

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

NOTHING SPEEDY IN IT.

WILLIAM APT SUFFERS IN JAIL DE-SPITE THE SPEEDY TRIALS ACT.

His Stubbornness Left Him When Brought Into Court, and He Confessed to Stealing Mr. Mathers' Money—Interesting Evidence That Wasn't Needed.

After spending nearly three months in jail William Apt was brought up for trial this week, confessed to stealing \$420 and some things from Rev. Mr. Mathers of Wiggins Orphan asylum, and was sent to Dorchester for three years. His confession was somewhat of a surprise. In fact the case had been full of surprises and mystery since the eighth of January last when Mr. Mathers had a visit from one of his former pupils and missed his money. Mr. Mathers did all the detective work connected with the case himself, and he has been quite busy. He conducted the search for the culprit in a way that surprised a good many—particularly Apt.

That young gentleman seems to have had a good deal of experience in more ways than one since he first started out on his criminal career. He left town in a way that made it somewhat difficult to follow him, although he had been somewhat invidious in displaying the stolen money.

He first bought a ticket to Welsford where he had relatives living, but he displayed too large a bank note for a young man of his age and appearance, and the incident of his buying the ticket was remembered. Mr. Mathers, on learning about it, also bought a ticket, but Apt wasn't at Welsford when he arrived there. Apt had bought several tickets since that, and every one was for a point further west. He finally landed in Boston, where he evidently intended to enjoy the stolen money. His experiences there were of the kind that the least said about the better, and Mr. Mathers in working up the case, has probably gathered enough material for a long series of interesting and instructive sermons on the shady side of life and its numerous evils.

Apt, however, seemed to like St. John better than the hub with all its attractions. He kept up a correspondence with his friends here, and thinking that he was not suspected, returned to St. John. He was not here long before he was given a room on King street east, and he has been there long enough to become thoroughly acquainted with the workings of the county jail. Those who knew something of his experiences while there were not surprised at his confession.

Apt's case seems to illustrate the ineffectiveness of the speedy trials act, the object of which was to dispose of cases like his as quickly as possible, and do away with the necessity of keeping prisoners in jail, to await the sitting of the court.

Although Apt took advantage of the act, he has served a long term in jail, under the most distressing circumstances, which, however, was due to his own stubbornness, and unwillingness to communicate with those who could have helped him. He was taken to jail on the 28th of February, and was kept there until he was sent to Dorchester this week. During that time he had not had a change of clothing and was suffering from the effects of his evil habits while in Boston. When he was brought up for trial he was thoroughly broken down and all his former energy and stubbornness was gone.

Had the case come up for trial the evidence would have been of a sensational nature. During his last visit to Boston, Mr. Mathers found a watch in the house where Apt stayed while there, and some of the people of the house, would have been brought on to give evidence at the trial. Letters written by Apt to friends in this city would also have been offered in evidence, all of which would probably have explained what became of Rev. Mr. Mathers' \$420.

A New Industry Flourishing.

"We have doubled our last year's business," were the words of Mr. Carrite, of the Provincial Chemical Fertilizer company, this week. "The demand is increasing every day, and we will be happy if we are able to supply it." PROGRESS takes a good deal of pleasure in noting this fact, because it is a sure sign of the success of a new industry that has been annoyed, hindered and put to much expense since it started. There is not much doubt but Mr. Carrite's method of getting a verdict from the farmers last season has had a good deal to do with the marked advance in popularity of his product this year. The prizes offered were conscientiously tried for and honestly won, and the trials showed just what the fertilizer would do under favorable auspices. PROGRESS understands that the prizes are offered again this year. No doubt there will be the same keen competition for them.

Pedestrians are Scarce, Comparatively.

The carriage makers seem to be having a boom in the way of sulkeys, and one has not to go out of town to notice this fact. The Mill and Main street pavement is a favorite track with a great many horse owners—and the town is full of them.

CHEAP WHITE GLOVES

Adorn the Horny Palms of the City Police Officers.

Four dozen of cheap white gloves, which undertakers are usually supposed to know more about than anybody else, created a sensation about town last Sunday. They started from the police station on King street, astonished the people for the rest of the day, and led the more inquisitive part of the community to inquire "who was dead?" No such "sad event" had occurred, however, but there were several men who, however partial they may have been to being made the object of remark by appearing in brass buttons, seemed decidedly uncomfortable in white cotton gloves, that made their hands as conspicuous as arc lights on a very dark night. And they have been wearing them all the week. The gloves are one of the methods proposed by the chief to bring the force up to the highest standard of efficiency. They are supposed to be worn on duty, probably to protect the officers' hands from the effects of the sun, and to help them in attaining that milky whiteness of the skin so often mentioned by fashion writers, but which would be utterly impossible if the men had to do business bare handed with a prisoner who was determined to give them some exercise in the middle of the road before being locked up.

The white gloves have only had one rival in the comedy line this week, and that was the *Pair of Kids* at the Institute. Which was the most mirth provoking is hard to determine. Many of the officers seem unwilling to figure in comedy, and put the electric out of sight on every opportunity. One of them is usually carried in the hand, while the other goes up the coat sleeve as far as possible. Wednesday the men felt a good deal easier, for even they did not expect a man to put on style in a heavy rain. Some of the men, however, seem delighted with the gloves, and are unwilling to discard them even for dinner. They wear them on night duty.

If style is going to give a good police service, the public will have no reason to complain. The chief sends applications into the council at every opportunity, and is making the men do their share. Orders were issued for all the officers to have new summer coats on May 1, and they are beginning to appear. The chief seems prouder of the appearance of the men than of their achievements in doing police duty. His principal amusement now is to view the men on parade from the graveyard side of King street east, and note the effect of the white gloves during the march down the police station steps.

THEIR OPINION OF EACH OTHER.

Professional Jealousy Will Discount the Favourite Brand.

The absurd jealousy of one woman for another has been a standard topic for humorists and other writers for untold generations. I don't know what they would have done without it. But I think, compared with the tender regard entertained by any professional man for his competitors, poor femininity must take a back seat! Who ever met a lawyer who would admit that any given judge knew his business. If he must allow that he tries to be fair then "he does not know as much law as my boots," while if his learning is patent to all, he is a crank!

An amusing instance of this feeling came under my notice not very long since. In a certain Canadian city dwell two musical men, both possessing much ability, and each full of supreme contempt for the requirements of the other. A gentleman who knew them both happened to be travelling on a train that carried them to neighboring town, to attend a musicale, being given there. Falling into conversation with one, he inquired what his opinion of Blank as a musician was? "Blank," said the man of note, "now you do surprise me when you call him a musician." He can play some tunes, with a wiggly-wiggle at the end; he pleases the women and the children, but music! Mein Gott, he knows nothing of that, he has had no training."

Moving into the next car my friend sat down beside Mr. Blank, and after due time gently insinuated that so-and-so played well. "Y-es, yes, he can play, he knows the notes. You put a piece of music before him and he will play it on the piano. But, my friend, he has no music in his soul!" So much for the judgment of one's peers.

They Kept Him Busy.

A St. John man had to answer a good many questions this week, the result of some advertising done by another gentleman of the same name. He had an advertisement in one of the city papers, offering employment to a number of men. Such an advertisement always has the desired effect, and there is seldom any difficulty in making a choice. The man who did not insert the advertisement is strongly of this opinion. His house was besieged with applicants before he was down to breakfast, and when he went to his office he found a small army awaiting him there, while his friends stopped him at every corner to ask what he wanted all the men for.

NO MONEY AND NO SHOW

THAT IS WHAT THE COUNCIL SAYS TO THE EXHIBITION.

Will the Citizens Accept That Verdict as Final—Will They Raise a Guarantee Fund—"Progress" Will Give One Hundred Dollars to Help Along the Work.

No money and no show! The common council has decided to refuse the request of the exhibition association for an assisting grant and guarantee. By this act they have given the exhibition a probably fatal blow, and made St. John a laughing stock for the whole country. Rightly or wrongly the association has counted upon the assistance of the city again this year. The association is young; it was organized not for private gain but for the public good, and it is nothing more than natural that having some of the heaviest taxpayers and largest merchants interested in its success that they should look to the corporation for assistance.

So they advertised the exhibition, announced its dates and got them placed upon every exhibition catalogue in the country. Local maritime exhibitions changed their dates to suit those of the St. John fair; the preliminary advertising has already begun and everybody through city and country have no other thought than St. John is going to have another exhibition this fall.

PROGRESS called to Secretary Ira Cornwall through the telephone Friday and asked him what he thought the effect of the council's action would be?

"It will kill the exhibition," was his prompt reply, "unless the citizens come to the rescue. We have been depending upon the aid of the city since our application to the province was refused, and the directors will not go ahead without some substantial guarantee."

Mr. Cornwall went on to say that so far every possible encouragement has been extended to the exhibition by local and by outside exhibitors. The list of those who have promised to exhibit is a large one and very representative. In addition to this the horse show has already been brought into greater prominence than they ever hoped it would be at this season of the year.

PROGRESS talked with a number of good citizens yesterday, and they all united in saying that in their opinion it would be a mistake, and one fatal to the exhibition association to allow the exhibition to be blocked by the common council. "It is all nonsense," said one gentleman, "this talking about an exhibition every other year. The people get out of the notion of it, and it cannot be a success. If we miss the show this year, it is very likely that three or four years will pass before there is another."

The only and last resort appears to be a citizens' guarantee fund. Already several offers of sums from \$200 down have been made, and it is thought that rather than see the exhibition go by default there will be no difficulty in raising the required guarantee.

PROGRESS would dislike such a termination of the exhibition idea, and is willing to do its share in starting or adding to a guarantee fund by subscribing \$100.

TO SHOW THE TOWN.

Good Views of Amherst in the Next "Progress"—Truro Follows Soon.

PROGRESS' illustrated edition of Amherst appears next Saturday. All the views of the streets and the portraits are completed and make a splendid showing, while the buildings being engraved for the merchants are yet in the hands of the engraver. There are a good many of them and they take time to execute properly.

There cannot be much doubt at this hour, however, but that the Amherst edition will be as handsome as any citizen of the town could wish it.

The views of the town are very satisfactory, while those of the public buildings and streets cannot be excelled. The portraits are uniform in size and clear—which is the strong and desirable point in half-tone engraving. Already the orders for papers are very large, one firm alone taking 800 copies, another 500 and many other smaller orders. It will be well, however, for those who want papers to make a note of the fact that their orders should be placed as early in the week as possible, as it will be a difficult matter to run a second edition to supply an unforeseen demand. Orders handed to Master George Douglas will be attended to.

Reports from PROGRESS representative at Truro indicate that the edition of that flourishing centre will not only be large but very attractive. This paper has published many illustrations, but few of them if indeed any will compare for natural beauty to the scenes about Truro. Further and more particular information about the issue will be published later.

Everything Comes to Him who Waits.

The pile of stone that has graced the head of King street for some years has been removed. The "art critics" who regarded it as an eye-sore, and the thirty individuals of a practical turn of mind, who never saw the taps going, can now rejoice together.

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

How Apprentices are Engaged at Present. Compared With 70 Years Ago.

"Do you want a boy to learn the trade?"

"Yes. Would you like a situation?"

"How much do you give a week?"

"One dollar and a half, for the first year, and an increase every year after that."

"Well, would I do?"

"Yes, I like your appearance. Can you read and write?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, hang your coat up there."

And with a few instructions and some information as to who he is and what he has done, a boy usually starts in to "learn the trade."

Of course, in some cases, engaging a boy is not done with such despatch as in this instance, but the most voluminous understanding between an employer and his apprentice nowadays would be nothing in comparison to that in vogue 70 years ago. And in most cases the boy engaged with the least talk turns out the best. One thing is certain, it would be hard to find a lad today who would enter into the agreement given below, which is copied from a time-worn document at present in PROGRESS' office. There was nothing remarkable about it when it was written, but it is interesting reading now.

This indenture witnesseth that Benjamin H— of the age of fourteen years, (by and with the consent of his father, Thomas H— of Silsoe in the county of Bedford, Yeoman) doth apprentice to James Webb, of the town of Bedford in the county of Bedford, printer, bookbinder, paper hanger and stationer, to learn his art after the manner of an apprentice to serve from the date hereof, until the full end and term of seven years, thence next following, and fully to be complete and ended. During which said term, the said apprentice, his master faithfully shall serve, his secrets keep, his lawful commands everywhere gladly do. He shall do no damage to his said master nor see it to be done by others, but to his power, shall let or forbear with giving warning to his said master of the same. He shall not waste the goods of his said master nor lend them unlawfully to any, with the said Benjamin H—, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, his said apprentice, the said Benjamin H—, in the art of a printer, bookbinder, paper hanger and stationer, which he now useth by the best means and manner that he can, shall teach and instruct, or cause to be taught and instructed, binding and allowing unto his said apprentice sufficient meat, drink, and lodging during the said term. And the said Thomas H— doth hereby covenant, promise and agree to bind and provide for the said apprentice during the said first year and before the expiration of the third year, and before the expiration of the fifth year, the sum of twenty-one pounds. And for the true and faithful performance of all and every the said covenants and agreements each of the said parties bindeth himself unto the other of them jointly by these presents. In witness whereof the said parties to these presents have hereunto set their respective hands and seals, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand and eight hundred and nineteen.

They Have the Material to Do It.

The Citizens' band have decided to get uniforms, and the concert to be given in the Institute on Friday evening next, will swell the fund. A fine programme has been made up, and to do this it would not be necessary to go outside the members of the band, for many of them can be classed among the best musicians in the city, in their special lines. The programme, however, will not be confined to members of the band, a number of other well-known musicians and vocalists having consented to appear. The new organization has won its way into popular favor, and is determined to add to the reputation already gained, by giving musical people the worth of their money Friday night.

Rather Mixed.

Readers of "Astra's Talks" will note an annoying error in the "make up," which was not discovered until that part of the edition was printed. The first three lines of "Wall Flower's" letter were placed at the top of the third instead of the second column of the department.

A Boom in White Gloves.

Chief Justice Sir John C. Allen was presented with a new pair of white gloves, by the Sheriff when the court opened this week, there being no criminal cases on the docket. The police were presented with white gloves on Sunday. No reason is assigned.

They Bought Tickets for Fairville.

The "gate" at the depot is a paying institution some times. Sunday evening, a young lady with enough friends to fill the depot, left the city, and they were all down to see her off. The officers were at the gate, however, and all the parting had to be done on the inside of it. The only way to get over this difficulty was to buy a ticket to Fairville—and there were quite a number sold to that station Sunday night. Twenty-five cents is a pretty good sum to pay to get past the gate.

Have Wilkins & Sands figure on your painting, inside and outside—Union St.

EVENTS IN CITY LIFE.

THINGS THAT AMUSE SOME AND ANNOY OTHERS.

A Haunted House and the Reason Its Last Tenant Disappeared—Countrymen at the Depot and a Bear in the Post Office—No Style About the Assessors.

There is a house over in the North End that is generally supposed to be haunted. Of course the owner of it does not try to spread this interesting piece of importance. On the contrary she—for it is owned by a woman—tries to rent it at every opportunity. The house has had quite a number of tenants since the ghosts first made their appearance, but no one has stayed more than a couple of weeks, during which time it appears, they got enough material to supply them with ghost stories for the rest of their lives. All kinds of noises have been heard, and every tenant has had an experience different from that of everybody else. But this is common to all haunted houses. The reputation of the one in the North End, however, has spread to such an extent that of late years its tenants have been few and far between.

This fact may explain the gratification of the landlady at having it rented on the first of May. The smallest rent would be better than having the place empty. So when the tenant moved in, the next thing was to keep him there. The landlady found this a rather hard task. But it was not ghosts that bothered the new occupant of the house. He was short of money, so short, indeed, that if the landlady would lend him \$50 for one month, he would be willing to give \$10 as interest. This was a pretty tempting offer, but the landlady was unwilling to strike a bargain for some time. At last she loaned the money, probably thinking that if she obliged the tenant, he might stay on and prove to the world that ghosts existed only in the imaginations of former tenants, and that there was nothing the matter with the house, thereby making it again a source of revenue.

When she handed the \$50 over to the new tenant, however, that was the last she saw of it or him. In a few days the house was again without a tenant, and its owner minus \$50 in cash. The tenant's whereabouts are unknown.

Think It Is the Custom House.

The custom house officials seem to have gained great notoriety in the rural districts. The stump orators of the opposition at election times accomplish their object in making the people believe that the custom house is something to be avoided and feared. Countrymen arriving in St. John seem to think that the first person they meet must be a custom house official and act accordingly. Some amusing mistakes of this kind are made in the new room at the depot. A boy is usually in the main hall directing passengers to the parcel room, and it is a common occurrence to see a countryman open his valise and show its contents to the clerk, with the remark, "There's nothing on the bottom but a few shirts and ties."

They Don't Recognize Style.

People who are fond of giving prominence to their second name and making their first an initial, are not recognized by the assessors. For instance, S. John Brown wouldn't count with them, and an agent would have to call upon S. John and find out whether his name was Samuel J. or Sydney J. or whatever it was, but John would have to take a back seat while the tax bills were being made out. It is rather discouraging to a man who delights to pose before the world with a high-sounding middle name to have to pay taxes on a plain every-day but substantial surname, that is as common as flies in July.

Give Him a Holiday.

PROGRESS has rarely had any complaint to make of post office officials considering what an amount of its business passes through their hands, but there is one bear at the window in the St. John office, whose principal qualifications for the public service seems to be his ability to annoy. The confines of the post office—and especially the window box—seem to be too narrow for him. The postmaster should let him loose, give him a vacation—do anything with him in fact that will rid the public of him.

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Right now, have your painting done—Wilkins & Sands, Union St.

IS THERE IMPOSITION?

Owners of Cemetery Lots Complain That They are Charged for Unordered Services.

There is a growing suspicion in the minds of a good many persons who are interested in the rural cemetery that some person or persons are also interested in playing upon their feelings. PROGRESS has a complaint, supported by good evidence, which would go to show that a change in one or two of the regulations might be greeted with pleasure by many people who are becoming weary of having bills presented to them for imaginary services.

Few persons would dispute the payment of such a bill, even if the work was not ordered done, but the principle of allowing this or that employ to present bills for services not requested or ordered, would seem to be an evil one. One gentleman tells PROGRESS that a few days ago he received word that the stone in his lot required attention, as it was falling down, and at the same time a request for an order to set it right was made. The request was refused, and the gentlemen at once visited his lot. The monument had not been touched and was as straight as possible. This suggests imposition.

Other owners of lots have spoken of the bills that are presented to them year after year for work which, if done, they know nothing of. Perhaps Superintendent Cruikshank could find time to look into these matters.

ONLY A SLIGHT INCREASE.

The Census Commissioner's Own Opinion of the Population.

The signs at present do not indicate a very large increase in the population of the cities of St. John and Portland. So the census commissioner says.

The work is progressing as fast as possible, and the returns are forwarded to Ottawa just as soon as they are completed. There is no enumeration done here; no totals calculated or made known from any other point than Ottawa. The census people say that a change has come over St. John in ten years. In 1881 the people were in a measure crowded together, and while the number of houses was very much less than now, the number of occupants was much greater. It was no uncommon thing to find a large family in one or two rooms. This was, of course, the direct result of the fire. Since that time the population has spread. The people may not be much more numerous, but they are decidedly more comfortable.

But few districts were in any degree complete when PROGRESS talked with the census commissioner, who by the way, is not allowed to give any definite information, but it was his opinion that there would be a slight increase in population in every ward.

Won Florida Real Estate.

Master Harry Rawlins is a young dry goods clerk, who, through much knowledge of his bible and competing in a "house and lot" competition of an American newspaper, has found himself the sudden possessor of real estate in Marion county, Florida. Master Rawlins feels elated at being a winner, but naturally he would like to know something more about his house and lot: whether it is in a swamp or on a mountain, and its approximate value in hard cash. He is also interested in the rate of taxes in that vicinity.

A St. John Boy's Welcome.

"It looks very natural," writes a St. John boy in Halifax "to see PROGRESS sold on the streets here Saturday morning and found in every newstore I enter. Halifax people are just as loyal to their city as we of St. John are and any one of them would welcome their own papers in another town. Speaking for myself it makes life away from home much more bearable to find such an old friend as PROGRESS so near a neighbor."

The People Are Laughing.

A rather good story of a December and May flirtation now going on in the city has been handed PROGRESS, but it is too long and a trifle too personal to print. Both the principals appear to be deeply interested, and they are the ones chiefly concerned. But the young lady's friends are indignant, the old gentlemen's disgusted and the people are laughing.

One for the "Mail."

One of the papers PROGRESS advertises in regularly is the *Mail* of Halifax, and a curious result of its effectiveness has just come to hand from Glasgow, Scotland, from which place a lady writes enclosing the "ad" and asking for PROGRESS and its terms. It counts one for the *Mail* and also shows that it pays a newspaper to take its own medicine.

Good Correspondents Wanted.

PROGRESS wants a number of good society correspondents. Sample letters should always accompany the application. Ladies always preferred. There are vacancies at present in Sussex, Annapolis, Yarmouth, Kentville, New Glasgow, Antigonish, Westville, Stellarton, Shediac, St. Martins.



started this competition partly interest in a useful study, and to please the interest of the young PROGRESS. The questions will every week, and the publisher will give one Dollar for the answer that reaches PROGRESS the rules and conditions that Bible Question Competition state. Answers will be published the Saturday following public the successful competitor will be the next Saturday. Answers addressed to "History Competition, PROGRESS, St. John, N. B." addressed otherwise will not be

number of answers received Competition No. 10, only two correct answers to all. The competitors failed in their third question, naming the chester, which was correct in but not the answer required. This week goes to "Marie," of although the envelope of answers was by no means the The other correct answer from Miss Katie I. Beverley, reet, city.

History Questions, No. 10.

The name of the third son of Henry II who met his death at the battle of Tinchebray—he was unhorsed in a tournament and crushed in a rash of horses lay in the lists.

The nobleman whom the people of his death, remembered as "Sir Teous," and in whose reign did he son of Montfort, Earl of Leicester, Henry III.

at epithet was Henry III, spoken of England and for what reason? the poorest beggar in all England," because demands on them for money, money occurred in London the year of the Flag.

QUESTION COMPETITION

No. 12.

was the first regularly commissioner of New Brunswick and when?

was the political leader in the (Quebec) from 1824 to

did "Montgomery's Tawnd how did it become noted? commanded the American resources that attacked Quebec in

Personality as a Player.

known of Shakespeare's perit were absurd to hazard any respect to, at least, his physical histrionic career. That he presence and possessed of a natural vigor is a not unrecognition, especially when he represented in the Droschout as for a little. Such a picture as he is supposed to have ap- twenty-ninth year, suggests by which is happily in keeping as to what the appearance of a writer should be. Extra- mental and physical, strikes the prominent feature of the ceptable, indicated by out likeness; and thus of his portrait being ad- popular ideal with regard to the appearance of the great dramatist of ever being destroyed. But en for granted that his fitness, unique was concerned, was in adequate to the circumstances a profession. The tradition would, indeed, preclude of his sustaining, with such almost any character on the character of Old Adam, faithful and tried servant of de Bois and, latterly, of his scrupulous son, Oliver, in the *As You Like It*, it is in that such a part would natur- itself for performance more name actor. A frail and half- have, in a measure, to be my player essaying the part of servant. Might it not have a very circumstance that the Shakespeare's lameness origi- drama of *As You Like It* be- on its appearance in 1590, a the frequenters of the Globe, seeing Shakespeare in the of Old Adam, limping faith- ter his new-found master Or- Oliver had discarded him— now have got the impression himself was lame, and hence —Alexander Cargill, in Scrib-

leby—Yes, Miss Astorbit, I never could marry a girl so much. I do not like that you all adopt, instead of say— "Miss A. (went on matri- my lord, I'll renounce it for Lord Noodleby—Then I'll ask be my wife? Miss A. (car- ish joy)—Well, I guess—

Don't Feel Well.

are not sick enough to consult you refrain from so doing for alarm yourself and friends— on just what you need. It is a parilla, which will fit you uncertain, uncomfortable, addition, into a state of good and cheerfulness. You've potent this peculiar medicine: ke yours.—Advt.

CHEAP LABOR A CURSE.

THE ENERGETIC REMARKS OF AN AMERICAN ON THE SUBJECT.

He Doesn't Like the European Way of Doing Things—State Railroads at Their Best and Worst—Men, Horses and Steam—Some Interesting Comparisons.

PARIS, May 12, 1891.—European sight-seeing is capable of many variations. Artists go to the Louvre and the Munich Pinakothek, pork butchers spend hours in the abattoirs, doctors prowling about the hospitals and gloat over the surgical implements in the Rue de l'Ecole de Medicine, women haunt the shops. I know one man who never saw the Madeleine, the Boulevards, but spent so much time and money among the old book and curiosity shops on the Seine quays that he had to bring his

European trip to an untimely close. I was not surprised on making the acquaintance of a retired railroad contractor from America the other day to find that he was fairly boiling over with interesting observations on engineering works in Europe. "I tell you," he said, "its wonderful how much these Europeans have been able to do of engineering work, considering their old-fashioned ways. If we had waited to build railroads in the English style the great West would have been half wilderness today. The rest of them are just as bad. I've seen railroad building going on in England, Scotland, Switzerland, and Russia, and everywhere it has seemed to me that we have very little to learn from them. Where we use wheelbarrows they use handbarrows, where we use dump carts they use wheelbarrows, and where we use temporary rails with tippe cars they use dump carts and horses. Up in Scotland I went nearly the whole length of a new railroad they are building through the Highlands, and it seemed as if they were scratching the earth at a hundred different places at once. There were thousands of men at work; the country literally swarmed with them; but only a comparatively small number were working in a civilized fashion with temporary rails and tippe cars. Of all the ways of moving things about, carrying them on hand barrows is the hardest and most costly, yet that was the way they were handling bowlders. Now in America we would have divided such a road into about six or seven sections, and on each section we would have about half as many men, but a deuced sight more steam power. We'd start at both ends and work toward the middle, or at the middle and work toward both ends and shove the dirt from the cuts, along into the fillings, all on wheels and rails, but the temporary track good enough to run heavy trains over at slow speed, bring all our supplies on our own rails and finish in half the time.

"Those Dutchmen are great engineers, too. Their railroads don't amount to much, but give a Dutchman a mud piddle, makes no difference how big, and he'll have a cabbage garden of it in six years. Why, the Manchester ship canal, about which the English brag so much, isn't a patch compared to the draining operations in Holland. In twenty years they will have the whole Zuder Zee turned into the best farm land in Europe, worth two or three hundred dollars an acre on an average. It's an actual fact. They're going to drain it all in one big job, and with modern improved machinery it won't be a bit bigger undertaking than it was to drain the Harlem Zee forty or fifty years ago. It would only cost \$50,000,000 or so, and look at the result. Instead of a mud lake they would have nice deep canals to all the towns and a rest farm land. We can't teach them any tricks in the draining business. In fact, digging canals is much better done in Europe than building railroads. The Manchester ship canal dredging plant is fully up to American ideas. They have steam shovels 'American devils'; built in Lincolnshire on American models, and they move all the dirt on rails with donkey locomotives. That's because the job is such a tremendous big one that they can't afford not to have the very best means of doing it.

"Why not?" said I. "Well, you see," said he, "we could put a railroad right through the valley ten miles or so from one main line to another for a trifle, but it would draw traffic away from the government lines which connect the same points by a roundabout way, and the government won't build the road itself."

"Government won't let us," said the quarryman. "Well, you see," said he, "we could put a railroad right through the valley ten miles or so from one main line to another for a trifle, but it would draw traffic away from the government lines which connect the same points by a roundabout way, and the government won't build the road itself."

"Oh, we could do that," said he, "but the government wouldn't let it, and if we had cars of our own we would have to load to the government ones. What's the use?"

"Well, you can imagine that that sickened me with the government control of railroads. It just made me boil over with anger to see such stupid management. Mine, you see, it was a quarry as big as the Connecticut brown stone ones. I had to change my mind again, though, when I got back into Belgium. Belgian roads are all under royal management, but they are admirable; admirable, as fast as in England, nearly, and the cheapest rates in the world. Belgium has got no war bogey on hand—neutral territory, you know—and that King Leopold, who can't be half so stupid as he looks, sees his opportunity. Belgium is the most formidable competitor England has in every branch of industry. Her farmers are the most skillful in Europe, except the Swiss, and her manufacturing towns are growing like weeds. Oh, it would be a big thing for us if we could have government management of the Belgian sort. Just think of it! No rate wars, no useless parallel lines built to sell, no town bond skin games, no differential rates, and the public getting the benefit of it all in freight and passenger rates, at absolutely cost price. I can't imagine a better thing for the country.

"There's another thing. I was speaking about the slow way of building railroads. Well, what makes it much more slow and costly than it used to be is that they do everything so thoroughly from the start. In Switzerland they are building two or three different roads, mostly for tourist traffic. I guess, and they are putting in beautiful stone arches over every picayune brook course where iron girders or trusses would have done just as well. The Yankee way is to build the road first as quick and as cheap as possible, get it to running anyhow and make it earn the money to improve the roadbed. That's the way the Central and Pennsylvania were built, and now they are as good as any roads in the world. The West Shore and the Nickel Plate were the only important roads ever built in America as carefully as the English would do it. The West Shore went bankrupt and the Nickel Plate was only built to tap old Vanderbilt's pocket."

"You say the Central and Pennsylvania are as good as any English lines. Why don't they run trains as fast?"

"Don't want to, that's all. Don't need to. Young man, there are seven million people in that hell's kitchen of a manufacturing district around Manchester and there are nearly six million in London. Put seven million people at Pittsburg and six million in New York and the different lines could run express trains tomorrow over the existing road beds as fast as the

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THIS GENT Looks satisfied, pleased, and contented. What makes him so? He's in a nice fitting suit, a nice looking suit. One of ours, like this, would look well on you. Try one on sometime—you may buy it if you see it. They're so nice. If you want a business suit, why we can fix you—Outing Summer Suits, in large lots, very cheap, from \$3.75 up. A nice Blue Serge Suit, very cheap.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO. COR. KING AND GERMAIN.

A Boon to Health! AND A HOUSEHOLD SAFEGUARD. "PEARL" WATER FILTER.

WHY persist in drinking unfiltered water, polluted with animal and decaying vegetable matter, and in large towns with factory refuse, sewers and impurities from adjacent dwellings, thus breeding typhoid, malarial fevers, bowel diseases, cholera, and a whole train of kindred evils, when you can purchase a "PEARL" WATER FILTER for \$1.00. If your faucet has not a thread upon it, we can supply at small cost an adjustable thread, which is always handy. Price of Filter, \$1.00. Adjustable Thread Connection, 35c. Get one, and ensure pure water.

T. McAVITY & SONS, - - - SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Brantford Safety Bicycles TAKE THE LEAD. THEY ARE BUILT FOR CANADIAN ROADS, NOT ENGLISH WALKS.

THIS LETTER SPEAKS VOLUMES. MONROE, May 7, 91. Messrs. C. E. BURNHAM & SON, St. John: GENTLEMEN—In answer to your inquiry as to what is my opinion of the BRANTFORD SAFETY BICYCLE, I have much pleasure in stating that the BRANTFORD SAFETY, purchased in the Spring of 1890, has given me entire satisfaction. I have been riding for several years past, having ridden the "Rudge Safety" and other wheels, but I have not had a wheel that could stand our rough roads, or give me the comfort and satisfaction as did the BRANTFORD SAFETY. Wishing you a large sale for 1891. I remain, yours, etc., W. C. TOULR, P. O. Dep't, Moncton, N. B.

Brantford Safeties, Ladies' Safety Bicycles, Rob Pys, Little Giants, cone and ball bearings; Rockets and Pet Safeties. Full stock on the way from the manufacturers; a limited supply on hand. Send for complete catalogue, which includes Tricycles, Velocipedes, and Cycle Sundries, to suit all wants.

C. E. BURNHAM & SON, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

N. B.—For the accommodation of our friends, especially outside of the city, who would like to see our Stock on the Queen's Birthday, we will open on May 23rd, from 7 a. m. to 12 o'clock. The Ladies' Safeties will be in by then. C. E. BURNHAM & SON.

The Model Grand.

Everything can be said in favor of the Model Grand. A Stove that has been tried and proved as good as this one, can be recommended. It is a stove that always gives satisfaction. When you move don't forget that that's the time to have a new stove put in. See our Model Grand.

THE question is, do you want a stove? if not, don't buy one; but if you look well into the stove business before buying—above all, see our Model Grand. It's a range that is a range. You can depend on it to do the best kind of work.

COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, - - Charlotte Street. COME IN AND LOOK AT MY GENTLEMEN'S AMERICAN, GRAINED, DONGOLA, BALMORAL \$2.50, NEVER SOLD FOR LESS THAN \$3.00.

Ladies' Hand-Sewed Kid Button Boots, \$2.75.

Misses' Spring Heel Boots, \$1.00. Misses' Spring Heel Boots, \$1.20. Boys' Balmoral Boots, \$1.00. Men's Working Boots, \$1.40 to 4.00. Children's Button Boots, \$1.00. Youth's Balmorals, Tap sole, \$1.00. Boys' Balmorals, \$1.00. Ladies' Button Boots, \$1.00 to \$4.00.

G. B. HALLETT, - - 108 KING STREET.

MUSIC.

The absence of any somewhat difficult task. However, there is a topic which I hope to do. The Y. M. C. A. orchestra under Prof. White's leadership of 25 and 70 day evening.

Mr. James S. Ford, march, which I am very soon have an opportunity. I am glad to hear that you are again in the summer, and was gratified to hear that you had returned to the city. The Citizens' band of 22nd inst., in the Mechanics' building, which is assisted by Harrison's and five of our best choir that will certainly refer to Mrs. Barlow's choir. This choir loses a member, who was married to Mr. Beaulieu, of Halifax. A prominent clergyman recently delivered a sermon on the subject of "people, including in their praise of ears strained to catch advice was good. It is the sympathy of the choir will make mistakes as the congregation at this when they do so.

The historical and created in St. Luke's on Thursday evening, May 15th, and Progress of promises to be given to all true lovers of sacred will review anthem and elaborate and intricate. The music is by the Harmon's full orchestra, novelty in the way of a full choir for the loving public, and pleasure and of professional will be amply.

TALK OF THE Hub, as things theatrical are son is about colonial beginning to disband the first flight of their trunks at alope; those whose and whose wants described, are counting of the cheap sea.

Here in Boston still in full bloom, of novelty, and that not much to attract the incursions several curtains of

Last week did ling. The Mercury headed by Mary the chief attraction please, and, lacking in a sense I cannot see that could name a me, have a greater than Wilson. pleasing and the well put on, although that one remaining the theatre.

E. S. Willard, mont, and, as I once before, he I had the pleasure The Middleman, work in this piece

At the Boston wealth of scenic numeraries, support of actors of who most charitable, engagement. T on account of it. I must say it was English officer through Fraleigh

Almost next Park theatre, her audiences w dashing widow, officer in the pl it is a fimey far is supported by they make the p

Down at the alism is in vogue seen in Hands less to remark it should be.

Away up at there is another seem to have c late years, one you can squ Progress is li next decade the when I see it again

Rusty drama Street, and R Wiley, well kn are pleasing th Prouty. The some, but too farm-yard prod

We are pr very soon, and Augustin Daly'

"Making glad, waist places"

EVERYBODY LIKES IT

LOGAN'S IDEAL SOAP. Full Pound
 Indispensable in every well regulated family
 for all Household and Laundry purposes
 Made only by W.M. LOGAN ST. JOHN, N.B.

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ENAMINE



St. John-South End.
 Mr. Vickers left yesterday for Montreal. Some of his friends got up a small drive in his honor last Saturday afternoon, when the tally he was engaged and the party drove out to Lakeside for dinner. A very jolly time was spent, and before returning to town, photos of the party were taken by Mr. G. W. Jones, which were a great success. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Busby, Mrs. G. E. McLeod, Mr. C. Campbell whose death at the advanced age of 88 years took place on Sunday last. Just six weeks ago Mr. Campbell was called to attend the funeral of his mother.
 Mr. James Keator was sufficiently recovered from his late illness to return to his duties at the bank the first of the week, when he left for Montreal.
 Dr. White is visiting New York.
 Mr. Simeon Jones, the Misses Jones, and Mr. Fred Jones returned home on Monday last from a pleasant two months trip to the Pacific coast.
 The many friends of Mr. A. Miller, of the Bank of B. N. A., will be glad to hear that his trip to Florida has been most beneficial. He will return to St. John in a few weeks, when on all his marriage with Miss Blair, of Truro, will take place.
 Mr. Arthur C. Fairweather, who has spent the last few months in England, is on his way out again.
 Mrs. E. M. Hazen, who has been abroad for the last year, is also expected home shortly.
 Mr. and Mrs. Black Barnes returned on Monday last from their wedding trip, and are the guests of the Misses Nicholas, at Lakeside terrace. Mrs. Barnes will receive her friends on Monday, and the following days of next week.
 Mrs. Fred E. Sayer received this week, when numbers called to offer their congratulations. She was most becomingly attired in a dress of batiste with ostrich feather trimmings. She was assisted in receiving her friends by Miss King, Miss Josey Troop, and her sister, Miss Annie Smith, who were very prettily dressed, and dispensed tea and wedding cake to the guests.
 Mr. Charles Troop left for New York this week to join his sister, who will return with him.
 Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson and their four daughters left this week for an extended tour in England and the continent.
 A quiet wedding took place at St. John's church, on Thursday morning, at the early hour of 6.30 o'clock, when Miss Lizzie Hatheway, youngest daughter of Dr. Hatheway, dentist, of St. John, and Mr. Bauld, of Halifax, were united in marriage. The bride was unattended, and was attired in a pretty travelling costume.
 The funeral of the late Fred Turner, who was drowned while fishing at Boabec lake near St. Andrews, took place on Wednesday last from the residence of his brother, Mr. J. H. Turner, King street. The casket was filled with beautiful floral offerings, sent by many sorrowing friends, who heard of his sad and sudden death with deep regret. The remains were taken to St. Paul's church where the service both there and at the grave were read by the Rev. Mr. Lutz.
 Mrs. John Robinson, who has been visiting St. John, returned to her home in Fredericton on Wednesday last.
 Mr. Neenahil Merritt, (Toronto) accompanied by his son, Capt. Wm. Merritt, spent a few days in St. John this week en route for England. The guests of Mrs. Charles Merritt, Charlotte street.
TRURO.
 Mrs. T. B. Millidge of Washington is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. of Thulow, Pennsylvania; also his mother, Mrs. Thos. M. Reed of St. John, N. B.
 Mrs. C. E. L. Jarvis has returned home completely restored to health, after an absence of five months in Boston where she was under the care of the well known specialist, Dr. Geo. Haven.
 Mr. Chas. A. Secord has returned from New York, where he has been studying dentistry for several months at the New York college. The closing examination of the winter session was held in February when Mr. Secord was fortunate enough to pass successfully into the senior class.
The Crinkle, Natty, and Tulou, are the leading Shoppers at the Clothing Factory, Cory, Sydney and Leinster Sts., City.

St. John-North End.
 May 13.—Mrs. Barnhill left yesterday for Chelsea, Mass., where she will be the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Fred Ferris.
 Dr. McInerney went on a fishing excursion last week and brought home a nice lot of fish.
 Miss Jule Travis, who was the guest of Mrs. Dr. March and Mr. E. March went to Tracy lake today on a fishing excursion.
 I am told that a young restaurant proprietor, who is quite popular amongst the boys, is shortly to be joined in bonds of matrimony. He will reside on Metcalfe street.
 Mr. A. Roberts returned home from Boston last evening.
 Miss Kate Roberts is expected home from England on a visit, next month.
 The members of the Portland Methodist church hold a concert to-morrow evening.
 The children of the industrial school will hold a bazaar next Monday afternoon, and at 6 p. m. will hold a yellow tea in their school-room in the W. C. T. U. hall, and the following evening they will give a concert, for which they are at present making extensive preparations.

FREDERICTON.
 [Promises] is for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. T. H. Fenety and by James H. Hawthorne.
 May 13.—It is the same old story concerning society news in the celestial city at present. Parties have ceased altogether, and everyone seems to be pursuing the even and quiet tenor of their ways. The weather has been so perfect for the past week that if you wished to see any of the fair ones, home the ladies have searched out their riding habits from their winter quarters, and many graceful figures may be seen on horseback every afternoon.
 The water in the river not having been very high this year, the young gentlemen have availed themselves of this opportunity to get their canoes out, and no one would want to see a prettier or more beautiful river in the quiet evening and watch the craftly urged against the current or allowed to drift slightly down until a bend in the river hides it from view.
 The latest sensation is a ladies cricket club. A great many of the prominent ladies, both married and single, have joined it, and I understand that their first practice took place yesterday. They will soon play a public match to which everyone may go, and this is what the gentlemen are looking forward to. No doubt they will be highly interested in watching the ladies bowling, batting, and trying with the festive ball. It is to be hoped that this will be a success, for if they never become great cricketers, they will have the advantage of the exercise, and that will be a benefit to many.
 I also understand that the young ladies are about forming a base ball club, but I am not sure if I am right in the back ground.
 The Canadian national game of lacrosse has also made a good start in our city through the influence of Capt. Roche, I. S. C. A club with a membership of over fifty has been organized with Sir John Allen, honorary president; A. F. Street, president; Mayor Gordon and Mayor Allen, vice-presidents.
 Dr. Bailey will take the senior class of the University on a geological excursion next Saturday, to Clark's Mountain.
 Mr. L. W. Bailey, jr., will return to his bank duties in St. John on Saturday.
 Mrs. Jack has returned home from St. John. Dr. Dr. McLeod and family have moved into the house lately occupied by Mrs. Boyce on George street.
 Miss Thorne, who has been visiting friends here for some weeks, will return to her home in St. John on Friday, she will be accompanied by her sister, Miss Ella Thorne, who will spend a few weeks with her mother in St. John.
 Mr. John Blair, an old and respected citizen, died suddenly last week of a gripe, and his remains were buried Sunday afternoon. Rev. Mr. Payson conducting the services.
 Mr. T. E. Morrison and Mrs. Morrison are visiting their relatives here. They are the guests of Mr. Morrison's parents at the Millis.
 Judge and Mrs. Fraser are expected home from the south in June.
 A quiet wedding took place last Thursday morning at the residence of the bride's mother, Mr. George Street, when Mr. Leslie White, confecturer, of St. John, and Miss Minnie Massey, were made happy.
 Miss Massey has been living in St. John for some time. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Payson; the brother of the groom supported him, and Miss Lydia Lynn was bridesmaid. Mr. White left for St. John by the early morning train, followed by the good wishes of a large circle of friends.
 Mr. George E. Fenety and his family, who have been enjoying a delightful trip in the sunny south, are expected home next week.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

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BOYS' SHORT PANTS SUITS,
WITH EXTRA PAIR OF PANTS FOR EACH SUIT.

Our assortment of two and three piece suits for Spring and Summer, is unequalled. They consist of Black and Blue Serges, Fancy Scotch and Canadian Mixtures and Black Whip-Cord; these suits are cut, made, and trimmed in the most stylish manner.

The Real English Royal Navy Sailor Suits,
With long Pants and Cap complete, for Boys from six to fourteen years of age.

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THE WHOLE STOCK MUST BE SOLD WITHIN A FEW MONTHS.

Mr. Turner is retained by the Trustees as Manager of Goods during this sale.

If you want good Value in Exchange for Money, now is the time to secure it, at once.

SPECIAL LINES. SPECIAL LINES.

NEW PRINTS, 7 1/2, 8 1/2, 9 1/2, 10, 12 1/2 to 14c. All styles—new patterns. Secure them while they last. At Prints Counter.

You will find a choice lot of **SHAKEE FLANNELS** to select from, at very low prices; in fact call and secure all you want while they last.

LADIES' MERINO VESTS, special, 35c., 37 1/2c., 42c., 60c.

BLACK CASHMERE, extra wide, 40c., 46c., 47c., 52c., 56c., 60c., 67c., and up to \$1.25. No such value ever offered in this city.

BLACK HENRIETTA SILK WRAPS, 90c., \$1.20, \$1.35, \$1.50, to be had at Dress Counter.

NEW CLOTH SERGES, all the Spring Shades opened Friday; worth the attention of all Dress Goods buyers in the city, at 55c., yd., worth 75c. to 81c. yd., regular price.

LINEN AND CLOTH COUNTER.

SHIRTINGS, TOWELS, LINENS, SHEETINGS, 9 1/2, and 10 1/2; Grey and White Cottons, Tickings, Black Jacket Cloths, Tweeds for Men's and Boys' Coatings, Ulster Cloths. All at Linen Counter.

BOYS' SUITS,—English Cloth,—all sizes to 12 years. Very extra value.

SAMUEL C. PORTER, JAMES T. GILCHRIST, Trustees.

We invite inspection of our Elegant New Stock of

LADIES' Fine Waterproof Cloaks.

THE HANDSOMEST PATTERNS EVER SHOWN IN ST. JOHN.

All our Stock is new and latest designs

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE
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FRUIT! ARRIVES FRESH, EVERY BOAT.
Strawberries, Oranges, Bananas, Etc.

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For Misses' and Children's Wear.

NAVY WASHING SERGES,
WITH GILT CORD, BRAID, AND BUTTONS FOR TRIMMINGS.
Strong, Durable Materials, specially suitable for School Dresses.

PLAIN AND FANCY CLOTHS FOR SHORT COATS.
Silk, Taffeta, and Lisle Gloves,
SIZES, 2 to 6.

BLACK LISLE and COTTON HOSE,
Warranted Fast Dye.

HOSE SUPPORTERS, WASHABLE WAISTS, MERINO and WOVE VESTS—In White and Grey.

WINDSOR SCARFS,
IN FLANNEL AND SILK.

Danie & Robertson,
LONDON HOUSE RETAIL.



TOCK.
 Woodstock at Everett's
 take last week in saying
 ceiving. She is receiving
 Minnie Connell is as-
 will be a real acquisition to
 is speaking of her pretti-
 job is one of the excite-
 round is to be laid out on
 and building, and every
 ment for playing. To be
 the height of ambition
 mber of the club. To an-
 the fair members, the dry
 ing in a fancy lot of tennis
 mens is one of the chief
 officers are W. P. Jones,
 Banks, Evans, J. T.
 ke, vice-president; J. T.
 secretary. Dr.
 stor is organizing the club
 business of the ladies and
 it great success it will
 York, is visiting his
 from England, who is to
 Neales, arrived yester-
 who has been very ill, is
 much to the satisfaction of
 very anxious about
 ven visiting here, left for
 are away on a short trip to
 on Belyes are visiting in
 a short visit.
 of a dance to be given in
 our leading society ladies,
 invitations will soon pro-
 the young people are pin-
 ning the summer days arrive.
 JOHN.

DIAC.
 in Shediac at A. Stone's
 to see the usual influx of
 ce a number have already
 hotel. Mr. Weldon has
 ber of rooms and fixing up
 shing as attractive as possi-
 d have among our people
 with redoubled force this
 a few miles from here,
 ague, scarcely one family
 instances all the members
 club getting to work at
 as hoped this will not fall
 will not take all summer
 last year.
 at present. On
 son, Mr. E. J. Cochran, Mr.
 and Miss Evans drove to
 fishing expedition. They
 number of the speckled
 P. E. I., is visiting at her
 as returned from St. John,
 nder the art school.
 P. E. I., is visiting Mrs.
 in Moncton, spent Sunday at
 town on Monday to attend
 Mrs. Glendon's
 is visiting in Sussex.
 returned to Sackville on Mon-
 day.
DOUCHE.
 Coates gave a small party
 niece, Miss Jane Beers,
 from Kingston, where she
 ed from P. E. Island where
 few days. We expect to see
 often now, Mr. Doherty
 while there.
 Richmond, was here on
 arter and family are visiting
 This is a farewell visit for
 leaving shortly for Tacoma.
 le for Mrs. J. W. Carter, in
 in her mother and grandmo-
 church of each other.
 in Richmond, occupied the
 days last Sunday evening.
 from Kingston, visited
 irthday, they were accompa-
 and Nell J. Ross and
 Douglas are receiving con-
 of a son.
ESBORO.
 by A. C. Berryman, Parre-
 county court this week
 proverbial rainy weather,
 really needed, the terms
 a very backward condition
 of the court was very brief,
 Tuesday morning, the rain
 nder Morse, who had with
 led Mr. C. R. Sturur
 Arthur Davidson, from Am-
 has been confined to the
 by illness, is able to be out
 covering. He has been very
 lungs.
 come from Amherst Satur-
 real at the Minas hotel a
 of Springfield, was in town
 Antigonish, gave a reading
 which was very well attended.
YSVILLE.
 Gibson, Miss Gibson, Mrs. C.
 in Hatt left for St. John on
 John, spent Sunday with Mr.
 hat Mr. John Gibson is not
 as his many friends would
 McAdam Junction, took the
 olist church on Sunday last,
 ceasing usually to fulfil his ap-
 suffering from la gripe,
 as returned from St. John,
 y, of the bank of Nova Scotia,
 on in Boston.
 and Mrs. W. T. Day, spent a
 week.
 Sunday evenings in our little
 very interesting nature, as I
 young gentlemen from the
 them very regularly.
THURST.
 nce of the regular services in
 church on last Sunday made
 regret which the deacons
 caused. It will be long before
 to worthy filled, and long I
 agation have again among them
 so charitable and so zealous as
 rs (see Hillcock), is visiting her
 any friends have joined in offer-
 gratulations on the successful
 or has gone to Bersema, Que.
 M. P., returns this morning to
 his parliamentary duties. His
 will accompany him.
 Mann, who left his place
 to reside in Ontario, has the
 friends here in the annual ac-
 cither son James, and the con-
 of their daughter, Miss Mabel.
 Tom Brown.
AND FALLS.
 Kerton left last Wednesday
 Stephen
 arrived home, April 28th, and
 her many friends.
 pens a week in St. Leonard's re-
 her brother, Mr. George H.
 all in Victoria hall May 25th and
 eted.
 of Lunenburg, Me., is visiting
 hos, Merritt.
 who has been suffering from a
 la gripe" is again able to be
 has been in Andover and Wood-
 two months returned home on
 on of Andover occupied the pul-
 church, Sunday the 3rd last.
 Mrs.

SWEET IS REVENGE.

By J. Fitzgerald Molloy.

Author of "How Came He Dead?" "That Villain Romeo." "A Modern Magician," &c.

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CHAPTER XVIII.—A PAINFUL STORY.

The bright sunshine of a summer morning shone into the sitting room of a lodging house situated in a quiet street, not far removed from Hanover square. The apartment, though not wholly uncomfortable, showed little effort at adornment. Moreen curtains, once crimson, but now faded to a tawny hue, hung from mahogany poles by wooden rings that rattled noisily when moved; the floor was covered by a carpet somewhat threadbare with the passage of feet, but retaining much of its primitive freshness where it had been mercifully sheltered by the center table. A large mirror in a gilt frame, from which the floral ornamentation had been broken, stood upon the chimney piece of cracked white marble, and reflected the large bowers and there by lithographs after Sir Edwin Landseer's pictures encased in cumbersome frames.

It was just ten o'clock, and Mrs. Simmonds was busily engaged in brushing the crumbs from the center table, at which someone had already breakfasted, routing an army of flies from the cut glass sugar bowl, and arranging a bunch of flowers which she placed beside a white and gold china breakfast cup. Her round, shining, good natured face wore an air of perplexity; her plump hands dabbled with the plates, knives and spoons as if her mind was wholly preoccupied, and presently, when the door opened and Lady Fothergille entered, the landlady fairly started.

"Good morning, Miss Ethel—beg pardon, I mean my lady," she said, her eyes brightening.

"Dear old nurse, don't call me my lady—let me forget, if I can, all that has happened within the last few months."

Mrs. Simmonds smoothed out the white apron tied round her ample person, and regarded Lady Fothergille closely.

"You have been crying again this morning, I can see—your eyes are quite red."

"I couldn't help it," Ethel replied, striving to keep back her tears even then.

"Well never mind, my dear. Sit down, I'll bring up your breakfast in a minute, and I hope you have some appetite after your long journey. I can tell you I was surprised to see you driving up to my door in the early morning."

Ethel seated herself on the springless horse-hair sofa, the faded chintz cover of which concealed a multitude of blemishes. Presently the odor of fried bacon rose from the lower regions and pervaded the house. It carried back her thoughts to her early days, when bacon and eggs were allowed the hard-working doctor and his growing family on Sunday mornings as a special privilege. Shabby as the old home was, well-worn and home-made as her clothes were, she was happy in the care of the life and the shadows of the future fretted her mind—happier perhaps than she had been since.

The entrance of Mrs. Simmonds bearing a tempting breakfast on a tray, interrupted her thoughts and brought her back to the unhappy present.

"Now, my dearie, if you eat a good breakfast you will feel much better; and you need be that, for your pretty face is pale, and your eyes are sunken in your head from crying. Sit down here and I'll wait on you myself, and grateful I am to whatever chance it is that brought you back to me once more."

"You are the kindest old nurse in the world," Lady Fothergille replied with a smile. "What would you say if I were to live with you for ever?"

"I should feel proud and glad, my dear—you were always my favorite child," Mrs. Simmonds answered. "But you only say that in jest—I know you don't mean it, my lady."

"No! I am quite in earnest, I shall never go back to the abbey."

The perplexed look which had hovered over the landlady's florid countenance now deepened. She made no immediate reply, but watched Ethel closely, studying her looks, thinking over her words, and striving to arrive at some definite conclusion. When breakfast was finished she quietly said:

"Now, my dear, you told me nothing this morning, nor did I ask, seeing how pale and tired you were, but today you will tell your old nurse what has happened to bring you up to town alone and make you so unhappy. I have seen a good deal of the world, my dear, and my experience may help you."

"I know your kindly intentions, nurse, but I fear no one can help me," Ethel replied, rising from her chair and taking a seat on the sofa.

"Wait one moment," cried Mrs. Simmonds, walking quietly to the door and opening it suddenly. "I'm afraid the maid listens," she explained. "I'll send her upstairs, and then we can be quite safe."

Having issued her orders she returned, shut the door, and sat down beside Lady Fothergille.

"Now tell me what is your trouble."

"Sir Danvers and I have parted," Ethel replied.

"Parted!" cried Mrs. Simmonds in astonishment, as she looked shrewdly at Ethel.

"Yes. Lately his manner began to change towards me—I don't know why—and then yesterday he came into my room and declared I had betrayed him, that he had proofs of my disloyalty, and he hoped never to see my face or hear my voice again."

"Did you give him any cause for jealousy?"

Ethel drew herself up and looked indignantly at her questioner.

"Don't be angry my dear, but I know young wives, without meaning any harm, are sometimes foolish."

"I gave him no cause," said the landlady sympathetically.

"Then he must be a brute," said the landlady emphatically.

"Oh Alice, you don't know him or you would not say that. He is one of the kindest and noblest of men."

"Was there any one in the house, any pretty women that flattered him? I know how forward and brazen some of them can be, my dear."

"Certainly not," replied Ethel, indignantly.

"Then I can't understand it. What did you say when he made these charges, my dear?" she asked.

"I told him they were false, but he wouldn't listen. He said he had proofs of my unfaithfulness and I was too indignant to ask him what they were. I could not bear that he should think me otherwise than I am, his loyal and devoted wife, and now I shall never forgive him, never," she added, bursting into tears.

"But why did you leave him; don't cry dear."

"I could not stay with him after such an accusation, and besides he said we must live apart in future, that he would leave the abbey in the morning and trust I would have gone before he returned. It was too cruel, I cannot bear to think he could say such things to me," she sobbed, tears running down her cheeks.

"And then you came away, poor child," said Mrs. Simmonds soothingly, as she put her arm round Lady Fothergille's waist.

"You wrote to him, I suppose, denying the charge and told him where you were going."

"No, I didn't, how could I after such words. It he did not wish to hear me I was not going to plead my innocence. I left him as he desired, and I shall never go back."

"But your whole life will be spoilt."

"I cannot help that, the fault is not mine."

"There is some misunderstanding, but what it is I can't say. Have you any enemies? perhaps his daughter wished to part you."

"No, no, she is the dearest and sweetest of girls, but I'm sure I have an enemy, though I have no reason to think so, save that I instinctively dread her."

"Ah, now we are coming to the point. Who is this woman?"

"Mrs. Crayworth who has been staying at the abbey. Yet I cannot see what advantage she would gain from a quarrel between Sir Danvers and myself."

"No, it's hard to fathom such women, but I have no doubt she has made this trouble for her."

"I can't say, she is a widow."

"They are always the worst, trust them for making mischief between man and wife."

"Even if she did scheme—he, my husband, should not have believed her word before mine. I shall never forgive him—nor do I ever wish to see him again," Lady Fothergille said between her sobs.

The words Sir Danvers had spoken yet rankled in her mind, filling her with indignation, wounding her pride and anger. Mrs. Simmonds made no remark, being busily engaged in thinking how she could best awaken Sir Danvers to the wrong he had done his wife—the girl whom she had reared and still loyally loved, and by what means she could reunite them once more.

In the pause which ensued a light footstep and the sweep of a silk dress was heard descending the stairs and passing through the hall. A second later and the street door shut almost noiselessly.

"That is my queer lodger," said Mrs. Simmonds, starting up and going towards the window. Sheltered behind one of the faded moreen curtains, she looked into the street and saw a tall figure closely veiled, and dressed in shabby black garments, stand upon the doorstep irresolutely, then turn swiftly to the right, and almost immediately retrace her steps and take the opposite direction.

"I can't make her out," continued the landlady, "and yet, I have no doubt, she's a gentleman born and bred," she added, anxious to detract Ethel from the remembrance of her grief.

"What is her name?" Lady Fothergille inquired.

"Freeman—Mrs. Freeman. She has been with me a couple of months, never gives any trouble, and is as quiet in the house as a mouse. She's hard up I know, but she has great hopes of plenty of money when her husband comes back, where he is, or who he is, she never says, and it seems to me there is something mysterious about her."

"Poor thing, perhaps, he is also in trouble," said Ethel.

"Many a wife is, my dear, and through no fault of her own. She thinks she owes me several weeks' rent, but she don't, though I mustn't tell her so."

"Why not. It might be a relief to her mind."

"Well, I'm not allowed. You see it happened in this way," explained Mrs. Simmonds. "One evening, when she came back a young man came with her. When she had gone up to her own room, he returned and made enquiries about her payments. She owed me two weeks at the time, and I was thinking of giving her notice. He then told me he was entrusted by his friends to ask about her and pay her rent, though she mustn't know that, as, owing to some family quarrel, she would not accept anything from them, and would rather suffer than receive their help. So here she remains with me."

"Did he tell you who her family were?"

"No, that was another mystery. I hope, dear, you will not mind dining with her this evening; I have but one dining room, and you will find her quite a gentle woman."

"I should like to see her," Ethel replied, "you have interested me in her already."

"Ah, you always was that pleasant and agreeable young lady, do anything for your old nurse," said Mrs. Simmonds, smiling on her.

"And my old nurse would do anything for me."

"Now my dear, if you will take an old woman's advice, you will try your pretty eyes and write a letter to Sir Danvers, telling him you are innocent of his charges, and that he has been in the wrong, and letting him know you are safe with me."

"No, I cannot do that. If he believes me guilty, let him. If he wishes to know where I am, he will find out."

"Who would think, to look at you, that you were so positive," replied Mrs. Simmonds. "But, if you don't do it today you will tomorrow—it's only a question of time."

"Never," cried Ethel. "Never. I cannot forgive him."

At seven o'clock that evening Lady Fothergille sat in Mrs. Simmonds' drawing-room, an apartment pervaded by a musty odor, as if not frequently used. White lace curtains screened the tall windows, between which stood a small table, bearing a family bible surmounted by a tea caddy; bunches of flowers under glass shades ornamented the chimney-piece; chairs, with knitted antimacassars, stood at equal distances like sentinels along the walls; a chandelier suspended from the ceiling, and she had not long been seated when the rustling of a silk dress, such as she had heard in the morning, fell upon her ears. It suddenly ceased, and then looking at the door Ethel saw the handle turn. It was not, however, pushed open; whoever stood at the threshold hesitated to enter, the swish of the silk dress was heard retreating and once more drawing near, then the door swung back, when a second later Mrs. Freeman appeared, looked round her swiftly, and seeing Ethel, bowed nervously without speaking.

The long, pale, sensitive face lighted by dark eyes expressive by turn of restlessness, timidity, and paches, and set in a frame of rich brown hair, heavily streaked with silver, at once struck Ethel's attention and appealed to her sympathy in a manner she could not explain. There was something pathetic, not only in the countenance, but in the tall spare figure, and in the highly nervous manner of the woman.

"How do you do?" said Lady Fothergille, rising, scarcely knowing what to say.

"I am well, thank you. Mrs. Simmonds told me I should find a new lodger here—Miss Payne."

"Yes," replied Ethel who desired her name should remain unknown. "I came early this morning."

"I have been here some time," said Mrs. Freeman, advancing into the room and sitting down with her back to the waning light. "I am waiting—always waiting."

"What for?"

"The question startled her, she looked keenly at the speaker, and then seeming to gain confidence from the expression of her face, answered, "For my husband. He is away at present in France, but he will return sometime—sometime."

"He does not know you are waiting for him?"

"No, I wish to give him a surprise. He does not expect to see me, but he will be glad when we meet."

"But how are you to know when he returns?"

"His servant Barlyl will tell me."

"Barlyl," repeated Ethel. The name seemed familiar to her, but she could not just then remember where she had heard it, or to whom it belonged.

"But how is your husband? He speaks to me about my husband, and let me take and keep one of my husband's photographs."

Her hearer felt puzzled, there was something strange in the idea of a servant giving his master's portrait to his wife's wife. The smell of roast beef and apple tart which had been growing stronger every minute, now reached its climax, when Mrs. Simmonds flung open the door and announced that dinner was served.

"I have known sorrow," Ethel replied sadly.

"I knew it. There is something in the eyes of those who have grieved which tells it, even though the smiles upon their lips, and the words upon their tongues deny it, and once having known sorrow they feel for those in misery. You understand me."

"Perfectly," Lady Fothergille answered. "And you will help me if you can," Mrs. Freeman pleaded.

"Certainly, I shall be glad to aid you if possible," said Ethel, who was filled with pity for the woman.

"I trust you, I trust you," she said, still looking into Ethel's eyes, and then suddenly adding after a pause, "My name is not Freeman."

"Then what is it?"

"Fothergille."

"And your husband?"

"Is Capt. Fothergille. Do you know him," she said eagerly.

"No, he thinks of many men bearing the same name in the army; what was his christian name?"

"John," she replied. "Tell me if you know him," she implored.

"I cannot say," Ethel replied, cautiously. "My husband's cousin is Capt. John Fothergille; but I return not married," she added, remembering his attentions to Meg.

"Then it cannot be the same, but wait, I will show you his photograph," said she who had been called Mrs. Freeman, as she took from her pocket a leather case in which was enclosed her husband's portrait.

"Edith, hold it under the gas; one glance sufficed to show her it was Sir Danvers' cousin."

"You know him," exclaimed the strange woman, reading her face.

"Yes. He is my husband's cousin."

"Then," she said, excitedly, "you can tell me when he will return from France."

"He is not in France, he is in England."

"He has come back, I did not know."

Ethel saw the poor woman had been misinformed, but refrained from pointing out the deception lest it might give her additional pain.

"He is at present staying at Fothergille abbey, Hayton, Devonshire," she replied.

"Then I must see him at once. I will go to him."

"Does he know you are here?"

"No, he thinks I am in Australia, but those who kept us apart had pity at last, and let me go, and I have come back to him," the unhappy woman said, her manner becoming excited, a wild light burning in her eyes.

"I don't understand," said Ethel. "Why should they have parted you?"

"Because they were wicked people, and—"

"They said I was mad."

Her hearer started, the thoughts that for some time had been gaining ground in her mind were suddenly put into words, and she looked at the woman with a keen interest.

"It was only one of their wicked lies. I was ill, but I am quite well now, as I shall prove to my husband, and when he sees me he will believe it, and we shall be happy again."

"Where were you married?" Ethel asked, thinking this might be an insane delusion.

"In Melbourne, I will show you the certificate, I always keep it with me," she answered, opening the upper part of her dress and taking out a little silk bag suspended from her neck by a string. Opening this she drew forth a paper certifying that Anne Lawson, spinster, was married to John Fothergille. "I have always kept it with me," she added, "even they let me wear it, they did not deny I was his wife, they could not do that."

Ethel handed it back in silence, a sense of depression fell over her as she concluded this poor woman had been wronged, by whom she did not yet know, though she could not refrain from suspecting.

"Where did you meet the captain," she asked.

"I will tell you all, then you will perhaps be able to help me."

"I shall be glad if I can," she answered, raising her hand to turn on the gas and lighten the room, for sitting in this semi-light oppressed her.

"Stay," said Mrs. Fothergille, placing her hand on Ethel's arm. "If you please I would rather not have a strong light, I can talk best whilst it's like this—I am used to it and I like it," she explained.

"Very well," Ethel replied, anxious to humour her. "It was in Melbourne you met Captain Fothergille, I suppose," she added, desirous to lead her to speak of her past life.

"Yes. He had just come from the gold diggings when he was introduced to me, and from the first day I saw him I loved him. No man had ever spoken to me as he had; he told me of his love in words such as I had never heard before; and when he asked me to be his wife I answered my heart had been his from the first."

She paused a moment as if to linger over recollections which softened and beautified her face as with a glow of inward light.

"I should have been completely happy if it were not that my father opposed my marriage, and set his face against the man I had chosen as my husband. On this we disagreed for the first time in our lives, for I loved him well. I was the only child, and had never known my mother's face. He disliked the captain, whom he called an adventurer, but I pointed out that he had held a high position in the army; he said he was penniless, but I answered, my fortune—which came to me from my mother—was sufficient for both. He knew it would break my heart if I did not marry Capt. Fothergille, and eventually he gave his consent to our union. We were therefore married, but soon a cloud came upon my new life, for my father died. It was the first great grief I had known, and it was selfish as to indulge in it, for I fear my husband found me dull, and my home not so cheerful as before. He remained absent from me for many hours every day, and sought pastime at the card table."

"Had you been long married at this time?" Ethel asked.

"Only a few months. I strove to conceal

This is to certify that I came to the Wilmot Spa Springs in Oct. 1867 so much afflicted with dyspepsia that I did not expect to live long. Freely drinking the water completely cured me in a few weeks.

NATHAN VANDENBERG.

Frederick, N. B.

Ship Captains give Kerr Evaporated Soup Vegetables the highest praise, as they are always fresh, sweet, and cheap, and can be enjoyed when other vegetables are impossible.

YOU LIVE in Cotton, Linens, Flannels

By Day

at Night.

Why not have them clean, sweet, white?

You want them that way;

Everyone does.

SURPRISE does it easiest—

quickest, cheapest. Use the

"Surprise Way" on Wash-

day without boiling or scald-

ing a single piece. Read the

directions on the wrapper.

my grief, and to appear resigned. I asked my husband to bring his friends to our house, which he frequently did, and after supper they naturally played—sometimes I met to than his absence, for I loved him with all my heart, and was jealous of every hour he spent away from me. I therefore did not remonstrate with him for the losses, which I knew he met with, at play."

"He gambled!" Ethel remarked.

"He did. I could always tell by his manner when he won and when he lost, though what were the sums that changed hands I never ventured to ask—all I had was his to do with as he pleased."

"Did you not urge him to give up gambling?"

"Yes, but he would not heed me. We were about twelve months married, and I was expecting the birth of our child, when the darkness fell upon that ruined my life," she said, a nervous spasm contracting her face, a wandering restless look coming into her eyes.

"Do not speak of what pains you," Ethel said, compassionately.

"You must bear all, I have told it to no one else, but I want you to understand me," she replied, and then continued more slowly. "I knew he had been losing for some time. One evening, Hawkins, the man who had won his money, came to supper with us, he was to start for Sydney next day, and my husband said he must have his revenge. I retired early, but I could not rest. I dozed and woke, again and again; then, I must have dreamed, for what I saw could not be real," she said, putting one hand to her forehead, as if to concentrate her thoughts. "I dreamt I heard a noise, and went softly downstairs, the sounds increased as I drew near—the sounds of a scuffle—I hurried onward and reached the room where I had left my husband, to find him standing with a knife in his hand over the prostrate body of Hawkins—the hand holding the knife was smeared with blood. I gave a scream, and immediately felt as if a blow had been dealt me by my husband."

She shuddered at the remembrance of the painful scene her words called up, and her face grew ghastly pale.

"I suppose I was delirious, for when I began to recover I found myself in a great house surrounded by insane people. My hair was cut, I wore a uniform, and doctors came and saw me continually. They told me I had been ill of brain fever, that my child was born dead, and I myself had made a hard struggle for recovery. I asked for my husband, being sure he would come and take me away, but they said he had returned to England. No man who would never recover, for he left no word for me, wrote me no letter—they may have told him I was dead. I would have left the place immediately, but they would not allow me; at times memory deserted me, the past was blotted out, a great deal of this terrible dream pursued me; but gradually I grew better, the dream became more faint in my mind, and I was pronounced well. When I was permitted to leave, an old friend and school-fellow took me to her home, who sheltered and protected me."

"Did you not write to your husband," she asked.

"No, I determined to seek him, for if he knew I was coming he might forbid me, and I could not disobey him. He had taken my money, not thinking I should want it; no doubt he would have sent me some if I had asked him. My friend strove to dissuade me from following him, she did not know how much I loved him. Under the name of Mrs. Freeman I sought for and obtained a situation as stewardess on board a steamer coming to London, and with the money I earned and that which my friend lent me, I have since lived here awaiting my husband's return. But now you have told me where he is, I shall seek him and all will be well," she concluded, her countenance beaming with delight.

Lady Fothergille understanding from the artless confession she had heard, the cruel heartless character of the captain, feared a heavy grief awaited his wife, but she withheld from clouding her happiness by words of doubt or warning.

"Would it not be better to let him know you are in England?" she suggested.

"No, no, I must see to him. I have waited so long and so patiently for the hour, and he is so near. I must go to him," she replied excitedly. "You will tell me how I can get there. I shall start tomorrow."

"If you will allow me to lend you some money, I shall be glad. We are no longer strangers, my husband is Capt. Fothergille's cousin, so we are kinswomen and need not stand on ceremony."

"You are very good," she said hesitatingly, her hand almost unconsciously touching a heavy gold brooch— "I am waiting present so her. "But I think I can find enough for my journey."

"But if you don't, you will let me act as your banker," said Ethel.

"Thank you—yes," she answered, and then to herself she murmured—"I am obliged to you for this. Her face was radiant with happiness. It seemed as if years had been lifted from her life."

Lady Fothergille looked at her with

hopes, hoping that the meeting with her husband rested might not bring fresh disappointment and misery. From the little she knew of the captain she was not inclined to credit him with kindness—the fact of his paying attention to Meg troubled her; suspicions rose in her mind which she could not banish; and she feared for the suffering woman before her.

"If you will excuse me," said Mrs. Fothergille, "I will leave you now, but I hope you will give me the directions for my journey when I return." Saying which she left the room.

Soon the ghost-like rustle of her silken gown was heard on the stairway and along the hall, then the entrance door was softly closed.

Mrs. Fothergille was on her way to the pawnbroker.

(To be continued.)

A Joke That Failed.

An excellent story is told of the late Professor Rogers and Dr. R. W. Dale of Birmingham, says London *Tribune*. These two gentlemen were giving a series of lectures in Lancashire, and at every town which they visited Dr. Dale noticed that his colleague, who always spoke first, made the same speech. In fact, so often did the Professor give that speech that the worthy Doctor knew it off by heart, and this fact led the latter to think of a way of taking the wind out of his friend's sails.

On their arrival at a town in South Lancashire Dr. Dale asked Dr. Rogers to allow him to speak first—an arrangement to which the latter readily agreed; so Dr. Dale rose and proceeded to deliver the speech of Dr. Rogers, looking every now and then with the corner of his eye to see how that worthy gentleman was taking this practical joke.

Dr. Rogers, in fact, made the same speech, in fact, so often did the Professor give that speech that the worthy Doctor knew it off by heart, and this fact led the latter to think of a way of taking the wind out of his friend's sails.

At the conclusion of the meeting Dr. Dale said to his colleague:

"I thought I had taken the wind out of your sails to-night."

Dr. Rogers replied: "Oh, no. I delivered that speech when I was here a month ago."—*Ex.*

Everybody Knows.

That at this season the blood is filled with impurities, the accumulation of months of close confinement in poorly ventilated stores, workshops and tenements. All these impurities and every trace of scrofula, salt rheum, or other diseases may be expelled by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier ever produced. It is the only medicine of which

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No Vanity among Men.—They were talking of the vanity of women, and one of the few ladies present undertook a defence. "Of course," she continued, "I admit that all women are vain. The men are not. But, by the way," she suddenly broke off, "the necktie of the handsome man in this room is up under his ear."

Every man present put his hand up to his neck.—Ex.

Enameline cannot be excelled as a Toilet Article.

Ponsonby—"There goes a man who was brought up with a silver spoon in his mouth." Ponsonby—"I know a man who was brought up with a dozen silver spoons in his pocket."—*Jeweller's Circular*.

"Why, is it only one o'clock? I thought it was twelve!" Mrs. Bronson, as the clock struck one. "Naw, mum," said Bridget. "It's never later than was at this time uv day."—*Harpers' Bazar*.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. UNLIKE ANY OTHER. For INTERNAL or EXTERNAL USE. Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1810. GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT. THINK OF IT. In over 40 years it is one family. Law's... EVERY SUFFERER... EVERY MOTHER...

SUNDAY READING



BIBLE QUESTION COMPETITION.

This competition is open to all the readers of PROGRESS, but is more especially intended to interest the young people—the boys and girls who are, or should be attending Sunday school. The following rules should be strictly observed:

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

- 1. A prize of one dollar will be awarded every week for the first correct answer that reaches PROGRESS office. If there is no correct answer the person who sends the first best answer will receive the dollar. In case two correct answers reach the office at the same time the dating stamps of the post offices at which they are mailed will be taken into consideration. 2. Competitors must write on one side of the paper only, giving name and address in full with each answer. These need not be published except in the case of prize-winners and successful competitors. 3. The winner of a prize will not be eligible to compete for another for four weeks. 4. All replies must be received on or before Saturday one week after publication of the questions, thus allowing competitors a clear week for their efforts. 5. No post-cards can be received. All replies should be addressed to the "SUNDAY READING," EDITOR PROGRESS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

I have much pleasure in stating that a new name is the successful competitor for "Prize Bible Questions" No. 12. Miss M. A. Estano, Moncton. The questions were answered correctly by the following six: Miss Katie Newnham, St. Stephen; Miss Janet S. Gust, Yarmouth; Miss Annie Watson, Fredericton; Miss Melissa A. Thorn, city; and Miss Grace B. Robinson, Annapolis Royal. With regard to the first question, Jerusalem was given as the city whose timely repentance delayed for a time her destruction. If you read over carefully II Samuel, xxiv chap. you will see why Jerusalem was not destroyed. David had sinned in numbering the people contrary to God's wishes. God gave him his choice of three chastisements: pestilence, famine, or to flee before his enemies three months. David felt he was in a great strait, but wisely chose to fall into God's hand. So the Lord sent a pestilence, seventy thousand of the people died, when the angel was about to destroy Jerusalem, the Lord repented and said, "It is enough," therefore it was the Lord's repentance or turning away from his purpose, saved Jerusalem. Some gave Corinth as the city where Paul spent a winter. Paul spent a year and six months in Corinth. Acts xviii, 11.

The third question was answered correctly by all. Zedekiah was given as one who received his name from the family and national calamity. Zedekiah received his name from the King of Babylon when he was raised to the throne. I do not think he would look upon that act as a family chastisement, but rather as a mark of prosperity. I am sorry to say there was not a boy among the competitors this week. I hope they will not leave the field so ingloriously to their sisters, but still compete whether they gain the prize or not.

ANSWERS TO PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS No. 12.

- 1. Give the name of a city whose timely repentance delayed for a time her destruction? Ans.—It is said in Jonah iii. 1-6, that the city of Nineveh repented at the preaching of Jonah; but was miserably destroyed some 200 years later (see Nahum iii. 1-7; 18-19). 2. Give the name of a city where Paul spent a winter? Ans.—Paul spent a winter at Nicopolis (see Titus iii. 12). 3. Give the names of the pillars of the early christian church? Ans.—James, Cephas and John are spoken of as pillars in Gal. ii. 9. 4. Who received his name amidst family and national chastisement? Ans.—Zedekiah received his name in a time of great chastisement. Israel was defeated by the Philistines and the ark of God taken away, the father and uncle of I-chabod being among the slain (see I Sam. iv. 21). M. A. ESTANO.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.—No. 14.

- 1. Who was the inventor of musical instruments? Ans.—Ishobab was the inventor of the harp. 2. Give the name of a Jewish Jewess, whose "unfeigned faith" is traced by Paul in his daughter and grandson? Ans.—Prove from our Saviour's sayings he was familiar with the writings of the minor prophets? 3. Scripture character No. 2. To whom do the following statements refer? and where are the facts recorded? 1. She was one of the faithful women who ministered to Christ. (2) Her husband held a responsible position in a royal household. (3) She took part in the last act of devotion towards our Saviour. (4) She became one of the first missionaries to tell the news of a risen Saviour.

The Child Jesus.

Strange and true, that, like your boy and girl that last night by sleeping in the little bed, in the firm and true belief that the Christmas morn would bring some pleasant gift brought by God's kind angels, even such like was Christ. The round smooth face that was to wear that most glorious crown of thorns—a human mother bent great with true light, shaded from its sleeping eyes. The little hands that were to be the most beneficent that ever were in this world, that for our advantage were to be nailed to the bitter cross, were the helpless hands of an infant, and grew gradually stronger and bigger, as did yours and mine. That is Emmanuel, God with us. To whom be love, trust, faithfulness, glory and blessing, now and evermore.



SERMON.

BY REV. PROF. MILLIGAN, D. D., OF ABERDEEN.

Sons of the Clergy.

Sermon preached before the Sons of the Clergy in St. George's church, Glasgow. "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine, continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee."—Timothy ii. 2. The words of my text were first addressed to a minister, and there is no class of the community that needs them more—except it be the sons of ministers. It has often been said of the sons of ministers that they turn out ill. The charge is not merely a gross exaggeration, but is altogether true. So far from turning out ill, the sons of the manse have, in proportion to their numbers, been an honor to their families, their country, and their church. They have not only reached the highest places in every profession in which they have entered; they have not only in every department of life inscribed their names on the brightest rolls of fame; what is even far greater consequence, they have done innumerable acts of kindness beheld only by the eye of God. They have been the friends of innumerable young men striving to obtain an entrance into the business of the world, and to push their way in it. How many a youth, almost lost in the crowds of a great city, and beginning to despair, have they encouraged, cheered and helped. And they have done this, because they were the sons of ministers. They have remembered the happy home of their infancy and childhood. They have thought of it as the centre of all that was gentle and tender and loving in the parish, of counsel to the perplexed, of rest to the weary, of consolation to the afflicted, of hospitality to the stranger. The associations that cling to the manse are of a noble and noble character, and with them into the every-day hard-working world, and made them resolve amidst the pressure of their own anxieties and cares, that the spirit of their earlier should be the spirit of their later home. We have no cause to be ashamed of what the sons of the Scottish manse have both been and done.

Yet, even were the charge against them better founded than it is, it would not be difficult to account for it. There is no greater risk than that of being brought constantly into contact with the observances, the rites, and the atmosphere of religion. In the highest degree valuable, when animated by their proper spirit, these things become more dangerous to reality and truth than the world itself when that spirit is absent. Familiarity with sacred things may be, in some cases, a curse as much as a blessing. In the days of our Lord, the Jews of Judea and Jerusalem were, as a class, wholly different from the Jews of Galilee. They were more fanatical, selfish, cold, and cruel. Various reasons may be assigned for this, but no small part of the explanation is, that they lived near the temple, and the religious ordinances which they had ceased to understand. They felt their own importance. They were enriched by the contributions which flowed in from the Jews in every distant land to the city of their solemnities, the Zion which they loved. Pride thus took the place of humility, and money-making of generosity of heart. The eternal principle involved in words of prophecy of our Lord, and of his apostles was fulfilled in them. The very stone upon which they might have reared the fair fabric of a religious life fell upon them and crushed them. It is always so. Ministers may well be warned. It is an awful reproach too often uttered, against a minister, that when in the pulpit he should never leave it, when out of the pulpit he should never land to the city of their solemnities, the Zion which they loved. Pride thus took the place of humility, and money-making of generosity of heart. The eternal principle involved in words of prophecy of our Lord, and of his apostles was fulfilled in them. 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GAY CARRIE CARELESS

ACCUSES A WOMAN OF BEING IMMORAL BECAUSE SHE CAN COOK.

How a Woman Can Attract a Man in a Thousand Ways—Dainty Ways of Fixing the Dressing Table—A Girl's Hair as it Appeared When Only Half Bleached.



"SCATTERING THE SEEDS OF DISSATISFACTION."

resting place for herself, the little mimic tempted him past all endurance by saying that she could cook—actually cook.

Just as immoral, so say the men, is it for the girl of the period to get herself up in the altogether bewitching spring styles and parade the streets, as it to charm the men with the fascinations of her get up.

On top of the captivating head, she spikes her hat with a wayward brim and a rose upon the crown.

It was a pity, yet a pleasure to state, not exactly red nor yet black, a sort of muted color you see, but it is fast becoming Auburn.

It was the fashion to have a weak spot as the result of the grippie's ravages. It may be one's heart that is weak—that is perhaps the sweetest thing to have—or it may be that one is subject to rheumatism.

She goes for an outing. just run over its fascinations. There is the bodice, fitting as tight as the skin, and suggesting a plump loveliness underneath.

There is the high collar, ever so high at the back of the neck and low enough at the front to show the pretty little hollow which grows underneath a woman's chin.

And then the rest of her attire? Oh my! Oh my! You have seen it, you know all about it. It was a pity, yet a pleasure to

state, not exactly red nor yet black, a sort of muted color you see, but it is fast becoming Auburn. The back of her hair has been washed ten times, and it is only now at the red

THE CONVERSATION.

What conversazhyonies wuz, I really didn't know. For, that you must remember, wuz a powerful spell ago;

Three-fingered Hoover kind uv kicked, an' said So far ez any conversazhyonies wuz concerned; He'd come to Red Moss Mountain to tunnel for the

When Sorry Tom received the gang politely at the door. He said that kerls would be allowed upon the second floor;

As speakin' French wuz not my forte—not even oovry poe,— I stuck to kerls ez played by them ez couldn't

Bill Goslin hearn him say it, 'nd uv course he spread the news. Uv how Three-fingered Hoover had insulted Charlotte Rooze

Uv how Three-fingered Hoover had insulted Charlotte Rooze. At the conversazhyonies down at Sorry Tom's that night,

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HID IN THE LOG.

How a Southerner Escaped From a Party of Guerrillas. A Southern correspondent sends to The Companion a story of war-time. In some parts of the South, and especially in North Carolina, the horrors of war were greatly aggravated by the strife between irregular organizations of Union and Confederate sympathizers, known respectively as "Buffaloes" and "Guerrillas."

After General Burnside's capture of Roanoke Island and Elizabeth City, things began to grow very uncomfortable for the volunteers, who had made themselves obnoxious to their neighbors by many deeds of mischief.

He knows that he could hope for no mercy if they might not fire upon his wife and children, he urged his horse forward, at the same time holding his infant child in front of himself as a shield.

Hardly was he inside when his enemies swarmed into the field. "Where is he?" "Where is he?" he heard one and another ask. "We saw him run this way, and he hasn't had time to cross the field. He is hiding here somewhere and we have him at last."

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all other Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men.

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13 WATERLOO STREET, IS THE PLACE TO BUY FURNITURE CHEAP

PARLOR SUITES, - - from \$35.00 UPWARDS. STUDENTS' CHAIRS, - - - - at \$5.00 EACH. 6ft. EXTENSION TABLE, - - - - \$6.50 EACH. With 10 per cent Discount for Cash, during May.

CHARLES S. EVERETT.

OUR SPECIALTIES.

Wringers, Washers, Step Ladders, Piano and Furniture Polish, Curtain Stretchers, Boys' Carts, Wagons, etc.; Window Blind Tape, Fire Crackers, Fireworks, etc.

YOURS TRULY, F. BEVERLY.

SEE SEE

Our Gents' Furnishing. A truly good Stock. We've got the newest and latest Styles in COLLARS, CUFFS, SHIRTS, TIES, and everything a Gent needs.

JAS. KELLY. 5 MARKET SQUARE.

JAS. KELLY. 5 MARKET SQUARE.

"THE MAY FLOWER."

May Bonnets and Hats

are now on the rush. Our beautiful new Hats are meeting the approval of the ladies. The new "MAY FLOWER" Hat is getting to be very popular; it is in different shapes, trims beautifully; you ought to see them, along with our other Spring Millinery.

MME. KANE, OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, UNION STREET.



PUTNERS

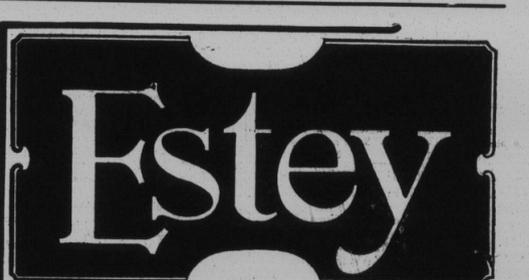
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WHAT YOU WANT!

*ADMIRATION. *CROWN OF GOLD. *EAGLE—(WHITE AND GOLDEN). *GLOBE. *BUDA. *DIAMOND. *FIVE ROSES. *HUNGARIAN OGHIL VIES. *GRITZ. *BROWN BREAD FLOUR. *GRAHAM FLOUR.

Those Brands of Flour with the * mark before them, are Manitoba, and too best Bread Flour in the market.

HARDRESS CLARKE, - - - 48 SYDNEY STREET. NEAR PRINCESS.



Is the name which we ask you to remember when about to purchase an Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

PHYSICIANS SAY THAT ESTEY'S EMULSION is the most perfect preparation of Cod Liver Oil that has ever come under their notice. It is almost as pleasant to take as milk, and will agree with the most sensitive stomach.

Cures Consumption, in its first stages; Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, General Debility, Eruptions, Spinal Diseases, Rheumatic Gout, Deficient Nutrition.

50cts. 50cts.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

EARLY SUMMER

SHOWS FOR SEASIDE FOR TENNIS CO.

How the Average Woman Gets it Trimmed—New—A Hostess' Toilet and Costume.

New York, May 13.—That dear Rudyard Kipling accuses one of his heroines of being immoral—positively immoral—because she said she could cook.



AN INDOOR

mirrors were scattered comfortable, and the long-suffering glasses were to see and take warning

The hat of the spring when it hasn't its best, and on the best he but at its worst it seems and curled up in frying crown and its point that eyes and its three to five up like wings behind, it on the woman whose face wear and tear and whose actly pretty is rather good many women seem ception of this melanch where does the average more tired or seem to be burdened than when she tenderly at herself under of those queer things with a double crown.

Yet the chances are she can find nothing that and because she is tired man answers meekly, qing in the marriage ser she is taking the hat worse. "I will."

And then the salesgirl flower counter and asks have. And because she and paid \$15 for a little black with a gold tinsel woman says, "I think and gold ribbon."

"Then you need yell nounces the salesgirl w and she produces a w quite as if she had said wurd. The woman doe caps, but nothing else while she bends in a da glass of the show cases not too patiently waitin in a hurry to get rid of experience of life among trimmed millinery has nress her zest of life and

In the end the woman She won't wear her and black and white w

majority of her dress gold. "Will you shov timidly, "those heads salesgirl gets out the and they cost just \$1.49. Then the salesgirl you an estimate?"

And the woman rep than ever. "If you ple want black velvet ribb under the trim. It w see."—here a rapid madam."

The woman open ceives a certificate o home. She is not at prove becoming but a jacket that didn't hav As she walks away fr asks: "Will you send Open Evenings. D

STREET, TO BUY CHEAP

5.00 UPWARDS. at \$5.00 EACH. - \$6.50 EACH.

VERETT.

LADIES: Step Ladders, Polish, Cur-Carts, Wa-Tape, Fire ks, etc.

EVERLY.

SEE

made Clothes. A new and lock, well-selected Children's s' Clothes, Men's Suits, y heart could wish we have, ough to see them.

KELLY, MARKET SQUARE.

ts and Hats

Our beautiful new approval of the "MAY FLOWER" Hat very popular; it is in imes beautifully; you along with our other

KANE, CK, UNION STREET.

NO OTHER.

ion

AND GLOBE.

*HUNGARIAN OGIL. VIES.

SIAM FLOUR. and the best Bread Flour in

SYDNEY STREET.

ask you to purchase Liver Oil.

50cts. 50cts.

EARLY SUMMER FASHIONS

SHOWN FOR SEASIDE WEAR AND FOR TENNIS COSTUMES.

How the Average Woman Buys a Hat and Gets it Trimmed—Novelties in Ribbons—A Season's Toilet and a Smart Seaside Costume.

New York, May 14.—It is hard to spend an hour in an occupation of greater interest than watching women buy hats. I am not thinking of women who buy their hats trimmed. But yesterday I loitered about in an establishment where long tables were heaped with wierd looking untrimmed shapes, and where the broad aisles between the tables were filled with jostling figures trying on. There were rows of mirrors over the tables next the wall, and standing



AN INDOOR TOILET.

mirrors were scattered as thickly as was comfortable, and the pictures that these long-suffering glasses reflected were things to see and take warning from.

The hat of the spring is such an uncanny thing when it hasn't its clothes on. At its best, and on the best heads it is like a leaf, but at its worst it seems to have squirmed and curled up in frying. With its flat crown and its point that runs out over the eyes and its three to five points that stand up like wings behind, its effect in profile on the woman whose face has stood some wear and tear and whose hair is not exactly pretty is rather discouraging. A good many women seem to have some conception of this melancholy fact, for nowhere does the average individual look more tired or seem to feel life more of a burden than when she is gazing discontentedly at herself under the shadow of one of those queer things in black crinoline with a double crown.

Yet the chances are she buys it; because she can find nothing that suits her better, and because it is fashionable. And when she has bought it, the salesgirl asks, "Will you have it trimmed here?"

And because she cannot trim it herself, and because she is tired, the average woman answers meekly, quite as if responding in the marriage service, and, indeed, she is taking the hat for better or for worse, "I will."

And then the salesgirl leads her to the flower counter and asks her what she will have. And because she has just bought and paid \$15 for a little reefer jacket in black with a gold feline edge, the average woman says, "I think I will have black and gold ribbon."

"Then you need yellow flowers," pronounces the salesgirl with quiet authority, and she produces a bunch of buttercups quite as if she had said the last possible word. The woman doesn't care for buttercups, but nothing else is offered her and while she bends in a dazed way over the glass of the show cases the salesgirl stands not too patiently waiting. The salesgirl is in a hurry to get rid of her customer. Long experience of life among triers on of untrimmed millinery has taken off the freshness her zest of life and made her cynical.

In the end the woman has an inspiration. She won't wear her reefer jacket always, and black and white will go better with the

TENNIS COSTUMES.

majority of her dresses than black and gold. "Will you show me," she asks it timidly, "those heads of clover?" The salesgirl gets out the white clover blossoms and they cost just the price of the hat, \$1.49. Then the salesgirl says, "Shall I give you an estimate?"

And the woman replies, and more meekly than ever, "If you please."

The salesgirl pronounces, "You will want black velvet ribbon and a little velvet, under the brim. It will come to; let me see,"—here a rapid calculation, "\$7.50, madam."

The woman opens her pocketbook, receives a certificate of deposit and goes home. She is not at all sure the hat will prove becoming but she is glad she found a jacket that didn't have a stand-up collar. As she walks away from the salesgirl she asks, "Will you send it tomorrow?" The

Open Evenings. Duval, 242 Union street.

action of this story takes place, of course, on Friday.

And the salesgirl responds as if it made no possible difference: "No, madam; on Monday."

The woman who doesn't pay above \$7.50 for her hat and who doesn't know at all what she wants is a very important factor in society, for we are not all of us rich and very few of us have minds of our own; but still there is a good deal of dress news in the air that is of a different stamp entirely. There are dresses in making for summer wear that are very novel and original. Some of the silks are uncommonly beautiful in shades of gold, old rose and gray. Many of them, as you would expect, are in ribbon bow patterns. Others are in pale cornflower blue combined with gold or coral. Black grounds come out in variety. Small pink flowers or violets or yellow acacia blossoms are thrown upon them and they are made up most picturesquely in seaside costumes.

A woman acted as hostess at a spring lunch yesterday in a costume that will bear description. The stuff was a light pink bengaline, the bodice describing a sort of jacket that was worked with most elaborate embroidery of gold set with moonstones. The front was filled in with black lace, and the collar and close-fitting sleeves were of lace also. A deep flounce of black lace was mounted very full about the waist, appearing to come from under the bodice. The skirt was absolutely plain, all the fullness being concentrated behind. The wearer of this dress was rather tall and was very slight, or otherwise it would not have been becoming. As it was, it proved one of the most successful indoor toilets of the season.

There is a good deal that might be said about ribbons. Very wide soft shot silk is coming in; often it is brocaded with panies and cowslips or butterflies, and sometimes it pranks itself fantastically with cherries tied up with bow knots or with currants or any fruit that can by any stretch of the imagination be considered decorative. Gold gauze ribbons are popular, fringing it may be with metallic spangles or with sequins. Pointed crepes are used for all sorts of purposes, and it is the commonest thing in the world to see an embroidered bird of considerable size spreading its wings for a hat or bonnet crown.

A smart seaside dress is of pale heliotrope shot silk with three narrow gold bands about the bottom. It is made with a pointed waist with a gold girdle, from which depends a fan that is gotten up to look, when shut, quite like a horn. The piquantly cut cape, with its collar and epaulettes, goes well with the big hat in gold and heliotrope, and the full veil comes below the chin.

Honeysuckle is at the moment the favorite shade of yellow, and is combined with shrimp pink or embroidered with gold or



A SUMMER FIGURE.

silver. Honeysuckle-tinted muslins and organdies are being finished for the warm days that are coming, with bertha, sleeve caps and flounces of Venetian lace.

For a garden party for which the invitations are already out is a striped chambray in honeysuckle and black with heavy black Spanish lace trimmings. There is a parasol with deep lace flounce to match, and if very openwork lace is used, the lace and dark red Spanish roses and honeysuckles.

Tennis dress exhibits some more or less notable changes. Black silk shirt waists are being worn to play in, with diamond buttons to fasten the fronts and to get lost in the grass if not carefully looked after. Red or chambray-colored cloth coats come with them and are donned in the intervals of the game or worn home in the cool of the evening. Striped percale shirts are out in force and take to complete their effect dotted pique vests with standing collar and four-in-hand tie. With such a rig will be assumed a loosely folded silk waist scarf matching the stripe of the shirt in color, and making an outfit very fashionable and even more uncomfortable. Would any created being but a woman think of tennis in a stand-up collar?

Checks and plaids are used for tennis gowns. Dull red and fawn color goes well, with blouse of plain fawn, vest and revers of the plaided fabric, and two fawn bands about the bottom of the plaided draperies. Buff and white was seen this morning, made with pointed hip piece simulating a girdle, below which was set a white shirt gathered on with a pointed heading.

Most of the new blouses fasten diagonally and have sword belt trimmings of metallic braid. They are made in light ones of silk serge, with close set bands of black and gold.

Ellen Osborn.

The Way She Managed it. "Well, with cleaning and moving, and everything out of place and upset I haven't done a bit of washing for two weeks," said one woman to another one day this week, "so you can just imagine the work I have done in me together with setting the house to rights."

"Thank goodness," said the other, "that I am not like you, for indeed I couldn't commence to do a days washing after this cleaning."

"You hire a girl I suppose! Well I'd rather do it myself, than watch one."

"Oh no I don't, I just send my washing to Ungars, and they do it so reasonably, and with so little trouble that I wouldn't think of having them done in any other way."—Advt.

PLAIN BUT EXPENSIVE.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEALTHY DRESS IN SIMPLE FASHION.

Some Pretty Costumes seen in New York This Spring—Some Little Fancies Beautifully the Children—Other Suggestions for Little Ones' Dresses.

New York, May 13.—These sunny spring days the park is alive with children—children in carriages seated firmly beside their mammas and arrayed almost as gorgeously as they. The children of the wealthy classes, however, are frequently dressed in extremely simple fashion. Many mothers array their little ones in apparently simple toilets, which are not always expensive. In these gowns the best material is used, the daintiest embroidery and the finest lace. The sewing is often done by hand, and the narrow Valenciennes lace edging, the hemstitched frill is real and not the ordinary patent Valenciennes generally used.

Perhaps the little gretchen gown is of ging-ham, but the gingham is Scotch and costs sometimes fifty and sixty cents a yard, and is almost as expensive as silk.

The beauty of these little wash suits lies in their exquisite freshness, their crisp daintiness which cannot be equalled by goods which cannot bear the crucial test of soap and water.

Washable silks, however, obviate this difficulty in a great degree, for if laundered with proper care they emerge from their soapsud bath looking equally as well as their more modest sisters—the gingham, seersuckers and percales. One beholds immense polka dots now on children's dresses; an exceedingly stylish one worn by a fair-haired little beauty is of marine blue India, strewn with dots almost as large as oyster crackers; the low-cut bodice is shirred about the neck and arms and left to hang over the belt. Fedoras fashion—the sleeves are full, reach to the elbow and are finished with a deep silken frill; the guimpe is of silk, striped in pale blue and white, and laced together with dark blue silk cord. Pretty little silk suits are of storm serge, which does not change or fade by contact with sun, rain or salt water; the regulation trimming is a sailor collar either white, or blue with white stars and a shield barred with white, several rows of white woolen braid or a deep band of white serge finishes the suit; the blouse is either laced or buttoned. Jaunty sailor hats either blue or white, or nautical caps are worn with these pretty and useful toilets which never go out of fashion and can be replaced with nothing else.

Green and black seems somewhat a bizarre combination for a child, but on a small blonde it is irresistibly lovely and wonderfully becoming. This dainty little gown almost makes one think of a bunch of spring leaves tied with a black ribbon. The tiny garment in question was of crinkly crepon, with such an extremely short waist that it amounted to scarcely more than a yoke; tied loosely about the waist was black ribbon velvet about two inches long, sometimes polka dotted, sometimes with a white checker-board pattern reaching half way up the leg; or the foot simulates a boot and is finished with vandykes running into a color, such as pale blue, pink or lemon. Cloaked stockings are pretty with Oxford ties, and slippers of the soft grey or black kid. However, most mothers prefer high shoes as the ankles of growing children are weak and likely to turn when a low shoe is constantly worn.

Young girls wear the same style of glove as their mammas; tan is, of course, the most used, as it goes with every color, but the soft grey and beaver tints are very nice. Castor gloves and those of chambrise in the natural tint and white are useful, the latter washing as well as a pocket handkerchief.

Children's parasols follow the general lead as to shape, handles and trimming; as a rule they are made of inexpensive material, the little women being very likely to break or lose them. Some extremely pretty ones have three or four narrow frills pinked in saw-teeth upon the edges. Little coaching parasols of white, scarlet or dark blue are the thing for schoolwear. The ent-out-cas or umbrella is best adapted for protection against the sun, and as its name denotes, is always ready for an emergency.

By far the most desirable thing in small boys' suits are those of washable goods in two pieces, the kilts and jackets or the knee pants and jackets. The children's outfitting establishments get them up so admirably and at the same time so inexpensively that few people ever think of making them at home. Imagine a substantial and nice fitting two piece suit costing \$1.35, while a killed suit may be obtained for \$2.25; if killed they range higher, but at the prices quoted one really does get something wonderfully good. Best & Co. of the Lilliputian Bazaar say that wash suits are all the go this season and are superseding the kilts and jackets in the illustration. It is of white duck, the short pants braided on the side in washable outouchs asid, also the little jacket; with this is worn a linen blouse with either an embroidered lawn tie or one of white silk with two rows of hemstitching or with fringed ends. Then there are suits

of red and white, or blue and white, striped galeata, or of brown line. Sailor suits of a peculiar shade of grey blue with bright steel buttons have pleated blouses, the shield and breast being ornamented with white stars and chevrons.

For a dress suit a midshipman's uniform with naval buttons and gold braid is noticeable for its fine finish and fit. Windstoes, puff-earfs, tecks and four-in-hands are all fashionable. The made Windsor bow and the sailor knot are a boon to mothers as they do not need tying and are always ready. Sailor collars either of serge or wash goods are useful adjuncts to a child's toilet and being adjustable can be taken off and put on without changing the entire suit.

The most popular game with the little ones just now is Tiddley-Winks which is played with colored chips, the game consists of an endeavor to fill them by the sisting of a larger chip and the finger into a small receptacle which stands in the centre of the table. Boys and girls find this great fun, and this game is quite as much enjoyed by the grown people who indulge in it to a great extent.

Tennis is quite as popular as ever, and is a healthful sensible game conducive to exercise and plenty of fresh air. Croquet seems to have scored a new success, as the young people are playing it with great vigor upon country lawns and in the parks. Outdoor games of every kind should be encouraged, albeit somewhat dangerous impart strength to young limbs and teach grace and skill.

COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

How the Story was Written, and Something about its Author.

Nothing can be simpler than the story of the building of John Halifax, Gentleman. Its authoress, Dinah Maria Mullock, afterwards Mrs. Craik, was born at Stoke in 1826. Her father was a minister of the "do-as-I-say-and-not-as-I-do" school, and finding his practice becoming daily remoter from his preaching, she and her mother and two brothers left him in despair. To keep the new home going, she tried literature, and gradually worked her way through the crowd. In 1849 she published *The Opinions*, which made her name known, but brought but little profit; next year she made a further advance in *Olive*, which became famous enough to secure "The Authoress of *Olive*" a whole article to herself in a popular magazine. In 1851 came *The Head of the Family*; in 1852 in the summer of 1852 Miss Mullock was the guest of Mr. Dobell at Charlton Kings, and one day she drove out through Cheltenham, the flat and gentle, along the quiet and historical. In rambling through the town a shower came on and the party took refuge in one of the many narrow covered alleys which run at right angles to the few streets. From the town clerk's house a little girl looked over the window blind at a ragged boy opposite, and soon afterwards appeared at the door with a piece of bread and gave it to him, as did Ursula March in the opening chapter of the book. The shower being

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union street.

of red and white, or blue and white, striped galeata, or of brown line. Sailor suits of a peculiar shade of grey blue with bright steel buttons have pleated blouses, the shield and breast being ornamented with white stars and chevrons.

\$1.10. per Pair.

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The most popular game with the little ones just now is Tiddley-Winks which is played with colored chips, the game consists of an endeavor to fill them by the sisting of a larger chip and the finger into a small receptacle which stands in the centre of the table. Boys and girls find this great fun, and this game is quite as much enjoyed by the grown people who indulge in it to a great extent.

Tennis is quite as popular as ever, and is a healthful sensible game conducive to exercise and plenty of fresh air. Croquet seems to have scored a new success, as the young people are playing it with great vigor upon country lawns and in the parks. Outdoor games of every kind should be encouraged, albeit somewhat dangerous impart strength to young limbs and teach grace and skill.

COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

How the Story was Written, and Something about its Author.

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On the Up-Grade. As the horse-car reaches the foot of the hill, Gray Jerry swings up with a lively clatter. "Is that you, Blackie? Good day to you, Blackie!" he says, "for I've nothing to do but to hitch right on and to pull with you!"

He puts new life in the jaded pair. Their ears prick up and their eyes grow bright; the car is heavy, but little they care. For good gray Jerry will make it light. They trot together without a stop— Time for rest when they get to the top!

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A model of active benevolence Jerry the car-horse appears to me. With his brave, kind heart and his good, horse-sense. And 'twere well with us, could we always be ready to be so, and aid. The brothers that toll on the hard up-grade! —E. CAVANA.

Hawking and spitting, foul breath, loss of senses, of taste and smell, oppressive headache, etc., are the results of a cold. Relief is obtained from these miseries, speedy relief and permanent cure from these miseries. Thousands of testimonials speak of the wonderful merit. Try it; sold by all dealers.—Advt.

The price of *Widows' and Bachelors' Pension* and *Draining* are very reasonable.—Union street.

LADIES' BLK. TENNIS SHOES.

These Shoes are the latest and best. Blk. Serge Tip, and very light; are the finest goods made—so comfortable and easy.

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KING AND UNION STREETS.

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GET YOUR WEDDING INVITATIONS AND WEDDING CARDS NEATLY AND FASHIONABLY PRINTED

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THE

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A Giant in Prompt Paym't of Death Losses.

For the solid condition of the North American Life, read the last Government Reports.

MESSRS. VROOM & ARNOLD, Agents, St. John, N. B.

T. B. LAVERS, PROVINCIAL MANAGER.

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USE FERRY'S SEEDS

BECAUSE THEY ARE THE BEST. D. M. FERRY & Co's SEED ANNUAL For 1891 will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last season's customers. It is better than ever. Every person using Garden, Flower or Field Seeds, should send for it. Address D. M. FERRY & Co. WINDSOR, ONT. Largest Seedmen in the world.

Equity Sale.

IN THE SUPREME COURT IN EQUITY

Between DAVID O'CONNELL, Plaintiff,

and PETER P. BYRNE, Defendant

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so-called), in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province of New Brunswick, on TUESDAY, the 14th day of JUNE next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decree of the Court in Equity, made in the above cause, on the Thirtieth day of April last past, and with the approval of the undersigned a Referee in Equity, pursuant to the fourth clause of the Act of the General Assembly of this Province, passed in the third year of the reign of Her Present Majesty, Queen Victoria, the mortgaged lands and premises described in the Plaintiff's Bill, and in the said Decree of the Court, as:

"All that certain lot piece and parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Musquash in the City and County of Saint John and being lot number (2) two in the grant to Ebenezer Scott and others, and bounded as follows to wit, on the southerly end or front by the Musquash river, on the westerly side by the easterly side line of lot number (1) one in the same grant now called 'number (1) nine, on the northerly or rear end by land owned now or lately by Thomas E. Jones and others and on the easterly side by other land owned by the said Peter P. Byrne, the land hereby conveyed containing one hundred acres more or less, the said lot number (2) two being the land on which the said Peter P. Byrne now lives, together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and the premises belonging or appertaining, and the reversions and reversioners, remainder and remainders, rents, issues, and profits thereof, and all the estate, right, title, interest, property, claim, and demand whatsoever both at law and in Equity of him, the said Mortgagee, or in or out of or upon the said lands and premises and every part thereof."

For terms of sale and other particulars, apply to the Plaintiff's solicitor or the undersigned Referee. Dated this fifth day of May, A. D. 1891.

E. H. McALLISTER, Referee in Equity.

C. N. SKINNER, Esq., Q. C., Plaintiff's Solicitor.

W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.

HARNESS OF ALL KINDS, REPAIRED PROMPTLY,

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

The invention of embroidery is ascribed to the Phrygians.

Lithography was introduced into England from Germany in 1801.

In the year 1792 above 800,000 persons died in Egypt from the plague.

Six millions of dead letters are said to be annually torn and sold for waste paper in Washington.

Of the 11,000,000 square miles of Africa only 2,500,000 remains in the hands of the native rulers.

Of the 11,000,000 square miles of Africa only 2,500,000 remain in the hands of the native rulers.

Coalbrookdale bridge, England, was the first cast iron bridge. It was built over the Severn in 1779.

There are 26 monarchies and 25 republics in the civilized world today, sixteen republics are in South America.

Turkish soldiers are very poor marksmen. Recent target contests in the army demonstrated that not one soldier in twenty could hit a man at twenty paces.

The old Indian practice is to count up to ten on the fingers, and then count by tens. Some of the tribes more intelligent than others were able to count tens of tens.

Since January, 1889, a record that has been kept shows that 3004 wives have been murdered in the United States by drunken husbands infuriated by intoxicating drinks.

Maine shows an increase in population in the whole state of 12,150. Portland has a population of 36,426; Lewiston, 21,696; Bangor, 19,103; Biddeford, 14,443; Augusta, 10,527.

The largest deposit of sulphur on this continent is said to have been discovered in the Cocopah mountains, some 75 miles southwest of Yuma. It is 1100 feet long, 60 feet wide and 40 feet through.

In 1880 of 41,000 persons in prisons in the United States, 32,000 were foreigners, and largely by those of foreign birth. In the same year over \$10,000,000 worth of property was stolen in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City.

Of forty-eight kinds of patent medicines and bitters, advertised as without intoxicating qualities, twenty-four were found by analysis to have from 20 to 47 per cent of alcohol, and not one of them was without intoxicating properties.

The longest cable in the world is that of the Eastern telegraph company, whose system extends from England to India, and measures 21,000 miles. Africa is now completely encircled by submarine cables, which makes up altogether a length of 17,000 miles.

There are 167,255 miles of railroads in the United States, nearly enough to span the world seven times. Railroad-building is declining, as is shown by the following: In 1887, 12,667 miles were built; in 1888, 6,679 miles; in 1889, 5,095 miles; in 1890, 5,981 miles.

The principal of the United States national debt reached its highest point in August, 1865, when it stood at \$28,814,649,626. Though there has been a steady decrease since that time, the principal did not fall below the thousand-million dollar point until 1889. The net debt June 30, 1890, was given as \$988,175,122.

The name for all foreigners in China is "foreign devils," and the absolute exclusion of China from all the rest of the world is a very strong and national sentiment in the empire outside of the 17 treaty ports. The treaty ports contain a population in the aggregate of about four or five millions, while the rest of the empire contains about 395,000,000.

Lombard street is the street of the Lombards, who were the first bankers or money-lenders in the Middle Ages. They came from Lombardy, and had the monopoly in pawnbroking in England till the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The business of lending money on pawns was carried on in England by Italian merchants or bankers as early as the reign of Richard I. The name "Lombard" is a contraction of "Lombards."

Robin Hood was a noted outlaw, who lived in Sherwood forest. He and his men supported themselves by levying mail on the wealthy, and by hunting deer in the forest. The principal members of his gang were Little John, Friar Tuck, William Scallbeck, George-a-Greene, Muck the Miller's Son, and Maid Marian. He was born 1160, and died 1247, by the treachery of the Prioress of Kirkcra, who opened an artery and he bled to death.

According to the Boston Transcript the production of paper in the entire world is estimated at about 3,000,000,000 pounds per year. There are 884 paper mills and 1,106 paper machines in the United States. Germany has 809 mills and 891 machines, France 420 mills and 523 machines, England 301 mills and 541 machines, Scotland 69 mills and 98 machines, Ireland 13 mills and 13 machines, Russia 133 mills and 137 machines, and Austria 220 mills and 270 machines.

On Jupiter, which is a much larger and heavier body than the earth, a man would weigh about 484 pounds whose weight on the earth would be 200 pounds. This man would weigh 218 pounds on Saturn. Coming to the smaller bodies we find that he would weigh less than on the earth. His 200 pounds would shrink to 174 on Venus, to 92 on Mercury, to 60 on Mars, and to 30 on the moon, while on the little asteroids, or telescopic planets revolving between Mars and Jupiter, his weight would be from two to four pounds only. The matter depends on the mass and attractive force of the planet.

Paraguay, the South American republic, has an area of about 142,916 square miles, with a population variously estimated at from 350,000 to 400,000.

A French naturalist has stated that an insect which attacks hop vines can produce six thousand million young ones during the month or six weeks of its existence.

There are 40,000 women studying in the various colleges of the country. And yet it is only twenty-five years since the first college in the land was opened to women.

Russia's health department has issued a statement that the empire's population on Jan. 1, 1889, was 112,342,758. The births in 1888 were 5,116,996, against 3,335,518 deaths.

The Salvation army has 2,864 corps in 32 countries; nearly 10,000 regular officers and 13,000 volunteer officers, and 30 training schools, where cadets are taught the principle of its warfare.

The four most common causes of boiler explosions are external corrosion, overheating, overpressure and weakness of material. The four least common causes are absence of safety valve, bad material, weak manhole and deposit.

The western towns which showed a growth in the last ten years exceeding 1000 per cent are in order: Spokane Falls, Tacoma, Seattle and Kansas City, Kan. The first three places mentioned are in the new state of Washington.

An artist has been looking through the Boston cemeteries and finds to his surprise that there is no monument in any of the cemeteries there that is worth over \$5,000. The Chadwick tomb cost about \$25,000, but this is not classed with monuments.

The first English newspaper is said to have appeared on the 23rd July, 1580. It was styled the *English Mercurie*, and was devoted by the policy of Elizabeth and Burleigh. It was printed during the invasion of the Spanish Armada.

In Corea every unmarried man is considered a boy, though he should live to be one hundred. No matter how old he is, he follows in position the youngest of the married men, despite the fact perhaps of having lived years enough to be their father.

The United States is without a doubt a nation of coffee-drinkers. The imports from South America amount to over 225,000,000 lbs. annually, of which 69 per cent comes from Brazil. The second largest shipper to the same market is Venezuela, 11 per cent.

The Paris street extending from Neuilly to St. Denis is lined with tumbledown tenements that are said to shelter more vice and iniquity than can be found in any other spot in the world. The houses throng with criminals. The street is known as the "Route de la Revolte."

The "pianophone" is the latest. It consists of keyboard with keys of the same size and description as an ordinary piano, a simple but effective striking action, and the substitution of metallic plates for the ordinary strings. These being tuned to the ordinary scale yield sufficient sound to make the playing on the instrument distinctly audible to the player, but inaudible at any distance. The instrument never gets out of tune.

The deposits of the Scotch banks for last year amounted to \$301,736,000, being at the rate of about \$90 per head of the population. The number of branch offices is 964, an average of one bank to every 4000 inhabitants. The deposits of the Irish banks were a little under \$160,000,000, being at the rate of about \$90 per head, and the number of branches (including 80 sub-offices), 489, showing an average of one bank to every 10,000 inhabitants.

Probably the first medal conferred in England for services in the field was one authorized to be issued by Charles I. in 1643, to such soldiers as might distinguish themselves in "forlorn hopes." It was to be made of silver, and was to be worn on the breast of every man who should be certified by the commander-in-chief to have done faithful service in the forlorn hope. It was, in fact, the Victoria Cross of that time, the commanders and wardens of the Mint being required to keep a register of the names of all those upon whom the decoration was conferred.

Out of 168,910 non-commissioned officers and men in the British army 20 years ago, no less a number than 47,151 were Irishmen. Now, although the strength of the army has been increased to 199,473, the sons of Erin have dwindled down to 28,712. The army is also less popular in Scotland than it was 20 years since, although the decline in numbers is not so marked as in the case of Ireland, as shown by the following percentages: In the year 1870, out of 1000 men, 614 were English or Welsh; 37 Scotch, and 284 Irish; in 1890 the ratio was—English or Welsh 759, Scotch 83, and Irish 145 per 1000.

Gibraltar fell into the hands of the English in 1704, at which time England was at war with Spain and France. Admiral Sir George Rook had been sent to the Mediterranean to watch the Spanish and French fleets. Learning that Gibraltar was poorly defended, he suddenly attacked and captured it; that flag is the only one that has floated there since July 23, 1704. Time after time have the Spaniards striven to recover the possession of the key to the Mediterranean, but always without success. In 1779 they made the last attempt, the siege lasting three years; again and again the enemy battered the rock with their heavy guns, but the attacks proved an utter failure, several of the great ships and floating batteries of the besiegers being set on fire by red-hot shot from the garrison. The attack has never been renewed.

With one or two trifling exceptions, the submarine cables of the world, which stretch over 120,000 nautical miles, and have cost \$160,000,000, are of British construction.

The form of oath binding on the Mohammedan conscience is to make the Koran rest on the head while the oath is administered. But, if the Koran is skillfully held just above the head, the form is not valid.

Hollyhock is merely a corruption of holoak, a tree or flower held in much estimation by the lady abbesses and nuns of old; and which abounded in the gardens of convents, it being considered by them as possessing sacred and protecting qualities.

The nationality of the 3,425 vessels that used the Suez Canal in 1889 was as follows: English 2,611, German 194, French 168, Dutch 146, Italian 103, Austro-Hungarian 54, Norwegian 48, Spanish 33, Russian 23, Turkish 22, Egyptian 8, American 5, Japanese 3, Danish 3, Chinese 2, Portuguese 1, Belgian 1.

The second-class railway passenger is rapidly disappearing in Scotland—a fact recognized by two of the minor companies in 1889, when they ceased to carry this class of traveller. Curious, enough, in Ireland he prospers, and the proportion of the second to the third being 23 per cent, while it is 9 1/2 per cent in England and only 1 1/2 per cent in Scotland.

A dervish is a Mohammedan priest or monk, who professes extreme poverty, and leads an austere life, partly in monasteries, partly itinerant. Dervishes are highly respected by the people, and reputed to be able to work miracles. They generally carry about a wooden bowl, into which five pennies are alms. One of their practices is to dance in a ring or whirl about, and to shout for hours together "Allah!" (that is God).

The Chinese wall is the largest in the world. It was completed by the first emperor of the Tsin dynasty, about 220 B. C., as a protection against Tartars. It traverses the northern boundary of China, and is carried over the highest hills, through the deepest valleys, across rivers and every other natural obstacle. Its length is 1,250 miles. Including a parapet 5 feet, the total height of the wall is 20 feet; thickness at the base, 25 feet, and at the top, 15 feet.

The Capitol dome at Washington is the only considerable dome of iron in the world. It is a vast hollow sphere, weighing 8,000, 300 tons. How much is that? More than 4,000 tons, or almost the weight of 70,000 full-grown persons, or about equal to 1,000 laden coal cars of four tons each, which, if strung out one behind the other, would occupy about a mile and a half of track. On the very top of the dome the allegorical figure "America," weighing 13,985 pounds, lifts its proud head high in air. The pressure of this dome and figure upon the piers and pillars is 14,477 tons to the square foot. It would, however, require a pressure of 755,286 pounds to the square foot to crush the supports of the dome. The cost of this immense dome was a little short of \$1,000,000.

Some interesting items, says the *Nautical Magazine*, are comprised in the list of provisions consumed by passengers during a week's passage from New York to Liverpool on board the Cunard Line's celebrated steamship *Umbria*: Beef, 9500 lbs.; mutton, 4000 lbs.; lamb, 900 lbs.; veal, 256 lbs.; pork, 150 lbs.; corned tongue, 690 lbs.; corned beef, 700 lbs.; fresh fish, 2000 lbs.; fowls, 700; plovers, 300; turkeys, 50; geese, 50; sardines, 300 tons; sausages, 175 lbs.; ham, 1200 lbs.; bacon, 500 lbs.; eggs, 1000; milk, 2000 quarts; butter, 700 lbs.; coffee, 410 lbs.; tea, 87 pounds; sugar, 900 lbs.; rice, 900 lbs.; barley, 200 lbs.; jelly and jam, 200 jars; pickles, 50 bottles; sauces, 60 bottles; apples, 200 barrels; lemons, 14 boxes; oranges, 18 boxes; flour, 24 barrels, and potatoes, 6 tons.

Wages are very low in Portugal, especially when the crushing duties are taken into account. Ordinary laborers get from thirteen to fourteen pence a day; carpenters, stone-masons, coopers, &c., from 15 to 25 pence; the latter amount is given only to head-men. Children are sent to work as soon as anyone will employ them in ployment, and earn a few pence; but in most cases the peasant is miserably poor in spite of the most rigid economy. When illness comes the struggle is hard indeed. The payment of a fixed sum to certain religious orders gives a right to free medical advice, the use of their infirmaries in case of illness, a home in the asylum in extreme old age or infirmity, and a decent burial. Licenses to beg are issued by the municipal authorities on documentary evidence from a medical man and the parish priest that the prisoner is incapacitated by injury or illness from earning a living.

Official returns show that, as nearly as can be ascertained, 15,546,757 immigrants have arrived in the United States in the century between the foundation of the government in 1798 and the end of the fiscal year 1889-90 (June 30 last). It is estimated that 250,000 entered prior to 1820. From 1820 to 1855 inclusive, the alien passengers arriving numbered 4,212,642, of whom 98 per cent, or 4,123,372, are supposed to have been immigrants. Records have been kept of immigrants apart from other passengers since 1856, and the reported total from that year to June 30, 1890, is 11,163,385. Of late years, however, no count has been made of immigrants from British North America and Mexico, and as many more than were formerly reported came in through or from Canada, an aggregate for the century doubtless has been a good deal in excess of the 15,546,757 given by official statistics. The years of heaviest immigration were those from 1880 to 1884, and the heaviest single year was 1881, when 669,431 immigrants entered. Practically the whole of the immigration is from Europe, the European arrivals last year being 443,225, out of a total of 455,302. Germany has for the last ten years sent to the United States annually many more emigrants than any other country, although the United Kingdom taken as a whole, has a decided lead. In the fiscal year 1889-90, 122,764 persons went from Great Britain and Ireland, 92,427 from Germany, 56,199 from Austria, 51,799 from Italy, 33,147 from Russia, and 29,632 from Sweden.

INSTRUCTION. Shorthand

LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and Type-writing and an acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to

J. HARRY PEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute

Agents Wanted. To work for us. We will pay a salary of \$10 a week. Fifteen bright helpful books printed in colors, on antique paper, and put up in a neat case, 9x6x2 inches—50 New Short Cuts in Figures; How to Apply for a Situation and get it; Slips of Tongue and Pen Corrected; and a dozen others all good. Send \$150 for outfit and particulars.

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NOW IS THE TIME TO PLAN FOR SUMMER WORK.

While doing so, remember that every department of the



will keep open all the summer. We are able to do this with success and comfort, just because our elevated position, perfect ventilating facilities, and the unvaried summer climate of St. John give us advantages possessed by no similar institution. Students can enter at any time. Send for circular.

S. KERR, Principal.

SAINT JOHN Academy of Art.

STUDIO BUILDING: 74 GERMAIN ST. ST. JOHN, N. B.

The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in DRAWING AND PAINTING.

Pupils can commence at any time—week, month, or by the year.

PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A. ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES.

Send for circular.

PRINTING PRESSES, when in good condition for sale cheap, usually find ready buyers. I have for sale two

first class PRESSES, Richard Royal cylinder and one Dawson Demy, which I have no further use for, having put in larger machines to suit my increasing business. I now offer both of the above machines, at a great bargain. The Royal Press is almost new and as bright as the day it left the factory. The Demy is in good order, and is guaranteed to do excellent work.—GEO. A. KNODELL, 8 and 10 Church st., St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE

ROBERT TURNER, ANDREW FINLAY.

TRUSTEES' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name and style of TURNER & FINLAY, was on the TWENTY-EIGHTH day of MARCH last, dissolved by lapse of time.

ROBERT TURNER, ANDREW FINLAY.

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Free to L. Every lady reader of at once her address on receive a free copy of (itorial) Newspaper, of ticulars of their old Prize Competition. prizes will be given aw June 1st, with special for each locality. The PAPER is one of the lar usely illustrated pu of the Competition of be conducted in a stric able manner without p or locality. Anyone prize by a little wor will be given. Coos full information, a cost send at once. Add NEWSPAPER Co., Ca Toronto, Ontario.—A

OLD SUBSCRIBERS whose subscriptions expired BEFORE FEBRUARY 1st, can obtain WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY and PROGRESS for another year for \$3.25.

Those who reside out of town can take advantage of this offer by remitting 25 cents additional for express charges. Remit by Post Office or Express Order, made payable to

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher of PROGRESS.

ANDREW PAULEY, CUSTOM TAILOR.

FOR the past thirteen years, under for JAS. S. MAY & SONS, begs leave to inform the citizens of Saint-John, and the general public, that he will occupy those central premises formerly leased by Messrs. Barnes & Co., 82 Prince William Street, and will show a

New and Fresh Stock of Goods, in British, Foreign, and Domestic makes,

personally selected, suitable for all classes. Inspection invited. His workmanship, and the lowest possible prices guaranteed at 82 PRINCE WM. STREET, until May 1st, when a more convenient store at 7 Prince Wm. Street, will be occupied.

THE NEW CANADIAN LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CANADA: A Monthly Journal of Religion, Patriotism, Science and Literature. Edited by MATTHEW RICEY KNIGHT.

CANADA will number among its contributors Charles G. D. Roberts, Archibald Lampman, J. M. Lemoiné, James Macdonald Oxley, James Hannay, Arthur J. Lockhart, Thomas G. Marquis, Mrs. S. A. Curzon, Miss Mary Barry Smith, J. Hunter Duvar, Fred E. G. Lloyd, H. L. Spencer, and many other well known Canadian writers.

CANADA will contain the following departments: Our Contributors; Red Pencil and Scissors; The Editor's Portfolio; The Editor's Table; Available Canada; Record of Events; Olla Podrida. Only 50 cents a year; five copies to one address, \$2.00. Canadian one and three cent stamps will be received in payment of single subscriptions. Send 5 cents for sample copy. Address: "CANADA," Benton, New Brunswick.

FERGUSON & PAGE

DESIRE to announce to their numerous patrons, that they are ready for the Spring Business.

NEW GOODS

Watches, Jewelry, Silver Goods, Plated Goods, Clocks, etc.

The finest stock to be found in the Maritime Provinces at

43 KING STREET.

Blain & Decorative Painter

Do not put off till tomorrow what can be done today.

YOUR ROOMS WANT PAINTING TODAY.

Don't wait, but have it done now. We want you to know that our work is the very best, and we guarantee to give satisfaction.

A. G. STAPLES, - - CHARLOTTE STREET.

NOTHING LIKE

making your "Ads." catchy. Have them prominent. Make everybody look at them.

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advertisers have made success by using illustrations and cuts in their "ads." Do you?

MEN

who advertise, and want good advertising, have original designs for their "ads."

We originate designs. Make wood cuts and electros, Reproduce enlarge, and reduce engravings of all kinds

"Progress" Engraving Bureau,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

INSURANCE. "Just Like the Bank," ONLY BETTER.

BECAUSE your life is insured all the time. The cheapest of all forms of protection and investment, and in most respects the best.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK. EDWARD J. SHELTON, Prince Wm. Street, St. John.

FIRE INSURANCE

PLATE GLASS INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE

78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

STEAM BOILER INSPECTION & INSURANCE.

ACCIDENT

MANCHESTER FIRE ASSURANCE CO.

OF ENGLAND. CAPITAL, \$7,500,000. ESTABLISHED 1824.

D. R. JACK,

GENERAL AGENT, 70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

Blain & Decorative Painter

Do not put off till tomorrow what can be done today.

YOUR ROOMS WANT PAINTING TODAY.

Don't wait, but have it done now. We want you to know that our work is the very best, and we guarantee to give satisfaction.

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We originate designs. Make wood cuts and electros, Reproduce enlarge, and reduce engravings of all kinds

"Progress" Engraving Bureau,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

MEN AND WOMEN TALK

The Prince of Wales' life \$800,000.

Christine Nilsson went to Madrid to sing at Sims Re London.

Justice Stephen, who had from the English bench, will sion of \$25,000 a year, de Nemours.

Bill Nye and James White reconciled their difference of arrangement of a year or so.

No less than 516 original said, were sent to Von Moltson of his birthday celebrat ber.

Dom Pedro, the ex-emp who has planned to spend the su park, England, the residen de Nemours.

Sir Charles Dilke is resi one of the rooms how he has a choice co awards and handsome rapi

General Butler is said to have his memoirs enjoy a g have General Grant's, T 72, and has had 56 years of

Lord Tennyson does a la in the Isle of Wight, the milk carts bear his r duces better cream than years.

Mrs. Roscoe Conkling, period of retirement, is o upon the streets of New Y in simple black. Mrs. C 60 years of age.

Lady Sidney Waterlow, tinguished baronet, and h mayor of London and is th in the great paper firm, whose maiden name Hamilton.

Mr. Gladstone has three only. One is black and second is white and is used. The third is a soft felt travelling companion. known, but certainly it 1860.

The Duke of Fife has ab in constant demand, and her clothes twice the cost of trousers are on shelves, Tuesday and so on to the and they are carefully pre before being put on, so as creases.

Longfellow's will, in th in East Cambridge, is w and firm hand on the l quarto sheet of gray h seal is plain, being simply network of fine lozenge tions. The executor, R jr., died a year before Lo 1881.

Miss Frances Willard f her duties as the late N Women, in Washington pledge whose signers bow to wear the bodies or feat trimming. Mrs. Ole Bul women who circulated th the seasons of the cann protectors succeeded in less than two hundred na

The children of the cr study painting assiduous,

INSURANCE. Like the Bank, ONLY BETTER. your life is insured all the time. The of all forms of protection and invest- most respects the best.

LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK. 100 N. York Street, St. John.

FIRE INSURANCE. LATE GLASS AGAINST BREAKAGE. R.W.W. FRANK 78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. S. JOHN, N.B. TEAM BOILER SECTION INSURANCE. ACCIDENT

CHESTER ASSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND. \$7,500,000. ESTABLISHED 1824.

R. JACK, GENERAL AGENT, PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

be done today. ...TING TODAY. ...very best, and we ...tion. ...OTTE STREET.

...y your "Ads." catchy. ...body look at them. ...ess by using illustra- ...? ...od advertising, have ...g Bureau,

...D THIS. ...OR ONE YEAR ...ly \$3.75.

...it is already, PROGRESS has ...CTIONARY, the copyright of ...me and a Subscription to ...mbination figure of \$3.75. ...number of copies for city sub- ...Persons in the city can have the ...four. The contents are as ...simum. No office can afford to be ...He wants a correct acquaintance ...without this great book. It is ...for \$1.75, and guarantees ...look at it—that will cost you

...st, can obtain ...for \$3.25. ...ent by Post Office or Express ...of PROGRESS.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The Prince of Wales' life is insured for \$800,000. Christine Nilsson went all the way from Madrid to sing at Sims Reeves' benefit in London.

Justice Stephen, who has just retired from the English bench, will receive a pension of \$25,000 a year.

Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley have reconciled their differences after an estrangement of a year or so.

No less than 516 original poems, it is said, were sent to Von Moltke on the occasion of his birthday celebration last October.

Dom Pedro, the ex-emperor of Brazil, has planned to spend the summer at Bushey park, England, the residence of the Duke de Nemours.

Sir Charles Dilke is very fond of fencing, and in one of the rooms of his London house he has a choice collection of old swords and handsome rapiers.

General Butler is said to be ambitious to have his memoirs enjoy a greater sale than have General Grant's. The old man is 72, and has had 56 years of public life.

Lord Tennyson does a large dairy business in the Isle of Wight, where many of the milk carts bear his name. He produces better cream than poetry of late years.

Mrs. Roscoe Conkling, after a long period of retirement, is occasionally seen upon the streets of New York again, clad in simple black. Mrs. Conkling is about 60 years of age.

Lady Sidney Waterlow, wife of the distinguished baronet who was once lord mayor of London and is the senior partner in the great paper firm, is a Napa, Cal., whose maiden name was Margaret Hamilton.

Mr. Gladstone has three hats—three hats only. One is black and is used only in summer. The second is white and is used only in summer. The third is a soft felt and his constant travelling companion. Its age is unknown, but certainly it was not new in 1860.

The duke of Fife has about a dozen suits in constant use, and he never wears the same clothes twice the same week. His trousers are on shelves, marked Monday, Tuesday and so on to the end of the week, and they are carefully pressed by his valet before being put on, so as to get rid of the creases.

Longfellow's will, in the Probate court in East Cambridge, is written in a bold and firm hand on the four pages of a quarto sheet of grayish paper. The seal is plain, being simply covered with a network of fine lozenge-shaped indentations. The executor, Richard H. Dana, jr., died a year before Longfellow, i. e., in 1881.

Miss Frances Willard found time during her duties at the late National Council of Women, in Washington, to draw up a pledge whose signers bound themselves not to wear the bodies or feathers of birds in trimming. Mrs. Ole Bull was among the women who circulated the pledge between the sessions of the council, but the bird protectors succeeded in getting altogether less than two hundred names.

The children of the czar are obliged to study painting assiduously by their father, who is a great lover of art. The fortunate artist instructor of these royal pupils manifested a little diffidence at the first lesson in the presence of the Princess Zenia, who is a most reserved and stately young woman. But the future ruler of all the Russias, the czarowitz, reassured the master and rebuked the haughty maiden at once by saying, smilingly: "Never mind, monsieur, she means nothing; she is only playing the princess."

Czar Alexander's celebrated present of a troika of horses, and silver harness to Empress William II. has caused trouble in the imperial stables at St. Petersburg. The harness cost \$15,000. While polishing it recently in the Berlin stables, the imported Russian coachman and two Germans discovered numerous yellow flecks which indicated that the silver plate was wearing off. The coachman made a great hullabaloo over the discovery of the fraud, wept and cursed, and finally gossiped so much about it that the Russian embassy heard of the matter. A report on it was later Major-Gen. Martinoff, master of the Czar's stables, and several of his assistants, who had secured the harness for the Czar were dismissed. Gen. Martinoff has since committed suicide, in consequence, it is believed, of the exposure.

Li Hung Chang is viceroy of China during the minority of the emperor (and it is quite remarkable that the emperors of China have ever lived to become of age and rule in their own names) on account of his victories against the rebels in the preceding emperor's reign. The boy emperors are sequestered from view, live in the greatest pomp and inglorious ease, and with every kind of indulgence, and encouraged in every sensual gratification, until their systems succumb and they die natural deaths at an unusually early period. The preceding ruler de facto of China was Prince Kung, and he was viceroy under which Li Hung Chang is now viceroy, so far as the concealment and pampering of those who were emperors during his reign.

Free to Ladies. Every lady reader of this paper sending at once her address on a postal card will receive a free copy of THE LADIES (Pictorial) NEWSPAPER, containing full particulars of their old-fashioned English Prize Competition. Over \$6,000.00 in prizes will be given away between now and June 1st, with special daily prizes of value for each locality. THE LADIES NEWSPAPER is one of the largest and most profusely illustrated publications in Canada, and the Competition offered by them is to be conducted in a strictly fair and honorable manner without partiality to persons or locality. Anyone can secure a good prize by a little work. No cheap presents will be given. It costs you nothing for full information and a sample copy, if you send at once. Address: THE LADIES NEWSPAPER CO., Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ontario.—Advs.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

He—"I think you love me. Am I right?" She—"No; you are left." [Brooklyn Eagle.]

When a woman wants to drive anything out of the house she "shoo's" it. A man usually boots it.—Yonkers Statesman.

"I don't like a fellow who is inclined to fancy everything he sees," said Tom. "I dislike still more the fellow who is inclined to seize everything he fancies," said John. May—"We never could marry without papa's consent, Frank." Frank—"I'm afraid not, darling, unless (brightening) the minister would take a thirty-days' note."—[N. Y. Herald.]

Daniel Purcell, the famous punster, was desired to make a pun extempore. "Upon what subject?" said Daniel. "The king," answered the other. "Oh! sir," said he, "the king is no subject."—Ex.

He—I say, Hilda, I should so like to give you a kiss! She (who will pick up such strange expressions from the boys)—"Would you, indeed?" "I like your cheek?" He—I'm sure I should like yours!—Punch.

"My dear," said Dr. Bradley's wife, "Judge Brown is doing in a draught—He'll be so ill he cannot speak." "Oh! never mind, my dear," said he, "I'll cash the 'draft' some time next week."

"You seem to be having a nice time of it here," said the irate parent to the young man whom he caught kissing his daughter in the hall. "Nice?" said the young man, smacking his lips, "why, sir, that's no name for it."—New York Press.

Caraway—"But even if you are poor now there is still a chance of your being rich in heaven, you know." Depleted Duke (sadly)—"I guess not. In that place there is no marrying or giving in marriage."—[N. Y. Herald.]

Miss F. (whose parents refuse to recognize her fiancé)—"If you had a daughter, Mr. Hardy, who ran away from home and married a young man, what would you do to the young man?" Mr. Hardy—Write him a letter of condolence.—Life.

"Five cents is all I am paying for a job of this kind," remarked the cautious old man, sitting down in the chair. "That's all I'm chargin', boss," answered the boot-black, sadly. "The McKinley bill hasn't helped my business a blamed bit."—Ex.

Landlady—"That new boarder needn't try to make me think he is a bachelor. He's either married or is a widower." Milling—"How can you tell?" Landlady—"He always turns his back to me when he opens his pocket-book to pay his board."—Ex.

Just as the train was leaving the Grand Central depot for the west, a boy accosted one of the passengers and asked: "Have an extra *Sim*?" "Great Scott, no!" said the man. "Got a telegram in my pocket that there are twin boys at home."—[Press.]

"Mary," said the lady of the house as the cook was leaving, "I think you are treating me shamefully, leaving without a day's notice." "Indeed, I'm sorry, mum, an' if a reference will be of any use to you, mum, I'll give you one cheerfully."—[New York Recorder.]

A smart reproof was once addressed by Archbishop Whateley to the Bishop of Cork. Dr. Gregg was not a bon-vivant, and when the cloth was removed forgot, as teetotalers are apt to do, to pass the decanter. "Cork," said the host, "don't stop the bottle."—Ex.

The quire—It's no use for you to deny your guilt, Johnson. The chickens were actually found in your coat tail pockets. Br'er Johnson (stoutly)—I can't help dat, sah. Hain't it pootty tough to hold a poo' niggah responsible fo' what's going on behind his back.—Texas Siftings.

A young woman tried to be aristocratic, and did not look at the money she gave to the conductor of the car; but he meekly gave her back the lozenge, on which was written, "I'll never cease to love thee," and said he was an orphan, with five little brothers to support, and must be excused.—Ex.

"I gather," said the Boston lady, "from the conversation of my nephew, that freemen are in the habit of using rubber hose at their labors." "Yes." "That, I presume, is so that they won't get their feet wet?" and the Boston lady returned to her book with an air of entire satisfaction over having solved a difficult problem.—Washington Post.

We sat beside the glowing fire, The hour was getting late, I turned, and to my heart's desire Said, "How you fascinate!" And then she said, with smile benign, "With flattery have done, I cannot fascinate—no— But I can fasten one."—Ex.

When the two sons of the Prince of Wales were visiting South America, at a ball in Rio, Prince George was having a right good time, dancing with any of the pretty girls who took his fancy, irrespective of their social position, and neglecting the local big-wigs. His elder brother remonstrated with him. "You go and sit down and whistle 'God Save your Grandmother,' and let me alone," said Prince George, and went on enjoying himself after his own fashion.—Life.

It was about 12.30 at night when he drifted into the newspaper office. A warm smile lit up his face when he discovered that there was some place open after midnight. He sat down near the editor's desk. "Take out and kill 'A Famous Woman,'" said the editor. The visitor started. "Our Little Ones," must be boiled down, and you can put a head on John L. Sullivan." He was standing by the door. "And then you can cut 'society' altogether and have the whole business locked up." The man went away with a pained expression that showed plainly how likely people are to be misunderstood.—Washington Post.

Zealous young clergyman (to lady whom he has known but five minutes, and whose name he did not catch)—Where do you attend divine service, madam? She—I generally go from place to place with my husband. We are seldom at the same church two Sundays in succession. Z. Y. clergyman—Ah, my dear lady, let me urge upon you the necessity of having some settled place of worship. Believe me, there is nothing so indispensable to your soul's health. She (with dignity)—Are you aware, sir, that you are addressing the wife of your bishop?—Life.

Gentlemen who smoke should use Ensmeline. It imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath.

By All Odds

The most generally useful medicine is Ayer's Pills. As a remedy for the various diseases of the stomach, liver, and bowels, these Pills have no equal. Their sugar-coating causes them not only to be easy and pleasant to take, but preserves their medicinal integrity in all climates and for any reasonable length of time. The best family medicine, Ayer's Pills are, also, unsurpassed for the use of travelers, soldiers, sailors, campers, and pioneers. In some of the most critical cases, when all other remedies have failed.

Ayer's Pills

prove effective. "In the summer of 1861 I was sent to the Annapolis hospital, suffering with chronic diarrhea. While there, I became so reduced in strength that I could not speak and was compelled to write everything I wanted to say. I was then having some 25 or 30 stools per day. The doctors ordered a medicine which I was satisfied would be of no benefit to me. I did not take it, but persuaded my nurse to get me some of Dr. Ayer's Pills. About two o'clock in the afternoon I took six of these pills, and by midnight began to feel better. In the morning the doctors came again, and after deciding that my symptoms were more favorable, gave me a different medicine, which I did not use, but took four more of the pills instead. The next day the doctors came to see me, and thought I was doing nicely, (and so did I). I then took one pill a day for a week. At the end of that time, I considered myself cured and that Ayer's Pills had saved my life. I was then weak, but had no return of the disease, and gained in strength as fast as could be expected."—F. C. Luce, Late Lieut. 5th Regt. Mass. Vol. Infantry. "Ayer's Pills are

The Best

I have ever used for headaches, and they get like a charm in relieving any disagreeable sensation in the stomach after eating."—Mrs. M. J. Ferguson, Pulten, Va. "I was a sufferer for years from dyspepsia and liver troubles, and found no permanent relief until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. They have effected a complete cure."—George W. Moseley, Walla Walla, W. T.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

For ONE MONTH Only.

A great reduction will be made in Hair Switches AT THE ST. JOHN HAIR STORE 113 Charlotte St. Opp. Dufferin Hotel

Ladies' and Gents FINE WIGS, at the AMERICAN HAIR STORE, CHARLOTTE STREET. Up one flight.

ELECTRIC LIGHT! THE CALKIN ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. ARE now prepared to enter into Contracts with their Customers for either the ARC or INCANDESCENT, at Rates as low as it is possible to produce the same with satisfactory results.

We believe our System to be the best at present in the market, and we guarantee satisfaction. GEO. F. CALKIN, Manager. Room 2, Pugsley Building.

THE CANADA Sugar Refining Co. Montreal. (Limited)

Redpath GOLDEN SYRUP 2 LBS NET

We are now putting up, expressly for family use, the finest quality of PURE SUGAR SYRUP not adulterated with Corn Syrup, in 2 lb. cans with moveable top. For Sale by all Grocers.

SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS, '84 PRINCESS STREET. Ladies' and Gents' Ware Cleaned or Dyed at short notice. Feather Dyeing a Specialty. C. E. BRACKETT, Prop.

HOTELS.

HOTEL STANLEY, ST. JOHN, N. B. J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor. Terms, \$1.50.

BELMONT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

VICTORIA HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. D. W. MCCORMICK, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 25 TO 27 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. Terms, \$1.00 per day Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts.

HOTEL DUFFERIN, ST. JOHN, N. B. FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

CAFÉ ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK. OATS. OATS.

OUR faith in high priced oats to purchase very largely in the early part of the season. Our stock is now coming forward rapidly and can offer dealers at LOWEST PRICES, with the advantage of having a large number of cars to select from. We predict sixty cents per bushel later, and would advise our friends to put away all they require for winter and spring.

Standard Trading and Mfg Co. J. D. SHATFORD, General Manager.

FURNITURE. BEDROOM Suits, Parlor Suits, Lounges, Bed Mattresses, Springs, Baby Carriages, etc. Prices low as any and on easy payment if desired.

F. A. JONES, :: 34 Dock Street. JOSEPH THOMPSON, PRACTICAL MACHINIST, WESTFIELD, KINGS CO.

ALL kinds of experimenting, model making, and general machinery, punches, dies, and bending tools made to order.

S. R. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF WIRE, STEEL NAILS, and IRON-CUT NAILS, AND SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOES NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc. ST. JOHN, N. B.

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Carriages and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-outs at short notice.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for PATENTS. A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing how to Obtain Patents, Convents, Trade Marks, Copyrights, and Free Advs. MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

STEAMERS. International Steamship Co. SPRING ARRANGEMENT. Three Trips a Week for BOSTON.

ON and after MAY 4th the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY and WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at 7.25, standard.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 6.00 p. m. for Eastport and St. John. On Wednesday trip the steamer will not call at Portland.

Connections at Eastport with steamer for Saint Andrews, Calais and Saint Stephen. Freight received and delivered at Monks's Water street. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

For maps, time tables, tickets, sleeping car berths, and all information, apply at City Ticket Office, Chubb's Corner, or Union Station, St. John, N. B.

Shore Line Railway. ST. JOHN, ST. GEORGE and ST. STEPHEN. Until further notice Trains will leave St. John (East) at 2 p. m. West Side, 2.20 p. m. Arriving in St. Stephen at 6.50 p. m. Leave St. Stephen at 7.45 a. m. Arriving in St. John at 12.10 p. m. Freight received and delivered at Monks's Water street. Eastern Standard Time. FRANK J. McPEAKE, Superintendent. Oct. 4, 1890

Advertisement for various stores including R. B. GILMOUR & CO. (China, Glass, Lamps, Oil & Kitchen Furnishings), OPERA HOUSE Music Store (Pianos & Organs), MME. KANE (Fashionable Millinery), and GORBELL ART STORE (Picture Frames).

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 Prince William Street. Kindly remember us when you are selecting your purchases. We have a very varied stock, at prices to suit all, of FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, PLATED WARE.

MRS. GEO. WATERBURY'S CELEBRATED DINNER PILLS. The BEST Remedy for Indigestion and all Kidney and Liver Complaints.

A BIG PRICE FOR WOOL. We are giving a big price for washed or unwashed wool, in exchange for P. E. Island Cloth, Boots, Shoes, and Clothing.

THE POPULAR 20TH CENTURY STORE, 12 CHARLOTTE STREET, TRYLON MANUFACTURING CO., PROPRIETORS. J. A. REID, MANAGER.

ENGLISH CLOTHS and Scotch Goods—beautiful, and stylish. Make up in our own Custom department, you'd almost think you were getting a suit for nothing at our prices.

T. YOUNGCLAUS, Charlotte Street.

THEN THE BLUE STORE, PORTLAND, can show you an elegant stock of Ready-made and Gents' Furnishings. Very low prices, good values, quick sales, are our mottoes. Come and see us at THE BLUE STORE ON THE CORNER.

"ADS," Written, designed, engraved. Make your "Ads." catchy, attractive, prominent. With our help you can do the best advertising.

"PROGRESS" Engraving Bureau.

Intercolonial Railway. 1891—Winter Arrangement—1891. ON and after MONDAY, 16th MARCH, 1891, (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton... 7.10 Accommodation for Point du Chene... 10.30 East Express for Halifax... 12.00 Express for Sussex... 12.00 East Express for Quebec and Montreal... 12.45

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.10 o'clock and Halifax at 7.15 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 12.45 and take Sleeping Car at Montreal.

The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 10.45 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 10.05 Sunday evening.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex... 8.30 Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)... 8.35 Accommodation from Point du Chene... 12.45 Day Express from Halifax... 12.30 Fast Express from Halifax... 22.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Montreal, N. B., 15th March, 1891.

A. & J. HAY, DEALERS IN Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER and REPAIRED 76 KING STREET. ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

A GOLDEN DREAM.

By G. Manville Fenn,

Author of "A Mint of Money," "Black Blood," "The Master of the Ceremonies," &c

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Then for the next half-hour all seemed confused, and as if it were part of a dream of a strange city with its bright houses and gaily-dressed people loitering about in the hot evening glow.

The greeting was so hysterical that Aube felt scared at wondering that it should be in her honor. The thought occurred to her that this must be her mother's home by her plantation, but she had no time to think, for the door of the carriage was dragged open by a tall, black woman, who was laughing and crying wildly, as she caught at Aube's arms, then seized her by the waist and lifted her out, and to the girl's astonishment and discomfiture, carried her into the house and set her down on a couch.

The next moment the woman was on her knees kissing Aube's forehead, sobbing and laughing together, as she went on talking incoherently.

"I'm Cherubine. You don't recollect Cherub, who carried you and rocked you to sleep? No, you were too little then. Oh, Madame, Madame," she sobbed, as Nousse entered the room, "she don't know me 'gain, but look at her, oh, look at her, my dear, my dear."

She was passionately kissing Aube's hands again, and as Nousse good humoredly tried to stop her, she bent down to the girl's feet, kissing them now, in her wild, hysterical joy.

At last she consented to leave the room, and save for the eager hurried buzz and murmur of talking outside, there was silence in the well-furnished parlor, whose door Nousse locked.

It was rapidly growing dusk now, so gloomy in the room that Nousse's features were indistinct, and she turned and approached the couch, from which Aube rose, trying to find words to say, struggling hard not to give way to the feeling of bewilderment and despair, which robbed her of speech, almost of the power to think.

But the effort was needless, for as her hands were taken she was pressed back upon the couch, and she felt in the gathering gloom that Nousse had seated herself as well.

Then there was a long drawn breath, and she felt herself slowly, slowly and tenderly drawn nearer and nearer as a voice that sounded inexpressibly low and rich and sweet, murmured at her ear.

"Yes, it was like that I used to touch you for fear you should wake—yes, like that. I was so jealous of Cherubine. She would keep you so long. Yes, like that with your head there upon my shoulder, and my cheek against your little forehead. Is it real once more, after all these years, or shall I wake up as I have awakened thousands of times to find it all a dream?"

"And shall I awaken soon and find all this a dream?" seemed to be echoed in the girl's bewildered brain.

"No; it is no dream," sighed Nousse, as she held her child to her heart, and rocked her gently to and fro. "It was his wish, and I have done it. Aube—my child, my own."

As Aube listened to the sweet rich tones of the voice so full of yearning love for her, the misery and despair grew faint once more, and in the darkness it was as if she must be dreaming, and this could not be the strange fierce woman she had encountered on the deck of the steamer.

"All those years—long lonely weary years, Aube, and I have waited and waited, and now I could die of joy—the fierce joy I felt to have you once again. But no, I must live, for I have you, my own—my beautiful one. Aube," she cried now with wild energy. "He was taken from me so cruelly one day—your father whom I loved—yes; I was young then—he said I was beautiful—but I lived on for you, and it seemed like torturing myself to death when I sent you out there. And now you are back once more. Oh, my darling, my darling, try to give me a little of your love."

Started by the wild appeal Aube raised her head, and felt that Nousse had slipped from the couch to her knees, and was before her with her hands extended to her as if in prayer.

"Do you not hear me, Aube, my child? You will try and love me a little, don't you?" The chord was struck again now, and as Nousse knelt there in the darkness before her child, her homely aspect, her strange garb, her home here amid the rough-looking negroes, were all forgotten. The heart string touched so passionately by the mother's hand gave forth its true, sweet sound, and Aube flung her arms about poor Nousse's neck, sobbing wildly as she cried—

"Mother, dearest mother, I do love you with all my heart."

CHAPTER XI.—WORDS OF WARNING.

What are you laughing at?" "Murder! look at him," cried Bart, taking his pipe from his lips, "ruffling up like a gamecock. Not laughing at you, my dear boy, but at myself."

"Oh!" said Paul, "I thought—" "That I was grinning at you for coming on such a wild goose chase."

"Bart?" "Steady, old man. I tell you I was not, but at myself. My dear old Paul, I can't afford to laugh at you because I am just as bad. Here we are, two days out on the briny sea, tossing about like mad, and I'm bound to confess that it seems quite natural. Only it does seem strange to me. Instead of attending lectures and seeing operations and waiting patiently till six months are over and I can succeed to my practice, here I am, bound for a savage island in the Caribbean Sea."

"Nonsense! Savage island! The place is cultivated enough."

"Oh, is it. You'll see."

"But I really tell it, Bart. It is kind of you to take this freak into your head. I've said nothing before, but I am glad of your companionship, and very grateful."

"Oh, bosh!" "But I am. I never was more astonished

in my life than when I came on deck and found you here, just when I was cursing you by my gods as a false friend for not coming to see me off."

"Needn't thank me."

"Thank your sister when you write."

"Luce! Her doing?" "To be sure. Said you would be getting yourself scalped by savages or down with fever, and she gave me my orders to come with you as special surgeon and physician in ordinary, to grow you a fresh scalp and administer your Cooke's pills."

"My darling girl!" "Steady! My darling girl now, if you please. For it's all right, Paul. You won't object, will you? She as good as promised me. Wonderful, isn't it? Such a girl as she is—so—so—I don't know what to say—oh, murder!"

For at that moment there was a heavy thud and a rush. The great steamer had been smitten on the bows by a wave, and a tremendous shower of spray had drenched the two young men.

"Well, that's this nice, and no umbrella up," cried Bart, "this is nice, and no umbrella up."

"Only salt water, man, and it will not hurt you."

"Perhaps not," replied Bart, pettishly, "but it wets as much as fresh. I don't like to bathe with all my clothes on. Hang it all! Come right down my back."

"Let's get a little more under shelter."

"No, I don't care; but Paul, old chap, you will not mind much, I know. I'm not pretty to look at, but I'll try to make her the happiest little woman in the world, and there—honor bright, I'll never try to doctor her myself."

"What?" said Paul, smiling for the first time since he had heard that Aube was to leave Paris.

"Well, I mean as some fellows do. I know medical men who try all kinds of experiments on their wives before they give the remedies to their patients."

"My dear Bart," said Paul, warmly, "there's only one man in the world to whom I would like to see Luce married, and that man is you."

Bart tried to speak but the words would not come, and he took his friend's hand, grasped it warmly for a few moments and then made a dart to get into shelter, for another wave struck the bows.

"Going to have a rough night, seemingly," said Paul, after a few minutes' pause.

"Looks like it," replied Bart, "it will be handy my being on board in case of accident."

"Oh, we shall have no accidents."

"So much the better; but now, seeing how rough the weather is, don't you think we are behaving very well?"

"We've had good practice, Bart. After all our channel crossings we ought to be trained for any weather."

"To be sure; that's it. Well, I never thought of that. Come, that's the only good thing I ever knew come from the channel passage."

"No, shall I awaken soon and find all this a dream?" said a bluff cheery man in oil skins; "got a bit wet?"

"Ah, captain, I did not know you," said Paul. "Yes, we had a splashing just now. Is it to be a rough night?"

"Oh, nothing bad—nothing particular. Making the boat dance a bit, and the seats a little empty at dinner. Good sailors I see—you two."

"Don't holloa till you are out of the wood," said Bart, laughing. "We are all right so far."

"If you can stand this you can stand anything. Thanks," said the captain, taking the cigar Paul offered. "We shall soon run through it, and then you will have hot sun and smooth water."

The captain lit his cigar, took a look round, said a few words to the officers in charge, and then came back to the sheltered spot where the two young men were standing, to smoke his cigar and have a chat, for as far as the passengers were concerned, the saloon deck was empty.

"So you are going to Hayti, sir?" he said.

"Yes," replied Paul, quietly. "To point, eh? Well, you'll never paint the place so black as it deserves."

"Perhaps it is not so black as it is painted," said Paul, coolly. "Blacker, my dear sir—blacker. You'll have to take care of yourself."

"Oh, I shall do that."

"Don't know so much about that," said the captain, drily. "There's the fever."

"Well, sir, they deserve it; they're as superstitious as the savages of the west coast of Africa. They don't stop at using knife, pistol, or poison against any one who offends them, and they make the place miserable by their filthy habits."

"Manners none; customs beastly," said Bart.

"Exactly, sir. The young middy who wrote that might have been describing some of the people of Hayti."

"Pleasant place for us, Paul, old man."

"Take my advice, gentlemen, and don't go. Try one of the other islands. They're quite as beautiful, and you may come back safe from them."

"Oh, no, we will not alter our plans," said Bart, after a glance at Paul. "But I say, what is that we read about the Vou-dou-worship?"

"Look on the look out, and try and see for yourself. It's a savage kind of faith the blacks brought with them from the west coast of Africa, and the colored folks and the whites, some of them, join in it because it is an excuse for drunkenness and debauchery. Ah, there are all kinds of things, but I'll not say anything more. They have wild feasts at times and offer sacrifices. I'm told, to a serpent. Rather a queer idea that, gentlemen, worshipping the serpent, eh?"

"But it would be interesting to investigate all the old superstitions," said Bart, thoughtfully. "I don't dislike seeing one of my meetings."

"Well, if you go to one, I should advise you to be careful," said the captain. "We look down upon that sort of thing as a degrading superstition; but to a fanatical negro under the thumb of the black priest it is a mystery, and he is ready enough to resent any slight upon his religion."

"How?" said Bart.

"Well, they tell me," said the captain, "that people who play the spy at their feasts give offence to the serpent, and if they offend it, they are seized with a lingering disease and die."

"Indeed?" said Bart, eagerly. "What disease?"

"Well, sir, if it were in your country, you being a medical man, would be for a post mortem examination, and it's my belief that the evidence you would give at the inquest would be that the sufferer died of poison."

"Yes, that is what I supposed," said Bart. "Of course. All those black people are pretty clever in their knowledge of poisonous plants."

"No, that's not right, so I should advise you to be careful. Take my word for it, Hayti is not the place for ordinary civilized people, especially when we consider they have freed themselves from the white rule, set up one of their own, and in spite of their conceit and contempt for the white races, are going back fast into a state of savage barbarism."

"Poor wretches!" said Bart. "Yes, sir, you are right. The place would be a paradise under a good government; but that is wanting, and all goes wrong. If you keep to your intention, be careful. Don't say or do anything to hurt their vanity. They think Hayti the finest place in the world, so if you want to get on mind and praise everything, especially the native himself."

The captain had finished his cigar, and Paul offered him another.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I must have a few of the loose tackle made fast; we are going to have a rougher night than I thought."

He went forward, and was soon busy giving orders, while the two young men sat in silence under the shelter of the weather bulwarks.

"Yes, that's what I'm most afraid of," said Bart, suddenly.

Paul started.

"Of what?" he said. "You did not speak before, did you?"

"No, but I was thinking hard."

"You, old fellow, I as good as promised Luce that you should not come to harm. Mademoiselle Dulac is very beautiful, and it makes me afraid."

"What are you driving at?" said Paul, impatiently.

"I'll tell you, old fellow. She is sure to be very much admired, she will have been there a month before we arrive, and I fear that you will be getting into some trouble with the hot-headed—oh! what a blundering fool I am to say a thing like that," he continued, as Paul sprang up impatiently and walked across the deck and back. "I say, I meant it for the best, old fellow."

"Of course, of course you did," cried Paul. "But it did sting, Bart, old boy. You are in love, too, and you can feel for me. It is that which I fear, and it is horrible to bear. How do I know to what danger my poor darling may be exposed. What plans her mother may have made, or how she will be situated there. It maddens me, and I call myself fool, idiot, a hundred times, for not going over in the same vessel, even if it had been as a stow-away."

"Oh, nonsense! don't mind my foolish talk."

"It was the honest truth, man. A whole month parted! Bart, I must get her away from this horrible place at all hazards."

"But it may not be so bad; and she is with her mother."

"How do I know what sort of a woman her mother may be. Then there's Mademoiselle Dulac. I distrust and hate that woman."

"Don't be unjust, man. You are not in a position to judge."

"No, I am not. But all this is unbearable, and even the winds and waves are fighting against me."

"And being beaten by our sturdy engines, as we'll beat the winds and waves of bad fortune. Come, man, don't make yourself miserable by imaginings. I dare say Mademoiselle Dulac's mother is a very nice, lady-like woman; and if she is she will appreciate you, and see that it is all for her child's happiness. There cheer up."

CHAPTER XII.—"MADAME NOUSSE'S GIRL."

Only the other day leading the calm and peaceful life of the convent, pacing its shady walks with Lucie, caressed by the sweet, placid superior, petted by the sisters, the days had glided by with so easy and gentle a flow. There had been nothing of Paul Lowther, happy and fluttering thoughts, such as will disturb a maiden's breast when she has always at her side a dearest companion and friend, ready to make suggestions and sing the praises of a brother who is a perfect hero in her eyes. Then, too, there was the unsatisfied longing to see the loving mother, whose letters came so regularly across the sea, full of eager inquiry respecting her child's health and happiness, full of delight, too, at the progress made. And then like a thunderbolt had come the change, event after event with bewildering rapidity till Aube found herself half-way to her position at the house which stood upon the ruins of the cottage where she was born.

Again and again she had asked herself if it was a dream, but the reality was there before her, and she strove hard to hide the disgust she felt at her surroundings and the people by whom the place was besieged. During the first day or two her surprises were constant, and she awakened rapidly to the fact that while her mother's home was nothing more than a cabaret and store, whose customers were almost without exception the blacks of the neighborhood, this mother, who idolized her, was treated by the people in their rough way as if she were their queen. A word, even a look, was sufficient, and she obeyed on the instant, while in their most boisterous moments Nousse's presence silenced them at once.

Aube heard Madame Saintone call her mother Madame Dulac, but there the name did not seem to be recognized, for the Madame had been softened into Madame, generally made into two syllables, and her old, fantastic name of Venus—Yenusie, as her husband had loved to call his beautiful wife, had for years past, become Nousse, almost from the day when, recovering from the prostration consequent upon the assassination of her husband, who had in his dying moment avenged himself upon his enemy, she had found herself the owner of some land and a pile of ashes to mark the spot where her happy home had stood.

This was after a long illness passed in a rough shelter in the forest at the back, where Cherubine had dragged half-burned boards, and cut leaves and bushes to help form a lean to. Here the black girl, who had passed her time nursing the sick and delirious woman, and playing with and tending the pretty child she worshipped.

It was a long, slow recovery, Nousse's doctor being an old black woman, a priestess of the Vou-doux, whose herb concoctions allayed the fever, so that she struggled back to life.

For months Cherubine tended her, and though the black people scattered here and there brought her fruit, and occasionally a chicken or a few eggs, it was her girlish nurse who was the mainstay of her existence, keeping her and the child by the sale of the fruit and the flowers she collected daily and carried into the town.

It was Cherubine, too, who, from these small beginnings, gradually originated the business which had sprung up. It was the work of many years, but first one addition was made, then another, all of them suggestions from the clever girl, till, face to face as she was with poverty, Nousse had at last roused herself for her child's sake to actual participation in the girl's work, the old pleasant life of a colonist's lady had rapidly dropped away, and rapt in her love for her child, whom she had quickly sent to France, she had taken on and on till she had arrived at the pitch she occupied at Aube's return.

This was literally that of queen among the half-civilized people; and Aube's first inkling of the fact was the morning after her arrival when after—with heavy heart—trying to make out the breakfast pressed upon her by Cherubine, and suffering keenly from the feelings she strove hard to keep down she was quite startled by the buzz of voices outside the verandah door, and she shrank from the shaded window trembling, and tried to occupy herself by looking about the room, which had evidently been prepared for her with loving care.

To her surprise she found endless tokens of refined taste, relics they were of Nousse's recollections of her past life. For she had taken Cherubine into her counsel, and regardless of the cost, had her rough ordinary furniture which had contented her during years of sordid toil, replaced by the best Port au Prince could supply. There was a piano, too, perfectly new, with the slightly rusted key in the lock, and a pile of new music in a canopy by the side.

It struck Aube as being strangely incongruous of the surroundings of the place; but everything was so, even her presence there, and as she stood beside the instrument, her brow wrinkled, and she shrank from trying to gaze into the future—a future which was full of blank despair.

As she stood there the bustle and noise outside increased, a shrill woman's voice struck up a weird, strange song, whose peculiarity struck Aube at once, and made her turn her face toward the window just as the strain was repeated in chorus and was accompanied by the wry chords of a native guitar and the thrumming of some kind of drum.

Then the one voice sang another strain, so weird and strange that Aube felt thrilled by the tones. It was not beautiful, but, like the air of some old country ballads, possessed those elements which appeal to every nature and never fail.

The chorus was rising again, accompanied now by the stamping of feet and the regular beat of hands, when the door was flung open, and Cherubine rushed in to literally fling herself at Aube's feet, seize her hands and hold them to her cheeks, before kissing them with wild, hysterical delight, her eyes flashing, her teeth glistening, and her bosom heaving with delight.

"Oh, you beautiful, you beautiful!" she whispered, hoarsely. "Kiss, kiss, Cherub once more, like you did when tiny little girl."

Aube bent down and pressed her ruddy lips on the broad, black brow, with the result that as she knelt there Cherubine flung her arms about the girl's waist and burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing.

She checked it directly and showed her teeth.

"It's because she's so glad. Everybody glad Madame Nousse's beautiful babe come back. Hark! how they sing and shout."

"Is that because I have come?" whispered Aube, who felt startled.

"Yes, and the flowers and the fruit." Cherubine was checked at that moment by the coming of Nousse, looking proud, flushed, and excited.

Her heavy inert ways seemed to have departed as she crossed the room to Aube, and took her hand, to hold it in both hers for a few moments before kissing it tenderly.

"My dearest," she whispered; and Aube felt that in their eyes sixteen years of the past were as nothing—that she was still the little idolized child.

"That letter," she whispered to herself, and she looked gently at her mother through the medium of its words, and leaned forward and kissed her.

Nousse's face changed. A spasm of mingled pain and delight shot through her. "My beautiful one!" she whispered fondly, as she pressed her child to her breast. Then drawing herself up proudly— "They are all collecting from miles away. The news has gone round that you have come back, and they are asking to see you."

"These people?" cried Aube excitedly— "To see me."

"Don't be afraid, little one," said Nousse, fondly. "It is to see my darling, Aube, dearest, they are my people. Come."

Once more trembling, and as if in a dream, Aube resigned herself to her position, and, passing her arm round her, Nousse led her proudly from the room—the tall, slight figure, draped in white, beside the heavy looking woman in her girlish attire—out through the verandah to where in the broad sunshine stood the crowd of blacks, at that moment in the full chorus of the wild, weird song.

As the white figure was led out the chorus stopped as if at the beat of a conductor's wand; there was a pause of some moments, during which Nousse drew her self up, looking proudly round, and once more her heavy features were illumined by animation, and she displayed something of the beauty of the young wife of old.

Then there burst forth a wild cry of delight, the crowd rushed forward, and through the mist of giddy excitement Aube saw that every one bore flowers of gorgeous colors and rough baskets of tropic fruit which they were pressing on her; but at that moment her gaze was riveted by the fierce dark eyes of a tall Mulatto girl behind whom stood a herculean black with curiously knotted hair.

Aube did not flinch, but she was fascinated by the lurid eyes of the great black; and as she turned slightly aside it was to meet the half envious, half mocking gaze of the handsome mulatto girl, who held out to her a wreath of creamy strongly scented flowers.

"From Genie," she said aloud, "for Madame Nousse's girl."

There had been silence while the mulatto who seemed in authority there spoke. Then there was a shout of delight.

Aube's lips moved as she tried to express her thanks, and she took the wreath to raise it to her lips. But her hands stopped half-way, and a slight shiver as of cold passed through her, while her eyes remained fixed, fascinated now by those of the giver of the wreath.

CHAPTER XIII.—A PRESSING INVITATION.

"You have not been to see her?" "No, I promised her I would not; but I am going to break my word if something is not done at once."

"Don't be foolish, boy. I told you to leave it to me. She has only been home a week."

"A week! Long enough for me to lose my chance."

"There, you confess that it is a chance, Etienne?"

"Chance? Yes. There, don't strike me when I am down. I have told you I loved her, and as soon as you have won that concession you'll be back nothing."

"Indeed!" said Madame Saintone. "Do you hear this, ToINETTE?"

"Yes, I hear," said the girl, contemptuously. "You people have gone mad about the wretched girl."

"Wretched girl!" cried Saintone, angrily. "You talk like that, who are favoring the advances of the greatest idiot in Port au Prince."

"There, there," said Madame Saintone, "no quarreling, children; and you, Etienne, be at rest. I have waited so long because I thought it wisdom. Today, for your sake, am going to call at that wretched place. Poor child! She will have had time to realize her surroundings, and be ready to jump at my offer."

"Your offer?" said Saintone. "Yes, my dear. I propose to bring her away from her miserable home at once."

Saintone kissed her eagerly.

Don't be too sure that I shall succeed. I never knew the rights of the matter, but there was a great quarrel between that poor girl's father and yours, Etienne; and Nousse has never treated me cordially."

"Oh, but that's a matter of years ago."

"Yes, and she will of course be dazzled by the proposal that Aube should come and stay with us. There, as I have said before, leave it to me. If I cannot succeed you cannot."

"If that girl is to be brought here I shall certainly leave the house," said Antoinette, hotly.

"Indeed you will not, madame," said her mother, calmly.

"No," said Saintone, fiercely, "and I tell you this, for every unkind look or word you give Mademoiselle Dulac I'll keep account, and visit it heavily on that fool, Desfrance."

Antoinette turned white, and a dark shadow came under her eyes, as she whispered through her closed teeth— "I'm not afraid of you, Etienne. You're only a coward. Visit it on Jules, and I'll kill your miserable negro girl."



We have started this competition partly to revive an interest in a useful study, and partly to increase the interest of the young folks in PROGRESS. The questions will be given every week, and the publisher of PROGRESS, will give One Dollar for the first correct answer that reaches PROGRESS office. The rules and conditions that govern the Bible Question Competition will also regulate this. Answers will be received until the Saturday following publication, and the successful competitor will be announced the next Saturday. Answers should be addressed to "History Competition," care PROGRESS, St. John, N. B. All letters addressed otherwise will not be considered.

The winner of the History competition prize this week is Miss Evelyn Clark of St. John. Only three correct answers were received, one from Percy H. Clark of St. Stephens the other from Miss Clara Dibble, 116 Broad street. It is quite evident from this that the boys and girls are trusting a good deal to their memory in sending in answers to the questions, thinking perhaps that they are much easier answered than is the case. Out of the large number received last week, there is a very poor showing. It goes to prove, however, that everything is not to be gained by preparing the answers hurriedly, so as to have them in early. The envelope containing the first correct answers was by no means the first opened, and quite a few were opened before the next correct answers were found.

Answers to History Questions, No. 11. 1. In what house did the four knights who murdered Thomas a Becket meet before proceeding to Canterbury and in what county of England is it situated? 2. For what is the castle of Hawarden noted in the 19th century in the reign of Queen Victoria? 3. On what occasion did King Phillip of France write the words, "Take care of yourself—the devil is unloosed," and to whom did he address them? 4. When King Richard I. was released from the prison in France John Ball was released. What was Edward I. surnamed? 5. What was Edward I. surnamed? 6. What was Edward I. surnamed?

HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION No. 13. (1) Who was Tecumseh and what crisis in Canada's history did he become noted? (2) What was the name of the British general who commanded in the battle where Tecumseh was slain and where was that battle fought? (3) What remarkable incident occurred at the falls of Niagara in December, 1837, of the year of the Canadian rebellion? (4) Name the companies and the dates of the royal charters granted them and to whom was each of the territories claimed by France in Canada? A Shepherd's Accounting.

It is related of a dissenting minister that he started a church in a rural district, says the Oil City Blizzard, but his congregation being incorrigible snorers, and, what he considered worse, men contributors to the cause, he was soon obliged to abandon it. His farewell sermon to the lukewarm brethren was characterized by more heat than elegance. He ended thus: "At the last day the Lord will say to St. Peter: 'Where is your flock?' and St. Peter will answer: 'Here, Lord.' He will say to Calvin: 'And where are your sheep?' and Calvin will reply: 'Here, Lord.' And so all the shepherds in an answer. But when he asks me: 'Where are your sheep?' how will you feel when I am compelled to reply: 'Lord, I haven't any; mine were all hogs!'"—Exc.

"Jossing" a soul. In San Francisco a few days ago Sing Song, priest in a Chinese joss-house, was arrested on the charge of cruelty to animals. He was found on Washington street, wearing a square hat and a long robe. He was making a horrible noise by beating cymbals and ringing a bell. Near by he had a white duck in a tub of water with its legs tied together so that it could not swim. When asked what this performance meant, Song said that a Chinese woman had died in the house in which he was in front of and he was trying to "joss" her soul into the body of the water fowl so that when it died its spirit would carry the woman's soul off to the fiery kingdom beyond. He was very indignant at being arrested.—Chicago