to Explain Certain Things.

Dr. Hutchinson, of the so-called British American staff of surgeons is in trouble. The medical society is after his professional scalp with a sharp knife. The "doctor" is not a native of St. John, though for some months this winter he was a resident of the city, and walked the streets with a high hat and a cane proportionate to his six feet of stature. The first time PROGRESS saw him, prospecting was his vocation. He was looking around in company with another gentleman from Upper Canada who had some business with newspaper offices. Incidentally Dr. Hutchinson at that time inquired the price of "pure reading matter" advertising in the newspapers, and remarked that he never advertised in any other way.

That was the last heard of him for some time. He went on through the provinces trying to find a suitable place to locate, and finally one fine morning returned to this city and paid the newspapers another call. This time he brought his "pure reading matter" with him and very soon the following seductive notice appeared in the newspapers:

THE BRITISH AMERICAN STAFF OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS IN ST. JOHN.

Services first three months free. The British American staff of Physicians and Surgeons, who have so long enjoyed unparalleled success in the principal cities of the continent, cured thousands of cases of male and female weakness, catarrh, catarrh of the bladder, etc., where others have failed, have opened a permanent office in St. John, at No. 25 Wellington street. All invalids who visit these services for the first three months free. All forms of chronic diseases are treated, but no incurable ones accepted. The doctors will examine you carefully and thoroughly, free of charge, and if incurable will frankly and kindly tell you so, also advise you against spending your money for useless treatment. Remember! It is not the most humble in circumstances that avail themselves of their professional experience. The St. John office is permanent, but FREE SERVICE ENDS NOV. 1st. Call as once if you wish to consult them, as their parties will be crowded during the latter days of free service.

Head office: 272 Yonge street, Toronto.  
Hours: 9 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays, 10 to 3.  
All correspondence punctually answered.

According to this advertisement the new concern was a purely philanthropic one, with officers all over Canada. The St. John office was a new departure for the benefit of the afflicted in this city.

But Dr. Hutchinson had taken the precaution before hanging out his sign, of interviewing the medical registrar and procuring from him the necessary certificate of registration. This he was able to do by means of certificates, which the medical council now claim not to be what they were represented. In other words they are of the opinion that they are not properly signed. When making application for registration Dr. Hutchinson made affidavit to their correctness, and, of course, will be called upon to prove what he swore to.

Once registered he issued the above advertisement, which certainly came in the nature of a surprise to the medical men of this city. The officials of the society began to make inquiries at once, in other cities of Canada, and the reports forwarded to them, opened their eyes to the true state of the case. The "doctor" was well-known in almost every place they made inquiry, and there was a wonderful agreement in the reports.

By this time, however, the doctor finding business difficult to push in this healthy place, resorted to an old dodge and headed his notice with the following:

For the benefit of the afflicted who have been turned away owing to our inability to attend to all, and for those who may yet wish to consult us, we have decided to extend the term of FREE SERVICES until Dec. 31st, inst.

In other words he proposed to give a Christmas box to all his patients. If the truth was known he would probably be the only receiver of Christmas boxes, for which he advertised his consultations free. The poor dupes that consulted him found that his medicine was rare and precious stuff for which they paid dearly.

And yet notwithstanding the rush of business, Dr. Hutchinson found more time than ever to enjoy walking the streets. His portly form could be seen almost any time of day on the thoroughfares of King or Charlotte.

About the New Year he disappeared and the medical society thought that all their trouble had been in vain but the papers and reports were carefully filed away in case he did return. When the announcement appeared in the newspapers that he was to return this week the information was made out on Wednesday a new caller rang the bell of the doctor's office. He was a constable, not a patient, and he called upon the representative of the British American staff of Physicians and Surgeons in this city to explain certain things before the medical council in this city on the 11th day of April next.

Too Tough for the Street Railway.

The street railway cars vanished this week for the first time since they made their appearance in St. John. The clerk of the weather was responsible wholly for the temporary rest from labor. Recent rains washed the ice and snow in the streets so that

the layer of dirt remaining on top was fully as hard to pull the cars over as bare ground. Two horses were unable to do the work and four were asked to do it Sunday night and Monday. Then it became too tough even for them and the cars on bob sleds went into summer quarters, while the only representatives of the line on the route are two old-fashioned wheelers on the Main street and one on the Paradise row. The Company, however, is by no means idle, and by the time the sun and rain have conquered the ice, the new cars to be driven by electricity will be on the route. The necessary machinery is all in the station and in position. It will be in splendid working shape when everything else is ready.

## NINETY CENTS A DAY.

The Sick Sailors Will Swell the Funds of the General Hospital.

Since the government made up its mind to abolish the marine hospital and economize by placing all the sick sailors in the general public hospital at 90 cents per day, that institution has not been forced to discharge many of the tars.

Early this week PROGRESS was informed that none of the sailors who went out of Waterloo street were well enough to be discharged, and the chances were that each and every one of them would be as sound as a nut and ready to ship for South Africa or anywhere else when the hospital commissioners got through with them.

According to the new arrangement the general public hospital commissioners receive 90 cents a day from the government for looking after a sick sailor. When the new arrangement began some weeks ago there were 26 patients, and when PROGRESS made inquiry a few days ago the number had not decreased!

Probably the dominion government made the best bargain possible, but a comparison of the rate paid for the sailors and that given to private patients, inclines one to think that the commissioners will come out even.

If a person is ill and wants to go to the hospital he or she can procure a good private room, board and attendance for \$7 per week. That is one dollar per day. The sailors probably get just as good attendance as the private patient, but there is more money in them in one ward at \$6.30 a week than in the other at \$7.

When asked about the report, that the sailors appeared to like the atmosphere on the ship so much that none of them had been discharged yet, one of the commissioners smiled and remarked meditatively, "Ninety cents a day."

## THEY COST A PRETTY PENNY.

Any Man Can be a Publisher With a Type Setting Machine.

Among the commercial men who visited St. John this week, was Mr. Flint, of Montreal, who represents the Canadian patent owners of one of the improved type-setting machines. Naturally enough, Mr. Flint was enthusiastic over the advantages of the machine composition, and carried many pamphlets and papers to prove his statement. It is the boast of many an old printer, publisher, and editor, that he never used to bother committing his thoughts to paper when in a rush, but would let his mind keep time with his fingers which produced his thoughts ready for the press. Under the new method this will be no hard task: the man who can learn to manipulate a type-writer, will not find it more difficult to strike the keys of his type-setting machine; and as the letters fall into place by a truly ingenious contrivance, the words of each line stand out clearly, indicated on the side of the matrices, and by keeping his eyes on composing copy and result, an expert operator makes but few errors.

The morning dailies of this city were talking of introducing the type-setting machines, but so far, have not done so. Those who have made the estimate, state that four would be required for each daily. As the machine costs \$3,000 each, it can easily be seen that much saving will be necessary to warrant their purchase.

## "At Home" To Day.

Macaulay Bros & Co., announce the opening of their new building today, and many hundreds, if not thousands of people will no doubt avail themselves of the chance to look through a Commercial Establishment, modern in every respect, the like of which has never been erected in this city for years. The building, engravings of which have already been prepared by PROGRESS Engraving Bureau, and will appear in a later issue is an ornament to the street and the city, and a fitting monument to the enterprise of the firm and the business that demanded its erection.

## Their Condition is not Healthful.

The parents of the boys who attend the Grammar School are complaining greatly concerning the sanitary condition of the building. Two of the masters have been quite ill recently, it is said for no other cause than this, and those parents who have inspected the apartments have but one opinion regarding their condition. The matter is one that should engage the attention of the trustees at once.

## HE HAS WON THE PRIZE.

A FREDERICTON MAN LEADS THE LIST OF "PROGRESS" POETS.

His Verses Take the First Place Because They Are Natural and Poetical—Some Writers of Genius Who Are Entitled to More Than a Passing Mention.

After an examination of the original verses published in PROGRESS from Jan. 21 to Feb. 25, the award of \$5 has been made to those which appeared in the issue of the 4th of February, entitled "The Old Copy Drawer." The author is Alex. Heron, of the Herald office, Fredericton.

The grounds on which the award is made are that the lines are not only rhythmic and with what may be called an easy "swing," but that the idea is good and the description true to life. The lines have nothing strained or stilted about them, but tell a story in the most natural manner possible.

The number of really meritorious poems submitted was not large, but there were some of genuine worth, which aimed higher than that for which the prize has been given. It may be that some of them aimed too high. One poem, in particular, may be mentioned as showing unmistakable genius. It appeared in the same number as did "The Old Copy Drawer" and was entitled "Separation." It had a peculiar grace of expression and beauty of idea, but there seemed a lack of completeness about it. It was as if it had been begun and carried to a certain point carefully and well, but resumed later with a different feeling, so that the idea running through it at the first was not carried to completion. Something appeared to be needed to make the connection more clear to the average mind. It may be that the author may supply what is wanting, and when this is done she will have a really graceful and finished poem. Even as it is, so far as "poetry" is concerned it stands on a much higher plane than "The Old Copy Drawer," but it is not "the best original poem" in the contest, from the fact that, aiming high, it is subject to more rigid criticism than most others, and fails to fully satisfy the requirements of its class. It is quite clear, however, that "Atropos" has the poetical instinct in a high degree.

So in the case of other verses of special merit, they were in some instances not unworthy of magazine prominence, and it is no reflection on the ability of the writers that one unpretending ballad has been preferred before them.

Some of the verses published were rather below the mark, but it may be some consolation to their authors to learn that they were selected out of a large pile of very much inferior efforts.

It is quite possible that some verses sent for the February competition may stand a chance in the competition for March, as a number of them have not yet been published, but will be reached in due order.

The conditions of the competition for March and April are of course similar to those for February, and this means that there are practically no conditions. It would be better, however, for all writers to use other signatures than their own names, it being understood that the latter will be disclosed only when the owners are winners of prizes.

## NOT COUNTING "THE DARK HORSE."

The Three Candidates for the Mayoralty and How They Feel.

The most confident man in the contest for the mayoralty is Hon. Thomas R. Jones, who has figured out his election on premises which he thinks can hardly be overturned. He is reported as expressing himself as sorry for the others who are deluding themselves with false hopes as to the result of the fight. Mr. Jones has been over the ground often enough in the past to speak advisedly on the subject, and there can be no doubt he is working pretty hard.

Mr. Sturdee is making a close and vigorous personal canvass and has some good workers enlisted on his side. The elements which might combine to make him the leading candidate were pointed out when his name was first mentioned. If he can take anything like the vote John A. Chesley took in the dominion election he will be the mayor of St. John for the next year. Should Count De Bury accept the nomination of the T. R. A., Mr. Sturdee's chances will not be so good. A good many people are under the impression that on whichever end of the ticket Mr. Sturdee is found at the close of the poll, he will be nearer to Mr. Peters than are any of the other candidates.

As to Mr. Tufts, he is at one of the numerous functions, social and fraternal. His Worship has been attending of late. The chairman had humorously referred to the fact that two candidates were present, but as they were at opposite ends of the table they were kept well away from each other. When it came the mayor's turn to speak, he said that while he and Mr. Tufts were far enough apart then he hoped there would be a still greater distance between them on election day. He would not say which would be ahead, he remarked, but he

hoped they would be far enough apart. Mr. Tufts smiled in a ghastly sort of a way at this sally, and some were under the impression that he did not think it much of a joke after all.

Mr. Tufts has been making a quiet and careful canvass. He finds hundreds of people who profess themselves eager to have the reforms which are laid down in his platform, but he is by no means relying on all these reformers to support him. If they vote as they talk, he is sure of a splendid following, but Mr. Tufts admits that it is not so easy to run a mayoralty election as it was to stand in an aldermanic contest.

Mayor Peters is looking his prettiest these times and is a very busy man. He has a great pull on all the other candidates from the fact that his official presence is eagerly sought and cheerfully granted for all sorts of functions. One night he is regaled with a supper at which he has to make a speech, and another night he is found leading off in a quadrille at a social gathering. In the intervals he makes himself at home with the public generally, and even while he is out of sight of the *oi pollai*, he is still to the front in the press as the eulogist and champion of the virtues of a scalp renovator and hair tonic.

If the T. R. A. carry their point, the elections will be postponed. Otherwise, there remain only three weeks in which the candidates can hustle.

And the Reform candidate is still to be heard from.

## WHERE THE LADIES GO.

Complete Outfits For The Toilet Table—Rare and Delicate Perfumes.

Madame Ramsdell's Establishments in this city and Halifax, have been spoken of in PROGRESS before, but not in any descriptive way. The announcement of Mr. Ramsdell who conducts the store in this city, on the fifth page, show that greater attention is being paid to many necessities of the toilet room than ever before. The list of goods given there, while not complete in any degree, shows the great variety of the assortment, and the rare nature of some of the perfumes in stock.

It is hardly necessary to say that the store is situated on Charlotte street but a few doors from the corner of King. In exterior appearance it compares very favorably with hair-dressing establishments in larger cities; and the excellent taste displayed in making the windows attractive, is but an indication of the neat and striking arrangement of the goods within. In the rear is the reception room, handsomely furnished, and cheery in every respect. Here the hair-dressing, cutting and shampooing are done; while still further in the rear is the workshop.

Mr. Ramsdell claims that his stock of perfumes is more complete than any he has ever had; that more of the rare French odors are represented; and that that they are better, and in every respect more saleable. His toilet waters, powders, and soaps, correspond to the perfumes; and ladies will thus be able to secure a complete line of the most delicate odors.

To speak in detail of everything in the store is not possible in this space—a visit to it will more than repay all interested.

## IT IS A QUEER RESOLUTION THAT CANNOT BE BROKEN IF NECESSARY.

At a recent meeting of the Tax Reform Association, a resolution was moved by Mr. Greany, and carried, that no member of the executive be a candidate in the civic elections. Close upon the heels of this came the nomination of vice-president the Count De Bury as well as of Mr. Knodell, who has been active in the work of reform. A member who was asked how this had happened gave an explanation to this effect:

The matter, he said, had been mentioned at the meeting and the supposition was that it was merely to be an understood thing, which the executive would feel bound to abide. Mr. Greany, however took a notion to put it as a motion, and was declared carried. The executive did not feel bound by the vote, and anyway, there was no law to compel them to abide by it. In any case, he added, it were desirable to nominate a member of the executive. All he would have to do in order to be eligible would be to resign.

It was the great reformer, Daniel O'Connell, who once remarked that he would like to see an act of parliament through which he could not drive a coach and four.

## A New Feature in Insurance.

The Semi-Centennial year of the Mutual Life Insurance Company introduces to the public two new forms of insurance, viz: The "Continuous Instalment Policy," and the "Five per cent. Debenture." The Company under the Instalment Policy really assumes the guardianship of the wife upon the death of the husband and pays her annually during her life the sum provided for in the policy. The premium rate for this form of insurance is less than that charged for the ordinary life policy.

BOSTON WAS EXCITED.

THE LAST BIG FIRE THERE AND WHAT IT SUGGESTS.

Something is yet to be learned—Precautions that amount to nothing in Emergencies—Some of the striking incidents of a very lively day.

BOSTON, March 14.—Friday afternoon a number of gentlemen who profess to know a great deal about fires, and others who are anxious to learn all there is on the subject, talked very wisely in a room in the city hall. They have been talking ever since the big Federal street fire about two months ago, and they haven't got through yet.

One gentleman made the remark that there was no great danger of a fire in the same district for some time to come. This was taken for what it was worth, but was consolation for a number of those who heard it; for anyone who can give any good reason why there will not be a big fire in Boston, within a few weeks, or can show any practical way of preventing one, or stopping it once it gets started, has a great future if the average Bostonian can do anything to help him work it out.

Shortly after the remark was made, however, an alarm of fire rang out. The men in city hall counted 52, and looked at each other. Then it came again and they looked out of the windows. The fire had come, and with a vengeance.

Before it got through about \$4,000,000 worth of property had been destroyed.

All Boston was excited. It has been more or less excited since the beginning of the year, and despite the fact that President Cleveland has been inaugurated since that time, and that the rapid transit question has been very much on top, the fire problem has been worrying a large proportion of the people.

The excitement has not reached the pitch it did in St. John in 1877, when everybody who was not burned out and "lived in the rink," sat up nights waiting for their turn to come, and when every stranger was looked upon as a fire-bug who was waiting till nightfall to apply the torch. The circumstances are different, but the people—the business men more particularly—are alarmed.

In 1877 St. John realized the need of an efficient fire department, and so did Boston when it had its great scorcher many years ago, but now it has a fire department which embraces everything the 19th century affords, and men who have experience enough to know how to use it. Still the fires burn when they get a start. Something else is needed. Something is wrong. What it is is the great problem, which, although discussed almost to death, has not been solved?

It was claimed that the Federal street fire was not properly handled, but no complaint has as yet been made about the management of the recent fire. The construction of the buildings is the complaint. This has been discussed before, but now is the one great subject. The huge Ames building covered nearly a block, and was divided by a single brick wall, on each side of which were scores of rooms with thin partitions.

The fire swept through these as though they were paper. Scores of people had to jump from windows, or run through fire to escape being burned to death. Four or five were killed.

And this with laws innumerable upon the Statute books, laws on the construction of buildings, the placing of fire escapes, of fire-proof walls, and goodness knows how many other things, all of which special inspectors are supposed to look after, and see that the law is complied with—and the thousands of dollars worth of fire apparatus, the ladders, the life-saving nets, and all the inventions and devices that man can think of.

But with all these precautions such things will happen—accidents, fires, epidemics, and the innumerable scares of one kind or another, that bob up serenely from time to time, are supposed to be pretty well provided for, but they get these just the same. And every time the people learn a lesson. They see something wrong and it is speedily remedied while the excitement lasts. An inspector is appointed to inspect something or other, until now-a-days everything imaginable is "inspected"—precautions are taken to protect this or that, and the chances are that nobody ever has occasion to have taken advantage of them, or when the crisis comes does something he never thought of before, and lives, dies or gets a broken limb in consequence. All these precautions are good in their way, and should be taken, but will the time ever come when man can prevent all these things from happening, or effectively stay their progress when they come.

One practical, cooled headed man saved the life of a district chief at the Lincoln street fire. The chief was on the roof of a high building, the fire all around him, and the only way he saw open to him was to cross the street on a cable of wires. He got half way across and could get no further. Below him a crowd of excited people breathlessly waited to see him let go and drop from the immense height. They could do nothing to save him. A fireman noticed him, grasped the situation in a moment, shouted to him to cling on, then ran to the roof of the building, which the chief had tried to reach. He cut the end of the cable tied a rope to it and lowered it so that the chief could slide down to the street. He

did so and his life was saved. Nobody had thought of it till the fireman came along.

What does this show? Simply that a cool head and a practical mind, could do more to save a life than all the fire-escapes the law provided for. Also that there was something more to learn.

It may be a long time before another man climbs out on a cable to escape being burned to death, or that a man will be on a roof with no other alternative before him, but the people will provide for such an emergency.

The necessity of having ropes on the top of buildings or in places where they will be of more use than iron fire escapes has been made apparent, and this is now being considered.

When Fred Young lost his life in Courtney Bay, and the people on the wharf watched him battling with the waves and could do nothing to save him, the necessity of having ropes at convenient points around the harbor front was admitted by every one. Life buoys with ropes attached were placed all along the wharves of St. John harbor, and for all I know are there to day. How often have they been used? Seldom, if ever, but what's the difference? One of them may save a life some day, if they are not allowed to go to rot, and become useless when the time comes—and when one of them does save a life, the investment for the whole lot will be repaid an hundred fold.

Yet fires will burn, accidents will happen, men will drown, will be burned, and meet death in scores of unaccountable ways—we cannot prevent it—man cannot prevent it, but he can do his best.

Referring to the hero of Courtney Bay, calls to mind the incident at Cuttyhunk, where several brave fishermen lost their lives in an endeavor to save the crew of the St. John brig Aquatic. The heroism displayed by the islanders struck a tender cord in the heart of Boston, with the same result as in St. John. But there will be no monument, except it will be in the form of an agent who will go to Cuttyhunk to distribute the large fund, contributed by admirers, among the families of the men who lost their lives. For there is a squabble as usual. The Cuttyhunkers want to handle the fund themselves, and it is claimed that in case they do, certain people will not get what they deserve.

When the Aquatic went down Capt. Halcrowe lost his home, for he lived on the sea and the brig was his castle. He had sailed in her a long time, and the cabin contained all his treasures. It was to him what the "den," or study of a cosy little home, is to hundreds of other men, but no matter where he went, he took his house with him and was always at home.

So the wreck was a double blow—he lost his workshop and his dwelling.

R. G. LARSEN.

HE CHOSE HIS WEAPONS.

An Extraordinary Old-Time Deal in Which a Fresher Was the Victor.

Forty years ago a travelling preacher named Bowman—a strong, muscular man—was conducting some services in Kentucky. At one of his meetings a well-known desperate character created a disturbance, and on being publicly rebuked by Bowman, sent him a challenge to fight.

Bowman, as the challenged party, had the choice of weapons. He selected half a bushel of Irish potatoes as big as his fist for each man, and stipulated that his opponent must stand fifteen paces distant, and that only one potato at a time should be taken from the measure.

The desperado was furious at being thus freshly insulted, and made an indignant protest; but Bowman insisted that he was the challenged man, and had a right to choose his own weapons, and threatened to denounce the desperado as a coward if he failed to come to time. As there was no way out of the fix but to fight, the desperado consented.

The fight took place on the outskirts of the town. Almost everybody in the place was present to see the fun. The seconds arranged the two men in position, by the side of each being a half-bushel measure filled with large, hard Irish potatoes.

Bowman threw the first potato. It struck his opponent and flew into a thousand pieces.

A yell of delight went up from the crowd, which flurried the desperado, and his potato flew wide of the mark.

Bowman watched his chance, and every time his opponent stooped for a potato another one hit him in the side, leaving a wet spot on his clothes, and then scattering to the four winds of heaven. He hit the desperado about five times, and then the sixth potato struck him in the short ribs, knocking the wind completely out of him and doubling him up on the grass.

The people were almost crazy with laughter, but Mr. Bowman looked as sober as if he had just finished preaching a funeral sermon. The desperado was taken home and put to bed, and there he stayed for more than a week before he recovered from the effects of his Irish potato duel.

In at the Wrong End.

Farmer Brown had a little son and a hired man named Mike. They were all working in a swamp one day, and farmer John was some distance away. All of a sudden, Johnnie came running up to his father with a blanched face. The boy's eyes were almost starting from their sockets.

CIRCE.

CAPTAIN. Fair the tale of Sirens he And the sweet on the sea; Sparkle in their ruby flow Laughing waves that roll between us; Mirthful as the drops that glow Ruddy, falling soft as snow On the hot lips of Sileasus;— Sorceress! thou with him dost share What the poets deem so rare,— Pledge of Bacchus and of Venus! What wilt thou with me,— Soly thou callest me?

CIRCE. Come, Come, Come! Over the wave come hither; Be strength and beauty at home, The brave, the fair together! Rest on the sweetest bed; Sleep! I will watch with thee! Come, thou distress, From the sea, and rest— With me!

CAPTAIN. Haste, my mariners, to shore! Slack the sail, and rest the oar; On this island ours shall be Wine, and song, and soft caress, In a sylvan luxury; Hasten from the sea's distress, Ever buoyant, glad and free! For see! See! Yon glorious creature beckons still! She weaves a garland for her hair;—

MARINERS. Every shining mesh, a snare! CIRCE. Come, come, come! From raging seas and rocks, come home! Look! She her lily breasts doth bare, And thrills her calling voice to me; Wild love entrants the melting air, Calling us from the homeless sea; Now let music's soft caress Lull our spirits, dream-entranced, For the fretful world hath galled;—

MARINERS. 'Tis enchantment perilous! CIRCE. Come, come, come! From the falling night come home!

CAPTAIN. Haste, my mariners to shore, For I will not wander more! Brother-sailors, let us rest In this island of the Blest! Famed we for wine and song, And the sea hath held us long; Look where that glorious creature stands, Beckoning o'er the rocks and sands! A face so fair, a smile so sweet, can never mean us wrong!

MARINERS. Nay, my Captain, haste away! All the sailors say: Only sorceress is she; 'Tis a wondrous doth entreat, Lurid she with singing sweet, And delicious coquetry! Ruin lurks on yonder shore, Wasting, walling, and despair, And the sailors' bones are there; Pestilence is in her breath, And her foul feet tread death; They that land or tarry long, They that listen to her song, Perish, and are seen no more!

CIRCE. Come, come, come! To the blushing morn, come home!

CAPTAIN. Silence! Slaves! Will ye not go? To yon shore my galley row! Truth and beauty ye belie!— Then if her embrace be woe, In her arms I mean to die!

MARINERS. Will ye leap, and swim ashore?— Madman! we will hear no more!— Back—cease—forebear!— The lion's lair,—

The asp's nest is safer than her singing! Seize our Captain bind his fast Twine the cords about the mast, Till the perils may be past! See! See! See! The siren's raging harlotry! Her mask is off! Her herd and styte Wallow in her contempt, close by!

And hark! her voice is hoarse upon the air! Look! there are smothering serpents round her clinging!

CAPTAIN. Lo! my better angel calls! Down the curtain-glamor falls: Stretch the sail, and bend the oar, Hasten from yon fatal shore! Traitor, hag, awakened, free, I will shake my fist at thee! Seize our Captain bind his fast, Nor touch the cup that breeds despair! Rejoiced, I see thee rave and rend thy hair, And stretch thy skinny palms, my coming to implore! Hal! she lights all her place With a new superior grace!

See! she crown her whitening brow, And lifts her cap!... Thou canst not win me now!

Stand again on thy green leale, Which thy sweetest song and smile; Stand with me, wilt thou, my little To their never-ending woe! O'er them thy wet tresses flow, An engendering cloud, that will A deadly dew distill!

But, get for me The snare shall be, Over my perished love thou canst not work thy will. Brother-mariners, to thee Shall the need of cautious be; Danger lieth far a-lee, And, between, this tinted sea.

Ah! thou rosy-fingered devil! Beauty starved, be-flower'd well! Clasp, clasping, subtlety!— Hold thy field madness higher, Sing the song that wakes desire,— Sing and sparkle, glance and glisten,— But, myself, dare come no nigher,— Lay no touch on me!

PARTON FELIX. Preserving by a New Process.

A French doctor wants to introduce his patent process of preserving the remains of the dead. It is not embalming them nor yet mummifying them, though the bodies must be embalmed before the doctor's new process takes hold of them. The new idea is to electro-plate the whole body, and thus preserve to posterity the noble lineaments of those whose estates cut up sufficiently well to allow the expense. First the body is embalmed, after which it is dipped into a bath of nitrate of silver. It comes from this bath the colour of polished silver. After that the face is subjected to a regular electro-plating dip, and comes out burnished

copper, ready to be preserved to the latest generations. In order to insure perfect success, the face is varnished, and this is the last operation. The burnished-copper face is then warranted to remain the same for centuries, if treated with reasonably good care.

Epidemic. Whether the prevailing epidemic is La Grippe, a Catarrhal cold, or a type of acute Bronchitis, there is one thing certain, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the most reliable and universally popular remedy for it. It loosens the cough, starts the phlegm, and promotes expectoration. It is prompt to act, sure to cure.

Best Chance Yet to Learn to Dance.

At Prof. Spencer's Standard Dancing Academy, Market Building, Germain street (entrance South Market street). I make the following offer in prizes to all who wish to learn to dance the best style. Young and old can come. First Prize, \$40.00; Second Prize, \$20.00; Third Prize, \$10.00; Fourth Prize, \$5.00; all in gold, to be guessed for in this way: The number of stamps in a sealed jar. The first, the next right number or nearest to it; the next nearest, Second Prize; the next nearest, Third Prize; the next nearest, Fourth Prize. Any one can join the classes, afternoon or evening, by paying a regular term price. Each person or child will get a coupon with number to correspond with number of guess deposited. All who dance in Classes, Assemblies, Balls or Parties of any description, by paying not less than \$2.00 and upwards, whether it includes one or more dances, also anyone hiring Costumes, Wigs, or Whiskers to the amount of \$2.00, will be entitled to a guess, or any one who buys \$2.00 worth of Furniture and upwards, or any articles for sale in my premises; each purchase will entitle the buyer to a guess. The prize list will be open from January 3rd to April 5th, 1893. This is an opportunity to learn to dance in proper style, and still get pay for learning the fine art. Private Pupils will be entitled to two guesses, who take a course of 12 lessons. Now is the time to learn, and don't miss it. Remember the cheap Sale of Furniture is still going on, and parties will get some awfully good bargains in furniture, as well as other goods. Such as the best Lamp Burner in the world non-Explosive self-filling, filling self-extinguishing, and warranted to last ten years with reasonable care. Try one or more of these beautiful Burners. One branch of this business does not interfere with the other. Come and see and take a part in these Grand Offers. A committee of disinterested persons will count the stamps and pay the money to prize holders in Gold Coin,—positively on the date mentioned. All the dances must be held in my Academy and the amounts paid to me. Musical Instruments; last but not least, Splendid Violins and other instruments at great bargains. Don't forget the entrance, South Market St., where you will see signs.

Private classes can be formed day or evening. New classes for beginners will be formed on Thursday, Jan. 5th., Afternoon and Evening, at regular prices.

Assemblies, Balls, Parties, outside of regular classes will be done by invitation. I will give a guess on every 50cts. paid for dancing, hiring costumes, wigs and whiskers, or goods mentioned as above.

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CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

ENTERTAINMENT. Tuesday evening, 10 o'clock, Mr. G. Ernest Fairweather has kindly consented to give his fine selection of Line-Light Views for the benefit of the Aid Society of Queen's Square Methodist Church. The Germain Street Quartette and other musical favorites will assist. Admission 15 cents.

TO LET. Part of flat—four rooms, for small family of adults; over 1. J. Cochran's Drug Store, Main St., North. Inquire of Mrs. Robinson on premises.

CASH PAID for old postage stamps used for postage. Selections sent to collectors on approval. A fine breaking up of old collection. H. L. HART, 71 Gougeon street, Halifax, N. S. June 11-14

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WANTED Agent for my fine approval sheets of Foreign Stamps. Foreign stamps per cent. Commission, references required. Packet A contains 100 varieties stamps from Mexico, South America, Hong Kong, etc., and a New Brunswick stamp worth 12c., price 15c. F. BURT SANDREDS, Box 300, St. John, N. B.

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BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or Transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located home, 78 Sidney Street.—Mrs. McLEOD.

IMPORTANT TO FLESHY PEOPLE. We have noticed a page article in the BostonGlobe on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send two cent stamp for a copy to Walker Circulating Library, 10 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

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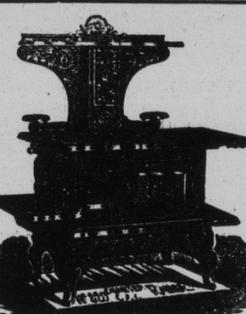
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Notice.

A application will be made to the Legislature of New Brunswick, at the next session, for an Act to Incorporate a Company for carrying on the business of Mutual Assessment Life Insurance and full powers and privileges in connection therewith.

Gold and Silver Plating.

All kinds of old SILVERWARE repaired and replated and made to look as good as new.

W. HILLMAN, 87 Germain St., St. John.



MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Things locally in the musical way are dull. Church choirs are practicing Easter music and I hear that Trinity choir is going in for something rather ambitious in the way of an anthem. I should be obliged if choirmasters and organists would supply me with lists of their Easter music when completed, so that I may note as many as possible.

The Oratorio Society held their annual meeting on Monday evening. A few changes were made in the board of management, but the main officers are the same. The indefatigable Mr. Foster continues as Secretary, which title to a certain extent is a misnomer, as he is practically the manager of the society.

Meal services are announced for Sunday evening at St. Stephen's church and also Germain St. Baptist. At the former, a small orchestra will perform. Truly there is a great change in portions of the Presbyterian body when one thinks that it is not so very long ago, that a musical instrument of any kind, in a church of that denomination, was almost an unheard-of thing.

Mr. Strand Explains.

The Editor of Progress:—Will you kindly permit me in reply to "Unde's" remarks in a recent issue, to say that I perfectly agree with him as to the desirability of having a union of the spiritual choir; but for various reasons do not consider the work can be undertaken at present.

When a fitting opportunity occurs "Unde" may rest assured it will not be lost by

Yours faithfully,

R. P. STRAND.

Tones and Undertones.

August Enna, the young Danish composer, who has been having a brilliant success in Berlin, is the son of a shoemaker, and was himself brought up to the bench. He has produced several works, the last he pegged away at being an opera, "Die Hexe."

Miss Bettina Walker, a pianist and teacher of some note in England, has recently died. She was the author of an entertaining book, "My Musical Experiences" in which she described her insatiable quests for great pianists and for studies indelible with them all—first with her countrymen, Sterndale Bennett, then to Taussig and Sgambati and Deppe and Scharwenka, and last of all with Henselt.

A woman brought to Chicago from England the other day a novelty in needlework that will probably become popular this side of the water. It is a covering for the keys of the piano, cut as long and as wide as the keyboard and lined with felt. These coverings may be made of light tints of broadcloth or of chamois leather. In the latter case they are painted instead of embroidered. Notes of music, small musical instruments or narrow borders are usually used for the decoration done in flosses mingled with gold thread.

The French Chamber of Deputies has voted by a considerable majority, to levy a tax of 10 francs on all pianofortes. It is a curious fact as regards the campaign against pianofortes in France, that some eminent musicians have been foremost in it. Ernest Reyer, the composer of "Sigurd," has long been in favor of a tax upon the instrument, and Verdi is known to entertain a similar prejudice against promiscuous pianoforte playing. The author of the present measure is Mr. Robert Mitchell, a son-in-law of Offenbach.

Grassini, the great Italian singer, was very much interested in the young girls among her relatives, and always ready to encourage any talent she could find in them. One day a novice was brought to her with the unpromising words, "She is a spoiled contralto, and will never do anything on the stage." But the singer listened while the young girl began her frightened trills, when suddenly Grassini caught her in her arms with delight. "Why, you are not a contralto," she said, "but the finest soprano in the world. Your voice is far stronger than mine. Study well. You want none of my help; there is a rich bank in your throat." The little singer was none other than Giulina Grisi.

The musical education of the daughters of the Princess of Wales is placed in the hands of Miss Olga Neruda, whose elder sister is the famous violinist, Lady Halle. Miss Neruda teaches them the pianoforte, but neither of the young Princesses has been able to learn the violin. This lack of musical talent has caused some disappointment to the Princess of Wales, who takes much pride in the doctorship of music conferred upon Her Royal Highness at Dublin some years ago. Some of the most famous musicians in the world have played with the Royal pupils. One of them, a brilliant violinist, was once asked his opinion of their performance. "You play like—like princesses," he replied.

Several "singing comedians" write their own songs, and occasionally make a hit with them, as Scanlan did with his "Peek-a-Boo," Emmet with his lullaby, and Mr. Flynn with "Down Went McGinty." Among those lesser composers is one whose songs have been sold by thousands in the music stores and made popular in the theatres all over the country. He confesses that he is not much of a musician, and says that it often takes him a month or two to write a song that sounds as if it had been "knocked off" in ten minutes. His songs, he says, are mosaic, made up of musical phrases that he catches here and there, sometimes from hand organs and gutter bands, sometimes from the cries of street hawkers, and occasionally from ideas that pop into his head. In artistic as this process of manufacture seems to be, his songs bring him an income of several thousand dollars a year.

An "old subscriber" rises to ask the New York Sun what has become of negro minstrelsy. The decadence of this once favorite form of entertainment is significant of the changes wrought by the whirligig of time. The picturesque dandy of negro minstrelsy owed much of his popularity to the war of the rebellion, and the further that struggle is left behind the less attractive he becomes. Much ingenuity has been exer-

cised to maintain his place. First came the female minstrel, then the white minstrel, and finally other innovations. But all in vain. The negro minstrel does not interest the present generation, and he seems doomed, like the Chinese, to go. In strong contrast to this fate, is that of the circus, which is as powerful a magnet for the youngsters of to-day as it was for our grandparents. The circus depends, not upon an epoch, but upon childhood, and that is always with us. The Madison Square Garden, by the way, has not yet passed into control of the "Greatest Show on Earth," although it is hoped to bring about a satisfactory arrangement at the stockholders' meeting early in April.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The latest news is that M. J. H. Laine, manager of Gilmore's Band has been in the city and arranged to take the dates fixed upon by the Minstrels.

The band will be here for three nights and two matinees.

The Minstrels will appear on Monday and Tuesday April 17th and 18th.

On Monday evening at the Opera House, the Wallace Hopper company will open its season playing at popular prices. The Halifax papers pronounce Mr. Hopper a good comedian, and his leading lady Miss Nella Robinson a bright and winsome little actress. By this time next week the public shall have had an opportunity to judge as to their capabilities.

It is passing strange isn't it what bad luck the Opera House Directors have had in their bookings for the season! Both in the theatrical and the operatic line all engagements nearly, have been broken.

The Katherine Germaine Company failed to materialise, and I should not be surprised if the Marie Gurney company would also fail to keep its dates. It was booked for the first week in April I think, but at the time of writing nothing here would indicate that it was coming.

The Snowflake Minstrel club is no more. One of its best men has gone across the continent to live; and others have gone in with the St. John Amateur Minstrel club.

Wm. Wheeler Jr., its late musical director is now also a member of the latter organization. He is a great worker and will prove a valuable addition when the Amateur Minstrels give their next performance, which is set, I understand, for the 20th of April, the ends will be almost entirely new; but two of the six old faces will gaze out at the audience from their positions. And it will be the last time one of them, Mr. J. S. Eason, will be seen here in that capacity, as he will take up his residence in Montreal after the 1st of May.

I should judge from what I hear of the rehearsals, that the singing would surpass anything they have given us yet, and that is saying a good deal. At present they are without an interloper, but no doubt will be able to find in their large membership, a capable man for the position.

Talk of the Boston Playhouses.

Were we in it?

Well, I guess yes!

I mean the eighth annual benefit of the Boston Press Club which took place in the Boston Theatre, on the afternoon of Thursday, 9th, inst., and which was, as it always is, the crowning benefit of the season. The programme was a long one, so long that the conductor swung his baton to start the overture at 12.30, and it was nearly 5.30 when the green curtain was rung down.

Every theatre in Boston was represented, and the great audience of three thousand people testified their approval by remaining through the entire performance. Julia Marlowe and her company gave an act of "Twelfth Night"; Stuart Robson and his players came along with an act from "Married Life"; the Boston Museum company did the farce of "Faithful James"; the Park Theatre sent in its people, with an act of "Temperance Town"; from across the way, at the Globe came a merry band of girls, from the "Ali Baba" company, headed by the bright particular stars of that spectacular production. The big theatre itself contributed the second act from the "New South"; the Bowdoin Square forwarded Chauncy Olcott and his people in a portion of "Mavourneen," and there were dancers, and singers and readers galore. It was a great show, and one long to be remembered. The souvenir programme was a thing of beauty, and a joy for a longer time than is usual with programmes, and taking it altogether, the boys at No. 12 Bosworth street have good reason to be proud of their eighth annual.

The Boston theatre has been given up this week to opera, and Lillian Durell has produced such time honored favorites as "Faust," "Mignon" and "The Bohemian Girl" to splendid audiences. Miss Durell is a graceful woman with a well trained powerful soprano voice, and a dramatic ability rather above that of the ordinary

operatic singer and she has gathered about her a good all round company of singers so that her opera has been presented very acceptably.



The BOYS say they are Beauties, and the BOYS know.

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Germain St., St. John.

and Tuesday of next week, and I should not be surprised to hear that some St. John people went to hear it.

Cyril Tyler sang at the Columbia Theatre this week, and, as usual, charmed his hearers.

PROSCENIUM.

Diet Vs. Medicine.

Roiled Wheat, Desiccated Wheat, Wheat Grits, Gluten Flour, Germ meal, Flake and Pearl Hominy, Arlington Wheat meal, Graham Flour, Rye meal, Selfrising Buckwheat. These articles are especially prepared with a view of producing not only a palatable and delicious dish, but a very nutritious and easily digested food, that will agree with the most sensitive stomach, for sale by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. 32 Charlotte St.

His Fiances (piqued)—Why did you pay so much attention to those married women? He—For experience. I've got to get used to a married woman some time, you know.

Stuart Robson has pleased all his old admirers and made plenty of new ones during his two weeks' stay at the Tremont in "Married Life" and "The Henrietta."

The former is a comedy on the lives of those of the old English dramatists written by T. B. Buckstone, but it is apt to be dull and wearisome, and the majority of people prefer to see Robson in his performance of Bertie the Lamb in The Henrietta.

Sol Smith Russell is the next attraction at this house, but unhappily we will only have him for a week and he will be seen in "A Poor Relation."

Down at the Museum they seem to have got a play that amounts to something in Herne's new piece, "Shore Acres." The piece is essentially a homely one, the scene laid on the coast of Maine, and the characters mainly people in the humbler walks of life, but the play is remarkably well written and is interesting to a great degree.

It is perfectly true that the Museum Company are not up to the mark in many respects, but the part played by Mr. Herne himself, that of Nathaniel Berry, is so well played, so thoroughly artistic, natural and winning that the shortcomings of the rest are overlooked, and nothing but words of approval follow each performance.

The Hollis street theatre has given us the engagement of the season, so far, that of Julia Marlowe. This attractive little lady has been here two weeks and will be with us one more, and in that time we have seen a counterfeited presentment of the most gracious of Shakespeare's women take form and presence before our eyes.

Rosalind and Juliet, Imogen and Viola have all moved and lived under the magic of this charming actress' art, and Galatea too has stepped from her pedestal into the world. Parthenia has led her wild outlaw lover through the woods in silken fetters of affection, and that quiet old play "The Love Chase" has been seen and admired.

STAGELISTS. The company from the New York Theatre of Arts and Letters will be seen at the Columbia Theatre here next week in the "Squirrel Inn."

Joseph Murphy has a new play, called "The Game Keeper." What a relief to that horse that has been abed so many times in "Kerry Gow."

Another new theatre for New York. This one will be at 38th and Broadway. Harry Dixey has revived his old success "Adonis" and goes on early March 30th. Minna Gale Haynes is an early comer at the Tremont, and will be seen in a round of legitimate plays.

Mrs. Brown Potter has got a new play that is said to be more realistic than "Theresa Raquin," if it is, the audience should be made up of married people only. "1492" captured Montreal recently and is now on the New England circuit. The piece will be played in Bangor on Monday

and Tuesday of next week, and I should not be surprised to hear that some St. John people went to hear it.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 18.

STOP THE POISONING.

Among the matters before the bills committee of the common council this week was a resolution bearing on the sale of intoxicating liquor in St. John. It was introduced at the last session of the board, by Ald. Davis, and was designed to effect an amendment to the existing license act, by providing that an analyst should be appointed whose duty it would be to inspect liquors with a view to convictions where adulterations were discovered. The bill committee has, however, relegated the matter to the recorder for his opinion, as there is a doubt whether the matter is not ultra vires the local legislature. This is probably where the matter will end for the present.

In the eyes of a good many people, such a law is not needed. They object to any recognition of the liquor traffic as a legitimate branch of trade and commerce. They claim that men should not drink at all, and that if they drink the worst is good enough for them. They reason, perhaps, that the worse liquor, in the abstract, is known to be, the sooner will man, in the abstract, learn to avoid the use of it. Intelligent men, they may claim, will not take it, any more than they will take any other poison, and if the degraded persist in using it and perish, there will be simply a survival of the fittest.

Such arguments as these are doubtless heard occasionally in the debates of total abstinence organizations, but they are the views of inexperienced youth or extremists who rejoice to be recognized as "cranks" by their intemperance in what they allege to be temperance. Fortunately for mankind, they are not in the majority, nor are they likely to be. In the meantime liquor exists, and men drink it, as they have since the days before the deluge, and will until the millennium dawns. The saloon also exists. It is a pity that it does so, but it is aggressively prominent and is likely to remain so for many years to come in this part of the world. The law recognizes it, the country and city derive a revenue from it, and the public give it their patronage. So long as it thus exists there is no reason why it should not be regulated in one respect as well as another in order to limit its opportunities for mischief.

The law now undertakes to see that the saloon is closed at certain hours and on certain days. This regulation is well enough so far as it goes, even though it is enforced only to a partial extent. In the meantime, during the hours when the law permits the saloon to be open, no attempt is made to regulate the quality of the material that is sold. The latter may be, and very often is, villainously adulterated with materials which have the most prejudicial effects on the human system. At the best, the amount of pure liquor sold is small, and the manner and extent of the adulteration of what is dealt out, are wholly discretionary with the seller. Any man about town knows that out of the eighty and odd retail bars in St. John, the number where the average man is likely to get reasonably good liquor is so small as to be reckoned on the fingers. The other places have the reputation of selling, as a rule, compounds which are "full of sound and fury" in their effects on the unfortunate drinker. Yet the worst of these places appear to have plenty of custom, and people are continually being poisoned under the sanction of the law. The only notice the law takes is to arrest the men who have been poisoned, and imprison and fine them because they are poisoned under its authority. The seller is not troubled unless his place happens to be open at an hour when it ought to be shut.

Apart from all the ordinary evils wrought by over indulgence in drink, there is a positive and extraordinary evil to mind, soul and body, by the selling of adulterated liquor. It may be easy for the abstainer, taking his own lack of desire as the standard for human nature, to say that men should not drink, and if they do they deserve all they get. That sentiment is in-

humus and unchristian. Men will drink too much, just as they do many other things they should not do, but there is no reason why their lives or their reason should pay the penalty of their weakness or folly, when such results are to a large extent preventable. Both the city and the state make enough out of the liquor traffic to protect the people who are now exposed to every risk at the hands of greedy and unscrupulous dealers.

It may be possible for a municipality to regulate the inspection of liquor, but the right course would seem to be for the Dominion government to deal with the matter. It has analysts now, who periodically report that out of so many samples of coffee, a certain number had chicory in them, and give like information in regard to other articles of food, but the wholesale poisoning by adulterated liquors receives no notice. That it should be so, is beyond question. It is a very serious matter, involving the interests not only of the drinkers but of very many others.

PROTECTION FROM FIRE.

Boston has had another fire, resulting in a loss of some millions of dollars worth of property and several lives. It is only a short time since there was a big fire in the same quarter of the city, and in both instances there appears to have been good grounds for fear lest the flames should spread wholly beyond human control. Neither substantial brick and stone buildings nor one of the most efficient fire departments in America were able to stop the fire at the outset.

With the class of buildings common to the business district of Boston with what seems to be an admirable alarm system and thoroughly equipped service, it seems a little singular that such fires should be possible and it is well nigh incredible that there should be more than one of them in the course of one season. It can be understood how one building may be destroyed, but with an abundance of water, apparatus and trained fire fighters, it is not so easily understood why there should be such heavy losses. The theory of some is that the departments, even the best of them are not keeping pace with the times. In other words, the conditions under which fires occur are changing every year, while the departments are very much as they have been since the introduction of steam engines, electric alarms and paid forces. The multiplication of overhead wires is but one of a number of new factors which do much to complicate the situation. The question is getting to be a serious one, and not the less so because the importance of it is not yet fully realized. Every city which has a reasonably good department considers itself sufficiently protected until some big fire proves that the people have been mistaken.

In the city of St. John, for instance, there is an impression that the department is able for most emergencies which are likely to arise. Possibly it is, but there is no positive evidence of the fact. There is a good water supply, the apparatus appears to be capable of good work, and alarms are answered with great promptitude. Fires of any extent have been rare of recent years, because they have usually been checked at the outset, and this has been because they were of a nature not difficult to check. Supposing, however, that a fire got well started under such favorable conditions as were attendant on the last Boston fire, what would be the result? Nobody can tell, because the opportunity has not offered. The fire at the corner of Union and Waterloo streets, a few years ago, showed alarming possibilities, and the fire on Waterloo street in the early part of this winter got more headway than they thought it should have got, yet in both these instances the opportunities for working around the flames were excellent, and the problem of narrow streets, high buildings and a network of overhead wires did not enter into the question. So, too, just one year ago, the supposedly fire-proof cotton house was burned from cupola to cellar despite of all the fire department could do, yet the fact that the building was of stone and isolated prevented a more general destruction. Supposing the same kind of a fire had happened in a more dangerous locality, what would have been the result?

The lesson of the Boston fires may not seem to have an application to St. John, but it is worth thinking over. That this city has escaped so well of late years is no guarantee that its security will continue. There has been no real test of how far the department is able to cope with fires under complex but not extraordinary conditions, and until there is such test we can only hope for the best. In the meantime, it would hardly seem wise to rely too confidently on the department as efficient in the present because it has shown a certain measure of efficiency in the past.

A communication has been received by PROGRESS from a high school girl in regard to a letter signed "Polly," which appeared last week. The purport of the communication is that the girls of the high school are indignant at the references made to Miss MOWATT, for whom they entertain the highest respect. PROGRESS did not understand that any disrespect was intended, but permitted "Polly" to state her side of the case in school girl fashion. It is satisfactory to learn that despite their differences of opinion in regard to one session, Miss MOWATT and her pupils the relations are, as they should be, of the most friendly nature.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

A Prayer. Father, I'm very far from Thee; The way is long, I cannot see; Stretch forth Thy hand and succor me, And guide my feet.

Stay by me till the night be gone, And darkness flee before the dawn; Still hold my hand and lead me on Into the light.

How oft, when clouds obscured my sight, And shut from view sweet Heaven's light, I feared, and cried out in my fright: "Where is my Lord?"

Yet Thou wert never far from me, Didst but raise my eyes and see, Why should I have a doubt of Thee? O blessed One!

So mindful of the sparrow's fall, Thou hearest when Thy children call; Thou seest, and Thou knowest all That Thou hast made.

Help me to trust, what'er betide, Thee only, Lord, and none beside; When fears assail, then may I hide Beneath Thy wing.

Oh how I tried to pierce the gloom That hangs 'twixt Heaven and the tomb, Its depths so vast my thoughts consume, And weary me.

Whether, when Death shall claim its prize, I shall find mortal body dies, It is not mine to say, I may not know.

Or if, when countless comets rain, And suns and constellations wane, Shall slumber alone but there remain, I cannot tell.

But 'tis I know: when life is done, The conflict o'er, the victory won, We shall behold Thy glorious Son Upon His throne.

'Twere best to leave it all with Thee, Nor seek to learn the mystery Of things unseen, O Deity, For 'tis His Time.

With all his wisdom, what is man, That he should strive Thy works to scan? His logic fails, his reason— In mystery.

Father, I'm Thine; I cannot die, E'en though I lay this body by; By soul will soar to Thee on high And live for aye.

When sin's life's sun within the west, O, take me up, and let me rest My weary head upon Thy breast, And bear me home.

Then Paradise 'O, Paradise! Such rapturous scenes shall greet my eyes; And from my lips a song shall rise In praise to Thee.

W. HERBERT LOGGIN.

The Death of the Critics. "I never dare to write As faintly as I can—Holmes."

Full fifty years had passed away Since I had seen my mother earth For half a century.

And so I took a flying trip In nineteen ninety-three; To see if the passing years had filled The dreams of Prophecy.

A giant form came drifting by; And I looked, with joy, upon The prince of all the ships that fly The banner "Edison."

Calmly she floated above the town, And over the warring tides, And slowly swayed her mighty wings, As she fanned the summer breeze.

Overhead she hovered for awhile, Then settled silently, And from her side, the captain cried—"All aboard for Hawaii!"

And I stepped on deck, invisible— A ghost of ninety-three. We began to rise, and I fixed my eyes On one of a company.

With gaze intent, on PROGRESS bent, They argued noisily. They talked of a poem, that had come to light— These millennial critics three— And about the authorship of it.

"As he seemed to disagree," "As he recited as follows," "As he seemed to Milton's lore," "The love of Shakespeare sparkles out, As it never did before."

Then I ainger drew to the soulful men, Of the age that is to be, And I could not help exclaiming then "That poem belongs to me."

The effect of my unearthly voice Was terrible to view; They shook with fright, and their faces white Were bathed with a deadly dew.

Three corpses lay on the hurricane deck Most pitiful to me, But they threw them over carelessly In the great Pacific sea;

For they let "no grass grow under their feet," In nineteen ninety three. A. B. I.

Do Right at All Times. People wisely say do right, "I'll make you noble and bright; But secretly doubt if that be true, And another course they oft pursue."

FREDERICTON.

Always gentlemanly. None knew him but to speak well of him. Mrs. Clarence Wry made a business trip to Moncton, this morning.

Mrs. John Halsey of Derby, was in town yesterday, and went down river. Mr. S. T. Powell was in town today, as also was Mr. Edward H. Powell.

Mr. George D. Frost who represents J. & A. McMillan, of St. John, was at the Eureka and devoted a portion of one day here, prior to leaving for the north.

Mrs. David W. Powell departed by the train to-day for Lewiston, Maine. Miss Bella King, late governess for Mrs. McLeod, wife of Rev. W. McLeod, of West Point, P. E. I., has returned home for a few days. R. R.

ANDOVER.

MAR. 15.—The social event of last week was a very enjoyable drive which was given by Mr. and Mrs. Walter on Tuesday evening. After playing two hours the prizes were awarded to Mrs. James Tibbitts and Mr. Lawson. Those present were Mrs. J. A. Perley, Mrs. Geo. Baird, Mrs. J. Tibbitts, Mrs. Welling, Mrs. H. Tibbitts, Mrs. C. Watson, Miss Watson (Grand Falls), Misses Sarah and Kate Watson, Miss Emma and Jessie Miller, Miss Alice Howard, Miss Mary Bedell, Misses Bertha and Emma Bedell, Miss Effie Ervin, Judge Stevens, Dr. Welling, Messrs. Geo. Baird, H. Tibbitts, G. Murphy, C. Watson, J. Kuppke, F. Watson, H. Ervin, F. Tinker, A. Lawson.

Miss Watson, of Grand Falls, is visiting her sisters here. Judge Stevens, of St. Stephen, spent last week here.

Miss Alice Howard of Grand Falls, visited her friend here, Miss Kate Watson, last week. Mrs. Wilby entertained a few of her friends at tea on Thursday and Friday evening.

Mrs. F. G. Fraser, Grand Falls, is the guest of Mrs. Perley. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Perley gave a drive which party last evening, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Miss Mary Bedell and Mr. Beveridge were the successful prize winners. Those present were Mrs. C. Watson, Mrs. Welling, Mrs. Baird, Mrs. Waite, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. J. Tibbitts, Mrs. Wiley, Mrs. H. Tibbitts, Mrs. Carter, Misses E. and J. Miller, Misses S. and K. Watson, Miss M. Bedell, Miss E. and E. Bedell, Dr. Welling, Messrs. Waite, H. Tibbitts, Carter, C. Watson, J. Kuppke, L. Bedell, B. Beveridge, F. Tinker.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's bookstore.]

MAR. 15.—Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Foster entertained a select number of unmarried people at a "drive" party on Thursday evening, in honor of their guest, Miss Scamell, of St. John. Pretty and appropriate prizes were given at the close of the party. They were won by Miss Hattie Black, and Dr. J. O. Calkin, Miss Hattie Cahill and Mr. Ted Smith.

A most enjoyable evening was spent. Among those invited were Miss Black, Miss Jennie Black, Miss Estabrooks, Miss Landers, Miss Ayer, Miss Cahill, Miss Edith Smith and Miss Hanington, (Dorchester) and Mr. H. Henderson, Dr. J. O. Calkin, Mr. B. E. Paterson, Mr. Fred. Baldwin, Mr. B. B. Teed, Mr. F. B. Black, Mr. Ted Smith, Mr. Frank Harrison, Mr. Ned Allison and Mr. A. W. Bennett.

Reception was held at the Ladies' College on Saturday evening. It is needless to say all enjoyed themselves.

Rev. B. C. Borden went to St. John on Friday. Miss May Handford, of Amherst, is the guest of her friend, Miss Bell.

Mr. Powell, M. P. P., accompanied by Mrs. Powell, left on Friday for Fredericton. The Fred and Butter club were kindly entertained by Mrs. Gwen Shewen on Friday evening last. Progressive was the chief amusement. The very pretty prizes were won by Miss Emma Willis, Mr. George Campbell, Miss Jennie Fawcett and Mr. B. B. Teed.

The seniors' "at home" which was postponed is to take place on Saturday the eighteenth. Mrs. C. W. Harrison went to Fredericton on Friday.

Mr. Perry Handford and Mr. Douglas, of Amherst, were in town on Friday. Mr. F. McDougall, of the Merchants' bank has returned from a very pleasant trip to Lunenburg, N. S.

The community was sorry on Tuesday last to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Joseph Dixon, who has for some years past been postmaster, and was one of our most respected citizens. I would offer my sincere sympathy to Mrs. Dixon in her deep sorrow. 1893.

BATHURST.

MAR. 16.—We hear and read a great deal about that rare day in June, but I have never seen anything half so beautiful in that month, as a March morning in Bathurst. A silver mist came up with the sun in the morning and hung over the town until nearly noon, making an ideal winter scene which was indescribably beautiful.

Those who are fortunate enough to own horses, and I think they comprise nearly the whole town, are very wisely taking advantage of the superb weather; and really good sleighing, and during the latter part of the day the streets present a very gay appearance. The ladies do a great deal of the driving and they are well up in the art judging from the clever way they turn corners, pass and repass other vehicles without the slightest mishap.

Mrs. Dudley chaperoned and Mrs. S. Bishop entertained at supper a small driving party of young people on Friday evening.

Mr. B. Chalmers, of the geological survey is at the Keary house. Mrs. T. Keary, Mrs. P. Burns and Miss Ferguson, of Tracadie, had a very pleasant little outing on Monday, going as far as Chatham, and returning by the Quebec express same evening.

Mr. Selwright departed for the coastal city on Monday, deeply regretted by the whole community. Mr. Fred Young, of Carleton Place, who has been spending a few days here, left for home this morning.

The concert that was to have taken place on St. Patrick's night has been postponed until Easter Monday. Dr. Bishop's many friends will be glad to learn that he is steadily recovering from his recent illness. CAREERS.

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MAR. 14.—Mr. James S. Mullan, jr., who has spent the past year in Montreal, paid his parents and friends here a flying visit this week. Miss Cropley of Fredericton, is visiting friends here.

Miss Etta Turnbull, who has been visiting friends in Pettaudville and St. John, has returned home again. Mr. Thomas Douglas, sr., one of our oldest and most respected inhabitants, is seriously ill. Dr. Gregory is attending him.

Mayor Wilkinson was seriously ill, but has again recovered strength to enable him to be out again. Miss Maggie McAlon returned home last week from Portland, Maine, where she has been for some months.

Rev. A. B. Murray has gone to Maugerville for a short visit. Miss Gertrude Malone, who has been very ill for the past few weeks is convalescing. Mr. Gilbert Fringle and wife and little daughter, have returned from St. John, after a very pleasant visit of three months in that city.

Miss M. M. Mallan has been very ill, but is now improving. Rev. M. Dibble of Maugerville, preached to a large congregation in St. Thomas' church last Sun-

ST. JOHN.

day, in the absence of the rector, Rev. A. B. Murray. Rev. J. S. Mullan returned home from St. John on Saturday.

Miss Mary Clarkson of Williamsburg, is visiting friends here, she is the guest of Mrs. Thomas Clarkson. Geo. D. Martin.]

SUSSEX.

[Progress is for sale in Sussex by E. D. Boatland on Saturday.]

MAR. 15.—Dr. G. F. Johnson left last week on a trip to the southern states. He will be gone about three weeks. Miss Grace Robertson spent Thursday and Friday in St. John.

Dr. Thos. Walker was in Sussex on Thursday on a professional visit. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Allison on the arrival of a little daughter.

Mr. A. Slipp, of Hampstead is staying buttermaking with Mr. J. W. Hart at the creamery. Rev. A. F. Brown spent Saturday in Sussex. He went to St. John in the evening, where he occupied the pulpit of Kingsess Street Baptist church on Sunday.

Mrs. J. J. Kerr and Mrs. Symonds, who have been at the Knoll for the winter, went to St. John last Thursday. They intend remaining until after Easter.

Miss Alice White is visiting friends in St. John. Miss Maude McLeod has taken charge of the military department in the store of S. H. White-Mills Bros. & Hensell at the Brick store.

Miss Hallett who formerly had charge there with Mills Bros. & Hensell at the Brick store. Mr. and Mrs. James Walden, Shelburne, and Mr. Cochrane, of Dorchester, spent Sunday in Sussex, the guests of Mrs. J. C. Lamb.

Mr. McDonald, Boston, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. White, left on Monday for Fredericton. Mr. Walter Graham, spent Sunday with his parents here.

Mr. D. C. Dawson, Supt. W. U. Tel. Co., was in town on Monday. Mrs. G. L. Slipp and her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Barnes, went to St. John Tuesday.

Capt. H. Montgomery Campbell, Mrs. Campbell and children, returned on Monday from Fredericton where they were visiting Mr. Campbell's mother. They were accompanied by Mr. Hubbard who spent the night in Sussex. Capt. Campbell, Mr. Hubbard, and Mr. J. William Hart went to Truro Tuesday to attend the provincial meeting of the dairymen's association there.

Miss Vanwart, of Hampstead, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Everleigh, returned to her home this morning. Mr. Will Clark, Fredericton, and Dr. E. Lawrence Truro, are at the Depot House to-day.

The members of Kingston Deacons' Choral Union are very busy practicing for their annual meeting, to be held at Robesay on 12th of April. A meeting of the ratepayers of Sussex was held to-day to consider the rebuilding of a school house. A very large number were present. Col. Beer was chosen chairman and J. M. McIntyre secretary. It was decided to build again on the old ground, but no decision was agreed upon as to the style of the building. Another meeting will be held soon, when plans, etc., will be talked of.

I hear some talk of a ball to be given after Easter. I hope there is some truth in the rumor, for after such a quiet winter it would prove a very pleasant change. Dor.

MAUGERVILLE.

MAR. 14.—Miss Stanger spent a few days last week at her home in Fredericton. Rev. H. D. Dibble exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Murray, of Stanley, on Sunday last.

Rev. John Parkinson, of St. Mary's, preached in the hall last evening. Mr. and Mrs. Best spent Sunday with friends in Kingsess.

Miss Harding is spending a few days in Fredericton. Mr. A. McFadden is home for a few days. A number of ladies and gentlemen from Fredericton drove down to Sheffield in the Colosseum, Tuesday last. The party which numbered about thirty-five had supper at Miss Burpee's after which the following programme was carried out: Duet, violin and organ, by Messrs. O'Malley and Massey; solo, Babbette, by Miss Morant; reading, Jenny McNeill's Ride, by Miss Thompson; solo, The Better Land, by Miss Campbell; Scotch song, by Miss Stimpson; solo, by H. V. Bridges; solo, Is not the body more than meat, by Mrs. Bridges; reading by Mr. Thompson; song, Marguerite, by Mrs. Blackmore; solo, Anchor, by Miss Stanger; song, The Old Home, by Mr. Massey; song, by Mrs. Parker; violin solo, Mr. O'Malley; vocal duet, by Mr. and Mrs. S. Bridges.

The solos were well rendered, nearly all the performers being encored and cheerfully responding. Miss Beattie Bridges presided at the organ. LITTLE LEAF.

ST. MARTIN'S.

Mr. Robert Bourke has returned from his trip to Woodstock. Mr. Cullen is able to be out again.

Mr. S. V. Shahan has returned home from his prolonged visit to Pennfield. Mr. McDonald, of Moncton, is registered at the Kennedy house.

Mr. Hunter, of Sussex passed through town today on his way to Salmon river. Mr. Chalmers, of Digby, is visiting friends at the Seminary. TORS.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

It is not too late in the month to notice "Donahoe's Magazine" for March, because that periodical is out of the general run of magazines and has much that will be new and interesting to a large circle of readers. Among the contents this month the initial paper, "The Propaganda, The Congregation and its Colleges," by Rev. Francis A. Cunningham, will be found both readable and instructive. A timely article too is that by C. M. Hammond, on "A Few Flowers All Can Grow," for next to being a hard-working newspaper man, Hammond has a love for horticulture. Another newspaper man known in St. John as John Boden, who writes "A Flirt for the Bohemian." A very valuable article is that by Prof. A. E. Dolbear, on "The Future of Electricity." Still another newspaper man, "Jim" Clarke, gives "A Newspaper man's Recollections of Gen. Butler." "Canada's Catholic Frontier" is a monograph on Sir John Thompson, and there are a number of other papers of interest and value, including one by Channock M. Dewey on "Young Men and Politics," while the illustrations are fully up to the high character of the magazine. The articles on "Catholicity in the Maritime Provinces" and "The Sisters in the War," which were to have a place in this issue have to be held over until a future number, owing to the pressure of matter. Donahoe's Magazine is for sale by all newsdealers, price 25 cents.

A Specialist's Announcement.

The oculometrist of Dr. H. D. Fritts, specialist, appears among the advertisements in this issue of PROGRESS. He has opened an office at the corner of Sydney and Prince streets where he can be found during office hours.





WOLFVILLE.

On Friday evening last the Athlete of Acadia College entertained a large number of friends in Assembly hall...

MI-MILLINERY

will take place on March 21st. offer a choice selection of Trimmed Hats and which we intend to reach...

W BROTHERS,

Dry Goods and Millinery, Duke Streets., Halifax, N. S.



TON DRUG,

AT CURE FOR KENNESS.

have cured my husband of the King Boston Drug. I bought it and he has not drunk a drop since...

uttner's

ULSION

igorous growth, and makes all children healthy.

Pills

At all Drug Stores.

OTTS

At all Drug Stores.

PICOU.

MAR. 14.—Picou's guests have somewhat quieted down within the last month. The tennis and club dances have both been postponed...

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

PROGRAMME is for sale in St. Stephen by Master [Name] and at the book store of G. S. Wall...

DIGBY, N. S.

PROGRAMME is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse. MARCH 15.—Miss Lily Dakin has returned to Windsor...

TRURO, N. S.

PROGRAMME is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fulton's, and at D. H. Smith & Co.'s. MARCH 15.—Miss Mary North, is here from Hantsport...

SEALBURN.

MARCH 14.—Mr. F. C. Blanchard returned home from Truro on Saturday. Mr. Richard Bower has returned home after a three weeks visit to Boston and vicinity...

MONCTON.

PROGRAMME is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton [Name] 5 Ave., main street, A. H. Jones, and by [Name] 100 St. John St.

CAMPBELLTON.

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

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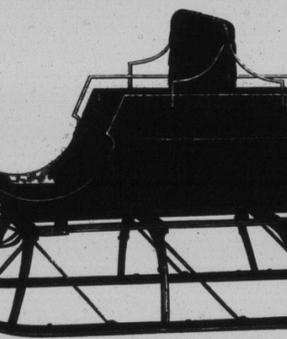
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The Gladstone Sleigh.

Most Stylish and Best Vehicle in the Market.



JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS.

Manufacturers of Sleighs and Carriages. Write for Prices.

ESTABLISHED 1868. TELEPHONE 738.

MILLER BROTHERS.

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK. Importers and Dealers for the BEST "CANADIAN AND AMERICAN"

PIANOS, ORGANS

AND SEWING MACHINES.

PIANOS AND ORGANS TUNED AND REPAIRED. SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED.

We buy direct in Large Quantities for Cash, and are able to give Large Discounts. Pianos Sold on the Installment Plan.

116 and 118 GRANVILLE ST., - HALIFAX, N. S. Four Diplomas taken on Stock shown at late Provincial Exhibition.

Does Your Wife Do Her Own Washing?

If you regard her health and strength, and want to keep your home free from hot steam and smell, and save fuel, washing powders, and the clothes,

Get her Sunlight SOAP

HARDING'S SMITH, St. John, Agents for New Brunswick.

MILLINERY ANNOUNCEMENT.

MRS. E. B. CARROLL finding it impossible to close out her business here, is desirous to remain for the season and is present in New York selecting...

Latest Styles

In Spring and Summer Millinery.

SELECT LOT OF

Hair and Clothes Brushes

AT THOS. A. CROCKETT'S, 102 PRINCE ST., - - - - Cor. Sydney.

DR. CRAWFORD, L. R. C. P.,

LONDON, ENG., Oculist and Aurist

To St. John General Public Hospital, may also be consulted in DISEASES OF THROAT AND NOSE. Letters of inquiry from the country promptly responded to. 63 COBURG STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

A very pleasant sleigh party took place last week which was arranged by Miss Beatrice Seely and Miss Lottie Belyea and chaperoned by Mrs. A. L. Jones.

Miss Nellie Kane leaves to-morrow for a few days' trip to Monmouth on a visit to her sister Mary, who is attending the convent.

The congratulatory reception tendered to Dr. and Mrs. Smith on Monday evening was a most successful and enjoyable affair. At nine o'clock the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march from the orchestra under the direction of Mr. M. L. Harrison announced the beginning of the evening's entertainment.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Let me ask your attention just for a moment, while I tell you a story. More than twenty years ago there lived in the lovely village of Sunset a dainty little maiden—a flower just bursting from the bud and spreading around the odour of spring—and, one day, as in the old song 'there came to her a lover, tall and strong and full of manly grace'.

"Well, with bridesmaid and groomsmen at their side, just as they stand beside the altar, were married in her father's house, and amid the rejoicing of their friends, upon the morning of the 20th anniversary of their marriage, she was again united to her husband in the same place. A long time ago it seems to some of us, but miles are short when in good company, and, doubtless, to some of the evening, the intervening years, radiant with domestic happiness, have seemed all too short.

"Tonight, Dr. and Mrs. Smith, your friends have met together beneath your roof to congratulate you upon having so happily reached the 20th anniversary of your conjugal journey, and to wish you yet many years of contentment and felicity. As they have grasped your hands, and as you have looked into their faces, you have felt more keenly, perhaps, than ever before, the depth and sincerity of their regard and affection.

"It is well that friends and neighbors should meet thus upon this, and similar occasions, and any words that I might speak, can add but little to the pleasure and gratification that most well within you as you hear the stirring 'Hail Friend,' and the tender 'Good speed you' that tonight greet you on every hand.

"But besides, being whole-souled and warm-hearted, these friends of yours are practical and common sense people, and they believe in giving tangible expression to the hearty sentiment which animates them. Therefore they have commissioned you to their behalf, to give to each of the handsome dinner sets. Believe me, I do so with the very greatest pleasure. Our hopes and anticipations have been more than realized. The past 20 years have been years of great happiness and for this happiness we are indebted to the many good friends who participated in its celebration."

Dr. Smith replied as follows: "Dr. March and friends—Words fill me to express to you the warm and heartfelt thanks which my wife and I feel like uttering to you tonight for your great kindness in coming to join in celebrating the 20th anniversary of our marriage.

It seems but yesterday when we started out together from my wife's home, to the lovely vale of Sussex, upon our life's journey. The circumstances were so auspicious that we, and our friends who were then present (many of whom we are glad to see with us again tonight), anticipated bright prospects of a happy wedded life. Our hopes and anticipations have been more than realized. The past 20 years have been years of great happiness and for this happiness we are indebted to the many good friends who participated in its celebration."

We welcome you heartily tonight. We thank you for your great kindness, and wish you one and all every joy which life affords, and for the gentlemen who have formed themselves into a committee to carry out this splendid programme I can only say as I do to all my friends, my wish is always to you.

The first quadrille was then made up partially as follows: Mayor Peters and Mrs. J. M. Smith; Dr. J. M. Smith, Mrs. T. W. Peters; Mr. G. R. Pugsley, Mrs. Wm. Fleming; Capt. D. F. Tapley, Mrs. A. D. Smith; Dr. J. E. March, Mrs. D. F. Tapley; Mr. A. F. March, Mrs. J. E. March; Mr. G. W. Hoben, Mrs. Wm. Pugsley; Dr. G. E. Hetherington, Mrs. A. B. Holly; Mr. Chas. Good, Miss Jennie Buchanan; Dr. Jud. Hetherington, Miss McIntyre; Mr. Robert Wisely, Mrs. R. B. Humphrey.

A programme of fourteen dances was then carried out. Twelve tables of progressive whist were organized, which resulted in the first ladies' prize, a silver tea-gong, to Mrs. Chas. Miller. The first gentleman's, a silver statuette, to Mr. R. Courtney. Miss Gregory won the ladies' green star trophy, a silver paper weight and Miss Honor Judge Skinner captured the gentlemen's booby prize, which was in the shape of a revolver with a thermometer attachment. Supper was served throughout the evening by Caterer Mitchell.

To the committee of the occasion, Dr. Geo. A. Hetherington, Mr. G. W. Hoben and Dr. March, much credit is due for their excellent management. The evening's entire programme throughout its different phases was complimentary from the gentlemen who attended.

The dance programme, a very dainty production of PROGRESS print, was pronounced the neatest thing seen in many a day.

Handsome souvenirs kindly presented the committee by Mr. E. J. Armstrong, were distributed among the guests.

The following is a list of those invited: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, Dr. and Mrs. March, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Pugsley, Mr. and Mrs. G. Tapley, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Holly, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller, Mr. and Mrs. James Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Flowering, Mr. and Mrs. William Kellie, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Devitt, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Chesley, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. D. McLeelan, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Nase, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. R. Courtney, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wisely, Count and Madame DeBury, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. May, Mr. and Mrs. A. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. James Holly, Mr. and Mrs. S. Vaughan, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Chesley, Dr. and Mrs. J. McInerney, Dr. and Mrs. D. Pugsley, Mr. and Mrs. B. Humphrey, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hannington, Mr. and Mrs. T. Hilyard, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. E. Colpitts, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shaw, Miss Nellie Rivers, Miss Emma Goddard, Misses Holly, Misses Tapley, Misses Farmer, Misses Shaw, Miss Grace Smith, Miss McIntyre, Miss Gregory, Miss Chesley, Miss Mabel Smith, Miss Besse Eagles, Miss Russell, Miss Annie Dorcas, Miss Metcalf, Miss Beatrice Waring, Mrs. Bruce, Miss Belyea, Miss Vanvart, Messrs. H. Miller, J. Ruddock, G. W. Hoben, J. Knight, L. Curry, F. Smith, H. Sullivan, W. Parry, A. F. March, L. Courtney, A. Roberts, C. Good, R. Travis, J. Gregory, R. Farmer, A. Farmer, A. McRae, Wm. Wallace, F. Watson, Geo. Barnhill, A. F. Barnhill, J. Moore, J. Russell, G. Fleming, S. Shaw, G. Macdonald, Fred Mascoe, Dr. G. A. Hetherington, J. Morrison, E. J. Broderick, Fritz, Jud. Hetherington, J. D. Maher.

FRANCIS. Baby's Croup is Cured by Hacknomore.

St. John—West End. The friends of Miss Minnie Beattie were pleased to welcome her home last week, as she has been very much missed both in society and musical circles.

The choir of the Methodist church had a sleigh drive on Tuesday evening. The sleighs left Mr. Baskin's at 7.30, and drove to Torriburn, where they had supper, returning about one o'clock. The party was chaperoned by Mr. Baskin and Mr. and Mrs. Johnston.

Miss Sadie Smith was confined to her home through illness during last week.

Rev. Godfrey Shore sent in a formal resignation to the Presbyterian church last Sunday.

Printed French Lawns Opened This Week.

A handsome assortment of Printed French Lawns.

PRINTED CAMBRICS and PRINTED SATEENS.

All Fast Colors for Ladies' Dresses, Blouse Waists, &c., in all the newest and most stylish designs and colorings, including Floral designs, Polka Spots and new small patterns.

Prices from 12 1/2 cts. Upwards.

Samples by mail on Application.

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

Miss Katie Wilnot entertained a number of her friends very enjoyably, at her home on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Herbert J. Olive, who has been seriously ill for the last month, is convalescent.

One of the best concerts of the season was held in the Baptist church last Thursday evening; the principal feature of the entertainment being a very interesting account of "A Day in Paris" by Mrs. Manning.

Rev. G. A. Hartley was confined to his home Sunday and Rev. H. J. Hughes preached for him in the evening.

Miss Jennie McDougall left for Fredericton, Wednesday, to stay during the session of the legislature.

A very enjoyable snow shoeing party was held last Friday evening by a number of our young ladies and gentlemen. After having a very pleasant tramp the party returned at a late hour.

Skating is about over for the season in the open air rink, and will be greatly missed, especially by the young people.

The young people of St. George's church had a parlour concert, at the home of Rev. W. H. Sampson, Thursday evening. Over a hundred were present.

The "Musicals" met at the home of Mr. George Clark last week. Mrs. Clark also entertained the whist club on Monday evening.

SNOW-BROD. Miss Dunham is confined to her home, Charlotte Street, with a lame foot.

Mr. and Mrs. Duke are receiving their friends this week at their residence, on Prince Street.

Mr. John A. Gregory returned from a week's visit to New York on Saturday last.

Mrs. G. H. Harding entertained a few friends on Monday evening.

Mr. G. S. Mayes was in Fredericton this week, taking part in a concert.

The first of the series of cottage prayer meetings was held at the residence of Mrs. J. B. Wilnot, and the second with Mrs. Hatfield.

I believe there is to be a wedding about the last of this month, when a widow and widower will be joined by the holy bonds of wedlock.

Mrs. Young is visiting in St. George.

The Longfellow club met with Miss Sadie Knight last week.

Mrs. A. C. Smith did not accompany her husband to Fredericton, but will go later on to remain a little while.

Word has been received from Boston that Mr. and Mrs. John Gilkes, (see Ellie Stanton), are the proud parents of a lovely boy. Mrs. Stanton is at present in Boston with her daughter.

Capt. and Mrs. Wright of New York, are the guests of Mrs. Wright's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith.

Miss Emma Chenes, who has for a number of years been living with her aunt, will go to reside with her father very soon.

Rev. and Mrs. Hickson will remove from Fairville in May to their own home.

Miss Gustie Turner, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Flett, has gone to Eastport to remain a week or two with her aunt, before returning to her home at the North Shore.

Miss Lewin has returned from New York.

Mrs. James Hunter, of Fredericton, has been visiting the West End.

ANON. Miss Lizzie Littlehale, returned last week.

Mrs. E. N. Knight, gave a pleasant "at home" to her friends, Friday last week.

Mrs. H. J. Leonard, entertained a few of her friends to a tea-party.

The Whist Club held their last meeting with Miss Bartlett. The Club has decided to close for this season. Miss Scobaria and Mr. Kenny are the winners, and Mrs. A. A. Clarke, and Mr. E. J. Raymond receive the booby prizes.

WEST END. Hacknomore Cures Coughs and Colds.

SUTTON. MARCH 14.—Miss Nellie Clarke has gone to Bedford, to visit her sister, Mrs. W. Camp.

Miss Alice Sutton, has returned home after a pleasant visit to St. Stephen.

BUCTOUCHE.

MARCH 14.—Mrs. I. W. Carter and Miss Maggie are visiting friends in Kingston and Richibucto.

Miss L. E. Foley this week.

Miss Emma Coates, of Coatesville, is spending a few days with Mrs. McLaughlin at the parsonage.

Miss Jennie Beers is visiting friends in Kingston.

Mr. J. MacDonovan of St. John is in town today.

Mr. W. H. Irving spent Sunday in Shediac.

Mr. J. Robertson of Kingston spent Sunday here.

Mr. George H. Findlay visited his home in Fredericton last week.

Mr. W. W. Doherty of Campbellton, is visiting Mr. N. E. Foley this week.

Mr. J. A. Irving visited Moncton on Monday.

Quite a large crowd of people assembled here on Wednesday last to witness the race which took place on the ice. Among the number I noticed Sheriff Whiston, Mr. J. Jardine, Mr. Hugh Jardine, Mr. S. Jardine, Mr. S. Girvan, Dr. De Olliqui, Mr. Coates of Richibucto and Mr. Smith of Moncton and others.

Miss Olliqui of Kingston visited Miss Sutton on Wednesday.

Mrs. Whiston, of Richibucto, spent Wednesday here.

VERNE. [Progress is for sale in Richibucto by Theo. P. Grahame.]

MARCH 15.—The funeral of Miss Fannie Hains, who died last week from consumption, took place last Sunday. Services were held at St. Mary's church and at the grave by Rev. H. Hackeney.

Mrs. R. McLaughlin and Miss Annie Ferguson left on Thursday last for New-Castle.

Mr. J. M. Robertson, of St. John, was in town a few days ago.

The death of Mrs. T. G. Richardson took place on Monday. The deceased lady was seventy-seven years of age. She leaves two sons and two daughters.

Mr. W. S. Loggie, of Chatham, was in town on Saturday.

Mr. Andrew Gorman, of Moncton, arrived here on Saturday and went to St. Louis to visit his parents.

Mr. Geo. Irving, of Buctouche, was in town yesterday.

Mr. Rufus Curran returned from St. John this week, after passing a successful marine examination.

ANORA. MARCH 14.—Mr. George Gaiside, of Alaska, and Mr. George Hill, Milltown, St. Stephen, spent a part of last week in town.

On Thursday, Mr. Will Maxwell and Miss Addie Dick, were united in marriage, at the Brunswick House, Rev. H. E. S. Malder, performing the ceremony.

Miss Alice Ray, Milltown, St. Stephen, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Frank Hubbard.

Miss Pickard, Calais, is visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hibbard, and two children, St. Andrews, spent Sunday and Monday in town; they were warmly welcomed by their many friends.

Mr. Edwin Russell, is confined to his home by illness.

MAX. CAMPOBELLO. MARCH 14.—A very successful entertainment for the benefit of the school library, was held in Flagg's hall on Tuesday evening. Among those who took part were: Misses Minnie Calder, Ella J. Patch, Madeline Calder, Portia Davidson and Edith Calder. Messrs. F. L. Daye, H. Mitchell, L. P. Simpson and J. F. Calder.

Miss Ethel Calder and Mr. J. F. Calder spent Sunday with friends, at Wilson's Beach.

The friends of Mr. Albert Allingham, are sorry to hear of his illness.

Mr. Wm. Calder, who has been visiting friends at Deer Island has returned home.

A GRAND MUSICAL EVENT OPERA HOUSE, SAINT JOHN, Special Announcement! APRIL 20, 21 & 22.

GILMORE'S Monster Columbian Concerts!

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF NORTH AMERICA BY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Musical features that will be offered: GILMORE'S GREAT NEW YORK BAND, 50 MUSICIANS, Mr. D. W. REEVES, Director, Including 12 Special Instruments.

HER SERENE HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS DOLGOROUKY, Violinist to Her Majesty the Queen of ALL THE RUSSIAS, and Virtuoso to the Imperial Court of St. Petersburg.

MME. ROSA LINDE, The distinguished Prima Donna Contralto. Late with the EMMA JUCC Grand English Opera Co.

IGNOR TAGLIAPIETRA, Prima-Baritone, for many years with the Grand Italian Opera in Europe and America.

MONS. MAURICE VAL, Prima-Tenore, Direct from the Grand French Opera Co. of Paris.

Many Musical Novelties, the works of all the great Masters and Composers. Three Nights and Two Matinees.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS, at LOW round-trip rates, on all Railroads and Steamboat Lines for 100 miles around St. John.

Further particulars will be announced later. Prices will be \$1.00. A few select rows off seats \$1.50, by Subscription only.



Mr. Geo. W. Turner

Simply Awful

What a Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw

Completely Cured by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

"When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scrofulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand, which got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off. I had later took off more than half my hand. Then the sore broke out on my arm, came out on my neck and face on both sides, nearly destroying the sight of one eye, also on my right arm. Doctors said it was the worst case of Scrofula they ever saw. It was simply awful! Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Gradually I found that the sores were beginning to heal. I kept on till I had taken ten bottles, and lo! the sores were all healed. I had not got for that investment! A thousand and more per cent! Yes, many thousands. For the past 4 years I have had no more."

Work all the Time. Before I could do no work. I know not what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my perfect cure. GEORGE W. TURNER, Farmer, Gardener, Sarsaparilla, Canada.

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but add strength and tone the stomach. Try them. 50c.

WANTED. Want good live men to handle our WANTED. Badges in every town in the Dominion. DOMINION DISTRIBUTION COMPANY, St. John, N. B. Copyright secured for the Dominion of Canada.



Dun, Wiman & Co.

NOTICE is hereby given that by mutual consent, the connection of Mr. Erastus Wiman with the business of Dun, Wiman & Co., has been terminated. The style hereafter will be

R. G. DUN & CO.

New York, February 20th, 1893. R. G. DUN & CO.

Printers' Stock.

News, Book, Colored Print, Fine Flat, Porter Paper, Cardboards, Envelopes, Ruled Stock, etc., at

SCHOFIELD BROS., Wholesale Paper Dealers, St. John, N. B.

SKINNER'S CARPET WAREHOUSES. Just Opened for Spring 1893,

A Fine Line of Brussels Carpets in Choice Patterns and Colorings with 5/8 Borders to match.

Only \$1.10 per yd.

The best Patterns and Quality ever offered in St. John at the Price.

A. O. SKINNER.

PROVINCIAL CHEMICAL FERTILIZER COMPANY, St. John, N. B. (Limited),

Manufacturers of High Grade Fertilizers.

Send for Catalogue.

Heating Stoves.

50 SIZES AND STYLES TO SELECT FROM. ALL GOOD HEATERS.

AND THE PRICES WILL SUIT YOU. J. H. SELFRIDGE, 101 Charlotte St. (Opposite Hotel Dufferin).

STOP

At the LADIES' HAIR STORE, 113 Charlotte St., Where you can get an endless variety of TOILET REQUISITES. A full line of Braids, Bangs and Ornaments for the Hair. All the latest styles in Hair Pins, also the Oriental Waving Iron. I make a SPECIALTY of Hair Dressing for Balls and Parties.

Best value at lowest prices. MISS KATE HENNESSY, Opposite Hotel Dufferin.

STATEMENT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. MCCURDY, PRESIDENT. For the year ending December 31, 1892

Assets - \$175,084,156 61

Reserve for Policies (American) \$150,181,067 00

Income Interest, Rents, Ac. \$32,047,765 34

Disbursements For Policy-Holders \$19,286,532 46

Insurance Assumed and Renewed \$24,909,566 00

Insurance Assumed and Renewed \$24,909,566 00

NOTE.—In accordance with the intention of the Management as expressed in Resolution 191, to limit the amount of new insurance actually issued and paid for in the accounts of the year 1892 to One Hundred Millions Dollars, the amount of insurance in force as above stated includes the amount of such voluntary limit with but a slight increase unavailable in closing the books for the year.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct. A. N. WATSON, Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual. ROBERT A. GRANNISS, Vice-President

WALTER R. GILBERT - General Manager FREDERIC CROWELL - Treasurer EMORY MCCLINTOCK LL.D., F.R.S. - Actuary J. A. JOHNSON, Manager, Halifax, N. S.

Special Agents: J. H. WRIGHT, - - St. John, N. B. M. McDADE, " " R. MARSHALL, " "

DR. H. D. FRITZ, Specialist, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. OFFICE - 66 Sydney St., Cor. Princess, St. John, N. B. Hours—10 to 12, a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m. Evening—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 7.30 to 8.30.

Easter Cards.

We are now showing new and beautiful designs in Easter Cards at all prices. J. & A. McMillan, St. John, N. B.

GOOD BYE!

HOW IRRITATED OF AN OCULAR

The Pathetic Side Leaving Port B. toward Looking Spanish Hill.

LONDON, March 18th. deeply pathetic side heart may be from Many times as you there is a little dra the great ocean st New York, which landward looking g

If you are a "fish" you deeper still. dored what that citizen's clothing w the bespangled of He seems the qu his eyes are singlin buoys, or with a g lower Jersey shov of the Long Island at this point or the His is an anxious f landward looking g

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This man is not while he stands the a low-toned order commander of the a pilot, detailed from pilot office to take ordinary cases his I the ship's tonnage steamers a "lump" must remain aboat passed, and as m steamer captain des

If it be pleasant Abreast of Sandy I row-boat, yawl-bui put out from betw between your steam lightship is simply pilot-boat, by pilot her "turn" of a unsavory, though of crew are pilots' pr lessons and experie brisly towards you nel is knotted a "pil oarmen are called 18 or 20 years of a ment the punt has latter's engine's slo the steamer meet at right-angle. Lines fast to float along and the rope-ladder

Meantime the pil on the bridge. T ately takes his pl chart-room of the book that the ship port of New York; certifies to the pilot paid by the New Y and in a moment m ped" in the waitin rail stands the purs A thousand addend hastily written, se hundreds of telegra docks and the Ho slender thread betk the unalterable fin let down by line to them as with uncon arms.

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"El decerat!" the low-toned ejacul me one April morn cabin of the ferry-bo as it left the Rega trip across Havana The cabin was well f there came furing a narrow passage to Spanish sergeant, an charge a man of mo I made room quickl vacant near me in prisoner ast, the latte sergeant, bearing a p seal, strode forwa the importance of hi These ferries carry between Havans and to the east, but the embled the laughter man and women in

ELECTION CARDS.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I BEG to offer myself as a candidate for the office of

MAYOR

of the City of St. John at the coming election. Should I be elected I will give my best attention to the duties of the office and my support to all good measures that may be proposed for the public benefit.

I believe that it will be the duty of the Common Council now to be elected, to practice the most rigid economy, and to reduce, if possible, the public burd

I will be prepared to give due consideration to any plan, and to support any reform that may be proposed which will promise to yield these results. Respectfully soliciting your kind support,

I am your obedient servant, H. LAWRENCE STURDEE, St. John, N. B., 18th March, 1893.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: ON the second Tuesday in April next I shall be a Candidate for the Office of

MAYOR

of your City, and as a former member of the old City Council, and member of the Legislature, covering thirty years experience, I am well informed in civic affairs, before and after the union, and, if elected, will endeavor to bring forward for the consideration of the Common Council in the fullest sense of the term, all measures that will be of advantage to our City, reduce the tax, equalize taxation fairly to our City, reduce the public debt, and promote everything in my judgment that will be of advantage to the City.

I am, Ladies and Gentlemen, Your most obedient THOS. R. JONES,

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1893.

GOOD BYE TO THE LAND.

HOW IT SEEMS WHEN ONE IS GOING ON AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

The Patriotic Side of Travel—A Ceremony of Leaving Port Brings the Hints to Landward Looking Eyes—Bristol Celerity of Spanish Military Vengeance.

LONDON, March 6.—There is always a deeply pathetic side to travel, free as one's heart may be from sighs and shadows. Many times as you may have witnessed it, there is a little drama always performed as the great ocean steamers leave the port of New York, which brings the mist to your landward looking eyes.

If you are a "first tripper" it will thrill you deeper still. You have perhaps wondered what that bronzed-faced man in citizen's clothing was doing up there among the bespangled officers upon the bridge. He seems the quietest fellow on board. His eyes are singling out the row of channel buoys, or, with a glass rapidly scanning the lower Jersey shores and the gleaming line of the Long Island sands, or again glancing at this point or that along the sea horizon. His is an anxious face. The lines in it unconsciously picture the human look that tells of something lost, or of great danger that there may be. I have seen men like him stand where he is with that same look, and the perspiration dropping from their faces in streams in the coldest of weather.

This man is not the ship's captain; but while he stands there, now and then giving a low-toned order, he is absolutely the commander of the ship. He is a New York pilot, detailed from the lower Wall street pilot office to take your ship to sea. In ordinary cases his fee would be based upon the ship's tonnage. With the larger ocean steamers a "lumped" price is paid. He must remain aboard until Sandy Hook is passed, and as much further out as the steamer captain desires.

If it be pleasant weather when you are abreast of Sandy Hook, you will notice a row-boat, yawl-built, manned by two men, putting out from the lightship anchored between your steamer and the Hook. This lightship is simply a New York harbor pilot-boat, by pilot regulations made to do her "turn" of a "month's stand" in this unsavory, though often exciting berth. Her crew are pilots' apprentices getting their first lessons and experience at their pilots' duties and hardships. The boat being rowed briskly towards your steamer in the channel is called a "pilot's punt;" and the two oarsmen are knottily-built 'prentice lads of 18 or 20 years of age. At the same moment the punt heads for the steamer, the latter's engine's slow down. The punt and the steamer meet at the point of an exact right-angle. Lines are cast; the punt made fast to float alongside the ship's port side; and the rope-ladder is lowered.

Meantime the pilot has resigned his post on the bridge. The chief officer immediately takes his place. Stepping to the chart-room the pilot certifies in the log-book that the ship has duly cleared the port of New York; the ship's commander certifies to the pilot's fee, which pilotage is paid by the New York agents of the line; and in a moment more the pilot is "dropped" into the waiting punt. By the ship's rail stands the purser, or the mail-steward. A thousand addenda good-byes have been hastily written, sealed and stamped, and hundreds of telegrams indited, between the docks and the Hook. These, the last slender thread between land and home and the unalterable finality of your voyage, are let down by line to the pilot, who takes them as with unconscious tenderness in his arms.

In another instant the engines are again thundering. The pilot's punt shoots straight for the lightship. The officer on the bridge nods to the boatswain, whose shrill whistle "strikes the flag." The quartermasters bring down the ship's three flags—the "blue Peter" or sailing-day flag from the foremast, the owners' or "house" flag from the mainmast, and the ensign from the gaff—as a dead-shot hunter will bring some gay bird of passage from his flight quivering to his feet. A farewell cheer rings out over the port side after the departing pilot. Your voyage is now irrevocably begun.

"El desartar!" "El desartar!" were the low-toned ejaculations I heard all about me one April morning, in 1886, in the cabin of the ferry-boat, "Edouard Fesser," as it left the Regla side for the two-mile trip across Havana bay to the city. The cabin was well filled, and in a moment there came fursing and fuming through the narrow passage to the forward cabin a Spanish sergeant and a guard having in charge a man of most pitiable appearance. I made room quickly so that two seats were vacant near me in which the guard and his prisoner sat, the latter next me, while the sergeant, bearing a paper with a dangling seal, strode forward a bit, pompous with the importance of his mission and charge.

These ferries carry the gayest of crowds between Havana and the beautiful suburbs to the east, but the entrance of the party imbued the laughter and pleasant sallies of man and woman instantly. All present

seemed painfully exerting themselves to ignore the presence of the little group, but every one from time to time stole secret glances at the deserter, and, well for humanity, not a hard look fell upon him. Some old priests near seemed to be moving their lips as if in prayer for him, and behind many a fan I could see the face of some beautiful senora or senorita in tears. I knew well enough what it all meant, having once been a soldier. But I did not at once catch the full import of the brutal celerity of Spanish military vengeance. Shortly the guard closed a flippant recital to a passenger near him, to the effect that the man had deserted from the forces at Moro castle some weeks before, after a tremendous flogging for some slight infraction of discipline, had got so far as the Jaruco mountains where he baffled pursuit for some time, but finally had been run down by blood-hounds.

"Ah, yes," he airily concluded, "he will really not even need breakfast again. The consejo de guerra (court-martial) is already awaiting his arrival!" The deserter was but a boy. He had a fair face, too, round, almost boyish, even through the haunted look that had made him an old man in terror and desperate effort during those few weeks in the chaparral. His clothing was in rags, and his bare flesh, scarred and bloody, showed through. His feet were partly bound with rags and bark and thongs of the ribbon-tree. He was bare-headed, his hair tangled and knotty, and in one place a saber-cut was still open and bleeding. But he sat there with his hands clenched and his face like a piece of marble begrimed with mud.

Through the windows of the ferry the spars, rigging, and flags of a thousand ships upon the peaceful bay gleamed and glowed as we passed. The sun that lighted the whole earth with such splendor kissed the mountain and made old Moro castle even beautiful. The deserter looked at Moro as with an awful fascination. Then, as if beyond it and what he knew was waiting for him there, the poor fellow's eyes seemed strained to some point far, far away. Ah, his frantic soul vaulted the hated walls to old castle, mayhap to his own peasant home, to the mother the sisters, to a peasant-girl's thatched-roof home by the vineyards, and brave as he was trying to be, his whole frame writhed, his breast heaved and surged, and though he clinched his hands tighter and looked old Moro squarely in the face, his blue eyes filled and filled again with tears that scalded their way through the chaparral filth on his face like torrents. A dozen schemes for rescue shot through my brain. The sights and thoughts sickened me. I could scarcely remain in that cabin for the pity this man roused in me.

Having recently suddenly graduated from the editorship of a high-grade literary periodical of "Middle America," my sole helpful possessions in Cuba at that moment were a small piece of plug tobacco and a \$3 Bank of Havana bill. I quickly had these made in a compact wad. I got my knee against his leg. He started and looked me full in the face. My hand was on the low iron division-rail between the seats, and it touched his. God knows a soldier's human sympathy to a soldier in some subtle way swept from my heart to his in that touch. His clinched hand relaxed and turned. The palm was next mine. Our hands clasped, and there was a quick pressure. We were horn thousands of miles apart, and had never met until that instant, would never meet again unless in eternity, but we knew more of each other in that one moment than many lifetime acquaintances.

Soon the ferryboat had bumped against the Havana wharves. Through the clatter and clamor and crowds, the deserter was shoved and sabered-prodded to the Plaza de la San Carlos; hurried into a victors, alongside which two mounted guardas, and driven rapidly away. I could not work that day, and wandered along the walls of La Punta, restless, heartick, and with the white face of that desperate life ever before me. At four o'clock just across the narrow harbor entrance were heard some ominous drum beats.

On the little plaza just over the sea on the heights at Moro there were movements of small squads of soldiery. We could see all this plainly from La Punta. I feared what it meant, could not bear it, and hurried away. Just as I reached the old Boquete walls there was a sound of musketry at Moro. I looked across the channel and saw the smoke from their pieces well nigh enfolding them all. But I saw through and through that cloud one face sealed in eternal rest, when some old fish-wives on the Boquete walls near, crossing themselves as if it were an old habit and for like occasions, lazily muttered: "El desartar!" "El desartar!" EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Money in Cancelled Stamps. There are firms which buy cancelled postage stamps: we've forgot ten their addresses and the prices they pay; we think the average price is about \$60 a million stamps, though it may be more.—N. Y. Sun.

XAVIER ON HIS TRAVELS.

HE STARTS OUT WITH THE IDEA OF GOING TO WINNIPEG.

The Journey Terminates Before He Gets There—An Experience of Railway Riding in Company With a Hot Steve and Some Bad Orders.

I loose my farm with Pat, so I tot I would himmigray to de Nor-Wesse. I here de government do something for dese who himmigray, and Pat having took every ting from me I tot to git de government to help me. I saw de de Nor-Wesse books of de C. P. R. company dat free, she is marked in big letterse everywhere. So I come to de conclusion to take de C. P. R. at Edmondston for himmigray, and git all I could for no pay, dat suit my circumstance best. So I go to Mise Borpee and axe for a tiquette free for de Nor-Wesse like is marked on dese books. He says de tiquette is not free.

"What for you gave dese books marked free?" says me. "Dat's de farms dat's free," says Mise Borpee. "How much you want for your tiquette?" I axe. "One hondrede dollarse," he says. So I says "You tink I am freight! You axe as much for your tiquette as Pat she axe for interesse." I go away to see Charlie, de conduqeteur. He's a good fallow, she'll give me a drive for de Nor-Wesse. De carse was starting so I jump on an sit down, and bimeby Charlie she come along. Charlie she laughs when she saws me, and I laughs too. O, good fallow dat, she'll give me a drive. "Tiquette," says Charlie.

"Now, Charlie, give me a drive for de Nor-Wesse, will you? I got no monay, Pat's got it on a more-gauge," says me. "Can't do it," says Charlie. Why, says me, you got lots of room and your horse is strong. Take me a little peisse, and you wont be sorry. De government, she gonto help me because I himmigray and you do like de government. "I got to put you offe de train," says Charlie. So I began to tink de C. P. R. is a very poor company and I got suspishum dat I gonto hard times wid dem; but Mister Ponde, de boomman, for which I worked hard a long time was listening to me and took pitie, and he gave me ten dollar bill. "Tank you, Mister Ponde, says me, I pray for your boom never to broke." Den I paid Charlie an he go away. Mean fallow, dat Charlie!

Dere were two small ronde steves on dat car, and Bob de brakeman she put in cole all de time, so bimeby she got too hot on dat car; so wimen he's took sick, and he lost his dinner he paid twenty-five cents for to Felix. I try to open de window, but dey don't open. Den Bob, she come in, and she make more fire on dat stove. I say, "its too hot here," and Bob she says, "I am cold, and if you had to stop out doorse like me, you don't find it too warm here," and Bob she goes out, and another wimen, he was sick too; dey slap on his back but could not help him, so he faint. So Bob she come in again, and she tot dis wimen was frozen, so she put on more fire on dot stove, and she look mad at me, and she go out. So bimeby she smell bad on dat car, and I look aroude, and I saw a cupboard on de end of dat car, and de bad smell, she came from dat door. So I tink to myself, dese dat don't faint because they's too hot, dey will be pizened if dey eat anything oute dat cupboard; and de wimen, de child and every one complain she's too hot, and smell bad, and axe for me to see de conduqeteur. I don't like Charlie anymore, but for de sake of de wimen I go. Charlie she's come wid me, and I tote him all about de affair, and Charlie she's got mad, and Bob like fury, and she open de doorse and de holes in de roof of dat car, and de pore water on de wimen, Bob tot was frozen; den I am sorry dat I did not go to de conduqeteur Ralero, de de Boss, Mr. Choquette is a clean man, and his carse too, and I tote Charlie, but Charlie was mad at me, and say I am a fool, and she go away.

So I spoke to de wimen, and I say, my sympattee to him. "Dirty company, dis?" But de poor wimen he's so sick dat she no answer me. Gosh it was cold, Bob was mad and he make no more fire, and de wimen and everybody dey was coffing and sneezing, and rubbing dere fingers to keep warmse. Bimeby Bob she come in and shoute "Aroostook Junction, everybody get out." Dis is where you took de carse to go to de Yankesse. Where dese go up, took anodder carse, where dese go down took anodder carse, where dese go anywhere took anodder carse, and where sometime you took de wrong carse too. Dat's why dey call dis place Aroostook, because everybody "took" a carse and not stop dere.

So I goes back and took anodder carse again and I hope dat Pat she take a more-gauge on dat place and bill of sales on de Edmondston carse and charge big interesse for I never want to see one or de oddeff any more.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

Novelty Cloths for Ladies' and Children's Garment.

Camels' Hair Sicuna, Fancy Harris Tweeds, Bedford Bord, (all wool) Box Cloths and Serges, Novelty Worsted Cheviots, (with reversible back) Amazon Cloth, in all the new shades.

Children's Fancy Cloth Jackets in pretty styles and colors. Also Navy Blue. Sizes from 4 years up. Girls' Blazer and Reefer Jackets in Black, Navy and Fancy Cloths. Sizes for ages 8 to 12 years. Misses' Fancy Blazer Reefer and Russian Jackets. Plaited styles in Novelty Cloths at various prices. Sizes for 14 to 18 years.

"Heptonette" Cloaks.

Guaranteed Rain-proof. Over 300 of these stylish and serviceable cloaks just received in new shapes and surprising value. The prices are: \$5.00, \$7.25, \$9.50, \$11.50, \$16.00. BLACK, NAVY and FANCY DESIGNS.

LADIES' CLOTH JACKETS.

Late fashionable designs in Black, Navy, Fawn and Tans. Reefer front with 3 seam back; Blazer front with 3 seam back; Reefer front with Watteau back embroidered, a very stylish Jacket in Black, Navy and Fawn, at \$8.90. JACKETS with Bishop Sleeve, JACKETS with Leg O'Mutton Sleeve, JACKETS at all prices from \$3.25 to \$15.00. Sizes 32 to 40 inches, Bust Measure.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

Pants for that boy—the \$1.25 to \$1.40 kind are the best. Lots of bigger boys' pants now—long;—those for \$1.60 and some others better. Those Sailor Suits for \$1.00 and caps for 35 cts.—that'll fit your boy—other kinds of caps for boys too. The Envelope-Back Shirt—what is it? So arranged in the back, that it won't tear putting on or taking off. Nice Ties for Easter—remember that

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

WELSH, HUNTER & HAMILTON'S Stock is removed to 61 Charlotte St.

There it is being sold For 60 cts. on the dollar. Nothing left at 97 King St. excepting Gents' Furnishings. GEO. H. McKAY.

When His Luck Turned. How an Englishman's Presence of Mind Saved a Frenchman. At Monte Carlo a few days ago I was witness of the following incident, says a recent writer: I was seated at a table on the cafe of a Paris hotel, which adjoins the Casino, with a group of tourists when a haggard and disheveled Frenchman entered hurriedly, called for a glass of absinthe, and, seating himself, proceeded to write vigorously on a sheet of note paper in front of him. My attention was attracted by his appearance and evident nervousness, and my interest deepened when I saw him take from his pocket a gold plated revolver. He examined the weapon very carefully, as though he contemplated using it, and wanted to see that it was in proper order, then hastily put it back into his pocket and resumed his writing.

By this time the attention of the whole group had been attracted to the man, especially as they saw him remove the revolver from his pocket and toy with it nervously. A stout, florid Englishman sat near me. He leaned over and whispered to me: "My dear fellow, the chap means to do away with himself, I take it." Then, before I could reply, he quickly turned to the Frenchman and said: "You wish to sell that weapon, sir?" The Frenchman drew back in astonishment. He gazed in amazement at the Englishman and hesitated as if he had been insulted. Then there apparently ensued a revulsion of feeling, for a smile overspread his haggard face as he exclaimed, with a shrug of the shoulders, "If you wish, sir."

He placed the revolver mechanically upon the table and picked up the gold pieces laid down by the Englishman. Then he drank his absinthe with seeming satisfaction. He brightened up. His entire manner underwent a change. A few minutes later he walked leisurely out of the cafe and we saw him again enter the Casino. The Englishman and myself concluded to follow him. We were surprised to find on entering that luck was evidently with him, for a small pile of gold and silver lay before him on the roulette table. We learned later from one of the attendants that he had won 1,900 francs.

REEROOMS. 1893, Colorings with 1/2 yd. John at the Price. NER. ER COMPANY, (Limited), Fertilizers. Oves. S. WILL SUIT YOU. Charlotte St. Charlotte St., prices. N CARDS. of the City of John. MEN: I shall be a candidate for YOR in at the coming election. I give my best attention to and my support to all good proposed for the public benefit, the duty of the Common to practice the most rigid of possible, the public bur- ve due consideration to any reform that may be pro- to yield these results, your kind support, edient servant, WRANCE STURDEE, March, 1893. of the City of John. MEN: I shall be a candidate for the YOR er member of the old City he Legislature, covering an well informed in civic to union, and, if elected, ward for the consideration measures, that if adopted, to our City, reduce the assistance to the City. and Gentlemen, Your most obedient THOS. R. JONES, of Saint John. MEN: with many taxpayers I r as a Candidate for the YOR the second Tuesday in REDUCE TAXATION by etc., etc., as specified from the public plat- the fullest sense of the on of the civic govern- and efficient plan. assistance. am, Respectfully, SAMUEL TUFTS. of the City of phn. of April next, I will be a YOR. record has been such as nance, and soliciting your Gentlemen, Ob't Servant, THOMAS W. PETERS,



SUNDAY READING

EARLY RELIGIOUS PRINTS.

Wood Engraving First used to Depict Scenes in Scripture History.

Wood engraving was, from its birth, the people's art in an eminent degree, says an English writer. The first gifts were of diverse character, for it brought that great popular amusement of modern times, the playing-card, and with it more holy prints—figures of the saints—to touch the conscience and arouse religious feeling. The earliest unquestioned mention of playing-card in Europe occurs in 1392; but if they were not in general use before that year, they spread with enormous rapidity. This new and sudden demand may have led to a search for more speedy means of manufacture, and so to the first application of wood engraving. There is no card, however, known to have been printed from a wood block of an earlier date than the first known figures of saints, and the reign of authority favour the priority of the latter.

There were representations of various religious scenes in scriptural or traditional history, and were scattered by the monks broadcast among the people. In Flanders, it is said, on days of the festival, the monks, in procession, distributed brilliantly colored wood-cuts of holy spirits to the children in the streets. Numerous as they were in their day, only a few scattered examples have survived. The most famous of these is the St. Christopher, which Heinemann found pasted inside the cover of a manuscript in the Convent of Buxheim, in Suabia. It is dated 1423, and was long considered the earliest known wood-cut. The saint is crossing the river with the Child-Christ on his shoulder; opposite, on the right bank, a hermit holds a lantern in front of his cell; on the left, a peasant, with a bag on his back, climbs the steep ascent from his mill to his cottage high up on the cliff, where no swelling of the stream can reach it. The mutual attitude of the two heads is expressive, and the folds of the saint's robe are cast about the shoulders, but otherwise there is little merit in the cut; the drawing above the rude beginning of art, but an attempt to mark shadows by a greater or less width of line is noticeable, and the lines are more varied than is usually the case in very early work.

The Virgin and Child, in a garden preserved in the Royal Museum at Brussels, and dated 1418, is the earliest dated print; it is finer in design than the St. Christopher the field is better filled, and the drawing more natural.

Besides these and other dated examples, there are several without date, one of which, a Crucifixion, is very rude, although that does not necessarily point to an early date. Ottley, in his description of it, assigned it to a time as early as 1445, which is the date of the manuscript itself. The Carthusian monk who transcribed his prayers in this book, pasted it between the leaves, apparently with reference to an edition, in the text of the page opposite the print, to the blood of Christ, which is represented in it by spots and lines of vermilion ink on the body of the Crucified Lord. On the left are the figures of the Virgin and Lingorius; on the right, St. John, and perhaps the Centurion; beneath are the gates of hell, with three patriarchs in limbo; in the upper left hand corner is an angel holding the sacred handkerchief on which are presentations of the face of the Saviour was miraculously impressed and pierced; and above, in the upper margin are a scourge and a knife.

Mr. Ottley says that this is one of the rudest prints that is certainly an interesting illustration of the early effort of a rising art. Nearly all these prints were taken off in a pale brown distemper, and were printed by rubbing in the back of the paper. The St. Christopher and some other examples were printed in black ink, and with a press. They were usually coloured by hand, or by means of a stencill-plate, and the outlines being thus obscured, they were rendered much more pleasing to the eye than they now appear.

Mohammedans as Devotions. Our visits to the Mosques were not without reminders of the Holy Book, "Loose thy shoe from thy foot." Do not run the risk of desecrating this sacred place with any of the defilements of the common world, says "Peter Lombard" in one of his letters from Egypt: "If you choose to take off your boots, good; if not, you have to wear sandals over them; and the Moslem custom does not allow you to touch these sandals with your hand, they prefer to be soiled themselves. So they wear into several, and the sight is impressive. A service at the regular hour of prayer you are not permitted to see. Once we were very opportunely hurried out because the time of prayer had begun, and we found a number of men kneeling on the floor, some with their hands clasped in prayer, and some with their hands raised, shouting the praises of Allah. One of them said to me, "I have heard his voice was a strong and sweet harp, and so true to the key that I could have joined down the melody on a bit of music paper. We stood near and listened to him, but of course he took no notice of us. Here and there a few men performing a vow, apparently, they went on from station to station reciting passages at each place. At one Mosque M. and I watched a man at "the Mecca door," (a closed-up recess pointing always towards their holy city) he knelt and touched the floor with his forehead, remained for a while motionless, stood up and extended his hands for a minute, again knelt in the same lowly fashion. How long he continued I know not, for he was still engaged when we left, but another joined him while we stood by. I fancy he looked a

little embarrassed at finding himself watched, but if so he was not hindered, for he began his devotions as his fellow Moslem was doing. I whispered to M. who is a stiff High Churchman, "Do you suppose that prayers so earnest as these evidently are wanted on the empty air?" "I am sure they cannot be," was the reply. And I fully agreed with him. I was deeply moved by the intensity of their manner, and trusted that in the church which I know best in London the Lord of all souls will give equal earnestness to those whom we see on week days praying there with a better faith and fuller hope.

APOSTLE TO THE GERMANS.

Something About the Life and Labors of Saint Boniface.

Boniface was an Englishman whose original name was Winfrid, and was born at Kinton, in Devonshire, about 680. He was educated at a monastery in the diocese of Winchester, where he became acquainted with the sacred and secular learning of the times. At the age of 30 he was ordained priest, and laboured with much zeal in preaching the Word of God. He was eager to be employed as a missionary to the Pagans. In the year 716 he went into Friesland with two monks, but finding it impracticable to open a mission there at that time, he returned to England. He afterwards visited Rome, and was encouraged in his missionary plans by Gregory II., who gave him a commission, with ample powers. Fortified with this, Winfrid went into Bavaria and Thuringia, where he infused new zeal into existing churches, and was successful in converting many of the heathen. His labours in Eastern Germany were attended with great hardships because of the poverty of the country. He supported himself by the labour of his own hands, and was often in great peril from the rage of the obstinate pagans. Friesland, which was closed against his first attempt, was open to him, and he laboured there with great success. Returning to Rome to report the results of his mission, he was kindly received by Gregory II., who consecrated him bishop of the new German churches, by the name of Boniface.

Armed with letters from the Pope, and strengthened with a band of labourers fresh from England, Boniface returned to the scene of his mission, and became more active than ever in establishing Christianity in Germany. In Hesse he found that an oak tree of prodigious size was the occasion of much idolatrous superstition, and though ignorant of its name, he caused it to be cut down. Forty years this devoted missionary labored in spreading the gospel in the Germanic states, and in the 75th year of his age fell a martyr, strange to say, in Friesland, the scene of his first unsuccessful mission. One morning Boniface, and two of his companions, were suddenly attacked by a troop of wild Frisians armed with lances and shields, and were cruelly slain.

Boniface has left on record his method of dealing with idolaters. His shrewd observations have a suggestive value to the missionary of to-day. "Do not," he writes, "contradict in a direct manner their accounts of the genealogy of their gods; allow that they were born from one another in the same way as mankind are. This concession will give you the advantage of proving that there was a time when they had no existence. Ask them who governed the world before the birth of their gods; ask them if these gods have ceased to propagate. If they do not, show them the consequence; namely, that the gods must be infinite in number, and that no man can be rationally at ease in worshipping any of them, lest he should offend one who is more powerful. Argue thus with them, not in a way of insult, but with temper and moderation; and take opportunity to contrast these absurdities with the Christian doctrine. Let the pagans be rather ashamed than incensed by your oblique mode of starting these subjects. Show them the insufficiency of their plea of antiquity. In vain over the world, but that Jesus Christ was manifested in order to reconcile men to God by His grace."

In Face of a Common Fear. Let us work for God with energy, always remembering that the time is short. Let us work cheerfully. "Give us," says Carlyle, "the man who sings at his work." Let us work and fight for the captain unitedly. What a loss of power there is in our parties and divisions! Perhaps, like soldiers of different corps, our appearance and our names may differ; yet we know but one flag, one King, one Captain, and our warfare is the same—against the world, the flesh and the devil. "Yonder is your foe—shut him out, and welcome to two Englishmen." There are strongholds of darkness and evil; do not presume which would be overcome if only Christian workers would "shake hands" and work unitedly.

Christenheit and Civilization. When the microscopic search of skepticism has furthered the distinction to human ten miles square, what a big planet live in—decency, order, and security, supporting and educating his children, unspiced and unspiced, manhood respected, in the highest sense, and human life held in a place ten miles square on this globe, where the gospel of Christ has not gone, and cleared the way, and laid the foundations, and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the skeptical intellect to move thither and then ventilate their views.—James Russell Lowell.

Wisdom is displayed not so much in doing the right thing as in doing it at the right time. The time for doing it is the great distinction between wisdom and folly. It may be said that as space is the sphere in which Divine power is displayed, time is the sphere for displaying Divine wisdom.

It is reported that the Pope has decided finally that Archbishop Satolli shall reside in Washington.

The Catholic Historical Society is to make an exhibit of records and relics at the Columbian Exposition.

The universalists in the United States are strongest in New York. Massachusetts is next and Ohio is third.

Let us be affable, but never flatterers, for there is nothing so vile and unworthy of a Christian heart as flattery.—St. Vincent de Paul.

The first woman minister who conducted a marriage ceremony in Ohio has just been married herself, and another woman minister took the service.

The money collected at the laying of the corner stone of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, last December amounted to \$20,000.

Leave all and you shall find all, for everything is to be found in God by him who, for the sake of God, despises everything.—St. Augustine.

Four United States Senators are Roman Catholics. They are Murphy of New York; Smith of New Jersey; White of California, and Caffery of Louisiana.

The New York Mail and Express has a silly notion that the name of the first day of the week should be spelled Sunday, and persists in using that orthography.

An archbishop's mitre is different from a bishop's, in that it has a beading round it, and is surmounted at either point by a cross on an albat; also it rises out of a ducal coronet.

During the last twenty years more than \$63,000,000 has been spent in restoring cathedrals and churches in England, and more than \$48,000,000 in building new churches.

God took away the grave of Moses, that the people might have before them, in full and undisturbed relief, the man himself. It is an easier thing to revere the dust than to follow the example.

The late Bishop Barlow, of Chichester, England, had five daughters, all of whom had the good luck to marry bishops; viz.: Hereford, Lichfield, Winchester (2) and York. The monument in Ithian Abbas Churchyard, Hampshire, records the unique fact.

The Unitarians lead in Massachusetts with 189 organizations and 34,610 communicants. After Massachusetts come in order, New York, 4,470 communicants; California, 3,819; New Hampshire, 3,252; Maine, 2,421; Illinois, 1,932; Michigan, 1,904, and Rhode Island, 1,595.

The archbishops and bishops of the Roman Catholic church in Hungary have presented a memorial to the Emperor, asking him to protect the church against the measures introduced by the Hungarian government, and considered by the prelates as hostile to the church, chief among these being the proposition to make civil marriage a complete fulfillment of the marriage contract.

Hawaii has a total population of 100,000; Native population, 55,000; half-castes, 5,000; Chinese, 15,000 Japanese, 12,000; Americans, 2,000; foreign parentage, 7,500. Imports valued at \$7,000,000; exports, \$13,280,000. Schools, 178; of these thirty-six are native schools; pupils in all, 10,000. Native churches, 59; communicants, 5,427. Foreign churches, 11; membership 1,190.

The Pope is very temperate in his diet. His breakfast, which he takes after mass, consists of coffee and milk alone. At noon he eats two eggs and a piece of chicken, as a rule, and some fruit. He drinks at the same time a glass of Bordeaux. On fast days fish and macaroni are substituted for chicken. From dinner till bedtime the Pope takes no nourishment, with the exception of a bit of bread soaked in milk.

Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., the well-known preacher and teacher of Harvard university, died at his residence, Cambridge, on Friday last week. He had been ill for about a month. On Wednesday evening, Feb. 1, he fell down an exposed stairway, cutting his head badly and sustaining a severe shock. Complications set in weakening him greatly. His death was caused by pneumonia.

Preachers should make a note of the remark of a recent writer, who says that the average limit of sustained attention in an audience is about twenty minutes, and that it is very difficult for a speaker to interest his hearers thirty minutes. It was not so in the old days when we had great orators, and it is not so now when an eloquent speaker has a message to deliver. But, for the average talker, twenty minutes is long enough."

A memorial hall for Phillips Brooks is to be built in the "Yard" at Harvard. A committee has invited subscription for a fund of \$300,000 and his class, 1855. Plans for the last \$10,000 of each \$100,000. There can be no doubt that the hall will be built, and it will be worthy of a noble memory. Devoted to religious and social uses, it will, in the words of the committee, "convey to coming generations of students the splendid spiritual endowment which he gave to Harvard."

Canon Routledge, in his "History of St. Martin's, Canterbury," just published by Messrs. Kegan, Paul and Company, claims this proud distinction for that venerable edifice. He describes it as occupying the unique position of being the only existing church that was originally built as a church during the first four centuries, and has remained a church till the present day. St. Martin's has a sort of rival in St. Mary-in-the-Castle, Dover, which Canon Puckle believes to have been erected by British workmen sometime in the fourth century.

Brother Anselm, night porter at the Grande-Chartreuse Monastery, has just died. It was under this humble name that M. de Brecourt, who once played such a brilliant part in the highest Parisian society, finished his days. M. de Brecourt was married three times, and by his third wife he had a daughter. One day, on coming home from shooting, he discharged his gun into a thicket behind which his daughter happened to be standing. She fell, shot dead. In despair M. de Brecourt entered as a simple friar the monastery of Grande-Chartreuse in the most humble and trying of functions.

Messages of Help for the Week.

SUNDAY: "My voice shall thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up. I will come into Thy house in the multitude of Thy mercy, and in Thy fear will I worship toward Thy holy temple.—Psalm. 5: 3, 7.

MONDAY: "The trees of the Lord are full of sap."—Psalm 104:16.

TUESDAY: "O, earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord."—Jeremiah, 22:29.

WEDNESDAY: "He maketh the Sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."—Matthew 5: 45.

THURSDAY: "We brought nothing into the world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."—1st Timothy 6:7.

FRIDAY: "Now, there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came among them; and the Lord said unto Satan, Whence camest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going up and down in it.—Job. 1: 6, 7.

SATURDAY: "O, Praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise Him, all ye people. For his merciful kindness is great towards us: and the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Praise ye the Lord."—Psalm. 117.

Following the Best Plan. Prof. Drummond has been addressing the Edinburgh university students again. He is reported to have said that if a man were laying a plan for life he might as well follow the very best. There was no question which was best, the most complete ideal. They might ask him why should they not follow Charles Kingsley, or read Shakespeare, or be content with Browning and Tennyson. For one thing these were all second-hand men and all that was highest in them had come from Jesus Christ. It needed some one to kneel to; hence the necessity of choosing Christ to be the feature of their lives.

Seek some absorbing employment on your higher ground—your upland farm,—whether no cart path leads, but where you mount alone with your hoe,—where the life everlasting grows; there you raise a crop which needs not to be brought down into the valley to a market; which you barter for heavenly products.—Thoreau.

The man who thinks the world owes him a living is always in a hurry to levy on the debt.

A load of sorrow doesn't wear one so much as a swarm of annoyances.

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To the first person solving puzzle we will award \$100 in Cash; the next will receive Gold Watch; the third a SILVER WATER SERVICE; the fourth a SILK DRESS; the fifth a BANGUET LAMP; the sixth a DRESSMAKER'S MAGIC SCALE; the seventh a TOILET SET; the eighth a GOLD BROOCH; the ninth a SILVER CUP; the tenth a SILVER CUP; the eleventh a SILVER CUP; the twelfth a SILVER CUP; the thirteenth a SILVER CUP; the fourteenth a SILVER CUP; the fifteenth a SILVER CUP; the sixteenth a SILVER CUP; the seventeenth a SILVER CUP; the eighteenth a SILVER CUP; the nineteenth a SILVER CUP; the twentieth a SILVER CUP.

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SEEN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Notable Specimens of Architecture on the Grounds at the Great Columbian Exposition at Chicago.

The Mines and Mining Building is 700 feet long by 350 feet wide, and the architect is S. S. Benson, of Chicago. Its architecture has its inspiration in early Italian renaissance, with which sufficient liberty is taken to invest the building with the position that should characterize a great general Exposition. There is a decided French spirit pervading the exterior design, but it is kept well subordinated. In plan it is simple and straightforward, embracing on the ground floor spacious vestibules, restaurants, toilet-rooms, etc. On each of the four sides of the building are placed the

Between the main entrance and the pavilions are richly decorated arcades, forming an open loggia on the ground floor, and a deeply recessed promenade on the gallery floor-level, which commands a fine view of the lakes and islands to the northward and the great Central Court on the south. These covered promenades are each 25 feet wide and 230 feet long, and from them it had access to the building at numerous points. These loggias on the first floor are faced with marbles of different kinds and hues, which will be considered part of the Mining Exhibit, and so utilized as to have

for courts, each 88 by 270 feet. These courts are beautifully decorated in color and planted with ornamental shrubs and flowers. The center of the pavilion is roofed by a crystal dome 187 feet in diameter and 113 feet high, under which are exhibited the tallest palms, bamboos, and tree ferns that can be procured. There are galleries in each of the pavilions. The galleries of the end pavilions are designed for cafes, the situation and the surroundings being particularly adapted to recreation and refreshment. These cafes are surrounded by an arcade on three sides from which



THE MINES AND MINING BUILDING.

entrances, those of the north and south fronts being the most spacious and prominent. To the right and left of each entrance, inside, start broad flights of easy stairs leading to the galleries. The galleries are 60 feet wide and 75 feet high from the ground floor, and are lighted on the sides by large windows, and from above by a high clear-story extending around the building. The main fronts look southward on the great Central Court, and northward on the

marketable value at the close of the Exposition. The loggia ceilings will be heavily coffered, and richly decorated in plaster and color. The ornamentation is massed at the prominent points of the facade. The exterior presents a massive, though graceful, appearance. Immediately south of the entrance to Jackson Park from the Midway Plaisance, and facing east on the lagoon, is the Horticultural Building. In front is a flower

charming views of the grounds can be obtained. In this building are exhibited all the varieties of flowers, plants, vines, seeds, horticultural implements, etc. Those exhibits requiring sunshine and light are shown in the rear curtains, where the roof is entirely of glass and not too far removed from the plants. The front curtains and space under the galleries are designed for exhibits that require only the ordinary amount



THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

western and middle lakes and an island gorgeous with flowers. These principal fronts display enormous arched entrances, richly embellished with sculptural decorations emblematic of mining and its allied industries. At each end of these fronts are large square pavilions, surrounded by low domes, which mark the four corners of the building, and are lighted by large arched windows extending through the galleries.

terrace for outside exhibits, including tanks for Nymphæa and the Victoria Regia. The front of the terrace, with its low parapet between large vases, borders the water, and at its center forms a boat landing. The building is 1,000 feet long, with an extreme width of 250 feet. The plan is a central pavilion, with two end pavilions, each connected with the central one by front and rear curtains, forming two inter-

of light. Ample provision is made for the heating of such parts of the building as may require it, by the latest and most approved methods. The exterior of the building is "staff," tinted in a soft warm buff, color being reserved for the interior and the courts. The cost of this building was about \$300,000. W. L. B. Jenny, of Chicago, is the architect.

was a harmless bit of pleasantry at which we are not in the least inclined to take offence; but we notice that these gentlemen were not as ready at "taking us off" as they were at "taking us off," as the customary complimentary ticket to editors in this case was conspicuous by its absence.

Exhibition by Fredericton Girls. It seems that the girls in the house across the street are in the habit of giving magic lantern exhibitions nightly, judging from the pictures thrown on the curtains, as viewed from the window of the Jour rnaloffice.

Bull-headed Pitts. The bull-headed editor of the Reporter gets a severe but well merited castigation in the Fredericton Globe of Saturday last. Pitts, we suppose, is the best hated man in the province.

Gives Himself a Notice. At the examination in the Normal school recently, one of the lady students being asked who was the greatest living poet? promptly responded, Martin Butler. That young lady's head is level.

How the Ocean Becomes Salt. Professor Edward Hall, in a lecture to the Victoria Institute, London, explained that throughout all geological time the ocean had been receiving continual supplies from rivers bringing down not only sediments but salts and carbonates, together with free silica, in solution. The sediment was deposited over the ocean floor, and generally not far from the lands, while the dissolved ingredients were carried by the currents into all parts. Meanwhile the ocean surface was constantly giving off, particularly over the equatorial regions, enormous quantities of vapour, which were carried into the higher regions of the atmosphere, and were precipitated in the form of rain and snow over the lands. Part, of course, fell on the sea again, but the greater quantity fell on the land surfaces, and was returned to the ocean in streams charged with fresh salts and carbonates. The consequence of that process must clearly be that the saline ingredients had been increasing in the oceanic waters from the earliest periods down to the present day.

A Hindoo journal says of dancing: "We do not think our countrymen would care very much for hopping, and least of all, they would allow their wives and daughters to be caught by their waists and danced about by strangers. The floor is so slippery and, wital, so smooth that one is easily apt to slip, and slipping to the Hindoo is eternal damnation."

THE QUEEN'S TRANSIENT GUESTS.

How They are Entertained at Windsor and What is Expected.

During the Queen's residence at Windsor "dine and sleep" guests arrive at the Castle nearly every night, says the Pall Mall Budget. The Ministers, some members of the Corps Diplomatique, the Leaders of the Opposition, and a selection of the class described by Lord Beaconsfield as "the high nobility," make up the company, with a few military and naval magnates, two or three literary and artistic celebrities, and nearly all the Royal family in rotation.

On arriving at the visitors' entrance to the Castle, the guests are conducted to their various rooms, which are sure to be most comfortable and warm; and, unless they have a friend among the household in waiting, or are sent for by the Queen or by any member of the Royal family, there is an interval of nearly two hours before it is time to dress for dinner. Guests are expected to assemble in the corridor at half-past eight, all in full dress, which is indispensable for the Queen's dinner party. At a quarter to nine the Queen and those members of the Royal family who are staying at the Castle enter the corridor, how to the company, and proceed at once into the Oak Room, where dinner is always served, unless there are more than eighteen persons at table, which now rarely happens. The Oak Room, which adjoins the corridor, is hung with Gobelin tapestry, which was presented to the Queen by Louis Philippe. The sideboards are covered with magnificent plate, and the table always presents a very fine appearance. Besides the servants who wait, clerks of the kitchen and cellar-men, all in their full dress, are also in the room.

The dinner is always very good, and the wines of unsurpassable excellence. Champagne, claret, and Madeira are usually drunk, but Rhine wine (of which the Queen has a splendid stock) is often produced. Imperial Tokay was Prince Albert's favourite desert wine, but it is seldom seen now. The men remain for only a short time at table after the Queen and ladies have retired. After dinner the company reassembles in the corridor, which is now lighted by electricity, and is upwards of five hundred feet in length. The Queen makes it a rule to speak for a few minutes to each person after dinner; and, having gone round the circle, her Majesty then retires to her own apartments; the company adjourns to one of the drawing-rooms, and they finish the evening with music and whist. There is now an excellent billiard-room in the Castle, and a most comfortable smoking-room. In the morning the guests either breakfast in their own rooms or at one of the household tables, and official visitors return to London by the 10.30 train (sometimes by the 9.5, which was Lord Beaconsfield's favourite train); but other guests may wish to visit the library, or the gardens at Frogmore, in which case the departure is deferred until one o'clock.

In Memoriam.

LAKES ON THE DEATH OF ANNE McDONALD. Beloved son of Sarah and Michael McDonald, who died February 24th, 1893, aged 29 years. The deceased young man leaves his parents, three brothers, and four sisters, and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their loss.

Another of our flock is gone. Another voice is still. A place is vacant in our home, That never can be filled.

The Lord, He only lends us here To tread upon the soil; And then He meant to send for us, To end our strife and toil.

He took from us The gayest and the best; He took him from this world of care To walk among the blest.

But Oh! we miss our brother; He was cheerful, young and gay But then the Lord, He sent for him And took him straight away.

His parents, they are left to weep, All for their son so dear, But then the Lord will comfort them And He their hearts will cheer.

Little did poor Angus know The day his nephew died, How quickly he'd be called for, And laid down by his side.

But now, the both of them have gone Their toil and trouble o'er; And here, upon this wicked earth, We'll hear their voice no more.

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BITS FROM BUTLER'S JOURNAL.

The Editor's Travels and Ruminations on Men and Matters.

The March number of Butler's Journal fully sustains the reputation of that free and independent fulminator. The editor, Martin Butler, gives a further account of his travels and the people he met. Some extracts from his diary are appended:

The Motive of the Journey.

On Tuesday, February 20th, I determined on taking another trip to the country, to see old friends, and eke out, if possible, a small addition to the scanty revenue received from the Journal.

When Martin goes peddling at this season he hauls his own sled, "The Penniac Prancer." This will account for the following adventure:

A Battle with the Elements.

I pushed on, but the elements were against me, for I had hardly got a mile when it began to snow, and blow a hurricane. My big overcoat, that I bought from Sammy Owen, and the patent car protectors which I got from Parson Vickery, now stood me in good stead, and although I am an uncompromising free trader, I was strongly predisposed in favor of "protection" in this case. But I kept on undaunted, despite the fury of the elements, knowing that it would be useless to apply for shelter until I reached the well known hostelry of Mrs. A. McClary, a distance of four miles; and drawing up to the house more dead than alive, I entered, while Harry at once proceeded to relieve me of my overcoat and went and hauled my sled into the shed.

Editor Butler was more fortunate the next day, for he got a ride with Charles Arnold. Accident still attended him, however, and this is how it happened:

Something to Warm Him Up.

In my ride a slight accident occurred. The sled being hitched behind, and the road icy in some places, it slewed to one side, and coming in contact with a telegraph post upset, snapping the tongue and upsetting the load, but doing no further damage, and when we arrived at Pete's we patched it up, and at the earnest solicitation of my friend I took "something to warm me up" and then proceeded on my way.

Martin Meets Strangers Company.

On Monday I again set out and after taking dinner with Mr. Ed Slipp, I proceeded to

He Meets Young Philistines.

I hurry along, being anxious to get home in time for Journal week, and just at the watering trough in Lower Queensbury I fall in with a lot of school boys who begged hard for a chew of tobacco. As it happened I had two pieces of chewing in my back breeches pocket, and handed one around, but this was not enough, and I passed around the other and they filled their mouths; their cheeks sticking out like balloons. Tobacco must be scarce in that part of the country. At the little store I got a boy to fill my pipe, giving him my knife. The tobacco he returned but I forgot to ask him for the knife, and he took good care not to remember. I stopped with Mr. Will McKean's family, and the little boy, Cecil, went up in the morning to see if he could get the knife for me, but the young Frenchman would not give it up.

Among Martin's ruminations on men, matters and morals, are the following bits of philosophy:

A Curious Fact.

It is no trouble to put 35 cents in a letter and mail it to our address: Fredericton, N. B. Stamps will do as well as cash, and it is a curious fact that with over \$20 of outstanding indebtedness, we do not receive stamps enough through the mail to keep us going.

Got no Tickets to the Show.

The representation of the editor of the Journal, together with several of the notables of the city, at the Snowflake Minstrel's exhibition in the City Hall some time ago,

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

I don't think I have ever seen the prints and chollies as pretty as they are this season. Indeed it is almost impossible to make a choice because just as soon as you are certain you have selected the very prettiest print in town you see something so much prettier that your mind is all unsettled, and unless you chance to be a woman of great firmness of character and iron resolution you end by purchasing both. In fact the temptation to possess a number of print dresses for the coming summer will be very great.

One of the most charming prints I have seen yet, was an English cambric with heliotrope chrysanthemums, a little smaller than a half dollar; the flowers had their foliage of pale delicate green, and the black background threw them out so effectively that until you touched the fabric you were convinced it was chollie, and I am sure that if it were made up with vest or yoke and sleeve puffs of heliotrope washing silk, the illusion would be complete. Amongst all the novelties in chollies that I have seen, the design I thought prettiest was a cream colored ground sprinkled all over with pansies. The flowers were irregular in size and shape, ranging from the fully opened pansy to the tiniest bud, and as nearly as possible in the natural tints ranging from purple to pale lilac; some of them had tints of bronze, but all preserved the prevailing tone of purple. It would have made a lovely dress for a bright blonde, with the addition of bretelles and belt of violet velvet.

Plaids seen to be coming in more decidedly as spring approaches, some of the newest goods show the old fashioned but ever popular shepherd's plaid. Trimmed with black velvet, or military braid, no costume is more ladylike, more dainty or, I think, more stylish.

Revers, seem to be dividing the honors with yokes, and bretelles for they are seen on every variety of costume, on the cloth dress they are of velvet or passamentarie, and on the evening gown of lace or embroidery. I believe Felix the great parisian man dress-maker is using plaids quite extensively in his "creations" for spring especially the soft brown indistinct plaids, and one of the new spring features of his dresses, is the yoke into which the skirt is gathered. Imagine one of the pretty fitted peasant bodices which were so much worn last summer, cut off straight and plain around the top, and the skirt which has been cut down to fit it, sewn to the lower edge. I cannot say I like the idea very much, pretty as it looks in a fashion plate because I fancy the weight of the skirt would have a tendency to make the yoke sag down and prevent it from fitting in the trim way a belt should, at the top. This yoke must not on any account be made of a straight piece of material slightly pointed on the lower edge like the belts of last year, it must be fitted to the figure with darts, whale boned at the points and made to sit perfectly smooth like the bodice of last year. With this skirt is worn one of the dainty shirt blouse which were so popular last summer with just this difference that instead of being collarless it must have quite a high collar, as everything is worn close up—I had almost said, to the ears—this season; so fickle is fashion. I fancy we shall all be rummaging through scrap bags soon in the hope of finding enough pieces of our last year's dresses to make collars for them, and if we do not succeed we shall be hopelessly out of the fashion.

The crinoline is really here at last. Only yesterday I saw one hanging up in a shop window in all its skeleton nakedness;—such a hideous object, and yet, I suppose the day is not far distant when we shall be obliged to bend to the dictates of our stern ruler, and don the monstrosity, or else look so very singular in our lean and attenuated outlines, that the very street urchins will point the finger of scorn at us and deride us as we pass them on the streets. Well, I for one, shall stick to my principles, and my natural outlines at the same time, until the very last; it is my fixed determination to hold out against the invader, until I become so singular, on account of it, that I shall attract as much attention on the streets as the Salvation Army; then, and only then will I give in.

Already the crinoline wrap has made its appearance, for of course, our closely-fitting, three-quarter length coats would be objects of derision if we tried to strain them over crinolined skirts, so the return of the shawl is predicted with a reasonable amount of confidence. It makes one feel absolutely faint and ill to think of it. I know, girls, and I am very sorry to be obliged to write about anything so awful, but what can I do, as a faithful chronicler of fashion's vagaries, but try to give you some idea of what that whimsical dame is contemplating for the future, as well as what she is really about in the present? I myself, feel a gloomy assurance that in a very short time, we shall all be trotting around contentedly not only in crinolines but also arrayed in bonnets with caps inside, and a pleated flounce at the back called a "curtain," shawls folded cornerswise, one-button gloves

and elastic sided boots. But if we do ever loose our senses to that extent, I hope most sincerely that the men will take the law into their own hands and give up marrying and giving in marriage while the lunacy lasts, so that at last the dread of being a generation of old maids will bring us to our senses. But the shawl of our ancestors is not here yet, thank fortune, and meanwhile we have a sort of two-story cape, made full and roomy so as to hang in natural folds at the bottom, to feast our eyes upon until its arrival. This wrap is built upon the plan of the shoulder cape, it is of course fuller and longer, the first one reaches about to the elbow, while the second is long enough to nearly cover the hands when held down by the sides. It is trimmed with rather scant fringe, headed by a border of passamentarie, or jet, or silk embroidery. It is a quaint, dowdy looking wrap and calculated to utterly disguise the most charming figure in the world. Another "crinoline wrap" consists of a long, tight fitting cloth coat, slashed in long tabs from the waist, where it is confined by a belt, to the foot of the skirt. And both these garments look as if they might have been cut out of a fashion book of 1866. Now, girls, do you wonder that I sometimes turn away heart-sick from the task of writing up the fashions?

I am not sure whether there is any danger of "overdoing it" in the matter of Lenten cookery, but if I should fall into that error, you can cut the receipts out, and save them for next year, though many of these toothsome Lenten dishes would do for any season of the year. Just read these delicious variations on the always attractive theme of oysters, and see if they would not be tempting fare for any month in the year, provided the said month contained the indispensable R.

**Oysters au Gratin.**  
One cupful of thick, drawn butter, in which after it is taken from the fire, have been mixed two beaten eggs and a teaspoonful of salad dressing. (Durkee's is best.) bread crumbs, pepper, and salt. Drain the oysters, lay them on a soft cloth, and, spreading another over them pat it to absorb all the moisture; on a layer of these arranged in a bake dish, salted and peppered, put one of drawn butter, more oysters, more drawn butter etc., until the materials are used up, cover with fine crumbs, drop bits of butter on top, and bake, covered half an hour, then brown.

**Deviled Oysters.**  
Wipe large "frying-size" oysters dry, and lay in a mixture made by allowing the juice of a lemon, to two tablespoonfuls of butter, a little salt, and a pinch of cayenne. Turn the oysters over and over in this, then in fine bread crumbs, and broil on a large broiler over a clear fire. Serve hot.

**Little Pies in Blankets.**  
A novel way of serving oysters is to cut fat English bacon into very thin slices, wrap an oyster well seasoned with pepper and salt in each slice, and fasten together with little wooden skewers. Then heat a frying-pan and put in the "little pigs." Cook just long enough to crisp the bacon—about two minutes—and serve immediately on rounds of toast. This forms a most acceptable breakfast or luncheon delicacy.

**Oysters Scalloped with Mushroom.**  
A quart of oysters; half a can of mushrooms; a heaping teaspoonful of butter; pepper, salt, and cracker crumbs; a cup of milk; one beaten egg. Lay a stratum of oysters in a butter bake dish, season with pepper and salt, sprinkle with chopped mushrooms; cover with crumbs wet with milk and dotted with butter; proceed in this order until the dish is full; the top-most layer should be quite moist with milk. Lay an egg has been beaten, and seasoned well with pepper, salt and butter. Bake, covered, thirty minutes, then brown. Serve with crackers and cut lemon.

**Potato Soup and Croquettes.**  
Wash and peel six or eight potatoes; put them into a saucepan with two onions cut into tiny pieces and three pints of cold water. Bring them to a boil, and when perfectly tender, which should be in about thirty-five or forty minutes, pass the whole through a sieve. Return to the fire and season with pepper and salt, a pinch of grated nutmeg and a lump of butter the size of a walnut. Bring again to a boil and stir in quickly a cup of rich milk; serve immediately. Bear in mind that all these soups are to be poured over croquettes, and that this is the way you prepare them. Remove the crust from slices of stale bread; cut into small dice and drop into boiling butter; shake very gently but thoroughly till light golden brown. When done, which will be in about a minute take them up with a skimmer and lay them in the mouth of the oven on brown paper to dry. Lard may be used instead of butter; the croquettes are not quite so rich, but a prettier color; in either case the fat must nearly cover the bread and be boiling.

**True Soupe Maigre.**  
Simmer very gently until quite tender a quart of dried peas, two large onions, a head of celery, a carrot, two turnips, a handful of spinach and a sprig of mint; when perfectly soft, pass through a sieve and return to the fire with two lumps of sugar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a head of lettuce sliced, and salt and pepper to taste. If you can get them, boil asparagus tips in a little salted water, drain and add when dishing the soup.

**Golden Soupe Maigre.**  
Another maigre soup is a little troublesome, but very delicate and savory. Boil young peas, asparagus tips and small dice of carrots until thoroughly done, but do not mash; drain and add after you prepare a soup as follows:  
Boil two onions and a few stalks of celery in two pints of water; strain them out and pour in a pint of new milk; salt and pepper. When boiling stir in three table-spoonfuls of flour which has been perfectly

blended with a little cold milk; let it boil nearly ten minutes, stirring constantly. Have ready in the tureen the well beaten yolks of two eggs. Pour the soup on these very gently, stirring quickly. Season with celery, salt, and add the previously prepared vegetables. Serve very hot with croquettes.

**Coffee Jelly.**  
One package of Cox's gelatine soaked for four hours in enough cold water to cover is an inch deep; two cups of black coffee strained clear, one tablespoonful of granulated sugar, two cups of boiling water. When the gelatine is soaked put it with the sugar into a large bowl and let it stand for half an hour; then stir in the water, which must be actually boiling at the time it is put in, and when the gelatine is dissolved add the coffee; strain without pressing in a flannel bag and pour into a wet mould to form. It should be served with cream. This is the recipe, but my own experience tells me that the quantity of sugar should be doubled at least.

**Getting the Mitten.**  
Says the Listener, in the Boston Transcript: "L. T. B." explains the origin of a familiar phrase thus: "An old-time New England expression, 'getting the mitten,' meaning getting your offer of marriage rejected by your best girl, has an origin in the customs of the earlier days. One hundred years ago gloves were unknown in the country towns. Mittens were knitted and worn in all families. If a young man, going home from singing school with the girl of his choice, was holding her mittened hand to keep it from getting cold, and took that opportunity to urge his suit, if the offer proved acceptable the hand would remain. If taken by surprise, an effort to withdraw the hand would leave the mitten. So the suitor would 'get the mitten' but would not get the hand." This is certainly a very easy and plausible explanation, when you know what it is; but if you had not been told, the phrase would be puzzling. The use of the word "muff," meaning a foolish, blundering person, also has an easy explanation: a stupid youth was said to be a "muff" because, like the article of feminine wear called by that name, he held a woman's hand without squeezing it! The sedate old times were not without their galantries.

**Women Inventors.**  
Among successful women inventors is Mrs. Catherine Green, to whom is due the invention of the improved cotton gin. A. Manning is the designer of a reaper and mower and clover cleaner. Another woman took out a patent for an improvement on this machine in the shape of a device for changing the knives without stopping the wheels. Miss Maggie Knight is the inventor of one of the most complicated machines in the world. It is used in the manufacture of re-enforced bottom paper bags. The street-sweeper is also due to the ingenuity of a woman who had a dress ruined by a defective sweeper; and after all the great inventors and machinists had failed in studying out a device for deadening the sound of car wheels on the elevated, a woman, Mrs. Mary B. Walton, rode up and down the road a single day, caught the idea, and went home to formulate and patent it.

**Should Women Propose?**  
Mr. Labouchere, of the London Truth, says women should propose if they want to, and Mr. McAllister says they should not. The latter adds, and it seems very reasonable, that "as long as men have any desire to get married they will offer themselves, and when they have ceased to care about marriage, it won't help the women any to propose." But he spoils it by adding: "There is no knowing to what lengths these progressive women will go. They have done nothing but harm already, carrying domestic unhappiness wherever they go."

**Karlings of Lady Doctors.**  
Dr. Rosa Kerschbaum, the only licensed lady doctor in Austria, says that there are many lady doctors in America who earn more than five or six thousand pounds a year. There is at least one lady doctor in London who earns more than that. But America certainly is the happy hunting-ground of lady practitioners in the States; at three thousand. There are seventy in London, five in Edinburgh, 700 in Russia, at least 100 in British India, and, curiously enough, only one in Italy.

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**Something Big in Sausages.**  
In former times it was the custom in many German towns to manufacture sausages of enormous length, and carry them on festive occasions in solemn procession through the streets. On New Year's day in 1858 a giant sausage, 198 ells in length, was carried in triumph by forty-eight persons. But in the year 1883 it took ninety-one persons to carry a sausage, 596 ells long, and weighing 434 lb. The chronicler of the period says: "The butchers' men were all neatly attired in white blouses. The first man wound one end of the sausage several times round his neck with a portion of it hanging down in front, the rest followed at equal distances carrying the trophy on their shoulders, and the last one had the other end wound round his neck like the man at the head of the procession." In the year 1861 we are told that the sausage attained a length of 1,005 ells, 130 of which were presented to their Serene Highnesses at the castle. All this happened in Konigsberg. In 1613 the Emperor Matthias regaled the Princes of the House of Austria with a tournament, at which the butchers of Vienna gave a representation of a peasant's wedding, and paraded the streets with a sausage measuring 999 ells.—German Paper.

**Needles and Their Origin.**  
Originally, all the needles used in Europe must have come from the East; and it seems strange that no record has been kept of the time of which these useful little instruments were first manufactured there, but it must have been at a very early period. They were made in Nuremberg in great quantities in the fourteenth century. Their manufacture was introduced into England under Queen Elizabeth, and flourished to such an extent that the workmen soon constituted a guild, for we read that in 1597 the "pinners and needlers" petitioned the Queen not to allow foreign pins and needles to be imported.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

The sum of £800,000 is spent weekly in England relieving the poor.

There are over seventy miles of tunnels cut in the solid rock of Gibraltar.

The strongest telescope brings the moon to an apparent distance of 100 miles.

Nearly 22,000 Hindoos lost their lives last year from being bitten by snakes.

Fully 25 per cent. of all the champagne made is lost by the bursting of bottles.

The amount of tobacco chewed in the United States last year was fifty-five tons.

Of the 69,000 Frenchmen who fought with Napoleon at Waterloo only eight now survive.

Astronomers claim that the temperature of the planet Neptune reaches 900 degrees below zero.

Between three and four thousand litres of wine are made every year from grapes grown in the garden of the Vatican.

The natives of the Solomon Islands believe that cyclones are caused by some monstrous invisible birds flapping their wings.

There is a reptile common to the Sacramento valley known as the blowsnake. A full grown blowsnake thinks nothing of swallowing a half dozen eggs at a time.

But one in seven of the adult male wage workers in Great Britain belongs to a trades union. Yet the strikes organized by the unions in 1890 and 1891 cost the wage earners about \$9,000,000.

The Crimean war added £41,000,000 to the national debt of Great Britain, besides costing the lives of some 24,000 men, of whom only about a quarter were killed in battle or died of their wounds.

The largest and heaviest building stone ever quarried in England was taken from the Plankington bed, near Norwich, in February, 1889. It was in one piece, without crack or flaw, and weighed over thirty-five tons.

A person who has totally lost the sense of hearing in one ear, although he may imagine that the defect is of little consequence, cannot locate the direction of a sound to save his life, even when the centre of disturbance is quite near him.

Professional cycling is a paying business in France. Sunday is the day over there when races are so plentiful that many youngsters have given up all other employment and earn their living by racing. In some cases they earn as much as from £20 to £30 per week.

It is probably not known to the general public that all the names placed before Chinese shops and laundries are false. Every Chinaman in business has a "shop name" and a "plate name," and by the latter he is known only to his family and intimate acquaintances.

It is said that a large proportion of the plumes worn by the ladies who attend the Queen's Drawing Room, are hired from a shop, which makes a business of renting out plumes. The feathers are worth £1 to £2, and the rent of them is five or six shillings for each occasion.

The Kalmucks, of Astrakhan, a roving people numbering about one hundred and fifty thousand souls, have at last been freed from serfdom. When the other Russian serfs were freed in 1861, it was considered dangerous to extend this privilege to these people, lest their wildness would lead to its abuse.

A German authority says that almost a third of all humanity, that is, 400,000,000, speak the Chinese language. Hindu language is spoken by more than 100,000,000, the Russian by more than 80,000,000, the German by 57,000,000, and the Spanish by 48,000,000. Of the European languages the French is fifth in place.

Of the entire human race, 500,000,000 are well clothed, that is, they wear garments of some kind that will cover their nakedness; 250,000,000 habitually go naked, and 700,000,000 only cover the middle parts of the body; 500,000,000 live in houses; 700,000,000 in huts and caves, the remaining 250,000,000 virtually having no place to lay their heads.

When a glass stopper sticks in the bottle, pass a strip of woollen cloth round the neck of the vessel and see-saw it backwards and forwards. This friction heats and causes the neck to expand, so that the stopper becomes loose. On this principle of expansion by heat a tight screw may be withdrawn from a metal socket by surrounding the socket with a cloth dipped in boiling water.

Flying foxes are distressing the agriculturists in some parts of Australia, and a local paper says that at the present rate of increase it is greatly feared they will soon become a great menace as the rabbit pest. A camp of the foxes, about four miles from Erina, New South Wales, contains fully 100,000 of the pests, "and when disturbed they rise like a cloud obscuring the sun."

The floating dock and the typewriter are among the many important inventions that were hit upon by men who have made no attempt to patent their ideas. A photographer conceived the idea of the floating dock before the device was perfected and put to practical use, and a naval officer thought out a practical typewriter, but was persuaded by friends to abandon his invention as a thing that nobody could be induced to use.

According to an old legend the baby's dimples mark the spots where angels' fingers touched the child in bearing it from heaven to earth, but unromantic doctors have a different explanation. They say that dimples probably result from defective development of a muscle. When the muscle is called into use the defective portion fails to respond, and a hollow is left, into which the flesh and skin of the cheek, for example, fall, and thus the dimple is formed.

The smallest painting ever made, probably, was the work of a Flemish artist. It depicted a mill with the sails bent, the miller mounting the stairs with a sack of grain on his back. Upon the stage where the mill stood were a cart and horse, and in the road leading to it several peasants were shown. The picture was beautifully finished, and every object was very distinct, yet it was so amazingly small that its surface could be covered with a grain of corn.

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CURES PILES. The smallest painting ever made, probably, was the work of a Flemish artist. It depicted a mill with the sails bent, the miller mounting the stairs with a sack of grain on his back.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

Irate Husband - Facts are stubborn things. She - Then what a fact you must be.

"After he draws his salary, then what does he do with it?" "Er - um - well, paints the town mostly."

Notwithstanding the many changes in fashions, the prettiest thing in dresses still continues to be the pretty girl.

"Charley's trying very hard to win your affections." "Yes, he's a man after my own heart. But I won't have him."

First stranger - It seems to me I have seen your face before. Second stranger - Quite likely. That's where I carry it.

He - My income is small and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof. She (anxiously) - I don't live on the roof.

Young mother - Don't you think baby very much like his father? Lady visitor - Yes I do. But don't worry. He may grow out of it.

"Did Miss Goldcoin look upon your suit with favor?" "Oh, yes; she thought the clothes were all right, but she objected to the wearer."

Crummer - I am told that Carson always heaps coals on his enemies' heads. Vokes - Well, he is rich, and can afford to do such things.

A Geneva watchmaker has invented a talking clock that can be so adjusted that it will invite the courting young man to stay to breakfast.

Tourist - This is rather a live little place isn't it? Citizen - Well, I should remark; there's ten sixteen lots sold in the cemetery in the last two weeks.

We may talk all we like about women being the weaker sex, but last year they did something man could not do. They lost thirty millions of hairpins.

Cholly - Old fellow, what are you trying to raise a goose for? Fweddy - I've got tired of being chucked under the chin by mothably old ladies, bah you!

A - When a man tries to borrow money from a friend, that is an experimental philosophy. B - Yes, and when the friend refuses, that is natural philosophy.

Maud - How do you like the new way I do my hair, Frank? Frank (wants to say something particularly nice) - Why, you look at least thirty years younger!

"Will I find your husband at the club this evening?" "I'm sure you will, for he kissed me goodbye and said his work would keep him at the office until late."

It always bothers a Frenchman who is learning English to read one day that a murderer has been committed and the next day that the murderer has been committed.

Blinkers - One never loses anything by keeping his engagements punctually. Winkers - My experience is he is apt to lose half an hour's time waiting for the other fellow.

Mrs. Flipp - Oh, Jack, why will you persist in wearing your shabby, last winter's suit? Mr. Flipp - Only because you would persist in buying your natty next winter's wrap.

"What's the matter with Cholly?" "He's in a dreadful fix." "Do tell." "He's no proficient in lying about scawls that every person takes them fab weedy-made ties."

Jack A. Knape - Ah! So you spent last evening at Miss Sears', did you? Hiram Scam - How did you guess it? Jack A. Knape - I recognized the tidy on the back buttons of your coat.

"Aren't you going to remember me, sir?" asked the waiter as the guest was leaving. "I don't know whether I shall remember you or not, but I'm certain I won't forget this dinner in a hurry."

Dawson, to stranger at Mrs. De Noo's reception - Who the devil is this Mrs. De Noo, anyhow? Stranger - She is Mr. De Noo's wife. Dawson - And who on earth is De Noo? Stranger - I.

A man in Michigan committed suicide by drowning. As the body could not be found, the coroner held an inquest on his hat and jacket found on the bank of the lake. Verdict - "Found empty."

A correspondent declares that choosing a wife is very much like ordering a meal in a Paris restaurant when you don't understand French. You may not get what you want, but you will get something.

Tommy - Oh, Mr. Tomkins, may I touch you? Mr. Tomkins - Certainly, Tommy; but why do you wish to touch me? Tommy - Well, I heard six say you were so soft, that I want to see for myself.

"How long," says a contemporary, "can one live without air?" It depends on the air. Most people could live a long time without some of the airs which have been popular during the last twelvemonth.

He - How charming you look, dear, in that dress. It becomes you admirably. She - Oh, yes, that's an old story. When the season is changing, you always discover how charming I am in my old clothes.

Beals - Is Bagley head over heels in debt? Beals - Yes, I hear so. He signed a contract with his tailor to pay two dollars a night for the hire of a dress suit till he returned it. After the second night it was stolen!

Biggs - You say your wife always pins a flower on your coat before you leave home? "Yes, she has for a month." Biggs - Well, it shows she thinks of you. "No, it's because she never can remember to sew on the button."

Sister Goldberg - I've berry sorry, Bre'r Whitetop, to see you comin' out o' dat saloon yesterday. Brother Whitetop - Can't help it, Sister Goldberg; I've can't expend all my time in dere; I've got to go home wance in er while.

A colored boy, called as a witness before a court-martial, was asked by the judge advocates if he understood what an oath was. The witness replied: "Yes, sah! I reckon I does. I've been waitin' at the officers' mess most six months."

"I don't think that is a trained nurse you have sent here," said Mr. Napop to the doctor. "Why do you think she isn't?" "When she came to announce to me the birth of the boy she didn't say he was the very image of his father."

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MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT

Julia Verne was 42 before he turned his attention to scientific fiction, in "Five Weeks in a Balloon."

The Czar of Russia is the largest individual landowner in the world. The area of his possessions is greater than that of the republic of France.

William Dean Howells, the novelist, is charming in conversation when he wants to be, but he can be equally crusty when the mood seizes him. He can repel an unwelcome interviewer probably quicker than any other man in literary circles.

Queen Victoria is still looking for a peer to fill the highly ornamental post of Lord-in-Waiting at Court. It is said that Lord Ashburton, to whom it was offered, declined it "because he was indisposed to take a salary for walking backward."

M. Carnot, President of the French Republic, is a slender man of medium build, of very pale complexion. He usually has his moustache closely trimmed, and wears a beard which is exceedingly black. In conversation he is particularly charming - at all times genial and witty.

In delivering his inaugural, President Cleveland spoke without notes, as he always does. It is said of him that he never goes to all the Christiania University, where he made the acquaintance of his fellow playwright, Bjornsen. The author of "Hedda Gabler" works systematically, but does not produce very quickly. In disposition he is reserved and exclusive, bordering on moroseness.

One thing noticeable in the decoration of the Queen's drawing-room at Balmoral is the great number of statuettes of the Queen's children. A very pretty group represents the Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold and their dog, Wardie. A statuette represents the Queen on horseback, wearing the long riding-skirt which was the fashion in her day; but her gown is low round her neck, the collar of the Order of the Garter, the curtains, chairs, and carpets of the room are all of the Victorian tartan.

The Austrian Archduchess who was recently married did not take her splendid bridal robe with its embroideries of silver ungarities and costly lace to her new home, but made a gift of it to the church where her sisters and brothers prayed continually for her recovery during a serious illness. The beautiful gown is to be made into a set of Easter garments for the priests, and the bride will keep only for remembrance of the day the veil of tulle and the myrtle wreath, which all German and Austrian brides wear in token of their purity.

Gen. Patrick A. Collins of Boston, recently appointed consul general to England, says he was not an applicant for the place, although it was his choice. When approached regarding holding an office under the new administration, he chose London because he feels as much at home there as New York. He will probably start next month, and he is arranging his affairs to that end. The position is not in any way political or diplomatic, and the duties simply require business ability, knowledge of commercial affairs, diligence, tact and judgment.

Mr. Ira Tripp, a Pennsylvania millionaire, has, for the last twenty-three years, had a most curious and novel way of enjoying his pipe and cigar. Up to the age of sixty (he is now eighty-three) he was a confirmed smoker, but on account of different health his doctor ordered him to break off the habit. Mr. Tripp agreed to do so, but though pipe and cigar never pass his lips now, he still enjoys the weed, for a colored gentleman attends upon him, whose only duty is to smoke the best Havannas which can be procured, and puff the smoke under his employer's nose.

Baron Hirsch - a cosmopolitan Croesus - is supposed to be worth two millions sterling a year, and although he lives in a princely way in London, Paris, or elsewhere, gratifying every luxurious and aesthetic taste, he distributes much of his wealth in philanthropic projects. In England the profits of his railway - he headed the list last year - are given to hospitals on a mathematical scale of precision. His benevolence to the oppressed members of his own race is well known, and in Paris he maintains a large office as headquarters for his beneficent schemes for the social amelioration of the people.

Alexandre Dumas hardly ever takes up a pen until he has thoroughly composed in his head all he can put on paper, hence his writing is very clean. Alphonse Daudet is constantly making notes of his thoughts and impressions on scraps of paper, and these he puts away in his writing-desk. When he is ready to write, he takes out the notes, reads them over, and makes an elegant manuscript. Emile Zola's writing is large and bold, and so is that of Leonote de Laie and of Francis Coppes; but Victorien Sardou writes so finely and delicately that it is not easy to read his manuscript.

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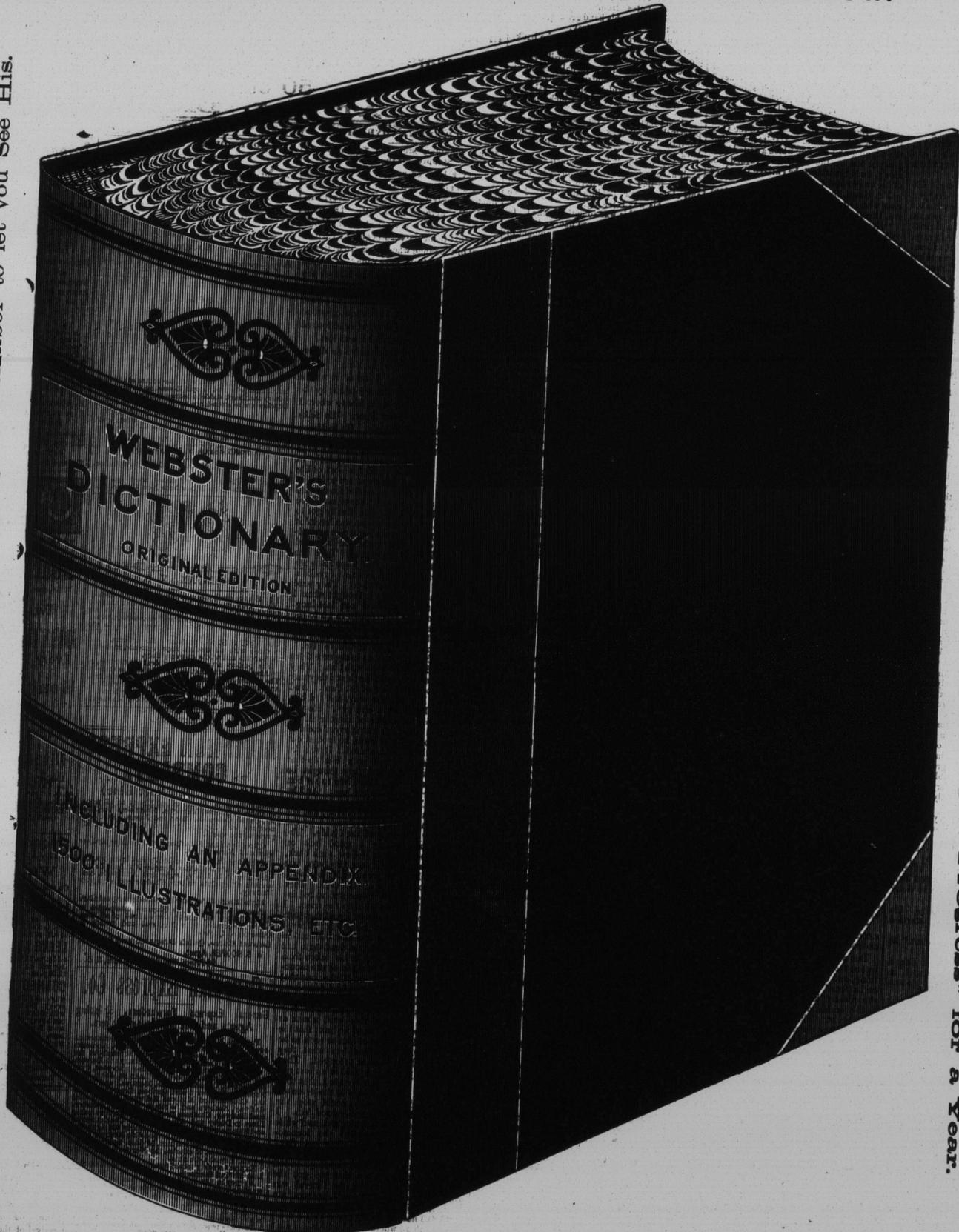
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A MAN WITH NO POCKETS

Samuel Napples hastened up the broad east side thoroughfare, more conscious of the presence of the man in the blue coat and the hat, and the man in the blue coat and the hat, and the man in the blue coat and the hat...

Sammy looked down and grew hot and cold. "Oh! ah! what the—well, here then." "Come, come, sir; no time to talk for fooling!" Again Sammy looked and again beheld a greenback. He felt in a third pocket with like result.

and for hours lay unconscious in the stupor of despair. When he awoke he was refreshed, his mind clear. He recalled the old woman's peculiar manner, and he would have given his eyes for the receipt. He recalled his wish that every time he put his hand in his pocket he might draw out a ten-dollar greenback.

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