

PROGRESS

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

TO HAVE A CURFEW BELL

MRS. MACMICHAEL TELLS WHAT THE WOMEN WANT.

They Propose to Have the Children of the Street at Nine O'clock at Night—The Details of the Plan to be Arranged Later—Some Suggestions.

"Curfew shall not ring tonight," but it will ring every night of the year, and keep on ringing every night of the year, at nine o'clock, in the good city of St. John. That is, provided the ladies of the guild of the King's daughters and the local council of women can carry out the intentions they now have in mind.

The curfew is a more ancient institution than the moneyed aristocracy of this part of the world, for it goes back to the time of William the Conqueror, while some of the plutocracy do not go back as far as the early days of their own fathers for society purposes. The curfew, as a legal requirement, was abolished in England nearly 800 years ago, but the custom of ringing the town bell to let people know when it was time to go to bed has been found here and there ever since. It is still preserved in some parts of New England, and it used to be one of the great events of each day in St. Andrews, where, except at court time when there were strangers in town, the sound of the 9 o'clock bell found most of the natives in bed and asleep.

Within the last year or so, the nine o'clock curfew bell has been revived in some live cities of the western states, and in Ontario, for the purpose of warning children off the streets. That is the idea of its proposed introduction in this city.

The matter came up at a meeting of the Local Council of Women, the other day, when Mrs. MacMichael offered a resolution favoring a curfew bell to be rung at nine at night to prevent children being on the street after that hour. The consideration of the matter was deferred until the next meeting of the council.

The views of Mrs. MacMichael as to the necessity of such an addition to the civic machinery have been asked for by PROGRESS, and she explains that there are many children, some of them very young indeed, found on the streets at all hours of the evening, in the vicinity of the Opera House and other public places who are simply learning bad habits, hearing and seeing much that is not good for them. She thinks the police ought to see that they are sent home. Even the newsboys, she says, ought to be able to sell their papers before that hour, and be sent home if found on the streets later.

So far only the necessity for a curfew has been considered, and the details are to receive attention later. It was thought there may be some unrepented and almost forgotten law which might be invoked, but as this does not seem probable, new legislation may be sought. This will probably be in the form of a civic by-law, and the city would provide the machinery for having it carried into effect, in the way of ringing a bell and having the police instructed as to their duties. The big bell on the police station might be used, for it that would not suffice all the fire-alarm bells could be sounded with a number not to be mistaken for that of any box. A curfew bell, or number of bells would be necessary, so that due warning could be given for children to repair to their homes to avoid the police.

Mrs. MacMichael was asked what the police would do when the children persisted in violating the law. Her reply was that she did not favor having them locked up in a jail or police office, as that would injure their self-respect and have a bad moral effect on them. She thought the fear of the police would make them obey the law in most cases. Where they did not they should be taken home, or if really persistent offenders they might as a final resort be locked up. All these points, however, are yet to be taken into consideration and the details of the plan perfected. At present there is only the central idea upon which to build.

A good many people agree that something like this is needed, and it may be in order for PROGRESS to suggest that the definition of who are children in the contemplation of the law should be made perfectly plain. In these days it is pretty hard to tell where children leave off and men and women begin. In what class are to be ranked the youths who dress half like boys and the rest like men, who wear caps on the back of their heads and bangs on the front, and who smokes cigarettes and otherwise make a show of themselves? There are a good many of this class who ought to be sent home at nine o'clock, and there are still larger numbers of mere drifts of girls who ought not to be allowed to roam the streets at any hour of the evening. It is to be hoped these will have due attention in any regulations that may be made. The classes of young people who are kept off the street at night are very different from a larger growth.

The police will manage their end of the matter, but it remains to be seen, but this is probably one of the emergencies with which they can grapple even though the chief may have to add to his already onerous duties of keeping books of record and filing away documents. The duties of the force will be greatly simplified should the city become the possessor of an ambulance wagon. This could start out at the stroke of the curfew, with one of the spare sergeants in charge, and take in the town as rapidly as possible scooping up stray children in its course and driving them to their homes or the station as the circumstances might require. Without some such auxiliary, there might be occasional difficulty in capturing the kids who undertook to run up alley ways and dodge around blocks, and it would be as hard to keep children off the street as it has been to keep dogs off the squares. They could be chased, it is true, but like the dogs and the historical cat they would "come back" as soon as the coast was clear. The patrol wagon seems a very necessary adjunct to the curfew bell.

IS A VERY BAD BREAK.

SERIOUS RESULTS FROM A LATE HALIFAX FAILURE.

Farquharson and Forrest Come to Grief Through Having Too Many Irons on the Fire—The Effect on People Who Put Their Trust in the Firm as Bankers.

HALIFAX, Nov. 27.—The failure of Farquhar, Forrest & Co. in many respects is the worst in the history of Halifax. It is worst because of its fearful effect on widows and orphans, and on the aged who had saved a pittance to support themselves in declining years. Poverty and impoverishment are staring in at many a humble house today, where, before the failure, the exercise of strict economy was barely sufficient to keep the wolf from the door.

Farquhar, Forrest & Co. carried on a banking and broking business on Hollis street. Besides this they were engaged in a variety of other enterprises. The firm held the agency of the Royal Fire insurance company, which at one time did a good business in this city, but latterly its benefits to Farquhar, Forrest & Co. were not much more than sufficient to pay the salary of the clerk they employed to do the work. The firm was engaged in a wholesale tea business. Whether or not this was paid in a question. The salesman who handled their stock says there was money in it for the firm. Lastly, Farquhar, Forrest & Co. ran a tannery at the Three mile house, near this city. That establishment, it seems, was a "sink hole" to waste the capital of the firm, help to bring ruin upon it, and, raddest of all, to reduce to penury or pauperism many a widow and her fatherless children, scattered over the length and breadth of the province and scores of them in this city. No statement has yet been made by the assignees or by the surviving member of the firm—Alexander Forrest—but the truth seems only too well authenticated that about \$120,000 on deposit with the firm, much of it representing the hard-earned savings of people some of whom will now have to seek the refuge of the poor house, has every cent of it been swallowed up by the insolvent bankers and brokers.

The banking business conducted by the firm for some time past has been growing less and less, and the losses from the tannery have year by year become greater. What aggravates the case, if aggravation is possible to poor people who have been ruined or who have suffered more than they can stand, is that the crash of Farquhar, Forrest & Co. is apparently not due to any unexpected losses that came upon them, but because they have all along been doing an unprofitable business; a business which the continued small deposits of the poor have latterly rendered possible. The question is asked: "How long has the firm been insolvent?" "Has it been bankrupt for ten or fifteen years, or when was it solvent?" The opinion expressed is that for many a long year Farquhar, Forrest & Co. have been hopelessly insolvent; that at least ten years ago they should have closed up their business and thus saved their own reputation, and escaped the cry against them which today is going up from many a widow's heart and lips, and finds utterance on the tongue of many an honest old man who intrusted his all to them now to find himself either ruined, and perhaps a pauper, or reduced to the verge of penury.

The Presbyterian church also is a heavy loser. The faithful ladies of the "women's foreign missionary society" had been successful in raising some money to send the gospel to the heathen. After paying their obligations for the past year there was a surplus of \$5,000 which was to be paid into the general foreign mission fund. Grove Presbyterian church, this city, loses \$700, the amount of its building fund which was on deposit. This, too, is gone with the rest. While the total liabilities of the firm will reach the enormous sum of about \$200,000, there will not be assets sufficient to pay the preferences of \$45,000.

Here is one instance of the grievous hardships of this failure and the firm's way of doing "business": A Presbyterian minister on the shore died not long ago leaving a widow and four young children. A small sum of money was bequeathed to them, not more than \$1,000 or so. The widow heard that she could get six per cent if she deposited her money with Farquhar, Forrest & Co. She placed \$700 with them on a deposit receipt. The interest looked so well that she made up her mind to give them the balance of her money and would have carried out that intention had the co-executor, a kindly minister, not dissuaded her. His level head made him suspicious of a business which these days could afford to pay six per cent on deposits.

The case of Dr. Legge, an old man in this city, and his wife, is particularly sad. They were too old to work. Their savings of a life time, and which they depended on to keep them independent for the few years that remained to them on earth, amounted to only \$1,200. Every cent of it was placed on deposit with Farquhar, Forrest & Co., and every cent of it is swept away. What a grim outlook there is this winter for poor Mr. and Mrs. Legge. Scores of such instances could be enumerated, and telling the same sad story.

Some time ago the treasurer of the Dalhousie college board of governors, with commendable sagacity, became alarmed and determined to withdraw the college account from Farquhar, Forrest & Co. and place it with a regular bank. After much difficulty he succeeded in affecting the transfer, and \$1500 of college money was saved, or at all events, there was that amount to the credit of the college when the change was made.

The losers will as a general rule, fall upon presbyterians in the city and the province. The members of the firm belonged to that denomination, and there was an air of presbyterianism about the place. For this reason many church accounts were kept there, and members of that religious denomination thought that their deposits were in especially good hands. What an ill-founded hope it was! Bankrupt for years; liabilities nearly \$200,000; assets insufficient to pay the \$45,000 preferences; \$120,000 of unsecured deposits. These tell the sad story of mis-placed confidence and of the ruin which follows.

Charles Munro the great publisher of New York, is looked to from some quarters as a possible means of help in this extremity. He is related by marriage to the surviving member of the bankrupt firm. The hope is a slim one it is feared.

TOOK OFF TWO COATS.

A Halifax Worshipper who Created a Mild Sensation in a Prominent Church.

HALIFAX, Nov. 28.—Brunswick street Methodist church is the largest and most influential church of that denomination in this city. There was a large congregation present on Sunday forenoon. Besides the good sermon and the fine music the occasion was marked by the peculiar absent mindedness of one of the pillars of the church who is also one of the leading wholesale dry goods merchants of the city. The gentleman in question walked with his usual measured tread up to his pew. That caused no surprise for he is always in his place. But there was a mild sensation in the congregation when the people saw the newcomer take off his overcoat and his undercoat before he sank back into the pew. He was in his shirt sleeves. The good man's wife was at his side and her nudging was sufficient to call his attention to the fact that he had removed one garment too many. With a little appearance that a mistake had been made as possible, one of the coats was quickly again donned. It was only a small matter to be sure, but the people could not be blamed for smiling slightly.

This story reminds one that about fifteen years ago Rev. A. Townsend, one of the most popular garrison chaplains ever stationed here, was delivering a series of evening discourses on "heaven and hell." The Garrison church was crowded, except the space reserved for army officers. Just as the service was about to begin an officer entered in civilian's clothes. In a similar fit of abstraction to that experienced by the Methodist worshipper, the officer took off his two coats and took a seat in his shirt sleeves. There was a titter there, too, as the coat was hastily returned to the back of the gallant officer.

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PLOT FOR COMIC OPERA,

THE SCOTT ACT WAR IS RAGING IN KING'S COUNTY.

Two Men Who Swear to Two Very Different Stories of Different Character—One of Them Gets in Jail and Two Magistrates also Get There.

If the versatile Mr. Gilbert of comic opera fame had been in Hampton during the last week or two, he might have found a rich field for the exercise of his talents. There has been a lively amount of hustling, hard swearing and arresting, such as has not been seen, even in King's county in the palmy days of the Scott Act in the past.

What is known as the Scott Act War has raged in Hampton for several years past, and has been the cause of more hard feeling, hard swearing and hard usage than it is probable even free rum could have created. In the celebrated Belyea case, which was fully dealt with by PROGRESS at the time, Brunswick Belyea lost his property, his liberty and finally his life. This seemed to satisfy, for a time, the people who wanted law and order at any cost, but the war has never ceased, breaking out in skirmishes here and there, until at last another battle has been fought.

The central figure in the conflict has usually been W. T. Scribner, proprietor of the Vendome hotel, who had a good deal to do with the Belyea trouble. Scribner had sold liquor with more or less regularity for years past, but a few months ago he was appointed the licensed vendor under the Scott Act, the idea being that he would henceforth be a good boy and sell no liquor except when duly authorized to do so for medicinal, mechanical and artistic purposes. He is not charged with having done so yet, but he has recently been called on to answer to a charge of having sold liquor as long ago as the 10th of August, before he was appointed vendor.

The information was made by a hired informer, a man named Peck, who makes a business of going through the Scott Act counties and laying information. Peck had, as he alleged, about eight cases in Kings county this time four of them which were against Scribner was not made at the time the offence was said to have been committed, but just in time to come within the limit of the three months allowed by law. Scribner was brought before Justice Piers and McLachlan, and Peck made oath that he had got liquor from him on the night of the 10th of August.

Scribner had another story to tell. Peck had sworn that he got the liquor from Scribner in person, but the accused swore, and adduced corroborative evidences, that he was not in Hampton that night, which was Saturday. He had gone to Springfield, twelve miles distant, on Friday the 9th, and did not return to Hampton until Sunday morning.

On the strength of this statement, Magistrate Thos. A. Peters, who will be remembered in connection with the Belyea case, issued a warrant for the arrest of Peck for perjury, and the arrest was made when the informer was about to continue his testimony in the court of Piers and McLachlan. The next remarkable proceeding was the arrest of these two magistrates as witnesses and their lodgement in jail, at an hour when they were about to resume their hearing of the Scribner case.

Had the magistrates been kept in jail, the proposition was to have the hearing of the case resumed within the prison, but they were released in time to get back to their court within the hour named for the hearing to begin. This would have been one of the most extraordinary things in the history of courts in this or any other country, and there is a good deal of question as to how far a prisoner in jail can have the prison thrown open to the public for the purpose of holding a court and trying a case while he himself is in custody. Supposing it were necessary to ask the justice would have to do would be to ask the offender to remain and share his quarters, thus combining the duties of judge and host in a way that strongly reminds one of Pooh Bah in the "Mikado."

The Scribner cases have yet to be dealt with, and Peck has been released on bail, by a judge's order. If Peck is guilty and Scribner is also guilty, the question will be which court is the more entitled to be believed.

The Scott Act War is a very serious thing for the morals of the community, but the varied complications it assumes from time to time are anything but serious. It has ranged in its scope all the way from a farce-comedy to the worrying of a man to death.

Mr. Tremaine Hard to Please.

A correspondent writes from Halifax that Lawyer Tremaine had a busy day last Saturday seeing that PROGRESS bulletins were torn from where they were posted. Mr. Tremaine should have thought of all this when he took up the case for the

LEARS.

He objects to seeing his name in print and especially to seeing it decorate the dead walls of Halifax. Hence his activity. But since the paper commenced his defence in extenso and his wonderful bill against the Lears he should rather have been pleased to see it printed and himself given the benefit of all he had to say. Some people are hard to please.

CALM AND RESIGNED.

Wells Has Been Accepting the Situation With Great Philosophy.

The trial of John P. Wells was to take place in the circuit court yesterday, the grand jury having found a true bill against him early in the week. Wells did not succeed in getting bail after his committal, and from all accounts has not been anxious to do so. For him, so far, "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage. Minds innocent and quiet take that for a heritage." He has been accepting his fate with true philosophy.

According to the statement of the policeman who went to the house on the night the girls were found in the room of the old man, Wells was sitting up, partly dressed, with his glasses on, devoutly reading the bible. This has been one of his lifelong customs, and his knowledge of scripture has been something wonderful. He could quote texts for all sorts of emergencies, and especially for the purpose of admonishing the thoughtless and imprudent who come to him to borrow money at one-half per cent a day interest.

Since he has been in jail he has shown the utmost calmness, and has apparently given himself no uneasiness over his position. So far as anything in his manner or conversation indicated he was about as much at ease mentally as if in his own house or in the office of the Bank of Emergency.

Just what points may be taken by his counsel, Mr. Macrae, remain to be seen, but Wells himself has evidently been of the opinion that there was nothing to worry about as to his future.

HIS WAS A HASTY EXIL.

A Falling Body Said To Have Broken a Semaphore.

On one of the railways running out of St. John there is a station house. This is not a remarkable or a startling fact but near the station house is the residence of a railway employe and in that household a pretty woman resides.

There are times when the husband of this pretty woman is away and it was during one of these temporary absences that an incident occurred that has caused much mystery and not a little talk.

On the night in question a train was approaching this station when the driver discovered that the semaphore barred his way and he stopped the train and began to sound the locomotive's whistle. No reply being received he walked to the station and a short investigation proved that the semaphore wire had been broken.

The train proceeded and the fact was reported to headquarters. The official whose business it is to inquire into such matters proceeded to investigate but so far has not been able to discover why the wire was broken.

Several theories are advanced to account for the strange accident but it is all very well to theorize. One of the most amusing of these explanations is that a heavy body fell from one of the windows and struck the wire, breaking it, and causing the semaphore to change its position. Probably the inmates of the residence could explain this and how it was that the exit of one of them was so hurried and unceremonious.

One Less on the List.

The retail license held by P. O'Regan, who died recently, has been transferred to Edward McGuiggan of Water Street. Mr. McGuiggan appears to have been something of a prophet, for when he got a wholesale license last May he fitted up a bar for retail business, greatly to the annoyance of his neighbors who were running a retail business in the same neighborhood under proper license. Mr. McGuiggan has shown now that he wants to comply with the law, and will no longer be in dread of a visit from the vigilant chief inspector.

Another Exciting Week.

The daily papers have been kept busy this week in recording the blowing down of fences around town and the discovery of holes in the sidewalks. The most startling piece of news of this kind appeared in Wednesday's Sun, when the announcement was made that "a barrel of rotten apples and rubbish was found by the police yesterday at the corner of Union and Crown streets." All honor to the vigilance of the police. The Sun has not yet reported whether it has learned who lost this valuable parcel.

A Christmas Hint.

The appearance of Messrs. O. Flood & Sons advertisement upon the fifth page is a reminder that the holiday season approaches and a hint to look through their varied and attractive stock.

NOTCHES IN THE STICK.

PATERFEX TALKS OF THE VIEWS OF CERTAIN WRITERS.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Her Ideas of a Woman's Bible—Howells and His Way of Provoking His Friends—Why "America" Made Its Author Famous.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is doubtless entitled to all the honors lately thrust upon her by her sisters of the Republic. With all her eccentricities, her perversities of opinion, she is an admirable woman, who has rendered conspicuous service not to her sex only, but to our humanity. She has obtained some important advantages for women, with the promise given of more, she is a person of venerable and beautiful appearance, who at eighty preserves her intellect almost unimpaired, and who, from her splendid courage, her tenacity of effort, her spotless life, her great benevolence and energy of character, cannot fail to be interesting to us. Yet she exaggerates, with a true reformer's partiality and enthusiasm, the importance of that which she specially advocates. Even Frederick Douglass, with all his chivalry, would not, when called upon at an anniversary meeting of the Equal Rights Association, in Steinway Hall, N. Y., admit the equality of the Woman's Suffrage movement with that of Anti-slavery. He said:

There is no name greater than that of Elizabeth Cady Stanton in the matter of woman's rights and equal rights... I must say that I do not see how any one can pretend that there is the same urgency in giving the ballot to women as to the Negro. With us the matter is a question of life and death at least, in fifteen States of the Union. When women, because they are women are hunted down through the cities of New York and New Orleans; when they are dragged from their homes and hung upon lamp-posts; when their children are torn from their arms and their brains dashed out upon the pavement; when they are objects of insult and outrage at every turn; when they are in danger of having their homes burned down over their heads; when their children are not allowed to enter schools—then they will have an urgency to obtain the ballot equal to their own.

A voter: Is not this all true about black women? Mr. Douglas: Yes, yes, yes; it is true of the black woman; but not because she is a woman, but because she is black. Julia Ward Howe, at the conclusion of her great speech delivered at the Convention in Boston last year, said: "I am willing that the Negro shall get the ballot before me." [Applause.] Woman! why, she has ten thousand modes to grapple with her difficulties. I believe that all the virtue of the world can take care of all the evil. I believe that all the intelligence can take care of all the ignorance. [Applause.] I am in favor of woman suffrage in order that we shall have all the vice and virtue confronted. Let me tell you that when there were few houses in which the black man could have put his head, this woolly head of mine found a refuge in the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and if I had been blacker than a black midnight without a single star, it would have been the same. [Applause.]

All honor to Mrs. Stanton, who is every way worthy of the magnificent ovation she lately received at the Metropolitan opera house, N. Y., where three thousand women assembled to record her praise. Yet not all her views, especially along ecclesiastical and religious lines, can meet with general acceptance, for some time, at least. We have known a little of radicalism; but it seems to us that Mrs. Stanton goes not merely to the root, but that several fathoms under it, and undertakes what, if she were successful, would, according to Dr. J. M. Buckley, leave "little peculiar to Christianity." Mrs. Stanton, it appears, would have a revised bible, from which all which seems to imply the subjection of her sex shall be expunged. She would have "the canon law, mosaic code, scriptures, prayer books, and liturgies purged of all invidious distinctions of sex, of all false teaching as to woman's origin, character and destiny." She insists "that all unworthy reflections on the sacred character of the mother of the race, such as the allegory of her creation and fall, and Paul's assumption as to her social status," have a broad black mark drawn through them at once, as sentiments incapable of inspiring "the rising generations with respect to their mothers." She demands "that the pulpit be no longer desecrated with men who read these invidious passages of scripture and preach from texts that teach the subordination of one half the human race to the other." In other words, she requires the obliteration of poetry and history—having to deal with bards and chroniclers, from Homer and Herodotus, downward; she claims the right to amend arbitrarily what purports to be a divine revelation, and to mutilate venerable and sacred institutions. It would seem that, in the present state of mundane affairs, such sweeping changes cannot be immediately made. Woman will be declared not equal, but superior to man, before all these things are done.

John Bright, with all his generous liberalism, could never bring himself to believe in the great importance and urgency of the Woman's Suffrage movement. He gave his vote against it, and his opinion, in the following manner: I act from a belief that to introduce "women into the strife of political life would be a great evil to them, and that to our own sex no possible good could arrive. If women are not safe under the charge and care of fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons, it is the fault of our non-civilization and not of our laws. As civilization founded on christian principles advances, women will gain all that is right for them, although they are not seen contending in the strife of political parties.

Mr. Howells, who has given us many an hour of intellectual and imaginative pleasure, has also provoked our aversion, and

irritated by laying down his laws and setting up his false and foreign gods in the very realm of our taste and fancy. The authors we love are by him discredited, and those we know not are approved. We think we are not alone in resenting such characterizations as, "the deliberate and impudent moralizing of Thackeray, the clumsy exegesis of George Eliot, the knowing nods and winks of Charles Reade, the stage carpentering and lime lighting of Dickens... and the great art of Tourgenieff." We are not inclined to say, "A Daniel come to judgment," for a Daniel would deal more justly. The same kind of interest, we suppose attaches to his late book, "My Literary Passions," as to any account of a man of literary eminence might give of the authors who have helped to form his taste and to perfect his style. With garrulous freedom the author takes the reader into his confidence; but when we consent the most readily, we miss the gentle grace and charm that Charles Lamb, and the piquancy and force that Thackeray would have infused into a work of mingled reminiscence and criticism. His account of the "paroxysm of Alexander Smith," through which he passed brings back one of our own poetical passions. Alas! where is the promise of Smith, of Yendys, of Dobell, of Massey, and other bright ones who once stood erect, with finger pointed to the future, in the pantheon of Gillilan's "Literary Portraits?" They have fallen before the Sphinx. Yet some of the dew of Paradise seems on their roses yet, and in my heart they are not faded, I can say, with Mr. Howells, "I read this now dead and gone immortal with ecstasy unexpressed; I raved of him by day and dreamed of him by night; I got great lengths of his "Lute Drama" by heart, and I can still repeat several gorgeous passages of it... The reading would be very susceptible of such lunacies, and all that can be said is that at that period it was time for criticism to get mad over a poet who was neither better nor worse than many another third-rate poet apotheosized before and since." We believe Smith to have been, in potency, more than a third-rate, and he is still one of our choicest writers of romantic prose. Heine, among poets, made a deep and lasting impression upon our author, for he says: "I knew the ugliness of Heine's nature, his revengefulness, malice, cruelty, treachery, and uncleanliness; and yet he was supremely charming among the poets I have read." He thinks that Tennyson and Longfellow have "preeminently voiced their generation." That great stumbling-block in the path of many literary people, Browning's "The Ring and the Book," became to our author a poetical luxury, though he professes himself not devoted to Browning. He says: "There are certain books of it... that I think ought to rank with the greatest poetry ever written." But it is Tolstoy—Lyof Tolstoy, who has become to him not merely the north star, but the sun in heaven. "I do not believe that in the whole course of my reading, and not even in the early moment of my literary enthusiasms, I have known such utter satisfaction in any writer, and this supreme joy has come to me at a time of life when new friendships, not to say new passions, are rare and reluctant." Mr. Howells cannot be read but with interest, though, as a literary doctrinaire, he will provoke frequent dissent.

BAD BURGLARS CAUGHT.

HOW THREE BROOKS WERE VERY CLEVERLY CAPTURED.

The Story of the Way They Started to Rob in Several Nova Scotia Towns—Good Work in Following Them Up and Having Them Brought to Justice.

The story connected with the run down of a gang of robbers who have caused so much trouble in the provinces of late is given from the lips of a man who deserves much praise for his shrewdness in the capture of this gang. Mr. George H. McClary of the firm of J. H. Seaman & Co. of Joggins Mines, N. S. has shown a clever piece of detective work in the way he guided his companions in the search.

On the morning of October 23rd, the store of Angus McDonald at River Hebert was entered by burglars, his safe being blown open and a quantity of money stolen. Mr. McDonald's store is about 200 feet from his residence, and about 1:30 a. m. Mrs. McDonald was awakened by the sound of an explosion in the store and ran to the window. On seeing a bright light in the store, she awoke Mr. McDonald, and they both ran to the door, where they shouted "fire." They then made their way towards the store, but were stopped by five or six revolver shots. These came from the burglars, who had heard the noise. Some of them were guarding the door while the others were taking the money. The fellows, having thus shown their determination to resist if approached, got away from the store as soon as possible. It was afterwards learned that they had been brought from Springhill by a team, which was waiting for them when they were interrupted at McDonald's store. With this team they then went to Joggins mines.

Having left their tools in their hurry to get away from River Hebert, the gang next broke into the Canada Coal and Railway Co.'s carpenter shop, where they procured the necessary implements and at once went to the store of J. H. Seaman & Co. They broke into the premises and while a part of the gang were guarding the door and the others proceeded to drill the safe.

Shortly after they had begun operations, a Frenchman by the name of Theban Balineau came along. He had been attending a party at the residence of Mark Legere situated on the Hurley road below Seaman & Co's store, and was returning home. On approaching the store he was ordered to halt, and not doing so, two of the burglars seized him and placed a gun at each side of his head, marched him into the store and compelled him to take a seat. The two men then stood over him ready to finish him should he attempt to escape.

The safe having been drilled, and everything being in readiness for the shot, two of the burglars proposed to the leader of the gang, John Hickey, alias Fox, that they should the Frenchman and thereby stop him from giving an alarm. After some argument they decided not to finish him, greatly to his relief.

The blowing was a good job in every respect, as the safe was made a complete wreck. The smaller drawers inside were broken open by means of a chisel taken from the carpenter shop. Much to the robbers' disappointment, however, there was only \$35, in silver in the safe, as Mr. Geo. A. McClary the managing partner of the firm had taken home \$755 on closing the store that night.

There had been a placard fixed on the safe which reads as follows:

Notice—This safe is unlocked and there is no money in it. Please leave the books and if we have good success collecting perhaps you will have better luck next time. Yours Respectfully, J. H. SEAMAN & Co.

The burglars, angry at not making a big haul, proceeded to ransack the office in a thorough manner, destroying notes, insurance policies and other valuable papers. They further expressed their disgust at the state of finances in this neighborhood by remarking that there was no money in the condemned country anyway. Before leaving they provided themselves with wearing apparel of all kinds, and also took a lot of valuable pipes and tobacco. They got hold of a grade of chewing tobacco that suited them pretty well, and in support of their opinion they compelled the Frenchman to take a chew which nearly frightened him to death, as he thought it was loaded. At the same time they made him swear that he would not leave the store for one hour after they had left. Strange to say the Frenchman broke his oath, and inside of fifteen minutes he made his way to the residence of a neighbor to whom he gave his experience.

The neighbor did not proceed to give any alarm, however, and the presumption is that he was too frightened. The first intimation Mr. McClary got of the affair was from Mr. Wallace Johnston who went to open the store at 7 o'clock and at once notified the firm. Mr. McClary went to the store as quick as possible and took in the situation. Then he went to the telephone office and wired assistant police officer McDonald of the I. C. R. service at Amherst. The officer took the accommodation for Macoon where Mr. McClary met him and they returned to the Joggins, where they procured the service of deputy sheriff McCormack. There three men went to the Boar's Back

in the direction of Parrsboro, having heard that three strangers had passed that way. A clue was found in the shape of three tracks in the neighborhood of River Hebert, which tallied with the Frenchman's story, as one of the tracks was of a small man, the foot print being of a number five or six shoe.

This track was lost at foot of Boar's Head, a very good reason being that the three men had seen the team coming around the corner and fled to the woods unnoticed by their pursuers. Peter Carroll who has a reputation as a thief catcher, had been sent for in the meantime and met the officers at Parrsboro. After searching that part of the country for two days the party found where the gang had retraced their steps to Springhill, which surmise proved correct. McCormack and McClary went to the Joggins and Carroll and McDonald went to Springhill. In the meantime the burglars secreted themselves in the outskirts of the town and it is understood there were people willing to give such characters shelter. Shortly after the arrival at Joggins of McCormack and McClary, they learned that the burglars were part of the gang of whiskey distillers known by the name of Martell, accompanied by one John Hickey and Chas. White, both late of Dorchester penitentiary. In the meantime, McDonald and Carroll were working their end of the search, and when McCormack and McClary arrived in Springhill were about to make the arrest and with the additional information from the Joggins were assured they were on the right track. They at once surrounded the house of John Mully assisted by officers in Springhill, and captured the gang excepting Israel Martell, who was captured later by Carroll 15 miles in the woods at Tatamagouche.

Some interesting evidence was brought out in the preliminary examination given by Mrs David Pagle of Joggins Mines, at whose house Israel Martell went to after the Joggins job had been done. The prisoners were all tried before Judge Morse at Amherst excepting James Martell, who turned Queen's evidence on the first indictment and was remanded to be tried on the burglary of J. H. Seaman & Co's store. The judge after administering a sound reprimand sentenced the three, namely: Hickey, Martell & White ten years in the Dorchester Penitentiary.

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My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema for 25 months, the principal seat of eruption being behind the ears. I tried almost every remedy I saw advertised, bought the most expensive medicines and soaps and took the child to medical specialists in skin diseases, but without success. Finally, a week ago, I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and the first application showed the curative effect of the remedy. We have used the ointment for a week, but the change is very marked, the eruption has all disappeared and I can confidently say my child is cured. (Signed) MAXWELL JOHNSON, 112 Ann Street, Toronto.

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On behalf of the Fred Victor Mission Bible Class I wish to express our gratitude to you for the box Chase's Ointment which you supplied in aid of our charitable work to the infant child of Mrs. Brown, 107 River street. Ten days ago the child was awfully afflicted with scald head, the face being literally one scab from forehead to chin, and in that brief time a complete cure has been effected. Surely your gift has been worth more than its weight in gold. (Signed) EDMUND YEIGH, 264 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

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Musical and Dramatic.

The return engagement of the Gilbert Opera company closed with a production of Pinafore on Wednesday evening last...

Mr. Gilbert has several strong impersonation in the various operas in the repertoire of his company but the role of Gaspard in "The Chimes of Normandy" is in my opinion, the best of them all.

The role of Dick Dadaeye in Pinafore does not afford such opportunity for great work, but every demand of the role Mr. Gilbert was easily equal to.

Miss Lillian Sanderson, who has gained a wide-spread renown in European countries as a singer, and Mr. Robert Freund, a pianist from Zurich, will come to America in the spring.

Prof. Markos, who created a sensation in St. John during exhibition week, will be seen here again shortly.

James O'Neil, of "Monte Cristo" fame recently produced "Virginia" at the Tremont theatre, Boston and the dramatic critic of one of our city papers says "nor was he able to keep up the true dramatic atmosphere when once he got it."

Another occasion for regret to me was not being enabled to hear Prof. Wroten play and Miss Fanning sing at the concert in Brussels Street Baptist church last Tuesday evening.

Schubert is said to have died in the flower of his youth. Be that as it may he left behind him nearly one thousand compositions, of which six hundred were songs.

The famous lady violinist Camilla Urso who has performed before and been honored and decorated by several of the Sovereigns of Europe, played at a concert in the Star Course in Boston Mass. at Music Hall recently.

The reappearance in Boston after many years of Mme. Urso, the only Urso, who, it might be said, had played to our fathers and to our grandfathers before us, so backward-reaching and so enduring is her renown, is a matter of felicitation to Boston's music lovers.

F. J. London the colored manager of the Fisk jubilee singers made \$15,000 by the recent trip abroad of that organization.

An amusing contretemps in the rendition of the opera "Fidelio" at the Royal Opera House in Berlin, last week, fell to Herr Joseph Kainz, who sustained the role of Meister von Falingoo.

Miss Lillian Sanderson, who has gained a wide-spread renown in European countries as a singer, and Mr. Robert Freund, a pianist from Zurich, will come to America in the spring.

Charlotte Wolter, the great Viennese tragedienne, who is now 61 years old, appeared as Sappho at the Burg Theater recently, after a retirement from the stage of many years.

Clarence Haadysides, who was here with Harkins a few seasons ago, is with a company giving a play called "Northern Lights."

This is the closing week of "Burmah" at the Boston theatre. The play has had a long run there.

William Winter says of the late Ada Cavendish, the actress: "She did not try to look like a painted figure in a church window. She put her soul into all that she did, and it was a soul of passionate power, lofty purpose, and wonderful sweetness."

The following bill is posted in large letters at the door of a Brussels theatre: "Moral Pieces Every Sunday and Thursday."

A New York paper says: "Stuart Robson is the only survivor of the cast of 'The Rivals' and it was given in New York thirty-three years ago, when Laura Keane, John T. Raymond, and other departed celebrities were on the bill. There were thirteen persons in the play. Mr. Robson was 60 on Nov. 4. He was a page in the Thirty-Third Congress, and afterward a type-setter before he went on the stage."

A well-known manager says there are too many theatres, too many stars, too many combinations, and too many bad actors. As long as this condition of affairs exists the theatrical business will never be good until some of the theatres are burned down, a large number of so-called stars are eclipsed, and a lot of actors go to work ringing up fares on the street cars.—Eddy's Squib.

Miss Olga Netherole the English actress has appeared in Boston at the Hollis theatre in the play of "Denise." The work is by Dumas fils, altered and adapted for the English stage by Mr. Clement Scott and Sir Augustus Harris.

At the Grand Opera House, Boston, several old plays such as "Hoodman Blind," "Rose Michel," "The Dancieffs," "Harbor Lights" and "Little Emily" are being revived.

It is said that Paris is the paradise of the censor. Dumas' "Dame aux Camellias" submitted to the Minister of Beaux Arts in its day, was set down as "shocking to both the morals and modesty of the public."

Miss Terry's Lady Macbeth as recently impersonated is described as "one that has often been suggested in the books but never before presented on the stage. It obeys the injunction 'look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it.'"

The publication known as "Theatrical Tidings" in a recent issue says: there is no more pathetic and unwholesome spectacle in connection with the stage than that presented by the old man with a little white hair who stands at the stage door waiting to take an actress to supper when he ought to be in bed nursing his rheumatism.

The annual return of the British army, issued recently, contains some very interesting figures. On June last there were 222,151 men and officers in the regular army—the highest number reached during the twenty years for which statistics are available.

It is announced in London that Mary Eastlake, who has disappeared from the stage since her disastrous tour of America, which stopped short at its very beginning, so great a failure was it, is about to return to the stage.

Miss Eastlake's career was a peculiar one. She was hardly 15 when Charles Wyndham discovered her gifts and introduced her to London audiences. Mr. Wyndham at that time declared that he knew no young actress of such delicacy and refinement as Miss Eastlake, and she made rapid strides in her profession until she joined Wilson Barrett.

Daring her long, and it must be owned successful career with him, she not only acquired strange mannerisms of voice and of bearing, but she became so heavy that she physically suited few parts. But worst of all, her chances may be said to have been jeopardized by her success in "Clit," as Holle, a woman of not a nice sort, but which offered great opportunities to over-act, which she did not neglect, being en-

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 30.

REVISION OF SENTENCES.

The story of the disproportion of some of the sentences awarded to persons convicted of larceny during the past year was told by Progress last week. The statements then made showed very clearly that however good may be the intentions of the adjudging powers, the punishment appears to be very much more than fits the crime in some instances, while in others the offender is able to get off very easily indeed.

When one man is sent to the penitentiary for four years for pilfering less than a dollar's worth of goods, and another who steals all the money within his reach gets off with a month in jail, there appears to be an unevenness in the penalties which may well excite wonder. Nor is there less cause for surprise when of two men convicted on the same evidence of a joint crime, one is sent to the penitentiary for three years, and the other goes to jail for only six months.

On the same day that this story appeared, the police magistrate, who not long ago sent a man to jail for one month for stealing and absconding with \$19, sent a man to the penitentiary for two years for stealing and absconding with \$113. At the same session of the court he sent a boy to the reformatory for three years for stealing a few newspapers. This latter sentence was probably given on the theory that the reformatory is an institution where the boy may be made better, and that the longer the term the more likely he will be to forget his evil associations and be prepared to do better when released. On this reasoning the two sentences may not be so disproportionate as many might suppose, especially as the reformatory is a place which is frequently visited by benevolent people, including the magistrate himself, to instruct the inmates in the principles of honesty in regard to what is the property of another.

It there had been no reformatory, however, it would not have been surprising if the boy had been sent to the penitentiary for the same term, judging by some of the sentences imposed in the county court. It would be a matter entirely within the discretion of a judge or a magistrate, and there would be no appeal from it on the ground of excessive punishment through mistaken judgment. When the Criminal Code gives such a wide latitude the length or brevity of a sentence depend wholly on the view one man takes, and that such a man is a judge does not of itself give any certainty that his view will be the correct one. In the history of criminal courts the world over, it can hardly be doubted that many an offender has had a harder fate than he would have had because a judge has taken a personal prejudice to him, or even because a judge had had a fit of indignation or a bilious attack. Judges are not always men of judicial minds, and indeed where they have been appointed because they were political partisans, they may be men who begin by nature of quite a different mental temperament. At the best, however will they may strive to live up to the ideal of their functions, they are liable to err like all other mortals, and to err on the side of severity rather than of leniency. A judge may give a man a sentence of five years where two years would be amply sufficient, but none may gamsay his decision. The public may think that he has made a mistake, but they are powerless to remedy it. A judge himself may later realize that he has gone too far, but even he can do nothing to recall his words. The prisoner goes to his fate and the public forget the matter.

The liability of a judge to base a sentence on his personal extreme views has been seen in the case of some excellent jurists. Judge DUFF, of the supreme court, for instance, will be remembered as a man who looked upon offences against the rights of property as deserving of proportionately greater severity than any other crimes. Some of his sentences were very severe, though he believed he was doing no more than his duty. When a man of

such recognized worth as CHARLES DUFF could be so prejudiced, there is always danger with a man of less ability and sound judgment if placed in a judicial position.

It would seem only justice if there were either some safeguard against errors of judgment by judges, or some remedy when such errors are made. The only safeguard is one in use in some jurisdictions, that of allowing the jury to fix the punishment when finding a verdict of guilty. Considering the make-up of some juries, however, this course would not be likely to have satisfactory results in this part of the world. There would be a greater diversity of sentences than there is even now.

The judge is obviously the man to determine what the punishment shall be, and with some judges little fault can be found in regard to the terms they allot this or that class of offenders. Where a judge does overstep the bounds, however, though within the limit of the penalty prescribed by the court, there should be some body before which the case can be taken for reconsideration in respect to the penalty. The composition of such a board of revision would be a matter of detail easily arranged. It might be composed of judges or of members of the government, including the attorney-general. The creation and continuance of such a body would involve some amendments to the present laws, but there would be very little machinery about it. Its duty would be simply to hear the essential part of the case and either confirm the judge's decision or modify the penalty as justice seemed to require. It is understood that prominent legal gentlemen in this province believe there should be some such appellate body, and public opinion must certainly favor it. It is probably needed as much in one province as in another.

SEEING ONE'S OWN BRAIN.

What seems to be a very important scientific fact is announced by a certain Professor LLOYD in a recently published work. This is that any person can see his own brain by a very simple process which involves no surgical operation, or indeed any knowledge of science. The person in quest of knowledge requires only a lighted candle and a perfectly dark room which has either a black wall, black curtain or other flat black surface. Then, "the candle is moved laterally and to in front of the face, keeping it about six inches from the face and just below the tip of the nose. In a few minutes something, as it thin mist, seems to grow more definite and gains outline. Soon one can distinguish the venations and divisions of the brain. One is seeing his own brain."

The theory of this, as explained in "Information," is that the moving light produces a counter irritation of the nerves that conduct the impression of sight to the brain. The current is simply reversed and the brain is pictured on the eye. In other words, the brain has a looking glass under the conditions in question. This is important it true, and a general knowledge of the fact ought to save the world and individuals a great deal of trouble.

If one could see his own brain and judge also of what it is capable, there might be a few misplaced men in the world. If a person about to choose a vocation could learn in advance whether he had or had not the mental outfit for the work, he would know what course to take. As it is now he often makes only a guess and sometimes a very bad one. Thus it is we find ministers who ought to have been merchants, money brokers or book agents. Lawyers who ought to have been farmers, discount clerks or pawnbrokers. Indeed, in every line of work there are men who ought to be at something else, and would have succeeded where they now fail, could their brains have been sized up at the start.

PREPARE FOR CHRISTMAS.

Tomorrow will be Advent Sunday, the beginning of the christian year and the ushering in of the season wherein the world delights to celebrate the birth of CHRIST. Already in many homes the little ones are looking forward to the day of rejoicing and gladness, while the older ones are planning what they can do to bring a special happiness to those near and dear to them. It is time to begin to prepare for Christmas.

With many gives the most troublesome question will be as to what form their gifts to their own shall take. They hesitate between this or that costly article in their anxiety to bestow as much pleasure as is possible. They fear that this or that friend has already so many of this or that kind of costly keepsakes that care must be taken to give him or her something more valuable or more to be prized for its novelty. They are keeping their eyes open to make their friends happy.

This is the way that many are already beginning to think of Christmas, and it is well they should do so. It is meet that we

should have every regard for the happiness of those near and dear to us, and should strive to make that happiness as complete as in our power at the time when all people are called upon to be glad.

All people. When that is said then comes the reminder that a great many in this world are not so situated as to enjoy what we may enjoy. Christmas to them is a name which does not bring the joy it brings to others. It may be their own fault, or the fault of others. It matters not. If we know of them they are our neighbors, and we should not be unmerciful of them in our pleasure of adding to the happiness of those who are bound to us by the ties of family or friendship. In our preparation for Christmas we carry out simply CHRIST's teaching when we remember the poor. They should enter into our plans now, and not be merely recipient of the crumbs when we have been prodigal of our bounty to our friends. They should be a subject of forethought rather than of afterthought, and of consideration from this time forward.

There are many kinds of poor and many ways of making Christmas brighter for them. The consideration of them does not always mean charity in the cold, practical sense in which that term is used. There may be cases where charity or aid that resembled it would be offensive, and yet where kindly tact can accomplish a great deal in bringing happiness at this season. If all of us will stop to think of those whom we can make happy, at a very slight sacrifice to ourselves, few of us will fail to find some outside of our own immediate circle of kindred and intimates. Little deeds, here and there, may be done with the knowledge that some one is happier for our having thought of them, and the consciousness of having made lighter some heart that would have been heavy but for us, will of itself be more than an ample reward.

It is therefore a good idea to prepare for Christmas by letting our thoughts go beyond the circle in which custom bids us do good deeds. At this time of the year, above all others, the poor, the sick and "all who are in any wise afflicted or in distress" have an imperative claim upon our thoughts. The opportunities for doing good in this way are many, and if they have not yet come to us we are all the more christians if we seek them.

It is just twenty years today since the New Brunswick railway was formally opened from Gibson to Fort Fairfield. Those who were present on that occasion will remember that the great obstacle to the progress of the excursion was the vast quantity of snow which delayed the train at various points along the line. There was no bridge at Fredericton in those times, and the excursionists crossed on the ice, some of them having their ears badly frozen on the return trip at night. The growth of railways in the provinces since then is an interesting matter for reflection.

So far everything is going smoothly in regard to the railway facilities for the Beaver line steamer at Sand Point. The vexed question of the purchase of the CONKOR lots has been settled, and the C. P. R. and the city are bowing to each other most politely in their assurance that each wants to advance the interest of the other. A few more weeks will determine the ability of the city to build a bit of railway, all by itself, but whether the happy consummation can be effected without the usual row remains to be seen.

Those people who have been flattering themselves that the long delay in the approach of cold weather will shorten the winter, will probably find that nature will have her compensation in a like delay of the approach of spring. The law of average applies pretty closely in respect to the weather from one year to another.

The discussion on the merits of standard time seems to have taken a rest, pending some action by the common council. In the mean time the custom house has adopted the eastern standard, and the chances of Atlantic standard being accepted by the citizens seem to grow smaller every hour.

A curlew bill to be rung at nine at night to warn children off the streets, may be a good idea, but what seems to be needed also is a bell telling young fellows when they have made a long enough evening call, and don't seem to know when it is time for them to say good night.

Consumption Caught from Cows.

The startling statement was made last week in New York city by reliable authorities that 5,000 persons who die every year of consumption in that city are inoculated for the most part by impure milk and dairy products, the product of milk cows in the dairy districts that are affected with tuberculosis. Also it is stated, as based on experience, that from 60 to 70 per cent of all the milk cows from which the milk supply of New York city is derived are affected with tuberculosis.

His Chief Drawback.

"Where's your red headed office boy?" "Oh, I had to let him go." "Well, he's the red headed fellow I ever saw."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Lute Chords.

When the blue sea murmurs
On the jeweled meadowland;
And the red robed leaves are falling
Over all the hills and dale,
When the heavy and the blossom,
Of the summer time is o'er;
My rose of love is sweet Laurence
Till roses bloom no more.

WINTER.

There is no rose on the bush
To wake a song in me,
And in my heart but last year's thrush
To make a prayer for thee;
To make a prayer for thee in snow,
And hope itself is cold;
And the bitter north winds blow
When one is growing old!

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NEW YORK PAWN SHOP.

Variations of Their Business Are Among the Signs of the Times.

There is a curious family likeness in pawnbroker's windows, and though they vary with varying times, they for the most part vary together, says the N. Y. Sun. They are just now recovering their cheerfulness after a depression sympathetic with the late hard times. When times are at their hardest the pawnbroker's window is garnished with the necessities of life as well as the luxuries, or, perhaps, more accurately, with what men think at ordinary times the necessities, but come to regard as luxuries at a pinch. The most pathetic evidence of the recent hard times, as exhibited in the pawnbroker's windows, were workmen's tools still showing marks of use. There are always some such tools on show—masses' hammers in mid-winter, panned by improvident men who cannot carry their few possessions over a time of idleness, and must trust to luck to obtain tools when work is resumed. With the improvement of the times boxing gloves, musical instruments, walking sticks, fishing rods, and like luxuries are again conspicuous in the windows of the pawnbrokers.

LETTER OF THE FOOT THAT MAY BE OF INTEREST ON THIS ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

One day in the winter of 1795, (7th February,) when the wind whistled, and piled the snow across the highways, Robert Burns, in the capacity of gauger, or supervisor of the excise was unassiduously domiciled in an inn at Ecclefechan in Annandale, writing to George Thomson, of musical fame. And thus he wrote:

You cannot see any idea of the predicament in which I wrote to you. In the course of my duty as Supervisor (in which capacity I have acted of late) I came yesterday to this wretched unfortunate little village I have gone forward, but snows of ten feet deep have impeded my progress; I have tried "goe back the way I came" again, but the same obstacle has shut me up within insuperable bars. To state has shut me up within insuperable bars. To state has shut me up within insuperable bars. To state has shut me up within insuperable bars.

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The Origin

Slate

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Social and Personal.

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP. The Original Try It. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Drop us a line and we will quote you very low prices on Slate and Wood Mantels. Grates, Ties, Brass Fenders, etc., etc. Stock second to none in the Maritime Provinces.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER. 38 King Street.

Hints for Housewives



Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea. DEARBORN & CO.

Regarding Tea

Buy a tea of good quality and strength; you will find it more economical in the end than the so called "cheap tea."

GOLD LABEL, 25c. LAVENDER LABEL, 60c. GREEN LABEL, 75c.

A Perfect Wood Furnace



"Famous Magnet"

Made in 4 sizes, Nos. 14, 16, 17 and 19. Will heat from 10,000 to 100,000 cubic feet.

YOU CAN KEEP YOUR HOUSE WARM FROM CELLAR TO GARRET, AND DO IT CHEAPLY.

Highest Testimonials From all Dealer and Users

The McClary Mfg. Co., LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER.

Well Dressed Ladies

Now a-days have their Skirts bound with



Women are usually anxious to make their money go as far as they can, hence the great popularity of the Corticelli Skirt Protector.

Sold in 4 and 6 yard lengths. The Mohair is in 5 yard lengths. Can be had in same shades as Corticelli Sewing Silk.

Corticelli Silk Co., Manufacturers, St. Johns, Que.

What a very busy week this has been, and I am sure everybody must be heartily glad that a day of rest is at hand; I think there have been more receptions and small dances in the past few days than there were during the entire autumn; the gentlemen don't seem to be getting a great deal of enjoyment out of these afternoon affairs, but very often a hostess is gracious enough to give a dance after her reception, and although these afternoon dances are necessarily very small they are always very enjoyable; I had one interesting bit of society news that I quite regarded as my piece de resistance, and with it hoped to cause a little stir in society.

Miss Winald Wright, who was wearing a lovely cream silk gown. Miss Jarvis, in a becoming grey and black silk. Miss Marie Downville in a pretty pale blue dress. Miss Grace Scoville who looked charming in a gown of white and pink. Miss Raymond had on a pink bodice and black skirt and Miss Pugsley wore a pretty cream dress, trimmed with fur.

Among the invited guests were: Countess de Bury, Mrs. L. A. Allison, Mrs. John Burpee, Miss Kaye, Mrs. Charles Kerr, Mrs. Sidney Kaye, Mrs. Charles Palmer, Mrs. F. H. J. Hall, Mrs. Charles Morrison, Mrs. Markham, Mrs. Douglas Hazen, Mrs. Wm. Hazen, Mrs. Arthur Wright, Miss E. Peters, Mrs. (Charles) Lee, Mrs. Marion Clinch, Miss Barlow, Mrs. Lena Harrison, Miss Thorne, Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, Mrs. G. R. Pugsley, Mrs. Chas. Hazen, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. James Downville, J. M. Robinson, Mrs. H. L. Sturdee, Mrs. E. T. Sturdee, Mrs. Bois DeVeber, Mrs. Andrew Jack, Mrs. Alex. Wilson, Mrs. Byron Clark, Mrs. George Cushing, Mrs. Miss Edgars, Barclay Boyd, Mrs. Wm. Stoen, Misses Markham, Mrs. J. Woodford Smith, Mrs. J. Roy Campbell, Mrs. E. G. Scoville, Mrs. J. M. Scoville, Miss Scoville, Mrs. Carlston Lee, Misses Dunn, Mrs. McIntyre, Mrs. Medley, Mrs. Charles Coster, Mrs. E. Estabrook, Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, Mrs. E. J. Ritchie, Mrs. Calhoun, Mrs. J. V. Ellis, Miss Ellis, Mrs. Brigstocke, Mrs. F. J. Harding, Mrs. Alfred Seely, Mrs. J. J. Bostwick, Mrs. J. Wilmoor, Misses Wilmoor, Mrs. John Barraman, Mrs. Harry deForest, Misses Masie, Mrs. L. A. Carrie, Mrs. Misses Synnott, Owen Campbell, Mrs. Synnott, Misses Synnott, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Synnott, Mrs. Prescott, Mrs. Fred Payne, Mrs. Howard, Misses Robertson, Mrs. Wm. Walker, Misses Walker, Miss Payne, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Austin, Miss Eaton, Mrs. John Magee, Mrs. A. G. Blair, Miss Blair, Mrs. Steves, Misses Christie, Mrs. Steves, Miss Steves, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Tom Walker, Mrs. Leonard Jewett, Mrs. Bruce Scoville, Mr. Charles deBury, Dr. W. Steves, Mr. W. H. Scoville.

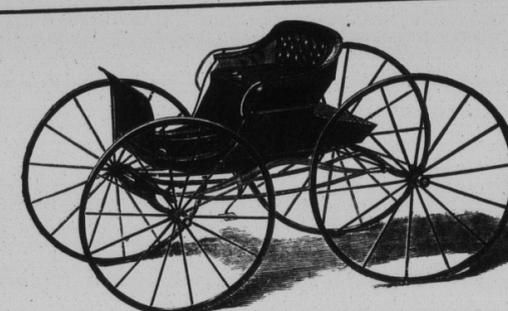
A very successful tea was given by Mrs. Robert Matthew of Princess street on last Friday afternoon. The weather was all that could be desired and the drawing room the hostess was assisted in receiving her guests by the Misses Christine and Dorothy Matthew, Miss Isabel Jarvis and Miss Matthew; in the dining room tea and coffee were dispensed by Mrs. C. E. L. Jarvis and Mrs. G. U. Hay; the guests were waited upon by Miss Ella Armstrong, Miss Ella Matthew and Miss Ethel Jarvis. Among the ladies who called during the afternoon were: Mrs. F. Allison, Miss F. Allison, Mrs. J. Allison, Miss G. Allison, Mrs. E. Arnold, Mrs. J. R. Armstrong, Miss D. Armstrong, Mrs. Barker, Miss L. Brown, Mrs. B. Boyd, Mrs. G. K. Beron, Miss Lu Berton, Mrs. Alfred Porter, Miss H. Peter, Miss Mabel Peters, Mrs. W. J. Prince, Miss E. Robinson, Mrs. Geo. Schofield, Mrs. DeB Scholfield, Mrs. F. K. Schofield, Mrs. DeB Campbell, Mrs. G. B. Cushing, Miss A. Carr, Mrs. Daniel, Mrs. Wm. Davidson, Mrs. Wm. Hazen, Mrs. Morris Hazen, Miss Lily Hazen, Mrs. D. Hall, Mrs. Jas. Jack, Miss B. Schofield, Miss G. Soyres, Mrs. Stetson, Mrs. Wm. Starr, Mrs. Stead, Mrs. R. Turnbull, Mrs. A. Jack, Miss Nellie Jarvis, Mrs. Alex. Jardine, Mrs. James Kaye, Mrs. F. Kaye, Mrs. Chas. Kinross, Mrs. H. Kinross, Mrs. John McAvilly, Mrs. Tom McAvilly, Mrs. John McMillan, Miss F. McMillan, Mrs. McAv, Mrs. Alex. Wilson, Miss Wright, Mrs. Arthur Wright, Miss W. Wright, Miss L. du Vernet, Mrs. Wm. de Veber.

In the evening a small informal dance was given for the young lady assistants, and among the gentlemen present were: Lieut. Herbert Clench, Mr. Geoffrey Stead, Mr. Ned Jarvis, Mr. Percy Hall, Mr. Harry Hall and Mr. Harrison Matthew. Invitations are out for a reception to be given by Mrs. Frank Hazen ladies in a few days for Egypt which she will spend the winter. Mrs. H. P. Timmerman will not receive her guests formally until after her return from Montreal, where she goes on December 15th to be present at her sister's marriage; as her sister, Mrs. Gardner Taylor, receives on Thursdays it is quite likely that Mrs. Timmerman's friends will have the pleasure of offering their good wishes upon those days. After Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Timmerman will reside on Germain street, where they have a home. The latest engagement discussed in society is that

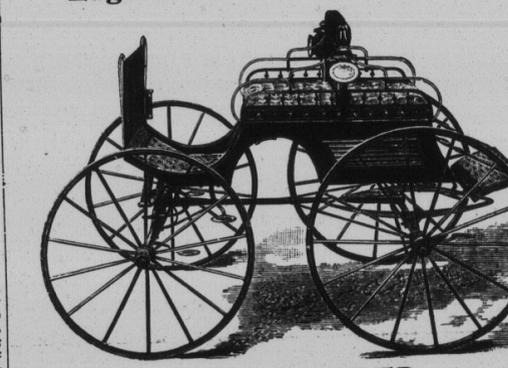
Among Miss Dalies guests were the following, little Misses Sturdee, Misses McLaren, Florence Pittfield, Hazel Pittfield, Katie Hazen, Frances Hazen, Phyllis Stratton, Elsie McLean, Margaret Purdy, Jean McDonald, Nellie McDonald, Margaret McAvilly, Dorothy Brown, Hazel Hall, Marjorie Barnaby, Mignon Kerr, Frances Kerr, Margaret Calhoun, Sarah Calhoun, Della McAvenny, Misses McInerney, Frances Simonds, Jean White, Vivian Barnes, Mable McAvilly, Hanna Logan, Misses Lons, Dykman, Marie Sedler, Mal Cornwall, Birdie Edget, Olive Salls, Gladys Ballock, Baby Jones, Jean MacAnuly, Marion MacAnuly, Kattie Best, Hazel Smith, Ida Smith, Dorothy Crighton; Masters James Adams, Douglas Adams, Malcolm McAvilly, Roy Cartte, John Kaye, Roy Harding, Ben Barnaby, Walter Jones, Carl Flood, Kenneth Brown, Eric Titus, Arthur Rankine, Hugh McLean, Donald Fisher, Kingston Jopp, Master Morris, Digby Sedler, Laurence Alton, Masters Leonard, Ronald McAvilly, Clifford McAvilly, Charles McAvenny, Arthur McDonald, Harold Salls, Kenneth Crighton, Master Spillock, Masters Thompson, Valentine Outram, Percy, McAvilly, Tom McAvilly, Clara Mott.

Mrs. W. Walker Clark was at home to a very large number of her lady friends on Monday afternoon at the residence of Dr. W. H. Steves, No. 4 Wellington row. The afternoon was a perfect one and in consequence the guests were all beautifully gowned. Mrs. Clark was wearing a lovely green silk with cream lace trimmings, a heavily green particularly becoming to her clear and pretty complexion; she was assisted by her daughters, Mrs. W. H. Steves and Mrs. W. Henry Scoville, the former of whom had on a striking dress of black and pink with black lace trimmings and the latter a pretty black and yellow gown with cream lace trimmings. The tables were prettily decorated in white and

Sea Foam Soap. It Floats. 5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.



AN OPEN BANGOR. A NOBBY TURN OUT. One of the many styles made in the Edgcombe Carriage Factory.



A CUT UNDER English Dog Cart. Will hold Four Persons, back to back. Is easy to ride, Nobby and stylish. Turns very easily and in small space. Handsomely built by

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

"Cravenette" THE POPULAR WATERPROOF CLOTH FOR LADIES' GARMENTS. The ladies, true as they are, must have style with the comfort; and that is one great reason why they insist upon Cravenette, which, while perfectly waterproof and dust proof, makes up in the most tasteful costumes, wraps and cloaks. And it is something to have a porous waterproof, for most of the so called waterproofs are damp and clammy. Cravenette can be obtained in six shades—Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor and Black. Cravenette is the costume par excellence for street or country.

Where Music is there You will Find the Happiest Home.

Absolute Clearance Sale of High Grade Pianos. Now is Your Opportunity to Get a Piano for Christmas. C. FLOOD & SONS HAVE LEASED FOR ONE MONTH ONLY THE STORE 54 King Street, (South Side) and their entire stock of pianos at special prices for CASH or INSTALLMENTS. Pianos by "Wm. Bourne & Son," Boston, "Hallett & Davis," "Sterling," Derby, Conn., "Berlin Piano Co.," Berlin, Ont., and "H. & P. Stearns," Toronto. Sale commences Saturday the 30th.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30,

MINDFUL OF THE POOR.

VALUABLE REQUESTS TO HALIFAX INSTITUTIONS

The Money Was made in the City and Will Stay there—The St. Andrew's Society is Very Wealthy—The Nova Scotia Game Laws Are Being Rigidly Enforced.

HALIFAX, Nov. 28.—This is a city of charities, some of them founded by benevolent, public-spirited, and sometimes wealthy men and women who have gone to their reward, and others growing from small beginnings prompted by kindly hearts who had not much money at their disposal, but who gave good work and much faith. These have been maintained by the regular gifts of generous hearted people, and by the occasional benefactions of a line of good men who thus left behind them monuments more enduring than marble. Almost every christian charity finds a place in Halifax, and many of our noblest buildings are devoted to the alleviation of human misery, the mitigation of the sad lot of the blind, the deaf, the aged, or the otherwise helpless.

The latest benefactor of Halifax charities is Mrs. Caroline M. Lawson, the wife of Professor George Lawson. She died six years ago, and now that her husband follows her to the land of eternal rest, it is found that she had bequeathed half of her estate to be paid on his death to five charities. These are:

- The Halifax protestant orphan's home.
The Halifax protestant industrial school.
The Halifax home for the aged.
The Halifax association of improving the condition of the poor.

The foreign mission committee of the presbyterian church in Canada. Under Mrs. Lawson's will each of these institutions have already received \$8,826.91.

Rev. L. H. Jordan, of Toronto, who was his sister's sole executor, on Saturday wrote cheques paying out to each an equal share of the estate of \$14,134.65. The benevolent spirit which prompted so kind a bequest by Mrs. Lawson cannot be too warmly commended, and the institutions receiving the needed help are to be congratulated on the promptitude with which Mr. Jordan has made the payments. Some delay might have been possible, but in this case, ten days after the funeral of Professor Lawson, the charitable societies have their money.

The estate, so much of which has now gone to do good work, was made in the dry good business in this city by William Jordan, whose establishment was in the British Woolen hall, in the palmy days of Granville street. The residue of the estate of Mrs. Lawson was bequeathed to the unborn infant child of Rev. L. H. Jordan.

The North British society tomorrow night will celebrate the festival of St. Andrew in a real old time loyal and enthusiastic manner. This old society is one of the wealthiest in the country. Its funds long ago had swelled past the \$20,000 mark. The interest of this money, as well as the dues from members, is devoted to the alleviation of poverty among Scotsmen and their descendants. To many an individual, and to numerous families, has the quiet assistance rendered by the North British society been a God-send. There is a snap about the dinners of the North British society which is apparent to a somewhat lesser extent in the gathering of the charitable Irish society, and which is almost entirely lacking in the corresponding organization of the Englishmen. This is a characteristic which is said to hold good of the three nationalities the world over. The Scot is clannish. Scottish blood, at least, is thicker than water.

The North British has lately assumed an even more rigorous type of life than for some years past. Among the evidences of this new life are, the more largely attended meetings of the society, and the more lively gatherings held. A pipe has been specially imported from Scotland, for the exclusive use of the society at a substantial guarantee of pay for six months at least. Pipe-Major Manson comes up to expectation in his piping and he is a champion Scottish dancer. The North British will get their money's worth out of him. They would not be good Scotsmen if they did not. They have also just imported a new silk banner. It would be quite safe to speak in the past tense, and say that St. Andrew's dinner "last night" was the best for many years, but to be very sure about it the prediction merely is made, that President A. Stephen Vice-President J. J. Stewart, and the members and guests, will make the dinner tomorrow night a memorable one in the happy recollection of all who shall be present.

We to the man who falls into the hands of the Nova Scotia game society. The "hunter" who snare moose, or otherwise breaks the game laws of this province, seems to be almost sure to pay the penalty. The uttermost lurking will be exposed from him by Stipendiary Griffin in fines, if he is caught. It is right that such should

be the case. Some time ago a man was fined \$100 for a misdemeanor of this kind, of which he was convicted, and last week four men each contributed \$50 for snaring moose. Half the fine going to the funds of the game society. The men were William Webber, Alexander Webber, William Day, George Myers. The game society has the moral support of the community in its efforts to capture and punish violators of the game laws, and especially those who snare moose.

Halifax is becoming a more orderly day on Sunday than ever before. The police have not half the work on that day they had to perform some time ago. To their firmness and that of Stipendiary Fielding is due in great measure this pleasing change. The "drunks" who file into the prisoner's box Monday morning before his honor and mainly those who have been caged on Saturday night are comparatively few. It does not pay to be captured on Sunday in fact it does not pay on any day. But the Sunday drink has to contribute just twice as much to the city exchequer as does the week-day trespasser. The tariff for the poor wretch who offends from Monday to Saturday is \$2, which if he comes in on the sacred day, the penalty is \$4. When people find out that they will have to pay for their wrong-doing it becomes like many another thing which they cannot afford—and they do without it.

HALIFAX, November 28.—Probably all hotels are more or less afflicted by the "respectable loafer." The Halifax hotel has such spacious corridors, and reading and writing rooms, that it is more of a temptation perhaps than some others. The clerks at this hotel, and the hospitable proprietors, gave one of these "loafers" a lesson the other day he will not soon forget. He had long been noticed to use all the facilities of the hotel with the assurance of a high-priced guest—consumed stationery and everything else he could lay his hands on. One day he capped the climax by asking one of the clerks for a half dozen blank cards. The request was refused. Then a "cheeky" complaint was made to Mr. Hesselein. That was just what the proprietor wanted, and mine Host gave the respectable (and well-to-do) loafer a sizing up that he will not soon forget.

IT IS A GREAT LIGHT.

Equal in Power to Two Hundred and Fifty Millions of Candles.

In the lamphouse of the government light-house station at Tompkins' hill, Staten Island, is housed the most wonderful light in the world. The light itself stands fifteen feet high, the face of its bulb-eye is 9 feet across and its lenses are as much as four inches thick. It is capable of flashing a ray of light equivalent to the power of 250,000,000 candles, and the distance from which it can be seen on clear nights is practically limited only by the curvature of the earth. The flash will have the intensity and blinding glare of a stroke of lightning.

That part of the light which revolves weighs fifteen tons and so exquisite is the mechanism by which it is moved that the pressure of fingers will turn it. A child could control the machinery, and the motive power which propels it is a single bit of clockwork incased in a box two feet square.

The light consists of two concave discs about eight and one-half feet in diameter. These discs are placed back about a foot apart, and in position look like tremendous double convex magnifying lenses, so large that they could not be cast in two single pieces, and had to be built up in segments, and the whole strung together on a great iron skeleton. And this, in point of fact, is precisely the case.

Back to back the lenses inclose a hollow interior, into which is thrust a powerful electric light. This light of itself is about 7,000 candle power. When its light is projected through these huge magnifying prisms, its power is intensified more than 35,000 times.

It is altogether beyond the human imagination to grasp the possible effect of 250,000,000 candles, which is the illuminating power of this new light-house wonder. At the present time the finest oil lamp which ingenuity has been able to devise may be seen on a clear night some thirty-five or forty miles at sea. The new light may be seen at a point 120 miles away.—Spare Moments.

KIDNEY TROUBLE.

The Stone of Millions of Lives Can be Cured. The diseases that we dread do not come upon us at one step. They are a matter of growth. Tea and news is only too common of friends who have died of Bright's disease, diabetes and kindred complaints. It is known that in the system of thousands exist the seeds that in a short time will develop into these dread maladies. Disease of the kidneys in its mild form never stands still. The warning is worth heeding that efforts should be promptly taken to eradicate the slightest symptoms of kidney disease, and in South American Kidney Cure is found a sure and safe remedy for every form of kidney trouble. Whether chronic, incipient or in some of the distressing phases so well known, it proves an effective, and what is pleasing to know, a ready and quick Cure.

WITH THE SIX HUNDRED.

THE STORY OF A SURVIVOR OF THE BALAKLAVA FIGHT.

He Was One of the Famous Light Brigade that Rode into the Valley of Death—Some of His Recollections of the Struggle in the Crimea.

Capt. Thomas Morley still lives and he lives in Washington. Who is he? A man who has dared death as few men have. He has survived war, famine, and wreck. He is a survivor of the charge of the Light Brigade, Libby prison, and the Ford's Theatre disaster.

Thomas Morley enlisted in the Seventeenth Lancers, famed in British military history as the "Death or Glory Lancers," at Dublin, Ireland, on June 30, 1849. He was born in the parish of St. Mary's, county of Nottingham, England, in 1830, and at the age of eighteen left his home to enlist in the Seventeenth Lancers, then stationed in Ireland. He continued with this famous regiment till December, 1854. These facts were taken out of his regimental account book by a reporter for the Times this morning. His name also appears on the roll of the Balaklava Commemoration Society.

Following is a copy of a letter to Capt. Morley from Lord Tredegar, who commanded the Seventeenth Lancers at the battle of Inkerman, fought between the English and Russians on November 5, 1854:

"Tredegar Park, Newport, England, April 6, 1889—Morley: I remember quite well that on the field of Inkerman you asked permission to fall out to go and try and bring in Cornet Cleveland, who had been seriously wounded a short time previously. I gave you permission, and you went, with two other men, and brought Cornet Cleveland into camp. I also know that you displayed great gallantry in the light cavalry charge of Balaklava. Yours, sincerely, Tredegar."

Morley is the wearer of the Queen's "Death or Glory" medal, inscribed: "Substapol, Inkerman, Balaklava, Alma." He also wears the Sultan's medal for gallant service in the Crimean war.

The Times reporter called on Capt. Morley at his home, 230 First street South-west, this morning. He bears his age as easily as his honors and his scars. He speaks with a decided English accent. He stands 5 feet 8 inches, is deep and broad chested, erect, and wears a long white beard and moustache, while his hair is scarcely tinged with gray. He has a direct, blue-gray eye, and aquiline nose, and a firm jaw. The reporter found him a willing talker, and in fighting his battles over this is what he said of the famous charge of the Light Brigade.

"I recall the fearful charge of the Light Brigade as though it occurred but yesterday. The Light Dragoons, the Eighth Royal Irish Hussars, Eleventh Prince Albert's Own Hussars, the Thirteenth Light Dragoons, and the Seventeenth 'Death or Glory' Lancers. In the engagement I was corporal, and later sergeant. I was at the end of the line on the right flank of the second squadron of my regiment.

"We went in with 145 men, and at roll call after the fight only forty-five answered. The strength of the brigade was 670, and of these only 195 answered 'Here!' when their names were told off. Every man had blood on him, with the exception of our commanding officer, Lord Cardigan. Though his clothes were cut and torn, yet I do not think that he received a wound, and I am quite certain that he was the only man who escaped unhurt.

"I received a slash over the head from the sword of a Russian officer, and a wound in the right hand. During the morning of the 26th of October we were stationed in the South Valley, close to the Heavy Brigade. We witnessed their engagement with the Russians, but we were not ordered to participate in it.

"The attack of the Russians on this brigade was unexpected. It came while the English soldiers were at breakfast, and while some were watering their horses, but they rallied, and after some tangled fighting, charged the enemy, who were scattered by the courage and discipline of the men and the greater weight of their horses, the Russian horses being very light. It was a thrilling engagement, but the list of fatalities was not long.

"The order came for the Light Brigade to go into the North Valley, and after some manoeuvring we entered it. It is a little valley about 500 yards wide at its narrowest and with a slight declivity toward a Russian battery which obstructed it at the lower end about one mile away. The main body of the Russian force lay behind this. The Causeway Heights were on our right, and the Fidioukno Heights on our left. Along these elevations there were plenty of Russian batteries.

"The men of my regiment did not know of the arrival of the orders to move. None of them knew what our destinations was to come down the valley, and I thought that they were French lanciers about



"Now, I call that a Stunning Gown."

Of course it is; all dresses interlined with the new improved stiffening.

Sponge Crépon

are remarkable for their chic. The skirts hang just right and never become limp nor sag in the seams, and the set of the sleeves is perfect. It is also much in vogue for lining flaring capes, the fashionable sailor collar, revers etc., and no matter how closely gowns are packed for travelling they keep their shape beautifully if lined with the light and uncrushable Sponge Crépon. White, slate and FAST black.

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through that valley, fringed and blocked by guns.

"The brigade struck a good trot, and Lord Cardigan headed it straight down the valley. I saw Capt. Nolan, our regimental commander who had brought the moving order from Lord Raglan to Lord Cardigan, waving his sword toward the latter and indicating that it was the batteries on the right which had been intended in the order. Capt. Winter, my troop leader, saw this, too, and understood the signal, and ordered 'Second squadron, three right,' and we obeyed.

"Just then Nolan was killed by a fragment of shell. The Corporal Nunnery, who is also a survivor and is still living at Ormskirk, Liverpool, shouted, 'Three left, forward!' In obedience to this order, we went to the left and headed straight down the valley, every foot of which is now such historic ground. Just as this movement was executed a shell dropped in the midst of our troop, and a dozen men went to their eternal home.

"The shock of the explosion felled my horse, but he arose without dismounting me, and onward down the valley we rode. "We had then proceeded but a few hundred yards, but the batteries were opening on us, and the roar of guns as they belched death and destruction was deafening. Men were dropping all around by this time, and although the gaps in the ranks were promptly closed, yet there was so much noise and smoke and confusion that nobody really could tell what was going on or where we were going.

"Capt. Winter, our troop leader, fell next and close after him Capt. Webb fell, mortally wounded. This left our troop with out a commissioned officer, but we rushed on with the rest of the brigade. The guns on the heights were doing good work against us, but being at the disadvantage of having to shoot down hill, they were not nearly so effective as the batteries directly ahead, which raked us with terrific effect, for the Russians were good gunners.

"At the very instant that we came upon these guns a volley was discharged with horrible result, but in a moment more we dashed against and through the guns, driving the men before us, but receiving a good deal of fire from straggling groups of gunners. In the din and confusion, while I was looking for an officer of my regiment, I came across Lieut. Jarvis of the Thirteenth Light Dragoons, for the uniforms of the Thirteenth and Seventeenth were very similar—blue uniforms and white facings—and I called his attention to Lord Cardigan and his white-legged horse a little distance off, but Lieut. Jarvis, who was one of the bravest of men, said:

"'Never mind, let us take this gun.' It was the nearest to us, and the Russians were already driving off with it. Jarvis shot one of the horses and slashed away at the gunners. It was in this way that we got the gun, and this was the only gun captured in that memorable engagement.

"We did not get far away with the captured piece before the Cossacks rallied and came at us full tilt. They were armed with lances about twelve feet long. We managed to get through them, but a body of them chased me into a number of Russian cavalry, and after struggling through them I was viciously set upon by a Russian officer. My lance had been shot away, but with my sword I saved my skull. He made a drive at me which cut half way through my sword and would have cleft my skull but for the heavy dress cap which I wore. I cut him across the face.

"Then the fighting became confused and promiscuous. I could see a small body of our troops driving a brigade of Russian before them. Half a mile beyond the guns the Russian Hussars turned and made at us.

"A regiment of lanciers with flags flying were coming down the valley, and I thought that they were French lanciers about

enforce us, but on closer approach their long gray coats showed them to be Jopokine Lancers. They fired at us. We were then between two fires. The Hussars were coming from one direction, and the Jopokine Lancers from another.

"I rode back and rallied our troop, or what was left of it, and we cut our way through the Russian cavalry. After this we passed a body of infantry, and they fired it to us. A number of our men went down in this retreat. The guns which we had passed had in the mean time been manned, and we had to go through them a second time. This was not accomplished without a loss. After passing we struck down the valley, not following our track in coming up. Our regiment was the last to come in, and the skeletons of the regiments which had gone down the valley were on parade, and Lord Cardigan had concluded his famous speech.

"The ride up the valley occupied, I should say, about five minutes, and the time spent in fighting behind the guns amounted to about twenty. Nolan had understood the order, as was proved by Winter's command, 'three right.' It was very easy for Cardigan to lay the blame on him, knowing that he was dead. "The battle of Inkerman followed ten days after. As Balaklava was within the Russian lines, and as the Russians fell back in the spring, I walked over the ground where the fighting of the Light Brigade had been done. The Russians had not buried our dead, but had merely thrown dirt over them, and the rains and storms of winter had washed a number of bodies out, and many of these were gathered up and sent back to England.

"The Commemoration society, of which I am a member, holds an annual banquet. At present, I think, there are about seventy survivors of the Light Brigade. There are a large number of survivors of the 10,000 general troops that were around Balaklava, but membership in the Balaklava Commemoration society is restricted to those who rode in the charge of the Light Brigade. The relics of the fight which I have, shall, at my death, be bequeathed to the National Museum."

THE PAIN LEFT QUICKLY.

Rheumatism of Seven Years' Standing Cured in a Few Days. I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years, being confined to bed for months at a time, unable to turn myself. I have been treated by many physicians in this part of the country, none of whom benefited me. I had no faith in rheumatic cures advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, druggist, Owen Sound. At the time I was suffering agonizing pain, but inside of two or three hours after I took the first dose the pain left me. I continued until I took three bottles, and I consider I am completely cured. (Signed) J. D. McLEOD, Leith P. O., Ont.

Heathen God Factory in England. There has been discovered in Birmingham, a factory where idols are made for heathen nations. Many attempts to obtain admission to the factory have been made, but a strict watch is kept upon outsiders anxious to pry into the secret chambers where the heathen gods are made, and reporters especially are prevented from entering the works.

Idols of all kinds are turned out, representing the gods of all heathen nations, from Tokio to Timbuctoo. The export trade to heathen countries is a fairly large one, although more gods are sent out to foreign dealers in curios in the bazaars of Cairo, Damascus, Colombo, etc., for sale to unassuming travelers anxious to take home some mementos of their stay abroad. The price of gods varies greatly. You may get a Birmingham-made one in a London curiosity shop for half a crown, or you may run up the pretty bill of \$100 for

an especially ugly one, "stolen," according to the dealer, "by a sailor during the Chinese war." In the Cairo bazaar, however, the price of a first-class god of this kind may run up from \$100 to anything. A traveler says that there is a little difficulty in detecting a god of native make from one of Birmingham manufacture. The first generally displays some slight irregularity of design, due to the native working by hand, while the Birmingham god was correct in form. The trade in idols is kept such a close secret that it is difficult to estimate the output, but there is no doubt the trade is a fairly large one, and that some enterprising Birmingham men do very well in the business.—Boston Transcript.

Catarrh and Hay Fever Believed in Ten to Sixty Minutes.

One short puff of the breath through the blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 60 cents. Sold by druggists.

A Famous Dog Traveler

"Owney," the postal clerk's famous dog, who has traveled all over the United States as a mail carrier, has just returned from a trip around the world from Tacoma. Early in July "Owney" came to Alaska. Returning, he inspected the China steamer lying at the dock, and seemed much interested in it. This led to Assistant Postmaster Stocking's making arrangements for him to go around the world. He will go to Hong Kong on the Northern Pacific steamer Victoria as the guest of Captain Panton. There Captain Panton will put him aboard a Pacific and Oriental English mail steamer bound for London, via India and Suez. "Owney" will then be sent to New York and back to Tacoma. "Owney" is now 15 years old. He started traveling from Albany, N. Y., many years ago. A postal clerk took a fancy to him and put about his neck a tag bearing the inscription: "Be kind to 'Owney.'" Ever since he has been traveling with the postal clerks. He is now fat, lazy, and will probably die of over-eating, for the clerks via with each other in taking good care of him.

About his neck and attached to a large ring which goes with him are a hundred tags bearing names of various towns he has visited. A cubel of them have been sent to Washington, the ring being unloaded every little while.—Portland Oregonian.

Running the Gauntlet.

Running the gauntlet as a military punishment was, it is said, originated by Gustavus Adolphus to punish thieves in his army. It was borrowed by the English from the Germans, who copied it from Gustavus and being employed in the British regiments in America, was readily taken up by the Indian tribes.

The Art of Dyeing

has been so thoroughly mastered at UNGAR'S Laundry and Dye Works that his work is always satisfactory. There are more articles to be dyed and thus renewed and ready for use again than the people have any idea of. Are there any in your house? Think for a moment and you will find there are. Send them to UNGAR'S. He makes the old new.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY AND DYE WORKS

103-104 Water Street, St. John, N. B.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

Captain Harry Beaufort was a tall, handsome middle-aged man who traveled for a leading Chicago firm. In response to a request for a story to write away the time as he traveled from Vincennes to Cincinnati, he said: "As I was going to stop off at my home this trip I believe I'll tell you about my little Yankee prisoner. Let me see"—introspectively—"it was in November, 1863, when our brigade—the old Stonewall brigade—was lying below Winchester, Va., momentarily expecting an attack from the Federals. We were a ragged set of devils, I tell you. Half of the brigade wore coats, and hundreds were shoeless, and all of us were hungry. One night I was put on guard in a little hollow facing the Yankee front. The glade was surrounded on three sides by low hills covered with underbrush, with an opening directly in my front of several hundred yards. Immediately surrounding my position there was a growth of low bushes, so thick that it seemed almost impossible for a man to penetrate it. In my rear all was clear of growth of any sort, so you see that I was not likely to be surrounded and captured if I kept my eyes open. Well I had been standing there perhaps an hour when I heard a thrashing and a crashing in the bushes on my left. It seemed to me so much like the sort of a racket that an old cow tangled in the brush, would make, that I paid little attention to it until a heavier crash than common, followed by 'Durn the brush!' in accents of annoyance, attracted my attention to a point about thirty feet away, and while looking, expecting to see the draggled make-believe uniform of one of my regiment, I was astonished to see the blue uniform of a Yankee emerging from the brush.

prisoners, with their necessarily short hair and miserable quarters. Somehow I thought I could see that boy's mother appealing to me with her eyes to save her boy from prison. "It may have been some hypnotic or clairvoyant force or some psychic power unknown to me, but, however that may be, I determined to do the best I could to get my little Yankee out of trouble. I had scarcely come to this determination when the relief guard came up. The officer merely asked me where I got my prisoners, and when I told him he ordered me to take him to camp and turn him over. Our fellows were allowed considerable license, and I took advantage of the fact by going back with my prisoner without any other escort. It was very dark in camp, and I had no trouble in escaping observation with my companion and getting into my tent. "I suppose I'm a goner, Johnny," said my little Yanke, after we stretched out on a blanket. "We'll see," said I. "Stay right here, and don't move till I get back." And then I slipped out of the tent and managed to hoist several pieces of corn bread, one of which I ate in short order. Then we lay down again and talked in a low tone of voice until I thought it might be about 2 o'clock in the morning. Then I again stole out, and after a little more of my possession of an old gray rat and jacket these I hid in my little Yanke to do, leaving his blue cap and blouse on the ground. Then when all was quiet, I led him out and by a dark glade where I had the brush-covered glade where I had captured him. An hour later, by creeping and crawling, we had dodged the pickets and were well out of reach. "Now, Yanke," said I, "we part here. There, a little to your right, is your picket line. Be careful that they don't shoot you for a rebel. Good-by!" And back I went, getting safely into camp before day.

shoulders and, bending forward, kissed me on the forehead. "God bless you, my son," said she, while the tears streamed down her cheeks. "I have prayed to see this day." The younger woman pressed my hand gratefully, but my eyes were moist, and I could scarcely see, either. "Boys, it seemed to me just like a home coming after years of absence, and the feeling did not abate as we became calmer. Somehow that sweet-faced old lady did not seem to me like a stranger. On the contrary, I felt as though I had known and loved her as a mother all my life. I don't pretend to account for it. I had always been of a retiring disposition where women were concerned, but from the moment I first saw Mrs. Northup (that was the name of the family) I felt completely at ease, except when some one referred to some imaginary goodness or tender-heartedness when the story of myself and my little Yankee prisoner was told and retold, as it was, over and over again. Young Northup—or Frank, as I soon learned to call him—insisted on his friends dismounting and remaining to dinner, and we were a happy party, if ever there was one. I remained that night, and it was difficult to get away even the next day, but business demanded my attention. I promised to visit my friends frequently, and did so every time I could get a day off. But here's my stopping place, and there's my wife and mother-in-law and the babies. That blue-eyed woman is my wife. "You have guessed it. She was Jessie Northup, and that sweet-faced old lady is our mother."—Chicago News.

in, with a view of advancing upon the wild horses and driving them off, but before we had gotten into line it was too late. The sight was a wonderful one. The two leaders advanced as if they meant to decide the issue by a fight between them, but when within forty yards of each other they wheeled and returned to their respective lines. Then we witnessed something which only a cavalryman will credit. Our horses fell into double line and dressed to the right as perfectly as if a trooper had occupied each saddle, and while we looked the lines suddenly moved forward on a charge. When they swept past the alignment was absolutely perfect, with the captain's horse on the right and leading by about twenty feet. The line of wild horses but and wavered, but did not break until struck. It was like striking a drum-head with a sledge-hammer. We believed that fully forty horses went down under the shock, but all except four were speedily on their feet again. From this it was a melee, the whole drove circling around, and each horse biting and kicking and displaying such ferocity as to astonish us. The mob fought past us down the valley and back, and right in front of the camp the climax came. The battle had been raging half an hour, when the spotted stallion hobbled out of it on three legs and bleeding from half a dozen wounds, and that seemed to take the pluck out of his followers. Some ran up the valley and some down, but of the eighty or fifty-seven got away. When the hottest of it was over we dashed in and secured a horse here and there, and in this manner we finally got hold of the last one, which was the captain's. "Of the seventy-five only five had escaped so far. Every one of the others had been bitten and kicked, and twelve of them were so crippled as to be worthless. In almost every instance our horses had kicked off both hind shoes, and in some cases the front ones were gone, as well. There were seven dead and thirty-six crippled horses on that battle-field when hostilities ceased, and of the fifty-seven wild horses which made their escape, many were limping badly. Before breaking camp we turned to and put an end to the sufferings of the cripples, and we were not yet in the saddle when a hundred great tizzards and a dozen wolves were leaping on the bodies."—Detroit Free Press.

Use SURPRISE Soap on wash day. It Saves money. READ the directions on the wrapper. Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPES. E. C. SCOVIL. 68 Union Street, St. John.



food, and received no strength from it. She would sit by the fire for hours together, never speaking or noticing anything. At other times she would lie down the greater part of the day as if too weak to move. When I took her out of doors she was soon tired and wished to rest. The poor girl seemed to be gradually wasting away, and her pale face and almost transparent skin were sad and melancholy to look upon. She had all the appearance of one in a decline, and people who saw her said she would never get better. One day I was in Miss Kerlake's shop, and was induced by her to try for my grand daughter a remedy which is said to have saved many young persons after being physicians and friends had given them up to die. I bought a bottle and began giving it, and it might help her. In a fortnight she began to improve. This got stronger every day, and in three months she returned to her home in good health, and has aided nothing since. My son asked me what medicine I had given the child, and I told him that Seigel's Syrup had made a new girl of her. Yours, (signed) Elizabeth Broom." As confirmatory of the case as already stated, we add the following from the lady referred to by Mrs. Broom: "I remember May Broom coming to this place to stay with her grandmother in the summer of 1891. The child looked as if far gone in consumption, and I recommended Mrs. Broom to send her back home as I thought she could not live long. However, I persuaded Mrs. Broom to try Seigel's Syrup for May, thinking it would do her no harm if it did her no good. To my astonishment and that of the neighbors the child began to improve rapidly, and was strong when she returned home to Bradninch." (Signed) Miss Susan Kerlake, Kerlake's General Warehouse, Sampford-Parrell, February 28th, 1893. Had little May Broom really been far gone in consumption, as Miss Kerlake and others feared she might have been lying under the daisies this summer of 1893. But her ailment was indigestion and lack of good, strong, red blood. That was all, but it was enough; and but for Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup it would have been as fatal a consumption, which it resembles. What a lesson for parents is in this episode in the life of little May Broom!

Timely Warning. The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods. WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

Sunday Reading.

FROM A LION TO A BEAR.

Sound Advice on the Problem of Facing the Difficulties in Our Lives.

Rev. E. W. Worthington, of Cleveland, Ohio, thus treats of a subject that is personal to us all.

"As if a man did flee from a lion and a bear met him." Amos v. 19. In the unfolding of our lives we come face to face with difficulty. It is the will of God that we shall contend with that difficulty in a spirit of manly courage.

What lessons are there in this striking text? 1. There is a reminder of the universality of trial, opposition, and difficulty in this life which is at best our probation.

Let us fix it in our mind that difficulty inheres in every one's lot and station. It is not true, as some suppose, that a few people have all the trials, and that most people have none.

The workman with his dinner pail in hand may look with envious eye upon the palace of the millionaire, supposing, as many do, that the poor have everything to bear and the rich nothing.

It is not a noble thing to ever flee from one's enemies, ever evading one's duties, and ever slipping out of the way of one's difficulties—first running from the lion, then fleeing from the bear.

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can be but one trustworthy preparation for tomorrow's conflict, and that is the manly and courageous waging of today's warfare. The youthful David prevailed in defending his flock against the bear because he had previously slain the lion. We cannot conceive of him as fleeing from the lion and still retaining courage enough to face the bear. It is absolutely true to life: "The servant slew both the lion and the bear."

Let us apply these principles at wide range. In our private lives, in our lives as citizens and Christians, there is contest ordained for us out of which it is the will of God that we shall win the laurel wreath of a glorious victory. But to what are we accounting ourselves, to fight or to flee? There is naught in store for him who flees, save to be driven about from pillar to post first running from the lion and then running from the bear, each day doing the cowardly and unmanly, until at last the contest, if it can be called a contest, ends in utter and inglorious defeat.

It is a startling fact that holy scripture pictures the religious life in military terms. The Christian is the soldier. Are we true to this conception of that to which we are called of God? Let me, it is possible, impress upon your minds the utter hopelessness of ever trying to accomplish anything by force without a spirit of manly courage. We must defend our lives against the evil which would ruin us. We must conquer every evil tendency of our rebellious nature. We must submit ourselves to the guiding control of duty, responsibility, and obligation. We must be true to the cause of God and of good in the world. It is a glorious cause, but, if we are to share it, it must be as soldiers, and not as weaklings, fleeing thither and thither first to get out of the way of the lion and then to escape the bear.

Rest comes at last, but rest has no significance in connection with him who has never fought a battle and never won a victory. Once and for all, let us forswear cowardice.

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and comfort to the Crimean hospitals, then shamefully mis-managed. Little thought had been taken, in the first months of the Crimean War, to proper food or clothing for the men. The climate was rigorous, the means of transportation inadequate. Men and animals alike suffered from hunger. Soon cholera broke out; matters grew worse and worse; the commonest accessories of a hospital were wanting; yet, out of 45,000 men, over 18,000 were reported in the hospitals. "The sick were tended by the sick, and the dying by the dying."

It was by a strange coincidence that on the very day when Mr. Herbert wrote to her—"There is, as far as I know, only one person in England capable of organizing and directing such a plan (to reorganize the hospitals). That it will be difficult no one knows better than yourself. I have this simple question to put to you. Could you go out yourself, and take charge of everything? Your personal qualities, your knowledge, and your authority in administrative affairs, all fit for the position."

Florence Nightingale had herself written to him, offering her services to the government. The letters crossed each other in the post, and a few days later the newspapers contained a letter from the War office, announcing that "Miss Nightingale accompanied by thirty-four nurses, will leave this evening."

The little band of nurses was recruited from many sources. Ten were Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy, fourteen from Protestant sisterhoods, and the rest selected from among volunteer applicants. They left London quietly, under cover of night. At Boulogne, however, they were recognized, and the fishermen struggled for the honor of carrying the baggage to the station. "Vive nosseurs!" was the cheer raised as the train moved off. But alas! at the hospitals of Scutari, they were not so warmly welcomed. The medical and military officials resented the "interference" of a woman, and all of Florence Nightingale's wonderful tact and good sense was necessary to overcome their prejudices.

"Her plan of action might almost have been said to be passive; she supplied what was most earnestly needed, interfering with no previous arrangements, but adding to her first work was to establish a sick kitchen; then a laundry. When not engaged in nursing, the sisters were employed in arranging mattresses, making stumps, pillows for amputations, and the rest of the hospital work. They were procurable from her quarters at a moment's notice, whereas, before this, the government stores could only be obtained with the greatest difficulty. She successfully combated the tape, and the cotton, and the wool, and the linen, for her sick soldiers, the supplies of which they stood so greatly in need."

The results of her systematic, unobtrusive work were marvelous. When she came, there were four thousand men in the two hospitals, and the rest selected from among volunteer applicants. They left London quietly, under cover of night. At Boulogne, however, they were recognized, and the fishermen struggled for the honor of carrying the baggage to the station.

When the war came to an end, and London was preparing to give the Crimean heroine a royal welcome, she took passage in a French steamer, with her aunt, under an assumed name, and reached her home unknown to the public. She shrank from the Queen's presented her with an exquisite jewel—a cross, with V. R., and a crown in diamonds in the center, and three diamond stars surrounding it; the Sultan sent her a valuable bracelet; and the nation, by public subscription, raised a fund of \$250,000 to endow the "Nightingale Home," a school for nurses.

Since the war Miss Nightingale has lived in retirement at Lea Hurst, on account of weak health. She has written several valuable books. Her "Hospital Notes" have furnished plans for scores of new hospitals, and her "Notes on Nursing" are also well known. She is, as always, active in deeds of kindness, and her life is an inspiration to all admirers of noble character and deed.—Priscilla Leonard in Interior.

Unconditional Submission. A vital point is unconditional submission to God. General Grant's memorable answer to the commander of a conquered fort was "unconditional surrender"; and that is what your heart must make. Don't attempt to bargain with God. Saul of Tarsus yielded everything when he said

out from the ground, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" An intelligent woman who had been in sore distress for many weeks said to her pastor, "I am done quarrelling with God. I have resolved to submit to Him and serve Him, and to do all the good I can while I live, and then go to hell as I deserve." Her pastor smiled, and quietly replied, "You will find it hard work to get to hell in that way." The honest-hearted woman soon found that her willing submission of her heart to God and her patient readiness to obey Him and do her duty was bringing her a calm, abiding peace. To know Christ's will and to do it in Christ's strength is the very core of true religion. Do not try to bargain for the ready pay of "joy" and "happiness." When the wounding rifle ball is extracted, the wounded soldier finds comfort, but not before. When the sin gets out of your heart and Christ gets in you will obtain the ready pay of "joy" and "happiness." When the wounding rifle ball is extracted, the wounded soldier finds comfort, but not before. When the sin gets out of your heart and Christ gets in you will obtain the ready pay of "joy" and "happiness." When the wounding rifle ball is extracted, the wounded soldier finds comfort, but not before. When the sin gets out of your heart and Christ gets in you will obtain the ready pay of "joy" and "happiness."

CHINESE SUPERSTITION. It caused a Railway to be Destroyed to Appease the Wrath of the Dead. The religious demonology of the Taoists in China is accountable for many superstitious ceremonies connected with the burial of the dead. Paper palaces, paper money are burnt when a man dies, to provide the soul of the dead with means of bribing its way through the devil's kingdom to its rest, and the clothes burned are often patterned after high officials' gowns, in order to impress more favorably the spirits encountered on the mysterious journey.

Taoists priests are called to consult the soul of the departed to ascertain its wishes. They discover the locality for the burial, and indicate all details of this last service of the dead. The Shanghai Railway met its doom from this source. The priests informed the people that the rumbling noise of the cars and steam engine were distasteful to the dead who filled the numerous mounds along its course. To appease the wrath of the dead, Chinese capitalists bought the railway and tore up the tracks, and stored the entire plant under sheds at Shanghai. Thus it is seen that superstitions heathenism stands in the way of all innovations in that country, and the first thing necessary in order to introduce railways into China is to dethrone the priests and induce Christian teaching and a little common sense into the people.

During the prevalence of the great famine in North Western China, in 1874-8 there was an unusual flood in the valley of the Yangtze-Kiang. The priests endeavored to solve the mystery of this uneven distribution of rain. The cause fell upon the royal household at Peking. It is the duty of the Emperor to enter the Temple of Heaven twice a year to invoke the blessings of heaven upon the people. He always asks for rain among other things, and the impression obtained that the Emperor had hurriedly asked for rain, but had not taken the pains to state where he wanted it. The result was that floods came in some places, while famine from drought came in other parts of the empire. This was producing a general feeling of revolt, when in 1878 the rains came to the rescue in the drought-stricken provinces. The people observe that Europeans give no heed to imaginary deities, and nevertheless prosper without the invention of priests; and thus the realization will eventually dawn upon them of how grievously their forefathers have been hoodwinked, cheated, and robbed by the reign of demonology, created and perpetuated for their own gain by the army of Taoist priests.—Christian Herald.

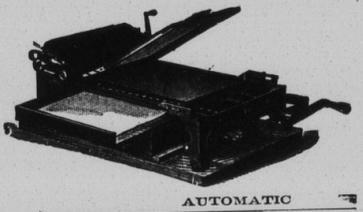
Fishers of Men. In certain sections of all our larger cities the street swarms with children who are practically outside of all direct Christian influence and training. Our saloons and other resorts swarm with young men, and old, who have grown up from childhood outside of our churches. Our prisons and reformatories are constantly being recruited from this class. There is no lack of fish. The waters are full of them. Not only so, but the disciples are starving for food. Our churches are lean and lank, not only in membership but in spirituality. What we need is an infusion of new life, fresh blood, more fish. Christ's words to us to-day are: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men. Cast the net on the right side of the ship and ye shall find." Could anything be plainer? Could anything be more simple or explicit? If the masses will not come to the church then the church must go to the masses. If we have been fishing on the mountain side, it is time we went down to the lake. Fish won't climb the hill to be caught, neither will sinners come up from their haunts of vice and crime into fashionable life and fashionable churches to be saved. If they ever are saved we must go to them.—J. S. Glidden.

Prayers in a Machine Shop. There is in progress in this city a great religious revival, conducted by Rev. Sid Williams, of San Antonio, Texas. A week ago the city was cold and indifferent, and now it is ablaze with religious enthusiasm. This morning Mr. Williams preached a great sermon in the shops of the W. T. Adams Machine Company, where were gathered not only the proprietors and employees of the company, but hundreds of the best people of the city. These shops are open at 11 p. m. every morning, W. T. Adams, the president of the company, often conducting the services himself, and his orders being never to run the shops a day without their being opened with prayer. This morning he led in prayer and made a talk.—Corinth (Miss.) Correspondence.

An Old-Time Congregational Church. At the two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the Greenwich (Conn.) Congregational Church, the other day, some interesting facts relating to the early

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The invention of MR. THOMAS A. EDISON, is an exponent of the best class of modern business facilities. It is a reduplicating device of great capacity, simple construction and easy manipulation. It is arranged for reproduction either by typewriter and handwriting. It will give 3000 copies of an autographic letter or circular, all the same. It will do as much with a drawing, diagram or tabulated statement. The very name it bears is evidence that the Edison Mimeo-graph is first-class in design, manufacture and results. It occupies a prominent place in the offices of over 150,000 users to-day. See advertisement.

Ira Cornwall, - General Agent.

Board of Trade Building, Canterbury St., St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for Baby's Own Soap, featuring an illustration of a baby and the text: GET BABY'S OWN SOAP. IT'S AT THE TOP OF THE LADDER. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL.

He Knew the Koran. In Moslem lands it is always a decided advantage for a missionary to be acquainted with the koran. Dr. Harris, Mr. Nelson, and a native helper started on a tour north of their station. Outside a Mohammedan village they halted under shade of some spreading trees. The native helper opened his bible and read aloud, and soon a crowd gathered. The missionaries answered the questions of some of the audience, and the reading went on, the people listening intently. By-and-by the religious sheikh came out and joined the throng. "What book is that you are reading?" he asked. "God's Word," was the reply. "Stop, stop," he cried; "it is the christian bible; that is not God's word."

WORK OF A SINGLE DAY. Some Startling Facts Concerning the Action of the Heart. Do people recognize the immense work transacted by the heart in a single day? It equals that of lifting one hundred and fifty pounds to a height of thirty-three hundred feet. And yet, knowingly, or through ignorance, nine out of ten people abuse this hardest worked organ of the body. There is nothing remarkable in the fact that heart failure and apoplexy are among the most prevalent diseases of the day. Happily a remedy is found in Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, which gives relief instantly. This medicine should be kept in every house, so that on the slightest indication of heart trouble it may be taken. It has saved, by its prompt and efficient work, the lives of thousands of Christians.

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FALSE AND TRUE GEMS.

IMITATION PRECIOUS STONES ARE EASILY MADE.

Various Counterfeits of the Diamond in the Jewelry Trade—Their Sale Does Not Injure the Sale of the Genuine Article—Other Imitation Stones.

Imitation gems comprise, first, what are known as doublets, in which the upper part of the gem is made of garnet, quartz, or other hard stone, below which is cemented glass of the color of the stone to be imitated.

Secondly, these made entirely of glass, of a very hard and brilliant kind known as paste, colored with small amounts of metallic oxides of the tint desired.

Thirdly, those which are made by heating rock crystal and plunging it in a solution of the color of the gem to be imitated. Sometimes both top and back are of glass, while a thin slab of the genuine stone of inferior quality is inserted at the girdle, so that should the jeweller try the hardness at that point (often the only exposed place that can be tested) he is misled. These are called triplets.

All imitation gems, except the last group, consist of the hard glass called strass or paste. This paste is colored with various metallic oxides, which impart various tints, as cobalt for blue, manganese for violet, and nickel, copper, iron, chromium, &c., for the other hues. When uncolored it is made into imitation diamonds.

The one point in which all such imitations fail is hardness. Practically they all yield to the quartz and the file, and many are scratched even by a bit of glass.

Besides their softness, they furnish in impure air, the lead becoming brown, and they are heavier than any of the stones they represent. Under the microscope, or even a hand magnifier, most of them show fusion lines, specks, and bubbles, which betray their origin and nature. The lines and striae are signs of layers of unequal density and strain. The bubbles are rounded or pear-shaped cavities with angular and crystalline walls, which some gem stones such as amethyst, beryl, and topaz, frequently present. This latter test is also conclusive with reference to the fused compounds or artificial gems from the laboratory.

Imitation diamonds, unlike the artificial are very common. We often hear of "diamond-coated" stones, Lake George, California, Spahn, South African, Parisians, Rhinestones, French paste, and other imitations. They are all of the same substance, a paste or lead glass, as above described. It has much more play of color, or fire than rock crystal or almost any other white stone except the diamond, but it has less hardness than any of them, even less than window glass, and though showing fire, is devoid of lustre. Of late years these imitations have been much improved in brilliancy by having the backs silvered like a mirror, whence they are called foil backs. Attempts to improve their hardness, however, have only resulted in a loss of brilliancy. The best of them can be imported by the gross for 25 cents apiece, or even less; yet they are often sold by the carat to lend impressiveness to the transaction.

The greater the sale of imitations, the greater the sale of genuine stones, as our import list will show. Sometimes jewels which have been kept unused in their cases for many years, when finally taken to the jeweller to be cleaned or repaired, are found to be wholly or in part glass. Among many instances may be mentioned a ring of Daniel Webster's set with nine diamonds, two of which were imitations.

The first mention of the sale of any considerable quantity of imitation diamonds was at the end of the last century, when Strass, a jeweler of Paris, obtained or manufactured an improvement on the glass previously used, and gave it his name. The stones immediately became popular. Elegant women wore no others for some time, but when after a while the brilliancy faded from them, they were discarded, and the fair experimenters returned again to the real diamonds, that never lose their charms.

In 1831 Doalt Wieland of France took the prize offered by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts for the best treatise on the manufacture of imitation stones. His processes were published, and ever since France has held the lead in this industry. The perfection of the imitation depends upon the finished form and polish. The material must be pure, and certain rules of proportion must be followed, but much depends upon the touch and good judgement of the lapidary, and large sums have been lost in the attempt to cut these stones by machinery. About 2,000 workmen are employed in making them, and the industry is very prosperous. Most of the finer imitation stones are made at St. Claude, Sept Moncal, and adjoining towns in the French Jura Mountains, and at Paris. In the Jura the secret of producing the stones is kept closely guarded from generation to generation. The medium and poorer qualities come from Bohemia.

The form of imitation gems called doublets is very extensively used in modern jewelry. Some of them are very clever imitations of the genuine. The old-fashioned doublets of twenty years ago,

chiefly made in France, contained a thin layer of some cheap real gem, like garnet or rock crystal, for the top of the gem, while the lower portion was of a colored glass to match, the two being joined together with mastic. When looked at sideways, however, the girdle always appeared rough, and the line of junction was sometimes visible. Frequent frauds and deceptions were practised with these doublets.

Doublets are now also made by fusing colored glass, or joining it with mastic, to a top portion of quartz, rock crystal, or garnet, so that the color is then diffused through the whole mass, and the top portion, which is seen, has the appearance and lustre of a real stone, and does not become scratched in wear. Garnet doublets of this kind are very numerous and pretty, and are often mistaken for spinel or even for Oriental rubies. The same is true of sapphire doublets, which are often sold to the unsuspecting as the genuine stone.

The Oriental ruby is very difficult to imitate, but on account of its rarity and costliness imitations is frequently attempted. In some doublets a light shade of garnet is used on the top to give the appearance of spinel, or Balas rubies, which differ in color from the Oriental ruby. None has as yet succeeded in catching that peculiar violet or purplish tint due to dichroism that flashes out from the glorious inimitable Oriental ruby.

Sapphire and emerald doublets are made with the top surface of rock crystal or garnet, and show the color characteristic of the genuine, though the line of connection between the two parts is always visible, but have occasionally been rarely met with.

Diamond doublets are rarely met with. A five carat pair of doublet earrings was purchased by one of the sharpest dealers in New York city, and he did not discover their true nature until he had removed them from a watch had been fastened on to represent the crown and table of the diamond, and were then backed by a fine French paste. Their value was not one fifth what it would have been had they been real brilliants.

In the doublet, however, the true character of the stone is determined by testing the base, when its softness reveals the deception. To avoid this the triplet has been devised, in which pale sapphire, topaz, or quartz is used for both crown and base, while a thin layer of deeply colored glass, the part which is really hidden from the eye, forms the girdle. Immersion in water is in most cases sufficient to reveal the cause of this illusion. If either a doublet or a triplet be boiled in water, or soaked in a bottle of chloroform it usually falls apart, revealing its composite structure.

Turquoise is imitated in various ways, sometimes by pieces of chalcocyanide dyed to the proper hue. The dust and refuse of the turquoise workers of the Orient are made up by hydraulic pressure into turquoises that frequently puzzle the best judges. The blue carbonate of zinc called smithsonite, from Laurium, Greece, makes a very deceptive turquoise, and if we take and impalpable ivory powder precipitate it in a solution of sulphate of copper, compressed it in a hydraulic press, dry and bake it, we have a fair-looking imitation of this beautiful turquoise. Chrysocholia, or silicate of copper, is sometimes sold as turquoise, but is softer. Some years ago parcels of turquoise were sent from New Mexico containing small lots of exceptionally fine color for American material. On examination they were found to have been strained, the coloring matter being the same as that used in Germany in turning the breccia agate to imitate lapis lazuli, that is, Prussian blue. The simplest test for this imposture is to wash the stone in alcohol, and then steep it in ammoniac a few hours, when it will return its natural greenish hue.

In 1880 a large quantity of what was supposed to be rich blue sapphire was extensively sold in London. In reality it was a fused mixture, not a crystalline body, and on analysis proved to correspond to the blue carbonate of zinc called smithsonite. The color was so good that before the deception was detected some had been resold for £20 a carat. Another attempt was made to sell it as blue beryl, the imposters arguing that beryl was not as hard as sapphire, and that it was beryl, although it was as soft as glass.

Imitation pearls are simply hollow spheres of semi-opaque glass, coated internally with a preparation known as the "essence d'Orient," the scale of the small fish found in the French rivers and called the bleak. The so-called blue moonstone sold at the World's Fair was simply a reddish glass with a bluish reflection backed with a silver foil. Coral is much imitated. The commonest form, called coraline, is manufactured out of a paste prepared from pulverized marble. The ordinary good test, by acy's fortis, will settle the genuineness, and celluloid has driven coral out of fashion.

The price at which the common glass imitation stones can be made in the Bohemian Mountains is so small as to seem almost incredible. One hundred dozen stones weighing one carat each are sold for four marks, 94 cents. The girl who does the cutting receives 50 kr. a day, which equals 20 cents. The stones are cut on grindstones, and not on the regular lap-wheel. Only a single row of brilliant facets is cut on the stone, and then they are polished. The cutting is done at home, and constitutes a "house industry" among the peasants and others living away from the cities.

For imitation turquoise, one mark per hundred dozen is received, and so rapidly is the work done that 40 kr. (16 cents) can be earned in a day. For a cut stone measuring one-fourth of an inch in diameter, they receive eight marks for a hundred dozen. This work is done in the vicinity of Gahlonts in Bohemia.

Many methods of concealing defects in diamonds have been resorted to from time to time. A few years ago was invented the blue diamond, aniline diamond, or wash-diamond swindle, as it was variously called. It was applied to off-colored and slightly yellow diamonds. It consisted in the back with a dilute solution of aniline and alcohol the yellow color is neutralized and they appear either perfectly white or a brilliant blue-white. This steel-blue tint

cannot be removed by ordinary washing, alcohol, or some other solvent being required; hence, if one of these aniline diamonds is mounted in water-tight or closed box setting, it will pass, for a long time undetected. The first illustrious discoverer in that field received six months' imprisonment in Paris for his reward, and one 20,000,000 francs of aniline-tinted diamonds before he was detected. Similar rogueries were practised centuries before, and old Turkish brilliants are frequently found coated up to the girdles with indigo.—G. F. Kuz in N. Y. Sun.

UNLUCKY FROM THE START.

The Story of the Last Vessel Built by a State of Maine Firm.

The Hon. Seth L. Milliken recently said that the death of Austen Carter of Belfast recalled a very strange story connected with the last of the 100 vessels built by his firm. It was a large vessel and cost when completed about \$155,000. It was a ship, and was regarded as one of the best, if not the best, turned out by the famous firm of shipbuilders.

She was on the stocks at the time of the death of Mr. Columbus P. Carter, and he had intended that she should bear his name, but after his death his interest was purchased by B. R. Hazleton, and was named after him. The command was given to Capt. Harriman, "one of the best sea Captains," said Congressman Milliken, "who over sailed from this port."

From the first day of the voyage the ship was unlucky. She went on a rock, and was got off with great difficulty, on her voyage home. The same ill luck went with her on her second trip, and on his return the Captain said to Mr. Milliken, "The ship is bound to be un'ucky. There's a dead man at the wheel, and he's steering her for every rock in the ocean. I'm going to take her one more trip and then leave her."

He started, but the same ill luck went with him. When off a South American port the ship struck a rock laid down in no chart and went down. The crew had just time to take to the boats, saving nothing. Capt. Harriman was in charge of one boat, his son of a second, and the mate of the third. The Captain and mate reached the shore in safety, but the young man was not heard from for months, and then only when he reached Portland, O.

Capt. Harriman returned home, and while some of the owners blamed him for the loss of the ship, the late Mr. Austen Carter did not, insisting that it was not to blame for not knowing the location of a rock laid down in no chart. The cargo of the ship was valued at \$400,000, and the Captain went down to South America in the hope of raising her. He took with him a wrecker, who thought there was more money to be made by blowing her open and getting at her cargo, and so, it was alleged, arranged with a diver they sent down to make a false report of the condition of the ship. Capt. Harriman had set his heart on taking her back to Belfast, and when he was told that she could not be raised he threw up his hands, gave one cry, and then those who were with him were struggling with a man violently insane, and insane he remained until his death. He was taken to England, and then back to the United States, and died in an asylum for the insane.

Mrs. Harriman died, and so did their daughter, and there remained but one in the family, the son who escaped when the ship went down, and who with great difficulty reached home, having been picked up after the B. R. Hazleton foundered, but not until all in the boat had undergone the last extreme of suffering. He went to sea again, this time with Capt. Snow of Exuport, and Captain, crew and vessel were never heard from after they sailed.

"Certainly," said Congressman Milliken, "a long train of disasters followed every one who had anything to do with the one-hundredth vessel built by the firm."—Portland Press.

Keeping an Old Contract.

Many people wonder why the mail is taken from the general Post Office in the city of Mexico to the various railroad stations in an ancient diligence; the Laredo Times in a recent issue gives the following reason:

"Before railroads were thought of, a certain man made a perpetual contract with the government to carry the mails between Mexico city and El Paso. For many years his stage faithfully made the long journey until one day the Ontral Railway between these two points was finished and the mails ordered sent by train. But the old contract was still in force, and the owner of the business, a son or grandson of the original contractor,

firmly refused to relinquish his rights and stated that he would carry the mails by stage as usual. He held out until it was finally agreed that he should indeed take the mails from the general post, but deliver them at the railway station a mile or so distant, for which he was to receive the same compensation called for in his contract for making the thousand-mile trip to El Paso. And that is why the old stage coach carries the northern mails through the city from the post office to the railway station, and back again. It may be old and out of date, but that contract is as fresh and vigorous as ever and cannot be set aside."

HIS QUEER EXPERIENCE.

Everybody Thought He Was Dead, But He Had Quite a Different Idea.

"Talking of peculiar experiences reminds me of something that fell to my lot during my boyhood years," said John H. White.

"I had been injured in an explosion of fireworks and was sick for a time, but had recovered and thought I was well when I was stricken with an attack that effected my head and prostrated me for several weeks. The injury caused me great pain and suffering, and at times I was delirious. The climax of my trouble came one night, after I had suffered terribly during the day, and I had changed took place in my condition I sank away until the watchers at my bedside concluded I was dead."

I was hundreds of miles from home, and the friends waited for morning to dawn to send word to my parents. They had sent word to the undertaker, and covered me with a sheet while waiting for him. They also tied my hands and feet in position, and fastened a cloth under my chin and let me for dead. As I was covered, they did not notice any other change, and so did not see that I was reviving. I was very weak, and had not the strength to make any resistance of consequence. At the time I awoke I found myself covered with the sheet and my mouth closed with the cloth and my hands and feet tied. I realized at once the mistake that had been made. I was weak and could not call to them, nor was I able for a long time to move. The realization of the horrible blunder dazed me so I was powerless. I lay there under that sheet more than an hour, and it was the most frightful experience I ever underwent. I wondered whether the undertaker would come and finish me, and then I wondered whether I was really dead, or whether I was in a predicament and given the care necessary, and was soon on the high road to recovery. It was weeks, however, before I recovered from that nervous shock so that I felt like myself, and it makes me shrink in horror when I realize the condition I was in, and what might have happened had the undertaker reached there during my unconsciousness. If he had, I would not be here today telling this story."—Kansas City Journal.

Mrs. Grundy. How many who daily use the name of Mrs. Grundy have any idea of her origin? It is generally believed that Dickens was somehow responsible for her, but a writer in the Dundee Advertiser points out that this is an utter mistake. The real creator of Mrs. Grundy was Thomas Morton, the dramatist (born 1764, died 1838), the father of the author of "Box and Cox," and she is referred to in his comedy "Speed the Plow" which was first performed in 1768. Mrs. Grundy is not a character in that play; she is merely a mysterious personage whom Dams Ashfield, the farmer's wife, constantly quotes, much in the same way as Sairy Gamp alludes to Mrs. Harris. It is suggested that Charles Lamb was the real character; he certainly was given to quoting from other plays by Morton, though not one of these now survives on the stage.

Medieval Court Dress in Germany. Medieval costume will to some extent be introduced into the court dresses by a recent decision of the German Kaiser. Senators belonging to the Akademie der Kuenste are in future to attend court and other ceremonies in a dress copied from the senators of medieval Venice. The court tailors of Berlin are eagerly revolving the annals of the past for ideas and inspirations, but they must not go to the Doges of Venice for the headgear. It was Venice which introduced the Phrygian cap into the crown of Europe, and ever since this headpiece was worn by the freed galley slaves of Marseilles, and became the symbol of the French revolution, it has been out of favor in Kings' palaces. With this exception European courts would probably gain if the mirror of fashion became a Venetian one.



This is tiresome.

Rubbed off in the wash you see. But the wonder is that any buttons at all are left on, when you grind them up so against a washboard. It isn't necessary, if you wash with Pearlina.

No washboard; no rubbing; no buttons worn off; no holes worn in. Think of the different kinds of work that you save, with Pearlina! And the money! Remember, too, that if you keep to things proved to be absolutely harmless, there's nothing you can use that is equal to Pearlina, the original washing compound.

Send it Back. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back.

A FAMOUS REFORMER.

REV. C. J. FREEMAN SPEAKS OF HIS LIFE AND WORK.

He Has Written and Preached on Both Sides of the Atlantic—Recently the Victim of a Peculiar Affliction From Which He Was Released in a Marvellous Manner.

From the Boston Herald.

No. 157 Emerson St. South Boston, in the present home of Rev. C. J. Freeman, B. A., Ph. D., the recent rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church at Anascondo, Mont. During the reform movement which has swept over Boston, Dr. Freeman has been frequently heard from through the various newspapers, and although a resident of a comparatively recent date, he has exerted much public influence, which has been increased by the fact that he was ten years ago on a commission appointed in England to investigate the troublesome question of the vice of great cities.

He has preached before cultured audiences in the old world, as well as to the rough pioneers in the mining towns of the Rocky mountains, and his utterances as well as his writings have been in the line of progress and liberality, well-seasoned with practical common sense. Dr. Freeman has written this paper a letter which will be read with interest. He says:—

"Some five years since I found that deep study and excessive literary work, in addition to my ordinary ministerial duties, were undermining my health. I detected this as I usually did; that after but little thought and study I suffered from a dull pain in the head and great weariness, and all thought and study became a trouble to me. I lost appetite, did not relish ordinary food, after eating, suffering acute pains in the chest and back. There was soreness of the stomach, and the most of my food seemed to turn to sour water, with most sickly and suffocating feeling in vomiting up such sour water.

I fully, cordially and strongly commend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all or any who suffer in a similar way and feel that any one who adopts Pink Pills with perseverance and patience cannot find their expectations unrealized or their reasonable hopes blasted. But he will find that blessing which is the reward of a full trust in a true and reliable remedy. I shall always with glad desire the greatest success for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and always cherish a deep feeling of gratitude to the friend who first said to buy Pink Pills. I have tried them and know their true value, and am truly glad I did, for I have found them from a good experience, to do more than is actually claimed for them."

Very faithfully yours, C. J. FREEMAN, B. A., Ph. D. Late rector of St. Mark's, Montana. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give a new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervousness, headache, the after effect of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicines. They will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

St. Paul Misjudged.

Happily a difficulty which has afflicted the church for several centuries will soon end, if the emendation of the Greek text made by a patient investigator be universally accepted. St. Paul has always been regarded as the determined foe of all women preachers, married or spinster, and many ladies have felt very grievously this slur on their status in the Christian community, and even run the risk of creating schism by preaching in defiance of the alleged apostolic command.

But the crux is now solved. The investigator referred to holds that the Greek word "gyno," which St. Paul uses, does not mean in that particular text women generally, but "married women" whose husbands are alive. Some critics are capable of suggesting that the only importance of the new gloss is to go one better than the old saying of a wife being a crown to her husband, by showing that she is really a gyne (usually spelled gynae); but the emendator takes the subject most seriously. For instance, when St. Paul speaks about women keeping silent in churches, he immediately adds, "Let them ask their husbands at home," showing that his prohibition of speech merely referred to wives.

Moreover, in the acts of the apostles, it is distinctly mentioned that one Philip had four daughters, unmarried, who prophesied; it is that St. Paul's injunction is sufficiently met if married women cease to preach, but as far as maidens, spinsters, and even widows are concerned, they may discourse as much as they please without breaking any law of the churches or apostolic command. On this point it may be interesting to note that in America, women preachers are increasing with amazing rapidity, and promise before the next century is far advanced to equal the number of their male rivals. The denomination in which they abound are the Baptist, Congregational, Universalist, Unitarian, and Methodist. According to recent statistics, they number 1,235, while in 1891 they were 760. The statistics do not show whether any of them have husbands alive.—Boston Herald.

Paper shoes, which were said to wear as well as those of leather, and to resist equally well the entrance of moisture, were known in China in the days of Marco Polo.

Advertisement for FIBRE CHANOIS. ASK TO SEE THE LABEL. Bearing the name on each yard. Unscrupulous merchants have been known to take the outside label off of imitation articles and then sell it as the genuine.

WOMEN

In spite of all the jackets, from the long stylish ulster, the place, and as long as their magnificent pretense to do so. No jacket sleeve, no stiff-cuffed sleeve, and the effort of a jacket is too much to undertake even when it has disadvantages last week, it lacks warmth of the jacket you can wear your going about in this old bodice of two y the perpetual dread to happen to compoly et. Just now very j collarette family are mild weather we have quite warm enough of heavy cloth as a collarette suggest of ten years ago, enough to reach the and not quite so fu spring. A very P Persian lamb is sl on the shoulder to this method of decol ing to the warmth of appearance of fullne a lavish trimming of is finished with a bon, and a large Russian sable is r tails and paw of a rolled collar whi worn either high cape like this is are numerous p in black, or col skilful dressmaker price. Black gre are the favorite with light brocade trimming; a band or a fur collar mak

Of all the cor black that I have never expected t used in a dress! funeral about the that one would f it, feeling sure it even when used a here is a dress wo ing, and which b

The bodice an cloth, and the black grain, with the slip of clear white lac a fall of the same in front. A bis forms the belt, a I think I may popular shade garments! It is and in the new of emerald or gre tion sale to us

Hand embroi the dresy toilet clever with her handsome a go bour, and at no price of silk a was obliged to find it the most Tailor made g ornament exc collar, and cuff style of garnitu and a sim china silk beco sprayed liter branches.

A new sha is very becom a clear pink be blonde, but it is a sn one who is low. For the brown is the browns of all it with green; affable study be still be in the few women re color plays in (M), sure we find out wh for any articl the lace. A taste in dress ing which tin but for thore judgment it is color of the ey in dress. If faintest palest too will deep -expression, a color with wh -combined i -to their who studi soon learn th and intensif necessary b blue and pin

WOMAN and HER WORK.

In spite of all the varied designs in jackets, from the hideous box coat, to the long stylish ulster, the cape still holds first place, and as long as the sleeves retain their magnificent proportions it will continue to do so. No matter how roomy the jacket sleeve, no fibre chamois, lined and stiff-cuffed sleeve will go into it with comfort, and the effort of getting in and out of a jacket is too much of a gymnastic feat to be undertaken very frequently. The cape has its disadvantages I know, and as I said last week, it lacks the all embracing warmth of the jacket, but then with a cape you can wear your entire dress instead of going about in this season's skirt, and an old bodice of two years ago, haunted by the perpetual dread that something will happen to compel you to take off your jacket. Just now very jaunty little affairs of the collar-cuff family are worn, and during the mild weather we have had lately, they are quite warm enough to make a blazer suit of heavy cloth as comfortable as any one could require for a walking dress. These collarettes suggest the fur shoulder capes of ten years ago, being made just long enough to reach the tip of the shoulder, and not quite so full as they were in the spring. A very pretty little garment of Persian lamb is slashed up the back, and on the shoulder to the neck, and though this method of decoration is far from adding to the warmth of the cape, it gives an appearance of fullness which is increased by a lavish trimming of mink tails. The neck is finished with a ruche of black satin ribbon, and a large bow. A round cape of Russian sable is richly trimmed with the tails and paws of the little animal, and has a rolled collar which is wired, so it can be worn either high or low. Of course a cape like this is expensive, but there are numerous pretty little substitutes in black, or colored velvet, which any skillful dressmaker can make for a small price. Black, green, and golden brown, are the favorite colors, and when lined with light brocade they require very little trimming; a band of fur around the edge, or a fur collar makes a handsome finish.

Of all the combinations of white and black that I have described heretofore I never expected to see black broadcloth used in a dress! There is something so funereal about the very look of the fabric that one would feel inclined to shrink from it, feeling sure it would be unbecoming, even when used as a mourning dress. But here is a dress worn recently for late mourning, and which really does not sound so bad.

The bodice and skirt are of black broadcloth, and the sleeves are of white gros grain, with black satin stripes. A ruche of clear white lace is about the neck, and a fall of the same takes the place of a yoke in front. A bias band of black gros grain forms the belt, and the skirt is untrimmed.

I think I may say that green is the one popular shade for all the most elegant garments! It is shown in all materials, and in the new mirror velvet, in a shade of emerald or grape it forms a combination safe to use with most colors of blue.

Hand embroidery is so much used on all the dressy toilettes that a girl who is at all clever with her needle can have just as handsome a gown as her wealthy neighbour, and at no further expense than the price of silk and stamping, though it she was obliged to buy the trimming she would find it the most expensive garment worn. Tailor made gowns thus trimmed, have no ornament except the wide embroidered collar, and cuffs. For evening dresses this style of garniture offers endless possibilities, and a simple little gown of white china silk becomes an elegant robe, when sprayed literally with flowers, and branches.

A new shade of green called willow, is very becoming to any one who has a clear pink and white complexion, be she blonde, or on the brunette side, but it is a snare and a pitfall to anyone who is at all inclined to be sal-low. For the brown eyed woman golden brown is the color par excellence, and browns of all shades rank next in popularity with greens this season, so she may safely study her own individual needs, and still be in the height of the mode. I think few women realize how important a part color plays in good dressing. If we did we should take more pains to find out which color suits us best, especially for any article of dress which is to go near the face. A woman blessed with good taste in dress has no difficulty in discovering which tint sets off her complexion best, but for those who are not sure of their own judgment it is an excellent rule to use the color of the eyes, as the keynote of color in dress. If the eyes are blue, even of the faintest palest shade, blue worn near the face will deepen them, give them a brighter expression, and a clearer tint, and any color with which blue can be successfully combined is sure to be becoming to their owner. Therefore anyone who studies effect at all will soon learn that the color which improves and intensifies the color of her eyes, must necessarily be the most becoming. Pale blue and pink should be carefully avoided

by those whose hair inclines towards red, as both these colors accentuate rather than soften the natural coloring. But no red haired woman will ever make a mistake in choosing any of the darker shades of brown, especially red brown, but she must never dream of indulging in golden, amber or leaf brown. Grey is the color for women with grey hair, and for fresh checked girls who have grey eyes, but to the generality of people it is a very trying color, and yet, just as surely as a woman has a sallow complexion, and hair of no particular color, she seems to be possessed with the idea that grey is the only color she can wear successfully. Contrary to the general opinion, white is almost becoming to almost everyone, old and young, provided the right tint is selected. The blonde can wear the purest white without a tint of yellow, or pink in it, but the brunette has to be more careful, and choose the soft cream shades. If this same brunette wears black at all, it must be in some glossy fabric, while the blonde may safely indulge in dull black which is usually worn as mourning. Green, is a lovely safe color, because there is sure to be some shade of it which is suitable for every known complexion and all you have to do is find the shade, rather a hard task sometimes.

There is a perfect rage for checked velvet lately, and it certainly is a lovely material though decidedly expensive. Whole blouses are made of it, and a lovely little Norfolk coat, closely belted in at the waist in checked brown and white, and worn with a brown cloth skirt, was worn lately by one of the society's darlings.

An odd dress, which seems to illustrate the fondness for plaid and checks of all kinds, is of blue cloth covered to the depth of five eights of a yard around the foot of the skirt, with blue silk in the same shade plaided with narrow strips of black velvet, and finished at the top with a milliner's fold of the cloth. The bodice, and the sleeves to the elbow are of the silk, and the bib shaped pieces of the cloth embroidered at the top with jet are arranged in front and back alike, while over the shoulders are arranged little draperies of black chiffon edged with plaited frills.

A pretty dress of green cloth, the bodice of which is round, and quite plain in the back, has a full front of green velvet embroidered with an applique of light green velvet and fine jet, and a chemisette of creamy lace. A round yoke of the cloth trimmed on the edge with the same applique falls on each side, and the belt, as well as the collar which has a ruche of lace, all of the plain velvet. The sleeves are of cloth and made in the Marie Antoinette style, wrinkled from the wrist to three or four inches above the elbow, where a short draped puff begins.

Cuffs of black chiffon, larger than any which have made their appearance yet, are made to look very pretty with tiny bits of ostrich feathers on the edge like a fringe, and in addition to these are neck ruches of innumerable loops of velvet ribbon a little more than an inch wide or gauze ribbon with a satin edge, sewn to a satin ribbon two inches wide, which ties in a bow in front.

The loveliest short capes for evening wear, are made of white velvet, patterned all over with shadow roses, and the newest models show the outline of the shoulder instead of disguising it by numerous frills. Black satin ribbon four or five inches wide, and elaborately jetted, is used for trimming silk and velvet capes and it is most effective. It is sewn lengthwise at intervals all around and the upper ends fold over in loops and are gathered in to partially form the ruche.

One of fashion's most useful makeshifts this season, is a wide collar and revers of satin embroidered all over with jet and steel, or gold and jet, which can be worn with any evening dress.

A new variety of the much trimmed collar band is obtained by tying the bow in front, instead of at the back, as the fashion has been for so long.

Fur trimmings from one to three inches wide are more in demand than ever and they are used in combination with lace, chiffon and dainty embroideries on the most dressy gowns. Stock collars, revers, wide belts, and brochettes of fur are seen on cloth dresses, and an entire bodice of fur is not unusual, Persian lamb, with cream lace on the waist of a black satin gown makes a very elegant costume.

Leather for dress waists is something unique in the winter fashions. It is tan in color, thin enough to be quite pliable, and is decorated with applique lace, as it is worn satin or velvet.

The very latest dress sleeve is moulded to the arm from the waist, to two inches above the elbow, and the puff at the top is full, short and drooping.

Oysters again Fried.

Use good-sized oysters, and with a soft cloth wipe each one and lay on a flat dish.

by those whose hair inclines towards red, as both these colors accentuate rather than soften the natural coloring. But no red haired woman will ever make a mistake in choosing any of the darker shades of brown, especially red brown, but she must never dream of indulging in golden, amber or leaf brown. Grey is the color for women with grey hair, and for fresh checked girls who have grey eyes, but to the generality of people it is a very trying color, and yet, just as surely as a woman has a sallow complexion, and hair of no particular color, she seems to be possessed with the idea that grey is the only color she can wear successfully. Contrary to the general opinion, white is almost becoming to almost everyone, old and young, provided the right tint is selected. The blonde can wear the purest white without a tint of yellow, or pink in it, but the brunette has to be more careful, and choose the soft cream shades. If this same brunette wears black at all, it must be in some glossy fabric, while the blonde may safely indulge in dull black which is usually worn as mourning. Green, is a lovely safe color, because there is sure to be some shade of it which is suitable for every known complexion and all you have to do is find the shade, rather a hard task sometimes.

Cover with a mixture of melted butter, cayenne pepper, and lemon juice. Let them remain in this for twenty minutes, turning them often. Roll in cracker dust, then in a beaten egg, and again in the cracker dust, and fry in very hot butter and lard until both sides are a nice brown. Serve on pieces of toast.

Another Way.

Oysters may also be fried in batter. Drain the oysters and then dip into a batter made of two eggs beaten light, one cup of milk, and flour enough to form a soft batter, and season with pepper and salt. Put equal quantities of butter and lard into a spider, and let the mixture be smoking hot before you put in the oysters. Do not crowd them. Turn them so as to cook both sides a delicate brown. Serve very hot and garnish with parsley and sliced lemon.

Scalloped Oysters.

One quart of solid oysters is required for a dish that will hold two quarts. Butter the dish and put on the bottom a layer of oysters. Cover them with a layer of rolled crackers or bread crumbs, sprinkle with salt and pepper and pieces of butter, and alternate until the dish is filled, using the crumbs for the last layer, moisten well with the oyster liquor and a wineglassful of good sherry. If milk is preferred in place of the oyster liquor, omit the wine and use spice to suit the taste. Bake in a hot oven thirty minutes.

Sliced Tomatoes.

To serve fresh tomatoes, pour boiling water on them until they are covered and let them stand a few moments, when they may be easily peeled. Put them on ice and let them remain until perfectly cold. Then slice and serve with a dressing or with powdered sugar, salt, pepper, and vinegar. A combination of claret and sugar is considered a delicious dressing for tomatoes.

Tomato Soup.

A fine tomato soup may be made with one quart of chopped tomatoes, put over the fire with a quart of boiling water and one onion sliced. Rub together three tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, and a little tomato juice. Stir this into the boiling mixture, season with salt and pepper, and add one tablespoonful of sugar. Boil together fifteen minutes. Rub through a sieve, and the soup is ready for the table. Serve with this soup bread cut into small squares and fried until a dark brown.

Tomato Bisque.

To prepare bisque of tomato soup, peel and quarter enough ripe tomatoes to make three pints and place them over the fire in a saucepan with one onion. When they have boiled strain first through a colander and then through a sieve; again put over the fire and add a piece of butter the size of an egg, a little salt, four milk crackers rolled very fine, and a dash of cayenne pepper. Meanwhile have heating one quart of rich milk. When it is time to serve add the milk to the tomato mixture with one teaspoonful of soda. Let it remain only a moment over the fire and turn into a tureen.

Baked Tomatoes.

Tomatoes are excellent stuffed and baked. Select round tomatoes uniform in size, wash and drain, and without peeling cut off the top, take out the inside, throw away the seeds, and chop the remainder with one onion and part of a green pepper. Thicken with fine bread crumbs, add some melted butter, and season with salt. Fill the tomatoes with this mixture, allowing the stuffing to project half an inch above the tomato. Stand the tomatoes in a dripping pan with a little water, and bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour.

Tomato Chowder.

An appetizing chowder may be made with tomatoes in the following way. Slice and cut into pieces a quarter of a pound of salt pork and fry to light brown; then add two onions chopped, and when they are slightly browned add one teaspoonful of flour. Cook and stir for three minutes. Now add one quart of boiling water, one teaspoonful of washed rice, and two quarts of fresh tomatoes, pared and sliced. Season with a spoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Let it cook slowly one hour.

Salads.

Considerable variety may be given to fish meat and vegetable salads by the use of lemon juice, chopped parsley, and a bit of onion which, properly blended, give a piquancy of flavor not to be had by the use of French or mayonnaise dressings only. Even a cold potato or two, a ripe firm tomato, and a cucumber combined will make an excellent dinner salad if served very cold. Use equal parts of each, chopping them fine; season with a dressing made by a teaspoonful of onion juice, two tablespoonfuls of oil, the juice of two lemons, salt, a dash of pepper, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Cut stale bread without the crust into pieces half an inch square. Mix with the vegetables, turn the dressing over the top, and stand in a cool place twenty minutes. Beets are excellent with the same dressing, leaving out the onion juice, but adding two or three small onions chopped fine to each half dozen beets used.

Dishes Easy to Make.

Desserts are trials to housekeepers.



Waterbury & Rising,

61 King, 212 Union.

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

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

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Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

R.I.P.A.N.S ONE GIVES RELIEF.

BUY their Shoes of us because they find us able to give them style, fit, finish and durability at a reasonable price.

A man is too busy to go looking from place to place for suitable footwear. He finds a place he likes, where he is sure of good treatment and good shoes and there he stays

We have gained and hold our large list of men patrons by remembering this fact.

Same way exactly with women. They keep coming here year after year—not because of friendship or acquaintance—ship—but simply because this is the best place to buy.

Waterbury & Rising,

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

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R.I.P.A.N.S ONE GIVES RELIEF.

Fruit is both easily prepared and healthful, yet one cannot have that continuously. A nice substitute which may be made in a quantity sufficiently large to be used for more than one meal is orange jelly. The receipt for this: One-quarter cup of gelatine soaked in one-quarter cup of cold water and dissolved later in one-quarter cup boiling water. To this add one cup orange juice, one-half cup lemon juice, one-half cup sugar. Strain into moulds wet with cold water and place where it is cool. If orange skins are used for molds, soak them first for half an hour in cold water.

A pudding which tastes good and keeps well is made by taking one cup of soft soaked bread crumbs, one teaspoonful grated cinnamon, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, and the same quantity of black pepper. Boil until the mixture is reduced to about one-half. Skim out the spices and bottle without straining.

Tomatoes Spiced.

Spiced tomatoes make a delicious relish for meats. To seven pounds of peeled tomatoes add four pounds of granulated sugar, one pint of vinegar, and one ounce each of whole cloves, cinnamon, allspice and ginger. Put all in a porcelain kettle and place over the fire. Cook slowly until as thick as required. Put in jelly glasses and when cold cover.

Tomato Catsup.

A good tomato catsup may be made thus: Boil one peck of ripe tomatoes and four onions until soft; then rub them through a wire sieve and return to the preserving kettle with one pint of vinegar, one gill of salt, one ounce each of whole cloves and allspice, half a teaspoonful of black pepper and the same quantity of cayenne pepper. Boil until the mixture is reduced to about one-half. Skim out the spices and bottle without straining.

The Deepest Lake.

Lake Baikal, in Siberia, according to recent Russian surveys, covers 15,800 square miles, is 5,621 feet deep in some parts, and is 380 miles from one end of its crescent to the other. It is the sixth largest lake in the world, and the deepest of all. Its level is 1,561 feet above that of the sea.

Curried Tomatoes.

For curried tomatoes: Peel and stew tomatoes, with a generous seasoning of salt and one teaspoonful of curry powder to a quart of the fruit. Butter a baking dish, and put in a thick layer of tomatoes, then a layer of uncooked rice, over that a layer of sliced okra, and last a layer of tomatoes. Cover them with bread crumbs, and scatter bits of butter over the top and bake slowly one hour.

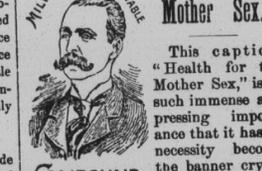
Stuffed Tomatoes.

Tomatoes make a desirable dish for a company luncheon when stuffed with meat. Prepare the tomatoes as in the above recipe. Chop fine any left over cold meat or chicken to make one cupful for six tomatoes; add to it one chopped onion and one tablespoonful of parsley and season with butter, salt, and pepper. Mix thoroughly and fill the tomatoes, heating them. Cover them with bread crumbs and put in a pan with one cup of water, six cloves, one bay leaf, and a teaspoonful of butter. Bake half an hour, basting several times with the liquid. Place the tomatoes on a hot platter and to the sauce add half a cup of boiling water, salt and cayenne pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of flour moistened with a little water. Flavor with the juice of a lemon and sherry wine. Stir until it boils; then strain over the tomatoes.

Tomato Jelly.

Tomato jelly is an appetizing and effective relish. To make it dissolve half a box of gelatine in half a pint of cold water and add one quart of stewed tomatoes, a generous teaspoonful of sugar, and salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Strain through a sieve while hot and pour into cups or individual moulds and put in a cold place to harden. Turn each form on a lettuce leaf and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."



Miles' Compound

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 tablespoonfuls 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.

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.

"CURE FITS!"

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. H. C. ROY, 310 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

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

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

Business Purchased.

Having purchased the business of the late Mrs. T. A. Vincent, I will pay all debts due the estate, and all persons owing said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned. JAMES V. RUSSELL.

CARD

I wish to thank the public for the liberal patronage bestowed on the late firm, and hope by means of a transition to business to merit a continuance of the same. JAMES V. RUSSELL, Successor to Mrs. T. A. Vincent.

"77"

FOR COLDS

Football.

The brutality attributed to football affects the few; the suffering from exposure to the elements, affects the multitude of spectators, laying a foundation for disease that often results fatally or in prolonged illness. Prolonged exposure to cold and fatigue causes Pneumonia.

The lucky exceptions are the wise ones who carry and take "77". It acts like a warm blanket to ward off the cold. It keeps up the circulation—revives the drooping spirits—prevents Numbness and Chill, the forerunners of serious colds. Carry it, take it and be safe.

"77" FOR GRIP.

Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Pains in the Head and Chest, Cough, Sore Throat, General Prostration and Fever, and preventive Pneumonia.

"77" will "break up" a stubborn cold that "hangs on."

Dr. Humphreys puts up a Specific for every disease. They are described in his Manual, which is sent free.

Small bottles of pleasant pellets—fit your vest pocket; sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price, fifty cents for \$1.00. Humphreys' Medicine Co., 111 & 113 William St., New York. Be sure to get H-UM-PH-R-E-Y-S'

WHERE SULPHUR IS FOUND.

Silently Threatened With Competition From Deposits in Louisiana.

It is the sulphur deposits recently reported from Louisiana are really abundant, their discovery is a matter of importance.

Sicily has for a great many years supplied the civilized world with sulphur. The Sicilian deposits are amazingly rich, but are worked with a reckless wastefulness and almost total neglect of modern labor-saving devices.

The Sicilian method of procuring pure sulphur from the crude material is wasteful in the extreme. A pit is dug in the hillside, about thirty-three feet in diameter and eight feet deep, and this is filled up with the crude sulphur.

The pure sulphur runs out below and is collected in a stone vessel, and then ladled into deep poplar-wood molds. These molds give the truncated cones of sulphur known to commerce, and weigh from 110 to 130 pounds each.

Hundreds of business men in this city read Progress who do not advertise in any paper. They do a certain amount of business and doubt the power of printer's ink to increase it.

Population of Japan. A report received at the Department of State from Consul General McIvor, at Kanagawa, Japan, gives the population of that country in 1894 at 42,000,000.

Things to Remember. A cold in the head is the first cause of catarrh. Catarrh is an unhealthy disease and is often followed by emphysema.

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HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Sick Headache

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Purifies the Blood

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Cures Indigestion

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The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS

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HERBINE BITTERS

For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Does. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

For sale in St. John by S. McDIARMID and E. J. MAHONEY, Indiantown.

GERARD G RUEL,

BARRISTER, &c.

Walker's Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

DEAFNESS

An essay, describing a really genuine cure of deafness, ringing in ears, etc., no matter how severe or long standing will be sent post free. Artificial Ear-drums and similar appliances entirely superfluous. Address:

THOMAS KEMPE, Victoria Chambers, 19 Southampton Building, Victoria, London.

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FOR QUICK, NEAT AND REASONABLE WORK

Worth A Trial

Hundreds of business men in this city read Progress who do not advertise in any paper.

Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to Progress.

Delicate Females who are suffering from General Debility, Anemia and all diseases of their sex, will derive great benefit from the use of

Puttner's Emulsion

It improves the Digestion, Purifies the Blood, repairs the waste that is continually going on, and completely removes that Weary, Languid and Worn out feeling.

CAFE ROYAL,

Demville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY WILLIAM CLARK

EXTEMPORANEOUS PROPOSAL.

Breaking Away From Time-Honored Forms Saved Valuable Time.

Young Bellamus hitched forward in his chair, pulled up his trousers a little at the knees, glanced at his cuffs to see that they projected the proper distance beyond his coat sleeves, and nervously began.

"I have something to say to you, Kate, I—don't turn your face away from me, please. You have not been eating onions have you?"

"Neither have I. Listen to me. There is something resting on my mind—"

"Impos—"

"Resting on my mind, I say, and it has become a burden, that I am going to shake off. Now, there isn't any use in your pretending you haven't any idea what I want to talk about."

"Assuming that I do, Mr. Bellamus—"

"Well?"

"Let it pass. Go on."

"That's right. You act like a good sensible girl in deciding to hear me. You might as well anyhow, because when I get started I'm hard to stop, and I am going to say what I came here to say this evening if it takes all—if it takes a quarter of an hour. That's the sort of desperate lover I am, Kate Naggs, though I didn't mean to give the whole business away in one breath like that. I intended to lead up to it gradually. I don't suppose, however, the shock of surprise was very great. You had an idea something of the kind was coming, didn't you?"

"Rather."

"I knew you did. But it doesn't seem artistic to block out a regular form of doing something and then fly the track and jump across lots in order to get there sooner. What I intended to say was about like this: Ever since I have known you I have had a different feeling toward you from which I entertain toward other—"

He stopped a moment, took a long breath and inquired uneasily:

"Is it of any use for me to go on, Kate?"

"That settles it," rejoined Mr. Bellamus, recovering himself and drawing on his gloves. "It hasn't turned out exactly as I hoped it might, but I've saved at least ten minutes of valuable time for each of us, and that makes twenty minutes, I don't know what your time is worth, but my time computed from a business point of view, is worth \$250 an hour. I will not detain you any longer, Miss Naggs. Good evening."—Chicago Tribune.

FOR LUCK IN MARRIAGE

The Queer Idea of Some Sewing Girls in the Making of Wedding Gowns.

(One superstition that exists among sewing girls and their associates of Paris and New York is that if the head dressmakers will stitch into wedding garments a single hair from the head of each they will become brides within a very short time after the maiden who wears the bridal outfit then in preparation. A young woman of experience and with a quick eye for what would interest The Sun's readers said to a Sun reporter the other evening:

"Let me tell you of this strange and yet pretty superstition which exist among some of the sewing girls in Paris and New York. I am more familiar with the superstition as it exists among the girls of some of the bigger dry goods shops in New York city, and so in this instance I will confine my story to them. When the sewing girls in the different apartments and the girls behind the counters learn that the house has received an order for a big trousseau they besigue the head dressmakers and ask them to stitch into the wedding gown especially a single hair from their heads. This hair is so fine that it is easily concealed and cannot in any way mar the beautiful wedding gown. The head dressmakers very often humor the girls.

"I know positively that this superstition exists, and I know positively that in many wedding gowns, could they be picked to pieces, would be found many hairs stitched in. The girls when they go home at night tell their friends that a hair from their heads has been stitched into the wedding gown of Miss So-and-So, and the lucky one is immediately envied. She will be married very soon, her associates say.

"Many of the girls in the big shops secure bits of the wedding gowns of fashionably brides. They take them home and treasure them up. They make collections of them, and they point them out to their friends in the neighborhood, saying, 'That was Miss So-and-So's wedding gown,' and so they go through the list. The sewing girl who possesses the greatest collection of these bits is a very important young woman in the eyes of her young woman friends. She is considered to be almost fashionable herself, because she is so near the throne. But by far the prettiest superstition that I have yet heard of is the one where a single hair from so many of these shop girls is stitched into this very expensive wedding gown."—N. Y. Sun.

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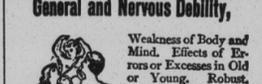
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nourishes. It does more for weak Babies and Growing Children than any other kind of nourishment. It strengthens Weak Mothers and restores health to all suffering from Emaciation and General Debility. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Blood Diseases and Loss of Flesh. Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists 50c. & \$1.

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General and Nervous Debility,

Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Excess of Excitement in Old and Young, Robust, Noble Manhood Fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen weak, undeveloped Organs and Parts of Body. Absolutely unfailing Home Treatment—Benefits in a day. Mentally from 60 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.



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WHY WRITTEN IN LATIN.

Several Reasons for Prescriptions in a Long Dead Language.

"I don't see," said the man who was leaning against the drug store counter, "why a doctor can't write his prescriptions in English, instead of Latin. Suppose I need some whiskey on one of these Roosevelt Sundays. Suppose my system absolutely requires whiskey; that my health and future usefulness to society depend upon it. Well, I go to my doctor and get a prescription. It calls for spiritus frumenti. Now that ain't what I want. I want whiskey. Why can't he come out flatfooted and say so? But I suppose he thinks that would be giving the game away. I suppose he would rather I would take his wisdom with a grain of chloride of sodium than with a grain of salt. Isn't that it?"

The druggist smiled and said: "You've got the same idea most people have. You think, I suppose, that the doctor writes his prescription in Latin so it can't be read so easily—so the layman can't steal his trade and learn what he is giving him. But that's all wrong. In the first place, Latin is a more exact and concise language than English, and, being a dead language, does not change, as all living languages do.

"Then, again, since a very large part of all the drugs in use are botanical, they have in the pharmacopoeia the same names that they have in botany—the scientific names. Two-thirds of such drugs haven't any English names, and so couldn't be written in English.

"But suppose a doctor did write a prescription in English for an uneducated patient. The patient reads it, thinks he remembers it and so tries to get it filled from memory the second time. Suppose for instance, it called for iodide of potassium and he got it confused with cyanide of potassium. He could safely take grains of the first, but one grain of the second would kill him as dead as a mackerel. That's an exaggerated case, but it will serve for an illustration. Don't you see how the Latin is a protection and a safeguard to the patient? Prescriptions in Latin can't be read, and consequently does not try to remember.

"Now for a final reason. Latin is a language that is used by scientific men the world over, and no other language is. You can get a Latin prescription filled in any country on the face of the earth where there is a drug store. We had a prescription come in here the other day which we had put up originally, and which had since been stamped by druggists in London, Paris, Berlin, Constantinople, Cairo and Calcutta. What good would an English prescription be in St. Petersburg?"

"Go, any good tooth powder?" asked the man leaning against the counter.—New York Herald.

Military Punishments, 1746.

The military punishment of that day were terrible. The Duke of Cumberland's general orders contain on three consecutive days sentences of 800, 500, and 800, lashes for stealing, "mutinous expressions," and "insolent behavior." Three days afterwards a sentence of "1,000 lashes" is recorded; it infers to say the man deserved to die; but death would have been a merciful punishment. A martinet of that day might be and was a terrible tyrant to his men. Strange, out-of-the-way punishments were inflicted for trifling offences, without adding one iota to the efficiency of the army. The soldiers might either be "picked" or made to ride the "wooden horse." In "picketing" the culprit's naked heel rested on a sharpened stake driven into the ground, his right wrist and right leg being drawn up as high as they could be to a hook fixed in an adjoining post. The whole weight of the body rested on a sharpened stake, which though it did not break the skin, inflicted exquisite torture; the only means of alleviation was to rest the weight on the wrist the pain of which soon became unendurable. Soldiers were frequently sentenced to stand on the "picket" for a quarter of an hour; and in the cavalry it was often inflicted by order of the colonel, without authority or court-martial.

The back of the "horse" was formed of planks so arranged as to form a sharp ridge eight or nine feet long. The legs (six or seven feet in length) rested upon a stand moving upon wheels; to complete the resemblance a rough wooden head and tail were added. The offender was placed on the back with his hands tied behind him; and to increase the punishment a heavy musket was not unrequently tied to his legs. This punishment, which might be inflicted by sentence of court-martial, or by order of the colonel of a regiment, wrought so much injury to those subjected to its discipline that it had to be discontinued. Francis Grose tells us that, so late as 1760, the remains of a wooden horse were standing on the parade at Portsmouth.—Chambers' Journal.

THE SAME MAN,

Well Dressed,

is a much higher place in the estimation of eyes his friends, than when slovenly and indifferently clothed.

Newest Designs

Latest Patterns.

A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor,

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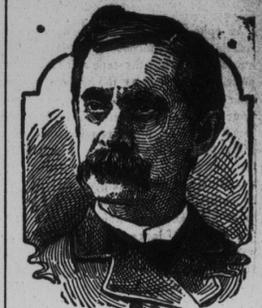
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"No other blood medicine that I have ever used, and I have tried them all, is so thorough in its action, and effects so many permanent cures as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Dr. J. P. MERRILL, Augusta, Me.

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Admitted at the World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills for Liver and Bowels

CLEAN TEETH

and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI.

Take no imitations.

I CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent free to any sufferer. Give name and Post Office address. H. C. RICE, M. D., West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

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SIT UP all night gasping for breath for fear of

asphyxiation. Send your name and

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FREE

DR. TAFT BROS., 186 ADELAIDE ST., W.

AT THE WHIPPING POST

USERS OF THE WHIPPING POST IN DELAWARE STATE.

This Method of Punishment Has Been in the Code for Two Hundred Years—Some of the Results of it on Various Kinds of Offenders—How the Lash is Used.

The whipping post, which has been recommended as a punishment for certain grades of crime by the grand jury of the District of Columbia, has been in use in the State of Delaware for over 200 years. As to its efficiency in preventing crime, or its desirability as a mode of punishment, opinions vary, but certain it is that no movement to put it away has ever met with great popular approval and present indications are that its use will be continued for many more years.

The first record of the whipping post appears in the old colonial chronicles, in 1656. Jan Risingh, then governor of New Sweden, had paid a visit of state to the Dutch East Casimir, where the city of New Castle now stands, and among other ceremonies in his honor the commander of the fort caused three prisoners to be brought to the post had soundly flogged, for the purpose of impressing the visitors with a profound idea of the discipline he maintained in the colony.

The pillory, or stocks, are part and parcel of the corporal punishment in use in Delaware, and sometimes the two appliances are constructed together.

The pillory is on a platform above the whipping post. The portion of the post above the platform has a cross-beam about five feet above the floor. The arms of this beam on each side of the post consist of two pieces, the upper ones being movable and connected to the lower ones with hinges, so that they can be raised. Each of these three arms has three openings, one for the neck and the other two for the wrists of the culprits. When a prisoner is ready for the punishment the upper part is raised, and after the neck and wrists have been gently placed in the receptacles, the upper piece is lowered and fastened down. Here he must stay for an hour, the limit of the pillory term prescribed by law.

The position becomes excessively painful long before the expiration of the hour, and in cold weather the unfortunate victim suffers keenly. In olden time the spectators were permitted to pelt the poor victims with old eggs and decayed vegetables, but this disgraceful practice has been prohibited for many years.

The whipping post one foot square, is provided with an iron staple on either side in which the prisoner's wrists are inserted and the staples fastened down with hasps. This confines him securely, and though he may move his body and dance about under the tortures of the lash, he cannot escape from the blows inflicted upon him.

The general use of the whipping post is as a punishment for larceny, and the number of lashes for this crime varies from five to twenty, at the discretion of the court. Formerly women were whipped, but they have been exempt from corporal punishment for thirty years. The pillory of itself is provided as a punishment for forgery and assault with intent to commit murder. Post and pillory combined are imposed for the crimes of arson, burglary, highway robbery, horse stealing, and assault with intent to commit rape. Formerly a prisoner convicted of murder in the second degree was sentenced to an hour in the pillory and sixty lashes, in addition to imprisonment for life, but several years ago the corporal part of the penalty for this grade of crime was removed.

Another modification of the law in regard to the penalty of whipping is the clothing of the court with authority to omit corporal punishment for larceny where the prisoner, having been convicted for the first time, is recommended to mercy by the jury; or when he pleads guilty and furnishes proof of previous good character.

While in years past the whippings were very severe, invariably drawing blood and frequently cutting the back of the victim into large, deep welts, the custom for the last two decades has been to apply the lash lightly. The language of the law with respect to corporal punishment is: "The punishment of whipping shall be inflicted publicly, by strokes on the bare back, well laid on. It shall be administered by the sheriff or his deputy." (Chapter 133, section 29, Revised Code of Delaware.) Each sheriff, however, construes for himself the language of the law, "well laid on," and so general has become the custom to apply the lash lightly that it is seldom a drop of blood is drawn, even in a sentence of thirty or forty lashes. Sometimes, in the case of a prisoner whose offense has been of a particularly heinous or revolting character, the sheriff will construe the law literally, and give the offender a whaling that he will never forget. Such instances, however, are rare.

The absence of any specific provision in the law respecting the instrument with which the punishment shall be inflicted has caused a curious variance in the practice followed in the counties composing the State. In New Castle County the sheriff uses the genuine "cat-o-nine-tails." The whip consists of nine leathern thongs, each an eight of an inch in thickness, fastened to a stout hickory handle. The thongs are about two feet in length. It can readily be imagined how terribly

a culprit's back could be mangled with this veritable instrument of torture should the sheriff decide to comply with the language of the law, and see that the lashes were "well laid on." And yet, in slavery days, many a negro, and white man, too, had his back fairly cut into ribbons by the awful blows of this terrible scourge. It could be so now did the sheriff choose to consider it his duty under the law. In Kent county the sheriff whips all post victims with an ordinary rawhide whip. This gives the culprit in this country practically only a mild part of the punishment that he fellows at the New Castle jail receive. Here, also, the sheriff uses his discretion as to what constitutes lashes "well laid on," but severe punishments and the drawing of the blood are the exception and not the rule.

When the Sheriff of Sussex County has offenders to thrash at the post he simply goes out and cuts a supply of pliable hickory switches, using his discretion as to their size. Switches superseded the lash in Sussex about forty years ago.

The punishment of the whipping post is most frequently inflicted for the crime of larceny, and most of the offenders are negroes. It can scarcely be argued that the punishment is a deterrent. Men continue to steal, despite the terrors of the whipping post, and instances are not rare of hardened offenders being returned a second and even a third time to receive their punishment. The ordinary criminal, the man of low intellect and vicious tendency, seem to have little dread of the whipping-post.

But there are many who hold that the post and pillory serve to deter the commission of many graver crimes in this State, particularly that of burglary. Situated as is Delaware, and particularly the city of Wilmington, on the main highway between New York and Washington, it is contended that the skillful burglars of the large cities would fairly overrun this community did they not so much dread the punishment of the post. The jails of Delaware could not hold such fellows, and it is urged that only the peculiar mode of punishment provided for their crimes keeps them away from here.

The high-class professional burglar looks upon the whipping post as a degradation, and one who is unfortunate enough to be compelled to embrace it and feel the sting of the lash upon his bare back loses caste among his fellows. This was shown back in 1873, when "Jimmy" Hope, "Big Frank Carter," "Jimmy" Lawler, and Ed Hurlbur, four of the most famous crackmen in the land at that time, took the obnoxious dose of post and pillory for an attempt to rob the Bank of Delaware in this city. These burglar princes would have guaranteed the payment of any amount of money could they have evaded the sentence of an hour in the pillory and forty lashes each imposed upon them. They felt it as a disgrace that forever barred them from the society of high-toned burglars, and, though the sheriff applied the "cat" in a manner that scarcely reddened their backs, they hung their heads in deepest shame while the castigation was being administered. All soon after escaped from the prison, but all felt that they had been forever degraded by their public flagellation at a Delaware whipping post. There has never since been an attempt to rob a bank in Delaware.

Burglaries are committed here, but they seldom amount to much, and are almost invariably the work of bungling amateurs. Skillful professionals in this line of business give Delaware a wide berth. It is also held that the fear of the disgrace attending punishment at the post keeps many a young man in the line of honesty who otherwise might yield to the temptation and go astray. Of course, this is largely conjectural, but it is a belief entertained by many. The whipping post, therefore, has hosts of supporters among the good people of Delaware. They look upon it as a punishment that is too small to provide itself with the elaborate and costly means of punishment for desperate and dangerous criminals. The judges of the courts have never joined any movement to do away with the post and pillory. Every prosecuting attorney for the past fifty years has upheld the institution as a good one for the punishment of evil-doers and the prevention of crime.

For these reasons it is safe to predict that the post and pillory will remain in Delaware for many years more. The only recent agitation of the question was a suggestion made a few years ago to extend the punishment of the whipping post to men who beat their wives, but the suggestion was not put into practical shape. It is likely, however, to come up at any session of the Legislature, and will find many warm advocates. As to the efficacy of the punishment for this offense, the records of the courts of Maryland, where it has been in force for some years, ought to afford ample evidence.—Correspondence Washington Star.

British Cabinet Ministers. The actual salary of a British Minister of the Crown is not so much an object to those who are called to the states councils, but the immense patronage such an office confers is eagerly sought after by all aspirants to political renown and emoluments. Although the Prime Minister's annual stipend is no more than £5,000 per annum, his patronage may be estimated at ten times that sum.

A Word to Mothers. Many a mother will be awakened during the long nights of the next few months by the racking cough that disturbs the rest of her little ones. For the thoughtless little people will expose themselves and catch cold.

Many a grateful mother, remembering past experience, will have a bottle of Hawker's balsam on hand, and a small dose of this soothing and healing preparation, which all children like to take, will give relief both to the suffering child and the anxious parent.

All mothers are strongly urged to have this remedy at hand. A single trial will convince them that what so many have said in its praise is well deserved. It will cure coughs and colds, is an instant relief for hoarseness, and is something the family cannot afford to be without. It soothes, heals, cures. Public speakers and singers find it a constant friend. It is sold in 25c. and 50c. bottles, by all druggists and dealers, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ld) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

MONEY IN QUEER SHAPE.

ODD ACCIDENTS THAT HAPPEN TO TREASURY NOTES.

The Halves of Bills Brought Together in a Strange Way—The Man Who Puts Money in a Stove—How the Nearly Destroyed Bills Are Identified and Cashed.

The redemption division of the Treasury at Washington is forever productive of new romances, says the Boston Transcript. Hardly a week passes that something odd and novel does not turn up there. Spoiled money, which people naturally are anxious to have replaced, brings to light many phases of human nature, both comic and tragic.

Only last week one of these romances reached its denouement. It had been running along for more than two years; for it was as far back as September, 1893, that a New York dealer in old coins and currency sent to the Treasury the equivalent of \$25. It was in a rather queer shape, consisting of the right-hand halves of one ten and two twenty-dollar bills. It was evident that the original notes had been deliberately cut in two with a knife or a pair of scissors.

Of course, the half-notes were redeemed, the Treasury returning \$25 in crisp new bills to the New York dealer. Under the law, a spoiled note is redeemable at full value if as much as three-fifths of it are presented. If the fragment is less than three-fifths and more than two-fifths of the whole, one half of the face is paid for it. Less than two-fifths of a bill is worth nothing, unless it can be proved that the balance has been destroyed. Such proof must consist in a thoroughly credible story supported by the affidavit of the loser and by testimony of reputable citizens as to his character. Even with such precautions the Government is sometimes, cheated, without a doubt; but, though fraud of this kind is frequently attempted, it is almost certain to be found out and punished.

Ordinarily the spoiled money that has been redeemed is promptly destroyed by boiling and grinding it to a pulp. But in any case that looks suspicious the fragments are filed away and preserved, to cover the possibility that something may turn up later to shed light on the puzzle. That is what was done with the halves of \$50 received from the New York dealer. They were put on a shelf for reference, and for the time being the matter dropped out of sight. Two years elapsed and they were practically forgotten, until the other day a fresh consignment, consisting of the left-hand halves of one 10 and two \$20 bills, reached the Treasury. They came all the way from Kansas, and the explanation accompanying them was clear and succinct enough.

A well-to-do farmer in Kansas presented in his town bank the three half-notes described, which bore marks of burning along the edges toward the middle of each bill. He explained that he had been engaged in burning brush in a field. He had taken off his waistcoat and hung it on a fence. It fell down, and in his absence from the spot, the fire, spreading through the grass, partly burned the waistcoat and the money in the pocket. The cashier of the bank, being a notary public, wrote out an affidavit which was then forwarded to Washington with the claim for the full value of the damaged bills—\$50. On the face of it the story was entirely credible and well calculated to accomplish its purpose; but there was a contingency on which the farmer could hardly have reckoned. What cause had he to imagine that the other halves of those same notes might be on a shelf in the redemption division of the Treasury? Mr. Relyea, the chief, went to the files and put his hand upon them in a moment. The halves sent in by the New York dealer and those received from the Kansas farmer had belonged to the same bill. The artless agriculturist had caught himself in his own trap.

The matter was at once put into the hands of the United States District Attorney for Kansas. That official began an investigation, but hesitated to prosecute the supposed guilty man because the latter was an old settler, a large property owner, and bore an unimpeached character. Nevertheless, the Treasury insisted on pushing the case, and a warrant was issued for the farmer's arrest on the charge of trying to defraud the Government. Mr. Relyea was notified that he would be required to appear with the halved notes and the original affidavit, which were expected to furnish complete evidence of perjury on the part of the accused. Last week, however, he received a telegram from the District Attorney stating that the farmer had pleaded guilty.

The story seems to end at this point; but a very interesting part of it remains as yet wholly enveloped in mystery. How did it happen that the unfortunate person in Kansas became possessed of those halves of \$50? Only one theory suggests itself. The irresponsible activity of the green-goods propagandists is well known. It is safe to say that no well-to-do farmer in the United States has failed to receive inviting circulars offering counterfeit money printed from stolen government plates, and of so excellent a quality as to be beyond detection by experts. Of course the green-goods people have no counterfeits to sell; all they want is to get hold of the unsuspecting Mr. Hays and fleece him. A favorite method

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of theirs is to cut a good note in two and send half of it, as a sample of their "goods," to the intended victim. It may be that the Kansas farmer nibbled at such a bait, but he refused to bite, retaining the divided cash that had been forwarded to him. The green goods men in New York disposed of the halves which they had retained the divided by selling them to the dealer aforesaid, while the farmer held out his for sometime before he could decide what to do with them. Probably if he had not come by them in this dubious way he would have presented them for redemption in a legitimate fashion. As it was, if he had done so no questions would have been asked, and he would have come out just \$25 ahead of the green goods enterprise.

So here is a mystery accounted for easily enough, supposing the theory to be correct. Much more difficult is it to explain how in June of this year the sum of \$1,060 came to be scattered along the lake front of Chicago, torn into small scraps in such a manner as to leave no doubt that the destruction of the cash was intentional. Early in the morning of the twenty-eighth day of that month two colored laborers named Brown and Campbell were walking along the shore south of Twenty-fourth street when they noticed some scraps of green paper blowing about. Looking further they discovered a good many more pieces, which were distributed for a distance of a couple of blocks. After some hours of patient search they had gathered enough to represent in a respectable manner two notes for \$500 each, two more for \$20 each, and two for \$10 each.

They took the fragments to the Sub-Treasury, supposing that they could claim the face value of the money. Imagine their disgust when they were informed that the fact of having found it gave them no title whatever to the cash. It was evident that they were honest men, and memoranda of their story were taken down. Later a fisherman picked up several other pieces of the same notes on the lake front in the same neighborhood, and these were also handed in at the Sub-Treasury. All of them were forwarded to the redemption division at Washington, where they are now held and awaiting a claimant. They have been pasted together on sheets of paper in such a shape as to show what parts are present and what are missing. There is not enough left of the tens and of the twenties to make it practicable to redeem them; but the two notes for \$500 each are all right. The owner has only to present the requisite evidence, and \$1,000 in new money will be paid to him.

Up to date, however, no estimate has appeared. This seems very extraordinary. Why should not the owner demand what belongs to him, no matter how the loss was incurred? There seems to be only one plausible theory. It sometimes happens that a man of ordinary regular habits goes on what is known in Chicago as a "bender." Alcohol makes him reckless; he lights cigars with bank notes and commits various imprudences. Next day he is sorry, and if he can find any fragments of the burned bills he sends them to the Treasury for redemption. Affidavits reciting such a method of loss frequently reach the redemption division. In some such fashion it may have come about that a Chicago citizen of wealth and good repute tore up his "wad" and scattered it along the lake front on the night of June 27 last. He preferred to let the money go rather than own up to so insane a frolic.

The first "stove case" for this season reached the redemption division last week. Mr. Quong Sing, a New York laundryman, about a fortnight ago wrapped \$250 in a silk handkerchief and put it into a

stovepipe on his premises. His assistant in the wash-house business, not knowing that the money was there, built a fire in the stove one chilly morning, and the bills were partly destroyed. Enough of them were left, however, to make identification easy, and Quong will get his cash back. He is a lucky chiselman, for, as the records of the treasury show, the domestic stove is the most completely efficient destroyer of money in existence. People, especially in rural districts, will insist on employing it for the purpose of safe deposits, and sooner or later the family savings are apt to go up in smoke. Nearly always the bills are reduced to hopeless ashes, involving total loss. About one hundred cases of this kind are referred to the redemption divisions every year.

The government is always willing and even anxious to replace spoiled money if it can possibly be identified. The skill of the women employed in this work at the Treasury Department is little short of marvellous. One lady, Mrs. Brown, attends to all the burned notes. Patiently she picks up scrap after scrap from a mass of charred fragments such as any ordinary person would regard as hopeless. One by one she pastes them on paper, assembling the pieces of each note on a sheet by itself, and trying to "rooster" the greenback as a naturalist would build up an extinct animal from a fossil remains. Even a portion that is hardly more than an ash may still show the engraved design. When it is done, it remains to be determined how many of the bills shall be considered as properly identified. In the case of a bank note the name of the bank must be ascertained.

In this kind of labor powerful magnifying glasses are often called into requisition. A note that has been chewed up by a baby is apt to be a difficult subject to tackle. Babies destroy a good deal of money in this way in the course of every year, and the same may be said of puppy dogs. They have an equal disregard of value represented by currency. Goats eat money now and then, and so do cows. Mice are particularly destructive. They like to make nests out of paper cash, and this practice is encouraged by people who hide their savings in walls and under floors. Birds would seem to have a similar inclination, judging from a rather odd happening of only a few weeks ago. An employee of the Sub-Treasury in Cincinnati, named Turpin, was shaving himself one sunny afternoon, when a robin flew in at the window. It flew out a moment later, and it did not occur to Turpin to suspect the bird when he discovered that a \$10 bill which he had taken from his waistcoat pocket and placed on the centre table was gone. A few days later, however, a storm blew a robin's nest out of a tree near the front porch. It was picked up, and the missing bill was found incorporated in its material. Though a great deal damaged, it was redeemed subsequently.

One day last summer lightning entered the house of a farmer in Maryland. In a frolicsome mood it flaked through a cupboard and burned a slice out of a \$2 silver certificate. The strip burned was nearly two inches wide, lengthwise through the middle of the bill. The latter was redeemed afterward, the number and seal being entirely legible. To bury paper money is a mistake, because under such conditions it rots. Now and then a person is burned to death, and cash removed from the clothing of the corpse is sent in for redemption. The contents of a wallet dug up with the body of a murdered man afforded a rather disagreeable subject for investigation not long ago. A few months back an old woman named Groth died of a contagious disease at Rockford, Ill., and her clothes were burned. Subsequently it occurred to the hair to search the ashes, and remains of money were found. Twenty-five dollars of the amount represented was identified and redeemed. During the last year or two several consignments of money in mine bits have reached the redemption division, being sent in by banks whose safes had been treated with dynamite by burglars. An overdose of dynamite applied to a safe is apt to have such an effect, which ought to be a lesson to robbers.

Diamonds. A fashionable weekly published in London says: "Anything which treats of diamonds appeals to many interested in them—not only females, but, nowadays, men, as the edict exists no more which formerly said men of good taste must not wear gems on their fingers. The males of today may now consequently be seen with monster diamonds in their rings, making them utilitarian as knuckle dusters. The point of mutual interest is that the diamond trade, which is a most important one in Amsterdam, has received a check by the strike of 12,000 men employed in cutting and polishing. The strike may not last long, but Dutchmen are proverbially obstinate. This must seriously affect the markets, wholesale and retail. But the latter was not unprepared for this event, and can meet it without disturbing business."

Kidney Talk.

Why is a person ever seriously ill? Impure blood, nearly every time. What is pure blood? It is the vital fluid which, in passing through the kidneys, as it must do many times every hour, carries with it no impurity—perfectly filtered.

Will the kidneys always do this? Yes, if they are not weak, or overworked, or injured by accident, or congested and inflamed by cold.

So long as the kidneys are in good health, so long will you be quite well and healthy. What happens when the kidneys are out of order? Why, any form of illness may happen. You can never know where or how it may end.

In case the warnings called symptoms are ignored and the tissues of the kidneys break down, the doctor will tell you that it is diabetes and incurable, or Bright's disease and a hopeless case.

But after that? Well, watch this paper and you can read of many great cures of these so called incurable diseases by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

But greater cures, we think, are the simple ones, the cures of the small beginnings, where the misery and the harm to the constitution is escaped.

What a happy thing cure is! How endlessly people will talk of their case!

With what smiles and enjoyment! Some of our grateful patients never come to the city without calling to talk over their cures.

A man by the name of Joshua Clarkson, living at 114 Robert street, this city, came in the other day. He had saved his life by using two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

What was the disease? Diabetes. Yes; he had lost thirty-one pounds in weight in five weeks.

It took him seven weeks to regain his health and his vivacity.

No one could hear him talk and not take courage, be he ever so sick. A full account of this case will appear in this paper.

Then, not long ago Samuel Murray came in, looking well, too. He it was who was paralyzed for a whole year, given up by over a dozen doctors and was cured by twelve boxes of Dodd's Kidney pills.

A reporter of a city paper saw him. Seemed to think it impossible that a man could recover from such an illness. There was no miracle about it. He used Dodd's Kidney Pills. Hundreds of people are talking to each other about cures accomplished by this medicine, and these pills are selling everywhere. And they always cure.



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HUMBLING AN EGOTIST.

Arthur, Singleton was being refused, the logical outcome of proposing to Miss Berkley after three weeks. Furthermore, the young lady, no less compassionate than beautiful had deemed it advisable to suggest, for his own sake, that his visits should cease until he could regard her merely as a faithful friend who, though esteeming him highly, did not love him and could never be his wife.

and she reciprocated the manifestations of devotion. Each of them had revealed in the society of the other. At last they disappeared. People wondered, Miss Berkley among them, what had become of them. Captain George alone was without curiosity; he would not have given a clank of his sabre for the knowledge.

By and by Captain George proposed to Miss Berkley that they should "sit out" one of the dances. He knew of such a charming place—a little alcove half-way up stairs—wouldn't she come? Well, she was a little fatigued and thought she would—and did. But they did not sit in that little room for there they found in the alcove and Mrs. Colchester. They all nodded pleasantly to one another and Captain George and Miss Berkley "sat it out" somewhere else. In consequence of this, Miss Berkley has since consistently and emphatically maintained that a bath for who deliberately flirts with a widow in the presence of an assembly of respectable people is a social abomination and should be repressed.

Overcome with awe, Sellner ceased playing on the flute; the strains of the harp again sounded forth, but more and more gently until his whisperings were lost in one final chord. Sellner cast himself upon his couch. In all his heated dreams he heard the whisperings of the harp. He awoke late, and with a start he found himself in the room. He felt the touch of a supernatural hand upon his forehead, and within him there was a strange voice. It prophesied the speedy victory of the soul over the body.

With unutterable longing he waited for the evening. At twilight he betook himself to Josephine's room. He had not long to wait. He felt himself being drawn into a dream until the ninth hour. Hardly had the last clock stroke ceased before the harp again sent forth its strains to meet and blend with the flute tones in perfect accord. Again the pale, shimmering light shone around him. "Joseph, Joseph! Take me with thee!" Again the harp strings took leave of him in gentle whispering.

THE SHATTERED HARP. The secretary and his young wife were yet in the glamour of their honeymoon. No yet in the glamour of their honeymoon. No consideration had united them. Love, ardent and provid by years of patient waiting, was the seal of their union. They had known each other as little children, and their hopes and plans had grown together; they had grown together, with his third person to claim and share in their joy!

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BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moisture will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS. Dearborn, Nov. 13, by Rev. J. P. Shipperley, Geo. William Crowell to Edie P. Phillips. Berwick, Nov. 6, by Rev. G. W. Glendinning, Phoebe Wheaton to Richard Wessley. Melvern, N. S., Nov. 10, by Rev. L. J. Tingley, Joseph M. Kinney to Letitia A. Baker. Chatham, Nov. 20, by Rev. F. F. Falterup, Med. by W. Buntin to Mamie McDeald.

DIED. Truro, Nov. 6, Mabel Wadman, 17. New Britain, Nov. 9, Eva Corbett. Preston, Nov. 13, George Ross, 35. Milford, Nov. 25, James Rodeman, 67. Boston, Nov. 25, Peter Carney, 42. Halifax, Nov. 18, John A. Wilson, 40. Halifax, Nov. 18, Eliza Delaney, 65. Plymouth, Nov. 14, Deborah Gray, 72. West River, Nov. 15, Coltr Fraser, 65. Cape Island, Nov. 7, Parker Smith, 61. Chipman, Nov. 20, Samuel C. Fraser, 68. Halifax, Nov. 18, William Landridge, 65. Sackville, Nov. 20, David G. Dickson, 60. Bay Road, Nov. 15, Mrs. Levi Young, 69. La Riviere, Nov. 20, James Rodeman, 69. Charlottetown, Nov. 14, Joseph Ferry, 74. Harrington, Nov. 8, Richard P. Kenny, 82. New Laig, Nov. 4, George Sutherland, 83. Woodville, Nov. 15, Mrs. Zella Chesley, 69. St. John, Nov. 25, Mrs. J. Millie Elves, 72. Riverton, N. S., Nov. 16, Robert Spence, 18. Pownal, P. E. I., Nov. 24, Mary M. Fraught, 90. Beach Meadows, Nov. 11, Jacob Frelich, 90. Midland, Nov. 23, Mrs. William Dunca, 97. Middle Sackville, Nov. 17, John Tingley, 92. Lockport, Nov. 15, Robert Curtis Abbot, 32. Charlottetown, Nov. 21, Mrs. Charlotte B. Scott, 65. Deep Brook, Nov. 10, Mrs. Norman Burns, 75. Economy Point, Nov. 12, Alex Archibald, 20. St. John, Nov. 15, Edward Wood, 66. N. E. Margaree, Nov. 13, Daniel Cranston, 26. St. David, Nov. 16, Mrs. Ann J. Morrison, 72. Cape John, Oct. 15, Mrs. Janet McDonald, 66. Shubenacadie, Nov. 12, Donald Sutherland, 69. East Margareeville, Nov. 8, Mrs. Eliza Pales, 90. Glenora, Nov. 1, Mrs. Catherine McQuarrie, 69. St. Patrick, N. S., Nov. 15, Capt. James Glass, 73. St. Stephen, Nov. 11, Mrs. Joseph R. McCrur, 35. M'Clown, Me., Nov. 11, Mrs. Catherine Wilson, 75. East Ferry, N. S., Nov. 12, Benjamin Stanton, 75. 44-nova, C. H., Nov. 10, Mrs. Donald Cameron, 76. Central Economy, Nov. 15, Mrs. D. W. Moore, 60. Lockport, Nov. 5, Mrs. Fricella P. Hammond, 83. Yarmouth, Nov. 14, Captain Norman H. Bent, 62. Dartmouth, Nov. 20, Arthur son of Robert Smith, 60. Charlottetown, Nov. 25, Sarah, daughter of John Sleeth, 60. Wallace Bridge, N. S., Nov. 15, Charles S. Langille, 60. Indian Road, N. S., Nov. 7, Mrs. Donald McTreas, 91. Charlottetown, Nov. 20, Mrs. Catherine Trepan, 91. F. Ithavae, N. B., Nov. 9, Mrs. Stephen Wentworth, 75. D. 44, Mass., Nov. 18, William Irving of F. E. Montell, N. J., Nov. 10, Mrs. J. L. Fullerton, N. B., 45. Truro, Nov. 17, Lucy J. daughter of J. C. Creel, 51. Esthwaite, Nov. 18, Agnes C. daughter of John Moore, 51. Milton, Nov. 14, Willie, infant son of Wm. and Mrs. Ford. St. John, Nov. 25, Abraham B. son of Abraham Walker. N. E. Margaree, Nov. 4, Sarah, widow of David Phillips, 80. New Glasgow, Nov. 5, Ellen, only daughter of Alex McLeod, 17. Smithtown, N. B., Nov. 22, Isabel, widow of T. O. Geddes, M. D. 62. Dartmouth, Nov. 16, Elizabeth Beamish, wife of Daniel Dares, 71. Yarmouth, Nov. 18, Herbert Almon, son of Philip Warner, 5 months. Pictou, Nov. 16, Maggie McDonald, wife of John A. Henderson, 25. Liverpool, N. S., Nov. 7, Ivy May, child of Star and Mary Ryan, 1. West Beccano, Nov. 9, Alfred, son of Benjamin and Maggie Madden, 5. Clark's Island, Nov. 15, Mary, daughter of Harvey and Lucinda Nickerson. Halifax, Nov. 21, Alford, son of Andrew and Lucy Marby, 4 months. Cambridgeport, Nov. 21, Mrs. Jacob Schofield, 4 months of Salisbury, N. B. Halifax, Nov. 15, Eliza Drury, child of Samson and Fannie Sanders, 15 months. Chatham, Nov. 11, Audrey Marguerite, daughter of E. B. and Mary A. Goulet, 7. Charlottetown, Me., Nov. 14, Mary Agnes, child of Edward and Fannie Heenan, 5. C. 10-nova, Ind., Nov. 7, E. A. Corey, M. D. son of Wm. Corey of Averett, N. S., 27.

BORN. Alma, Nov. 15, to the wife of Amos Dixon, a son. Freeport, Nov. 15, to the wife of C. Finigan, a son. Halifax, Nov. 20, to the wife of W. J. Jones, a son. Freeport, Nov. 15, to the wife of Charles Haines, a son. St. John, Nov. 24, to the wife of James Hunter, a son. St. John, Nov. 22, to the wife of Arnold Mowry, a son. Hantsport, Nov. 9, to the wife of W. A. Holmes, a son. Northampton, N. B., to the wife of C. W. Connell, a son. Shelburne, Nov. 18, to the wife of A. Thorburne, a son. Halifax, Nov. 18, to the wife of William Dickinson, a son. Alma, Nov. 14, to the wife of Owen Martin, a son. Hantsport, Nov. 11, to the wife of S. A. Burgess, a daughter. Halifax, Nov. 20, to the wife of Frank West, a daughter. Shelburne, Nov. 18, to the wife of Simon Rhyso, a daughter. Berwick, Nov. 19, to the wife of E. A. Cornwall, a daughter. Quoddy, N. S., Nov. 4, to the wife of John Vogler, a daughter. Memramook, Oct. 18, to the wife of Jas. D. Corrier, a daughter. Newcastle, Nov. 9, to the wife of James P. Mitchell, a daughter. Cam., Nov. 12, to the wife of Dr. D. Murray, a daughter. Salisbury, Nov. 17, to the wife of Stephen H. Taylor, a daughter. Shelburne, Nov. 18, to the wife of Joshua Legray, a daughter. East Ferry, Nov. 17, to the wife of Loran Black, a daughter. Memramook, Oct. 18, to the wife of Jas. D. Corrier, a daughter. Florenceville, Nov. 8, to the wife of Dr. D. W. Ross, a daughter. Charlottetown, Nov. 22, to the wife of A. B. Warburton, a daughter. Acadia Mines, Nov. 9, to the wife of Christopher Fairclough, a daughter. West Beccano, N. V., to the wife of Archibald Brannen, a daughter. Barabola, C. B., Nov. 18, to the wife of John P. Belliveau, a daughter.

MARRIED. Boston, Nov. 20, Henry W. Johnson to Anne Anderson. Pictou, Nov. 13, by Rev. A. Armit, Francis Mullin to Agnes Webster. Halifax, Nov. 6, by Rev. N. Le Moine, John Menzies to Etta Bashford. Ingo Isd., Nov. 12, by Rev. M. McLeod, Angus Gillis to Annie Donaldson. Economy, Nov. 12, by Rev. J. W. Cox, Samuel Davist to Annie Sullivan. Milford, Nov. 12, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Alex. Leaver to Sadie A. Ashley. Truro, N. S., Nov. 20, by Rev. T. Cummings, Fred C. Layton to Lillian Smith. Charlottetown, Nov. 2, by Rev. Wm. Halliday, Samuel Paxon to Edith Allan. Shelburne, Nov. 16, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Titus H. Gavel to Zippie Smith. Amherst, Nov. 15, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Samuel McCharles to Anna Brown. Sambro, Nov. 21, by Rev. Thos. Fowler, David D. Johnston to Mary E. Gray. Harvey, Nov. 12, by Rev. J. A. McLean, George Emblinton to Liza Morcarr. Truro, N. S., Nov. 21, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Walter C. Sumner to Lou May Settle. Wolfrail, Nov. 13, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Richard Sherman to Clara Lockhart. Kempt, N. S., Nov. 5, by Rev. A. L. Cooney, Charles F. Selsess to Alice M. de Long. Amherst, Nov. 20, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Frederick E. Stevens to Lillian Buchanan. Paves, Nov. 14, by Rev. James Gray, William W. Smith to Margaret Anne Orr. Truro, N. S., Nov. 20, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Lev. W. King to Belle F. Campbell. Boston, N. S., Nov. 23, Joseph E. Tridelle to Caroline Belliveau formerly of Moncton. Acadia Mines, Nov. 9, by Rev. James B. Heal, Aubrey Leach to Emma S. Ayer. Monrovia, Nov. 8, by Rev. Jacob Maturer, Joseph P. Hyson to Cassie Ziegler. Amherst, Nov. 12, by Rev. W. J. A. McLean, William Vail to Elizabeth Little. St. John, Nov. 20, by Rev. James B. Heald, Ernestuson Wright to Annie McCracken. Lower Economy, Nov. 6, by Rev. Andrew Gray, James S. Granau to Laura Berry. East Jordan, Nov. 13, by Rev. Duncan McKinnon, Atwood S. Fisher to Annie Mary S. Eastport, Nov. 6, by Rev. W. Phillips, Lizzie C. Woodworth to Maggie Anderson. West Beccano, N. S., Nov. 15, by Rev. J. W. Smith, Robert to Mrs. Margaret Trebble. Cape Sable Island, Nov. 4, by Rev. J. W. Smith, Andrew Duncan to Minnie Peasey.