

PROGRESS.

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EVENTS OF CITY LIFE.

THE CITY MUST PAY THE PATRICK SILVER VERDICT

Which, Costs and All, will be about \$5,000—The Boy Jacobson and His Pardon—He should Never Have Gone to Jail for the Alleged Offense.

The efforts of the present council toward retrenchment received a slight discouragement in the law courts lately. The discouragement is a very substantial one financially and will amount in the end to the sum of nearly \$5,000 that the city will have to expend. Of this \$3,750 will have to go to Mr. Patrick Silver and the rest will go to the courts.

The trial for Mr. Silver's claim for damages against the city was watched with much interest, by some with peculiar interest, for they have cases against the city too. When it was learned that the city proposed to appeal, people wondered, for even the laymen saw that the city had not a leg to stand on and that the case should have been settled in the first place. At least one of the aldermen realized that fact before the case came up; they all realize it now.

It appears from current report that this summer when the question of contesting this claim was reported to a special committee Recorder Jack advised that the claims be settled. But the committee were eager for economy and they would not pay where there was the least chance to save. But it proved that they were not economical after all.

The expenses of the case will be considerable. There are in the first place the court costs in the circuit court which will be quite respectable as the case occupied some time. Then there will be the costs in the supreme court and the recorder will have a bill of counsel fees. The costs have not been taxed yet, so PROGRESS cannot be more explicit in regard to their amount any more than to state that they will be several hundred dollars.

INJUSTICE TO A JEW.

Is St. John to Become as Intolerant as St. Petersburg?

Israel Jacobson's friends take merely a surface view of the case, they might be inclined to think that justice in St. John is no kinder towards the Jewish race than she is in Russia, the land which they hate.

The charge which was brought against this boy was attempted murder of Mrs. Charles Parker, the wife of the druggist. The trial of the case, and the sentence imposed of three months in jail, created considerable comment and those who kept in touch with the news heard many adverse criticisms expressed, together with sympathy for the boy.

It was generally believed that the boy had no intention even of assaulting, let alone murdering, Mrs. Parker, and that perhaps in a state of nervousness she mistook his actions. That the boy should have been cleared was evident and public opinion in this particular has been supported by the recent action of the minister of justice who pardoned the lad. But it was not until after he had suffered the hardship and ignominy of spending nearly two months in jail.

It was, however, because justice intentionally miscarried that this happened. It was because of an error of the boy's adviser. When the case came on for the counsel for the prosecution saw that he had no chance to substantiate the charge of murder and so he proposed a compromise. He would withdraw the charge of attempted murder if the lad would plead guilty to common assault. Somehow or other he did so and the boy pleaded guilty.

His Honor Judge Hanington indicated the facts of the case and said he thought the boy should have been cleared but as he had pleaded guilty he could follow no other course than to impose a sentence.

Now the question is does not a crown prosecutor act unjustly when he seeks merely to obtain a conviction rather than to see that justice is done.

MR. WELDON AND NOMINATION.

It Will Pay His Firm for Him to Get It but What about the Party?

As the year draws to a close the interest in the political situation increases. During the past few days there have been two gatherings, both of which have some bearing upon the situation. The prominent liberals of the maritime provinces have been in executive session, and ministers of the crown have fitted to and from the city. One of them, Hon. Clarke Wallace, stopped a while to address his brother orangers, fraternize with them and quite incidentally to glance at his department of customs in this city. Minister of Militia Patterson was entertained and shown around and in return suggested the erection of a drill shed in a more central position.

Clarke Wallace was in charge of Major Armstrong and Grand Master James Kelly. They appreciated his company so highly that he missed the train he intended to take to Moncton and had to spend a few hours longer in St. John. The orangermen

gathered to receive him and take part in the dedication of the new hall. The orator of the evening was Judge Skinner, and it is safe to say that he improved his position as a probable candidate at the next election. His address was splendid—as eloquent as d'Arnauld as the speaker could make it, which is saying a good deal. Those who listened concluded that "Hon. C. N." was good either for a nomination or a supreme court judgeship before a year was past.

The liberals did not have the happiest of meetings. The prominence of some present and the absence of others did not tend to make the session as harmonious and successful as it might have been. Col. Donville and Mr. C. W. Weldon do not agree personally or politically, and the colonel was not present. It is said that he refused some time ago to follow Mr. Weldon as a leader, and for this he is not recognized as a liberal. From all appearances there are a good many people who will keep the colonel company. Still Mr. Weldon's friends want the nomination for him and hope to get it. The fact is quite well known that there is a selfish motive in this. Weldon & McLean are solicitors for the Bank of Montreal, the C. P. R. with its telegraph and express companies, for the street railway and other large corporations. It is known that the policy of the Bank of Montreal and the C. P. R. is to have the leading public men of the country retained in their interest. When they cease to be public men their influence goes far as these corporations are concerned is gone. Therefore it will pay the firm of Weldon & McLean for the senior partner to remain in public life. The junior partner will shine in the reflected light. Whether the liberals of St. John are willing to be sacrificed for this remains to be seen.

"PROGRESS" IN A SNOW STORM.

Caught While Moving Into Its New Quarters.

PROGRESS was caught in a snowstorm this week and for two or three days there were some people connected with the establishment who doubted if subscribers would receive their paper on time. More than two weeks ago the start to move the plant from the premises the paper has occupied for the last five years in the Masonic building on Germain street, was made. The weather was all that could be wished for the first two weeks and the big press of the Daily Record—the largest and latest two-feeder in the city—was successfully transferred to its new quarters. Then PROGRESS job office with its presses, electric motor, shavings, paper cutter, stitching and other machines was taken out. Friday and Saturday of last week saw the big composing room deserted and desolate and bright and early Monday morning work was begun in earnest in the new office. Still there were the two big presses of PROGRESS to move beside the paper stock, etc., to say nothing of the counting room. The first big press had been loosened when the blizzard struck the town. Then the light tailed and both the new and the old offices, depending upon electricity for light, were in darkness. By the aid of lamps the daily paper was printed but it seemed impossible to make much progress upon the erection of the presses. But Thursday the light returned and by means of all night work upon the presses the printing of the paper was accomplished. If it is not as good as usual and for other deviations from its usual excellence this must be the excuse.

A Man of Local Lore.

HALIFAX, Nov. 8.—The man who knows more of the history of Halifax than any other in this city is Hon. Senator W. J. Almon. He is head and shoulders above every one else in his knowledge of men and places during a century of its history. A question can hardly be asked concerning any event that has happened, or regarding any public man who has lived in this city since the century began, to which Senator Almon will not be able to give a satisfactory answer. If the Senator could be prevailed upon to compile a volume, or in some way put his vast knowledge of the history of Halifax into permanent form he would be conferring a favor upon his native city, and the province at large, which could only be met by a heavy debt of gratitude on the part of his fellow citizens.

"Progress" in "Newspaper Row." In a day or two the counting room of PROGRESS will follow the mechanical department to the new quarters of the newspaper on Canterbury street. Four of the daily newspapers and PROGRESS will then be in a row on the same street. From Princess street they come in this order: The Sun, The Daily Record, The Telegraph, The Gazette. PROGRESS and The Daily Record occupy the same building which is now being altered to suit them. The advantage to the public and consequently to the newspapers to have so many of the latter together is manifest. Their situation is central, convenient to the post and telegraph offices and in the heart of the business portion of the city.

MR. McLENNAN'S BLUFF.

HE THREATENS LAW AND ALL MANNER OF THINGS

Because His Attempt at Blackmail was Exposed in Last Saturday's "Progress"—Also has It In for the "American Tourist's Wife" and the "Officer."

HALIFAX, Nov. 8.—The interest created when PROGRESS came to hand last Saturday was equalled only by the partial revelations of blackmailing which had been made locally some days before. There is no word of condemnation of the disclosures except what is uttered by some of the interested parties. Right-thinking people praise the outspoken way in which some of the evils that exist in privileged quarters, were exposed. There are those who have no fear of the law before their eyes when they determine upon questionable or bad courses. They manage in great measure successfully to defy public opinion and often are able to escape the law's demands. It was not solely with a desire to write what would prove interesting that the article on the Lears' doings was penned and that the story of McLennan's attempted blackmail was told. The facts were written from a sense of duty—to PROGRESS' readers who want the news, and from a strong sense of what was best in the interest of public morals. It was not fitting that the wholesale blackmailing described should go unreported. The exposure was made and the remonstrance written for the public good. If the law is not made a terror to evil-doers the press may be called upon to assume the far from pleasant task of drawing public attention to the facts. There was no intention of being painfully personal in the matters treated of last week. A more agreeable subject might have been selected. But when such palpable wrong-doing seemed likely to go unpunished duty demanded that the evil should be made apparent to the public should be given an insight into the true state of affairs. This applies with equal force to the wholesale and successful blackmailing by Lear and to the isolated attempt made by McLennan.

The following letter from C. P. McLennan is one which he wrote to the Halifax evening papers and is taken from the Mail:

I notice in St. John Progress today an attack on my character as villainous as anything that has ever appeared in the press of this country. The maliciousness of the attack is so very evident that it is needless for me to say the "blackmail" feature of the story is absurdly false. I may also add for the benefit of the "officer" in question and "the American tourist and his wife," that I shall have the whole matter placed before the public at the earliest opportunity. I may also add for the benefit of Progress that I have retained counsel and shall take immediate steps to bring the authors of this wicked fabrication to justice, unless a complete retraction and absolute apology are made.

McLennan's denial is not worth the paper it is printed on. Detective Power knows all the facts; so do the colonel's lawyers, and so does PROGRESS. There, therefore, can be no retraction and no apology. No blackmail was actually paid, but the attempt to levy it was made, nevertheless. PROGRESS expresses no opinion upon the prior conduct of the officer upon whom the blackmail was unsuccessfully attempted, because it knows nothing about the case. The officer may be assumed to be innocent until he is found guilty. The chances are there was no wrong-doing whatever, except in McLennan's imagination.

OLIVE POLITICS.

The Change in Management of the North British Society.

HALIFAX, Nov. 8.—It will be remembered by PROGRESS readers that at the time of the National society's banquet to Earl Aberdeen, there was some feeling in the North British society of this city, because Hon. W. S. Fielding was given the honor of presiding, over the head of Dr. A. H. McKay. He, as president of the senior society, had the right, and, though he voluntarily relinquished his claim, the selection of Mr. Fielding was far from pleasing to the liberal-conservatives in the society. The annual meeting of the North British was held last week, and several matters, which politicians and others considered wrong, were righted in a rather emphatic manner.

Politically there is a decided change in the officers. John Forbes, the president, is a conservative; vice-president A. Stephen is a conservative; the senior assistant vice-president, J. A. Chisholm, is a conservative; Dr. A. H. McKay, John MacInnes and other liberals, were candidates for these offices and they were defeated by a good vote. Hon. William Ross, one of the leaders of the liberal party in Nova Scotia, who has long been prominent on the charity committee of the society, is also relegated to the comparative obscurity of ordinary membership.

Other reasons also than political caused the change in management which was made. The North British is a wealthy society. Its invested funds amount to \$22,000. Last year \$1,000 was dispensed in charity. It is a noble organization and does a vast amount of good, dating its formation away back to 1768. But the

membership, which at one time reached 300, is now away down to 100 or so. Many members rose in their might, swept out of office the men, or the stamp of men, who hitherto had held control, and placed in power office bearers with more popular and more modern views as to how a society of this kind is to be managed. In future quarterly meetings are not to be merely gatherings for dry business, but the social element is to be made, if not supreme, at least very much more important than it has been in the past. An active canvass is to be made for new members, and when they are secured they will be made to feel they have joined a society which is well worth the time and the money they spend upon it. This at least is the good resolution with which the society's year is begun. The Scotsmen will doubtless be as good as their intention and have the pleasure a year from this of seeing their membership doubled, and a proportionate increase of interest in its affairs apparent.

HALIFAX'S RICHEST MAN.

He Dresses Much Plainer than Many Poorer People.

HALIFAX, Nov. 8.—The richest man in Halifax, beyond a doubt, is William Roche, M. P. P. He is worth at least three-quarters of a million dollars. \$300,000 of it was left Mr. Roche by his uncle Charles Roche; his father bequeathed him a large amount, and Mr. Roche has made the rest of it by his own exertions. Money makes money. The owner of this great wealth lives less pretentiously than many men on \$1000 a year. The residence of his preference is on Water street among the noise and bustle of the city's traffic, though recently, because the government expropriated some of his water front property, he had to move a short distance away to Brunswick street. He has money in nearly every local enterprise that pays a dividend in the city, and his name is conspicuous by its absence from the lists of shareholders of concerns that have been more of a speculative character. William Roche, with his \$750,000, keeps no carriages and dresses more plainly, for instance, than his clerk. With an annual income of at least \$40,000 Mr. Roche could buy out "Half of Halifax society," and yet have a good margin left, but he is above such trifles as balls and "functions" and that sort of thing. He is engrossed in business and has no time for frivolity. What leisure he has he spends in reading and his knowledge of literature is considerable. He is an enthusiastic liberal and when it comes to an election campaign he is in the forefront on the hustings and doubtless also goes deep into his purse in contributions to the funds of the party. Mr. Roche's business is coal selling and the supplying of numerous tramp and other steamships of which he has long been the agent, and the drawing of his dividends from the various companies in which he is interested. Though not what is known as a generous giver Mr. Roche is not deaf to all appeals for help to the needy and deserving.

"CHINNY" MITCHELL'S ESCAPE.

How a Noted St. John Character Failed when Attempting Suicide.

About thirty years ago, there lived in St. John a man without a chin, that is, the lower extremity of his face ended in his mouth. He is also said not to have had much brains. He was unpleasantly reminded of his former infamy by being called "Chinny" Mitchell.

In spite of his deformity he was, for a long time, happy. A charming young lady was engaged to be married to him. She really loved him, until, one day, she met a very fascinating man who, in addition to his other charms, had a chin. Then she wrote a note to Mr. Mitchell, saying that she could never marry a man who had no chin, and who went by the name of "Chinny."

Poor Mitchell was distracted. He bought a pistol, determined to end his life. He then went home, and loaded the pistol. He stood in front of a large mirror, and prepared to blow his brains out. The other people in the house heard a loud cry, "here goes poor Chinny Mitchell!" and the report of a pistol. "Chinny" had absent-mindedly aimed at the reflection of his head in the glass.

The most remarkable thing about the occurrence was that it had the effect of making "Chinny" a far more sensible man than he had ever been before. He recovered from the love for the lady who had jilted him, and he often afterwards told of his escape from death in great glee. He often used to say, in alluding to the event: "The reason why I didn't blow my brains out was because I didn't have any brains to blow out."

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

A ST. JOHN MAN'S AGENT

GOES WRONG IN THE CITY OF HALIFAX.

He Looked for Mr. Short and Was Short in Different Ways—Some of the Facts Surrounding the Case—What Will It all Amount to?

A visitor to Halifax, who is somewhat interested in insurance matters, has recently returned to St. John. He tells us that there is much trouble in an insurance office in the sister city, and he goes on to say: Slackness in business methods and expensiveness in living are often the prime causes of commercial disaster with men who otherwise would have been well off. In case of a partnership, if one of the firm has those characteristics there is apt to be friction and discontent; if both partners answer this description chaos must soon follow. There is a large insurance agency in this city at the present time which forms an illustration of this, though "chaos" has not yet come; indeed the firm companies referred to are very well represented by the estimable citizen who has control of them in Halifax.

It was a remarkable kind of a partnership—that between those two insurance men. About two years ago it was dissolved, whether by "mutual consent" or otherwise no one knows except themselves. Neither is slow to tell how it was, and each flatly contradicts the other. From the dissolution up to this summer the junior "partner", whose picture is here



given, was employed as a clerk. Then his services were dispensed with even in that capacity. Yet, strange to say, he goes in and out of the old office, and tells his former senior partner and employer that he may get out as soon as he pleases, and take his desk with him. That is a peculiar thing for an ex-partner and discharged employee to do. It is what has been seen and heard in that insurance office more than once. There must be some unadjusted and inexplicable difference between them when such a thing is possible. One reason for it is that the lease of the office was taken out in the name of the junior partner, and he exercises his alleged right to go in and out of the old office in a way most aggravating even to a very patient man. In order to avoid the publicity that a trial in the stipendiary court would have entailed, the agent not long ago brought suit privately before a justice of the peace to recover \$200 claimed to have been wrongfully appropriated by his late partner and clerk. The case hung on there in the merchant's office for some days and now the defendant boasts that the plaintiff backed out, while the agent says it was the justice who lost jurisdiction by the lawyer's delays, and that a more serious action will soon be commenced from which there will be no retreat, as there may have been from the justice of the peace. It may become a fight to a finish.

The history of the disagreement seems to be one of charge and counter-charge; denial and counter-denial. Rents not remitted, insurance premiums not paid, mortgage returns not made, illegal making of post office keys, wrongful opening of letters, and overdrawing of accounts, are some of the offences charged and counter-charged and which may soon be ventilated in the courts. Meantime the agent in charge goes on his way rejoicing and "waiting" a large insurance business. From other sources the names of these disagreeing partners and the full particulars of their disagreement has been learned. It supplies further chapters to the story one side of which was suggested in PROGRESS a couple of weeks ago. That was the statement of how Mr. Spike, an agent of that city, had gotten into trouble with his employee. It now appears that there were two different employers with whom he was in hot water. These were Dr. Walker, the wealthiest man in St. John, and an insurance office in Montreal for which he was agent.

Much money has gone from the possession of these two parties through the operations of their agent in Halifax. It amounts up into the thousands but how much more is not yet known and even the men who lose it cannot tell how much their purse has been injured. It has been going on for a long while and what Mr. Spike did

with the money cannot be imagined for he did not appear to follow the course which usually melt it away.

It was Mr. Short, his former partner and his present assistant in the Halifax agency of the Standard Life and other insurance companies, who found out what had been going on. Mr. Short used to find things claiming his attention other than the duties of his agency, and he left the transaction of business pretty much to his partner. But lately he found a means to render those pursuits less attractive and he began to devote some attention to his business. He soon saw that there was something wrong and he called to his aid an experienced accountant to go over the books.

The latter disclosed a whole series of transactions which were calculated to prove financially profitable to Mr. Spike. All sorts of feasts of juggling had been performed with insurance premiums, rents, mortgages, bank accounts, etc. Mr. Short reported the matter to the head office at Montreal and correspondence between the parties followed. That correspondence was seen by a St. John insurance man and in a letter of Mr. Spike's written last week to the head office he confessed his guilt.

But even then he did not stop his speculations. He seemed to be afflicted with a mania for shortly after that it was found that he had performed another crooked piece of work which brought a couple of hundred dollars to his coffers.

How it will all end is not definitely known. Various things are talked of, but what will prove the correct culmination of the troubles can only be surmised. The company, it is stated, hope to be able to get back through the efforts of Mr. Spike and his friends some of the money which they had lost. Whether proceedings will be instituted or not is another of those unsettled questions.

Then besides Mr. Spike's trouble with the head office there is his disagreement with Mr. Short and here the two meet on pretty even ground, for one thing in which Mr. Spike has the advantage is that he has the lease of the office and he will not get out despite Mr. Short's command. Mr. Short also incurred an expenditure, in employing the accountant, which he would like to get back.

Now comes the other story and that was to do with Mr. Spike's handling of Dr. Walker's interests in Halifax. The St. John millionaire has considerable property there, and for many years Mr. Spike was his trusted agent there, collecting rents and transacting the other business incidents to the management of real estate, and other properties.

Never did Dr. Walker suspect anything until lately. Then the papers told of Mr. Spike's business ways and that took him to Halifax on the double quick to look into things. PROGRESS' story about the \$700 mortgage was the chief influence that took him there and when he went he found strange things. He discovered that rents had been paid for which returns were never made and various monies had been received of which the doctor had never had any account.

One thing he succeeded in accomplishing by going over. The \$700 mortgage was settled by Mr. Spike in some way or other. It was fixed up on Friday a couple of weeks ago either by payment in full or in part or in some other way.

Some of the people who paid amounts to Mr. Spike without obtaining receipts were persons of business habits and they would not like to have their names made public.

Dr. Walker lives very much within himself and he did not take any pains to scatter the facts abroad so that very few know of the extent or nature of the defalcations. He was approached, it is stated, by a daily newspaper man of this city, but he told him that there were people in Halifax who could give him the whole facts. This was the doctor's unique method of getting rid of the reporter.

Halifax usually has a sensation on the tapis and just now there are two or three up and it is a question whether the Lear, Horneman or the Spike escapade is the most startling. If PROGRESS used the terms with which St. John insurance man described Spike a person would have to hunt the dictionary through to find stronger epithets.

Mr. Bell in a New Role.

There is very little new in turt circles at this season of the year, but the latest bit of gossip is furnished by the veteran C. W. Bell. It appears that Mr. Bell was not pleased with some of the criticisms passed upon him last summer and that now while he has the leisure he proposes to see if he cannot win a libel suit. The exact nature of his grievance is not public or the offending words or sentence, but the offense is said to exist and as a legal friend of his has been kind enough to offer his services free of charge the matter is receiving his very serious consideration. It is a matter for congratulation that Mr. Bell will be busy during the "off" season, but it does not succeed in winning any more libel suits this winter than he did some last summer the result will be disappointing to him.

Musical and Dramatic.

IV MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Grau opera company closed its engagement in this city last Saturday evening after a week of varying business, and has left behind it anything but a favorable impression. It came to this city preceded with a great flourish of trumpets, but alas—what a mistake was made. It was to be a somewhat phenomenal in point of excellence but it proved to be less than commonplace. And the Messrs. Grau were so nice and kind and considerate for the public, that they would not fix their highest price tickets at more than 75 cents. So really thoughtful of them this was, they made themselves a secondary consideration. They did not wish to make very much money—not they—just a little more than was necessary to cover expenses would be quite likely to satisfy them. Then there are extra fares to be paid on this side of the line, and for that reason they can afford to give their performances in Bangor at 50 cents while of necessity they must charge 75 cents in New Brunswick. The St. John people I am sure, ought to feel grateful to these very considerate men—the Messrs. Grau. Whether that gratitude exists or not, I am somewhat strongly impressed with the idea that these Messrs. Grau will avoid this city for sometime to come or else will have realized the necessity for giving such production of opera in this city as will satisfy the people that everything they give will be strictly and literally as represented. Whatever prestige or favorable reputation the Grau opera company has hitherto enjoyed in St. John and whether that was well deserved or not, it is quite evident to lovers of music that this season's company, as such, was, in a musical sense, a failure and a disappointment. People cannot long be regaled on a diet of chestnuts, and if the audience were not proverbially good natured the singing (?) of "Marguerite" would have been condemned in a manner not complimentary to the performer who gave it. As it was I question very much if anything but the remembrance of the past pleasures he had afforded, saved him from the treatment indicated. Comic opera is always enjoyed here, but the patrons want to listen to good music well sung, as well as to witness good acting. The good music and good singing is indispensable. Brilliant costumes and things of that kind are well enough in their way, but they are only incidentals. The members of the company are expected to sing, and sing effectively.

In St. Andrew's church next Tuesday evening there will be a concert and organ recital that will doubtless give much pleasure to all who attend it. Soloists will be heard who are talented and who are new to the public, and some also will appear who have been listened to with pleasure on other occasions. There will be choruses by selected voices from the choir of the church and the oratorio society. Prof. Fisher will preside at the organ.

Tones and Undertones. Greater is to open a singing school at Bologna.

Josef Hoffman will give his only recital in London on the 19th inst.

Patti will sing Wagner's music at a series of concerts in Germany.

Jacobowsky, the composer of "Erminie," has arrived in the United States.

Madame Frances Guthrie-Mayor is the soloist with Sussanah on her tour.

Zola is to write a libretto for Massenet from his novel "La Faute de l'Abbe Mourot."

"Rob Roy," the new opera by Messrs. DeKoven and Smith is reported a decided success.

The subscription sale for the grand opera season, last week realized nearly \$200,000.

Sig. Francesco Tamagno, the Spanish tenor, is making a brief starring tour through Mexico.

Paderewski has just completed a Polish opera, which will be produced at Budapest next month.

Madame Calve has purchased the castle of Cabrières between Sverne and Milan. She will spend her holidays there.

"Prince Pro Tem," still holds the boards at the Boston Museum. The 150th performance will be given on the 17th inst.

The recent performance of "Faust" at Windsor, by royal command, was the first time the queen had seen Gounod's opera. Madame Albani was the Marguerite.

The 1000 performances of "Mignon" given in Paris since 1866 have yielded the sum of \$1,500,000 to the Opera Comique and \$160,000 to the composer and librettist. The libretto was offered to both Gounod and Meyerbeer before it was accepted by Thomas.

A violin supposed to be about 142 years old is now owned by violinist L. P. Whitney. It was made by the brothers Prectschers of Cremona about the year 1752. It is said to be in a fine state of preservation and that its tone is wonderfully strong and perfect in every way.

Mrs. Jennie Patrick-Walker, the well known soprano, is engaged to sing in the

"Messiah," at Orange, N. J., Dec. 17th. She has enjoyed a very successful season up to the present and other engagements are pending, among them being one at Worcester, Mass., on 13 inst.

A German critic writing of Richard Strauss' new opera "Gotterdammerung" chronicles the result as questionable. The handling of the orchestra is said to be masterly, but too massive. The stress is too constant to allow of proper effect or climax. In the vocal numbers there is much that is beautiful but, at times, the orchestra completely covers it up.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

It is said that Sol Smith Russell owns \$400,000 worth of real estate in Minneapolis.

"A Trip to Chinatown," met with a decided rebuff when recently produced at Toole's theatre, London, Eng.

The books, manuscripts, pictures and bric-a-brac of the late Dion Boucicault will be shortly sold at auction in New York.

Kate Claxton will shortly produce a play written by Mme. Janauschek and entitled "At Last." The authoress will be in the cast.

Yet another new Irish drama will soon be produced. It is called "Carroll Dhu" and is written by one J. D. Moynihan, of Sacramento, Cal.

A London, England paper of recent date says that the Gaiety Girl company which was playing at Daly's, New York, theatre a short time ago, was making nearly £3000 per week.

The play in which the English actress, Miss Olga Nethersole, recently made her New York debut is called "The Transgressor." It is said to be a bad imitation of "Jane Eyre."

Eleanora Duse is arranging another company for a tour through America. She is also engaged in obtaining a separation from her husband, an actor whose name is Teobaldo Checchi.

Vernona Jarbeau will attempt another road tour this season. She will head a large burlesque company and go out early in January, producing a new extravaganza now being written for her.

Alexander Salvini opened his coast and northwestern tour at St. Paul in "The Three Guardsmen." He had intended playing in Victoria, B. C. but was obliged to cancel his date in that city.

Sarah Bernhardt declares that diamonds on an actress are horrible. They kill the best expression of the face, put out the fire of the eyes, change the teeth to porcelain and chalk and ruin the pink tints of the ear and chin.

Ellen Terry is reported to dislike her role of Queen Guinevere but Henry Irving likes his role as King Arthur. Irving has engaged Forbes Robertson, to play Launcelot in the forthcoming production of "King Arthur."

"Charles's Aunt" is characterized by a Victoria B. C. writer as a decidedly weak dramatization of Frank Webster's impersonation of Judith McCann so humorously described by Charles Lever in his famous novel "Charles O'Malley."

The writer adds that "if it were produced by a first-class company it is doubtless capable of producing an occasional laugh, but as it was given in the Victoria it was just about as dull and insipid a play as could be imagined.

There is little doubt that by the time this play reaches this city, the public will be told of its marvellous success in the United States, of its laughter producing qualities and the impression created that it will be produced here by the original Frohman company, the New York company, with every attention to detail, etc. Something like the manner in which the citizens were led to believe the Robin Hood opera company were "The Bostonians."

Among the Boston Playhouses. There is really nothing of special interest at the theatres this week. With perhaps one exception, melodrama, spectacular and comic opera seem to have charge of the town, and also seem to please the public, for the theatres are all doing good business.

A short time ago we had the Lyceum company here at the Hollis in the Park's new piece the "Amazons"—all Boston was agog to see Georgie Clayton play in a farce, swing Indian clubs, and, incidentally, wear pants. The two former she did fairly well. The play is a laughing success, beautifully set, brightly and cleverly written, and well played.

The past two weeks, at the same theatre we have been in fairyland. All the children know and love the "Brownies" and when the little people came to town with their friends and fairies, the enemies the demons, not only the children, but the elders too were ready to welcome them. The extravaganza as arranged by Mr. Cox, with music by Mr. Douglas, makes an entertainment that is well worth seeing. The music is quaint, bright, and tuneful, the dialogue what might be expected from the introducer of the Brownies, the scenery beautiful, the company well trained, and

the whole performance one that bears seeing a second time. Next week the Empire theatre company come with "Liberty Hall," one of the year's successes.

The Columbia holds on its stage this week, and has for several weeks, the only production in Boston fit to be called a play; we have melodrama galore, comic opera to repetition, burlesque, extravaganza and farce-comedy, but "Sowing the Wind" is a "play." It is something to sit in front of and study, it makes men and women think, it does more than while away an idle hour or two, it is a triumph of the playwright's skill, and had Mr. Grundy written nothing else this piece would have given him an assured position, it is a magnificent dramatic sermon from Hosea. VIII.—7, it pointedly asks the question—Why should a woman suffer and a man escape the consequences of the same sin? If a woman stumble in the road, why should she be cast aside into the gutter, when the man who gave her the first push is helped along by many and ready hands, eye, and by those of women too. The play is a fine one, but—and there is always a "but"—the company now playing it here are hardly equal to the task—the men are fairly good, but the women are weak. Mary Hampton, so well known and liked by St. John people, is playing the part of Rosamond, around whom all the interest of the play centres, and she is overweighed by it. In her comedy and lighter scenes she is satisfying and pleasing as she always is, but when she reaches the powerful and emotional scenes, more especially the great "Sex against sex" scene (as it is called) she rants, raves and rails, an alliterative combination which expresses her idea of the situation. J. H. Gilmour, as the father, is very good and were he supported as he should be in the great scene in the play, it would be indelibly impressed on the spectator's mind.

The "Cotton King" at Bowlin in 84110, "In Old Kentucky" at the big Boston, "1492" at the Tremont, "Prince Pro Tem" at the old museum, are each and all doing good business. Of the lot, "1492" is the only one to be taken off this week, and Francis Wilson follows next Monday in his new piece "The Devil's Deputy," which has made quite a hit where it has been seen.

The new theatre, Castle Square, will open its doors next Monday with a play written by the manager of the house, E. E. Rose. It is called "Capt. Paul," and will be produced by a strong company, including E. J. Henley, Minnie Seligman, and an old friend George Fawcett. The Boston Lodge of Elks run the show for their own benefit during the opening week.

DeKoven's new opera "Rob Roy" has been produced in New York, and made a hit. I did not see Miss Nita Carrille's name in the cast.

"Off the Earth," at the Park, is a very pretty production and Eddie Foy, Sadie Macdonald, and Louise Montague kept the fun going. How long is it since Louise Montague was billed by the late lamented P. T. Barnum as the \$10,000 beauty? Well, she is beautiful still.

Joseph H. Worth is playing "Rosendale" on the New England circuit just now, and is meeting with good houses.

Dan Daly is now in the cast of "Prince Pro Tem" and his wonderful legs have quickened the pace at the museum. Sonsa's Band play here on Sunday evenings, 18th, and 25th inst.

The Symphony orchestra is on tour just now and the Boston papers are wrathy because the New York cities actually had the audacity to fill a fault with some of the work done by "the best orchestra in the world."

Rheumatism. Rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood, and is an unfailing indication that the kidneys are performing their functions imperfectly. After the poison has entered the system, the symptoms are aggravated by dampness, exposure to cold, improper food, drinking to excess, etc., but the cause remains the same, imperfect action of the kidneys. Dr. Humphreys has given the treatment of rheumatism his profound attention for over forty years; his Specific No. 15 is the result. It goes directly to the spot, opens the clogged passages, permitting the secretions to pass off, the cure follows quickly and surely. No. 15 cures rheumatism, acute and chronic, lumbago, sciatica, and all forms of rheumatic pains, soreness, stiffness and lameness. A small bottle of pleasant pellets fits your vest pocket. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price, 25c., or five for \$1. Humphreys' Medicine Company, corner William and John streets, New York.

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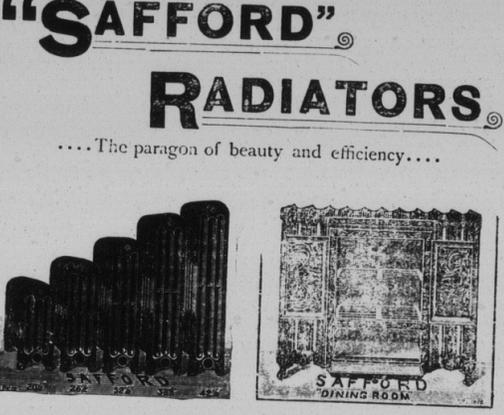
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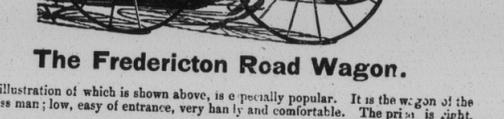
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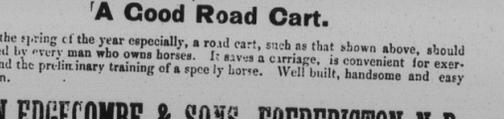


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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 10.

SINGING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Those in highest authority in Nova Scotia school matters are endeavoring to make teachers and trustees follow a school statute that was passed in 1893, by threatening that unless vocal music is given more attention in their schools, the provincial or county grants will be withheld wholly or in part. The supreme authorities can scarcely be blamed for their action in this matter. The rigid enforcement of a bad law serves to speedily hasten its repeal, and it is to be hoped that such will be the case in regard to the singing statute.

Without arguing that singing in public schools should be abolished because there is already too much taught there, we shall point out some of the actual dangers that are apt to attend the indiscriminate teaching of vocal music in public schools.

Some of the best teachers have neither the voice or the talent—let alone the knowledge—to teach music in the public schools. The benefits to be derived from a study of singing under such teachers must be regarded as doubtful.

An instance of the pernicious effect of the present practise in a Nova Scotia school recently came to the notice of PROGRESS. Three young ladies of a high school, who have voices of much promise—voices that if judiciously trained will be blessings to themselves and their friends—were severely punished because, on account of colds or general ill-health, they did not lift their voices in the general chorus. Physicians and teachers of vocal music often warn people not to sing when under the influence of colds, but there are seen to be some public school teachers who, when being unwise and cruel, imagine that they are doing their duty.

A person's voice is something that, according to eminent authorities, should be tenderly cared for, especially in youth. The best of the Paris teachers say that on no account should a girl sing between the ages of fourteen and seventeen years. Some of the most famous throat specialists in Europe and America say the same thing. It cannot be otherwise than that the system of teaching singing in the public schools has ruined the voices of some to whom had been given one of the greatest gifts that nature can bestow. The law that makes singing in the public schools compulsory is one of the many mistakes made by those who are responsible for our school systems.

A BLACKMAIL VENTURE.

Mr. C. P. McLENNAN, an insurance agent in Halifax, has won considerable notoriety—unenviable notoriety—by his attempt at blackmail, which was exposed by our Halifax correspondent last week. McLENNAN's business takes him through the province, and it seems that he imagined he discovered a flirtation, or something of that sort, between a military man and an American lady. Whether there was any foundation for his suspicion or not we are not in a position to say, but he wrote to the officer stating that he had seen an article upon his alleged intimacy and suggesting that a sum of money be paid to the correspondent of PROGRESS in order to prevent its insertion. He in fact, was kind enough to suggest that he, McLENNAN, would arrange the matter with the correspondent and thus save the officer further trouble. The story of how the officer consulted a lawyer, who interviewed PROGRESS' correspondent and found that it was an attempt at blackmail on the part of McLENNAN, the meeting with that gentleman and his exposure, was told last Saturday. Since then—in fact, that same day, McLENNAN denied the whole story in the Halifax papers, while making the curious admission and threat that he would expose the officer. He did not stop at this, but intimated in plain language that the publisher of PROGRESS would be compelled to father the statement in the courts. If this suits Mr. McLENNAN it is agreeable to PROGRESS, but it is worth while remarking that no steps have been taken in this direction as yet.

So far as we can learn McLENNAN has been engaged in a number of enterprises. Blackmail is his latest. If he does not prove more successful at that than he has in his previous ventures he will not disturb friends or enemies.

Mr. THOMPSON, of St. Paul, Minn., has endeavored to check bicycling in that city. He has been unsuccessful, however, and the supreme court of that state has just declared in favor of the rights of bicyclists. Judge BUCK decided that bicycles are vehicles used for convenience, recreation, pleasure and business, and that the riding of them upon the public highway in the ordinary manner, was neither unlawful or prohibited. "Bicycles cannot be banished," said Judge BUCK, "because they are not ancient vehicles or not used in the garden of Eden by ADAM and EVE. Because the plaintiff chose to drive a horse hitched to a carriage does not give him the right to dictate to others their mode of conveyance upon a public highway where the rights of each are equal." The decision of the Minnesota supreme court will commend itself to all sensible persons. It is a fact that to bicycling is due the recent agitation and practical work towards securing that most convenient and economical blessing, good roads. It is a singularly ungrateful thing, as well as being an instance of dog-in-the-manger policy, for people who ride in carriages to seek to have laws passed restricting bicycling.

It is a great satisfaction to Canadians whenever a new mineral is discovered in Canada, and it should be an equally great satisfaction when a discovery is made that is destined to revolutionize the industry of mining a Canadian mineral—something equivalent to finding a new thing in that line. If any Canadian has dreamed, like the poet, of dreaming in marble halls, his other dream is likely to be speedily realized. Gypsum has long been one of the most important products of the provinces. Splendid vessels have been built for no other purpose than to carry it. It has now been discovered that gypsum, when hardened and polished by a certain process, becomes in appearance exactly like Italian marble. A sample of the hardened gypsum was recently submitted to an expert, who pronounced it a piece of Italian marble. As Italian marble costs three dollars and a half a running foot, and the hardened gypsum can be made at a cost of eight cents a foot, it looks as though not only the gypsum, but the building trade would be in some measure revolutionized by this discovery. There is talk of a company being organized to make this marble with factories at Hamilton, Ont., and Albert, N. B.

CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW is getting too funny to remain "the people's CHAUNCEY" much longer. There has been no period in Dr. DEFEW's felicitous life when he would rather be a man of the people than at present, and so it was an instance of extreme stupidity as well as of extreme rudeness when he answered one of an audience which he was addressing the other day—a man who asked a plain, straightforward question—with the evasive reply that the seeker for the information had a FERRIS wheel on his head. The equally polite answer that R. Q. MILLS made on a similar occasion was "You'd better go home and soak your head." MCKINLEY, when questioned the other day in a like manner, showed himself wiser as a student of human nature than as a discriminator against foreign countries. He gave the questioner a respectful answer, and forcibly rebuked the hoodlums who yelled "Pat him out." The over-polite after-dinner speaker and "the polished R. Q." would better take some lessons in true courtesy from the NAPOLEON of Ohio.

The days of discovery are not over. JEHOSEPHAT BRIGGS used to complain to ELIZABETH ANN that, whereas she wished him to be as great a man as CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, there was "nothin' to discover now." And yet during the last few days a British seaman, Captain WIGGINS, has found a northeast passage to Asia, after hunting for it for twenty years. He is as proud as if he had discovered the North Pole. The newly found passage goes around the northern coast of Norway, through the narrow Yager, the Kara sea, the Arctic Ocean, and the Yenizel river.

Among the "New England writers" that the Bangor News suggests at successors to Dr. HOLMES' dignity, are BLISS CARMAN and RICHARD HOVEY, of whose late collaboration Mr. ERIC WINSLOW ADAMS gave such a good idea in PROGRESS a few weeks ago. Mr. HOVEY is a Washington man and the province of New Brunswick is the birthplace of BLISS CARMAN.

The laws concerning wife-beating in Germany are as wise as MARK TWAIN testifies that some of the other German laws are. The brutal husband is compelled to work for the government all the week, turn in his wages to his wife on pay-day, and go to jail on Saturday and Sunday.

Perhaps the most sensible of recent Russian autocratism is the compulsory crop-insurance scheme, which insures against famines, such as Russia periodically experiences.

The two hundred and seventy thousand "personal" letters that the Tammanyites sent to the least friendly of their friends were

a source of revenue to the United States, but they did not seem to be a very profitable investment for Tammany Hall.

An interesting letter on "Plagiarism" is contributed to a recent number of the Quebec Chronicle by Mr. W. E. SIMPSON, of Lewis. Mr. SIMPSON plagiarised the most of his article from a United States paper.

It is pleasing, as showing what Christians some Jews are, to learn that the French rabbi of Judaism daily offered prayers in their temples for the recovery of the Czar.

Even kings sometimes have restrictions placed upon them: The king of Ashantee is allowed to have only 3,333 wives.

A Rochester paper alludes to a "mendacious liar." The great trouble with all liars is that they are mendacious.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

My Old Time Sweetheart. I meet her by the river's brink, In the twilight tinting sober; Across the setting sun's rim's pink, She is my love October; The clouds she and the stars must see, Where the river meets my love and me. A robin by a lonely nest, She has for my beholding; A thorn is broken in its breast, One wing 'tis vain unfolding; Broken the other, still it grieves, Beside the wet nest full of leaves. The woods are bare; the falling rain Drips in the solitude alone; My love too looks at me in pain, For summer's purple glory flown. The sky moves like a sea of lead, The robin by the nest is dead. The scarlet-gloved geranium sighs, O'er marguerites still dreaming; And call to us their sad good byes, Through silver autumn gleaming. The pansy and the golden rod, Wait near to cheer the last green sod. The pearl crown of the immortal, The white and red field clover; And rose trees weeping in the dell, Proclaim their love time over. The dark verberna's purple bloom Bends to the summer's silent tomb. So we, dear love, shall meet part, While o'er the cold waves flowing, A pure star from its trembling heart Sobs as it sees you gone. Farewell for all a long year's space, The dead weird shadows hide your face. Maple River, Nov. 1st, 1894. CYRUS GOLDIE.

Lays of City Life. I. "TWO HOURS AT HOME." Brother Scots got 'er, you see—Uncle 'er, uncle 'er—Fu' o' douce an' dowie glee, In a waly frieze; On Tuesday night a fair 'er had, Some like lass an' lad, A' the Scots were unco glad At the supper o' Clan Mackenzie. II. THE MERRY MERRY DAIRYMILK. "Where are you going, my pretty maid? Where are you going, so simply arrayed?" "O' to the festival, sir," she said, "The Dairymaid's Festival, sir," she said. "May I see your sweet little maid?" "You may go in, kind sir," she said, "When a small fee at the door you've paid."

The Afternoon of a Joyous Life. [The following admirable translation of one of Horace's odes, written by "S. D. S." for the Sackville Argosy, will furnish a surprise to many St. John people who are not aware that the editor of the Sun is as felicitous in verse as in prose:] How lo, g. O cruel Venus, say Will you renew your love on me; Spare me this time, I humbly pray: Since I have lost my sweet little maid, I'm not the man I used to be. Wild mother of a gentle brood, Cease to disturb a veteran Whose fifty quiet years are wooed By spirits of a milder mood; Hear the fond prayers of younger men. A better place awaits our call, And your sweet swains and moans your cart, And I'll go to my neighbor Paul, Since you must burn a noble heart. For he is noble, fair and gay, And free in pleading at the bar; This lad in many a skilful way Will wear your banner in the fray, And carry on your merry war. When rival youth their offerings make My stronger friend will laugh them down. Your form in marble he will take, And set it up by the Aonian shrine, Where citrus blooms your face shall crown. There perfume his your senses greet, And love and song and pipe shall be, And love and song and pipe shall be, Shal' shake with maked shining feet The happy ground in praise of thee. But dancing boy nor maid divine, Nor hops that glow in hearts that burn, Nor lavender o'er the rosily wine, Nor flowers upon this brow of mine Can make my merry days return. Why is it that a teardrop hung Upon my cheek on my cheek? Why, Licentious, dost my tongue, And I go to my neighbor Paul, Now move so slow or fall to speak? Yet to my sleep a boy once more I leap my captured mate again, Or chase him on the sounding shore, Or follow her to the sea before Across the grassy Martian plain. The Summer of All Saints. Of the whole year, I think, I love The best that time we used to call The Little Summer of All Saints, About the middle of the fall. Because there fell the golden days Of the gold year beside the sea, When first had you at heart's will, And you had your whole will of me. It is the being's afternoon. The second summer of the soul, When spirit finds a way to reach Beyond the sense and its control. Then come the instrumental days, The underpass of the year, When God himself, being well content, Takes time to whisper in our ear. Sweetheart, once more by every sign Of shade and shadow, it must be The Little Summer of All Saints, In the red autumn by the sea. BLISS CARMAN.

Bargains in Handkerchiefs. Ever on the look out for novelties for their customers, Messrs. Daniel & Robertson have been fortunate enough to procure at a great bargain 400 dozen (enough to stock an ordinary store for several years) ladies' hem stitched Irish lawn handkerchiefs, which they will place on sale Tuesday, 13th. The goods are just as

represented and will prove the greatest surprise to handkerchief buyers that they have had for many a day. A 22 cent handkerchief for 15 cents (and even less by the hal dozen) is well worth the consideration of every lady in the city, especially at this season when on cold days handkerchiefs are in such demand.

THAT MORAL BARBER-SHOP.

Comments Upon "Progress"'s Article by Some Leading Citizens.

In a late issue of PROGRESS, a seemingly harmless account of a moral St. John barber shop appeared. In this shop, it was shown, the Police Gazette and the nude in art were never found. The writer of that article no doubt thought that he was giving whichever barber shop it alluded to a pretty good advertisement. PROGRESS got not a cent for that notice, but published it cheerfully, "next to pure reading matter," in the interests of morality. And so it was with some surprise that a representative of this paper learned that there was a certain barber in the city who was very indignant at PROGRESS for mentioning his barber-shop as being the abode of purity.

This representative of PROGRESS is not any braver than the majority of people, but his curiosity to know the full extent of this barber's grievance against the paper, led him to do a very brave thing—to put his life into the hands of an infuriated man—to go into that barber-shop to get "a bran" new shave upon him, and the whiskers aff his face.

As he entered the shop, Lawyer Mullin was in the chair, having his jowled and a round face lathered. The jovial student of the gravest study was just remarking, "This must be the barber-shop PROGRESS was speaking about!"

"Yes," said the barber. "And I'd just like to get a hold of the fellow who put that in the paper. I didn't tell anybody half what was in PROGRESS. I'd just like to get a hold of him. I'd—" and there was a razor flying through the air.

"Newspaper men," remarked Lawyer Mullin, "are nearly as big liars as—as lawyers."

A Fundy-tile of indignation tinged the face of the PROGRESS scribe at the first of the lawyer's speech, but the whole remark put the insinuation so delicately, that his wrath was soon no more.

"I'd—" recommended the barber at this juncture, but Mr. Barclay Robinson, who was standing against the door, patiently waiting for the barber to finish his explorations over the vast extent of territory that comprises Mr. Mullin's face, broke in with, "Why, what are you mad about that piece for? It's a first-class advertisement. How much did you pay for it?"

The barber admitted that he had not paid anything for the notice, but added something to the effect that it was entirely uncollected.

"You don't mean to say," continued Mr. Robinson, "that you didn't pay anything for that ad? Well, sir, you got it cheap—dirt cheap. And what on earth have you to kick about?"

The barber said nothing.

"Are you mad about the part of the piece that said that the writer got lather in his eye?" asked Mr. Robinson.

"Why, there wasn't nothing about anyone getting lather in his eye," said the barber. "Nothing as bad as that, I hope."

"Oh, but there was," said the cruel Mr. Robinson, "well, I knew what shop was meant before I was half through with the piece. I read about the pictures of the nice girls such as any young man would like to marry, and there they are right before you; I read about there being no Police Gazette here, and there was another bit of evidence that goes towards convicting you, for I've hunted all over the shop, and there was never a glimpse of a pink sheet; but when I read about the writer's getting lather in his eye, why then I said to myself, 'This is the place, sure—'"

Had the barber not turned to avenge himself upon Mr. Robinson for this candid statement, Mr. Mullin would probably not now be wearing a nose, for the lawyer burst into a laugh which shook himself as well as the building. The barber caught a twinkle in Mr. Robinson's eyes, which showed that this mention of the lathered one was a joke, just as PROGRESS was—"and the barber kept on shaving."

When Darkness Reign'd. The whole city was a living picture of the "dark side of city life" on Wednesday evening. It was a triumph for Thomas Alva Edison, for one never realizes a blessing so much as when it is taken away, eternally or temporarily. And because of the great storm and the withholding of the action of a great power the city was in darkness. Not in utter darkness however, wherein was weeping and gnashing of teeth. For the St. John mind is ingenious. In the gloaming there was a search for candles, and "at early candle-light," the stores of King street were lit as the stores on King street in the olden time. There were stable-lanterns and tallow-dips in the most recherche dry goods stores. The Auer-light men took advantage of the situation to dispose of several of their shades. A store on Union street that has lamps in front, in which gas is burned, was a prettier sight than ever it was before. A good many St. John people went to bed in the dark on Wednesday evening, because of the withholding of "the light that failed."

PAINTED ARAB GIRLS.

The Grotesque Sight Presented in an Oriental Harem.

Shief is a very picturesque spot, perched on a rock, with towers and turrets constructed of a sun-dried brick; only here and elsewhere in these valleys, the houses are so exactly the same color as the rock behind them that they lose their effect. The rich have evidently recognized this difficulty and whitewash their houses, but in the poorer villages there is no whitewash, and consequently nothing to make them stand out from their surroundings. Arab girls, before they enter the harem and take the veil, are a curious sight to behold. Their bodies and faces are dyed a bright yellow with turmeric; on this ground, they paint black lines, with antimony, over their eyes; the fashionable color for the nose is red; green spots adorn the cheek, and the general aspect is grotesque beyond description.

My wife tells me that the belles in the Sultan's harem are also painted in this fashion, and that they also paint gloves on their hands and shoes on their feet, and, thus bedizened, hope to secure the affections of their lords. At Shief, a man would not allow my wife to approach or hold any intercourse with the Arab women, using opprobrious epithets when she tried to make friendly overtures, with the quaint result that whenever Mrs. Bent advanced toward a group of gazing females they fled precipitately, like a flock of sheep before a collie dog. These women wear their dresses high in front, showing their yellow legs above the knees, and long behind; they are of deep blue cotton, decorated with fine embroidery and patches of yellow and red seen on a pattern. It is the universal female dress in Hadramut, and looks as if the fashion had not changed since the days when Hazratmaveth the patriarch settled in this valley and gave it his name (Gen. x., 28.) The tall, tapering straw hat worn by these women when in fields contributes with the mask to make the Hadramut females as externally repulsive as the most jealous of husbands could desire.

Paid for His Information.

Lander, the essayist and poet, was a self-willed, trenchant sort of man, who prided himself upon his independence and ability to take care of himself. Yet, like most of the men of this class, he was susceptible to delicate flattery and was easily duped by those who knew how to manage him. He once fell into the hands of a Venetian rogue who read character at a glance and was both a delicate flatterer and a manipulator.

Lander was standing in the doorway of a Venetian inn, watching a number of pigeons of the Piazza San Marco. Suddenly an old gentleman rushed up to him. Lander was an Apollo in form and face and he knew it. "Pardon me, sir," said the old gentleman, "but will you allow me to look into your eyes? Ah, I thought so, Sir, you have green eyes. I never saw but one pair before, and they belonged to the Empress Catherine of Russia. They were the most wonderfully beautiful eyes in the world." The flattered Englishman paid dearly for two bits of information. He had not only learned that his eyes resembled those of the smart and wicked empress, but that he himself was "green." The old gentleman while examining his eyes picked his pocket.

If We Buy Right.

You don't have to do any guess-work when you buy of us. We are much more careful in selecting our goods than you are in picking the particular cloth for suit, or coat. We handle only honest goods and there's no chance for you to make a mistake or to get a surprise-party suit. We charge only a fair profit and guarantee fit, finish, and wear. We believe our prices are lower, all things considered, than others who sell so-called cheap clothes. Anyway we'd like to have you compare prices.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

Probabilities Next 24 Hours. SATURDAY, November 10.—West wind, changing to south. Threatening rain. You will be sated with your Rigby coat along to-day. There is nothing equal to a "Rigby" for this season of the year.

TREES AND LIGHTNING.

The Resistance of Different Species to the Electric Fluid. There is a popular belief that a cherry tree is an unsafe shelter during a thunder storm on account of its special liability to be struck by lightning. Some interesting observations in the susceptibility of different trees to lightning are copied from The Popular Science Review.

The resistance of different trees to the electric spark has been studied by M. Jonesco Dimitrie, who placed pieces of aspen, of beech and oak in the way of the spark of a Holtz electric machine. The spark passed through the oak after one or two revolutions of the machine, while 12 or 20 revolutions were required to give it force enough to pass through the beech. Five revolutions were sufficient with black poplar and willow. Similar results were obtained with heartwood.

The presence of water had no influence on the resistance, but richness in fat was an important factor. "Starchy trees," poor in fat, like oak, poplar, willow, maple, elm and ash, opposed much less resistance to the spark than "fatty trees," like the beech, chestnut, linden and birch. The pine which is rich in oil in winter and poor in oil in summer, shows a corresponding difference in behavior toward the spark these two seasons. In the "starchy" trees the living wood was hard to strike with the spark than the dead wood.

The bark and foliage are poor conductors of all the trees, but this is of little importance as compared with the conducting power of the tree itself. These results are in harmony with what has been observed as to the relative frequency with which trees of these several species are struck by lightning. The author found also that station and soil affect the liability of trees to be struck. The vicinity of water augments the danger. Isolated trees seem more liable than those which are massed. All species of trees may be struck when the electric tension is high.

PAINTED ARAB GIRLS.

The Grotesque Sight Presented in an Oriental Harem.

Shief is a very picturesque spot, perched on a rock, with towers and turrets constructed of a sun-dried brick; only here and elsewhere in these valleys, the houses are so exactly the same color as the rock behind them that they lose their effect. The rich have evidently recognized this difficulty and whitewash their houses, but in the poorer villages there is no whitewash, and consequently nothing to make them stand out from their surroundings. Arab girls, before they enter the harem and take the veil, are a curious sight to behold. Their bodies and faces are dyed a bright yellow with turmeric; on this ground, they paint black lines, with antimony, over their eyes; the fashionable color for the nose is red; green spots adorn the cheek, and the general aspect is grotesque beyond description.

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The names given to varieties of apples are often curiosities. A gentleman of Eastern Maine, who found an apple with which he was unacquainted, showed it to an Exeter orchardist the other day and asked what it was. "It's a Bung Russet," came the prompt reply. "Bung Russet," repeated the querist, scratching his puzzled head. "Bung Russet, seems to me that's an odd name. What do they call them that for?" "Why, all they're fit for is bungs for cider barrels. They're about the right size and as rough as a cork, and then drive 'em in for bungs on our way, and that's why they call 'em Bung Russets."

An Idiot.

Farmer Grayneck—Marian, there ain't no use in wastin' another penny on our boy's education. He's an utter fool; and that's all we can ever make of him! Mrs. Grayneck—Why land's sake, Jason! What makes you say that? Farmer Grayneck—Why, the little idiot asked me if the word "Hon." before the name of a member of congress meant 'honest.'

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

HOT or COLD, WHICH?

IF YOU want keep warm this winter, come to our store and buy a HEATING STOVE, and your home will be warm. We have a great variety. Hard or Soft Coal or Wood; all sizes, all prices. It is worth your while to see our stock of RANGES and HEATING STOVES.

COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street

WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS

To Re-dye and Finish Gents, you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape. See Specimen Samples at our office and be convinced.

American Dye Works Co., Works: Elm Street,
 South Side King Square. North End.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wines.
 OUR BRANDS: DEER CATAWBA, SWEET CATAWBA, ISABELLA, ST. AUGUSTINE, (Registered), CLARET.
THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.
 MARCH 14th, 1893.

E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.
 DEAR SIR—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs we have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house.
 Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

E. G. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John
 Telephone 223. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces
J. S. HAMILTON & CO'S Communion Wine, guaranteed pure juice of the Grape. Registered at Ottawa.



King of Heaters.

THE "FIRE KING"
 is one of the
GREATEST HEATERS KNOWN.

It is very economical on FUEL and is unexcelled for Warehouses and Large Stores. Made in four sizes.

FOR SALE ONLY BY—
Sheraton & Whittaker,
 Telephone 358. 38 KING ST.

NEW CLOTHS.

BEAVER CLOTHS
 in Black, Browns and Navy.
 From 97c. a Yard up.

Heavy Black Serges, Heavy Navy Serges,
 SMOOTH FINISHED SERGES, SCOTCH TWEED ULSTERINGS,
 in Fancy Mixtures, &c., &c.

LADIES' CLOTH JACKETS, Newest Styles, Perfect Fitting, Very Moderate in Price.

S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte St.

Social and Personal.

St. John—South End.
 Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley, who spent part of last week at Sackville, returned home on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Warburton, of Prince Edward Island, were in the city this week, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Walker. They left for home on Wednesday.

On Wednesday evening of last week there was a pleasant gathering at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Stewart, Garden street, the occasion being the china wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. About fifty guests were present. After a pleasant evening had been spent, Rev. J. Wesley Clarke, pastor of the Waterloo F. C. B. Church, on behalf of those present, presented Mr. and Mrs. Stewart with a handsome China tea set, accompanied by an appropriate address. Mr. J. H. Erb then made a short speech and closed by wishing Mr. and Mrs. Stewart many more years of active life. Then refreshments were served, after which the company dispersed.

Miss Mary Hurdman, of Scotland, was in the city this week, en route for New York. Mrs. Outram and Miss Daisy Outram, who have been spending some weeks with friends in Halifax, returned home this week.

Mr. Hewitt and bride (nee Arnsd, of Annapolis) were in the city this week on their wedding tour. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Mowatt.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Raymond are making a visit to Boston. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Leonard and family left on Tuesday evening for Los Angeles, California, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lowell, who have been here on a visit to friends, have returned to their home in Calais.

Mrs. O. Hannah, of this city, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. DeLaiter, while in St. Stephen recently. Dr. and Mrs. Walker who have been making a trip through Massachusetts, returned home on Monday last.

Rev. J. O. and Mrs. Crisp, recently of London, Ontario, were among the visitors to the city this week. Mr. Crisp was formerly stationed at St. John's Church, Charlton. They will spend the winter at Pictou.

Miss Susie Boyer, of this city, was in Sussex this week, visiting her sister, Mrs. F. W. Wallace. Miss Millett has returned from Fredericton where she has been spending some time with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thompson are making a visit to the White Mountains. Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Coster, who have been spending the summer months at Rothesay, have removed to the city, and will occupy the house owned by Dr. M. F. Bruce on Colburn street.

Mr. Thomas Linton and Miss Rita Linton, who have been spending some weeks out west, were in the city this week, on their return to their home in Turin.

Mr. R. J. Colhart, of Douglastown, spent a few days of last week in the city. The statement in last week's Progress, that Miss Reble McAvity, and Miss Edith Hall have formed a "quadrille class" to meet during the winter months is incorrect.

Mr. Downing Vaux, of New York, spent some days in the city this week, the guest of Mr. Joseph Allison.

Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Campbell are receiving congratulations. The arrival is a little son. Mrs. Beverly Stevens, who has been here visiting friends, has returned to her home in St. Stephen.

Mr. S. A. McLeod, who has been spending some time in Missoula, Montana, returned home this week. Mr. A. F. Randolph and Miss Randolph, of Fredericton, spent some days in the city this week.

Mr. Irvine Dibble, of Woodstock, was in the city this week on a visit to friends. He returned home on Thursday. Councillor William Helms, of Kars, Kings county, was in the city this week, and was warmly congratulated by his many friends on the happy event which took place recently at Kars, when he was united in marriage to Mrs. Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Gardner, of the west end, celebrated their silver wedding on Monday evening. A large number of friends were present, and the presents received were handsome and numerous. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac J. Olive, of Guilford street, west end, had a pleasant gathering at their residence on Wednesday evening to celebrate the fifth anniversary of their wedding day.

Mrs. G. H. Flood and Mrs. F. Blizard, who have been spending some weeks in Boston, have returned home.

St. John—North End.
 Nov. 7.—Miss Mathers, of Halifax, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Reinecker for the past three weeks, and returned home last Saturday.

Mrs. J. D. Smith and Mrs. Robert Humphrey returned on Sunday from a very pleasant visit to Boston and New York. They have been absent four weeks. Miss Lillie Roark, of St. Martins, was in town this week.

Miss Hattie Purdy, of Jemseg, is spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. J. D. Purdy. Mrs. Barpee, of Shefield, has been spending this week with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hilyard, Douglas avenue.

Miss Bessie Parker, of St. Martins, spent Monday in the city, and left Monday evening for New York, where she will spend some time visiting friends. Mr. and Mrs. Parker, accompanied Miss Bessie to St. John.

Miss Kate Smith, of Halifax, has been called to her home here, on account of the illness of her father, Mr. Robert Smith, High street.

My photos are so truthful, so pretty and so telling. My pocket-book quite empty is by calls for them bewildering. Large Photos for Christmas should be set for now. Climo & Son, 24 Princess St.

Mr. G. Ruddock, of High street, has been very ill for the past two weeks.

Miss McDonald, returned last week from a trip to Boston. The "Dairymaid's supper," given in St. Luke's church on Friday last was a grand success, and the young ladies and gentlemen taking part and those who helped with the platform settings and refreshments deserve hearty congratulations. The drill, under the direction of Mr. Cooper, was very pretty, and the young ladies looked lovely in their pretty dairymaid's dresses and white hats. The drill with the stools was one of the special features of the evening.

In regard to the cantata it is hard to speak too well of those taking part. Miss Mary Tapley made a charming soprano, and sang at her best, while Mr. Alfred Smith holds a special place as a jovial farmer. Miss Maud Fairall and Miss Bertie Dale sang exceptionally well in the guise of milk cans, and Mr. Walter Smith and James Gillespie did credit to themselves in the same capacity. Mr. W. H. Smith made an excellent "pump" in order to assist Mr. Potts as "chalk." In the little love scene Miss Tod Patton fell most naturally into the part of Phyllis, and sang very sweetly, while Mr. Gillespie took the Corydon in a very creditable manner. Very much of the success of the affair was due to the untiring efforts of Miss Kathleen Pillsbury, of Boston, who instructed those taking part in the cantata.

The young ladies in the drill and chorus were Misses Pauline Tapley, Jessie Hilyard, Mabel Smith, Alice McKiel, Bessie Stevenson, Ida Foster, Nellie Vaughan, Bertha Courtney, Lottie Ruddock, and Roi McFunkin, Messrs. Thomas Ellis, Walter Dunham, George Roberts, A. Burham and Arthur Ellis.

One of the next pleasant events of the week was a genuine surprise party, arranged by Mrs. Robert Wisely and Mrs. William Christie, for Dr. and Mrs. March on Monday last, that evening being the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage. One often hears of parties to surprise when both host and hostess know all concerning the affair, but this took Dr. and Mrs. March by storm. This added much to the success of the evening. Among those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Wisely, Mr. G. Myles, Mr. G. Tapley, Mr. E. March, Dr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Chesley, Mrs. Irvine, Misses Ruddock, Miss Chesley, Miss Wisely, Miss Bessie Wisely, Miss Alice Farmer, Miss Hargreaves, Mr. L. Bruce, Mr. L. McKay, Mr. D. Farmer, Mr. G. Hosen, Dr. W. Christie, Mr. March and Mr. A. Courtney. A very enjoyable evening was spent in dancing and whist, and the party broke up about one o'clock, each and all wishing Dr. and Mrs. March "many happy returns of the day."

WOODSTOCK.
 [Pronouns is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Loane & Co.]

Nov. 6.—The "at home" held by Mrs. D. F. Merritt on Thursday evening was the grandest social function given in town for some time. Dr. and Mrs. Merritt spared no pains in making her party a success. The spacious drawing rooms were arranged for dancing and the music, which was rendered by Robertson's orchestra of Halifax was most inspiring.

A lengthy programme consisting largely of waltzes and schottisches was carried out and greatly enjoyed. Supper was served at twelve o'clock. The dresses were very pretty, many of the young ladies looking quite lovely, while it would be scarcely fair to omit saying that the "youth and gallantry" in evening attire with champagne and bonfire would have done credit to New York's "four million." The invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Neales, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. A. Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. J. Norman Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh S. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Carr, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bourne, Mrs. Anderson, Halifax, Mrs. A. B. Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perkins, Mr. Guy Smith, Miss Seely, St. John, the Misses Smith, the Misses Condit, the Misses Bull, the Misses Jordan, the Misses Carman, the Misses Aughterton, Miss Vanwart, Miss Munro, Miss Griffith, Miss Blanche Dibble, Miss Hilda Bourne, Miss N. Beardsley, Miss Winslow, Miss Minnie Connell, Miss Kathleen Bourne, Miss M. Beardsley and Messrs. A. F. Gardner, C. Carman, F. E. Came, G. James, Steulen, Creighton, Graham, Harrison, Donoville, MacLaren, Melish, Everitt, Bedell, Merritt, Bourne, Loane, J. Bourne and Aughterton.

Mrs. Merritt received her guests in a stylish costume of black silk with cream surah vest.

Mrs. J. F. Allan Dibble, cream silk, green velvet trimmings.

Mrs. Neales, black silk velvet.

Mrs. George Taylor, green net over silk.

Mrs. Willard Carr, black silk, embroidered in pale blue, with trimmings of blue silk and black lace.

Mrs. Norman Winslow, Nile green silk.

Mrs. Wright, cream silk, black lace.

Mrs. Bull, black satin.

Mrs. Anderson, Halifax, black satin with white satin and black net, white roses.

Mrs. Allan Smith, black satin with gold passementerie and ostrich tips.

Mrs. Bourne, black silk and lace, yellow chrysanthemums.

Mrs. Charles Perkins, black satin and lace, en traine.

Mrs. Wm. Connell, grey striped satin, pink trimmings.

Miss Seely, St. John, cream satin, gold trimmings.

Miss Alice Connell, cream satin and lace, chrysanthemums and sash.

Miss Nellie Beardsley, a very pretty dress of pale blue silk with ribbon trimmings, white chrysanthemums.

Miss Nan Bull, a most becoming dress of Nile green crepon with pink silk trimmings.

Miss Cora Smith, a dainty dress of cream crepon, with moire ribbon trimmings.

Miss Edith Jordan, cream cashmere, lace and ribbon, pansies.

Miss Munro, black satin and violet silk trimmed with violets.

Miss Vanwart, Nile green silk and lace.

Miss Jordan, cream satin and crepon, en traine, trimmings of pansies and smilax.

Miss Mame Beardsley, black lace, cardinal ribbons.

Miss Griffith, a very pretty dress of pale lawn satin and net, with scarlet flowers.

Miss Bull, grey crepe-ducaine, pink silk trimmings.

Miss Smith, cream silk, green velvet trimmings.

Miss Aughterton, cream cashmere and surah.

Miss H. Carman, hot-trotte silk.

Miss Kathleen Bourne, white Indian muslin and lace, daisies.

Miss Carman, cream embroidered cashmere and ribbons.

Miss George Aughterton, primrose cashmere, green ribbons.

Miss Winslow, white muslin, lace and ribbons, carnations and smilax.

Miss Blanche Dibble, white muslin, blue ribbons.

Miss Hilda Bourne, white muslin, cream crepon.

Miss Lily Jordan returned Saturday from a two weeks' visit up river.

Miss Jessie Peabody left Friday for St. John where she will be the guest of Canon and Mrs. De Veber.

Mr. J. Norman Winslow, and J. T. Allan Dibble, M. F. P., left Friday for Toronto and Montreal.

Harvest thanksgiving services were held in St. Luke's on Sunday. The church was very prettily

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

WIKER—
CARLE'S HANDY FIRE LIGHTER
 The cost of lighting one fire each day is about 1 1/2 cents per month. No prudent housekeeper should be without one.
John R. Carle,
 169 Main Street, St. John,
 Agents wanted everywhere.

Mack's Double Starch.
 Ready for Immediate Use.
 Contains Rice, Starch, Borax, Gum, Wax, &c., as well as the STARCH GLOSS.
 Requires no other addition and no preparation.
 By using Mack's Double Starch the iron glides smoothly and rapidly over the linen, converting a temper-souring and irksome task into a positive pleasure.
Magnificent Gloss
 and an extraordinary degree of Stiffness and Elasticity obtained by using Mack's Double Starch.
 The Operation of ironing, usually so tedious and difficult, is rendered so simple and easy that any inexperienced person can do it.
 Mack's Double Starch saves much valuable time and labor. The process: Simplicity itself.
 No sticking of irons!
 The result: Absolute Perfection!
 By the peculiar action of the ingredients in this starch upon the fibre of linen, &c., all articles regularly starched with it will wear for years without tearing.

Dearborn & Co., - - Agents for Canada.
 For sale by all first-class Grocers.

PERFUMES.
 Hand Mirrors, Brushes and Combs, Hair Pin Boxes, Solid Silver and Shell Hair Pins, Cut Glass and Fancy Bottles, Various other Toilet Articles.
HAIR GOODS.
TOILET WATERS.
American Hair Store,
 87 Charlotte Street, 22 Prince Street, Halifax, N. S.

VISIT
J. H. Connolly's Modern Studio
 when in want of anything in Artistic Portraiture. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
 Don't Forget 75 Charlotte Street, (over Warlock's.)

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU
 PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORKS DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED.
 St. John, N.B.
 SAMPLES & PRICES FURNISHED, CHEERFULLY.

A Great Handk'f Bargain Next Week. Look Out For It.
 On Tuesday, 13th, we will place on sale 400 doz. Ladies' Hemstitched Irish Lawn Initialled Handk'fs, purchased at a great bargain from an overstocked Manufacturers' Agent.
 This identical Handk'f is sold in the city at 22c, but our purchase enables us to offer it to buyers at 15c. each or 6 for 75c.
 Put up 1/2 doz. in a very pretty box.
 Letters A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, R, S, T, V, W, Y. Nothing approaching this in value will be offered in the city this season. Out-of-town buyers in ordering will please add 6c. for postage and mention initial.
DANIEL & ROBERTSON, Cor. Charlotte & Union Sts.

RICHMONTO.

[Progress is for sale in Richmond by Theodore P. Gilmour.]
Nov. 7.—Mr. and Mrs. James Call and family have removed to Carleton, St. John. Every one regrets their departure from our midst.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, at the Centre, Bookstore, by J. E. Nov. 7.—Mr. A. G. Ughart, of the Bank of Montreal, Montreal, in the city, the guest of his uncle, Mr. F. J. Hunter.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenwick and J. H. Hawthorne.]
Nov. 7.—Last winter's whist club has been re-organized and on Friday evening last they met for the first time at the residence of Miss Burdick.

Photography.

SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP, REFINED FINISH and moderate prices, combine to make these PHOTOS the most satisfactory in St. John today. HAROLD CLIMO, 85 Germain Street.



This SOAP contains no adulteration or excesses of alkali to irritate the most delicate of skins. For this reason it is also best for Clothes, Linens, Fine Lawns, Cambrics, Laces and Embroideries. For sale by grocers everywhere.

J. T. LOCAN, MANUFACTURER, 20 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

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DR. LAVIOLETTE'S SYRUP OF TURPENTINE THE NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION, OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK. CAPITAL STOCK: \$150,000.

IT ALWAYS CURES ASK FOR IT From your Druggist or Grocer, who can procure it from any wholesale house. J. Gustave Laviolette, M. D. 232 & 234 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

'NIAGARA' INJECTOR. If you require a boiler feeder by the 'Niagara,' Life is too short to fool away time on worthless machines. No satisfaction, no pay, is my motto. Will send you one on 30 days' trial. Write for prices.

W. H. STIRLING, Waring, White & Co's Works, ST. JOHN, N. B. Lorimer's Pepsin Sauce. For use with Chops, Steaks, Fish Cutlets, Gravies, &c. In addition to the usual ingredients of a first-class sauce this one contains pure Pepsin, which is nature's remedy for indigestion, hence it is invaluable to all sufferers from that distressing complaint and they should use it with every meal.

Dr. Schacht, president of the 'Apotheker Verein' in a paper read before that scientific body at Berlin, in 1873, referred to LORIMER'S SAUCE in term of highest praise, and recommended it in preference to any other form of Pepsin either in wines, essences or other forms.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUGSTORE. Mr. E. McLeod having resigned the agency of this company and the undersigned having been appointed agents, are now prepared to accept risks, and hope to receive a share of the business of this city.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

deceased for the occasion, with various grains, bright berries, vases of flowers and seasonal fruit.

CAMPBELLTON.

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

Nov. 7.—Mr. J. A. Golebony, manager of the Campbellton Water Supply Co., left on Saturday last for Montreal, where he will remain a few days.

Mr. Kigour Shives spent a couple of days in your city last week.

Mr. Thomas Gallagher of Montreal, visited friends here on last Thursday.

Rev. J. L. McDonald has been the guest of Rev. Father Cronley in Dalhousie for a short time.

Mr. D. Richards has returned from a brief visit to Fredericton.

Miss Winnie Barberie left yesterday morning to spend a week with Mrs. William Weldon in Moncton.

Mr. Albert Andrews is home from a very successful six-week trip up the St. Lawrence.

Mr. H. F. McLatey is in the shire town to-day.

Mr. O. A. Barberie has been indisposed for some time and unable to attend to his duties.

Mr. Louis Gagnon, of St. John, registered at the Revere last week.

Mrs. Campbell, who was the guest of Mrs. Daniel Desmond for over a week, returned to Dalhousie on Monday.

Miss Mina Farrer spent Saturday and Sunday with her mother Mrs. John Farrer.

Dr. W. W. Doherty gave a very pleasant evening to a number of his friends on Monday.

The hours passed so quickly with the favorite game of whist until supper time was announced when those present enjoyed a delicious goose and other delicacies.

Those invited were: Mayor Alexander, Dr. C. A. Kennedy, Mr. H. F. McLatey, Mr. B. P. F. Murray, Mr. W. Murray, and Mr. W. W. Doherty.

Mr. James Haquill and Mr. Thomas Murphy of Dalhousie had a short trip here on Saturday.

The pretty little chapel of the Hotel Dieu hospital was the scene of a very imposing ceremony this morning when Sister Agoline received the white veil.

Rev. Father Barry, of Bathurst, officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Wallace.

A few of Miss Lizzie Henderson's friends were entertained at her home last evening.

Those present were Mrs. W. A. Mott, Miss Margaret Harper, Miss Minnie Henderson, Miss Bessie McKenzie, Miss Bertha Stewart, Miss Margie McKenzie, Miss Madge Brown, Miss Nan Robinson, Miss Maude Johnson and Mr. Frank F. Matheson.

Mr. Thomas W. Brown, Mr. Guy Viet, Mr. James Henderson and Mr. George McKenzie.

Mr. David Inglis, of Montreal, is spending some time in Campbellton.

Mr. McLeod, who was relieving Mr. C. A. Kennedy, of the bank of Nova Scotia, has returned to Chatham.

A Boston daily of a recent issue announcing the engagement of Miss Ella Staver, of Summerside, P. E. I., to Rev. Allan Hudson, pastor of the congregational church, North Weymouth, Mass.

Miss Staver visited Campbellton on several occasions, making many friends, who will wish her every happiness in her new life, as I understand she is to be married the latter part of the month.

Mrs. George Moffat and Mrs. Fisher, of Dalhousie, were the guests of Mrs. William Rensell yesterday.

W. A. Mott, M. P., went to St. John on Friday, returning last evening.

Mrs. McMillan McDonald pleasantly entertained a few friends one evening last week.

Mrs. John Jardine returned last night from a short visit to friends in Newcastle.

Mr. George Johnson is enjoying a holiday trip to Boston, New York and other cities.

Rev. Arthur Herliam, of Port Elgin, is in town. Mrs. John Henderson visited friends in Charle, last week.

snowball, returned to his home in Sackville, last week.

Miss Beatrice Gunn, of Cross Point, is the guest of the Misses Ferguson.

Dr. Torston and Mr. Dickie, Truro, N. S., paid us a flying visit last week.

The ladies of St. Mary's congregation are practicing for a choral union to be held in Newcastle on Thursday evening.

Mr. D. T. Johnston's friends are glad to see him out again after his very serious illness.

Miss Alex. Loggie returned from Fredericton on Tuesday.

Mrs. Connel, of Woodstock, accompanied by her daughter, are the guests of Mrs. Geo. Fisher, "Woodburn."

Miss Morrison has arrived home from Boston, after a long absence and is busy preparing for her marriage which takes place the first of December.

Miss Blair is spending a few days at "Bleak Corner," the guest of Mrs. H. A. Muirhead.

Miss Constance Winslow is suffering from a severe cold.

Miss Annie Bower was confined to the house with a short illness.

DANDY.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

[Progress is for sale in Charlottetown, by S. Grey, Bazaar Co., and at Carter's Bookstore.]

Nov. 7.—Mr. Alexander Bruce returned on Friday from his trip to New York.

Messrs. H. V. Palmer and Horace Hayward, who went to Halifax on Friday, returned home again on Monday evening.

Mr. Hunt, of Summerside, was in town on Saturday.

Miss Minnie Palmer and Miss Richards, of Swansea, Wales, are visiting in Halifax, they crossed on Friday.

The social and dance in the Masonic temple on Friday evening was a great success.

The stage of the Opera house made a capital dancing room and the music was furnished by Miss Harris.

A large number of young people took advantage of the opportunity offered to them to spend a pleasant evening and the ladies who undertook the management of the affair are to be congratulated.

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, Mrs. Fitzgerald and Miss Fitzgerald returned on Monday evening from their three weeks' trip to Boston and New York.

Master Tom Davis, who is at the Collegiate school, Windsor, had his collar bone broken a few days ago, whilst playing football.

Miss Minnie Blake, who has been in Shediac for the past month, is home again.

Mrs. Fred Hyndman gave a very pleasant whist party last week, about thirty guests present.

Rev. V. E. Harris, of Amherst, was the guest last week of Mr. Justice Hodson.

Miss Stumbles and Miss Poole, who have been visiting Mrs. W. W. Brewer, in Moncton, are home again.

Mrs. Bullman's walking party, on Saturday, was a very pleasant one, the day was all one could desire for a tramp, and all the pedestrians were in a gay mood.

I hear that a number of young people are forming a whist club for the winter months; this is a move in the right direction, I wish more would follow in their footsteps. We are thrown so much upon our own resources during the winter and are so entirely cut off from the outside world that it is necessary to "join forces" if we wish to entertain the long evenings.

Mr. A. H. Moore, of Chicago, arrived here on Saturday evening to visit friends.

Mr. Lewis Carvell has returned from Toronto.

Mrs. Montgomery, who has been in Summerside visiting friends, is home again.

Mr. Leahy has returned home.

Miss Large returned from Sackville on Thursday.

NORTH SYDNEY.

[Progress is for sale in North Sydney at the store of Messrs. Copeland & Co.]

Nov. 8.—I believe we are to have a literary society this winter and it certainly good to have something to look forward to. Mr. Creelman has taken a great deal of trouble to interest our people in the organization, and I sincerely hope his efforts will meet with the encouragement they deserve.

We are becoming quite a theatre-loving public and scarcely have our purses recovered from the poverty caused by the Lindley company when Wallace Hopper and his artistes appear. They are booked for several nights next week with a repertoire of entirely new plays.

Mr. H. E. Sawyer, who has been staying here all summer left for New York on Tuesday.

Mr. D. Waters is visiting his friends in town.

Mrs. Ryby gives a progressive euchre party to-morrow evening.

Miss Mackay and Miss Prowse are staying with Mrs. MacKeen, at Port Morien.

Miss Maude Ingraham, of Sydney, is visiting her cousin, Miss Annie Ingraham.

Miss Peters, of Sydney, is staying in town.

We had a visit last week from Mrs. Kathleen Blake Watkins, otherwise "K" of the Toronto Mail. I wonder if many of our girls were abroad last year and if they were they were there in the newest hats—some of them are remarkably pretty ones too. You see "K" has particularly sharp eyes and said some very unkind things about the St. John girls' headgear. I would not care to have her write us up like an inquisitor for we have to "K" to defend us so generally by the way. If "K" were a man, now, one might find the reason for her disparagement in these verses:

"Her scuttie hat is wondrous wide,
All furrie too, on every side,
So on the top she trips the daisies,
To let ye youth fall well to see
How layre ye mayde is for ye Budee.

A little puffed, may be, by pryde,
The yett son lovdy is that I'd
A shilling give to ye, perdie,
Her scuttie hat."

DALLAS.

REDDELTOWN.

[Progress is for sale in Bridgetown by Miss B. Elderkin.]

Nov. 6.—Mrs. Fred Crosshill returned on Wednesday from New York and Boston after a three weeks' visit among her children.

Mr. Donald and Mr. Ralph Messenger, of Centerville, returned on Friday from New York after a pleasant visit.

Mrs. S. Dennison is visiting her daughter, Mrs. L. D. Shafner, Clarendon-point.

Mr. W. Anderson and Mr. L. A. Dickie spent Friday at Roundhill.

Mr. Frank Miller has returned from a pleasant visit among his friends at Roundhill.

Miss Mary Rogers, of St. John, left on Saturday for Annapolis, where she is going to make Mrs. R. S. Miller a visit.

Mr. Henry Shaw returned home on Monday after spending a few days in St. John.

Miss Venable Bent and Miss Georgia Bath spent Friday in Annapolis.

Mrs. J. B. Gill is receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little son.

Mr. James Poole, of Boston, is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Edward Poole.

Messrs. S. Spies and Charles Burgies and Minard Clark spent a few days out south shovler, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Gillies of Annapolis, are in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Bowles, of Gratton, are spending a few days in town the guest of Mrs. W. W. Chesley.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harris, of Annapolis, are spending a few days in town.

Mr. James Rhodes of Granville Ferry was in town on Thursday.

Mrs. James Crowe and Mrs. Daspille of Annapolis, are the guest of their sister Mrs. Allen Crowe.

Judge Savary is in town attending court.

There is a large number of strangers in town this week attending court.

MUSQUAMAS.

Nov. 7.—Mr. W. H. Feck, of St. John, was here for a couple of days last week.

Miss Cora Bloom is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Harriet Spoke, who has been ill at the hospital in St. John, returned home last week much improved in health.

Chief Clarke and Dr. H. Steeves, of St. John, paid a visit here last week.

Miss Emma Anderson is visiting friends in St. John.

Strongest and Best.—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

Fry's CONCENTRATE D COCOA. 90 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

NAPOLEON AND THE NAVY.

Destined for that Branch of the Service and Forced into the Army.

Napoleon had been destined for the navy. Through the favor of the school director who had just died, he was to have been sent to Paris, and thence assigned to the school of naval art in closest connection with Corsica.

The letter in which the boy communicates his decision to his father is as remarkable as the one just mentioned. The anxious and industrious parent had finally broken down, and in his feeble health had taken Joseph as an support and help on the arduous homeward journey.

Four days after writing he passed his examination a second time before the new director, announced the choice of the artillery as his branch of the service, and a month later was ordered to the military academy in Paris.

The King of the Belgians, though by no means a keen sportsman, is a breeder of pheasants for ornament rather than slaughter. The grass-plots round the palace of Laeken being dotted with coops which are carefully watched by the keepers.

The King of the Belgians, though by no means a keen sportsman, is a breeder of pheasants for ornament rather than slaughter. The grass-plots round the palace of Laeken being dotted with coops which are carefully watched by the keepers.

A Girl Pilot. A girl pilot, who may earn \$20 at a job! If her present plans do not miscarry, Miss Elizabeth Polhemus, a 20-year-old girl of San Diego, Cal., will be a certified pilot in about six months.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Standard says that on one of the estates of Count Porocchi in Galicia the very rare event of a mother, daughter and granddaughter each giving birth to a son on the same day has just occurred.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'Gentlemen—In April last, through the effects of a dose of strychnine taken in mistake for another drug, I was laid up in St. John, N. B., for ten days. After this I never seemed to regain my former health, and continually suffered from indigestion and heart palpitation, for which I could get no relief. I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking one bottle, I felt a little better, so continued using the remedy until I had consumed six bottles. I found myself gaining strength and fresh every day, and am now as healthy as ever before taking the poison.' F. V. WARMOLL, representative, Toronto, Ontario.

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

Advertisement for D.C.L. Scotch & Irish Whiskies and London Gin. Includes image of a bottle and text: 'Always Ask For D.C.L. Scotch & Irish Whiskies and London Gin. Proprietors: The Distillers Co. Ltd. Edinburgh, London & Dublin.'

GILLESPIE & Co., - MONTREAL, AGENTS FOR CANADA.

Advertisement for Bonnell's Grocery. Includes text: 'BONNELL'S GROCERY. 50 BBL. NO. 1 GRAVENSTEIN APPLES. For Sale at Bonnell's Grocery, McLean's Block, 200 Union St., St. John, N. B.'

regularly; but of late years, owing to the deaths of some of the tributary potentates and the suppression of others, the stock has much declined. The precious articles are kept in sandalwood wardrobe at Windsor under the care of the queen's first wardrobe woman.

'I suppose,' said the would-be contributor to the editor, 'that you are both a good deal by being offered jokes that have been printed already.'

'Well,' said the caller, as he produced a manuscript from his inside pocket, 'here is one that I will guarantee is original. It has never been in print.'

Triumphs of the English Language. Sheriff (on scene of a prize fight)—Perhaps you can give some idea of where the mill is going to be to-night.

When Spanish Lovers Woo. A curious custom obtains in some portions of Spain in regard to betrothals. A young man who looks with favor upon a handsome senorita and wishes to gain her hand, calls on the parents for three successive days at the same hour of the day.

"Speak and you are a dead man." The pistol barrel gleamed under the nose of the patient-looking party who was reclining on the combination sofa.

Not a Blot. A Ridgewood man recently took the pledge. A few days later a friend, an ardent prohibitionist, who knew him and had often reproved him, was amazed to see him reeling along Ridgewood avenue happy and hilarious.

India Shawls at Windsor. Queen Victoria's store of Indian shawls is tailing. The shawls are getting scarcer and scarcer every year.

Advertisement for Cashmere Bouquet Perfume. Includes text: 'Cashmere Bouquet Perfume. W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, 35 KING STREET. Physician's Prescriptions receive every attention.'

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co. Includes text: 'WALTER BAKER & CO. The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES. HIGHEST AWARDS. Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS in Europe and America.'

Advertisement for Knives, Forks & Spoons. Includes text: 'KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS STAMPED 1847 ROGERS BBOS. Genuine and Guaranteed by the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.'



Mr. F. V. Warmoll, Toronto, Ontario.

A Narrow Escape

Bad Effects Entirely Eliminated by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'Gentlemen—In April last, through the effects of a dose of strychnine taken in mistake for another drug, I was laid up in St. John, N. B., for ten days. After this I never seemed to regain my former health, and continually suffered from indigestion and heart palpitation, for which I could get no relief. I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking one bottle, I felt a little better, so continued using the remedy until I had consumed six bottles. I found myself gaining strength and fresh every day, and am now as healthy as ever before taking the poison.' F. V. WARMOLL, representative, Toronto, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

and fresh every day, and am now as healthy as ever before taking the poison.

TOPAZ - NOVEMBER GEM.

Who first comes to this world below With dross November's fog and snow, Should prove the Topaz amber hue, Emblem of friends and lovers true.

A beautiful selection of these fine gems and many other kinds, with or without settings, now ready for inspection, and a splendid assortment of

"DIAMONDS,"

that GEM of all GEMS; the same now, today and forever, which is always acceptable from the right person. Good value and fine goods every time; guaranteed by

W. TREMAINE GARD Goldsmith and Jeweler, No. 81 KING ST., Under Victoria Hotel.

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

BOSTON'S MORAL WAVE.

AST. JOHN MAN'S ADDRESS ON THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Corruption at City Hall is Exposed by a New Method. The condition of the public schools is a subject which has been brought to light by the Committee on S. A. Wetmore.

Boston, Nov. 6.—The corruption in high places brought to light this week by the officers of the municipal reform league have been worrying the members of the city government considerably, and from present indications it is evident that the new league will fill a long felt want.

It is composed largely of men of high moral purposes who, so far as is known, have no axes to grind and are honestly working for the good of the public.

Their first broadside at the members of the present city government has stricken terror to the rank and file. The smallness of spirit shown by the aldermen and councilmen in helping themselves to the public chest is in striking contrast to the wholesale robbery of the lord mogul of New York, but it is plandering just the same, and of the meanest kind.

The members of the city council and board of aldermen are allowed meetings and cab hire when holding committee meetings, and they have been working this provision of the law to the Queen's taste. Some of them have been sending in bills to the city for expenses of this kind, running up into thousands of dollars, although the figures for this year, with perhaps a possible exception, have kept within three figures. Nevertheless one would judge by reading the returns that the aldermen of Boston lived in cabs and carriages, and ate dollar dinners eight times a day.

Of course they haven't been living in cabs and carriages (you call them coaches in St. John) or eating to beat the band, although the circumstance of some of them might lead one to believe that the latter statement was true. A "pull" is something worth having in this part of the world and everybody who has one works it to the best of his ability. And pulls have something to do with the expense bills.

It is said that many of the bills for carriage hire were contracted by the aldermen when some of their constituents died. The ward heeler who controlled the constituent's vote when he was alive, and perhaps continues to control the votes of the members of the family after he is dead, goes to the alderman who benefits by these votes and tells him that so many carriages are wanted for the funeral. Then the alderman sends the number of carriages desired to follow the deceased constituent to the grave, and charges them up to the city as carriages used by him in attending committee meetings.

Then the aldermen go out riding in the parks and suburbs on Sundays and of course that goes into the bill, too, according to common report.

Other charges of a more serious nature have been made, to the effect that people going before the committee on claims have to pay up before their cases will be considered.

All this has made the members of the city government indignant, and while some are trying to explain matters, others are threatening to make the municipal reform league pay dearly for what it is doing. There are likely to be some warm days during the coming winter months.

Revelations of an equally important nature, if not more so, were made at the last meeting of the Boston board by Committee S. A. Wetmore. The committee on school houses made a report that evening calling attention to the inadequate accommodation in some of the school districts, and Mr. Wetmore followed it up with an order asking that the city government of Boston appropriate \$1,000,000 for new school buildings. His address in presenting the order is said to have been one of the most remarkable ever delivered to the board. He presented an array of facts and figures to show that nearly 4000 children were deprived of schooling every year, owing to the fact that the city did not provide sufficient accommodation; that children were crowded into stuffy little rooms where their health was impaired and that the rental of these rooms, paid by the city, would be sufficient to pay the greater of the interest on the amount for new buildings asked for the order.

Mr. Wetmore's address created a genuine sensation, and its publication has caused the matter to be taken up by the municipal reform league and prominent educators, while some of the ministers who are scouting for the little red school house and the A. P. A. have been using it as an argument to show that the church of Rome is trying to do away with the public school. This, however, is a phase of the subject which has probably never entered the mind of the committee man.

The Boston school board has been trying for a long time to induce the city government to give it enough money to keep up the standard of the public schools, but year after year the appropriations have been cut, and the board has had to labour

under difficulties. A mechanical arts high school established a few years ago has practically come to a standstill owing to lack of funds, and complaints have been made at every meeting about the condition of the school buildings in different districts. It was not until the last meeting, however, that the public was brought to a true realization of the way matters stood, and, with the mass of evidence collected and presented by Mr. Wetmore, the board will now probably push its claims and place the schools in the condition in which the members would like to see them. They have voted to print Mr. Wetmore's address in pamphlet form and circulate it freely as a school document. By this means public sentiment will be still further aroused, and it is to be hoped that before very long that no children will be deprived of an education on account of insufficient accommodation, and that those that do go to school will not have their health impaired by being compelled to sit in close badly ventilated rooms day after day the year round.

R. G. LARSEN.

"PHILOSOPHY AND FOLLY."

A Few Remarks on Various Subjects by "Jay Bee."

Memory, like mules, is better for being joggled.

Some lights are better extinguished than merely flickering.

Quack medicines should be purchased with counterfeit money.

"While the (electric) light holds out to burn," you'd better keep off a live wire! (This last is not poetical but it has been demonstrated.)

Are there any "crooks" in the straits of Gibraltar?

Can the Dye Works di-aphram?

In smoking the pipe of peace, use a good piece of tobacco, thereby assuring the consumption desired. A poor article may have an opposite effect.

Drawn and quartered—two pints of ale.

A soft answer not only turneth away wrath, but if conveying an exclamatory yes! gains a husband.

A crank who recognizes the fact that he is one, is not nearly so cranky as the crank who considers himself crankless.

"Liar licenses" should be issued to all intending fishermen.

Man proposes—except in leap year.

Darwinian novel—"The tail of a monkey."

"See, the conquering hero comes" is never better illustrated than where it is necessary to administer paregoric.

Said she, "A lie on the ocean wave,"

Said he, "With you I'd just as lave."

There's an end to the matter, as the printer said when he finished his pi.

"Gull bait" is generally used by the sportsman who spins a longer yarn concerning the length of the fish he catches than is consistent with the carrying capacity of his basket.

A gentleman dying wished to be cremated, on the ground that he would more likely be re-(n)-embered, but was convinced by a friend that by ordinary burial he would stand a better chance of being re-remembered, and accordingly submitted to his friend's wishes. Remember!

Hardcash—"Never borrow trouble, my boy."

Har-lap—"I wasn't trying till I saw you. Lend me a five, that's all the trouble I'm trying to borrow, but I'm afraid I'll have more trouble borrowing that than any other kind."

Never try to "keep in" with a friend who is always "out" to you.

Politeness does not discriminate between silk and calico. Nor does it confine its conscientiousness to time or place. Nor is it any more expensive than rudeness, neither does it need to assert loudly, nor with affectation. Nor can it be improved by other than a natural exhibition thereof, of a variety depending largely upon the personality of the individual. JAY BEE.

A Dramatist for a Plaything.

Miss Olive Schreiner, the celebrated Australian writer, recently told this story of her childhood. She and her brothers and sisters had as one of the playthings a bright stone that they called the candle-stone. It was about the size of a walnut, and would flash in a bright and singular way when held to the light. Not until she had grown up, and the candle-stone had been lost for years, did any of them realize that it was a diamond of doubtless immense value. The Kimberley mines were in the unknown future; but this stone had perhaps been washed down by some torrent, or brought by other chance from that region.

Women as Bootblacks.

A woman recently in Paris confessed to a great interest in the woman bootblacks whom she saw there. "They wear a peculiar uniform," she says, "not unlike that of the Sisters of Mercy, but their coquettish manners quite nullify the religious associations of their dress. Most of them work with gloved hands, and they are wonderfully neat and dexterous at their calling."

GIRLS, LEARN TO COOK.

SUCH IS ASTRA'S ADVICE TO "COOKING WOMEN."

The Troubles that Astra Herself Was Witness to Because of Her Ignorance of Cookery and the Other Secrets of Housekeeping—A Housekeeper's Independence.

I wish I could impress upon every girl of my acquaintance, and upon every girl who comes to me in this column for advice, the importance of learning not only how to take ordinary care of a house, but how to cook and serve a palatable meal. It may seem like rather a superfluous remark to make, when Canadian girls are noted for being excellent housewives; but I do not speak without reflection, and I believe the number of good housekeepers amongst the girls of today, to be decreasing rather than increasing. Ten years ago, the number of young girls in my own circle of friends and acquaintances, who are excellent cooks and housekeepers, was more than double what it is now; and amongst the girls who grew up with me I can remember but two who were not capable of taking entire charge of their mother's household when occasion demanded, and of managing the domestic machinery with such skill and judgment, that the different hand on the helm was imperceptible, and the weary mother could go away for a long rest, with a perfectly easy mind.

I regret to say that I was one of those two exceptions, and perhaps that is one reason I can speak so feelingly on the subject. Circumstances were against my learning very much about the gentle crafts of cooking and housekeeping in my early youth, partly because I never was strong enough and partly because I always had so many other things to do; so that what I have learned of late years has been acquired laboriously and by the sweat of my brow, as it were. But I suppose the experience has been valuable, even if it were only by qualifying me to serve as an awful example to other girls and warn them off the shoals which proved so very inconvenient to me. At least it has had the good effect of convincing me that nothing else can compensate any woman for ignorance of the arts of home making, and housekeeping. She may be a genius and possess gifts far beyond the average of her sex, but if she does not know how to keep a house neat and bright she will be a failure as a wife, because the instinct of order is not with her, and what is lacking in herself she can scarcely hope to instill into her servants, and we all know how much there is in the force of example.

A woman may be beautiful as Helen of Troy and as fascinating as Cleopatra, but if she has no idea how to cook the simplest meal she will not look charming in her husband's eyes, when he comes home tired and hungry, and finds nothing but her attractions to feast his eyes upon, the day the cook gets drunk, and the housemaid takes French leave. He has been hard at work all day, and he has a right to expect a little home comfort, and a reasonable amount of good food awaiting him at the close of his labor, and moreover he is an angel amongst men who will not resent any shortcomings in this respect. A man who can afford to keep servants for his wife usually dislikes to see her working herself, but still I think there is usually a connection pretty deeply rooted in his mind, that when a man marries a woman, and cheerfully undertakes to provide her with every comfort and luxury in his power, as long as she lives, he is justified in expecting her to understand the management of the household he has placed her at the head of, and to be able, if need be, to look after his comfort herself. It is merely her share of the bargain, the portion she should contribute to the partnership she has entered into. "But why should I trouble about house-keeping, and ruin my complexion fussing over the kitchen fire learning to cook?" says the pretty society girl. "I never had to do it and I never expect to. Papa has always had servants to do the cooking and housework for us, and I hope I will never marry a man who is too poor to do the same; if I do, we shall certainly board, but I always expect to have someone to do the work for me."

True enough, and well enough, as far as it goes! But how is the mistress to teach the servant a thing about which she is perfectly ignorant herself? Unfortunately, trained servants are few and far between in Canada, and many a woman who is able and willing to pay high wages to a competent servant, is obliged to put up with the very indifferent article she can get and make a good and reliable handmaiden of her by careful teaching. Suppose she did not know the first thing about housekeeping herself, how would any man's house get on with an ignorant mistress at the head of it, trying to guide an equally ignorant maid? It does not take a servant long to find out how little her mistress knows either, and it may be readily imagined that she has little respect for an employer who does not know enough to instruct her in her duties.

I don't know of any more wretched feel-

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ing in this world than to be utterly dependent upon someone who is merely paid for the services rendered, and who may at any moment leave you alone, and helpless.

I knew a girl once who was brought in the midst of luxury, and taught everything a girl should know—except the great essentials of cooking and housekeeping. She travelled a good deal, and saw something of the world, and she had a very good time, but I don't think she could have made an apron for herself if her life had depended upon it, and I am sure she did not know whether tea was boiled in a saucepan and then strained, or potatoes simmered slowly on the back of the fire for four hours, before they were done; and she never troubled herself to find out, because there had always been plenty of servants around to do such things and she did not see why she should meddle with what did not concern her.

By-and-by, she married a man who could only afford to keep one general servant for her, and it was really pathetic to see the absolute slavery in which that couple were held by their own maid. She happened to be not only a tyrant, but a thoroughly capable dame who could do everything, and who loved to rule. Their one terror was that she would leave them, and therefore they lived in absolute subjection to her, feeling certain they would starve and perish if she left them to their fate.

One night I happened to be spending the evening at the house of a mutual friend, and this couple, and a friend of the wife's, who was visiting her dropped in. During the evening our hostess made chocolate and we had a dainty little supper of thin bread, and butter, chocolate and cake. The visitors seemed to enjoy their supper wonderfully, and at last the young wife said—"I daresay we are all eating as if we were starved, but the fact is we were all awfully hungry; you know this is Maggie's afternoon out, and she said she would be out to tea too. I did not know how to get tea, and Alice—her visitor—did not either. We did not know how to boil a cup of tea, and Jim said he was not very hungry, so we just went without anything to eat at all, so you see we have good reason to eat like beggars, things taste so good."

Those three people, living in their own house, and surrounded by every comfort, were actually suffering for a meal, just because two girls' education had been neglected, that neither of them could even make a cup of tea, and set some food on the table! I am afraid that girls nowadays even in the middle classes of society, pay so much attention to the acquiring of a profession, or some means of earning their living, that there is no time left for cultivating the qualities which go so far towards making a home, and a husband happy. One has a talent for music; of course she must cultivate it, and by-and-by make a profession of teaching. Another devotes all her energies to the study of stenography with a view to earning her living thereby, and a third takes up painting as a means of livelihood. And all of them are too busy to think of such a useless study as that of household economy and the science of cooking properly.

They are all good girls, clever girls, and wonderfully capable girls, never spending many idle moments, and winning their own way radiantly in the world, but oh! such poor matches for any unfortunate man who may happen to marry them! They may be able to earn money enough to keep half a dozen servants, but that does not matter, provided they cannot guide the helm themselves, and, in cases of emergency, even do the work that is necessary.

There is no more unsatisfactory wife in this world than the brilliant talented girl whose gifts are so great that she is incapable of bringing her mind to everyday affairs of life, and who knows no more about housekeeping than a battery.

Therefore, girls, I do beg of you to find sufficient time, after you leave school, and before you enter on a career of your own,

to learn at least enough about housekeeping, to make your husband's home fairly comfortable; I can assure you that you will never regret it, and neither will he.

ASTRA. THE DUDLEY DIAMOND. How the Glittering Gem Was Found in a Kafir Village. For many years the rumor of a magnificent diamond, said to be in the possession of a tribe dwelling in a far-away region vaguely indicated by the expression "up country," had tickled the ears of adventurers in South Africa. Many had gone in search of it; none had come within measurable distance of obtaining it.

About this time, however (1869), a Dutch farmer named Van Neikirk got upon the track of the diamond. He wandered from tribe to tribe and from village to village—one day hopeful of success and the next disappointed. At length he was directed to a medicine man or witch doctor, residing in a certain Kafir village, and sure enough, after a good deal of palaver and plentiful libations of jowala, discovered him to be possessed of a pure white stone of extraordinary size and lustre, which he had little doubt was the diamond referred to.

The witch-doctor, however, was extremely unwilling to part with it. A high price was offered, then a higher still, but he remained immovable. The Dutchman now became excited and offered him his whole span of oxen. To this had of necessity to be added the tent-wagon which he had fitted out for his own journey together with his attendants. And at last, stripped of all his belongings save his gun and ammunition, he departed with the gem safely concealed somewhere about his person.

The bargain, nevertheless, was a good one, as the stone was found, when brought to the frontier, to be a beautiful, flawless diamond of the purest water and worth \$25,000. This diamond, which is now in the possession of the Countess of Dudley, may be called "the foundation-stone of the diamond industry."

Score One for the Navy. There is always more or less rivalry between the army and navy, and probably there always will be. When men of either service can work off a joke at the expense of the other they never miss an opportunity. The navy officers are now telling one on the army. It was at Fort Monroe, where one of the vessels of the navy was temporarily awaiting orders, that a delegation of army officers stationed at the fort came aboard. There is a set naval regulation that nothing can be so on board ship until the commanding officer orders it. While the army party were looking over the ship 12 o'clock arrived. A junior officer approached the captain and said, with a salute:

"It is 12 o'clock, sir."

"Make it so," responded the captain, and eight bells were struck. The army officers suspected that the navy men wanted them to ask some questions, and get sold, or that this was a bit of foolery got up to joke the land warriors. Some time after a party of the army officers invited the officers of the war ship to dine with them. The dinner was progressing when a lieutenant entered, and saluting the senior officer present, said, gravely:

"Commodore, the major's blind horse is dead."

"Make it so," responded the colonel with the greatest gravity, and the dinner proceeded. Nothing was said at the time, but the navy officers tell the story.

Chicago's Pretty Women All Employed. The wondrous advantage of beauty of face and form in woman is again exemplified by the experience of the manager of a publishing house in Chicago who advertised for "a little beauty to work in a store window and display paper dress patterns." Eight women without a vestige of good looks or trace of any they might have lost through age or illness—except in their own estimation—appeared on the scene. They were too old or too young, or lacked the air of refinement and grace required to fill the window with charm and the minds of the observers with a desire for the patterns. So the homely ones had no chance. Not one pretty one had been found, and the manager declares that all the pretty women of Chicago who want employment are provided for. It is said that Chicago heads all other cities in the number of women employed in business.

A PROBLEM.

How to get \$50.00 worth of clothes. There is but one way. Have your old clothes dyed at UNGAR'S, and you will find that you get all the satisfaction of new ones. One trial convinces.

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ARE YOU AWARE That the cough that so terribly tries you And which to consumption must lead, Can be cured by ROYAL EMULSION, A true friend in cases of need?

ARE YOU AWARE That ROYAL EMULSION That "tired feeling" soon drives away, Makes you brisk and ready for business, And shows you along through the day?

ARE YOU AWARE That ROYAL EMULSION Will quickly and pleasantly cure Bronchitis, LaGrippe and Consumption, And health and long life ensure?

ARE YOU AWARE That ROYAL EMULSION Will build up and strengthen the weak? They'll acknowledge it most efficacious, When rescued from prostrations so black.

ARE YOU AWARE That DAWSON'S ROYAL EMULSION, Druggists at Fifty Cents and one Dollar sell, Children take without any compulsion, And give no'er a cry nor a yell.

Wallace Dawson, Chemist, Montreal.

Are you WEAK? NERVOUS? TIRED? SLEEPLESS? PALE? BLOODLESS? THIN? DYSPEPTIC?

you need A COURSE OF HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach-TONIC.

It makes weak nerves strong, promotes sound, refreshing sleep, aids digestion, restores lost appetite, is a perfect blood and flesh builder, restores the bloom of health.

All Druggists sell it. 50c a Bottle. Six for \$2.50. Made only by Hawker Medical Co., Ltd., St. John, N.B.

THE LATE CZAR'S PERIL.

So far as I know, no outsider had ever been privileged to peep into the private note book of Strophon Demitrioff, the "doyen" of the St. Petersburg secret police bureau, an institution dedicated to the service of the Czar of All the Russias. It was, therefore, with a feeling of intense satisfaction, not unmingled with awe, that I hung upon the utterances of my old friend, as he (the occasion being a cosy dinner at my house in St. Petersburg) caressingly turned over the closely written pages of a little volume.

A remarkable man was Demitrioff, tall, thin, but tough and wiry, possessed of a determined mouth, partially concealed by a stiff, almost white military moustache—he might have passed any day for a retired colonel of the Czar's army, so training in the army was responsible for his upright carriage, while his varied experiences as the foiler of many a deadly plot against the life of his sovereign had endowed him with a quick and masterly eye and unflinching nerve. For many years his efforts had been almost entirely tabulated towards the preservation of the life of the head of the state, and needless to say, the discoveries made while so occupied were sufficiently numerous and startling.

As a trusted agent of the Czar, his life teemed with incidents made so significant to be committed to any diary, so that the date carefully tabulated within the covers of the little volume he held in his hand, while of enthralling interest to a mystery and plot-loving public, were as nothing compared to the astounding facts stored up in his retentive memory.

I took it as a great compliment to my countrymen that he should confide in me, an alien. "Ah," he said, "you are an Englishman—I was Scotch, but that is a detail—and are to be trusted. I should not dare to unboss myself to a Russian."

Now that the brave Demitrioff is no more, having all too soon followed his royal master to the grave, and being myself the out of the reach of the "double eagle," I have no compunction in recounting here, at the risk of the columns being obliterated by the Russian press censor, a few of the experiences as related by my friend.

A feature of his character was the grim humor he would into the reminiscences with which he lost time to time favored me. I well remember the first of these, which, under the above heading and with assumed names, will compromise nobody.

Yes, he mused, Petrus Tritreff is a quite, deep young man that was, now: one of the most dangerous kind, mark you! Did he belong to any Nihilist society or associate himself with the advanced Socialist party? Not he. He was too clever for that. His grudge against Alexander III. was a private one. A medical student, his bosom friend and colleague, Janos Smirsky, had been condemned to Siberia on a trumped-up charge (for such a charge can happen even in civilized Russia) of conspiring against the life and well-being of the Czar. It was only too apparent at the trial that pressure had been brought to bear from headquarters, and for some reason Tritreff got it into his head that his friend, who was well connected, was being mercilessly persecuted at the instance of the palace autocrats, it not of the Emperor himself.

So, when Petrus heard Janos condemned for life to the mines, and in due time saw him start, one of that wretched gang, on his long journey, he swore to avenge him.

Now, Petrus was a youth of parts; he had ideas, and it would not be his fault if some of the residents at the Winter Palace, preferably the Czar himself, did not realize that even on this planet vengeance was sure. Accordingly, Petrus said not a word to anyone; avoided those clubs he supposed secret societies which sought to overthrow collectively the fall of the monarchy, and dutifully completed his studies. Mingled with these studies was the ever prevailing thought of how best to effect his purpose. At length he made up his mind. Learning, in quite a casual way, a fact not generally known, that the Czar had a great weakness for a special kind of chocolate-bon-bon, he determined that through this apparently harmless medium should his friend be avenged.

A little patient inquiry elicited the fact that a box of these special chocolates found its way regularly every week to that part of the empire which the Czar happened to honor with his presence; and also that the makers of the precious sweets were a well known house in St. Petersburg famed for its confections. The death of his father at this juncture furnished him with an excuse for learning his own livelihood, and on the pretence that he was left penniless, and consequently unable, without capital, to benefit by his medical studies, he made it his business to get recommended by a few friends to this highly respectable confectioner as an inexperienced but very willing volunteer. To such lengths will the feeling of revenge bring a man.

After careful inquiry—and you may be quite sure the investigations by the police, who are always interested in such changes were most minute—the services of Petrus were accepted, and he set to with a will to master his new trade.

The privilege of making the Czar's sweets was accorded to a man who had been in the firm's employ for many years, and who was considered above suspicion. It was to this post that Petrus aimed to be appointed. Not till then could he put in practice the pretty little plan he had matured for changing the course of events at the Winter Palace.

To the ordinary mind bent on destruction, accessibility to the manufacture of the royal confections under such circumstances would suggest a strong dose of poison concealed under the chocolate enamel. Not so did Petrus view the matter. The useful arsenic, the strong and serviceable strychnine, did not commend themselves to the young man's fancy. Besides the chance of a promptly administered antidote or emetic saving the sufferer and destroying the would-be assassin's hopes, there was a lack of sensationalism in the attempt by such means.

There must be no confusing the issue with that of a temporary indisposition with which the public might be misled. No, the result must be something deadly, yet electrifying; appalling, yet far removed from the commonplace; and in this spirit did the genial Petrus strive to improve the shining hour. The bomb was Tritreff's idea; not the ordinary article with the fuse attached, or the clumsy mechanism which requires to be thrown at the subject sig-

nalled out for destruction. No, something much more dainty and original. Not even the most up-to-date Nihilist had so far aspired to fame by contriving a bomb which could be eaten, and which in the act would destroy or even the partaker's taste for the sweets of life. It was to be left to Petrus Tritreff to inaugurate the chocolate bomb by means of which the head of Alexander III. would be blown off his shoulders, in the midst of his courtiers and guards, ere a hand could be raised to save him.

Two years had passed in his employer's service before Petrus considered that his opportunity had come. In those two years his expertness and assiduity had gained him his master's favor, and suspicion, if any existed (and where does it not exist in Russia?), had been lulled. Petrus was now competent to take the place of the master workman who continued to make weekly a fresh supply of the royal sweets-meats, should he by any accident be unable to attend to the important duty.

Needless to say, there came a day when the faithful workman was absent from his post. Found ill in bed after an evening's harmless enjoyment in the company of Petrus, it may have been that the latter's knowledge of drugs had something to do with his friend's indisposition; anyhow bereft of the man's services at the last moment, it fell to Petrus, with his admonitions and supererogations, was ordered to prepare the box of sweets. He had been allowed previously to try his hand at the important preparation, and had succeeded so well that the worthy proprietor had no fear of a complaint from his royal master.

With ill-concealed triumph Petrus buckled to his task, and, in the presence of tasters from the palace, prepared his sweets to everyone's satisfaction. Packed in a delicately-lined box, the oblong blocks of chocolate (about an inch long by half an inch broad) looked most tempting to the eye. Little did the supervisors realize that in one of the top rows of the box lurked a sweet that had been carefully prepared beforehand, and skilfully substituted by Petrus for the real article.

In his chemical researches he had discovered an explosive of terrible power, capable of extreme concentration, and which could be stirred into instant and deadly activity by fusion with a particular acid. To this end, the interior of the chocolate had been carefully divided longitudinally by a thin wall of soft but impervious composition. On the one side of this wall was placed the explosive, and on the other the acid, the union of which would produce such disastrous results. With crafty and far-seeing deliberation, Petrus placed the division lengthwise in and not across the sweet, and so insured the fracture of the partition and consequent explosion should the partaker elect to make two bites of the confection. Covered with its coating of real chocolate, the deadly engine, as it lay snugly in the box, defied detection, and the moment that its victim discovered its unusual flavor, that moment would be cease to feel any other sensation on this earth.

It was quite in keeping with Tritreff's ingenuity that this promiscuous placing of the fatal sweet in the box should entail a fair amount of uncertainty as to when its mission would be accomplished. It afforded him all the joys of anticipation, and as he found it convenient to take a little holiday as soon as the box was dispatched he hugged himself all the way to the German frontier with the thought that a big sensation was in store for Russia in particular and the world in general.

But as he sat consuming numerous books in the hotel of a flourishing city over the border, waiting, somewhat impatiently, for the denouement of a eagerly scanned paper and telegrams, nothing happened. What could it mean? But something had happened, and this is what it meant. The box had duly arrived at the palace, and after passing the customary inspection had found its way to the Czar's table.

On the third day after its receipt, seated on the terrace with a favorite bloodhound rolling in lazy enjoyment on the grass near by, Alexander, immersed in the perusal of private correspondence, and yet with his favorite sweets handy, mechanically stretched out his hand towards the box and slowly conveyed the chocolate to his lips. A sudden movement of the dog attracted his attention, and finding the animal gazing expectantly at him, he, acting on an unaccountable impulse, arrested his hand and threw the sweet to the dog to catch. The snap of the animal's jaws over the tit-bit was followed instantaneously by a sickening report, and the Czar of All the Russias shivered as he gazed on the mangled remains of his saviour, and faintly realized his own wonderful escape. Of course, some of us were soon on the spot and the mysterious nature of the explosion investigated.

Though pretty well accustomed to the various artifices of our bloodthirsty conspirators, this incident opened up a new field. The strictest secrecy was observed, and no report of the occurrence got abroad. Meantime inquires at the confectioner's elicited the fact of Tritreff's absence, and though above suspicion in the proprietor's eyes, he of the police waited developments. I felt sure Petrus had a hand in the business, especially after a talk with the man whose place he filled, and who could never fathom the cause of his serious, though brief, illness. I felt equally certain that as long as the pretty Petrus would return to find on the reason of the apparent miscarriage of his little scheme.

So we were ready for him when he appeared one day in disguise. He was so upset, poor man, at the failure of his plot, that in order to share at least in the merit accruing to such a daring attempt, he confessed all to me. Much to his disgust, his confession was never made public (nothing encourages crime so much as publicity in these little matters), and he was sent to keep his friend Janos company for life on a totally different charge. And the Emperor, well, somehow, after that little experience, he lost his taste for sweets; and until the day of his death the responsible officials dare not allow a chocolate to be seen in the palace.

The Queen and the Old Sea-Dog.

"Nigh on Sixty Years at Sea," by Captain Woolward, contains some excellent stories. One of the richest stories in the book relates to a friend of the author's, who had the Queen as a passenger on board a Leith steamer early in her reign. Captain Sharp said to the Queen: "How do you, marm? Glad to see you aboard,

marm." The equerries and ladies-in-waiting were horrified, and one of the former told him he had insulted the Queen, who, however, had shaken him by the hand. Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence had told Captain Sharp that he must not put in at Lowestoft. The Queen asked Captain Sharp what he proposed to do. "Well, Your Majesty, I thought of putting in to Lowestoft, but that there Naval Lord of yours says no." "Never you mind him," says the Queen; "I came on board for you to take care of me, and you had better do it." "We got comfortably into Lowestoft, and it did blow, by Jingo. The Queen sent to me, and said, 'You did right, you did, Captain Sharp, and I am much obliged to you.' To cut the story short, when she left the ship, the Queen asked what she could do for the captain, and the gallant captain asked for the purple velvet dress the Queen had worn on board, so that he might always have a cap made of a piece of it. The dress was already packed up, however, but she said she would have it sent; and she sent it.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST WORDS.

"Brethren, let us dwell together in harmony and peace."

These are good words, always fit to be spoken, and they are especially fragrant as coming from lips which Death is about to seal for ever. We quote the following from an American newspaper: "Henry D. Lees, a prominent politician, while addressing a meeting at South Norfolk, on October 31st, dropped dead from heart disease. His last words were, 'Brethren, let us dwell together in harmony and peace.' He was a well-known Grand Army man."

Had this old soldier fallen from a rifle-battle through the brain his end would not have been more sudden. The paper says he died of heart disease. Is it likely he did? Not at all likely, inasmuch as real heart disease is a very rare malady. More people are killed by lightning than by that. True heart disease is a shrinking of the lining membrane of the heart caused by previous inflammation; the inflammation being produced by rheumatism and gout, and in the latter by the poisons generated in the stomach by indigestion and dyspepsia. As we have said, this malady is very rare; a person may have it and live to an advanced age. His heart has simply lost power to give out as much blood as it did once; that's all. He must take life easier.

But the ailment that goes by the name of "heart disease," is quite another thing. Women can explain the difference even better than men. Read this for example: "When I was 17 years old, I began to lose my health all at once. It was in the summer of 1889 that I began to have spells of feeling faint and giddy. My tongue was furled, my appetite poor, and after eating I had pain in the stomach, and was all the time belching up wind. I was weak, I could not get up, and the less so for eating; food didn't strengthen me as it used to do."

"One day, in the latter part of the following October, whilst in service at Mrs. Firth's Park Farm, Thornhill, I made a visit home. When I got there I had such a headache that I could not stand. I could scarcely stand. The frightful pain, however, so he got some of the neighbours to help me to the doctor's. He said, 'Your heart is in an alarming condition; you will have to be careful. On no account must you hurry or make any violent effort.' The doctor's medicine did me no good; I got worse, and I was obliged to go. Soon afterwards I had a nasty cough, and an irritation at the throat and chest that wouldn't let me sleep. I would sit up in bed till nearly daybreak, coughing and spitting, and was worse tired than when I went to bed. My legs trembled, so with weakness I could not get up, and had to have help to wash and dress myself. Well, this is the way I got on, month after month. One day mother thought I was dying, and ran and fetched Mrs. Senior, a neighbor."

"The next January (1890) Mr. Kilner, of Messrs. Kilner & Glid, Bedford, manufacturers, Thornhill, Lees, recommended me to the Dewsbury Infirmary, where I stayed six weeks; but the doctor's physic did no real good. I kept wasting away, and people said there was no chance for me."

"It was then I first heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I read of its curative case like mine—read it in a little book. My Mother sent for the Syrup. She bought it of M. J. Day, the chemist, at Thornhill, Lees. The first few doses made me feel better. The pain at my heart was easier, and my food began to me. So I kept on taking the Syrup and getting better. Presently I was strong enough to go to work. My colour came back too, and I have been well all right ever since. If we could have afforded it we would have put the particulars of my case in the newspapers." (Signed) Hannah Milnes, 18, Walker's Building, Brewery Lane, Thornhill, Lees, October 12th, 1892."

Now what is the commonness of Miss Milnes' experience? What was her ailment? It was indigestion and dyspepsia. The heart trouble was one of the symptoms of the stomach trouble. Virtually, this is the foundation fact about "heart disease," "heart failure," and all other organic disturbances. Cure the cause with Seigel's Curative Syrup and the results will pass away with it.

A Tax Upon Beards.

An Italian journal, in view of the financial difficulties against which the Government is struggling, proposes a tax which, despite its seeming novelty, has precedents. It is a question of the tax upon beards that was in operation for a long time and under various forms in Russia. Peter the Great, knowing the attachment that his subjects had for the hirsute adornment of the face, introduced a tax upon the beard in his empire. The beard is a superfluous and useless ornament, said he, and, starting from his principle, he imposed a tax upon it as an article of luxury. This tax was proportional and progressive, not in proportion to the length of the beard, but to the social position of those who wore it. Each person when paying a tax received a token which he had to carry upon his person, for the guards were inexorable, and always provided with scissors, ruthlessly cut off the beard of those who could not show their badge.

Catherine I. confirmed this tax. In 1728 Peter II. allowed the peasants to wear a beard, but kept the tax for the other

classes under the penalty of work on the galleys in case of non-payment. Czarina Anne rendered life still harder to bearded men, for not only were they obliged to pay the special contribution imposed upon them, but also they had to pay a double tax upon everything else for which they were assessed. This tax was not abolished until the reign of Catherine III.

THE NEW CZAR.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning Nicholas II.

Nicholas Alexandrovitch is by no means a robust young man. He is short and rather delicate-looking, with anything but the imperial bearing which has come to be associated with the Romanoff family. The Czar is a veritable Ajax of enormous size and strength. His heart would probably have gone out in sympathy to an heir who inherited the bodily qualities of his race, or would have forgiven his weakness of frame had it contained an imperious mind. But the Czarewitch had neither, and it is as to be expected through the influence of the Czarina that the eldest son has not been set aside from the succession in favor of his younger brother, Michael. However much the Czar may have loved his eldest son, he had no great respect or adoration for him as a Russian emperor. He is a student, and Alexander III. had not the questions are literary account in the world as compared to men who can bend iron poker in their fingers. Nicholas Alexandrovitch has studied all his life, because studying was his only pleasure. Fear of Nihilists kept him for years almost a prisoner in the imperial palace and country place, where he grew up an innocent-faced boy with no knowledge of life except what he gained through books and papers that had been carefully inspected before he saw them. The darker side of Russian history was to him a sealed volume.

Some five years ago the young prince started out upon his travels. He went to Denmark, to England and to Germany; and the amount of modern information that he managed to imbibe and carry back to Russia set the teeth of the Czar on edge. The young man had brought back with him well defined and radical opinions and those upon the questions are literary of the day. He had decided that the Jews were human beings, and that it was inhuman and ridiculous to persecute them. Worst of all, in the father's eyes, he had become the devoted friend and admirer of the German Emperor.

Look upon Countess as she is to-day, and imagine a mild, intelligent, modern young man coming in to take the reigns of an almost absolute monarchy, a young man who has chosen as his wife a vivacious German girl with a keen sense of humor, and the daughter of an English mother.

The new Czar is twenty-six years old. Ever since his boyhood Prince has been busy selecting a wife for him. He is to English in his tastes, so fond of his cousin the Prince of Wales that it was supposed he would select one of the daughters of that house, but a bad inclination pointed that way the Greek church absolutely forbids the marriage of first cousins.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOGS.

She Has Some of the Finest in the World in Her Kennels.

Some of the finest dogs in the world are owned by Victoria, Queen of England. Her Majesty is particularly fond of animals, and she loves every species of dog, from the largest St. Bernard to the smallest King Charles spaniel, which can be put into a coat pocket. There is a man at Windsor Castle who does nothing else but take care of the dogs, and the royal kennels there are of stone, and the yards are paved with red and blue tiles, and the compartments in which the little dogs sleep are warmed with hot water, and they have the freshest and cleanest straw in which to lie. There are fifty-five dogs in these kennels, and all most of them are acquainted with the Queen. She visits them often while she is at the castle, and she looks carefully after their health and comforts. The dogs of Windsor Castle keep regular hours. They are turned out at a certain time each day for their exercise and sports, and they have a number of courts connected with the kennels upon which they scamper to and fro over green lawns. There are umbrella-like affairs on these lawns, where they can lie in the shade if they wish to, and in some of them there are pools of water where the dogs can take a bath, and in which they swim and come out and shake themselves just as though they were ordinary yellow dogs rather than royal puppies.

The Queen has her favorites among the dogs, and some of them became jealous of the attention she pays to others. Among those she likes best is one named "Marco." This is said to be the finest Spitz dog in England. It has taken a number of prizes. "Marco" is an autumn dog. His hair is of tawny red. He weighs just about twelve pounds, and he has brighter eyes, quicker motion, and sharper bark than any other dog in the kennel. He is just three years old, and he carries his tail over his back as though he owned the whole establishment.

The Queen's collies are very fine, and a number of them are white. Another little dog, an especial favorite with the Queen, weighs just seven and one-half pounds, or no more than the smallest baby. This is the Queen's toy Pomeranian "Gina," who is one of the most famous dogs of the world. Gina came from Italy, and has won a number of prizes at the dog-shows of England. Gina is a very good dog, and so quiet as a mouse while her photograph was taken not long ago.

Among the other dogs of the kennel are a number of pugs, and one knock-kneed little Japanese pug which the late Lady Brassey, the distinguished traveller, presented to the Queen. There are big German dachshunds and little Skye Terriers, and, in short, every kind of beautiful dog you can imagine, save the famous kennels. The Queen names all the dogs herself, and near the kennels is a little graveyard where these pets are buried when they die.

Slightly Absent-Minded.

A well-known professor had taken his watch from his pocket to mark the time he intended to boil an egg for his breakfast, when a friend entering the room found him with the egg in his hand, upon which he was intently looking, and the watch supplying its place in the sauceman of boiling water.



SURPRISE SOAP DID IT.

That snowy whiteness so sought for in linen can be had by washing it with Surprise Soap. You can't get it with common cheap soap no matter how hard you try.

The peculiar qualities of Surprise Soap give the cleanliness, the whiteness and sweetness, without boiling or scalding the clothes. The directions on the wrapper tell you how it's done. Read them, they are short. You will find out then how thousands wash their clothes with perfect satisfaction—you can too.

SURPRISE is stamped on every cake.



Granby Rubbers

Always to the front. This season's goods finer than ever. Now that the public is familiar with the excellent Quality, Style, Fit and Finish of the Granby Rubbers, the demand is almost universal. Everybody wants them. Every dealer sells them.

Granby Rubbers Wear Like Iron.

Thackeray's Complete Works—10 vols.

Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional. Thackeray's works, 10 volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, library edition, with 177 illustrations for \$2.90 is an unequalled offer. We do not think it will last long because our supply is limited, and we may not be able to duplicate our orders at the same figure. The retail bargain price is usually \$6.00. The set is listed at \$10.00. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.

ENGRAVING.

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

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston, every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7:00 (standard). Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m. and Portland at 5 p. m. for Eastport and St. John. Connections made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. SAUNDERS, Agent.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN, GRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER.

And all intermediate stopping places. The reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. W. BRAUNER, Master, having recently been thoroughly overhauled, set hull entirely rebuilt, strictly under Dominion inspection, will sail further notice, run between the above-named places, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 7 o'clock, local time. Returning will leave Salmon River on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, touching at Indiantown Wharf each way. FARE—St. John to Salmon River or Range...\$1.50 Or return tickets good for 30 days, continuous passage...\$3.00. Fare to intermediate points as low as by any other steamer. This "Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of each week. All the passengers must be prepaid, unless when so commended by owner, in which case it can be settled for on board. All freight at owner's risk after being discharged from steamer. Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays. SPECIAL NOTICE—Until further notice we will offer inducements to excursionists by issuing tickets to all regular stopping places between St. John and Salmon River, on Saturday trips up, at one fare, good to return from Monday following. No return tickets less than 4 days.

STAR LINE STEAMERS. For Fredericton and Woodstock.

M. L. BAIRD, Managing Director. GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

SURPRISE SOAP DID IT.

The youthfulness, purity, and after his text—"The God." Ever since he gazed all the Bible. His then became de who watched his seat, thought he recovered himself by disturbed, pro along quite flu first diversion—i picture the state of our Lord, wh mind became an ally repeated h wildly at his pap give him help, of beathen worl He sought in his knew a well: " For what seeme really only a coo his knees shakin congregation te amezement. Co hands he gasped my ideas!" and pulpit, which w completely from shelter he heard, minister's voice there was someth perience, but w to understand. ing away, and di sympathy and of many of them.

"Matt, my boy, ing into the ve state of matters, down by the nee most eloquent a perience the sae Matt looked up grasped his han Mr. Masters with oddly on his g shall preach nex As the import became a little rered in his resolvo boldly mounted th world—he he home. In simpl he told his unlea grand literature poets, historians, with a eulogium ion of the soul and level with those o then spoke of th this literature—of ture, the buildin unsurpassable. I how the letters an the study and mo be cried, "we hav ing, all this art, the sage's wisdom not save Roman s Matt's train of th third division of hidden from the k was yet its only s so heart-moving o speak of the God a bring tears to m old minister's brae. Almost for the fion, Matt, sensib producing, looked gation. As he di his mind the remen suadence. I in oration, which w to choose heavily. The sermon over pulpit and into the appointment of th to take a good loo compliment him to Later in the eve bear some discus minister's joy mst "My dear lad, subdued light in his accents—"you have can by no doubt th you. "Writes, then, flection as may be ledge it to be a gift own achieving. Am me to act as your d a word about your lenly thought out, worded; but one t which is your vie saken state of th of Christ. I often truth in Augustine's called the christia among the ancient from the beginning "Sir, you are go my preaching, but I could never preac Four had

Among the man pressed upon our four acquaintanc They are a quartet around where they going on, and so p inastinating are they cive at times the ve

Sunday Reading.

THE YOUNG PREACHER.

An Extract from Mary West's Latest and Best Book.

The youthful preacher mounted the pulpit, and after a short prayer gave out his text—"The word by wisdom knew not God."

Every eye was fixed eagerly upon him, as he felt to his inmost soul, though he gazed all the while at the open page of the Bible.

His face grew crimson, and then became deadly pale: Mrs. Unwin, who watched him anxiously from a side seat, thought he was going to faint, but he recovered himself, and in a voice only slightly disturbed, proceeded to divide the coming discourse into heads.

For what seemed to him an age, but was really only a couple of minutes, he stood, his knees shaking under him, while the congregation stared at him in open-eyed amazement.

"Matt, my boy," said the minister, coming into the vestry, and perceiving the state of matters, "you will not be cast down by the nervous seizure. Many a most eloquent and gifted preacher has experienced the same."

Matt looked up in his guardian's face, grasped his hand, and then, turning to Mr. Masters with a haughtiness which sat oddly on his graceful person, said—"I shall preach next Sabbath evening."

As the important hour drew near, he became a little restless, but he never faltered in his resolve, and when presently he boldly mounted the pulpit stairs, and gave out his last Sunday's text,—"The wisdom of the world"—he seemed delightfully at home.

In simple and interesting language he told his unlearned hearers about the grand literature of the Greeks—about poets, historians, philosophers; ending with a eulogium of him whose conception of the soul and of wisdom were on a level with those of Scripture itself.

He then spoke of the art which accompanied this literature—of the painting, the sculpture, the building—as unsurpassed and unsurpassable. He now went on to tell how the letters and arts of Greece became the study and model of Rome.

"And yet," he cried, "we have seen all that this learning, all this art, all this appreciation of the sage's wisdom, the worker's skill, did not save Roman society from corruption."

Matt's train of thought led naturally to the third division of his text—to Him who, hidden from the knowledge of the world, was yet its only salvation; and in words so heart-moving did the young preacher speak of the God and Father of all, as to bring tears to many eyes, and to fill the old minister's breast with a holy joy.

Almost for the first time during his sermon, Matt, sensible of the effect he was producing, looked steadily at his congregation. As he did so there flashed into his mind the remembrance of another weeping audience. It only added force to his persuasion, which was an appeal to his hearers to choose heavenly wisdom.

The sermon over he hurried down the pulpit and into the vestry, much to the disappointment of the people, who longed to take a good look at him, and then to compliment him to his face.

Later in the evening, however, he had to bear some discussion of his sermon, for the minister's joy must needs find words. "My dear lad," he said—the usually subdued light in his face changed to radiance—"you have astonished us all. There can be no doubt that an excellent gift is in you."

"Sir, you are good enough to commend my preaching, but I, on my part, feel as if I could never preach again."

Among the many friendships that are pressed upon our young people, there are four acquaintances to be specially avoided. They are a quartette always to be found around where there is anything of interest going on, and so plausible, so sociable and insinuating are they that they almost deceive at times the very elect. Their names

are: "There's no Danger," "Only this Once," "Every Body Does it," "By-and-bye." All four, says a reverend writer, are cheats and liars. They mean to cheat us out of heaven, and they will do it if we listen to them.

HELPING HER SISTER.

A Southern Lady who Works for Women Like Lady Aberdeen.

Miss Taylor is doing substantially for the southern states of the union what the Countess di Brazza and Lady Aberdeen are achieving for two foreign countries.

But she is unknown to newspaper fame or general interest, except in a wide circle of women toilers.

A lifework may go on unassumingly under our eyes for years and attract no attention, but when a foreign takes up the same idea it is extensively advertised, Lady Aberdeen and the Countess di Brazza have done much for the interest of women bread winners in Ireland and Italy, but this philanthropic American antedated them.

She is a southern woman, brought up to know the cunning art of her neighbors and companions with the needle.

When Miss Taylor came to New York to live she was on intimate terms of friendship with many wealthy women, month after month paying small fortunes for imported articles that require fine needlework, such as costly trousseaux, baby's layettes, satin napery, even fine bed linen. The output of money was enormous in all instances.

Whenever fine sewing was needed the order was put into Miss Taylor's hands; she wrote to her southern friends, selected and sent the materials, and the garments were forthcoming at half the expense of an imported outfit.

To the southern woman living cheaply in her own home, probably out in the country, the work was easy—for these women of the old south use "the points of fine cambric needles" with the proficiency of French nuns—and comfortable incomes were derived therefrom.

Miss Taylor used discretion and sent only to the best seamstresses and those who put intelligence and graceful refinement into the work.

Orders came rapidly, and the good needle worker who is in need is sure of finding a bit to do sooner or later. Centre pieces, doilies, handkerchiefs, all go down to Dixie to be returned to grace the fancy of fastidious northerners.

When a southern girl shows unusual aptitude, but no training for such employment, Miss Taylor raises money to perfect her as a needlewoman.

Miss Taylor is a sweet-faced woman still young, but with soft gray hair, who would be very much surprised if you told her she had done great work in providing a genteel, beautiful employment for hundreds of women.

She flies about among her friends, happy and busy with her work and her rooms—which are called "The Distaff"—are piled with letters, linen, lace and silks that are to go into the southern country, to come back coverings for millionaires' babies or some millionaire's dinner table.

TRIFLES THAT COUNT.

The Kind and Gracious Act of a Society Girl to an Early Guest.

A story was told me last week of the kind and graceful act of a Boston girl which was almost enough to change the climate of that East-windy place, as Father Taylor thought the presence of Emerson in the warmest region known to our fancy would change the climate there.

A girl had come there to visit from the country and had brought a letter to a very fashionable family, by whom she was soon after invited to a party. She was staying with quiet old people who did not realize the lateness of the hours at which an affair of that kind begins at present as compared with those observed by society in their own youth.

"If I go at half-past eight," it won't be too late, will it?" the girl, with the country habits in her mind, asked the old lady whom she was visiting.

"Oh, no," the old lady said, "and I will send Jane with you." Jane was madame's maid, as venerable and respectable and solem as madame herself. It was about a quarter to nine when the carriage deposited the old maid and the young maiden at the door of a stately house on Commonwealth Avenue. The house door opened and they went up to the dressing-room. Not a cloak, not a wrap of any sort, only a well-trained person who took off our country girl's wrappings and disappeared.

surprise in the world. "I'm so glad, Mamma and I were wishing we had some one to help us receive. And you didn't see papa the other day. You must come right down and see him, and be one of us."

There were tears in the country girl's eyes when she told me this little story. "Don't you think it was the very loveliest thing?" she said. "There I was, half an hour before every one else; and they made it seem as if I was their special friend and belonged to them; and everybody was introduced to me; and don't you know I could quite fancy what it would really be to be a belle, people were so lovely."

Does it seem a little thing? I believe many shining deeds recorded in the biographies of good women have had in their sweetness in them than this fashionable Boston beauty showed to the girl whose evening she turned from a mortification into a triumph.

Christian Duty.

Dr. Josiah Strong says: The great forces of civilization are all working in favor of combination, co-operation, organization, centralization. The churches could not resist this powerful tendency of the times, even if they tried.

The very stars in their courses are fighting against existing sectarianism and denominational competition. Carlyle somewhere described the insight of genius as a "co-operation with the real tendency of the world."

Those who are seeking to bring the fragment of the dismembered church of Christ into closer relations, and finally into organic union, may be said to possess this insight, and may see their triumph from afar.

Dr. Washington Gladden writes: The municipal church embraces all the christian disciples of the municipality. It is founded upon the idea that the primary business of the christians in any community is to christianize that community; that their obligation to co-operate for this purpose is a great deal stronger than the obligation of any of them to co-operate with other congregations in distant cities for the propagation of a few theological or ritualistic lads of their own; and that their primary christian duty is not done until they are firmly and compactly banded together for the systematic and thorough evangelization of their own community.

Kitchen Martyrs.

Some one asked a little girl whether her mother's hair was grey. "I don't know," was the reply; "I can't see to the top of her head, and she don't ever sit down." Such a woman is always overrun with work, never a chance to rest for a single minute, who is always bustling about, anxious, burdened, her whole aim being, to all outward appearance to get her work done.

Busy, busy, busy, catching the boom to whisk away an infinitesimal spot of dirt here, flourishing the dust-brush to tear down an imaginary cobweb over yonder, ripping open all the feather beds in the house to see whether some stray moth has stolen a march on her and sought rest within the downy contents, scalding up all the preserves in the cellar once a week for fear they might begin to work when she didn't know it, running up-stairs and down out to the barn and into the attic, tiring herself and every one else in the house.

No woman who has drudge in her kitchen can do justice to her family. The husband of such a wife eats his meals as quickly as possible, and goes where he can find somebody to talk to him, and with whom he can talk upon something besides bread and potatoes, and wood and water.

Crocodile Worship in India.

The late Dr. Wilson, a noted missionary when traveling in the Northwest Province, visited the Muggar Pool, or crocodile lake, which is still one of the sights near Karachee. It was formed from the water of some hot springs within 100 square yards—"the space of a barn-yard pond"—and accommodated seventy-five monsters of all sexes, from the baby of a cubit long to the patriarch Mor Sahab, who was eleven feet long and was marked with red lead, and worshipped by the Hindoos. He says: "They seemed quite tame, as they allowed us to lay hold of their tails, and turned round at the call of the fakirs, expecting a dainty meal on some unhappy goat. We found the Mor Sahab asleep, but poked him up with our sticks. He opened his jaws like a pair of smith's bellows. He had lately had a dreadful duel with a competitor for the championship, and as the battle was a drawn one, and threatened to be renewed, he was kept apart from his fellows. They are all of the species crocodile communis. The illiterate keepers form a community of Mohammedans, more remarkable for the practice of pleasantness than austerity."

Messages of Help for the Week.

"The Lord is the strength of my life . . . therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, will sing praises unto the Lord."—Psalm 27:1-6.

"To you is the word of this salvation sent."—Acts, 13:26.

"Thou art the man."—2 Samuel, 12:7.

"I know thy words."—Revelation, 2:2.

"I know where thou dwellest."—Revelation, 2:13.

"I will take sickness away from the midst of thee."—Exodus, 23:25.

"Is my hand shortened at all? or have I no power to deliver?"—Isaiah, 5:2.

A Church Grocery.

The idea of the institutional church seems to be growing in the east. In some of the larger cities, there are churches with reading rooms, employment bureaus, soup kitchens and various other appliances to show that the church has a care for the soul. A priest of a catholic church has

opened a meat market and grocery store for the benefit of the poor and ignorant in his congregation, and for any others who may wish to take advantage of "low prices for good provisions." The profits are so good to the support of the church, which is so poor that the rector had to furnish the most of the means for the enterprise. He is enthusiastic as to its success, notwithstanding competing storekeepers sharply criticize the project.

The church grocery is an experiment which may serve to bring into closer relationship religion and business, factors which are too often found divorced in practical life, and yet conservative people will hardly regard the enterprise with favor.

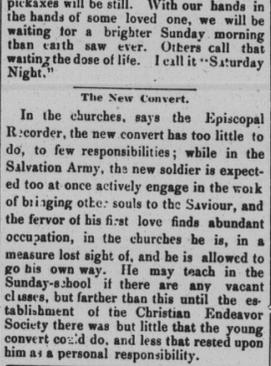
Saturday Night.

On Saturday night, as we open the family paper, let us catch the odor of pine, and the glance of an autumnal leaf dropping like the spark from a forge. Let some geranium-leaf overpower the smell of printer's ink. Tell us of home. Let us know how wives ought to be attentive to their husbands, and how husbands—but never mind that. Come, O weekly visitant! into the front door with a blessing. Our week's work done, and notes paid, and accounts squared, and the hurry over, and the Sabbath near, speak you a cheerful word to the desponding, a chiding word to the wandering, a soothing word to the perplexed; and help the ten thousand of the weary and the foot-sore, and the hardly-bested, by the camp-fires of life's great battle-field, to thank God that the seven days' march is over, and it is Saturday night. Before long our pens, and needles, and trowels, and yardsticks, and saws, and pickaxes will be still. With our hands in the hands of some loved one, we will be waiting for a brighter Sunday morning than earth saw ever. Others call that waiting the dose of life. I call it "Saturday Night."

The New Convert.

In the churches, says the Episcopal Recorder, the new convert has too little to do, to few responsibilities; while in the Salvation Army, the new soldier is expected too at once actively engage in the work of bringing other souls to the Saviour, and the fervor of his first love finds abundant occupation, in the churches he is, in a measure lost sight of, and he is allowed to go his own way. He may teach in the Sunday-school if there are any vacant classes, but farther than this until the establishment of the Christian Endeavor Society there was but little that the young convert could do, and less that rested upon him as a personal responsibility.

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Is the best Toilet Soap in the market. Try it. JOHN TAYLOR & Co., Toronto, Sole Manufacturers

COD LIVER OIL

has long been known to the Medical Profession as perhaps the best single remedy for CONSUMPTION and other Wasting Diseases—but most sick or ailing people have an unconquerable aversion to it, in its crude state.

THE HYPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA

are only second to COD LIVER OIL in their curative effects in the above complaints. In PUTTNER'S EMULSION the Oil, while retaining all its medical virtues, is completely disguised both from eye and palate, so as to be agreeable to the most delicate stomach, while its curative effect is enhanced one hundred per cent. by its scientific association with the salts of Phosphorus.

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BUY CHOCOLATES G.B. See that G.B. MARK. Stamped on every G. B. Chocolate.

"RIGBY." This is the season when we properly appreciate a warm, comfortable, Porous waterproof coat. Always ask for "Rigby."

WE OTHERS LEAD FOLLOW TRADE ONLY THE SUPPLIED. MENZIE TURNER & CO. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS.

WORK STARTS AT THE FOUNDATION. Does Not Give Temporary Relief, But is an Assured System Builder.

Indigestion and All Nervous Disorders Lastingly Cured. Mr. W. F. Bolger, of Renfrew, Ont., Cured by South American Nervine When Everything Else Had Failed.



Many of the remedies now administered are simply appetizers. They are a stimulant for the time being. They give temporary strength possibly, but are not system-builders. The constitution that has become run down through trouble, overwork, disease, or from whatever cause, cannot become itself again except through the system of building-up is begun at the foundation. Here it is that marvelous results come from the use of South American Nervine Tonic. Starting from the established scientific fact that the life and healthfulness of every part and organ of the body has its origin in the nerve centers, which are located in the base of the brain, this great discovery, South American Nervine, acts at once upon the nerve centers. It does not serve simply as a soothing draught, or a temporary stimulant to the injured and diseased organs. It gives the needed strength at the nerve centers, and this done, the whole system is toned and built up. Evidence on this point might be presented by the volume. The subjects of such a cure are found all over this fair Dominion. Mr. W. F. Bolger, of Renfrew, Ont., tells us in a letter over his own signature, and dated May 10, that he has been troubled with indigestion of a most aggravated character. Terrible weakness, as well as agonizing suffering followed. South American Nervine was brought under his notice, and he decided on giving it a trial. The result in his own words is this: "I found very great relief from the first couple of bottles; my appetite came back and I soon became strong. I can honestly say that I consider South American Nervine a remarkable medicine. It cured me of my suffering, which seemed incurable, and had baffled all former methods and efforts." Language cannot be too strong or positive when used in setting forth the merits of this remarkable, scientific remedy. It has cured many of the most desperate cases of indigestion and nervous diseases in the Dominion.

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 100 King St.; R. E. Coupe, 578 Main St. E. J. Mahoney, 88 Main St. A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.

SNAZELLE, "FUN-DEVIL."

HE TELLS STRANGE TALES OF SOUTH PACIFIC AUDIENCES.

One Old Man Went in on a Pig, Like A Ward's Mormons—Young Women Gave the Box-Office Man All Their Adornment, to See the Show.

A reporter had a chat with that vocalist, Mr. C. H. Snazelle, concerning his five years' professional wanderings in the South Pacific. Mr. Snazelle is the first showman who has visited islands which a few years ago were inhabited by cannibals.

"I went to all the principal islands in the Fiji group," said Mr. Snazelle. "I engaged a schooner, and moved from island to island. Here is a translation of a poster I used:—'Hearken! He comes! He comes! The great king merrymaker is here, he is the laugh doctor of the whites the man who makes kings merry, and queens rejoice, and mountains laugh. So see, see, this fun devil. Snazelle the Rago Rago make!'"

"I gave performances in all sorts of places—on board ship, on the sea-beach, on the top of a mountain, and on one occasion right in the heart of the forest. In many places money, of course, was out of the question, and then cocoanuts took the place of coin of the realm. This was the tariff—Reserved chairs, fifty nuts; family circle, twenty nuts; amphitheatre, ten nuts. The reserved chairs squatted in front, the family circle squatted at the sides, and the pit and gallery were at the back. They don't use chairs in those far-off lands.

"At Bau, the island inhabited exclusively by Fijian royalty, I had a warm reception from King Cocobau's eldest son, who set before us the usual royal grog in token of friendship.

"I am afraid it will offend the susceptibilities of your readers if I tell you how the royal grog is made. It is made of the yankana root, and the essence is distilled by being chewed by the native servants. To refuse to drink this nauseating preparation was an implied insult, but I preferred to risk my head rather than do it. The king, however, was gracious enough to have some of the royal beverage prepared in a more acceptable way and I drank his health in it—with a shudder.

"The Duke of York and his brother, the late Duke of Clarence, visited Bau on their voyage round the world, and were hospitably received by the king, who, of course, offered them his royal drink. I was told that the Duke of York, rather than offend a monarch who was about to ally himself to England, actually drank the horrible decoction, but that the delicate Duke of Clarence turned pale, and could not touch it.

"I gave my entertainment at Bau in the native church. The hall was soundproof—an enormous hollowed log which is beaten with a club—and when the people assembled, Mr. Langham, the missionary, told them that a white man had arrived with a wonderful show, and that presents of curious things would admit to the church.

"Here I had the unique experience of taking goods instead of money. A huge mat was held at the door, and the natives dropped their offerings into it. One old chert brought a fine fat pig, dropped it into the mat, and passed in with his wife and family. One fellow carried to the show a pair of whale's jaws! These I have presented to Mr. Geo. R. Sims. Fifty fine handsome girls parted with articles of personal adornment rather than miss the show. Their clothing consisted of a waist-belt, beautifully worked with their own hair. They pulled these off, and threw them into the mat, and went inside as they were."

"Mr. Snazelle has some good stories to tell of his southern experiences. Whilst in Tasmania he came across an old 'sundowner' sitting in front of his cabin, over the door of which was legibly painted—'Go on parle Francais.' A tattered, dejected-looking Frenchman came up to the hut, read the inscription, rushed up to the Australian, and enthusiastically kissed him on the cheek.

"'Ere, what'r you up to?' said the sundowner gruffly. 'Don't you do that agin.' 'But you was a countryman of mine,' exclaimed the Frenchman, with a smile of pleasure on his face.

"'Certainly not,' retorted the Australian. 'But you put 'fici on parle Francais' over no door,' said the Frenchman, pointing to the inscription.

"'Well, what do you call it?' asked the sundowner.

"'Means?' cried the Frenchman: 'it means, 'French is spoken here.' 'Well, I'm blowed,' said the sundowner. 'A painter chap came along here the other day, and put that up for me. He said it was Latin for 'God bless my happy home.'"

"I was placing my advertisement in a Melbourne daily newspaper office one day, when a tall lanky countryman walked in, and said he wanted an 'In Memoriam' notice in the obituary column of the paper.

"My ole guv'nor died a year ago," he explained, "and I should like a bit of poetry in the paper about him."

"'All right,' said the clerk, 'have you brought it with you?'"

"'No,' said the rustic; 'can't you fix me up a bit?'"

"'Certainly,' replied the clerk; 'our charge for 'In Memoriam' notices is six shillings an inch.'"

"A look of intense amazement passed over the countryman's face.

"'Great Heavens,' he cried, 'as he made for the door, I can't afford that; my guv'nor was six feet high.'"

"For that extraordinary product of Australian civilization, the 'larrikin,' Mr. Snazelle has the greatest dislike. 'Our 'Arry is a nobleman to him,' he says. At Sydney the gallery boys covered the stage with cabbages, carrots, etc. Mr. Snazelle regarded this as an insult, and walked off. Next night, seeing they resented this, he held a parley, and they assured him the garden-stuff was meant as a compliment, adding that Fred Leslie had so regarded a like tribute to his talents.

"Quite a different reception Mr. Snazelle obtained at La Palma on his way home. The Lyceum Theatre in that city was vacated at his disposal, and a large house gathered to welcome him. The first night passed off smoothly; on the second night his troubles began.

"During the morning of that day," continued Mr. Snazelle, "the magic-lantern

THE RAILROAD HOG.

How He Lost His Hat, and Nobly was Sorry.

Going downtown in a crowded New York elevated car was a man who lolled over a couple of seats, though there were many standing up. He was so big and cross and boorish that nobody felt justified in requesting a seat next to him.

He had a window wide open and rested his arm upon the sill, calmly disregarding the sensitive shrinking of a lady on the other seat. He seemed to be one of those human hogs one occasionally meets, and he was distinctly marked by every passenger in his vicinity. Everybody who came in or out had to step carefully around a pair of muddy shoes or carry with them the results of contact. After awhile the man began to nod drowsily, then calmly laid his head upon his arm and went out of the window.

"I really believe some were willingly carried by their destination for the pleasure of witnessing the discomfiture of the human hog. I was intending to get off at Thirty-fifth, but concluded I would go on to Twenty-second street. I was almost immediately rewarded by seeing the hog start up suddenly and demand:

"'Where's my hat?' He looked fiercely around at the witnesses, but he was not stealing it. Nobody said a word, but he saw at once nobody was mourning. He looked under the seat, on the seat, and down the aisle, and without addressing any individual particularly:

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LIFE BECAME A BURDEN.

THE WONDERFUL NARRATIVE OF A PATIENT SUFFERER.

The After Effects of Latipispe Developed Into Intumescence of the Lungs and Chronic Bronchitis—After Four Years of Suffering Health is Almost Miraculously Restored.

(From Le Monde, Montreal).

Mrs. Sarah Cloutier, who resides at No. 405 Montcalm Street, Montreal, has passed through an experience which is worthy of a widespread publication for the benefit of many prostrated others. Up to four years ago, Mrs. Cloutier's health had been good, but at that time she was attacked by that dread scourge, la grippe. Every fall since, notwithstanding all her care to avoid it, she has been afflicted with inflammation of the lungs, which would bring her to the very verge of death. This was followed by bronchitis for the rest of the year. Her bronchial tubes were affected to such an extent that it was with difficulty she could breathe, and a draught of outside air would make her cough in the most distressing manner. "There was," said Mrs. Cloutier in her report, "a rattling sound in my throat, and in the state I was in death would have been a relief. I could not attend to my house, and had it not been for my niece, on whom I relied, I cannot say what would have become of me. It was in vain that I tried the numerous remedies given me by various doctors, and when I think of all the money they cost me I cannot but regret I have ever tried them. I had read frequently of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I felt they must contain the truth. I therefore purchased a box, and was surprised to find the names and addresses of the persons said to be cured in the manner in which these are given in the newspapers. I decided to try Pink Pills, and none but those who were acquainted with my former condition can understand the good I have derived from their use, which I continued until I felt that I was completely cured. As a proof that I am cured I may tell you that on the first occasion of my going out after my recovery I walked for two miles on an up hill road without feeling the least fatigue or the least pain in my breath, and since that time I have enjoyed the best of health. Last fall I was afraid that the inflammation of the lungs to which I had been subject at that period of former years might return, but I had not the least symptom of it, and never felt better in my life. You can imagine the gratitude I feel for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all who will heed my advice, and I do not think it possible for me to say too much in favor of this wonderful remedy, the use of which in other cases as well as mine has proved invaluable.

A depraved or watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves are the two fruitful sources of almost every disease that afflicts humanity, and to all sufferers Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered with a confidence that they are the only perfect and unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer and that where given a fair trial disease and suffering must vanish. Pink Pills are sold by dealers or will be sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents a box or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and always refuse trashy substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Sunday Drinking in Scotland.

I heard the other day of a novel method of evading the Sunday-closing act, which has come into favor in Scotland. The would-be evader of the law goes to an inn on Sunday night and books a bedroom. He pays his half-crown, or what ever it may be, and departs. No law compels him to sleep in the bed he has engaged. On the Sabbath morn he returns to take his rest in the inn. He does not come alone, but brings with him other thirty souls to spend the day with him, and then it is a case of 'Willie brewed a peck of malt.' In some localities the hotels are crammed to overflowing on Sunday with 'boat-ride travellers' of this new type, and their equally bona-fide guests. So difficult is it to make people obey by act of Parliament.

Mails by Pneumatic Tube.

The pneumatic mail delivery system of London has 42 stations, with a total length of 34 miles of tubes. Six engines of an aggregate of 216 horse power constitute the power plant. In London the tubes are 2 1/2 and 3-inch lead pipes, laid in cast iron for protection. The carriers used in 2 1/2 inch tubes were but 1 1/2 inches diameter, the remaining space being taken up by packing. Carriers are despatched singly. First vacuum alone was used. Later, vacuum and compressed air. The tubes used in the continental cities in Europe were wrought iron, the Paris tubes being 2 3/4 inches diameter. There the carriers are despatched in trains of six to ten, propelled by a piston.

Country Boy—'I'm disgusted.' Schoolmate—'What at?' 'I was a city troller with a gun this morning, an' you know it against the law to kill game till next Monday.'

'Yes.' 'Well, I just said I'd feller him and git the reward.'

'Well, I follered him 'bout forty miles to-day, an' he missed everything he shot at.'

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New boarder: "What's the row upstairs?" Landlady: "It's that professor of hypnotism an' he's got his wife's permission to go out this evening."

St. John, N. B., 2nd July, 1894.

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Saint John, N. B.

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HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla it has increased to 103. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is a marvelous medicine and an very much pleased with it. H. J. ALTHEA CHAUSSE.

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DON'T LET ANOTHER WASH-DAY GO BY WITHOUT USING

SUNLIGHT SOAP

SMITH & TILTON, Agents, St. John, N. B.

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE.

BOOK DEPARTMENT.

WE Have received the following recent publications from the pen of well-known authors of books for Boys.

By G. A. Young Barbers, I. J. J. of Peril, Bertie the Briton, Numb the Juggler, Through the Silk Wa. St. Bartolomew's Eve, In Greek Waters, Jacobite Exile.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE. The Walrus Hunters.

Poems, Songs and Sonnets by Robert Reid. (Rob. Vanicock). STATIONERY. STATIONERY.

Bargains in Note Paper and Envelopes. Five quires Egyptian Veilum, Five quires Wood Grain and Five Packets Envelopes to match. Special 10 per cent discount on all lines of Fine Stationery.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., - Montreal.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS - A SCALY ERUPTION UNENDURABLE ITCHING Suffered Three Years—Now Perfectly Cured by B. B. B.

DEAR SIR:—After having used Burdock Blood Bitters for Scrofula in the face, I was treated by a physician but he failed to cure me. I had three running sores on my neck which would be healed only by B. B. B., which healed them completely. As low as the skin and long as I live I shall use B. B. B., and feel gratified that so good a medicine is provided for sufferers.

MRS. W. B. BENNETT, Acton, Ont.

GEN. FITZHUGH LEE TELLS A STORY.

In the course of his address at Richmond the other evening Gen. Lee told a very funny anecdote on himself. He said that a New York telegraph operator spoke to a Washington operator over the wire, asking if Fitz Low was in the city. The operator at the nation capital did not know whom the Metropolitan was talking about, but after puzzling his brain said: "There's no one here named Fitz Low, but Fitz Lee is in town."

The Gotham key-manipulator promptly telegraphed back: "I don't know a Chinaman; I never could keep their names straight."

Rather Discouraging. Country Boy—"I'm disgusted." Schoolmate—"What at?" "I was a city troller with a gun this morning, an' you know it against the law to kill game till next Monday."

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A FIREMAN'S BRAVE DEED.

How He Rescued A Little Girl From Drowning.

'Some years ago,' said a gray-haired veteran in railroad, 'we received a new locomotive on our road of very peculiar pattern, being equipped with many new patents, which greatly speeded to be obtained. I was superintendent of the road then and determined to take it out myself on a special schedule and ascertain if the new ideas were practical. I picked out a first class engineer and fireman to accompany me. The latter was 6 feet tall and built in proportion. With the locomotive proved to be all the built or claimed for her and ran the record up to 64 miles an hour, which is quite a speed for our road, being possessed of many sharp curves and grades. 'When the engine was going her best and had just rounded a sharp curve, I noticed directly ahead of me a little girl's hair flying across a single track bridge that spanned quite a body of water. There was no room for us both on the structure, and in despair I pulled the whistle and tried, although I knew it was a hopeless task to stop the engine. As the shrill shriek of the whistle reached the little girl's ears she turned, and seeing the engine bearing down upon her ran ahead a few steps, and then, realising the impossibility of reaching the other side before the engine would be upon her she sprang to the side of the structure and with a scream jumped into the deep water 20 feet below. 'As the little girl's form sank beneath the water another figure whistled through the air. It was that big fireman of mine. He had seen the child simultaneously with me, and acting instantly had jumped down between the engine and tender and as the girl sprang into the water he leaped after her. Owing to the velocity of the train his body whirled around like a ball before he struck the water. My fireman had hardly disappeared under the water than the girl was seen several yards in front of him, but he quickly came to the surface and struck out after her. The little thing went down a second time, but as she rose my fireman was by her side, and grasping her firmly managed to reach the shore almost exhausted. We immediately deserted the special and rushed down to the bank of the river and yelled encouragement to the brave fellow. As he came out, puffing like porpoise, we gave him three cheers and a tiger, and he only replied to it with the remark, 'Christopher Columbus, but that water is cold.' 'SHE BECAME A SULPHIDE. Sad Fate of a Charming Young Lady who Used Cosmetics. It is well-known fact that the constant use of cosmetics has an injurious effect upon the skin, and sometimes leads to paralysis. People who use them may not, perhaps, far as well as did the lady mentioned in this amusing anecdote: A celebrated Parisian belle, who had acquired the habit of whitewashing herself, so to speak, from the soles of her feet to the roots of her hair, with chemically prepared cosmetics, one day took a medicated bath. On emerging from it, she was horrified to find herself as black as an Ethiopian. The transformation was complete. Her physician was sent for in alarm and haste. On his arrival he laughed immoderately, and said: 'Madam you are not ill; you are a chemical product. You are no longer a woman, but a sulphide. It is not a question of medicinal treatment, but of a simple chemical reaction. I shall subject you to a bath of sulphuric acid, diluted with water. The acid will have the honor of combining with you; it will take up the sulphur; the metal will produce a sulphate, and we shall find as a precipitate a very pretty woman.' The good-natured physician went through with his reaction, and the belle was restored to her membership with the white race. Young ladies who are ambitious of snowy complexions should remember this, and be careful what powders and cosmetics they use—it they use any at all. The Pocket Handkerchief. An interesting historical study on the pocket-handkerchief has just appeared in a German magazine. It appears that mankind is indebted to Italy for the introduction of that modest but indispensable accessory to civilization. According to the writer, the use of the pocket-handkerchief was unknown in society until the first half of the sixteenth century. About the year 1540, an unknown Venetian lady first conceived the happy idea of carrying a 'fazzoletto,' and it was not long before her example was widely followed throughout Italy. The handkerchief then crossed the Alps into France, where its use was immediately adopted by the lords and ladies of Henry II's court. The handkerchief of that period was an article of the greatest luxury. It was made of the most costly fabric, and was ornamented with the rarest embroideries. In the reign of Henry III. it began to be perfumed, and received the name of 'mouchoir de Venus.' It was not until 1580 that the handkerchief made its way into Germany, and then its use was long confined to princes and persons of great wealth. It was made the object of summary laws, and an edict published at Dresden in 1595 forbade its use by the people at large. Slowly but surely, however, the vulgarization of the pocket-handkerchief has been accomplished, and to day even the humblest is superior in one important respect to Petrarch and Laura—Dante and Beatrice, who—it is somewhat painful to think—lived in a pre-handkerchief age. A Nautical Wedding. At a recent sailors' wedding in London, where the groom and the best man were admirals, the bride was attended by a boat's crew of pretty bridesmaids, dressed in charming nautical costumes. These were of white cloth, with coat bodies faced with moire silk and trimmed with naval gold lace, and having heavy gold bivalve epaulets. Long moire sashes, edged with the Union Jack colors, and white navy regulation caps, with the rear-admiral's flag in front, completed the toilets. It was the first time that little Bessie had ever seen a snake, and as it writhed along the ran into the house breathless with her discovery. 'Oh, mamma, come quick!' she cried. 'Here's a tail wagging without any dog.'

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SPEAKING WITHOUT TONGUES.

Prof. Huxley Says the Thing is Not at All Impossible.

Can we speak without a tongue? Prof. Huxley says yes. Persons suffering from cancer frequently lose their tongues and discover they cannot only talk as well as formerly, but also that their sense of taste is not impaired. The letters d and t are the only ones which, as a rule, those deprived of their tongue find any difficulty in pronouncing properly, and such letters are frequently turned into 's', 'p', 'v', 'th's. Many instances are on record of the speaking powers of tongueless persons. In 491 A. D. sixty christian confessors had their tongues cut out by order of Huneric, but in a short time some of them went out preaching again. Pope Leo III. is said to have suffered similar mutilation and to have regained his speech. Sir John Malcolm tells of one Zai Khan, who had his tongue cut out and who had recovered his speech enough to tell the physician how it happened. Margaret Cutler was examined before the Royal Society of England in 1742. She had not a vestige of tongue remaining and yet 'discussed as fluently and well as others.' The tongue actually appears unnecessary to the development of speech.

He Doubted It. Not long ago a resident of one of the small towns near New York came to the city to consult an eminent oculist, whose fee for a consultation is never less than ten dollars. He was rather green in appearance, so the doctor, who is something of a wag, and who was in particular good spirits that morning, thought he saw an opportunity to have a little fun at the expense of his rural visitor.

In the course of the examination a prism was placed before the eye of the patient in order to test the muscles. 'Why, doctor, he exclaimed, I see two candles!' 'Indeed!' replied the doctor. 'You are very fortunate.'

'Why, just think what an advantage you have over the rest of us! You see everything double, and beautiful pictures, charming landscapes, and every object all repeated to you, and you must get just so much more pleasure out of them.' When the examination was concluded, and the prescription for the proper glasses written, the man, without a smile, laid a five-dollar bill on the table, with the remark, 'There, doctor, are ten dollars for you,' and was gone in a moment, leaving the astonished physician to figure up the cost of his pleasantries.

When Daniel Webster Sang in Public.

Upon one occasion Daniel Webster sang in public. It was when Jenny Lind was in the U. S. and was entering the old National Theatre in Washington. Webster and some of his friends were present in one of the boxes next to the stage. They had just come from a dinner where the wine had flowed freely, and Webster was under the inspiration. The sweet songstress was captivated, and her face all repeated to you, and you must get just so much more pleasure out of them.' When the examination was concluded, and the prescription for the proper glasses written, the man, without a smile, laid a five-dollar bill on the table, with the remark, 'There, doctor, are ten dollars for you,' and was gone in a moment, leaving the astonished physician to figure up the cost of his pleasantries.

A curious case of house moving was recently witnessed in the far West. A man who owned a residence at Seattle which cost him \$2000 to erect, removed to Olympia and did not have sufficient funds to build another house. He bought a lot and concluded to remove the building he owned at Seattle. Every one laughed at him, but he persisted. Rolling the house down to the river, he beloaded it upon a scow and it was soon at Olympia, a distance of about sixty miles. Then he had it rolled upon his lot and, strange to say not a timber was injured, although he had not furniture broken, although he had not moved the contents before starting the house on its unusual journey.

Saluting the Princess. An amusing scene occurred in Stuttgart the other day. The king's daughter, Pauline, was going about in very plain attire. On this occasion she was met by a soldier who did not recognize her and neglected to perform the proper salutation. A sergeant across the street made violent gestures to make him grasp the situation, whereupon the guard said to the princess: 'Sir, miss, the sergeant over there wants to see you.'

To Change the Voice. A foreign scientific journal gives the results of some recent experiments upon the vocal chords which will prove interesting to singers. A baritone who wished to become a tenor succeeded by taking a course of inhalations, beginning with benzoin, going on to caffeine and chloroform, and ending with curacao; while, on the other hand, the voice was deepened by using volatilized Norwegian tar.

Afraid of Mistaken Identity. Coachmen (applying for situation)—'You say you do not wish your coachman to wear livery?' Country gentleman (owner of sorry looking pair)—'No, I don't believe in that silly nonsense.' Coachman—'Well, then, I can't accept a position with you.' Country gentleman—'Nonsense, man; why?' Coachman—'I'm afraid I might be taken for the owner of that pair.'

I was cured of painful Goitre by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Chatham, Ont. BYARD McMULLIN. I was cured of inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Wash, Ont. Mrs. W. W. JOHNSON. I was cured of facial neuralgia by MINARD'S LIM. NENT. Parkdale, Ont. J. H. BAILEY.

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and all mothers who are nursing babies derive great benefit from Scott's Emulsion. This preparation serves two purposes. It gives vital strength to mothers and also enriches their milk and thus makes their babies thrive.

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One Package equal to two of any other make. Send postal for Sample Card and Book of Instructions. Sold in St. John's, N. B. J. J. L. J. and E. J. MAHONEY, Indianopolis.

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THE BIG MAN'S BLUFF.

How the Little Man Silenced a Bullying Braggart.

A big Frenchman was talking in loud and blustering tones about his many achievements in duelling as he travelled the other day, in company with several passengers, in the smoking compartment of an English railway train. In the corner opposite to him sat a small man quietly reading a magazine, and to him he leaned over arrogantly, said— 'Monsieur, what would you do if you were challenged?' 'I should refuse,' was the unhesitating reply. 'Ah! ah! I thought as much. Refuse and be branded a coward! But if a gentleman offered you the choice of a duel or a public whipping; then what?' 'I'd take the whipping.' 'Ah! ah! I thought so. I thought so from your looks. Suppose, monsieur, you had foully slandered me?' 'I never slander.' 'Then, monsieur, suppose I had coolly and deliberately insulted you; what would you do?' 'I'd rise up this way, put down my book this way, reach over like this, and take him by the nose and give it a proper sort of twist—just so!'

When the little man relinquished his grip of the big man's nasal organ, his neighbor slid away in abject terror, to escape the bullets which would surely be flying at once; but there was no shooting. The big man turned crimson—then white—then looked the little man over and remarked—'Ah—certainly—of course—that's it—exactly!'

And then the conversation took a turn on the war between China and Japan. Outwitting the Coroner.

Those gentlemen who have often been summoned to serve on juries, and have thereby had to suffer the loss of much time, with attendant inconvenience, will envy the ingenuity and resource of a countryman who, without telling a falsehood, managed to outwit the coroner completely. Each one must judge for himself whether or not the statement might be considered misleading; but, at any rate, the ruse was entirely effective.

The man came breathlessly into the room where the inquest was to be held, and exclaimed— 'Oh, sir; if you can excuse me I shall be truly thankful. I don't know which will be first—my wife or my daughter.' 'Dear, dear! that's very sad,' said the unsuspecting and sympathetic coroner. 'Your request is certainly granted; you are excused. We deeply regret the circumstance.'

A few days afterwards the lucky jurymen was accosted by a friend, who, in tones of great concern, inquired— 'How's your wife?' 'Oh, she's quite well, thank you.' 'And your daughter?' 'She's all right, too. Why do you ask?' 'Because only a few days ago you said at that inquest that you did not know which would die first.'

That is a problem which lapse of time alone can solve.

Is it an Underground Convent?

A singular phenomenon occurs on the borders of the Red Sea at a place called Nakous, where the 'intermittent underground sounds have been heard for an unknown number of centuries. It is situated at about half a mile's distance from the shore, whence a long reach of sand ascends rapidly to a height of almost 300 feet. This reach is 80 feet wide and resembles an amphitheatre, being railed in by low rocks. The sounds coming up from the ground at this place occur at intervals of an hour. They at first resemble a low murmur, but before long there is heard a loud knocking somewhat like the strokes of a bell, and which, at the end of five minutes, becomes so strong as to agitate the sand. The explanation of this curious phenomenon given by the Arabs is that there is a convent under the ground, and these are sounds of the bell which the monks ring for prayers. So they call it Nakous, which means a bell. The Arabs affirm that the noise so frightens their camels when they hear it as to render them furious. Scientists attribute the sounds to suppressed volcanic action—probably to the bubbling of gas or vapors underground.

A Deserved Monument to a Pig.

Until recently, no monument has ever been erected to the memory of a pig. The town of Lunenburg, Hanover, wishes to fill up the blank, and at the Hotel de Ville in that town there is to be seen a kind of mausoleum to the memory of a member of the porcine race. In the interior of the commemorative structure is to be seen a costly glass case, enclosing a ham still in good preservation. A fine slab of black marble attracts the eyes of the visitor, who finds thereon the following inscription in Latin, engraved in letters of gold: 'Pastoribus, contemplete here the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Lunenburg.'

A Precedent Cited.

The late Lord Coleridge was once cross-examining a Mistress of Novices in a famous convent case. The witness had described how the plaintiff in the action was found eating strawberries when she should have been engaged in some pious duty. 'Dear me,' said the famous counsel, 'how shocking! And did you really think there was any harm in it?' 'No, sir,' the witness replied, 'not in itself, any more than there is harm in eating an apple; but you know, sir, as well as I, the mischief that once came from that!'

Closed for the Husking. Culture is all right in its way and its proper place in the great west, but business is business. About twenty-five of the rural public schools in Dodge county, Neb., are closed at present 'on account of corn husking.' If you suffer with neuralgia, bathe the parts freely with hot water and then apply Dr. Manning's german remedy, which is an infallible cure for this complaint. Only a cold in the head, neglected, produces catarrh. Only ten-cent doses are required. Dr. Hawker's catarrh cure will effect a speedy cure. Try it. A dull sick headache in the morning with a feeling of nausea will be promptly relieved by a few drops of Hawker's liver pills. Pills are speedily cured by Hawker's pile cure—a mild and always certain remedy.

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Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with Humphreys' Witch Hazel Oil as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction. It Cures PILLS or HEMORRHOIDS, External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding—Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures and Fistulas. Relief immediate—cure certain. It Cures BURNS, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. Relief instant. It Cures TORN, Cut and Lacerated Wounds and Bruises. It Cures BOTS, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Scurfy or Scald Head. It is infallible. It Cures INFLAMED or CAKED BREASTS and SORE NIPPLES. It is invaluable. It Cures SALT RHEUM, Tetters, Scurfy Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips or Nostrils, Corns and Buns, Sore and Chafed Feet, Stings of Insects. Three Sizes, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 WILSON ST., NEW YORK.

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SANDOW WILL BACK OUT

WHEN EMIL JARROW ATTAINS HIS MAJORITY.

A Pale Cigarette Smoker of Eighteen Years When it Would Not be Well for a Strong Bully to Mistake for a Weakling—His Great Feats of Strength.

At it is time when the "modern Hercules" and the "modern Samson," and more "iron men" than one can count are before the public, it is both interesting and novel to find a modest, beardless boy of 18 years performing feats of strength that make many of the alleged wonders wonder what will appear next in the line of prodigies. Men who speak from authority say that it is only a question of time and proper care when young Emil Jarro will give performances that will actually cause the new-found Samson when he was as helpless as the real Samson when he was short of his hair by Delilah. This boy has lately been giving performances in barrooms and before clubs in the upper end of New York.

He has had neither manager nor press agent, but he has attracted the attention of a dozen of the most famous athletes, who agree that he is not only the strongest boy of his years ever seen on the continent, but is entitled to be ranked among the strongest of strong men. What he will do when his strength is fully developed, in from four to ten years, is a matter of prophecy. The other evening the writer was one of a group of six men who saw this youngster's prowess. It was in an up-town saloon. The boy dropped in casually and leaned against the bar, and attracted no special notice. There are no signs of unusual strength in his appearance. He is five feet seven inches in height, and weighs 132 pounds. His chest is broad and his legs are well set, though not heavy. His neck is rather long and is not thick, as is common with prize fighters and athletes. The muscles of his arms do not bulge out the sleeves of his coat, and the buttons do not drop from his vest when he draws a long breath. In his rough dress he looked like one of a common class of barroom loungers. His countenance wore a pale and unhealthy look, doubtless the result of his persistent habit of smoking cigarettes.

"Jarro, can't you show a few tricks to these gentlemen?" asked the bartender.

"What kind of tricks?" asked one of them.

"Oh, different feats of strength. That is our strong boy," was the answer.

A general laugh followed when the man looked for indications of strength. The proprietor, a man weighing 240 pounds, sat down in an oak chair weighing twenty pounds, and said to the boy:

"Just raise me up for a starter."

The spectators gathered in a semicircle, while the boy lit another cigarette, and smiled. He stepped quickly upon the chair, took hold of one of the rounds with his right hand, and lifted the chair and man off the floor.

There was less laughing and more interest among the spectators. They wanted to see his muscles, and he stripped off this shirt. Then they saw a remarkable development of the arms and chest. The boy raised his right arm, and the muscles stood out in great twists and knots that curved and played into changing lines. He held his arm out straight. "See if you can bend it, any two of you," he said.

Two of the best and strongest of the spectators threw their entire weight upon the extended arm. It withstood their efforts like a bar of Bessemer steel. The left arm is quite as well developed and quite as strong as the right. The biceps measure 14 1/2 inches. The boy has remarkable power of grip, as is shown by one of his favorite feats, that of tearing a pack of cards with one motion. He also piles five chairs, weighing 20 pounds, on another chair, which he grasps by the lower round with his hand turned upward. Slowly he lifts the pile from the floor, and raises it above his head without changing the position of his hand. Something of the strength required for this feat may be understood by the person who will try to lift one chair, even a light one, from the floor in the manner described.

Jarro expects that after a while his chest development will permit him to do the "carrying feat," as he calls the performance of Sandow when he holds two horses or a piano on his chest.

His chest now measures 38 inches. When it is expanded 3 1/2 inches it looks like the top of a Saratoga trunk. He has not yet tried the strength of his chest by serious tests, but has given nearly all of his trials with his arms. He lifts 860 pounds dead weight, without a harness. He has never used a harness or any of the trappings which professional strong men sometimes employ to save their muscles and deceive the public. He is satisfied to give exhibitions in saloons and pick up a dollar or two of an evening to buy a bed, a cheap meal, and plenty of cigarettes.

One thing that does not appear in his name, nor after the method taught in writing school, but is an entirely original way. He ties a forty-pound dumb bell to the wrist of his right hand, and writes his name on the wall with more speed than most people can write on a table. It is a matter of doubt whether this feat can be done by more than two of the famous strong men of the day.

After the spectators had seen Jarro perform several feats, the bartender rolled an empty beer keg of the size known as the quarter barrel, out on the floor. It weighed 110 pounds. Jarro reached down and placed his fingers on the rim, under each of the iron-bound rims. With this slender support alone, he raised the keg squarely in front of him. He held it there for a minute, and then, grasping it with both hands, raised it sixteen times above his head. He also lifted the keg from the floor and held it with the fingers of his right hand. This is another performance that strong men do not care to try. There are many men travelling about with shows who can toss about heavy iron balls and lift enormous dumb bells, but when it comes to performing feats of strength with their fingers they are outclassed by the boy.

The exact athlete of the club could barely move it.

A feature of this boy's strength is that it was not acquired, but born in him. It is

THE FASHION NOWADAYS FOR THE SANDOWS AND THE ATLAS TO WRITE PAMPHLETS AND NEWS-PAPER SYNDICATE LETTERS ON THE ART OF BECOMING STRONG, AND TO GIVE DIRECTIONS FOR FOLLOWING CERTAIN METHODS WHICH THEY EMPLOYED TO ACQUIRE STRENGTH.

Each has his own way and gives his own experience. Jarro never learned any of these things and he has no advice to give. So far back as he can remember he was the strongest boy of his years among his associates. When but five years old he could lift weights that could not be moved by boys ten years older. As he grew this strength increased in proportion to his years. He never worked in a gymnasium for any length of time, and has never been instructed in the ways of strong men at their professional exhibitions, and has never had a lifting harness, because he never had enough money to buy one. He likes to show his strength when there is a little money in it for him, but his success has increased his vanity to any appreciable extent. He is said to have a particular aversion to hard work. Last summer he was with Buffalo Bill's Wild West show when he was employed to care for and clean the guns, and see that there was always a supply of glass balls for the long-haired scout to break at his daily exhibitions. A few weeks ago a gentleman who followed him to a club at Barrow got a place for him at a club at Barrow on the South. He worked one day and threw up the job. If not picked up by a clever manager he will probably be found around the saloons of New York during the winter.

GENERAL HERBERT'S SUCCESSOR.

Will a Canadian Officer be Appointed Commander?

(Toronto Telegram.)

The advisability of appointing a Canadian to the general command of the militia, is always under discussion. General Herbert's term will be up at the close of the year, but by a special arrangement with the Canadian authorities his leave has been extended to November 1895. This fact no doubt accounts for the numerous references to a Canadian G. O. C. While all admit that advantages likely to arise from such an appointment, none are in a position to place their hands on such a man at the present moment. None are more alive to this fact than the officers of the force themselves. They are perfectly satisfied that on the termination of the present regime, either General Herbert will be reappointed or another Imperial officer will be sent out in his stead. While there are officers in Canada whose acquaintance with the country, its people, and its militia system, would be far superior to that of a stranger, there is not one whose experience or service, or even in handling large bodies of troops can be for one moment compared with that of the important officer. It is hard to say which of these two requirements is the more to be desired, but the decided opinion seems to be on the side of experience. Perhaps the Canadian officer who stands out prominently today is the Deputy Adjutant-General of this district, and one over whose head it would be unwise to appoint a Canadian superior in command. But while Colonel Oter's acquaintance with the requirements of the militia and with the manner in which officers and men should be handled is admitted on all hands to be considerable, his lack of experience in the field would be an insurmountable barrier. Some are asking about the Royal Military College graduates that have taken commissions, and are now serving in the Imperial army. True, there are many, but these gentlemen are no longer Canadians, and while they are acquiring one of the necessary qualifications for the position, they are rapidly losing the other. Besides, these officers never were in the militia of Canada, and know as little about it as General Herbert did on his arrival in this country. The authorities are evidently aware of all these facts, and are certainly taking the proper steps to meet them. The sending of Major Buchanan and Capt. Gaudet, of the infantry, and Capt. Hudson, of the artillery, for special courses with the Imperial troops in England, is one of these steps, and it is only by this means that officers will be raised who will have all the requisite qualifications for the position. In these officers have been engaged in the past six months, are second only in importance to active service itself, and provide the only opportunity for Canadian officers to become acquainted with the movements of large bodies of troops of the different branches of the service. This policy will no doubt be continued by the authorities and these officers will be given further opportunities for improvement, and others started on the same road.

How the King's Electrician Gets Paid.

Of all the Europeans in the service of the king of Corea, only one, it is said, is able to get his salary paid regularly. This is the electrician of the palace. His Majesty, together with his Court, has a most wholesome or unwholesome—fairly ghostly—only magicians and the electric light can keep at a distance the unwelcome guests. Magicians are not always to be depended upon, while the electric light is better than

THOSE SABLE ISLAND PONIES.

Placed There Over Two Hundred Years Ago. They Have Multiplied.

HALIFAX, Nov. 6.—Harvey made two unsuccessful attempts recently to ship ponies at Sable Island, the Government steamer Newfield cannot safely undertake to secure another batch of these animals for sale here this season. The landing is far too rough for hoisting from the shore to the ship and will not probably afford a favorable opportunity again until next year. Many men who were waiting to buy a pony from the expected batch will be disappointed when the ponies do not arrive. Two or three countrymen had arranged with Messrs. Shand to advise them of the arrival of the animals. The name of these Sable Island ponies has spread a long distance. Since the government assumed sole management of the island, over a thousand ponies have been sold in Nova Scotia. The destination of many of the number was elsewhere than in the province. Ponies have changed hands and drifted into other provinces.

At about 1833 the wild horses now found there succeeded the forest and could not be tamed. In the first quarter of the eighteenth century a French clergyman named Le Mercier sent a 100 cat-follower to Sable Island. His family were to follow him to Sable Island, and he did not carry out his plan of settlement. The cattle were forbidden by proclamation to be hunted or destroyed. H. Simons, D. McLeod, F. G. S. Halliwell, Institute of National Science in 1883. In the course of his observations the writer remarked: In the immediate neighborhood of the ocean little else but drift, or scraped out by the wind, into low-like hollows, relieved only by the stark timbers of many an unfortunate ship, washed by the waves or thrown high upon the shore, and the unceasing plunge of the breakers, as each in turn is broken, green head and breaks in a crest of foam as it rushes up the sloping beach.

As we mount the hummocks and descend into the lake valley the scene is a desolate waste of a western prairie. Desolate wastes of active grass and green knolls and waving meadows of tall, luxuriant grass, interspersed with wild pea. In the vicinity of the lakes can be gathered in their season, wild roses, lilacs, strawberries, blueberries, cranberries, and other wild fruits. There are also fresh water ponds with dense rank grass, where wild duck and waterfowl breed in thousands. Here again is a long harvest, known as the "desert," whose sands are as shifting as those of the Sahara, and equally as destitute of vegetation. This alternate barrenness and vegetation, fertile valleys and sterile hummocks covers the entire length of the island.

THE BIG MAN'S BLUFF.

How the Little Man Silenced a Bullying Braggart.

A big Frenchman was talking in loud and blustering tones about his many achievements in dealing with the other day, in company with several passengers in the smoking compartment of one of our railway trains. In the corner opposite to him sat a small man quietly reading a magazine, and to him he leaned over and arrogantly said: "Monsieur, what would you do if you were challenged?" "I should refuse," was the unhesitating reply. "Ah! ah! I thought as much. Refuse and be branded a coward! But if a gentleman offered you the choice of a duel or a public whipping, then what?" "I'd take the whipping," said the little man. "Ah! ah! I thought so. I thought so from your looks. Suppose, monsieur, you had toully slandered me?" "I never slandered."

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BOSTON'S FOG SIGNALS.

The New Fog-Bells and Sirens at Boston Harbor.

A giant trumpet just beneath the piercing eye of the search-light, has been one of the wonders of Boston harbor all summer. The throat of this great wooden horn pointed out to sea, seemed large enough to swallow a fishing schooner, crew and all. As it lay upon the rocks, a huge wooden structure with an opening as large as a house, fair weather passengers have wondered what its voice would be when the thick, misty sky settled down upon the water. Rough weather passengers may have heard its hoarse roar miles away, and not suspected whence it came. When the trumpet was silent, the people on the ships far from the light may have heard the booming of a monster bell which seemed to have come from the air above them, or from the southern shore. If they were harbor people, they knew that the bell and the trumpet were parts of the experiments which Major Wm. R. Livermore, the engineer of the 1st and 2nd light-house districts, was making at this light station.

The big bell is housed in now, and the recent hurricane which blew the giant trumpet into a pile of lumber saved the women the trouble of tearing it down for winter storage. The exaggerated fog-horn was not made to give a larger noise, but to ascertain whether it was practical to direct the sound straight out to sea. The platforms and screens which were built before the battery of bells and whistles, were to see whether it was an advantage to have the sound waves slide broken upon the rocks of the islands. All these structures were of a temporary nature, and are being removed for the winter, so that they will be spared from the storms for another season's work.

The great wooden trumpet which has attracted so much attention, is merely an extension built to the class Daboll trumpet of ordinary pattern. The object of the extension is to ascertain whether a trumpet of this size will control the direction of sound. It is desired to find out what proportion of the sound this trumpet will send in the direction of its axis, and how far its influence can be felt. Although physicists have recognized that sound waves at long distances the tendency to spread out in every direction was so strong that, at a distance of three or four miles, the sound could be heard as well behind the trumpet as before it. This is not the case, however, for when the trumpet is beside a large building, the building cuts almost all sound behind, so that the trumpet can not be heard any distance distinctly. Trumpets have been tried before with a mouth ten feet in diameter, and their influence has been felt for a mile or two. With this big trumpet, which was twenty-five feet long, the sound is cut rather stronger in the axis than a little way either side of it, as far off as five or six miles.

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Major Livermore has made a very elaborate report of all these observations accompanied by charts and diagrams, which will probably be published in an appendix to the report of the light-house board this year. The result of this work has been to remove from the subject the mystery which has surrounded it since the aberrations of audibility first attracted general attention.

The City of Hamilton Stirred Up.

An Interesting and Well-Known Lad Taken Home from St. Joseph's Hospital to Die.

The Whole Staff of Physicians and Trained Nurses Declared His Case to be a Hopeless One.

AT THE POINT OF DEATH, PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND CURES HIM.

One of the Most Desperate Cases Ever Known—Limbs and Body Swollen—An Unrecognizable Piece of Humanity—The Boy's Body is Tapped and Two Gallons of Water Taken Away—After Medical Skill Failed, Paine's Celery Compound Works Miraculously—All Statements Vouched for by Geo. LeRiche, Esq., Late of J. Winer & Co., and David Morton, Esq., Superintendent of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church Sunday School.

Young Aleck McIntosh, interesting, bright and good-looking, is a lad in his teens, and resides with his parents at No. 167 Catherine Street South, Hamilton, Ont. The members of the family are well and favorably known, and attend St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. R. J. Laidlaw, LL., is pastor.

Some months ago, the great grief and consternation of Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh, their son Aleck was stricken down with a terrible swelling of the limbs and throat. Notwithstanding the fact that the boy was under the care of an able and experienced doctor, his condition became most alarming. At this juncture a consultation was held by three of the leading physicians of the city, and the result was that Aleck was sent to the hospital, where he might have all the advantages of medical skill, and the constant attention of trained nurses.

At the end of four weeks Aleck's condition was more alarming than ever, and his parents were assured that there was no possible chance of recovery for the boy. He lay on the hospital bed perfectly helpless, and so swollen from head to foot that he was unrecognizable.

The sorrowing parents, feeling that there was no hope, and that the hand of death had seemingly grasped their loved boy, wished to have him die in their home. As he was being taken from the hospital, those in charge expressed sorrow that nothing more could be done for the dying lad.

While at home, and at the point of death, a kind neighbor called to see him. A thought—a revelation—came to her mind. A joyous hope filled her motherly heart as she gazed on the dying boy, and she would probably have craved the report of the physician's board this year. The result of this work has been to remove from the subject the mystery which has surrounded it since the aberrations of audibility first attracted general attention.

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that can so effectively and honestly meet the needs of all.

It is the only medicine in the world that saves and cures the sufferer when he or she is given up by the doctor.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McIntosh write as follows:—

"We are willing and anxious to give a testimonial letter in reference to the marvelous cure your Paine's Celery Compound effected for our son Alexander."

"The case is such an important one, and has attracted so much attention in this city, you would like it to be as fully communicated to you and the public as possible."

"Our son Alexander was taken with swelling of the limbs, and in a few days after the throat was similarly affected. At this stage he was confined to his bed for about two weeks, when he became somewhat better. A short time after he got worse, the swelling affecting his whole body and limbs. He continued in bed under the close attention of one of our best doctors, when a consultation of three leading physicians was held, and we were informed that the case was so serious that Aleck would have to go to the hospital where the experience and skill of the whole staff of physicians could be employed, and where trained nurses would be in attendance day and night."

"For four long weeks our boy suffered and battled heroically with his disease. At the end of that time we were assured there was no possible chance of recovery. Everything had been done that could be done, even tapping, under which operation two gallons of water were taken from the body. For two weeks after this operation he lay perfectly helpless, and so swollen from head to foot as to be unrecognizable."

"That he might die in our midst, we made arrangements to have him conveyed to our home. As we carried him out of the hospital the good people in charge remarked, 'they were sorry that nothing could be done for our poor dying boy.'"

"While Aleck lay in bed in our home a friend and neighbor called. She had used Paine's Celery Compound successfully for an extreme case of neuralgia. Our friend said she would write and ask you if it would be advisable to use Paine's Celery Compound, even in this terrible case of kidney trouble, attended with the worst form of erysipelas. You replied that it was very advisable to try the Compound, and kindly sent us four bottles free of charge."

"God bless you for the good advice and the gift. He used the four bottles and no more, and today Aleck is as well as ever before, a marvel to his physicians and the whole staff of St. Joseph's hospital, and a large circle of friends in this city."

The above testimony of Mr. and Mrs. James McIntosh, is vouched for by Geo. LeRiche, Esq., and David Morton, Esq., as follows:—

"The testimonial letter from Mr. and Mrs. James McIntosh, in reference to the cure of their son Aleck by Paine's Celery Compound, has been submitted to us as neighbors and friends. Having visited this home many times during Aleck's illness, we do most willingly testify to the truthfulness of all statements made."



YES,

I Tell you Children will grow up to have a clear and healthy skin if they use

BABY'S OWN SOAP,

and don't you forget it and get some cheap substitute.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

