

PROGRESS.

Board of Works

8 May 92

VOL. V., NO. 224.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IT IS SETTLED AT LAST.

TWO CENTS TO RETHE TOLL WHEN CROSSING THE FERRY.

Everybody Was So Tired of the Discussion that the Council Had No Fun Over It—The Carleton Members Can Now Shout for More Sewers.

So there is not to be a free ferry yet awhile. Worse still, from the Carleton point of view, the passenger toll is to be advanced one hundred per cent., and at very short notice.

The first man who passes the turnstile next Monday morning will be the first to pay tribute to this latest edict of the aldermen. He will pay it to the extent of two cents, lawful money, with the consolation of a rebate at the end of the month if he is of a class to which a rebate is allowed.

The council "threwed out" the matter for the better part of the afternoon, Thursday, arguing whether there should be more delay by referring the matter back to the ferry committee and treasury board or to deal with it on the spot. The latter course was taken and the recommendation of a two cent fare was adopted, only the Carleton members and Ald. Kelly voting against it. Ald. Kelly is supposed to have stood up so that the faithful four would not look lonesome.

The Carleton members did their duty and kept their temper. Ald. Baxter made an exhaustive speech, pausing only once when the mayor happened to be taking a whispered legal opinion from Ald. Nickerson, who had approached the throne with a copy of the statutes in his hand.

"Why do you pause, Ald. Baxter?" inquired the mayor with some asperity.

"I was told to do so by Aldermen Davis and McKelvey," was the reply.

"Ald. Davis and McKelvey are not running this council just yet," retorted his worship severely, and Ald. Baxter proceeded.

Ald. Lewis tried to make things lively by attacking Ald. Baxter's special pleading, as he termed it, but there was no fight in the Carleton men. They had evidently come to an understanding to keep cool, whatever might happen. Ald. Davis made an earnest, but moderate speech. There was no fun in the fight, and no excitement when the vote was taken. The council was too tired of the volume of talk to be otherwise than glad there was a settlement of the matter in some way.

Probably the Carleton members are as glad as any other that the matter is settled. They have kicked as hard as their most exacting constituents could wish, and now they can concentrate their energies on a clamor for more sewers and street improvements.

In the meantime the new flooring on the suspension bridge will guarantee a safe passage to those who object to a two cent fare and walk around as a matter of principle.

Inspector O'Brien Wants a Pass.

Harbor Inspector Joseph O'Brien has been in search of a free pass over the ferry, but up to the hour of going to press his quest has been in vain. The bye laws provide that he is one of the officials entitled to a pass, and he insists on having his rights. He presented his claim to the common clerk, the other day, and when that official had heard the argument he wrote out something, placed it in an envelope and told Mr. O'Brien to give it to the collector. When Mr. O'Brien presented it, the collector told him that it was an order to admit him to the lunatic asylum. Mr. O'Brien then got Ald. Baxter to accompany him to the chamberlain's office to see what could be done towards getting a pass. Mr. Sandall remarked that the common clerk made an error in giving Mr. O'Brien an order for admission to the lunatic asylum without the \$20 necessary to have Mr. O'Brien duly entered as a patient. As to a pass, he pointed out that all passes had been abolished by a resolution of the council. Ald. Baxter contended that a bye-law could not be repealed by a resolution, and there the matter ended. It is probable that the matter will be fully ventilated at the next session of the Emersonian institute.

Drawing Crowds Again.

Rufus Somerby's Parlor Musee has been a great drawing card this week. Large and delighted audiences have thronged the rink every evening. The entertainment is pleasing, full of variety and very attractive to hundreds for whom theatre and opera have no charms. Next week Prince Tymite the second appears for the "first time" in St. John. He is smaller than the Prince Tymite of last year. He was born in Lockport, Shelburne county, N. S. He is 15 years old, only 30 inches high and weighs but 20 pounds. To use Mr. Somerby's own words, "He is the very incarnation of tiny male humanity, and absolutely the smallest human being that was ever known since the creation of the world."

TO THE FRONT AGAIN.

Mr. Pickering Wins Some Further Notoriety.—This Time as a Policeman.

HALIFAX, Aug. 11.—Progress readers will remember a certain Mr. Pickering who won notoriety three or four years ago as a base ball umpire. Since then he has been appointed on the Halifax police force. Mr. Pickering is before the public again, this time on two charges, which, if proved ought to cost him his official head.

The first charge is drinking and playing pool in John Walsh's saloon at 10.30 o'clock Saturday night, July 30th, in uniform; and the second accusation is threatening to "fix" the man who informed on him.

The case as related before the police committee is briefly this: A son of Mrs. Margaret O'Laughlin, 17 years old, came home on Saturday night, July 30th, or rather Sunday morning following, very drunk, and when he became sober his mother found out that he had got the liquor at John Walsh's, and that policeman Pickering was in there the same evening playing pool and drinking in uniform.

Mrs. O'Laughlin being unable to read or write, retained the services of John T. Bulmer to prefer charges against both Walsh and Pickering. Mr. Bulmer wrote a letter signed by Mrs. O'Laughlin by her mark, embodying the above facts in it and sent it to the police committee, which letter was published in the Halifax papers. As soon as Mr. Walsh saw the letter published, he procured a coach and the services of his friend, Mr. Johnson, and drove to Mrs. O'Laughlin's house and read to her a lot of stuff about her being down to Walsh's saloon and seeing Pickering drunk, etc., and asked her to sign a letter denying it which she did, or thought she did, but instead of that she signed a letter denying that "she ever wrote or caused to be written, the first letter." Of course this suited Mr. Walsh and Pickering and they made haste to get the retraction (?) published.

Mr. Bulmer on seeing the alleged retraction sent for Mrs. O'Laughlin and then the whole business was made clear to her how she had been duped by Walsh and Johnson.

At the investigation before the police committee young O'Laughlin told that Pickering had threatened to "fix" him for informing on him, and it is understood that O'Laughlin's brother had been intimidated by Pickering and consequently failed to appear.

Pickering was not on duty the night in question, but it is a rule of the police department that a policeman shall not drink in any saloon at any time, much less in uniform and during prohibited hours.

Mr. Pickering will have a chance at the next meeting of the committee to prove his innocence.

Their Two Meetings.

A very nice little address was that read by Mr. Edwin J. Wetmore, foreman of the grand jury, on the occasion of Judge Hanington's presiding at the St. John circuit for the first time. It was so full of praise that the judge is said to have looked quite red while his praises were being warbled in Mr. Wetmore's finished diction. In reply he said he thought the appreciation of him was expressed too warmly. But interesting part of the story is that the last time the two men exchanged compliments was at the St. John exhibition, last autumn, when one Mr. Sillick and his performing bear were the subjects under discussion. Mr. Sillick was one of Mr. Hanington's constituents, and when Mr. Wetmore undertook to stop the show, as agent of the S. P. C. A., Mr. Hanington showed fight and the show went on. The last seen of Mr. Wetmore on that occasion was when he started for the police office to have Mr. Hanington arrested. The two did not meet in the police court, however, and the meeting in the circuit court was of quite another style.

Those Fire Alarm Keys Again.

When fire was discovered in the Gazette office, Thursday morning, the man who saw it rang in an alarm from Box 6, Market square, which gave those who had property near Canterbury street no idea of where the fire was. Box 23 on Church street, close at hand, should have been pulled, but nobody knew where a key was kept. There is one at the Royal hotel, as Progress pointed out some time ago, but people do not think of these things when there is a fire. Time and again Progress has urged that each box should have an inscription stating where the nearest key is to be found by night or day. The officials do not seem to think the matter of any importance, but it is, and some night when a big fire gains headway, when somebody is chasing around in search of a key, the fact will be recognized. The argument that the police are supplied with keys amounts to nothing. No policemen could be discovered anywhere in the neighborhood of the fire Thursday morning.

Umbrellas and Parasols Repaired; Duval, Union street.

OUT FOR FUN.

Fifteen Hundred People go to Lepreau.

"PROGRESS" BIG PIC-NIC.

Feeding Crowds of Boys with Country Appetites.

THE SCENE ON THE GROUNDS AND IN THE BARN.

How the People Enjoyed Themselves and the Boys Made Lepreau Lively—The Picnic and Its Origin—How It was Carried Out and the People who Helped to Make It a Success—"Progress" Picnic Trains and the People who Went on them.

Fun for the newsboys! That was the main idea, but Progress picnic trains were free to all. Every reader of the paper was entitled to a ticket, and hundreds applied. The clerks in the counting room were busy all the week filling them out, until the probable attendance reached an alarming figure. Family tickets were in demand—the newsboys all wanted them, and requests came in a hundred different ways, from that of the boy who wanted one "for me mother and all of us," to the youngster who demanded an extra for "me father and his two daughters." All got them.

A fine day meant a large crowd—a crowd that would have taxed the Shore Line to its utmost capacity, and populated Lepreau as it had never been before.

Arrangements had been made for a great day in the country, with lots of fun and a grand "tuck out" for the boys. Nothing was forgotten. Everybody was consulted by the clerk of the weather and that fickle individual caused some anxiety.

Nearly three hundred boys had been looking forward to the day for weeks—not all newsboys, but the little hustlers and their friends. They were all interested, and from the time the picnic was announced, never lost an opportunity to call at the office and ask a question. And such questions! They would have filled a book and made good reading for idle moments, but they were all answered as good naturedly as circumstances would allow.

Saturday and Monday Progress office was besieged with boys. They had more friends and customers than they knew what to do with and wanted tickets for them all. The supply was exhausted early in the day and when more were printed, the boys were on hand to get them.

But the weather! It made hundreds of faces wear an anxious look, and scores of little voices ask, "do you think she'll go," and Tuesday morning, when the answer was in the affirmative, the youngsters scampered off as fast as their legs could carry them to spend the news. Nothing but down pouring rain could stop it! That was decided upon early. The rain didn't pour and "she went." But the morning was damp and foggy—so much so that many people who had looked forward to the day in the country and a good time did not leave their homes. But hundreds did, and until half past eight the ferry was run on a paying basis.

Small boys squeezed through the turnstiles by the score, and scampered down the floats at breakneck speed. Arriving at the other side they got up steam again and ran all the way to the station. There were hundreds of scurrying youngsters, and the rear car of the train was crammed full of them before the "grown ups" had covered half the distance between the ferry and the floats. Car windows were in demand, but there weren't near enough to go round, and standing room was soon at a premium. The boys had a car all to themselves and made the best use of it. It was no place for anybody with weak nerves, and even Lottie Collins would have regretted the fact that "Ta-ra-ra Boom de-ay" was ever given to the public. For the boys started in on it the first thing, and the train went off while they sang of

The Jay from Buffalo,

Who long had let his whiskers grow.

And in another car nearly one hundred more boys made the grown up nervous, while all through the train youngsters with their parents monopolized the seats at the windows.

It was a great day for the boys! They were out in force and in for fun and began the jollification early. But they were an orderly lot. They made no trouble, and caused no anxiety. They were simply boys, with all the tricks, lung power and antics of the species—boys who do not wait till they grow up before making a noise in the world.

They entered into the spirit of the occasion and were bound to make the best of

everything. Boys who know how to put on a business air on Saturday morning, threw business to the winds and were boys in all the word implies. It was their picnic and they knew it.

Subscribers, agents, advertisers and readers might all go out for a day in the country, but the newsboys were in for sport and a good tuck out for a country appetite. But for all this, signs of saved up coppers for pocket money began to appear early. When the peanuts and bananas went through the train there were more customers in the boys' cars than anywhere else. They were as independent as you please, and wanted the best of everything.

If the boys were the most important individuals, they did not make up the train by any means. The six cars were filled with picnicers, willing to take the chances of a fine day, and a quick run took them to Lepreau in a light shower. But it was a clearing up shower and everybody was happy.

The last car was deserted before many in the others knew Lepreau was reached. There was a jam at both doors and attempts to get out the windows—then three hundred boys scampered up the hill as fast as their legs could carry them and were lost in the woods and fields of Lepreau. A glance at the grounds, the barn and the refreshment booth was enough for most of them. As usual the first thing was to explore the country, find out just where they were and what kind of a place Lepreau was, and get up an appetite for dinner. Two hundred youngsters started out to do it, while the remainder flocked to the refreshment booth to invest in one cent caramels, and get information about ice cream and bananas for future reference. They took possession of the swings and the bats and balls, but interest lagged, and soon all but a few were off for the woods.

Then the grown ups came along to select places for picnic spreads, and look out for dinner. It was a basket picnic, nothing more. Progress gave little thought to a refreshment table, as it was understood that everybody should bring his own dinners, but light refreshments, fruit and ice cream were on hand.

The great object was to feed the newsboys, and hundreds of buns, cakes and sandwiches, and everything incidental to a picnic feast filled the baggage car. The work began early and dinner was served on time.

In the barn four long rows of plates were laid out on two long tables. And two long lines of heaped up plates set them off. Plates of cake of all kinds, sandwiches and biscuits, that were to serve as a starter for the big meal, got wistful glances as the boys took their places one by one. For the crowd exceeded all expectations.

Progress has about 150 little hustlers and there were over 175 plates on two tables, but outside the door nearly 300 youngsters clamored for admittance. Officer Baxter is a big man, so big that you can always find him in a crowd, but at dinner time he had his hands full. The boys surrounded him and wouldn't stay back. The Homestead strikers weren't in it with them. As the circulation man picked them out and passed them in, the boys lost no time in sliding along the benches, getting elbow room and claiming a plate. The two tables were filled with four long rows of boys. Then the work began. To wait on such a crowd was more than anybody bargained for. But they did not need help. Left alone, they were equal to the occasion and to make six long rows of empty plates, with coffee cups beside them, was the work of a moment. Every boy had a picnic appetite that seemed out of proportion with the size of his body, and had plenty of room for the pudding and watermelon that followed. There was no bashfulness. If one boy did not get his share, another mentioned the fact and all the rest backed him up. They refused nothing. If a youngster did not have a particular kind of cake, he had a friend who did and that settled it.

Meanwhile a noisy crowd kept Officer Baxter busy outside. They, too, had picnic appetites and the first lot of boys were hustled out the back door to make room for them. Again the tables were set and lined with plates and boys. Another gastronomic exhibition was given, and the tables emptied. And still boys waited on the outside. Then the tables were made ready a third time, and when the barn was cleared again, every boy on the grounds had eaten a good picnic dinner, or if he had not it was his own fault. But the supplies had been depleted to an alarming extent. The calculations had been based on the number of newsboys, and they were in the minority. But all, newsboys or not newsboys, had to be fed. As a result more supplies had to be telegraphed for to the city, and as they failed to put in an appearance, Lepreau was canvassed and an afternoon's work made a good evening's work.

After dinner the boys took the field and races were in order. And such races! All

the boys were entered. Fifty of them in a row went off like deers when officer Baxter fired in the air, and the winner caught the canvas. There were match races, sack races, wheelbarrow races and leap frog, and then Foreman Hopkins, of the Job Print, took off his coat to lead the boys on a long chase of hare and hounds. Off went the hare, and the field was black with hounds. The boys ran till they dropped, but no one caught the feet-footed foreman.

The prize winners began to multiply to such an extent that orders on the refreshment table nearly put it into bankruptcy. Then the people began to arrive from the afternoon train. It was the largest picnic train that even went over the Shore Line, and one of the most orderly crowds. It was an overgrown Sunday school picnic train, without a rough character on board. They had been cared for in Carleton. Progress committees knew just who was going, and as a result, of over 1,500 people taken to Lepreau there was not one man under the influence of liquor. It was a remarkable record.

When the train left St. John the weather looked threatening and the rain was falling. Some other picnics had been postponed. Hundreds thought Progress would have a like experience and stayed at home. But despite this fact the train was crowded. Arriving at Lepreau there was one long procession of picnicers reaching from the station to the grounds and the field presented a lively appearance.

The day was dark with signs of fog, but not enough to wet the grass, and during the afternoon there were spreads everywhere. Scores went to see the falls and the surrounding country, others went fishing, while the swings, croquet and base ball all found people to take advantage of. A large number who had forgotten that it was a basket picnic and had no idea of the eating capacity of 300 or 400 healthy boys were on the look out for supper, but the boys had to be cared for first and everyone else came after.

At tea time the scene was even more exciting. Tables were out of the question, so the boys were let in one at a time, arranged in rows and supplied with biscuits, cake, bologna and milk. But the rows were of the military kind by any means, and a dozen men could not keep those boys in line. Like Oliver Twist they asked for more, and fairness was almost out of the question. All the first barnful were newsboys, and when they were ushered out the back door, the others were let in at the front. But the crowd at the front door never grew less. As soon as the newsboys got out at the back they ran around the barn and helped to swell the crowd at the front. When they all got in standing room was at a premium and there were enough boys on hand to keep all the bakeries in town on night work for a month. Half of them had been in before, and were after a double share. There wasn't a boy in the field, and that proved it.

About that time affairs took a new turn. There was a demand outside for the publisher. A number of gentlemen who had been watching the fun sent into the barn for him and induced him to go out on the grounds. Then there was speech-making, eulogizing Progress on its enterprise on having had the first free excursion and picnic that ever left St. John. Cheers for Progress followed, and then the work of feeding the remainder of the boys was resumed. Every boy was looked after.

By that time the first train for St. John was being made up, and all the boys had to go on it. But it was like driving sheep to get them there. Nevertheless only a small minority remained for the last train. Quick time was the rule Tuesday. The Shore Line was on for breaking records, and succeeded every time.

Dancing in the barn was the amusement after the first train left, and then preparations for going home began. The last train was to leave at 8.30 and the people at the station waited for it. In the little waiting room a crowd of young fellows went through the catalogue of popular songs from "Ta-ra-ra Boom de ay" to "Down on the Swanee River," and when the train started had enough energy to sing all the way up.

It was a long day in the country, and the people were tired. Newsboys who had missed the first train cuddled up in the seats of the last and slept on the way home. The run was made in short time and the ten o'clock trip of the ferry boat carried the last of the excursionists.

Thus ended a day of pleasure, for over 1,500 people—a number regulated only by the clerk of the weather

HOW THE PICNIC STARTED.

And Who Helped to Make It the Great Success It Proved.

When Mr. McAfee, of Hampton, an old subscriber of Progress, called a fortnight or so ago and kindly placed his grounds at the disposal of this paper for the newsboys picnic, arrangements for the Lepreau picnic, arrangements for the Lepreau grounds were not fully completed, but were

CUT THIS OUT

Silver Service Coupon.

To the person who Sends in the most of these Coupons by Saturday, September 24, Progress will present a handsome Silver Service of seven pieces, Quadruple Plate, Guaranteed, valued at \$45

CUT THIS OUT

so far advanced that his generous proposal could not be accepted. And, perhaps after all, it was just as well, for no grounds that Progress knows of have the same expanse and beauty and such perfect arrangements for conducting a large picnic as those at Lepreau. Only those in charge of a crowd know what a source of anxiety this matter of entertainment is—the facilities for placing food, the tables, the shelter and such accessories as refreshment counters, shade, swings, ball grounds and groves. The Lepreau grounds have all these and more. Then besides there is always a good Samaritan in the person of Dr. Reynolds to see that the transportation difficulties from and to the station are overcome satisfactorily.

It was about a month ago when some friend of Progress had asked for a picnic "notice" that the member of the staff who penned the few lines turned to others in the office and said, in a joking way, "What's the matter with a Progress picnic?"

From just the subject went to earnest and in a few minutes had progressed so far that the publisher resolved to get some data regarding arrangements, expense, etc. Then, when the matter was found possible, it was determined to confine the free outing to the newsboys and agents of Progress. This was afterwards changed and everybody related in any way to the paper, subscribers, advertisers, agents and boys were invited to come.

The limit of the Shore Line accommodation for picnics was two trains of but six cars each, which were estimated to take in all 900 people comfortably, and "on a pinch," 1,000. The ability of boys to "tuck themselves in" was not taken into consideration which accounts for the fact of some four or five hundred more being present.

The announcement of the picnic created an interest that would be difficult to describe. The boys were anxiously expectant, naturally, and the inquiries from all quarters, the words of encouragement, the kindly and generous offers of assistance to help carry forward what was regarded as a big undertaking, were all exceedingly welcome and much appreciated by Progress and its workers.

To stop for a day in the middle of the week is not an easy matter in any establishment, and in a newspaper office it is only possible to do it with a great effort. Though appearing but once a week Progress staff, mechanical and editorial, has each day's work so planned that any break is embarrassing. Tuesday was the only day that could possibly be taken, and compositors and pressmen put in a "rush" Monday, some of them far into the night, to permit the next day's outing. Then Wednesday, the day after, was a "catch up" day in every department.

Speaking of assistance, one of the first to come forward in any way and the very first to place a cash contribution in the publisher's hands toward a "good time for the boys" was Mr. James Reynolds. To keep him company were Mr. J. J. McGaffigan, and Mr. C. F. Tilton of Fairville, with some others who placed, we think, a rather hard condition upon us, not to mention their names. Then over the telephone came the familiar voice of Mr. John Hopkins of Union street "Put me down for a box of bologna." And such a box! There was nothing in all the collection of contributions that went with more gusto, nothing there was such a longing for—save frosted cake—on the part of the youthful mind as that bologna. Mr. Hopkins' kindness did not end there for he put himself out in a number of ways to assist Progress picnic toward success.

Then Mrs. Gerow of Garden street sent word that there was a basket at her house for the boys; a call at the request of Mrs. Jack, Paddock street, brought several huge water melons, which proved a wonderful comfort to every boy who secured a slice, while the contributions toward the

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for Eight Days with

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International Steam-

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ASTPORT,

International Steam-

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Bays and Islands are

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at 7.25 a.m.; arrive

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Cycles which... next season... \$110.00... \$80.00... \$120.00... \$110.00... \$135.00... \$145.00... fully guaranteed... & CO.

Cycles... \$135 \$85.00... \$125 65.00... \$125 105.00... \$85 45.00... \$125 45.00... \$125 30.00... charges both ways will... taken, the amount to be de-... or by letter.

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MUSICAL THEATRICAL

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Mr. Vernon Ramsdell's benefit concert given in the opera house on Tuesday last was fairly well attended, and those present seemed to thoroughly appreciate the various items on the programme. Mr. Ramsdell himself who was greeted with a most gratifying warmth of applause, gave several good recitations, the best perhaps being "The Burgomaster's Death." There were two new vocalists before the audience, namely, Miss Olive and Mr. Ralph March. The former gives every promise of being a fine soprano singer when she has had a little more training and experience, showing evidence of careful training. She is a pupil of Mr. Titus of this city. Mr. Ralph March, a brother of Dr. March, possesses fine baritone voice and was heard in a solo in response to an extremely funny rendering of "Blues on the Rhine," as given by a small boy with a wooden arm, in which the manipulation of the artificial limb was irresistibly comic, especially the wonderful natural "click."

There is already a marked improvement in the playing of the 2nd Fusiliers Band, since they have had their new instruments. The latter are found to be satisfactory in every respect. I hear that the Artillery Band has some new members, notably a first rate cornet player and a solo flautist, the latter of whom is also a fine oboe player. Both are old members of bands in English line regiments. The Artillery will hold their annual church parade in the Stone church on Sunday next, when the music will be rendered by the choir, partly accompanied by the band.

Mr. R. Percy Strand, organist of Trinity, has gone to Yarmouth for a fortnight's holiday. Mr. Ford, of the Stone church, sails for England on the 25th inst. for a month's trip. Mr. Collinson, the new organist of St. James' church has arrived from Bathurst. Various changes are being made in some of the church choirs. Mr. W. Starr has retired from Trinity, while Mr. Davis has gone from Paul's to Trinity. The singing at the latter church was particularly good last Sunday night. Miss Ada Macleod, who sings in musical circles in Sussex, has left St. John for the United States. The electric motor for blowing the organ in the Mission church is working admirably, and is a very great improvement on the old method of blowing by hand. The organist is entirely independent of anyone, and the motor does his work silently and efficiently.

Everything musical in St. John seems as silent as if the inhabitants of this cool atmosphere could be numbered among those who have to exist in cities where the thermometer registers between 85 and 100 degrees during the summer if it were not for an occasional band concert, and even these concerts appear to be confined to Trinity. As the Oratorio Society omitted its annual summer concert this season it is to be hoped it will give one when the fall practices recommence. After leaving has no hard work for a whole year upon the *Edinburg* some great results may be looked for.

During Mr. James S. Peal's absence in England the Stone church organ was played by Miss Kathleen Wilson, organist of St. Mary's church, one of the finest English organists. Miss Wilson has presided at both St. Andrew's church organ, during Mr. Blair's vacation, and in the spring at the Stone church, when Mr. Ford was in possession of both occasions giving more than ordinary satisfaction. Among choir members in St. John, on both occasions their vacations are Mr. Gulliel, leader of the Mission church choir, and Mr. Ruel, of the Stone church. Mr. Thomas Mullaly, for years the cornet soloist at the Globe theatre, has returned to St. John a short time ago. Heretofore Mr. Mullaly spent his summers at Newport as a member of the Casino orchestra, but on account of his illness, he went with private engagements during the past year. He has given up his position at the Casino and has come to New Brunswick for a perfect rest. Mullaly is the brother of John Mullaly, one of the best known orchestra leaders in Boston, and used to reside in St. John.

A great deal of attention has been attracted by the brilliant achievements of George W. Proctor, a lad of only 18 years, the organist of the Church of the Messiah, Boston, who took the general examination of the New England conservatory. He is a pupil of Mr. Whitely, organist of the Advent, and plays the organ magnificently, but is said to excel on the piano. In the autumn he is going to Vienna to study under the celebrated Dr. Moscheles' stay in Boston had the great honor of obtaining a high recommendation from him. It is understood that while Saint John has decided to come to America next year, and will give organ recitals and concerts in Chicago at the end of the year.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.
For the next two weeks comic opera will be attracted to the opera house. After a long season of comedy and the drama opera will come as a delightful change and good hours should be the rule. The Boston Comic Opera company includes a number of good artists and popular operas will be put on.
Mme. Jane Hadings tell an interesting anecdote concerning the narrow escape from destruction of the famous *Maitre de Forges*, the original of *The Ironmaster*. Its young author, Georges Ohnet, was rich and of aristocratic birth, but a cripple. He married a very brilliant and lovely girl. Their honeymoon was perfect for the first few weeks, but after that time began to hang a trifle tediously with them. To enable the bride to pass more pleasantly the young husband proposed that they should unite their efforts in writing a novel. Mme. Ohnet seized the idea with enthusiasm and together the crippled husband and his pretty bride wrote *Le Maitre de Forges*. The book, when finished, pleased the young authors and their friends so much that acting on his own desires as well as general advice, Georges Ohnet sent the manuscript to a Parisian publisher. It was respectfully declined and M. Ohnet laughingly threw it into a drawer as being of no commercial value. His wife, however, had more hopes for the story. She sent the manuscript in turn to every publisher in Paris, each of whom returned it as a gift. One morning Georges Ohnet received the mail himself and discovered the now battered and torn manuscript, which had made an ineffectual round of the publishers. Questioning his wife, he ascertained what she had done. Whereupon M. Ohnet angrily fired the bundle of manuscript into the fire and told his wife to bother her pretty head no more about it. Mme. Ohnet immediately snatched the precious package out of the coals before it was ignited. Then she coaxed her husband to do her a favor. She wanted the book published awfully, she pouted, and if none of the book men would print it, why should not Georges, who was rich and had nothing to do to publish it himself as a souvenir of their marriage. M. Ohnet, who was the true soul of good nature and very much in love with his wife besides, at once consented. *Le Maitre de Forges* was published at the author's expense, and he doubled his fortune shortly after by its enormous sale. In book form it was a drama—*France* under its original title and in English speaking countries as *The Forge Master*—the honeymoon diversion of this romantic

young couple resulted in a story which is one of the most popular that has ever been read in the library or spoken on the stage.

CLEOPATRA'S BEAUTY.

It Did Not Make Her Famous, But Other Characters.
What was her inner character? A voluptuous woman of the East, the Romans, eager to enchain any master of a Roman army by the foulest arts; but the Roman oligarchy not only hated but dreaded Cleopatra. To them she was not only Asia incarnate, but the representative of that "regal" way, that rule by violation instead of traditional order, which, with their statesmanlike instinct, they saw the triumphant aristocrat whom their system tended to produce would ultimately desire. They crushed her as the greatest of Asiatic harem, whereas she was a Greek, and much more like Mary Stuart as her enemies have painted her, a woman unscrupulous in gratifying her fancies, careless even of murder when needful—Cleopatra murdered her brother-husband, just as Mary murdered her cousin-husband—but who used her charms chiefly as instruments to attain her ends, which were, first of all, the empire of the east, which her ancestors had striven for generations to acquire—and very nearly acquired—and to defeat the half-civilized and headless Roman power, which she hated with the hatred of a monarch and despised with the contempt of a true Greek.

Who were these barbarians that they should conquer men who were polished when they were savages? She always selected the same lover, the head of the invading Roman army, and always used him to help her in founding, as she hoped, the Empire of the East. Her attractive power was probably not her beauty. Her coyness do not reveal a beautiful woman, but a broad-browed, thoughtful woman, and Plutarch, in describing her, evidently speaks on the authority of men whose fathers had studied her face. He says:

"Her actual beauty, it is said, was not in itself so remarkable that none could be compared with her, or that no one could see her without being struck with it, but the contact of her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible; the attraction of her person, joining with the charm of her conversation, and the character that attended all she said or did, was something bewitching. It was a pleasure merely to hear the sound of her voice with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another, so that there were few of the barbarian nations that she answered by an interpreter; to most of them she spoke herself, as to the Egyptians, Troglodytes, Hebrews, Arabians, Syrians, Medes, Parthians and many others, whose language she had learned."

The Spectator.

A Modest Princess.
Princess Victoria of Wales, who has just become 24 years of age, is still unmarried. This particular princess is the one who seems certainly to have suffered most from the pushing into the background principles which the three young ladies of Marlborough House have been brought up. Both the Duchess of Fife and Princess Maud have more individually asserted themselves in these latter days. Princess Victoria still remains quite unknown to the world apart from her sisters, and her matrimonial prospects are vague. It may be interesting to know that her position is partly due to her own retiring disposition. Victoria has never evinced any desire to push herself forward, and is really never so happy as when the family are living quietly at Sandringham, and her days are spent in driving about the Norfolk lanes or manufacturing clothes for the poor in the neighborhood. The Princess would probably make a very good and almost slavish wife, if she married the man of her choice, but as her strong objection to foreigners from a matrimonial point of view is almost the only decided trait in her character it seems difficult to know what she will do.

A French School Ma'am.
Mlle. Virginie Mauvais, the oldest and most successful schoolmistress of France, died recently at Nancy, and was buried according to the request expressed in her will, with a laurel wreath upon her coffin, in token of her life-long fight against ignorance and fanaticism. The coffin was followed by a band of ten performers playing patriotic airs, and 200 poor people, each of whom received a couple of francs. She was brought up according to Rousseau's doctrines, and did not learn to read until she was 18. She finally opened a school, and at 45 she retired with half a million of francs, all of which was willed to charities.

A Floating Mission House.
A gospel barge, the gift of a wealthy New Yorker to Bishop Walker, of the Episcopal church of North Dakota, is to be launched at Bismarck soon. It is to be called the *Missouri Missioner* and used for christian work in towns and camps along the Missouri for a distance of more than 500 miles. It is 93 feet in length and 25 feet in breadth. The bishop hopes, with this barge church, to reach many people who could not otherwise attend divine service.

A Bible 355 Years Old.
The Rev. Daniel Sanner, pastor of the German Lutheran church at Fremont, Pa., has consigned to the World's Fair office at Chicago one of the oldest Bibles in existence. It was printed in 1537. The bible was one of the first copies of the translation of Dr. John Eck, professor of Ingolstadt, Bavaria, from the Latin into German. The Rev. Mr. Sanner prizes this interesting book very highly.

A Good Reason.
Farmer Green (mournfully) — "No, mum; we ain't a-goin' to have no pumpkins this year." Miss Borden — "Why not? isn't it a good year for pumpkins?" Farmer Green — "Yes, mum; but we didn't plant any." — Puck.

Parlor Clock

And now it's a beautiful PARLOR CLOCK with an elegant Bronze Ornament they are preparing to give away at the 20th Century Kandy Kitchen, 12 Charlotte Street. See it in the window.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the bookstore of W. H. Murray, Main street, and on the streets by J. E. McCor.]
Aug. 10.—The excitement that swept over our city last week has subsided with wonderful rapidity; the burial of the murdered man and the removal of the prisoner to Dorchester seeming to have a wonderful effect in reducing things to their ordinary level, and now that it seems definitely settled as to the whereabouts and the utter inaccessibility of the burglarious and murderous "Jim" a feeling of inward security is stealing gradually over the inhabitants of our suburbs, and the corner in hardware which had been established and trimmed only last week has a week in the purchase of extra locks and bolts and window fastenings shows every sign of breaking down, and everything is settling into the usual order of calm Moncton.

This summer has been a quiet one for as far as social events are concerned. I have not heard of a solitary party, and even the tennis have faded away gradually and finally passed greatly out of existence, but I trust that with the cooler weather things may improve, and innocent gaiety be once more the order of the day.

Mrs. R. W. Thorne, of St. John, who has been spending some weeks with her daughter, Mrs. J. S. Murray, returned to St. John last week, accompanied by Mr. A. E. Taylor, of the Bank of Montreal, at Halifax, who has been spending two weeks' vacation at his home in Moncton, returned to Halifax on Thursday.

Mr. J. Butcher paid a short visit to Moncton last week, returning almost immediately to New-castle where he will remain until September. Messrs. W. H. Murray, A. S. Hood, F. Plunkett, T. V. Cooke and C. J. Butcher returned on Wednesday from a very successful fishing trip on the Tracadie river.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Wheaton, of Portland, Me., spent a few days in Moncton, the latter, Mr. Wheaton's father. The numerous friends Mr. Wheaton made in his office here, were glad to renew their acquaintance with him in the new character of a benedict, which he has assumed since leaving Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Angus, of Ware, Mass., are spending a few days in Moncton, the latter, Mrs. F. H. Ritten returned to Fredericton on Thursday after a visit of some weeks.

Mrs. Joseph A. Fairley, who has been spending some weeks in Moncton, returned to her home on Monday, and shortly afterwards fell ill of the complaint of her head, and almost immediately expired. Appley was the cause, Mrs. Fairley was the widow of the late Charles Fairley of St. John, who was in Moncton, and only came to this country a little over a year ago.

Mr. B. Fairley, of Newcastle, arrived in Moncton last week, and is spending a few days here. He is especially great as she has so few relatives on this side of the water, and is, in one sense a stranger in a strange land.

Mrs. R. W. Hewson and Miss Foster, returned to St. John, after a visit to Moncton, after their former home at Dorchester.

Mr. J. Somers returned on Monday from Albert county where he has been spending a short vacation.

Mr. A. H. Beddome and daughters returned on Saturday from St. John, leaving Mrs. Ring quite convalescent.

Dr. W. L. Harris returned on Friday night to Philadelphia, having been summoned back rather sooner than expected, to his duties in the German hospital, and his Moncton friends lamenting over the unexpected curtailment of his stay, which was to have been prolonged until the end of October.

Miss Miquelle, of Hamilton, Bermuda, is visiting on which the three young ladies of Marlborough House have been brought up.

Miss Hring returned on Monday evening from a week's visit to St. John, and is accompanied by Mr. George C. Matthews and his bride returned on Thursday from their visit to Summerside, P. E. I.

Miss Bruce and Miss Jean Thomson returned on Thursday from their visit to Summerside, P. E. I., accompanied by Miss Bruce.

Miss Thomson and Miss Stewart are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce.

Mr. A. M. McKay returned on Tuesday from Yarmouth, where he has been attending the Y. M. C. A. Convention.

Mr. Frank Sherwood, of St. John, formerly of the I. C. R. in a strapshifter's office here, spent Monday in town visiting friends.

The ladies of St. John's Presbyterian Church are holding a garden party on the grounds of Mrs. A. E. Killam, of Lewistown, Mr. Killam having kindly placed both his house and his grounds at the disposal of the church. The band will be in attendance, and as the proceeds are to go towards the fund for the new organ, the affair will doubtless be largely patronized.

A people will hear with deep regret of the death of Mr. Ronald Davidson, formerly of the I. C. R. general passenger department here, which took place at St. John, Manitoba, on July 25. Mr. Davidson was not 28 years of age, and occupied until his falling death a position of trust and after a lingering illness he succumbed to consumption. Mr. Davidson was a nephew of Mr. Alexander Davidson of the I. C. R. office, and he will be remembered by many Monctonians for his genial disposition and kindly manner.

UPPER SEMEG.
Aug. 10.—Monday evening a number of the congregation of Rev. J. Wetmore gave a tangible evidence of their esteem in a well-filled purse. Mr. Wetmore leaves this week for Wickham, his former home, to endeavor to recruit his broken health.

Mrs. and Miss Besie Allingham, St. John, are spending a few weeks at Mrs. Arch. Purdy's.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. S. Myles, Mrs. H. H. Dunham and family, and Miss Ada Pidgeon, St. John, are residing at Lakeview cottage.

Dr. J. E. Gardner of New York recently spent a few days here among his friends.

The "QUADRANT" as a Roadster



May be estimated by the following items, which have come casually under our notice in the newspapers. No doubt a very large number of similar cases would be forthcoming if we sought for them. The following gives the results of the 100 miles Road Race at Philadelphia, 1891:—
Nationality. Make. Started. Finished. Proportion.
American } Columbia 129 104 80.6 p.c.
Victor 58 45 77.6 p.c.
Machines } All other makes 62 32 61.5 p.c.
English } QUADRANT 28 23 82.1 p.c.
Machines } All other makes 60 46 76.6 p.c.
No information is given as to what make won, but in the previous year's race, out of over a 100 Safety Bicycles at the start, the majority of any one make were "Quadrants." The first Safety to finish was a "Quadrant," and the first lady to finish rode a "Quadrant."
ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO.,
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MILY A. TUCKER, B.A., (Wellesley), Preceptor, English Literature, History, Greek.
JAMES H. TIERNEY, (Dalhousie), Mathematics and French.
GEORGE E. CHIPMAN, B.A., Latin and Greek.
LUZZIE B. HUGHES, (N. B. Normal School and U. B. Seminary), English Language and Literature.
ANNIE E. VAUGHAN, (N. E. Conservatory of Music), Piano and Organ.
GROSVENOR M. ROBINSON, (Boston School of Expression), Elocution, Vocal Music, Gymnastic.
LILA P. WILLIAMS, (Acadia Seminary and Halifax Conservatory), Piano and Voice.
ERMINE DE BLOIS, (Berlin Conservatory), Vocal Music.
MARIO VAUGHAN, Acadia Sem. and Ottawa Art School.
A. M. LAWSKY, (N. B. Normal School), Preparatory Department.
L. E. MAUD PYLE, Short-hand and Type-writing.
YORK A. KING, Geography.
MRS. M. M. SCRIBNER, Marlon.
TERM OPENS SEPT. 13TH. For Calendar and all other information apply to the Principal at St. Martin's, N. B.

HOUSEKEEPERS ATTENTION!

or your Parlor Suits, Lounges and Easy Chairs, etc., need Upholstering or Recovering, if your Furniture needs Repairing. Let us send for them, and you will have it made equal to new. All goods called for and delivered.

AMLAND BROS., 22 Waterloo Street, nearly opp. Peter Street, up stairs!

HAVING none but experienced and competent workmen, we are fully equipped to do all kinds of Furniture Repairs and Upholstering. If your Furniture needs Repairing, let us send for them, and you will have it made equal to new. All goods called for and delivered.

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Photography

AT THE FINEST EFFECTS OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY. That has ever appeared in St. John, was seen at the recent exhibition, and those were produced by

CLIMO.

This was the verdict of all who saw the skillfully wrought portraits.

COPIES, GROUPS, AND LARGE PANELS AT VERY LOW RATES.

85 GERMAN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Great Reductions in Summer Millinery.

The Newest Styles in Summer Millinery at a great reduction in price. No goods to be carried over. Call and see our complete assortment at the

Opera House Block.

A Generous Offer To the Citizens of St. John by the Blind Mental Cultivator.

Buy your groceries from Michael Kelly, and have your children taught Mutual Arithmetic free of charge. Having very recently removed to this city, at my residence corner of Broad and Carmarthen streets, I am now prepared to give lessons in Mental Arithmetic under the following extraordinary favorable conditions: To the children of those who buy their groceries from me, the price and quality of which will compare favorably with similar goods sold elsewhere, I will give lessons entirely free of charge. Those who cannot embrace the offer, and wish to take lessons, I will charge \$1.00 per quarter—cash always strictly in advance—for each pupil, for one lesson per week, each lesson to occupy one hour. My work has always given excellent satisfaction. For quality of work done by me I would refer the enquirer to Mr. Herbert C. Creed, or Mr. John Britton, both of Normal School, Fredericton, N. B. Parents whose children are out of town, but who intend taking lessons after vacation will please apply at once. MICHAEL KELLY, cor. Broad and Carmarthen Sts., St. John, N. B., Aug. 2, 1892.

The balance of our Stock of Trimmed and Untrimmed

HATS, TOQUES and BONNETS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

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

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THE ISLAY BLEND WHISKY

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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

Discontinuance. - Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The circulation of this paper is over 11,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

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

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 11,700.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, Cor. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 13.

PROGRESS HAS A PICNIC.

Fifteen hundred people had a day in the country last Tuesday at the invitation of Progress. A great many more would have gone had there been a certainty of fair weather. The morning was foggy, and when the afternoon train left St. John the rain was coming down. Hundreds who had eagerly sought and obtained tickets were afraid to take the risk of wet weather. As it was, the trains were crowded each time, and had the day been bright it would have been necessary to make special arrangements to transport the throngs by extra trips.

Plainly, those who went seemed to enjoy themselves to the utmost. A fog which was not heavy enough to make the grass wet, but did interfere with the view of scenery at a distance, was the only drawback, it after all, it could be called such. Nobody seemed to mind it, and the absence of the hot sun made activity a pleasure where otherwise it might have been a burden. Whenever conversations about the excursion were heard, they were all to one effect—old and young, all classes, were delighted. The picnic was voted a great success.

The primary design was to give the newsboys a holiday, and incidentally to allow any readers of Progress an outing on the same terms—which were that they would accept tickets at the expense of Progress. Many were at first disposed to think they had not read the invitation aright, for it was something new in this country to have a wholly free picnic, open to all well behaved people who chose to come. The only expense absolutely necessary on the part of the guests was the ferry toll of one cent each way. There was no charge for anything so far as Progress could control the transportation.

A good many people have been curious to know where there was any money in it for Progress, and have decided that it would be worth a great deal as an advertisement. As a matter of fact, there was no money in it, nor did the idea of financial gain enter into the project from the outset. While it is true that whatever brings a business enterprise before the public is an advertisement, yet it is equally true that Progress is already about as well known as any institution in this part of America. It advertises itself every week of the year among a larger circle of all classes of readers than can be claimed by any paper in the maritime provinces. Those whom it invited to the picnic were those who have no need of an introduction to it, because they are already its patrons. Had everybody come who buys Progress, however, the Shore Line trains running all day at their fullest speed and capacity would not have been able to get the last of the excursionists started from the city before dark. When there is any prospect of all the patrons wanting an outing it will be necessary to set apart at least one day for going and one for returning, in addition to a day on the grounds. Nearly twelve thousand people bought the paper last week, and hundreds more would have done so had there been enough copies to meet the demand.

Since Progress was started it has had a very liberal patronage from the people, and while week by week it seeks to give its patrons solid value for their money, it has long been the intention of the publisher to show in some other way his appreciation of what the public has done in helping to widen the influence of the paper. So far as it goes, the making of the newsboys picnic an excursion for others who might wish to come is an attempt to carry out the idea. At some future time it may assume a form of which many more can take advantage.

So far as can be learned this is the first instance of any paper on the continent having a free picnic to which all its patrons were invited. Some of the New York dailies had had excursions to which its friends could go at reduced rates by pre-

sending coupons cut from the paper, but a wholly free excursion—a railway journey of fifty miles and a day in one of the most beautiful parts of the country, is something new, not only in St. John but in America.

It is a matter both for congratulation and for thankfulness that not only was the pleasure of the occasion unmarred by an accident of any kind, but that a more thoroughly good humored, orderly crowd of people never went on an excursion out of St. John. The big, good natured policeman who went with the party, had a genuine holiday, and he thoroughly enjoyed it. This happy condition of affairs was due to the fact that no tickets were sold and that the readers of Progress are people who know how to enjoy themselves in rational manner. They show this as much by their choice of the best family paper as by their general walk and conversation.

May they all, and many more, live to enjoy the next merry meeting.

FINE WEATHER FOR THEIR WORK.

The members of the royal commission on prohibition have had pleasant weather during their stay in St. John, and will probably carry away pleasant reminiscences of the city and its people. They have heard considerable evidence on both sides of the question, a good deal of which was sworn to as a matter of opinion. According to the best of the deponents' belief, it is doubtful if the country will be any the wiser, and it will certainly be none the wealthier for all the mass of contradictory testimony that has so far been given in the maritime provinces. By the time the evidence has been all taken, copied out and printed, the country will have a very snug little bill to pay. Then the opinions of the mass of the people will be as little known as they were before.

The object of the commission is not to find out the evils caused by drink, for they are admitted, but to learn whether Canada is ready for a general prohibitory law. It does not limit itself to its object, however, but incidentally deals with statistics when officials choose to furnish them. The penal, charitable and other institutions have been represented by men with some knowledge of their workings and they have given testimony which may or may not be of value. When Mr. WETMORE, for instance, swears that fully sixty per cent of the inmates of the almshouse are there through drink, the presumption is that he has carefully investigated the lives of each of the inmates and knows this to be the case. If he were simply to make this allegation because sixty per cent of the papers had been addicted to drink, it would be another matter, because everybody knows that not only are people poor because they drink, but that multitudes drink because they are poor. How to get at the truth of the matter, the bottom cause of the poverty, is something not to be learned by any mere examination of the records. In the same way it is to be presumed that the officials of other institutions looked into the matter in all its bearings and spoke otherwise than from mere superficial glances at the records.

One point which seems to have been brought out pretty clearly by both sides is that the use of strong liquor is less common than it was say forty years ago, and that the general sentiment of the community is opposed to hard drinking. The younger people are being trained to habits of temperance and the churches are doing a great work. All things considered, St. John may be called a community of steady people, and it is growing more so year by year. Whether the progress of morality would be hastened by prohibition, or whether it would in some ways be retarded is a matter in which there is room for much argument. As St. John is the commercial capital it ought to be the wickedest place in New Brunswick, but everybody knows that it is not a very wicked place as seaport towns go, but the contrary. If prohibition is not needed here, the rest of the country does not need it. Whether it is needed here or not is a matter to be determined, though it will hardly be decided by anything the royal commission may do.

NEWLY DISCOVERED NEIGHBORS.

A number of inquisitive persons known as astronomers have been paying a great deal of attention to the planet Mars this summer, and appear to have discovered a great deal they never knew before. Ordinarily, the speculations of these gentlemen interest only a limited circle of people, but within the last week or two an announcement has been made that is of interest to all of us. There seems, at last, tangible indication that Mars is inhabited, and by an exceedingly intelligent people who are anxious to communicate with us.

The planet has been very near the earth this summer, nearer than at any time for the last fifteen years, and the observers have had a very good view of it through the big Lick telescope. They have known for a long time that Mars has land and water and atmosphere, with arctic and antarctic continents, and that its seasons change as do the seasons of our earth. The physical conditions have been known to be such that there was no reason why it could not be inhabited, though no trace of inhabitants could be discovered. Within the last week or so, however, something entirely new has been noticed in the form of three

great lights on what is known as the southwestern limb of the planet. They appear to have sprung into existence suddenly, and the astronomers have been trying to guess what they can mean. Somebody has now come to the front with the theory that they are signals shown by the inhabitants of Mars to attract the attention of the people of the earth.

Mars is thousands of years older than the earth, and if it is inhabited, has had its people for that much longer time. Possibly, it is claimed, they are also thousands of years ahead of us in scientific discovery, and knowing how near the earth is to them this year have appointed committees to try and let us know they are, astronomically speaking, "on to our curves." They possibly know a great deal more about us than we do about them. They are, indeed, anxious to open trade and other relations with us.

So slow is the progress of science on this earth, however, it seems impossible for us to meet the friendly advances made by our new neighbors. The problem of aerial navigation has not been solved so as to warrant the sending out of an air ship on a voyage of discovery. Even were there a fund started to arrange for a vast aggregation of electric lights as answering signals to those already shown, it is to be feared that a great many persons would not have enough faith in the theory to subscribe any money worth mentioning. The people of Mars will have to wait awhile until we become more progressive.

It may be, however, that the people of Mars will not wait until we get ready to go in search of them. They may come to us before we even appoint committees to consider the advisability of sending an expedition to them. Some fine day a curious air ship, with appointments far beyond the wildest fancies of JULES VERNE may be seen hovering over the earth looking for a good place to alight. If stragglers are in the latitude of St. John, the singular tower erected by Mr. ROBERT REED, on Mount Pleasant, will doubtless attract their attention, and they will land in this vicinity. Such an event may be among the possibilities of the near future, and it behooves our citizens to be ready for the guests from the far country. The director of public safety should get the steam roller out of the way and plant a new crop of evergreens on the King square. The board of trade should have a number of statements prepared showing the advantages of St. John for shipping purposes, and there should be some gentleman of means and leisure selected as a delegate to Mars to see if it offers as promising a field for trade as the Argentine Republic. It is quite unnecessary to hint that the mayor should make any preparation, as he is always ready to do the honors to distinguished visitors, and Progress very much doubts if anybody on the face of Mars can put on more style than his worship on state occasions. St. John will, no doubt, leave a favorable impression on the minds of the visitors, when they come. Welcome to our newly discovered neighbors.

NOT SO MANY OATHS.

The fact that many of the members of the British house of commons made affirmation, instead of taking oaths, at the recent opening of parliament is one of the signs of the times. It shows that many who regard an oath as a most solemn act are reluctant to take it save when it is imperatively required. The less common oaths are made the more their significance will be felt. They have been altogether too common in the past.

The oaths that a christian may lawfully take seem to be few in number, if the teaching of the scripture is to be regarded. Yet the oaths prescribed by law are almost without number. Of late years, in Canada and other countries, some reform has been effected by the provision of solemn declarations in many cases, yet the number of extra judicial oaths still in use is altogether too large. The result is a carelessness about swearing that readily paves the way to prying. Everybody knows how purely preliminary the custom house oath has been made by a good many business men, and so it has been in many other instances where swearing to this or that has been made a matter of routine. There is little enough importance attached to an oath in a court of justice, but outside of a court the habit of swearing is very apt to degenerate into a mockery. The less common oaths are made the more likely they are to be respected.

Reference was made last week to the fact that, contrary to custom, a married woman had been chosen to break a bottle of wine over the bow of an American ironclad to be launched soon. It now seems that the commotion due to the innovation has been so great that a maid will officiate. This will allay the superstitious fears of the sailors, even if it does not say much for the common sense of those who have charge of the affair.

"A marked English accent and manner" is the description an Ottawa despatch gives of Sir GEORGE GIBBS, premier of New South Wales. Is the evidence of this to be found in his remark that as the Canadian ministers did not call on him he was not going to tear his shirt in running after them?

Hamilton, Ont., appears to be the first city in Canada to inaugurate a reform in the method of dealing with men arrested for drunkenness who are not habitual offenders. When a prisoner who has taken too much is arrested for the first time, he is merely detained until he is sober and allowed to go without trial or exposure. In the other cities, St. John included, he is kept in a cell until court time, paraded before a crowd of loafers and fined. If he has any sense of shame about him, his first step on getting out is to get drunk again. The system is wrong, and the American cities have long recognized the fact. Canada will come into line in due time.

At Barrie, Ont., the other day, a brewer took refuge in a barn during a thunder storm, the barn was struck and his burned remains were found among the ruins. It is possible that prohibitionists may find a moral in the calamity. Last Sunday, in a Bavarian village, a thunder-bolt entered a church, killed two men and injured thirty more. While the stricken ones were being removed, another bolt came, knocking the bell from the tower, tearing open the roof and paralyzing the pastor and four boys. If there is a moral in one case there ought to be in the other.

In addition to a general English subscription in aid of the people of St. John's Nfld., the Society of the Propagation of the Gospel has started a fund to help the churchmen to repair their heavy loss. The lists so far acknowledged in the London Church Times amount to something over two thousand pounds sterling, and there are more to follow. The island colony does not appear to want for friends on the other side of the water.

One would suppose that any man with a nose could smell carbolic acid, but three prominent Chicago men, and one of them a doctor, have lost their lives by taking a drink of that liquid under the impression that it was whiskey. If the average Chicago whiskey is of a nature to make such a mistake possible, visitors to the world's fair will be wise to swear off before they get there.

Somebody asserts that a fly can fly at the rate of more than a mile a minute. That it can get out of the way of a bald-headed man's hand which is moving at that rate is a fact that does not need the corroboration of a scientist.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Shake, Brother, the Same Here. We find it rather hard to create much enthusiasm in writing items this hot weather.—Yarmouth Light.

Sausage Meat Scarce. No further encounters between the engines of the W. C. R. and the Weymouth dogs are reported this week, more's the pity.—Weymouth Free Press.

Heartland Town Improvements. Our genial postmistress is having the appearance of her residence improved, by placing a new fence in front along Main street. Fall in line gentlemen.—Woodstock Sentinel.

Great Hopes for Quebec. The croakers and Jeremiah's, who are always button-holing their acquaintances, and shouting into their ears that the town is going to the dogs, will have to seek a new occupation, for the city is not dead, nor has her trade departed from her. All that our business men need now is a little encouragement.—Quebec Chronicle.

Apprehension of Prohibition. Several citizens have tried to solve the question of water supply by the boring of artesian wells, and a small flow has been secured in every case by boring to a moderate depth.—Chatham World.

Watering Place Hott. The bather in our river quickly realizes that his immersion is not in water, as the stream is now a raceway for the swimmers.—New Glasgow Enterprise.

The Boom at Rosaway. The voice of the turkie is still heard in our midst. Eleven more willing converts added to the church yesterday (Sunday). More still to come.—Digby Courier.

Lost His Clothes. A little boy of Dr. Bennett's, about three years old, was in the field with a newly calved cow, and went to approach her to get over the fence, when she got him on her horns and carried him off, but it being against a wire fence, gave the doctor, who was near by, time to rescue the child. The youngster was badly bruised, and his clothes torn to shreds. The little fellow was soon all right.—Halifax Mail.

PERTINENT AND PERSONAL.

The most distinguished visitor St. John has had for a long time was Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, who spent Wednesday in the city. His eminence has been on a visit to Prince Edward Island in search of holiday rest, and his stay here was necessarily brief. The cardinal is a man whom people of all creeds are forced to honor and respect as an earnest christian worker and friend to all classes. To the majority of non-catholics he is best known by his book, The Faith of our Fathers, which, like DiCromie's Catholic Belief, is a plain exposition of the doctrines held by the church and designed to remove the false impressions which many protestants have as to what catholics really do and believe. It is written in a kindly argumentative style and has had a phenomenally large circulation among people of all creeds. His eminence is now 58 years of age.

Useful and Ornamental.

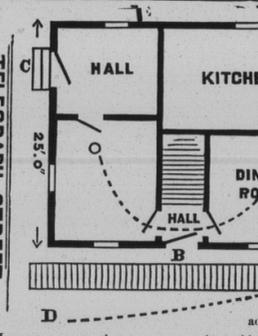
The 20th Century Kandy store still continues to attract additional custom by presenting useful and valuable presents to the luckiest guesser among all its patrons. This time it is a handsome marble clock, which will be given in exactly the same manner as the chair and the china service. The substantial character of the presents offered by this firm is sure to create an interest among the people.

WHERE STEADMAN DIED.

THE SPOT MADE MEMORABLE BY THE MONTON MURDER.

Sketches which are of interest now and will be of value to the future—the Unsuccessful Search for the Mysterious Missing Man.

It would seem that the missing man, "Jim," charged with being accessory to the death of policeman Joseph E. Steadman, at Monton, is either safe out of the country or so securely hidden that he is not likely to be discovered. A great many men supposed to be the fugitive have been seen at points north, south, east and west, but it is possible that not one has been the man who is so badly wanted. People



PLAN. Dotted line shows course of desperadoes through house.

at Lepreau say that a man who answered his description was loated across the harbor there one day last week, and went in the direction of the border. Since then another man who is said answers all the particulars has been seen along the railway in Kent county. In the meantime officials along the line have been arresting all kinds of tramps on suspicion, but nothing has been discovered to connect them with the murder.

ECHOES OF THE RACES.

An Important Coincidence—Mr. Mott and the Refreshment Stand. The crowd that went to Moosepath Wednesday were attracted by, one event more than any other—the three year old colt race. The fame of the entries had spread far and wide. Frederick had sent one of her speediest representatives to bring the prize from the "Steeves mare," bred by the medical superintendent of the lunatic asylum, and sired by the government horse Harry Wilkes, with a Sir Charles mare for her dam. The local horsemen rather pinned their faith to their colt, and expected to see her an easy winner. They knew nothing of "Frances P.," entered by Mr. Eiter of Amherst or they would not have been so confident.

But it was a noble race from the first to the last heat. Frances P. was in the hands of Dave Atherton, while Katrina or the "Steeves mare" as she was known to the crowd was driven by Charlie Bell. If it is of any advantage to a horse to know a track, if faster time can be made from the training track than any other then the odds were with Katrina, for day after day all summer she had joggled and speeded around the Moosepath park. Yet in spite of this Frances P. always gained on her on the corners and lost on the stretches. The fastest mile was trotted in 2.40 1/2—official time—and was made by Katrina, though the race fell to Frances P. which won three of the four heats.

It was a curious coincidence that Registrar David McLellan was starter in the race which was really somewhat of a test of what the Wilkes stock could do. When provincial secretary he bought Harry Wilkes for the province and from that moment has been an earnest champion of him. No one will for an instant question Mr. McLellan's fairness as a starter though he did give Katrina a wonderful send off in one heat, but it would have looked better if some other gentleman had dropped the flag.

The meeting was very successful; the day was fine; the crowd large and one race remarkably close and interesting. There was one thing to which the attention of the directors should be directed—the sale of "refreshments." Perhaps it would do to invite the ear of Secretary J. A. S. Mott, since besides being an official of the society he is an ardent temperance worker. As Progress understands it, the "refreshments" which Mr. Newcombe paid \$25 for the privilege of selling were not to include anything that would break the law. That, at least, is the intention of the society, but its violation must have been well known to Secretary Mott, who is also aware of the fact that this year there is a licensed saloon within a few yards of the park gate.

Sail Under Proper Colors.

The Boston theatrical correspondent of Progress encloses the advertisement of Mr. Ramsdell's benefit, clipped from a St. John paper. In the list of performers Mr. Ralph March is called "The Leading Baritone of Mr. J. Leslie Carter's Company." The correspondent adds significantly: "This is a mistake. He was one of the chorus in Mrs. Holyett."

In the zeal with which the search has been conducted several innocent persons have either been arrested or had their names brought into unenviable prominence. One of these was James Gillis, of Chatham, who was peacefully at work in Northumberland county at the time of the tragedy.

An excellent drawing of the house where the murder took place, with a plan of the premises, reached Progress too late for publication last week, but will be found of interest now, as well as of value for future reference. The sketches are by Mr. A. C. Selig, of the engineer's office, Intercolonial railway. In the elevation A is the door through which the fugitives made their exit from the house, and B the door at

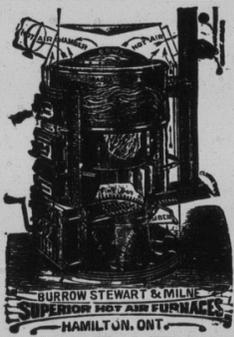
Advertisement for White's Emulsion, featuring a fisherman carrying a large cod fish on his back. Text includes: 'WHITE, Emulsion of Trade', 'The "D"', 'WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR Stenographer Writing SUPPLY ARTHUR New', 'All the Goods, Calling men's Fancy D. McARTHUR Refrigerator Bird Cage Kettles and Cole'.

**"I SAY!
BUY A CAKE OF
STERLING
SOAP.
and thank me for calling
your attention to it."**

MANUFACTURED
ONLY BY
WM LOGAN, ST. JOHN, N.B.



Hot Air Furnaces.



We are sole agents for BURROW,
STEWART & MILNE'S
**SUPERIOR JEWEL,
SCIENTIFIC JEWEL
AND ALASKA JEWEL
HOT AIR FURNACES.**

To our friends and customers who contemplate
putting in a new Furnace or require their old
ones cleaned or repaired, now is the time to have
it done before the fall orders commence. We
guarantee all our work to be strictly first-class,
and our prices will be found right.

SHERATON & KINNEAR,
(Successors to SHERATON & SELFRIDGE.)
38 King St. Telephone 358.

"Daisy Chocolates."

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|------------------------|----------------------|------------------------|
| "DAISY" CREAM ALMONDS, | "DAISY" COCOA-TINES, | "DAISY" COFFEE CREAMS, |
| "NOUGATINES, | "VANILLA CREAMS, | "ACQUATICS, |
| "OPERA CARAMELS, | "CARAMELS, | "CARAMELS, |
| "LONGFELLOWS, | "JOSEPHINES, | "NECTARINES, |
| "BELMONT'S, | "NEWPORTS, | "CHIPS, |
| "COFFEE CREAMS, | "PRALINES (Lemon) | "MONTEVIDEOES, |
| "CORDIALS, | "ALMONDS, | "VOILET, |
| "STARLIGHTS, | "ALMONTINE, | "FIGALLETTE, |
| "ERMINIE, | "BALMORALS, | "PRALINE (Orange) |

The Genuine Made Only by
WHITE, COLWELL & CO., St. John, N. B.
Imitators of Trade Name will be prosecuted.

The "Caligraph."

WE ARE
HEADQUARTERS
FOR
Stenographers'
Writing Machine
SUPPLIES.

Don't be Misled

By glaring advertisements of
and statements about writing
machines. The **CALIGRAPH**
still stands at the head.
Send for descriptive Cata-
logue and prices.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., 81 Prince Wm. St.

New Goods

All the New Novels as published daily New
Goods, Albums, Bibles, Note Papers, Envelopes,
Calling Cards, Ladies' Pocket Books, Gentle-
men's Bill Books, Purses, Birthday Cards and
Fancy Goods. Lowest Prices.

D. McARTHUR, Bookseller, - 80 King Street.

Refrigerators \$10 to \$30.

Ward Cages, Watering Pots, Fly Screens, Preserving
Kettles and other Seasonable Goods of this line by
Coles, Parsons & Sharp,
90 Charlotte Street.

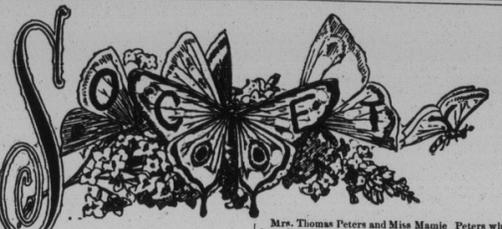
**THE
Oriental Waving Iron**

PATENT APPLIED FOR

A Perfect device for WAVING OR CRIMPING the
Hair in the prevailing style. Easily and
quickly operated. Made of polished steel
and handsomely nickel-plated.

Price, - - 50 Cents.

Miss K. HENNESSY,
113 CHARLOTTE ST. - Opposite Hotel Dufferin.

St. John—South End.
A singularly pretty wedding took place at St. Paul's
church on Tuesday morning when Miss Nellie
Schuler, third daughter of Mr. George Snider, and
Mr. Frederick T. Short, of the Bank of B. N. A.,
New York, were united in marriage. Miss Snider
being a great favorite in St. John, her many young
friends have been looking forward with much inter-
est to her marriage, which was unavoidably post-
poned from last week. Before the hour appointed
for the ceremony, 11 o'clock a. m., hosts of friends
had gathered in the church, the invited guests be-
ing limited in consequence of the ill health of Mr.
Snider. The chancel of the church had been
prettily trimmed for the occasion with white flowers
and ferns. The ceremony was performed by Rev.
Canon DeVeber, rector of the church, assisted by
the Rev. Canon Briggs, rector of Trinity
church. Mr. Short was attended by Mr. M. B.
Edwards, while Mr. Fred Daniel performed the
duties of ushers. The bride entered the church
leaning on the arm of her brother, Mr. George Snider,
and was most becomingly dressed in a bridal
gown of rich white brocaded satin made on train,
trimmed with handsome old lace and lily of the
valley. The bridal veil was of white tulle and the
bouquet of white roses tied with white ribbons.
Miss Florence Schuler, the bride, and Miss
Mabel Smith acted as bridesmaids and were both
most charmingly dressed in dresses of cream crepe,
chip hats trimmed with chiffon and ostrich tips.
Miss Snider's dress was trimmed with mauve silk
and cream lace, and the bride and bridesmaids
peas, while Miss Smith's was similarly trimmed
with green velvet her bouquet being of pink carnations
and smilax. The also wore gold pins set with
pearls, the gift of the groom.

After the ceremony the guests were driven to the
residence of the bride's father, Wellington How,
where an elegant little reception was set. The only
guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. S. MacLaren,
Mr. Charles Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Mowat, Canon
and Mrs. DeVeber, Canon and Mrs. Briggs, the
Misses Smith, Miss Fink, (Nova Scotia), Mr. and
Mrs. Murray MacLaren.

The bride was the recipient of upwards of
100 wedding gifts among them being
a gold pin set with diamonds and a travelling bag,
the gift of the groom; a handsome clock, the gift of
the groomsmen, and a diamond bracelet, the gift
of her godfather, Judge Peters. Mr. and Mrs.
Short left by the C. P. R. for a trip through Nova
Scotia, returning on Friday. The bride is remain-
ing here for some weeks, and is stopping at
Mrs. Short's residence. Her dress was of blue serge, tailor
made, and black hat.

On Saturday last Mr. Simeon and the Misses
Jones gave a delightful party going as
far as Westfield in the *Iron*.

On Friday last the Misses Robertson of Rothesay
gave a very pleasant little dance.

Dr. Bayard met with a very painful accident on
Monday last, while on the train, among
them being Mrs. R. C. Grant, Miss Nan Burpee,
Mr. Gordon McLean, Mr. Hazen Hanford and Mr.
W. Clark.

Mrs. H. A. Harvey and family have gone to
Westfield to spend a few weeks.

Miss George Wheeler is visiting Clifton.

A musical entertainment was given on
Wednesday last by Mrs. Warner,
Mount Pleasant. The day was all that could be
desired for out door singing and the accompani-
ment being about 40, much appreciated the kind hospi-
tality of the ladies, and the refreshments were
served during the afternoon, and the party dis-
persed about seven o'clock.

On Tuesday afternoon Mr. W. H. Thorne and Mr.
Howard D. Troop invited a number of their gentle-
man friends to an excursion up the river on the
popular steamer yacht *Dream*. The trip was much
enjoyed as well as the handsome lunch provided by
their hosts. During the latter part of the trip
speeches were made by Judge King, Judge Tuck, Judge
Peters, Dr. F. G. Barber, General Warner, Mr. J.
D. Hagen, M. J. Mr. George Robertson, Dr.
Thorne and others.

Mr. Robert Hazen left on Saturday last for New
York to fill a position in the Montreal Bank there.
Mr. George H. Harvey arrived from Ontario this
week to fill the vacancy in the bank in this city.

Miss Louise Grant who has been visiting in St.
John, sailed for Montreal on Wednesday accompa-
nied by Mrs. Grant. Major Grant went to Boston to see
them off.

The death occurred on Tuesday last of Mr. M. N.
Powers, after a long illness, at his residence,
Princess street. He was a widower, five
daughters, and one son. His third daughter
married Mr. Wm. Snider and lives in Boston. She
arrived in St. John this week and was with her
father when he died.

Mr. George Ellis returned home last week after a
short stay in Montreal.

Mr. George Hallit is spending a few days in
Sussex, previous to his departure for Upper
Canada.

Miss Bessie McFarlane went to Fredericton on
Wednesday last week, where she intends spend-
ing a fortnight.

Mrs. Chris. Robertson and Miss Robertson re-
turned home last week after a few weeks' visit at
the "Willows" at Westfield.

Messrs. Robert Bartsch, E. Sutherland and R.
Rouch are spending the week-end at Westfield.

Mr. Walter Allison left this week for a short trip
to Nova Scotia.

Miss Maggie Gillespie left home on Monday for
Bedford, N. S., where she will visit friends for
several weeks.

Miss Bird Triton, who has been confined to her
home during the past month, is able to be out
again.

Mr. Frank Holstead went to Sussex on Tuesday,
where he will spend a few days.

Mr. Clarence Moore left Tuesday for Kent-
ville, N. S., to make a short visit to his parents.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. Arm-
strong, Lockland Road, on the arrival of a little
stranger—a son.

Miss Marie and Miss Helen de Bury spent Tues-
day at Bay Shore, the guests of their aunt, Mrs.
Simeon.

Mr. Frank Ketchum is visiting Nova Scotia this
week.

Miss Nan McDonald returned to Westfield on
Wednesday, after spending a day or two in St.
John before his return to Boston.

MEADOW SWERT.
Mr. Charles A. Sampson of Fredericton is in the
city this week.
Mr. Henry B. Porter, formerly a resident of St.
John, but now of New York, is in the city on a va-
cation. He is accompanied by Mrs. Porter.
Mrs. Starr of Wolfville is the guest of Mrs. Spencer,
Seaville street.
Mr. A. E. Tippet, wife and family are spending
a few weeks at the "Willows".
Rev. H. T. Ringold of Missouri occupied the pul-
pit of the Leinster street church Sunday, and the
Rev. D. W. Fardon, of Wolvrampton, Eng., the
pulpit of the Congregational church.
Mr. Geo. Lovell of Weymouth, Mass., is the guest
of his mother, Princess street.
The Misses Estey, Peters street, have returned
from the Fenwick, where they spent several weeks.
Mr. Fred Melick spent part of last week at Hath-
cove's Point.
Mr. Lindsey of Cambridge, Mass., is the guest of
Mrs. Fraser, Peters street.
Mr. William A. Brown, son of Mr. David Brown,
Carleton, arrived home Tuesday after an absence of
eight years in the Northwest. He is accompanied
by his wife, and will remain several months.
His eminence Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore,
accompanied by Bishop McLaughlin, of Charlotte-
town, P. E. I., and Father Broderick arrived in
the city Tuesday.
Miss Jennie Bell is visiting her parents on Hazen
street.
Miss Isabella Babbitt, Fredericton, is the guest
of Mrs. J. V. Ellis, Princess street.
Mr. Arthur Lindsay went to Halifax Friday on
his vacation.
Mr. Geo. March, Fredericton, is visiting friends
in this city.
Miss Cornelia Sharp, of New York, is home visit-
ing her parents, Princess street.
Miss McLeod, Fredericton, is the guest of Mrs.
DeWitt, King street, east.

ST. JOHN—NORTH.
Lady Ritchie and her family have arrived here
from Ottawa and will spend the rest of the summer
at their country residence, Quispamsis.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Lee are visiting Fry's
Island, Charlotte county.
Miss Grace Ring left last week for Arlington
Heights, Mass., to visit her uncle, after which she
intends going to Waltham to enter the Training
school for nurses there.
Mr. Robert Young has returned home from a tour
of the principal Atlantic cities of the United
States.
Mr. Thomas W. Peters left for Gagetown last
week; he expects to be absent about ten days.
Miss Kate Hall and Mr. T. H. Hall went to
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Miss Annie Babbitt, Boston, is visiting friend in
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MACAULAY BROS. & CO.
61 and 63 King Street.

BLACK PURE SILK SUNSHADES, Extra Good Value, Fine
Finished Mountings.
DURABLE SILK SUNSHADES, for Rain or Sun, in Black or
Dark Brown.
LADIES' EXTRA LARGE RAIN UMBRELLAS, with Stylish Mount-
ings, Natural Sticks.
SHOT PARASOLS, with Two and Three Ruffled Borders.
BLACK FLOUNCED Parasols, CHIFFON TRIMMED Parasols,
FANCY PARASOLS, in Stripes, Checks, Bordered and Shot Effects,
in endless variety.

For Styles, Value and Qualities our Sunshades and Parasols are not
equalled in Canada. This department has had special attention this
season, and our already large sales have been the pleasing result.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

50 Cts.
Atomizers
for Perfume or Throat
Spray. The best value
ever offered.

MACKINTOSHES—Best Eng-
lish and American makes.
All sewn seams, and selling
at lowest possible prices
for best quality goods.
Every garment warranted
waterproof and odorless.

American Rubber Store, - 65 Charlotte St.



Something New
in
Photography
"Aristos"
SAVES CAN BE SEEN AT
Connolly's Studio,
(STORERS & OLD STAND)
75 Charlotte St.,
cor. King.

Wedding Presents!

**BEST STOCK IN THE
CITY OF**
Butter Coolers;
Oyster Dishes;
Cake Baskets;
Coffee Spoons;
Tea Services;
Etc., Etc.

Call and examine the variety.

BURPEE, THORNE & CO.,
60 and 62 Prince Wm. St.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.



Human Hair Goods.

Braids, Bangs, Waves, Ornaments
for the Hair, Crimping and Waving
Irons, Combs, Perfumes and Fancy
Goods in endless variety, from the
cheapest to the best.

American Hair Store,
87 Charlotte Street, three Joors South of King,
FINE WIGS A SPECIALTY. **J. W. RAMSDALL.**



**OVERCOATINGS,
WORSTED TROUSERINGS,
TWEED SUITS,**

Very Low, at
127 and 129 Segee's Block, Mill Street.
W. H. McINNIS, - - Tailor.

Early Opening of

Fa Dress Stuffs.

Plain and Fancy.

SAMPLES NOW READY. SENT TO ANY ADRESS.

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

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TRURO, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Ful...

Aug. 10.—Miss Evelyn Gilkin returned to her...

Mrs. Charles Pithole, who has been spending...

There was a quiet marriage last Saturday...

Mr. Fred MacNeil, son of Rev. Dr. MacNeil...

Miss McKay, Miss Yorton, Miss Juncoson, Miss...

Mr. John L. Ambrose, of Sonerville, Mass., who...

Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker and Mrs. C. E. Denny, at...

Mrs. Thomas Lewis is visiting her daughter...

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Spencey returned home...

Mrs. Shaw is spending her fortnight's vacation...

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Law and Miss A. Lovitt en...

Mrs. J. E. Goucher and Miss Goucher are in town...

Mrs. Matville, Matilda, was in town Tuesday...

The many friends of Mr. E. Stuart, the popular...

Mrs. George Hyde's dance last Friday evening...

Mrs. Hyde received her guests in a most becoming...

Among those present were Miss McKay, Miss...

Miss Blakie (Boston), Miss Sutherland, Miss...

Miss Jean Crowe, Miss Pratt, Miss Egan, Miss...

Miss Kate Smith, Miss Yorton, Miss Yorton...

Miss Evelyn Lewis, Miss Shawford, Miss Emma...

Miss Winifred Hilditch, Miss W. J. Bowers, Mr...

Miss Wm. J. Baxter, (St. John) W. Cooke...

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master...

Aug. 10.—Visitors still continue to arrive...

There seems to be no cessation of picnics...

Every day there is some sort of an entertain...

Mr. William Boardman entertained very happily...

Mrs. S. H. Blair's party on Wednesday evening...

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Spencey returned home...

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Miss Winifred Hilditch, Miss W. J. Bowers, Mr...

Miss Wm. J. Baxter, (St. John) W. Cooke...

NEW GOODS

Opened this Week.

New Dress Materials

Suitable for Traveling Costumes and...

Navy Blue and Black

Stylish Serges

These goods are warranted to hold the...

All Wool Dress Serges

Double Width, in Navy, Browns,

Myrtle, Garnet, Ruby, 27 1/2 yds.

Cardinal, Black, at 2 yds.

Mr. J. D. Ward is enjoying his vacation in...

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WINDSOR SCARFS

Navy Blue grounds with 15 cents...

White Polka Spots, at 15 each.

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Miss Winifred Hilditch, Miss W. J. Bowers, Mr...

Miss Wm. J. Baxter, (St. John) W. Cooke...

AN ENGLISH DOG CART

This is a very stylish carriage; much used by...

John Edgcombe & Sons,

Manufacturers of Fine Carriages, Sleighs, and Horses,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Warehouse, St. John; Corner of Union and Brussels Streets.

President and Mrs. Allison, of Sackville, spent...

Mrs. and Mrs. James Brown, of Harcourt, are in...

Mrs. Hodgson, of St. Martins, is the guest of...

Principal and Mrs. Colpitts.

Mrs. George W. Robertson and J. H. Abbott...

Miss Sadie Maud, of Halifax, is visiting friends...

Mrs. T. H. Ramsay, of Redbank, is the guest of...

Mr. W. D. McInerney returned to New York on...

Mr. James Hains, of Moncton, is spending his...

Mr. and Mrs. T. Vincent, of St. John, are...

Mr. and Mrs. M. Peck, of Dorchester, are...

Black Sunshades

With stylish Black and Colored...

New Drillettes

Navy Grounds with White 12 yds...

Kid Gloves

Ladies' 6 button length. Mousquetaire...

Unpressed \$1.10 pair in...

Drabs, Tans and Black. All sizes...

in our Ladies' 4 button French Kid...

Gloves, at 85 cts. per pair.

S. C. PORTER,

11 Charlotte Street,

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)
Ramsdell left enchainment to the beautiful surroundings. The steamer returned about 11.30 after a delightful sail.
Miss Cora Williams returned home from Eastport last week.
Mr. B. Sweet accompanied by Miss L. Sweet and Miss Mattie Peck leave for Boston a week from Saturday, where they will be joined the following week by Mr. R. Cowan.
PEANUTS.
Misses Daisy and Edith Belyea, of Greenwich, are visiting relatives here.
Mrs. Russell Gilbert has been visiting at Marysville, where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. James Gibson.
A party of young people, consisting of the Misses Tooker, Mrs. Huestis, Miss Huestis, Miss Ada Munro and Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, of Yarmouth, came here last week to attend the session of the Summer School of Science, which was held here last week.
Mrs. T. S. Crosby, of Yarmouth, is visiting here. She is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. E. Bonant.
Dr. Jack Gilchrist, of Sheffield, spent a few days in town this week.
Miss Sadie Gray returned home after a very enjoyable visit to Sussex.
Dr. Taylor, of St. George, spent a few days at his home in West end last week.
Mr. Herbert Allen, of St. John's academy, and his brother, are the guests of Mr. James Manchester, Manawagouish Road.
Miss Jennie Carpenter is visiting friends at Westfield.
Miss Helen Dale has returned home after a pleasant visit at River View, Musquash.
Mrs. Fairweather, of Apohaqua, and Mr. and Mrs. Wait, of Boston, are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Sangster this week.
Mrs. Charles Hatley, who has returned from the United States, where she has resided all winter.
Miss R. Knapp, who has been visiting friends here, has returned to her home at Bay Shore, the guests of Mrs. Kirkpatrick.
Miss Bessie Gibson and Miss Minnie Day, of Gibson, are spending a few weeks at Bay Shore, the guests of Mrs. Kirkpatrick.
Miss Mary and Mr. Archie McDougall are visiting relatives at Fredericton.
Miss Gertrude Price, of Greenwich, is visiting here this week. ANASTROIZ.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. T. H. Feney and by James H. Haworth.
Acto. 10.—Nearly everyone seems to have left town for the warm weather, and those who have not seem to fill in the time pretty much with picnics and boating parties. Picnics seem to be the order of the day, and scarcely a day passes but one hears of gay parties making up for a day's outing, or if the day be very hot a moonlight water party takes its place.
The Sunday-school of the Baptist church are holding their picnic today at Burton, having gone down river by the steamer Florenceville.
The E. O. M. W. and its intimate friends are having a delightful day at the O'Malley homestead, and still another picnic party, chartered by Mrs. Jas. S. Neil, Mrs. F. J. Morrison, Mrs. Geo. Burkhardt and Miss Whitler are launching gypsy fashion on the green in O'Malley's.
One of the most novel boating parties of the season arrived here on Monday morning on board the Pearl, a woodboat of 50 tons register and a very pretty and gay appearance she presented as she lay in the river opposite the city, gayly decorated with bunting and flags, and the light yachting costumes of the ladies flitting about the decks. The party are, I believe, billed for a two weeks outing on the river and have provided themselves with every necessary for driving dull care away. On board a cabinet organ and violin. They also carry a complete photographer's outfit. Among the party are Miss May Nixon, St. John, Miss Alice Lachler, St. John, Miss Annie B. Shaw, Portland, Miss Louisa Lynn, Miss Annie Longley, Miss Grace Jamieson, Miss Jean Stewart and Mrs. T. A. Crockett and Mrs. W. H. White, chaplains. Miss Josie Jamieson joined the party at Fredericton, Messrs. J. I. Noble, Jr., T. A. Crockett, Jas. Duffell, Austin Barnes, Geo. Ewing, Fred. Ewing, Fred. Ewing, Geo. Magee, L. White, H. Porter and A. E. Massie, Will White.
The numerous friends of Attorney General and Mrs. Blair were pleased to welcome them home from Europe on Friday evening last and gave them a grand reception. Hon. A. Harrison, Hon. P. G. Ryan, Hon. Dr. Pugsley, and Hon. James Mitchell came to Fredericton to assist.
Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Clarke were yesterday receiving the congratulations of their many friends on the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day.
Judge Stratman and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell returned home Monday from their fishing trip to the little St. W. Miramichi. They had a most enjoyable trip and rare luck.
Mr. and Mrs. John P. Hudson and two daughters, of New York, are here on a visit, the guests of Mr. Hudson's mother.
Prof. Murray has resigned his position in the University here, and has accepted one in Dalhousie College, Halifax, at a salary of \$2,000.
Mrs. J. H. Costigan, of St. John, N. W. T., and Miss Ada Dowling, of Fredericton, is visiting friends in this city.
Hon. Froy, secretary and Mrs. Mitchell and Miss Florie Mitchell, are in the city.
Miss Helen Grant, of St. Stephen, is the guest of Mrs. James Mitchell.
Mr. J. Inglis Street, of Malden, Mass., is the guest of his brother, Mr. A. F. Street.
Mr. John Pittblado is spending his vacation in Nova Scotia.
Mrs. Lee Babbitt left on Thursday last for St. John to visit her mother, Mrs. McLaughlin.
Mrs. Thos. Kemp returned home from St. Andrews last week, and her daughter, Mrs. Forrester, returned to her home in Quebec.
Miss May Everett has gone to Moncton to visit her sister.
Rev. J. A. McLean, of Harvey, made a short call to the city this week.
Miss Beverly is at Harvey, the guest of the Rev. J. A. and Mrs. McLean.
Miss Belle Hamer, of St. John, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Henry Wetmore.
Miss Jean Young, of Charlottetown, is visiting Miss Maggie Owens.
Miss May Hilyard is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Forrester at Quebec.
Judge and Mrs. Fraser arrived home from Dorchester on Monday evening.
Mrs. John Black is enjoying the sea breezes at Bay Shore.
Hon. F. G. Ryan, Mrs. Ryan and Hon. C. H. LaBilloy are at the Queen.
Senator and Mrs. Boyd and Miss Craikham, of St. John have been spending a few days in the city.
Mr. Archie Tibbitt's many friends are pleased to welcome him home once more.
Miss Hall and Mr. T. Hall, of St. John, spent Monday in the city.
Miss Blanche Thompson is at Lake George, where she will probably remain several months.
Rev. Mr. Payson and wife are on Friday for St. Francis, to be absent several weeks. Mrs. Payson and daughter, Miss Jennie, will go to St. John tomorrow to visit their sister.
Miss Ella Nixon and Miss Ella Ferguson, of St. John, are visiting Mrs. J. A. McCreedy.
Mrs. Florie Mitchell has been spending the past week with Miss Bessie Blair.
Mrs. W. P. Flewelling went to St. John on Thursday for a short visit.
Mrs. A. S. Murray and children are enjoying the cool breezes of St. John.
Miss Kate Beverly, of St. John, is at "Riverview," the guest of Miss Neacie Dunn.
Miss Davis and niece, Miss Edith Davis, went to Woodstock this morning for a two weeks' visit.
Mrs. Edwin Vavasour and children left this week for a few weeks at the seashore.
Rev. E. Ratter, of St. Francis, is the guest of Senator and Mrs. Wark.
The numerous friends of his lordship, the Metropolitan, are grieved to hear of his very severe illness.
Bishop Kingdon arrived home from Digby Saturday.
Among the visitors at Whitman Contestment this week are: Mrs. Geo. Y. Dibble, Miss Louise Thompson and Messrs. Barry Atherton and J. Fickard, of Boston.
Mrs. Arthur Edgecombe returned to her home at St. John today.
Miss Hazel Edgecombe is in St. John visiting her aunt, Mrs. Finlay.
Miss Annie Barchill has returned home from the Bay Shore.
Mrs. James Stewart and baby, of Boston, have gone to St. John to visit friends there.
Miss Helen Martin is visiting friends at North End, St. John.
Miss Alice Mowatt, of Montreal, is visiting Miss Winnie Everett.
Mr. E. Byron Winslow returned from Chatham on Monday, whither he had gone to accompany Mrs. Winslow and family home.
Messrs. Slip and McFarlane, of St. John, are visiting friends in the city.
Mr. Geo. Clinton has returned from a pleasant week spent in Boston.
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McKay have returned to their home in St. Martins. CHECKER.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock at Mrs. John Loomis & Co. and Master Barry Shaw.
Acto. 6.—A very pleasant dance was given by Messrs. Lithgow, Griffith and Johnson, on Thursday evening, in Cole's hall. The weather was rather unfavorable, but, notwithstanding, a large and brilliant party filled the hall. Some pretty dresses were worn:
Mrs. Griffith wore black silk and lace, with cardinal flowers.
Mrs. Merritt, black lace and silk.
Mrs. Anderson, black lace.
Mrs. Beaudry, Arkansas, black satin and lace.
Mrs. Upham, Boston, black satin and lace.
Mrs. Bacon-Wilkins, Boston, yellow satin and white lace.
Mrs. Belyea, cardinal satin and black lace.
Miss Alice Beaudry, Arkansas, cream silk brocade with pink flowers, trimmings of cream chiffon and pink flowers.
Miss Beaudry, Maryland, blue veiling and satin.
Miss Perham, Boston, blue china silk and ribbons.
Miss Markee, St. Stephen, white lace, pink trimmings.
Miss Faulkner, black lace.
Miss Beaudry, Arkansas, blue veiling and satin.
Miss Jordan, cream satin and lace.
Miss Lily Jordan, blue silk and white lace.
Miss Louisa Jordan, cream brocade satin with feather trimming.
Miss Clara Carr, white lace and ribbons.
Miss Hazen, cream veiling and ribbons.
Miss Lena Griffith, white satin.
Miss Smith, blue satin and white lace and ribbons.
Miss Peabody, blue cashmere and satin.
Miss Cora Smith, white cashmere and lace.
Miss Edith Jordan, pink satin.
Miss Alice Bull, canary colored cashmere and silk.
Miss Munro, white muslin.
Miss Cripps, white lace with pink trimmings.
Miss Jessie Munro, white muslin and lace.
The gentlemen present were: Messrs. Lithgow, Griffith, Johnson, Hunt, Holyoke, A. D. Holyoke, Wilson, Stearns, Mansfield, Curran, Saunders, Taylor, Winslow, Merritt, Smith, Dr. Griffith, Belyea, Peabody, Murphy, Anderson and Stewart.
Dr. Hay, Philadelphia, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, Philadelphia, is also the guest of Mr. Hay.
Mr. Marchmont Brayley, Montreal, is the guest of Mr. D. F. Merritt. ELAINE.

SUSSEX.

[Progress is for sale in Sussex by R. D. Boaland Geo. D. Martin.
Acto. 10.—Among the social events last week were two very quiet weddings. One was that of Miss Annie Dobson and Mr. Gould which took place at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Geo. Dobson. The other was that of Miss Julia Sharp and Mr. William Alton which was celebrated at the bride's home in Waterford.
A pleasant event this week was a picnic given by Miss Louisa White at her father's farm near McGregor's Lake. The afternoon was spent in enjoying the sylvan beauties of the place, and the evening was passed in dancing at the house, music being furnished by Mr. Harry White with his quartet.
Miss Nellie Flewelling is spending a few weeks in Moncton.
Mrs. C. W. Stockton spent a day or two in St. John last week. She was accompanied on her return home by Miss Minnie Barlett, of Fairville, who will remain till the end of the week.
Mrs. B. A. Trites, of Petrolodoc, was in town on Friday.
Miss Belle Robertson spent a few days last week in St. John.
Mr. Harry White, of Lynn, is spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. White.
Mrs. Partlow, Mrs. MacAlay and her two children, Miss May and Master Douglas, returned last week from their vacation at the farm near St. John, where they were spending a few months.
Miss Nellie Ryan is spending a few days in Millstream, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Everett Bennett.
Miss Etie Johnson, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Geo. Bain, of St. John, returned home yesterday.
Dr. Charles Murray, of English Settlement, and Professor Murray, of Dalhousie college, were in town on Tuesday.
Mrs. Frank Roach gives a party today for the young friends of Miss Beatrice Roach, of St. John, who is spending a few weeks with her.
Miss Alice Carmichael, of St. John, is the guest of Mrs. E. Bond.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ryan, of St. John, spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Ryan.
Mr. A. F. M. Custance, of St. John, was in town on Monday.
Miss Jessie Aiken, of Boston, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. T. E. Arnold.
Miss Kate White, of Washington, was in town on Saturday.
The Misses Ryan returned home from Shelburne on Tuesday.
Mr. Herbert Arnold, of Moncton, spent Sunday and Tuesday at the guest of his parents Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Arnold.
The friends of Mr. Edward Arnold will be glad to hear that he is suffering from the grippe and is recovering.
Mr. Charles Atherton, of Fredericton, has been spending a few days with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Murray Huestis. She left today for home, accompanied by Mrs. Huestis and Miss Annie Huestis, who intend spending some weeks in Fredericton.
Miss Margaret Arnold returned home from St. John last week.
Mr. and Mrs. James Murray, of St. John, are visiting Mrs. Murray's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mills.
The Misses Daisy and Constance Vail returned from a pleasant visit to St. John on Saturday.
Mrs. Clarence Ward, of St. John, spent Monday and Tuesday in Sussex, the guests of her friend, Miss McLaughlin of St. Martins.
Mrs. Price is spending his vacation in Berwick.
Mrs. John Markham, of Markhamville, is in Sussex this week visiting her mother, Mrs. John Boyer.
Mr. C. E. English, who has been visiting friends at Petrolodoc and Sussex, left for Boston on Saturday, while in Sussex he made many friends. RONALD.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst, by George Douglas and H. A. Hillcoat.
Acto. 10.—The saddest news received in Amherst for many years came by telegram to Mr. A. B. Dickey on Saturday evening from Halifax announcing the death of his brother, Mr. Stewart Dickey, who, being a renowned cricketer, was there with the Ottawa team attending the tournament, the melancholy result of which was thrown into deepest grief one of our oldest and most highly respected families. Among the large number of relatives present at the funeral were: Mr. Stewart and Judge Townsend, of Halifax, and Dr. Townsend, of Petrolodoc, who was the guest of Mr. M. Townshend, while here.
Mrs. D. A. Steele and daughter, Grace, returned on Monday from Piquash, also Miss Maggie Purdy and Mr. H. A. Hillcoat.
Mrs. A. Barthele and her niece, Miss Peck, have gone to visit friends in British Columbia. DARRIN.

HILLSBORO.

Acto. 10.—A special train with two cars full of passengers left here Saturday evening for Salisbury to attend a concert given at that place. When about half-way the engine broke down. After a delay of two hours and a fruitless attempt to fix the engine, they ran the cars back within three miles of Hillsboro, and the disappointed pleasure seekers were obliged to walk from their respective homes. However, as it was a delightful moonlight night, the young people at Salisbury and near by, some of the concert and excursion being repeated in the hills.
Mr. R. H. Stevens, chief operator at Worcester depot, Nashua, U. S., is here visiting his parents, Dr. Stevens and his mother, Mrs. Marion Stevens, are taking a trip through Westmorland Co. REZ.

Beauty gives

The features perfectness, and to the form Its delicate proportions:—Willis.

Ladies.—Our beautiful new line of seasonable attractions in AUTUMN DRESS GOODS

await your inspection. We are showing in great variety the very latest and most approved selections in all Grades, Fabrics, Shades and Colors. We guarantee the NEWEST and BEST GOODS, as well as the FAIREST PRICES.

Welsh, Hunter & Hamilton, 97 KING ST., ST. JOHN.

If you want a Nice Parlor Suit, Bedroom Suit, Side-board or Fancy Chair, cheap, call at Everett & Miller's, 13 Waterloo St.

CAMPBELLTON.

[Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.
Acto. 10.—The drowning of little Willie, the twelve year old son of J. A. Johnson, of the I. C. R., which occurred on Tuesday morning, has been one of the saddest events in the history of the town. The accident occurred shortly after the steamer Christian had left the wharf with a happy group of Sabbath school children on their way to picnic.
The little fellow, unobserved, had entered the small boat in tow of the steamer, where the rope broke and the little craft upset, precipitating the helpless boy into the water, and he disappeared before any assistance could be given. Notwithstanding that diligent search has been made for the body, it has not yet been recovered. Mr. Johnson and family have the deepest sympathy of everyone.
Mrs. Archibald McKenzie died on Friday after a short illness, leaving a large family of small children to mourn the loss of a kind mother. Her funeral took place last Sunday and was largely attended.
The Messrs. Price of Petrolodoc is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry Bray.
His Lordship Bishop Rogers of Chatham is the guest of Rev. J. E. Pienner.
The many friends of Mr. John Jackson of Port Arthur, are pleased to see him here again looking well. Rumor says he is here on a mission which will be of interest to some of the young people.
Miss Nellie Bannie, of St. John is here spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rannie. He is accompanied by his cousin, Mr. Joseph Rannie, Mr. A. Barthele and her niece, Miss Peck, have gone to visit friends in British Columbia. DARRIN.

HARCOURT.

[Progress is for sale at Mrs. S. J. Livingston's grocery store, Harcourt.
Acto. 10.—Miss Annie Black and Mr. Odber Black were visiting their sister, Mrs. Keith, on Sunday and returned to Richibucto on Monday.
Mrs. Keith and her daughter, Blanche, went to Richibucto by train on Monday.
Mr. W. O. McInerney passed through here by train on Monday for New York, after spending his vacation in Kent Co.
Mr. and Mrs. James Brown went to Kingston and Richibucto on Monday to spend a few days.
Mr. Wm. E. Brown, who has been here for some days past, is convalescent.
Mr. Edward McInerney of Kingston is visiting his friends in this neighborhood.
Mr. Phinney, J. P., was here on Saturday on his return from St. John.
Mr. W. D. Smith of Richibucto spent a few hours here yesterday and returned home in the afternoon.
Mr. J. D. Laundry of St. John was here last week for home by the midnight express.
Mr. R. A. Chapman was here on Saturday night north.
Miss Annie Page, of St. John, made a short call on her friend Mrs. Gordon Livingston on Saturday returning home from a pleasant vacation at Kent county shipwreck.
Mr. Thomas McPherson is able to move around after his recent serious illness.
Mr. James McCrea and family have returned from Charlottetown where they spent the summer.
Mr. Patrick Harnett, who has been residing in the Western States for some years past on a visit to his relatives in this section.
Hon. Peter Mitchell and Mr. John O'Brien, M. P. E., were here yesterday going north.
Mr. and Mrs. George A. Coates, of Kingston, passed through here today on their way home from visiting parties of Kings and St. John counties. REZ.

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OUT FOR FUN.

Continued from First Page.
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They Are Abstainers.
An injustice was unintentionally done Ald. James Knox, last week, in classifying him among the abstainers who take "a glass of wine occasionally." He has been an abstainer for twenty years, and it must be admitted that he was rated out of his class. Ald. Blizard, who was ranked as "very nearly a teetotaler," says that while he can take a glass of wine occasionally he does not. With these corrections, the number of total abstainers in the council foots up to ten, which is a very good showing indeed.
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Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

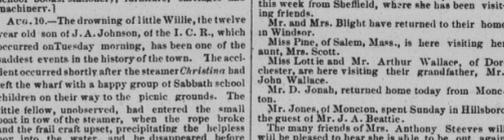
NEW PATTERNS IN Cork Carpet JUST OPENED. THE BEST FLOOR COVERING MADE. The Warmth, Softness, Noiselessness, Elasticity and Durability excels all other floor coverings. A. O. SKINNER. Thousands of families are now using TAMILKANDE TEA. Why? Because it is rich in flavor and economical in use. A pound will go three times as far as the tea you have been using. Try it and be convinced. Your grocer has it. In 1 lb lead packets at 40c., 50c. and 60c. SOLD BY W. ALEX. PORTER.

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Patrolman Julius Zelder



Of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Police Force, gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. His wife takes it for dizziness and indigestion and it works charmingly. "The children also take it with great benefit. It is without doubt a most excellent thing for Fast Tired Feeling. I cheerfully recommend."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, and sick headache.

Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

NEW PATTERNS IN Cork Carpet JUST OPENED. THE BEST FLOOR COVERING MADE. The Warmth, Softness, Noiselessness, Elasticity and Durability excels all other floor coverings. A. O. SKINNER. Thousands of families are now using TAMILKANDE TEA. Why? Because it is rich in flavor and economical in use. A pound will go three times as far as the tea you have been using. Try it and be convinced. Your grocer has it. In 1 lb lead packets at 40c., 50c. and 60c. SOLD BY W. ALEX. PORTER.

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CITY CORNET BAND EXCURSION

AMHERST, N. S. MONDAY, AUG. 15. And Picnic of the Congregation of St. Charles Barmoco's Church in the Exhibition Grounds.
HOT DINNERS will be served by the ladies of the congregation for 40 cents, which will include admission to the grounds. The Amherst Cornet Band will supply music.
Tickets \$1.50 For sale at the usual places and at the station on the morning of the excursion.
Trains will leave the I. C. R. station, Mill street, at 7 o'clock a.m., arriving in Amherst at 12 o'clock. There will be ample time to view the works of the Chignecto Marine Railway.
Returning will leave Amherst at 6 o'clock, sharp, arriving in St. John at 11 o'clock. All local time. Should the weather be unfavorable on Monday, the excursion will take place on Tuesday.
JAS. CONNOLLY, Secretary.

FOR WEEK OF AUGUST 15.

New Features for RUFUS SOMERBY'S Parlor Musee FIRST APPEARANCE PRINCE TINYMITE the 2nd. The Smallest Man on Earth and the HE IS THE MIDGET OF ALL MIDGETS 15 Years Old, 30 Inches High, Weighs 20 Pounds. All the other Features Retained. BERTHO—The World's only Transformation Dancer. THE GRAND ILLUSION—Yenus Bismar from the Sea. The great Lightning Calculator SOL STONE. WILLIETT and THOME, Comedy Sketch Artists. New Features constantly Presented. Reception every Afternoon, 2 to 5; every Evening 7.30 to 10 o'clock. TEN CENTS ADMITS TO ALL. Seats for Stage Entertainment 5 cents. RUFUS SOMERBY, Manager.

THE Boston Opera Company

not being as represented, the Opera House Directors have cancelled the engagement for the two weeks from Aug. 15.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1892.

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MADE.

Elasticity and

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are now using... Try it and...

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ST. N. S.

AUG. 15.

Congregation of St...

er served by the ladies...

ts \$1.50

at the station on the

C. R. station, Mill street...

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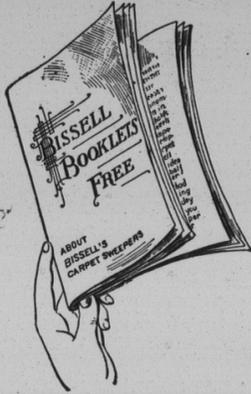
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Free to those who ask for it.

WE have only a few of them, but every lady should have one.

Bissell's Carpet Sweepers.

That everyone who lives on carpets ought to read.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

Last Opportunity

Of calling your attention to the Red Figure Sale through the columns of PROGRESS...

Boys' Suits from 79c. up. Men's Pants from \$1.00 up. Men's Suits from \$3.40 up.

OAK HALL. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., OAK HALL. St. John, N. B.

THE HOME OF VETERANS.

WHERE BRITISH SOLDIERS ARE CARED FOR BY THE NATION.

Chelsea Hospital and the Stories Told of How it was Established...

In olden times discharged and destitute veterans of the British army wandered from door to door...

After the Restoration their condition was a scandal to King Charles II. and the country.

But sometimes tradition has longer legs than history. British folk will never cease believing the tradition that rough, kind hearted Nell Gwynne had all to do with the founding of Chelsea hospital for British pensioners.

One is that one day Nell was sitting with Charles in her summer house at Chelsea, one of whose windows overlooked the fine meadows surrounding King James' college...

Another more romantic version is that one day pretty Nell was riding in the king's gilded coach, and being most desolate the king rallied her, when she confessed that her distress was owing to the following dream:

"Methought I was in the fields of Chelsea, and slowly there rose before my eyes a beautiful palace of a thousand chambers; and in and out thereof walk divers, many old and worn-out soldier men with all kinds of scars, and many maimed as to their limbs.

The story goes that the king was touched by Nell's dream and then and there swore a great oath that it should come to reality. And so it did. The king hardly saw more than the corner stone laid by Sir Christo-

pher Wren, in 1681; but before Dr. Tension, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, had preached Nell Gwynne's funeral sermon in 1690, there truly 'slowly rose before her eyes a beautiful palace of a thousand chambers'...

An easy and delightful way to visit Chelsea Hospital is to take one of the countless Thames steamers. These ply up and down the river at all hours of the day and night, taking on and landing hundreds of passengers at piers about a quarter of a mile apart...

This zigzag trip on the Thames is the most interesting in all the world, for its distance; providing you go on board, say, at the 'Old Swan' pier, on the city side of London bridge...

Abutting Albert bridge at the western end of that portion of the Thames called Chelsea Reach, you step upon a little pier, and thence upon the upper Thames embankment, and at once are within a charmed and charming region.

In Cheyne Walk lived Turner, the painter; in Cheyne Row lived George Eliot and rugged old Carlyle. Queen Elizabeth used to visit the Earl of Shrewsbury at Shrewsbury House, just back of Cheyne Walk; and doughty old Samuel Johnson, who thought he could mould China as well as make a dictionary for a long time came here every day to the old Chelsea china works...

The poet George Herbert dwelt in this neighborhood; Rossetti lived and sang here amid his garden of flowers; and at a little barber shop and coffee house, 'Don Saltoro's,' it was called, in Cheyne Walk, Richard Cromwell, Steele and Addison and Benjamin Franklin, who worked in a printing shop in Bartholomew Close, came to get shaved and to loiter over their coffee...

Indeed a grand, good, sweet book could be written about the folks who have loved and known old Chelsea whom we have known and loved for what they did for the world. Sauntering on through the quaint streets with their ancient and picturesque mansions, hosts of the silent great will throng about you. But now and then your delightful memories will be not unpleasantly broken in upon by the appearance of some shriveled old man, often with a cane or a crutch and always in flaming red.

You will find these venerable old fellows in red, who become more frequent as you near the hospital, either moody, con-

templative and contemptuous, with the corners of their mouths drawn in deep lines and their puffy lower lips in a sort of endless tremulous activity of scornful repartee or oburgation, or with bright, peopled looks of garrulousness and good greeting. All have pipes in their mouths, and all hold them there with a ferocious kind of grasp, as though whatever else they might lose, the pipe was the one good friend of old that should never be torn from them without a mighty struggle.

Many an odd little stouy you will find among the cantankerous past age heroes in the quiet streets of Chelsea. Chelsea is hardly to be Chelsea without them. Struggling along its thoroughfares, sitting bent and silent on sunny benches, leaning against fountains, vases and statues, resting as compositely as house owners on house steps and vestibules, or stumping along with orders to this and that servant, as if long habit had given them acquired supervisory rights over the affairs of residents, they irresistibly suggest a bevy of croaking cockatoos turned loose in park and garden, each one harping upon some fancied grievance or delight.

Many are the snug little public houses near by, worse luck to the British citizen and pensioner! you would find it easy enough to make friendships with these old fellows, who have little to do and much to remember while awaiting the last long muster. It would be sorely ungracious in you not to cement an acquaintanceship of this sort with a little purchase of 'backy,' and several purchases of 'four ale,' even though an unrelenting prohibitionist at home. Thus you will learn marvelous things of British valor afield, all of course, in the old days when, different than now, fighting was fighting indeed. You will secure a willing and tateful guide to Chelsea Hospital. And above all you will learn how a British pensioner's pride in his own and his country's achievements may be mingled, in the same breath, with his own everlasting discontent and contempt.

You will find Chelsea Hospital a dark and imposing structure, possessing that indefinable gloomy grandeur which its builder, Sir Christopher Wren, gave as a marked characteristic to all his architectural creations. Indeed one may well say Wren seems to stare at you from out the facades of all great London buildings. But the grounds are wide and ample, and the noblest trees in London everywhere flank the fine old building, far enough away to give shade of foliage of Battersea Park, across the river.

There are practically no restrictions upon these old wards of Chelsea. They go and come at will; and punishments for infraction of always lenient discipline are confined to the wearing of a black cap for extraordinary revolt against good order, or a few hours in the guard house for a pensioner taken red-handed in battle with John Barleycorn at the ale house. They are royal grumblers all. To them their clothing is 'shoddy,' soup is 'swill,' cocoa and coffee are 'pizen,' butter is 'Thames skimmim's,' and, in scornful imitation of the officers appropriating all the joints of mutton while leaving them but the ribs and brisquets, they stoutly assert that 'Every sheep killed for Chelsea has nine breasties!' But I believe they are, on the whole, very comfortable and considerably treated, and fully as well served and cared for as are the veterans of our own Soldiers' Homes.

The most interesting places in Chelsea hospital are the ward rooms, the kitchen when the noon day meal is nearly ready, the chapel and the great hall. In the ward rooms I discovered one chipper old fellow who will be 93 years old in October. He is William Merrill, late of the 31st Foot; is a native of Bedfordshire; enlisted in 1819; and has seen over 40 years of actual service. My companion

said he was the 'slyest rogue and joker in No. 10 ward.' Gay old William also has the record of countless flirtations over the area railings of Chelsea's mansions. Carlyle chased him all the way back to the 'hospital one day for too vigorous badinage with the serving-maids of the philosopher's family in Cheyne Row. Any Sunday forenoon you may see 300 or 400 of these grizzled pensioners at chapel. They are not very reverential, and are as uneasy as children in the pew. They shuffle their feet, get into complications with their wooden legs, canes and crutches, and there is much snuffing, clearing of throats and hard asthmatic breathing. But Herkomer's great painting does not exaggerate the pathos of their collective and individual aspect. So many of these white heads and battle-scarred, bent frames together looked very pitiful indeed when all are bowed and still at time of prayer and benediction. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Bismark and the Emperor. Prince Bismark told a story, the other day, of the battlefield of Koniggratz. The old Emperor—then King of Prussia—had exposed himself and his staff to the enemy's fire, and would not hear of retreating to a safe distance. At last Prince Bismark rode up to him, saying, 'As responsible minister, I must insist upon your majesty's retreat to a safe distance. If your majesty were to be killed the victory would be of no use to us.' The king saw the force of this and slowly retreated, but in his zeal returned again and again to the front. 'When I noticed it,' Prince Bismark went on, 'I only rose in my saddle and looked at him. He understood perfectly, and calling out, rather angrily, 'Yes, I am coming!' But we did not get on fast enough, and at last I rode close up to the king, took my foot out of the right stirrup, and secretly gave his horse an energetic kick. Such a thing had never before happened to the fat mare, but the move was a success, for she set off in a fine canter.

Italy's Queen as a Child. A charming story is told in the current number of The Recue de Famille of the Queen of Italy. Her favorite governess, when she was a child, was Middle. Rosa Aberser, who was a girl of 22 when the ten-year-old Princess of Savoy became her pupil. The two became very much attached to each other, for the Viennese teacher's yoke was easy, and her instruction was pleasantly imparted. The princess at that time received a small amount of pocket money every month. The governess noticed at one time that her pupil had spent nothing of it for several months, and when asked what she intended doing with it gave an evasive answer. At the end of the fourth month, however, Princess Margaret of Savoy presented her governess with a ring of her own hair ornamented with her initials in diamonds.

VICTIMS OF ASSASSINS.

European Rulers Who Have Been Targeted for Murderous Attacks. Within little more than 300 years two French rulers have perished by assassination—Henry III., who was murdered by Jacques Clement in 1589 and Henry IV., probably the most popular monarch that ever bore sway in France, was stabbed by Ravallac, May 14, 1610. Since that time unsuccessful attempts have been made on the lives of several of the rulers of France. Louis XV., Napoleon, Louis Philippe, Napoleon III. were the objects of assassination plots, some of which came very near succeeding. In Feisch's attempt on the life of Louis Philippe upwards of forty persons were killed or injured, and Marshal Morier, who had survived the campaigns of Napoleon, was struck dead by a bullet from the infernal machine. This was on July 28, 1835. Several other attempts were made to kill the king. In all, seven assassins at different times sought his life. By the explosion of a bomb, with which the Orsini conspirators sought to slay Napoleon III., several persons were killed or injured. For this attempt Orsini perished on the scaffold. A crazy man a year or two ago fired a shot at President Carnot. French rulers have not had an exceptional experience in this respect. Within a century two czars of Russia, a king of Sweden, a grand duke of Parma, and a prince of Serbia have been assassinated. Two attempts on the life of the late Emperor William are known, and in one of these he was severely wounded. Within ninety years a prime minister has been assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons, and at least two assassination plots have been detected. One of these, the Cato street conspiracy, contemplated the slaughter of the entire cabinet at one fell swoop. For this conspiracy, sometimes called the Thistlewood plot, Thistlewood and four of his accomplices suffered death May 1, 1820. Queen Victoria has had several narrow escapes, having been the target at close range of several murderous cranks.—Boston Transcript.

Helio-graphy. Helio-graphy is the name applied to the method of communicating between distant points in which usual signals are obtained by reflecting the rays of the sun from a mirror or combination of mirrors in the required direction. The two instruments generally used in helio-graphy are the heliograph and the heliotelegraph. The heliotelegraph is operated by hand, and it is the instrument which, in its more or less improved form, is used by Professor Davidson in coast survey work. Heliotelegraphs are usually placed upon a stand or table and adjusted to the distant signal station by the sights over the uprights. The centre ring is a trifle larger than one at the end, so that when the shadow of the centre rim shows upon the rim of the outer ring the flash may be said to be in focus, and when the sun is in front of

the operator that is all there is of it. When the sun is in the rear, however, it is necessary to make use of another mirror, placing it where it will reflect the sun on to the heliotelegraph mirror and thence through the rings. This creates a light like a star, but in order to keep it continuous the operator has to adjust the mirror every moment or two with his hand to conform to the motion of the earth. In triangulation the operator usually begins work at sunrise and keeps his heliotelegraph in focus until the day's work is practically over. The triangulator, having that bright, daylight star for his basis, has by that time been able to lay out considerable drawings, and he signals the heliographist to shut up shop by passing his hat over the rays from his own instrument a given number of times. Each party on survey work prearranges its own signals. There is no regular code made use of in this work, but in the army it is different.

By Being Our Customers

You get the following goods at the following prices, and to procure goods at our terms is always advantageous to the buyer. China Silk, for Sash or Scarf, 15c. per yard. Art Muslins, 10c., reduced to 6c. " " " 14c., " 8c. " " " 19c., " 13c. "

Remnants. Down Stairs remnants of PRINTS, DRESS GOODS and SHAKERS in Grey and Garget. Also some TEN YARD ENDS OF PRINT, 75c. each.

To Clear out The balance of our Summer Dress Goods we offer to give to each purchaser in this line TRIMMINGS FREE.

G. H. McKAY, 61 Charlotte Street.



WILES OF STRONG MEN.

How They do Some Remarkable Feats, and How They Fool the People.

It might be of interest to know something of the tricks used by the men of muscle, and their agents or spokesmen, who were so much patronized at the time of the late "strong man" craze.

As an agent who has had the pleasure of conducting three of the most celebrated of them through the provinces and the United States, their feats, genuine and otherwise (the "otherwise" portion greatly preponderates), are, of course, perfectly known to me; as well as the utmost limit to which their strength will reach.

Firstly, as to lifting. A weight, to be fairly lifted, must be raised until it is at arm's length above the head, and the body in an upright position, and must not be allowed to rest on any part of the arm, or shoulder after it has once started thence.

The greatest authentic lift ever made in public was 256lb. by Eugene Sandow at St. James's hall about September, 1890.

This lift he claimed was the record, yet he professed nightly at Cardiff, Liverpool, and other places to lift a weight of 320lb. To my certain knowledge nobody has, either previously or since, lifted on the public stage as much as 250lb., except on this one occasion, the weights really lifted being nearly always under what they are said to be.

There is only one exception to the above reduction, that of a dumb-bell belonging to a member of the fraternity now in the States, which weighs 219lb. So, without any shot whatever in it. It should be remarked that the balls at the end of all the larger bells are hollow, and fitted with a hole and a cork, so that they may be loaded up with shot or sand at the pleasure of the performer.

One gentleman whom it is needless to name, but who is now fulfilling an oakum-picking contract for Her Majesty's government, used nightly to lift out of its trolley and carry about the stage a huge dumb-bell, which he claimed weighed 1,000lb., and used likewise to offer £50 pound to any two men who were able to merely lift it out of the trolley.

It is interesting to note that the balls of this dumb-bell were solid, as they were claimed to be (they were about 2 1/2 in. in diameter), the whole would weigh roughly 8,000lb.

Breaking leather straps and wire round the chest are merely tricks, and could be done by most people. The tongue of the buckle in the first place is filed into an edge, which cuts the leather and so starts a tear, which, being continued across, soon breaks the strap.

Another method, slightly better, as it does away with the painting, but far from perfect is to simply break the link and then to solder it up again. This, however, has the disadvantage of looking "fakely" on the broken pieces being examined by the "house."

The method, however, mostly used at present, and seemingly perfect, is to temper the link dead hard, so hard in fact that it would break like glass if dropped on a stone slab. Now this link, to break, must have a bending, not a vertical, strain on it, and so must be brought over the small projection of the biops, or, in the case of the chest, over the angle of one of the pectorals.

As the right link is only known to the performer, he is safe, as any other man might try for a month and never get the right position.

It might be remarked here that the biceps of the gentleman above referred to was got into that peculiar ball shape by, so to speak, training the muscle, by constantly rubbing and pressing it upwards with the hand. This formation is undoubtedly of great use in chain-breaking, as it increases the expanding power of the muscle to a very great extent.

There is a feat, that of breaking a penny or a shilling—that would be, if it were genuine, which it is not, the greatest and most wonderful part of all the business of the strong man. This is done, in the case of pennies, by placing the coin in a vice and with a pair of pincers, bending it backwards and forwards until it is soft; the jaws of both instruments being covered with leather so as to not mark the coin.

A shilling may be prepared in this way, but it is generally done by covering with wax, scraping a narrow channel in the same, and putting mercury upon it, which, our chemical readers will know, rots the silver so that a breath would almost break it. The wax is then wiped off and the coin rubbed up with a bit of leather, when it looks perfectly natural, as also does the fracture.

The agent or spokesman for the strong man, being fully supplied with pennies or shillings of the most common dates, asks one of the spectators to throw up a penny or a shilling after he has marked it so that he may know it again. As often as not the thrower simply looks at the date, when, of course, it is plain sailing for the agent, who has only to be slightly acquainted with palming to substitute a prepared coin of the right date. If, however, the coin is marked, he gives a prepared one to his man and, when the coin is broken, throws the pieces over the house, taking care that they do not go anywhere near the person who sent up the original marked coin.

It is hardly necessary to say that it is not possible to break a coin in the fingers, as, in the first place, there is hardly anything to take hold of, and in the second, the material is very hard and tough, much larger than one would be led to expect.

Of course, in this business, a great deal depends on the savoir faire of the agent or spokesman, whose patter is 50 per cent. bluff, about 45 per cent. absolute lying, and the rest truth.—English Paper.

THE MAN WHO SELLS TICKETS.

He is the best Paid Employee of the Tent Shows, Yet Is Never Mentioned.

There is one attraction of a circus never mentioned on the bills, yet he is one of, if not the most, important personages connected with the enterprise. He is the man who sells the tickets, or, in circus parlance, "the juggler of the papes." He receives your money, passes back your change—if you don't let him—he offers to and can tell a counterfeit bill or coin, simply by the touch. A reporter recently sat in the back of one of these recumbent box offices, and was amazed at the dexterity and accuracy and speed with which the business of "filling the canvass" was performed.

The ticket seller sat on a high stool. Tickets flanked him on either side, and in less than twenty minutes this master of his calling had dealt out over two thousand one hundred cards of admission, reserved seats and hall tickets. As the money was handed in he placed it on a little tray covered shell on a level with his elbow, there to remain until the next buyer had been served.

The expert "juggler" can handle the reserved seat tickets with one hand, the admissions with the other, and yet keep both hands free enough to dispense change, half tickets and pull in the money. They never look at faces. They see only the hand that holds the money. Counterfeit money has no terrors for them, for, as the one referred to above said to the reporter: "We can smell it a mile off. All sorts of calls are made for tickets. One man came up at the place instance and asked for thirteen whole and seven half tickets and slipped down a handful of bills and coin in payment.

The transaction did not "rattle" the man at the wicket a bit. He managed the matter just as easily, so it seemed, as if the call had been for one fifty-cent piece. Lightning ticket sellers, however, are born, not made, and command salaries accordingly. Some are paid as high as \$5,000 for a season of thirty weeks, and none, it is said, receive less than \$100 per week. They are really the best paid employees of a circus, and it is no wonder that they flash up at the little window in immaculate linen, from which a "sparkler" emits a blaze like the rays of an electric light.

Cows Feeding on Codfish.

Cows in Norway have been credited with the power of extracting sustenance from stones which travellers in that country will have seen them licking. A more substantial diet is found for them in the winter in some parts of the country, where provender of all kinds is scarce, in the shape of heads of the codfish, which are pounded into a mash. The milk of cows so fed, tastes strongly of cod-liver-oil, and cannot be pleasant to drink, yet with all its unpleasantness it may be very valuable for consumptive patients.

A Voice from the Kitchen.

A loud, rasping, and impatient voice rang out from the kitchen. It was the voice of the new cook. "Mrs. Billus!" "Well, Mary!" "You told me to bring the water, ma'am, and I've been bilin' it an hour and a half. I want to know if you think it's done yet."—Chicago Tribune.

HISTORY OF TABLE UTENSILS.

How People Ate in Olden Times—The Table of Today.

How many persons there are who do not know, or at least know but vaguely, that the manner of taking meals has not always been the same as it is at the present time, and that most of our table utensils are of quite recent origin.

When Gaul was conquered by the Romans, the latter introduced their habits of table. Everyone knows that the Romans took their meals in lying upon very low couches that somewhat resembled what we call a lounge. When we say that they lay down, our statement is not exactly accurate, since cushions permitted them to change position frequently, for it would have been very difficult for them to abandon themselves to the pleasures of the table in constantly occupying a horizontal position.

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The Greeks and Romans were acquainted with plates, or rather with a sort of porringer, and yet, during a portion of the middle ages, people made use of slices of bread cut round like a wheel, and placed on a napkin, which was placed on the table. This practice is again spoken of in the coronation ceremonies of Louis XII., at the beginning of the sixteenth century. After the repast this bread was given to the poor.

The spoon must date back to a very ancient epoch, for, although it is always possible to eat solid food with the fingers—a very ancient and very natural practice—the same is not the case with a liquid or semi-solid aliment, and it is not possible to consume otherwise than with a sort of spoon. Moreover, spoons have been found at Pompeii and in several excavations and notably in the famous treasury of Hildesheim.

The use of spoons in France was not generally adopted until toward the end of the fourteenth century, but there is a question of this in the will of Saint Remi, the bishop of Clovis in 496. The use of the knife is very ancient, and the first that we know of were of hard stone. Herodotus tells us that the knives used by the Egyptian surgeons were likewise of stone.

The use of the knife among us as a table utensil does not date back to a very ancient epoch. Although there are famous cutlery works at Beauvais in the tenth century, it does not appear that the knife was much used upon the table. At this epoch, and for a very long time, the blade was fixed and enclosed in a sheath. It is not two centuries since the use of clasp knives became common. The blades were not provided with them, and each person carried his own. This custom has been preserved even in our day in some distant provinces.

My daughter was afflicted for nearly a year with catarrh. The physicians being unable to help her, my pastor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed his advice. Three months of treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills completely restored me to health. —Bonifacia Lopez, 247 E. Commerce st., San Antonio, Texas.

For several years, I was troubled with inflammatory rheumatism, being so laid at times as to be entirely helpless. For the last two years, whenever I felt the effects of the disease, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have not had a spell for long time. —E. T. Hanchbrough, Elk Run, Va.

For all blood diseases, the best remedy is

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

Cures others, will cure you

Henry III. was the first to use forks upon the table. He had a certain number of silver ones made, and the use of the article spread very quickly at court. It must be added that such use was regarded as quite ridiculous by the public, as may be seen from the following passage from a satire upon the court of Henry III.: "Firstly, they never touch meat with their hands, but with forks, and they carried it to their mouth in bending forward the neck and body upon their seat. They took with forks, for it is forbidden in that country to touch meat with the hands, however difficult it may be to take, and they prefer that little forked instrument, rather than their fingers, shall touch their mouth."

Despite the morose criticism that we have just cited, the use of the fork rapidly extended, and the fact must be recognized that it was not without good reason.

Since the remotest antiquity, cups have been employed at banquets for the beverages drank thereat. They were of metal, more or less precious, according to the wealth of the amphitryon.

In the middle ages, drinking glasses and cups were very rare. They were generally mounted upon a foot or stem, of gold or silver, enriched with precious stones. It was not till the fifteenth century, the epoch at which Venice began to spread abroad her products, that the use of glasses became more general, yet in ordinary life,

people continued for a long time to use tin drinking vessels, which were often of beautiful workmanship, and which figured with other utensils, likewise of tin, upon the dressers and buffets of the lords.

The custom of setting several glasses before each person, for the different wines that are to be served, belongs to the nineteenth century. In the eighteenth century the glass was dipped, at each new wine, into small earthenware vessels filled with water, and which were placed upon the table within reach of the guests.

The salt cellar dates back to remote times, and that is natural, since the use of salt is lost in the night of time. Homer qualifies it as divine. Among the Greeks and Romans, it occupied the place of honor at banquets. Among the wealthy, it was of silver or gold, and was handed down from father to son. Benvenuto Cellini purchased some from Francis I. that were of the most exquisite workmanship. There are likewise some beautiful specimens in faience, and at the Louvre may be seen those made at Orion of the celebrated set, called the service of Diana of Poitiers or of Henry II.

Although salt cellars were likewise made of very common earthenware, Olivier de la Marche tells us that, at ordinary repasts, the salt cellar was often a piece of bread hollowed out to receive the salt, and which was placed near each guest.

As for the caster or cruet stand, which was unknown to the ancients, it has been impossible for us to find out to what epoch it dates back. It is probable, however, that it is not older than the sixteenth century.

Such is the origin of the utensils that are now to be found upon the humblest tables, and it will be acknowledged that a notable progress has been made in the manner of taking one's daily food.

He Kept His Congregation.

The pastor of a church in a Pennsylvania mining village was greatly annoyed last winter by the conduct of the younger members of his flock.

When a young woman grew tired of the evening sermon she would rise and go out. A moment later her "beau" would seize his hat and sheepishly follow her to escort her home.

By the time the sermon was over it was mostly the old people who were left to hear the conclusion of it. Mr. Blank smothered his annoyance for some time. At last he resolved to act.

A youth grew sleepy one Sunday evening, and, taking up his coat and hat, stepped into the aisle. To his dismay, the minister stopped short in his discourse.

"Young man," he said, "the lady who went out last is not the one you wish to escort home. When she goes I will let you know. Sit down. In future when a woman goes out I will call on the proper man to take care of her."

He resumed his sermon. There was much giggling and a great deal of wrath. But his sermons were not interrupted again during the whole winter.

In the rural portions of France, it is said, the cures in their sermons often make personal appeals to their hearers, lecturing them by name for their avarice, drunkenness, or other misdemeanors.

"They are like children," one of these faithful men said to a stranger. "If you reprove or exhort them en masse, each man passes his share on to his neighbor and holds himself innocent."

For Scrofula

After suffering for about twenty-five years from scrofulous sores on the legs and arms, trying various medical courses without benefit, I began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and a wonderful cure was the result. My bottles sufficed to restore me to health. —Bonifacia Lopez, 247 E. Commerce st., San Antonio, Texas.

Catarrh

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Rheumatism

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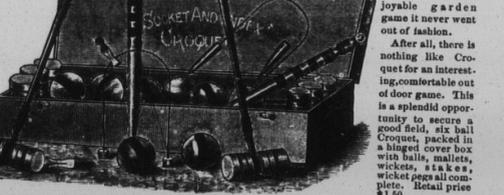
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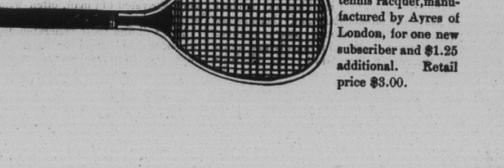
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PHI... A Life Preached in... The following... Philip... we have all... months of... think we... human char... The kingd... with all... It contains... men"; and... choice of... "the Twelv... the Comm... constitute... —all essent... and thus w... in all its... is all the... And I belie... operation at... in the elect... afterwards a... in the ac... so Christen... discipline... Now these... comprise a... four complet... names they... each, and i... come toget... James alway... tion: Philip... Matthew, the... Alphons, Le... and Judas, t... this order i... I think, to... an differen... chann... men. Thus... men of the... as the seco... Philip stand... ways at its... learned regar... the conclusi... place as he... to believe h... stands. Peter... best. Notwith... was the disp... ed him by, w... if Philip had... himself. But... did not do... ness were w... At the begin... he failed to... the abundan... seemed to p... three year... stood where... began; next... progress he... may have been... Phillips beg... specially abou... thought to b... Jesus by the... Beginning to... around and a... they answeri... Thou?" were... Thou?" were... movement was... narrative tells... Peter and br... note what follo... the evangelist... to go into Gal... This, to me... Had Jesus rem... tizing, and c... to John, the... disciples of... been attracte... To remain the... best place for... then, just as... ning was He m... ing? Do not... happen there... were suddenly... distance, and... gone seeking... which after-d... to be of the... nobody who kn... Everyone, in... the gone thither... Now is not th... goes down into... minded to do... attacks him to... to secure not... Casting aside... al from the li... bus one way t... and that is, t... to secure Phi... ciples. This... perfectly natu... Bethesda, the... Perhaps the tw... him, and that... well for Him... Christ's omnic... no such inform... He knew Philip... to secure him... an persuaded... go into Galilee... let?" He journey... there, Philip... way. The Mast... sought him. So... ones here—sh... Peter also, bro... finds Him. Bu... no seeking in... to Jesus by any... sought and fou... Trus, there woul...



SUNDAY READING

SERMON.

PHILIP OF BETHSAIDA.

A Life Study by Rev. Adam Scott, Preached in St. Paul's Church, London.

The following day Jesus would go forth into Galilee, and would call Philip, and said unto him, Follow Me.—John 1. 42.

Philip was the standstill disciple. As we have all the seasons in the twelve months of the year, so I am inclined to think we have all the leading types of human character in the twelve disciples. The kingdom of Christ is the true vine, with all manner of variation in its branches. It contains "all sorts and conditions of men"; and in its foundation laid in the choice of "the twelve" there is surely the prefiguration of what it was to be. "The Twelve" formed the microcosm of the Cosmos Christ came to create and constitute. In Himself—the Son of Man—all essential human qualities inhered, and thus was He fitted to draw humanity in all its diversity unto Himself. This in all the centuries He has been doing. And I believe that He put His plan into operation at the very beginning—gave us in the election of "the twelve" at once the pattern and promise of what He was afterwards and always to do. As the oak lies in the acorn, as the lily lies in the bulb, so Christendom of the centuries lay in the discipleship of the twelve.

Now these first disciples, it seems to me, comprise a threefold gradation. In the four complete lists which we have of their names they fall into three groups of four each, and in each list the same four always come together. Peter, Andrew, John and James always constitute the first quaternon; Philip, Bartholomew, Thomas and Matthew, the second; James the son of Alphaeus, Lebbeus, Simon the Cananaean, and Judas, the third. Now the fact that this order is maintained throughout points, I think, to an ordination founded upon the different characters and attainments of the men. Thus, we regard the first four as men of the highest grade in merit, the next as second rate, and the third as lower. Philip stands in the second group, and always at its head. Now all that I have learned regarding him would lead me to the conclusion that this was not so high a place as he might naturally have occupied. I believe he might have stood where Peter stands. Peter was the disciple who did best. Notwithstanding his serious faults he was the most forward. It appears to me that he displaced Philip, or at any rate, passed him by, which he should not have done if Philip had made the best and most of himself. But this, as it seems to me, he did not do. Movement and progressiveness were wanting in the man of Bethsaida. At the beginning he gave promise which he failed to fulfil. His life did not yield the abundant harvest which its springtime seemed to prophesy. At the end of his three years' fellowship with Christ he stood where he stood at the beginning. I want you, then, to note—first, how Philip began; next how he failed to make the progress he promised; and thirdly, why it may have been that he failed.

Philip's beginning. There is surely a speciality about this. Andrew and another, thought to be John, were attracted to Jesus by the testimony of the Baptist. Beginning to follow Jesus, He turned around and asked, "What seek ye?" And they answering, "Rabbi, where abidest Thou?" were invited to come and see. Thus you perceive that outwardly the movement was from them. Then, as the narrative tells us, Andrew found his brother Peter and brought him to Jesus. Now Peter and Andrew were the two who had been the evangelist. "He [Jesus] was minded to go into Galilee, and He findeth Philip." This, to me, is a significant statement. Had Jesus remained where John was baptizing, and continued to show Himself to John, the probability is that other disciples of the Baptist would have been attracted and attached to Him. To remain there was surely to be in the best place for gathering disciples. Why, then, just as the good work made a beginning was He minded to go into Galilee? Do not the events that immediately happen there supply the answer? If you were suddenly to take your departure to a distance, and were found whether you had gone seeking and forming a friendship, which after-days would show was intended to be of the closest character and tie-long, nobody who knew you and what you had been about, would have any difficulty in assigning the reason for your going. Everyone in the secret would say you had gone thither to find and attach your friend. Now is not that just the case here? Jesus goes down into Galilee because He was minded to do so, and then finds Philip, and attaches him to Himself by a bond that was to endure not only unto, but beyond death. Casting aside, as I do, everything accidental from the life of Christ, there is to me but one way to account for His action; and that is, that He went thither expressly to secure Philip as one of His first disciples. This might be explained on perfectly natural grounds. Philip was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter. Perhaps the two brothers told Jesus of him, and that he was a man it would be well for Him to attach. But believing in Christ's omniscience as I do, He needed no such information to be given Him. He knew Philip, and saw it would be good to secure him. This was in His mind, I am persuaded, when He "was minded to go into Galilee." It was not with "aimless feet" He journeyed thither. And, arrived there, Philip turned up in no accidental way. The Master found him because He sought him. So you may perceive a difference here—John and Andrew find Christ; Peter, also, brought to Him by his brother; but in Philip's case there is no seeking on his part, or bringing of him to Jesus by any friend. He altogether is sought and found by the Lord Himself. True, there would be the inward seeking

occur to him that the Christ-power can do what is wanted—that as His Master's heart was touched with the sense of hunger the crowd was beginning to feel His hand was sufficient to satisfy it. The circumstance were such as might have led up to this fruitfulness of faith. Christ had been healing the sick, why might He not also feed the hungry? Philip had often read the story of the giving of manna in the wilderness; and now, when He was here who was greater than Moses, why should not the old miracle in some sort be repeated? But Philip's faith is dormant; there rises out of it no such expectation. Ah, had he answered, "Lord, may I not read your question to mean, 'Thinkest thou, Philip, that I may not feed them, and therefore they need not go away?' And why not? Thou hast healed in their compassion their sick. Thou mightest, I believe, not give them bread to eat." Yes, if Philip had so answered, in his faith had looked in the direction of such an answer, then, methinks, his Lord would not have been silent, but from His heart would have burst forth the exhortation: "Blessed art thou, Philip of Bethsaida, for flesh and blood have not revealed it unto thee, but My Father in Heaven." But, alas! for faith in his Lord he had cold, calculating reason.

So, again, when he comes before us he shows to disadvantage. He professes the request, "Lord, show us how to pray," and his Lord makes answer, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip?" There is the whole secret of Philip's failure—he knew not his Lord. He knew not that He was the Messiah, but never did he bear in it the fatherly accents. So, too, before his eyes there constantly passed the vision all divine, yet in it never did he see the face of the Heavenly One to draw from him the confession, "My Lord and my God." The light shined, but the darkness comprehended it not. So Philip turned out what we have called him—the standstill disciple.

But now may we say what it was that caused him thus to fail? Well, here we must suggest, Philip, we think, lived too much in the past. His knowledge of Moses and the Prophets might, and ought to have been a great advantage to him; it is possible it proved otherwise. If he had used them as a foundation on which to build, then his knowledge thereof would have been greater value to him; but if he regarded them in the light of a perfect superstructure, in which the Christ was to be confined, his knowledge of them would be a positive preventive to the progress of his faith. It was true what he told Nathanael, "Jesus was He of whom Moses and the Prophets wrote, but they wrote only a part. The highest ideals of the prophets were infinitely more than realized by Him. The New Testament is surely immeasurably greater than the Old. Therefore, if Philip in his own mind, read and interpreted them not spiritually, and, therefore, with broadest meaning, but politically and literally, as so many of his day were accustomed to do, then we need go no farther to find the reason of his non-progressiveness in his own mind, and, therefore, to stand first in the second rank in the Apostleship.

The photograph given is, I think, a true likeness. But study the man and see for yourselves. The pity is, that among us there are so many bearing the christian name who are only too like the Philip we have photographed. The preacher may be as stationary as his pulpit, and, if so, the dry rot that sometimes gets into it, is likely to get into him. Of the people who occupy the post of christian today how many have made any advance from their childhood? Nay, what of ourselves? It is useless talking of those outside. Perhaps we have thanked God that we have never denied our Lord as Peter did, but we may have done worse. It is possible to ascend descendingly, to turn great fall into a great forward movement. But to stand still is to be in danger of falling into a kind of petrified pharisaism, and nothing, except downright apostasy, is worse than that. Jesus findeth Philip and saith to him, "Follow Me." At that moment I could now pierce the flesh-veil, methinks I could see Him who went down into Galilee present here today, going from heart to heart, saying, "Follow Me," and to those of us who do follow Him, "Closer, yet closer, follow Me." Amen.

There is a tide in the affairs of men Which takes at the flood leads on to fortune.

That tide came to Philip. His Master gave him ample opportunity to see that in Him all men's wants could be met, and all their woes remedied. A testing time came. One day a great multitude is with Christ in the desert. Matthew says: "He had compassion on them." It is the publican who looks into his Master's heart and sees the pity that welled up therein and sought vent. He also tells us that He healed the sick. Mark speaks also of the compassion, and states as its cause the fact that the multitude were as sheep not having a shepherd, and adds that Jesus "began to teach them many things." Now, we accept Peter's penman. Thus, you see, both Peter the fisherman and Matthew the publican looked into the mirror of their Master's soul and saw therein the same holy vision.

Now observe what happens. Jesus turns—not to Peter or the publican, who have made their mental note of His unheavenly emotion; but to Philip, and says: "What's the matter with this multitude of hungry people?" This He did, not because of John, who got his Lord's secret, tells us it was not because He knew not what He should do He put the question, but that He might prove him (Philip). The hour has come that tests Philip and decides his position. What is the answer he makes? "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that everyone may take a little." The words, methinks, tell with chilling effect upon the ears of Christ. This was surely not the answer He wanted. You perceive He has nothing to say in response and His silence is insignificant. The answer is that of cold, calculating reason, not of faith. It is of money-power Philip thinks. He is a good arithmetician, but his spiritual vision is at fault. It does not

convict them of false accusations. As for himself, he is ready and anxious to show every detail to a proper committee of investigation. He is very much gratified by Mr. Henry Labouchere's unsolicited testimony, that the redemption colonies are doing an extensive and useful work. The Rev. F. B. Meyer, who is being talked about as a possible successor of Dr. Newman Hall in the pulpit of Christ Church, London, and who is to attend Moody's Northfield conference next month, was for many years at Leicester, where he made himself exceedingly popular with the working classes. On summer Saturday afternoons he used to take parties of artisans for strolls in the country for the study of botany and natural history, and did much otherwise for their intellectual and social improvement.

The Happy Man. The Happy Man was born in the city of Regeneration, in the County of Atoneation. He was led there by Godly sorrow, along the road of Repentance—not-to-be-repeated of. He was educated in the school of Obedience, by submission unto God. His home is in Perseverance Road, where he has steady employment. Beside this he carries on quite a business in self-denial. His citizenship is in Heaven, from whence he looks for the return of his King. He was one of the first to respond to God's invitation to the feast, clothed in a wedding garment. Instead of buying oxen, he fed on those on whom the sentence of death had passed. Instead of buying land he received as a gift a part in Beniah Land as a spiritual resting place, and the assurance that if meek he should inherit the earth. His usual dress is the plain attire of humility, but enters the holiest of all, in a garment called the robe of Christ's Righteousness.

He always spends a time at the close of the day in the valley of self-abasement, finding it a good place for meditation, as it is on the direct road to the mountain of spiritual-mindedness. He breakfasts every morning on spiritual prayer, and sups every evening on the same, has met to eat that the world knows not of, feeds also on the Bread of Life, the Hidden Manna, and his drink is the sincere milk of the word. G.

restores faded, thin, and gray hair to its original color, texture, and abundance; prevents it from falling out, checks tendency to baldness, and promotes a new and vigorous growth. A clean, safe, elegant, and economical hair-dressing.

Everywhere Popular. "Nine months after having the typhoid fever, my head was perfectly bald. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and before I had used half a bottle, the hair began to grow. Two more bottles brought out as good a head of hair as ever I had. On my recommendation, my brother William Craig made use of Ayer's Hair Vigor with the same good results."—Stephen Craig, 832 Charlotte St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ayer's Hair Vigor Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

WATCH THIS SPACE IT IS RESERVED FOR THE "AD" OF GRODER'S BOTANIC DYSPEPSIA SYRUP, KNOWN AS "The Leading Cure of The World!" Sold Under an Absolute Guarantee.

SOON TO BE MANUFACTURED IN ST. JOHN, N. B. BY THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE COMPANY (LIMITED).

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN St. Jacobs Oil A CURE IN EVERY BOTTLE IT CONQUERS PAIN Rheumatism & Neuralgia

G.B. CHOCOLATES G.B. CHOCOLATES AND FINE CREAMS. Chocolate Cream Drops are the most delicious sort of confectionary if you get the right kind. G. B. is that kind. They are always the same. You can tell them. G. B. is stamped on every Chocolate. GANONG BROS.—(Ltd.), ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Ayer's Hair Vigor Every Table at the Blue Store is a Bargain Counter. At the Blue Store you will not find old goods to be sold at half price, but everything New, which are now selling at BARGAIN PRICES. Everything is cheap. But Children, Boys' and Youths' Clothing have our special attention. Men's Suits from \$4.00 to \$16.00. Note the address—

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DENVER'S GREAT WEEK.

THOUSANDS OF KNIGHTS IN THE WESTERN CITY.

Denver no object in the entertainment of the visitors—Delegations from All Parts of the United States—Some of the Details.

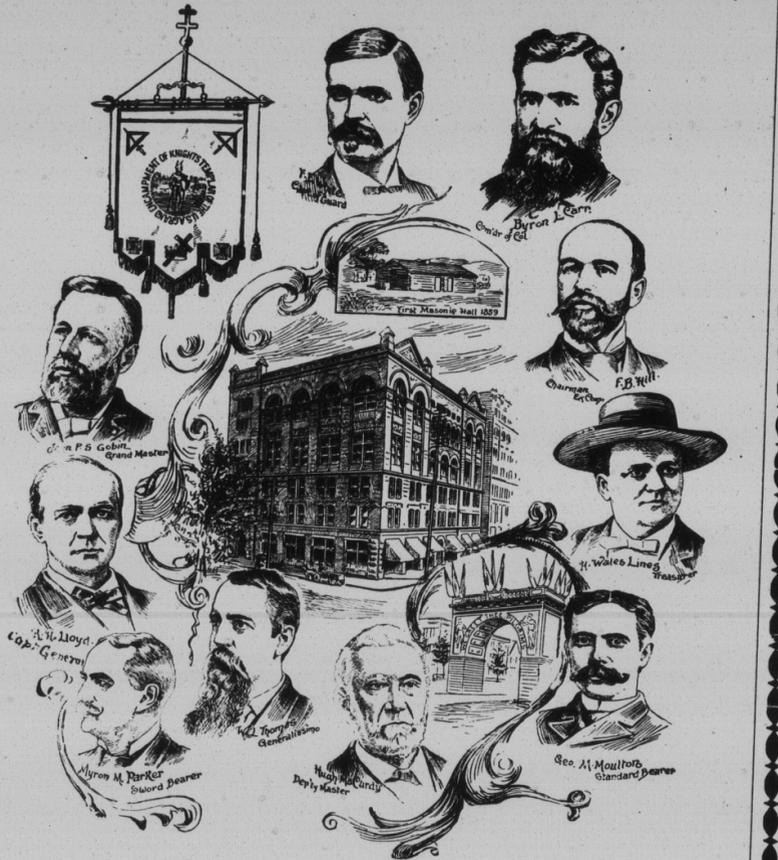
This has been a great week at Denver, Colorado, and the population of that city has been increased by the advent of probably 60,000 knights templars and their

magnificent display, but the western people will undoubtedly strive to excel even the federal capital in making the occasion the most memorable in the history of Templar masonry on this continent. Preparations for the event have been in progress for many months, and more than a month ago it was announced that about 61,000 visitors had been assigned accommodation, so that the estimate of 60,000 in all will be under rather than above the actual figures.

Western cities do nothing by halves, and Denver is not an exception to the rule. Wednesday last was selected as the special

radio commandery, No. 1, has about 300 members and has pledged \$25,000, or about \$50 per capita, for the purpose, and other bodies will contribute in like proportion. What is known as the Mystic Shrine, a body to which only masons can belong, but which has nothing to do with masonry, gave \$3,500 for a day's entertainment.

Every commandery going to Denver has been met somewhere on the road by a reception committee. To provide for the handling of the luggage the transfer company sent men out 500 miles on every rail-



friends. The occasion is the triennial convocation of the grand encampment of the United States, and members of the order from Maine to Florida, from Cape Cod to San Francisco, will be there and virtually take possession of the place. The last convocation in 1889, was at Washington, where there was a

day in which the visitors were to be given the full freedom of the city. The street carry every knight templar and his ladies free of charge on that day, and the same spirit was shown by the citizens generally.

road to recheck and forward. The company can handle 2,000 pieces an hour. Denver has been one blaze of electric light every night. The triumphal arch, shown above, is brilliantly lighted, and towers 60 feet above the pavement.

THE AIR BRAKE.

How the Invention was Suggested to a Young Inventor.

The air brake was a creature of George Westinghouse's youth; he had invented it before he was 21 years of age, and nearly a quarter of a century has passed since he saw his invention applied with success to a railway train. It has gone upon record as one of the great achievements.

It happened that not long afterward he was in Chicago, and he met an inventor who thought that to him had come the inspiration for the perfect brake, and had such faith in this inspiration that he had worked it out and had secured patents for his design.

Westinghouse said: "I, too, have a scheme for a railway brake which will enable the engineer of a train to apply the brake from the engine to the last car, and will bring a train to a standstill in far less time than the hand brake now in use can do."

"Ah, but," the inventor said, "you cannot make a brake which will do these things without infringing upon my patents."

"I can and will," replied young Westinghouse, and within a year he had done his work and found himself a famous man.

Two years ago a young medical student, who was studying at the University of Pennsylvania, and boarded at Mr. Jolliffe's residence, suggested that in honor of the Fourth of July, Dashaway (the gelding's name) be decorated in the national colors.

He told Mr. Jolliffe that he had two harmless dyes which would soon fade and pointed out what a unique and sensational horse Dashaway could be transformed into by an artistic use of the dyes. As Mr. Jolliffe was agreeable, the student boiled his dyes and with a large brush stained the horse's head, neck, and forelegs a bright crimsonish red; the "barrel" was left white, and the flanks and hind legs were stained a brilliant blue.

Dashaway has been freshly dyed twice since his original decoration, and the Hestonville horses have now grown accustomed to his spectacular appearance.

Princess Margaret of Prussia, the sister of the German Emperor, whose engagement to Prince Charles of Hesse has just been announced, was the favorite and youngest daughter of the Emperor Frederick.

She is a very beautiful girl, and her sweetest disposition caused her to be nicknamed when a little girl, "Laughing Goose-blossom," but the sad events and trying months that preceded her father's death have left their mark and she has never been the same since.

Charles of Hesse dates from some time back, and although she was spoken of as a possible bride for the Czarowitz, the Crown Prince of Italy, or Prince Christian of Denmark, she has always declared she would marry near home as not to be separated from her mother.

Princess Margaret spends two hours a day in grounding herself in the best English literature; her favorite novelists are Miss Austen and Thackeray. She admires Froude above all living historians, and

like her mother, makes a point of reading every new work of any importance published in London. Her marriage will probably take place soon. Silk weavers are waiting for the Empress Frederick to complete a brocade design for the wedding dress.

ARE YOU BILIOUS? THEN USE PARSON'S PILLS. "Best Liver Pill Made" JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment. UNLIKE ANY OTHER.

HUMPHREYS' Dr. Humphrey's Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success.

Table listing various ailments and their corresponding prices for Humphrey's Specifics. Includes items like Fever, Cholera, Typhoid, etc.

YOST WRITING MACHINE CO. ONE GRAND PRIZE OF \$1000. TO ADVANCE THE STANDARD OF TYPEWRITING! \$5000 in Cash—Columbian Fair Prizes.

ARGUMENT. THE ARGUMENT.

CASH FOR BRAINS. For CORRECT ANSWERS TO ANY ONE of the following Ten Word-Riddles the American Publishing Company will pay the following CASH REWARDS.

As SPECIAL GRAND REWARDS we will Pay in Cash: For the FIRST correct answer to ALL of the entire Ten words, \$5,000. For the SECOND correct answer to ALL of the entire Ten words, \$3,000. For the THIRD correct answer to ALL of the entire Ten words, \$2,000.

Here are the Ten Word-Riddles—Can You Solve Any of Them? 1. B-r-n--. 2. -ea-ty. 3. Bl---e. 4. -le----. 5. -ol---. 6. -r-ss. 7. -i-ht. 8. -ar-i--n. 9. -ict--e. 10. Que-Vic----

REWARDS paid in cash the VERY DAY any answer is found to be correct. Each answer will be numbered as received, to be examined in the order of its number.

PROTECTION. As a means to guard against the possibility of collusion, a copy of the original ten word-riddles, even an answer sheet, is deposited with Mr. C. F. Smith, Superintendent of the Jersey City Police.

ENGRAVING. "PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU, SAINT JOHN, N. B. TO ADVANCE THE STANDARD OF TYPEWRITING!

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Over and above the cash commission the Agent sending the largest number of subscriptions each month will receive FREE a beautiful electrograph picture, 17 by 24 in size.

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W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, EASTPORT. I have had Rheumatism for five years. I found nothing to give satisfactory relief until I used Scott's Cure for Rheumatism.

Scott's Cure FOR RHEUMATISM. In the great discovery of the age for the immediate relief of RHEUMATISM.

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"ASTRA"

My dear week, and I am going dare say you picnic, and I suppose, it are double subscribers to have sp "Astra's girl when I go, I mention mad

SUNFLOWERS are the one stem number, but singular? continue to

rather a strong would undon as far as eticided breach man would kr the loss of a seeming an "ance." You should be a li selves be soug ing. (2) Ye male friends, much better should take (3) It all ped degree of intie friends of eac each other wld be very to correspond (4) It would to say "fast" think very litt (5) Most of profession, cou though I consid arduous career questions were to answer. T

Piccolo, S last week. I stare a person level your glass quently as to of nothing at all general survey if you wish. I cause I can a without them: it has become a sider themselves glasses towards the face of a riv of countenance is most ill-be it is usually pr you want to in the house, an through your glis and do not tion for too long the letter you there was a good it served. (3) I just a little wron you meant? It which the French came but both I do not know of answer the descr you think of im a copy. I would not care for again. You did shall be very glai The pup is a big quite sedate and

MIGNON, Yarn hesitate about try again, because it column would so ination; remene fashioned omnibu for one more, an answer any ques within the bound is not correct for presents from ar friends, and even cept a present of engaged to the mi a new piece of soc bouquet of flower from an old frie valuable, and tro evening with all. (6) It is both unda converse with a ma never been introd the house of a m demands your ente with each other, acquaintance is nev unless you are prop in good society to a lady for half a card party, but be she should bow to next day, without a is utterly impossi matters, I don't im anything to do with make a reverse of a the very jewel, an the best man, qu hair and eyes. fo disposition counts m In short, my dear you own commo this world. I shall you at any time, power.

K. St. John—I was thinking of it from Tupper's Prov

power.

ing Machine Given Away.

Agents to canvass for... the only magazine published in the Maritime Provinces... every new subscriber will receive a beautiful oleograph...

Fly Paper.

NO DIRT!... Sheet; 6 for 25c... Drug Store, 15 Street.

MAN ALLAN, PORT.

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"ASTRA'S" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

(Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," P.O. Box 100, St. John, N. B.)

My dear girls I have a grievance this week, and it is such a serious one that I am going to air it for your benefit. I dare say you have all heard of PROGRESS picnic, and that all its "subscribers, contributors and newboys" were invited, also, I suppose, its advertisers, and though you are doubtless all included, being either subscribers or contributors, yet I expected to have special invitations issued for "Astra's girls," so I felt deeply incensed when I saw there had been no separate mention made of them.

SUNFLOWER, Fredericton—How many sunflowers are there? and are they all on the one stem, as you write in the plural number, but sign your name in the singular? I hope you will always continue to be interested in our "Astra," I am sure. (1) "Wrong" is rather a strong word my dear girl, but it would undoubtedly be very wrong indeed as far as etiquette is concerned and a decided breach of good form. The young man would know that it was too, and think the less of you for being forward, and seeming anxious to "scraper an acquaintance."

You know men prefer that girls should be a little reserved and let themselves be sought rather than do the seeking. (2) Yes, unless they are very intimate friends, and even then it would be much better manners to ask. The lady should take the gentleman's arm though. (3) It all depends on the length and the degree of intimacy of the friendship; very old friends of opposite sexes may write to each other with perfect propriety, while it would be very foolish as well as improper to correspond with a mere acquaintance.

(4) It would be extremely un ladylike not to say "fast" and the young man would think very little of you. I should imagine. (5) Of course I think it right, no profession could be more honorable, although I consider it very hard work and an arduous career for any girl to choose. The questions were not too many, and all easy to answer. Thank you for the love.

PICCOLO, St. John.—Friday is quite soon enough, so you might have written last week. (1) It is certainly rude to stare a person out of countenance or to level your glasses in one direction so frequently as to attract attention, but there is nothing at all out of the way in taking a general survey of the house through them if you wish. I never do wish myself, because I can always see the people without them; but I am sorry to say that it has become a habit with people who consider themselves ladies, to direct their glasses towards some given point, usually the face of a rival and stare the victim out of countenance if possible. Such conduct is most ill-bred and I regret to say that it is usually practiced by our sex. If you want to recognize some friend in the house, and are not certain glance through your glass as unobtrusively as possible and do not level it in the one direction for too long a time. (2) Yes, I read the letter you refer to, and I am afraid there was a good deal of truth in it; I hope it may do some good as it was not undeserved. (3) I think you spelled the word just a little wrong. Is it not Camieita that you mean? If so it is merely one way in which the French spell names, another is camee but both have the same meaning. I do not know of any other word that would answer the description. (4) What would you think of Imp, Brownie, or Sprite? Scrap would be a lovely name, only people would be sure to think it was Snap. If you do not care for any of these, we can try again. You did not tire me at all and I shall be very glad to hear from you again. The pup is a big dog now, and getting quite sedate and old fashioned.

MIGNON, Yarmouth.—You must never hesitate about trespassing upon my time again, because if everyone did that, my column would soon fade away and die of inanition; remember it is like an old fashioned omnibus, and always has room for one more, and that I am always glad to answer any questions the girls may ask within the bounds of reason. (1) No, it is not correct for young girls to receive presents from any but their oldest male friends, and even then a girl should not accept a present of any value unless she is engaged to the man who offers it. A book, a new piece of music, a box of candy, or a bouquet of flowers, she may always accept from an old friend, but nothing more valuable, and from slight acquaintances nothing at all. (2) Four dances of an evening with the same gentleman is considered the outside limit in good society, unless under exceptional circumstances, such as very few gentlemen being present, or in the case of an old friend whose step especially suits yours. (3) Certainly not, and I cannot imagine any girl being so silly as to think of such a thing; the man would utterly despise her. (4) No, it is not right unless you mean very general attentions, which are understood to mean nothing. (5) It is both un ladylike and foolish to converse with a man to whom you have never been introduced, unless you meet at the house of a mutual friend and courtesy demands your entering into conversation with each other, but in that case the acquaintance is never supposed to continue unless you are properly introduced, and a man in good society would chat pleasantly to a lady for half an hour at a reception or card party, but be very much surprised if she should bow to him on the street the next day, without an introduction. (6) It is utterly impossible to generalize in such matters, I don't imagine complexion has anything to do with it; a dark man might make a jewel of a husband, and a fair one the very reverse, and vice versa. Select the best man, quite regardless of his hair and eyes, for I think you will find disposition counts more than complexion. In short, my dear girl, you must exercise your own common sense a great deal in this world. I shall be very glad to help you at any time, as far as it is in my power.

K. St. John.—I am afraid the poem I was thinking of is not the right one; it is from Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, one of the most attractive of that rather tiresome collection of platitudes, and is called "Of Beauty." The verse I meant runs thus: There is beauty in the rolling clouds, and placid shingle beach; In leathery morn, and whistling winds, and dun There is beauty in the rounded woods, dark with heavy foliage; In laughing fields, and dented hills, the valley and its lake. There is beauty in the gullies, beauty on the cliffs beauty in sun and shade, In rocks and rivers, seas and plains—the earth is drenched in beauty.

You see the idea seems the same at first, but it is in reality very different, and not nearly so well expressed. I will look again, and give you the result of my searches. ASTRA.

MODES IN CHILDREN'S HAIR.

Rounded Bangs and Loose Curly Effects—Braid and Ribbon Styles. Little girls are prettier than ever this summer. The prevailing style of arranging her hair will permit it to curl and wave unconfined about the face and neck, and is most becoming, often giving just the touch of color and softness needed to complete a very picturesque effect. Especially is this noticeable under the large hats in vogue, and the silk bonnets with their deep frills. Children under eight do not wear braids, ribbon bows or loops to hold their hair in place. It is cut in a rounded bang, not a point as heretofore, over the brow, and are brushed forward toward the face, where they lie in curls about the neck.

Where it is necessary to curl the ends artificially, or where mothers prefer to see them waved heavily, hairdressers claim that nothing injures so good a result with so little injury as the kid rolls, which any one can make without difficulty from odds and ends of gloves. Cut a piece of kid in the form of an ellipse, rather pointed at both ends. Stitch a piece of white tape through the centre, roll the kid over any soft wadding and stitch the edges together over and over. Over these the hair is rolled at night after being dampened slightly, the pointed ends are bent toward each other to secure it in place, and the kinks and waddling being soft, less discomfort is felt than by other methods.

For girls of 9, 10 and 11 years old the following styles are simple and becoming: Part the hair across the back from ear to ear; below the part make two smooth, loose braids; carry the hair from the brow across temples to the crown just easily; braid it and tie all three braids together, hiding the ends under a soft ribbon bow; fasten with two small shell pins at the base of the head. The lower braids will form two pretty loops. The upper braid serving somewhat as a support, the three ends are more easily kept in place.

Another way is to tie the upper strands almost at the crown of the head with ribbon from five to six inches wide, in a short, full bow; then the ends are brushed straight down to meet the rest of the hair, and tied again with another wide bow, the hair below the lower bow curling down the back.

A third popular style is to begin braiding several inches below the nape of the neck, the upper part being very much waved or crimped. After braiding for an inch or two add a bright velvet ribbon, curl the ends about the bow, and allow the upper part of the hair to appear unconfined and fluffy about the neck.

Misses of 12 wear oblong braids and loops pinned flatly to the back of the head in the centre, the bangs loosely curled and wavy.

Queen Victoria's Favorite Soup.

One cup of chopped chicken meat, one pint of strong chicken broth, one cup of sweet cream, one-half cup of cracker bread crumbs, three yolks of eggs, one teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of pepper. The chickens may be obtained from what remains of a roast, in which case the bones, skin, tendons and all the scraps should be boiled for the broth. It is better, however, to use a fowl cooked purposely, as the broth is of finer flavor. Put the cracker crumbs to soak in a little of the cream; break the eggs, separate the yolks from the whites and carefully drop the yolks into hot water; boil them until they are hard. Chop the chicken in chopping tray until it is as fine as meal, previously having removed everything except the clear meat; then add the soaked cracker, the yolks of the eggs, which should be pressed through a coarse wire strainer, the salt, pepper, cream and broth; strain through a colander, pressed through all of the meat, pour into a double boiler and cook for ten minutes. This is a delicious soup.

Corsets Affect the Eyes.

The true oculist doesn't always prescribe glasses. For example, a young woman whose eyesight had become very much impaired was ordered, first of all, to have ten or a dozen amalgam fillings drilled out of her teeth. She was told that she might take her choice between having the holes stopped up with gold and having all the teeth drawn. She was next ordered to stop wearing a corset, and next she was subjected to a course of treatment to allay a stomach trouble, a sort of mild dyspepsia. The doctor told her that, though glasses might give her temporary help, pathological treatment must be resorted to to produce a permanent improvement in her eyesight.

Making Bread by Machinery.

There has been organized in a Western city a company of women, with seven women directors, for the purpose of erecting in all parts of the United States a bread-making machine which can be operated almost entirely by women. Leaves of bread perfectly kneaded and shaped can be turned out by this machine, into which the ingredients for the bread are placed, almost as rapidly as newspapers from one of the improved presses, and with less complication of mechanism. Automatic opening and closing slides lift the loaves into the oven, and revolving brushes clean the moulds and pans when not in use.

SEASONABLE RECIPTS.

Specially Prepared from Practical Tests for the Lady Readers of "Progress."

(Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Editor Seasonable Receipts," P.O. Box 100, St. John, N. B.)

One of the most seasonable occupations of the average housekeeper at this time of the year is preserving. This branch of the culinary art is so generally well known that little need be said here beyond a few general remarks and directions for the inexperienced.

The season for one fruit succeeds that for another so rapidly during the summer that unless a housekeeper be watchful, the particular fruits which she may have thought of preserving will go by before she is aware of it. As to the best time for certain fruits, it would be hard to say, for they ripen in various places according to the climate—at one place early and at another late in the season. The time to preserve is when the fruit is ripe and firm. Many fall into a common error of supposing that over-ripe fruit is economical because it is offered cheap. There is no economy, either, in using cheap common sugar. Use only the best white sugar or at least preserve cannot be perfect. Watch the market and use the various fruits when they can be had in perfection. Fruit is generally cheapest when in its prime.

Utensils Needed When Preserving.

An oil or gas stove overcomes the objection to heat. There should be plenty of large mixing bowls, a grocer's tunnel (one with a mouth much broader than ordinary tunnels have), two or three long-handled wooden spoons, a long-handled skimmer, two preserving kettles, either granite-ware or porcelain-lined (they are safer and easier kept clean than brass or copper pans), two large milk-pans, scales, a quart measure, two squares of muslin-cloth, a calander, a pure-sieve, and a pointed flannel bag.

What Kind of Jars to Use.

In small families it is more economical to use small jars. If the fruits always be put up in the self-sealing jars, the amount of sugar can be varied to suit individual tastes, as sugar is not essential to the preservation of the fruit when such jars are used.

General Directions.

Peaches, pears, crab-apples, damsons and other plums are preserved whole, a syrup being prepared for them. Having put the fruit ready, put in only such quantity as will float freely in the syrup, and cook slowly until tender. Pears should be cooked for about fifteen minutes; plums three to five minutes. Pears and peaches should be dropped into cold water as they are pared, so that they will not become discolored. In order to pare peaches, put them into a wire basket and plunge into boiling water for about two minutes; then the skin will come off readily. White plums should not be skinned at all.

The jars in which fruit is to be put should be heated gradually in a pan of water. After they have been nearly filled with hot fruit, boiling syrup should be poured over them. The covers, if glass, should also be heated, and should be fastened upon the jars while hot. Under these conditions—provided, of course, that the covers be fastened securely—the fruit may be kept an indefinite time; indeed, any fruit that is made boiling hot, and is at once put into jars in the way just described, may be kept as long as one pleases, even if no sugar has been used in the course of cooking, though the flavor will not be so fine as when some sugar is used, much or little, as one's taste dictates.

To Make and Clarify Syrup.

When it is desired to have the fruit and syrup exceedingly clear, it is necessary to clarify the syrup with the white of an egg. Syrup for fruit which is very juicy should be rich, and that for fruits which are rather dry and require long cooking, should be rather thin. The proportions of a rich syrup are one pint of sugar to half a pint of water; the two ingredients to be boiled together for a quarter of an hour. A light syrup is made of equal quantities of sugar and water.

The general rule for making and clarifying syrup is, to put two quarts of sugar and one quart of water in the preserving-kettle. Beat the white of two eggs until they are light, but not until they are dry, and stir them into the sugar and water. Place the kettle on the fire and heat the contents slowly, stirring often, until they begin to boil; then draw the kettle back immediately, and after covering it, keep it on the back of the stove for half an hour. The liquid should not be allowed to boil rapidly. At the end of half an hour remove the cover, and lift the thick cake of white scum which will be found on the surface. The syrup will then be found as clear as crystal, and will be ready for use. This work should be done carefully and not at all, because, if the directions are not closely followed, failure will be the result; indeed, the whole work of preserving requires time and pains, and unless one be willing to meet both of these requirements with a determination not to feel burdened, it will be better to buy such supplies as may be needed from time to time.

All fruits are greatly improved if juice, instead of water, be used with sugar to make the syrup. It is a good plan to use the juice of acid fruit in preparing syrup for a sweet fruit. The juice of currants, barberries, green grapes or rhubarb, combined with sugar, makes an excellent syrup in which to preserve strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, pears, apricots, etc.

The difference between preserves and jam is that in the former the fruit is preserved whole with a clear syrup, and jam is not. The same difference lies between compotes of fruit and stewed fruit. The former in both cases is the article to be preferred.

Jellies.

In making jellies it is well always to remember a few facts in particular. The freer the fruit is of stems and imperfect fruit, the clearer and brighter will be the jelly.

When fruit juice is boiled without any sugar, and the hot syrup is simply added and the mixture is stirred only long enough

A Thing Greatly Abused.

HARDLY anything receives less thanks and more abuse than a shoe. It is never thanked for the protection it renders against the cold of winter, the heat of summer, against thorns, tacks, glass, dust, sticks and stones. It is kicked about, scoffed at, trampled under foot, knocked around and thrown violently here, there or anywhere. Its eyes are blinded, its tongue torn out, and its very "sole" ground to powder in its constant, uncomplaining servitude.

The shoe, like sails to a ship, or wings to a bird, permits man always and with tireless motion, to push on towards the far objects of his measureless ambition. Let the ship thank its sails, the bird thank its wings, and man thank his shoes, and when they are worn out get them replaced at WATERBURY & RISING'S, where you can find an assortment of Russia Leather—Tan—Canvas and Kid Boots and Shoes suitable for this season.

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to dissolve the sugar, the jelly will be many shades brighter than when the juice and sugar are cooked together.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING

London has about 178 rainy days in a year.

The average man has 2,304,000 pores in his skin.

Berlin's 1,315,600 people have only 26,000 dwellings.

Musical notes, as now used, were invented in 1380.

There are more republics in the world than monarchies.

In Japan for every 100 men there are only 79.92 women.

The population of America increases by 7,000 persons a day.

There are thirteen miles of bookshelves in the British museum.

The widows in India comprise ten per cent. of the population.

As a rule the length of a face is the same as the length of the hand.

Among 200,000,000 of the world's population slavery still exists.

For every foot of stature a man should weigh twenty-six pounds.

In ten years the descendants of two rabbits will number 70,000,000.

The rent of land in England 500 years ago was about a shilling an acre.

There are in Great Britain and Ireland no fewer than 2,788,000 acres of woodland.

Of the fires of 1891, 64 per cent. were due to lamps and only 4 per cent. to electricity.

There are twelve obelisks in Rome, one in Paris, five in London and one in Central Park, New York.

The United States manufacture 65,000 hats every day, while England manufactures about 40,000.

A Chinese sect believes that women by embracing vegetarianism will become men on the judgment day.

The leaves of the life-tree, which is found only in Jamaica, grow after they have been severed from the plant.

The Japanese language has no swear words. The worst thing you can say to or of a man is to call him a fellow.

When a person in Sweden buys any intoxicating beverage, he must also buy something to eat at the same time.

The aggregate wealth of the United States is placed at \$63,648,000,000 and that of Great Britain at \$50,000,000,000.

Artesian wells were known at Thebes as long ago as the time of Timon, 2,000 years before the beginning of the Christian era.

The United States has more than 500,000 bearing banana plants, 200,000 bearing lemon trees, 4,000,000 orange trees and 21,000,000 pineapple trees.

The three longest rivers in the world are: The Missouri, from its source to the mouth of the lower Mississippi, 4,575 miles; the Amazon, 3,944 miles, and the Nile, 3,500 miles.

The koto is a Japanese musical instrument, consisting of a long box over which are stretched thirteen strings of silk, each five feet long, and provided with a separate bridge. It is played with both hands, like the harp.

In 1774 Maskelyne, the astronomer royal of England, first calculated the weight of the earth. The weight, as estimated in Encyclopaedia Britannica, (ninth edition), vol. II, page 783, is 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

Although whales grow to enormous size, sometimes eight and ninety feet long, the throat is so small that it cannot swallow a bit as large as a tea-biscuit. This applies to the common whale; the sperm whale has a mouth large enough to swallow a man.

The Young Men's Christian Association was organized in London 1844 by George Williams, a junior clerk in a large druggists house. The first association in America was established in Montreal in 1851, the first in the United States at Boston, a few months later. The present aggregate membership of the 1,385 American associations is 225,000.

The quotation, "When at Rome, do as the Romans do," originated as follows: St. Monica and her son, St. Augustine, bishop of Hippo, being at Milan, asked St. Ambrose his opinion on the following point: At Rome they fast on Saturday, but not so at Milan; to this the Mita, saint replied: "When I am at Milan, I dine, as they do at Milan; but when I go to Rome, I do as Rome does."

The greatest depth in the Pacific Ocean is between four and one-half and five miles, that of the Atlantic four and one-half miles. The average depth of all the oceans is from 2,000 to 3,000 fathoms. The bulk of water filling the Pacific, which is much the largest ocean in the world, is estimated to be one hundred and seventy million cubic miles, and the weight of this mass, at 64lb. to each cubic foot of sea-water, is 714,961,481,070,000,000 tons. The Atlantic Ocean is not quite half as large as the Pacific, their respective areas being as follows: Pacific 50,309,000 square miles Atlantic 25,536,000 square miles.

A generation is the interval of time that elapses between the birth of a father and the birth of his son, and was generally used in computing considerable periods of time, both in sacred and profane history. The interval of a generation is consequently of uncertain length, and depends on the standard of human life, and whether the generations are reckoned by eldest, middle

or youngest sons. Thirty-three years have usually been allowed as the mean length of a generation, or three generations for every hundred years. In compiling pedigrees, great attention is given to the number of generations in any given family, as they form a guide to the probability of persons having sprung from any particular individual.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

First Tramp—Did you get a bite at the last house at which you called? Second Tramp—Yes; and lost the seat of my trousers by it.

This is the season when female oarsmen take their first lesson in lovmaking by hugging the shore when gallant males are not by to do duty.

It often happens that a fellow who "won't go home till morning" can't go home there until somebody pays a fine for him.—Binghampton Republican.

"She treated me shamefully." "Ah! but she treated me worse." "Impossible! She jilted me." "Yes; but she married me."—Baltimore News.

No, my son, you mustn't expect to get up in the world in a minute. Nobody can walk half so fast going up hill as coming down.—Boston Transcript.

Dennis (to Mike, who has fallen from the fourth floor)—"Hov yer landed jilt, Moike?" Mike (faintly)—"Yis." Dennis—"Th' saints be praised!"—Judge.

Ethel—I just am almost sure that the market reporter boards here. Helen—Why do you think so? Ethel—Why, the very first thing in the report is "butter growing stronger."

"It's no use, mamma," protested the tired and sleepy little girl at church. "I can't hold my eyes open another minute longer. He's only got to 'finally, my brethren.'"

A country paper has this personal item: "Those who know old Mr. Wilson of this place personally will regret to hear that he was assaulted in a brutal manner last week, but was not killed."

"Yes, I admit that heaven is a beautiful and happy place, but still I think it is the cause of a good deal of misery on earth." "How do you make that out?"

"Hunker: 'Hallow, Ricketts, when is your marriage to Miss Munn coming off?' Ricketts: 'It has been indefinitely postponed.' 'What's the trouble?' 'Oh, she married another fellow.'"

Hotel waiter—"Shall I take your order now, missy, or will you wait till your mamma comes in?" Little girl—"I wish you'd take it now. Mamma never orders anything 'cept wat's good for me."—Good News.

Cholly Sniffers (out with Dolly Dimple)—"Pardon me for bowing to that shabby old codger, but I feel obliged to do it." Dolly—"Who is he, Cholly?" Cholly—"He is the head of our firm."—Clothing and Furnisher.

"What was done with that brawling woman last night who disturbed the neighborhood?" "A couple of police officers took her off." "Did they shut her up?" "They locked her up, but they couldn't shut her up."

"How do you get along with your bicycle?" "Well," replied the truthful young man, "sometimes one way and sometimes another. Sometimes the bicycle rides me and once in a while I ride the bicycle."—Washington Star.

An editor kept his tailor's bill "under consideration" for twelve months, and then returned it to the author with a lithographed note saying, "The editor regrets that he is unable to avail himself of the inclosed manuscript."

Judge—Do you plead guilty or not guilty to the charge of stealing those trousers? Prisoner—I simply did what I was asked to do, your honor. Judge—What do you mean? Prisoner—I observed a sign that said: "Hands wanted on pants."

Bloomer—"I understand that you have taken a cottage at the seaside for this summer." De Tootville—"I took two, side by side." Bloomer—"What do you want two for, with your small family?" De Tootville—"One for my wife's luggage."

First Lady—"I don't see how you can afford to keep your lodgers over so several weeks' rent." Second Lady—"Well, it's like this. When they're in debt it affects their appetite, they never like to ask for a second helping, so it comes cheapest in the end."

Husband—Will you go to the theatre with me this evening, dear? Wife—If you wait till I dress. Husband—How long will it take you? Wife—Just a minute. Husband—All right; we've got an hour and a half yet. Don't take more than an hour, and a quarter.

"I can't trust my husband to mail a letter or attend the smallest errand for me," she declared. "Does he forget?" inquired the visitor. "Yes. His mind is completely taken up with the book on memory culture that he is writing."—Washington Star.

Aunt Pauline (from the country)—"No, Sarah; I hope you'll never marry that young Mr. Instyle. Why, he's too lazy to black his shoes! Jest look at 'em—all yaller! Sarah—"Why, Aunt, those are russet shoes." Aunt Pauline—More shame for him to let 'em git rusted."—Puck.

"What has become of the big man who used to beat the bass drum?" asked the private of the drum major. "He left us about three months ago." "Good drummer too, wasn't he?" "Yes, very good; but he got so fat when he marched he couldn't hit the drum in the middle."

"I tell you," he said, disconsolately, "women are altogether too business-like nowadays." "What's the matter?" "Did she accept you?" "No. She took out her note book, wrote my name and address in it and said she would consider my application."—Washington Star.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Miss Frances E. Willard, who has been active in platform work for twenty years, is prevented from engaging therein at present by her devotion to a helpless mother.

Queen Liliuokalani has an income, as queen of Hawaii, of \$20,000 and a revenue from the crown lands of \$200,000 more. Her standing army consists of 64 men, three of whom are generals.

President Carnot travels free on the French railways, a privilege not accorded in England even to royalty. But he makes a handsome return by unfailingly handing over at the end of every journey its ordinary expense, to be distributed among the subordinate and poorest paid servants on the line.

Years ago, when President Willard took a more active interest in railroad matters, and was less familiarly known to his subordinates, it was his habit to drop in occasionally on some ticket agent in a big town on his line, question him rather extensively about the company's business, and then pick up some useful hints as to the operation of the road before his identity was discovered.

When Mr. Gladstone takes up his quarters again at the official residence of the British prime minister, in Downing street, he will find many articles of his own, left behind when he gave way to Lord Salisbury, to remind him of his former tenancy of the house. Among them will be a clock which he never been allowed to run down, and still keeps accurate time, without having been cleaned in the six years that have elapsed since the G. O. M.'s retirement.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone are said to be almost inseparable and a delightful example of fresh, vigorous and happy old age. Mrs. Gladstone was Miss Catherine Glynne and became Mrs. Gladstone in her 20th year. She prefers old fashions to new ones, always wears dresses in black, wears a cap over her handsome and abundant gray hair, loves flowers and bare floors and understands the art of retaining her temper under the most vexatious circumstances. The Gladstones live at Harwarden castle, near Chester.

A remarkable instance of Shakespearean enthusiasm has recently been recorded in the case of Dean Burgon, who once passed an October night on a settle in the room in which the Bard of Avon is supposed to have been born, in the expectation that Shakespeare would appear to him in his dreams. The result proved unsatisfactory, the only consequence being that the sleeper was awakened in the early morning half dead with cold and completely disillusioned. The Dean himself was the authority for the statement.

Prince Bismarck is so proud of the first medal he received that he always wears it, even with his grandest decorations. It was presented to him for his saving, at great personal risk, the life of a groom called Hildebrand, whose horse became unmanageable, and dashed with its rider into Lippener Lake. One day at a public reception a newly-appointed diplomat came up to Bismarck, and asked what the small, unpretending-looking medal meant. He replied: "I have the habit of sometimes saving a man's life."

Baron Alphonse de Rothschild used to be the most distinguished member of the French branch of that family of millionaires, but all traces of his former dandyhood have disappeared in his grief for the loss of his favorite daughter. A correspondent who met the baron in Paris recently, noticed that his snowy hair and beard showed signs of neglect and that he was not the well-groomed Parisian of former days. He walked listlessly, using a half-opened green cotton umbrella for a cane, and his clothes expressed a lack of pride in his personal appearance.

So many French people of consequence, from kings and dukes down to the lowest of posing and amateur cooks that it is not surprising to learn that Alexander Dumas took great pride in his culinary skill. He is said, indeed, to have been proud of making a stew that had been prepared by the famous chef de cuisine of the Hotel de Ville, and he was the only frequenter of the famous Cafe de Paris who was ever allowed to enter its kitchen. George Eliot had a similar liking for going into the kitchen, and, according to popular tradition, it gave her great gratification to make a good omelet.

Oliver Goldsmith's grave in the Inner Temple has at last been restored. The inscription has been recut, and the general appearance of the tomb, which used to look rather neglected, has been improved. It is not a very imposing erection, but there was something appropriate in the simple character of the memorials with which our ancestors used to mark the resting places of the distinguished artists and literary men of their day. No elaborate carving, for example, could equal the quiet dignity of the memorial tablet to the memory of Edmund Keats, placed by his son on the wall of old Richmond church.

Mohammed began the Koran at 35. Shelley wrote "Queen Mab" at 18. Keats wrote his "Endymion" at 22. Alexander Dumas wrote plays at 22. Disraeli wrote "Vivian Grey" at 21. Heine published his first song at 23. Corneille wrote "Meditation," his first drama, at 21. David is said to have written his first psalm at 18. Calvin published his "Psychopannychia" at 25. It is said that Horace wrote his first odes at 23. Mrs. Hemans wrote poetry as soon as she could write at all, and published her first volume at 14. "London Assurance," the first play of Dion Boucault, was put on the stage when the author was 19. The "Brigands," by Schiller, made the author famous at 23.

In the recently published book entitled "An Englishman in Paris," and attributed to Sir Richard Wallace, there is an interesting anecdote of the elder Dumas, illustrating the famous author's perennial flow of fine spirits. Sir Richard had gone to call on the creator of Monte Cristo, and had been ushered into a room adjoining the host's studio, the servant telling him to go in, as M. Dumas was alone. "At that moment," relates Sir Richard, "I heard a loud burst of laughter from the inner apartment, so I said, 'I would sooner wait until Monsieur's visitors are gone.' 'Monsieur has no visitors; he is working,' replied the servant with a smile. 'Monsieur Dumas often laughs like this while at work.' It was true enough, the novelist was alone, or rather in company with one of his characters, at whose sallies he was simply roaring."

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1880, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since." PETER J. BRIALS, Jr., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.

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ANALYZED, TREATED, CURED.

LONG-LIVED ANIMALS.

Stories that show some remarkable phases of animal life.

Three score and ten are the years allotted to man, though the majority give up life's battle long before attaining the natural term.

Ajax captured an elephant from Porus, a king of India. He inscribed upon a plate particulars of this victory, and this being annexed to the animal it was set free.

To descend at once from the largest to one of the smallest of living creatures—the tortoise retains its life for a surprising length of time.

The Lambeth tortoise, which took up its quarters in the garden in the time of Archbishop Laud, about the year 1625, lived contentedly there till 1753, when it died through some neglect of the gardener.

In Grant Allan's story of the "Great Taboo," the action of which is recent, a mystery is cleared up by a parrot which landed on the island in the company of an English sailor during the reign of King Charles.

That parrots are a long-lived tribe is certain. That the domesticated creatures which amuse us by their conversational talents do not often compete with Methuselah is due perhaps to ignorance as to their natural mode of feeding, to change of climate, and to the confinement, which is not conducive to longevity in any animal.

Le Vaillant mentions one he saw which had been caged ninety-three years. The *Magazine of Natural History* for 1838 states that a person who had been in possession of a grey parrot for thirty-two years obtained it from a relative who had kept it forty-one, its age thus being at least seventy-three years.

The age to which the swan may attain affords naturalists an opportunity of showing some disparity in their estimates. Bacon set it down at a hundred, Goldsmith extends it to three hundred years. Probably it is somewhere between.

At Alkmaar, Holland, in 1672, there flourished a swan which wore a collar bearing the date of 1672. In Molleson's museum there is a stuffed bird, known to fame as the "Old Swan of Dun," which died in 1823, aged two hundred years.

How careful we are if a contagious disease gets into a house to see that it is not carried to other houses, and yet one of the most potent means of spreading disease—the handling of money—is passed by daily unnoticed.

How frequently we see a woman going shopping she carries her purse or a shopping bag in her hand, and if she desires to make change frequently puts the coin in her mouth while she closes her purse.

FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES.

Some of the Great Events which Changed the Map of the World.

According to Lord Cressy, the fifteen decisive battles were those at Marathon, September, 490 B. C., when Miltiades, with 10,000 Greeks, defeated 100,000 Persians under Datis and Artaphernes; at Syracuse, September, 413 B. C., a great naval battle took place, the Athenians under Nicias and Demosthenes being defeated with a loss of 40,000 killed and wounded.

At Orleans, 1429, Joan of Arc secured the independence of France; the defeat of the Spanish Armada, 1588, destroyed the hopes of the popes in England; the battle of Blenheim, August, 1704, when Marlborough and Prince Eugene defeated Tullard, leading the French and the Bavarians, and thus preventing Louis XIV from carrying out his schemes; at Pulwaha, July, 1709, Czar Peter utterly defeated Charles XII of Sweden, and established the Muscovite power; at Saratoga, October, 1777, General Gates defeated the British and General Burgoyne, and thus secured for the United States the alliance of France; at Valmy, September, 1792, the French Marshall, Kellerman, gained the upper hand for the French revolutionists over the Duke of Brunswick and the allied armies; at Waterloo, June 18, 1815, Napoleon Bonaparte commanded the French and the Duke of Wellington the British and their allies, and the victory broke up Napoleon's revolutionary plans.

Two recent battles, not here included, are those at Gettysburg, July, 1863, and at Sedan, preparing, respectively for the downfall of the Confederacy and the capture of Napoleon III and his army.

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Hammocks are some of the pleasant accompaniments of summer. Without one the country retreat lacks something; with it there is a variety of enjoyment.



A GREAT MISTAKE.

Miss Samantha Arnott was going to be married. It made quite a sensation among the boarders—who had long looked upon her in the light of a convenient necessity—when Mr. Bruce announced their engagement, though to be sure it was in many respects a very suitable one.

They were both young, good-looking and honestly in love with each other; but Miss Arnott was poor and worked like a slave to save her mother's servant hire, while Harry Bruce was the fortunate possessor of one hundred thousand dollars. He was perfectly sure, however, that his money was no object with Miss Arnott, and that she loved him for himself alone.

She was so sweet! So pretty! Such a good, loving, helpful daughter, that he felt his heart warm toward her every time he caught sight of her pink cheeks and blue eyes.

He insisted that Mrs. Arnott should hire a strong, capable woman, so that Miss Arnott should have leisure to go about with him.

Then he took her everywhere, loaded her with presents and flattered her to such an extent that, if she had not been one of the most sensible little women in the world, her head would have been completely turned. As it was, she took an innocent delight in this surprisingly long holiday, this new and pleasant companionship.

Matters might have gone on thus indefinitely had not an unexpected event occurred: Nothing more nor less than the advent of a new boarder, but she was a strikingly handsome woman, but she was also an old friend of Mr. Bruce's.

There was, moreover, a certain episode of their acquaintance, a peculiarly painful character, so painful, indeed, that he had never mentioned to Miss Arnott that period of his history in which she was concerned. He would have accepted an introduction to her, ignoring any former meeting, but she made such a course impossible by a very impressive gesture of welcome.

"Ah! Mr. Bruce," she said, "I am delighted to meet an old friend," she said, "with a dazzling flash of her dangerous dark eyes."

If Mr. Bruce shared her delight he said nothing to that effect, but taking her arm led her direct to the corner where Miss Arnott, demure as a kitten, and quite watchful, was seated.

"Mrs. Ulmer," said he, "this is my Miss Arnott. We are to be married soon, and anybody in the house can give you all the particulars. I thought I would tell you that much myself, because I remember that you used to take a kind interest in my affairs. Miss Arnott, I want you to be very good to Mrs. Ulmer because—"

"With a sudden evil inspiration—she once did me a very great favor."

For an instant anger and surprise flashed into her wonderful eyes, and they were lighted by a gay and careless smile.

"Why, so I did!" she said. "I had nearly forgotten: it was ages ago."

Then she settled herself beside Miss Arnott with the manner of one who had come to stay, and began with malicious satisfaction to discuss Bruce in all possible moods and tenses, with an easy familiarity that high distracted her listener.

At last, to hide the angry tears that were getting dangerously near her eyes, Miss Arnott excused herself and left the room, leaving Harry to watch the proceedings with deep indignation and the discomfort of his little love; now he would have followed her but Mrs. Ulmer claimed his attention so openly that he could not get away without positive rudeness; so he suffered himself to be half amused and wholly astonished by the young widow's assumption of a long and friendly intimacy.

Poor Miss Arnott, however, could see nothing amusing in the affair. She could not help blaming Harry a little, and much to his surprise, grew at times quite snappish with him.

At first the idea that Miss Arnott might be jealous struck him in the light of a huge joke. Afterward, as a dim, masculine perception of the old woman's attractions and fascinations dawned upon him, he took himself sharply to task. He knew his little honest, true-hearted love to be worth a dozen accomplished flirt like Mrs. Ulmer, and so one day, when he caught her sitting alone, he told her the true story of his former acquaintance with the lady.

"It was a year ago," said he, "I was a young fellow, headstrong and romantic; she was pretty, and in no end of trouble, all on account of being mixed up with a very ugly bit of scandal. The woman would not look at her and the men hardly dared to."

"I began by pitying her, I ended by falling in love and offering to marry her. She accepted me gladly enough, and for a few weeks I lived in a sort of paradise; then the very day before we were to have been married, she left me and ran away with Bert Ulmer."

"He was a bad lot, and led her a hard life. I have heard; I rather think she is taking more comfort as a widow than she ever did as a wife. I cannot help feeling a trifle amused when I see what a difference Uncle Hall's money makes. Without it I did not deserve even fair dealing and common courtesy; with it, I am worth cultivating."

"So I perceive," said Miss Arnott, with much asperity; then, with a sudden smile lighting her sweet, indignant face, "was that what you meant when you said that she once did you a great favor?"

"It was, I would have told you before, but I was ashamed of the whole affair, and I did not know how the idea that I ever wanted another wife would strike you."

"Very favorably, seeing you did not get her," laughed Susan. And from that time forward she held her own with the Widow Ulmer.

Mr. Bruce could not help an occasional twinge of masculine pride in the self-evident fact that this very beautiful woman deeply regretted her youthful escapade.

He had such perfect confidence in his own integrity and Miss Arnott's devotion that he never avoided her in the least.

One evening, when most of the boarders were attending a concert, and Miss Arnott was seriously indisposed as to be confined to her room, he settled himself to a solitary chat with Mrs. Ulmer, without any serious misgivings.

To be sure he would have left the parlor immediately, when he found her its only occupant, but she requested a moment's conversation so directly, that he found himself in a manner compelled to listen to her.

"Mr. Bruce," said she, sweetly flushed and tearful, "I am going away in the morning; we may never meet again. Perhaps I ought to let a dead past rest in peace, but when I look at Miss Arnott and think of my own wrecked youth, my lips will speak."

Bruce bowed profoundly; he could think of nothing to say.

"Not many years ago," she continued, "a girl young and fair as Miss Arnott was just as well; you won her heart, and three weeks later she was dead, crushed, wounded, worthless. I bore it. Mad with rage and pain, I married Bert Ulmer, and lived. Bruce would die. The anguish that drove me to despair would crush her into the grave."

"Mrs. Ulmer," said Harry, somewhat impatiently, "I know that years ago you killed me. I have lived down all regret, and I fail to see how the act can have any bearing upon the future happiness of a lady, whose name—excuse me—I would rather not drag into this conversation."

"The woman's face darkened ominously. 'So I am not worthy even to speak her name!' she cried. 'And yet I was to have been your wife! I would regard the position as so desirable that I showed her the letter, the infamous letter, that gave you freedom, and made me Mrs. Ulmer!'"

"You speak in riddles," said Mr. Bruce coolly, "but I hardly think that Miss Arnott would care to look over your correspondence."

"That is because you think this is destroyed," said she, taking from the bosom of her dress a note, soiled, yellow by age, broken in folds, a crumpled, disreputable bit of paper.

"I do not wish to threaten," she went on more quietly. "You were false to me, you may be to Miss Arnott; but I have not the heart to injure you. I have said enough, too much perhaps, and I know that I have kept this wicked letter too long. Take it, destroy it if you please; I know that if I were a man I should wish to."

"She handed him the paper, open. He took it mechanically, glanced at it, read it from beginning to end, his face growing set and stern; it was an infamous letter, written in his hand writing, signed with his name."

"Dolly Ulmer," said he, "as sure as this thing before me, I never saw this letter before. I could not write like that to any woman, and in these days I loved the very ground you walked on."

"In those days," in those days," she cried bitterly.

"Yes, Dolly," he said, sadly; "that is the worst of some wrongs, that you can never be righted. I am sorry for you, sorry for myself; if I could find the person who did this, I would thrash the life out of him; but I cannot put time back five years, and I would not want to if I could, because these years brought me Miss Arnott."

"Sannie, Sannie!" she said; "your heart is full of Sannie! for you are a man, and men change, but women never."

Mr. Bruce was profoundly moved. There was silence for a moment and then she went on, all the passion and pain of years trembling in her voice.

"Oh, Harry! Harry! look at me once with no sneer upon your lips, with no contempt in your dear eyes."

"What man could resist such an appeal; moreover, he owed her something for all the sorrow and disappointment that had come to her through him."

So when the trembling lips tempted, and the dusky eyes entreated, he took her in his arms and kissed her as in the old days.

At this inauspicious moment late, in the person of Miss Arnott, opened the door and walked steadily toward them.

Her face was very white, but she did not seem at all surprised or embarrassed. In one hand she held a long, dark garment that trailed behind her as she walked, and in the other several curious slips of paper.

"Mrs. Ulmer," said she, speaking in a low, quiet tone, "as you have taken the trouble to show Mr. Bruce that you are clear and less nervous copies. To forge a letter which vilifies no one but yourself, is not a State prison offence; to call yourself a widow, and try to extort money from a man who has never injured you, only proves that you are scheming and dishonest; but the private detective in your room has found evidence of other and more punishable crimes. A police officer is waiting outside to arrest you; but because you once did Harry a great favor, I am going to try and help you. Take this cloak, pass from here into the dining-room, down the cellar stairs, and out through the back door. Once in the back yard you can easily slip away."

Mrs. Ulmer never spoke; but all the high color faded out of her face, leaving it gray as a corpse.

She caught the dark garment from Miss Arnott's arm and gazed like a shadow from the room.

When she turned the cellar door close softly, Miss Arnott turned to her companion.

"She is a wicked woman," said she, "and no more a widow than I am. Her husband sent her here to make money out of her old acquaintance with you; and I rather think that that detective upstairs had not disturbed her little game she would have played it successfully."

"Then, with a toss of her pretty head, she left the room, not banging the door behind her, but shutting it decisively."

Mr. Bruce, crushed, bewildered, overwhelmed, dared not call her back.

To tell the truth, however, the young lady was not one bit so angry as she appeared to be, because, womanlike, she placed all the blame where most of it belonged—on Mrs. Ulmer's handsome shoulders.

After a time, when Mr. Bruce lost all his appetite and began to fall away perceptibly, she relented, and in some occult and unexplained manner she made it manifest to him that

"While the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return."

All Had Paid Up. Police Commissioner—"You are accused of having fallen asleep on your beat. What excuse have you to offer?" Delinquent Cop—"Please, yer Honor, everybody on the beat had paid up, an' there was no wan to watch."—Puck.

Pa Cornered. Tommy—"Pa, may I ask you a question?" Pa—"Certainly, my child." Tommy—"Well, where is the wind when it doesn't blow?"—Texas Siftings.

SOME CURIOUS WILLS.

Thellusson's Great Scheme—Jeremy Bentham's Mummy—Napoleon's Spite.

A remarkably curious will has just been published—so remarkable, indeed, that it might well be added to the already copious catalogue of eccentric documents of this nature.

The testator was a wine merchant of Bristol, who left personality valued at a little less than sixteen thousand pounds. He bequeathed one-half of his property in trust to secure an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds to his wife during her widowhood, and directed that the other moiety should be divided into as many shares as he has children, for whom, until they respectively attain the age of 16 years, the trustees are to provide "plain food, simple clothing, and bare necessities," together with a sound practical education at a day school or boarding school.

At the conclusion of their scholastic course the boys are not to have any payments made on their behalf, excepting such as may be requisite for teaching them some honest trade or handicraft, just as if they were the children of some workingman who had only left behind him a certain sum to pay for the education of his offspring.

It, however, any one of the lads is found to display exceptional capacity for a profession, such as to give him the promise that he would gain distinction therein, the trustees are authorized to spare no expense in his training for such profession, and may even if they think it desirable, trench on the capital of his share; but if any one child, owing to continued ill-health, should be incapacitated from carrying his own living, the trustees may apply part of the income of his share to his maintenance. On attaining the age of 25 years each son and daughter is to receive his or her share of the testator's property, the payment of which, however, may be deferred, if circumstances demand it, for another two years.

This, perhaps, unprecedented will would not, on the face of it, appear to comprise any clauses contrary to public policy, such as that any woman should be appointed trustee, when in 1800 the so-called Thellusson act was passed, restraining testators from devising their property for purposes of accumulation for more than 21 years after their death.

It will be remembered that Mr. Peter Isaac Thellusson, a merchant of Swiss extraction, who had long carried on a prosperous business in London, who died in 1797, left a hundred thousand pounds to his widow and children, and the residue of his property—more than six hundred thousand pounds—was left to trustees to accumulate during the lives of his three sons and the lives of their sons; then the estates directly to be purchased with the produce of the accumulated funds were to be conveyed to the eldest living male descendant of his three sons, with the benefit of survivorship. Peter Thellusson's will led to protracted and costly litigation, which was not concluded until 1859, when the long-pending questions were decided on an appeal to the House of Lords; but it was stated, when the lordships' decision was given, that, owing to the immense sums spent in legal costs, the value of the estate did not very greatly exceed the sum to which it had amounted 62 years previously. This colossal scheme for accumulating wealth beyond the dreams of avarice may or may not have been original, but, curious to relate, Peter Thellusson's idea was made use of by Eugene Sue in his romance of *The Wandering Jew*. A normally large sum of money was supposed to have been accumulating at compound interest for two centuries, and the man in the man's part of the plot was a cony of the Jesuits did at last succeed in clutching the precious packet of securities representing this untold treasure, but he was warned of the contents of the parcel, which was accidentally burned, and the untold treasure vanished into the infinities.

The most curious and perhaps the most spiteful will on record is that of Queen Austrigilda, consort of King Gontran, who by her nuptial or verbal testament enjoined her husband to slay and bury in the same grave with herself the two physicians who had attended to her majesty during her last illness. Scarcely less vindictive was the will of the selfish husband, who forbade his wife to marry a second time, concluding with the threat, "If she disobeys me I will come again, if I can." Quite at the opposite pole of sentiment was the direction of the married woman, who predicted her husband, of two centuries, and the testator to the executors to seek out some nice, good, pretty girl who would make an affectionate second wife to her spouse.

Electricity, and nothing else, distinguishes the will proved in 1724 of Henry Trigg of Stogrove, in the county of Hertford, grocer, who directed that his body should be committed to the west end of his house, to be decently laid there upon a floor erected by his executors; and only sixty years ago, it is said, the bones of Mr. Trigg still remained in the house aforesaid. A provision, quite as bizarre, was made in the will of the philosophic Jeremy Bentham, who enjoined his executors to embalm his corpse and dress it in the clothes he was accustomed to wear in his lifetime, in order that he might form the

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The Original and Genuine!

It makes a delicious Dessert or Dish for Supper in 5 minutes, and at a cost of a few cents.

This is the strongest preparation of Rennet ever made. Thirty drops will coagulate one Imperial pint of Milk.

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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

text of a lecture to be delivered annually at a literary institute held at a school of anatomy in Windmill Street, Haymarket. On the occasion of one of the lectures on Jeremy Bentham's mummy the venerable philosopher's head fell off and came to irretrievable grief, whereupon an artificial head was modelled in wax by Miss Margaret Gillies, the distinguished miniature painter. But the mummy with the waxen head has long since faded out of the public ken.

Peter the Great is said to have made a will in which he exhorted his heirs to approach nearly as possible Constantinople, and toward India, but the authenticity of this document has been disputed, and it is now suspected to have been forged late in the eighteenth century by August von Kotzebue. Of the genuineness, however, of the last will and testament of the first Napoleon there can be no manner of doubt. One of its clauses was as vindictive as the testamentary injunction of Queen Austrigilda to her husband to have her two doctors killed and buried with her. The Exile of Longwood absolutely bequeathed ten thousand francs to a fellow called Cantillon, who had been tried in Paris for an attempt to murder the Duke of Wellington. The man was still surviving in Brussels when Napoleon III. came to the throne, and Cantillon was duly paid his abominable legacy.—London Telegraph.

The Reason for her Refusal. "Say you will be mine," he pleaded. But she hesitated.

"You have been very kind to me," she said. "And I swear to devote the balance of my life to you," he protested.

"Your devotion has always been marked," she asserted. "I admit that you have paid every possible attention. You disarmed my favorite fencer and kept me supplied with them all last winter. It was very thoughtful of you."

"It was my love—"

"I appreciate it fully. And I like you, George. I—I perhaps I could truthfully say I—but I can't marry you. I have thought the matter over calmly and seriously, and I feel that I could not be happy with you."

"Why not?" he asked, anxiously. "You are too extravagant."

"Sue's 'Wandering Jew.' There is a good deal to be learnt from that wonderful book *An Englishman in Paris*, the publication of which has excited so much interest. The 'Englishman' was on terms of intimacy with many celebrated men, amongst them Eugene Sue. The latter is described as an over-dressed snob who, as Count d'Orsay, wore spurs to his boots, and was suspected of slipping in his white kid gloves. Sue appears to have been employed by the editor of the clerical *Gazette de France* to write articles against the Jesuits; but even the *Gazette de France* judged the attack on the followers of Ignatius Loyola in the *Wandering Jew* too strong, and refused to publish it as a serial story. That famous novel seems, in fact, to have been in danger of not being published at all. Dr. Vernon, however, the eccentric director of the Paris opera, came

Extracts from Letters:

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NEW PASSENGER CARS!

The Scenery of Mountains and Valley along this Route Cannot be Surpassed.

Cool Resorts for Pleasant Outings, the Tourists' Paradise.

In the Lakes and Streams bordering on the Rail there is abundance of fish.

Special Inducements to Plein Parties and Special Low Rates to parties of five or more.

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SCENERY. Every variety of scenery can be found at Lepreau—Mountains, Lakes, Cataracts, Islands. Days and Islands are seen in all their natural beauty and from the intrusion of the crowd. Fishing, Shooting, Boating, and other amusements are enjoyed with a freedom and comfort which is the essence of true pleasure.

SATURDAY EXCURSIONS. Tickets One Fare, good to return on Monday. Train leaves St. John, West Side, daily at 7.30 a.m., connecting with Ferry at 7.45 a.m. Retaining; leave St. Stephen at 1.30 p.m., arriving St. John at 5.30 p.m., Standard time.

No charge for Commercial Travellers' excess baggage. Baggage and Freight received and delivered at Montreal, N. S.

For special rates for Plein Parties and Excursions apply to G. G. RUEB, Treasurer, No. 3 Pugsley Building, corner Prince William and Princess Sts.

TICKET AGENTS: George Phillips, 87 Prince William St., City; Jules T. Whitlock, Windsor Hotel, St. Stephen.

FRANK J. McPEAKE, Superintendent.

Telephone No. 18. St. John, N. S., June 29, 1892.

STEAMERS.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

ON THURSDAYS the Steamer will make excursion trips to Hampton, leaving Indiantown at 6 o'clock a.m. Retaining will leave Hampton at 8.30 o'clock p.m. same day. Steamer will call at Clifton and Keil's Point both ways, giving those who wish an opportunity to stop either way.

Fare for the round trip, fifty cents. No excursion on rainy days.

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FOR BOSTON

COMMENCING JULY 24th, and continuing until September, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Boston, Portland and Boston as follows: Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, Mondays at 7.25 (Standard) for Eastport and Boston; Tuesday and Friday, Mornings for Eastport and Portland; making close connections at Portland with B. & M. Railroad, due in Boston at 11 a.m. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

For further information apply to

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SEASON 1892.

The following is the proposed sailings of the

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ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commander.

MAY.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

JUNE.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

JULY and AUGUST.—From St. John—Daily Trips, (Sundays excepted).

SEPTEMBER.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Steamer sails from St. John at 7.25 a.m. local time, return trip, sails from Annapolis upon the arrival of the morning express from Halifax.

(Sgt.) HOWARD D. TROOP, President.

Office for Agriculture, Fredericton.

Harry Wilkes,

1896.

THE Standard Bred Hambletonian Stallion HARRY WILKES, the property of the Government of New Brunswick, will make the

Season of 1892 at St. John.

TERMS—\$25.00 for the season, to be paid at time of first service.

Harry Wilkes, 1896, is by George Wilkes, 619, dam Belle Kice by Whitehall.

He will stand at Ward's One Mile House on the Marsh Road.

The intention is to send the stallion down about the first of May. Should he be required before that time, arrangements may be made to send him down earlier by applying at this office.

MARCH 30th, 1892.

"THE WILLOWS,"

HUGH J. McCORMICK, Proprietor.

I HAVE much pleasure in informing the public that I will, on July 1st, open "THE WILLOWS," the new Summer retreat on the banks of the Kennebec, as what is popularly known as Weddell's Landing. The house is new and well furnished. The rooms are large, airy and comfortable; especially adapted to the comfort of permanent guests.

"THE WILLOWS" can be reached three days in the week by the Steamer "Clifton," which makes the run in a trifle over two hours, or by stage from Bethany connecting with morning train, which is three miles distant.

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HUGH J. McCORMICK, Reed's Point, Kings Co., June 11.

Extracts from Letters:

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