

# PROGRESS.

VOL. V., NO. 248.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1893.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## MR. RICHARD'S CHANCES.

### THE QUESTION OF A BY ELECTION IN WESTMORLAND.

Both Points of View in the Matter—The Decision Likely to be Reached Next Week—Possibilities in the Programme of the Local Government.

The date for the opening of the local legislature can as yet be only a matter of conjecture, but there is an impression that it will be summoned to meet for the dispatch of business on Thursday the 23rd of February.

At the less than four weeks that intervene between now and then, it is probable that decisions will be made on a number of matters which will have a bearing on the efficiency of the government's organization. A meeting of the executive council is to be held next Wednesday, when some of these matters are likely to be discussed.

One of the questions to be dealt with is that of the office of solicitor general, now held by Hon. A. D. Richard, who was defeated in Westmorland at the general election. It was thought, after this defeat, that it would be an easy matter to reopen that constituency and secure his return, but a more careful enquiry would seem to show that such a course is not advisable.

While Mr. Richard would poll a large vote among his Acadian compatriots, Mr. Melanson would be a formidable antagonist in that quarter and the issue as regards the French would be at least doubtful. Supposing the vote to be divided, Mr. Richard's chances of securing a victory by the English vote cannot be said to be promising. His pronounced conservative views would weaken him among the liberals, while his support of the Blair government would affect his chances among the conservatives who, in Westmorland, are disposed to fight local elections on Dominion lines when it is possible to do so.

Under these circumstances, it seems likely that there will be no by-election in Westmorland, and that Mr. Richard will retire from the office of solicitor general. The question of his successor has been a matter for speculation, but there is a street corner rumor that Hon. A. S. White, of Kings, the present Speaker of the House, will secure the position.

If this happens, the choice of a speaker, when the legislature meets, is likely to fall on Hon. Geo. F. Hill, of Charlotte.

Another view of Mr. Richard's position in Westmorland would indicate that his friends think there is a good chance for him in the event of the constituency being opened. It is asserted that should Mr. Wells resign that Mr. Richard would contest the constituency with the assurance of such a prominent conservative as Mr. Josiah Wood that he would not be actively opposed by the conservatives, and it is even stated that his compatriot Mr. Melanson is disposed to look favourably upon his candidature. There is a strong feeling that the local government should keep faith with Mr. Richard if it is possible to do so, and nothing short of substantial recognition, if the constituency is not opened will convince his friends that proper consideration was not extended to him.

In the event of Mr. White being offered the solicitor-generalship and accepting it, the constituency of Kings would be opened and this would bring several unsettled questions to the front again. It is not yet decided who is to be registrar of the county. Mr. Taylor, the former member, seems to be resting quietly on his laurels with an assurance or something like it to the effect that just as soon as circumstances will admit of it, he will be appointed registrar of the county. But there are many friends of the local government who have expressed their minds quite plainly since the election that the task taken by Mr. Taylor in the last contest was not such as to entitle him to any such mark of favor from the government. It is quite true that he took no part against the administration, but he was passive as far as speaking and working for them went. On the day of election he represented the government at a polling booth. PROGRESS is informed that that was the extent of his assistance towards the victory of the day. Mr. Gilbert Pugsley, the present registrar, on the other hand, was a very active and energetic supporter, and not only contributed as much as he was able to do, but during the whole campaign he did effective service. He has a large number of friends who are good supporters of the present government, who maintain that he has proved an efficient officer and that the part he took in the recent contest was such as to entitle him to retain the position of registrar. If Mr. White runs the by-election, there is not much doubt that the matter will be settled one way or the other before the election comes to the polls.

One other solution of the whole question may be the abolition of the office of solicitor general. There is a growing feeling that the executive is too large and it is well known that prominent members of the government are in favor of reducing it. In the event of its abolition, the creation of the portfolio of the minister of agriculture may

## FAT FEES FOR LAWYERS.

### SOME OF THE BILLS FOR COSTS IN THE PARKS EQUITY SUITS.

Now that the litigation is ended the bills are to be paid—Some of them are small and others of fair proportions—Mr. Pugsley Will Keep a Fair Return.

The great Park's Cotton Mill suits have come to an end. There has been an impression among the outside public that the matter would end some day after the manner of the litigation in the suit of Jarndyce versus Jarndyce as detailed in that interesting commentary on the chancery practice of England entitled "The Bleak House." In that instance the fire stopped burning when there was nothing more to be consumed.

There is something left in the Park's case. The mill is there and its profits under the management of the judge in equity. It is a most fortunate thing for the lawyers that it is so, for their bills are not yet all in, and when they do come in and are taxed there will be something to pay out of the accumulated earnings of which so much has been said by the judge in equity and others who have had a hand in the running of affairs since the court stepped in, two and a half year ago.

There have been about twenty lawyers in the different suits brought against the concern, and not one of them has worked for the fun of the thing or as an exercise in which to brush himself up on equity practice. When the costs are all taxed, there is likely to be an average of one thousand dollars to each lawyer. In other words the whole costs are stated by a most reliable authority to be not less than twenty thousand dollars.

This looks like a big fortune to a newspaper man, but the lawyers talk of it as though it was something that ought to happen every year of their lives. They claim that they have more than earned the money. Probably they have as lawyers look at things.

Each of the twenty does not get a thousand dollars. Some whose show in the work has been small do not get a quarter of that sum. A full list is not available just yet, because all the costs have not been taxed, nor indeed have all been made up. Some of the figures, however, are of interest.

There have been a number of suits, for all kinds of interests have been involved. The most comprehensive story of the litigation would require columns of space to make it clear to the average understanding. Some of the suits were scarcely begun before they were ended, but each got as far as a hearing and became a subject for costs.

In some of the suits the figures look as in a suit brought by White et al., for instance the harvest gathered by Harrington and Wilson is only about \$537, while C. A. Palmer, Barker and Belyea, C. N. Skinner and H. L. Sturdee get only \$214 each.

In the suit of Jones on the assignment of Ferris, G. G. Ruel gets \$233.22. It would have read better to have made the odd figure 25 cents, but the court is scrupulously exact in these things.

In the Blair and Vroom suit the costs are about \$1,000. The figures rise a little when the Weldon suit is in question. Out of this Barker & Belyea will get \$1,500, Harrington & Wilson \$900, McLeod & Ewing \$900, and C. N. Skinner \$800. Mr. Skinner has also a bill in the White suit which will probably amount to \$800 more.

The Bank of Montreal will foot the bill of A. P. Barnhill, which amount to about \$1,500.

These are only a few of the bills. It is understood that, including the lawyers named and other costs the figures will rise to \$10,000.

This leaves \$10,000 more to be accounted for. How is that divided? It is not divided, by the court at least. It goes to one man. The happy recipient will be Hon. William Pugsley. He has been engaged in the suit for two years and a half, and when his costs are made up, it will be found that he considers \$10,000 a reasonable equivalent for the care, diligence and attention, done, performed and bestowed. In addition to the mere money return, he will probably be happy in the consciousness that he has succeeded so well in a great deal he has undertaken.

During the first part of the week there seemed a strong probability of a number of appeals, and a reopening of the whole case. By Thursday, however, all matters were settled, and with the exception of a suit conducted by W. B. Wallace on a separate line there seems to be an end of the litigation.

For which everybody, except the lawyers, ought to be thankful.

Have Made a Bathing.

There have been a good many rumors of late in regard to contemplated changes in the editorial staff of the Daily Telegraph, and at last the management has made a beginning. Mr. Crookill, who has heretofore been city editor under the Weldon,

## POETS ARE WAKING UP.

### THEY ARE AFTER THE FIVE DOLLARS OFFERED BY "PROGRESS."

The Cold Weather Does Not Effect the Muse—Renewed Energy Anticipated for the Spring—The Pile of Manuscripts is Growing Larger Every Day.

Two weeks ago, PROGRESS announced that as a stimulus to the votaries of the muse, and as in some measure a compensation for the work of really meritorious writers of verse who had contributed matter, a monthly prize of five dollars would be given. The competition is to continue until the end of April, a portion of January and all of February being counted as the first month. A good many people seem to have read the announcement, and a fair proportion of them have already begun to wake up to the emergency.

There is a popular belief that the spring is the season which has the greatest tendency to rouse the poet "to wake the soul to rage or kindle soft desire," but in this glorious climate of ours, the winter seems to have much to encourage the muse. If the quantity of verse continues to increase in the proportion that the sun increases its range with the season, an increase to the staff of PROGRESS, in the person of a man who will have nothing to do but read manuscript verse, is likely to be a necessity.

Some of the contributions appeared last week and others have their place in the columns of this issue. They are but a small proportion of what has been received. Of the latter a certain number are held over for want of space, and will be published in due time. There are others which, in justice to readers who never did the paper any harm, are likely to be filed for reference at some indefinite date in the future. PROGRESS does not undertake to publish all that is sent, and the line must be drawn somewhere as a matter of self preservation.

In the meantime there are plenty of poets to be heard from, who are likely to come to the front in due time. There is a whole month yet in which to compete for the first of the prizes, and by the end of that time there is likely to be an abundance of material from which the judges can make a choice. Up to the present time a wide range of territory in the provinces is represented by the contributions received. Some of the poems bear ear marks of having been written for other occasions, and some are undoubtedly fresh from the poet's quill. So far all seem to have the merit of originality.

While the true poet will always regulate the length of his poem by the proper treatment of his subject, the suggestion may be made that the value of verse is not likely to be judged by its length. Gray, it is true, took a good many verses to discuss the aspects of a graveyard, but he was about nine years at the task. Had he been writing for one of the monthly prizes of PROGRESS he would doubtless have chosen another subject and been somewhat more brief. As a rule, the short crystallization of a thought is likely to result in the most satisfactory verse. If the competitors will remember this, their poems will not only be sooner published, but may possibly have more merit in the opinion of the judges. An epic may be a very good thing, but some sweet little sonnet may more readily impress the mind.

The competition is exciting a wide interest, as is sure to be the case when PROGRESS has a contest of any kind among its readers. And the interest is likely to grow greater until the prizes have been captured by the poets deemed most worthy of the honor and cash.

### SHE FOUND THE REMAINS.

#### The Explanation of the Mystery of the Body of a Fox Terrier.

Not very long ago, a lady well known in the society circles of St. John had the misfortune to lose her pet dog, a tiny fox terrier, as gentle and affectionate a little creature as any fox terrier just emerging from puppyhood could possibly be. The fact that the dog persisted in dying was due rather to a firm determination on his own part, to quit these earthly scenes than any lack of attention on the part of his mistress, for every care that could be given an invalid aristocrat was lavished upon him. An eminent physician visited him every day, and no prince could have been more tenderly nursed, but still he died. The day before his dissolution, the doctor delicately hinted to the patient's disconsolate mistress that the case was likely to terminate fatally and expressed a wish that when all was over the body might be sent to him, in order that he might ascertain by a post mortem examination the cause which had led to the melancholy occurrence.

It will be best to draw a veil over the closing scene; the dog died. The bright little bundle of whimsicality and imperiousness was no more, and the sorrowing mistress hastened to fulfil her promise and further the cause of science by sending the remains, decently wrapped in a shroud composed of the Daily Sun or Telegraph, or it may have been the last night's Globe—to

the house of the attendant physician, employing a small but trustworthy boy, to take the place of a hearse and convey the corpse to its final resting place. That day passed, and the next, but no tidings of the "subject" reached his late mistress and at last she ventured to call and make inquiries.

The doctor was not at home, but his wife was; and the dog's late owner proceeded to inquire whether the doctor had received the body of her little dog, and if so, what he thought was the cause of death.

"Dog!" ejaculated the doctor's wife in a horrified tone. "I saw no dog, no dog's body either. I don't understand what you are talking about."

"Your husband attended my little dog, who died yesterday," explained the first speaker, "and he wished me to send it to him when it died, so he could find out what it died of. I sent it by a small boy. Are you sure no boy arrived here yesterday with the body?"

"Perfectly certain," said the doctor's lady firmly. "I would remember him, I am sure and if not, I would remember the dog—Good gracious! was it a newspaper parcel?"

"Yes, a newspaper parcel most certainly, a small one, carefully wrapped up, and tied firmly."

"I received it," cried the doctor's wife indignantly. "I certainly did, I took it from the boy myself. I thought it was a package of my husband's instruments he had sent to be cleaned, and I put the parcel in my bureau drawer. It's there now, and if you had not called it would have remained there, for my husband will not be home for three days."

The remains were removed to the seclusion of the woodshed, where they were decently laid out to await the doctor's return; peace was restored and the two ladies parted with mutual expressions of esteem.

### THEY MAY USE MACHINES.

#### The City Morning Papers to Use Mechanical Typesetters.

The Telegraph and Sun publishing companies are considering the question of type-setting machines, and it is quite probable will introduce them into their establishments. The idea is, of course, to lessen the cost of composition. The newspapers in Boston, New York, and other large American and Canadian cities have the typesetting machines in use and have found them in most cases to work very satisfactorily.

The machine that the newspapers here is thinking of introducing is quite simple and less liable to get out of order than some of the more intricate and expensive inventions. An expert operator and one machine will do the work of four average compositors, and as the operators are paid by the week it will easily be seen how the cost is lessened by machine work. In addition to the wages of the operators, three machines will require a one horse power motor (or steam power) to run them, and one attendant. The work of the compositor, however, is neater and more desirable than that of the machine, which spaces every line alike and makes more open work.

One decided advantage which the machines possess on the other hand is the fact that a newspaper can be printed without any large quantity of type. Each machine is furnished with one or more sets of matrices or moulds; as each letter is struck it comes to a certain place, and when the newspaper line is complete, by an automatic arrangement molten type metal is poured into the mould and the line is cast. The matrices fall back into their places and are ready to use again. The line thus set is placed in its regular order upon the galley and proofed.

Mistakes are guarded against as far as possible by careful editing, by the employment of competent, skillful operators and by reading the line before it is "cast."

It is said that type setting operators become even more accurate than note writers who write from stenographic notes and only those who employ the latter know how few errors creep into their work.

In Toronto the introduction of the machines was not hailed with pleasure by the compositors who made a determined fight when they came, but the machines remained, and so far as PROGRESS can ascertain did not materially lessen the number of compositors in that city.

### Will Exemplify Capitalist Masonry.

A special convocation of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons is to be summoned to meet in St. John on Wednesday, the 1st day of March. The business of most general interest will be the exemplification of the four capital degrees, the work being divided between Union, Carleton and New Brunswick chapters. It is expected that a number of visitors from other parts of the province will be present, and with a view to suit their convenience, all the work will be done during the afternoon and evening of one day. This will be the first official exemplification of work since the erection of the Grand Chapter of New Brunswick.

## McLean and Tucker syndicate management.

### now becomes night editor, while John B. Jones, who has been chief local reporter now assumes the chair of the city editor.

It is quite possible that this is only the beginning of a readjustment of the entire staff.

### SOME PROMINENT CITIZENS.

#### How They Are Described in an Address Presented to a Minister.

Last Tuesday evening prior to the departure of Rev. J. F. Fullerton of Calvin Church, for Prince Edward Island, a number of his friends met at the store of Mr. James Kelly, Market Square, and presented the minister with a gold-headed cane, accompanied by the following address:

Sir—The select company of friends that met about eight o'clock in what may be termed "in legal parlance," the "locus in quo" to talk over matters regarding the church and state, reared that the vicissitudes, which seem to be part of every day life, are such as to cause your departure from our city. Many pleasant hours we have spent together, and the subjects discussed have been various, and, in fact embraced all kinds of topics. There is no doubt but that your presence added greatly to our pleasure. Your conversation has always been beneficial to us, while your mode of dealing with the various subjects that came before the august body for adjudication, is all that could be desired; such critical persons as the company is composed of. We trust, too, sir, you derived some benefit from meeting with us. It is said the best study of mankind is man, and if that is so, sir, you had a great opportunity for study. To summarize these opportunities, it is only necessary to mention a few of the characteristics of the company, to wit—In Alderman Vincent and Mr. J. King of the law lawyers upon individuals. Here are two men, whose lives are devoted to unravelling perplexing questions, separating the dross from the baser metal, figuratively speaking, so that less cultured minds may realize and grasp the true meaning of that beautiful symbol "Justice holding the balance." One of the above gentlemen, too, gives his time and talents in governing the city. Between the calibre of these gentlemen, and Mr. Joseph Murdoch, there is a vast gulf. Mr. Murdoch reaches the acme of his ideal, when he perpetrates a joke at the expense of one of the company. To get the better of someone in a jocular manner is both art and drink to him, and the smile that illuminates his countenance on such events, is beyond description.

In Major Armstrong, you see embodied the soldier, with all the heroic deeds that imbue men who battle for Queen and country. The shrapnel and other death stealing missiles are to him instruments that lead to glory. In the morning of a fort, he sees nothing but the plaudits of a thankful populace.

In Mr. Jas. Kelly, you see the imperiousness of the shrewd "business," as well as a staunch piece of timber in the "bulwarks of protestantism," whose ideal of manhood, as well as the solution of political and other subjects, seem to be embodied in the phrase "He's an Orangeman." In Mr. B. A. C. Brown, you have a man whose temperament takes most peculiar turns, and one who has very decided opinions when dealing with the occurrences of such men as Gladstone and Laurier, or newspapers like the Globe.

In Mr. John Carr—here the name is drawn, for the man who has fashioned Carr needs know no more on this side of the grave. The mystery attending the building of the Sphynx is nothing when compared with the general make-up of Carr. Politically, even, he is an unsolved problem, but he possesses wisdom both deep and far reaching.

And last, and no doubt least, there is H. E. Cotter. To describe such a person, the opinions of some of the company must be used. He never knows anything, never has an opinion of his own, never says anything, and therefore must be one of the most peculiar of the great company.

The above is a category, of the able and enlightened body, with whom you have had the honor to associate. Now I will call upon Alderman Vincent to carry out the object of probably what will be our last meeting collectively, for some time.

Mr. Fullerton accepted the cane, but did not make any formal reply to the address. Perhaps he thought that it both explained and answered itself.

### After the Mayor's Chair.

It seems quite probable that Mayor Peters and Mr. Surdee will not have a match race for the office of mayor. There are understood to be several others who would not object to the salary and the honors, and will enter the field if there are likely to be a number of other candidates.

Mr. Samuel Tufts has a programme for civic reform, which he has embodied in a letter to the Globe, and some are of the impression that he will also be in the field. Ex-alderman T. Nisbet Robertson has also written a letter on the same subject, but whether he has any idea of being a candidate is not stated. Mr. Robertson was one of the few aldermen who have been recognized as working more for the general good than for any section, and his knowledge of civic affairs is undoubted. In the meantime Mayor Peters and Mr. Sturdee are kept busy in attending functions of one kind or another, and usually making speeches. At least accounts the mayor was a lap or two ahead in this phase of the race for the office.

### Wants Shorter Sessions.

Ald. McGoldrick is anxious to have an official reporter for the common council, so that the debates can be published in full. In that court, while some of the aldermen would be likely to abide after they saw it, eloquence faithfully chronicled in cold type. Ald. McGoldrick is evidently aiming to have shorter sessions.

### Is an Independent Member.

St. John's new member has begun his career at Ottawa on the lines he marked out at election time. He was offered the opportunity to second the address in reply to the speech from the throne, but declined on the ground that he had been elected as an independent member and intended to remain one.

### Have Made a Bathing.

There have been a good many rumors of late in regard to contemplated changes in the editorial staff of the Daily Telegraph, and at last the management has made a beginning. Mr. Crookill, who has heretofore been city editor under the Weldon,

## THEY ARE AFTER THE FIVE DOLLARS OFFERED BY "PROGRESS."

### The Cold Weather Does Not Effect the Muse—Renewed Energy Anticipated for the Spring—The Pile of Manuscripts is Growing Larger Every Day.

Two weeks ago, PROGRESS announced that as a stimulus to the votaries of the muse, and as in some measure a compensation for the work of really meritorious writers of verse who had contributed matter, a monthly prize of five dollars would be given. The competition is to continue until the end of April, a portion of January and all of February being counted as the first month. A good many people seem to have read the announcement, and a fair proportion of them have already begun to wake up to the emergency.

There is a popular belief that the spring is the season which has the greatest tendency to rouse the poet "to wake the soul to rage or kindle soft desire," but in this glorious climate of ours, the winter seems to have much to encourage the muse. If the quantity of verse continues to increase in the proportion that the sun increases its range with the season, an increase to the staff of PROGRESS, in the person of a man who will have nothing to do but read manuscript verse, is likely to be a necessity.

Some of the contributions appeared last week and others have their place in the columns of this issue. They are but a small proportion of what has been received. Of the latter a certain number are held over for want of space, and will be published in due time. There are others which, in justice to readers who never did the paper any harm, are likely to be filed for reference at some indefinite date in the future. PROGRESS does not undertake to publish all that is sent, and the line must be drawn somewhere as a matter of self preservation.

In the meantime there are plenty of poets to be heard from, who are likely to come to the front in due time. There is a whole month yet in which to compete for the first of the prizes, and by the end of that time there is likely to be an abundance of material from which the judges can make a choice. Up to the present time a wide range of territory in the provinces is represented by the contributions received. Some of the poems bear ear marks of having been written for other occasions, and some are undoubtedly fresh from the poet's quill. So far all seem to have the merit of originality.

While the true poet will always regulate the length of his poem by the proper treatment of his subject, the suggestion may be made that the value of verse is not likely to be judged by its length. Gray, it is true, took a good many verses to discuss the aspects of a graveyard, but he was about nine years at the task. Had he been writing for one of the monthly prizes of PROGRESS he would doubtless have chosen another subject and been somewhat more brief. As a rule, the short crystallization of a thought is likely to result in the most satisfactory verse. If the competitors will remember this, their poems will not only be sooner published, but may possibly have more merit in the opinion of the judges. An epic may be a very good thing, but some sweet little sonnet may more readily impress the mind.

The competition is exciting a wide interest, as is sure to be the case when PROGRESS has a contest of any kind among its readers. And the interest is likely to grow greater until the prizes have been captured by the poets deemed most worthy of the honor and cash.

### SHE FOUND THE REMAINS.

#### The Explanation of the Mystery of the Body of a Fox Terrier.

Not very long ago, a lady well known in the society circles of St. John had the misfortune to lose her pet dog, a tiny fox terrier, as gentle and affectionate a little creature as any fox terrier just emerging from puppyhood could possibly be. The fact that the dog persisted in dying was due rather to a firm determination on his own part, to quit these earthly scenes than any lack of attention on the part of his mistress, for every care that could be given an invalid aristocrat was lavished upon him. An eminent physician visited him every day, and no prince could have been more tenderly nursed, but still he died. The day before his dissolution, the doctor delicately hinted to the patient's disconsolate mistress that the case was likely to terminate fatally and expressed a wish that when all was over the body might be sent to him, in order that he might ascertain by a post mortem examination the cause which had led to the melancholy occurrence.

It will be best to draw a veil over the closing scene; the dog died. The bright little bundle of whimsicality and imperiousness was no more, and the sorrowing mistress hastened to fulfil her promise and further the cause of science by sending the remains, decently wrapped in a shroud composed of the Daily Sun or Telegraph, or it may have been the last night's Globe—to

the house of the attendant physician, employing a small but trustworthy boy, to take the place of a hearse and convey the corpse to its final resting place. That day passed, and the next, but no tidings of the "subject" reached his late mistress and at last she ventured to call and make inquiries.

The doctor was not at home, but his wife was; and the dog's late owner proceeded to inquire whether the doctor had received the body of her little dog, and if so, what he thought was the cause of death.

"Dog!" ejaculated the doctor's wife in a horrified tone. "I saw no dog, no dog's body either. I don't understand what you are talking about."

"Your husband attended my little dog, who died yesterday," explained the first speaker, "and he wished me to send it to him when it died, so he could find out what it died of. I sent it by a small boy. Are you sure no boy arrived here yesterday with the body?"

"Perfectly certain," said the doctor's lady firmly. "I would remember him, I am sure and if not, I would remember the dog—Good gracious! was it a newspaper parcel?"

"Yes, a newspaper parcel most certainly, a small one, carefully wrapped up, and tied firmly."

"I received it," cried the doctor's wife indignantly. "I certainly did, I took it from the boy myself. I thought it was a package of my husband's instruments he had sent to be cleaned, and I put the parcel in my bureau drawer. It's there now, and if you had not called it would have remained there, for my husband will not be home for three days."

The remains were removed to the seclusion of the woodshed, where they were decently laid out to await the doctor's return; peace was restored and the two ladies parted with mutual expressions of esteem.

### THEY MAY USE MACHINES.

#### The City Morning Papers to Use Mechanical Typesetters.

The Telegraph and Sun publishing companies are considering the question of type-setting machines, and it is quite probable will introduce them into their establishments. The idea is, of course, to lessen the cost of composition. The newspapers in Boston, New York, and other large American and Canadian cities have the typesetting machines in use and have found them in most cases to work very satisfactorily.

The machine that the newspapers here is thinking of introducing is quite simple and less liable to get out of order than some of the more intricate and expensive inventions. An expert operator and one machine will do the work of four average compositors, and as the operators are paid by the week it will easily be seen how the cost is lessened by machine work. In addition to the wages of the operators, three machines will require a one horse power motor (or steam power) to run them, and one attendant. The work of the compositor, however, is neater and more desirable than that of the machine, which spaces every line alike and makes more open work.

One decided advantage which the machines possess on the other hand is the fact that a newspaper can be printed without any large quantity of type. Each machine is furnished with one or more sets of matrices or moulds; as each letter is struck it comes to a certain place, and when the newspaper line is complete, by an automatic arrangement molten type metal is poured into the mould and the line is cast. The matrices fall back into their places and are ready to use again. The line thus set is placed in its regular order upon the galley and proofed.

Mistakes are guarded against as far as possible by careful editing, by the employment of competent, skillful operators and by reading the line before it is "cast."

It is said that type setting operators become even more accurate than note writers who write from stenographic notes and only those who employ the latter know how few errors creep into their work.

In Toronto the introduction of the machines was not hailed with pleasure by the compositors who made a determined fight when they came, but the machines remained, and so far as PROGRESS can ascertain did not materially lessen the number of compositors in that city.

### Will Exemplify Capitalist Masonry.

A special convocation of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons is to be summoned to meet in St. John on Wednesday, the 1st day of March. The business of most general interest will be the exemplification of the four capital degrees, the work being divided between Union, Carleton and New Brunswick chapters. It is expected that a number of visitors from other parts of the province will be present, and with a view to suit their convenience, all the work will be done during the afternoon and evening of one day. This will be the first official exemplification of work since the erection of the Grand Chapter of New Brunswick.

### The Charity Ball in Halifax.

The Charity Ball in Halifax took place Wednesday night, says Morris Granville, under the worst of auspices as regards the weather, which was a mixture of rain and snow, and affected the attendance to a very great extent, so that there was rather a melancholy dearth of partners for a great proportion of the ladies. The only good thing was, that the dearth was so general that there were several sets of ladies "Lancers," girls dancing with one other with the greatest of good humor, and to the onlookers with the prettiest possible effect, to which the absence of black coats very much added.

The costumes altogether were rather a medley. Ladies in fancy dress were I think in the majority; next to them came the ladies who had a half-fanciful attire and were *poudrie*; then the less energetic in ordinary gowns, also *poudrie* as to their heads; and last of all in their usual ball going dress. Nearly all the men were in uniform but there were some in regulation black which was allowed to be worn. I noticed a great many very pretty toilettes among the ladies in fancy dress, as to the others there was nothing very particular; or perhaps ordinary gowns suffered from the contrast with fancy costumes. All the arrangements of the ball were good, and the only drawback to its success was the small attendance. Charity did not suffer so much as the look of the ball room, for quite two hundred tickets had been sold by the committee, who had worked very energetically.

### An Octogenarian's Opinion.

Mr. Archibald Cook, the veteran poet of Kings county gives his opinion of PROGRESS by saying: "I hope you are just as well as I wish you. I do like the spirit your paper is conducted on. Just carry on the same independent way and you will never go out at the small end of the horn."

Mr. Archibald Cook, the veteran poet of Kings county gives his opinion of PROGRESS by saying: "I hope you are just as well as I wish you. I do like the spirit your paper is conducted on. Just carry on the same independent way and you will never go out at the small end of the horn."

Mr. Archibald Cook, the veteran poet of Kings county gives his opinion of PROGRESS by saying: "I hope you are just as well as I wish you. I do like the spirit your paper is conducted on. Just carry on the same independent way and you will never go out at the small end of the horn."

Mr. Archibald Cook, the veteran poet of Kings county gives his opinion of PROGRESS by saying: "I hope you are just as well as I wish you. I do like the spirit your paper is conducted on. Just carry on the same independent way and you will never go out at the small end of the horn."

Mr. Archib





PROGRESS. EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Mission Building, 28 and 30 Grenville street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 12,220. HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 28.

PHILLIPS BROOKS. To the names on the roll of America's famous men who have gone hence within the last few months, must be added that of PHILLIPS BROOKS, bishop of Massachusetts.

PHILLIPS BROOKS was exceptional as a clergyman and altogether unique as a bishop. As rector of Trinity church, Boston, he exercised a wonderful and far-reaching influence.

When it is remembered that the church he represented affirms and reaffirms that it is not in the power of man to alter or amend the faith once for all delivered to the saints, it is easy to understand why there was an opposition to him by the conservative churchmen.

Had Bishop Brooks lived, it is more than probable the question would have been brought on an issue at an early day. The recent open letter of a brother bishop making specific charges of unsoundness of belief was possibly the beginning of a course of action, the result of which can only be conjectured.

believe that he was working for the best ends, and he had the courage to carry out, in his own way, his plans for the benefit of his fellow men.

His belief, and his actions grounded on those beliefs, made him wonderfully liked by all denominations. No clergyman in New England could compare with him in point of popularity and influence.

Yet while the people of differing creeds and of no creeds flocked around him, and while the "broad" and "low" elements in his own church (as noted) the conservative churchmen—those who define the word "catholic" as positive, and "protestant" as negative—viewed him with more than distrust.

Apart from any specific charges in the Bishop SKYMOUR letter, it can be very readily seen why Anglican catholics could not accept Bishop Brooks. If he did not believe in the Apostolic succession, an unbroken line of descent through the means of which alone efficacy is given to sacramental ordinances, he negated what is to every catholic a vital and indispensable matter of faith.

Where good may be done. The winter is not over yet, though it is to be hoped that the worst of the hard season has been seen.

Now that Chicago is to do the honors for the Columbian exposition, New York is devising a plan to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the continent of America by JOHN CABOT in 1497.

Now that Chicago is to do the honors for the Columbian exposition, New York is devising a plan to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the continent of America by JOHN CABOT in 1497.

by the churches which have district visiters, because, as a rule, each body seeks out chiefly the poor who are of its faith. That this is so is not due so much to a sectarian spirit, as to the fact that the poor find it seldom sufficient for the adequate relief of those who are the first care of the body, as being in some way identified with it.

This idea cannot fail to lead to much good, if faithfully carried out, as it unhappily is not. In practice, every church is willing to look after its poor when it finds them, as it very often fails to do.

For all this, however, a certain proportion of deserving people will not be reached by church agencies, for the reason that they have little or nothing to do with any church. They are not heathens, nor are they more wicked than their neighbors, but they are not churchgoers for the very reason that they are poor.

It is difficult to devise any system by which this class of the deserving poor can be reached. They do not come within the scope of the ordinary organizations, and by whatever means they are eventually to be helped, they can only be discovered in their first instance by individual effort.

Think of it, readers of PROGRESS, and in particular those in cities. Be assured beyond doubt that there is more or less destitution which does not come to light in the ordinary course of affairs.

Now that Chicago is to do the honors for the Columbian exposition, New York is devising a plan to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the continent of America by JOHN CABOT in 1497.

The management of Groder's Dyspepsia Cure has issued an attractive pamphlet from the press of Mr. E. J. Armstrong, the design of which is to interest the investing public and attract purchasers of stock, of which there is enough to go around.

An article on efficiency in civic government, which appears on another page of this issue, will repay perusal by those who are interested in this important topic.

The bishop says the relation of the office to the church in the United States is similar to the change that takes place when a territorial government is elevated to the dignity of a state government.

The Messenger and Visitor says that letters have been sent out by the Portland Baptist church requesting each of the churches in the southern association to send its pastor and one other delegate to sit in council, for the purpose of considering the position of Rev. SINDY WELTON.

The Intercolonial railway calendar for this year has pictures of the harbors of St. John, Halifax and Quebec, radiant with summer sunshine.

The Provident Savings Life Assurance society of New York have issued one of the most tasteful calendars which has appeared this year.

Whiskers on Mr. Murphy. Patrick Murphy has returned from the bush, and has a whisker on him like a Christmas tree.—Butler's Journal.

A Warning to Behave Better. A mysterious animal resembling a panther, but unlike any known animal of that species has been seen of late in the Tilley Settlement.—Carleton Sentinel.

Disabled by Loss of His Horse. Joseph Campbell, the extensive lumber operator, recently had a valuable horse so injured by a kick that he is unable to be permanently disabled.—Sunset Record.

Surely Not for These Reasons. The person referred to is a member of a Baptist church, a member of the "Missionary Aid Society" and a member of the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union."

A Very Rude Bear. About two weeks ago, at Mr. Norman Tomlinson, of Pembroke, was in the woods looking for timber, a bear ran out from the thicket, and ran against him with such force as to knock him down.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS." My Dear, Scars of the past arise before my vision, And dear dead eyes are gazing into mine— Fond arms outstretched from many a churchyard prison.

Another, I remember who together With me had borne the storms of twenty years— Distance and foreign land we two had severed, Nor would I bend above his lonely bier.

The snow has rested twice upon his dwelling Beneath the graveyard's damp and icy moulds; Yet in my breast a heart for him is swelling, Which time nor distance never can make cold.

Brother! in the land beyond my knowing The sun of righteousness forever shines— The crystal stream of life is ever flowing Through bowers of bloom and overhanging vines.

I hope to share it with you—and together, Hand clasped in hand and answering heart to heart We'll wander in the bright ethereal weather, And never never from each other part.

But if as some believe, 'tis all a story— Ingenious wraith, imposture without truth, The Heaven above, the God of light and glory, We learned of 'round our mother's knee in youth.

'Twill make no difference, if you're only near me, For dust and duty will be the same, Oh! could my ears of flesh but only hear thee, Make answer when I call upon thy name.

Whichever way it is, no mortal being Can pierce the veil that veils life from death; We only hope the privilege of seeing All things, when we are done with mortal being.

The Story of the Old Woman. Of all difficult tasks e'er assigned to me, To proving there is what ne'er was is not, nor can be. This we thought in our study to find all that's true About the old woman who lived in a shoe.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS. The Dominion Illustrated for January, contains amongst other attractions a most readable and interesting article by C. M. Sinclair, entitled "The Railway Mail Clerks of Canada," which gives a very attractive glimpse of the life and work of a class of men as brave, as they are trustworthy and about whom very little is known, by the outside world.

The February number of "Wide Awake" has a number of special articles besides its usual tempting array of fact and picture for the youthful mind. The first of these is a bright breezy sea story, called "The Pilot of the Nantucket shoals" by Alexander Ritchie.

The opening paper of "Worthington's Magazine" for February, is a most interesting one, and bears the attractive title, "Brigham Young, a Fair Sketch by One Who Knew Him," which is written by a sufficient to call up fascinating visions of latter-day saint's tabernacles, polygamy and other attractions too varied to enumerate.

The attorney general finds so many duties demanding his attention that he has associated with him in his law office in this city Mr. Walter H. Trueman, L. L. B., a young and favorably known member of the bar.

The Hawk Medicine Company's offices are as handsome and convenient as carpenters, painters and a happy arrangement can make them. The business has had a wonderful impetus since the establishment of the company and its effective advertising is already beginning to show splendid results, though not quite a month has elapsed since it was begun.

Edna Lyall's latest book "To Right the Wrong," is being published in "Good Words," beginning in the January number. It is said to be almost equal to the writer's masterpiece, "Donovan."

Edna Lyall's latest book "To Right the Wrong," is being published in "Good Words," beginning in the January number. It is said to be almost equal to the writer's masterpiece, "Donovan."

Edna Lyall's latest book "To Right the Wrong," is being published in "Good Words," beginning in the January number. It is said to be almost equal to the writer's masterpiece, "Donovan."



IT IS PURE RAPID CLEAN IT IS INVALUABLE SOLID

RECEIVE THE ASSORTMENT AND SAUCERS, CUPS, POTS, PIE PLATES, SHERAZ



38 King Street, Halifax, N.S.

WHAT IS IT? It is a Flour that keeps the wood-tire, indigestible, and a flour that first removed, the entire grain, and is an evenly graded, and a flour that is the easiest and most perfect assimilation system. Makes light, soft, white loaves, Gums, Waffles

WHEAT Flour, the delicious food can be cooked in minutes. I also PETTIJO OIL 21 c a gallon Hard

Her Christ Present BIBLE CALENDAR SV

FOR SALE NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN and by virtue of a License to sell the estate of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Jamieson, deceased, to satisfy the debts of said estate, issued out of the Probate Court of St. John by the Hon. Judge of said Court, December, A. D. 1892, there are for sale the following real estate, to-wit: The lot of land, situated in the Parish of St. John, in the City of St. John, N. B., bounded on the north by the lot of land owned by the late Mrs. Elizabeth Jamieson, and on the east by the lot of land owned by the late Mrs. Elizabeth Jamieson, and on the south by the lot of land owned by the late Mrs. Elizabeth Jamieson, and on the west by the lot of land owned by the late Mrs. Elizabeth Jamieson. Dated this 25th day of March, 1893. WILLIAM A. BECK, S. B. B. GEO. W. GEROW, Auctioneer.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

FROM ANCESTRAL SOCIETY NEWS AND FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Procession is for sale in Halifax at the following places: KNOWLES BOOK STORE, 24 George street; MORSON & CO., 111 Hollis street; CLIFFORD SMITH, 111 Hollis street; ANDREW REID, 111 Hollis street; HAYES & MITCHELL, 111 Hollis street; CONNELL'S BOOK STORE, 111 Hollis street; BROOKLYN'S DRUG STORE, 111 Hollis street; FOWLER'S DRUG STORE, 111 Hollis street; G. J. KELLY, 111 Hollis street; J. W. DOLLY, 111 Hollis street; F. J. GRIFFIN, 111 Hollis street; A. F. MERRIVILLE, 111 Hollis street; J. B. SMITH, 111 Hollis street; CANADA NEWS CO., 111 Hollis street; KNIGHT & CO., 111 Hollis street; F. J. HORNEMAN, 111 Hollis street; J. W. ALLEN, 111 Hollis street.

The Red Cap snowshoe club's drive came off on Saturday, with for once everything in its favor as regards weather and sleighing. For the last two years this festivity has been abandoned, owing to the want of snow and the hopeless state of the roads. However into this year's drive the best of luck of the last two years appeared to have been crammed.

The members of the club left town in two large four-horse sleighs, early in the afternoon; drove to the thirteen mile house on the Margaree Bay road where they dined, and returned all in good order about midnight. In the meantime all their feminine friends were glad they enjoyed themselves at the drive, but would have rejoiced far more sincerely if this popular and well known club had given a ball instead.

The large tobogganing party given on Saturday Saturday, with for once everything in its favor as regards weather and sleighing. For the last two years this festivity has been abandoned, owing to the want of snow and the hopeless state of the roads. However into this year's drive the best of luck of the last two years appeared to have been crammed.

The sleigh had been made on a very different slope of, while not only straw but canvas was laid at the foot of it to prevent all danger of collision with the wire fence. On the level ground near the corner of Sackville and South Park streets a huge bonfire burned royally all the evening, so that there was an unlimited supply of hot soup, coffee and mulled claret for the weary tobogganers.

The bill was lit up with lines of torches in addition to the flames of the fire, and was a very pretty sight with its endless succession of tobogganers, and procession of people climbing up the hill again. Every one in the way of the four hundred was there, and the hosts were congratulated on all sides for having so clearly managed to give both a safe and exciting tobogganing party.

The Leicestershire regiment's minstrels had, on Friday and Saturday evenings, the very good houses which they deserved. They were even better than last year, and the marching was a great feature, which took with the audience immensely.

The first part was particularly good, and the stage set with very much more attention to artistic effect than usual at such performances. Mr. Hughes was wise in allowing no encores, or the audience would have re-demanded things till they ran the two performers into one. The opening chorus, "Strike the chords of pleasure," was a great success, and would be a great "draw" if it could be sung and carried by the Leicestershire band at the coming carnival. By the way, I have heard many people say they would like to hear the "Wanders' March" played on that evening.

Mr. Hughes, however, may not be here, as I believe the twenty-fifth is his wedding day.

There was very good skating on the Arm (not the harbour) all the week, and various members of the division of imprudents have had an impromptu cold bath. One gallant officer went in on Sunday, which would have been an excellent moral lesson had not two other men gone in on the following day.

Skaters at the rink lately are greatly indebted to the kindness of various lady-subscribers who have taken it in turns for the last three band days to provide tea. Mrs. Noble Unkake set this delightful fashion on Friday last, and was very cheerily by Mr. Thomson on Tuesday and Mrs. George Franklyn yesterday. It is no light matter providing tea, bread and butter and cake for such a host of people as have this winter subscribed to the private afternoon, some of whom were personally unknown to their hostesses of the day, but none of whom were neglected. The committee of the private afternoon owe a debt of gratitude to these ladies.

On Tuesday evening the Academy of Music was filled to overflowing on the occasion of the Mount Allison semi-centennial meeting. Besides the presence on the platform of a large number of gentlemen interested in Mount Allison, members of the local legislature, and others, the united choirs of the Brunswick and Grafton streets churches, consisting chiefly of ladies, were massed upon the stage, which had been charmingly decorated with hothouse plants. Dean Weidon of Dalhousie college was in the chair and on his right and left were the Rev. Mr. A. C. Carman, Rev. G. I. Bond, and President Allison. Mrs. Harrison's singing was one of the features of the evening which made a very decided impression. Mrs. Harrison sang a Grande Valse by Tito Mattel, going to Market, and the Star of Bethlehem, to the great applause of her audience.

The whole meeting was very successful and enthusiastic as the financial results proved; nearly five thousand dollars being added to the semi-centennial fund by this meeting. MONA GRANTLEY.

On Wednesday afternoon a small sleigh drive was given by Sir John Ross, starting about three o'clock people returned to Bellevue in time for tea. The day was mild and threatened rain or snow, but the sleighing was extremely good.

In addition to the dance given this week at the Masonic hall, I hear of two more to be given before Lent, and of perhaps a third. Invitations are out for a dance at Thornhill on Tuesday evening next, and I hear that the bachelors abiding at Hillside hall are thinking of one to be given on or about the second of February. Meantime the carnival is taking up attention, and the attendance of skaters in costumes will probably be as large as the average of the last two years. There are a great many attractions promised spectators, not the least of which is the very pretty dance which has been arranged by Mr. R. Greenwood.

There will also be a grand figure march, a company of eight Spanish Tambourines with guitars and mandolins, and of course two bands to play alternately. One is to be the 66th, whose capital playing of dance music is well known. No costumes appearing at the calico ball of this week are to appear on the ice on Monday I hear, and many people are saving themselves and their costumes for the latter.

Bishop Howley, of Newfoundland, has been staying for the past week with his Grace the Archbishop of Halifax.

Mr. David MacKean, M. P. P. is in Halifax on a short visit.

Mr. Joseph Revere is also in the city.

Mrs. Barclay Webster arrived from Kentville this week and is staying at the Halifax hotel.

Mr. Frame, ex-M. P. P. for Hants, who is now living at Rockingham, is recovering very rapidly from the effects of his accident, though he will of course be confined to the house for some time to come.

The Bishop of Nova Scotia left this week on a journey to various Canadian cities, and perhaps to New York. I hear on good authority that he will not return till a day or two before Easter Sunday, as he will preach special Lenten sermons in the various churches which have asked for them.

I hear from Boston that the congregation of the late Phillips Brooks would like very much to secure Dr. Courtney as his successor. But whether this is fact or conjecture is unable to say. Bishop Courtney's preaching is well known in the States where his ability has for some time made him a marked man.

I see it stated that Captain Kent R. E. would like to get back to this garrison where he has been

Baby's Group is Cured by Hackmore.

Red Figure Sale.

Come and take advantage of the BARGAIN we are offering previous to Removal to our New Store.

MEN'S OVERCOATS. A large assortment still on hand to choose from. Reduced to \$4.25, \$5.50, \$6.75, \$7.75, \$9.00, \$11.00. \$7.75

MEN'S REEFERS. A lot of Nap Reefers to clear at \$3.75 and \$4.50. Also a lot of extra good Pilot Reefers at \$3.25 and \$3.50. \$3.75

MEN'S SUITS. A good suit for \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, and extra good ones for \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00 and \$10.00. \$8.00

THE STANDARD CLOTHING HOUSE.

SCOVIL, FRASER & PAGE, 168 & 170 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S. (Our Store to Let.)

JUST A WORD ABOUT HOUSE FURNISHING.

We have everything to make home comfortable and beautiful. Just now you can get some great bargains in Furniture and Carpets.

Write for prices and particulars if you want anything. We can make it to your advantage if you will let us know your requirements.

NOVA SCOTIA FURNISHING COMPANY-Ltd., Successors to A. Stephen & Son, Halifax, N. S.



Millinery Orders Solicited. Halifax, N. S.

stationed twice already, before his marriage and with which he has many associations. Another military man who would be glad to return here I believe Major Hervey R. A. These things however depend not upon the man alone, and are more unlikely than likely happenings.

On Tuesday evening the Academy of Music was filled to overflowing on the occasion of the Mount Allison semi-centennial meeting. Besides the presence on the platform of a large number of gentlemen interested in Mount Allison, members of the local legislature, and others, the united choirs of the Brunswick and Grafton streets churches, consisting chiefly of ladies, were massed upon the stage, which had been charmingly decorated with hothouse plants.

Mr. Morton Hopkins attended to Boston on Wednesday. Mr. Jas. Hopkins had accepted a position with Mr. Wm. Miller in Yarmouth. What will the boys do without "Jamie" when the base ball season opens? WETA.

WINDSOR. [Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowles' Bookstore and Smith's Bookstore.]

Jan. 24.—The church school for girls opened for the term on Saturday. The pupils have not all returned yet, but I hear the attendance will be largely increased this term. This school bids fair to be one of the first of the kind in the Dominion. The health and comfort of the girls have been thoroughly attended to, and the sanitary arrangements are perfect, while all who have had the privilege of going over the building cannot fail to notice the comfortable and refined appearance of the rooms. The educational department is well attended to by a very efficient staff of teachers under the able management of Miss Machen.

King's College also opened last week after an unusually long vacation. The collegiate school opened on Saturday, under the new management, with an entirely new staff of teachers.

The Hants County Academy has also resumed work. This is one of the best public schools in the province, and with Mr. J. A. Smith for Principal, the pupils are doing splendid work.

Miss Machen, who has been spending the vacation in New York, returned to Windsor on Friday. Miss Alice Lawson is visiting in Halifax.

The Misses Ridd who have been visiting in St. John's returned last week. Mrs. Wiggins had a very pleasant party for young people on Thursday evening.

Mr. Murphy of Halifax has come to Windsor to attend Kings college.

Miss Kate Smith has gone to visit friends in Moncton.

Hon. M. D. Goudge went to Halifax last week to attend the Legislative council.

Mr. J. Ouseley Clerk of the house of assembly, will also be in Halifax for a few weeks.

Mr. James Anslow, son of Mr. J. J. Anslow, has gone to Boston.

The German class which has been languishing for some time, has been revived by Prof. Bober of Kings college and is now in a very flourishing condition.

Miss Milly King, who has been visiting in Halifax, returned on Saturday evening.

Among the students who have returned to Kings college is Mr. Courtney who was injured while playing football some months ago and compelled to return home. He has quite recovered.

some time and has gone for medical treatment. They will be absent for several weeks.

Miss Kieta, Smith has gone to Wolfville to stay with her sister, Mrs. Mosher, while her parents are in Boston.

Mr. Geldert has been home for a few days, but has returned to Lunenburg.

Mrs. Newcombe of Greenville, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Geldert.

Mr. John Keith is to be congratulated on the very creditable civil service examination which he passed in Halifax a short time ago, his name being placed up in the list of successful candidates.

An exciting three mile race took place at the rink on Friday evening, between Messrs. Alfred Shaw and Reginald Forsyth. Mr. Shaw won by a short distance.

D. C. Fraser, M. P. for Pictou county, was in Windsor last week, and on Thursday evening on masonic business. After the meeting of the lodge, the brethren were invited by Mr. William Curry to meet Mr. Fraser at a supper at the Victoria hotel.

Mrs. Ryan is visiting friends in Halifax.

Mr. Watts went to Moncton last week to take part in the opening of the new organ in the Methodist church. He returned to Windsor on Monday. M. P.

ANTIGONISH. JAN. 23.—All the talk here for the past two weeks has been the bachelors' ball, which came off in Macdonald's hall on Tuesday, Jan. 17th. The young men did everything to ensure its success, even to sending to Halifax for flowers for the chaparrons, and they are to be congratulated, for everything was splendid. They are also to be congratulated on having secured such excellent chaparrons. They were Mrs. L. C. J. rehbald, Mrs. Angus McMillan and Mrs. Thea Trotter.

The hall looked very well, decorated with flags and colored flannel. The guests numbered about one hundred and sixty. Some of the ladies looked very handsome. Among the married ladies Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. MacGillivray decidedly looked best, although Mrs. Archibald, Mrs. Trotter and Mrs. H. K. Brine looked very handsome. Among the young people, it is hard to say who looked best, although the title of "belle" is generally conceded to Miss Macdonald of Briery's Brook. Miss Chisholm (Heatherton) and Miss C. Cunningham both looked very well. The supper, which was excellent, was supplied by Rufus Hale of the Central House.

Mr. Kyles was in town on Monday and his friends were sorry his stay was such a short one.

College has opened again with a large number of students, although on account of the fever scare there are probably not so many as there would have been.

Miss Williams has gone home to Fredericton for her holidays.

Mr. Kelly, of Sydney, is visiting at the baptist parsonage.

Arthur Boreham has come to take charge of Mr. Walden's drug store. He is decidedly an addition to the society of the town.

The tennis club is endeavoring to start a whist club to meet once a week at the various houses.

Miss Gossip, Windsor, is welcomed back after her visit home and is to remain in town for quite a time.

Miss Annie MacMillan is visiting her sister in New Glasgow.

Mr. Oswald Giffin, Isaac's Barber, was in town on Tuesday to attend the Bachelors' ball.

On Monday evening, Jan. 16th, about twenty of the members of the Division, had a drive to Leobah, where they had supper and music at Mr. Alex. Manson's and returned at midnight.

Mr. Geo. Whooten and his bride arrived home on Monday and are at the Queen.

I hear rumors of two sleigh drives for this week. SARANTHA.

NEW GLASGOW. [Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by W. H. Torry, A. O. Pritchard and H. H. Henderson.]

Jan. 25.—Sleighb parties are the order of the day now. One of the largest of the season was given by Mr. and Mrs. Graham Fraser to about thirty-six of their friends and acquaintances on Tuesday night. Three large sleighs were filled, and as the roads are very good and the nights clear and bright, all enjoyed the drive immensely. The party returned to the residence of Mr. Fraser, and the remainder of the evening passed as pleasantly as time always does when spent under their hospitable roof.

Miss Jessie McColl is visiting at the Rev. Robt. Sedgewick's, in Tatamagouche, and intends remaining for a fortnight.

Miss Annie Rice was in Truro for a few days last week, visiting her cousin, Miss Alice Rice.

Miss Annie McMillan, of Antigonish, is spending a short time with her sister, Mrs. J. Fred. McDonald.

Miss Isie McGregor of Halifax is visiting at Mr. James D. McGregor's.

Mr. Fred Randall of Antigonish, passed through on Monday, en route for New Brunswick, whence he will return in a few days.

Mr. Thos. Cantley was at home to a number of friends on Wednesday last week.

A small party of acquaintances were invited to the residence of Mr. Jas. D. McGregor on Thursday evening to meet Miss Isie McGregor, their guest.

A happy event took place on Saturday evening at the residence of Mr. David Rose, when his daughter, Miss Maggie, was joined in the bonds of marriage to Mr. Joseph Fraser, who resides on the West Side. Both parties are well known and highly esteemed in New Glasgow. Mr. Fraser is holding the position of foreman, in the N. S. Forge Machine shop.

Mr. John McLeod, formerly engineer of the steamer "Egerton," is at home on a two weeks' vacation.

Mrs. Gordon Drysdale purpose leaving New Glasgow in the steamer "Annapolis," on Monday, accompanied by her children and sister, Miss Lottie McGregor, West side.

Children's Corded Waists

Manufactured by us in St. John, thus saving 35 per cent. duty on the making which the purchaser reaps the benefit of in the prices.

"ECONOMIC" Waists are made from English Satton Jean, and lined with strong twilled cotton. We guarantee them to have more weight of material, thus giving BETTER SUPPORT TO THE CHILD, and DURABILITY than any other waist sold.

ECONOMIC WAISTS. Perfectly Made, Properly Shaped and Economic in Price.

STYLE 7—For Infants 6 to 18 months. Retail price 50 cts. Made in White only. Sizes 19 to 24 inches.

STYLE 8—For Children 18 m. to 3 yrs. Retail price 55 cts. Made in White and Drab. Sizes 20 to 25 in.

STYLE 9—For Boys or Girls 3 to 8 yrs. Retail price 65 cts. Made in White and Drab. Sizes 20 to 26 in.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON. N. B.—Special Prices to the Trade.

MILLINERY Department.

Received in S. S. "Vancouver" and "Assyrian": SILKS, Peau de Soie, Gros Grain.

Faille, Satin, Cord Edge, Fancies, Tartans.

RIBBONS, Point de Ireland, Chantilly, Colton.

LACES, Rhine-stone, Metal.

BUCKLES, Rhine-stone, Metal.

All our silks were purchased previous to the advance, and cannot be duplicated at present quotations.

SMITH BROTHERS, Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, Granville and Duke Streets., Halifax, N. S.

TO ENJOY LIFE three things are necessary—A Happy Home, An Easy Chair, And a Comfortable Pair of Slippers.

THE PARLOR SHOE STORE aims to do its share toward bringing about the above desirable result.

THE SLIPPER HOUSE OF HALIFAX. Slippers of all kinds, Slippers at all prices.

Ladies in need of the latest styles of Evening and Dress Slippers are invited to correspond with us.

Wedding Slippers a Specialty.

L. HIGGINS & CO., 85 Barrington St., Halifax.

Puttner's EMULSION. Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

Puttner's EMULSION. Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

Puttner's EMULSION. Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

Puttner's EMULSION. Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

Puttner's EMULSION. Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

Puttner's EMULSION. Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

Puttner's EMULSION. Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

Puttner's EMULSION. Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

Puttner's EMULSION. Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

Puttner's EMULSION. Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

Puttner's EMULSION. Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

Puttner's EMULSION. Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

Puttner's EMULSION. Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

YARMOUTH

[Progress is for sale in Yarmouth at the number of shipping parties in the Yarmouth and other favorite resorts has been much larger than I can winter. On Tuesday last drove to Tusket, taking supper, house and returning home during the evening. During the early part have been several parties on the Yarmouth and other favorite resorts. There were several parties on the Yarmouth and other favorite resorts. There were several parties on the Yarmouth and other favorite resorts.

Mr. T. B. Flint M. P. and Mr. arday evening for Ottawa.

Mr. J. C. Fraser M. P., passed routes for Ottawa on Saturday.

The Yarmouth Saturday evening party left town about 5 p. m., on a supper, and arriving in Yarmouth, I believe a very social while in the younger men deluged in at Tusket.

Mr. T. B. Flint M. P. and Mr. arday evening for Ottawa.

Mr. J. C. Fraser M. P., passed routes for Ottawa on Saturday.

The Yarmouth Saturday evening party left town about 5 p. m., on a supper, and arriving in Yarmouth, I believe a very social while in the younger men deluged in at Tusket.

Mr. T. B. Flint M. P. and Mr. arday evening for Ottawa.

Mr. J. C. Fraser M. P., passed routes for Ottawa on Saturday.

The Yarmouth Saturday evening party left town about 5 p. m., on a supper, and arriving in Yarmouth, I believe a very social while in the younger men deluged in at Tusket.

Mr. T. B. Flint M. P. and Mr. arday evening for Ottawa.

Mr. J. C. Fraser M. P., passed routes for Ottawa on Saturday.

The Yarmouth Saturday evening party left town about 5 p. m., on a supper, and arriving in Yarmouth, I believe a very social while in the younger men deluged in at Tusket.

Mr. T. B. Flint M. P. and Mr. arday evening for Ottawa.

Mr. J. C. Fraser M. P., passed routes for Ottawa on Saturday.

The Yarmouth Saturday evening party left town about 5 p. m., on a supper, and arriving in Yarmouth, I believe a very social while in the younger men deluged in at Tusket.

Mr. T. B. Flint M. P. and Mr. arday evening for Ottawa.

Mr. J. C. Fraser M. P., passed routes for Ottawa on Saturday.

The Yarmouth Saturday evening party left town about 5 p. m., on a supper, and arriving in Yarmouth, I believe a very social while in the younger men deluged in at Tusket.

Mr. T. B. Flint M. P. and Mr. arday evening for Ottawa.

Mr. J. C. Fraser M. P., passed routes for Ottawa on Saturday.

The Yarmouth Saturday evening party left town about 5 p. m., on a supper, and arriving in Yarmouth, I believe a very social while in the younger men deluged in at Tusket.

Mr. T. B. Flint M. P. and Mr. arday evening for Ottawa.

Mr. J. C. Fraser M. P., passed routes for Ottawa on Saturday.

The Yarmouth Saturday evening party left town about 5 p. m., on a supper, and arriving in Yarmouth, I believe a very social while in the younger men deluged in at Tusket.

Mr. T. B. Flint M. P. and Mr. arday evening for Ottawa.

Mr. J. C. Fraser M. P., passed routes for Ottawa on Saturday.

The Yarmouth Saturday evening party left town about 5 p. m., on a supper, and arriving in Yarmouth, I believe a very social while in the younger men deluged in at Tusket.

Mr. T. B. Flint M. P. and Mr. arday evening for Ottawa.

Mr. J. C. Fraser M. P., passed routes for Ottawa on Saturday.

The Yarmouth Saturday evening party left town about 5 p. m., on a supper, and arriving in Yarmouth, I believe a very social while in the younger men deluged in at Tusket.

Mr. T. B. Flint M. P. and Mr. arday evening for Ottawa.

Mr. J. C. Fraser M. P., passed routes for Ottawa on Saturday.

The Yarmouth Saturday evening party left town about 5 p. m., on a supper, and arriving in Yarmouth, I believe a very social while in the younger men deluged in at Tusket.

Mr. T. B. Flint M. P. and Mr. arday evening for Ottawa.

YARMOUTH.

There is for sale in Yarmouth at the store of E. J. Vickery, Harris & Guest and Dr. Lovell's Drug Store.

During the whole of this and last week the number of sleighing parties which have taken place has been much larger than it can be remembered for many winters.

On Tuesday of last week about thirty drove to Tusket, taking supper at the American house and returning home during the late evening.

Mr. T. B. Flint M. P. and Mrs. Flint left on Saturday evening for Ottawa.

Mr. D. C. Fraser M. P. passed through here en route for Ottawa on Saturday.

The Yarmouth skating rink is open this season and is being largely patronized.

A number of young ladies of town intend giving an entertainment in Killam's hall on Thursday evening of this week.

Mr. E. N. Clements left last week for Boston, returning home on Saturday morning.

The marriage of the Rev. Gordon P. Lewis formerly of Yarmouth, will take place in New York, early this week.

The usual social events. About twenty were present including Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crowe, Miss Starratt, Miss Thompson, Miss Hyde, Miss Lora Hyde, Miss Trevelyan, Messrs. Jas. Ross, Hugh McKenzie, E. B. Stuart, Will Crowe, Fraser, Housby, Geo. Hall, W. F. Odell and others.

Miss Frances Yell gave a small dance last night. The Misses Hyde, Miss Sutherland, Miss Anna Sutherland, Miss Mary Sutherland, Misses Black, Miss Ross, Miss Aikman, Farnboro, Miss Spike, Messrs. J. Sutherland, A. Black, W. C. Noble, Miss Main Dimock gave a five o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Senator McKay leaves to-day for Ottawa. Mr. Wm. Cummings sails on Saturday for England.

Mr. M. J. Dickie's cards are out for an at home on Thursday evening.

Mr. Jas. Ross entertained a party at his last night. Miss Anna Sutherland leaves to-day for Halifax.

Mr. Wm. Law, M. P., is in Halifax, attending the legislative session.

Mr. H. L. Chipman, passed through en route for Boston this week.

The party given last week by Mrs. E. K. Spencey at her residence on Main Street has been spoken of as one of the most successful of this season.

Mr. J. B. Newcomb, P. P., is in Halifax, attending the legislative session.

Mr. H. L. Chipman, passed through en route for Boston this week.

MONCTON.

There is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Store, 509, Main Street, and on the streets by J. E. McCoy.

Jan. 25.—In spite of the intense cold, which on Wednesday night well chain folks to their own friends, Moncton people are doing their best to be jolly under adverse circumstances and take all the enjoyment possible out of life.

Mrs. E. W. Howson gave a very pleasant driving party on Saturday evening, the guests last assembling at her home, and starting therefrom, afterwards returning, to finish the evening in music, and dance, and song, after partaking of a toothsome supper.

The young people of St. Bernard's church are preparing to add the charms of the modern drama, to vary the amusements indulged in by Moncton folk, and are busily engaged in rehearsing one of Baker's famous dramas, which they hope to "put on the boards" very soon.

Another organization that we miss this year is the genial and hospitable Bread and Butter Club, which was a pleasure to report and a joy to attend. Where are you, oh gentle Bread and Butter that your voices are no more heard in the land, and your cordial "we meet at Mrs. so and so's on Thursday evening be sure and come" no longer gladdens the listener's ear.

Mr. R. A. Borden left town on Wednesday to spend a few days in Boston.

The members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers gave their annual dance on Friday evening in Enman's hall, which was very prettily decorated for the occasion with flags, banners and spruce, the colored lamps and Chinese lanterns adding greatly to the brilliancy of the scene.

Mrs. W. L. Broad, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gross, Mr. and Mrs. J. McAulley, Mr. and Mrs. William McHaffie, Mr. and Mrs. A. McHaffie, Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. James Fraser, the Misses Hamilton, Miss Skeffington, Miss Ferguson, Miss Kelly, Miss Appleton, Miss Lusk, Miss Trites, Miss McHaffie, Miss Rodd, Miss Percy, Messrs. J. Hamilton, Wm. Metzler, H. W. Percy, Messrs. W. R. Robinson, B. Sands, C. P. Campbell, E. Donah, J. Willis, R. Kelly, J. Bradbury, T. Gallagher, Wm. Bippy, Dr. Bourque, W. B. Croake, Earl Thompson, D. Gunn, E. A. Holstead, S. Humphrey, H. Wright, C. H. Clark, S. Higgins, A. Hillson, A. R. Robinson and others, whose names I was unable to obtain. Some of the dresses were well worthy of description, and I only regret that I cannot give a complete list.

Mrs. Robert Scott wore a very handsome costume of black velvet, with train and gold ornaments.

New Storm Serges

Opened this Week. All Wool Navy and Black Storm Serges.

S. C. PORTER,

11 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN N. B.



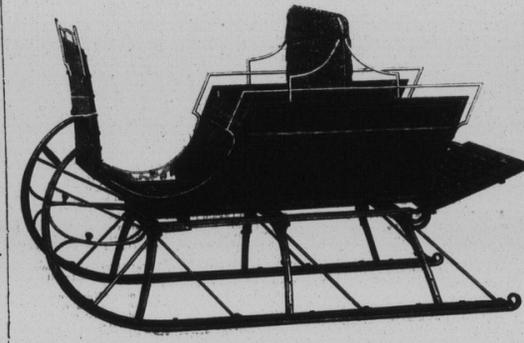
These Goods are WARRANTED to HOLD their COLOR and and withstand the fog and rain. We will be pleased to have customers examine this line of Serges, as we feel confident they will find them extra good value. SAMPLES MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS.



are of the highest quality. A selection is simply a matter of individual taste.

The Gladstone Sleigh.

Most Stylish and Best Vehicle in the Market.



Manufacturers of Sleighs and Carriages. Write for Prices.

ESTABLISHED 1868. TELEPHONE 738.

MILLER BROTHERS.

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK.

Importers and Dealers for the BEST CANADIAN and AMERICAN

PIANOS, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.

PIANOS AND ORGANS TUNED AND REPAIRED. SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED.

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

116 and 118 GRANVILLE ST., - HALIFAX, N. S.

Four Diplomas taken on Stock shown at late Provincial Exhibition.

STOP

At the LADIES' HAIR STORE, 113 Charlotte St.,

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

Best value at lowest prices.

MISS KATE HENNESSY, Quebec Hotel Halifax.

Baby's Group is Cured by Hackmore.

KENTVILLE.

Jan. 23.—Miss Edith Brock has gone to Montreal on a visit to her brother.

Master Servie Webster has gone back to Bishop's school, Lunenburg.

Miss Kathleen Brock is visiting in Halifax, the guest of Bishop Courtney.

Hon. S. L. Dodge and Barclay Webster, M. P. F., have gone to Halifax to attend the assembly of the council.

Mr. Alfred Carruthers, who has been absent from here for some years, has returned on a visit to his mother and sister.

Prominent citizens willingly testify to the merits of Mackenzie's Cough Elixir—the best cold cure in the market.

ST. MARTIN'S.

Jan. 24.—Mr. and Mrs. Cudlip Miller, Jr., are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a daughter.

Mr. H. A. McKeown and Mr. Wm. Barbour spent Sunday here.

Mr. W. H. Rourke is visiting the city.

Mr. Le Barron Davies is fast recovering from his late accident which he received five weeks ago.

Mr. Wm. Wells, of Moncton, was in town on Monday.

Richibucto.

Jan. 24.—The chief event of last week, and doubtless the greatest social one for years, was the complimentary dance and supper given in the Masonic Hall on Friday evening in honor of Mr. Geo. V. McInerney, M. P. F.

The supper was served by Miss Magee, and was all that could be desired.

Mr. Geo. Parker, black silk velvet, en train.

Mrs. J. H. Moran, black satin, lace trimmings, en train.

Mrs. James Wishart, black satin, en train, natural flowers.

PETITCODIAC.

Jan. 25.—A party of music-loving ladies and gentlemen availed themselves of the opportunity of listening to some fine music on Monday evening, by going to Moncton to hear the organ recital at the Methodist church there.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McInch are spending a few days in St. John.

Mr. D. J. McLaughlin, of St. John was here on Wednesday.

Miss Lena Keith, who has been spending a few days in St. John, returned home on Monday.

Mr. Wm. Brown went to Moncton on Tuesday, week in town, the guest of Mrs. McLaughlin.

TRURO, N. S.

There is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Falton's, and at D. H. Smith & Co.'s.

Jan. 26.—Miss Edith Starratt, of Roxbury, Mass., is the guest of her cousins, the Misses Dimock.

Mr. John B. Dickie's conversation, last Thursday evening, was a social event of unusual interest.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1893.

SO WAS IT BY HIS GRAVE.

THE BURIAL OF TENNYSON AS TOLD FIFTY YEARS AFTER.

Graphic Pen Picture of the Scene as a Boy Remembers It—The Solemn and Impressive Hour when a Nation Paid Homage to the Poet's Memory.

I went with my father to the Abbey that morning, and looked for the first time on the inward walls of that venerable sanctuary. I had passed it aforesaid, once or twice, and looked longingly at the towers, for I had been told they guarded the dust of some of England's most illustrious men. One evening my father read to me what Addison and Irving have written, of the greatness here enshrined; and so I looked with a child's wonder, as we entered by ticket, the time-worn portal, and found our position in what is called the tritiorium, from which the pageant soon to pass would be open to our observation. My mind, which has increased its estimation of whatever moves in its sentiments of beauty and sublimity, was even then susceptible to such influences; so what I had before seen through the eyes of poet and essayist, affected me profoundly, as I looked with my own on colored lights and gray walls and columns, with arches, and wreaths of crumbling stone, and monuments on which the vanished glory of the ages is recorded. The space within was as yet comparatively vacant; but outside, a human sea was already surging toward the walls, through which we had some difficulty to make our way. My father, (who was accustomed to speak with me familiarly of passing events, and whose kindness and intelligence I can never forget), told me that the body of the poet had yesterday been brought from Aldworth to the city, and that it was then in St. Faith's Chapel, adjoining the Abbey, awaiting the hour of sepulture. He told me with what simple propriety (this was done, and with what unobtrusive plainness—the very quiet movement of the home-loving, almost cloistral spirit that was gone. He told me how pure his life had been, how noble and elevating his thought, of how he excelled in the divine art of poetry, and how under some natural brusqueness of manner and repulsiveness of demeanor towards those who knew him not, he had hidden an honest and kindly heart; that notwithstanding blame incurred for having accepted a peerage and sung the praises of royalty—blame unjustly persisted in with a very partisan perverseness,—he had not in spirit and reality withdrawn from the people, that he embraced in his sympathy the worthy of all classes, and that he spoke for the common people and understood and loved them.

While thus he talked with me the vergers threw open the doors, and the quiet cloisters echoed to the footsteps of an entering multitude. As tides rush through the breaches of a dyke, the people came until the nave and the north transept were filled, and the space about us. A gentleman, standing beside my father, dropped some casual remark, which he took up, and so for a moment the conversation was transferred from myself to him. We soon ascertained that he was an American, of very courteous and friendly address, and most sympathetic in voice and manner. He spoke of the interest of his countrymen in the Abbey, and, indeed, in all memorials of Anglo-Saxon greatness;—of a certain poet of his own land, beloved in England, whose face, imaged in marble, seemed to gaze down on the open grave near by, of him who was his friend;—of two poets, one in heart and aim, however diverse in training and talents, favorites of their time, and doubtless the benefactors of future ages, who had so recently passed to their rest and their reward.

While the chat was thus continued in low tones, such a movement went through the throng as signified preparation being made with it. My father drew his watch, observed, "Thirty minutes more," when the clock in the Abbey-tower struck the noon-hour, and the solid, regular reverberating tones had to me a peculiar sound of awe as they tolled off the interval of time between us and the event we waited for. I listened to the murmur of the throng and the sound of shifting feet on the pavement, and watched eagerly for any new sign of what should be, while my father continued his talk with the stranger. Soon the word passed from lip to lip: "The procession is coming!" when immediately the stately pageant filed through the western door, and moved with equal paces up the nave, as timed to choral harmonies chanted by men and boys in the choir, until they came under the lantern, where the casket was rested.

How eagerly did I look at that solemn company advancing through the hushed multitude,—nobles, scholars, legislators, heads of universities, ambassadors, historians; all bearing to his tomb, in England's most famous burying-place, the son of a humble clergyman, whose sole distinction it was to have been a poet—one of the most perfect of the masters, who moulded our human speech into songs of imperial harmony, and who make earth's lowly

forms beautiful in the eyes of their fellow-men. He had only done this; but he was among the rarest and greatest of those who have done such things, and for this sole cause the heads of nations were gathered together, as when kings and warriors have departed, to bury him, amid tears and lamentations. These dignitaries and celebrated men of the realm were pointed out to me by my father. "The person in the dean's stall yonder, is Sir Henry Ponsonby, who comes instead of the Queen. The Archbishop of Canterbury occupies that seat, the seat of the sub-dean. These pallbearers are all noblemen or men of letters. Foremost comes the Marquis of Salisbury; that man is Lord Rosebery; and near him you see the Earl of Sherburne. That finely-moulded, bronzed-faced man, peer of them all, is the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, whom Tennyson counted friend. What hardihood, gentleness and sagacity his port expresses! Near him is the Duke of Argyll,—a man of mark. There are Lecky and Froude, the historians; there are Dr. Jowett, of Balliol, and Lord Kelvin, Master of Trinity. Beside, there are various representatives of the home government, and friendly foreign powers; but among them all there is no one truly greater than the poet whom all have come to honor.

By this time the service had commenced; the organ throbbed, and the clear voices anthem sounded throughout the Abbey. Never before had those sublime words, "The heavens declare the glory of God,"—thrilled the hearts of my father as when rolling that day, amid the arches on waves of mighty music. My boyish imagination was excited, and the mystic speech that day utters to day and night to night seemed for me newly translated, as pulse on pulse the shining revelation came, and when the last notes died away, and the tones of Canon Duckworth succeeded, reciting that masterly chapter of St. Paul to the Corinthians, that rises cumulatively through sublime argument to its grand conclusion in that triumphal psalm, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" child even as I was, I felt that he whom the nations mourned still lived, and that he was greater than his long-enduring yet perishable word.

Within the chancel, beside Canon Duckworth, sat a sweet-faced, serious man, of highly intellectual cast, who was long a canon of the abbey, and who has since found a resting place within its walls. My father told me he was a noble preacher and a man of letters, whose name was Farrar. Near him sat a venerable prelate who I learned was Dean Bradley, the successor in the office of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, the former dean of the abbey. The pulpit at the time was vacant, for there no sermon was then to be preached, nor eulogy spoken.

Soon came a low, tender strain,—a honied rill of music, so sweet, so soft, beneath the stars and the rolling spheres to which the first chorus had ascended; a sound of yearning, as born of setting suns and purple twilight; that mused plaintively at first but grew to strength and earnestness as it proceeded; while like starry thoughts glimmering on the smooth tides of music's sea, I picked out words I had never heard before, but which I still think among the loveliest ear ever heard:

"Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea.  
"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam;  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Tears again come.

"Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark,  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark.  
"For those whom our hour of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar."

But for the singers' voices, the Abbey was like a grave where no least is stirred by any rustling wind, while this "perfect music set to noble words" was passing. Then, only for a moment was that solemn hush broken by a sob or sigh of some one whose breath had been long suspended, when all was still again save the richly modulated voices that sang the poet's latest monody, set to an air his own wife had furnished:

"When the dumb hour cloaked in black  
Brings the dreams about my bed."  
Again the music ceased and there was silence.

The movement of the people made me fully aware that the first part of the service was over, for I had been rapt away in a sort of ecstasy. Again the casket was lifted and the procession moved southward from the centre of the Abbey to the transept known the world over as "The Poet's Corner." My father whispered in my ear, "They are now bearing him to his grave. There Chaucer, Spenser, Jonson, Dryden and Addison were laid. There sleep Dickens and Macaulay, and there, the other day, Browning was borne to his long slumber. Not the least part of England's greatness is resting there." Looking down the vista made through the parted throng,

from the chair on which my father had stood me, I could see the opening made in the pavement and the gathering circle that closed around it. There I saw standing nearest the family and friends of the poet, and with them the peers, and scholars, and fellow-bards, and dignitaries of the realm, all bent on paying this last tribute of respect to the great departed. We could hear faintly, yet distinctly, the voice of Dean Bradley as he read the service for the burial of the dead, and the chanting choir, as they rendered the words, "I am the resurrection and the life." Then several young men took hold of the dark tasselled cords and slowly lowered the casket into its vault.

"There," murmured my father under his breath, "goes to his long home the poet of 'The Princess,' 'The Idyls of the King,' and of 'In Memoriam.'"  
"The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears,"  
Yes, "black" enough with the mould of many generations; fetid, I fear me, and shut in from the wholesome blue of yonder sky and the brightness of the sun, whose painted rays come here but languidly;—away from dew-drops falling from green leaves, and the creeping of soft vines and mosses. Better that, like Wordsworth, he should rest amid scenes of his love and youth; better his grave made on some headland overlooking the "hoary Channel," or on some sunny slope of Surrey, or in some Lincolnshire churchyard, retired as Stoke Pogis, where, as he sung, the violet of his native land might blossom out of his mouldering heart. Is it fit for a poet, the heir and lover of all this glorious world, to lie where, almost,

"The wheels go over his head,  
And his bones are shaken with pain?"

Others—the greatest—have made a wise choice. Shakespeare is not here, Milton is not here, Shelley is not here, nor Byron, nor Coleridge. Here came not Keats, nor Gray. Yet, what matters it! It is only "dust to dust;"—the spirit dwells not here. Here lies, in death, a noble company; here the chime of the Abbey clock will tell the hours away, that grow fewer until the resurrection morning; here at least is precious dust, and there amid these monuments and tombs cluster mighty memories thickly as summer flowers in the Farringford garden.

Our reverie was broken again by the renewal of the service, in the slow and solemn utterance of "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" and then again by the flowing of

"The tides of Music's golden sea  
Setting toward eternity,"  
as The Lord's Prayer was chanted, and as choir and people lifted up their voices in a mighty chorus with that rapturous hymn of Heber,— "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!" after which came the benediction, and the services were ended.

But the people seemed in no haste to go; the spell of the place and of the hour held them for several minutes after they knew that all was over. Were they held by the magic of that matchless music that yet seemed lingering amid the fretted arches of the grand old minister? Or, were they dazzled by that distinguished company, badged and robed, and by the funeral draperies of white and purple? Or did they dread to depart and leave their poet alone? But soon the sense of reality, and of a world outside the gray walls that held them, returned, and the multitude moved toward the doors; and with them we went, on our way passing by, and glancing into, the open grave—open for hours, as we afterwards learned—and making our exit, to find ourselves once again in the roaring, interminable streets of London, strangely contrasted with the habitual quiet and solemnity of the place we had just left. As we paced along,—my father holding my hand,—said: "You will never forget my son that you were present at the burial of the greatest poet of his time. When you are able to read and understand his writings you will perceive that in all the range of English verse no lines were on that day so appropriate to him as those which he wrote on the great captain and warrior:

"We believe him  
Something far advanced in State,  
And that he wears a truer crown  
Than any wreath that man can weave him.  
Speak no more of his renown,  
Lay your earthly laurels down,  
And in the vast cathedral leave him,  
God accept him, Christ receive him."  
Ah, can all this have been fifty years ago!  
PASTOR FELIX.

A True Wife.  
It is a shame to any mother who fails to train her daughters to take a serious view of life, instead of a frivolous, selfish view, to remember that their highest duty, whether they be married or single, is to be home makers, a great writer on this subject has said: "Wherever a true wife comes, this home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow worms in the cold grass at night may be the only fire at her feet. But home is yet wherever she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else were homeless."

EVENING WEAR. BALL DRESSES.

New Goods in all Departments.

Bengaline Silks, Faile Francais Silks, Surah Silks, Brocade Silks, Japanese Silks, Pongee Silks, Gauzes, Crepes and Crepons, Plushes, Velvets and Velvetens Latest Evening Tints and Combination.

Nets and Flouncing Laces.

Hosiery, Gloves, Flowers and Feathers, Ribbed Silk Undervests, low necks, in Pink, Cream and Sky, White Skirts, Gauze Corsets and Corset Covers. Cream Cloth Serge for Evening Wraps.

Fans, Fans, Fans.

Feather and Incandescent Trimmings.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

Any Cape Coat \$4.89,  
For Week Beginning Jan. 30th.

All the Youths' Cape Overcoats for Boys from 13 to 18 years of age on the BARGAIN COUNTER will be sold for \$4.89 each. They are goods that did sell for \$6.00, \$6.25, \$7.00, \$7.25, \$7.50, \$10.50. They're short length coats but good clean stock. A few of the better ones are good enough style to suit any buyer. For the others, they're worth \$4.89 any day.

SCOVIL, FRASER & COMPANY,  
OAK HALL.

ROUGH ON MONCTON DOGS.

Features of the Civic Law Which May Be Improved by Amendment.

MONCTON, Jan. 24.—Once more the collection of giant minds composing the Moncton city council is disturbed. The peace which has brooded over the deliberations of that body during the last few months is broken up, she is troubled, and she even seems to be maddened, since her wings will no longer stretch over the council and keep it comfortably warm. It almost looks as if that body did not have enough to do, and so in the zeal which threatened to consume them they were looking around for employment. They have been doing a great deal of cleaning up lately, in fact their spring house cleaning has set in unusually early and they are troubled as to what they will do next. Civic affairs are getting along almost too smoothly and the dead calm is becoming oppressive.

Since the advent of Officer Rawlings the Scott act has ceased from troubling and since the frost set in the vexed question of block paving is at rest. That great and good man, Mr. Peter O. Carroll, has been paid the price which bought him, and the aldermanic conscience is easier while the city coffers are correspondingly lighter. So the house civic being swept and garnished, the members of the council seem to be looking around for fresh world to conquer.

They have succeeded in finding one sphere of action for their superfluous energies and that sphere is the animal kingdom. In short they have decided to revise the ancient and dishonorable office of dog catcher, which an outraged public long ago insisted on abolishing in the United States, and other civilized countries, but which they seem only to have heard of recently. This official is to be empowered to catch all dogs wandering about collarless, and unable to give a satisfactory account of themselves. He will, in scriptural language, "hale" these miscreants "before the judgment," and there, they will be dealt with as it seems best to the most pious judge.

Of course if the four footed vagrants only get what is called "a fair show" and receive the same treatment as the human delinquents who are brought up as "vagrants"—especially when the offenders are of the gentler sex, they will have little to dread, since they will merely be fined, and—I quote from the police news as published in the daily papers—"The fine be allowed to stand over, on condition that they leave town." It will only remain then for the canine offenders to move out to the Mountain road, or the adjacent forests, keep quiet for a day or two, then return to the haunts of men even as the human vagrants do, and no questions will be asked. But in case they should not be granted equal rights, and sentence of death be passed upon them, the city council, and especially the police committee, will be confronted with a difficulty, they do not seem to have foreseen.

The city marshal has recently been proposed, and I believe appointed, as agent for the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and as all cases of cruelty are to be reported to him, it would become his duty to prosecute either the dog catcher, who caught the dogs, the stipendiary who sentenced them, the executioner who

carried out the sentence, or the entire city council who ordered the arrests. And in any or all of these cases, the marshal's position would be decidedly unpleasant, and complications would be sure to result, since the spectacle of the city marshal arresting the entire board of aldermen, and marching them down to the p-llice court, headed by the stipendiary magistrate, to answer to a charge of cruelty to animals, would be too novel to be altogether pleasant. We all adore novelty, I know, but then there are a few novelties that one requires to be educated up to, in order to appreciate them properly.

Another phase of the question is the well-known fact, that the most correctly registered and aristocratic dog, whose taxes are regularly paid, whose pedigree is as long as Lady Clara de Vere's, and whose intrinsic value exceeds that of a thoroughbred Jersey cow, is very apt to lose his collar, or have it stolen, and his master, secure in the consciousness of having registered him—forgot to buy him a new collar, or puts it off from day to day, until some fine morning when he happens to be absent on a business trip, the high class canine is captured, condemned, assigned a long rope and a short shirt, and is gathered to his fathers. The master returns. Explanations follow, and the city council occupy a prominent position in suit for damages to the extent of the value of a thoroughbred dog, properly registered, who was destroyed by their order.

These are little matters which seem to have escaped the notice of the gentleman

of the council, but sometimes a storm follows a calm, and their recent activity may involve them in troubles that they reck not of. It is quite a little problem to solve, so lay it on the table and deliberate upon it, until someone either hits upon a solution or boldly cuts the Gordian knot by giving the marshal his choice of resigning either his position as agent for the S. P. C. A., or that of city marshal.

GROSFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

WHERE GRAY WROTE HIS ELEGY.

It Was Drafted Beneath the Yew Tree's Shade in the Churchyard.

It has been pretty well settled by literary ferrets that Gray actually composed a portion if not the whole of his immortal elegy, while sitting in the south porch of the old Stoke Edges church, beneath the "yew-tree's shade," writes Edgar L. Wakeman. It is one of my favorite tramps from London to this spot in sunny weather, as there is hardly a sweeter or more restful place in all England; and I love to sit where Gray sat, beneath the yew-tree's shade, and muse on the quiet and hallowed surroundings. In this way the famous yew-tree of Stoke Poges churchyard has come to possess for me a most loving and precious interest. There is no record of its age; but as it was already a tree of matured growth when Gray wrote, in a churchyard between 400 and 500 years old, its antiquity must be considerable even for the yew, which in England attains to most venerable age.

It stands fifty feet south of the old stone south porch of the church. Its top has been repeatedly cut away to preserve the tree, which is still about thirty feet in height. The girth of the trunk is a trifle over twelve feet; and its huge spreading branches, reaching to the north, almost touch the roof tiling of the church above the porch; while toward the south and southeast fall a dozen branches, from fifty to sixty feet long, sweep to the ground or sootily tap the head stones of the ancient graves. I should think that from 300 to 400 persons could stand beneath its gentle shade.

Might Work in Our Common Council.

Col. Lawless, a former member of the Louisville, Ky bar, was a "long-winded" talker, and when he arose to make an argument he did not know when to stop. On one occasion, he was making a speech before Judge Ballard, in the United States court. He had spoken several hours, and the Judge and everybody else was thoroughly tired out, though they were helpless. At last Judge Ballard beckoned his brother, Jack Ballard, to him and implored him to stop Lawless if he could. "Oh, that's easy enough," replied the brother: "I'll stop him inside of three minutes." There was a great deal of curiosity to see how this could be accomplished, as the orator seemed to be nowhere near the end of his speech. Jack Ballard took a pencil and a sheet of paper and wrote: "My Dear Colonel, as soon as you finish your magnificent argument, I would like you to join me in the clerk's office in a bumper of fine old bourbon." The note was handed to the orator, who paused at the end of a soaring period, drew his glasses from his pocket, and said: "And now, if it please Your Honor, and you, gentlemen, of the jury, I leave the case with you." He picked up his hat and was in the clerk's office in about a minute.

Remnants of  
Dress Goods  
and Cloths,  
AT HALF PRICE.

Naturally such an outflow as we have had for the past week has left many short ends of Dress Goods and Cloths. These we have Grouped on a Counter and marked one half of original prices.

Geo. H. McKay,  
61 Charlotte St., St. John.

OLD AUSTRALIAN DAYS.

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO SAW THE TIMES OF GOLD FEVER.

Conclusion of an interesting narrative of Personal Adventure—The Last Seen of Lanky Jim—How The Colony Has Progressed in Later Times.

The roads that winter, being very heavy, caused freights to run up, as high at one time to £100 per ton, thus making the cost of living, even for the bare necessities of life, quite an item in one's income. For instance, flour in bags at the rate of 880 per barrel; butter, Irish mostly, 4 shillings per pound; English ham and bacon at the same price; sugar one and sixpence per pound; in fact, nothing in the way of groceries was not sold less than one and sixpence per pound. Fresh vegetables were rarely seen; milk was not to be had at all. As to horse feed, the prices would astonish farmers of the present day. From a memorandum book now before me of our expenses at the time, I find that the lowest price we paid on Bendigo, for oats was 20 shillings per bushel, up to 32 shillings, the highest. Bran from 11 shilling to 15 shillings per bushel. For a stack of wild hay, about 1 1/2 ton, £50; for 800 pounds of oaten hay £18. At another time, £5 for 112 pounds; oaten hay was oaten cut green and made into hay. Of course in Melbourne, the prices were less than one half, yet with such heavy expenses we could not net \$10 per day each. I also see that the price of oats varied according to the place of growth. American was the lowest, Cape of Good Hope next, and English the highest, thus showing that they were imported from those places.

One would imagine that such a fertile country as Australia, could supply its own wants. The fact was that the influx of population was so great and so sudden, that it was impossible to do so, therefore nearly everything had to be imported. In course of time, as the lands were thrown open for selection, a change came over the face of the country, figuratively. It began to blossom as the rose, in ten years time cereals, fruit and vegetables, were as plentiful and as cheap as in this country. Victoria to-day, ships grain to Europe, and I read not long ago that Australia was competing with Nova Scotia, for the apple trade in the London market.

I fear it may be thought that I have lost sight of the subject of my story. Not so. The last time I saw Lanky Jim on Bendigo was one morning he called on his way to a new rush, about 50 miles away, called Simpson's ranges, now known as Maryboro. "If you come lads find us out and I will lay you on," said Jim, and we did follow in a month or so. In our case it was dropping the bone to grasp the shadow.

New rushes had a wonderful drawing influence. It was hard to reason against the folly of giving up a certainty for an uncertainty when one heard of their acquaintances making lucky hits. We did not meet with Jim at the new rush—was it any wonder amidst a helter skelter population of 25,000?

About seven years after, whilst walking through a small mining town in the Mount Arrat district, two hundred miles from Melbourne, I saw a man rush out of a tent, followed by a woman who was pounding him with a good sized stick and accompanying each blow with a well known colonial epithet. Such encounters I had often witnessed before, so I halted with the view of acting as mediator. The appearance of the man interested me. Surely I have seen that heavy bow-legged figure before. Can it be Lanky Jim? Yes it was. When the woman retreated to her tent I said, "Hello Jim, is that you?" Don't you know me?" My word lad I do not. "Do you remember Eagle Hawk and the night you saved me from the dogs?" "My colonial oath I do," grasping my hands. Supposing him to be married I asked if his wife had been reading him the riot act. "Oh," said he, "I am not married, that is old Dick Downey's wife. It is a way she has of thanking anyone who does her husband a good turn. I think it is my misfortune to be always misunderstood. In passing that shanty you see there below the hill I saw old Dick very drunk and daring every one to fight. Knowing that he could not fight even when sober, I brought him home and put him in his tent. So you saw how she rewarded me. Of course the old woman thought it was I who had made him drunk. No, as a rule I avoid drinking with married men, as their wives, the tools, think their husbands would never drink unless enticed out."

Poor Jim was very changed and broken down. "Still digging?" Inquired. "Yes, I am working in a shallow gully just over the range. I am a hatter (that is, working alone). I knock out a few pennyweights a day when I choose to work. That keeps the pot boiling. My wants are not many—besides I have £100 planted."

I then enquired what he had been doing since we last met. "Oh, very well. Had a golden hole on Simpson Range. Then went to Firey Creek rush and to many others. Yes, and did well at nearly every place. My word, but the amount of gold I have dug this last ten years—but what good has it been to me? By the way," he asked, "is Bendigo Mac's the terror still alive?" "Yes," I said. "Ah, the devil never hurries those he is sure of. I am not much of a believer in the brimstone lake story, but I do think there should be some place of

punishment to meet such cases as Bendigo Mac. It would not be advisable for any of our lads to write his epitaph." "Ah, Jim, everything is changed there now," I said. "Mr. Public Opinion and the press have rectified the oppressions of the early days. Now Jim," I continued, I should like to know something of your early history if you have no objection." "You shall have it lad, but you will find it not a pleasant one, I assure you." "Well, come and see me this evening. You see that store on yonder flat with the two blue flags—you will find me there."

In the evening he came as arranged, and perfectly sober. The thoughts of having to refer to his past life had quite a depressing effect on him.

In a tone of melancholy sadness he related in substance as follows:

"The thought of my misspent life is breaking me down. I have nothing to live for, and do not care how soon the end comes. I am rushing on, as it were, without hope. I drink not for the love of liquor but to drown the recollection of the past. My old pals and acquaintances are fast disappearing and I am not now disposed to form new friendships. My parents are dead and I am dead to all my relatives. When a man is banished from his native country as a convict, though it be for a limited term, that country is no longer his. "My parents were plain, hard working, respectable folk. My father was a blacksmith, and I was brought up to his trade. As a young man I was jovial, industrious and happy. I was naturally honest, but I did wrong, not realizing it to be so at the time. Sometimes with lively companions I would be tempted to snare a hare or partridge. We knew it was against the law, but could see nothing wicked in it. Of a sudden I was caught and in self defence, resisted the game-keeper rather vigorously. However I was over-powered and hurried off to goal. My trial was short. I was sentenced to seven years penal servitude. But the greatest trial was yet to come, and that was in parting. Oh the remembrance of the last interview with my dear old mother in the goal is ever before me."

"I was her favorite son. Poor thing, it broke her heart; she died two years after. My prison life in Tasmania was hard and dreary, particularly to one brought up in a country village, and always used to freedom. I was not of a rebellious spirit, and therefore did not chafe under restraint as some did. A year of my sentence was abated. I was let out on ticket of leave. Then I worked at my trade, and earned money sufficient to pay my way to Melbourne, and thence to Bendigo. My success there and subsequent movement, you are familiar with."

"But" said I to him, "Jim, I wonder that when you made your first money on Bendigo, that you did not take a trip home, it only on a visit."

"Ah, lad," said he, in his Lancashire dialect, "you little know the feelings of a man banished his country for breaking its laws. My mother I knew was dead. My father, I alive and my brothers and sisters would rejoice to see me but the odium surrounding a returned convict would cause a mortification which would more than outweigh the pleasure of seeing each other for a short time."

The paths and feeling exhibited by Jim in his confession appear inconsistent with the rough character as shown in our first acquaintance with him, thus clearly proving that we cannot always judge one's heart by external appearances, for behind his rough exterior there was an honest kindly nature, as I had proof of it on many occasions. He was to be pitied more than condemned. A few days after I bade him good-bye, never to see him again, as the following year found me 400 miles from there in the Australian Alps, Gipps Land.

Before leaving Australia I had a desire to revisit the scene of my early gold digging days. So one morning I stepped into a railway car and was whirled up to Bendigo in as many hours as it used to take days to cover the distance. The change in appearance was surprising. Old landmarks were gone, canvas shanties had given place to fine hotels, slab stores to fine brick and stone buildings. The government offices of wood and canvas to permanent structures. Yes, Bendigo Mac was still there and in the same capacity, but the camp was no longer supplied with confiscated liquors. For dusty roads and dangerous crossings there were well macadamized streets. The cotton tents of the diggers had been supplanted by snug weather browned houses with lovely gardens attached.

To look back 12 years to the first night spent there of the thousands of tents, each with its campfire lighting up the district far and near, the discharge of fire arms during the evening, barking of dogs, songs, shouting, etc., it was difficult to realize that it was the same place.

Bendigo has since continued to advance. It is now the greatest quartz mining centre, with the deepest mines in the world. In my day three fourths of the gold was dug by the light of day. Now they are burrowing to a depth of over half a mile into the bowels of the earth. By a late paper I learn that there are 24 perpendicular shafts 2000 feet and over, and one, the deepest, is prospecting at two thousand eight hundred feet.

The growth of the colony of Victoria has been phenomenal. It is about 55 years since Hateman built the first house on the present site of Melbourne. True, its sudden rise was due largely to the gold discoveries, but independent of its mineral wealth, Victoria has within herself the element of success namely a productive soil and healthful climate. The Eucalyptus, with its fever destroying and health growing properties, stand as sentinels to ward off epidemics, defying even cholera, at the same time beckoning the world at large to come and partake.

I. E. WILSON  
Halifax.  
A small boy gives his views on a very pertinent subject in these graphic words: "Some boys is honeste than others, and there's no way to tell them apart except you pretend to forget your knife, and watch 'em jump for it. The one that jumps last is the honestest one."

A QUEBEC MIRACLE.

A CASE THAT HAS ASTONISHED THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

Thomas Gratty's Remarkable Recovery—Helpless, Tortured and Deformed by Tetanus, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, and other ailments, he was taken to his Home from a Hospital to Die when Relief Came—The Particulars of the Case as Investigated by a "Telegraph" Reporter. (The Telegraph, Quebec.)

It is admitted on all sides that this is an age of wonders, and there is no reason why wonders should not be accomplished in medical as well as in other branches of scientific research. Of late scarcely a week passes but what we read in Canadian and American newspapers of remarkable cures accomplished through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. We confess that we have not paid much attention to their worth until lately, when more than one marvellous cure in our midst has been brought to our attention, convincing us, as well as others, of the priceless value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Among the cases thus brought to our notice is one which we consider of our bounden duty to chronicle. The case is that of Mr. Thomas Crotty, a young man well known in the city of Quebec, who has been brought back from the very brink of the grave to restored health. The subject of this sketch is the son of Mr. Thomas Crotty, who resides at No. 63 St. Patrick street, Thomas Crotty, jr., is 29 years of age, and for the past eight years has been a martyr to inflammatory rheumatism, in fact so much so that for the past year he has been a deformed cripple. Last winter he was removed to the Hotel Dieu hospital for treatment. Every day he gradually grew worse, and his sufferings, according to the good sisters in charge, were excruciating. The very flesh left his body, and from his chest downward he became paralyzed. His arms and legs were twisted into a mis-shapen condition, and the poor fellow was an object of pity to look upon. During the month of May last he became blind and deaf, and was unable to move even his head without causing intense pain. His digestive organs refused to act, and the nourishment he could partake was milk, and that had to be given him with a spoon, and at one time his mouth had to be forced open while the poor fellow was being spoon-fed. Finally his life was despaired of by the attending physicians, Drs. Vallee, Cattellier and Turcotte, who admitted that they could do nothing for him, and said that his death was only a matter of time. When Crotty's mother heard this she determined on bringing her son home to die. Consequently on the 24th of May last the patient was wrapped up in flannels and taken to his parents' home by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him: By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was sent by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned, but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother

SUNDAY READING

The Curious Collection of Traditions Found in that Book.

The collection of Jewish traditions, known as the Talmud, contains a vast number of stories, apologies, and jests.

The wicked city of Sodom appears in these tales as a mocker and perverter of all justice. In the Talmud any peculiarly flagrant satire on just judgment is attributed to the judges of Sodom.

It was carved altogether out of the massive rock; it was not, so at least it seemed to be, a mechanical image or figure, but to show itself as though well, as much in a certain vagueness and roughness of handicraft as in a sacrament or mystery of thought and feeling.

The Miltonic and Homeric battles pale beside the extravagant fancies of the Rabbin. Mountains are torn up and hurled with ease, and creatures arise too terrible for the weaker flights of our imagination.

Their powers of exaggeration are not, however, confined to imaginary tales. They extend to Biblical events and incidents. Thus it has always been a moot point what the manna rained from heaven upon the wandering Israelites really was.

Like some worthies of more modern days, the Rabbin never advance any absurdity without nailing it with Scripture, and to prove their assertions, they quote Deut. ii. 7, where it is said: "Though the great wilderness, these forty years, the Lord thy God hath been with thee, and thou hast lacked nothing."

On one occasion, while Jesus was addressing the multitude, his discourse was broken in upon by a most inopportune interruption—not this time of hostility, not of ill-timed interference, not of overpowering admiration, but of simple policy and self-interest.

with me." Almost stern was our Lord's rebuke to the man's egregious self-absorption. It seems to have been one of those not uncommon characters to whom the whole universe is pervaded by self; and he seems to have considered that the main object of the Messiah's coming would be to secure for him a share of his inheritance, and to overrule this unmanageable brother.

The following passage from Shorthouse's "Blanche Lady Falaise" will be found well worth reading, not only for the thoughts that are in it, but as a specimen of fine diction:

It was carved altogether out of the massive rock; it was not, so at least it seemed to be, a mechanical image or figure, but to show itself as though well, as much in a certain vagueness and roughness of handicraft as in a sacrament or mystery of thought and feeling.

It was a true Calvary of the orthodox type. It consisted of the three crosses with their suffering burdens, and a foundation of skull and bones, with two figures standing beneath the crosses, more roughly and carelessly worked—St. John and the Virgin mother in a swoon.

Those momentous hours, laden with the destinies of unimagined existence, were, so at least it seemed to me, drawing to an end. The regal admission into Paradise, the human message His mother and to His friend, the cry of suffering, even the agony of felt desertion by His Father and His God—all these were over.

For in this figure of a sacrifice that redeemed the world, there was manifested such a sympathy between the genius that grasped the artist's chisel, and the so-called dead rock that lent itself in indescribable shades of light and delicacies of shadow, to the ideal that lifted a world of pollution and death into one of healthy breezes and of hope, that, as we stood before it, we could no longer wonder that peasants, in their holiday dress, came up the pass to worship with serious and mournful faces, and went back, down the path, singing hymns of joy, that they were delivered from their sins.

For in this chief figure—this figure that realised the death of God, down-pressed and over-weighted as it was—it was perceptible that the defeat and disaster, however perfect and complete—and no work could give the idea of more perfection and completeness of suffering and oppression, and of defeat—was not such an ordinary men call by these names; that even in the moment of death's triumph the victory was not with death; that the defeat and oppression—the weight of suffering and of grief—were not such grief and oppression and disaster as befall an ordinary man; that the death was not such as awaits a mortal who has finished his course, but such death as may be imagined of a pilgrim-God.

Over the whole Calvary, above the rough grotto-work that fringed the recess which gave scope for the relief of the figures, like a halo above the sacred scene, were these words, fastened into the rock in iron letters, moulded, no doubt, ages since in the iron-works in the valleys—

Manuel Swedenborg's "Arcana Caelestia" was printed when the author was 61. Mrs. Moorhouse, wife of the Bishop of Manchester, is said to enjoy the reputation of having opened more bazaars during her life than any other woman in England.

The new president of the Swiss republic, who has held the office during the six previous terms, is a Calvinist clergyman and was regarded until lately as one of the best all-round athletes in Switzerland.

Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, was once president of the Indianapolis Young Men's Christian Association. He has recently made a liberal donation toward the building debt.

The Rev. Arthur H. Stanton (Father Stanton), has just entered on his thirtieth year as curate of St. Alban's Holborn. During the whole of that period Mr. Stanton has worked without any stipend. He is now to take a much deserved vacation for a year.

Dr. Kohn (or Cohen), the poor canon, son of Israelite peasants, who was recently raised to the richest archbishopric in Europe, that of the Holy See, met his father and mother at the railroad station, where he kissed their hands in lowly humility and affection, and has installed them in his episcopal palace.

A little deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate, "What is prayer?" The little girl took the pencil and wrote the reply, "Prayer is the wish of the heart." So it is. Fine words and beautiful verses said to God do make real prayer without the sincere wish of the heart.

Dr. Barry, canon of Windsor, and late primate of Australia, is one of the best public readers in England, sharing this supremacy with the Bishop of Ripon. Whenever he is in residence at Windsor he has invariably an exceptionally large audience, attracted chiefly by a desire to hear his sonorous reading of the lessons.

Mrs. John Ogilvie Koorbach, of Mystic Conn., has a copy of the prayer book printed in the Mohawk language for the Rev. John Ogilvie, assistant minister of Trinity church, New York, in 1769. Only twenty copies were printed. Mr. Koorbach, it is said, has received an offer of \$4,000 for the book from the British museum.

When Rev. D. Parker Morgan became rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York, ten years ago, his inheritance appeared to be empty pews and a debt of \$250,000. Now the church is crowded, and is practically clear of all obligations. Dr. Morgan's income from wedding fees alone is over \$5,000 a year. These are his wife's perquisites, and she spends them all in charities.

A recent government report shows that in India there are 133,054 public and private schools. In these were gathered 3,368,930 boys and 319,717 girls. This reveals the low estimate of the education of Mohammedans placed on the education of girls. About 68 per cent. of the scholars were Hindus, 23 per cent. Mohammedans, and 2.50 per cent. native Christians. One-half the native Christians were girls.

According to the last census of the United States, the grand total for all denominations is as follows, Organization 163,787; church edifices, 139,832; with a seating capacity of 42,682,049; halls, schoolhouses and private houses occupied as places of worship, 23,453; value of church property, including only church edifices and their sites and furniture, \$68,758,756; communicants or members, 20,488,797.

Regarding the appointment of Mgr. Sallusti Cardinal Gibbons says that "the growth in numbers of the priesthood is increased, and they are made more and more independent of their prelates. The holy father has, therefore, found it necessary to appoint a Papal delegate in this country, making him the viceregent of the Pope and conferring supreme control on matters of discipline."

At the last meeting of the Diocese Board in Toronto, it was announced that the debt on the Diocese of Algoma, which has for so many years hampered the movements of Bishop Sullivan, had at last been cleared off. Mrs. Sullivan, who was in attendance, was almost overcome when the news was announced. The Doxology was sung in thanksgiving. The intelligence was cable to the Bishop, who is at present sojourning in England for the benefit of his health, which had become completely undermined by the preying anxiety engendered by the heavy obligations resting upon his diocese.

Swedenborgianism and Buddhism are the latest religious movements gaining headway in Paris. Several hundred of the former have erected near the Pantheon a chapel in which a lawyer preaches every Lord's Day. They also publish a journal, in which the apperance of spirits are reported. The Neo-Buddhistic faith is fathered by the Orientalist, Dr. Rozyne, and one patient claims 50,000 adherents. The creed demands repentance, love for all creatures, including animals, which can be transformed into mortal beings, and therefore ought not to be killed. Every outward cult is rejected, but socialist doctrines are taught. "No one is allowed to possess more than he earns by his day's labor," is one of their doctrines.

Messages of Help For The Week. Sunday: "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the spirit saith to the churches." Rev. 2. 7.

Monday: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." John 14. 1.

Tuesday: "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High: to show thy loving-kindness in the morning and thy faithfulness every night." Psalm 92. 1, 2.

Wednesday: "The discretion of a man deforseth his anger; and it is his glory to pass over a transgression." Proverbs 19. 11.

Thursday: "Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God. But exhort one another daily, while it is called to-day; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." Heb. 3. 12, 13.

Friday: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." James 1. 12.

Saturday: "And God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good. And the evening and morning were the sixth day. Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them." Gen. 1. 31, 32.

Born to be a King. Louis XVI. and his beautiful and unfortunate queen had died on the scaffold in the Place de la Revolution. The boy, who ought to have inherited the throne of France, and who, in fact, though he never reigned, has been numbered as Louis XVII. in the roll of monarchs, was left a prisoner. Evil had brought forth evil, as ever. An oppressed people had been roused to a spirit of evil thoughts, to a spirit of evil feelings, and was not only to be kept a prisoner and deprived of whatever rights he might be supposed to possess to the throne of his father, but all that was good in his nature was to be, it possible, destroyed.

Evil men placed around him were to train his mind to evil thoughts, his heart to evil feelings, his lips to unlovely words. Naturally he suffered. But now and again, it is said, as his tormentors seemed to go beyond the limits of his endurance, or when God's voice prevailed in his young soul against the unhappy boy would waken up to higher things, and exclaim in anguish, "I can do it! I can do it! I was born to be a king!" Noblest alibi is a noble principle for us all. In times of temptation, on the very edge of a precipice of evil, we, too, if we are trained by grace to remember, with something like habitual recollection, the dignity of belonging to an immortal, we are helped to turn with scorn and strength upon the tempter, and exclaim in a higher, nobler sense, "I cannot, I will not; I was born to be a king!"—Canon Knox-Little.

The three-penny bit would seem to be falling out of favor with church goers, or, at any rate, with those who attend St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Of silver coins, sixpences are in the greatest vogue, an analysis of a recent collection in St. Paul's showing 564 of these pieces, as against 219 three-penny bits. Even the shillings outnumber the latter.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

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

Everywhere Popular

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

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Every where.

HAWKER'S TOLU

AND WILD CHERRY BALSAM.

A Favorite and Most Valuable Remedy for the CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA OR ANY FORM OF THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLE.

If Afflicted, Try It. It Will Cure You.

Malcolm McLean, of Kensington, P. E. I., writes the following: For five years I suffered from severe Chronic Bronchitis, for which the doctors and numerous patent medicines failed to give relief. My physicians and friends advised a change of climate, but I was not only unable to do so, but I was not happy to say that I was entirely cured before I had used two large bottles. I consider it to be truly a wonderful medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all so afflicted.

For Sale by all Druggists and General Dealers. Price 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. MANUFACTURED BY THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

TRY CHOCOLATES



That G. B. Mark is stamped on each Chocolate.

Nixey's Black Lead

Bright, Silvery, Quick Polish for Stoves and Grates. Easy to apply. Always bright and beautiful.

W. G. NIXEY, LONDON, ENG., is the oldest and largest manufacturer of Black Lead in the world. An article which has been popular every where for nearly a century must, of necessity, be the best of its kind.



The publishers of "The Canadian Music Folio" will give \$50 in Cash to first person sending in a correct answer to the above puzzle (by having the face marked thus: X); \$25 in cash to the second correct answer; \$15 to the third correct answer; \$10 to the fourth correct answer; and \$5 in cash to every tenth correct answer to the close.

These prizes are not large, but we award every dollar just as advertised. See the list of prize-winners in our last contest at the bottom of this advertisement.

If you are in doubt concerning the merit we claim for this beautiful publication, write to some friend here or any Toronto papers, who can easily vouch for what we say. You want latest and most popular music, and you want it at the lowest prices. Send us 30 cents, and after you receive the Folio if you are not satisfied, write us, and we will cheerfully return your money.

CONDITIONS.—Every person sending an answer must enclose with same ten three-cent stamps (30 cents) for one month's trial subscription to the Folio, which contains this month the following latest music: "LA BEREATA" Waltzes, "OVER THE WAVES" Waltzes, "HEART OF MY HEART" Vocal, "BRAN NEW LITTLE COON" Vocal, and also in Schottische and Potpourri, "MY MOTHER'S KISS" Vocal, "FACES" Comic, "ANGALUCIA" Waltzes, Containing in all 56 pages. Write to-day and you may receive a prize that will repay you many times over for your trouble. You will not lose anything, for the music alone cannot be bought elsewhere for five times the amount of your remittance.

List of prize-winners in our last competition: Miss Clara Morion, 5 Melbourne Place, Toronto, \$25 cash; Miss Mary Strange, Hamilton, \$15 cash; Mrs. W. Vanastine, 66 Oak St., City, \$10 cash; Miss Iva Bonner, cor. Yonge and Queen Sts., City, \$5 cash; Miss Carrie Davies, cor. Sherbourne and Carlton Sts., E. W. Eman, 60 Pembroke St., \$5; Mrs. H. L. Aylmer, 141 Alexander St., Montreal, \$5; Mrs. F. Mackelcan, 102 Catharine St., Hamilton, \$5; Mrs. Dr. Gauvieu, St. Isidore, Que., \$5; Geo. Mordette, Three Rivers, Que., \$5; Vincent Green, Prof. of Music Trinity College, Port Hope, \$5; Gertrude L. Young, care of Dr. Young, Viridian, Man., \$5; Mrs. Rev. G. Lockhart, Alexander, Man., \$5; Miss Crawford, Brandon, Man., \$5; James Leckie, 323 Alfred St., Winnipeg, Man., \$5; Chas. Becker, Imperial Hotel, Vancouver, B. C., \$5; Miss Susie Estence, Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, B. C., \$5.

You are missing a big snap if you miss this month's number. Address: CANADIAN MUSIC FOLIO, 19 Victoria St., Toronto, Can.

Heating Stoves.

50 SIZES AND STYLES TO SELECT FROM. ALL GOOD HEATERS. AND THE PRICES WILL SUIT YOU.

J. H. SELFRIDGE, 101 Charlotte St. (Opposite Hotel Dufferin).

Great Cash Bargains.

Pants from ..... \$3.00 up. Overcoats from... \$13.00 up. Reefers from ..... 8.00 up. Gent's Suits from 14.00 up.

MADE TO ORDER AT SHORT NOTICE. PANTS MADE WHILE YOU WAIT.

W. H. McINNIS, Tailor, 127 and 129 Portland Bridge, Mill Street.

ALWAYS INSURE your property in the PHOENIX Insurance Company of HARTFORD, CONN.

Statement January 1st, 1891. Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000 00 Reserve for Unpaid Losses..... 250,000 00 Reserve for Re-Insurance..... 1,115,000 00 NET TOTAL..... 2,365,000 00

For Five Years I suffered from severe Chronic Bronchitis, for which the doctors and numerous patent medicines failed to give relief. My physicians and friends advised a change of climate, but I was not only unable to do so, but I was not happy to say that I was entirely cured before I had used two large bottles. I consider it to be truly a wonderful medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all so afflicted.

WHERE WHALES ABOUT

OF THE SHETLANDERS SEEK THE GIANTS OF THE DEEP.

The Story of an Industry that Needs Strength, Courage and Endurance in the Workers—How the Washerwomen of the Shetland Islands Make Money.

LONDON, Jan. 15.—When your fancy leads you into Scotland, go further. It is but a little sea-journey from Aberdeen, Peterhead or Wick to the Shetland Islands. Their people are very hospitable, possessing many pleasant ancient customs; and there is no end to modern historic and pagan monuments of strange and curious interest. Not the least of your pleasures there will be witnessing a "drive o' ca'ing whales," which you are almost certain to do, if your visit to the islands happens in May or June.

The Peterhead and other whaling ships formerly completed their crews at Lerwick, and these times were always periods of great activity. Of late years Shetland's interest in whaling has been principally confined to driving the monsters ashore. This exciting work is often tremendously profitable. In 1845 a great shoal of 1540 "ca'ing" whales were driven ashore in Quendale Bay, the southernmost bay of Shetland, lying between Sumberg and fitful Heads; and in June, two years ago, a shoal of several hundred was successfully landed on the east coast.

Until quite recently these shore whalers were illy recruited for their captures. The financially omnivorous landlord, called the "laird" here, true to his octopus instincts, claimed the right, up to 1839, to tax the poor Shetlanders one-half of the entire proceeds of all whales driven into shoal water opposite, or upon the shores of, their domains; "a sort of riparian right on the Almighty for what was sent to save men from starvation on account of rents and other burdens imposed by the 'laird' himself," an old Shetlander explained to me.

As the value of the blubber will average \$30 per ton, the "laird" often thus secured from \$2,000 to \$5,000 as his "right" in a single catch. From 1839 to 1888 the "lairds" were considerate enough to rob the whalers of but one-third. In September of that year the claim was resisted in the courts; the whalers won their cause; and the "lairds" have since been compelled to content themselves with the meager enjoyment of witnessing, rather than profiting by, the hazardous work.

When a drove of "ca'ing" whales appear on the coast, the news spreads like oil-drops on marble. As the whole town of St. Ives, Cornwall, goes mad when a shoal of pilchets is sighted, so does every live Shetlander, desert every other vocation, even to a wedding, to join in the "drive." A rush is made by the men for the boats, while women and children wildly collect guns, ammunition, harpoons, sythes, lances, knives and even bags of stone, indeed anything portable which may assist in the hoped-for destruction.

The whalers make all haste and splendid cunning in getting between the whales and the open sea. Their fleet of all manner of craft then gradually closes in upon the "pack" or "drove," directing by the splendid manoeuvres of the different boats the course of the whales to a shallow bay. So expert are these Shetland whalers in driving that a shoal of whales is seldom lost, if time is given for forming the "drive" well outside the "drove." If the whales once enter the chosen bay, their pursuers come to close quarters, and then the conflict begins.

Finding the water becoming shallow the terrified whales endeavor to make for the open sea, but are met at every point by a perfect wall of boats, altogether filled with hundreds and sometimes thousands of men seemingly desperate in their efforts at capture; and the howling, shouting, screaming lashing of water, discharging of fire-arms, stone-throwing, and rushing to and fro of the equally desperate whale, form as exciting a scene as one ever witnessed outside a genuine field of battle. Occasionally a few break through the line and escape. As a rule the school is doomed. Once driven into shoal water where they can only founder in mighty struggles, or high and dry on land, where they often toss themselves in their mad efforts to escape, their "butchery" which is always a savage and sickening sight, proceeds with wonderful dispatch. In their bloody work the hardy and powerful Shetland women take a gleeful and almost frenzied part.

The dripping thing they call a rivcr, the Manzanares, at Madrid, Spain, comes down from the cold, gray heights to the north, and winds half a way around the city from the northwest to the southeast. What water flows through it, breaks in sandy shallows, forming innumerable islands, and curiously bounded strips of land, all accessible at most seasons by any barefoot boy or girl; and it is an odd fact that though there are two vast and pretentious bridges across it, Puente de Segovia, nearly 700 feet long with nine arches, designed by the architect Herrera, and the Puente de Toledo, nearly 400 in length, crowned by the statues of San Isidro and his holy wife; its sole use to the city of Madrid is that of an endlessly-used and all-sufficient wash-tub.

Ten thousand women soak and splash and souse and beat the linen of Madrid within its scant waters every day. Not an article of clothing is elsewhere washed. No other than these Manzanares lavanderas are permitted to labor as laundresses; and for three miles up and down the stream, from opposite the infantry and artillery barracks upon the heights of Montana del Principe, past the windows of the queen regent's apartments in the royal palace, and circling around away beyond Toledo Gate, the moving dots of red and blue

and grey, comprise this great army of Amazon warriors with arms and legs on them like tree trunks; with voluptuous breasts and shapely necks; hard-muscled and bronzed as Turks; the most arduous toilers, the wickedest blackguards, and withal the sunniest tempered souls in Spain. There are three grades in this labor. They are the mistresses, or amas, the overseers or ayudantas, and the lavanderas themselves. All are women. The first are the agents who receive the work from the hotels, great houses, and the city agencies, in huge lots, and are responsible for its safe return. The ayudantas or overseers are really the forewomen of from a dozen to a score of lavanderas each; and they are responsible for work placed in their hands by the amas. At five in the morning, winter or summer, the lavanderas will be seen, many of them with children trundling beside them, creeping along from the barrios abajos or lower quarters of the city toward the Manzanares.

Near the river is an asilo or asylum, a refuge for the children. Here the lavanderas first deposits her charges where they have food, care and training free, until she returns for the little ones at night. Then she saunters to a venta de lavanderas, or cheap washerwomen's inn and takes her copota of brandy, or cup of coffee, and at once repairs to her own banca, or little washing-box or station, provided for each washer. By six o'clock you might count from 5,000 to 8,000 of these strange creatures at work.

The entire sloping, sandy banks are covered with drying-poles. At this time of the year the water from the mountains is of icy temperature. But it seems to make no difference with their labors. Here and there are huge cauldrons of boiling water. From time to time a trifle of this is poured in the little hollow where each one sits in the sand and water; but this seems to be done more from habit than necessity. Each lavandera brings her own huge roll of bread, perhaps a bit of cheese, a clasp-knife to prevent undue liberties from straggling soldiers near, as well as to use in cutting bread; and just before noon they breakfast in huge wooden sheds on salt fish, potatoes and coffee with a measure of red wine provided by the amas, duplicating this meal as a dinner, at four in the afternoon.

They eat like animals, and the moment their food is disposed of, the tinkle of the guitar is heard, and you or any kindly disposed passer may dance with them, as I did, until the 30 minutes allowed them for food and refreshment have expired. On these occasions, every one dances, girls of eighteen and women of eighty, and the scenes along Manzanares are very picturesque and interesting. But when I tell you that one of these iron-framed benches must wash and dry ready for use, and that the "drive" of a lady out of her shoe, the Earl of Cork in an amusing paper in the Connoisseur, relates an incident of this kind, and to carry the compliment still further, he states that the shoe was ordered to be dressed and served up for supper. "The cook set him a serious face to the spot; he pulled the upper part (which was of fine damask) into shreds, and tossed it up into a ragout, minced the sole, cut the wooden heel into thin slices, fried them in batter, and placed them around the dish for garnish." The company testified their affection for the lady by eating heartily of this exquisite impromptu. "Within the last score of years, at a dinner of Irish squires, the health of a beautiful girl, whose feet were as pretty as her face, was drunk in champagne from one of her satin shoes, which an admirer of the lady had contrived to obtain possession of."

Drinking Out of a Lady's Shoe.

In London a century ago it was no uncommon practice on the part of the "fast men" to drink bumpers to the health of a lady out of her shoe. The Earl of Cork in an amusing paper in the Connoisseur, relates an incident of this kind, and to carry the compliment still further, he states that the shoe was ordered to be dressed and served up for supper. "The cook set him a serious face to the spot; he pulled the upper part (which was of fine damask) into shreds, and tossed it up into a ragout, minced the sole, cut the wooden heel into thin slices, fried them in batter, and placed them around the dish for garnish." The company testified their affection for the lady by eating heartily of this exquisite impromptu. "Within the last score of years, at a dinner of Irish squires, the health of a beautiful girl, whose feet were as pretty as her face, was drunk in champagne from one of her satin shoes, which an admirer of the lady had contrived to obtain possession of."

HOW COINS ARE SWEATED.

An Industry that Thrives Where Gold is in Common Circulation.

A few years ago the coin-sweater was content with his chamois-leather bag in which to "shake up" the coins until he had obtained the desired amount of "dust." Sweating, however, has advanced with the times, and the methods now adopted, although more intricate, are certainly more effective. Under the old system the coins only grated against each other and the raised portions suffered most. Consequently, a coin—gold, for obvious reasons, being chosen for preference—could not be lightened to any very great extent, or the head and tail would soon be entirely obliterated. This difficulty has however been practically surmounted, and our sweaters of today remove the gold gradually from all parts of the surface on both sides in such a manner that the devices will be as plain and "sharp" as before the coin was operated on.

The degree of perfection which has been reached may be imagined when we state that, if he wishes, a sweater is able to take three or four shillings' worth of gold from each individual sovereign of good condition which passes through his hands, with scarcely any chance of detection. In appearance the coin will be precisely the same as before, the only difference being that it is lighter. The modus operandi of some of those who—at a profit—largely increase the amount of "wear and tear" loss in our coinage, is as follows: First of all, a small battery—similar to those used for making articles by electro-platers and gilders—is procured, and a chemical solution is also made up. The tip of one of the wires of the battery is then immersed in this solution. To the other wire a sovereign is attached and this is also placed in the solution.

The coin thus acts as an anode, as in electro-gilding, and the action of the battery is to "throw off" fine particles of gold from it, which become loosely attached to the tip of the other, the negative wire, in the form of fine crystals. When a coin has been sufficiently sweated, the crystals are shaken from the wire into the solution, and another new coin is operated on similarly. This is continued until the solution is considered "rich" enough, when it is precipitated melted and sold to the refiner. Supposing now a dozen coins are dealt with each day, and the very small quantity of half a penny weight being, on an average, taken from each, there remains a very considerable margin of profit after deducting the cost of the solution and acids used. The coins change colour somewhat but this is altered before they are passed, as we shall explain.

Other sweaters do similar work without the aid of electricity. Under that process the main desideratum is a mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acids, the action of which "eats" away any gold coins placed in it. This method is not so cleanly as the previous one, and the fumes of the acids are very poisonous. The proceeds are recovered by "throwing down," drying and melting the resulting gold crystals, and the coins are brought to their natural color by being "annealed"—that is, red-hot—and plunged into weak hydrochloric acid.

After being rubbed with a fine wire brush, the coin is passed, and again pursued "its mission of mercy or woe," its deficiency in the matter of weight being rarely discovered until it is paid into a bank.—Caselli's Journal.

MODIFIED HIS PRESCRIPTION.

The Doctor Who Experiments is Found in Many Countries.

Mr. Oscanyan, in his book, "The Sultan and his People," says that a Turkish physician was called to visit a man who was very ill of typhus fever. The doctor considered the case hopeless, but prescribed for the patient and took his leave. The next day, in passing by, he inquired of a servant at the door if his master was dead. "Dead!" was the reply; "no, he is much better."

The doctor hastened upstairs to obtain the resolution of the miracle. "Why," said the convalescent, "I was consumed with thirst, and I drank a pallid of the juice of pickled cabbage." "Wonderful!" quoth the doctor, and out came his tablets, on which he made his inscription: "Cured of typhus fever, Mehemmed Agha, an upholsterer, by drinking a pallid of pickled cabbage juice."

Soon after, the doctor was called to another patient, a dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs, who was suffering from the same malady. He forthwith prescribed "a pallid of pickled cabbage juice." On calling the next day to congratulate the patient on his recovery, he was astonished to be told that the man was dead. In his bewilderment at these phenomena, he came to the safe conclusion, and duly noticed it in his memoranda, that "although in cases of typhus fever pickled cabbage juice is an efficient remedy, it is not to be used unless the patient be by profession an upholsterer."

When England Had Slaves.

The following, extracted from Ari's Birmingham Gazette, 1771, is perhaps the last advertisement for a slave for sale in England: "November 11, 1771. To be Sold by Auction, on Saturday, the 30th day of November instant, at the House of Mrs. Webb, in the City of Lichfield, and known as the sign of the Baker's Arms, between the Hours of Three and Five in the Evening of the same day, and subject to Articles that will be then and there produced (except sold by private Contract before the Time of which Notice will be given to the Public) by John Heeley of Walsall, Auctioneer and Broker, a Negro Boy from Africa, supposed to be about Ten or Eleven years of Age. He is remarkably strait, well-proportioned, speaks tolerably good English, of a mild Disposition, friendly, officious, sound, healthy, fond of Labour, and for Colour an excellent fine Black. For particulars enquire of the said John Heeley."

Drinking Out of a Lady's Shoe.

In London a century ago it was no uncommon practice on the part of the "fast men" to drink bumpers to the health of a lady out of her shoe. The Earl of Cork in an amusing paper in the Connoisseur, relates an incident of this kind, and to carry the compliment still further, he states that the shoe was ordered to be dressed and served up for supper. "The cook set him a serious face to the spot; he pulled the upper part (which was of fine damask) into shreds, and tossed it up into a ragout, minced the sole, cut the wooden heel into thin slices, fried them in batter, and placed them around the dish for garnish." The company testified their affection for the lady by eating heartily of this exquisite impromptu. "Within the last score of years, at a dinner of Irish squires, the health of a beautiful girl, whose feet were as pretty as her face, was drunk in champagne from one of her satin shoes, which an admirer of the lady had contrived to obtain possession of."

Drinking Out of a Lady's Shoe.

In London a century ago it was no uncommon practice on the part of the "fast men" to drink bumpers to the health of a lady out of her shoe. The Earl of Cork in an amusing paper in the Connoisseur, relates an incident of this kind, and to carry the compliment still further, he states that the shoe was ordered to be dressed and served up for supper. "The cook set him a serious face to the spot; he pulled the upper part (which was of fine damask) into shreds, and tossed it up into a ragout, minced the sole, cut the wooden heel into thin slices, fried them in batter, and placed them around the dish for garnish." The company testified their affection for the lady by eating heartily of this exquisite impromptu. "Within the last score of years, at a dinner of Irish squires, the health of a beautiful girl, whose feet were as pretty as her face, was drunk in champagne from one of her satin shoes, which an admirer of the lady had contrived to obtain possession of."

Drinking Out of a Lady's Shoe.

In London a century ago it was no uncommon practice on the part of the "fast men" to drink bumpers to the health of a lady out of her shoe. The Earl of Cork in an amusing paper in the Connoisseur, relates an incident of this kind, and to carry the compliment still further, he states that the shoe was ordered to be dressed and served up for supper. "The cook set him a serious face to the spot; he pulled the upper part (which was of fine damask) into shreds, and tossed it up into a ragout, minced the sole, cut the wooden heel into thin slices, fried them in batter, and placed them around the dish for garnish." The company testified their affection for the lady by eating heartily of this exquisite impromptu. "Within the last score of years, at a dinner of Irish squires, the health of a beautiful girl, whose feet were as pretty as her face, was drunk in champagne from one of her satin shoes, which an admirer of the lady had contrived to obtain possession of."

Drinking Out of a Lady's Shoe.

In London a century ago it was no uncommon practice on the part of the "fast men" to drink bumpers to the health of a lady out of her shoe. The Earl of Cork in an amusing paper in the Connoisseur, relates an incident of this kind, and to carry the compliment still further, he states that the shoe was ordered to be dressed and served up for supper. "The cook set him a serious face to the spot; he pulled the upper part (which was of fine damask) into shreds, and tossed it up into a ragout, minced the sole, cut the wooden heel into thin slices, fried them in batter, and placed them around the dish for garnish." The company testified their affection for the lady by eating heartily of this exquisite impromptu. "Within the last score of years, at a dinner of Irish squires, the health of a beautiful girl, whose feet were as pretty as her face, was drunk in champagne from one of her satin shoes, which an admirer of the lady had contrived to obtain possession of."

Drinking Out of a Lady's Shoe.

In London a century ago it was no uncommon practice on the part of the "fast men" to drink bumpers to the health of a lady out of her shoe. The Earl of Cork in an amusing paper in the Connoisseur, relates an incident of this kind, and to carry the compliment still further, he states that the shoe was ordered to be dressed and served up for supper. "The cook set him a serious face to the spot; he pulled the upper part (which was of fine damask) into shreds, and tossed it up into a ragout, minced the sole, cut the wooden heel into thin slices, fried them in batter, and placed them around the dish for garnish." The company testified their affection for the lady by eating heartily of this exquisite impromptu. "Within the last score of years, at a dinner of Irish squires, the health of a beautiful girl, whose feet were as pretty as her face, was drunk in champagne from one of her satin shoes, which an admirer of the lady had contrived to obtain possession of."

Drinking Out of a Lady's Shoe.

In London a century ago it was no uncommon practice on the part of the "fast men" to drink bumpers to the health of a lady out of her shoe. The Earl of Cork in an amusing paper in the Connoisseur, relates an incident of this kind, and to carry the compliment still further, he states that the shoe was ordered to be dressed and served up for supper. "The cook set him a serious face to the spot; he pulled the upper part (which was of fine damask) into shreds, and tossed it up into a ragout, minced the sole, cut the wooden heel into thin slices, fried them in batter, and placed them around the dish for garnish." The company testified their affection for the lady by eating heartily of this exquisite impromptu. "Within the last score of years, at a dinner of Irish squires, the health of a beautiful girl, whose feet were as pretty as her face, was drunk in champagne from one of her satin shoes, which an admirer of the lady had contrived to obtain possession of."

Drinking Out of a Lady's Shoe.

In London a century ago it was no uncommon practice on the part of the "fast men" to drink bumpers to the health of a lady out of her shoe. The Earl of Cork in an amusing paper in the Connoisseur, relates an incident of this kind, and to carry the compliment still further, he states that the shoe was ordered to be dressed and served up for supper. "The cook set him a serious face to the spot; he pulled the upper part (which was of fine damask) into shreds, and tossed it up into a ragout, minced the sole, cut the wooden heel into thin slices, fried them in batter, and placed them around the dish for garnish." The company testified their affection for the lady by eating heartily of this exquisite impromptu. "Within the last score of years, at a dinner of Irish squires, the health of a beautiful girl, whose feet were as pretty as her face, was drunk in champagne from one of her satin shoes, which an admirer of the lady had contrived to obtain possession of."

Drinking Out of a Lady's Shoe.

In London a century ago it was no uncommon practice on the part of the "fast men" to drink bumpers to the health of a lady out of her shoe. The Earl of Cork in an amusing paper in the Connoisseur, relates an incident of this kind, and to carry the compliment still further, he states that the shoe was ordered to be dressed and served up for supper. "The cook set him a serious face to the spot; he pulled the upper part (which was of fine damask) into shreds, and tossed it up into a ragout, minced the sole, cut the wooden heel into thin slices, fried them in batter, and placed them around the dish for garnish." The company testified their affection for the lady by eating heartily of this exquisite impromptu. "Within the last score of years, at a dinner of Irish squires, the health of a beautiful girl, whose feet were as pretty as her face, was drunk in champagne from one of her satin shoes, which an admirer of the lady had contrived to obtain possession of."

People Who Fall Safely.

A fall, as a rule, injures a drunken man much less than a sober one, because the controlling power of the mind being rendered nil through intoxication, the body falls as an inert mass, and thus the chances of injury are lessened; for, strange though it may appear, it is no less a fact that the most numerous cases of injury arising from a fall are caused by the effort, voluntary or otherwise, to avert the consequences, thus straining the muscles and tendons. Very rarely are injurious effects from a fall known in a lunatic asylum, for the same simple reason—the mind has no influence over the action of the body; and it is a remarkable and well-known fact to those who have to deal with such cases that whatever injuries are in the case of sane people, the mind having more to do with retarding or assisting nature's efforts than is generally known or realized.

The Dominating School Girl.

In our Anglo-Saxon social system the young girl is everywhere, and if the shade of Sterne will allow me to say so, we temper the wind of our realism to the sensitive innocence of the ubiquitous lamb. We like to believe that our women are better than those of foreign nations. We owe it to them to put more faith in them because they are our own, our dear mothers and wives and sisters and daughters, for whom, if we be men, we mean to do all that men can do. But we are all men and women nevertheless, and human, and we have the thoughts and the understanding of men and women, and not of school girls. Yet the school girl practically decides what we are to hear at the theatre, and, so far as our own language is concerned, determines to a great extent what we are to read.—F. Marion Crawford in the Forum.

Birds Killed by Unkind Words.

The Boston Journal says it is well known that birds are sensitive to tones of the voice, and are terrified at loud, angry words. A lady who wished to make a bobolink stop singing, at last scolded it in a loud voice, and then took up a scarf and shook it in rebuke at the caged bird. In a moment the bird was still, but a short time after made a fluttering about the cage. Its owner turned to the bird, and was shocked to see it fall dead. In one case a canary bird and in the other a mocking-bird died within five minutes after having been spoken to in a violent, angry tone.

The late Ben. Butler was absolutely without sense of fear. When he entered Baltimore he and his troops were soaking wet from a heavy rainfall. Presently Captain Farmer of Lowell reported:—"General, I have been informed that this hill (Federal Hill) is mined, and that we shall all be blown up." "Well, Captain," said Butler, "there will be no comfort in that. We shall at least get dry."

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies or Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

KOFF NO MORE

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS WILL GIVE POSITIVE AND INSTANT RELIEF TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., AND ARE INVALUABLE TO ORATORS AND VOCALISTS. R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP. TRY THEM.



THE COSPEL OF COMFORT.

This is a cold world. In every circumstance or relation, there must be a quid pro quo. It is never—Something for Nothing. It is always—Nothing for Nothing. COMFORT—That is a sweet word in a selfish world.

Melissa IS Comfort.

We are all after comfort. Comfort in our domestic relations, in the state of our liver, in our association with the universe, when the universe—the Canadian part of it, at any rate,—threatens to engulf us in a sudden deluge. The Melissa overcoat protects from both cold and rain. It is comfort upon a cold day. For it is at once an overcoat and a rainproof garment. It has a double function, and each spells CONSOLATION. Melissa replaces the wretched old, non-porous and dangerous rubber coat and confers a beautiful comfort with its warmth, its perfect porosity and its splendid protection from cold and rain. Melissa is the triumph of the age. There are IMITATIONS of Melissa! There have also been imitations of Shakespeare. Gold has been imitated by a base alloy. The splendor of the rose has had a sickly counterfeit. Be sure you get the real "Melissa." All genuine porous rainproof cloths are stamped in wax with the Melissa trade mark seal, and Melissa garments have the trade mark label attached. None other genuine.

J. W. MACKEDIE & CO., Montreal, Sole Agents for the Dominion.

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

Sir C. A. Cameron, M. D. President Royal College Surgeons, Ireland.

Advertisement for FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA, 60 Prize Medals awarded to the Firm. Be Careful to ask for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa. For Sale by all reliable dealers.

ENGRAVING.

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

THE NEW "YOST" WRITING MACHINE

Is unquestionably the most perfect, most satisfactory as well as the most economical machine in the market today. If you doubt it, inquire of any of the following among numerous firms, who have the "YOST," old and new, in use; many of them replacing Ribbon and Shift-key machines:

- Messrs. Daniel & Boyd, Manchester, Robertson & Allison, J. & A. McMillan, H. A. G. Blair, Barker & Belyea, C. A. Palmer, Halifax Banking Co., E. S. Carter ("Providence"), E. T. C. Knowles, Whittaker Bros., A. W. Macrae, W. Frank Hatheway, J. J. McGilligan, Morrison & Lawlor, H. Chubb & Co., Exhibition Association, Board of Trade, and others, St. John. Messrs. Black, Jordan & Bliss, Wesley Yawwatt, & Co., Fredericton, J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; Gillies & McEachern, Sydney, C. B., Hotel Dies; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; S. E. Whiston, Frank B. Carter, Halifax; W. M. Christie, Windsor, N. S.; D. S. McLellan, Truro; White, Allison & King, Sussex; M. N. Gockburn, St. Andrews; Charles W. McAnn, Allan & Co., Moncton. Send for illustrated Catalogue to IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, 134 Prince William St., St. John, or the following Agents: Messrs. B. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred. Benson, Chatham; Chas. W. McAnn, Moncton; F. B. Carter, Knowles Book Store, Halifax; J. B. Dumas, Clements, N. S.; D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; J. C. Anderson, Truro, N. S.; Dr. W. P. Blajop, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman "Advocate," office Sydney, C. B. Second-hand Remington, Calligraph, Smith-Premier, Hammond, and other Machines for sale cheap.

Don't Wear Silk Gloves.

"If you would be thoughtful never commit the mistake of gloves. They are by no means equal to silk in the matter of warmth, and are entirely in lace like to day stockings the choice embroidered stripes in uncolored have been relegated to an authority. I am afraid we shall have a good bye to the black or every female black, so fatigable seekers after never be persuaded to let alone, are making strenuous the striped and plaid horrors of some years ago not be surprised if in time the long discarded which never expected to see pictures. Just now a favorite seems to consist of black about the height of the rest of the stocking; it is not at all pre- understand why the old and the upper part left foot is in some color if you I have seen some black the instep embroidered in least six inches, beginning an extending well above though they were pretty could not help wondering look, after the first washing had drawn away from the little mounds, and the ever so little, as it will washing, even in the best and the result, was I deterred plain black as long as the left in the hosiery market, manufacturers are showing hose, with white feet, an cannot, or fancy they cannot any kind near their skin, hose lined neck, some cotton, and a perfect luxury. By the way, girls, to turn the feet to the head, have the new purple veils, and I think of them? Of course have worn them. I have opinion of your taste, and I dress to imagine for a moment you would disfigure yourself one, for of all the horrible fashion has ever perpetrated veil of purple gauze is the old lady must have been so far forgot herself as to be less voracious, for they are helpless sometimes, to make themselves! Picture a dark pale or a sallow complexion well draped around her a still deeper pallor to her ing every suggestion of winds try to put into the blonde may wear such an as with impunity, but then be are unfortunately rare—so still deeper purple veils, deep exclusive patronage of the nity, there would be a large "first edition" left on hand, decently on that commercial bargain table. Speaking of the Empire lovely for children, I think for grown up folk. Nothing lovely than the quaint, odd old time dresses on the list provided that they are not for silk and satins are not for children, and many charming Empire dress in for some matron, or some her fourth season, go home "design" a costume for four o'clock, or Blanche, so the this is a great mistake! It has been approved of for children; coats; by velvet 100 grades of velvet as a grade is far too heavy, and to be appropriate for children whom have little idea of walking through a mud puddle, a wet sidewalk, in a velvet made of Park's cotton. Velvet de rigueur, but defend us from ponce or China, for the These will wash like linen, fresher afterwards, while a worst of all, a satin, will nuntate mile who wears it lo- ture woman, a dismal little as it were, too odd for her y. One of the very newest an- cxy tons for children's de- bony ribbon worked up in r- borders for skirt, neck ar- gine it! Laps and laps of ri- if in fact, looped closely to- loveliest of fluffy rubies. I- it should be devoted altogeth- wear, as it would make a- ming for grown up dresses- a black gauze evening gow- of buttercup yellow bow- the bertha, and coming do- the bodice outlining a vest, a point just below the waist- would it not be? Oh, re- trimming either black gauze- galine; it would look like re- be much more durable. I- idea that a pale pink be- med with a delicate red- green ruching would be ch- never have seen the combi- have it in my own mind's eye- carry the idea out, it will- right, even as the Butterc- copyrighted and protected- imitations. Don't Wear Silk Glo- "If you would be thought- never commit the mistake of- gloves. They are by no mea-

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

Lisle thread evening stockings are now equal to silk in the matter of design, being woven entirely in lace like patterns. As to day stockings the choice in stripes and embroidered stripes is unlimited, but solid colors have been relegated to obscurity, says an authority.

I am afraid we shall soon have to bid good bye to the black hosiery so dear to every female heart, as some of those indefatigable seekers after novelty, who can never be persuaded to leave well enough alone, are making strenuous efforts to revise the striped and plaided, and speckled horrors of some years ago, and I should not be surprised if in time we went back to the long discarded white stockings we never expected to see again except in pictures. Just now a favorite combination seems to consist of black feet, extending about the height of the usual boot top, and the rest of the stocking in any color desired; it is not at all pretty, and I cannot understand why the order is not reversed and the upper part left black, while the foot is in some color of variety is desired.

I have seen some black stockings with the instep embroidered in white silk for at least six inches, beginning near the toe, and extending well above the ankle; and though they were pretty enough at first, I could not help wondering how they would look after the first washing, when the wool had drawn away from the silk and left it in little mounds, and the color had "run" ever so little, as it will during the first washing, even in the best of cashmere hose; and the result, was I determined to cling to plain black as long as there was one pair left in the hosiery market, for sale. Some manufacturers are showing black cotton hose, with white feet, and for those who cannot, or fancy they cannot, wear wool of any kind next their skin, there are cotton hose fleeced linen, something like fleeced cotton, and a perfect luxury for chilly feet.

By the way, girls, to turn abruptly from the feet to the head, have you seen any of the new purple veils, and if so, what do you think of them? Of course none of you have worn them. I have too good an opinion of your taste, and love to become dress to imagine for a moment that any of you would disfigure yourselves by wearing one, for of all the horrible inventions dame fashion has ever perpetrated, I think the veil of purple gauze is the worst. Surely the old lady must have been tipsy when she so far forgot herself as to condemn her helpless votaries, for they really seem to be helpless sometimes, to make such guys of themselves! Picture a dark girl with either a pale or a sallow complexion, and a purple veil draped around her face, imparting a still deeper pallor to her cheeks and killing every suggestion of color the brisk winds try to put into them. A brilliant blonde may wear such an article of disguise with impunity, but then brilliant blondes are unfortunately rare—so rare, that if the sale of purple veiling depended upon the exclusive patronage of that class of femininity, there would be a large stock of the "first edition" left on hand, to be laid out decently on that commercial morgue, the bargain table.

Speaking of the Empire styles, they are lovely for children, I think, though trying for grown up folk. Nothing can be more lovely than the quaint, odd effects of the old time dresses on the little folk, always provided that they are not too elaborate, for silks and satins are not in good taste for children, and many parents who see a charming Empire dress in heavy silk made for some matron, or some society belle in her fourth season, go home at once, and "design" a costume for four-year old Dorothy, or Blanche, on the same lines. But this is a great mistake. Velvet has long been approved of for children's dresses and coats; by velvet I mean the best grades of velveteen as I think silk velvet is far too heavy, and rich a fabric to be appropriate for children, the best of whom have little idea of valuing one dress more than another, but who would as soon walk through a mud puddle, or sit down on a wet sidewalk, in a velvet dress, as one made of Parks' cotton. Velvet therefore is *de rigueur*, but defend us from any silk but pongee or China, for children's wear! These will wash like linen, and look all the fresher afterwards, while a heavy silk, or worst of all, a satin, will make the unfortunate little who wears it look like a miniature woman, a dismal little Puss in Boots, as it were, too old for her years.

One of the very newest and prettiest decorations for children's dresses consists of baby ribbon worked up in ruffles, and used for borders for skirt, neck and wrists. Imagine it laps and loops of ribbon, acres of it in fact, looped closely together into the loveliest of fluffy ruffles. I do not see why it should be devoted altogether to children's wear, as it would make a charming trimming for grown up dresses also. Imagine a black gauze evening gown with a ruche of buttercup yellow baby ribbon around the berth, and coming down the front of the bodice outlining a vest, and coming to a point just below the waist? Lovely, would it not be? Oh rose pink ribbon trimming either black gauze, or pink bengaline; it would look like rose petals, and be much more durable. I have an idea that a pale pink bengaline trimmed with a delicate shade of moss green ruching would be charming too. I never have seen the combination, I only have it in my own mind's eye, so if I ever carry the idea out, it will be a "creation" of my own which I shall promptly copyright, even as the Butterick patterns are copyrighted and protected from all base imitations.

Don't Wear Silk Gloves.

If you would be thought well dressed, never commit the mistake of wearing silk gloves. They are by no means economical

and are the essence of frumpishness. Fro-mo-uced gloves are not fashionable for evening wear now; only pale gray, cream and faint tints of fawn and tan are popular.

I do not know whether I can altogether endorse the above sentiment or not, as I am rather fond of silk gloves myself; they are so cool, so comfortable, and—I will maintain this against all comers—so economical. No glove can fit a plump arm as a silk one does; it never pinches in or crowds the flesh just above the wrist, as a kid glove often will, and therefore it does not destroy the outline, but shows every lovely curve; while as to the economy of the matter a silk glove of the most delicate tin can be worn twice and very often three times, after which it may be washed an indefinite number of times and come out the fresher for each visit to the laundry, provided the owner of the gloves is satisfied to be the laundry maid herself—to wash them carefully with Pears' soap and warm water and to dry them with equal care. On the other hand, a kid glove costs twice as much at first, can never be worn more than twice without cleansing if it is in a pale shade, and after it has been cleaned, only once, should it be of undressed kid, which never cleans satisfactorily.

I sounded a note of warning last week in anticipation of a possible danger, which did not seem to me either imminent or very real, but the more I study the fashions the more satisfied I feel that the danger is nearer than we imagined; and may be upon us before we have realized our peril, I refer to the crinoline horror which I fear is creeping upon us with insidious tread; there is no denying that we are now "Back in the thirties" as far as the fashions are concerned. Look at the capes, look at the berthas, look, I bid, at the sleeves, and then glance at the immense frilled and pleated collars which finish some of the out-door garments. If you have an old fashion plate, or an old picture, compare them with a fashion magazine of today, and shudder, shudder, my sister, with a well defined dread of what you are slowly but surely approaching. But "away with melancholy" why should we worry ourselves by taking trouble on interest? Let us enjoy our pretty, trim coat basques, and bell skirts, as long as we can, putting off the evil day of balloon dresses and huge bonnets, as far as possible. Enough of fashions for the present, the inner, as well as the outer woman demands attention, so we must look after our cooking department.

I once knew a funny old Irish gardener who was a great character in his way and had strong views of his own upon men and things, as well as marked ideas of what the manners and customs of the "quality" should be. One of his firmest convictions was that it was "one of the ker-acteristics of a gentleman, my dear sir, to be fond of salary." So I hope, my dear girls, that we are all of us enough of "gentlemen" to love that crisp, delicious vegetable, and to appreciate this excellent receipt for

Celery Salad.  
Cut the whitest part of the celery into pieces an inch long, season with salt, vinegar and pepper, heap it up on a flat dish, garnished with a sort of wreath of sardines; then pour a mayonnaise dressing over it and set it in a cool place till wanted. So many excellent receipts for mayonnaise have been given in Progresses cooking column that it is not necessary to repeat any of them here.

Perhaps it may be a little late for receipts for plum pudding, as most good housekeepers will have made enough, at Christmas to last them all winter, but for the few who have not, this may come in conveniently for Easter, and it is too good to be denied a place amongst our quaint dishes.

English Plum Pudding.  
Out of 500 recipes sent to the London queen the following received the prize:  
One pound of raisins, quarter pound of flour, one pound of sweet chopped fine, one pound of currants, three-quarters pound stale bread crumbs, half nutmeg (grated), quarter pound brown sugar, five eggs, grated rind of one lemon, half pint of brandy, half pound of minced candied orange peel.

Clean, wash, and dry the currants; stone the raisins. Mix all dry ingredients together. Beat the eggs, add them to the brandy, then pour over the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pack in greased small kettles or moulds (this will make six pounds), and boil six hours when you make it, and when wanted for use serve with hard or brandy sauce.

Would anyone like a receipt for Coffee Jelly?  
Soak half a box of gelatine for an hour in a quarter pint of cold water, add three quarters of a pint of strong coffee boiling hot, and one half pint of sugar, serve with whipped cream.

I have great pleasure in informing my correspondent who asked for the authorship of the poem, beginning "Israfil Israfil," stay thy sickle on vale and hill," that it appeared in Harpers Monthly Magazine for May, 1877, but the author's name was not given. I will publish the poem as soon as I can find the space.

Will "Britomart" accept my very warm thanks for her letter, and the information about the poem? The letter has evidently been doing a large amount of travelling as it was posted on the 10th, and reached me on the 24th. Just 14 days travelling 128 miles. Rather poor progress for the nineteenth century, was it not?

EXPECTANCY, Fredericton.—Oh no, I was not at all surprised at hearing from you, my dear. If I were to be surprised at every new correspondent who wrote to me I should be in a state of continual amazement; but you should not have allowed the number of my correspondents to prevent you from writing before, as you know there is always plenty of room in the column for all who have sensible questions to ask. (1.) No, it is never right; it is very wrong indeed to let anyone but your own near relatives kiss you; that is of course, anyone of the male sex. Your letter shows that you are far too young to be engaged, so the less you allow your youthful mind to dwell upon such matters (2.) Never under any circumstances ask a man to call you by your christian name, he will only laugh at you and think you are

deficient in common sense. (3.) Four, at the outside. (4.) Not alone, but if they are with a party it is quite correct. (5.) If you make some reasonable and polite excuse for your early departure it would be quite proper. (6.) It would look better not to hurry far behind. (7.) You could not very well leave her and the only way to do would be not to notice it, as you might hurt her feelings otherwise, but you can be as quiet as possible yourself. (8.) If you know him well, certainly it is correct. (9.) Yes, you are always supposed to converse pleasantly with all the guests at a party whether you have been introduced to them or not, but the acquaintance is not supposed to extend beyond that evening unless you are introduced. You may write whenever you like and I hope the answers will be of some service to you.

GIRLIE.—I am almost sorry you resolved to abide by my decision, because I have not the slightest intention of saying a thing is proper when I don't think so even to observe one of my most admiring readers; so never ask me a question again, to which you do not want my candid opinion in answer. I am fully aware that it is the custom, even in the best English society, for a couple who have been dancing on the veranda, or conservatory in winter or the veranda, or shrubbery in summer for the purpose of getting cool, and perhaps having a little talk, but to block up the staircase in any one's house is a very different matter, and it is something I could never understand. To sit down for a moment on a lower step of the stairs, is very well, if only one or two couples did so; but what can look more ridiculous, or more ill-mannered than a staircase literally lined with spooney young couples perched one above the other, like crows on a fence, the girls catching their deaths of cold in their low dresses from the constant current of cold air which is always passing up and down a staircase—and the young men quite oblivious of the risk they are subjecting their partners to, and only thinking of themselves. Then what a rustling and fluttering there is when anyone wants to pass up or down! Why it is like the old fashioned game of stage coach in which everyone arose at once. It is just like blocking up a public thoroughfare, and it looks so selfish; I would a thousand times rather be the girl who made some excuse and did not sit on the stairs, than one of the hundreds who do; it is so much more distinguished to be the exception than the rule. (2.) I think the lines you quote are spoken by Ophelia, in "Hamlet," but I may be mistaken and I have not time to look just now. A glance through "Hamlet" will soon show you whether I am right or not. (3.) I am afraid I have not many ideas about furnishing the room you speak of, you see I spend most of my life in the office and we do not spend much time, or devote much attention to aesthetic furnishing in the office, but I will try to think up something by next week, and also some photograph frames. (4.) No, you are about as wide of the mark as it is possible to be, as I am nearly the reverse of your description. (5.) Try pink pongee silk, you can get an excellent quality for 45 cents a yard, and it is lovely. I think. (6.) I think the comparative supremacy of dark or fair men, as far as good looks go, is entirely a matter of taste, some admire one style, and some the other. The question of giving up or continuing this column is not a matter of opinion or mine but rests entirely with the editor. However I am glad you like it so much, and I think the present intention is to continue it with certain modifications.

JACOB.—I am glad you found the recipe effective; perhaps if you were to try to make the harp you might find it easier to understand. I think the trouble you complain of comes from working about the house, and looking after the fires in winter. I have often suffered from it myself. The very best remedy is to dip the finger tips in vaseline every night, rub it well in around the nails, and, if you do not dislike the feeling, sleep in old kid gloves with the palms out for ventilation. The vaseline will soften the nails, and prevent them from cracking. Write whenever you like. I shall be glad to hear from you.

SANDY, St. John.—(1.) Eighteen is the usual age for girls to come out, and once a girl goes to a ball she has made her formal entrance into society and it would be quite useless to try to pull her in again, as she is "out" for all time. (2.) I believe in young people enjoying themselves as much as possible but at the same time, to do other ways of doing so, besides balls and parties, which are about the most utterly unprofitable methods of amusement that could well be desired but still tastes differ and it is the best philosophy in the world to take all the enjoyment you can out of life, while you are young, because we all have trouble enough in our lives before we get through with them. (3.) Four, is the largest number good taste permits. (4.) Most certainly it is proper, girls have no right to receive male visitors alone. (5.) My dear little girl please, in the name of good manners, don't say "riga a dance." If you only knew how it sounded I am sure you would not, it does sound so vulgar. When a young man who has asked you for a dance, neglects to keep his engagement, don't wait for him more than a minute or two, accept the next invitation, and then take no further notice of the circumstance if you wish to be very crushing, you can meet the delinquent's excuses, with an affectation of having utterly forgotten that the dance was his, and thus carry the war into the enemy's camp. The pup is as great a baby as ever, though he is a big grown up dog now.

LOVE, Fredericton.—No my dear, I was not looking for a letter from you, but I was glad to get it all the same. Love and I have been excellent friends all my life, so I am exactly glad to hear from him. (1.) Not exactly wrong, but a great mistake, as he will never think the same of you. The advances would always come from the other side. (2.) Against the rules of good society, and the girls would scarcely be considered respectable. (3.) Very foolish and terribly ill-bred. (4.) If you really cannot help it, why of course that settles it, but it is a great mistake, and I cannot understand it. (5.) I am sure you will let your letter you cannot prevent it, but don't let it occur again, and take this advice from a friend. You are very young indeed; your writing and your whole letter tell that; so the less you think about the boys the better. I am afraid they occupy far too much of your time and thoughts.

# You Won't Object

to buying a pair of Ladies' \$2.00 Kid Slippers for \$1.50 if the Style and Shape suit? Our West Window contains a half dozen different styles of \$2.00 Slippers which we will sell this week at

**\$1.50 Per Pair.**

**WATERBURY & RISING,**  
34 King, 212 Union Sts.

## AMERICAN DYE WORKS COMPANY.

Lace Curtains Cleaned & Dyed by a French Process

Office—South Side King Square, Works—Elm Street North End, St. John, New Brunswick.

Salesman (usual style): Can I send these things for you, madam? Purchaser: Well, you surely don't think I am going to carry them myself? Salesman: Oh, no, madam! I supposed your carriage was at the door, and that you might prefer to take your purchases with you.

Would you Like to go Shopping in

# MONTREAL

COLONIAL HOUSE,  
Philip's Square.

Our Great Annual Clearing Sale begins Wednesday, 4th January, and continues to the end of the month. Discounts fully as liberal as in former years. Price Lists and Samples sent on application. We will serve you just as well by mail as over the counter.

**HENRY MORGAN & CO.,**  
Montreal.

**HERBINE BITTERS**  
Cures Sick Headache  
**HERBINE BITTERS**  
Purifies the Blood  
**HERBINE BITTERS**  
Cures Indigestion  
**HERBINE BITTERS**  
The Ladies' Friend  
**HERBINE BITTERS**  
Cures Dyspepsia  
**HERBINE BITTERS**  
For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.  
Sold in St. John by S. McDIARMID, and E. J. MAHONEY, Indianapolis.

Incorporated, 1887, with Cash Capital of \$50,000.



**THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT**

AND APPLIANCE CO.  
49 KING ST. W., TORONTO, Ont.  
G. C. PATTERSON, Mgr. for Can.

Electricity, as applied by the Owen Electric Belt and Appliances,

is now recognized as the greatest boon offered to suffering humanity. It is fast taking the place of drugs in all nervous and rheumatic troubles and will effect cures in seemingly hopeless cases where every other known means has failed. It is nature's remedy, and by its steady, soothing current, that is really felt,

### POSITIVELY CURES

THE FOLLOWING:  
Rheumatism, Sexual Weakness, Sciatica, Female Complaints, General Debility, Impotency, Lumbago, Kidney Diseases, Nervous Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Lame Back, Varicocelae, Urinary Diseases, RHEUMATISM.

It is certainly not pleasant to be compelled to suffer from the indelible fact that medical science has hitherto failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. We venture the assertion that although electricity has only been used in one as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined. Some of our leading physicians, recognizing this fact, are availing themselves of this most potent of nature's forces,  
**To Restore Manhood and Womanhood**  
As man has not yet discovered all of Nature's laws for right living, it follows that everyone has committed more or less errors which have left visible blemishes. To erase these evidences of past errors, there is nothing to equal Electricity as applied by the Owen Electric Belt and Appliances. Rest assured any doctor who would try to accomplish this by any kind of drugs is practicing a most dangerous form of charlatanry.

**We Challenge the World**  
to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we would on a giant, by simply reducing the current. Other belts have been in the market for five or ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured than all other makes combined.

**Beware of Imitations and Cheap Belts.**  
Our attention having been attracted to an imitation of the Genuine Owen Electric Belt, that is being peddled through the country from town to town, we desire to warn the public against such.

Our Trade Mark is the portrait of Dr. A. Owen, embossed in gold upon every Belt and Appliance manufactured by The Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of Information, Testimonials, etc.  
**THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO'Y,**  
49 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.  
Mention this paper. Head Office, Chicago.

## Pelee Island Wine and Vineyard Co.

(LIMITED)  
Having established our Maritime Agency in ST. JOHN, we now solicit your orders for our Special Brands of

### Pure Canadian Wines.

Dry Catawba, case or dtl. St. Augustine, case or dtl.  
Sweet, " " P. I. Port  
Isabella, " " P. I. Sherry, " "  
P. I. Claret, " " P. I. Alicante, " "

Unfermented Grape Juice, case; also Concord, case or dtl.  
SEND IN HOLIDAY ORDERS.  
**E. C. SCOVIL,** Tea and Wine Merchant  
62 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN. TELEPHONE 523

## The New World Typewriter.

Price \$15.00.

SPEED—30 WORDS A MINUTE. SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION.  
ALIGNMENT PERFECT. EASILY LEARNED.  
ALWAYS READY. WRITES 77 CHARACTERS.

Agents wanted in every town in the Maritime Provinces.

APPLY TO  
**H. CHUBB & CO., Agents, St. John, N. B.**

## Worth Remembering!

**FERGUSON & PAGE**  
Always carry a large stock and are continually receiving new goods in Watches, Jewelry, Solid Silver, Electro Plate, Clocks, Bronzes and all goods pertaining to the Jewelry business.

Call at 43 King Street

FOR FIFTY YEARS!  
**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**  
has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

**INSURANCE**  
R.W.W. FRANK 78 PRINCE STREET ST. JOHN, N.B.  
STEAM BOILER INSPECTION INSURANCE ACCIDENT

**INSURANCE**  
PLATE GLASS INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE

**INSURANCE**  
R.W.W. FRANK 78 PRINCE STREET ST. JOHN, N.B.  
STEAM BOILER INSPECTION INSURANCE ACCIDENT

**INSURANCE**  
SUN  
LONDON ENGLAND

**IRA CORNWALL,**  
Gen'l Agent for Maritime Provinces.



**SHARPS BALSAM**  
OF HOREHOUND AND ARISEED.

**GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS.**  
OVER 40 YEARS IN USE.  
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.  
ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

**INSURANCE**  
PLATE GLASS INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE

**INSURANCE**  
R.W.W. FRANK 78 PRINCE STREET ST. JOHN, N.B.  
STEAM BOILER INSPECTION INSURANCE ACCIDENT

**INSURANCE**  
SUN  
LONDON ENGLAND

**IRA CORNWALL,**  
Gen'l Agent for Maritime Provinces.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Two millions of postal cards are daily used in the United States. There are over seventy miles of tunnels cut in the solid rock of Gibraltar. Eighty-five per cent. of the people who are lame are affected on the left side. The world consumes 8,000,000,000 lbs. of paper a year, and is supplied by 4,500 paper mills. Jerusalem is still supplied with water from Solomon's pools through an aqueduct built by the crusaders. The whole number of males in the United States is 32,067,880, and the whole number of females 30,564,380. In making champagne the grapes are squeezed six times, each pressure making wine of a different quality. When a child dies in Greenland, the native parents bury a living dog with it, the dog to be used by the child as a guide to the other world. Grasshoppers and locusts are very good for eating much and often. They have saw-like jaws and gizzards too, the latter being fitted out with horny teeth. Gutta Percha was first introduced into Europe from Malacca in 1843. The annual consumption now amounts to 4,000,000 pounds, and the East India trees which supply the demand are diminishing at an alarming rate. The deaths of forty-five centenarians were reported in England last year, twenty-two men and twenty-three women. In 1891, according to this record, forty-eight centenarians died, and thirty-six in each of the three preceding years. It has been discovered that the name of the woman who invented starch (for starch is, as might naturally be expected, the invention of a woman) was Mrs. Blintheim van der Plasse. She was the daughter of a knight of Flanders, and lived in the sixteenth century. There has been a large increase in the number of divorces granted in Scotland in late years. Between 1864 and 1874 the average number was thirty-five a year, which increased to fifty-nine between 1874 and 1880. Last year 127 divorce decrees were granted there, as against 109 in 1891 and eighty-nine in 1890. Of last year's decrease sixty-eight were obtained by husbands and eighty-nine by wives. There was an excess of 10,000 deaths over births in France during 1891. There has been an almost uninterrupted decrease in the number of births each year since 1881, and the prevention of an actual decline in the total population is attributed to the influx of immigrants. There were 285,000 marriages in 1891, the greatest number since 1884, and 5,752 divorces were granted during the year. The figures are from the returns just issued. Probably the smallest painting ever made was the work of the wife of a Finnish artist. It depicted a mill with the sails bent, the miller mounting the stairs with a sack of grain on his back. Upon the terrace where the mill stood was a cart and horse, and in the road leading to it several peasants were shown. The picture was beautifully finished, yet it was so amazingly small that its surface could be covered with a grain of corn. It is generally supposed to be a sign of wet weather when snails go about without their shells. One species of snail never takes its walks abroad except when rain is at hand. Some climb trees two days before a downfall, setting upon the upper side of the leaves if a storm is to be of short duration, but taking shelter on the under side if it is to last some time. Still other snails turn yellow before rain, and blue when it is over. The late Duke of Sutherland was perhaps the largest landlord in Great Britain. His total holdings, spreading over four counties, approached 1,250,000 acres (a million acres being in Sutherland). It was not particularly rich land, its rental in much better times than these averaging only 2s 1 1/2 d. per acre. But fifteen years ago, when a return of the rental on the large estate was made, the Sutherland property was returned at a total of £129,000. In almost all cases of poisoning, emetics are highly useful, and of these the most prompt is common mustard, a teaspoonful of which, stirred up in a tumbler of warm water, may be given every five or ten minutes, until free vomiting can be obtained. Emetics and warm demulcent drinks, such as milk and water, flax-seed tea, salt water, &c., should be administered without delay. The subsequent management of the case will of course be left to a physician. Russian merchants do very little advertising, principally because the great majority of the humbler classes cannot read. And this is not to be wondered at, as there are thirty-six letters in the Russian alphabet, which seem to have the combined difficulties of the Greek, Chinese, and Arabian characters. The signs on the stores in Russia are mostly pictorial. For instance, the dairy signs are cows; the tea signs, Chinamen sipping tea; a barber's sign, a bare-headed man shaving another, &c. During 1891 about 450 more persons were killed by wild beasts in India than during the preceding year. The number killed in 1890, however, was very low; still the figures for 1891 are about 250 in excess of the mean. The yearly average of persons killed by wild beasts in India is between 2,500 and 3,000. The mortality from snake bites is much greater, varying from 21,000 to 22,000 annually. In one district of Bengal, Hazaribagh, no fewer than 205 deaths were due in 1891 to a single brood of man-eating tigers. Fishing for sponges in the Mediterranean is done chiefly by divers, though inferior kinds are got with a trawl. The finest divers are the Greeks, who go for the purpose all over the Mediterranean in their boats. The industry is very arduous and even dangerous. An average hand can manage twenty fathoms (one hundred and twenty feet), but it takes an exceptionally good man to go down thirty fathoms (one hundred and eighty feet), and thirty-three fathoms is the limit. The pressure of the water at this depth is so great that, in spite of the protection afforded by the dress, some two or three per cent. of the sponge-fishers die annually from the direct effects of the strain.

For Bronchitis

"I never realized the good of a medicine so much as I have in the last few months, during which time I have suffered intensely from pneumonia, followed by bronchitis. After trying various remedies without benefit, I began the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and the effect has been marvelous, a single dose relieving me of coughing and securing a good night's rest." - T. A. Higginbotham, Gen. Store, Long Mountain, Ga.

La Grippe

"Last Spring I was taken down with la grippe, and so difficult was my breathing that my breath seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid." - W. H. Williams, Cook City, S. Dak.

Lung Trouble

"For more than twenty-five years I was a sufferer from lung trouble, attended with coughing so severe at times that I frequently vomited, the paroxysms frequently lasting three or four hours. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking four bottles, was thoroughly cured. I can confidently recommend this medicine." - Franz Hofmann, Clay Centre, Kans.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

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

"And the Child in the Arms of its Mother."



A BRIGHT, HEALTHY BOY whose life was Saved by GRODER'S SYRUP.

A Mother Speaks to Mothers.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO. GENTLEMEN:—My child is the picture of health to-day because I heeded the advice of a friend and I tried your remedy. Our baby was cutting his teeth last spring, and like many other children at such a time, he became very sick and feverish. We were so anxious about him that we called in two physicians, and did all in our power to relieve him. But he grew so much worse that we feared for his life. There seemed no help for him, and the doctors gave us no hope of his recovery. It was then that a friend recommended your medicine, and we commenced its use. To our entire surprise the very small doses which we gave him brought speedy relief. Our boy rallied quickly and soon became himself again. Other mothers have children who suffer precisely as mine did. They should use your remedy and keep it constantly in the house. THE CURES think my children safe without it. Very gratefully yours, MRS. FRANK E. NADAU, FAIRFIELD, MAINE.

THE CURES

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A printed Guarantee with each bottle. THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A printed Guarantee with each bottle. THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A printed Guarantee with each bottle. THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A printed Guarantee with each bottle. THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A printed Guarantee with each bottle. THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A printed Guarantee with each bottle. THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A printed Guarantee with each bottle. THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A printed Guarantee with each bottle. THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A printed Guarantee with each bottle. THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A printed Guarantee with each bottle. THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A printed Guarantee with each bottle. THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A printed Guarantee with each bottle. THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A printed Guarantee with each bottle. THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A printed Guarantee with each bottle. THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A printed Guarantee with each bottle. THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A printed Guarantee with each bottle. THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A printed Guarantee with each bottle. THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

Pastoral innocence is not all it is painted. The gentle shepherds have crooks among them.

The collapse of a real estate boom only means that the wind has been taken out of the sails.

"Isn't your wife afraid to drive that horse?" "Not at all. It's the people she meets who are scared."

When a mother tells her boy he is getting to be just like his father, he knows very well it is not intended as a compliment.

"Bromley, I hear you are going to start housekeeping?" "Yes, Darling." "What have you got towards it?" "A wife."

Mrs. Talker—It's a dreadful thing to be disappointed in love. Mr. Talker—It's not as bad as being disappointed in marriage.

Booze—There's another advance in whisky. Ooze—That's nothing. Booze Nothing? Ooze—Whisky always gets to the head.

"I notice that you are fond of your tipple. Is the champagne you drink extra dry?" "It must be, for every morning I find that I am extra dry."

Judge—Prisoner, do you acknowledge your guilt?" Prisoner—No, my lord. The speech for the defence has convinced even me of my innocence.

Hostess—Will you have a piece of pie, George? George—Yes'm; but please make it double size, because ma told me not to ask for two pieces.

Waiter (obsequiously)—Well, sir, how do you find the oysters, sir? Customer (struggling with a plate of soup)—Don't know. Haven't come across any yet.

A little five-year old, after stopping with her mother at leading drapery establishments, said: "Seems to me that there are a good many boys named 'Cash.'"

Teacher—What is the principal part of a knife?" For instance, why does your father carry a knife in his pocket? Young Hopul—Please, sir, because of the cork-screw.

"He has been drinking hard for nearly a month. I should think he would begin to see snakes." "He drinks Irish whisky only, and there are no snakes in Ireland, you know."

Mrs. A.—Your daughter has been studying painting, has she not? Mrs. B.—Yes. You should see some of the sunsets she paints. There never was anything like them.

Jolly Bachelor—I found my first gray hair to-day. Miss Antiqua—Indeed! Is it a sign of age? J. B.—I don't know. I found it where your head rested on my coat last night."

Auntie—So you took your first dancing lesson to-day. Did you find it difficult? Wee Nephew—No, auntie. It's easy 'nough. All you have to do is to keep wiping your feet."

"Beggan Woman—Can yer assise me, kind lady? Me poor 'usband can't get out and about. Lad—What's the matter with your husband? Beggan Woman—He's in prison, kind lady."

"The newspaper paragraphists speak of wives finding letters in their husbands' pockets. I never found a letter in my husband's pocket." "You never gave him one to mail then."

The average person speaks about 120 words a minute. This estimate is considerably short of that required when a box-lid falls on a speaker's head while he is hunting for his collar-stud."

"Little Willy—What's a sinecure, papa?" His father—A sinecure, my son, is a position that someone else puts you into, and for which you draw the salary, while a third man does the work."

Dr. Swing—So you read my book entitled "How to Cure Sleeplessness." What do you think of it? Miss Flight—Oh, it worked like a charm. I went to sleep before I had read five pages.

Host—Take a little whisky before you go, Jones? Jones (after helping himself)—Thanks. May I pour you out some? Host—Please—not too much—just about half what you've given yourself.

Freddy—No, you don't catch me shamming illness to stay home from school and get all dosed up with castor oil and such stuff. Johnny—Oh! I'm all right on that. We're homepaths at our house."

At the reception. Brown (to Theodore, sitting by himself, twirling his mustache)—You seem to be enjoying yourself, old boy. Theodore—Enjoying myself hugely, but hang me if I'm enjoying any of these people.

Miss Wing—So you are financially embarrassed again, are you, Cousin George? I notice you continue to wear patent leather shoes, all the same. Cousin George—Oh, yes; but—but, you see, the patent has expired.

"Please give me a nickle to buy a dinner with," said the tattered little boy. "I am so hungry!" "What can you get for five cents?" asked the old lady, giving him the money. "Pie, ma'am," said he, with a grateful smile.

"Did you ever see a ghost?" "Once." "Were you scared?" "Was I scared? Was I? My false teeth were in a glass, on a table three feet away from the bed, and they actually rattled so loud that they woke the neighbors."

Irate Father—I am ashamed to see you laugh at your brother's having been spanked. Young Son—Can't help it, pop. Johnnie knew it was coming and punched tacks through his pants and then put 'em on inside out by mistake.

An Example. Kind old Gentleman (assisting boy to get heavily loaded barrow up the gutter)—"I don't see how you manage to get that barrow up the gutter alone." Bright youth—"I don't. Dere's always some jay-a-standin' around as takes it up for me."

Mrs. Green (who has been listening to Mr. Brown's account of a trip around the coast)—And how did you like it, Mrs. Brown? Mrs. Brown—Well I didn't see much of the scenery, but the cabin was very comfortable and the stewardess a most sympathetic woman.

PROFESSIONAL.

HENRY B. EDMOND, M. D. (NEW YORK AND LONDON.) DISEASES SUCCESSFULLY TREATED. NO. 14 MARKET SQUARE, HULL, MAINE. CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED BY THE NEW TREATMENT. Seventy per cent. of the patients treated the past year were cured. Cured without the use of the knife. Cancers. Write for particulars.

DR. J. H. MORRISON, (New York, London and Paris.) Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat. 171 Charlotte Street, St. John.

HARRIS G. FENETY, L. L. B., BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office: Fugate's Building, St. John, N. B. Money to loan on Real Estate.

QUIGLEY & MULLIN, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Office: Ritchie's Building, Princess Street, St. John, N. B. DANIEL MULLIN, L.L.B., Ph.D., L.D., Commissioner for Massachusetts. St. John, N. B., Aug. 15, 1892. P. O. Box 563.

GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC. Collections made. Remittances Prompt. Harcourt, Kent County, N. B.

DR. S. F. WILSON, Late Clinical Assistant, Sebo Square Hospital for Diseases of Women etc., London, England. DISEASES OF WOMEN—A SPECIALTY. 44 SOUTH SIDE KING ST. Electricity used after the methods of Apostol. Superstitious Hair removed by Electrolysis.

JOHN L. CARLETON, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office: 72 1/2 Prince Wm. Street, Saint John, N. B.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

I have an elegant assortment of Leather and Plush goods in stock made specially for the Holiday trade.

A very choice assortment of English, French, and American Perfumes in stock, selected especially for the season. Call early.

CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE, Cor. Princess and Sydney Streets.

HAGKNOMORE Cures COLDS, COUGHS, CROUP.

25c. and 50c. a bottle. T. B. BAKER & SONS, St. John. S. McDIARMID, Halifax. Wholesale Agents. SIMSON BROS. & CO., Halifax.

Prepared by G. A. MOORE, St. John.

JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors,

DOMVILLE BUILDING, PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. This Season's Goods are all Personally Selected in the Foreign Markets.

First-Class Materials! Equitable Prices!

SPECTACLES of the most perfect description, carefully adapted to all conditions of sight, ease and comfort guaranteed. Reasonable prices and courteous attention to all. Eyes tested free by D. HARRIS, English Optician, 68 Germain Street.

ANDREW PAULEY, CUSTOM TAILOR,

FOR THE PAST NINETEEN YEARS CUTTER WITH JAS. S. MAY & SON, begs leave to inform the citizens of Saint John, and the public generally, that he may now be found at his new store, No. 70 Prince Wm. Street, with a NEW AND FRESH STOCK of Woolen Goods, personally selected in British, Foreign, and Domestic makes. Suitable for all classes. Inspection invited. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed First-class, at 70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

OVERCOATING, SUITINGS AND TROUSERINGS.

Stock Now Complete. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain St.

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. WILLIAM CLARK.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The Duke of Westminster is said to give away about £200,000 in charity every year.

The Lord Mayor takes precedence of every other subject within the jurisdiction of the City of London; even the Prince of Wales.

Whenever Princess Christian is engaged in the work of visiting the sick poor she is unaccompanied, and insists on being addressed by the recipients of her bounty by the title of "ma'am."

Emperor William is credited with the intention to have only general officers of the army represent him as Ambassadors to foreign courts. Even the secretaries of legations are to be army officers exclusively.

As it is not the intention of the Vatican to establish a legation in the United States, Mgr. Satolli, the Apostolic delegate, will reside in New York and not in Washington. Mgr. Satolli's salary will be about \$5,000 a year.

Sixty-four pairs of shoes is rather a large order, but such a one was received not long since by a well-known London tradesman. The shoes were for the daughter of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, a child less than four years old.

Earl de Grey is reckoned to be the best game shot in England. It is recorded that he killed 500 grouse on one day in Yorkshire, and on another occasion he shot 750 pheasants. In Wales his bag on one occasion numbered 950 rabbits.

The tallest man in the Prussian Army is 6 feet 7 3/4 inches high. The shortest one is the little son of the German Emperor. The Emperor is so delighted with the contrast that he has had a picture taken of them both, which now hangs in his study.

In every room used by the Queen, even in the dining room, there is always an inkstand for her Majesty's use in an emergency, provided with a fresh quill pen. But the Queen also uses, for continuous correspondence, as distinct from signatures, a steel pen of the ordinary pattern.

It is a question which queen is more proficient in the English language—the Queen of Italy, who makes a point of reading the best novels produced in this country, or the Queen of Roumania, who is herself an authoress of repute, writing under the nom de plume of "Carmen Spiva."

The Empress of Austria smokes two or three dozen cigarettes a day, and smokes everywhere she happens to be, except at State ceremonies. The Empress of Russia smokes, but only in her boudoir. Queen Margaret of Italy also smokes frequently, but, like her Russian Majesty, only in the privacy of her own apartments.

Lady Brooke possesses a Shakespearian garden at Warwick castle, for which she is gathering every flower and shrub mentioned in the plays. The Prince of Wales planted the first specimen. A worshipper of the late laureate, resident in the Isle of Wight, intended commencing next year a Tennysonian garden, with every tree and shrub mentioned by that poet in his works.

Alphonse Daudet finds work with the pen a refuge from bodily pain. He spends whole days at his desk, trying, in the ardour of composition, to distract his thoughts from the tortures inflicted upon him by the chronic rheumatism that has afflicted him for long years past. He is so near-sighted that he writes with his head bent down close to the paper, almost touching it with his nose.

Mr. G. L. Pullman, the inventor of the drawing-room car, has two homes, one in Chicago, the other on wheels. The latter is composed of several railway cars, designated by Mr. Pullman and built for him at an enormous expense. There is a complete suite of rooms, provided with pretty well all the luxuries which even the possessor of forty million dollars could obtain in the finest hotel.

Baron Hirsch, one of the Prince of Wales' intimate friends, and whose horses are trained in the same stable at Kingsclere, under the eye of Lord Marston Berensford, who also acts for his Royal Highness, made his fortune in financing the railways of the Turkish government. The Czar of Russia refused the offer of a million sterling from the baron, who wished to endow an institution for the Jews in Russia.

Count Edward Romero, one of the wealthiest men in Portugal, recently lost his life through a bet. He had wagered 20,000 fr. that he would perform a feat which was carried out by a lady rider at the circus, which consisted in falling head over heels to the ground from the horse whilst it walked on its hind legs. The horse, however, fell backwards on the Count, who died after several hours of great agony.

The Princess of Wales is a frequent visitor to the studios of Sir Frederick Leighton, and on such visits Her Royal Highness usually stays to tea. On one of these occasions the Princess asked Sir Frederick, who is a bachelor, the reason he had never married. "Because," said Sir Frederick, I have not the leisure that a man should have to devote to a wife," and this is the reason that a President of the Royal Academy, with the most artistic home in England, is still an unmarried man.

Dr. Joseph Bell, of Edinburgh, whose remarkable personality suggested Mr. Conan Doyle's character, Sherlock Holmes, is one of the finest surgeons in the world. On one occasion, a man suffering from the effects of a serious accident was brought into the hospital. Amputation of the leg was absolutely necessary. Dr. Bell, surrounded by a class of students, performed the operation. The man was placed under chloroform, the leg cut off, bandaged, and the patient laid comfortably in bed by the eminent surgeon, unaided, all within the space of thirteen minutes.

Miss Florence Marryat, daughter of the famous writer, has always made literature her profession. She lives alone, attended by two servants, in a pretty little house at West Kensington, where she has a remarkable collection of "pets"—dogs, birds and flowers. Miss Marryat is reputed to be very kind to young authors, of whom she has a good number among her friends. She is ever ready to discuss a "character" or a plot with them. She has even been known to write the lame dog over the style by helping a chapter in a novel which, somehow or other, the author found insuperable difficulty in writing.

The Wealth of Health

Is in Pure Rich Blood; to enrich the blood is like putting money out at interest.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

possesses blood enriching properties in a remarkable degree. Are you all run down? Take Scott's Emulsion. Almost as Palatable as Milk. Be sure and get the genuine.

Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Dellerille.

SHILOH'S CURE

Cure Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Hoarse Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.

FRUIT TREES

PLUM, PEAR, APPLE, and other Fruit Trees, from one of the largest stocks in America. Planters should get our prices before placing their orders. If desired, we will pay freight and duties, delivering the trees free at your railway station.

Niagara Nurseries, MOODY & SONS, Lockport, N. Y. Established 1850.

A. & J. HAY,

DEALERS IN—Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, Fancy Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED. 76 KING STREET.

Make No Mistake.

If you want something nice in House Brackets, Mouldings, Balusters, Newel Posts, Doors, &c., send your orders to us and you will make no mistake.

A. Christie, Wood Working Co., CITY ROAD.

Soft Coal, Reserve and Caledonia; HARD COAL, in all Sizes.

All coals rescreened at yard before delivery.

Morrison & Lawlor,

Cor. UNION and SMYTHIE STREETS.

HORSE STABLE Blankets

and Surcingleas at WM. ROBB, 204 Union St.

Have a Model of your Invention made at Thompson's and send it to the

WORLD'S FAIR.

Write for Cut and description of his celebrated Portable Forge. J. THOMPSON, Practical Machinist, 53 Smythe St., St. John, N. B.

ICE IN WINTER

For household use is more useful than for many people suppose. Mrs. WHEITSEL supplies it regularly at most reasonable rates. Apply at the office, LEINSTER STREET.

UPRIGHT Folding Beds.

Send for Prices. F. A. JONES, 32 to 36 Dock St.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF WIRE, STEEL AND IRON-CUT NAILS, And SPIKES, TACKS

# HAVE YOU GOT ONE?

PROGRESS' DICTIONARY is just what it is represented, and the cut shows it "As Large as Life."  
More of them to hand. Get one before the supply runs out.

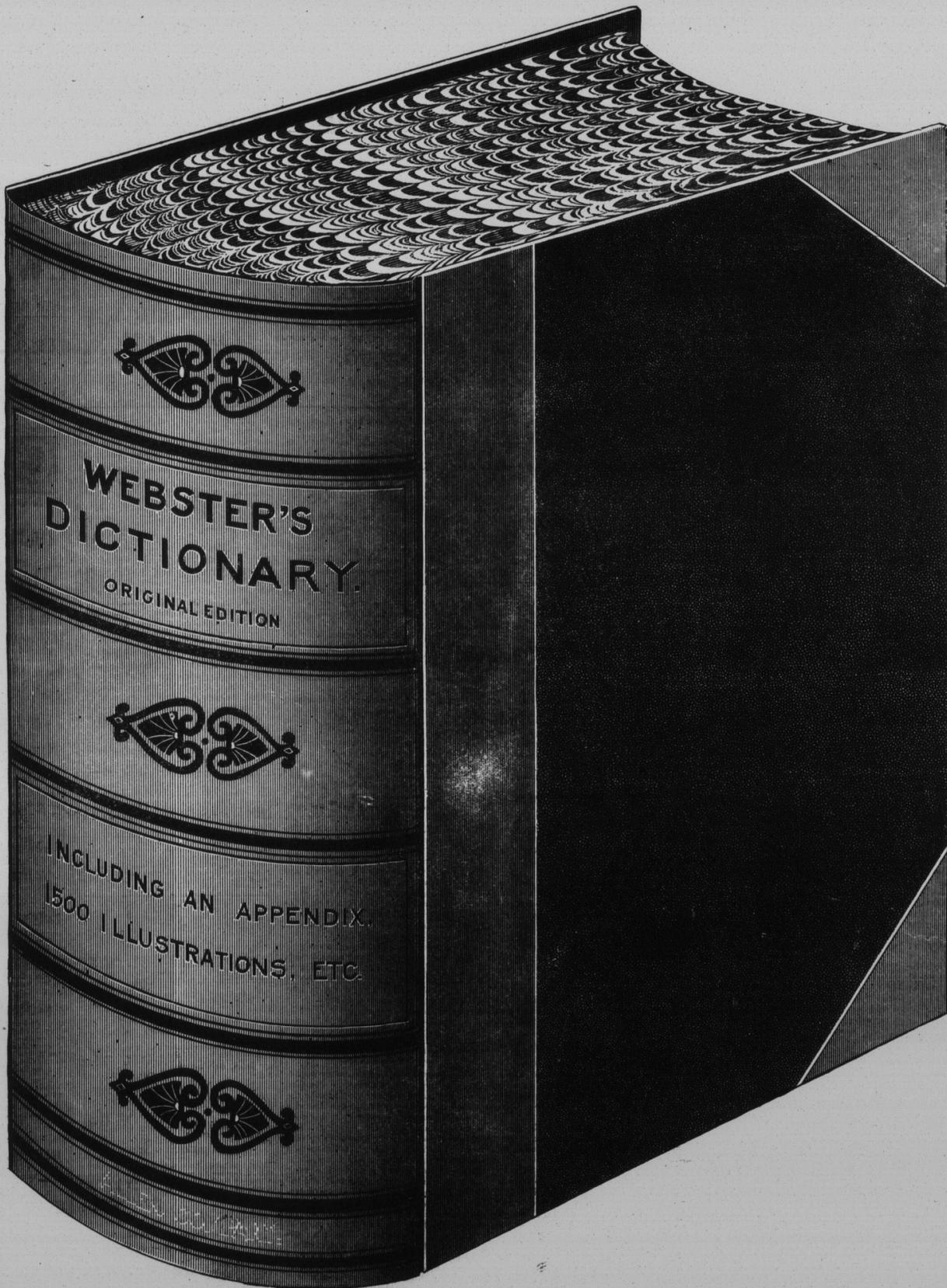
**\$3.95** This Dictionary and One Year's subscription to "Progress" for **\$3.95**

HUNDREDS OF THEM HAVE BEEN SOLD. GET ONE NOW.

For the Home, the School, and the Office.

Just think, a Webster's Dictionary containing 1615 pages and 1500 illustrations and a year's subscription to the brightest and most widely read paper in the Provinces, for \$3.95.

All are Pleased with it. Hundreds want it. Ask your Neighbor to let you See His.



You Cannot Afford to be Without this Book.  
A Webster is always useful and you may never get such a chance again. This offer is made to introduce "Progress," and this fact alone enables you to get the Dictionary at such a low price. Send in your Order at once. Remember you get "Progress" for a Year.

**THERE IS NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.**

Order a Dictionary and Subscription this Week.

Fifty-two numbers of a bright sixteen page paper and Webster's Dictionary for \$3.95. This is one of the greatest offers ever made in the Maritime Provinces. Hundreds from all over New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and P. E. I. have recognized this and taken advantage of it. Now is your opportunity.

Address: EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher "Progress," ST. JOHN, N. B.

TOM PURDOE'S CASE.

The concert being over, Mr. Thurles hailed a passing hansom in 'riccadilly, and he and his wife drove homewards. Mr. Thurles had not been in the best of humours all day, and he lost no opportunity of reminding his wife that the temper was entirely due to that detestable nephew of hers, Tom Purdoo.

"The unbounded impudence of the fellow!" said Mr. Thurles. "After all I said when I made him that last loan, he writes, as bold as brass, telling me he will call this evening about 'a personal matter.' Now what that means—more than I should have liked to have seen his face when he did call, and after he'd read the note I left for him."

"Poor Tom!" murmured his wife pityingly. "Bah! I've settled with him now. I've forbidden him the house and told him to take himself and his begging apparatus elsewhere."

Mr. Thurles's groan and grumbling did not cease till his villa in Kensington was reached. Here, his rancour was for a time eclipsed by the disagreeable surprise that awaited him.

A crowd had congregated round the lamp near his gate; the door of the house was wide open and several policemen were stationed at the entrance.

"What's this about—what's this?" cried Mr. Thurles, entering breathlessly. "Well, sir," said one of the officers, "it looks precious like robbery. Sergeant Williams has just been round upstairs, and he says the wardrobe in one of the rooms has been broken open."

Mr. Thurles waited to hear no more. He bounded up the stairs as quickly as his short, podgy body would allow him to bound, and burst into his own bedroom. A sergeant of police, already there, had apparently just completed his examination of the apartment. At the further end of it, between the windows, was the wardrobe, the doors of which hung loosely on their hinges. They had evidently been wrenched open, as also had the strong box which usually concealed.

With blanched visage, Mr. Thurles rushed across the floor, and peered into the gaping iron box. "Gone—gone!" he moaned. "All my wife's jewels—eight hundred pounds—all gone!" Turning round, he shouted wildly, "Who did it? Who is the scoundrel that committed this theft?"

"All we know at present," replied Sergeant Williams, "is that the constable on the beat was stopped by the page-boy, who had been to post some letters and who could not get into the house. The parlor-maid said she would let him in when he received permission to go to a birthday party of Mr. Watson's coachman. Well, they knocked and rang till they were tired. Then they began to think there must be something amiss, and they forced the door open. When they got into the hall they found the servant bound to the banisters, gagged and helpless."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Thurles, impatiently. "Then Lucy, the parlor-maid, must know everything about it. Where is she?"

"She's downstairs, sir, in the kitchen." Mr. Thurles impetuously bounded down below and into the kitchen, where Lucy stood white and trembling before her mistress.

"What's this I hear?" cried Mr. Thurles. "Oh, sir," said Lucy, sobbing. "You know I was left alone in the house, when a cab drove up to the door. I opened it and let in the gentleman as you said would call for the letter you left. I gives 'im the letter and 'e reads it. Then, afore I knowed what 'e was about, 'e claps me and over my mouth an' seized my throat with the other. I was so frightened, sir, that I fainted dead away, an' I don't remember no more till I came to, and there I was fastened to the stairrail."

"Why didn't you call for assistance then?" "He'd tied an 'ankercloth over my mouth, an' I couldn't cry out, nor 'elp myself, nor nothing."

"So this," exclaimed the old man, turning sneeringly to his wife—"so this is the handiwork of your worthy nephew, madam. Poor Tom, indeed—ugh!"

The main facts of the robbery, as here narrated, I gleaned from the next morning's paper, before I entered upon my duties at Scotland Yard. On the afternoon of that day, Superintendent Beaver sent for me.

"You've perhaps heard, Hamilton, of this theft at Kensington," he said. "No doubt exists, unfortunately, as to who is the culprit. The servant girl's statement would have put the matter outside the pale of conjecture even if young Purdoo had not thought it best to make himself scarce."

"Then he is missing?" I interposed. "Yes, he's left his lodgings last night and hasn't been seen since. Here is a photograph of the young gentleman I want you to trace."

Superintendent Beaver was giving me instructions as to my quest, when Sergeant Williams, of the West Brompton station, entered the room. He was closely followed by a short, red-faced man, in a light-brown dust-coat, from the pocket of which hung a cabman's badge.

"Stay a moment, Hamilton," said the superintendent; and to the sergeant he added, "You come about the Kensington robbery, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "This man called at the station an hour ago. He said he had read the account in the morning paper, and he came forward to state that he was the cabman who had driven the gentleman to Mr. Thurles's house."

"That may simplify matters," said Superintendent Beaver, addressing the cabby. "Did the gentleman tell you to wait for him?"

orders to Scotland Yard. In a few hours we received a reply. Mr. Thomas Purdoo had engaged a birth on board the Mercury, which sailed that morning, at two o'clock, for New York.

"Then he's caught in a trap," said Superintendent Beaver. "We have only to wait patiently till he is arrested by the American authorities."

In due time we had a cablegram from New York to the effect that Thomas Purdoo was in safe custody in that city. His extradition was applied for, and I was sent to bring him back to London for his trial. After an eventful passage I returned to England with young Purdoo in my charge.

His own version of the affair, I must admit, was plausible enough; indeed, I caught myself mentally debating, more than once, the possibility of his guiltlessness.

According to his account, he had called at Kensington that night to wish his relatives "good-bye" prior to his departure for America.

His precipitancy was the result of an interview he had had with the parents of Miss Rowell, the young lady whom he had asked to become his wife. As his name, in certain circles was held in bad odour, they had objected to an engagement between him and their daughter, but they expressed the hope that, if he should prove himself capable of retrieving his clouded character, that objection might be brushed aside. To effect this end, Tom Purdoo felt that he must first be reconciled to his business companions, and entirely with his bowing companions, and conscious of Miss Rowell's steadfast love, he had determined to accept the appointment long held out to him by Messrs. Boulton & Chicago, returning to claim his bride as soon as his term of probation had expired.

"As regards your visit to your uncle's house," I said. "Surely the reading of his letter would not detain you twenty minutes, the time the cabman said you kept him waiting?"

"Neither did it. I couldn't leave England without informing them of my intention in some way, so I asked the servant for a sheet of note-paper. She took quite a quarter of an hour in finding it."

"Was the maid present when you wrote the note?" I asked. "No; I told her I would let myself out. I left the paper behind in two, on the hall table."

Most certainly the letter he mentioned had never been forthcoming; possibly, it really existed anywhere outside his imagination, it had been blown away by the draught from the door when he left, and so on. To most minds the fact that the stolen valuables were not now in his possession would have been sufficient evidence of his innocence, but I knew from experience that an intelligent thief always has ways and means of his own for disposing of his ill-gotten wares.

To most minds the object could be a charge like that against the nephew of her employer? Moreover, she couldn't have gagged and found herself in the position in which she was bound, and there had not been another soul in the house.

To me, the whole affair was most puzzling and unsatisfactory. During the railway journey from Liverpool to London I racked my brain for a probable solution of the enigma. The manner in which the whole truth came to light was subsequently made known to me, and I here proceed to set it forth as it actually occurred.

On the following day, a rough-looking man, clad in a greasy frock-coat and well-worn tweed trousers, knocked at the tradesman's entrance to Mr. Thurles's house and asked to see Miss Belcher.

"Miss Belcher?" repeated the housemaid, who opened the door. "Oh! yes, you mean Lily I'll call her."

Lucy, now prim and spruce as ever, soon put in an appearance. Prompted by curiosity the house-maid lingered in the passage, well within earshot. She was presently joined by the cook.

"D'ye want me?" said Lucy. "What is it? I've no time for dawdlin'!"

"Well, I brought yer a message from Joe Holliday. Yer knows 'im, I s'pose?"

As Holliday happened to be Lucy's sweetheart, she did not seek to deny the acquaintance. At the mention of his name, the cook and housemaid drew a few steps nearer.

"An' what's he want sendin' messages for?" said Lucy. "Can't he bring 'em 'isself?"

"That's just where it is. He didn't like to bring this one. Fact is, 'e's made it up agin 'is Mary, at Captain Swift's."

"What?" Lucy shrieked the words. "What's that you say?"

"There, don't take on like that, my dear. That's exactly why it was 'e'd made a bit 'asty, an'—I mean, he said yer was always a bit 'asty, as—"

"An' he wants to throw me over, does 'e?" Lucy interrupted, her eyes flashing with rage.

"If you'll be so good as to give me the presents 'e's give you, I'm to take 'em back."

"I won't part with one of 'em—not one. I'll burn 'em, tell 'im that."

"There, there, do calm yerself, my dear. Mary ain't half so nice as you, an' I wonder at 'er taste—though they do say she's saved a bit o' money."

"Yes, that's it," cried Lucy, beside herself. "It's that 'e's after: 'e'd do anything or money, 'e would. To forsake me for a pesty faced thing like her! Oh, I can't bear to think of the insult. An' he called me a wild cat, did 'e? Oh, I'll be even with 'im; I'll ruin 'im. Just you ask 'im who stole master's jewels? Just ask 'im that."

"Yer'd best be keerful, miss, 'w'at yer say."

"I don't care who 'ears it, nor what it costs me. I'll be even with 'im if I go to prison for it. Everybody can listen as likes, an' I say agin as 'e done it—'im, Joe Holliday!"

I sat that morning ruminating over the knotty points of the case. It was a desperate case, which, played off upon any less judiciously disposed person than Lucy, might have resulted in a deplorable fiasco. As it chanced, however, it had worked to a marvel.

In less than an hour's time, both Holliday and his guilty coadjutor were in custody. At Holliday's lodgings the greater part of the stolen jewels were found intact.

Tom Purdoo did not go to America, after all. His "period of probation" was passed—and passed creditably—in London.

A TOO DEVOTED HUSBAND

"Yes," said Mrs. Cameron, "I like him well enough, I suppose."

Mrs. Cameron was just nineteen, a bride of six months, and a lovely hazel-eyed, brunette. She had everything that heart could desire, and, consequently, wasn't exactly pleased with anything.

Mrs. Cameron liked pink, and Mr. Cameron had furnished her boudoir in rose-colour and silver. She was partial to flowers, and her husband had given a standing order to a florist to keep her wants supplied.

Tom Purdoo did not go to America, after all. His "period of probation" was passed—and passed creditably—in London.

"Like him well enough," repeated Anna Clarke, who, having graduated from school thought that a young wife, who had wedded the man she loved, ought to be extremely happy.

"Oh, Minal! how could you speak!" "Well, I can't help it," said Mrs. Cameron, letting her head fall languidly back on the sofa, and puffing, of the low easy-chair on which she sat. "One gets tired of cake and champagne all the time. Sometimes I think I should be happier if Clarence didn't worship me quite so devotedly."

"Oh, Minal!" "It's a bore, you know," said the young wife, confidentially. "It would be a relief if he would find fault occasionally. He's too good! Now, Sophia Markan is actually afraid of her husband—a great, handsome six-footer of a fellow, with a lovely black silk beard like an Italian brigand. Oh, it must be charming to be a little afraid of one's husband!"

"Now, Armina," cried the astounded Miss Clarke, "what nonsense you are talking!"

"I daresay it may seem so to you, child," said Mrs. Cameron, patronisingly. "But it ever you get married—"

"Of course I shall," said pretty Anna, who had not the slightest idea of being an old maid.

"Well, when you are about to get married, don't marry a man that is 'sugar and all that's nice'; it's much too insipid!"

"You'd recommend, on the contrary, 'snaps and snails and puppy-dogs' tails,' eh?" laughed Anna, also quoting the nursery rhyme.

"Most certainly that; but one does get tired of perpetual honey and sunshine, said unreasonable Armina, as she reached out her hand for her embroidery."

And now, you know, you promised to tell me all about Ruth Albright's housemaid."

As it happened, Mrs. Cameron's elegant partner were separated from her boudoir by portieres.

Mr. Cameron, reading his paper, sat on the other side of the draperies, and heard this conversation—an eavesdropper, in spite of himself—an eavesdropper, in spite of his lips, and the blood rushed in little tingling, needle-like particles through his whole frame.

So Minal was getting tired of him! Well, after all, it was better to thoroughly comprehend the whole state of the case. He was to spend an extra half-hour in deciding whether she should have tan or pearl grey for her new kid gloves, and whether she looked better in a hat trimmed with sweetbrier or simple field daisies.

"I'm a little late I'm afraid," she said, as she entered the dining-room where Mr. C. was pacing up and down like the proverbial "caged lion" of romance.

"Late, madam! I should say you were!" retorted her husband, in a tone which fairly made Mrs. Cameron start. "It's half past six, it's a second! But I suppose you think my time is of no value!"

"I've borne this long enough," went on the indignant husband. "And I give you fair notice that I shall bear it no longer. Jane!" to the girl, "bring in the dinner at once, and to-morrow let it be served at six, punctually, whether your mistress is here or not!"

"Yes, sir," said Jane, and she disappeared, grinning into the kitchen.

Mrs. Cameron sat down, crimson to the very roots of her hair.

"Clarence," she said, with difficulty controlling her voice, "is it necessary to thus insult me before the servants?"

"Yes, madam, it is. If a wife doesn't comprehend her duty, it is high time she should be made to do so. I'll trouble you for a cup of coffee."

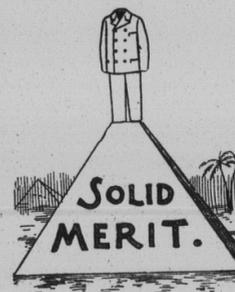
"Clarence!" She was entirely unused to this style of domestic reproof. Almost before she was aware of it, she found herself in the desert—with which Mr. C. found plenty of fault, intimating that it would be better if his wife remained at home to attend to the household matters a little more, and to house-sit abroad the whole time—the door bell sounded.

EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE.

A PERFECT Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.

So pleasant to taste that patients want to drink it like cream. This Emulsion SEPARATES IN TWO LAYERS, like cream rising on milk, and readily reunites on shaking. Beware of IMITATIONS which do NOT SEPARATE! 50 cts. per Bottle. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Our Clothing stands far above the common level. Its foundation is SOLID MERIT. Like the Pyramid, it stands the wear and tear of the weather and hard usage. It's all new; no old stock in our stores. You can rely on that. We have a few Ulsters, Remnants, marked down to \$6.00. They're warm and will stand hard usage. We have better ones that sold for \$9.00 (worth more) we're selling now at \$7.50. Guaranteed to give 100 cents in wear.



for every dollar you pay for them. You get the best of it when you trade with

R. W. LEETCH, NEW ROYAL CLOTHING HOUSE, 47 King St. and Opp. Golden Ball Corner, St. John, N. B.

"But you will go, won't you, Clarence?" faltered poor Minal. "No, madam, I will not," said Mr. Cameron, rising and looking round for his hat. "I propose to spend the evening quietly at my club."

And he bolted out of the room, nearly falling over his mother-in-law in the passage, and muttering to himself: "By Jove! if I'd stayed another minute those tears would have conquered me. Poor little Minal!"

It was past twelve before he returned. Never, in all the experience of their married life, had he been so late before. "Sitting up," "Now, Mrs. Cameron, I mean to put an end, once for all, to this sort of thing."

"I was so anxious about you, Clarence," pleaded poor Minal. "Anxious!" sneeringly repeated he. "Do you suppose John Markan allows his wife to sit up for him?"

"Oh, Clarence, I wouldn't have you like John Markan for the world!" exclaimed Minal, bursting into tears.

"Wouldn't you?" said he, the faintest suspicion of a smile glimmering under the ends of his moustache. "Now, I thought it would be a little afraid of one's husband, and you know 'sugar and spice and all that's nice' grows insipid."

Mrs. Cameron sprang to her feet. "Did you hear what I said this morning?" "I did, Mrs. Cameron, and I thought I would like to conduct to suit your taste."

"Only making believe," he acknowledged. "Only making believe," he acknowledged. "Only making believe," he acknowledged.

"Dear Clarence, I have cried my eyes out to-night, trying to make out what could possibly have changed you all the time? And you were only making believe," he acknowledged.

"Only making believe," he acknowledged. "Only making believe," he acknowledged. "Only making believe," he acknowledged.

"Dear Clarence, I have cried my eyes out to-night, trying to make out what could possibly have changed you all the time? And you were only making believe," he acknowledged.

"Only making believe," he acknowledged. "Only making believe," he acknowledged. "Only making believe," he acknowledged.

"Dear Clarence, I have cried my eyes out to-night, trying to make out what could possibly have changed you all the time? And you were only making believe," he acknowledged.

"Only making believe," he acknowledged. "Only making believe," he acknowledged. "Only making believe," he acknowledged.

"Dear Clarence, I have cried my eyes out to-night, trying to make out what could possibly have changed you all the time? And you were only making believe," he acknowledged.

"Only making believe," he acknowledged. "Only making believe," he acknowledged. "Only making believe," he acknowledged.

"Dear Clarence, I have cried my eyes out to-night, trying to make out what could possibly have changed you all the time? And you were only making believe," he acknowledged.

"Only making believe," he acknowledged. "Only making believe," he acknowledged. "Only making believe," he acknowledged.

"Dear Clarence, I have cried my eyes out to-night, trying to make out what could possibly have changed you all the time? And you were only making believe," he acknowledged.

the rate of a shilling an hour—a scale of remuneration much in excess of that paid in some industries involving quite as much physical exertion.—Electrician.

Because He Was a Lion. A man named Andrew was brought before Gen. Buller in New Orleans. "You are charged," said Buller, "with having exhibited a breast-pin in the Louisiana Club, claiming that it was made of the thighbone of a Yankee killed in the Chickasaw 'society.' Did you exhibit such a breast-pin?" "Yes, sir, I was wearing it."

"Did you say it was made from the thighbone of a Yankee?" "Yes, but that was not true, General." "Then you added lying to your other accomplishments in trying to disgrace the honor of your country. I sentence you to hard labor on the island for two years."

She Knew How to Wash It. A young lady who had never learned the art of cooking, being desirous of impressing her husband with her knowledge and diligence, managed to have the kitchen door ajar on the day after their return from the bridal tour, and just as her lord came in from the office, exclaimed loudly: "Hurry up, Eliza, do! Haven't you washed the lettuce yet? Here, give it to me. Where's the soap?"

RAILWAYS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. WE ARE NOW RUNNING THE FOLLOWING LINES OF OUR TRAVELLING TOURIST SLEEPING CARS. West, from Windsor street Station, MONTREAL, as follows: Every Tuesday at 9 p. m. DETROIT & CHICAGO. Every Wednesday at 8.15 p. m. Seattle, Wash. and points on the Pacific Coast. Every Saturday at 11.45 a. m. Via the "SOO LINE" to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Western Counties R.Y. Winter Arrangement. On and after Thursday, Jan 28, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12.00 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 6.25 p. m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.25 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.45 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 12.20 p. m.

Connections—At Annapolis with trains of Atlantic, Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Montreal for St. John every Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shalburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 120 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. B. BARRINGTON, General Superintendent, Yarmouth, N. S.

Hotels. BELMONT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Charge, Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. Proprietor, J. S. MILES.

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

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

BARKEE HOUSE, FREDERICTON, N. B. Most beautifully situated in the centre of the city, large, light, cheerful Sample Rooms, and a first-class Livery and Hack stable in connection with the house. Coaches are in attendance upon arrival of all trains.

CONNORS HOTEL, CONNORS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B. JOHN H. MCINERNEY, Proprietor. Opened in January. Handsomest, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.

Queen Hotel, HALIFAX, N. S. We have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourists to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for furnishing the best and cleanest accommodations, and the best table and attendance of any hotel in the Maritime provinces, if not in all Canada. The QUEEN contains 120 rooms, and is fitted with all modern improvements, including bath-rooms and w.c.'s on every floor. The parlours attract a great deal of attention, as nothing superior in that line is to be seen in Canada and supply justifies its reputation. One visit will satisfy any one as to the superiority of this Hotel. A. B. GREENE, Manager.

RAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO. (LTD.) S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commander. Sailing for November and December. From the Company's Pier, Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 7.30 a. m., local time, for Digby and Annapolis. Returning same days. Passengers by this favorite route are due at Halifax at 6.30 P. M. HOWARD D. TROOP, President.

RAILWAYS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. WE ARE NOW RUNNING THE FOLLOWING LINES OF OUR TRAVELLING TOURIST SLEEPING CARS. West, from Windsor street Station, MONTREAL, as follows: Every Tuesday at 9 p. m. DETROIT & CHICAGO. Every Wednesday at 8.15 p. m. Seattle, Wash. and points on the Pacific Coast. Every Saturday at 11.45 a. m. Via the "SOO LINE" to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Western Counties R.Y. Winter Arrangement. On and after Thursday, Jan 28, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12.00 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 6.25 p. m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.25 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.45 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 12.20 p. m.

Connections—At Annapolis with trains of Atlantic, Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Montreal for St. John every Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shalburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 120 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. B. BARRINGTON, General Superintendent, Yarmouth, N. S.

Hotels. BELMONT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Charge, Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. Proprietor, J. S. MILES.

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

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

BARKEE HOUSE, FREDERICTON, N. B. Most beautifully situated in the centre of the city, large, light, cheerful Sample Rooms, and a first-class Livery and Hack stable in connection with the house. Coaches are in attendance upon arrival of all trains.

CONNORS HOTEL, CONNORS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B. JOHN H. MCINERNEY, Proprietor. Opened in January. Handsomest, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.

Queen Hotel, HALIFAX, N. S. We have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourists to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for furnishing the best and cleanest accommodations, and the best table and attendance of any hotel in the Maritime provinces, if not in all Canada. The QUEEN contains 120 rooms, and is fitted with all modern improvements, including bath-rooms and w.c.'s on every floor. The parlours attract a great deal of attention, as nothing superior in that line is to be seen in Canada and supply justifies its reputation. One visit will satisfy any one as to the superiority of this Hotel. A. B. GREENE, Manager.

RAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO. (LTD.) S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commander. Sailing for November and December. From the Company's Pier, Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 7.30 a. m., local time, for Digby and Annapolis. Returning same days. Passengers by this favorite route are due at Halifax at 6.30 P. M. HOWARD D. TROOP, President.

Connections—At Annapolis with trains of Atlantic, Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Montreal for St. John every Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shalburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 120 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. B. BARRINGTON, General Superintendent, Yarmouth, N. S.

Hotels. BELMONT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Charge, Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. Proprietor, J. S. MILES.

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

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

BARKEE HOUSE, FREDERICTON, N. B. Most beautifully situated in the centre of the city, large, light, cheerful Sample Rooms, and a first-class Livery and Hack stable in connection with the house. Coaches are in attendance upon arrival of all trains.

CONNORS HOTEL, CONNORS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B. JOHN H. MCINERNEY, Proprietor. Opened in January. Handsomest, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.

Queen Hotel, HALIFAX, N. S. We have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourists to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for furnishing the best and cleanest accommodations, and the best table and attendance of any hotel in the Maritime provinces, if not in all Canada. The QUEEN contains 120 rooms, and is fitted with all modern improvements, including bath-rooms and w.c.'s on every floor. The parlours attract a great deal of attention, as nothing superior in that line is to be seen in Canada and supply justifies its reputation. One visit will satisfy any one as to the superiority of this Hotel. A. B. GREENE, Manager.

RAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO. (LTD.) S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commander. Sailing for November and December. From the Company's Pier, Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 7.30 a. m., local time, for Digby and Annapolis. Returning same days. Passengers by this favorite route are due at Halifax at 6.30 P. M. HOWARD D. TROOP, President.

RAILWAYS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. WE ARE NOW RUNNING THE FOLLOWING LINES OF OUR TRAVELLING TOURIST SLEEPING CARS. West, from Windsor street Station, MONTREAL, as follows: Every Tuesday at 9 p. m. DETROIT & CHICAGO. Every Wednesday at 8.15 p. m. Seattle, Wash. and points on the Pacific Coast. Every Saturday at 11.45 a. m. Via the "SOO LINE" to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Western Counties R.Y. Winter Arrangement. On and after Thursday, Jan 28, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12.00 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 6.25 p. m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.25 p.