

PROGRESS.

Story of Week - Summary

VOL. IX., NO. 420.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Colonial Railway.

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Empress, Piquet, Pictou
Monday, the 22nd June
will leave St. John every day
except on Saturdays, as follows:
Empress, Piquet, Pictou
for Montreal, Halifax and
Quebec (Monday)
12.30
for Montreal, Halifax and
Quebec (Tuesday)
12.30
for Montreal, Halifax and
Quebec (Wednesday)
12.30
for Montreal, Halifax and
Quebec (Thursday)
12.30
for Montreal, Halifax and
Quebec (Friday)
12.30
for Montreal, Halifax and
Quebec (Saturday)
12.30

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
from Halifax, Pictou and
Quebec (Monday)
8.00
from Montreal, Halifax and
Quebec (Tuesday)
8.00
from Montreal, Halifax and
Quebec (Wednesday)
8.00
from Montreal, Halifax and
Quebec (Thursday)
8.00
from Montreal, Halifax and
Quebec (Friday)
8.00
from Montreal, Halifax and
Quebec (Saturday)
8.00

INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY
cars for Montreal, Pictou, St. John
will be attached to trains leaving St.
John and Halifax at 20.00 o'clock.

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from Halifax, Pictou and
Quebec (Monday)
8.00
from Montreal, Halifax and
Quebec (Tuesday)
8.00
from Montreal, Halifax and
Quebec (Wednesday)
8.00
from Montreal, Halifax and
Quebec (Thursday)
8.00
from Montreal, Halifax and
Quebec (Friday)
8.00
from Montreal, Halifax and
Quebec (Saturday)
8.00

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THEY HAD A GOOD TIME.

NEW ENGLAND PRESS PEOPLE VISIT ST. JOHN

And Make the Round Trip to Fredericton—Well Looked After by the Steamboat Commission—The Attention of the International Management.

For the first time in many years a New England press party favored this province with a call. This week the joint excursion of the Massachusetts and Suburban press associations made the trip from their city to Fredericton by rail, and returned down the river by the steamer David Weston.

Perhaps it was unfortunate that the one hundred visitors should have arrived on the eve of Canada's natal day when those who might have paid them every attention had made other arrangements for spending the holiday, but in spite of that fact the party did not fail to enjoy themselves to the utmost.

The traveling passenger agent of the Yarmouth Steamship company, Mr. F. K. Robbins, had charge of the excursion and it is due to him to say that everything went off as smoothly and pleasantly as possible. The comfort of his party was his first consideration and the attention he paid them individually and collectively was thoroughly appreciated.

Upon their arrival on the Prince Rupert the party boarded the Fredericton train and after a quick trip were quickly settled in the Queen hotel and Barker house. When they had seen how pretty and attractive a place Fredericton was their only regret was that they had not planned to remain longer, but if their recollections of the city are as pleasant as their opinions of their kind and attentive hosts, Messrs. Edwards and Coleman, then the capital city will have a warm spot in their hearts.

The down river run was the event of their trip and their appreciation of the magnificent scenery was unstinted. At the same time it was a notable fact that but little was known of New Brunswick by New Englanders as compared with Nova Scotia. Most of the party had made one or more trips to the sister province but hardly any of them had set foot upon New Brunswick soil before.

If this province had such a man as Hon. L. E. Baker, president of the Yarmouth S. S. company, it would be better known to Americans than it is. Such excursions as that which visited the city the week will do much toward that end.

Every attention was paid to the visitors upon the steamer. Mr. Orchard represented the management and was everywhere, while the captain, purser and steward were all assiduous in their attention. A good dinner was served during the trip and thoroughly enjoyed.

In this city the most of the party were at the Alderden while the rest were at the Royal and Victoria. They were delighted with the total accommodation and with the city generally. A carriage drive the next morning took in all the principal points of interest, and the party after dining at the invitation of the International S. S. company on board the State of Maine left for Boston at 2.30. Mr. Laecheur, the agent of this company, was very particular in his attention to the visitors. He arranged the carriage drive at the company's expense and was ready at all times to do what he could for their comfort. Alderman Hamm provided the barouches and carriages for the entire party, thoroughly to their satisfaction. There were many genial souls in the party bent upon the best of good times, but none of them were more popular than the veteran Mr. James Cox, of the Cambridge Press, and his kindly lady, who visited St. John for the first time in 28 years. Mr. Cox learned the printing trade here, and both he and Mrs. Cox are natives of this city. Their party was but one of the merry ones among the excursionists, but it is not possible in limited space to make other than general remarks.

THE LITTLE CASE AGAIN

Before the Synod and in a Fair Way to Be Settled.

The differences which have hitherto existed between Rev. Mr. Little of Trinity church, Sussex and his loving flock are in a way to be settled and the case which one time excited so much interest is liable to become a thing of the past.

Probably every person in New Brunswick knows something of Rev. Mr. Little's variegated career and the circumstances leading up to the final crisis which at one time threatened to deprive him of a congregation, but which may now be smoothed over in a manner satisfactory to both parties. Rev. Mr. Little came to Canada from the old country some ten years ago and obtained the pastorate of Trinity church, Sussex. He was a handsome man and an eloquent preacher and soon found favor in the eyes of his flock.

Soon after his induction into the new charge, stories about his financial standing commenced to circulate and in a very short time nearly everyone in Sussex held the idea that the new pastor was at least a millionaire. Whether the Rev. gentle-

KNOWS GOOD ENGLISH.

ANOVA SCOTIA BISHOP OBJECTS TO "INDORASATION"

And Contends That Endorsement is a Better Word—Judge Fitzgerald Takes Part in the Discussion—An Exchange of Photos Causes Much Amusement in the Synod.

HALIFAX, July 2.—For a week past the city has been in the possession of Anglican and Methodist clerics. One meets those devoted guides to heaven at almost every street corner. It takes a good many men to manage the affairs of the Church of England synod and the Nova Scotia Methodist conference. The newspapers are giving fairly full reports of the doings of those bodies, yet their record of the proceedings does not include everything that is said and done.

For instance in the church of England body they had quite an exciting time of it over the correctness of the use of the word "indorasion." The chief belligerents being His Lordship Bishop Courtney and Judge Fitzgerald, of P. E. Island, but of this the papers said nothing. Rev. Mr. Crawford, of St. Luke's, Halifax was the unwitting cause of the trouble, in a motion of which he had the chief preparation that talented pastor used the word, saying that previous to certain action a document in question should receive the "indorasion" of the committee. The bishop looked up and in his quiet but forcible way asked if some other word, say "endorsement" would not be better than "indorasion." Rev. Mr. Crawford looked perturbed, and members of Synod for a moment paused to collect their thoughts. There was one man, however, who was equal to the task of grappling with his lordship over the word. Judge Fitzgerald rose and stated that he was prepared to stand by "indorasion" any synonym in the English language, and he defended his position with warmth regardless of what the bishop might think or say. His onslaught was so vigorous that the bishop looked as if it was a matter of regret that he had taken up the cudgels on behalf of what he considered the "well of English undefiled." Yet he would not say so, and he pointed out the ground of his objection to any such word as "indorasion" in the connection where it was used. It is right to say that there is no better authority on the English language in Halifax than Bishop Courtney, and if Judge Fitzgerald and the other champions of Mr. Crawford's word had known that the dangerous discussion might have been avoided. At length the synod agreed to strike out the word and substitute another, though the term selected was not "endorsement," as suggested by the bishop. Progress correspondent took the trouble to turn up "indorasion" in Webster, and if there appeared that the term is now obsolete, so that the bishop is proved to have been correct, as he is almost sure to be in any such controversy.

Bishop Courtney rules the members of the Synod with a rod of iron, in something the same way, for the matter of that, that General Superintendent Carman handles the Methodist conference. The bishop calls a spade a spade and little he cares what the criticism of the synod may be. In his charge to the clergy he found fault in very plain language with many of them with slovenliness of appearance in the sanctuary as well as upon the street. Soiled or torn surplices were not infrequently noticed by him, he said, and the frequency of this did detract in the slightest from his abhorrence of it. The village broker's business also received something of a boom in this part of the bishop's charge.

Some one remarked at another stage of the proceedings that the bishop was getting the synod down to a fine point when he told them that he had not yet tried the Rongen X rays to see whether the members had brains or not to enable them to comprehend a point that had been raised. This was in the course of a little discussion in which Mr. Justice Ritchie, a member of the supreme court bench of Nova Scotia was a principal speaker. He evidently did not appreciate the rally from the choir.

The Methodist conference, too, is not without its humors. A story is told by Ex-Alderman Dennis at his own expense as a feature of Saturday's Halifax Herald, which was largely devoted to the conference. A month ago Mr. Dennis heard that Rev. John Johnson of Newport was likely to be elected president of the conference, an occurrence which, indeed, in due time, took place. Accordingly Mr. Dennis wrote to Rev. Mr. Johnson asking for his photograph that an engraving for the Herald might be made. At the same time he wrote Rev. William Brown of Morden King's Co., making a request that he also send his picture for a like purpose.

Time went on, and a couple of weeks before conference opened a photograph came to hand unnamed and unmarked. Mr. Dennis who had never seen Rev. Mr. Johnson but who was familiar with the

TWO CITIZENS IN COURT.

THEY GOT ANGRY OVER AN ELECTION MATTER

And One Called the Other a Hard Name For Which He Refused to Apologize But Instead Paid Four Dollars Fine and Retained His Opinion.

One half the people of this city have no idea how the other half live, and it is more than likely that neither half know one half, that gets on in the police court circles. Some people think the police and the police court were established just for a few men who drink, boys who steal, girls who walk the streets and women who throw pails of dirty water at each other.

Of course there are ridiculous and humorous cases before the magistrate, such as Michael Sullivan or Mickey Huff being summoned for stretching a clothesline across a public street and claiming the right to do so, as to have freedom; and Mrs. M. Goldrick of Water street having her husband fined twenty dollars for assaulting her; but immediately upon the fine being imposed, to pay it herself out of her hard earnings which she was saving to pay the house rent with.

Then there are cases, such as the one Magistrate Ritchie had to listen to on Friday a week ago when two well known citizens faced each other in the court room and told tales of each other that were mingled with malice and hatred and the drift of which showed that there was no love lost between the two.

That these two citizens are prominent, are readily understood when it is known that one holds the office of County Treasurer and the other conducts the agency of the Liverpool London and Globe Insurance company.

The insurance man is known as a prominent churchman. The county treasurer attends church but does not put much stress upon his goodness.

Friday's case was one where there was a breach of the peace and the law was a little disturbed. It so happened that there was a general election held a week ago last Tuesday, and the seats for St. John were contested and the fight between liberal and conservative was a hot one.

The insurance man is a conservative and he worked in Queen's ward for his party. He found the air of Queen's ward was of a liberal hue so he got angry and forgot his calmness. He insisted that Jack McDonald, a popular clerk of the Bank of Montreal, was not himself but Jack took the oath and swore he was Mr. Insurance man said he would have Jack arrested the next day. Now that next day Mr. County Treasurer and a friend were coming along Canterbury street and they met the insurance man. The county treasurer's friend, said "here comes the insurance man who did such a mean trick on young McDonald."

The treasurer's blood rose high, and just as they approached the insurance man the treasurer audibly remarked "Down mean viper." The treasurer looked right at the insurance man and accompanied the remark with a bitter scowl.

There was a little bye talk and the trio separated, only to meet on Friday in the police court the insurance man having sworn out a warrant against the county treasurer for abusive language towards him on the public street.

When the hearing came up there was but a few of the most interested parties present.

The magistrate asked the county treasurer if he was guilty of calling the insurance man a "dirty viper" to which the county treasurer answered, "yes."

The court endeavored to get the county treasurer to apologize for the language and urged that harmony should be restored between the two.

The county treasurer said "your honor, I applied to that man," pointing at the insurance man, "the most fitting words I could think of, therefore, if you impose your fine I will pay it, but apologize—never."

The insurance man got angry, and looked at the treasury official in anything but a friendly way. He demanded an apology instead of a fine, but the treasurer urged for the fine and the paltry sum of four dollars was imposed.

When the court expressed its surprise at two such dignified citizens as the gentlemen before him appeared to be battling and showing such hatred of each other, the following interesting story came out.

The county treasurer said the ill feeling existing between himself and the insurance man was not a new thing, in short it began over fifteen years ago when the insurance man by prying into an estate business had caused a rupture in the treasurers family and lost him his position.

The treasurer said he was one of the trustees of a large estate some fifteen years ago and the insurance man with a covetous eye, plotted an ill planned until he succeeded not only in securing the treasurers position as trustee but that he caused the treasurers brother to become estranged from the rest of the family.

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There are few, grit or tory, who will not say that the more many of the two classes here spoken of, are those who proved themselves partisans.

ADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Summer Tourist Tickets

to points West, North West, and on Pacific Coast.

EXCURSION TICKETS

to all other information enquire at the Office, and at station.

A. H. NOTMAN, District Pass' Agent, St. John, N. B.

Atlantic Ry.

AND SHORT LINE RY.
St. JOHN, HALIFAX AND BOSTON.

Monday, March 2nd, trains will be as follows:

PRINCE RUPERT.
Daily Service.
10.30 a. m.; arrive Digby 11.15 a. m.; 2.30 p. m.; arrive St. John 3.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS.
11.30 a. m.; Digby 12.30 p. m.; 2.30 p. m.; arrive Digby 12.45 p. m.; 4.30 p. m.; arrive Halifax 5.30 p. m.; arrive Kenville 6.30 p. m.; arrive Yarmouth 7.30 p. m.

MODATION TRAINS.
11.30 a. m.; arrive Halifax 12.30 p. m.; arrive Annapolis 1.30 p. m.; arrive St. John 2.30 p. m.; arrive Yarmouth 3.30 p. m.; arrive Digby 4.30 p. m.; arrive St. John 5.30 p. m.; arrive Annapolis 6.30 p. m.; arrive St. John 7.30 p. m.

Time tables, etc., apply to Dominion Railway Ticket Office, 116 St. John street, St. John, N. B., or to the Railway Station, 288 Wellington street, Boston.

CAMPBELL, Gen. Manager. J. N. SUPERINTENDENT.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co.

5 per Week BOSTON.

UNTIL further notice the steamship "DAVID WESTON" will leave St. John every day except on Saturdays, as follows:

Monday, Pictou and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7 a. m. standard.

Returning will leave Boston on Wednesdays at 5 p. m. and on Saturdays at 8 p. m.

C. J. SCHUBERT, Agent.

LINE STEAMERS

Victoria Woodstock

STANDARD TIME.

STEAMERS "DAVID WESTON" and "THEY" leave St. John every day except on Saturdays, as follows:

Monday, Pictou and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7 a. m. standard.

Returning will leave Boston on Wednesdays at 5 p. m. and on Saturdays at 8 p. m.

C. J. SCHUBERT, Agent.

ER CLIFTON.

Monday, April 12th, the steamer "ER CLIFTON" will leave St. John every day except on Saturdays, as follows:

Monday, Pictou and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7 a. m. standard.

Returning will leave Boston on Wednesdays at 5 p. m. and on Saturdays at 8 p. m.

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Musical and Dramatic

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The week just closing has been noticeable for the number of items of interest in local musical circles that it has supplied and which are noticed here because of their public import and public nature.

Some of the church choirs have experienced changes too, some have gained, and some have lost, valuable material in membership by the changes.

In St. Andrew's church, I learn that no organist in succession to Prof. Athos has yet been secured.

Speaking of this church organ, suggests mention of the fact, that Miss Louise Skinner has discontinued her membership as one of the choir of St. Andrew's.

Much sympathy is expressed for the accident to Miss Hea, organist of Centenary church which has caused a broken arm to the lady, and has deprived the church, for the time, of her valuable services.

Rumor has it that a new musical society has been formed in connection with St. Mary's Episcopal church, Waterloo St.

"Martha" is the opera selected for production this week at the Castle Square theatre, Boston.

Mr. Frank David, sang at the Castle Square last week instead of Mr. William Wolf.

Miss Jorie Intropidi, who will be remembered as having appeared in opera in this city, has recently been appearing in variety in New York.

The new comic opera "The Yankee Cruiser", is still running at the Boston Museum.

The friends of Miss Clara Lane who fainted in "Boccaccio" at the Castle Square last week, have arrived at the conclusion that "an actress and singer has a limit to her endurance," and that a rest should be taken in this lady's case.

Miss Clara Thropp who sings in "The Yankee Cruiser" has written a novel entitled "A Few Little Lives".

The "Pops" concerts closed in Boston last Thursday evening. The closing concert was a complimentary testimonial to the leader Mr. Max Zach.

Table with 2 columns: Musical Piece and Composer/Arranger. Includes: March, "Washington Post" Sousa; Overture "Sphinx" Thompson; Waltz, "Waves of the Danube" DeKoven; Selection, "Fencing Master" MacDowell; On Elptos Homer; Minuet, "Pearl of Orr's Island" Ryan; Dance and March of the Ginones DeKoven; Cradle Song Bendix; Butterflies Bendix; Waltz, "Obispo" Atkinson; Polka, "Tost a Jole" Waldental; March, "Up the Street" Morse.

Miss Lucy Clarke, an admirable contralto, whose vocal gifts have heretofore been lavished chiefly upon London music hall audiences, has joined the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

A Boston girl, who wears the name of, Miss Rossi Gish, now in Brussels as a pupil of the celebrated Ysaye, has been selected, from among fifty pupils on the violin, to be one of fifteen to compete for a

medal given by the conservatory in which she is studying.

Messrs. Abbey, Stoffele and Grau will continue business next season in the Metropolitan opera house, N. Y., and at the Tremont theatre, Boston.

Walter Damrosch has engaged Lilli Lehman, Paul Kalisch, and Ernest Kraus for a winter season of German opera in the United States.

Inez Sprague, wife of Ex Gov. nor Sprague of Rhode Island, has been studying abroad during the last two years, for the operatic stage.

A tourist in Cornwall recently met some members of a village church choir returning from rehearsal. He asked one of them what music they had been singing.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The "War of Wealth" with which the Harkin's company opened its reengagement last Thursday evening, was too late for notice last week and therefore a word now about this production may not be inopportune.

Miss Olga Netherole's "Carmen" which was so sensational in the United States last season, has not made any favorable impression in England.

"Too Much Johnson" a comedy was selected for the opening nights of this week. It has many laughable situations but my impression was that the play was not such as the company would appear in to the best advantage.

Mrs. W. J. Florence, widow of the comedian, has sold the rights to "Our Governor" and "The Mighty Dollar" to Harry Davenport.

Fritz Williams was married to Katherine Florence on the 26th ult. Mr. Williams is one of the most popular and clever young men on the stage today.

David Belasco has obtained a verdict of \$16,000 in his suit against N. K. Fairbanks, the Chicago "Angel" of Mrs. Leslie Carter.

Thomas E. Shee, it is said will have extra financial backing in the "Man O War's-Man" next season.

Rosa Rand, who once was a member of the Boston theatre stock company, is now in Philadelphia preparing pupils for the stage.

The death of J. W. Kelly, one of the best and brightest in the Vaudeville ranks, was announced last week.

most favorably, from one end of the Northern continent to the other.

The New England Women's Press Association has abandoned their proposed week of standard modern and classic plays to be given next year under their auspices.

The dramatic papers or their correspondents still have something to say of the late Sir Augustus Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boucher, who will visit the United States next season, have just given in London an English version of Sardou's "Divorcée" with all the characters made over into honest English men and women.

Yvette Guilbert has confided to an interviewer a brief chapter of her experiences in America. Her visit was a flying one, and to her impressions are tersely and briefly put.

In China, the stage is said to be the lowest of the professions. Actors share with barbers the pain of exclusion from competition at literary examinations.

McDougall's V. O. Rye Goes to Montreal. (Hall's Herald, June 18th.) One of the largest whiskey transactions ever operated by a distillery in this country has just been completed between the Eastern Trust Company acting for the Bank of British North America, and Messrs. Lawrence A. Wilson & Co.

A LARGE WHISKEY DEAL.

A feathered tough met its death curiously the other day at Kingstington, South Devon, England, according to Gerald Waller in the London Field.

A Bird Sneak Trapped.

WHY was Isaac Pitman's Shorthand Adopted and taught in the PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK?

BECAUSE it is the BEST and has the latest and most practical text books. The best shorthand experts of the last half century have been devoted to ISAAC PITMAN'S PHONOGRAPHY.

The net was peculiarly situated between a Scotch fir pole, which had the bark still on, and the wall. There was plenty of space for the pied wagtails, but it was a tight squeeze for the cuckoo.

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Advertisement for Emerson & Fisher bicycles. Text: "Do You Want A Second-Hand Bicycle? We have them in good running order, and of almost all makes, from \$35.00 to \$65.00. LOOK AT THE LIST. Singers, Raleighs, Betlsize, Quadrants, Hartfords, Crescents. ALL IN THOROUGH ORDER. Quick Repair Shop. THERE WILL BE NO DELAY, for we realize how much a rider dislikes to part with his wheel, even for a day. We hope to make friends by being prompt. MARCH BROS. Bicycle Academy, Singer Rink."

An Evening with Rufus Somerby's Show

Everybody knows Rufus Somerby, the veteran showman who has been bringing entertainments to the provinces every summer, for some years past; and who has always been welcome, and drawn large audiences in every place he has visited? In fact not to know "Uncle Rufus" as he rather likes to be called, is, if not exactly to proclaim oneself unknown, at least to announce that one is very much of a back number, shopworn, and frayed around the edges. Like the late Phineas T. Barrum, Mr. Somerby is one of the institutions of

Manager Somerby, and his "unparalleled show," and it may truthfully be said that "Uncle Rufus" keeps open house, whenever he visits Canada.

This year he seems to have excelled himself in the line of novelties giving his Canadian friends something so unique in the line of entertainment, that he has succeeded in adding a very substantial branch to the

you'll, when the travelling companion of an Italian nobleman, who was making a pedestrian tour of the country, with an organ for amusement, and a monkey for company—turned and rest the hand that fed him. In other words, nearly tore my little frock off my back, while I was endeavouring to give him a luncheon of raisins. remember it was all his noble master

ed dogs, of various accomplishments and nationalities grooped about on chairs and benches. After concluding his part, the first actor retires gravely to a seat, when his place is taken by another gentleman of his race, who possesses a much stronger if less amiable character, and is evidently the villain of the piece, but who goes through some skilful trapeze swinging.

wonderful act by standing on her master's hands and gradually raising her hind feet in the air until she stands erect on the forefeet alone. It is certainly the most surprising exhibition of trained muscles, that I have ever seen, and the small size of the actor makes her strength seem the more wonderful.

Whether Mr. Somerby employs a monkey tailor to clothe his troupe or not, I am unable to say, but they are all decorously arrayed in garments of modern cut and fit, and when two of the elderly gentlemen have a difference of opinion which ends in a challenge, and throw aside their coats to settle the dispute with their fists, one so far forgets himself in his excitement as to remove too many garments, and stands in modest confusion before the audience arrayed only in a white cotton shirt, the thoroughly correct fit of which is almost an excuse for its display. After a round in which Marquis of Queensbury tactics are ignored, London prize ring rules are a discount, honors are declared even and the combatants resume the garments of civilization. A Roman standing race in which a clever monkey rides the two poodles, and concluded his act by carrying another monkey on his back and turning somersaults a la circus rider, while his steeds are in motion, is another interesting feature of the entertainment, and the fat pug, who sits gravely on her hind legs and holds a monkey on her head, deserves the applause she calls forth. It would be difficult to do justice in writing, to all the clever performances of these little creatures. To the monkeys who ride bicycles, with other monkeys on their shoulders, the dogs who climb two ladders at a time, one with their fore and the other with their hind feet, carrying monkeys on their backs meanwhile. The monkeys who trundle other monkeys in wheelbarrows, around the stage, and periodically spill their irate passengers out, the other monkeys who stand on their hands with their heels in the air on the top-most rung of a ladder, held by two dogs, and the dog who balances on the top of a ladder up which a monkey is climbing. The dog acrobat who walks a wire blindfolded carrying a monkey on his back, while another clown monkey follows closely and endeavors to drag the rider off by the tail. All these must be seen in order to be fully appreciated. One little Scotch terrier is an adept at walking keeping excellent time to the music, and a monkey convulses the audience with her skirt dancing. Four monkeys of ancient and decidedly Hibernian appearance driving a pair of dogs hitched to an express wagon much the worse for wear personate four old farmers coming into town on a "spre" and wind up the scene by upsetting their vehicle and getting a bad spill; and a trained ant eater supposed to be the only trained animal of the kind in the world, does the ball rolling act, and walks a wire carrying a monkey on his back.

land, to the shrill note of the smallest terrier, the cracking of the trainer's whip, and the chattering of the monkeys.

Amusing as all the features of the entertainment are the numbers which do not appear on the programme form no small share of it, and the antics of the performers who are not "on" are ludicrous in the extreme. The infant monkey who enjoys the freedom of the stage and roams at his own sweet will amongst the other actors, walks over his mama, pulls her ears and tail, and tyrannizes over her as much



the age, and in personal appearance he is not unlike the famous Phineas. His broad brimmed hat of gray felt, his flowing, curly gray locks, and his semi-clerical white tie and gray clothes, together with the demurely benevolent expression of his fresh colored face, suggesting more the staid Quaker elder, than the shrewd and enterprising showman, who is so thoroughly master of the business in which he has been engaged for so long.

I first made the acquaintance, if not exactly of Mr. Somerby, at least of his shows, some years ago, when he was travelling in Canada with his Parlor Musee and Japan-

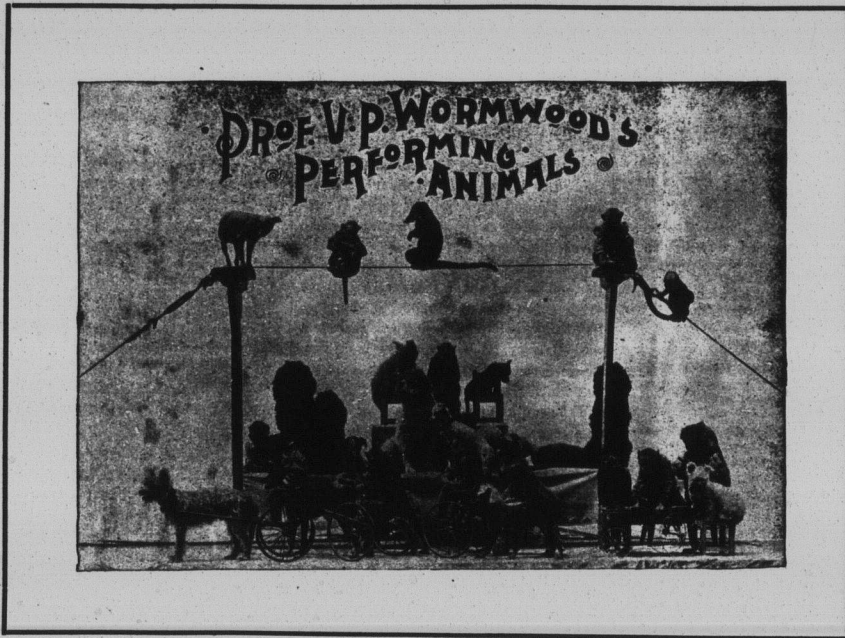
invisible laurel wreath which, in the eyes of his admirers, surrounds his gray sombrero. Mr. Somerby has been exhibiting in

could do, to get the savage little brute to release me; and I have never taken much interest in monkeys since. Indeed I believe a dislike of the monkey tribe is ingrained in human nature, and that those who have devoted any time to studying the works of the late lamented Charles Darwin, have a sneaking fear of looking a monkey in the face; the idea that we were once even as he is and that a few generations of progression may make him as we are now, is unpalatable to the most humble minded of us. But if anything could take away the sting of our possible relationship, and restore to us some measure of self esteem, I think it would be the sight of Professor Wormwood's troupe of educated monkeys, because their intelligence is almost human.

The curtain of this novel theatre rises on a supper scene, in which a monkey father, mother and children are seated at table, engaged in discussing a frugal supper, while the baby plays about the floor in real human baby fashion. An elderly gentleman of the human family arrayed in a livery of dark gray, with white collar and cuffs, the prominence of which would have done credit to a bank duke, acts as waiter, and scurries rapidly backward and forward between the dining room, and

The next actor is a small but clever Scotch terrier who manipulates a large ball, rolling it about while standing on it, a monkey meanwhile endeavoring to pull him off by the tail, and ending by leaping upon his back and adding to the difficulty of his task. The clown and his barrel, are familiar sights to us all, but when the clown's place is taken by a dog, a halo of novelty surrounds the well known performance.

Perhaps one of the most amusing acts was the bucking broncho performance, where two large and clever poodles, one black and the other white, are ridden by monkeys, and endeavour by all the artifices known to the real broncho, to dislodge their riders, who retain their seats with a skill which would do credit to a cowboy. Although the dogs occupy a very subordinate position on the handbills, their part in the performance is by no means light, some of the best work being done by them, the somersaulting, being really marvellous; one of the Scotch terriers turning a number of back somersaults in succession, turning completely over in the air and alighting on the hind feet, and another throwing a back somersault over the backs of two other dogs. I

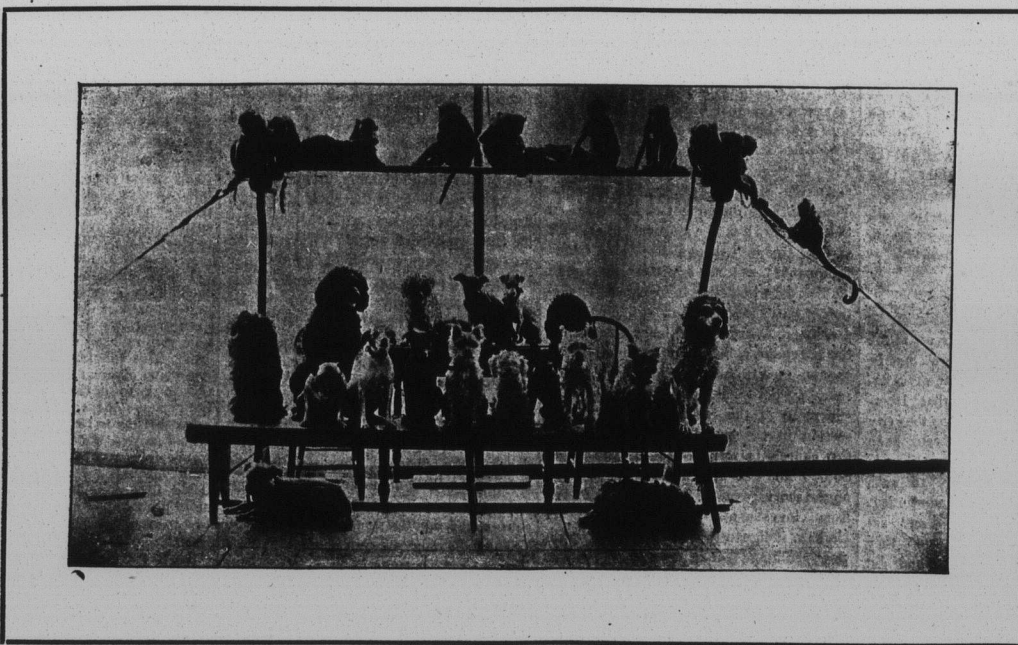


ese Village, and I was so impressed then with his wonderful enterprise, and the amount of entertainment furnished by him, in proportion to the fee charged, that, with human nature's love of a bargain, I have always made it a point since, to "take in" every show that Manager Somerby brings to New Brunswick.

I don't believe he ever brings the same entertainment twice, and I know he rather prides himself upon having a novelty for his patrons each time he returns, and always giving them something they cannot get elsewhere, and probably this is one secret of his success, and one reason why he invariably plays to crowded houses.

Since his parlor musee—Japanese village—and Prince Tinymite—trip he has treated the citizens of the maritime provinces to Professor Bristol's trained horses, Professor Glasor's performing horses, and various other wonders. And it may give some idea of his phenomenal success as a showman,

Halifax, for the past few weeks, and a friend of mine who had just returned from the city of fortifications told me to be sure and see "Somerby's Monkey Theatre" at the very first opportunity which came in



when I say that during his last tour, no less than 76 thousand people paid their admission fee, at his ever ever hospitable doors, in the city of St. John, during the short space of one month, while in sober, staid Halifax 71 thousand eight seem to have thronged his spacious halls in the same space of time. During the last day of his exhibition in St. Andrew's rink, in our own city, eight thousand people did homage to

my way. I happened to be in a neighbouring town on business, early this week; and seeing the familiar name of "Somerby" embellishing every available space, I concluded that the opportunity I had been waiting for had come, and the evening found me an interested spectator at the famous monkey theatre.

Now to begin with, I don't like monkeys! I think I can safely say that of all animals the monkey is about the only one which is utterly destitute of attraction for me. This indifference to the charms of the playful "monkey" probably had its origin on the day, far back in my early

an imaginary kitchen, with hot dishes. Supper over, and the table cleared away, the family retire decorously to chairs, while the waiter removes his coat, disclosing thereby a white cotton shirt relieved by "galluses," of very brilliant scarlet—and proceeds to indulge in a little recreation in the shape of wire walking, using his hands as a means of locomotion while his feet move gracefully in the air. In this position he also descends a ladder, and performs several other feats, in the presence of an appreciative stage audience, composed of some twenty monkeys of all ages and sizes, and about the same number of train-

believe Professor Wormwood claims the possession of the only dog in the world performing this trick, but as I have not seen the whole world, personally, nor yet the trained dogs it contains, I cannot speak positively on the subject. To me, by far the most wonderful trick was the performance of a tiny, fragile looking Italian greyhound who supports her entire weight by her chin, her hind feet, and finally by the very tips of her toes, holding her body in a state of absolute rigidity with the fore, and hind feet stretched out perfectly straight, and her toes merely resting on her master's fingers. This little creature finishes her

in a carriage presumably to the hospital. An especially athletic monkey climbs up to the highest point attainable and executes a leap for life by springing into his master's arms. The concluding act is the most exciting; four dogs hitched to miniature trotting sulkeys, and driven by four monkey jockeys engage in a wild race in which not only the jockeys, and the canine spectators become frantic with excitement, but even the horses themselves forget their characters and talk vociferously, the curtain falling upon a chorus of barks in every imaginable tone, from a deep bass of the large Newfoundland-



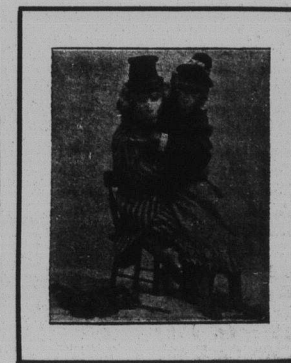
as a human baby would do, while the other younger members of the family enjoy their time in exhaustive research—that is to say they explore the cracks of the floor, consume with relish all the dust they can find, and make scientific experiments with the electric lights.

There are other and more important numbers not on the programme either, and this is due to the fact that is a sort of amiable fad of Manager Somerby's, to give the public more than he advertises; to reserve something unexpected for them at the last moment. It is only on this account that the absence of any special mention of the wonderful skill of Prof. Glenfield, the ven-



triloquist, can be explained. The Professor deserves more than a passing reference, as he is one of the best ventriloquists I ever heard, and who gives a whole show of his own, assisted by his "talking family."

It may not be out of the way to suggest to Professor Wormwood—as one speaking from the audience' point of view, that it would be a decided improvement to have the music softer, during the performance of the animals' tricks, as people naturally like to know what is going on, and if they are able to hear the trainer's explanation of the trick being performed, it assists them very materially in appreciating it. It is sometimes a little difficult to understand by intuition, just what phase of life is being represented, and as the trainer's voice was almost inaudible above the very loud music, some confusion resulted; but of course these small drawbacks are but spots on the sun, as it were.



Briefly stated, Somerby's Monkey Theatre is all that the manager claims for it. It is unique and wonderful and affords an evening of continuous merriment interspersed with many startling surprises.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Discontinuation.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time passed for discontinuation only, made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 4.

THE TRIAL OF WHEELER.

In the intense excitement of the general election PETER WHEELER's trial was almost lost sight of except by those who from the start were deeply interested in the case. That he had a fair trial there is not the slightest doubt, and that no defence was brought forward by his counsel is sufficient evidence that all hope of proving him innocent, or securing dismissal, had been abandoned. While WHEELER was surrounded by a web of circumstantial evidence from which it was impossible to extricate him there are several things that do not seem quite convincing to an unprejudiced mind. If the murder was committed at the hour claimed, the imagination or the eyesight of one or two of the natives of Bear River has played them false. At the time of the murder Detective Power and several of the provincial papers set in a most unprofessional manner, the detective especially, who gave to the papers without a moment's hesitation his theory of the crime. If WHEELER had by any chance been proven innocent Detective Power would perhaps not have felt so exultant; and there is always the chance of a mistake. It is to be sincerely hoped that the loquacious detective and the sensational papers will be more guarded in future when dealing with such grave matters. A detective's theory is no concern of the public until it is quietly worked out to a successful issue, and in the case of WHEELER Detective Power has not distinguished himself very signally.

GREATER NEW YORK.

So far as an act of the legislature can effect it the "Greater New York" is now an accomplished fact. The bill uniting the municipalities of New York City and Brooklyn and adding to them Long Island City and Stat'ns Island, which lies in New York harbor, has passed the New York assembly and received the signature of Governor MORTON. The aggregate population of the new metropolis will be about three millions and there is plenty of unoccupied territory within the limits of the new city to admit of a vast growth still without overcrowding, if the population is properly distributed. This consideration will undoubtedly serve the highest ends of municipal progress and be of vast benefit in the matter of economy and efficiency of government. The union will not, however, for some time to come in little more than name. A scheme of government must still be provided for the consolidated cities. Thus it will be the duty of a commission to devise and reduce to a practical working form. Much opposition was made against the bill in the form it finally passed; though such opposition was not opposed to a greater New York but simply to the method of accomplishing it. It was thought by many that a charter for the proposed city should be first drawn up and submitted to the voters for approval or otherwise; but that order was reversed. The consolidation was first made and the charter is to follow. Greater New York is now the second city in size in the world.

AN IMPORTANT WORK.

The lease just made by Mexico of her new inter-oceanic railway between Cosztacoac and Salina Cruz may properly be regarded as the final stage in the development of this great enterprise. The completion of the road was announced by President DIAZ to the Mexican congress some time ago; but it remained to provide costly harbor and terminal facilities at the first named city which is on the Gulf and to build a pier at the last which is on the Pacific. It also remained to establish fully the system of operating the road and to provide for transportation by lighters until the pier should be ready. In the arrangement now made with the London leases for fifty years, as described by Consul General CRITTENDEN, the Mexican government will furnish \$150,000 per month during three years for the remaining construction required, and at the expiration of that time the lessees are to have the whole road in solid running condition, while a schedule of the division of receipts between the government and the lessees thereafter, during the remainder of the lease, is established. The Isthmus of Tehuantepec has long

been regarded as a promising route for travel between the two great oceans. Cortes himself examined it for that purpose and surveys were made of it afterwards by Spain. Mexico on achieving her independence took up the subject and when afterwards steam railways came into vogue the question as to its relative advantages of a canal arose. Finally came the famous prospect of a ship railway. The first actual concession for a commercial route was made in 1841, but a few years later this was interdicted by a war with the United States. A company was later on organized and had a survey for a rail road but the project came to nothing. The important enterprise has been baffled, during its long progress by many delays and failures in contracts; and in addition has contended with the fact that nearly half a century ago the much shorter Panama railroad was completed and of course became an established route between the two oceans.

A NEW POWER.

A great deal has been said about using compressed air in street car propulsion but nothing satisfactory, or promising any large degree of success, has been discovered in that line recently. Now however much has been done and there are indications of much more. A company has been formed in New York and several millions have been subscribed for the purpose of constructing machinery adapted to the use of compressed air. It is very likely that soon the larger cities will adopt compressed air as a motive force for street car purposes. Under the system likely to be adopted the compressed air is put in storage reservoirs under the car air being compressed to about two thousand pounds to the square inch and in various capacities yielding a speed of from five to twenty miles an hour. Station reservoirs are placed at proper intervals along the road and long distances from which the car reservoir may be replenished when exhausted. In the matter of cost, compressed air is not believed to be cheaper than electricity as a propelling force for street cars; but it would have the advantages of doing away with overhead wires and the live wire so destructive to life. In the city of New York overhead wires are under the ban and that is one reason why attention is being so persistently turned to compressed air as a substitute for electricity in street car propulsion.

It is pleasing to see that bicyclists are able to look upon their old canine comrades with an air of friendliness. Whether for the wobble or the novelty of the bicycle, the dogs had a very decided dislike to it. They would get in front of the wheel and snap at the shins of the rider who was obliged to kick the animal in self defence. The dog couldn't trot along under his master's wheel as he could under his wagon and when he attempted anything of the sort a general upset was the result. At one time wheelmen carried revolvers or devices for throwing nitric acid at un-friendly dogs. But that day has gone by and it is not uncommon nowadays to see a dog frisking along beside a wheel and in place of carrying children on his handle bars, it is now the thing for men and women to take their pet dog out for a spin. In the re-established relations though between the man, the wheel and the dog, there is still nothing to encourage hope for the horse. He is still out of it.

Is there a promise of peace for Europe in the rumor that Emperor WILLIAM no longer curls his mustache ferociously at the ends, but wears it benignly straight. One thing is certain however and that is, there has not been quite so much blustering talk from the war lord since he began winning peaceful victories with the Meteor.

As a Result of the Election.

HALIFAX, July 2.—Some results of the liberal victory are already apparent at the meeting of the board of school commissioners Ald. Redden and Ald Lane two uncompromising liberals, moved that Dominion day be a public holiday for the city schools. Dominion day has hitherto been like a red rag before a bull to most liberals in Halifax, and especially to such party men as the two mentioned. But they felt so good on account of Tuesday's voting that they walked down to the school board and did the previously unthought of act of having July 1st made a holiday for the children. A good story was heard to remark that if he had known that a liberal victory could be so beneficial an effect on the opposite side, he would have been willing to be beaten at the polls five years ago. Well done, Redden and Lane!

Time Flies When No Man Furrows.

The man whose work keeps him out of doors in winter must have a hearty welcome for Spring. It is hard in business way-below-zero weather to believe that shortly the birds will sing, the flowers be in blossom and overcoats, windy days and chilled body be things of the past. The trouble is that all too soon the weeks go by and another winter is at hand. The question of clothing is always important and the new idea of using Fibre Chamoiné in ready made clothing is bound to have immense popularity. From the standpoint of health as well as comfort, it commends itself strongly as it adds no weight and yet keeps out the rain as well as the wind, and such advantages are highly appreciated by all men.

The White Camellia.

The sweet bud nurtured here in love, And watched with sacred care; In perfect loveliness above, Our Father needed there. Snow white her cold resemblance lies, The sweetest flower of all; So pale and still with slight closed eyes; No answer when we call. O lovely form, O baby bright; Sweet mother in her sleep; Do angels from their realms of light, Their wings beside her keep? How cold she is, how damp her brow, How white her folded hands; Will that sweet smile her lips have now Be here in brighter lands? Dear mother on your patient breast, No longer can she lie; But sweeter far will be her rest, Where death is never slighted. The hallowed words she learned to say; Amid the seraph throng; In those celestial fields of day, Will be an angel's song. O could we see that spirit pure, Her angel in that place; The Savior said that for us sure, Behold your father's face. How sweet to hear this silent voice, These eyes in darkness sealed; With children's angel hearts rejoice, In glory light re-veal'd.

To think, these little feet so cold, With some bright angel band; Shall walk where serenely shine unfold The clear sea crystal sand. Though death in silent sorrow moves, And mother's heart must break, 'Tis but the sleep of those He loves, They in His arms awake. Oar white camellia's earthly bloom We could not keep alive; Has deathless life beyond the tomb With love 'tis vain to strive, O mother weep not so nor call, Her back to this wild shore; The dear Lord gives his children all, A home forever more. So we will keep her early grave, All fresh and green with flowers; For her sweet soul our Father gave From His own Eden bowers. Through all the summer's golden prime, A requiem they will sing; And like a holy evening chime, The sweetest memories bring. The innocent field daisy's truth, Will bend to God in prayer; Pure thoughts tell us hope and youth Are in His tender care. We left some in her hands when last, Farewell in tears we said; How lovingly when a later past, They bloom above the dead. O Muriel, sweet Muriel, Oast thou give us no sign; O heavenly scenes, or softly tell Our hearts what joys are thine? What cherub souls on shining wings, Fly through that sky domain; What splendid hymns their thousands sing, The distant sweet refrain. UPAS GOLDF.

NOT A VERY PAYING BUSINESS.

Nov. Scotia and P. E. I. One Bishop Courtsey \$3,000.

HALIFAX, July 2.—The church of England people of the diocese of Nova Scotia and P. E. Island do not seem to be able to pay their bishop's salary. The fact that they are in arrears to Bishop Courtney nearly \$3,000 is a peculiar condition of affairs. His lordship is supposed to receive \$6,000 per year, \$4,000 of which comes from church funds invested in England, and \$2,000 of which is raised by assessments on the various parishes. The deficit on the assessment amount is increasing yearly until now the arrearages amount to about \$3,000. Not only that, but there is a shortage in the investmen's income, for instead of yielding \$4,000 a year not more than \$3,700 is realized. A whole day was spent by the synod wrestling with this problem of arrears. The shoe pinches in two points: First, the parishes who think themselves too poor to pay have irrefragably got behind, and secondly, those who do pay refuse to put their hands any deeper into their pockets to meet the shortage of the delinquents. Three of those delinquent churches are in this city—St. Luke's Cathedral, St. Mark's and St. George's though Rev. Mr. Crawford stated that it was a mistake to charge his church with being in arrears. A section of the synod propose to increase the assessment in order to make both ends of the salary meet, but a large contingent of county voters came to the synod with the sole purpose of opposing any such "increase in the tariff." There was a section in the synod, also, who held that the church is responsible for the whole \$6,000, and that they would have to make up the shortage on the \$4,000 to be derived from investmen's. Judge Ritchie, of Halifax, indignantly combated any such view, holding that all that the synod was responsible for was the \$2,000 they should raise by assessment. Rev. Mr. Bowman and the judge had a lively tilt over this point, but the judge had the best of the law and the argument. The matter was finally disposed of, not by making up the deficiency, but by referring the question to a special committee of nine, who are to meet with the finance committee, and to report to the executive of the Synod next March. It is a sad financial embroglio—the 60 parishes that are behind in their assessment, the remainder who have paid up, or the bishop who had to endure a whole day of this kind of discussion, ending without one cent of the shortage being paid.

The Organist of St. Anthony's Church.

Miss M. A. Donovan, organist of St. Anthony's church, has selected and purchased a Platte piano for her own use.

Un'vallas Made, Recovered, Repaired by Duval, 17 Waterloo Street.

BY GALLOWS AND MORGUE SO LIBRETT.

Queer Circumstances of a Condemned Murderer's Escape from Prison.

The condemned murderer, Noble Shepard, broke jail at the Four Courts one morning about 4 o'clock. Shepard recently is the confessed murderer of Thomas Morton and Lizzie Leahy, and the only reason why he was not hanged April 22 last was because he took an appeal to the Supreme Court and was granted a respite ending the final disposition of his case by that tribunal. It was generally conceded by all who were familiar with Shepard's bloody deeds that the appeal could not save him from the gallows. And at the Four Courts the jail guards would point Shepard out to visitors as "the next one to go off."

Shepard is a desperate criminal. He is brave as a lion, cunning as a fox, and restful as a tiger. As a prisoner he was obedient enough, but he always seemed sulky. The guards who watched him day and night say that he seldom slept. He seemed to be awake at all hours, but he never showed the slightest signs of uneasiness. He was just the prisoner to make the escape that he did. Shepard occupied a cell in the ground tier and located about the centre of the south end of the great dome-shaped prison. Its number is 33, and Shepard shared it with George Reed, the wife murderer. Between the cells in this section of the jail, which reach in three tiers to the roof, and the south outer wall of the building is a passage about four feet in width, commonly called the "bull ring." This passage leads along the calls in the shape of a crescent, so that when standing at either end of the passage nothing that may be going on in the centre of the bull ring can be observed. In this passage two guards are supposed to patrol constantly day and night. The rear ends of all the cells in the south part of the jail abut against the bull ring and open upon the court inside. The rear of the cells is constructed after the pattern of their doors—that is, made of steel grating half way from the top, and below that point to the bottom there is a heavy steel plate. At the lower part of this plate and in the centre is another plate of steel bolted over an opening about 11x8 inches. There are in each small plate about fifteen heavy steel bolts which are clinched on the inside of the cells, the plates being on the outside. These covered openings in the ground tier of cells are about two inches above the stone floor. It was through this opening that Shepard escaped.

The sewer pipe which drains the jail and other buildings of the Four Courts is laid in bull ring, leading along its full length. About ten feet from Shepard's cell is a manhole to the sewer below, and the pipe at this point is tapped by another sewer, which leads out through the south wall and into the pipe which is buried underneath Spruce street. About ten days ago Jailor Wagner found a leak in the sewer pipe beneath the bull ring, and he set a force of men to work to repair it. They dug a ditch, and found the pipe in such bad condition that it could not be repaired. Then the jailer decided to have all of the pipe relaid, and the men unearthed it to the manhole, and from that point they made an opening under the jail wall, and continuing the ditch across the jail yard. Two days ago they disconnected the pipe that leads to the street, and since then there has been an unapproached opening through the manhole to the yard.

It was while the men were at work on the sewer that Shepard began work to effect his escape. With a fine steel saw that Shepard had hid away in his cell he began to cut the bolts that held the steel cap that covered the small opening near the floor. Shepard worked slyly while the men on the sewer worked. The noise they made was a protection for Shepard against the jail guards hearing the grating of his saw. Reed, the cellmate of Shepard, says positively that he never once noticed the fugitive at work with his saw, and if Reed's statement is true, Shepard was able to keep his work from the prison guards. Reed's statements about the whole affair are, however, not given much credence by the officials. They say that the only reason Reed did not escape with Shepard was because he was too large a man to squeeze through the small opening. The indications are that Shepard had the plate over the opening in readiness for his escape by Saturday night, and then awaited his opportunity to get away, having learned from some source in the mean time that the hole in the wall at the manhole was unprotected.

Shepard's opportunity came yesterday morning. The guards in their rounds at 3 o'clock noticed nothing unusual about the cell he occupied. There were four men on duty at the jail—two in the court and two in the bull ring. Shepard waited his opportunity. From his bunk he saw the guards pass by his cell and disappear in opposite directions to the ends of the bull ring. He had got a match from one of the guards only a few moments before and lit a cigarette. About the time the guards disappeared around the turns of the bull ring, Shepard was upon his hands and knees. He pushed the little steel plate away and crawled with great difficulty out into the bull ring. It only took him a minute longer to put the plate against the opening, and then cover it with two pieces of stone flugging that the sewer diggers had removed from the sewer and another minute he was into the yard. In the sewer outside he removed his

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

trousers and he must have replaced them with a suit of clothes some one had laid in the yard for him. It was only about fifty feet from the sewer to the scaffold on which Shepard was to have been hanged. But the instrument of death had no terror for him now. It is located in the south-west corner of the jail yard near the Morgue, and to this he hurried. Running up the stairs which lead to the platform from which the trap is sprung and murderers are shot into eternity, he occupied was a dummy he hid made with a small chip basket as a head and a blanket for the body.

THE CHINA FOR OLD CHINA

China Collecting of Late Years is Becoming a Science.

The collecting of old china is rapidly becoming a science. The tendency of the present day is to specialize. Instead of gathering together old and new and trash of every description, because it possesses the single merit of age, the collector of today is paying more attention to the grouping together of pieces belonging to special branches of the potter's art and to the completion of some particular series of designs, the work of a special potter or the ceramic views of a selected locality. There are collectors of Delit ware, of tortoiseshell or Whieldon ware, of slip decorated pottery; there are others who confine themselves to pepper boxes, and still others who collect nothing but pitchers or beer mugs. Certain others are interested only in printed china containing views relating to their own localities, while many consider blue crockery the only ware worth preserving. This specializing has its advantages in bringing together many objects which would otherwise escape observation, and in furnishing the student with material of greater completeness than could be obtained by desultory collecting, which enables him intelligently to classify and arrange, to reach conclusions relating to the past condition and development of the art.

Collectors of old English china bearing American designs are perhaps in the majority in this country, and their number is constantly increasing. The demand for the limited supply of such pieces, which are becoming rarer year by year, has resulted in the rapid increase in values, and in many instances preposterous prices have been realized by dealers. Take, for instance, the design showing the first train of cars of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. A few years ago this pattern could be purchased for a couple of dollars or less. Now it is sold at ten, fifteen, and sometimes as high as twenty dollars. This deep blue print, on account of its quaintness and historical interest, is exceedingly popular. Across the foreground extends a train of diminutive four-wheeled vehicles resembling old-fashioned coal cars, drawn by a primitive, cabinless, six-wheeled engine, with tall, slender smoke pipe. The engineer is seated on the side rail, while the fireman is seated on the front of the tiny coal car or tender. In the background another train may be seen coming down the grade.

It is not uncommon for rural owners of such pieces to ascribe to them an antiquity of a hundred or even two hundred years, notwithstanding the fact that the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was not projected until 1828. This belief in the great age of inherited china is common and it is a hopeless task to try to set the owners straight as to the true age of such pieces. It was only last week that the writer received a letter from an old lady in the country, who had some wonderful pieces of ancient china which she desired to sell. They were described as being fully five hundred years old, and more probably seven hundred. Investigation proved them to be nothing but cheap crockery of the period of 1850 to 1840. In the background another train may be seen coming down the grade.

Until quite recently \$10 represented the average price asked for dark blue American designs by high-priced dealers, but late the prices of many varieties have advanced to \$40, \$50, and even \$75, and strange to say, these exorbitant figures are sometimes realized, although some of the rarest designs may still be picked up through the country for a dollar or so apiece. Collectors seem to have gone crazy over their hobbies, and we may live to see the day when old china will bring as preposterous prices as postage stamps, one of which, a 10-cent Baltimore "Provisional," issued about 1846, is said to have been recently sold to a New York collector for the fabulous sum of \$4,400.

By a curious hallucination china dealers and collectors are just now "bbling" the prices of some comparatively worthless blue china designs which have lately been brought into prominence. One of these is a view of an old French structure entitled Menin sur la Marne a Charvillon (Mill on the Marne at Charvillon), the supposition being that it stood on the land belonging to Gen. Lafayette, and it is said that at least one collector has already paid \$10 for

a plate bearing this view. As a matter of fact, Charvillon was situated a long distance from La Grange, the Lafayette estate and had no possible connection with it; consequently the view possesses no special interest, but may be used with a hundred other designs which have never brought more than a dollar or so. These mill plates are quite abundant in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, two varieties being known, without the writing to the names on the backs which he offered to him at 50 cents each, but declined them with thanks. As the design is uninteresting and possesses no special significance, the value can only be measured by what it will bring as a bit of blue coloring, of indifferent quality, with wall decoration alone. It is one of Enoch Wood's poorest efforts in the presentation of picturesque scenery on pottery.

As every English manufacturer of "American views" had at least one special design for the borders of plates, it is possible to assign examples to particular qualities without recurring to the names on the backs for no potter needs to have used the border design of another. The study of these marginal patterns is fascinating to a collector. Enoch Wood employed distinct border devices for different groups of subjects. For his American views he used a sea-shell border in at least two varieties. In one of these the chinno, or sea porcupine, was introduced as shown in the Baltimore and Ohio plate. In the other this detail was omitted. To the latter group belong the "Commodore Macdonough's Victory" print and the "Marine Hospital, Louisville, Ky." His series of Scriptural designs was characterized by a border containing four groups of Biblical emblems—a lamb, an altar, a cross, and an open book. Whether these are marked or not, they may always be recognized as being the work of Wood. A series of French views, including "La Grange, the Residence of the Marquis Lafayette" (of which there are two varieties); the "Moulin sur la Marne," mentioned above; the "Chateau Ermenonville," and others, were distinguished by a border of hollyhocks, grapes and iris, and still other groups had distinctive margins.

Stubs employed on his American productions a border pattern embodying the American eagle. The Ridgway brothers, John and William, in their "Beauies of America" table covers, used a set model of an artistic wreath of large rose leaves, arranged in a circle, tip to tip, on each of which is a flower blossom. Mayer used on his series of arms of the original States a graceful trumpet flower, while R. S. & W. (supposed to stand for Ridgway, Son & Wear) proposed the most bearded of oak leaves and acorns. Of a later period are the pink, black and brown plates of Jackson and of Adams, with their handsome floral borders; the light blue and brown views of Goodwin, including a view of Baltimore and one of Fort Hamilton, encircled with convolvulus and nasturtium design, and the Hudson River scenes of Clews, with their bird-paradise borders. Of course there were also some special engravings with their own individual border devices, such as the "States" pattern, the log cabin, and the Erie Canal, and the landing of the pilgrims, but these are the exceptions which prove the rule.

The use of a common border on a series of views served two purposes. It identified the work of the manufacturer, and it saved much expense in having a variety of set model views engraved, which also contributed to the uniformity required in a service for table use. Thus it was only necessary, in getting out new patterns, to engrave a central view, the least expensive portion of the whole design.

Many other handsome border designs on old English china could be described but we space. Mr. A. Trus of New York has in his possession a pair of dinner plates which are probably unique in American collections. These contain well-executed portraits busts in blue, of Robert Burns and King George III., surrounded by a most attractive wreath design, and also a Scotch thistle in bold proportions. Since these are not marked, the name of the maker is not known, but as Enoch Wood was the most prolific producer of printed ware of this character, they may, with some degree of probability, be attributed to him.—Edwin Albee Barber.

Windsor Salt For Tables and Dairy Floors and Best.

Bismarck as a Band Organist.

It is related by a German journal that during the reign of the Emperor William I. when his present Emperor was a boy, Prince Bismarck, walking one day through a corridor of the royal palace at Berlin, came upon a strange scene. Hearing within a room which he passed a great racket, he opened the door and saw the young grandsons of the emperor dancing about, while their father, the Crown Prince, ground at the handle of a hand organ. All were in high spirits, and, seeking the Chancellor, the young Prince laughingly invited him to join in the dance. Prince Bismarck declined, but offered to turn the organ if the Crown Prince would join in his sons. The Crown Prince consented, and the Chancellor turned the handle with great animation. The laughter and sport grew louder with the increased speed of the playing. Just then the old Emperor came in. He took in the situation at a glance.

"Use, my Chancellor, that you are beginning early to make the Prince dance to your music!" If the incident were accepted as prophetic, it was soon proved illusive. The eldest, at least, of the old Emperor's grandsons—the present Emperor—has never since then danced to any one's music but his own.

Engraving in Wall Papers of the Arthur King, St.

Social and Personal.

Rub! Rub! Rub!

WELCOME SOAP advertisement with image of hands being rubbed together and text: 'That is what some women have to do in order to make the clothes white and clean. By this rubbing they not only tire themselves, but also wear out the clothes. Thus; that use the Famous WELCOME SOAP'.

English Wakefield Leather...

Skirt Binding advertisement with image of a woman in a long dress and text: 'Patented 1896. Fall and Winter Dresses. In Fawn, Black, Navy, Seal Brown, Myrtle Green. Russet, Wine Red, Silver Grey, Myrtle Green.'

Stower's Lime Juice Cordial advertisement with image of a bottle and text: 'STOWER'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL. Is Sweetened to Suit Most Palates. NO HUNTING FOR SUGAR. Add water, and you have the BEST and MOST WHOLESOME of Summer Drinks. STOWER'S HAS NO MUSTY FLAVOR'.

Sea Foam advertisement with large text and text: 'A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oil it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft smooth and healthy.'

Drink Montserrat advertisement with text: 'It is Cooling, Refreshing and Invigorating. It is the Pure Juice of Cultivated Limes, and a very wholesome summer beverage. Dilute with water and sweeten to taste. LIMETTA CORDIAL will be found the finest article of its kind on the market.'

A Sensible Combination advertisement with text: 'Rapidly being appreciated by those desiring comfort as well as style in their dress. CRAVENETTE, stylish and tasteful, yet perfectly dust proof—light, elastic and porous, yet perfectly shower proof. Stylish for street wear, serviceable for country wear and rain proof. CRAVENETTE The Wet Weather Dry Goods.'

There has not been much going on in the social world recently... The party given by Mrs. Howard D. Troop gave a picnic at Hampstead, the party taking place in the "Dreum" at ten a. m. and returning at 8 o'clock.

Mrs. D. F. Chisholm spent a day this week at Robesay as a guest of Mrs. Donville. Among the many dominion day excursions or private picnics that left the city on July first was that held at the Wilcox homestead at Robesay.

The many friends in this city of Miss Lizzie B. Olive will be pleased to learn that she made a decided impression in Boston on June 15th when she sang at a concert given in that city under the auspices of the Suffolk lodge of I. O. G. T.

Mrs. Annie Melnik whose dangerous illness was referred to several weeks ago in Progress has so far recovered that in a few weeks she hopes to be able to come to New Brunswick to spend the rest of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stackhouse entertained a party of friends at their residence, Portland street, on Tuesday evening in honor of their guests Mr. and Mrs. Beaudart and daughter of Eastport.

On Monday morning at Holy Trinity church, a very pretty wedding took place, in which the contracting parties were Mr. John Crowley, late of Boston, son of Mr. Simon Crowley of this city and Mary T. Murphy, sister of Michael Murphy, B. A. The bride was attended by her cousin, Miss Metherell, while the groom was supported by his brother, Simon Crowley, Rev. T. T. Walsh performed the ceremony, after which the party repaired to the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Lawlor, Spring street, where breakfast was served after which Mr. and Mrs. Crowley left on the steamer State of Maine for Boston where they will reside.

The friends of Mr. W. G. MacFarlane who went to Trinidad last December to take a position on the editorial staff of the Port of Spain Gazette, will regret to hear that he has been very ill lately. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wade spent last week in St. Andrews. Mr. O. A. Thompson of Halifax visited the city this week. Mrs. Charles Everett is in St. Andrews visiting her mother Mrs. A. W. Smith. Mrs. John A. Thompson and Miss Thompson were among the St. John people at the Algonquin hotel, St. Andrews, this week.

Tetley's TEAS advertisement with large text and text: 'PURE TEA. That is, Tea leaves, scientifically prepared, from early pickings, of well cultivated plants—is a wholesome, invigorating drink. Few people, however nervous, are otherwise than pleasantly affected by drinking properly prepared'

Baby's Own advertisement with image of a baby and text: 'Babies like it—it's good for them. BABY'S OWN SOAP is certain in cleansing, so safe, and sweet in using. Keeps skin soft and healthy. Good for babies or old folks. Sold by all druggists. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.'

George P. McLaughlin advertisement with text: 'Wines, Liquors and Cigars, 11 and 13 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Agent for LOCHLEANA SCOTCH WHISKY, our special brand. Try it. TELEPHONE No. 925-24'

Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines advertisement with text: 'INDIAN WOMAN'S BALM. USE ONLY. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E. G. SCOVEL. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces'

Advertisement for 'Progress' magazine with image of a woman reading and text: 'Genuine Progress. The friends of Mr. W. G. MacFarlane who went to Trinidad last December to take a position on the editorial staff of the Port of Spain Gazette, will regret to hear that he has been very ill lately.'

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trotter, and at the bookstores of H. B. Dag...

Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Butler have returned from Boston. Mrs. Frederic Richardson of Deer Island has been spending a few days with her friend Mrs. C. H. Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. John Walker have returned from their home in California. Mr. and Mrs. John Walker have returned from their home in California.

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Liver Pills Hood's Pills. Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly.

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Miss Harris and Miss Benedict of Moncton are here the guests of Hon. F. P. and Mrs. Thompson. Regent street.

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Columbia Bicycles. STANDARD OF THE WORLD. YEARS of testing and proving demonstrated that ordinary steel tubing would not do for Columbia Bicycles. The quality is uncertain; the supply of the best is limited.

Hotel Aberdeen. ST. JOHN, N. B. New Office, Prince William Street. Passenger Elevator and all modern improvements, including modern and therapeutic baths. Rooms all large and airy.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Street, makes it a most desirable place for visitors and business men.

Cool Soda Water. With Choice Fruit Syrups. Cherry Ripe Peach, Red Messina Orange, Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Pineapple.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. I WAS CURED OF Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Mrs. A. LIVINGSTON.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. I WAS CURED OF a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. JOHN MADER.

Judge Wilkes. Judge Wilkes, No. 15, 780, Vol. 11, A. T. R. Race Record, 2,900. GIBB, Bourdon Wilkes, 2845 (50 in the Hat) by George Wilkes, etc.

PROMPT RELIEVER AND MIGREY CURER. For P. O. Hoadley, 171 Stratford Avenue, Montreal. It can be used in the one hour.

WHEN YOUR GOWN Hangs Well. and keeps its graceful style all season through, ain't you pleased? This is a certainty when you use Fibre Chamois.

Ferguson & Page. 41 KING STREET. Have a large stock of Silver Novelties, suitable for small presents. For Summer Wear: Belts, Buckles, Blouse Sets, Belt Pins, Garters, etc.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1896.

DAMASCUS OF TODAY.

A GREAT CITY THAT WAS STANDING BEFORE ABRAHAM'S TIME.

An Oasis Fortified by a Desert—A Medley of Humanity in Its Streets—Where St. Paul Preached—The Ruins of Baalbec—Lebanon Mountains.

While the ancient cities along the Nile are known only by the magnificence of their ruined temples, while Baalbec and Palmyra have long since passed away, while Babylon is a heap in the desert and Tyre a ruin on the shore, Damascus, which Josephus declares was standing before Abraham's time, and which is called in the prophecies of Isaiah "the head of Syria," is today, as it has been for thousands of years, a mighty city, influencing the customs and trade of a region of hundreds of miles around it.

Its importance in the flourishing period of the Jewish monarchy we know from the prophecies of Isaiah "the head of Syria," is today, as it has been for thousands of years, a mighty city, influencing the customs and trade of a region of hundreds of miles around it.

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chapel said to contain the head of John the Baptist, which was found in the crypt of the church. The "street called Straight," which is interesting to all New Testament readers, is about a mile in length and runs across the city from west to east.

In round numbers the population is about 150,000, one hundred thousand of whom are Moslems. These are notorious for their fanaticism, which has a terrible proof in the massacre of July, 1860, when 6,000 Christians were slaughtered in the streets and 9,000 more in the district about the city. In this butchery we have a true picture of the "unspeakable" Turk when he is aroused. The churches and convents, which had been filled with the terror-stricken Christians, presented piles of corpses, and the thoroughfares were choked with the slain. Through the influence brought to bear upon the Turkish Government the Governor and three city officers were shot, fifty-six of the citizens were hanged, 117 others received the death penalty, 400 were condemned to imprisonment and exile and the city was made to pay the sum of \$1,000,000. Some refused at first to believe that the Turks were responsible for the massacre, but it has been shown beyond a doubt that they connived at it, they instigated it, they ordered it, they shared in it. Their conduct north of Damascus at present is a repetition of the same thing.

Besides the Biblical allusions that have been made in this paper to Damascus, it will be remembered that Paul was converted on his way here, and that when the Governor sought to apprehend him he was let down in a basket through a window and made good his escape, and that during his residence here "he preached Christ in the synagogue, that He is the Son of God, and confounded the Jews which dealt at Damascus, proving that this is the very Christ."

We are tempted to think that it would take more than the eloquent voice of Paul to disturb the consummate indifference of the average pipe-smoking, coffee-drinking, sleepy-eyed citizen of modern Damascus.

Standing among the ruins of this inglorious city, you look upon the remains of two distinct but blended civilizations. The popular natural religions, which for centuries held Asia captive, mingle the wrecks of their colossal architecture with the exquisite forms that the artistic genius of Greece created. Camels, sheep, and goats graze the grass which grows over the fallen, crumbling columns and capitals, and the opening spring casts fresh and green garlands over these relics of the dead past.

Great columns lean heavily against tottering walls, as if determined to postpone their fall to the last moment, and over the scene of desolation the white chain of the Lebanon, capped by perpetual snow, gives a chilling look.

Here in the ancient Heliopolis of the Greeks and Romans, celebrated for its sun worship in the temple which was one of the wonders of the world. Here you may witness how the pride and pomp of paganism arrayed itself before its death; here you see the ruin of an entire city, full of disorder, poetry, grandeur, and as you study some of this enormous debris in detail you find that nowhere is the Corinthian acanthus carved with more delicacy than on these gigantic blocks.

The temples of Baalbec, dating at least from the reign of Antioch Pius, were erected on the acropolis of the city, which was placed on an eminence, surrounded with gigantic walls, the stones of which belonged to that Phœnician Architecture which has earned the name of Cyclopean.

First, there was the Great Temple of Jupiter, which has preserved a large part of its portico, its ornate architecture, its fluted columns, and a rich profusion of decoration; then there was the Temple of the Sun, the ruins of which clearly indicate its past grandeur, and the last was what was known as the Circular Temple, the only remains of which are a few highly decorated chapels. Passing through a long passage-way we enter a court 70 yards long by about 85 wide, which is in the form of a hexagon, with here and there rectangular recesses in the wall, each with columns in front. From this hexagon originally a handsome portal led into the great court, about 150 yards long by 125 wide, in the center of which stood the basilica, which around were rectangular recesses, called by the Romans exedrae.

In front of this great court the principal temple of Baalbec stood. This temple had columns running round it, only six of which are now standing. These are sixty feet in height, with Corinthian capitals and bordered with a frieze. When the temple was in its glory there were seventeen columns on either side of the temple and ten at either end, fifty-four in all, the building enclosed by them being two hundred and ninety feet long by one hundred and sixty broad. The masses of broken columns and falling walls indicate not only the work of the "tooth of time," but the ruthless ravages of the Arabs, who have destroyed priceless treasures in art in order that they might secure the iron clamps in the columns. In the grand portico of the temple there is an inscription, which may be translated as follows: "To the great gods of Heliopolis. For the safety of the Lord Ant. Pius Aug. and of Julia Ang., the mother of our Lord of the Castra (here it is quite indistinct) Senate, A devoted (subject) of the sovereigns

(caused) the capitals of the columns of Antoninus, whitest in the air, (to be), embodied with gold at her own expense."

The second temple, or Temple of the Sun, stands on a platform lower than that of the Great Temple; nineteen out of the forty-six columns, each sixty-five feet high remain, and the capitals and entablatures are as exquisitely executed as anything in Baalbec. The portal of the temple claims one's special attention. The door posts are monoliths, most richly ornamented with foliage and gem; the architrave is of three stones, on the lower side of which is the figure of an eagle, the emblem of the sun, and the basement, which is one hundred by seventy feet, is ornamented most profusely. Built into the outer wall are three stones, the largest ever used in architecture. The temple was at one time called Trilithon, or three-stoned, probably from the stupendous blocks. One stone measures sixty-four feet long, another sixty-three feet eight inches, and a third sixty-three. Each is thirty-one feet high and thirteen feet thick, and placed in the wall at a height of twenty feet above ground. It is still an unsolved problem how they were ever raised to their present position.

At all the quarries in the Lebanon Mountains where doubtless these stones came from, I examined an unfinished block which is 71 feet long and nearly 18 feet in thickness. The Circular Temple, which is located near to the modern village, is surrounded by Corinthian columns, is richly adorned by a frieze of flowers, and the entablature is heavily laden with elaborate decoration. As I sat upon an ornately sculptured parapet and, quietly and alone, studied this wilderness of magnificent ruins, where were displayed Phœnician glory and power, the poetry of Grecian art, and the pomp of Roman pride, the transitory character of even the most permanent and glorious of the material was pictured before me as never before.—Baltimore Sun.

OUR DAYS LENGTHENED.
People Live Better Than They Used, and Live Longer.

Some people say that the medical profession has lengthened the average of human life. Others claim that new conditions have brought on new diseases. It is hard to get at statistics for or against these opinions, and if we could find figures to support either position, the average reader would probably call to mind the saying that "there are three kinds of lies in this world—plain lies, damn lies, and statistics." One thing is certain, however. Men live longer today than they did in the days of the Revolutionary war. Prominent men at that time were considered old at fifty years. Today when a man reaches the half century goal he is in his prime.

When asked his opinion as to whether the average of human life had lengthened with the progress of medical science, Dr. George F. Shady replied:

"Undoubtedly it has, and we have no diseases. It is a gospel truth that there is nothing new under the sun. True enough, emergencies arise, but we are prepared to meet them one by one; not by new discoveries, however, but by merely evolving new methods out of old laws. Every branch of medicine has done much to save life, and that, of course, brings up the average. Take, for example, the operation of ovariotomy. It has saved the lives of hundreds of women within the last twenty years. The disease is not new; medical men have learned to treat it. The same is true of anti-toxine, and diphtheria, and so it goes. There is a monitor to meet every Merrimac. Appendicitis is not a new disease. People read in the papers about this and that operation for appendicitis. They scratch their heads and say: "That's a new disease. We didn't hear of that when we were young. What will these doctors be finding next? People have been having appendicitis since the days of Adam and Eve, but it is only of late years that surgeons have learned how to treat it. The physical body has always been the same; so there can be no new disease.

People are very much like watches, after all. Some of them are made with good works and others have weak springs and need mending often. Mortality has been greatly reduced, it is true; but this is for the most part among children. Nothing has ever been found yet that would preserve the body after death, and it is pretty hard work keeping a person alive over his allotted years."

"Every branch of medical science has done much to lengthen the average of human life," said Dr. Landon Carter Grey, the neurologist. "In fact, the medical profession is the only one that is laboring for the good of the human race. Even the most selfish physician is an altruist to a certain extent because he knows that it pays him in the long run, if for no higher reason. If a man makes some great discovery, such as vaccination, he gives it to the profession, for he knows that the glory to be gained by doing so will be infinitely greater than any success that he might attain for his own exclusive use; and then there is the ostracism of his fellows that would follow to contend with in case he kept his knowledge from the world.

Dr. Koch set to work again, and it is said that he is making discoveries of great importance. Probably he is building up success on that failure, and will give us a sure cure. Anti-toxine promises to revolutionize the treatment of diphtheria. Certainly, it has saved many lives. Improved methods of living have done more to lengthen the average of life than anything else. We all have better houses, food, clothing, and sanitation, and who are the men who have made a study of these things and called the improvements to the attention of the people? The doctors never asking or receiving one penny for it. They have a better knowledge of disease and the application of medicines, and of course that saves many people."

"A great many cry that the tendency is toward the cities without ever stopping to think that civilization is civilization. Certainly, people tend to live together, for wherever they do they live better in every way. The great mortality of this big city is among the children of the tenements. Other children are healthier than those living in the country, notwithstanding that the latter have the advantage of purer air. The reasons for this are obvious.

"First of all, city houses are warm and the city child is better protected from the cold. If you drive through a street before it has been cleaned after a snow storm there is a disagreeable chill in the air. Let the dirt and snow be removed and go through the next day. You will feel as if you were in another climate. City children are kept indoors until the streets are cleaned. Then they have fresh vegetables and fruits that it is impossible to get in the country; they are clothed according to the weather, and the sanitary conditions are far superior to those in the country.

"Some claim that there are more nervous diseases today than ever before. True enough, people are strung up to a high nervous pitch, but there aren't any new diseases; they know themselves better and recognize the disease, and that branch of the profession which treats nervous diseases understands better how to treat them. So it is in every branch of medicine. New discoveries are being made and surgery has made great strides. This coupled with the fact that people know how to take better care of themselves than ever before, certainly is increasing the average length of man's years."

Another prominent physician said: "The advancement of medical science has slightly increased the average of man's life, particularly by reducing infant mortality, and that's the place where the science of medicine has told most. The tissues of an infant are not only most susceptible to unwholesome external conditions, but also to unwholesome foods. Again, the average duration of a case of consumption is much longer than it used to be. Formerly the life of a consumptive was two years; now it is eight. These are merely two instances showing what medical science has done in this direction.

"New ailments do not arise, but they are minor troubles that do not increase mortality. For instance, there is the telephone ear, and one or two diseases developed by excessive use of the bicycle. On the other hand, new devices are constantly lightening labor, particularly child labor. The little case girl lives in an atmosphere that stunts her physical and mental development and favors infection, particularly with tuberculous diseases. New devices help to prevent this. And labor-saving machines are replacing child labor. I see a good deal to make one optimistic. Everything that man engages in brings harm to some one, and some are sacrificed. So it is with the sport of wheeling. A great many are killed and injured, but they are nothing in the aggregate compared with the masses who are benefited. When we have any good thing we abuse it in proportion to the pleasure we derive from it."

"The statistics say that the average of human life has been lengthened fully three years within the last century," said one of the medical directors of the New York

Life Insurance Company. "This is due to a great many things, principally to better living. People have better houses, better food, and better clothing, and more attention is given to sanitation than ever before. I think that drinking pure water has done more to lengthen the average of man's years than anything else. People do not drink from wells and springs now, but get their water from a pure source. Typhoid fever and diarrheal troubles are often carried into the system by contaminated water. Then medical science has almost swept small-pox off the face of the earth. In New York there are never more than a very few cases, and some years not one is reported. Medical men have done much, but living according to hygienic laws is also largely responsible for this increase. We have a first-class system of drainage in our city and excellent plumbing and ventilation in our houses; they are well and evenly heated, and we eat nourishing food well prepared. Perhaps above and beyond any of these things stands pure drinking water."

"If you want to keep well, keep clean," said one of the medical directors of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. "I should think that the average of human life had been increased by medical men and also by the people at large. I can't say that the treatment of ordinary diseases has been much improved or changed within my knowledge, but new discoveries, such as vaccination and anti-toxine, and the advance that surgery has made, have worked wonders. And the people of our countries, such as this and Australia, are learning how to live. They now have comfortable houses and are beginning not to eat too much. They regard the laws of health and take proper care of themselves. Take the matter of heating. When I was a boy such a thing as a furnace was unknown. We had open fires, and our backs had cold chills running up and down them, while our faces were blistered. One had to be always turning one's self around, like a piece of meat on a hook, to get an equality of heat on all sides. The temperature in one part of the room was about 80°, and in another 40°. Perhaps people nowadays live in too much heat. There is a tendency to carry this too far, but even that is better than the conditions that prevailed in my boyhood. Why, actually the beds were so cold that they had to be warmed with bed stoves before the youngsters could crawl in; this helped us out some.

"Statistics show that up to five years the Irishman has double the number of children that the American has. At the end of ten years the American has twice the number that the Irishman has. Our greatest mortality is among the children of the tenements, and they generally die under the age of five years. The only wonder is that they live so long when one considers how there are huddled together in poorly ventilated, poorly heated rooms and that they live on unwholesome food and are exceedingly dirty. Physicians have done much to reduce infant mortality, but they are working against great odds. Undoubtedly, though, the average of human life has increased from three to four years in the last hundred."

ARMORED TORPEDO BOATS.
Argentina Has Four to Go Twenty-six Knots an Hour.

On Saturday afternoon last there was launched from the yard of Messrs. Yarrow & Co. a torpedo boat destroyer which differs from vessels of this class built for the British navy chiefly in respect of being armored.

The boat is one of four similar vessels now in course of construction. Her length over all is 190 feet 8 inches, her breadth 19 feet 6 inches, and her depth amidships 12 feet. With a draught of 5 feet the displacement will be about 250 tons.

The armament comprises one 18-inch torpedo tube, built into the stem for 50° fire, and two 18-inch swivel torpedo tubes on deck aft. The latter command both sides of the vessel. There will be a 14-pound quick-firing gun mounted on the conning tower forward, three 6-pounder quick firing guns on the deck aft, and two Maxim automatic guns just aback the conning tower, one being on either side.

The policy of armorings these small craft has been a good deal discussed lately, the interest in the subject having been revived by some operations during the late war in the East. About eleven years ago Messrs. Yarrow & Co. built for the Japanese Government a small vessel, the Kotaka,

which was protected by armor, and was, we believe, the first high-speed armored torpedo craft. It will be remembered that during the late war the Kotaka led two important torpedo attacks, and came through comparatively unharmed, while the unarmored boats suffered severely. The price paid by armor is, of course, loss of speed, but the Argentine naval authorities are evidently of opinion that it is advisable to sacrifice something in swiftness in order to gain protection. In our own navy there are, as stated, no armored torpedo craft, it being held that the very thin armor, which alone can be used, is comparatively useless, or worse than useless, while it destroys the most valuable quality in these vessels—their paramount speed.

Speed, however, is a relative term. These Argentine destroyers are to steam twenty-six knots, which would be sufficient to enable them to perform their ostensible duty of putting out of action torpedo boats proper. It is now generally recognized, however, that "destroyers" are but torpedo boats of a larger growth and this is fairly well shown by the fact that the present vessels have each three torpedo discharges, which are certainly not intended for use against small craft.

Whatever may be the intention of the designers, however, one may be sure that no naval officer in command of a destroyer would lose the opportunity of bagging a battle ship or cruiser. For such an opportunity the chief advantage of speed is that it enables the attacking boat to pass "the zone of fire" very quickly. Armor naturally lessens this advantage, but while it detains the boat longer under fire, it would keep out a great many projectiles that might otherwise be fatal. It is, of course, guns of the smaller nature that torpedo craft have most to fear. The machine-fire gun sends a stream of bullets which may almost be likened to a jet of water from a hose, and, once the range were obtained, would soon play havoc with the ordinary thin plating of the average torpedo boat. It is to keep out these projectiles that one-half inch armor has been added to the Argentine boats. This armor entirely surrounds the engines and boilers. The bulkheads at the ends of the machinery space being also of steel one-half inch thick.

The estimated speed of these boats is twenty-six knots.—Engineering.

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The boat is one of four similar vessels now in course of construction. Her length over all is 190 feet 8 inches, her breadth 19 feet 6 inches, and her depth amidships 12 feet. With a draught of 5 feet the displacement will be about 250 tons.

The armament comprises one 18-inch torpedo tube, built into the stem for 50° fire, and two 18-inch swivel torpedo tubes on deck aft. The latter command both sides of the vessel. There will be a 14-pound quick-firing gun mounted on the conning tower forward, three 6-pounder quick firing guns on the deck aft, and two Maxim automatic guns just aback the conning tower, one being on either side.

The policy of armorings these small craft has been a good deal discussed lately, the interest in the subject having been revived by some operations during the late war in the East. About eleven years ago Messrs. Yarrow & Co. built for the Japanese Government a small vessel, the Kotaka,

which was protected by armor, and was, we believe, the first high-speed armored torpedo craft. It will be remembered that during the late war the Kotaka led two important torpedo attacks, and came through comparatively unharmed, while the unarmored boats suffered severely. The price paid by armor is, of course, loss of speed, but the Argentine naval authorities are evidently of opinion that it is advisable to sacrifice something in swiftness in order to gain protection. In our own navy there are, as stated, no armored torpedo craft, it being held that the very thin armor, which alone can be used, is comparatively useless, or worse than useless, while it destroys the most valuable quality in these vessels—their paramount speed.

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Speed, however, is a relative term. These Argentine destroyers are to steam twenty-six knots, which would be

JOHANN STURENSEE.

The tragedy of Struensee is one of the few romances of Danish history. It occurred in the middle of the eighteenth century, rather more than a hundred years after the abdication of Christian of Sweden had attracted attention to the Scandinavian world.

At the time the romance began the King of Denmark was a weak, debauched, dissolute prince of 19. His name was Christian VII; he was a son of his predecessor, Frederick V and of a daughter of George II of England.

At the age of 17 this pigmy monarch married his cousin, Caroline Matilda, sister of George III of England, who was then 15. The marriage was performed by proxy, Christian being represented by the Prince who afterwards became George III. Caroline was beautiful, accomplished, and brightly quick-witted and charming.

She had been carefully brought up by a tender and judicious mother. She was herself averse to exchanging her pleasant English home for a cold and far-off northern throne but it was explained to her that princesses' marriages were regulated by considerations of state, and she yielded.

She was a fortnight on the voyage to Denmark, and tempestuous weather did not reconcile her to the change in her fortunes. Still, when she met her husband, he was drawn to her by her grace and beauty and modesty, and for a few days the union was happy.

But Christian was a coarse and brutal debauchee addicted to behavior which was certain to shock an innocent young girl. A coolness sprang up between the married couple, and the child of fifteen felt herself a widow almost before she was a wife.

Christian's tastes led him to throw the handkerchief to the lowest class of women in Copenhagen. He publicly advertised his intimation for one 'Stiefelkatherine,' who was torn from his arms by the police to occupy a cell in the House of Correction.

His fickle fancy then turned to a notorious coquette who bore the sobriquet of 'M'lay,' with her, according to the memoirs of his brother-in-law, the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, his youthful monarch used to make night hideous by scampering through the streets of his capital, breaking lamps, throwing stones into windows and setting the police at dance.

Fifteen months after the marriage Caroline gave birth to a son. Her husband then resolved to travel, and informed his wife that a due concern for the health of the heir apparent required her to remain at home.

the misery which the King's conduct inflicted on his wife. He was not blind to her charms of face, manner, and mind. He devoted himself to her society and grew to be her inseparable companion.

Other writers say that Caroline was so modest and virtuous a creature that they could not understand how she could listen to the voice of the seducer. But she was very miserable. No day passed that her husband did not neglect or insult her.

Struensee was all deference and respectful attention. He whispered into her ear that her only prospect of happiness was in a close union with him for the conduct of the Government, and for the education of her son, and he pointed out to her how the German princesses console themselves in the infidelities of their husbands.

Meanwhile, at Caroline's advice and assistance, Struensee effected important reforms in the Government of Denmark. He expedited the administration of law. He introduced freedom of the press. He established a founding hospital at Copenhagen. He abolished gambling-halls.

He did away with the Council of State, dissolved the King's Li-Bande. Internal dissensions and foreign relations were administered solely according to his will and pleasure. All titles, honors, degrees and offices were held by his favor.

But, like many upstarts, he overdid his work. His reforms were not the result of profound knowledge and slow consideration; they were the work of fital caprice and often did as much harm as good.

He was haughty and overbearing to foreign powers. He provoked the Emperor of Russia till that potentate sent a fleet to Copenhagen, and he was so rude to the English Ambassador that the latter retired to the country.

One by one his adherents fell away from him. Rantzau gave notice that he wished to repair to Paris. Brandt wrote: "No despot has ever acquired such power or honor as I have in such a way as you have. You have infested terror into every one. All tremble before you. Men speak, drink, eat, always in trembling. Even the Queen has no longer a will of her own."

Poor Caroline was indeed an object of pity. Her instincts had always been pure; she had succumbed to Struensee's wheedling and bullying in the numbers of her broken heart. She had no sooner anned than she repented. She would have given words to sever the tie she had formed in a moment of thoughtlessness.

She tried to forbid her door to her lover, but he, impatient, masterful, unrelenting, knowing that but for his power over her he would be nothing, refused to abate one jot of his acquired might.

And yet the situation was becoming alarming. There was murder in the air. Placards denouncing the atrocious infamy appeared on the walls. The soldiers in their fife and drum and drove the court out of Copenhagen. Struensee surrounded the palace which he shared with the King and the Queen with a cordon of troops; a picked body of spandassins formed his body guard.

Commands of which he understands nothing; commands extorted from his imbecility by treachery! A queen does not obey such commands!

Rantzau retorted that his orders admitted of no decay. "I will obey no order till I have seen the King," said the frantic Queen. "Let me go to him—I must. I will speak to him!"

Being told that this would not be permitted, she had a hysterical paroxysm, and tried to throw herself, shrieking, out of the window. She was restrained by an officer, whose hair she tore out by handfuls. She fought and struggled until she fainted away, overcome with exhaustion.

When she came to her senses, she was dressed by her women, and handed down to a carriage. Count Rantzau offered her his arm, but she rejected it scornfully, saying, "Away, traitor! I detest you!"

Under an escort of thirty dragoons and with a lady of the bed chamber by her side, she was whirled away in a carriage to Kronenburg, a prison she knew so well. When she saw the place she groaned.

"God! I am lost for ever. The King has given me up. Oh! let me go away from here. For me there can be no peace more!"

One day broke King Christian, the wretched creature who had driven his wife to her ruin by his infidelity and his brutality, and who had probably connived at her amours with Struensee, drove through the streets of Copenhagen in a state carriage drawn by eight horses, and the people in the favorite that they took out of the rides and drew the carriages themselves.

The crowd was so crazy in their joy that they pulled down all the houses of ill fame as a vicarious atonement, and the King went to the theater, where the audience sang patriotic songs and shouted, "Long live King Christian VII!"

It was felt that the culprit were entitled to a trial, and a special court consisting of officials of character and repute was created to try them. According to the continental custom, they were subjected to preliminary interrogatories. Struensee exhibited dash and bravery to the Queen and abject cowardice. He had pretended to desire suicide, had refused food, had been seen to dash his head against the walls of his dungeon and had swallowed horn buttons.

Such was the irritation in the public mind that Sir Robert Keith, British minister in Copenhagen, took it upon his own responsibility to protest against any attempt upon Queen Caroline's life. He dispatched a special messenger to his master to say that it was in danger. George III, acted promptly. He sent the Order of the Bath to Keith as an indication of his approval of the information he had displayed, and he directed him to say to any party that was in power in Denmark that while he would not interpose with the decree of a divorce court, he would send a fleet to Copenhagen to bombard that city if a hair of the head of the English Princess were harmed.

Keith was accompanied by a company of comedians, which gave plays and other diversions. She seems to have harbored ideas of returning to her throne at Copenhagen, and Sir Nathaniel Wrayall carried on active intrigues to that end; but they came to nothing. She died at the age of 23 years and 9 months.

On her deathbed she declared to M. Roques, pastor of the French church at Celle, that she had never been unfaithful to her husband. Several portraits of her are extant. They depict a woman with handsome features, inclining to embonpoint; a full and plump figure; large, languishing eyes; a face expressive of gaiety, good humor, obstinacy, and sensuality; she must have been pleasure loving and passionate; probably a woman of the morals and manners of her time.



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PERSIAN WOMEN AT HOME.

single line, and her hands were stained orange with henna. She rose to meet me, and with many pretty compliments motioned me to a seat on the marble bench, and passed me her Kaim (water pipe) of Bohemian glass. I inquired how she liked Bushire, and a gesture of her hands expressed contempt for her present abode. The Khanum (myself) should see Tehran; that was the place wherein to live, with its gardens, mosques, and magnificent baths.

"No, I had a boy, beautiful as Mejsoun, strong limbed as Rustam, but he died, and now I have no sons." The bitterness was explicable; a childless wife is of small accounts in the harem, and is easily divorced. Still she was without hope, and she explained the methods of using certain charms, invaluable in such cases. A piece of delicate embroidery lay on a carpet near, and I asked it were the Khanum's doing. Her doing! No, indeed, needlework was for slaves. Was it true that in Feringian women performed all manner of tricks, and that the peasants in this country? The guitar also belonged to one of her women, and if it pleased I could hear her sing. Had I any jewels? She explained my solitary ring with interest, and learning that it was not my only possession, wondered that it did not wear the other jewels enclosed in the value of women in men's eyes. They were also a consolation in old age.

The Khanum's religious convictions were vague as those of other Iranian women. Allah was great and Omar accused; she daily repeated the Kebliah (profession of faith) and worshipped at the shrine of the men. When she died her embalmed body would make the pilgrimage to Kerberia and be buried by the tomb of the sainted Husain. A future state did not come within the range of her philosophy. The large room had long doors or windows opening on the veranda, the entrance of steps led to the roof, the meeting place in hot weather; it was scantily furnished, but the matted floor was nearly covered with valuable carpets; soft heaps of cushions with ancient-looking covers, seemed the only furniture, and the walls were hung with curious color pictures, and the pictures, histories of celebrated characters, together with a few gaudy colored oleographs.

Refreshments were served by a very pretty girl—sweets, cakes, and coffee, muddly, brown, and sugary, in tiny glass cups, decorated with a portrait of the Shah. Then my clothing and handkerchiefs were sprinkled with attar of roses, which smell haunted me for weeks. On my leaving, the Khanum expressed a thousand regrets. Might he be sacrificed, she said, but my presence had illumined her life, and bending low she laid my hand against my forehead. Then my clothing and handkerchiefs were sprinkled with attar of roses, which smell haunted me for weeks. On my leaving, the Khanum expressed a thousand regrets. Might he be sacrificed, she said, but my presence had illumined her life, and bending low she laid my hand against my forehead. Then my clothing and handkerchiefs were sprinkled with attar of roses, which smell haunted me for weeks. On my leaving, the Khanum expressed a thousand regrets. Might he be sacrificed, she said, but my presence had illumined her life, and bending low she laid my hand against my forehead.

Simple Precautions Insure Complete Victory. A Child Can use Diamond Dyes Successfully. When using the world-famed Diamond Dyes for home dyeing, use fresh, clean, soft water; hard and impure water will mar the beauty of the shades. Wooden, earthen, or enamelled vessels are best. Old articles before dyeing should be well washed with soap and water to remove dirt and grease, and rinsed in hot water, and dried while damp. When any particular shade is wanted, the dye should be tested by dyeing a small piece of the stuff.

At The Drawbridge for Fifty Years. William Harford, the old drawbridge tender of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad at South Norwalk, died there Wednesday morning, aged 78 years. He has held the same position with the railroad company for over fifty years, and was in charge of the drawbridge at the time of the terrible South Norwalk disaster in 1858. It was at first thought that he was Senator Ferry, who was talking with Mr. Harford at the time of the disaster, proved to the contrary, and it was shown that the signals were correctly set to stop the train, the draw being open.—New London Day.

Why does that Blodgett girl wear such a thick veil? "She thinks it increases her beauty." "Then why doesn't she get behind a screen door?"

A NASTY TONGUE

Is Proof Positive That You are in Danger.

Thousands Die Each Year from Liver Trouble.

Paine's Celery Compound Promptly Cures This Insidious Disease.

The liver is the great housekeeper of our health. On its right and proper action depends our enjoyment of life. One of the simplest indicators of a disordered and diseased liver is a nasty tongue—furred, coated, or white. This is proof positive that your liver is not working well. Other symptoms are as follows: nauseous taste in the mouth, pains under the shoulder blades, and in the region of the kidneys. The mental symptoms of liver trouble are often far worse than the bodily ones. Stoddy, nervous, melancholy, and a general feeling of disgust with life. When these bodily and mental troubles are experienced, your liver tells you it wants help. If help is not given at once, sickness and death must result.

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Read this letter written by Mrs. George Durant of Elms, Ont. No strange proof can be given of the virtue and power of Paine's Celery Compound in the cure of liver troubles: "For many years I have been a sufferer from liver troubles, and have doctored with several physicians, but only found relief for a very short time. My husband advised me to try your Paine's Celery Compound. I did so, and found so much relief from the first bottle that I continued, and I am now using the third bottle. Your Compound has done more for me than any physician. For months before using the Compound I never had one night of sound sleep; but now I can go to bed and sleep soundly and naturally, and feel like a new creature in the morning."

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

FAIRFEX THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY MOVING DAY

A Chamber of Dreams and its Hallowed Association—Some Canadian Writers—Mr. Herbin and his Sonnets—Wishes for the New Liberal Government.

Have you ever moved? Mistake me not: I cannot suppose your corporeal person to have been quite stationary since the bright dawn of its existence;—but have you ever exchanged houses? No? Then you are not a clerical itinerant. He who has exchanged one place of residence for another has had experience of sensations worthy of remembrance and of record. To awaken with the first blush of morning, in the best of health, and suddenly to remember—this day I must die! might move the most virtuous man to pensiveness. But it is not till evening that pensiveness comes when you are only "flitting", as the Scotch say, and with morning comes a mood more active and eager. You forsake the pillow under the endeared roof that for a season has sheltered you and your household gods, albeit the last time, with such a busy unconsciousness as admits of little sadness or sentiment. The time is not yet. You spend the early hours in the production of disarray that finally merges in domestic chaos and bewilderment; then comes the loading up, and the road is endlessly retraced, while you keep the track of the cart and the patient steers, till the late afternoon, by which time the community has had free exhibition of your household shrines and utensils.

To bear a hand, and have a care that mirrors are kept intact, lest they should give a broken expression to admiring beauty seeking itself; that pitchers, jugs and all brittle things, are neither abridged nor mutilated; that chromes are not illustrated by dabs, nor illuminated by any such pin-pointed holes as we see sometimes in colored transparencies, or'scopic views;—such vexing concerns as these may alienate all pensive reflection, and make the dusty day as common-place as possible. But when—

Eve has draped her curtain down And placed it with a star;

or when October's grinnings shut its stars, and gives a chilly rattle to the sere elm-leaves just outside that staring window in that familiar room, now becoming strange; when everything is gone that was there the evening before, and you stand

k about you, and reflect; then your emotions deserve a scribe and a pencil, and a moment wherein to "make a note on't." Yet this "flitting" experience is common to ministers, gipsies, circus-men, and occasionally, too good, commonplace, regular-going people.

If you are one in the good graces of the folk about you, having many whom you have helped in time of need, who are now desirous of retaining your favors, it is surprising how useful you may find them. There are so many, who find nothing to do. There is comfort in this faithful attendance on your exits, as well as on your entrances. Especially are the maidens of your parish then found as kindly vestals in the temple where you have burned much incense, and which in memory you are to recall as one of your tomes. If you are a man of delicate feeling, now, as soon as the push and hurry have abated, the dismantled place will seem already sacred and bracing of the past. How dear, too, will seem these friendly neighbors you are leaving—Heaven bless them and repay their kindness, for you never can!—who will do more out of love and good will than others might do for money. Even when this ever-smiling face of the dear mistress—who could not be disturbed by all this worry,—has finally vanished from the vacant halls where once she presided, there is one who cares for her who will remain and see to it that nothing is forgotten or neglected, and that the doors are finally closed and secured.

And did you then, my reader who must needs be gentle, having forgotten something, or perhaps following the leading of your heart, obtain the key again, enter the deserted house and move slowly from one vacant room to another, while the shadows deepened around you. Now everything and everybody has gone, and your presence, about to vanish forever, has something of ghostliness, as you gaze upon the blank windows and the dismantled walls, how are you given to the reminiscent fancies suggested by such a scene and hour! What a sudden vibration runs through that electric chain by which we are daily bound, till the house is peopled with phantoms: Memory is busy; all the friends you have ever welcomed here assemble at its call, while the deserted parlor and silent study are suddenly animated and vocal. In this pleasant nook—this window recess—you passed your quiet evenings, and read your favorite book, while your wife sat by with her sewing, and the children were snugly tucked for the night, in yonder room where they have been so often, and will never be again. You go for one more peep into that chamber where sleep and your little ones have hid such sweet times together, and where faces looked like the sky-borne, much as anything can which must some day dissolve in dust. Here you sat by Willie's restless couch during those fevered nights. You start to recall how bare and silent the room is,

and know that you are alone. Well, we must be alone sometimes, it is good for us; we must learn to bear it. What though the untenanted chambers ring as you tread the carpetless floors, while in your thought every object is restored to its wonted place. Then you notice that west-end window which was left open; there is a storm brooding not far off, and the sky above and the river below are in sombre expectation. You reflect that the steered rain will be better dashed against the window pane than beating in upon the floor, so you go to close it down. It is your own chamber of-dreams, where rest has been given, and often waking visions. Here you linger a moment. Whose couch will be spread in the accustomed place, in coming days,—the place where you knelt after you had opened the book of grace and found some hope-gleam, or promise of consolation, before your senses swam away into the sea so soft and sweet and dim and silent. You stand by the open window and before you close it, by the day's fading glimmer, take in the accustomed landscape. This is the last time its now pervasive beauty will greet you from this familiar point of view. How clearly this and that object stands out, how fondly it is noted. You say, "Goodbye, dear hills, and ye farms and homesteads, that blessed my eyes with your greeting every morning when I awoke. And thou, river, chiming away on thy pebbly bottom, curving round yonder steepy bank—thou crystal harmony, thou thing of motion and music, god-bye! Still rush away seaward, and chafe thy stones, and utter the same voice of power that used to soothe and charm me on wakeful nights, or in early morning before the sun; others shall hear you, and be glad. Ye high bank, above which I dusily see the white chapel with its surrounding graves, and their stones so spectral among the firs and beeches and the shrubs that overhang the gliding current below, I bid you farewell." Yonder is the door of your friendly neighbor, which now it is not convenient for you to enter. It is closed now, and you reproach yourself for the omission of neighborly offices, so much enriching the heart that bestows them. The time for departure has come.

"I shall leave the old house in the autumn." So runs a line of the old song, that comes to mind. You are leaving it now; so you linger and stand yet a moment on the threshold of the old, before going forward to the new.

But perhaps, my reader, I take too much for granted, and this may be a mood of my mind, and not of yours. You may be of the number whom the world calls practical, and will say to me,—why are you not forward helping the folk, or cheering them? Is all this business?" Nay, nor wholly pleasure. These stolen interviews with my own soul, these glances upon the past as taken in the hour between day and dark, and I shall be the straightforward man of action soon. Only let me say in passing, this mood is mine, and I report it faithfully as I can. The soul casts its own lights or shadows on all around it, and the familiar forms we dwell among become to us what the heart makes them.

"We receive but what we give. And in our life alone does nature live, Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud." Soon will come another flitting, and a final one, when it will be said, "Adieu, adieu, ye beautiful world, and ye pleasant companions!" Ours is a strange, and yet familiar, half-mournful, half-joyful, exodus to a country of promise, and a habitation whose foundation is neither stone nor brick and whose root-tree is laid in the invisible by no mortal hand. Maybe this mood of parting from the house I now leave behind me, in pensiveness and pathos, may be a forecast of the hour and its emotions, when the soul shall stand at the threshold of the clay habitation, out of which most of her treasures and effects have gone; when, pausing to gather courage and gird herself for her journey, she shall give a last fond glance behind and within, then putting her fingers to the latch shall close the portal forever.

"Some quiet April evening soft and strange, When comes to the change No spirit can deplore, I shall be one with all I was before, In death once more."

An Acadian poet of worth has been finding favor in regions where no mere favoritism, or friendly partiality can be the occasion of praise. We clip the following notice of Mr. Herbin's "Marshlands" from a Western (Ohio) paper:

"These are but sketches of the common way," says the author of Marshlands, "a dainty volume of more than two score descriptive poems and sonnets of more than ordinary merit, many showing poetical genius of a high order. The author, John F. Herbin, is a native of Windsor, N. B., of Acadian ancestry, and a resident of Weymouth, that town:

"Lolling on a hillside, dark with wood, And crooked red and ripe, the lovely lies; Her spreading folds of dress of many dyes Appear the willows moaning in the noise, 'Till in the waters of the surmounting flood."

Mr. Herbin shows a true sympathy with nature, has a happy faculty of description, clear and concise. Note this beautiful simile from "Change":

"Like this-draped poverty with bending form Scarce hid beneath the tatters of her dress, Appear the willows moaning in the noise, 'Till in their shivering nakedness, And the striking metaphor from "Ebb and Flow":

"Moving again on the meadows, heaving in endless waves, Filling and falling as ever, the tide is a living breast; Hiding the white ribs of wreckage under the dome, it has set, Roasting the first dash of vengeance, sweeping the after regret."

The tide is a living heart—what simplicity, what strength!

The author is imbued with patriotism, and an unquestionable love for the land of his fathers.

"For this is the land of Acadie, The fairest place of all the earth and sea." That he feels strongly the wrong done his fore-fathers, is evinced in many of his poems, thus from "The Gasparians":

"Below me winds the river to the sea, On whose brown slope stood walling, homeless maid; Hooded and shrouded hoary heads; And stress and mothers dumb in agony. The awful glare of burning homes, where fire And happy late they dwell, breaks on the shades, Encompassing the sailing fleet, then fades With tremulous roof, upon the night bound sea."

From "An Acadian at Grand-Pre:"

"Before the march of power the weak must bend, And yet forgive; the savage strong will smite The gloating words of reason and of song. To tell of hate and virtue to defend, May never set the bitter deed aright, Nor satisfy the ages with the wrong."

"The Returned Acadian" is pathetic:

"Along my father's dykes I roam again, Among the willows by the river side, These miles of green I know from hill to tide, And every creek and river's ruddy stain. Neglected long and shunned, our dead have lain. Here where a people's dearest hope has died, Alone of all their children scattered wide, I scan the sad memorials that remain. The dykes wave with the grass, but not for me; The open strut while this stranger calls, From these new homes upon the green hill-side, Where speech is strange and a new people free, No voice cries out in welcome; for these hills Give food and shelter where I may not bide."

Spice forbids other quotations from an exquisite sonnet on

"Thou land of promise, youthful and mature, Fair Canada of legend and of song." We take the concluding lines:

"Cling to the ancient good; and to the new Cry out with welcome as it comes afar With love and strength; and in thy great domains Give hand to all, but to thyself be true."

"Our Monthly," a Magazine devoted to a literature and to authors strictly Canadian, suspended with the second number. It was edited and published by George Moffat of Toronto, and was in its appearance one of the most attractive of the ten-cent monthlies, while its literary contents were furnished by some of the most popular of native literatures. It was liberally illustrated, and the number for June is so good as to make us wish that the volume might have been completed. A portrait is given of some Canadian Veteran, with the following motto by "The Khan":

"By his he was at Batoche, An' sit at Fish Creek too, b'gosh."

The grand old man looks like some Walt Whitman of the Dominion. We find in the May number an article on J. Castell Hopkins, with a portrait; and in the June number is an article by this vigorous writer, on "Canada's Defence and Defenders. A series of articles, accompanied by portraits, on "Literary Men and Women of Canada," were in prospect, and of the list we find the following: "William Williford Campbell," by Charles Gordon Rogers, Jean Blawie, by "Kit." "Robert Reid, (Rob Wanlock)," by Rev. William Wye Smith; "Faith Fenton," by Alice Ashworth; "Louis Frechette," by Edgar Maurice Smith, Short stories from Guy De Maupassant, translated by J. Ramsay Montizambert, add to the interest of these numbers of a periodical so hopeful and so brief.

The "Middlesex Heartstone" is so good we might wish there was more of it, but that we are in this age discouraged by the excess of the meritorious. This invites from the fact that we can give it just and due attention. To a sober, refined taste its contents cannot fail to be gratifying, and its illustration of local scenery will commend it to home folks who may now be away from home. The May number has an article by Samuel T. Pickard, entitled, "Whittier in Lowell." Oliver W. Rogers gives an account of the old Middlesex Canal and there are engravings of "The old Towpath, North Billerica," "In the Canal," "Ruins of Lock," "Viaduct over the Shawheen River," etc. Rev. Robert Court, D. D., writes on some "Scottish Song Writers Subsequent to Burns." Among the poems one is drawn first to "The Gift of Katabidin An Algonquin Legend," by Ralph H. Shaw the editor, with its illustrations of that well-known mountain in Maine. Isaac Busset Choate has also some pleasing verses, entitled "The Secret of the Daisy." This excellent monthly is issued by the Middlesex Heartstone Co., Lowell Mass. Single copies 5cts; 50cts. per annum.

The leading article in Massey's Magazine for May is from the pen of Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts. Between artist and poet we need not lack vision; the "Apple Lands of Acadie" are before us, and we no longer dream of El Dorado. Duncan Campbell Scott concludes a story, begun in the April number, entitled "The Mystery of The Red Deeps." Dr George Stewart, of Quebec, relates the events of her life, "When Victoria Was Young,"—at least, the most momentous. Jean Blawie has a poem, entitled "Her Treasure," illustrated by a drawing from Frederic W. Falls. "A Master of the French School" by J. W. L. Forster; "Life and Exploration Within The Arctic Circle," by Lieut. R. E. Peary, Civil Engineer U. S. Navy; and "From Gibraltar To The Pyrenees," by Mary A. Reed, are interesting, finely illustrated articles. There is an illustrated poem by E. Pauline Johnson, entitled, "The Songster." Massey is worthy to run with

Munsey, neck to neck, in the race for popularity and financial success.

The "slippery" political ball has been rolling with velocity in "this Canada of ours," and prevailing is the Liberal sound thereof. A tear for the brave and hopeful—"The Strong Men of Canada," some of whose faces were turned up in Munsey just now—whose political house has fallen. Our sympathies and prayers are with the winning heads upon whom the rigors of governmental leadership have rested that they may be strong and true, and prove worthy of the confidence the people of this Dominion have reposed in them. They row girl on the armor for battle, but the real glory will be when it is unbuckled, after the victory which is success.

FAIRFEX. PACIFIC COAST FORESTS. They Contain Nearly One-half of This Country's Standing Timber. The Department of Agriculture at Washington has issued an interesting report of the forestry and timber interests of the United States.

From its data it is learned that the forest area of the United States (exclusive of Alaska) may be placed at somewhat less than 50,000,000 acres. This does not include much brush and waste land, which it, and will remain for a long time, without any economic value. This area is very unevenly distributed; seven-tenths are found on the Atlantic side of the continent, another tenth on the Pacific coast, another tenth on the Rocky Mountains, the balance being scattered over the interior of the Western States.

Both the New England States and the Southern States have still 50 per cent. of their area, more or less, under forest cover; but in the former the merchantable timber has been largely removed. The character of the forest growth varies in the different regions. On the Pacific coast hard woods are rare, the principal growth being coniferous and of extraordinary development. Besides gigantic red woods, the soft sugar pine and fir, cedar, hemlock, and larch form the valuable supplies.

In the Rocky Mountains no hard woods of commercial value occur, the growth being mainly of spruces, firs, and bull pine, with other pines and cedars of more or less value.

The Southern States contain in their more southern section large areas occupied almost exclusively by pine forest, with the cypress in the bottom lands. The more northern portions are covered with hard woods almost exclusively, and intervening is a region of mixed hard wood and coniferous growth. Spruce, fir, and hemlock are found in small quantities confined to the mountain ranges.

The Northern States are mainly occupied by hard wood growths, with coniferous intermixed, sometimes the latter becoming entirely dominant, as in the spruce forests of Maine, New Hampshire, or the Adirondacks, and here and there in the pineries of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, or in the hemlock regions of Pennsylvania and New York.

A very rough and probably very liberal estimate of the amount of timber standing in the various regions ready for the axe would give the following figures:

Southern States..... 30,000,000,000 feet.
Northern States..... 50,000,000,000
Pacific coast..... 1,000,000,000
Rocky Mountains..... 1,000,000,000
Total..... 32,000,000,000

The total annual cut, including all material requiring bolt or log size, is estimated at 40,000,000,000 feet, board measure.

The lumber industries employ capital to the extent of over \$1,000,000,000. They employ nearly 1,000,000 men, pay out over \$400,000,000 in yearly wages, and produce over \$3,000,000,000 of commercial material, all of which is an important showing.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Transportation of Perishable Food. In no more emphatic manner are modern facilities of transportation emphasized than in the safety with which perishable food is conveyed from a great distance. In this particular, Australia, South America, and the United States are no further removed from Europe than a single province formerly was from the capital of the country of which it formed a part. Algeria is now supplying Paris markets with camel meat. An extensive plant has been created in that French colony for the killing and refrigerating of those animals, and daily shipments are made to Paris. The meat of the camel is described as not unlike beef, with the tenderness of veal. The hump is the choicest portion. Eggs that formerly were gathered near the localities where they were sold, now come from distant points. Four million daily are received in London from foreign countries. Most of them come from Russia. They command in England twice the price they bring in the home market. The export of eggs from Russia that in 1885 amounted to 335,000,000, increased in 1895 to 1,250,000,000. These are official figures. The larger proportion of this product goes to England. In addition great quantities of dressed fowl are annually exported from Russia to all European countries.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Leuchetinsky Method," also, "Synthetic System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.

SAFE SOOTHING SATISFYING

Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1800. You can safely trust what time has endorsed for nearly a century. There is not a medicine in use today which possesses the confidence of the public to so great an extent as Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. For more than eighty years it has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it. The best evidence of its value is the fact that in the state where it originated the sale of it is steadily increasing.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

I, S. Johnson, Esq., My Dear Sir—fifty years ago this month, your father, Dr. Johnson, called at my store and left me some Johnson's Anodyne Liniment on sale. I have sold it ever since. I can most truly say that it has maintained its high standard and popularity from that time to this. JOHN S. RAND, North Waterford, Maine, Jan. 1891.

"Best Liver Pill Made." Parsons' Pills

Positively cure Biliousness and Sick-Headache, liver and bowel complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find relief from Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free. All Druggists. L. R. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

HEAVY STEEL PLATE Range..

For... Coal or Wood. Made in various styles, from the ordinary family to the largest hotel size.

Are constructed in the most substantial manner and after the most approved patterns. ARE STRICTLY UP TO DATE IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

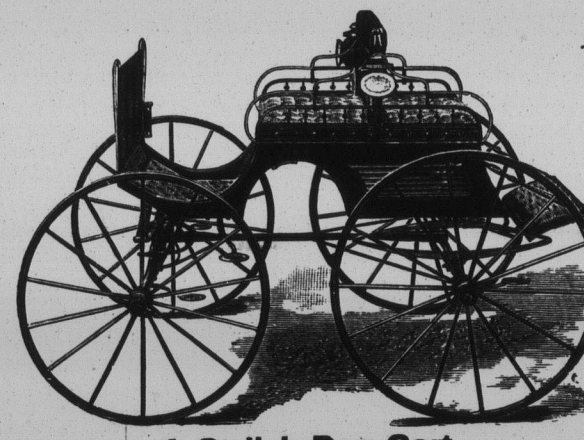
It will pay you to investigate the good points of these ranges before purchasing others.

The McClary Mfg. Co., LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER. For sale by R. J. SELFRIDGE, St. John.

ADAMS' LIQUID ROOT BEER! THIS BOTTLE MAKES TWO GALLONS.

GARRIAGES! GARRIAGES!

Handsome and Comfortable; Well Constructed and Elegantly Finished. HERE ARE TWO DISTINCT STYLES.



A Stylish Dog Cart. Will carry Two or Four with comfort.



The Comfortable Bangor Buggy. Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable single Carriages built, Rides as easy as a cradle. Not too heavy and as light as you want it made.

Further Particulars and Precise inquire of JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

A very stylish white alpaca is made perfectly plain, with a blouse bodice and a sort of soft white chiffon; a wide belt of gold-colored satin is the only trimming. All sorts of charming little turn-over collars and cuffs of white batiste and lace, which give such a pretty finish to the dress, are worn, and the latest of these is a narrow band not more than an inch wide, made of linen batiste with a very narrow lace edge turned over a plain stock collar, it really is front and back. Wide white organdie collars trimmed with valenciennes lace, are much used as a finish for gingham dresses, and valenciennes lace and insertion is an important factor in the trimming of all thin dresses this season. The insertion is used to outline the seams of the skirt, with the muslin cut out beneath, set in around the bottom, in either straight lines or point, to head the ruffles, and oddly draped on the full waist and sleeves, to form a plaid. The silk linings which are essential to the proper making up of so many of the summer materials, add greatly to the style of the dress, but unfortunately they also add to the expense. Silk canvas, which is very much like garsine, is one of the most fashionable of the semi-transparent materials, and made up over silk, it is a very handsome costume. The special feature of the newest skirts consists of the trimming, and many of them show flat bands of silk or velvet, or else with lace insertion set in the seams, to frame the front breadth and around the bottom, above the hem. A dress of black canvas has three bands of velvet headed by a narrow ruche of black lace, all around the bottom. Ruches of all kinds are used for dress trimmings, and they are made of lace, chiffon, net, or silk, in various widths to suit their purpose. Fine ruches of silk or lace outline the skirt seams, and wider ruches trim the bottom, and adorn the little cape which forms a finish for so many costumes. Another skirt trimming is an old fashion revived, and consists of a heavy cord set in rows and rows of tufts around the skirt. Still another skirt decoration shows battlement-shaped pieces cut out around the bottom and trimmed with narrow braid. A very pretty illustration of this fashion is a gown of lawn colored canvas with a neckerchief of green lace silk, trimmed with a ruffle of ecru lace, which fills in between the open spaces of the upper skirt. The bodice of this gown is of the silk, and is close fitting with horizontal rows of the braid sewn on from the waist line to the

of these last, is in pale pink, striped and spotted with tiny rosebuds. A very odd gown of white alpaca shows the novel idea of a waist cuffs and epaulettes of grass lawn embroidered in Oriental colors and a wide fitted belt of white satin fastened with paste buckles. The neck and wrists are finished with bows of black and white striped ribbon.

The variety in bodice trimmings, is almost beyond description, and each week some new combination seems to appear. One model is tucked across back and front, a yoke, and a frill of cream lace falls from the lowest tuck to meet a corset belt of black satin. A tabbed basque extends across the back, and the tops of the sleeves are tucked, to match the yoke. This is an especially pretty way of making a bodice, and so simple that anyone can make it. Inch wide tucks are prettiest.

Transparent yokes of yellow lace insertion alternated with puffs and ruffles of white chiffon, trimmed round with chiffon and lace frills, and finished with a chiffon collar are very dressy and much used in bodices of pale pink and white striped silk. A blouse waist of embroidered grass lawn, made over pale green silk is trimmed with openwork insertion, and shows the new close sleeves beneath a short, frill of embroidery.

CORSETS AND HYSTERIA.

Fainting no Longer a Fad with Up-To-Date Women.

They were a pretty jolly quartet as they sat around the restaurant table. There was one old man who seemed to be a doctor, a well-groomed, middle-aged matron, a young fellow who looked as if he were just out of college, and a young woman who said every ten minutes, "The year I graduated." They talked about everything and they laughed at everybody, and even the waiter smiled, or at least his fixed expression relaxed perceptibly at some of their remarks about the people at the other tables. It wasn't a Fifth Avenue restaurant. It was one of those little holes in the wall where everybody declares he goes to study everybody else who goes there. And they do it rather audibly, too.

The old man, whose friends addressed him from time to time as "Doc," was telling them about a broken-down actress who was slowly sipping that concoction dignified by the name of "red wine" in cheap table d'hote places. He chuckled as he recalled this, that, or the other great time spent in the company of this woman in her

The quartet settled themselves once more. "That was a fake faint, pure and simple," asserted the young woman.

"Certainly," replied the matron, "and I haven't seen one before in several years. Women don't faint nowadays as they used to. Perhaps the poor little thing is an actress and fainting is one of her strong cards."

"Nonsense," ejaculated the doctor, "the woman really did lose consciousness. She evidently has some heart trouble. What good would it do her to faint in this joint? Besides, as you say, fainting has entirely gone out of fashion among your sex, and I'm heartily glad of it."

"Gone out of fashion!" exclaimed the girl. "Was it ever the fashion for women to faint?"

"Certainly, my dear," chorused the doctor and the matron, and the doctor continued: "It was as distinct a fad among women as the—I was about to say the bicycle, but it wasn't that bad. Any way, it was just as fashionable for women to faint as it is for them to wear flower gardens on their hats to-day."

"Why, could a woman faint whenever she wanted to, and how did she do it?" persisted the girl. "I never fainted in my life. I wouldn't know how to go about it."

"What's your waist measure," asked the old man abruptly.

"Twenty-six inches and still growing, was the proud reply.

"You'll never know what it is to faint," put in the up-to-the-minute silent young man as he eyed her waist with an admiring look.

"Yes, there was a time when a woman could faint whenever she took the notion," resumed the doctor. "It was a form of hysteria and was largely due to tight lacing. There seemed to be something fascinating to the average woman in losing consciousness at certain times. She never dreamed of fainting in the quiet of her own room. No, indeed. She waited until she got to the theatre or church, or at a ball or reception, didn't she?" directly addressing the matron.

"Certainly," she answered with a good-humored laugh. "What good would it have done her to faint when nobody was around? Ten years ago I was a very skilful fainter, but, unlike most women, I never fainted in a crowd. I reserved my power for business purposes. When my husband refused me anything I would work myself up to the right pitch and then faint. He was afraid of my heart, and that would fetch him. I got what I wanted without further ado. Why I've seen the funniest things at well entertainments. One woman would get jealous of another's popularity, and would get in some picturesque but conspicuous nook and proceed to faint. This would of course, attract attention to her, and nine times out of ten number two would turn around and faint, declaring that the other's fainting had given her such a shock that she just couldn't help it."

Everybody laughed at this, and the young man said: "But surely all of the women didn't faint?"

"Certainly not," hurriedly spoke up the doctor. "Neither do all the women ride wheels or wear bushels of blossoms on their bonnets. It was only fashionable women who had nothing to do and took no exercise. Working women had no time to get hysterical. You take a woman to-day and let her live very high, take no exercise, get little sleep, and squeeze a twenty-five-inch waist into a seventeen or eighteen inch corset, and in three months she will be in such a hysterical state that the slightest thing will upset her so that she will become insensible. Fainting did not go out of style until the waist waisted had had its day. A revolution in corsets worked wonders for women, and is due to two things. American women to day display more common sense in the matter of dressing than they ever did before, and they take more interest in physical development. I haven't seen a woman faint before in two years. Common sense is a prevailing commodity among the woman, old and young of today."

"Tight lacing was at the bottom of my fainting," volunteered the matron, rubbing down her portly waist, "and, for my part, I think that was the real root of the evil. Ten years ago women certainly laced. Number seventeen corsets were sold in great quantities then; now that number is extinct, and my corset maker tells me that she never has a call for an eighteen except when some little being comes in and has one made to order."

"What is the average number now?" asked the college boy with as much interest as a girl would display.

"Number twenty-five," was the reply. "Twenty and twenty-two are considered small, and she has one customer who boasts a waist that is an even yard, and her figure is magnificent, too. She carries herself like a queen. Corsets used to be straighter in line than now, and you men should be thankful that you never knew the agony of being bound up in one. They are now cut with curves so as to give room for the lungs, heart, and liver, if they are laced a little tight at the waist the wearer doesn't feel any discomfort. The stomach also has absolute freedom in a properly constructed corset, and there is no pressure across the kidneys as formerly. Nothing will cause a woman to faint quicker than having a steady pressure on the stomach. Why, I've known women who

We are Showing

An elegant assortment of

MEN'S TAN SHOES.

All the most desirable shapes and shades are now in stock. And the price—\$5, \$4, \$3, down to \$1.25 for a good wearing Oxford Shoe, make it impossible for us not to please you.

61 King and 212 Union Street.

WATERBURY & RISING.

RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

couldn't keep their corsets on more than three hours at a time in the old days, and I once knew a girl who had her maid fasten her corset for her, a most painful and tedious operation, and then she would make the maid take the strings to the bedpost, and she would walk off as far as she could and pull and tug. Of course the corset would come together and was literally strung over. Next she would tie the strings in place, and this 187-pounder boasted of having a sixteen-inch waist. Faint? Why, she was one most experienced fainter I ever knew."

"Corsets were evidently built stronger than they are now," remarked the young woman, "and I'm sure none of these fainters were educated at my college."

"Yes, to both questions, but it was before physical culture and athletics came into vogue for women. The corsets used to be perfect armors. They were exceedingly heavy, and almost as stiff as steel."

"Not many women wear stays nowadays I believe," modestly ventured the young man.

"Oh, yes," spoke up the young woman. "That is altogether a mistaken idea. There are very few women who do not wear stays, and, indeed there are very few who could leave them off with any degree of comfort or grace. For a while women rushed madly after health waists, but the corsets makers and dealers report that far fewer substitutes for corsets are sold today than formerly. A garment like that becomes a fad, but soon goes out of vogue. Women aren't going to stop wearing the corset. They discard stays when exercising in a gymnasium or when playing in field games, and many of them leave them off when awheel, but as for giving them up when 'dressed up,' few women are emancipated to that extent. True, the corsets of today are not so straight, stiff, or heavy as formerly, and they are not worn so tight, but all the same they are still a very important part of a woman's wardrobe, and there is nothing in a well-constructed, loose, light corset that could possibly make any one faint."

"Oh, pahaw!" exclaimed the doctor, impatiently. "I told you that fainting was out of style long ago. My opinion is that in twenty years, yes, even in ten, very few women will be wearing stays. Bicycling and basketball and hurdling and running and broad and high jumping will drive out whalebone and steel."

"It is one hope they will," said the college girl, as she drained her small cup of coffee.

"They won't, all the same, and if we live we shall see," remarked the matron, with equal earnestness.

His Fatal Fault.

"What do you want to haul me up for?" protested the cyclist who had been humping himself along the boulevard. "Why didn't you grab some of those chaps that were scooting past me? They were going at the rate of twenty miles an hour!"

"You were the only one I could catch," responded the perspiring policeman, gripping him tighter.

How to Live to Great Age.

The latest fad in England is to insure longevity through the use of a special diet. The promise is held out to those who implicitly follow out the prescribed regimen that they may attain to the age of 110 years. This, among the most melancholy people of the globe, and to whom one would fancy that life were the less worth living, has aroused considerable enthusiasm. Cooks and kitchen are to be abolished, meat, bread and vegetables are forbidden; existence is to be maintained exclusively upon nuts and bananas. If we compare this with the dietary system of Dickens, which represents that of his period, his comparatively early decease will excite no surprise. According to English standards, he was an accomplished gastronome. Beefsteak pudding was his meal, a horrible concoction

THE LAST CAPTURED SLAVER.

Her Captain Said to Have Been Hanged on Bedlow's Island.

The only Captain of a slave vessel who suffered the death penalty in America was captured by a crew of which Jones of the members is now a citizen of Cleveland, the engineer of the People's Gaslight and Coke Company.

"The slave ship was the Erie, and it was the last American slaver captured," said Mr. Matthews in talking about the historical event. "She was taken off the mouth of the Congo in the spring of 1861 by the United States sloop-of-war Mohican. I was captain of the foretop and of the starboard watch. The capture was accidental. The vessels dealing in slaves would slip out in the intervals between the patrol beats of the men-of-war, and they knew pretty well our habit. But this time the Mohican was delayed two days in waiting for mail, and going from the island of Fernando we sighted a vessel making from the mouth of the Congo. We were flying a French flag, and the stranger floated an American flag. We signalled for her to heave to, but this request not being regarded, a shot was fired. Then she dove to without offering resistance, and a party being sent aboard found every one dressed alike. It was thus some days before we discovered who was the Captain. She was manned by fifteen men, and had on board 800 slaves and three slave agents. The slaves were landed, and the slave agents and five Spaniards, who did not wish to claim American citizenship, were sent away in a trade boat. Eight of the slaver's crew were shipped on the Mohican, and the officers and two of the crew were brought to America. The slave ship was taken to Liberia.

"The Captain of the slaver was Nathaniel Gordon, and a year after his capture he was swung on Bedlow's Island, where the Statue of Liberty now stands. The first mate was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, the second mate received a five years' sentence, and the two men were each given a year.

"The severe dealing with the officers was due to the intense feeling on the slaver's question, as the war had just broken out. The second mate and the two men volunteered to enter the army and were allowed to go free. One Lieutenant, Dunnington, went into the Confederate navy after bringing Gordon back.

"About three months before the experience with the Erie a slaver escaped us by being disguised as a whaler. The simulation was very perfect, and on the decks we could see even the boiling vats. The Captain showed papers which disarmed suspicion, and when the 'whaler' put up for the night at the mouth of the Congo, our Captain informed him that next morning he would come around on a visit."

"In the morning he was gone, having taken 1,300 slaves aboard. We sighted a vessel in the distance, which we pursued, and found to be an English man-of-war also trying to catch the 'whaler.'"

only fit for a crude or debased palate. His highest conception of a dinner was a baked leg of mutton with the bones removed and the cavity filled with a stuffing of oysters and veal. This was accompanied with gin punch, in the making of which Dicken took special pride. It was made as follows: A brass kettle of water was heated over a spirit lamp. When the water came to a boil it was poured into a jug, with a bottle of old gin, lumps of sugar, and chips of lemon peel. The mouth of the jug was then clothed with a napkin, and the mixture allowed to brew for a certain number of minutes.

"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."

This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four table-spoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists.
Prepared by the
A. M. C. MEDICINE CO.,
136 St. Lawrence Main St.,
Montreal.
Price 75 cents.

Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

MANY DAINY DISHES

CAN BE PREPARED WITH

Benson's CANADA Prepared Corn.

MANUFACTURED FROM CHOICE SELECTED PURE CORN. NO ADULTERATION THE BEST FOR CHILDREN.

REGIPE for Infants Food.

To one dessert-spoonful of Benson's Canada Prepared Corn, mixed with half a cup of cold water, add half a pint of boiling water; stir over the fire for five minutes; sweeten slightly; for older babies mix with milk instead of water. SEE OTHER RECIPES ON PACKAGE.

THE EDWARDSBURG STARCH CO.
Works: Cardinal, Ont.
Office: Montreal, P. Q.



BLUE AND WHITE SERGE AND YELLOW CHINESE SILK.

shoulders, which are covered with a cape-like collar of canvas, cut out in the same square at edge, and trimmed around with braid to match the skirt. The sleeves are of silk, close fitting, novel skirt trimming is the introduction of gusset around the bottom to widen the skirt, trimmed around with tiny ruches of silk or lace. This is such a convenient fashion that it is certain to recommend itself to everyone who wants to remodel an old fashioned dress.

Foulard silk will take the place of china silk this summer; it is thin, cool and serviceable, but everything resembling taffeta silk is so fashionable. It comes in large showy patterns of white on a dark blue ground, and in all the Dresden effects on a light ground which make such charming summer dresses. One of the prettiest

palmy days, and his party was much interested. They looked from him to her as he related some especially spicy incident. Presently a gasping sound came from another corner, and the happy four turned to look. A little woman leaned back in her chair unconscious. Her face and lips were colorless, and her escort in his excitement dashed a glass of water, ice and all, into her face. It brought her to. Slowly the muscles of the body and face relaxed and the eyes opened. The little woman got up, shook the ice from her lap, wiped her face with a napkin, and remarked as she resumed eating where she left off.

"That's nothing. I often keel over that way. No, I don't feel sick. My appetite has gone, that's all," and she began to talk of something else.

"Number twenty-five," was the reply. "Twenty and twenty-two are considered small, and she has one customer who boasts a waist that is an even yard, and her figure is magnificent, too. She carries herself like a queen. Corsets used to be straighter in line than now, and you men should be thankful that you never knew the agony of being bound up in one. They are now cut with curves so as to give room for the lungs, heart, and liver, if they are laced a little tight at the waist the wearer doesn't feel any discomfort. The stomach also has absolute freedom in a properly constructed corset, and there is no pressure across the kidneys as formerly. Nothing will cause a woman to faint quicker than having a steady pressure on the stomach. Why, I've known women who

The Manufacturers of the Victoria Cereals. These fully approved cereals, in a large amount of their brand is being used in Canada and being sold for an increase of same, offer One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00) in premiums (see below). Lady returning the largest number of seal labels \$10.00, lady returning next largest number \$12.50, \$15.00, \$17.50, \$20.00, \$25.00, next eight ladies, each \$1.00. The most must be used between May 1st, 1896 and Jan. 1st, 1897 and labels sent to B. Henderson, 412, Montreal, P. Q., no later than Jan. 1st, 1897. If your dealer does not keep this line of goods send eight cent stamps to B. Henderson & Co., Montreal, P. Q., and they will provide you a sample spoon.

SATISFYING

in 1870. For nearly a century.

vidence of the public to so great an extent that it has stood upon the crest of it steadily increasing.

Liniment

with your father, Dr. Johnson, and on sale. I have sold it ever since and its popularity from Waterford, Maine, Jan. 1870.

as that Dr. A. Johnson, whose name is on every genuine bottle of Liniment, in the mouth of every man, woman and child (at my store some of the same) and my customers with it every year, with increasing sales, NEWBURY, NEWBURY, Maine, N. B. (Largest Dispensary) Mailed Free. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

ange...

Wood.

various styles, from ordinary family to the hotel size.

constructed in the most substantial manner and after the most approved patterns.

STRICTLY UP TO DATE IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

you to investigate the merits of these ranges of gas stoves.

ANDOVER, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER.

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FEER!

GALLONS.

MARRIAGES!

Constructed and

UNCT STYLES.

Cart.

comfort.

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and comfortable single or double. Not too heavy.

inquire of

E & SONS,

N. B.

LONDON'S WORKMEN'S LODGINGS.

Success of the Rowton House Scheme Financially and Practically.

Lord Rowton's attempt to solve the problem of housing the workingman who is not looking for charity with some degree of comfort and decency seems to be at last financially successful, a dividend of four per cent. having been paid this year on the invested capital of £75,000, the greater part of which was employed in putting up a new building that will bring in still greater returns. As regards the success of the scheme in accomplishing what was intended for the workingman, the London Times tells the following story:

"The workingman who secures by payment of a rent one of the 677 cubicles at Rowton House, King's Cross Road, obtains primarily the use by night of a separate cubicle, with a window under his control, and an excellent bed, which is made for him, and of which the linen is changed as frequently as is the custom in a gentleman's house. He has also the use of large and comfortable dining rooms, in which he may cook his own food, buying it in the building or outside, at pleasure. Excellent cooked food may also be bought in the building at a cheap rate. Then there is a smoking room, with comfortable chairs and oak seats fixed at an excellent commoious angle, and with a floor space of 1,600 feet. Of almost equal size is the reading room, which, with its pictures and its trophies of stage heads from the Highlands, is pleasant indeed. The arrangements for washing are of the best, and admirable footbaths, fitted with hot and cold water, and are supplied gratuitously. A hot bath in a private bathroom, with soap and towel supplied, costs one penny. The sanitary arrangements are perfect, and far superior in effect than those in use at the County Council lodging house of Drury Lane. There are dressing rooms for change of garments during the day, a barber's room, a tailor's room, lockers for the use of residents, storerooms for their heavy baggage, and a washing room for men to wash their clothes in, with a drying room attached. The house kitchen itself, like the rest of the building, is a picture of cleanliness and neatness. The whole building compares very favorably in point of cleanliness, comfort, and homelike appearance, with the County Council building off Drury Lane, with its diminutive and rather dirty beds, its prison-like arrangement of corridors of cubicles round a central hall, and its iron partitions and doors, which close with a clang that echoes through the buildings.

"Of rules there are hardly any. The residents are warned, as visitors to hotels are warned, not to smoke in the bedrooms, but some of them do smoke notwithstanding. They must rise by 7 in the morning, and they may not have access to their bedrooms by day. These virtually are all the rules, and they are all that have turned out to be necessary. The object is to treat the residents in such a manner that they may feel themselves to be as independent as members of a club, and the result is that such a state of public opinion has arisen that misbehavior is almost unknown. The men are encouraged to treat the house as their club—which, in fact, it is—and to feel that they are paying honestly for the comforts which they receive in full measure. Thus the directors feel that it would be a blunder to permit the clerical men of the district to enter and ply their profession among the men, for it is the desire of the directors that the men should be as free in their club house as the members of the Carlton in theirs. And the result is a triumphant success. On Saturday evening, the house was full, as it is Saturday night, for the most part of constant residents. A few had enjoyed their Saturday night's beer a trifle more than was necessary, but they were quite harmless and even entertaining. The overwhelming majority were decent and respectable fellows—laborers, artisans, and clerks—who sat and smoked or read their papers or played draughts or played chess as quietly and comfortably as men at a West End club. Of poverty there was no sign; of respectability, of many classes, there was abundant evidence. One resident's smart tall hat (by no means unique) and good clothes argued a position in the city; another was the living image in face and dress of a leading member of the junior bar; many were clerks in commercial houses; others were artisans of the better class and burly laborers. Lord Rowton and his associates are extending their work. Though possessing already, between Vauxhall and King's Cross Road, 1,161 cubicles, they have acquired a great site at Newington Butts, upon which they will erect a building containing new cubicles and 800 cubicles.—N. Y. Sun.

She Had Been There.

Mrs. Nouvo Reest—She called me a barmaid, and I flew at her and pulled her hair.

Mrs. Teploty—Oh, how terrible! Still even that didn't justify you in fighting her.

Mrs. Nouvo Reest—Yes, but if you had ever been a barmaid you would understand how mad it made me.

His War Record.

Mrs. Farmer—You say you was a soldier in the late war?

Truthful Tomkins—Yes'm; I was killed at Antietam.

Mrs. Farmer—Killed?

Truthful Tomkins—Theoretically killed, ma'am; I was never heard of afterward.

"Thou shalt not kill," is the new commandment laid down by the health convention as a means of preventing consumption. In spite of the people will kill and will neglect a cough which a few doses of Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry would speedily cure.

Public speakers and singers cannot afford to be without Hawker's balsam. It removes hoarseness and heals the irritated vocal organs.

Cherry a box of Hawker's catarrh cure in your next pocket, is sure to do the deed in a few hours. For toothache, rub the gum with Dr. Manzanar's gummy remedy. It will give instant relief.

TIP THE BARBER OR SUFFER.

Troubles That May Overtake a Prudent Man in New York Barber Shops.

The subject of barber's tips has bobbed up again for discussion. Every man who patronizes a barber shop instead of shaving himself knows what a heavy tax these tips are. The man who gets shaved in first-class shop and forgets to tip the barber at least ten cents is wide to feel uncomfortable the next time he goes there. Men who don't tip are spotted after the first visit in many shops, and they are made to feel their delinquency in a dozen little ways of which the proprietor is apparently ignorant. There are shrouds of the shoulder and sneers and little delays that disappear as soon as one begins to tip.

One barber shop in a down-town hotel depends on strangers almost entirely for its patronage. After one visit to it the victim swears that he never will go there again. As soon as one enters the door he is the centre of bootblacks. They spring from different corners of the room and push and fight with one another for the victim's hat. The man who wants a shave no sooner emerges from this encounter than he finds that half a dozen barbers are bidding for his patronage. As soon as he is safely anchored in a chair his troubles double. The man who is shaving him tells him that his hair is falling out. Will he have a little elixir on it? If he nods he will find after he has been shaved that the bottle has been wrapped up for him and \$1 added to his check. His barber will try to sell him half a dozen different lotions, and the victim is pretty sure to find one or two of them charged on his check, whether he had ordered them or not. The barbers get a commission on each bottle sold. If he fails to offer a tip promptly, the barbers will ask for it; so will the colored bootblacks.

Not long ago a New Jersey man got shaved in this shop, and rather than talk he needed to everything that the barber said. When he left the chair a check for \$3.50 was presented to him. He found that he had bought three bottles of hair tonic that he didn't want, but he had to pay for them, despite his protests. This is only one of half a dozen similar shops in New York where a man must at least tip if he expects to escape without troubles.

TIPS IN ENGLAND.

Two Well-Guarded Places into Which They Got a New Yorker.

"It is amazing," said a New Yorker, "to see what a tip will do in England. When I was younger and more adventurous than I am now, being in London I went down to Woolwich with the hope of seeing the inside of the arsenal, I went with the full knowledge that a request from the Minister of the United States for a pass to the arsenal for a distinguished officer of our own army had been denied at the War Office, upon the ground that, a war being then in progress, the arsenal was closed against visitors. I hung around one of the gates until the men came out at the noon hour, and, finally falling in with a man that I took for a foreman, slipped a tip into his hand and explained what I was after. He must have found me trust-worthy, for he explained that one of his squad was not going back after the noon meal, and having procured me a workman's coat smuggled me in through the gate with the crowd. Once inside I was safe enough, and by the aid of the man I had corrupted, I saw nearly everything worth seeing.

"It was during the same visit to England that a friend of my father's came to take him into the House of Commons to hear a debate. He had been unable to obtain a pass for me, but I hurried down to the House of Parliament, found a policeman gave him a handsome tip, and told him I wished to get into the visitors gallery of the Commons. I hardly expected to succeed, but the bobby disappeared and returned with a pass bearing the signature of Joseph Chamberlain, so in I went. I haven't the slightest notion how the policeman obtained it. Perhaps it was a forgery, but it helped to convince me that in Great Britain more things are wrought by tips than by prayers.

John Understood Very Well.

A member of the Foy company, who is a graduate of Vassar, went up into Chinatown to purchase some curios while the company was in San Francisco. A particularly ugly young Chinese was sitting on a little stool behind the counter in a dark and dirty little shop that the young lady entered to buy some punks. As the Chinese was wrapping them up the young woman turned to her companion and said in Latin:

"Isn't he a beauty?"

"Thanks, I'm glad you think so," replied the Chinese in English without glancing.

"Did he understand that?" she asked in French.

"Perfectly," said the Chinese. The young lady smiled very sweetly and asked: "Were you ever back East, John?"

"Oh, yes, I was in New York four years, he replied.

"Did you live on Mott street?"

"Oh, no. I lived on the Continental while I was taking the classical course at Columbia."—San Francisco Post.

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Ask your Grocer or Druggist for it.

CANADA'S QUEBEC RAILROAD.

No Locomotives No Cars, and Little Road-bed Above Right of Way.

Persons who have recently returned from the north shore of Lake Superior declare that the Port Arthur, Duluth and Western Railroad, which runs from Port Arthur southwest to the international boundary line, is without an equal in the world. In construction, in location, in maintenance, in operation, and in management it stands incomparable.

It is probably the only railway in the world that neither owns nor leases rolling stock. Its roadbed won its picturesque and irregular way through an uninhabited country a vast stretch of swamp and barren land covered with a dense growth of spruce tamarack and balsam—until it reaches the terminus at Gun Flint Lake where there is a flourishing city inhabited by three persons. These live by trapping and hunting in the streets of the "future metropolis" of the Pigeon River country.

This road is a result of the fostering paternalism of the Canadian Government. It occurred to some one that it was easier to take money out of the paternal Dominion's treasury than it was to dig it out of the bowels of the earth in the gold mines of the Rainy Lake country, whose resources were to be opened up by means of the railroad. So the Parliament voted a subsidy of several thousands of dollars for each constructed mile. When the building of the road began it was intended to have it connect with an American line and form a through rail route from Port Arthur to Duluth while the main line was extended to Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods. If the subsidies had held out long enough the road would undoubtedly have been finished as projected. But the subsidies were exhausted all too soon, and the contractors were not inclined to put the profits from the construction of the first half into the remainder. Seventy miles of road were built, and the boomers of the road won an enviable distinction in constructing that much. They made money in the actual building. To accomplish this it is said that the embankments were built up of logs and brush, and that all the debris of the slovenly cleared right of way was consigned by a sprinkling of earth. The cuts were roughly gouged out of rock and earth, and were never within a foot of the depth demanded by a grade. The bridges, instead of being supported on trestles, were placed on supports made of cribs of timber piled up to the required height. The rails, which were probably worn out before they were turned over to this company, are laid on ties which ought to be twice as numerous.

Considering these conditions it is no wonder that the contractors dreaded the inspection of the Government Commission, upon whose report depended the payment of the subsidy. By pursuing a dilatory policy they were able to delay the Commission's visit till the charitable snows of winter had concealed the sins which they had committed against good railroad building. Besides, by that time Jack Frost had strengthened the embankments to such an extent that it was safe to run a train over them.

But aware of the jolts that the most observant man could not escape noticing, the builders called the commission into making good of the trip in sledges. All of these precautions supplemented and reinforced by a liberal use of creature comforts of a stimulating nature, caused the commission to report in glowing terms of the new railroad, which they said, was favored by the whole population. They neglected to add that there were not fifty people along the whole line.

Since the road has been finished it has been in the habit of borrowing a flat car, caboose, and engine from the Canadian Pacific Railway once a week. This limited train takes a day to run from Port Arthur to Gun Flint Lake and another day to get back. When it arrives at the lake it is welcomed by the entire population. Between runs the train hands stroll down to the lake and pick out the best of the fifty gaudily painted pleasure boats, which still await the tourists who never come, and go out fishing.

On the American side of the line the road has a four-mile extension to the Gun Flint Lake Iron Mine, which is owned in Minneapolis. At one place on this spur the workwood of a bridge over a deep ravine has been burned, leaving the rails hanging across the chasm, forming a useless suspension bridge.

Someday this road may be useful to commerce, but at present, as the nondescript train rattles over the rusty rails and flimsy roadbed. It serves only to haul salt pork and beans to the three inhabitants of the terminus and to unnecessarily disturb the sense of security of the wild animals of the wilderness.—Chicago Record.

COUGHING YET? BEWARE! Take heed before too late. CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE has cured many. Why not try it? It is recommended by doctors as a modern scientific combination of several powerful curatives. A trial bottle will soothe a regular treatment will cure your cough. AT ALL DRUGGISTS. K. CAMPBELL & CO., Montreal.

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