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SOME LOP-SIDED JUSTICE.

THE KIND THAT HAMPTON IS GETTING

Belyea Out of the Way and the Festivities Resumed at the Vendome—Some Facts for the People and for Mr. Grant—An Undignified Official.

Justice is having a pretty hard fight of it in Hampton and at present has no claims for a victory. Rum has mounted the temperance ladder, gained its object and is proceeding to enjoy itself.

Brunswick Belyea is in jail again and the time will probably have to enjoy no other scenery than the scant furniture and four walls of his strong room until the sentence of staid magisterial Peters has ended. If it was a surprise to Belyea to find himself in jail it was no less a thunderbolt for his friends and a source of congratulation to his enemies. Progress has told how he was tried and convicted, at whose instance, on whose evidence and after he had closed his bar and gone out of the bar. This was the hardship in the minds of many people, who, while strong in their temperance principles, did not believe in persecuting a man after he had ceased to do wrong. Rev. Mr. Grant, the informant and prosecutor, was aware of this, and after conviction had been secured told Mr. Belyea that so long as he remained out of the liquor business he would not ask for a commitment, and he left the matter in the hands of Rev. C. H. Paisley, of Hampton, who was to inform him if Belyea began to sell rum again.

Belyea did not begin to sell rum, but he began to keep an even sharper watch upon his neighbor and enemy, Scribner of the Vendome, and very soon it began to look uncomfortable for that house and the proprietor. The same rushing business hitherto done could not be carried on with a detective on the *qui vive*.

Progress has told before of intimate friendship existing between Magistrate Peters and Scribner of the Vendome. They are an enterprising and ingenious pair who find each others society congenial. When Scribner is in doubt Peters can, if he wishes, with his extended magisterial experience and his knowledge of the nice points of magistrates law gave him excellent advice. There are others who flock around these cronies standard bearers of order and disorder, and when the meeting is full it is a very full meeting.

But it did not suit the "meeting" or the "ring"—call it what you please—to have Belyea moving around. There were more reasons than one for this. Scribner had a lawsuit with Belyea in the Equity court, and it was not decided. The dispute was over some right of way of which Progress has spoken before. Notwithstanding the fact that Scribner had the astute assistance and cheerful companionship of Magistrate Peters at the trial he did not succeed in winning the case. But it turned out, curiously enough that Mr. Peters, the warm friend of Mr. Scribner, had the pleasure of convicting Belyea, his opponent in the suit, of selling liquor contrary to the Scott Act. Holding such a conviction it was in his power to issue a commitment at any time and show Belyea the interior of the Hampton prison, to the delight of the deputy sheriff and his assistants who, like all good officers, never care to see a man out of jail when the law entitles him to be in it. Such a course would not only be within his magisterial province, but, curiously enough, with Belyea in jail, Scribner would have a less active opponent in his suit and no detective on his illegal rum business.

Belyea was sent to jail. Mr. Grant, from whose hands such an act was supposed to come, was not consulted, and he has not been slow to say that it was a breach of faith and that he has been deceived. The temperance people of Hampton are angry beyond measure that the man who holds the most important judicial position in the community should deal out such lop-sided justice; sending Belyea to jail and allowing Hopper, though convicted of the same offence, to be at large. They are still more annoyed, if possible, because all this comes from a man who poses almost as a temperance man, for he assured Progress that his personal acquaintance with liquor was limited to its use in fishing and snake bites.

However as soon as Belyea was in jail the festivities at the Vendome were renewed and the refreshment supply replenished. The "element" once more found its way to its congenial quarters, and the poker players and the whisky drinkers pursued their pastimes without fear of molestation.

Progress mentioned once that Belyea was convicted upon the evidence of the colored boy, Ogden, who, it was assumed, was paid for buying the rum and giving the evidence. It is a fact worth stating now that this same boy is employed about the Vendome and, at times, waits upon the customers behind the bar. He bought liquor from Belyea and is selling liquor for

the Vendome. There is a nice legal point in that for Magistrate Peters to argue with himself.

Who cannot see that all of this is a wretched piece of business—a shame, in fact, that a quiet, orderly community, a pleasant, peaceful suburb where city people turn for quiet and coolness in the summer time, should be turned over to such a set. It is a shame that in such a place the chief officer of the law should not be above a suspicion of impartiality; that there should be the least semblance of persecution. Persecution is exactly what it amounts to. Judge Palmer would no doubt characterize it as a conspiracy, if he knew all the facts. And the law does not believe in conspiracies.

Magistrate Peters may be borne out by the law in jailing Belyea, but even that is doubtful if the proof was forthcoming that it was done for a purpose. How can he account to that misnamed something which he and we call conscience for punishing one man and permitting another to go unpunished, is a puzzling question for those who have hitherto regarded him as the impersonation of dignity and law.

Those who held that opinion of him had it shattered very rudely a short time ago when application was made to him for a search warrant to search the Vendome for liquor. He refused to grant the warrant, and when the applicant warned him that he would get an order from the supreme court to compel him to do so he flew into a passion and used language that could not be called legal, dignified or gentlemanly. It is not necessary to paint the scene.

A search warrant, if it was executed in a proper manner would reveal many surprising things at the Vendome. If the search could include the persons as well as the place the well grounded suspicions of the people might be easily proven. But, judging from the station platform Thursday a search of the place would bring enough to light for the purpose. The morning train brought cases and casks and barrels of liquor to the Vendome and as soon as it was landed the bar tender and the help of the hostelry viewed it. The boy Ogden shouldered cases and barrels in turn and with a "hurrah for the Scott act" carried them into the Vendome.

Another incident showing the jubilation of the ring over Belyea's imprisonment cropped out when this notice was posted on his building, "John B. Gough has gone into winter quarters."

Progress has said enough perhaps to convince Mr. Grant that there is further need for his efforts in Hampton.

Mr. Skillen, Mr. Fownes and Mr. Brown. Mr. W. E. Skillen, of St. Martins, was in town Saturday and had to stand some chaff from his friends on the salmon spearing story which, according to his version, is a real fish yarn. Beside being court commissioner and secretary to about all the societies of importance in St. Martins, Mr. Skillen is also manager of the telephone company and the duties of that position often take him along the line. On the occasion in question he was accompanied by Mr. Fownes who has come to the front smilingly in these columns before. Mr. Fownes, so Mr. Skillen says had a fishing gaff along for the purpose of replacing the telephone wires—it seems to be a very handy tool for such work—and when Mr. Brown came along and found Mr. Skillen and the gaff alongside of the stream he jumped at the conclusion that the court commissioner was having a quiet spear all by himself. Though not a fishery officer Mr. Brown thought his responsibility as a law abiding native justified him in appropriating the spear against the expressed desire of magistrate Skillen and later contrary to the wishes of Mr. Fownes who said it was his property. He brought it to the city and there is some talk of Mr. Fownes bringing an action against Mr. Brown for larceny!

He Found a Real Officer There. One of a rather jovial company which meets frequently after hours in a saloon in the heart of the city planned a surprise for the proprietor recently. Securing a uniform and a baton he walked to the door and demanded admittance in a disguised voice. "Go to," was the reply of the inmates, who, unable however, to ignore his persistence and racket had to admit him. His surprise may be imagined when he found a real policeman seated upon an ale keg enjoying himself with the rest.

The Jubilee Singers Coming. Perhaps there is no entertainment so nationally popular as that given by the Jubilee Singers. Progress will not attempt to speak of the genuine worth of the performance. They have sung their sweet and entrancing songs too often in St. John to need any praise. They appear in the Opera House Nov. 26 and 27 under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., and a splendid audience will surely greet them.

The Best of Everything in Confectionery at W. Warr's, Union St., next Opera House.

FEELING GOOD OVER IT.

A CORONER'S INQUEST THAT HAD AMUSING FEATURES.

And a Verdict That Was Applauded by the Chief of Police—Two Jurors Who Were Not Satisfied, and Another One Who Used Forceful Expressions.

A coroner's inquest is generally supposed to be a sombre proceeding, surrounded by all the mystery and uncertainty of life and death, and the jurors are expected to be impressed with the importance of their duties, in finding out whether the deceased died from natural causes or, as in the case of the man McNeill, anyone was criminally responsible for his death.

It sometimes happens that the jurors do not feel this responsibility, or if they do when they consent to serve, it grows gradually less as the inquiry goes on. This is especially the case when the coroner shows more than ordinary interest in the proceedings, when he performs the duties of coroner, judge, juror and witness, and has decided and expressed opinions in regard to the case before the court is opened.

The inquest held on the body of McNeill was a striking illustration of this, and although nobody attends an inquiry with the expectation of having fun, those who watched the proceedings found it difficult to suppress a smile at times.

Coroner Berryman has opinions of his own, and being police surgeon is naturally interested in the police force. It was, therefore, a great satisfaction to some people to hear that he arrived at the hospital in time to claim body of McNeill and score a point on Coroner Hetherington.

There were several distinguished persons at McNeill's deathbed, and in the natural course of things they had to give evidence. There were also a number of people in the courtroom, whose only claim to distinction seemed to be in the fact that they knew something about the case. The amusing part of the proceedings was when these two classes of witnesses were "sorted out." Those who were distinguished before the shooting had the privilege of kissing the clean leaves of the Bible when they went on the stand; but the Book wasn't opened for the "ordinaries," and they had to be content with kissing the cover, which had been moist with the lips of numerous other kinds and classes of witnesses for many months before. Few in the courtroom failed to notice this extraordinary innovation in the way of coroner's inquests, and there was a smile all round.

But there was more amusement pictured on the faces of the spectators when the chief of police took the stand. If the chief is not an orator it is not for want of practice, as the police who have listened to his nightly lectures know only too well. Those who had heard of his achievements in this direction, therefore expected to hear a well delivered and straightforward account of the affair, with some desirable information about police duty, especially in regard to the use of fire arms. In this they were very much disappointed. The chief was not in a fit condition for a brilliant oratorical effort, and his ideas of police duty and the use of fire arms were extremely hazy. Some of the jurors think he could have given his evidence better if he had remained in his office all that day, without refreshments.

As it was the coroner seemed relieved when he stepped out of the witness box; the jury or the spectators were no more enlightened than they were before he appeared; and speculation among those in the courtroom was not confined as to whether officer Caples was justified in shooting McNeill.

After the coroner told them what to do the jury retired, and although the former visited them and gave his assistance in making out a verdict, it was an hour before the jurors put in an appearance. This delay was caused by two of their number who were fully impressed with the responsibility of their duties, and were of opinion that besides dealing with the death of McNeill, they should consider the lives of other people who might become endangered by the indiscriminate distribution and use of firearms. They thought something to this effect should be inserted in the verdict, but they met strong opposition from other members of the jury who did not want to get "mixed up in police affairs," and whose only aim seemed to be to get out of their present situations as easily as possible. The result was that the two conscientious jurors were opposed until they got tired of the room and their surroundings and threw up the sponge.

The verdict exonerated officer Caples, saying that he was justified in shooting. There was nothing in it to make anybody uneasy. In fact there seemed to be some cause for jubilation on the part of the head of the police department. He was sitting in his office when he heard the verdict and manifested his delight by clapping his hands and doing acrobatic feats that those who saw him had no idea he was capable of.

The verdict upheld the action of one of

his own appointments, and left no doubt in his mind as to when an officer should use his revolver.

Although the verdict proved satisfactory to the coroner and the chief, the majority of the citizens were not so easily satisfied, and some of the jurors have been kept busy ever since explaining to their friends how they arrived at their conclusions. One jurymen got excited and astonished his hearers by exclaiming with remarkable earnestness, "I have satisfied my conscience and my God and I don't give a d— who else is satisfied."

A very dissatisfied person is the brother of the dead man who was with him when the shooting took place, and there is every possibility that the matter will be decided in another court besides the coroner's.

New Brunswickers at Dalhousie.

New Brunswick is well represented at Dalhousie college and university, Halifax. Among the art faculty freshmen, George Shaw, son of St. John's representative in the local legislature, is one of the best forwards on the college football team. George S. Milligan, son of the King square marble worker, is also among the freshmen. In the junior class this province is represented by Miss Lucy C. Murray, of Kings county, a sister of the lately appointed professor at the U. N. B., and D. M. Robinson of Sussex, who was one of the successful competitors for a Munro bursary in the senior competition this fall. H. G. Gratz of Sunbury county, is in the senior class.

Among the freshmen in the law faculty are R. A. Irving, of Buctouche, student in the Moncton office of Hannington, Teed and Hewson; R. W. Hannington, student in the Dorchester office of the same firm, and a graduate of the U. N. B. He is a son of Hon. D. L. Hannington. Among the juniors are: R. B. Bennet, of Hope-well, who led his class last year; student in the office of surveyor general Tweedie; Henry F. Puddington, of St. John, student in the office of Weldon & McLean.

J. Montgomery, of Dalhousie, who graduated in the arts faculty last spring is entered as a student in the office of Hon. C. N. Skinner; L. P. D. Tilley, a son of Sir Leonard, is a student in the office of Barker & Belyea.

Of the seniors, R. G. Murray, of Orange street, was admitted an attorney at Fredericton this fall; H. W. Sangster, of Sackville, is a graduate of Mount Allison college; B. S. Smith is a son of G. Sydney Smith, and W. H. Trueman is another St. John boy.

The Last Tribute to Mr. Morley.

Mr. Morley was buried on Thursday afternoon. The funeral service was held at the Mission church at 3 o'clock. The body had been taken there at half-past seven in the morning and many friends of the deceased musician availed themselves of the last opportunity of viewing his remains. The flowers which were sent were very beautiful, among them a harp of roses, lilies and maiden hair fern from the Oratorio Society, a lovely wreath composed of white flowers from members of the Mission church, and another circle of lilies and carnations from Rev. J. DeSoyes. As a last mark of affection and respect, the Oratorio Society attended the service and sang a part of Romberg's *Lay of the Bell to Mother Earth*, which Mr. Morley had admired very much and had often said how appropriate it would be to sing over one who had gone before. The society also joined the choir in the hymns, "Lead Kindly Light," and "Abide With Me." The other music was anthem, "What are These that are Arrayed in White Robes?" These by Stainer, the psalms and sentences chanted, and Nunc Dimittis. The service was most impressive, and was but a slight expression of the respect and admiration felt for the late organist and conductor.

TARGET.

Practical Jokes at Midnight. A schooner captain was the subject of a practical joke recently, played by some of the boys who found time hanging heavily on their hands. A delegation waited upon the captain and arranged with him to take one of their number to Eastport to escape the law for \$40. They departed, promising to return shortly. When they appeared the tide was out, and they were quite safe in raising their offer to \$200. The captain was willing, but admitted very sorrowfully that he could not move his vessel for \$1,000. Their second visit was followed by that of a couple of policemen, who entered into the joke and searched the vessel for the supposed criminal. The excitement of the captain had hardly subsided when the boys returned again, and this time one of them was in uniform bound to arrest the schooner's master. When descending the ladder he missed his footing, and fell to the deck, narrowly escaping a broken neck. Agonizing groans were his only replies to his companions inquiry, "Are you hurt, chief?" The captain was not long in making his appearance. The uniform cap was fished from the slip, and the amateur officer helped to the wharf with many sore bones, but no prisoner.

HE BET ON THE CHIEF.

AND THE COLONEL WANTED TO BOX THE POLICEMAN.

To Decide the Wager—How a North End Officer found Himself on a Level with His Superior—and had His Ideas of Dignity Shattered.

A gymnasium where the police could develop muscle, and perhaps do away with the necessity of firearms, has been one of the pet ideas of the chief; but, like many of his dreams, it has never been realized. Should the council ever see fit to supply this "need," it will not be necessary for them to supply an instructor or a sand bag for the officers with pugilistic inclinations to pound. The chief will perform both these offices. His reputation as a pugilist has already caused some consternation on the force, and a North End officer found that he had a remarkable appetite for "crow" not long ago.

The North End man had been talking of his accomplishments in a pugilistic way to a member of the southern division, when the latter carelessly remarked that he couldn't fight anybody. This put the North End officer on his mettle, and he said he "could do up" any man on the southern division in one round.

"There is one man you can't knock out," said the other, "and I'm willing to bet money on it."

"All right, name your man, and put up your money."

"Well, it is the chief."

"Is the chief the best man you've got on the division?" asked the North End officer.

"If he is bring him along." Although the North End man evidently meant what he said, he did not think it would be taken seriously. He thought it would be beneath the dignity of the chief to "put on the gloves" with him, and the incident passed out of his mind. But he was mistaken.

One day shortly afterwards the North End officer had a prisoner in court, and after the trial went down to the guardroom on his way out. There he met the chief, and was somewhat surprised to see him approach with great seriousness and ask: "Did you say you could knock me out in one round?"

The officer was thunderstruck, but when he recovered himself mumbled out an apology. This, however, did not seem to satisfy his superior. "If you think you can do me up," said the chief, "come out and stand before me for a couple of minutes, and I'll show you what I'm made of." The officer would not fight, but his idea of the dignity of the chief of police has changed to a remarkable degree.

A Feature of the Performance.

There was a good audience at the opera house Thursday evening, and every one in the house seemed to have lent his energy in applauding when the new drop curtain came down after the first act. It is a fine piece of work, and there was nothing but delight expressed on all sides. In response to calls Mr. Chidley appeared and bowed his acknowledgements. President Skinner also appeared on the stage, and in a short address presented the artist with a handsome gold-headed cane, "as a token of the esteem in which Mr. Chidley is held by the directors of the opera house, as an artist and a gentleman."

Miss Coombs "Coughs."

The dramatic critic of the *Telegraph* made an amusing blunder in his paragraph on *Camille* in Tuesday's issue. Speaking of Miss Coombs in the part, he said "she was evidently suffering from a slight cold." Miss Coombs must have enjoyed a hearty laugh when she read it. *Camille* is a consumptive, and Miss Coombs is too good an actress to omit the hacking, persistent cough which attends that malady.

A Victim of Consumption.

Many persons who buy American newspapers and magazines, even more regularly than they do the city publications, will remember the bright pale faced lad, Johnnie Higgins, who attended to their wants in Harrison's bookstore and regret to hear of his death. His willing and obliging ways made him a favorite with everyone.

A Holiday Crowd.

The Y. M. C. A.'s were in true thanksgiving mood when they counted the tickets at the door from people who were interested in their annual sports. It was a regular holiday crowd, that filled all parts of the rink, and the programme of sports was carried out in a way that kept everybody in good humor.

A Question For the B. of T.

The Canadian Pacific railway sends out an elegant pamphlet entitled *The New Highway to Orient*. It is beautifully illustrated with views of scenery and cities among which all the larger ones, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax excepting St. John are represented. What are we going to do about it, Mr. Cornwall?

Try our Choice Chocolates; Warm, Union st.

SUSSEX IS NOT DEAD.

Some Lively Incidents in the Pretty Town.

The cold chilly nights of November are with us again, and as the favorite pastime of plying the buckaw and the axe and keeping the fire going is trying to the nerves, as well as consuming considerable time there is not much left for news gathering.

Sussex however is comparatively quiet—in fact some people say it is dead as a door nail—and that, ere many years, the grass will be growing on the street, but you just tell one of the Sussex boys you see the "hayseed" in his hair and you'll think there is some life left in the old place yet. Sussex dead? Well, just let us count up. It has within its borders at the present time no less than ten lawyers, and all claim to be making a living. Of course some people would be uncharitable enough to say that this is a sure proof in favor of the argument that Sussex is dead and flat. It also has within its borders five practising physicians and two clairvoyants and faith cure healers. But they are all good doctors, and it cannot be charged to their doors that the place is dead on their account, as they glory in keeping their patients alive as long as possible, and that makes the fees much more expensive in a pecuniary sense. Sussex is also actively engaged in the heroic struggle of trying to down the anti-Scott act party. Mighty has been the struggle, but as yet it has not been accomplished. Complaints are made and convictions have been had, but the sale of the ardent still goes on apace. It reminds one of the well-known lines slightly changed from Tennyson's book: "Acts may come and acts may go, but the rum flows on forever." The fight is still being waged but when it will end in a perfect triumph is one of the queries yet unsolved.

The newspaper "boycott" matter has quieted down somewhat and it is said the three firms who have withdrawn their patronage are amazed to see that Editor Spooner is still alive, doing business and pursuing the even tenor of his way. A trial in the staid magisterial court last week caused considerable interest and amusement. A well-known female walked into Mr. Whalen's whiskey mill and there found her lord and (supposed) master about helping himself to an eye opener. Hubby was bounced out suddenly by the wife and she then proceeded to empty the contents of the bottle on the floor. The barkeeper who goes by the name of "the unknown" seized her by the arm, disarranged her best fall bonnet and hair, and according to her sworn statement struck her violently on the side of the head—hence the trial for assault. The testimony was conflicting but it seems that some choice language not exactly prayerful in their nature was exchanged. The defendant was a veritable "smart Alex" who didn't know he had a name under oath—swore he spent three months in the county gaol a short time previous to coming to Sussex, but what county gaol he couldn't remember, etc.

There have been suggestions made at various times as to the advisability of a summer hotel in Sussex, and the handsomest location that could be found would be on a certain portion of the Morrison farm. It certainly would be a move in the right direction, and if gone into properly would beyond doubt pay very well and attract many more visitors to the place during the summer months than come now on account of not being able to secure suitable accommodation. We trust the scheme will be carried into effect in the near future. ???

In the Editor's Sanctum.

The manager of Miss Coombs is also her husband, a fact not known generally in the towns to which they pay a fleeting visit. Manager Brown called upon the editor of the *Liberal* morning daily one evening and in the course of the conversation remarked that Miss Coombs was the best actress St. John had seen for a long time. The editor, ignorant of his relationship to the lady, said that the same remark had been made to him about Miss Clitherow "but, do you know" he said "the only one I heard say so was her husband."

All Must Bow to It.

There are times when it is not an advantage to be tall, and this should always be remembered when passing a store that sports an awning. There is an awning on Dock street, however, that claims more than tall men for its victims, and when the sun shines, and it is let down, business is good with the hat stores.

Beating in the Post Office.

The little urchins who loiter around the post office late at night and beg coppers should be looked after. Few people can resist their pathetic appeals, and fewer still have the time to enquire whether they are deserving of charity. An effort should be made by the authorities to investigate these cases, and provide for them in the proper way.

A New Agency.

The American rubber store has received the agency for the goods of the Atlas rubber company of New York, and are showing a fine line of their specialties.

REALISM ON THE STAGE.

HOW AN ARMY MARCHED PAST IN REVIEW.

Mr. Childley Writes of Famous Productions of Shakespeare's Plays, in Which the Scene Painters and Stage Hands Ably Assisted the Stars.

The present century has seen some spirited efforts in the direction of elaborate productions of great plays, to the extent one might almost say of revolutionizing the art of stage setting. The first step in order of date was the ambitious work of Samuel Phelps, the illustrious actor so identified with Shakespeare at the famous old theatre Sadlers Wells. He intended to produce all the plays with every circumstance of pomp and historic accuracy that art and ingenuity could devise and money procure, and he did actually produce thirty of them with a wealth of magnificence never before attempted, never since surpassed. I think my own feeling for scenic art was first awakened by my being taken to see Coriolanus at the early age of five. One of the scenes, which I now know to have been painted by the elder Fenton, impressed itself upon my young imagination so strongly that I can vividly recall it at will. It was a Greco-Roman interior, severe chaste and classic, with two enormous bronze candelabra in it, striking from its bold simplicity. The Midsummer Night's Dream was a marvel; a veritable fairyland. The shipwreck scene was upon a gigantic scale. The entire stage was made to rock upon a pivot so that a ship was arranged upon it containing 40 people who went through all the motions, working the rigging, leaping overboard and so forth, natural to the illusory situation. A remarkably beautiful panoramic vision of Juno and Ceres was also a striking feature of the play. Pericles, Prince of Tyre, and Timon of Athens were veritable glimpses of the past.

A slight description of a scene in Henry V, may serve to give an idea of the way things were done under the Phelps regime. It represented the entry of the victorious English army into Harfleur. The stage had a low parapet with battlements across it with a view of the open country beyond. On one side of the parapet was a massive gate, raised up with platforms both behind and before. The army could be seen approaching from the open country, seemingly ascending rising ground, entering the gates and then descending a slope into the street—a very good arrangement. Now up to that time a stage army was very like that of Bombaste's Furioso; half a dozen supers did duty for it. Phelps's army was very different. For months before the opening of the play, the academy was engaged in painting the heads of hundreds of dummy men. These were arranged eight abreast; that is three men and five dummies, with a bar through the bodies and attachment to the legs so that the whole eight kept step together. Battalions of these came on behind the parapet, through the gate, across the stage and off through the street wings, when they immediately reappeared behind the parapet to repeat the performance. This was kept up until the number of 8,000 soldiers had apparently passed in review. The illusion was assisted by the officers, banner bearers and some citizens spectators always moving on the audience side of the parade. So far as I am aware the public never discovered the deception.

The mention of dummy men recalls an incident which happened a few years ago at the Londonderry theatre in Ireland which though unconnected with my subject I may be forgiven for publishing, I believe for the first time. On this occasion the melodrama called The Fall from the Scaffold of the Bricklayer's Fate, was being performed. The hero of the play was supposed to be a drunken bricklayer. At the proper cue the actor ascended a scaffold to the fly gallery, and then a dummy double was thrown down. On this occasion the actor was half way up the scaffold when the two property men in charge of the dummy commenced to quarrel, the result being that the dummy fell before his time with his body right across a set piece and his loose head rolling down to the footlights! Not in the programme!

The success of Phelps fired the rivalry of Charles Kean, and although fewer plays of Shakespeare were put on the boards at the Princess Theatre, it is an open question which was the most magnificent or the most accurate in detail of costume, scenery or accessories. The scene of the dream of Queen Catherine in Henry VIII, was a marvellous vision, and the scene of the king's court was gorgeous. The other distinguished managers who have done remarkable things were the late Dion Boucicault, Henry Irving and Augustus Harris; of these and their doughty deeds I shall be glad to speak on another occasion. I do not mean to say that other managers have not frequently magnificently staged various pieces, but these men systematically did it and in so doing brought about a high standard of work, changed the public taste and proved the Shakespearean dramas to be also the finest spectacles ever written.

SYDNEY CHILDEY.

Ante Up Quick.

The Dominion Collecting and Detective agency has opened offices in the Pugsley building and is about to start on an active crusade against the people who have successfully evaded the demands of their grocer and butcher and all the other tradesmen who have put their trust in them. There are some people who make it a rule not to pay. They live upon the public and those who do pay support them. There are others who spend their cash for luxuries and "kick" their necessities; there are others who pay all they can and would only be too glad to be square with the world. The last class is not for any collecting agency, but the others who can and would liquidate will probably make its acquaintance. The St. John branch is in charge of Mr. A. F. Beal whose explanation of his system is to the point and so satisfactory that his list of subscribers is growing rapidly.

THE INVENTOR RETURNS.

He Tells About the Endurance of the Horse Fly.

Yesterday morning the "Inventor" from Cuthbert's River called at our office. The first time he called was to propound the feasibility of utilizing a petripping spring into which he proposed to dip corpses, and when petrified to stand them on a pedestal, thus doing away with the ordinary headstone or grave mark. He wanted to get up a big company with a capital of five million, and have himself appointed managing director at a salary of \$5,000 a year. Next he proposed to erect a plant and pump the air out of New Glasgow and force the mayor and councillors to pay a tax on that necessary article, but the scheme was a failure. A week later he bobbed up serenely and proposed to manufacture foot rests to hold up a man's foot while he warmed his sole and mused over the mutability of things terrestrial. "From times immemorial, and even longer peoples have held up their feet this way, and this way" suiting the action to the words, "and tired their lives out holding up leg about, an' no sooner was one foot warm than the other was cold. Now this rest suits a man and rests not only his sole but his body and lengthens his life about fourteen cubits." I was obdurate and would take no stock, so he borrowed a chew of tobacco and went out.

Today his manner was shy and half subdued for a few minutes, but he soon recovered his old-time freedom and cheerfulness. "I have taken your advice," said he, "and an helping the old woman to do chores about the house and occupying my spare time in studying natural history. I am just now engaged on the hoss fly, his habits and character. Every person should make hisself acquainted with the insects they come in contact with, and our school marm would be better engaged in teaching the young all about straddle bugs than stuffing them with a smattering of languages that died years and years and years ago and are no more use to the average boy than an Egyptian mummy would be. Do you know the hoss fly is one of the all-firdest long winded animals on record with a head for calculation that would beat the minister of finance all hollow. This morning when I was leaving, I noticed a big hoss fly on Dobbin's neck, just started to pump hisself full, and while he was kind of delirious to things around I lifted his off hind leg and tied a red string on it just above the gambrel joint, and then brushes him off afore he gets his stomach more than half ballooned. I know he would follow, and I wanted to test his endurance. For the first mile or two I had to whip the old mare up to a forty clip to keep ahead of the procession, but I gradually eased her down to three minutes on the next two.

"Wasn't that a fast clip to keep up for such a length of time?" I ventured to remark. "Well, yes," said the inventor, but the exigency of the case required it. When the exigency of a case requires phenomenal speed and the breaking of all records it must be done, and we cease to wonder at it. Well, as I was saying on the fifth mile I just see that a leaving, a sailing behind looking neither to the right or left but just keeping his eye on the tail end of my wagon and that red string on his off hind leg sailing straight out behind him. I jotted these things down in my note book" said he pulling out an old diary. "I always like to be exact and a little within the mark if anything. Well, on the sixth and seventh mile I only got an occasional glance of him where there was a long piece of straight road and on the tenth mile I left him sitting on a hemlock stump with his head to one side, thinking. I dismissed the whole subject from my mind as settled, but judge of my surprise, in fact consternation, when on rounding the long bend in the road at the Coal brook, what did I see coming straight across the field but that identical hoss fly with the red string on his off hind leg just above the gambrel joint, and made dead straight for Dobbin and set right down on his jugular, and would have pumped the life out of him only I interfered. You see the blamed critter sot on that stump and figured out the hull thing this way. First, my rate of speed, how much he would save by cutting across lots, sort of air line, where I would be at a given time, and what speed was necessary to catch me. He figured it down fine, and landed on Dobbin's neck as exact as two lines intersecting. For mathematical exactness and tenacity of purpose you can bet on the hoss fly every time, and in proof of my statement here's the red string I took off his hind leg, there's where the end of it frayed a-lying through the air."

"Thank you kindly," said I, "and if you should make any fresh discoveries in the insect kingdom don't fail to let me know." Then he squeezed my hand so hard that it took me ten minutes to get it into shape, and went out singing, "O that'll be joyful!" MACK DEE.

The Tonic Sol-fa Notation of Music.

Rev. James Anderson is in the city, introducing the Tonic Sol-fa Notation of Music. His explanation of the advantages of the system is clear and satisfactory, but not capable of such lucid interpretations on paper by the writer at least. The system is in use all over the world, and is daily growing in popularity. One of the main features of the system is to teach the mental effect of the notes and their relation to the key note. Mr. Anderson's announcement elsewhere in this paper gives further particulars.

The First of the Season.

The live advertiser who gets the exclusive use of something new and that something attractive is happy. Mr. Geo. H. McKay must be in that frame of mind today for he has just sent out to his friends and acquaintances two very handsome lithos of Mr. Laurier and Premier Abbott. They are worth framing without hiding the neat line at the foot modestly announcing where they came from.

MEAT FOR HIGHBINDER.

They Believe That the Flesh of Persecuted Animants Makes Them Fearless.

At the corner of Sansome and Clay streets yesterday morning half a dozen Chinamen were bidding for a dead wildcat in the hands of a quail peddler. The beast was shot in Marin county the day before, and the eagerness of the Chinese, together with the spirited bidding, was a source of much amusement to the crowd that collected.

Representatives of the dreaded Chee Kung Tong society were there and so also was a member of the Ping Ong Tong, and both sides were determined to secure the cat.

Two dollars and a half was first offered, and from this the bids raised to \$5.

The old man who had the cat merely smiled.

A truce was declared while the body of the feline was examined. Many grunts of approval emanated from the warriors when it was found that the wildcat was fat.

"Fi dolla hap," said one of the Chinese. "Six dolla hap," promptly came from a member of the Pings.

The other side held a conference and raised the amount another dollar.

At the close of the contest the representative of the Ping Ong marched proudly away with the bob-tailed cat, after having deposited \$15 in gold for it.

"That's nothing," said the quail peddler, "I sometimes get more than that for 'em. They eat 'em so's to get brave."

Last night about twenty members of the Ping Ong Tong society regaled themselves on wildcat, and consequently increased their bravery.

The custom of eating tigers, lions and other animals of a fierce nature by the Chinese dates from the days of Confucius.

Moy Sing, one of the most intelligent Chinamen in San Francisco, thus gave his opinion on the subject last night:

"A Chinaman believes that if he eats a portion of a lion or tiger the bravery and courage of the animal will enter into his system and he will become daring. In China the smallest piece of a tiger is valuable for this reason. I have eaten lion meat, and the effect is to make a man very brave. Here in California we eat wildcats and foxes, and think whenever we eat the flesh of either kind we become brave or cunning like those animals. I think the man who sold the wildcat to those Chinamen made them believe that it was a young lion or they would not have paid so much for it, because the flesh of a wildcat is not of near as much value as that of a lion." San Francisco Examiner.

HOW DO YOU WEAR YOUR HAT?

Look in the Mirror and See if You Recognize Any of These.

There is a great deal of character in the way a man wears his hat.

The man who wears it perfectly straight has a corresponding straightforwardness of character. He is a man to be relied upon—steady, business-like, and with a well-balanced temperament.

If a hat slopes at the back so as the brim almost touches the neck, its wearer has good brain power; it slopes at the back because its owner is without strong animal propensities, which are situated at the back of the head, and prop a hat up; so that a man whose hat tilts over his nose has more animal than intellectuality about him.

The man who wears his hat on one side is, in vulgar parlance, "cocky" and self-assertive. He has a big opinion of himself, and will support it with his fists, too. He is generally a sharp character; you won't take him in, but, unless you are extremely careful, he is very likely to take you in. He can handle a billiard cue, is partial to cards, and likes to have a "little bit" on a horse about which he thinks he knows more than any man breathing.

Then there are some men whose hats are always too large for them, and were it not for their ears would pretty well smother them. Such men are usually as much wrapped up in their thoughts as they are in their hats. They are of a philosophic cast of mind, and live a good deal out of the world, for they are generally trying to solve some mighty problem—mighty to them—that not one person in a thousand cares an atom about.

Other men go to the opposite extreme, for their hats are invariably too small for them, and are just perched on the top of their heads, the owners of which are musing, affected individuals with—a rule as an inordinate love of dress and any amount of self-esteem.

The man who throws his hat on his head anyhow is a careless, happy-go-lucky, indolent character. He generally has his hands in his pockets, and you can see any number of his genius loafing outside saloons and lounging at the street corners.

The Monkey Stole the Angel's Wings.

The first week of the circus closed last night with an immense audience, whose liberal applause stimulated the performers to surpass their usual excellence.

Yesterday the audience was treated to an entirely new version of the "Dawn of Christianity," the brilliant finale of the "Fall of Rome," when Jacko the dog-faced baboon, took an unexpected part. Jacko enjoys considerable freedom, and during the performance he slipped unnoticed from his perch in the dressing room and emerged from a door in the heathen temple into the glare of the lime lights while christianity was dawning.

Jacko recognized his dear friend Mme. Bumond posing as angel with glistening wings, and in a mischievous spirit he snatched the wings, and then fled precipitously down the Appian Way.

Mme. Bumond pursued her departing wings, and the rest of the angels, convulsed with laughter, fled into the interior city. Then the spectators applauded the race between the baboon and the wingless angel until they disappeared within the gates of Rome. Hereafter Jacko will be obliged to consult his genius to his own specialty, in which he is eminently successful.—Philadelphia Press.

Wishes.

I wish I had a thousand tongues To sing my lady's praise; I wish I had a thousand eyes To see her smiling ways; I wish I had a thousand ears To hear her sweetest say, With all their legal tender— A thousand banks that I might buy To please my lady's eye; I wish I had a thousand hearts To squander love upon her; I wish I had a thousand swords To kill the man who won her.

Shades to False Teeth.

It is a fact that is not generally known that false teeth have to be made to suit the complexion if satisfactory results are desired. A dentist walking on Chestnut street yesterday called attention to this fact as he passed a lady who in smiling showed a beautiful set of the whitest of teeth. "Those teeth are too white," he said. "She is a blonde and ought to have bluish white teeth. A brunette can wear clear white teeth, but blondes should have bluish or cream tinted." Then he mentioned that a friend of his had put in a set of perfectly white teeth for a lady who is very fair. He did it against his own judgment and only after the lady had insisted strongly on it. She wore the set a few days and went back, saying the teeth were too conspicuous. She took a dark set the second time, and they cannot be told from natural ones. In all, dentists have as many as thirty different shades in false teeth and have to exercise much care in the selection.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stone Foundry, Montagny, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, LAUZON, LEVIS, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over." G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (each 35 words)—cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

WILLIAM M. SMITH, A GRADUATE of the School for the Blind, of the Public Schools of New York, prepared to do Piano Tuning, and all orders left at 34 Paddock street (or postal card sent) will receive prompt attention. Satisfaction guaranteed. Charges \$1.50. For reference enquire of Mr. L. W. Tins, the well known vocalist, 70 Dorchester St. 11-11-7

WANTED AGENTS on a new fast selling Art article, which retails at \$1.00. Lots of money to be made on it in small towns during leisure hours. Address for full information: "Art" Box 199, Halifax, N. S.

BARGAIN. A SPECIAL LINE of Tweeds—made up for \$14.00 a suit.—A. GILMOUR, Tailor, 72 Gormain Street.

EVERY ONE IN NEED OF INFORMATION on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book of Advertisers," 908 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation rating of everyone, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising.—Address: ROWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce street, N. Y.

ENERGETIC CANVASSERS, men or women, subordinates wanted to work in this city or suburbs. A splendid chance for the right people to make money easily. For further particulars address O. K., Drawer 21, St. John, N. B. Oct. 10-ef

ADVERTISING. IF YOU OUGHT TO ADVERTISE, call on VERTISSE anything, any where, at anytime, write to Geo. P. ROWELL & Co., No. 10 Spruce street, New York.

SEATING FOR SALE Cheap. Parties looking for seating for new halls or public rooms, call on TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE. HALLETT, DAVIS & CO., Square Place, 74 octavo; four round corners. Cost \$600.00, only a short time in use; must be sold. Price, \$250.00.—Flood & Sons, 33 King street.

GOSTUMES, SPRINGS, WHISKERS.—A. L. King, St. John, N. B., has the largest and best assortment of the above in the Maritime Provinces, which can be hired for Parties, Carnivals, Theatres, Concerts, etc., at right prices. dec27

EVERY WEEK THERE ARE BRIGHT boys in towns and villages where we have no agencies, sending to secure the right to sell Progress. There are scores of small places where the people would be glad to take Progress every week, if any boy could be found who would deliver it, and collect the money. There is enjoyment in it for them, and money for the boys.

LAMP BURNER.—LAMBERTSON'S safety Lamp Burner, which I have been selling for years, is the most perfect, and most satisfactory article for agents to handle. Send 45 cents for pretty sample Burner, descriptive circular, and testimonials.—A. L. SPRINGS, Wholesale and Retail Agent for Maritime Provinces, Balmoral Hotel 10 King St., St. John, N. B.

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or Transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street.—Mrs. McLENNAN. May2.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE; situated at Rothesay, 20 minutes walk from Station. For sale, or to let for the summer. Just the place to spend a summer holiday. Two minutes walk from Kennedys; plenty of ground. House in good repair; heat attached.—Apply, for particulars, at Progress Office.

SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUCTOUCHE, Hopewell, Salisbury, Harringtonville, Harvey, Chancery, Grand Falls, Upper Woodstock, Presque Isle, Carleton, Fort Smith, Edmondston, Weymouth, and scores of other places should each have a boy willing to make money. He can do it easily by selling Progress. Splendid profit and little work.—address for information, Circulation Dept. Progress St. John N. B.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS who know of bright boys who would not object to making some money for themselves, or keeping their parents, by two or three hours work every Saturday, in our towns and villages in the Maritime provinces, where Progress is not for sale at present, can learn of some of the advantages of writing to Progress "Circulation Department," St. John, N. B.

FIVE LINES IN THIS COLUMN cost 25 cents each for one insertion—41 for one month. If you have anything to sell that any person wants, you cannot do better than say so here.

PHOTO. OF QUEEN VICTORIA, cabinet size, cheaply bound. Sent by mail for \$1. in coin or stamps.—H. V. MORAN & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

CANNED 1400 Cases
Salmon.
Lobsters.
Oysters.
Corn.
Tomatoes.
Peas.
Peaches.

In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices.
JOSEPH FINLEY,
65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

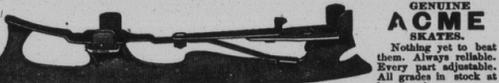
DROP

IN if you have time. If you havn't time, make time anyway, to see our stock of FALL SUITINGS AND WINTER GOODS, an elegant line. Fancy Stuffs if you want a pretty Suit. Our OVERCOATINGS are all New Styles and Goods.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

47 and 51 KING STREET.

SEASONABLE! MEAT CHOPPERS
Are now in demand.
THE ENTERPRISE CHOPPERS
Are still unrivalled. They do not grind or tear the meat, but CHOP it.



T. MCMAVITY & SONS, - - 13 and 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

COAL VASES AND FIRE IRONS

WE have recently opened a very fine assortment of above goods in New and Handsome Styles AND AT PRICES Lower than Usual. We invite attention to the same, also to our very large stock of Seasonable Goods, in Fire and Nursery Guards, Ash Sifters and Barrels, Coal Hods, Shovels, &c.

Emerson & Fisher, 75 to 79 Prince William street.

P. S.—Have you seen the New Steel Kitchen-ware—Everlasting, Unbreakable. If not, it will pay you to do so.

Ladies' Furs SEAL GARMENTS, Shoulder Capes, Etc.
Finished up in the most approved style for the season, 1891-2. In expectation invited.

THORNE BROS., - 93 KING ST.

CALL IN AND SEE OUR Children's Black Boards and Desks

Combined, at \$1.25 each, AND

When you see the prices and other goods you will be satisfied that you cannot do better than buy your FURNITURE from EVERETT & MILLER, 13 WATERLOO STREET.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TONIGHT?

TO KERR'S! WHAT KERR'S? KERR'S ICE CREAM PARLORS, ON KING STREET, HE MAKES DELICIOUS ICE CREAM AND ICE CREAM SODA.

TALK OF

Probably I am one of the 85 French novelists, sentiment and accordance with the French nation ing to another portrayal of Paris tion of things w of that nation, f age of 25 parents, it of the li exist only in enormous power their basliak who, when be health comes as poverty stri Pearl dying in a starvation after cost many one poor young the class and use was virtu Bavaria, but wh paper indop another. Heart making the affect net to entrap th variably to find their conduct their own lives ever, the habits faithfully sketch ellias," it dram an act of astonia sacrificing affect with the nature anco with the co The sentimental to Dumas, Cami relinquishes at love, and all her imagination. C thisles. It is that true episode having spent you he besought a necessity and himself in her p ment was that b Starting thus, w drama's force o its contract w worked out to a tragic, deathbed it is invested, w be that as a m in correctio the sentimental tinuous, involu is sustained up strong, it is piet sadness and gl quence of the sp an early death re self sacrifice, to cast a glamor the canker wors on this account Taken individ mand Duval is o of Camille's t his insult of Cam is not so conspic of La Traviata. The acting of w was admirable, in view. Miss dar leading role shi attention to detai like, and, in the natural and art a coquette. the human-ich bred lady parisons are Clara Morris is role Miss Morris been that of Ri the death bed co same to any one the great Picoe the case of Miss due to physical short in the role gifted as She is emphatic that quality she representations those types of and mothers of be proud, and a grace of her pear to be in syrivity and reek she undertakes to ill. The part of unreasoning jeal passion was w Gossin, althoug little within the of tearing a pas Rowley is worth for an artistic delicate touches has treated all hi speak him, a com ment and taste. Varville of Ver nearest to nature preed the role becoming dign it an excellent fo in the play. A feeling pervaded tave. As Madame B was vivacious, ch Nanette of Miss Maude Hunter p cautious fidelity. It seems to me negligent in my d all carrying out my scrap book m over two months of addressing you Athene—Boston. Everything in

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARVER, Editor. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Atlantic Building, 100 Grand street, St. John, N. B.

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Discontinuance.—Except in very few localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of three cents per copy up to February 1, and five cents per copy after that date.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Unless this is done they are quite sure of being overlooked.

The circulation of this paper is over 3,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns, and villages of the Maritimes.

Liberal Committees will be given to agents for subscriptions. Good news, with references, can secure territory, by writing to the publisher.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to

EDWARD S. CARVER, Publisher and Proprietor.

SIXTEEN PAGES. CIRCULATION, - - 10,200

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES BUILDING, GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 14.

THE BICYCLE IN WAR.

The war departments of nearly every European country have, after considerable experiment, decided to use the bicycle as a part of the equipment of every army.

BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET.

Since one of the old English kings made war on France, because the sovereign of that country made fun of his complicity, there has been nothing so droll as the prosecution in Germany of those who joke about the Kaiser's whiskers.

ing. The truth seems to be that the efforts of his royal ribs of Germany to grow a beard have been a melancholy failure, and the man who has only to lift his hand in order to make nations tremble, finds himself compelled to gaze in the mirror upon a straggling growth of hair on that portion of his countenance where his angust father and illustrious grandfather had magnificent hirsute appendages.

MEN AND THINGS.

It is said that NAPOLEON only smoked once. He made a good deal of it, for all that.

What a wonderful man this CORSIKIAN was! Even today no one pretends to understand him. His egotism was sublime. His speeches and letters of the period of his Egyptian campaign clearly indicate that he considered himself more than human.

It is the BUONAPARTE family had been as prolific as the royal family of England, and had transmitted the peculiarities of their ancestor as the GULPH characteristics are presented in the queen's family, the world would have been too small for them.

Speaking of royalties, it may be mentioned that the Czar, though a very objectionable ruler in many respects, is an exemplary family man. This may be greatly to his credit; but in view of the fact that he has to go around like a hen on a hot griddle for fear of stripping on dynamite, possibly it is not much to brag about.

Kings naturally suggest knaves, and of the latter a fair sample are the officers of the Louisiana lottery, who are being indicted up in Dakota for making an improper use of the mails. This is a mild offence to be charged against such conspicuous offenders. But the law is not always framed so that the punishment fits the crime.

For example, in 1866 the fenians were at Calais, as everybody knows, and our volunteers were out. In St. Stephen Col. INCHES was in command, and a fine soldierly fellow he was. Well, it happened one day that DORAN B. KILLIAN and two of his aids came over from the fenian headquarters, marched up to the volunteer barracks and looked the premises over with delightful sang froid.

From diamonds to clubs, and this recalls Cork and the faction fights, by which the Irish are trying to show how unfit they are for home rule.

ing in the motherland will sorely try that good old ship—the British constitution.

AN ENVIED MORTAL.

A Correspondent's Idea of the Man With the Blue Pencil.

Society correspondents seem to have an idea that the dead-man who "goes through" his matter before it reaches the printers, is a vicious individual with a cynical leer, who is never known to laugh, but takes a scendish delight in cutting out adjectives and "very important news."

Although the dead man is well aware that this impression of him prevails, it is somewhat novel to learn that he is an envied mortal. An extract from one of this week's letters leaves this impression:

How nice it must be to be an editor. It is no pleasant to have one's own way, and to be monarch of all we survey! A perfect autocrat, as it were, he speaks, and it is done! He has such a nice time, and it is done!

GOOD ENOUGH TO PRINT.

A Petitcodiac Magistrate Demands Respect for His Court.

Just twenty-two miles from Moncton or about 66 or 67 miles from St. John is located the well-known village of Petitcodiac.

The short serial story, "The Hermit's Pond," in the October number of the Boy's Own, published in London, is from the pen of C. H. Lugin, one of whose adventure stories was also published in Golden Days during September.

brooded so consciously over his vanished fortune that his mind and body became a wreck.—Glasgow Mercury.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

That thorough family favorite the Youth's Companion comes to us again in magnificent premium form and with its programme for the year of 1892.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Some More Reasons for Pro-Progress.

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I very much admired the principle upon which you discussed the pronunciation of the title of your paper in a recent issue.—Call me what you like, but call me not late to dinner.

Thanksgiving Day, 1891. By God preserved, this favored land, Shows bonanzas store on every hand, Its garners full, mid peace, content, And blessings great, in goodness sent, For which we praise His holy name; Who ever was and is the same Kind Father, Fried, Redeemer, Lord, By men and angel hosts adored. Feb.

"Faithful unto Death." Words carved on the Frederic Young monument on King Square. Carven upon the pannelled stone, I saw these words one day, "Faithful unto death!" I read. Then went my onward way; But I thought as I read them there, The half has not been told, That might be said of this noble youth, So generous, brave, so bold.

A Great Sale. It is very seldom that a patent medicine gets into such favor with the public as speedily as did Ale and Beef Peptonized. The company recognized from the start the valuable medium for reaching the public in the shape of PROGRESS, and has patronized us liberally.

Here is a Great Chance. Douglas McArthur has one of the best stocked bookstores in the city, and at holiday times it is always crowded. He is now having a cheap sale of goods, and those who want to get bargains for Christmas in the way of books, booklets, cards or handsome plush goods, should stroll into his King street store and look around them.

HE WOULD NOT SMOKE. The Taming of a Wild-Brew Your Own Home, Reader.

The Sardinian peasants are fond of a joke, if their jokes are not always of the kindest. Here is a story, modern at least in its present form, of the taming of a slave. It is entitled "The Girl Who Did Not Like Smoke."

There was once a priest who had a niece who was resolved not to marry. Often she was asked, but she would not listen, for she had got it into her head that she would not have a man who smoked. Finally a young fellow came and asked for her hand. Her uncle said to her: "Do you smoke?" "Yes, sir," he replied. "Then my niece will refuse you, for she will not have any one who smokes." But the suitor said: "Is that all? I'll let the smoking alone."

A Man of Principle Bet. There is still a good deal of conversation in many countries on the subject of gambling, particularly in Great Britain, where betting is a serious danger to the happiness and stability of families.

An anecdote in point was related the other day by the Times. Lord Falmouth, a noted breeder of race-horses, made a bet of sixpence with his trainer that a certain horse would win a certain race.

There was a lecture at one of the chapels in Pawtucket recently. The tickets for the occasion were gotten up in a hurry, and read as follows: LECTURE ON POOLS. ADMIT ONE. Providence Journal.

THE BUTLER'S TRICK. HAYLOCK. Nov. 11.—Mr. and Mrs. B. N. Hughes left for Fredericton last week visiting friends. They will return in about a month.

Messrs. J. A. McQueen, M. P. P., of Dorchester, Judge Emmerson and W. W. Price of Petitcodiac, visited our town last Tuesday and it is reported that they have bought the famous mineral spring of Haylock.

Nov. 11.—Miss Alice Gibson spent a few days in St. John last week. She returned on Saturday. The families of Mr. W. T. Day and Mr. Jas. Gibson are, I am sorry to say, suffering from that dread disease, scarlet fever. I hope that it may prove a light attack, and the little ones will soon be able to amuse their playmates again.

CARRIER PIGEONS IN FRANCE. They are an Numerous and Important part of the Government Mail With Them.

They French Government is shortly going to submit to parliament a law on the subject of the numerous societies existing in this country for the purpose of carrier pigeons flying, says a Paris correspondent.

Public opinion also is in favor of the legislation proposed, and a more severe regulation on the question will not be unpopular. Of late years numerous pigeon flying societies have been formed, the members being private individuals who possess carrier pigeons, which they make undergo a special training in view of entering them in races.

The administration at the present time does not completely overlook the subject, as by a decree of September, 1886, an act was passed which carried out each commune by the mayor, and was ordained with the idea of ascertaining the number of pigeons in the country, so that the military authorities might have sufficient at their disposal in case need of them might arise.

An Unexpected Solution. At a Sunday school service a clergyman was explaining to a number of little urchins the necessity of christian piety in order properly to enjoy the blessings of Providence in this world, and to make it apparent to the youthful mind, he said:

At a Sunday school service a clergyman was explaining to a number of little urchins the necessity of christian piety in order properly to enjoy the blessings of Providence in this world, and to make it apparent to the youthful mind, he said:

Why He Disliked Ostriches. A naturalist once had a baboon that was trained to act as a sort of watch-dog in his house in Egypt. The monkey was very fond of dozing in the sun, and some straw on the top of the wall. Among the animals in the establishment were a few ostriches. This bird, as you are aware, is a most inquisitive creature. Now, as fate would have it, an ostrich came along one day as the baboon was sleeping, and espied its tail hanging over the wall. Thinking it a bell-pull, it gave it a good tug with its strong beak. At this outrage the monkey awoke as angry as it could be, and, in the twinkling of an eye, slipped from beneath its counterpart of straw, seized the intruder by the neck, and gave it a sound thrashing. Not content with that, the baboon was made to look with the slightest favor upon ostriches.—Little Folks.

WA Takes Little AS HE SHERA 38 K PU BOOK We have New Good BOOKLETS, XMAS Collar and Cuff Decks, BOOKS FOR OLD This is D. McARTHUR

WASH WITH IDEAL SOAP.

Wash everything. It cleans easily and thoroughly. Makes a complete job of anything it touches. It washes one thing as well as another, and does it WELL.

Takes Little Labor and Time.

ASK Your Grocer for it. If he offers you a substitute, tell him you did not come to him for advice but for Ideal Soap. You'll get it if you ask for it that way. There's no substitute; you'll say so after using it.

HEATING STOVES



The Gold Mine,
The Prime,
The Dane,
The Fire King,
The Jewel Star,
The New Silver Moon,
The Radiant Oak,

And a number of others—all first class. COAL BODS from 25 cents upwards; FIRE SETS, FIRE SHOVELS, STOVE BOARDS, ETC.

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BOOKLETS, XMAS CARDS, FANCY GOODS, ALBUMS, PURSES, PORTFOLIOS,

Collar and Cuff Boxes, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Cigar Cases, Writing Desks, Bibles, Jewel Cases; Children's Books, 100 varieties.

BOOKS FOR OLD AND YOUNG. MANY LINES AT LESS THAN HALF PRICE.

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D. McARTHUR, Bookseller, 80 KING STREET.

The MOST PERFECT PIANO MADE

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AGENTS FOR THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

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Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters are highly recommended for Billiousness, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, or any disease arising from bad digestion.

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FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE
CURES
Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs, Splints, Sprains, Swellings, Bruises, Slips and Stiff Joints on Horses.

Numerous testimonials certify to the wonderful efficacy of this great remedy; and every day brings fresh testimony from horsemen in all parts of the country, proving that FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE is without a rival in all cases of Lameness in Horses for which it is prescribed.

PRICE 50 CENTS.



On Friday last a most enjoyable whist party was given by Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Lee, at their residence, Coburg street. The guests numbered sufficient for eight tables. Very interesting rubbers were played, at the close of which prizes, consisting of silver sovereign spoons, china, etc., were presented to the winners. After the whist the party were given a most elegant supper, the floral decorations and rich table appointments being much admired. Among the guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. George F. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Hanson, Miss Bayard, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Miss Helen Smith, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. O'Brien, Mr. W. H. Thorne, Mr. Arthur Hamard (Esq.), Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Simonds, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Boyd, Miss Devereux, Judge and Mrs. Tuck, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Macdonald, Dr. and Mrs. Holden, Mr. and Mrs. James Howatt.

Miss Ethel Hazen is the guest of Mrs. Hurd Peters, Charles street. Mr. H. A. K. Drury left this week for Kingston, Ontario, to visit his sister, Mrs. Fortson. On his return he will eventually make Kingston his home, taking a position on the C. P. R. Miss Pauline Beard is home again from New York, where she has been confined to her residence, Coburg street, through illness. The Mission house in connection with the Mission chapel, and occupied by Sisters Paula and Eunice, was blessed and dedicated by special services on Wednesday morning, consisting of an early celebration at eight o'clock, and at eleven (in the presence of the sisters and a few friends) presided by Rev. Mr. Gear. The ceremony, recited, dispensation, all the duties were in turn visited, the procession being headed by a cross bearer and two of the choir boys. After the religious services were concluded, refreshments were served in the refectory. The interior arrangements of the Mission house are most complete and every thing necessary provided. The oratory is well finished and includes an altar properly veiled.

Mrs. George E. McLeod has returned home after several weeks visit to Kingston, Ont. The young people will be glad to hear that it has been decided by Col. Armstrong and officers of the artillery to give a ball either the end of this month or the beginning of next. Miss Morley, who resides with Mrs. Wm. Devereux at Woodstock, arrived in the city on Wednesday to be present at the home of Mrs. Devereux. A party of young people, chartered by Mrs. Fred Snyre, enjoyed a picnic at Robeson on Thanksgiving day. Mrs. James E. Ruel leaves for Nassau on Monday next; her son, Fred, accompanied her as far as New York.

By the death of Mr. Thomas Morley which occurred on Tuesday last at his residence, Coburg street, St. John, has lost the most able and finished musician it has ever had. Engaged by the late organist to succeed the position of private organist to one of England's noblemen, and since his arrival in this city in 1871, he did duty in the Mission chapel. Though most advantageous appointments have been offered him in the States, he remained faithful to his kind friend, Rev. J. M. Davenport, until death some months ago compelled him to give up teaching, and his second wife, Mrs. Morley was twice married, and his second wife survived him. By his first wife he leaves a grown up family, and by his second two small children. His remains were interred on Thursday, when a very solemn service was held in the Mission chapel. Mrs. George Hare left for Boston this week to visit her sister, Mrs. Milner, who is very seriously ill. Miss Drury, who on the morning of the colic had lost a hand on her mare, containing upwards of \$1,000, has not recovered it yet. Miss Shaford returned this week to her home at Halifax. Miss Fowry, of Fredericton, spent this week with Mrs. W. B. Robertson, Broad street.

Dr. G. A. B. Addy has been appointed resident physician at the General Public Hospital. Mr. and Mrs. Howe Allen, of this city, left for New York on Thursday, there to remain a few weeks with their son, Mr. Allen. Mrs. Allen tends to visit Boston before returning, and will probably be away till after Christmas.

Miss Helen Barker left for Boston and New York Monday last for a visit. Mrs. Bartlett still continues very ill at her residence in Hampton. Miss Kate Bartlett has given up her school for a few days until her mother is out of danger.

The many friends of Mr. W. P. Dole will be sorry to hear that he is confined to his bed, having broken his leg by a fall on King street last Saturday evening.

Quite a number of ladies have gone to Boston to attend the W. C. T. U. Among those who passed through this city on their way to the States, were the Rev. J. E. Masters, and Mrs. T. C. Wilbur, of Moncton. The convention opened on the 13th, and continues until the 16th.

Rev. Dr. Macrae has gone to Charlottetown, where he will lecture, will be in the vestry of the charges of Rev. Mr. Carruthers of Charlottetown, during his absence.

Rev. Ralph Becken lectured in Carmarthen street Methodist church Monday evening on "Cautions and customs in Holy Land." He illustrated his lectures by exhibiting his costumes in use there.

Rev. Geo. Bruce spent Sunday in Halifax, where he preached both morning and evening, at the anniversary service, at Park street Presbyterian church. He returned home Monday evening. Rev. James Anderson will give instruction in music to the public school on Tuesday on his way to Fredericton, after having been in Moncton looking at the public schools.

Wm. Vaughan passed through the city Tuesday on his way home to Vancouver, B. C. Mr. Fred Whipple is in the city for a few days.

Mr. John Stammers, of Manchester, Robertson & Allison's employ, has secured two months leave of absence and will leave for Halifax Sunday morning en route for York Island. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Benj. Stammers and daughter who will spend the winter there.

Mr. J. A. Martin and J. W. Foster, of Portland, Oregon, are in the city, after a number of years absence. Many will remember that Miss Stephen whose home was in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Martin will visit friends in this province and also P. E. I. before returning home.

Miss Fenety, of Fredericton, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. E. S. Carter, returned home Wednesday accompanied by Mrs. Carter who will spend Thanksgiving at her former home.

Among the visitors in the city this week were Mrs. P. S. Archibald and Miss Lindsay, of Moncton. The many friends of Rev. D. D. Moore in this city will be pleased to know that he has sent a number of copies to his father in Charlottetown. Among the collection is an opium pipe over a hundred years old.

Bishop Kingdon was in the city this week. Miss Alice Connell, of Woodstock, is visiting friends here. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beckwith were in the city this week. Mr. M. McDade has returned from his lengthy stay in Halifax. Mr. Frank Paries left Wednesday morning on a business trip to Yarmouth and other points in Nova Scotia. He will probably be away two or three weeks. Miss Bessie Salter, of Hantsport, who has been visiting friends in this city for the past three weeks, left by boat for New York Thursday, where she will visit her brother, Capt. Rupert Salter, of the barque *Stratford*. Mrs. Flagler gave a children's party Friday evening last. About 40 little ones enjoyed her hospitality. Mrs. Mitchell goes to Moncton in a few days, where she will visit her son. Mrs. Capt. Thomas who arrived home from Boston recently is quite ill at her residence. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. I. W. Foster, of Seattle, were a very pleasant literary evening to a number of their friends Wednesday evening. Shakespeare was the poet, and no mean dramatic skill was displayed by the ladies and gentlemen who took part. Dr. and Mrs. Berry have gone to New York where they will remain for some time. Mayor and Mrs. F. W. Sumner, of Moncton, passed through this city on their way home about trip to New York. Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Foster, of Seattle, are here spending Thanksgiving with friends. Capt. Wright, of Moncton, spent a few days in the city this week. The Bally Hooly Social and Literary club held a

Macaulay Bros. & Co.

61 and 63 KING STREET.

Men's London Made CLOTH AND CASHMERE DRESSING GOWNS

AND **SMOKING JACKETS**

All Elegant New Designs of Material. A few Extra Fine Dressing Gowns, suitable for Presentation.

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AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Peri, Vesta, NEW SILVER MOON, TROPIC, ORIENT FRANKLINS



Other First-Class Heating Stoves, at Kitchen Furnishing DEPOT, 90 CHARLOTTE ST., COLES, PARSONS & SHARP.

99c. \$1.50

Men's Balmorals, 99 cents
Boy's Balmorals, 99 " Men's Fine Buff Balmorals, Tap Sole Toe Tip, \$1.50
Youth's Balmorals, 99 " Boys' Buff Balmorals, very Stylish, \$1.50
Ladies' Button Boots, 99 " Boy's Heavy Grain Bals, 1.25
Misses' Button Boots, 99 " THESE ARE ALL BARGAINS.

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WARM ENOUGH!

WE'VE A LOT OF STOVES to be sold. Hall Stoves, Parlor Stoves, Ranges and Cooking Stoves, and Stoves of every description. We're bound to make it warm for you if you wish it. The stoves we offer are good cookers and good heaters. We're bound to sell if LOW PRICES will do it. See if we don't!

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MASONIC BUILDING.

Can be BLACK ASTRACKANS.

CHEVIOT DRESS SERGES, In Navy, Black, Seal and Cardinal.

had WALE JACKET CLOTHS,

Navy and Black.

from us Homespun Dress Stuffs.

BLACK AND STEEL GIMPS.

Daniel & Robertson, - London House Retail.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

MONCTON.

[Progress for sale in Moncton at the book store of W. W. Black and W. H. Murray, Main street.]
Nov. 11.—I wonder how it is that people seem to get religious towards the autumn? I don't remember ever having spoken of this matter before, but I have given it a good deal of thought...

Nov. 11.—A pleasant order of roast turkey, mince pie and Thanksgiving other persons...
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ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

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[Progress for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of C. F. Trevelyan.]
Nov. 11.—A pleasant order of roast turkey, mince pie and Thanksgiving other persons...

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CHATHAM.

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[Progress for sale in Chatham at Edward John's bookstore.]
Nov. 11.—The lake in the vicinity of the town presented an unusual scene of autumnal beauty...

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DOUGHERTY.

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[Progress for sale in Doughesty at the book store of C. F. Trevelyan.]
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Do You Want Anything NICE DRIVING CARRIAGE.

If you do, write to the undersigned and they will be pleased to give you every information.



JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Manufacturers of Fine Carriages, Sleighs, and Horses, FREDERICTON.

NEW PATTERNS IN JEWELRY!

Some Choice Things in Jewelry. A nice assortment of Fancy Goods, in Silver Tipped Memo. Books, Skirt Holders, Chatelaine Spectacle Cases, Pocket Books. Some very pretty patterns in New Clocks; at Low Prices.

T. L. COUGHLAN, JEWELER'S HALL, 28 KING STREET.

"ADVANCE"

The new and best thing in Rubbers, manufactured by the Woonsocket Rubber Co., Providence, R. I. For sale Wholesale at lowest Boston prices with duty added.

L. HIGGINS & CO.

Full Line of Rubber Footwear always in stock, at lowest Wholesale prices.—L. H. & CO.

HILLSBORO.

Nov. 9.—Mr. H. A. Powell, M. P. F., of Sackville, spent Saturday in our fair village...

ST. MARTIN'S.

[Progress for sale at St. Martin's by C. C. Cochran.]
Nov. 9.—Rev. I. N. Parker, of Courtenay Bay, exchanged pulpits on Saturday...

ANDOVER.

Nov. 11.—About eight o'clock Wednesday evening a merry party of youths and maidens wended their way up the hill towards the residence of Mr. Charles Miles...

ROXBORO.

Nov. 11.—Capt. Robert Stewart is visiting our town after an absence of over thirty years...

GREENWICH.

Nov. 10.—Mr. Albert McKel, left on Monday for the United States. He will spend the winter in New Hampshire...

Nov. 10.—Mr. Joseph Richards and his family left for Edmondston on Monday. They took the steamer to St. John and proceeded from there by train...

Melissa Rainproof Coats. ARE THE MOST Healthy, Comfortable AND Agreeable.

No better value can be had for money. The Melissa Manufacturing Co., Montreal.

Vertical advertisement on the left edge containing various product names and promotional text.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1891.

THE CHAIR OF ST. PETER.

SENTIMENT STRONGLY OPPOSED TO THE POPE LEAVING ROME.

If Italy Coerced Him, Other Catholic Powers Would Come to His Support—Views of Clerics and Laymen on the Present Crisis.

It is not an exaggeration to say that for the past two months the entire Roman Catholic communion in all parts of the world has been in tribulation regarding the political situation of the pope. Since the lamentable fracas between the French pilgrims to the vatican and anti-papal Roman mob, it seems as if all the old grievances and asperities, which time had almost worn into historic recollections, had gained new and harsher reality than ever. The old question as to whether the pope should leave the eternal city and establish the chair of St. Peter in some near resting place is again discussed, and in very high quarters. There are even those who argue that he should make his headquarters in the United States, arguing that under the absolute religious freedom of this country the head of the Roman Catholic church

deliberations of a conclave. Then there is France. Hostile to Italy as she is, and profoundly Catholic as I believe her people are, is it likely she would permit the Piedmontese usurper to control the election of a pontiff who would be the ultimate religious guide and head of her own people? Perhaps you are aware, too, that of the Italian people seventy per cent. of the



DAVID J. MERRICK.

men and ninety per cent. of the women are practical Catholics."

"Then why do they permit anti-papal measures to be enforced?"

"Because there is no real political freedom in Italy. The senate is appointed by the king, who would stop all legislation that was even fair to the church, and the test oaths are such that even devout Catholics cannot consistently with their consciences enter even the lower house. It may be said that Catholics who are faithful to the church are politically disfranchised in Italy."

"Where could the Pope go if he left Rome?"

"Where indeed? He could not go back to Avignon as he did in the fourteenth century. That would be a sad anachronism. The French people, of course, would not surrender temporal rulership of the city to him so how would he be better off than in Rome? The same may be said of Austria or Spain. He does not want to leave Rome to become subject to some new potentate. Malta, under an English protectorate, has been spoken of. Could anything be more absurd than the Pope the vassal of a heretical monarch?"

"And the United States," I suggested.

"Oh, that is what that western gentleman—Mr. Ingalls, I believe—would call an



POPE LEO XIII.

would find himself freer from political intrigue and political domination than in any other part of the world.

The balance of Roman Catholic opinion, however, is strongly opposed to the pope leaving Rome except under absolute compulsion by the Italian government. Rome is not only his immemorial home, they say, but also his proper titular and hierarchical residence. He is the bishop of Rome. To this end, therefore, all the myriads of prayers and masses which are daily offered up in the Roman Catholic churches all over this country are directed, first, that Providence may protect the pope in his tenure of the Vatican, and secondly that it may so direct events that the government of King Humbert may abandon Rome and the Campagna, and the temporal power of the Pontiff may be restored, no matter how circumscribed his territory may be.

I had a talk with one of the high dignitaries of the Roman Catholic church a day or two ago, in which he gave me a comprehensive view of the situation. I am not allowed to reveal his name; but I may say that he does not rank much below the archbishop in information and understanding of church affairs.

"I regard the incident of the pilgrims as of secondary importance, intrinsically," said he. "It has attracted attention chiefly as showing the peril and mortification by which the Pope is surrounded. The most serious element in the present situation is the declining health of his holiness, Leo XIII. It is a wonder and a mercy that he



PROF. MICHAEL WALSH, LL.D., PH.D.

has been spared so long, but it is not in the nature of things that he should hold out much longer. Now, in the event of his death, the holding of the conclave for the election of a new Pope under the domination of the Italian crown and its infidel ministers might be a most serious matter."

"But was not Leo himself elected after the fall of the temporal power?" I asked.

"Yes, he was," was the reply, "but the power of Italy was then much less consolidated than it is now. The occupation was a new thing and the government was anxious to show a conservative spirit."

"But I saw in the cable despatches lately that Austria had demanded guarantees of non-interference in case the conclave were held in Rome."

"Yes, and you saw that Italy gave them—reluctantly."

"Then do you think the pope will be compelled to change the location of the holy see before his death in order to secure the independence of the conclave?"

"Well, hardly that. We all pray that he may not. But let me explain the situation a little. Besides Italy it may be said there are only two formidable Catholic powers in Europe—France and Austria. Austria is very profoundly Catholic. Both her sovereigns and her people are devoted to the faith. But she is Italy's ally. You observe that in all the war rumors we find the triple alliance of Austria, Germany and Italy against France and Russia. Is it not likely then that for the present the protection of Austria would hold King Humbert's government in check as respects the



THOMAS J. DACEY.

irridescence dream. No, there is only one solution. The Pope, like his Master, must bear his cross until it comes into the inscrutable designs of providence to lift the yoke of persecution from the church."

To see how far the opinions stated above coincided with those of other leading Catholics in New York, I called on several, both clerics and laymen. I found them all generally agreed. Among those with whom I talked was Mr. John M. Farley, a member of the archbishop's council. He is private secretary of Cardinal McCloskey. He is, besides, rector of St. Gabriel's parish and vicar general of the diocese. When I called on him, he said:

"Nothing is certain in the matter of the pope leaving Rome at present. The situation is a most unhappy one, but neither Leo XIII. nor his successors will ever leave the holy see without a desperate struggle, in which the moral aid of all Christendom will be invoked. The place of the church's head is in Rome, and I do not believe King Humbert himself would venture to withdraw the guarantees which protect the Vatican."

Mr. Michael Walsh, editor of the Sunday Democrat, a leading Catholic organ, said: "Rome is in a constant ferment. The people of all Italy are in a most unhappy state. They are loaded down with taxation to keep up a big army and navy to gratify the Sardinian pride. This year's crops have



MR. JOHN M. FARLEY.

failed, and the people are desperate. Just think of it, the taxes range from \$28 to \$30 per capita. The city of Rome is crowded with half-starving peasants from the agricultural districts. The streets are thronged with a mob which is ready for any desperate work. King Humbert is beginning to find out that his and his government have made many

mistakes. They are not anxious to persecute the pope at this time I believe. They are taking such precautions as they can to maintain themselves where they are. They dare not brave the possibility of foreign intervention in the papal question. It might end in the evacuation of Rome. If the situation is precipitated, I believe it will not be by the government but by the mob, frenzied with the results of bad rule. It is true that a portion of the populace of Rome is on the verge of pillage or massacre."

"You spoke of foreign intervention."

"Yes. If King Humbert could endeavor to force a climax, the first to interfere would be the Emperor of Germany. His mother has just given \$25,000 to a Catholic church in Berlin, and it is even whispered that the empress is a Catholic. Then France, Austria, Spain and the minor Catholic powers would not permit any further aggression on the papal independence."

Father T. J. Ducey, of St. Leo's, is in constant receipt of advices from friends in the American college in Rome. He compared the state of the city to that of a cauldron ready to erupt at any moment. But he did not think it was the policy of the Italian government to precipitate a crisis. Its plan had always been to sequester the pope, and abolish the law of guarantee by imperceptible degrees. The diplomatic situation of Europe at present was such that Italy dare not incur the risk of open foreign interference."

The Rev. A. Merrick, of the Jesuit college, held practically similar views. He thought that any coercion sufficient to make it necessary for the pope to leave Rome would at once bring active remonstrances from all the leading powers of the world. Other priests and laymen with whom I talked took the same view of the situation.

STONE FIGHTS IN COREA.

How the Mob Attacks Each Other and the Spectators Cheer Them On.

The Korean correspondent of a Japan paper gives an account of a curious popular practice in Corea. Kite-flying, which is universal in that country, ceases suddenly on the 15th of the first Korean month, and the next day stone fights take its place as the chief public amusement. In the eastern part of Seoul, the capital, there are large open spaces that have not been built upon, and here occur the most serious and interesting fights. One section of the city is pitted against another, but any one can take a hand on either side at pleasure. There are no recognized leaders, but the mass of fighters readily follows the lead of any one who shows himself to be a little more reckless than the rest. Two mobs, consisting of 50, 70, or 100 men each, are drawn up against each other, with an interval of perhaps 50 yards between them. There is an incessant shower of stones, and each man's business is to hit as many men as he can, and especially to avoid all the stones directed at him. From 10 to 20 men on each side are armed with stout clubs, and wear thick coats of mail. These form the skirmishing line. They rally out from their respective sides, and, meeting in mad career, strike out viciously at each other's heads, each holding up his cloak with his left hand as a shield to ward off the blows of his adversary. After the club fight has lasted about 30 seconds, one of the combatants begins to give way, which is the signal for a rush of the others. Almost invariably the other side breaks and runs, and sometimes are chased into their houses, but generally some of the pursuing party press too closely upon the fugitives. Then the latter suddenly turn around and begin to throw blows, which check the pursuers, and in second the tables are turned, and those who a moment ago were flushed with victory are now in full flight with their enemies. Thus the battle goes back and forth across the fields, while the neighboring embankments are crowded with spectators. The effect of the thundering cheers upon the combatants is marvellous. They charge upon each other as if in actual battle, and show what would be bravery if exerted in some useful cause. Near the river are numerous villages numbering from 100 to 500 houses each. They are situated along the banks at intervals of about half a mile. These keep up a continual series of fights among themselves during the season, one village being arrayed against another. The defeated party fly across the marshy fields to their own villages, and the victors, who enter after them, seizing anything on which they can lay their hands—iron, files, doors—to mark their victory. Then the whole village rises against the invaders, and they fly, glad if they can get back without broken heads. The first stone fight of the present season was rather more disastrous than usual. It is reported that six men were killed; but this is probably an exaggeration. A company of soldiers was ordered out to stop it, which they found some difficulty in doing, even with fixed bayonets.

CHINA AND OPIUM.

According to Dr. Watt, the practice of opium-smoking is first heard of in China as late as 1712. The habit was a fresh grief to the Confucian mind, already shocked by the quick development of tobacco-taking. Edict after edict was issued by the Imperial government, edicts inspired by the same feeling and achieving the same effect as good King James's "Counterblast" a century before. The battle endured for more than a hundred years. Death is the penalty for every person (except the smokers) taking part in the opium traffic; but the cultivation of the poppy spreads rapidly through the empire, while the import gradually but steadily increases. Up to 1781 the foreign trade is in the hands of Portuguese or English merchants; but in that year the East India company takes it over from the private traders, and there with the control of Indian poppy culture from the Moghul rulers of Bengal. In 1790 the Chinese imperial government issues fresh edicts against opium, and in 1800 forbids its importation; and then begins the smuggling period that ended in the war of 1841.

SKIN GRAFTING.

A Few Hints as to the Possibilities of the New Operation.

A remarkable thing about the new surgical operation known as skin grafting is said to be that the person operated on develops some of the characteristics of the person who furnishes the skin.

For example, a Philadelphia man who had very little hair on his body received a graft from a person with a great deal of hair. His new skin was covered with a much thicker growth of hair than his old. A New York charity patient received

VIEW THESE REMARKS CONCERNING PEPTONIZED ALE AND BEEF,

FROM THE WIFE OF THE COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS, HALIFAX, N.S.

DEAR SIR: Your Peptonized Ale and Beef has been of such benefit to me that I can recommend it as a most valuable tonic.

MRS. W. D. HARRINGTON. HALIFAX HOTEL, Nov. 3, 1891.

Could anything be more convincing of the merits of Ale and Beef Peptonized.

A RUSSIAN PRISON.

A Horrible Place Where the Enemies of the Government Live and Die.

Some fifty miles from St. Petersburg, upon the Lake of Ladoga, there is a small granite island entirely occupied by a fortress. It is Schlusseeburg, the dreadful prison of state, worse than the French Bastille, worse than the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul with its Troubetzkoi and Alenevsky ravens and its underground cells. The most resolute of the revolutionists, men and women who have taken part in actual conspiracies, whom it is not considered safe to keep in the fortress of Peter and Paul, are sent there. The absence of any inhabitants, except those employed in the service, renders it possible to isolate the prisoners to a degree unattainable anywhere else. No one is allowed to land upon the island; sentinels have orders to shoot any one who approaches.

If the near relatives of a prisoner inquire concerning him at the police department in St. Petersburg, they are sometimes told "alive" or "dead"; sometimes no answer is given. The soldiers and guards are themselves prisoners, who mingle only with each other, and are carefully watched on the rare occasions when they are allowed to make a visit to the mainland. It was possible to establish secret communications with even the most jealously guarded ravelins of the St. Petersburg fortress. But the fortress of Schlusseeburg remained dumb like the grave it is. Though some of the men of the revolutionary party, in whom the greatest interest was felt among the whole body of revolutionists, were kept there, we rarely could even tell whether they were alive or dead.

A few months ago, however, our friends in Russia received some news from this place of endless misery. It is very brief, only such as can be conveyed upon a bit of paper smuggled with the greatest danger through some friendly hand. It merely tells which of the prisoners are dead and which are still alive, but even this summary is eloquent enough. We learn from it that out of the fifty-two prisoners sent there in the course of the last eight years, twenty, or about 40 per cent. are already dead. Several of those who survive should be added to the list of the dead. They are insane, and have lost what is as precious, if not more precious, to a man than life.—Free Russia.

THREE BRAVE WOMEN.

Hardships Which the Faith of Christian Missionaries Endured.

Three women recently footed it from the Indian Ocean, over 200 miles, to Mashonaland. They were members of an Episcopal order, and were trained nurses sent out to take charge of the hospital which has been started in that new country. The Bishop of Mashonaland expected that provisions would be made to carry these young women in hammocks into the interior, but the force of porters was unexpectedly small, and the women said they would endeavor to walk.

With extraordinary courage they set out on the journey. There was no wagon road, and for much of the way no paths were found. The party suffered terribly at times from thirst. At night the bush was always alive with lions, hyenas, buffaloes, leopards and other animals. At one time the party observed two lions drinking quietly thirty rods from them.

The grass often exceeded twelve feet in height for miles and miles, and some days the little caravan marched through incessant rain. They suffered severely from the desertion of their porters, and of the thirty-two carriers with whom they started out only four remained at the end of the journey. The women had no tents to sleep in, and altogether they made the journey under conditions which would have tried the strength and courage of the stoutest men. They safely reached their destination, however, and they are the first white women to have made such a journey into the interior of Africa, the others travelling either on steamboats or being carried along on hammocks or chairs.

LATENT MUSCULARITY.

The Professor Who Thought a Boa Constrictor's Strength Exaggerated.

Some day a celebrated naturalist entered the shop of the late Charles Jamrach, the noted London collector of animals, and said: "Now, Jamrach, about the muscular power of the boa constrictor, I suspect it has been exaggerated." "Not a bit, sir," said the collector, "taking a very fine specimen out of a box. 'He seems very lazy and sleepy,' said the professor; 'I don't think he could exert himself in this cold climate if he tried.'" "You bet, sir," Jamrach said, and wound him gently round the professor's body. He laughed. "I thought so, Jamrach," he says; "I feel nothing." But presently he sings out, "Take him off, Jamrach! take him off, man; he's strangling me!" So Jamrach just caught hold of the boa's tail and unwound him off the professor, ring by ring. When he had got his breath again, the professor admitted there was more "latent muscularity" about the creature than he had suspected. "Now, sir," said Jamrach afterward, "that boa was half asleep and stupid, for he had just swallowed two rabbits, a guinea pig, and thirteen pounds of raw beef. If he'd been fasting it's my belief he'd have swallowed the professor himself bodily, for he was a small gentleman."

Upon another occasion a quiet family bought a wild beast, warranted to be a quiet and manageable pet—perhaps a sloth or a tapir. Some days after Mr. Jamrach, examining his books, perceived that the item tapir or sloth, or whatever the animal may have been, was not entered with proper regularity on the ledger and day book—was, indeed, mixed up with some other entry.

Suspecting something wrong, Mr. Jamrach called a hansom and drove at once to the suburban residence of his customer. His ring was not answered; but at length the cook, pale and trembling appeared behind the area railing. "For God's sake, Mr. Jamrach," she cried, "save us from that awful wild beast! Master and mistress couldn't stand it any longer and have gone to the seaside, and the housemaid and I aren't leave the kitchen for fear of being eaten." At that moment a very fine and very hungry puma—one of the fiercest, perhaps, put its head out of the drawing room window. The mistake was a clerk's—the wrong beast was sent home.—London Telegraph.

A Lady's Trick.

A youthful countess, bearer of one of the most ancient titles in the Austrian nobility, recently having the misfortune to be despoiled of her treasures by thieves while travelling, published the following list of articles as stolen from her trunk: "One gold cigarette case, meerschaum mouthpiece, set in gold; an aluminium cigarette case; an Irish pipe, almost black in appearance, gold mounted, with an onyx mouthpiece; a silver match box; a gold cigarette pipe; four plain cigarette cases in gold, silver and platinum, and one set with diamonds and rubies." Rather a formidable outfit for a lady of high degree.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

JOSEPH HOWE AND HIS TIMES.

And Incidental References to Some of His Prominent Public Contemporaries.

By "Historicus," Fredericton, N. B. NO. 2.

The illustrious dead. And then when death overtook those of more than ordinary mark, their dust was not allowed to mingle with common clay in the old burial ground, but must needs find place beneath the floors of old St. Paul, where, as in Westminster Abbey, (the Pantheon of England's illustrious dead), the bodies were interred. Some years ago the floors of St. Paul's, being much decayed, were renewed, when many mounds and sarcophagi were exposed to view. The last person interred here, I think, was Richard John Uniacke, Attorney General, in 1820. Today this is all changed. Even the old burial ground is a sealed book. There is one common cemetery for all alike, while equality among the living appears to be more evenly balanced and recognized. In the month of August last I attended divine service in old St. Paul's; everything looked to me as it did sixty years before, except the make-up of the congregation, which I thought had undergone a wonderful transformation. The doors of the old stately pews, which formerly shut out as it were, all intruders, were removed and the interiors considered free to all-comers. I no longer beheld the old grandees and their families, wrapped in their own importance and finery; but a staid, respectable looking body of people of all professions, trades and occupations, resembling other ordinary mortals of other persuasions, who at the present day feel that they are dependent upon one another for the riches they possess and are working for, and not upon the Crown as of yore among the privileged classes.

Government House. People are of course the same in all ages, human nature is unchangeable. It is the circumstances and accidents by which they are surrounded at different epochs which account for the changed manifestations of the man of affluence and importance today, is another man tomorrow, when overtaken by adversity—he then becomes as changed in himself as if two distinct entities were assimilated in the same corporeal essence. The actors under the old system which reflected a lustre on Government House and old St. Paul's, were no longer the shining stars which dazzled all beholders, after the doors of those establishments were made to turn on new hinges. Now the occupants of those pews seem to feel as if they believed they were saying their prayers under more democratic surroundings, and that they were only so many units in the great aggregation, depending upon vox populi for their living, and not upon a meretricious system which prescribed all who were not in some way connected with the "governing classes." And yet according to this same human nature doctrine, so peculiar and perhaps selfish, it is questionable whether if the old system could be rehabilitated, might it not reproduce the same manifestations as of old, notwithstanding our advanced civilization and more apparent fraternal dispositions.

The Faculty Compact. To retrace our steps. At the time to which reference was made in my first article, the Government of the country was under the absolute control of what was called "the family compact." The Governor was sent from England, or from "home," as our Halifax friends continue to call it—for some occult reason best known to themselves—clothed with plenary power, although he had an advisory board, consisting of twelve members, who exercised legislative as well as executive functions, in giving advice to His Excellency, whether he chose to accept and act upon it or not. Such a thing as a member of the Government holding a seat upon the floors of the House was unknown. They were all "Honourables," and would have no intercourse with the people's representatives, unless to cross them and refuse the Royal assent to any measure that did not harmonize with their prejudices. If one of them died, another was put in his place having the most influence. If the head of a department passed away, his office was quickly filled by one of his own kith and kin; and so on in every case. The continuity of tenure was indispensible. Those officials were only amenable to themselves and the Governor, and it is the latter proved to be a simple or weak man, as some of them were, he was easily brought over to their own way of thinking. Thus all the offices in the country were in the hands of those twelve irresponsible men, whose individual salaries or appurtenances arising from their positions, were large enough to maintain their families in regal splendor, of course at the expense of "the people" who were as much under their sway as the people of Russia now are under their Czar. The subordinate clerks in the various departments were dealt with in the same fashion—that is, all employees

were appointed by the irresponsible heads, whether good, bad or indifferent, and nobody outside the circle could utter a word of protest. Then the Press was shackled or held under the same restraining bondage—not but that there was freedom for the expression of independent thought, even to make war upon "the compact"; but the publishers knew too well that it was at the risk of losing prestige and patronage, or incurring the displeasure or withdrawal of countenance of those who were linked in some way with the parties assailed. Indeed the political atmosphere some sixty years ago was so impregnated



OLD ST. PAUL'S—BUILT IN 1750. (The largest wooden church in British America).

with the Tory prejudices and acquiring feelings of the people themselves, (taking it for granted that all was right, no matter how wrong), that it required a journalist of most undaunted courage and ability to dare the lions in their dens, mostly from this want of public sympathy and encouragement. It was not only the best blood in the land (as it was considered), but the highest scholarship and talents, that had to be encountered in an onslaught upon this condition of things. But the deliverer was at hand, and he came forth in due season panoplied in full consciousness of his own strength, and possessing talents of the highest order—sound judgment—rectitude of purpose—persistence of will—and a courage equal to the emergency—all of which qualifications from the right time forward were brought into activity, and with such results as will appear further on in these "Recollections."

Having then premised this much, in order to show what Mr. Howe, single handed, had to encounter in his efforts as a reformer, we may now proceed to sketch in a fragmentary way, some of the steps taken by him as time went on to bring about a change, and thus pave the way for the entrance into office and society of a class of men hitherto unknown and uncared for.

Mr. Howe as a Journalist. In 1824 the Nova Scotian newspaper was started by Mr. George R. Young, brother of the late Sir Wm. Young. The office was at the foot of "Jacob's Hill," so called at the time, its name may be changed now. It was printed in quarto form. I have seen nothing of it in late years, but presume it still exists, if not sunk altogether or merged in the Morning Chronicle, which was an offshoot. After being in existence about two years, Mr. Howe purchased the Nova Scotian plant and copy-right, and continued its publication in a wooden building situated directly at the head of Bedford Row, and nearly opposite Reynolds' Auction Rooms. The purchase of this paper was the dawning of a new era in what may be called Independent Provincial Journalism—for its new proprietor immediately commenced his attacks upon the abuses of the day, more especially in reference to the political disabilities to which the people, the ordinary people, had to submit. The temerity displayed in his editorials was so marked that Howe was threatened by those in high places, not only with the law's vengeance, but with personal chastisement. The latter course was seldom or never put into practice—for our hero was an athlete of the most pronounced type, physically strong and powerful, standing about five feet ten in height, and could handle any two ordinary men with ease, as I have seen. No—he was reserved for battles of another and more intellectual kind, and

even in the field itself, as will be seen hereafter. But it must be observed here that Mr. Howe was not a writer who dipped his pen in gall, or in any way exhibited in his writings a rabid disposition. His attacks were always directed against existing and long standing abuses, and he would have preferred knocking these down with nobody standing behind them; but this could not be done, for every abuse then as now, had its self-interested defenders—no one hitherto having dared even to point them out, much less try to overthrow them. (To be continued.)

A MODERN CINDERELLA.

"Oh, pahaw!" said Miss Beatrix Belden. "It's too provoking!" said Clarissa, her elder sister. "What could have sent the little thing up from the country at this time, of all others?" said Beatrix, twirling the rings around and around upon her fingers. "I think the whole race of country cousins ought to be annihilated!" said Clarissa. "They're very nice in July and August," said Miss Beatrix. "But, oh, dear, who wants 'em coming down to New York in this unexpected sort of way, with hair trunks and paper-covered band-boxes, just when we're getting ready for the masquerade ball?" "Hush-sh-sh!" said Clarissa, lifting a warning finger, "here she comes, now."

And little Faith Blossom came in, with a wistful expression on her dimpled, child-like face, and her eyelids slightly swollen, as if with secret tears. For she had come to New York, fully believing that her city cousins meant all they had spoken of in those gushing invitations of theirs, when they spent a month at the Blossom farmhouse; and, somehow, her reception at the brown-stone house on Park avenue had not been all that she had anticipated. "We were just talking about the ball," said Beatrix, trying to assume an easy nonchalance of manner. "A ball?" cried Faith, brightening up at once. "Oh, I'm so glad! I brought a blue-silk dress that was mamma's once, with lace trimmings, and—"

"But it's a masquerade," interrupted Clarissa. "I suppose I could buy a blue mask?" suggested Faith, who had dreamed of a masquerade ball all her innocent life long. "Nonsense!" said Mrs. Belden, "you've no idea, child, how the ladies dress here. It isn't likely your old faded finery will be of any use. 'I'm sorry, of course,' as she saw the color rise to Faith's cheeks and the tears of mortified pride suffuse her eyes; "but I really think you'd better stay quietly at home. I dare say there will be some smaller party where you can wear the blue-silk dress. And Mrs. Maverick's masquerade is one of those exclusive affairs where there's a limited number of tickets, and I couldn't think of taking such a liberty as to ask for an additional one on your account."

"Just as you please, Aunt Margaret," said Faith, choking down the little sob that rose into her throat. And she went quietly out of the room, murmuring something about a crochet-needle that she had forgotten. "Poor child!" said Clarissa. "I'm sorry for her. Did you see how disappointed she looked?" "It's just as well," said Mrs. Belden, resolutely. "She's so much younger than you, girls, and she has such a radiant country complexion—"

"Like a cabbage-rose, exactly," said the disdainful Beatrix. "Gentlemen are apt to admire that sort of thing," said Mrs. Belden, sagely. "And, you see, she hasn't come to post-powder and false hair yet—and you and Clara are getting on a little; and, perhaps, it's just as well that you shouldn't go out together."

"Yes," Clarissa added; "and Mrs. Southwick was inquiring very earnestly about her the other day." "That settles the matter!" said the judicious matron. "She shall not do the masquerade ball on any terms, nor to the parlor concert tomorrow, nor to Mrs. Kissinger's kettle-drum on Friday."

"But, mamma, how are you going to prevent it?" "We can easily contrive one excuse or

another," said Mrs. Belden. "She must be kept in the background until Emile Southwick has proposed for Clara."

And when old Miss Morel called that afternoon and asked expressly for Faith Blossom, Mrs. Belden made some smiling excuse about her niece having a headache. "Call her down," said Miss Morel. "I'll take her out for a drive in my carriage. Fresh air is all she needs. I'll go bail. I've taken a fancy to that bright-eyed little rosebud of yours."

And Beatrix Belden, who would have given the prettiest ring off her taper fingers to be seen in the Park with old Miss Morel, was obliged perforce to go up to the little room where Faith Blossom was looking out over the dreary expanse of chimney-pots, with her round chin in her hands and a homesick sensation at her heart.

"I don't think I care to go," said Faith, sadly. "Child, are you crazy?" demanded Miss Belden. "Mr. Southwick's aunt! And the richest old lady in the city. Get your things on at once, or she'll say we are keeping you shut up, like a captive princess."

So little Faith Blossom went—and she and old Miss Morel became excellent friends. "Not going to the masquerade ball?" said Miss Morel. "But you shall go! You shall go, in spite of 'em all!" "But I have nothing to wear," said Faith. "I'll see to that," said Miss Morel, with eyes that twinkled roguishly behind her black Chantilly veil, that was worth its weight in bank-notes.

"And Aunt Margaret says—" interrupted the old lady. "Well, make a modern Cinderella of you, my dear! Just you keep your own counsel, and we shall see what we shall see!" Clarissa and Beatrix Belden appeared themselves gorgeously, upon the night of the masquerade ball.

"It's so lucky that Faith has gone to her room early, with a headache," said Clara. "It does seem hard to keep her at home when—" "Nonsense!" said Beatrix. "What could we do, weighted with a little country fright like that?"

"I saw her blue-silk dress yesterday," said Miss Clarissa. "Such a dowdy old thing!" "It's quite out of the question that she should go," said Mrs. Belden, who was squeezing her plump figure into a crimson-satin dress profusely trimmed with thread lace and bugles.

But the hack which had been engaged to convey the three ladies to the ball had hardly driven away from the door when the lamps of Miss Morel's close carriage came blazing around the corner like a pair of fiery eyes, and Keturah, the maid, all smiles, opened the door before the footman had time to ring.

"She's all ready, mem," said breathless Keturah. "I helped to dress her, mem, I did." There was a brilliant assemblage gathered that night in Mrs. Maverick's superb suite of apartments, but the belle of the occasion was the beautiful young girl who came as a Summer Dawn with old Miss Morel—Summer Dawn, with robes of pink and pearl sparkling with dew-drops of tiny solitaire diamonds, and lovely golden hair floating like a cloud over her shoulders.

"Such eyes!" said Mrs. Maverick. "Such a complexion!" said Mrs. St. Elward. "I wonder if I could get an introduction," said Clarissa, wistfully. "I'm afraid the crowd around her is too great," said Mr. Wynfield. And when at last, by dint of infinite pushing and perseverance, a torn dress and a damaged point-lace fan, Miss Belden succeeded in reaching the blue-and-silver boudoir where Mrs. Maverick received her most select and favored guests, she was just a little too late. Miss Morel and the radiant Summer Dawn were gone.

Clarissa could have shed tears of vexation. She had missed an introduction to the reigning sensation (Mrs. Belden's eldest daughter, be it understood, was a born tuft-hunter; she had ruined her dress; she hadn't had a chance to speak to Mr. Southwick, who was there as Sir Walter Raleigh, in costume of black velvet, clasped with topaz and slashed with orange satin, and she hadn't stood up to dance in one solitary set.

"I hate masquerade balls," said Beatrix spitefully. "They're the stupidest things in the world." Mr. Emil Southwick called the next evening, however, and Miss Belden brightened up a little. "Give me the card, Katy," said she to the maid, "and I'll take down my crimps in a minute."

Keturah grinned like an African gorilla. "It ain't for you, Miss Clara," said she. "It's for Miss Blossom. Faith Blossom went home an engaged young lady, to prepare for her wedding."

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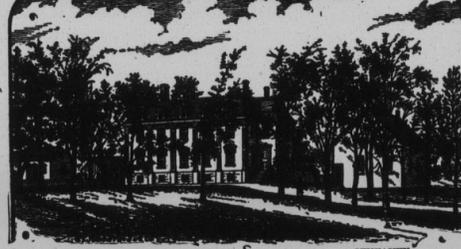
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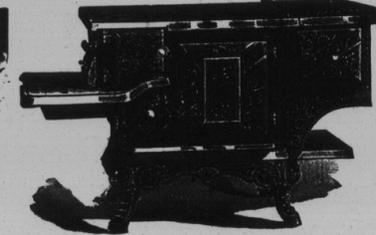
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The Lord want. He maketh tures. He lers. He restore the paths of saks. Yes, though the shadow of Thou are with they comfort. Thou prepa presence of anointed my neeth over. Surely good me all the da in the house. My God very blessin who keep Th thy infinite p and on thy art always fa obtain pardoo these faithful good works which, with and eternal l my Lord and. What are Hallelujah arrayed in w they? These great tribul robes and m the Lamb. throne of G night in His no more, nei shall the sun For the Lamb throne shall unto living fa shall wipe aw J. Stainer, m. Of the Imta all the He that fo darkness, sa words of Chr imitate His l be truly enli all blindness chief endeavor of Jesus Chr 2. The do the doctrines the spirit wil But it fallo often hear the little affected spirit of Chr Whosoever ly understand endeavor to life of Christ 3. What in profound Trinity, if th art thereby Surely gree holy and just him dear to I had rath the definitio It thou kn and the sayi what would I of God and Vanity of to love God. This is the of the world of heaven. 4. It is the perishing ric It is also v and to climbi It is vanity flesh, and to must after ment. It is vanity to care to live It is vanity and not to which are to It is vanity passag away from overea 5. Call of eye is not sa filled with be Endeavor heart from the turn thyself. For they their own co of God. Where by (Preached in 20. The Jeric strong and i the oldest o which Joshu fortified by residences we read th who Joshua of the Lor gold, and va took from the



SUNDAY READING

MORNING SERVICE.

MORNING.

The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of them that trouble me; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

A Prayer.

O my God! who has graciously promised every blessing, even heaven itself, to those who keep Thy commandments; relying on Thy infinite power, goodness, and mercy, and on Thy sacred promises, to which thou art always faithful, I confidently hope to obtain pardon of all my sins, grace to serve thee faithfully in this life, by doing the good works thou hast commanded, and which, with Thy assistance, I will perform; and eternal happiness in the next, through my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Antiphon.

What are these that are arrayed?
Hallelujah! What are these that are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—*J. Stainer, Mus. Doc.*

Of the Imitation of Christ, and Contempt of all the Vanities of the World.

He that followeth Me, walketh not in darkness, saith the Lord. These are the words of Christ, by which we are taught to imitate His life and manners, if we would be truly enlightened, and be delivered from all blindness of heart. Let therefore our chief endeavor be to meditate upon the life of Jesus Christ.

2. The doctrine of Christ exceedeth all the doctrines of holy men; and he that hath the spirit will find therein a hidden manna. But it falleth out, that many, albeit they often hear the gospel of Christ, are yet but little affected, because they have not the spirit of Christ.

Whoever then would fully and feelingly understand the words of Christ, must endeavor to conform his life wholly to the life of Christ.

3. What will it avail thee to be engaged in profound reasonings concerning the Trinity, if thou be void of humility, and art thereby displeasing to the Trinity?

Surely great words do not make a man holy and just; but a virtuous life maketh him dear to God.

I had rather feel compunction, than know the definition thereof.
If thou knowest the whole bible by heart, and the sayings of all the philosophers, what would it profit thee without the love of God and without grace?

Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, except to love God, and Him only to serve.
This is the highest wisdom by contempt of the world to bend towards the kingdom of heaven.

4. It is therefore vanity to seek after perishing riches, and to trust in them.
It is also vanity to strive after honors, and to climb to high degree.

It is vanity to follow the desires of the flesh, and to labor for that for which thou must afterwards suffer grievous punishment.
It is vanity to desire to live long, and not to care to live well.

It is vanity to mind only this present life, and not to make provision for those things which are to come.
It is vanity to love that which speedily passeth away, and not to hasten thither where everlasting joy awaiteth thee.

5. Call often to mind that proverb, "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing."
Endeavor therefore to withdraw thy heart from the love of visible things, and to turn thyself to the invisible.

For they that follow their lusts stain their own consciences, and lose the grace of God.

SERMON.

Where I Went and What I Saw.

BY REV. CHARLES LEACH, D. D.
(Preached in Queen's Park Congregational church, Harrow-road, London.)

JERICHO—"The wall fell down flat."—Joshua vi. 20.

The Jericho of Joshua's time was a strong and important one. It was one of the oldest of the land, and was the first which Joshua had to conquer when he entered Palestine. It seems to have been fortified by massive walls, so thick that residences could be built upon them, for we read that Rahab, who protected the spies, had her house upon them. And we may conclude that the city was possessed of considerable wealth, for one soldier in Joshua's army was able to seize a large wedge of gold, 200 shekels of silver, and a costly and beautiful Babylonish garment; while Joshua greatly enriched the treasury of the Lord by the abundance of silver, gold, and valuable metal utensils which he took from the wreck of the city.

The Jericho of the Saviour's time was a place of some importance, rather large population, and probably of considerable wealth. The two are not exactly the same: but the site of the ancient and the more modern are so close that we may for our purposes in this address regard the two as practically one. There are three things to be noticed:

1. The geographical position of Jericho. It lies at the western side of a great and extensive plain, once rich and fertile, and on the eastern side of which is the river Jordan. Its miles it is about six distant from the river, and probably about twenty-two from Jerusalem. It is under the shadow of a range of mountains, now bleak and bare and uninviting. One of these mountains, rising to a considerable height, with its peak and base looking side towards the plain, is called the Quarantania. Tradition says that this is the scene of the temptation in which the Saviour had that fierce struggle with the powers of evil whose descriptions have so perplexed the readers of the gospels. What truth there may be in the tradition which fixes this as the site we do not know, but we do not for a moment hesitate to say that the mountain looks savage and wild enough to have been the actual spot.

Anyone who visits Jericho now will look in vain for the "City of Palm Trees" of the ancient world. And if he expects to find a town such as Christ saw he will be disappointed. Located in one of the most fertile plains, with an abundance of water from Elijah's spring and the brook of Cherith, it is at once one of the poorest, dirtiest and most disreputable places in the whole land, from Dan to Beersheba. The hovels in which the few wretched inhabitants live cannot be called houses. Holes in the earth, walls of mud, roofs of rushes, comprise places in which men, women and children exist together. The ordinary pigstye of England is clean, comfortable and preferable to the places we saw there. The inhabitants have a bad reputation. They never steal anything which is beyond their reach, and seldom fail to take what is picked up along the narrow, filthy path, a naked girl, perhaps seven or eight years old, tried to steal my pocket handkerchief from the side pocket of a short coat I wore at the time.

2. The Biblical Associations of Jericho. The biblical associations of Jericho are very numerous, and not less important, suggestive and interesting. When Joshua crossed the Jordan as leader of the Lord's hosts, this was the first city that opposed his progress. It was in sight of its fortification he pitched the tents of Israel. It was around its walls he and his people marched, day after day, until the seventh, when, in the midst of a great shout, the walls fell down flat. It was here that he and his people celebrated the first passover feast ever held in the land.

During the sojourn of the people in the wilderness on the other side of the Jordan, and on this side until they reached Jericho their first ate of the old corn of the land.

The manna, that bread made in the heavens by celestial fingers and which had sustained their host for so long a time, ceased when they came to this place. In the presence of the cornfield and threshing floors they no longer needed special food for special emergencies, so God ceased to send it.

It was here at Jericho that woman called Rahab lived, who hid the spies, and who was saved by Joshua when the city fell, and who, according to the writer of the Epistle Hebrews, was saved by faith. She has a bad reputation, which might be modified somewhat if we knew more of the times in which she lived. But, had or good, we know that she married Salmon, who was of the children of the house of Judah, became the mother of Boaz, who married Ruth, and was thus one of the ancestors of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Elijah, the prophet of Israel, that man of force and vigour, had his residence here, and perhaps had a theological college for training young men for the office of the ministry of God. He left this place to cross the Jordan yonder six miles away when he was about to enter his chariot of fire and pass into the land beyond.

Our Saviour Himself visited this city, left in it traces of His divine power in the miracles He wrought. Two, if not three, blind men here had their eyes opened by Jesus Christ the Lord. One of these was Bartimaeus, a beggar, who seems to have had a true conception of the person and rank of Christ, for he addressed Him as "Son of David" and had such faith in him that all the efforts of the crowd to silence him proved of no avail.

It was here at Jericho that remarkable man Zacchaeus mounted the tree by the wayside that he might get a sight of the passing Christ. But, to his amazement, he discovered that Christ was not in any particular haste to get by, even though there was a despised publican in the tree calling the man by name as if he knew him well after long acquaintance. He declared his intention of accepting hospitality at the table of the hated tax-gatherer. These are some of the biblical associations of this historic city whose walls fell down flat at the shout of Joshua's men.

3. The lesson which the incident of the text has to teach us. Assuming that you remember the narrative as here recorded, we may observe that it suggests:

That God can use the feeblest instrumentalities to accomplish His purposes. When the people shouted the walls of the city fell down flat. Not a single battering-ram was used upon the walls; not one weapon of ordinary warfare is brought into use; not a single arrow shot at any sentinel; not a stone hurled into the city. They marched around it again and again, and then, as the ram's horn at the lips of the priest sounded forth; all the people shouted, and down came the delinquent Jericho. It ever feeble instrumentalities were used surely it was now. How the in-

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habitants of the city must have smiled when they saw this people marching. But they kept on marching. In silence, in order, in faith, they marched round and round. And when the instrument which sounded the signal was blown it was not the silver trumpets of the priests, but the common ram's horn.

Feeble instrumentalities. God has often worked that way, and does so still. You remember proud Naaman. Covered with honors he came to the very place, ancient Gilgal, to the door of the house of Elisha to seek a cure for his leprosy. How came he to know of the prophet of the Lord? How came he this soldier, to bow himself in reverence and with deepest gratitude to the servant of God? It was all brought about in the Providence of God, through a little captive slave-carrier from home in one of the wars of Naaman, a little girl who had been taught to honor God and His prophet, and did not forget to do so when far away and among strangers. It was a feeble instrumentality, but God used it.

My a time He has used the little girl, the little child to bring men to acknowledge Him. What happened when the little child was born into your home? In the first place, it became the anchor which held the mother to her home as never before. But it did more than this. It was the connecting link which bound together father and mother, husband and wife, in a closer bond of affection and oneness than the marriage ring. The ring was the beginning of the union, the coming of that little child was the completion of the union. Nay, it did more than this even. Impressed by the fact that the little one would look to you for guidance in matters of the soul and the better life, were you not forced to think how you had neglected such matters yourself, and for the child's sake, as well as your own, you were driven to the cross to seek salvation? Such things have often happened and we trust they may again.

The cross of Calvary was a feeble instrumentality. It was foolishness to the Greeks, whilst it became a stumbling-block to the Jews. And yet that was God's appointed way of saving a lost world. The cross is slowly but surely attracting men to the feet of Jesus Christ. As we see the walls of Jericho fall down, and as we read the experience of God's saints in all ages, and think of our own, we may indeed exclaim, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

In the next place we learn that God was all instrumentalities to fight against the forces of sin. Look at verse 9. It shows us that all the hosts of God were in that procession. First came the armed men, the soldiers who had received such training as could be given them, men who were prepared to fight with holy courage and strength. They were first in this seven days march. Then came the priests, the ministers of God, whose business it was to deal with holy things. They were in this procession too. Seven of them, carrying trumpets made from the horns of rams, headed the priestly procession, whilst the rest of the priests came and protected the ark of the covenant of God. After the priests came the rearguard. Who were they? They were not armed men, nor did they fill the priestly office; but followed up and sustained those who did. They were the people—lay people, true strength. They were first in this seven days march. Then came the priests, the ministers of God, whose business it was to deal with holy things. They were in this procession too. Seven of them, carrying trumpets made from the horns of rams, headed the priestly procession, whilst the rest of the priests came and protected the ark of the covenant of God. After the priests came the rearguard. Who were they? They were not armed men, nor did they fill the priestly office; but followed up and sustained those who did. They were the people—lay people, true strength. They were first in this seven days march.

LIFE AND WORKS OF AUGUSTINE.

The "Confessions" of Augustine constitute the choicest autobiographic classic of antiquity, and we must refer our readers to that inimitable book to trace the agitations and wanderings of a powerful intellect in fighting its way into the light of truth, and to note the important part played by his devout mother, Monica, in leading her gifted son to finally embrace christianity.

In the brief sketch we wish to confine ourselves to incidents that illustrate the influence upon the age of the great pulpit master. After his baptism in Milan, Augustine returned to Africa, and lived for some years retired from the world on his own estate. When, through the strong and urgent desire of the people, he was ordained presbyter in Hippo, he wept, overcome with a sense of the importance of the office. He was licensed to preach in the presence of the bishop, a thing unknown before in Africa. His ministry was owned in the edification of the church and in the defeat of heresy. In discussion he vanquished Fortunatus, the great leader of the Manicheans, who was obliged to leave Hippo in confusion. His fame as a preacher and controversialist soon spread throughout the Western world. His election as bishop gave wider scope to his zeal and laboriousness. On one occasion a wealthy merchant, who was a chief support of the Manichean sect, was so convinced of his error under the faithful preaching of Augustine, that next day he sought an interview, threw himself at the feet of the bishop and with tears entreated to be instructed in the way of salvation.

Augustine instituted a monastic college that became renowned in Africa, and among the men of piety and learning who went out from that seminary, not less than ten became celebrated as bishops. With the growth of archiepiscopal power, the great preacher retained his simplicity and devoutness. Generously hospitable to others, he himself practised moderation in all things, and gave freely to the poor. He encouraged conversation at table; but would not listen to slander. He had some lines written on his table to the effect that any one who attacked the character of the absent would be excluded from the company, and when on one occasion some bishops, who were his intimate friends, were transgressing this rule, he rose and said with great firmness that either those lines must be erased from the table, or he must retire from their society, and the words were once repeated. In Augustine's old age, Genseric, the king of the Vandals, invaded Africa, wrought terrible desolation, and after investing Hippo for fourteen months, the city fell into his hands. In the third month of the siege, the venerable bishop was seized with a fever which he succumbed to the year 430, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. He preached the gospel to within a few days of his last sickness. Preaching was with him a passion, and all the resources of his mighty intellect were made to contribute to its efficiency. "In his writings," says Posidonius, "the holy man appears; but those who could have seen and heard him speak in public, and particularly in private conversation, would have seen still more."

FRAGMENTS OF THOUGHT.

Let prayer be the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening.—Henry.

We have lost a paradise by sin, and have gained a heaven by the cross.—Charnock.

Faith in tomorrow instead of Christ, is Satan's muse for man's perdition.—Cheever.

Conscience makes cowards of us; but conscience makes saints and heroes too.—Lightfoot.

Man's prayer and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well—while one ascends the other descends.

If thou art wise, thou knowest thine own ignorance, and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.—Luther.

Look upon the bright side of your condition; and your discontents will disperse. Pore not upon your losses, but recount your mercies.—Watson.

The issue of every christian's destiny is wrought with threads of mercy, and mercy impresses her own lovely characters on every trial he is called to bear.—Dr. Raffles.

If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, when they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated.—Dr. Arnold.

All things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved or the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be effort, and the law of human judgment, Mercy.

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.—Longfellow.

God takes a thousand times more pains with us than the artist with his picture, by many touches of sorrow, and by many colors of circumstances, to bring men into the form which is the highest and noblest in His sight, if only we receive His gifts and myrrh in the right spirit.—John Tauler.

For all of which we boast to-day—for liberties, for free institutions, for learning, for art, for kinder hearts and more humane government, we are indebted to the enthusiastic souls whose dreams have been to realize the kingdom of God among men. Our modern world could not have been but for the unbroken line of living hearts that have kept this faith alive in the world.—W. S. Smart.

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FASHIONS IN NOVEMBER.

SOMETHING ABOUT HATS AND COATS AND FASHIONABLE FURS.

Costumes for the Street, for Reception and for Visiting—As Winter Comes and the Dressmakers are Busy—Many Fine Things for Consideration.

I can remember a big chest that used to stand in the attic when I was a child. I used to sit on the top of it while my brother rolled sweet fern cigars. It was painted pale blue, and there was a few collars inside with long ends fringed with tails. I used to wonder then why anybody had ever worn fur with tails and I am wondering now.

A nice young woman I met the other day wore the sable cloak, which is figured. It was of the three-quarter length, and was tailed with beautiful regularity all around the bottom and all around the shoulders. It testified in unmistakable terms to the slaughter of at least three dozen tail-bearing animals. On her fur cape was a face and a pair of tails.

Skin coats are trimmed quite extensively this winter with furs of lighter color, and the effect in general is not unpleasing.

Sealines don't yet appear to decline. The newest form of wrap is a very awkward one. It takes the shape of an extremely full cape of three-quarter length, hanging from the shoulders in folds; a second cape, which is short and pointed, is gathered to a pointed collar over it, and about the throat is a curling feather collar.

arms, from the bottom of the basque started rows of fine green and gold braid, which met in a great green and gold rosette on the bosom. About the throat and around the bottom of the skirt ran heavy braids of beaver. From the fur started rows of braid at the bottom and these were gathered under rosettes at intervals, making a curious skirt procession of triangles.



TWO RECEPTION COSTUMES.

Hats continue very small and do not change their shape greatly, perhaps because they have assumed to themselves such a great variety of shapes that to find any greater variety is more of a tax than even millinery ingenuity is equal to. Many are now shell-shaped or like a little basket upside down, with a low soft crown on the hips and a narrow brim, either furred or pleated outside. Nearly all millinery ornaments are small. One of the newest is the "colonel" aigrette, which is thick and short and ugly like a paint brush, instead of being long and feathery. Prince of Wales tufts are popularly worn and ribbon on the hips and a narrow brim, either furred or pleated outside.

Dark green corduroy is a material which appears on the street more and more frequently. As used for an early winter walking gown I noticed this morning a very good example. It had a plain skirt, bordered in front with bear's fur. The three-quarter coat was gathered in the back and down the hips and the reverses and collar had bear edgings. The hat, which finished the equipment, was of green velvet with black plumes.

ELLEN OSBORN.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," Progress, St. John.]

Did it ever strike you, girls, what an excellent plan it would be to keep a file of PROGRESS, and when you want a recipe, stop and think for a moment whether last week or the week that very recipe did not appear in my column, look through them, it will only take a few minutes, and then you will be saved the trouble of writing to ask me about it, and the annoyance of waiting, sometimes for three weeks, for an answer, and I will have one letter less to accumulate on my desk and remain unanswered for a week or two on account of lack of space. Really and truly I have published recipes for frockies and sunburn washes, and remedies for making hair grow, and I wonder the weary and heart-sick compositor does not either keep a collection of them set up in type all ready for use, or else know them off by heart, and set them up for a moment to find fault, girls, or hint that you can write to me too often, but still it is discouraging to do one's very best in the way of supplying information one week, and then have exactly the same set of questions asked the week after.

ALFRETITA, North America.—What a very indefinite address, Alfretita, and what a wide range of country one would have to go over in order to find you! Are you quite sure it ought not to be Alfred, because your writing looks very much like that way! Well, be that as it may, you are in luck this week, my dear, since I have just secured a perfectly new remedy for the hair, both to promote its growth, and prevent it from falling out, and which a friend in whose family it has been tried, has assured me is infallible, and you shall have the first trial of it. Get your droggist to give you one teaspoonful of powdered camphor in an ounce of powdered borax; put the mixture in a large jar or pitcher and pour over it one quart of boiling water, rain water is best, bottle it when cool and apply every night rubbing it well into the scalp with the tips of the fingers. Thank you for your kind words about our column.

IGNORANCE, St. John.—(1) No, it would be very stiff indeed to do so, and it would also be a rather trying ordeal for the guests, though I have been at larger parties than the one you mention, where it was done. It is a much better plan to introduce the guests to each other, as occasion offers, when it will not look so formal. Merely address "Editor of PROGRESS," and it will speedily find its way to the right department. (2) Oscar Wilde is an English poet, and author, but he is chiefly known as "The apostle of Aesthetics" as it was he who first originated the aesthetic craze. He visited Canada and the United States some years ago on a lecturing tour, and a very fascinating youth he was with his long hair, worn in artistic disorder, his fine eyes, black velvet suit, stockings and lace ruffles. He is married now and has, I believe, had his hair cut, moreover he veils his shapely calves in the unaesthetic trousers, no longer dines on the contemplation of a sunflower, dresses like other people, and takes quite a human interest in his own baby. I never heard his name mentioned in connection with that of Mrs. Frank Lee, but I know, as they are both rather given that way.

M. G., St. John.—You did not give me any other name to address you by, so I must use your initials, and I hope you will find your answer. You say you "have concluded to fly to me for help." Well, I wish I could help you, but I scarcely know how. In the first place it is much too soon to speak of yourself as an old maid, the few gray hairs make no difference as it is nothing unusual now-a-days to see girls of 20 with quite gray hair. What you call "crows feet" are very likely wrinkles, and these are frequently seen around the eyes of people who have a keen sense of humor, rub them well at night in a crosswise direction with a little cold cream, and it will improve them wonderfully. I do not know of any advice that I can give you except to possess your soul in patience, and not worry about it, you know—

No one so utterly desolate, but some heart, though unknown, responds unto one's grief.

And some day the right one will come along in the most unexpected manner, but it is useless to try to "ensnare" a lover, as such a mode of procedure usually results in a broken heart. How did I captivate Geoffrey? Well, I hardly know. There was not much time for either capture or surrender in the case, because if I remember aright it was one of the worst cases of love at first sight on record. We had not met three weeks before we were in a state of utter collapse, but I made up my mind to try to do something for me which of my friends I like to hear you say you love home life, and I think he will be a fortunate lad who gets you.

NORA, Cumberland County.—I am glad you were pleased with my answer, but how is it that I did not give you a more explicit explanation of what a "Red Cross Sister" was? Florence Nightingale, and her staff of nurses, wore a sort of uniform of black, with a red cross on the left sleeve. They were called "Red Cross Sisters," and I believe there is now really an order of that name, whose members care for the wounded soldiers even on the very day during the Franco-Prussian war. And so you have lovely rides, those autumn mornings over the dear old Cumberland marshes? I love to ride, too, or matter of fact, I love to go, and I made myself into a sort of half invalid for life; I can absolutely smell the salt breath of those same marshes, as I write, how often have I raced along the little path at the top of the dyke, with my two dogs. "When I was young, and life was fresh and sweet." Both the dogs are dead years ago, and I can't run any more. I walk. You care for every nice looking girl he meets, whether her nose turns up or not, and I will give him my message with pleasure, and also the pup. I am sorry I cannot give you the information you want, but perhaps some reader may be able to do so. Can any of my girls or boys tell me of any book on shorthand, which will teach the art, without a master? I doubt it very much myself, for I know that it is only constant practice which will make a really good shorthand writer.

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SEE A FEW OF THE MANY TESTIMONIALS:

Opinions of some Distinguished Guests on the "Myrtle Bank" Hotel. From the Hon. Villiers Stuart, King's House, Jamaica.—Having been staying on several occasions at the Myrtle Bank Hotel, I have found it well appointed, and the Staff most obliging. The Hotel is well situated, the verandas have the benefit of the sea-breeze and command very interesting views. We found the beds especially comfortable. From Arthur Harvey, Esq., Toronto, Canada.—I have spent some weeks in Jamaica, every hour of which has been delightful, and much of the pleasure has been due to the excellent accommodations of the Myrtle Bank Hotel. The rooms, the cuisine, and the civility received at your hands, call for this acknowledgment. From the Hon. Thos. J. Clayton, Thurston, Penna.—We have spent ten days at Jamaica, making the Myrtle Bank Hotel our headquarters. We have found it the best Hotel on the island. We can recommend this Hotel to our countrymen as an agreeable resting place. From John M. Oakley, of Pittsburg, Pa.—On leaving your hospitable house, the "Myrtle Bank," after two weeks' stay, we wish to say to our countrymen, through you, that we have found your location favored by the sea-breeze as cool as the mountain top. We shall advise all our friends visiting at Jamaica to stop at this Hotel. From Rear-Admiral Seymour, R. N.—For the four weeks I have lived in your Hotel, I have been struck with the civility of the Staff to guests and visitors. I wish the undertaking every success. I advise any one visiting Kingston to stay at Myrtle Bank. From Hon. T. A. and Lady Brassey.—The Hotel is about the best planned I have seen in the Tropics. The broad verandas and passages entirely open to the air make it deliciously cool. The bed rooms could not be more comfortable. From Senator Warner Miller, U. S. A.—I desire to express my appreciation of your Hotel. I have found it a most delightful place and have enjoyed my visit to Kingston. Your Hotel furnished me with perfect accommodation. From Cleveland Moffett, Correspondent of the "New York Herald."—During the stay of myself and wife at Myrtle Bank we have received every attention. The accommodations are most excellent, the beds could not be better, and the table is first-class. From John C. Kleins (Sept. 2nd, 1891), Correspondent "New York World."—During the stay of myself and wife at Myrtle Bank we have received every attention. The accommodations are most excellent, the beds could not be better, and the table is first-class. From John C. Kleins (Sept. 2nd, 1891), Correspondent "New York World."—During the stay of myself and wife at Myrtle Bank we have received every attention. The accommodations are most excellent, the beds could not be better, and the table is first-class.

JAMAICA can be reached via Steamer Alpha from Halifax, sailing twice a month, \$15 for return passage; or via Steamers of the Boston Fruit Company, sailing from Boston twice a week, \$30 for return passage. For further particulars address: HERBERT A. CUNHA, MANAGER MYRTLE BANK HOTEL CO., Kingston, Jamaica.

PORES KEEP THEM

AIN!

ican Forest!

TALES,



FUR FANCIES.

The most unprovoked fashion of the early winter, however, is that which inflicts upon cloth coats long and full and heavy fur sleeves.

I wish I could set the figure of the typical New York woman before you as she appears of a bright afternoon. She wears, let us say, a cheviot frock of claret, or deep blue or crimson. It is cut, as shown in the figure, with a straight, plain and extremely narrow skirt, which lies on the floor for a very considerable distance behind. Over this is buttoned snugly a close-fitting coat of the same material with a narrow edging of astrakhan. A little braiding in a heavy black cord is the only other adornment. Black gloves are added with a bonnet of claret or deep blue or crimson felt with black velvet, jet and black feather trimmings.

I must tell you a little about a few reception dresses I have lately seen. One for evening wear and for a lady of years and matronly figure to carry it, as shown in the figure, with a straight, plain and extremely narrow skirt, which lies on the floor for a very considerable distance behind. They do it so skillfully and dextrously that nobody but a woman is likely to detect them at all. It is done when she first sits down.

Just as she is about to sit she gives a quick little hitch, which motion is employed to bring the leg up to the seat, and then the rest of the performance proceeds as usual. Thus, like the Turk at his pipe or the tailor at his work, she rides comfortably from the starting place to the destination. There are many advantages in this mode of sitting and few disadvantages. It economizes space in a crowded seat and makes room for one more passenger, so that the gentleman who graciously rises to give up his seat to a lady who has just entered finds to his astonishment that there is still room for him after she has settled down to riding position.

The only great disadvantage is that frequently a lady may tear her skirt when she gets up to leave the car. Or, worse still, she may catch her shoe heel in the dress or other garment and trip herself. A lady who rose from a Pennsylvania car seat the other day, and to there seemed to be a tugging and a pulling going on under her dress. In a moment there was a long, ripping sound, and she had fallen flat on her face in the bottom of the car. When she arose to her feet to go she trailed about two yards of red braid after her.—Indianapolis Journal.



AN EARLY WINTER STREET GOWN.

was perhaps as characteristic an example as any. It was made with a high bodice and long sleeves, the top of the sleeves rather full, but caught down upon the lining. The costume was trimmed with a bead passementerie made expressly for it, the beads shading from mauve down to crystal white, and arranged in harp shapes with pendants. These were placed on the wrists and up and down the front of the bodice, which opened over a full crepe puffing. The skirt had a short pointed train.

The frock which is illustrated is an excellent example of an elaborate costume. I saw it at an afternoon reception, on the person of a young woman. In color it was a pale brownish yellow silk with sleeves simulated over-bodice of peanut shape, and deep, upturned scallops at the bottom, of a rich yellow brown velvet. The long coat bodice was embroidered richly with gold thread and gold beads, passementerie striped the skirt perpendicularly all around. Long cuffs of silk came up over the velvet, reaching nearly to the elbows, and at the back the skirt lay upon the floor in a slight train.

Quite as odd in its way and almost as striking was the dress of soft green cloth which in the figure is its companion. To the bottom of the long pointed bodice were attached basques so long and of such peculiar shape, opening in front and ending in points at the knees, that they seemed an oversight of some dignity, rather than anything less consequential. From the shoulders seams, from the arm seams, from the

ST. JOHN, N. B.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

The marine fan palm has a new leafyery month.

There are always 1,300,000 people afloat on the seas of the world.

Phoenix Park, Dublin, is upwards of seven miles in circumference.

A turnip seed increases its own weight 15 times in a minute when growing.

The cocoa-tree of the Maldive Islands every month produces a cluster of nuts.

The eggs of poultry near Cojain, in the Maharras States frequently contain two yolks.

The word "dad" for father is not slang, but pure Welsh, the language which was spoken in London before the Saxons and Romans came.

Germany possesses 24,844 miles of railways; France, 21,396; Great Britain and Ireland, 19,811; Russia, 17,823; and Austria, 15,442 miles.

Sir Anthony Ashley first introduced the cabbage into England from Holland. It is said that a cabbage cut out of stone lies at his feet on his monument at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire.

In Africa there is said to be 500 missionaries, 400,000 converts, and about 25,000 a year being converted. During the past five years there have been more than 300 martyrs in Africa.

In twelve years the number of post-paid letters despatched in the twelve months in France have increased from 312 to 570 millions, unpaid letters have decreased by more than a half to less than 3,000,000; post-cards have increased from 30 to 41 millions.

The beech-nut was esteemed by the ancients as human food. However, it was known to have a narcotic effect, and physicians in the middle of the 17th century condemned it as capable of inducing fever, pleurisy, and hydrophobia.

Cicero relates that the ugliest and most stupid slaves in Rome came from Britain. Moreover, he urges his friend Atticus "not to buy slaves from Britain on account of their stupidity and their impatience to learn music and other accomplishments." Cesar also describes the Britons generally as "a nation of very barbarous manners."

Kosuth says in one of his works: "An Englishman would live twenty years in a house without knowing his neighbors! A Frenchman would know all of them in twenty-four hours. Let the sociable Frenchman be planted among the tattooed islanders of the South Seas, and in two years he would be found tattooed. Put an Englishman in the same position, and he would be king of the island in the same time."

Toothache is the commonest malady of the St. Petersburg fair sex.

About 600 millions of herrings are caught off the coast of Scotland every year, and cured.

In the towns and cities of Chili all the shopping of any consequence is done in the evening. In Santiago the stores are open till midnight, and during hot afternoons they are locked up.

There is nothing on the Thames like the Giannelle lock on the Seine. There a man can open or shut the lock by simply touching an electric button as he sits comfortably at his ease in a smart office.

With respect to the Irish belief in fairies, of which they distinguish several kinds, we are reminded that the ragwort is dedicated to them. It is known in Ireland as the Fairies' Horse; and just as the witches delight to ride on the broom or the thorn, so the fairy gallops about at midnight on this golden blossom flower.

During the year 1890 the area throughout the United Kingdom devoted to wheat is technically known as "small fruit"—such as strawberries and gooseberries, apples and pears—was 46,733 acres; this year the acreage has advanced to 60,188.

The recent bulletin of the American census announces that the ratio of land to water surface in the United States is 98.16 to 1.84. The average number of inhabitants to each square mile of land is 21.08. If, however the whole territory were as thickly inhabited as Rhode Island is now, the population of the union, instead of being over 62,000,000, would be nearly 946,000,000, or about two-thirds of the entire population of the world. The United States is capable of supporting 1,000,000,000 or more.

Whole forests may be seen coated with shelly substances on the continent of New Holland. These encrustations are supposed to arise from decompositions of shell-fish, which, transported by the winds, are deposited in the form of dust on trees and plants.

The festival of St. Crispin and St. Crispinian falls on the 25th of October. Crispin and Crispinian are said to have been two Roman youths of good birth, brothers, who in the third century went as christian missionaries to France. In imitation of St. Paul, they supported themselves by working at the trade of the shoemaker during the night, while they preached during the day. They were successful in converting the people to christianity until their course was finished by the sword about the year 287.

The coachman of Berlin wear a distinctive hat when conveying physicians, and are granted the right of way by a city ordinance.

We are told that among the Portuguese the rosemary was dedicated to the fairies under the name of Albram or Esfin Plant; and in Spain, where it was worn as an antidote against the "evil eye," its magic properties were believed in up till quite recent times.

The shoemaker craft throughout the whole Christian world have from an early period regarded Crispin and Crispinian as their patron saints, but particularly the first. They often celebrated the day set apart for these saints in the calendar with processions and festivities.

The magnetic needle points in the same direction as to the magnetic poles in all parts of the earth. The magnetic poles do not correspond with the axis of the earth; there is therefore a variation of the needle at places not on a meridian which coincides with both poles. The needle dips as it approaches the magnetic poles.

Coughing can be stopped by pressing on the nerve of the lips in the neighborhood of the nose. A pressure there may prevent a cough when it is beginning. Sneezing may be stopped by the same operation. Pressing also in the neighborhood of the ear may stop coughing. Pressing very hard on the top of the mouth inside is another means of stopping coughing.

Next to wool, silk, it is said, is the easiest to dye of all the textile fibres. In fact it runs riot in the whole gamut of color. The aniline dye evolved by German chemists from coal tar gives many of the delightful tints. For the rest there is madder and Brazil wood, turmeric and cochineal, saffron, indigo, logwood, fustic, Prussian blue, and a hundred more. There is no shade, no tint, no cloud of color, but may be caught and repeated in order that beauty may go beautifully.

Professor Meiklejohn, of St. Andrews, suggests a new point of origin for the influenza epidemic. He is of opinion that the vitiated atmosphere of the Russian churches and cathedrals is amply sufficient to breed and to disseminate the poisonous germs that are supposed to cause this terrible disease. These places are constantly frequented by crowds of the poorest classes, and no adequate method of ventilation is adopted to renew the air that has been impregnated with the fetid exhalations from their bodies.

Last year French smokers consumed 4,600,000 francs worth of cigars, 10,000,000 of cigarettes, 29,000,000 of snuff, and 21,000,000 worth of pipe tobacco. The greatest snuff-takers are old peasant women and priests. Snuff is often allowed to sisters of charity, as it renders the nose insensible to the bad smells of slums and hospitals, and acts as a disinfectant of the air taken in by the nostrils. The greatest number of pipe smokers are along the coast from Nantes to Calais. Fisherwomen as well as sailors use the pipe. The consumption of ladies' cigarettes rose from 101,300 francs to 800,000 francs last year, and the orders received at the tobacco manufactory promise a still further increase under the head. There is one anti-tobacco society in France.



THE OLD AMANUENSIS

For potency Chartreuse must be awarded the palm, containing, as it does, 53 per cent. of that element which, if it doesn't always cheer, certainly inebriates.

Sixty millions of pounds worth of insurance will, it is said, be placed by the exhibition committee at Chicago, and this does not include the policies taken out by individual exhibitors.

Coal mining requires an average sacrifice of two lives per day. Of each 150 men working in the mines one must lose his life within a year.

It is estimated that there are 200 paid church choirs in New York and within a radius of five miles of the city. This means that 1,000 singers and organists earn their living by church choir work.

The average number of American patents issued yearly is about 20,000. England, which comes nearest to us, issues only about 4,000 to 5,000 a year, and its system is very much more lax than ours. Patents are issued in England without any conditions as to novelty or merit, and not two applications in a hundred are rejected. In Prussia the number granted annually is less than 100; in Belgium, 1,500 to 2,000.

Lieut. Schwatka confirms what recent explorers have said concerning Alaska. The country is a broken one and the rivers are practically un navigable. Alaska can only be opened up by railroads. It contains some magnificent forests and the soil appears to be well filled with minerals. It may be a great country for mining, and, if so, its development by railways is sure to come sooner or later.

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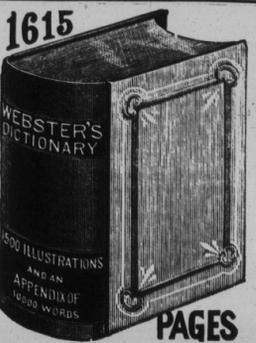
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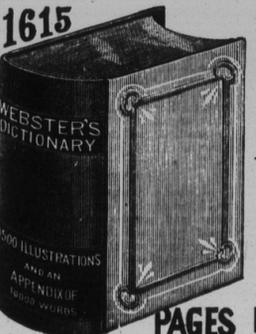
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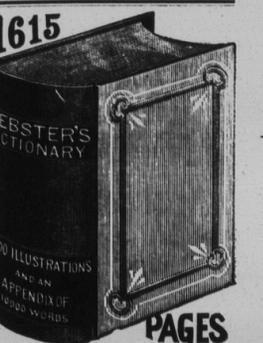
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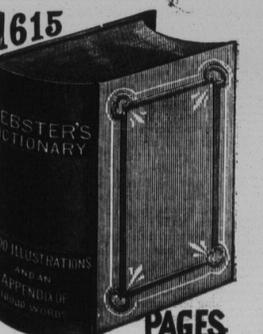
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NEW AND WOMEN

The new Lord Mayor Evans, in 42 years of chief magistracy that

Francis E. Will modest. She repudi of having high walking they should reach t knees and ankle.

By a French law void, and every effort induce Muse. Boul rights. As the ge entitled to an annual

Tolstoi's eldest s 27, does not share tric doctrines. His composer, and has university degree of

The Car of Russi to having his picture have been greatly er attempt of a travel take a snap shot at he usually differs fr Germany.

The child-queen while receiving a for held her favorite c length mischievously der that you are not me; all my dolls ha you know."

The first man kill sian war of 1870 ha ored by a monument ed near Worth. S proved to have been a Frenchman, but ar with the German ar

Mrs. Potter Palu mail in the woman's The lady managers suggestion of Mrs. having the nail mad copper. It will be as soon as complet

Louis Frang, the grapher, was, when printer in Prussia. States to escape arr a revolution, and fo he struck the lucky fame and fortune, l istence.

Queen Victoria p moral Castle well o will probably remai part of November. Scotch castle suits than the more relax of Wight, where a Christmas holidays.

Mr. Balfour, muc rassed by his parlia without a keen app being asked if h funny pantomime w run he replied: "I fun I require in papers which kindl vice and tell me ho whipped. They ar

Mrs. Augusta Ev ern novelist, Eve Spring Hill, the suburb of Mobile, older her remarkab acterizes all her no has come to be reg as an unquestioned from the conception the method of buil duct.

Prince Nicholas, most unblushing m ually passing the h impoverished subj which seems chron the czar very freel exhausted his pati Alexander having m much as he could p without botheri rows. And now th pass by.

Bernhardt is a ultra notions seem the other women one of whom has Chicago audience in whalebone. Th been a grandmo torians differ con good authority has she manages to loi she steps behind those things "whic find out."

Mrs. Amelia I have in her room i Charlottesville, a woman's nude fig which is pronoun beauty. It lies drawn curtains.

Europe an old neighborhood was when he saw his g to her bed chamb With her magic drew back the ric tains. The old p turning quickly t approaching, he e gesture: "Let us place for us."

Anthony Cant known the pu born in Worcester child he sang and at the age of the variety stage, impersonator. I riganin Chicago, tunes as a vari were in Chicago company, and tri in their act in th ire, and they on and finally into duced at the old York city. It o were fairly on t tune. Hart was a misunderstanding resulted. About sted, and Hart b within two year paralysis. His f him and his fami placed in the say

He leaves n actress Gerie months ago.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The new Lord Mayor of London, David Evans, is 42 years old, and is the youngest chief magistrate that the city has ever had.

By a French law, Boulanger's will is void, and every effort is being made to induce Mme. Boulanger to assert her rights.

Tolstoi's eldest son, who is a youth of 27, does not share in his father's eccentric doctrines.

The czar of Russia has a great aversion to having his picture taken, and is said to have been greatly enraged recently by the attempt of a travelling photographer to take a snap shot at him.

The child-queen that rules Holland, while receiving a foreign minister recently, held her favorite doll in her arms, and at length mischievously observed: "I wonder that you are not afraid to come near me; all my dolls have had the measles, you know."

The first man killed in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 had his memory honored by a monument which has been erected near Worth.

Mrs. Potter Palmer is to drive the last nail in the woman's world's fair building. The lady managers of Montana, at the suggestion of Mrs. J. E. Richards, are having the nail made of gold, silver and copper.

Louis Prang, the famous chromo-lithographer, was when a young man, a calico printer in Prussia.

Queen Victoria prolongs her stay at Balmoral Castle well on into the fall. She will probably remain there until the latter part of November.

Mr. Balfour, much as he may be harassed by his parliamentary duties, is not without a keen appreciation of humor.

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, the southern novelist, lives in a pretty home on Spring Hill, the shady and picturesque suburb of Mobile.

Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro, is a most unblinking mendicant, and is perpetually passing the hat around to save his impoverished subjects from the starvation which seems chronic to them.

Bernhardt is a dress reformer, and her ultra notions seem to be impressed upon the other women of her company.

Mrs. Amelie Rives Chandler is said to have in her room in her country home near Charlottesville, a rare painting of a woman's nude figure from her own brush.

Anthony Cannon, or, as he was better known to the public, "Tony Hart," was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1855.

An Irish sailor on board one of the emigrant ships to America, who was a "green" hand, was the day before leaving Liverpool engaged in hauling in a very long rope.

A sly old fox, seeing some hen roosting with Chanticleer in a courtyard, endeavored to beguile them by fine words.

Reynard, raised himself upon his spurs, and took survey all around. "What see you?" said the fox. "I see two dogs coming this way."

Reynard immediately takes to flight. "Stop, stop!" cried Chanticleer. "Do you not say that peace has been proclaimed among animals?"

"Yes," said the fox; "but perhaps yonder dogs have not yet heard the news."

PROGRESS FICKINGS.

"You should not hug so hard, George, dear!" "Why not, Annie love?" "It is wasted energy."

The winter nights are growing chill, and soon the youths and maidens will sit somewhat close together.

Graveler—"And you say you have a hundred sovereign spoons? Didn't they cost you lots of money?" Traveler—"Not at all. The waiter turns his back and I do the rest."

Jack—"I love you." Maud—"How nice!" Jack—"But I am poor." Maud—"How romantic!" Jack—"Yet I want you to be my wife." Maud—"How stupid!"

Grocer—"Mrs. Haash says she doesn't remember getting any butter here last week. Clerk—"I remember it, Grocer—Did you sell it to her?" Clerk—"No sir; but I board at her house."

Foreman—"Where shall I put this report of the prize-fight?" "Put it alongside of Rev. Dr. Goodman's sermon. Then people can read the prize-fight while pretending to read the sermon."

Gildersleeve—"Cabbage must be an expert machinist." Winebiddle—"What makes you think that?" Gildersleeve—"When he left me this afternoon he said he had but ten minutes to make a train."

"Did you recognize your wife at the masquerade ball last night?" "Not until I patted her on the shoulder and she whispered to me, 'Lemuel, don't make a fool of yourself, you old donkey.'"—New York Herald.

"Now, caddy, do be careful how you drive; I'm very nervous, you know." "Do you be afraid, sir. I'll be careful. An' which 'ospital would you wish to be taken to in case of a haccident?"—Boston Globe.

Suitor—"You are undoubtedly aware of the object of my visit?" Father—"I believe you desire to make my daughter happy. Do you really mean it?" Suitor—"Unquestionably I do, sir." Father—"Well, don't marry her then."

Good Man (sadly)—"Ah, my son, you have been to the circus. It pains me greatly to think that one so young should have crossed the threshold of iniquity." Bad Small Boy—"I didn't cross any threshold. I crawled under the tent."

"I often wonder," he said, as they stood in the yellowness of a moonlit night, "what my last words will be." And not a vestige of sarcastic intent lurked in her mind as she answered, "So do I, George. I should so love to hear them."—Washington Star.

Beyond reproach—Mr. Ducetta—"I have my doubts about that young Paul Knight who comes to see you so often. Do you consider him a steady young man?" Diana Ducetta—"Why, yes; seven nights in the week is pretty steady, isn't it papa?"—Puck.

Managing Editor—"Do you think that new man has had any experience in a newspaper office?" City Editor—"Yes, indeed." "What makes you think so?" "The first thing he did when I gave him a desk was to hide the ink and lock his pony up."—Washington Star.

Travelling through the sage-brush country a Jackass met a Rabbit, who exclaimed, in great astonishment: "Good heavens! how did you grow so big? You are doubtless the largest rabbit living." "No," said the Jackass, "you are the smallest donkey."—San Francisco Examiner.

Sour faced woman—"You get right out of here or I'll call my husband. Tramp—"Your husband ain't at home. Sour faced woman—"How do you know he ain't?" Tramp—"I've allers noticed, mum, that when a man is married to a woman who looks like you, he never is at home except at meal time."

"Now, isn't it a burping shame?" said Mrs. Seldom as she pushed her spectacles up on her forehead, and laid down the morning paper. "What's that, mother?" said her youngest son. "Why, Emperor William gave an audience to Prince William yesterday. Think of that, my son—a whole audience given away like so many cattle. It's awful!"

Mr. Openheart—"It's dreadful the way your paper pries into matters it has no business to meddle with! The idea of putting my subscription to the charity fund in print? Why, I wouldn't have had it made public for the world. It appears as though I was fishing for notoriety!" Editor—"I'm very sorry, Mr. Openheart, but I—" "Besides, it wasn't \$5 I gave; it was \$25."—Boston News.

A pompous lawyer, who supposed himself to be very sarcastic, said to the keeper of an apple stand: "It seems to me that you should quit this trying business and go at something which is not so wearing on the brain." "Oh, 'tain't business," said the apple-seller, "it is 'lyin' awake nights tryin' to decide whether to leave my tortures to a horphan 'tylum or a 'ome for played-out old lawyers as is a killin' me."

Customer—"You made a mistake in my prescription the other day. It called for ten grains of opium, and I got a small package containing magnesia." Druggist—"Are you sure about it?" Customer—"Yes here is a duplicate prescription from the physician. Now the question is, who got the opium?" Druggist—"Dear me, that's so;" (to the prescription clerk) "James, who's died in the neighborhood?"

An Irish sailor on board one of the emigrant ships to America, who was a "green" hand, was the day before leaving Liverpool engaged in hauling in a very long rope.

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PROFESSIONAL.

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(Signed) REV. FATHER SHAW, P. P. Given at the Rectory of St. John the Baptist, New Glasgow, N. S., Jan. 28th, 1891.

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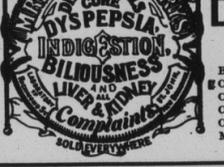
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M. DELAPORTE'S PICTURE.

The studios stood in a meadow high above the quaint little fishing village of Trenewyn. The meadow, which the proprietor had justly named "Le Champ des Beaux Arts," came suddenly upon one as a surprise on mounting the stony, dusky street that led up from the quay. The studios—three in number—were a still greater surprise, so modern and out of place they looked in this little Old World nook, where only fisher folk had lived and worked since the village had existed.

History stated that the little village had suffered severely at the hands of the Spaniards in 1595, at which times these ruthless invaders had partly destroyed the beautiful old church, which stood in the parish of Polwyn, about a mile off. There was much that was picturesque and quaint about the little hamlet, and wonderful beauty of bay and coast, where the wide blue sea rolled bold and unbroken to the Lizard Point.

So, in the course of time, it entered the mind of one Jasper Treneweth, owner of the old Treneweths, to account to the country folk as a somewhat eccentric individual, to buy the waste piece of a meadow land that commanded so unrivalled a view, and build thereon a set of studios for the benefit of such artists as cared for natural subjects. The studios had been built and tenanted for some years, and the place itself had acquired considerable favor among the "Brothers of the Brush." Jasper Treneweth was a man of great culture and artistic taste.

Indeed, he himself had worked and studied as an artist in his youth, with no inconsiderable success. But of late years, and, strangely enough, since the first year that the studios had been completed and opened, Jasper Treneweth had never touched brush or pencil. He gave no reason, but then he was a man too reserved and cold to give confidence easily.

To artists in their days of struggling and despair he had ever been a friend, but he conferred benefits so delicately that it would have been a difficult matter to trace them back to his benefactor. He was a cynical man, a man scant of praise, intolerant of feebleness, so said the art world; but here and there some nature would recognize the deep tenderness and nobility of this unknown benefactor; would learn that no man held genius in greater reverence or gave it to more ready help.

Five years had passed since the studios had been tenanted—four since that strange rule had been framed and published by their owner that they would never be let to a woman artist. He was very strict on this point. He would give no reason, and suffer no questioning, but the rule, once made, had been rigidly adhered to. Various tenants had held the studios from time to time, some remaining but a few months, others for a year or more. One artist, however, a young Irishman, celebrated for his sea pieces, and a great favorite with Jasper Treneweth, had held his studio ever since they had been opened.

This young man knew more of the cynical and reserved owner than any of the "art brotherhood" to whom his tall figure, and grave stern face, and quiet merciless criticisms were familiar. As far as it was in him to unbend to, or care for any one, Jasper had unbent to Denis O'Hara, perhaps because the bright sunny nature and genial temperament were so unlike his own—perhaps because he recognized in the youth of 25 those possibilities which had once allured himself, and knew that he, too, loved art more than fame, in an age when men care all for fame and little for art.

For five years the two had been constantly together, save for some months when Jasper Treneweth would be traveling in Italy, or Switzerland, or Norway. It was after returning from one of these tours that one evening Jasper Treneweth took his way down the hillside to the studios. The general room where the artists usually sat and smoked and drank coffee in evenings was bright with lamp-light and freelight, as he opened the door, and stood for a moment on the threshold looking at the group round the fireplace.

They sprang up at his advent to give him a warm welcome. Brushes had been laid aside, easels forsaken. On the morrow the pictures destined for acceptance or rejection at the Royal Academy would be on view to the village folk, or gentry around. Hard work was over for a time. It remained to be seen what its results would produce.

"I suppose you've come to see what we've been doing," said Denis O'Hara, shaking him warmly by the hand. "You couldn't have hit on a better time, only he stopped and glanced round at his companions, a momentary chill and embarrassment on his bright face, and in his usually gay young voice.

"Only—what?" said Jasper Treneweth, his deep tones sounding less stern than usual as he glanced round at the familiar scene.

Denis O'Hara seemed to constitute himself spokesman. "Sit down," he said, "and I'll tell you in what schoolboy fashion we were going to amuse ourselves. You see those sketches, * * * we found them in that cupboard yonder, and after some valuable and impartial criticism—which you've missed—we agreed to relate each a story of the origin or subject of one particular sketch, to be selected by vote."

Denis O'Hara glanced at the sketch. "It is mine," he said simply. For a moment the man who had asked that question stood silent and still, gazing down at the picture in his hand, his thoughts and memories centered in something it had recalled. Something—a dream, a hope, a memory.

"Ah! even men, the coldest and hardest of men, may have one such dream, one such hope, one such memory. 'So it is yours, that sketch,'" said Jasper Treneweth. "But it is unfinished. Lend me your pencil, Denis; you may have the credit of the sketch, but I think I alone could tell the story aright."

"And you will, you will?" cried Denis O'Hara, eagerly. "How often I've wanted to know—how often I've wondered. Treneweth, don't think me intrusive or curious, but you know that old folly—the romance of that first year we spent here—of only I knew what had become of her!"

For a moment Jasper Treneweth was silent. The others now roused and wondering were looking at him, and at Denis, marveling at the unwonted excitement of the one, the disturbance of the other. Then they saw the pencil working rapidly over the panel that Jasper Treneweth held. No one spoke. Swiftly with unerring certainty, with that firmness and ease which bespoke certain knowledge and artistic skill, the sketch grew and lived before their eyes, and Denis O'Hara, breathless and wondering, watched it as no one else watched it, for to him it meant what it could never mean to any one else, or so, in youth's blind egotism, he imagined.

Then with a deep drawn breath almost a sigh, Jasper Treneweth handed him the sketch and took the vacant chair placed for himself. The face of the young artist grew pale as he looked at the little picture. He looked questioningly at his friend. "I cannot understand," he said, hesitatingly. "I could not tell the story from this now."

A faint smile quivered on those pale lips of Jasper Treneweth. "No," he said. "But the sketch was yours; describe it."

"A large room; one, it describes, of many rooms. Pictures cover the wall. Before one picture a group of figures standing. Behind the group a man, his frame bent, almost crippled it seems, leaning on a woman's arm. I know the woman—I made this sketch of her long years ago—"

"I know what you would say," interrupted Treneweth. "Tell the story of that woman as you know it. I will finish it."

THE YOUNG ARTIST'S STORY. Denis O'Hara kept the sketch in his hand and glanced at it from time to time as he spoke. "When I came here," he said, "I had the place all to myself. I came in one of those fits of enthusiasm at which you all laugh. Our friend Treneweth introduced me to the place, gave me inestimable hints (and no one shaking your head, Jasper; you shall not always hide your light under a bushel) in every way he made me at home and comfortable. Altogether it was very pleasant, and I am not sure that I felt pleased when one evening he strolled down here to show me a letter he had received from one of our fraternity asking to hire a studio for three months in order to complete a picture.

"The handwriting was bold and clear; the signature at the end of the simple, concise words, 'M. Delaporte.' We discussed and speculated about M. Delaporte. We wondered if he was old or young, agreeable or the reverse; if he would be a bore, or a nuisance—in fact, we talked a great deal about him during the week that intervened between his letter and his arrival. Treneweth saw to the arrangements of the studio. It was No. 11, he had agreed to let, and gave directions as to trains, etc., and then left me to welcome the new-comer who was to arrive by the evening train. I had been out all day, and when I came home tired, cold and hungry, I saw lights in No. 11, and thought to myself, 'My fellow artist has arrived, then.' Thinking it would be only civil to give him welcome, I walked up to the door and knocked. A voice called out, 'Come in!' and turning the handle, I found myself in the presence of a woman! For a moment I was too surprised to speak. She was mounted on a short step-ladder arranging some velvet draperies, and at my entrance she turned and, with the rich-hued stuffs forming a background for the most beautiful figure woman could boast of, faced me with such case and composure as—well, as I lacked.

M. Delaporte here I heard no more about the disadvantages of sex. At the end of a month we knew little more about her than we did on that first evening. I opined that she was a widow, but no hint, however skillful; no trap, however baited, could force her into confidence or self-betrayal. We called her Mrs. Delaporte. Her name was Musette, she told me. Her mother had been a French woman; of her father she never spoke. She worked very hard, often putting me to shame; but still she would not let me see the picture, always skillfully turning the easel so that the canvas was hidden whenever Jasper or myself entered the studio. We were never permitted to do so in working hours, but when the daylight faded, and the well known little tea table was set out, we often dropped in for a cup of tea and a chat. It was all so pleasant, so homelike, and—"

He paused, and laid down the sketch. The usual gayety and brightness of his face was subdued and shadowed. "I—well, it's no good to dwell on it all now, but I do think of course I fell madly in love with her. Who could help it? I'm sure I used to bore Treneweth considerably at that time, though he was very patient. And she was just the same always—calm, friendly, gracious, absorbed in her work, and to all appearances unconscious of what mischief her presence had wrought. As the third month drew near to its end I grew desperate. But she laughingly evaded all my hints, and would only receive me at the farmhouse.

"So, suddenly, without a word to Treneweth or herself, I packed up my traps and started off on a sketching tour through Cornwall. When I came back the studio was closed, and Treneweth had gone away. The man left in charge, and who made the arrangements for letting them, told me that a new rule had been made by their landlord. They were never to be let to women artists. That was in all my part of the book, and my sketch is only the figure I remember."

He glanced at Jasper Treneweth, who silently held out his hand for the sketch. For a moment silence reigned throughout the room. The eyes of all were on the sketch, and in the gaze of all was the man who sat there before them, his thoughts apparently far away, so that he seemed to have forgotten his promise to finish the story which Denis O'Hara had begun.

At last he roused himself. "There is not much to add," he said slowly. "All that Denis has said of Musette Delaporte is true, and more than true. She was one of those women who are bound to leave their mark on a man's life and memory. After Denis left so abruptly I saw very little of her. She seemed restless, troubled and disturbed. Her mind was absorbed in the completion of her picture. That unrest and dissatisfaction which is ever the penalty of enthusiasm had now taken the place of previous hopefulness. 'If it should fail,' she said to me, 'Oh, you don't know what I have staked on it.' 'Still she never offered to show it to me, and I would not presume to ask. I kept away for several days, thinking she was best undisturbed."

"I walked down to the studio. I knocked at the door. There was no answer. I turned the handle and entered. In the full light of the sunset, as it streamed through the window, stood the easel, covered no longer, and facing me, as I passed on, the woman, with her picture. I stood there too amazed to speak or move. It was magnificent. If I had not known that it was a woman's hand had converted that canvas into a living, breathing history I could not have believed it. There was nothing crude or weak or feminine about it. The power and force of genius spoke out like a living voice, and seemed to demand the homage it so grandly challenged. Suddenly I became aware of a sound in the stillness—the low, stifled sobbing of a woman. I saw her face flow down, and forward on the couch at the farthest end of the room, her whole frame trembling and convulsed with a passion of grief. 'Oh, Maurice!' she sobbed, and then again only that name—'Maurice! Maurice! Maurice!'"

"I closed the door softly and went away. There seemed to me something sacred in this grief. * * * I could not intrude on it. She was so near to fame. She held so great a gift * * * and yet she lay weeping her heart out, under the weakest and most foolish of her sex, for a man's sake!"

He paused; his voice seemed a little less steady, a little less cold. "On the morrow," he said abruptly, "she was as usual, a note of farewell was sent—and—thanks for me. I felt a momentary disappointment. I should like to have said farewell to her, and it was strange, too, how much I missed her and Denis. The loneliness and quiet of my life grew more than lonely as the days went on, and at last made up my mind to go to London. Whether by chance or purpose I found myself there on the day the Academy opened. All who are artists know what that day means for them. I—well I was artist enough to feel the interest of art triumphs, and the sorrow of its failures. I went where the London was thronging, and mingled with the crowd, artistic, critical and curious, who were gathered in the Academy galleries. I passed into the first room, noticed and I pushed and thronged around one picture there, and I heard murmurs of praise and wonder from scores of lips as I, too, tried to get sight of what seemed to them so marvelous and attractive. At last a break in the throng favored me. I looked over the heads of some dozen people in front of the picture, and I saw—the picture I had gazed at in such wonder and delight in the studio of Musette Delaporte! Deservedly honored, it hung there on the line, and already its praises were sounding, and the severest critics as well as the most eager enthusiasts were giving it fame.

pale and worn, as if by long suffering, his frame bent and crippled. As his eyes caught the picture I saw the sudden light and wonder that leaped into his face. I saw, too, the glory of love and tenderness in hers. I drew nearer, the man was speaking: 'How could you do it?' he said, 'how could you?' 'Oh, Maurice, forgive me,' said that low, remembered voice. 'Dearest, are we not one in heart and soul and name? I only finished what you had so well begun. You were so ill and helpless, and when you went to the hospital, oh, the days were so long and so empty. I meant to tell you, but when it was finished I had not the courage, so I just sent it, signed, as usual, M. Delaporte. I—I never dared to hope it would be accepted. After all, what did I do? The plan, the thought, the detail all were yours, only my poor weak hand worked when yours was helpless.'

"I was so close I heard every word, so close that I saw him bend and kiss with reverence the hand that she called poor and weak, so close that I heard the low breathed murmur from his lips, 'God bless and reward you, my noble wife!'"

"And she was married all the time!" said Denis plaintively. "She might have told us!"

Jasper Treneweth was silent.

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Visitors are to business what the tares were to the wheat after the enemy had been there. The best medical authorities say the proper way to treat catarrh is to take a constitutional remedy, like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Steamer of this line will leave St. John, North End, every morning (Sunday excepted) for the Colonial city at 9 a.m. Returning, will leave Fredericton at 8 a.m. Fare, \$1. Steamer of this line connect with steamer Florenceville and railways for up river counties. Return tickets, to return same day or by Saturday night steamer, Oak Point, 40c.; Hampton, 50c.

STEAMERS. Steamer Clifton. COMMENCING the 1st October, this steamer will leave Indiantown Wharf at 3 o'clock, p.m., on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. International Steamship Co. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING Nov. 2, the 8 cameras of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 7.30, standard. Returning will leave Boston same days, at 8.30 a.m., and Portland at 9 p.m., for Eastport and St. John.

COMMENCING Nov. 2, the 8 cameras of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 7.30, standard. Returning will leave Boston same days, at 8.30 a.m., and Portland at 9 p.m., for Eastport and St. John. Connections at Eastport with steamer for Saint Andrews, Calais and Saint Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p.m. C. E. LARCHLER, Agent. A WEEK'S HOLIDAY BOSTON FOR \$3.00

THE Boston, Halifax, and Prince Edward Island Line of Steamships offer a grand chance for a pleasant and rapid sea trip from the Nova Scotia capital to Boston. Leaving Halifax at 10 o'clock every Saturday afternoon, after the arrival of the eastern bound trains, and Lewis' wharf, Boston, at twelve o'clock every Saturday, on the morning of all the morning expresses from Maine and New York. They offer an excellent opportunity of enjoying a full week's holiday in the Hub of the Universe, and of returning home in good season to the palatial ocean playground. STATE OF INDIANA. 2,600 tons, commanded by Capt. Doane, is the largest, handsomest fitted, and best sea-going boat on the route. She has first-class passenger accommodation for 500, and cabin room for as many more. The reliable and popular CARROL, 1,400 tons, commanded by Capt. Brown, is, without doubt, the most widely-known passenger carrying steamship plying between New England and the Provinces. These steamers make the through trip from Boston to Charlottetown, P. E. I., calling at Halifax and Port Hawkesbury each way. The marvellously low rate (\$3) from Halifax to Boston is the cheapest of any of the lines running out of Boston, and the accommodation by the B. H. and P. E. I. steamers is unequalled. For freight or passage, apply to JAS. F. FRELAY & SON, R. B. GARDNER, Master, P. E. I. Wharf, Lewis Wharf (Eastside) Boston. Halifax, N. S.

On the Rhine of America. STAR LINE. FOR FREDERICTON, ETC. A STEAMER of this line will leave St. John, North End, every morning (Sunday excepted) for the Colonial city at 9 a.m. Returning, will leave Fredericton at 8 a.m. Fare, \$1. Steamer of this line connect with steamer Florenceville and railways for up river counties. Return tickets, to return same day or by Saturday night steamer, Oak Point, 40c.; Hampton, 50c.

On the Romantic Blue. Belleisle Bay steamer, Springfield, will leave St. John, North End, for the above place every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12.30 p.m., calling at all way landings; returning on alternate days. G. F. BAIRD, J. E. PORTER. New York, Maine, and New Brunswick STEAMSHIP CO. ST. JOHN AND NEW YORK. THE S. S. "WINTHROP" of this line will resume Weekly Service between St. John and New York as follows: Leave New York, Pier 40, E. R., on SATURDAYS, at 6.00 p.m., for Eastport and St. John; and Leave St. John (New York Pier, North End), on TUESDAYS, at 3.00 p.m., for Eastport and New York. The "WINTHROP" having been accommodated during the winter, now offers first-class accommodation for Passengers and Freight. For further information apply to H. D. McLEOD, TROOP & SON, Agents, St. John. Gen'l. Freight and Pass. Ag't. F. H. SMITH & CO., Gen. Manager, 17 and 19 William Street, New York. Or at the Office in the Company's Warehouse, New York Pier, North End, St. John, N. B., March 2nd, 1891.

WINTER SAILINGS. BAY OF FUNDY S. S. COY. (Limited). S. S. "City of Monticello." ROBERT FLEMING, Commander. WILL, on and after MONDAY, the 2nd day of November, sail from the Company's pier, Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 7.30 local time, for Digby, and Annapolis, returning same days sailing from Annapolis upon arrival of the morning Express from Halifax, calling at Digby. These sailings will continue until further notice. HOWARD D. TROOP, President.

Chamois Skins! NEW STOCK. Large and Soft. Splendid Value. R. W. McCARTY, - - Druggist, 185 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Hotel and Farm For Sale. THAT valuable property known as "MORRISMORE ARMS," one mile from Welford Station, I. O. R., and one quarter of a mile from the Miller Trussing Extract Company's Works. The house is one and one-half stories, with 10, and contains 12 rooms. Large stable and convenient and ample outbuildings—all in good repair. A valuable vegetable garden on the premises. The farm contains 40 acres of land, nearly all cleared, and in a high state of cultivation, and produced last year 80 tons of hay, besides grain and vegetable crops. Applying the above is a lot of 48 acres, principally woodland. As a country hotel site, with a good farm attached, the above presents a chance rarely met. Terms easy. For further particulars address: Mrs. WILLIAM GRHAM, Welford, F. O., Kent Co., Ont., B.

ERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache ERBINE BITTERS Purifies the Blood ERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion ERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend ERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia ERBINE BITTERS For Biliousness Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to 451 St. Paul Street, Montreal. Oysters for the Summer Season. Having bedded 600 Bbls. of choice PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND OYSTERS, I am now prepared to supply Oysters, fresh-packed every morning; wholesale and retail. Then I noticed she was not alone. Leaning on her arm was a man, his face

RAILWAYS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Popular One Way Parties TO THE PACIFIC COAST! TOURIST SLEEPING CARS leave MONTREAL (Wind-or Street Station) at 8.15 p.m., Oct. 28; Nov. 11, 25; Dec. 9, 23, 1891. For further particulars enquire of Railway Ticket Agents. D. MCNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l. Pass. Agent, Ass't Gen'l. Pass. Ag't, MONTREAL.

Intercolonial Railway. 1891—Winter Arrangement—1892 ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 1st day of October, 1891, the trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton... 7.05 Accommodation for Point de Chene... 10.20 Fast Express for Halifax... 11.00 Fast Express for Sussex... 12.30 Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal... 15.45 A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.05 o'clock and Halifax at 7.15 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago leave St. John at 12.35 o'clock, and take Sleeping Car at Quebec. The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 12.35 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 12.00 o'clock Sunday evening. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Sussex... 8.30 Fast Express from Quebec and Montreal (excepting Mondays)... 9.25 Accommodation from Point de Chene... 12.45 Day Express from Halifax... 15.20 Fast Express from Halifax... 22.30 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Montreal, N. B., Oct. 15th, 1891.

Baby, Look at the Birdie! They don't have any such antics at ERB'S. It is taken so quick they think it is always taken. Everybody that wants PHOTOS should go to ERB'S, 13 Charlotte Street, - Saint John, N. B. Photography. THE FINEST EFFECTS OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY That has ever appeared in St. John was seen at the recent exhibition, and those were produced by CLIMO. This was the verdict by all who saw these skillfully wrought portraits. COPIES, GROUPS, AND LARGE PANELS AT VERY LOW RATES. 85 GERMAN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B. 23 CARLETON STREET, ST. JOHN. SWANN & WELLDON, Artists, PHOTOGRAPHERS. SITTERS ASSURED SATISFACTION. Pictures of every kind copied and finished in EVERY style.

THE CANADA Sugar Refining Co (LIMITED). MONTREAL. Offer For Sale all Grades of Refined Sugars & Syrups Of the Well-known Brand of Redbath Certificate of Strength and Purity: CHEMICAL LABORATORY, Medical Faculty, McGill University. To the Canada Sugar Refining Company: Gentlemen—I have taken and tested a sample of your "MEXICAN GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.50% per cent of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured. Yours truly, G. F. GIRDWOOD.