

FIRE
PLATE GLASS
INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE

INSURANCE
R.W. FRANK
78 PRINCE
WILLIAM STREET
JOHN WILSON

INSURANCE
STEAM BOILER
INSPECTION INSURANCE
ACCIDENT

MANCHESTER
FIRE ASSURANCE CO.
OF ENGLAND.

CAPITAL \$7,500,000.
ESTABLISHED 1824.

D. R. JACK,
GENERAL AGENT,
D PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

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

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY.
Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK,
SAINT JOHN
Oyster House,
NO. 5 KING SQUARE, NORTH SIDE.

How to Kill an Oyster.
Don't drown him deep in vinegar,
Or season him at all;
Don't cover up his shining form
With pepper, like a pall.
But gently lift him from his shell,
And freely hold your breath,
Then with your tongue and teeth
Just tickle him to death.

1000 Bbls. Fresh Raked P. E. I. OYSTERS.
The cheapest and best place in the city to buy Oysters.

C. H. JACKSON.

Photography.

THE FINEST EFFECTS OF
ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY
has ever appeared in St. John was seen at the
ent exhibition, and those were produced by
CLIMO.

is was the verdict by all who saw these skillfully
wrought portraits.

PIES, GROUPS, AND LARGE PANELS
AT VERY LOW RATES.

5 GERMAN STREET,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

CARLETON STREET, ST. JOHN.

SWANN & WELLDON,
Artists,
HOTOGRAPHERS.

LETTERS ASSURED SATISFACTION.
ures of every kind copied and Antched
in EVERY Style.

ELECTRIC LIGHT!
THE CALKIN ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

ARE now prepared to enter into Contracts
with their Customers for either the
ARC OR INCANDESCENT,
Rates as low as it is possible to produce
same with satisfactory results.

We believe our System to be the best at
present in the market, and we guarantee
satisfaction.

GEO. F. CALKIN,
Manager.

AMES S. MAY, W. ROBERT MAY.

AMES S. MAY & SON,
Merchant Tailors,

DOMVILLE BUILDING,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Stock always complete in the latest de-
signs suitable for first-class trade.
Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount
cash.

VERTISE IN PROGRESS

WHO IS GOING TO WIN?

THAT IS THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

The Conservatives claim St. Martins, Musquash, Pisarino, and the North End—the Liberals, Simonds, Lancaster, the City and Carleton for their City Candidate.

“Well, how is it going?”
That is the all important question now-a-days. There is no need to explain what “it” means—the election is the one topic talked of and thought about. Business has taken a back seat for the present. Those who have learned to divide their politics from their business soon find out that their neighbors and customers have not reached that elevated standard. They must perform follow suit and do as the Romans do.

Progress has to fall into line and print politics. Fortunately the paper is big enough to contain much beside this topic and thus preserve the balance.

How is it going?
There are not many wagers being made. Notwithstanding their sweeping majority four years ago the liberals of St. John city and county are not prepared to stake their all upon the issue. In fact, so far as Progress can ascertain, they are in a state of bewildering uncertainty. The ward managers are careful and as systematic as possible—they waste no breath in over-confident enthusiasm, and they are not resting on the probable effect of any cry. Many conservatives concede the city to the opposition, while in the ward workers are not so sure of it. McLeod is a stronger man in Carleton than Barker was and the result of the local fight with A. C. Smith as the section standard bearer may make a big difference. Again it is claimed that the luke-warm interest manifested by Mr. Ellis in the local fight has not disposed his solid phalanx to present the same unbroken front. Now and again one hears a conservative wishing that old Portland could have a hand in the city vote. The result would be far different—so they say.

In the county the conservatives count upon coming out of St. Martins with enough majority to down the liberal vote in Simonds. The region about Fairville and Lancaster will in their estimation be about even, while Musquash and Pisarino are Mr. Skinner's pet ballot boxes. Reports of the north end vary. The conservatives claim it beyond a doubt, and the liberals say there has been a decided change in the temper of the people. Both parties claim the city proper, while conceding certain districts to their opponents. The government is relying on Queens and Wellington wards, while Kings, Prince, Dukes and Sidney are liable to even up things wondrously.

The meeting of the “seceders” in the Institute was a howling success so far as numbers and enthusiasm went. But it was mixed—decidedly mixed. There were liberals and conservatives, free traders and protectionists, restrictionists and unrestrictedists on the platform. The fact, however, that Mr. W. W. Turnbull and Mr. Charles Burpee took their case in platform chairs and listened to the speeches does not seem to have turned their politics. One of the conservative organs claimed them the next evening, but Mr. Turnbull appears on the nomination paper of the county liberal candidates, and Mr. Burpee was an enthusiastic cheerer at the liberal rally Monday evening.

One of the incidents of the seceders meeting was the free distribution of campaign literature to the people as they entered the Institute. Perhaps Dr. Silas Caldwell secured one of these doggers. If it is a pity he should miss it. So Progress gives it to him. Here it is:
A GREAT BLESSING.

DR. SILAS CALDWELL'S OPINION OF UNRESTRICTED RECIPROcity.

In a Discussion in the House of Assembly, on March 19th, 1888, Dr. Silas Caldwell, who had not then been made a Q. C., spoke these significant words:

“Reciprocity is not included in the resolutions, but the honorable gentleman from Westmorland had referred to it, and he (Alward) would give him his views regarding it. Unrestricted reciprocity would be one of the greatest blessings that could be conferred upon the country. . . . Whatever providence might have in store for this great country—whether its career was to be that of an independent nation, or under the reign of the mother country, he had but one hope and one aspiration, that it would for all time to come be the home of freedom and the chosen seat of freedom.”

A companion pamphlet that circulated just as freely, reads as follows:
POVERTY AND HARD TIMES

Are the Products of Conservatism—Extract from a Speech by Charles N. Skinner.

“The policy of the Conservative party meant ruin to the country—conservatism and stagnation being products of conservatism, and wherever they existed there that policy reigned triumphant.”

“Election of St. John! Vote against the Party whose policy means RUIN TO THE COUNTRY. Vote for RECIPROcity, REFORM, RE-ARRANGEMENT. Vote for WILSON, BARKIN and ELLIS.”

Mr. McKeown paralyzed the natives. Many of his intimate friends were strongly against his appearing at the meeting, and at 6 o'clock in the evening he had made up

his mind to stay away. But the influence brought to bear before 8 P. M., was more than he could resist, and twenty minutes after the meeting began a buzz of excitement raced through the meeting—McKeown was on the platform! His speech was a wonderful thing: he was a liberal, a free trader, a restricted reciprocity man, a loyalist and again under certain conditions an unrestricted reciprocity supporter—not “extended trade” as the Sun put it. He spoke of Progress—that excellent newspaper—to quote his words—interview with him, and the fact that he had placed himself on record then as a restricted reciprocity supporter. When he sat down there was a general impression that he had made a mistake, but the political memories of St. John people are not as good as they might be, and a straight course from this point will aid the process of forgetting.

Meanwhile there is no lack of excitement in the wards. The little differences are gradually being combed down and the spirit of harmony has gained sway. The conservatives got one surprise party this week when they found that about every lively stable in town had been secured by the other side. It appears that the law is pretty strict upon this point but acute lawyers have found a way to get around it. The horses are not hired but the stable is bought for one day. It may be assumed that it takes a good round sum to do this—about \$200 for each stable is the figure this year. This gives some idea of what it costs to get the intelligent voter to cast his ballot upon election day. The use of plenty of teams is rather an important point, especially if the day be like that on which the local contest took place last winter, when a coach was much to be preferred to glare ice and a rain storm. The figure for a single coach and a good man, one who knows where every voter in the district can be found, has been placed as high as \$50 this year. And it will be paid too.

There is a pretty general fear among government men that Hon. G. E. Foster will be an “ex M. P.” after March 5. He is not the same man in Kings county today as he was four or eight years ago. The feelings of the people have, no doubt, undergone great changes for many reasons. If once the country voter gets an impression that he is being flattered by his vote once in four years, and no notice taken of him in the meantime, he is a pretty rough customer. The chances are 6 to 4 in favor of Domville's election in Kings county. What effect the \$13,000 sent to the constituency will have remains to be seen.

Even here there is an artful—a very artful—dogger, which kings has been distributed by the thousands. Here it is:

RECIPROcity!

The farmer will save

Each family on four.....	\$ 9.00
" " on oil.....	9.00
" " on dry goods.....	12.00
" " on Groceries.....	15.00
Total each year.....	\$45.00
" " five years.....	\$225.00
Revenue \$18,000,000 each year—Mr. Foster's Speech at Sussex, Feb. 10, 1891.	
The farmer will gain	
On every 100 bbls of potatoes.....	\$62.00
" " horses.....	30.00
" " bbl. of eggs.....	6.00
" " lamb 75 cents, 10 lambs.....	75.00
" " 200 lbs. of butter.....	12.00
" " 100 lbs. of cheese.....	6.00
Total each year.....	\$123.50
" " five years.....	617.50

Total saved, \$225.00
 gained, 617.50
Grand total, \$842.50 FARMER.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

He Discusses Election Matters, and His Me's Antipathy to Funerals.

Pears to me at election times folks lose their heads as quick as they do their hats. Savin' souls and savin' money gives way to savin' their country. My goodness, but you orter see pa's heviny profile the nite uv the Moncton election. He was allers a howlin' Blare man and he was so filled with patriotic emoshuns that he okepied most uv the sidewalk. Where's the yaller valesse now, sez he slappin' Johnny Beagle on the shoulder? Where's the nobel oppoisshun that was goin' to camp on Blare, sez he? Blare's star has set, has it? Its settin' on the nobel oppoisshun, I gress. Hav' you got the new government conceeded on yure person, sez he to Beagle? Pears to me, John, sez he, if nacher intended you fer the sherrif biznes yure a long time gettin' out yure sign.

My land! just then, another patriot cum along and smashed in pa's new election beaver till it looked like a last week's pancake. With that pa led off with his terribel right and fetched the patriot in the bread-room. Then the patriot rose up and come at pa with his terribel left, but pa dodged and landed on his bugel with his terribel right. Then the patriot landed on pa's food reserve with his horribel left, but pa came up game but groggy, and just then our dog Snide, which was viewin' the scene in an ankush and critikle way, sailed in and grabbed the patriot on the 'boobers and pa landed heavy on his usak and just then

Vandine come along and landed heavy on pa. So, the last we heard of pa as he was bein' lugged off fer the cause of home and country, he was singin'—
There's one more river to cross,
The yaller valesse was smashed in the fun,
There's one more river to cross.

I don't think Ma is fond of corpses somehow. She allers stays away from funerals coz she don't want to introod upon the sacrid greef uv the survivin' relatives. When she does go to funerals and they asks her please to step in and see the butifol corpse, she sez, No thank you, I'd rather remember her as she was. So, the other day Pa told us that our washwoman's brother had died on her hands, and Ma had to go over and see about our washin'. And Mrs. Willis, that was the washwoman, sez she to Ma: Would you like to gaze upon the corpse, Maan? O, no, sez Ma, I'd rather remember him the way he was. It wasn't till Ma got home that she found out the corpse never was in Fredericton before but was brot on from Texas to be berried. So, coz Ma never saw the corpse livin' or dead, so I gess she'll have a hard time rememberin' him as he was, don't you think so?

There is another clemshun comin' off and Wilnot Gue has come out strong fer Tempel. But Johnny Beagle is on the other side, so Pa sez its goin' to be very close. Pa sez the Gleaner is pitchin' into Thompson, so he thinks Thompson will be elected. He sez if the Gleaner wants to beat Thompson it orter support him. That would be sure deeth, he sez.

Mr. Coleman is on the side uv the liberals, coz it will help the cariboo biznes. The Injuns across the river is all fer Thompson, coz the railway to Pokiok will spoil the snowshoe biznes. Mr. Pitts is in favor uv Tempel coz he's so ranguous fer temperance. Willard Carvel is deeth on free trade coz it would let in the Chinese and kill the landry biznes. Jimmy Cragel is down on anekushun coz he wants to die a British object. Johnny Beagle sez he is in favor of free trade coz it will do away with insurance agents in the custom house. Give us free trade, sez John Woods, and the poor man can get his Balmor oysters from Sugar Island at my place the yere round, with the shells thrown in for brickybrac. Ma is down on respisosity coz she read in the paper that it would bring American settlers into the country. That's only another name fer Yankee settlers, Hiram, sez she, and there's plenty uv them in the house already.

But pa, he's on the fence so he can holler fer the crowd that wins.
Fredericton, Feb. 24. JIMMY SMITH.

VERSES AND PATRIOTISM.

The Former Adopted by Both Sides and the Latter Obstructs Business.

The annexation cry has been a great thing for the patriotic boomers of “My Own Canadian Home.” They are as full of business as patriotism, and are pushing the song for all they are worth. But there have been many drawbacks. In the first place they forgot to compose a good chorus, that people might be able to sing; and the song is too long for campaign purposes. “My Own Canadian Home” is the only line in it that seems to raise the enthusiasm to any great extent, and it is the one line that the crowd can sing, with any degree of success. As it only occurs once in the six verses, the audience is always undecided about the proper time to cheer. At the Foster meeting in the Institute, it was the only rally the minister of finance had, as far as raising the enthusiasm went, and despite the fact that there was a slip with the song printed on it, on every seat in the hall, the choir at the back of the stage and Mr. White with his cornet had it all to themselves most of the time.

The musical part of the liberal meeting was conducted on somewhat different lines. On that evening the choir was located back of the audience, in the old-fashioned church style, and did very well, considering that they had not the advantage of Mr. White and his cornet. The liberal campaign verses are more to the point than those of the conservatives. They deal with the candidates without gloves, and the music is much better.

Nevertheless “My Own Canadian Home” is playing an important part in the campaign, although a choir and cornet seems absolutely necessary to make it “go.” Over 3,000 copies of the song are said to have been sold already for election purposes, and they are being sent to all parts of the country. Patriotism overcomes mountains of difficulties. It interferes with successful newspaper work, however, as was shown at the Foster meeting. On that occasion the reporters made a gallant effort to be patriotic, but had to give it up as a bad job. Before the meeting opened a union jack served as a table-cloth on the reportorial table, but when the scribes settled down to business it was only a hindrance to the work, and had to be discarded for the bare boards.

A RIP-ROARING TIME.

GREAT EXCITEMENT AT THE COURT HOUSE NOMINATION.

The Boys Have their Innings—A Howling Mob of Interrupters—Remarks on Every Subject Under the Sun—A Description of the Scene.

Thursday was the great day in the campaign—the great day for both parties. Next Thursday will be a great day for one of them, but on nomination day, each party had its innings; its successes and failures, and both claimed a victory. All the afternoon, and well into the evening the candidates held forth; and candidates only, for when Ald. Connor was boosted on the table by some of his friends and attempted to explain the relations existing between his ropewalk, a \$15,000 salary and the combines, he had to give up the attempt because he wasn't a candidate.

The majority of voters would probably not consider the nominations legal if they were not made in the old Court House. One side of the question might be presented very well in the Mechanic's Institute, or Berrymans hall, but for a rip-roaring, wild time, and both sides of the question, the Court House stands alone. There the voters seem willing to stand until they are weak in the knees, and their surplus flesh has oozed out to such a degree that they cannot tell where their shirt collars end and their necks begin; to cheer until they are red in the face and dry in the throat; many to air their political wisdom, usually to get snarred up and shut up by the speakers. Many pertinent questions were asked during the afternoon, many that only voters who were fully aware of their freedom and independence would ever have thought of asking; questions that showed what a really free and independent people Canadians are, and how much of private opinion they are willing to stand without doing something rash.

All the candidates were at their best. Mr. Weldon, hale and hearty and apparently as warm as a man of his avoirdupois could possibly be, leaned his head on the back of the judge's chair—which he seemed to fill with remarkable easiness—and probably dreamed dreams that were far distant from the campaign. But when he spoke he got warmer, at fever heat he was at his best, and held the crowd admirably while he told of the glorious future of Canada, if she would embrace unrestricted reciprocity as he understood it.

Mr. Skinner was an icicle compared with him. In fact there is only one Mr. Skinner, and for cool, deliberate indifference to the remarks and antics of a howling mob, he will compare favorably with any nobody alive. It must have been very difficult for him to fully decide what kind of a reception he got Thursday. It was almost as uncertain as himself, or the cow that Mr. Hazen told about and which both parties seemed to enjoy. Mr. Hazen had told the story of the cow so often during the campaign that on Thursday he was able to tell it in the most amusing way possible. He has always trotted it out to illustrate how hard it was to determine from the speeches of the different liberal leaders just what unrestricted reciprocity meant. The cow referred to is supposed to have been lost somewhere in the vicinity of St. Martins, and a farmer and his son start out to look for it. The farmer goes up one side of a stream and his son up the other, and when they come back to where they started, compare notes. Both were positive that they saw tracks of the cow on each side of the stream, whereupon the farmer wisely remarked “It's no use looking for a cow that makes marks on both sides of the stream.”

“There,” said Mr. Hazen, “you have the liberal party,” and there was a laugh among the crowd.

“No, it's Skinner,” shouted a voice, and then the crowd roared, laughed, and shouted until five hundred people were in imminent danger of suffocation. And the boy candidate took a hand in the merriment.

Whether Mr. Skinner was present at the time to enjoy the joke, the writer cannot say, but it was one of the things he seems to appreciate. As a public man he is ready for anything, and if he is only one when he faces such a howling mob as that of Thursday, he is by all odds the biggest one. He is the least concerned. When he arose to speak the crowd hissed and cheered and hissed again, but Mr. Skinner calmly waited until they got through and then said what he had to say, and seemed totally indifferent as to whether his voice got further than the stove.

Not so with the Hon. E. McLeod. He had not the patience to wait. It was a fight as to whether he or a court house, full of free and independent voters, had the greater lung power. Such cheering! and such hissing, howling, groaning, and shouting was never heard in that room before. Every man seemed anxious to do either one or the other, and half a dozen fellows near the doors made indignant efforts to deliver orations on their own

books, and dive down among the crowd between every half dozen words so as to mystify those around them. The subjects of those orations were numerous and varied. One fellow had a special desire to see “Kelly put out,” and shouted a request to that effect at every opportunity. Another fellow rambled on the subject of a judgeship, and was continually asking the speaker “how about it.” In fact, at about that time when the government candidate for the city spoke, the crowd was as intelligent as voters with empty stomachs could possibly be. It was shortly after six o'clock, and men who had just left off work filed in by the score and crowded the entrance way. Whether the newcomers were enlightened on the political questions of the day is a question. The noise was past all description. Mr. McLeod was shouting at the top of his voice, and talking about nothing in particular, but trying to answer the questions of a score of loud-mouthed individuals, in as many parts of the room. A gang at the back of the hall evidently did not want to hear what he had to say, or allow anybody else to do so, and groaned and hissed, and tried in every way to drown him, while another crowd in the middle of the hall cheered him on, and a good representation of indifferent spectators added laughter to the uproar. There were times that the motions of Mr. McLeod's lips were the only evidences that he was speaking, and when the noise subsided a little, he could be heard roaring as he never roared before. The candidate was excited, and no wonder. He was sharp and to the point, however, when questions were popped, and usually got there to the satisfaction of the cheering faction in the middle of the room.

Up to six o'clock the majority of the crowd seemed to be inclined to the government, and their cheers were of most uproarious kind, and when hats went up for three and a tiger for Hazen, it looked as though there were very few liberals in the room. When the opposition candidates made a point, however, the cheering seemed almost as great.

But the crowd changed many times during the afternoon. There was a continual pushing and shoving of men, unable to stand the heat, were making frantic efforts to gain the open air, and others, either newcomers or voters who had been out for a refresher, trying to get in. And thus it was all the afternoon. Every time you looked around there were different men standing alongside of you, and while there was always crowding at the doors—and it was a question whether it was harder to get in or out—there was usually plenty of room to turn round in the middle of the hall.

And such a mixed up, distributed crowd was surely never seen. Some of the candidates sat on the platform, on anything and everything; and others were “out of sight.” Mr. Ellis was one of the latter. Sitting on the steps of the witness box, and almost lost among those standing around him, he seemed heated and wearied, yet was apparently taking in everything. Mr. Skinner sat on the doorstep of the judges' entrance, and his head was somewhat above Mr. Hazen's knees; but the junior candidate, pale with excitement, loomed up above the rest of the crowd and was gradually losing his claim to the title of an unknown young man. It may have been that the two former representatives, who kept out of sight, were too well known, although, as was the case with the rest of the speakers, he treated the crowd to a repetition of all his speeches since the campaign opened. In this respect, however, he did not come up to Mr. Rankine, who read off his institute speech, with the paragraph on land left out, with about the same effect as on the former occasion.

Yet Mr. Hazen seemed to be the only candidate who was greatly hampered by the agreement limiting the addresses to one hour, and he endeavored to make the best of his time, rattling off his views in a rapid but forcible style. In this he differed from Mr. Ellis, who, towards the last of his address, seemed rattled and unable to collect his thoughts; for while the crowd urged him to “keep on,” when he called attention to the hour, he seemed at a loss how to fill in the time.

It was a hard and apparently unsatisfactory day for the candidates. During the early part of the afternoon the inquisitive voters seemed to be all on the government side, and the market square tailor distinguished himself, until he found that he was almost as unknown in some quarters as the junior candidate on the government ticket. Then toward evening the people “who wanted to know” were on the other side.

There were plenty of excited arguments aside from those of the candidates, for, everywhere among the mixed up crowd, people with different opinions bumped against each other. One man cheered and another, jammed into him like a Siamese twin, hissed; and then they would turn and look at each other. Then again it was “hear, hear,” and “rubbish,” from men

shoulder to shoulder; and some very amusing remarks were made. When one of the candidates referred to the fact that Alex. Gibson had signed Mr. Temple's nomination, a fellow from the waterfront remarked: “And sure he'd do that too, and vote for the liberals.”

A young fellow who was acting the snake while both Weldon and Skinner were on their feet, felt a hand on his coat collar, and looking round saw a man who had been cheering for Skinner. “Who are you hissing at?” he asked. “Weldon,” said the youth, “look at him standing up.” Then the Skinner man let go his hold and hissed like a whole flock of geese. A lot of dry goods clerks formed a group near the door and they were badly divided on the question. One wanted to know where they would be under reciprocity, and an apparent government man concluded that he would be “on his uppers,” and his friend, “back to Westmorland county where he came from.”

And so the excitement grew as the hours wore on; one crowd giving way to another and the newcomers, fresh and eager for the fray, lent all their energy and lung power to make the building ring. They thought nothing about supper, and in hundreds of homes the kettle was on the stove long after its usual time, and the tea was cold; but it mattered not. Such meetings are not held every day, and the people make the best of them. So, with three rousing cheers for the queen the meeting broke up about half past seven, and hundreds of excited voters went home, and perhaps found it as difficult to explain their absence to anxious wives, as Mr. Skinner did his absence from parliament, when Mr. Ellis thought he should have been there.

SIGNED THE NOMINATION PAPERS

And Declared That One of 'is Hancesters Built the "Mayflower."

FREDERICTON, FEB. 22.—It was a merry assembly of unrestricted reciprocity principals at Fisher's building to hear the opening shot of the campaign fired and the free and independent electors for once forgot their personal animosities, and voted for the hull 'og or none. There was great excitement manifested when the chairman in a humorous speech announced that he had great pleasure in stating that a real live conservative would address this proud assemblage of liberals. The gentleman he perceived was at the door, and if he would kindly walk right in he would receive a right royal welcome. Cheers and enthusiasm. Then the proprietor of the leading rendezvous of science, art and literature, walked in and the plaudits were deafening. Mounting the rostrum, and casting 'is heagle beye over the Hunion Jack, the laird of Killarney began to speak. Plainly speaking he was a conservative, and was for the upholding of the honor of the country, but when questions of allegiance and disloyalty were made the hopping tactics of the conservatives, he thought he was within his right in voting for the liberal candidate.

It's hall werry well talking about yer union jacks and yer stars and stripes, but, gentlemem, there is something more than this, and that is the hallmigty dollar, and as a farmer, my best interest is find are not consulted by the conservatives in this city. We hall know werry well yer kawne raise western prairie beef here, but yer can raise 'orses and there's a humiliated market before yer. I want ter see the country prosperous, and it is werry wexing ter see butter worth twenty cents here and fetching 28 over the border. Why is this thus, and what is the reason of this thus-ness. I'll tell yer his bekuze yer haven't got free trade.

York county is werry dear to me; it is the paradise of the 'unty, and much caribou gambleth in the sportive wilds of Killarney. I love it; it is my home, and when I tell you gentlemem that one of my ancestors built the *Mayflower*, you can guess with what feelings of love and reverence I hail the country of my birth. I have therefore much pleasure in signing the nomination papers of the liberal candidate, and I 'ope that hevemy man in this 'ere blessed room will vote for unrestricted reciprocity.

The Pedigree of the Team.

PROGRESS is non-political, but it appreciates a good thing from whatever source. An amateur cartoonist, who is evidently a strong liberal, sends in, too late for insertion, a clever sketch. It represents Sir John, as a circus rider, astride of two horses running in opposite directions. One of the steeds is reciprocity and the other national policy. The pedigree of the animals is given as follows:
Reciprocity—Foaled in 1890, out of Red Parlor by Expediency.
National Policy—Foaled in 1878, sired by Monopoly and dammed by Everybody.

It's Sure to be Good.

The ladies' society of St. Stephen's church intend holding a concert, on March 10, and are preparing a programme which they intend shall eclipse all their former efforts in this direction.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union street.

DR. BAYARD'S ADDRESS. DELIVERED TO THE NURSES OF THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

The Qualifications of a Good Nurse—Her Duties in a Hospital—Many Hints of Great Value to Those Who Move About the Sick.

The good nurse of the present day is truly a "ministering angel" in the sick room. She may be found in every household, from the castle to the cellar tenement, wherever pain and disease are rife, exercising her glorious calling with kindness and gentleness, regardless of the breath of pestilence. She does not hesitate to make her home in the fever hospital, during the fate the bravest well might shun. Such women should, and I believe do, command the esteem and respect of every right-thinking individual.

I may be asked, what qualifications are required for making a good nurse? This question is more easily asked than answered, so much depends upon intelligence, disposition, manner, and, I might add, personal appearance. Some adopt the calling from necessity, others from a sentimental desire to do good. But all, before commencing the study, should be satisfied that nursing is their vocation, that they have a fondness for attending the sick, and that they possess the physical strength to perform the work.

The nurse who intends to win in the field of competition must have her heart in her work, and, should possess intelligence enough to take ideas and directions quickly. She should possess a kind, patient, gentle, and sympathizing disposition. Her manner should be bright and cheerful, not boisterous, but gliding quietly and gracefully about her work, recollecting that noise of any kind is out of place in a sick room. Her hand should be light and dexterous; nothing is more repugnant to the eye of a friend, or to the feeling of a patient, than rough handling. When I speak of personal appearance, I do not mean to convey the idea that a pretty face is the consideration. The tout ensemble should take the eye; she should be neatly and becomingly dressed, and tidy in her personal appearance. In a hospital her dress should be such as to distinguish her from the other working staff; indeed, the same may be said when she is at private nursing. I recollect when the Princess Louise visited this hospital, among her first remarks to me was: "I see your nurses are not in uniform." Having no valid reason to assign for the omission, I contented myself with the promise that we hoped to have them so soon. That hope was not fulfilled for years, and to your matron we must give the credit for that which I have long wished to see accomplished. I have visited very many hospitals in England, France, Germany and America, and I cannot call to mind one in which the nurses were not in what the princess called uniform. She is the best nurse who can subordinate her ideas to those in authority, and who performs her work cheerfully, quietly, and without excitement. I do not expect that this ideal picture will be filled by every nurse; but the nearer she approaches it, the better for herself and her patient.

Your duties in this hospital are systematized and mapped out for you, and are more or less of a routine character. You have your matron and the house physician to appeal to when in doubt, and let me advise you, whenever the doubt exists in your mind how to proceed, to apply to them. They will think none the less of you for so doing; indeed, they should think more of you, inasmuch as it will prove to them that you are cautious and wish to do your duty correctly. But you must not lean too heavily upon them, for by so doing you will not be fitted to take the responsibility that will necessarily be thrown upon you when you leave this institution. You will be brought in contact with all classes. Some will appreciate your kind services, others would do so if they knew how to express their feelings; others, again, are brutal in their ideas, feelings, and associations, and might wound your self-respect by coarse and vulgar remarks. Should such conduct ever be exhibited towards you, meet it with dignified silence; never retort, but proceed with your work, and report the matter to the matron or the house surgeon.

Your eye will greatly assist your memory; observe carefully what is being done about you, note the symptoms and appearance of the patients under your care. THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES REFERRED BY MONTHS WITH OUR GUARANTEE SENT BY ANY ADDRESS.

Learn how to take the pulse, the temperature and the respiration; indeed, you should learn to be the eye and the ear of the physician during his absence, and be able to report to him any change that may have taken place in your patient. Let me strongly urge you to attend strictly to the ventilation of your ward. Your own health demands it, as well as that of your patients. After remaining in a sick room for a time, your senses become oblivious to the vitiated state of the atmosphere in it; but it is none the less baneful. Pure air is composed of oxygen, nitrogen and carbonic acid gases, in various proportions, with watery vapour and traces of ammonia. It is the oxygen in the air

The air should be taken from the outside at an altitude of from 6 to 40 feet; above that, until you arrive at 100 feet, it is impure. The inlets should be equal in size to the outlets. The fire-place and chimney, when heated, is the best outlet. When there is no fire, a lighted lamp placed on the hearth will create an upward current. A simple mode of ventilating a room is to hinge three-inch strips of wood at the bottom of the sash, shut the windows upon them, and allow the air to enter between the meeting rails. You have this last mode of ventilation in your wards, but I cannot say that I have seen it used as often as I think necessary. I have dwelt upon this subject, because I feel that every nurse should understand it thoroughly, and I

private house where she has been employed. Unguarded remarks, though innocently intended, would give her such a character as to cause her to be shunned, no matter how good her other qualities. When you have obtained the confidence of the family, they will naturally look to you for leadership in case of emergency. It is then that you should be calm and quiet. Should you have any doubt how to proceed, immediately acquaint the medical attendant, who will advise you, or visit his patient. The responsibility for the management of the case must rest upon the medical attendant. He is employed to direct you to carry out those directions, which you should do to the letter. You could scarcely

woman, with her room in confusion. In a few minutes the trained hand has removed the crumbs from under him, replaced the cold sloppy poultice with a warm, firm one, given him a warm cup of gruel, and made him comfortable. Or the sick young mother, in a dark and impure room, with a crying child at her side, too often dragged with "sleepy stuff" to enable the mother to obtain the rest which nature demands. Here the nurse can teach the mother that infants thrive on light and air, not upon "sleepy stuff." Each nurse could visit from 10 to 12 such cases a day and return to her home at night. The road to the heart is oftener through the eye than the ear. I am quite sure if we could induce some of our kind friends

TALK ABOUT LANERGAN.

H. PRICE WEBBER CONTINUES HIS RECOLLECTIONS OF HIM.

Some Other Plays that He was a Favorite in—The "Colleen Bawn's" Popularity—The Surprised Auditor at an "East Lynne" Performance.

Probably the character that Mr. Lanergan will be best remembered in, is that of "Don Caesar de Bazan," in the play of the same name. As the rollicking, reckless Spaniard, but, at the same time, genuine gentleman, ever ready to help the weak and oppressed against the strong; with an utter disregard of life; cool and witty, brave to very rashness; all these different traits of this most difficult character were portrayed with a master's skill. The first time I saw him enact this role, he was ably assisted by the associate artists of his company, the King; Charles II, King of Spain; Shirley France; Don Jose de Santarem; Geo. Clair; Don Cesar de Bazan; J. W. Lanergan; Marquis de Rotondo; J. B. Fuller; Captain of the Guard; J. Taylor; Judge; Horace Frall; Lazarillo; Rachel Noah; Marianne; Mrs. Lanergan; Marchioness de Rotondo; Susan Flood.

The piece calls for an elegant wardrobe, and it was always dressed in a most magnificent manner. It distinctly depends on the man who enacts the part of "Don Cesar," although all the characters require professionals of first-class ability to interpret them. Mr. Lanergan's singular aptitude for the leading role made it a decided success.

The Colleen Bawn was another drama that the Lyceum manager was fond of having played, and to this day it is always a drawing attraction. It had a great cast when produced, and I believe ran three nights in succession, which was looked upon then

as something very unusual, showing very plainly that the public wanted to see it again and again. Appended is the list of those who performed the different characters when I saw it:

- Hardress Cregan..... W. H. Danvers
Kyrie Daly..... N. T. Davenport
Myra-Coppalpen..... W. Scallan
Danny Mann..... J. W. Lanergan
Father Tom..... J. B. Fuller
Mr. Corrigan..... F. Boek
Bertie O'Moore..... J. S. DeBonay
Sergeant..... J. Taylor
Eily O'Connor..... Mrs. Lanergan
Anne Clute..... Lizzie Anderson
Mrs. Cregan..... Louisa Morse
Sheelah Mann..... Mrs. Browne

Mr. Lanergan also played "John Mildmay," in Still Waters Run Deep, and was great in the part, as he also was in "Sir Francis Levison," in East Lynne.

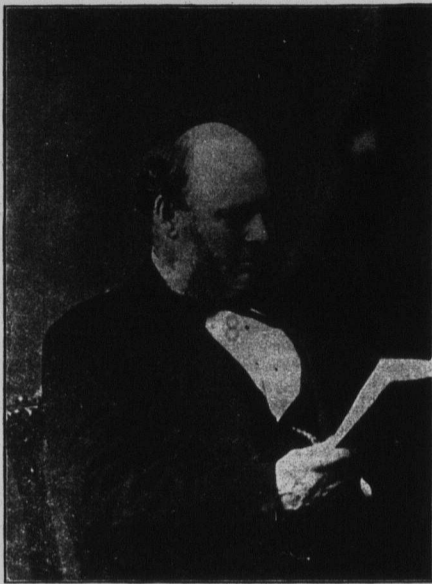
Mentioning East Lynne recalls to my mind an incident that happened while my company were playing the piece, last season, in Newcastle. A very large audience had assembled, one of whom was a slightly hilarious gentleman who made himself conspicuous by a rather unsteady gait and awkward movements. He sat down pretty close to the stove, near the door, and during the first two acts of the play laughed loudly and applauded heartily. During the third act he fell asleep, and woke up just as the death scene of the child "Willie," was on in the fourth act. Every one was intently watching Miss Grey, who as "Lady Isabel," was enlisting their sympathies on account of having to witness her pathetic grief at losing her child, and many tears were shed by the ladies present. This was a genuine surprise for the newly awakened auditor, who had gone to sleep thinking the play was funny, and who began to wonder why so much stillness should characterize the performance. He rubbed his eyes, scratched his head, passed his hand across his brow, and when the curtain fell on the death of the child, his hair slowly raised, and, starting for the door, he said: "By jingo! it's a funeral!" He did not even stop to take his hat, but waited until the audience dispersed, and then sent somebody for that useful article.

In my next article I will speak of the plays of Loe's Sacrifice, and Rob Roy, both of which were Lyceum favorites, and always drew large houses.

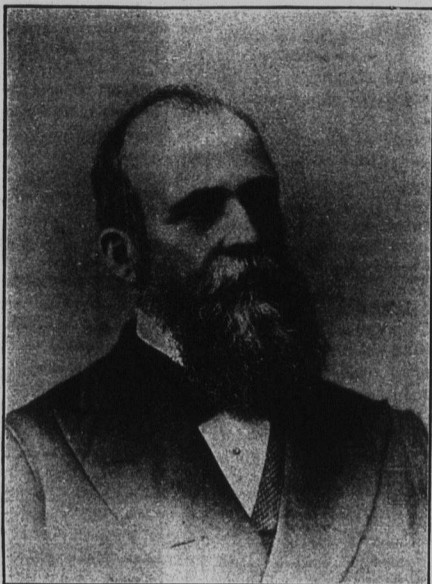
H. PRICE WEBBER.

A Rebuke From the Bench. Here is a comical rebuke bestowed upon a lawless youth by a Georgia judge: "Young man, you were blessed with a noble and exemplary father, who inculcated in your young mind the principles of honesty and virtue, and a pious mother who nightly offered up prayer for you; instead of which you go around stealing ducks?"

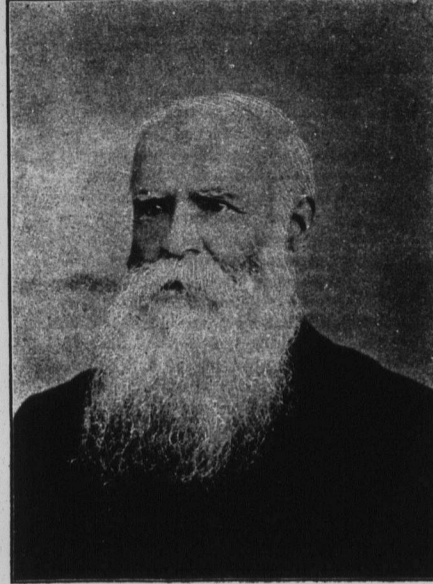
Has your Subscription expired? Read the notice at the head of the Editorial column. Then look at the Dictionary Inducement on page 16.



C. W. WELDON, Q. C.



THOMAS A. RANKINE.



JOHN V. ELLIS.

that sustains life. A warm-blooded animal cannot exist in an atmosphere from which the oxygen gas has been extracted. It has been computed that the respiration of an adult person will absorb the oxygen gas from a hoghead of air in an hour. In other words, place a man in an air-tight space containing 10 hogheads of air, and he should not live longer than 10 hours in it.

At each inspiration of an adult about 30 cubic inches of air enter the lungs, to be brought in contact with between five and six millions of air cells, through which the blood flows with great velocity. You can, therefore, readily understand the rapidity with which gaseous substances will enter the blood.

The changes produced in an occupied air-space by respiration and transpiration are as follows: The amount of oxygen is greatly lessened, the carbonic acid and watery vapor are largely increased, ammonia and organic matter are evolved, and suspended matter, in the shape of low forms of cell-life and epithelium scales, is thrown off. The change in the character and quantity of oxygen exhaled, with an increase of carbonic acid, together with the

may have trampled upon what may be said to you by some members of the medical staff; if so, it will bear repetition. When you come to enter the field of private practice, you will be thrown upon your own resources and subjected to criticism by those who have no friendly interest in you, and who may be hard to please, exacting and irritable, expecting you to anticipate their every wish. I have seen such exhibitions of temper, when the nurse was doing well, as to make me echo the remark of a leading London surgeon, who said to his patient: "You had better send to heaven, my dear sir, and demand a hospital-trained angel with a cast iron back." Happily such conduct is exceptional; but when it does present itself, you are sure to conquer it by kindness and gentleness.

Where you are employed, the management of the sick room devolves upon you. Do not assume charge as if you knew everything and the friends nothing, for by so doing you wound their feelings, while a little tact would soon create a lasting confidence. The cleanliness and purity of the sick room argues good nursing. All ejections should be removed immediately, and

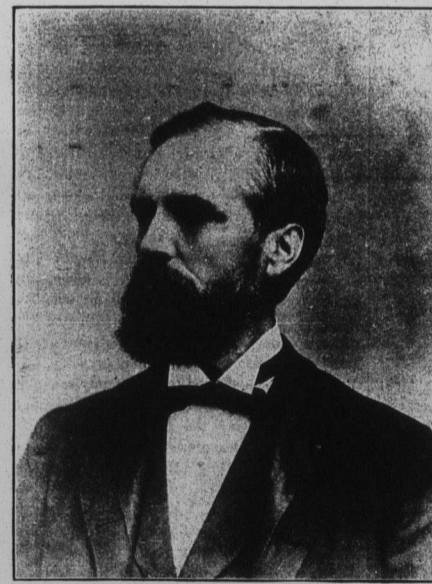
commit a greater mistake than to question the wisdom of his directions or the correctness of his diagnosis. Nor should you by word or act break down the confidence reposed in him. Nurses sometimes, in their zeal to appear learned, overstep the bounds of prudence.

The life led by a nurse is varied indeed; now attending in some mansion, where a servant is told off to wait upon her, then nursing a young wife, where nothing that is required is at hand. To fulfil her duty wherever she may find herself, and give satisfaction to all, she must possess infinite tact and patience, be a good observer, and quick to read the characters of those with whom she comes in contact. The cheerfulness which may please one patient may displease another, and the constant attentions which will soothe one will irritate another. Therefore, the nurse who pleases all may be classed as a ministering angel, who carries wherever she may go an atmosphere of noble labor and unselfish enterprise.

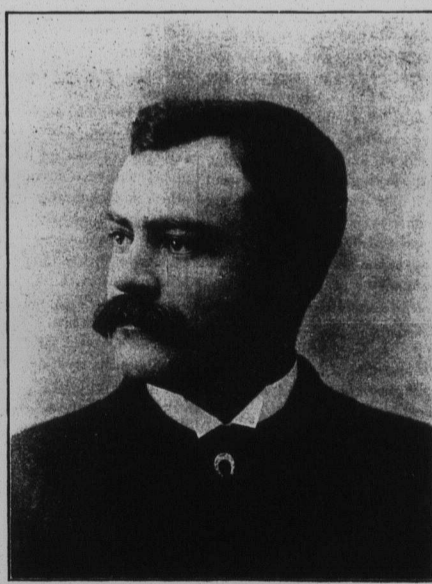
There are three chief branches of nursing—district, hospital and private. The duties of the three are the same, except that those nursing in the districts are sup-

ported and paid from a fund raised by subscription or otherwise. They visit the houses of the indigent—or those who cannot afford to pay for a nurse—wherever sickness exists, and attend to the various wants of the patient. I sincerely hope that from this hospital we may be able to afford a staff of nurses for that purpose. Only those who are daily brought in contact with the misery accruing from the want of such nursing can appreciate the necessity for it. Imagine a small child with hip disease and abscess, where ignorant handling would produce exquisite agony. The skilled nurse alone knows how to move the small sufferer so as not to jar the diseased limb. Another patient, bedridden and suffering from disease requiring constant poulticing; the wife a helpless, nervous

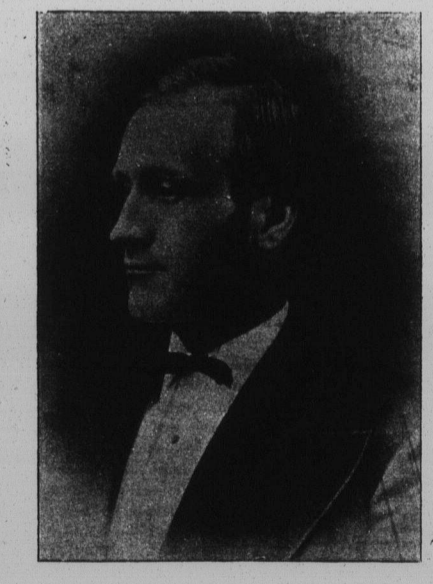
who are taking such an interest in this institution to visit such cases as I have described, and see the misery that could be relieved by such nursing, there would be no lack of funds for the support of it. In proof of what I say about the eye, I recollect when I had medical charge of the Poor House, a man asked me to go into a house in York Point to see his wife. I went, and such a scene as I witnessed I shall never forget. The woman was ill, lying upon a straw bed on the floor, and not even a chair or table in the room. Two children, one 6 and the other 10 years of age, both crying for food. The father was a drunken dog, and the mother declared to me that none of them had tasted food for two days. I gave the child some money to purchase bread and butter. As I went out, I met the late John Kerr, Esq., a kind-hearted man, and one of the Poor House commissioners. I told him what I had seen. At first he refused to go in, saying that I was always finding out such cases. However, I succeeded in inducing him to go in. When he saw the misery, and the children devouring the bread and butter, tears came in his eyes, and it was not long before he had them all in the



HON. C. N. SKINNER.



J. DOUGLAS HAZEN.



E. M'LEOD, Q. C.

organic impurities, so vitiate the air as to render it one of the most potent of all the predisposing causes of disease.

To keep a sick room at a healthy standard the air should be renewed at the rate of about 4,000 cubic feet per hour for each occupant. This must be exclusive of that which passes through the walls and the chinks of the windows. Allowance must also be made for the combustion of light. It has been computed that for every foot of gas consumed in an occupied space 1,800 cubic feet of air should be introduced. A common gas-burner will burn three cubic feet of gas per hour. You will perceive from these facts how necessary it is that the vital air should be renewed.

the use of K. D. C. is convincing proof that this For sample package send three cent stamp to

no food of any kind should be kept in the room, particularly milk, which possesses the property of absorbing germs of all kinds with rapidity. The room should be kept bright and cheerful, little talking, and that of a pleasant character; no whispering.

A nurse should never describe in a sick room her hospital experience, or the cases she has attended privately. She is often placed in confidential relations with the patient or the members of the family. Nothing would be more unpardonable than to break that confidence. The listener might be amused while the gossip is being retailed, but upon reflection he will conclude that his turn may come next. Indeed, she cannot be too particular in being silent respecting all she sees or hears in the GREAT HYPEREMIA CURS OF THE AGE. Test: K. D. C. OOMFANY, New Glasgow, N.S., Canada

poor House, himself carrying a child on each knee in a coach. Here his eye appealed to his good heart.

Now, ladies, I must conclude these few remarks. They have not by any means filled the picture I wished to have drawn. But such as they are, you must accept them as a proof that the commissioners and the staff are alike interested in your future welfare. We all promise to perform our parts; and let us hope that your conduct may be such that when you leave this institution, you may enable us to point to you with pride as having belonged to our nursing staff.

Has your Subscription expired? Read the notice at the head of the Editorial column. Then look at the Dictionary Inducement on page 16.

ABOUT LANERGAN.

PRICE WEBBER CONTINUES HIS RECOLLECTIONS OF HIM.

Other Plays that He was a Favorite In "Colleen Bawn's" Popularity—The raised Auditor at an "East Lynne" performance.

ably the character that Mr. Laner- will be best remembered in, is that of Caesar de Bazan, in the play of the name. As the rollicking, reckless, but, at the same time, genuine man, ever ready to help the weak, pressed against the strong; with an disregard of life; cool and witty, brave rashness; all these different traits of most difficult character were portrayed master's skill. The first time I saw him enact this role, he was ably assisted by the associate artists of his company, the King: Charles II, King of Spain, Shirley France, Don Jose de Santarem, Geo. Clair, Don Cesar de Bazan, J. W. Laner- Marquis de Botodan, J. B. Fuller, Captain of the Guard, J. Taylor, Judge, Horace Frail, Lazarillo, Rachel Noah, Marfance, Mrs. Laner- Marchioness de Botodan, Susan Flood. The piece calls for an elegant wardrobe, and it was always dressed in a most magnificent manner. It distinctly depends on the man who enacts the part of "Don Cesar," although all the characters require professionals of first-class ability to interpret them. Mr. Laner- singular aptitude for the leading role made it a decided success.

The Colleen Bawn was another drama that the Lyceum manager was fond of having played, and to this day it is always a drawing attraction. It had a great cast when produced, and I believe ran three nights in succession, which was looked upon then as something very unusual, showing very that the public wanted to see it and again. Appended is the list of who performed the different char- when I saw it:

- W. H. Davers
N. T. Davenport
W. Sealan
J. W. Laner-
J. B. Fuller
F. Beck
J. B. DeLooney
J. Taylor
Mrs. Laner-
Lizzie Anderson
Louisa Morse
Mrs. Browne

Laner- also played "John Mild- in Still Waters Run Deep, and was in the part, as he also was in "Sir Levison," in East Lynne.

tioning East Lynne recalls to my an incident that happened while my in were playing the piece, last in Newcastle. A very large ce had assembled, one of whom was a very hilarious gentleman who made a conspicuous by a rather unsteady and awkward movements. He sat pretty close to the stove, near the and during the first two acts of the play laughed loudly and applauded heartily. During the third act he fell asleep, and woke up just as the death scene of the child "Willie," was on in the fourth act.

Every one was intently watch- ing Miss Grey, who as "Lady Isabel," was enlisting their sympathies on account of hav- ing to witness her pathetic grief at losing her child, and many tears were shed by the ladies present. This was a genuine surprise for the newly awakened auditor, who had gone to sleep think- the play was funny, and who began to wonder why so much still- ness should characterize the performance. He rubbed his eyes, scratched his head, passed his hand across his brow, and when the curtain fell on the death of the child, his hair slowly raised, and, starting for the door, he said: "By jingo! it's a funeral!" He did not even stop to take his hat, but waited until the audience dispersed, and then sent somebody for that useful article.

ay next article I will speak of the of Love's Sacrifice, and Rob Roy, of which were Lyceum favorites, and drew large houses.

H. PRICE WEBBER.

A Rebuke From the Bench. is a comical rebuke bestowed upon less youth by a Georgia judge man, you were blessed with a and exemplary father, who inculcated a virtuous mind the principles of hon- d virtue, and a pious mother who offered up prayer for you; instead of you go around stealing ducks?"

near Subscription expired? Read the at the head of the Editorial column. Job at the Dictionary Inducement on

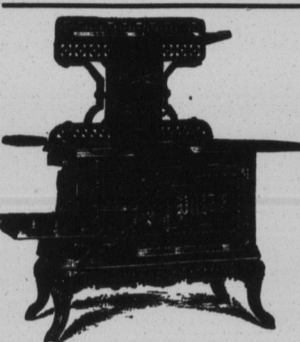
CANNED Salmon, Lobsters, Oysters, Corn, Tomatoes, Peas, Beans, Peaches.

JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

You're Elected

to go to OAK HALL and get one of the Boys' Suits now in stock. 300 right before your eyes, for Boys—all sizes—from 1 to 4 feet high, and higher, but the Suits are lower than usual. Has your boy a new suit? Does he need one? Now's your chance to get one.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO. Cor. King and Germain.



No Household is Perfectly Happy

Unless the Kitchen is properly equipped, inasmuch as well-cooked food aids digestion, and proper digestion gives tone to the system, making all comfortable and content. The first step in securing this result is a

FIRST-CLASS COOK STOVE

Our stock embraces a great variety of patterns from which to select, in many sizes and at all prices, with something to suit all comers.

Every sale is made on the following terms, viz: "That we guarantee every Range or Stove we sell to work satisfactorily, and to be all we represent it is every particular."

In all cases where our guarantee is not proven correct we will refund the amount paid, and pay all expenses connected with the transaction.

EMERSON & FISHER 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street. STOVES AND HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE. ENGLISH CUTLERY.



TABLE CUTLERY, POCKET CUTLERY, RAZORS, SCISSORS, ETC.

ELECTRO-PLATED WARE.

TABLE WARE, CHILDREN'S PRESENTS, WEDDING PRESENTS.

A large assortment of Articles—great and small. T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 & 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.



This is What the Model Grand has in the way of improvements—Low closet, with reservoir and pipe shelf; the ventilated oven door attachment, high shelf, mantle closet. These improvements are put on ten different varieties of this Stove. It is the talk of the women. COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, Charlotte Street.

Children want KERR'S Girls want KERR'S Boys want KERR'S Ladies want KERR'S Everbody wants KERR'S KERR'S WHAT?

KERR'S CONFECTIONERY.

Picture Frames

HAVING secured the services of one of the best artists and moulders in the United States we are prepared to execute all orders in fine Gold, Antique, Florentine, Bronze and Combination patterns—these frames being made without joints, corners, the newest and latest patterns—receiving our careful attention. Also in our Framing Department, we employ none but skilled workmen, as well as the latest improved machinery for the manufacture of fine Mats and Mounts. We can give our patrons frames of the finest woods used, including Cypress, Chestnut, Mahogany, Sycamore, Hazel, Holly, Bridge Maple, Oak, and all native woods. All orders will receive the prompt attention of S. I. GORRELL, Manager, GORRELL ART STORE, 207 Union Street, Opera House Block.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Between Lent and politics one has not much chance to hear of anything musical. Although it is almost time to think of our Easter music we want it well sung, and I should be very glad if any one in authority in any of our churches would send me lists of the music they intend having sung on the festival at least a week before Easter Sunday. It would save me a good deal of trouble if they would kindly direct to "Tarbet," Progress office.

Harrison's orchestra gave a concert this week, but I am very sorry that it took place too late for any notice from me.

The residents of Brookville were favored with an entertainment by the music union. The Oratorio society has been presented with two steel engravings, portraits of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, which are to be hung in the practice room, by permission of the Church of England institute directors. The donor of the pictures is Mr. Frank Hatheway, and I am sure all members of the society will join me in thanking him for his appropriate gift. A board meeting was held after the usual practice, but I have not as yet heard of any results.

St. John's church choir is doing good work on the Crucifixion, and is now rehearsing Saul's Ten Virgins also. Mr. Thos. Daniel has been visiting Boston, making preparatory arrangements for residence here. We will all be sorry to lose Mr. Daniel, if he decides to make his home in the states; still, it he will be doing better for himself we can only extend to him our best wishes for his musical success.

The Rotheray Choral club, under Mr. Morley's directorship, is making preparations for singing the Macbeth music. Hitherto, I believe, the club has confined itself almost exclusively to glees and part songs.

Mr. Jas. S. Ford will give an organ recital at St. John's church very shortly, and I fancy that he will be assisted by the choir.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The regular "Monday nights" at the Bijou would probably have been at a loss to know what to do with themselves this week, if it hadn't been for the political meeting at the Institute. Mr. Gillmor, however, besides giving hard facts and food for thought, proved an excellent substitute for the Bijou comedians.

Mr. Mackay's company started out Monday morning for Fredericton, and from all accounts made a great impression on the celestials. Fredericton is evidently like St. John in its theatrical tastes, for those who were the greatest favorites at the Bijou achieved the same popularity at the capital. The Berwick sisters seem to have had even greater success and brought down the house.

I am afraid that St. John people are not as appreciative as the patrons of the Boston museums, judging by the way the managers boom some of the people who have appeared at the Bijou. I see by the Boston papers that Psyche is at Pilling's World museum, where she is the leading attraction, and is advertised as the "World's greatest dancer and highest kicker; having no rival for beauty, grace and suppleness. She has a standing challenge of \$1,000 to any and all dancers and high kickers." Yet, Psyche did not make as great an impression at the Bijou as many of the present company. However, the Bijou audiences are far different from those who attend Boston's cheap theatres, and the fact that the Bijou managers can draw crowded houses speaks volumes for the quality of the show.

The last number of Fox's Illustrated Weekly has a picture of Miss Josie Wohlfurth, who is at present with the Bijou company. The illustration does not do her justice, although the title line might be unnecessary to patrons of the Bijou. The Weekly makes mention of her success, and her standing challenge for heavy-weight lifting.

The following extracts will give some idea of what E. A. McDowell and his company are doing down in Jamaica. As will be seen, there are a number of St. John favorites still with him:

At the Theatre Royal the cast on Thursday night was a strong one. Mr. Edmund Lyons made a successful hit as Eneas Peckit, the Magistrate, and received round after round of applause. Throughout the piece he kept the audience in roars of laughter; this performance stamps him as a comedian of high order. Mr. Ernest Sterner as Cis Farthington, the 14 year old boy, divided the honors with Mr. Lyons. His facial expression was excellent, and in comparison with his performance in Little Lord Fauntleroy he gave an excellent proof of his versatility. As Mrs. Posket, Miss Bessie Hunter made a decided hit and was ably supported by her sister and adviser, Miss Florence Clithero as Charlotte Verrill. Mr. Walter Granville made his first appearance that night as Captain Vale, though not a very strong part he made a good deal of the role. Mr. Ford Hight, the colonel, was ably done. Miss Fossette, the music mistress, gave a charming rendering of her small role, as also did Miss Lee Jarvis as Pophan the Slavey. The remainder of the cast was creditably filled by the remainder of the company. The magistrate should, we believe, draw a bumper house, if repeated. The McDowell company are advertised to appear this evening in The Serf, or Love lets all—a strong Russian drama in three acts, by Tom Taylor. Mr. McDowell has a forcible part in Marguerite, Comtesse de Mantouan, and will be supported by the strength of the company. Mr. Lyons and Mr. Sterner have also good opportunities in this piece. The title role of the piece, The Serf, will be played by Mr. Andrew Robson, the juvenile head of the company. This will give him a grand opportunity.

Mr. Mackay's company return to the Bijou tonight. Last Saturday evening the hall was crowded.

HAROLD GILBERT, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN CARPETS, FURNITURE, and BEDDING.

You can get a general outfit of Household Furnishings in my establishment, from the lowest grades to the highest grades in the market, at prices that sell rapidly, when compared with other competitors in the same line. Assortments complete in every Department:

- HEMP CARPETS, BRUSSELS CARPETS, UNION CARPETS, WOOL CARPETS, THREE-PLY CARPETS. TAPESTRY CARPETS, FIGURED CARPETS, WILTON CARPETS, AXMINSTER CARPETS, ART CARPETS. LACE CURTAINS, FURNITURE COVERINGS, BEDSTEADS, MATTRESSES, BUREAUS. BABY CARRIAGES, &c., &c. WAREHOUSES, TABLES, CHAIRS, HAT RACKS, SIDEBOARDS. FOLDING BEDS, BEDROOM SUITES, PARLOR SUITES, MANTLE MIRRORS, WINDOW POLES.

At 54 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

7 ONLY!

Seven Persons will have a chance to buy a BEDROOM SET at very much less than value. Are you one of the seven?

C. E. REYNOLDS.

PLAYING TO EMPTY BENCHES.

Some Remarkable and Unusual Cases of Small Audiences.

Chambers' Journal recalls some cases in which actors had to go through the most disagreeable experience that ever falls to their lot—playing to empty benches.

When the Louth manager came with a long face to Macready as he was dressing for Virginia, and in answer to the tragedian's inquiry if it was a bad house, replied—"Bad house, sir? There's no one!" Macready asked—"What! nobody at all?" "Not a soul, sir, except the warden's party in the boxes and one or two in the gallery and pit," responded the manager. "Are there five?" queried Macready. "Yes, sir, there are five." "Then," said the actor, "go on at once; we have no right to give ourselves airs." And in his own opinion he never played Virginia better than he did to an audience he could count on his fingers.

On that terrible bitter Tuesday night in January, 1881, when few who could help it cared to traverse the London streets, the combined audiences of all the theatres would not have made a decent gathering for the smallest of them. Mrs. Bancroft felt she would have liked to ask the weather-beaten few who had battled their way to the Haymarket to forego what they came to see and take tea with her on the stage. Giving more practical proof of his sympathy, Mr. Toole straightway invited his "gods" and pities to take their ease in the stalls, and regaled them with hot spiced ale, whereupon they sang, "He's a jolly good fellow!" and a merry evening was enjoyed on both sides of the footlights.

It is not easy to eclipse the gaiety of the Parisians; but in 1832 they voted the play was not the thing when cholera was raging in the city, although publicly advertised, "It has been noticed with such astonishment that the theatres are the only places—no matter how crowded—where not a single case of cholera has appeared." One night the company of the Odéon found themselves confronted by one man. This was too much, or rather too little, for their patience, and they insisted upon his taking back his money. He stood upon his rights, and insisted upon the play being played. The law was on his side, and the actors were obliged to go on, but they did their very worst until the audience hissed his hardest; then the manager handed him over to the police for disturbing the performance, and closed his doors.

A sailor who had just come into port with a full pocket, paid Stephen Kemble £30 to have a performance of "Henry IV." all to himself, with Kemble as "the old boy with the round fore-castle, built like a Dutch lugger, and lurching into a Spanish galleon in a heavy sea." He chose the music to be played by way of overture, saw the play through, and gave vigorous expression to his appreciation of the Falstaff of the occasion. Mr. J. C. Foster, an American manager, taking his case at his inn in Bucyrus, Ohio, was aroused by a stranger entering the room, playbill in hand, and accusing him with, "You play 'Richard III.' tonight. Now, I have never had an opportunity of seeing it, and, unfortunately, I must leave town this evening. How much money would induce you to play 'Richard III.' for me this afternoon?" Thinking his visitor was joking, Foster said he would do it for twenty-five dollars. "And how much for 'The Rough Diamond' as well?" "Ten dollars," quoth the amused manager. He did not know whether he was amused or vexed when the stranger plunked down thirty-five dollars, with the remark that the performance must commence at two o'clock sharp, and took his leave. Upon telling his company the bargain he had concluded, the notion of playing Shakespeare's tragedy to one man so tickled their fancy that they at once consented. Two o'clock came, and with it the audience. Choosing the best position in the hall, and placing his feet upon the back of the seat before him, he settled down to enjoy the tragedy, applauding heartily, and at the conclusion calling the Richard before the curtain. Then the farce was gone through with equal success, and the delighted audience left in time to catch the 6.45 train.

The great majority of so-called cough cures do little more than impair the digestive functions and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it cures the cough, does not interfere with the functions of either stomach or liver.—Adet.

MARRIED A WOMAN

who has a practical knowledge of housekeeping. She's systematic in her work, in her buying. She goes where she can buy the cheapest. We want her to know that we're selling our Bedroom Sets—CHEAP. Are you ready for a bargain? Do you want to furnish an extra room?

INSTEAD OF A MAN!

trying to do this sort of work, you'd better go fishing and let your wife do it, she's posted and you're not.

We're making a change in our business, and will sell all the Bedroom Sets on hand, VERY LOW.

C. E. REYNOLDS, - - 101 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Don't Do It Again.

"Hullo, Jack! what are you doing? trying to sew?"

"Can't you see what I am doing? I am trying to darn my socks! and a nice time of it I am having, too."

"Well, I wouldn't use black thread if I were you, it doesn't look well, and it makes a hard lump."

"Why, what do you use? is white thread any better?"

"Oh! I don't use anything of that sort now, there is no necessity."

"You don't mean to say you are married, Jim?"

"Oh, no! I can't afford that until I get a better salary, but I send all my things to Ungar's Steam Laundry now, and they come home all mended and fixed just as well as mother herself could do it. It is a specialty of theirs now, and we fellows save no end of money by it. Just you try them Jack."

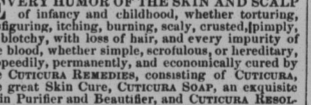
"Thank you for telling me about it old fellow. I will."—Adet.

Something Worth Trying for! \$100.00 in Gold.

This is what "THE LADIES' BAZAR" will give to the person sending them the largest number of sentences constructed from words contained in the quotation: "What-soever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them." Every week during the contest they will give a "Handsome Family Sewing Machine" valued at \$50.00, to the person sending them the largest number of sentences that week. If preferred they will give the winner a Solid Gold Watch instead of the Sewing Machine. Special prizes for Boys & Girls. They do not offer impossibilities. The above will be carried out to the letter. Everyone competing will have an equal chance. No dictionary required in this competition. Send 10c. for sample copy of "THE LADIES' BAZAR" and full instructions. THE LADIES' BAZAR, 4 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.—A.

To Clean Gloves.

An excellent and inexpensive preparation for cleaning soiled gloves and other delicate articles is the following mixture: One quart of deodorized benzine, one drachm of sulphuric ether, one drachm of chloroform, two drachms of alcohol, and enough cologne to make it pleasant.



INFANTILE SKIN SCALP DISEASES CURED BY Cuticura

EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP, due to infancy and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA 75c.; SOAP, 5c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.00. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases." Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Itchy pains, backache, and muscular rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 5c.

DYSPEPTICURE

THE PAMPHLET

on "Dyspepticure" gives the results of many years study on Diet and Diseases of Digestion; all interested in these subjects, Chronic Dyspeptics especially, should read this little book; it is wrapped around each bottle of the remedy or will be promptly mailed to any address.

"Dyspepticure" is sold by all Druggists at 50c. & \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared by Charles K. Short, Pharmacist, St. John, N. B.

J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. have just received:

BROWN BREAD FLOUR, WHEAT FLAKES, DESSICATED WHEAT, BARLEY GRAINS, WESTERN GREY BUCKWHEAT, PURE BEES' HONEY, GOLDEN SYRUP. 32 Charlotte street.

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Sick Headache Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Indigestion The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Dyspepsia For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Sold in St. John by S. McDAIRMID, and E. J. MAHONEY, Indianopolis.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN.

Dear Sir,— This is to certify that I have suffered intensely from RHEUMATISM in my ankles for over twelve years, and I take great pleasure in stating that two applications of

SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

immediately relieved me, and one bottle entirely cured me.

ELIZABETH MANN, Stanley St., City Road.

SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

is prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, King Street, St. John, N. B.

For sale by all Druggists. Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50.

Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons, and S. McDiarmid, St. John, N. B.; Messrs. Brown & Webb, Simon Bros. & Co., and Forsyth, Sutcliffe & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Berry Watson & Co., Montreal, P. Q.

Write for pamphlet of people we know, who have been cured by Scott's Cure.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. ONE TRIP A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

On and after JAN. 22, the Steamer "CUBERLAND" of "STATE OF MAINE" will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, every THURSDAY morning, at 7.55 standard, and Portland at 8.00 p. m. for Eastport and Saint John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer "Chas. Houghton" for Saint Andrews, Calais and Saint Stephen. Returning will leave Boston MONDAY, 8.30 a. m. standard, and Portland at 8.00 p. m. for Eastport and Saint John. Freight received daily up to 6 p. m. C. E. LARCHELLE, Agent.

JOSEPH THOMPSON, PRACTICAL MACHINIST, WESTFIELD, KINGS CO.

All kinds of experimenting, model making, and general machinery, punches, dies, and bending tools made to order.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 street, St. John, N. B.

The subscription price of Progress is Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Until March 2nd, only old subscribers whose subscriptions expired before February 1st, can renew for the old price—one dollar.

Renewal Subscriptions.—At least one clear week is required by us, after receiving your subscription, to change the date of expiration, which appears opposite your name on the paper. Let two weeks pass before you write about it, then be sure to send the name of the Post Office, how the money was sent, and how it was addressed.

Discontinuances.—Except in very few localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances 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. In every case be sure and give your Post Office address.

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. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by stamps and addressed envelope. Unless this is done the editor cannot be responsible for their return.

The circulation of this paper is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section. Its advertising rates are reasonable and can be had on application.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every city, town, and village of Nova Scotia and P. E. Island every Saturday for Five Cents each.

Liberal Contributions will be given to agents for subscriptions. Good men, 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. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 28.

BRIBERY AT THE POLLS.

PROGRESS does not spend any money in elections. It uses all its available surplus in making improvements in its handsome pages. Therefore, it is not actuated by motives of economy when it expresses the hope that on Thursday next, the electors will give the lie to the oft repeated statement, that money has more influence than principles in determining the verdict of the people. It is not often that a square issue involving a principle as important as that now at stake, is submitted to the people, and although the time has been short for its full discussion, no elector can truly say, that he has not had an opportunity of being informed upon it. No elector can honestly say that the issue does not touch him.

A word about bribery. No man has a right to sell a vote, therefore the buyer has no property in a purchased vote. No man has a right to buy a vote, therefore he has no claim upon the elector even though the latter has taken his money. To sell a vote is wrong, and the wrong is not made any the less by the voter carrying out his bargain. When a man enters the poll booth he does not leave his right of repentance outside. He is not bound in conscience to carry out a dishonorable compact.

How many pulpits in the land will tomorrow warn the electors against selling their birthright as citizens? PROGRESS does not, of course, know; but this it does know, that the indignation against bribery which only finds expression in the pulpit after an election is a pinchbeck article without a trace of the pure gold of virtue in its whole composition. Let the pulpits speak tomorrow. They ought to have spoken before, but is not too late now to do much good. We thank a number of them for complying with our request for their frank opinions on the subject. We print them below.

To the Editor of Progress: I willingly comply with your request for a statement of my views on the question of bribery. It seems rather an ill-omened fact in the history of a young country like ours that such statements as you no doubt purpose publishing, should be deemed necessary, but unfortunately there is no need to discuss this question as the fact is not denied. The traffic in votes is not only before us, but has become a flagrant and defiant element in every political contest. Like other forms of immorality bribery has become shameless and exhibits itself in the streets; canvassers do not hide money with which they propose to buy votes, while men who are willing to betray their trust as citizens, scarcely hesitate to place their wares openly in the market awaiting the highest bidder, and the most startling feature of the case is that men who would never think of taking part in such transactions themselves, have come to look on them as trivial and almost necessary accompaniments to an election.

Like every other vice, bribery holds its power over men in its appeal to the lower elements of their natures. An immediate pleasure is accepted in exchange for purity and manhood which are betrayed and degraded for the gratification of some essentially base and criminal passion, and, like every other lust, it becomes stronger as it is exercised, while the man becomes weaker and less able to resist it. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that being tolerated and even encouraged by men of personal integrity as a necessity of circumstances and fostered on all hands by

men who use it as an instrument of their own unscrupulous ends, the hideous leprosy should have got into the very life blood of our Dominion, and have broken out in ulcerous sores upon the body politic. The question seems to be, and I confess it appears to me to be one of surprising gravity and solemnity, how to awaken the public conscience, how to get men to rouse themselves to think, how to thrill them with a sense of horror at the presence of this accursed thing.

If the heirs of a home and inheritance had it in their power to appoint the administrators and guardians of their patrimony, chancery would surely admonish them of the high solemnity of the duty devolved upon them and of the need of discharging the trust wisely and well and above all, of the vital necessity of choosing men beyond the suspicion of dishonor or immorality. Surely, in such circumstances, it would be a most sinister evidence of fitness for the discharge of this sacred responsibility and guardianship, were certain "candidates" for the office to approach the heirs secretly with the offer of money, so as to secure their votes in the matter of the appointment? No one can doubt the result, or that any court, coming to the knowledge of such conduct, would, in the exercise of its supreme judicial oversight, peremptorily and absolutely disqualify such a one from appointment to the office; and hold the weak or unworthy heir as incapable of the exercise of his franchise, in the choice of guardians of the interests of the family.

Would that some chancery of spotless and inviolate integrity and supreme authority might so intervene in the matter of our inheritance!

And such a chancery does exist, so far as its power is concerned; it is the tribunal of the people themselves—the heirs of this fair inheritance. The charter of our British liberty forbids that any court shall control their action with real effect in this matter. They are supreme, and it is at this point that the most alarming features of the case appears. The ultimate source of authority, the final court of appeal and moral rectitude is being debauched and prostituted. Is prostituting itself! Surely it is possible to rouse the fine manhood of our country—candidates and electors alike—to put away from them the suspicion of such a taint. And should money be even now on its way to serve the fearful mistaken and evil end, let it be stayed, and let the voice of an unbought and incorruptible people be given for the election of honest, honorable men. G. BRUCE.

Is it not most proper at this time to protest against the shameful traffic in votes which is so common at elections? Very much has been said in this campaign about "loyalty and patriotism." If these are virtues which are worth having surely it is an insult to every man's patriotism to offer to buy his vote. This use ought to be put a stop to.

Because it defeats the very object for which the ballot is put into our hands. Each party is supposed to be contending for a principle which will further the welfare of the country and bring the greatest blessings to its people. If then a man can buy for money, the votes of the electors, those from whom he buys them are not loyal or patriotic, but are willing to sell for money what they believe to be for the good and welfare of their country, and so their votes do not represent the conscientious feelings and convictions of their minds. The result of an election where votes are bought and sold means the putting into power, not the party whose aims and objects are to better the condition of the country, but the party which has the largest amount of ready cash.

Bribery is a sin, says one, "not only because it is against the law, but because it lowers the sense of personal responsibility, blunts the conscience," and encourages the spirit of covetousness, greed and selfishness. To whom do those who want to buy votes? To the gentleman, who is honest, upright, and intelligent? No. They seek the men who have no honor to lose, no good name to sacrifice, no principles to defend. The only cure for this evil, so dishonorable is a radical one. A law should be passed, which will disenfranchise every person who is convicted of either buying or selling a vote. For he who will be guilty of doing either the one or the other, has proved himself unworthy of the trust which his country has put into his hands. FRED. FRANCIS SHERMAN.

It can hardly be hoped that words proceeding from one utterly destitute of political influence will carry a feather's weight with those intent upon success at all hazards in political warfare. "All is fair," the common saying runs, "in love and war," and, since an electioneering campaign is our "civilized" method of fighting our battles—of gratifying the combative element handed down among the instincts derived by heredity from our forefathers—our communities, by common consent, appear to accept it as an axiom that "all is fair, also, in electioneering."

It ought to be the case that any man in a professedly christian land, asked, "What is your opinion of bribery?" would deem the mere proposal of the question an insult; would regard it as standing upon an equal footing with "What is your opinion of theft, or fraud, or falsehood?"—that any man, offered a bribe, would resent it as the

basest of imputations on his integrity; that the offerer should be excluded from society on the same principle on which we exclude the perjurer, the pickpocket, the slanderer. Instead, when successful, it is treated as a capital subject for jesting!

Need it be urged to professing christians that bribery in every form is sin? And why? Not because a particular law has been made against it—that, indeed! but much more, because it degrades alike the giver and the receiver; "lowers the sense of personal responsibility, blunts the conscience, dethrones the God within a man's soul, erects selfishness and greed and interest in His stead." In one word, the one appropriate name alike for bribers and for bribed in a christian community is—JUDAS. D. MACHRAE.

In a sermon, recently preached in the Methodist church, Fredericton, the pastor, Rev. J. SHERSTON said in reference to "shaketh his hand from holding of bribes," that a man who took a bribe was not a fit person to exercise the franchise. Such a vote did not express the opinion, if the elector had an opinion, but simply the value of the money paid. Such men held manhood, conscience, and independence at the bid of the highest bidder.

The men who sought the suffrages did not want to spend money, but being anxious to be elected for party purposes, and finding that votes could be bought, took advantage of the demoralized state of the people to accomplish their purpose. It was not to our credit that such a state of things existed in this Dominion, that money could be, and was used to debauch the electors. And the only remedy seemed to be, for each and every candidate to refuse to purchase votes, and if men would not vote unless bought, let them stay at home, and the country would suffer no loss. And especially should the churches teach and christian men practice, that no corruption should be tolerated. The christian "shaketh his hands from holding of bribes."

Another clergyman, one well-known and highly esteemed by the largest congregation in the city writes—"I regret that I cannot take an active part on a subject which is somewhat foreign to my sphere. . . . I have said I regret it, for like many other sensible articles that come to the light of day through the pages of PROGRESS, I believe your plan a happy one. If the good people could only be educated in this matter—made to act through motives of honor and not for filthy lucre's sake, much evil would be avoided, much good promoted. Herein the people are a power—on their voice depends the future form of the country's government. That voice is given them to promote the common welfare, not to barter for a paltry bribe. Too often they violate this trust, lose sight of their own honor, and their country's good, deliver themselves up for the "almighty dollar." This is often done without forethought or a bad will. Education in the matter is what they want. Be it theirs through the fearless columns of PROGRESS.

MEN AND THINGS.

The mahomedans are about to send missionaries to England. They will probably make some converts. The mission established in Paris has done so.

Buddhism makes progress—not very rapid indeed, but it is progress—in England, France and America. There are more buddhists among so-called christians than most people think. The fundamental idea of this eastern faith is the final absorption of all finite intelligence in the infinite. According to it the spirit returns to God who gave it, humanity becomes one again with its Creator, and to this life, after a preparatory interval which may be more or less prolonged—according to the fitness of the individual for this ultimate consummation, will follow a period of eternal rest. Of course upon this there has been grafted an absurd polytheism, an idolatry if you like, and many customs and rites which are monstrous. Nevertheless, fundamentally, it rests upon the subordination of all created things to an infinite God, in whom all that exists is finally absorbed.

VOLTAIRE himself took very little stock in the anticipations of people that any literary work would outlast the author. When ROUSSEAU read him his poem dedicated to posterity, the witty sceptic said it was very good. "But," he added, "Are you sure the people to whom it is dedicated will ever see it?"

VOLTAIRE—what a life he was, and how different it might have been, had he enjoyed a different training? He was brought up by a man who, though an ecclesiastic by profession, was a libertine in practice, and who sought from the very inception of the lad's education to destroy his faith in God, religion and humanity. He succeeded in regard to the latter two; but never quite shook his pupil's belief in the former for VOLTAIRE used to say, "It is so necessary that there should be a God, that if there were none, humanity would invent one."

The philosophy of buddhism and that of the work called *The Unseen Universe*, which Prof. DRUMMOND cites so freely in

his *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, are not very different, except that the latter deals with the material universe and the former with that which is spiritual.

PROGRESS heard a clergyman once say that among the books that was destined to live forever was this book of DRUMMOND'S. It is dangerous to prophesy immortality for a literary production.

During the early part of the present century JOHN QUINCY ADAMS said that when the bible was relegated to the limbo wherein rests much that the world has deemed precious. VOLTAIRE's great philosophical treatise would have a place on every student's table and would influence society in all its ramifications—or words to that effect. Now, how many of PROGRESS' thousands of readers know what was the name of VOLTAIRE's great work? How many of them have read it? How many of them have read it?

He was a sharp fellow who said of a somewhat conceited but very prosperous man that he "was a self made man and worshipped his maker." He was one of the great army of anonymous imps, whose work sparkles in the columns of current periodicals. There is an immense quantity of the very keenest humor afloat nowadays which compared with the ponderous jesting of a former generation is like the sparkle of a diamond in comparison with the lustre of a tin pan. Many of those who gained a reputation a century ago for being very clever people, would hardly attract even a passing notice today.

There is an amount of brilliant work done in connection with the daily press which is simply astonishing. In the corners of newspapers there are often verses, which if signed by some famous name would be regarded as amongst the richest gems in the language. A Fredericton boy, himself one who wields a brilliant pen, SLASON THOMPSON, has gathered many of these verses in a book called, if we are not mistaken, *The Minor Poets*.

But perhaps the best part of all the work in a daily newspaper is the simple chronicling of events. The accuracy of this part of the business is something surprising. An impression prevails among some very foolish people that so long as they can get something to fill up a column, the average reporter is not particular as to his facts. There never was a greater blunder. In the first place there is never any difficulty about getting enough matter, and in the next place a reporter who failed to get the facts, and made up for the deficiency by his inventions, would soon have to seek another job.

"Nothing in the papers," is a common expression; but will some people who use it, just stop a moment and think what might be in the papers if the reporters told all they learn of the night side of life.

ABOUT ANNEXATION.

In these lively election days there is a word that is much taken in vain, viz: annexation. It cannot be denied that the word, or the thing intended by it, has played a large part in the history of Canada. Twice at least have the Americans attempted to annex Canada by arms and signally failed.

In 1775 the Philadelphia congress sent BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, CARROLL, and others into "The province of Quebec" (as Canada was then termed), as revolutionary emissaries. But neither the sage nor the future Roman catholic archbishop could cajole her people to merge their political future with that of the people of the revolted colonies. The leading spirits of that congress imagined that they had only to send a military force by way of Lake Champlain to St. Johns in the west, and by Maine to Quebec in the east, to cause the people to flock to the revolutionary standards. A British party in Canada was never afterwards more disloyal in their utterances than was the British party of that time. But when the ragged militia of the States appeared on the soil, its members had no idea of lowering the Union Jack before it. The British population then acted like the wife of the proverbial quarrelsome couple—when a stranger interfered to prevent the man chastising his spouse, she flew upon him and chased him from the house. Its members might spend treasure, show disaffection, yet when the pinch came, they proved themselves loyal at heart.

About the year 1809 governor general Sir JAMES CRAIG conceived the brilliant project of annexing some of the New England states to Canada. That project, of course, fell through, but it gave President MADISON and the democrats one pretext, among others, for declaring war, invading Canada with the object of annexing the country. But the war of 1812-14 proved that the French and British people of Canada had not the then most remote intention of surrendering their national existence. Politically disunited, disaffected towards each other as British and French then were, that struggle had the effect of bringing them together in defence of British connection.

There were then some political malcontents who cheered the successes of the Americans in the war, and, who would have vociferously, welcomed annexation,

There may be some now who, under similar circumstances, would act in like manner. But it is not to be supposed—were the alarm of war sounded now—that the volunteer militia of the present day would do less bravely than the gallant British and French-Canadian volunteers, fencibles, chasseurs, and voltigeurs who fought at Queenstown, Stoney creek, Chateauguay, Chrysler's farm and Lundy's lane.

A century has passed since it was said that that was the manifest destiny of Canada to be joined to the great republic. But while the people of Canada have their fortune in their own hands and are determined against annexation, "manifest destiny" will remain a mere rhetorical phrase, for another century at least.

It cannot be denied, however, that there have been ever since Canada has been under British rule, ebullitions of annexationist feeling. The most striking instance of this petulant humor occurred in 1849, when the Earl of ELGIN, as representative of the queen, assented to a bill to indemnify individuals for losses incurred by them during the rebellion of 1847 in Lower Canada (now Quebec.) This act stung the British loyalist population to madness. A crowd in Montreal pelted the governor general with offensive missiles, and burnt the parliament buildings. The party found shelter in a market hall, and passed flaming annexation resolutions. In those days "treason" paraded the streets, naked, unveiled and shouting, but soon retired ashamed into obscurity.

Passing resolutions is an excellent way of letting off political steam, which if suppressed might prove really dangerous. Disaffection towards a present government does not become menacing until the "resolution" stage is passed, and the time has come to take a resolution of action on the paper one. With regard to annexation as a practical movement, the people of Canada are yet far from the first and easy stage of passing resolutions in its favor.

The Rev. Dr. J. MINOT SAVAGE has given a great deal of attention to the class of phenomena known as psychical, and has come to the conclusion that there are some things inexplicable in the present state of knowledge on any other hypothesis than that the dead exist in a conscious state, and have at least a limited power of communicating with the living. Mr. SAVAGE is one of the original members, perhaps one of the founders, of the Society for Psychical Research, and he says that his mass of facts bearing upon the subject is enormous. He has also come in contact with a great deal of fraud; but thinks that he has been able to winnow the chaff from the wheat, and is in a position to go a short distance on the way to a definite conclusion. He claims that his investigations have been conducted on a purely scientific principle; that is, he has looked for facts, and has dealt with the facts absolutely without any desire that they should establish one thing rather than another. In a matter of this kind, belief has no place. A man may believe in perpetual motion, or in the possibility of squaring the circle, but that does not make those problems solvable, any more than his disbelief in any material fact counts against that fact. Mr. SAVAGE goes about as far as any one is probably warranted in going, who looks at the subject from a scientific standpoint. The phenomena to which he refers may have some other explanation than communication from the unseen world, but in our present state of knowledge no other explanation is forthcoming. In this view of the case, spiritualism becomes a tenable hypothesis, but not a demonstrated fact as yet. With mesmerism, hypnotism, clairvoyance and the like, it forms a domain of enquiry of the most interesting nature. There may be underlying all these phenomena an explanation not yet thought of, and some day there may arise a NEWTON in this realm of research who will hit upon the central principle, after which everything will seem clear. In the meantime, the best that the most of us can do is to keep our eyes open, acting on the old injunction, to prove all things and hold fast that which is good.

When the political campaign opened we asked those gentlemen who would likely be candidates in their respective counties, whose portraits had not appeared in PROGRESS before, to be kind enough to send us their photographs, for use in our engraving department. Some of them were kind enough to comply with our request, but others, through natural diffidence, no doubt, did not "come to time" There are still others whose candidature was announced too late for us to secure such excellent portraits as we present today. We point with considerable pride to the character of the work, the equal of which is not printed in any Canadian publication. We make no attempt to give the "lives" of the candidates. From a business and a professional standpoint they are well and favorably known—their political sins and virtues it would not do for us to comment upon. If we did, our remarks would naturally be honest and frank, and therefore, perhaps in some cases, unpleasant. We believe the people are more interested in the general appearance of the men than the particulars of their lives, and we wish to interest the people every time. The engravings of Messrs. McLEOD and GILLMOR are from old photographs, and though

faithful reproductions, do not do full justice to the originals. That of Mr. CLARKE was engraved some time ago for PROGRESS and is utilized because there was not sufficient time to procure one similar in style to Mr. GILLMOR'S.

The nurses at the training school of the general hospital asked Dr. BAYARD for some advice at the opening of this institution of which the doctor has been the founder and guide. It was given only for them, but a copy having fallen into PROGRESS' hands it is given to our readers in another column as we propose to give every good thing. At the delightful home party which Mrs. BOYD called a "musical," Dr. BAYARD was present and spoke of the nurses and their work. His remarks on that social occasion were well worth reprinting. They delighted many citizens who met to assist Mrs. BOYD in her effort to aid Lady TILLEY's fund for the nurses. Sir LEONARD TILLEY and Senr. BOYD also told what they knew of the work in which Dr. BAYARD was engaged there during the thirty years it had been in existence.

Referring to Quebec, last week, PROGRESS commented on the absence of the name of WOLFE compared with that of MONTCALM. The *Quebec Chronicle* differs from us, and says: A short walk to Dufferin terrace would bring you to the splendid shaft reared to the memory of those twin heroes, WOLFE and MONTCALM. A drive to the plains of Abraham, where the great battle was fought, would bring you to the WOLFE monument. Near by you might have refreshed yourself at the WOLFE inn. Not far off, in the city proper, is WOLFE'S street, which runs from DeSalaberry street to Maple avenue. WOLFE'S Cove is one of the busiest places in summer in Quebec. In St. Saviour which only lately was annexed to Quebec, is also a street named after WOLFE. It runs from Arge street to cape south. Then we have a whole country christened after the intrepid and valorous soldier. A WOLFE market we have not. The name would hardly be appropriate, and might cause some confusion.

We trust that every reader of PROGRESS will extend substantial sympathy to the widows and fatherless at Springhill. Unfortunately for them the excitement and interest in matters political are apt to delay the general assistance that will surely be extended to them. Let everybody give as much as they can and as quickly as they can.

Referring to Quebec, last week, PROGRESS commented on the absence of the name of WOLFE compared with that of MONTCALM. The *Quebec Chronicle* differs from us, and says: A short walk to Dufferin terrace would bring you to the splendid shaft reared to the memory of those twin heroes, WOLFE and MONTCALM. A drive to the plains of Abraham, where the great battle was fought, would bring you to the WOLFE monument. Near by you might have refreshed yourself at the WOLFE inn. Not far off, in the city proper, is WOLFE'S street, which runs from DeSalaberry street to Maple avenue. WOLFE'S Cove is one of the busiest places in summer in Quebec. In St. Saviour which only lately was annexed to Quebec, is also a street named after WOLFE. It runs from Arge street to cape south. Then we have a whole country christened after the intrepid and valorous soldier. A WOLFE market we have not. The name would hardly be appropriate, and might cause some confusion.

We trust that every reader of PROGRESS will extend substantial sympathy to the widows and fatherless at Springhill. Unfortunately for them the excitement and interest in matters political are apt to delay the general assistance that will surely be extended to them. Let everybody give as much as they can and as quickly as they can.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Tribute to "Canada." To the Editor of Progress.—Please allow me space in your valuable paper to acknowledge the receipt of that instructive and fascinating work, viz: *Stories of New France*, as a prize for the first to answer Canadian History Questions, in the February number of Canada. Let me also add that, from an educational standpoint, Rev. M. R. Knight's journal will be a welcome aid to all who are truly patriotic and progressive, in Canadian culture and thought. MASON R. DENN. DEBBE, N. B.

They Want to See it in Print. To the Editor of Progress: In the early part of the present campaign, Mr. Geo. Hill made the statement at a public meeting in St. Stephen, that in a conversation with himself, Mr. C. D. Owen, agent of the St. Croix cotton mills, expressed himself in favor of the "unrestricted reciprocity" plank in the liberal platform. As the liberals have made something of a canvass of this statement, it has puzzled the conservatives considerably to answer it, therefore Mr. D. F. Maxwell took it upon himself to get a denial of the statement. With this object in view he called on Mr. Owen and presented the case and asked him for authority to deny it, but, instead of a denial, he got an answer to the effect that Mr. Owen did make the statement and was ready to stand by it. This is a severe blow to the conservatives, especially in Milltown as in the previous campaign their main cry was that the cotton mill was the result of the N. P., but now with the business of the mill in the condition it is at present, and its agent advocating reciprocity, the conservatives will not be liable to make much reference to it for the remainder of the campaign.

Straight Talk on Illegal Business. To the Editor of Progress:—I have watched with great interest your efforts to give us an efficient police force. There is one thing I would like to call your attention to. Why is it that none of our hotels as reported for the illegal sale of liquor? Is it not a shame that they are allowed to carry on their illegal after-hour sale of liquor under the very nose of our chief of police and his pets? It appears strange to me that these keen-eyed and keen-nosed detectives can ferret out all the widows who have not influence enough to secure a license. TEMPERANCE.

The statements of our correspondent must be in a measure true, for we know him to be generally carefully correct. It does not require a very keen observer, moreover, to note the fact that some of the hotels seem to have a vague idea of time between 10 o'clock and midnight. We have no wish to go into the detective or information business, but the facts of our correspondent cannot be disputed, and no one knows it better than the chief of police. Way there should be one law for the King and Prince William street saloons and another law for the less pretentious dive on the City road or Brussels street, is one of the things that "no fellow can fash out." THE EDITOR.

Out Again and at Work. The friends of Mr. Thomas Youngclaus are just now congratulating him upon his recovery from a recent severe illness. Mr. Youngclaus is as much a part of Charlotte street as his well-known clothing store. He has evidently had time, however, to think out some ideas, for, about the first of April, he tells PROGRESS, he proposes to open a branch establishment in Boswick's building, North End. This move will be appreciated by the people of old Portland who are looking more and more every day to the stores about them for what they want. Mr. Youngclaus' branch store will contain a splendid stock of ready-made clothing as well as everything in the line of men's furnishings. Those who patronize it will not only save their car fare, but will also be removed from the temptation of credit, for the store will be conducted on a strictly cash basis.

When the political campaign opened we asked those gentlemen who would likely be candidates in their respective counties, whose portraits had not appeared in PROGRESS before, to be kind enough to send us their photographs, for use in our engraving department. Some of them were kind enough to comply with our request, but others, through natural diffidence, no doubt, did not "come to time" There are still others whose candidature was announced too late for us to secure such excellent portraits as we present today. We point with considerable pride to the character of the work, the equal of which is not printed in any Canadian publication. We make no attempt to give the "lives" of the candidates. From a business and a professional standpoint they are well and favorably known—their political sins and virtues it would not do for us to comment upon. If we did, our remarks would naturally be honest and frank, and therefore, perhaps in some cases, unpleasant. We believe the people are more interested in the general appearance of the men than the particulars of their lives, and we wish to interest the people every time. The engravings of Messrs. McLEOD and GILLMOR are from old photographs, and though

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(FOR ADDITIONAL SHORT NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.)

THIS TALKS ABOUT HALIFAX.

Feb. 24.—The many recent engagements at present form the most interesting topics of conversation in social circles. It is astonishing how quickly young ladies become a subject of interest to her several friends when it is understood that at length young ladies have picked up sufficient courage to propose to the all important question and having received that little "yes," retire a happy man. How the girls crowd about the lovely Julia who, already assuming an air of matronly dignity, accepts their overtures with becoming condescension. Of all delightful times in life, this is the most charming, when all exclaim: "Enjoy it, my dear, while you may, so that in after life when circumstances gather around you, you will be always able to look back upon this epoch as having been replete with bliss."

Among several about whom Venus has wound her fiery chariot and taken captive, we single out the engagement of Miss H. Albro, of Tower Road, to Lieutenant Grant, R. N., of H. M. S. Forward. This young officer has been spending several weeks in the city, on leave. As is evidenced by the above announcement the young sailor has made very good use of his furlough. He left by the last Bermuda mail to join his ship.

Another interesting engagement is that of Miss Shannon, daughter of Judge Shannon of the probate court, to Mr. Wallace MacDonald, barrister, and son of the old justice.

Mrs. Paton gave a large "at home" on Friday evening last at her residence on Inglis street. About 90 guests were present. Among them were: Miss Clara Harris, Miss C. Graham, Miss Macgregor, Mr. P. and the Misses O'Donnell, Mr. Mahon, Mr. Cameron, and Mrs. Taylor.

As the season advances the zest for coasting instead of skating is rather increasing. The "bob" sled party leading in point of popularity. For this latter diversion Fort Massey and the steep hill on South street are selected, and here on moonlight nights, are assembled many merry parties.

Mrs. Green gave one of these frolics on Monday last which was quite an event. This lady possesses that tact which prompts her always to select and sort just the right people for these gatherings. Consequently they are unanimously voted successful.

Among the really pleasant events of the past week was a concert held in the church of England institute. The hall of the institute in which these affairs are held is charmingly adapted to suit the voice both for song and declamation. This entertainment, the second of a series which will be given during the coming month, passed off very smoothly. Miss Eva Waddell gave a reading and received the applause due to the grace and expression with which it was rendered by the fair elocutrist.

On Tuesday last Mrs. Turnbull entertained a large number of guests at her residence, Victoria road. It is true they tripped "the light fantastic" but what! Lent!

Sleighting parties continue still in vogue. Major and Mrs. Harvie and many of their friends had a large drive one day last week. The party numbering some ten or fifteen sleighs drove off from the arm, thence to the Dutch village, and returning drew up at the "Oaks," the residence of the Harvies, where five o'clock tea was served.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the book stores of W. W. Black and W. H. Murray, Main street.]

Feb. 24.—It is almost superfluous to say that all other subjects have been subsordinated this week to the all absorbing interest in the Springhill disaster. No one seems to have time to think of anything else, and even the general election was almost forgotten for two or three days. I believe a great many Moncton people visited the scene of the accident, and came home more impressed than ever with the extent and horror of the calamity. Moncton has responded promptly and generously to the call for help, and at a meeting held in the opera house on Monday evening for the purpose of expressing sympathy for the survivors in a tangible form, something over \$1,200 was subscribed at once; subscription lists were opened, collectors and receivers appointed, and a thorough system adopted for a proper canvass of the town.

The success of the meeting and the generous outpouring of cash, was largely due to the untiring efforts of the Rev. W. B. Hinson, who is ever foremost in working for the poor and distressed. Mr. Hinson, accompanied by Messrs. G. F. Atkinson and William O'Neill, spent yesterday in collecting from house to house, and their effort resulted in a sum of \$400. Mayor Sumner has also been most active in carrying on the good work, and he was able to place the very respectable sum of \$1,000 at the disposal of Mayor Hall of Springhill, yesterday, for the use of destitute families.

Talk about the deadly dullness of mid-summer! Why, it is not a circumstance that the deadly drowsiness of mid-winter, when let has come in early and is contesting the field with a general election and getting the worst of it. Politics are the order of the day now; one hears nothing else, and I verily believe the ladies take an interest in the political situation only second to that of their fashions. The fashionable dissipation consists of attending political meetings, and if a fellow does so far forget what is due to his country as to desert the flag for an evening and make a social call, he is met at the door with the crushing intelligence that "the ladies are all out, sir. They are at the Opera house to hear the politics, sir." And then the fellow in question fades slowly down the front steps into the dark wilderness of the whither, after requesting the servant with a courteous earnestness not to say he called, because he feels that to admit having seen the headliner of the Opera house at such a time is almost tantamount to a confession of being on the wrong side of politics.

After a rest of some weeks, the bread and butter club has bobbed up serenely and asserted their right to contest the town with the headliner for Westmorland! for one night only. They meet this evening at the residence of Mrs. J. L. Harris.

The funeral of the late Z. Lockhart, conductor on the I. C. R., whose long illness terminated fatally on Monday, took place yesterday afternoon from his late residence on Bedford street. The service was read in the Methodist church by Rev. G. M. Campbell, assisted by the Rev. John Prince and the Rev. W. B. Hinson.

The funeral was unusually large, and was under the auspices of the Oddfellows and the brotherhood of order of railway conductors and railway train men, of all of which the deceased had been a member. The solemn ritual of the Oddfellows was read at the grave by the chaplain of the order, Rev. G. M. Campbell. The pallbearers were Messrs. J. C. C. Snow, G. R. Sangster, J. E. Evans, G. A. Vye, D. Brownell and Thomas Corbett.

The members of the Cypress Club have offered to repeat their entertainment of the 10th, next Friday evening, for the benefit of the Springhill sufferers. I do not yet know whether their offer has been accepted or not. The amateur dramatic club has also placed their services at the disposal of those in charge of the relief fund, and will give an entertainment in aid of the widows and orphans some time next month.

Mrs. Tupper, of Halifax, who has been spending some weeks with Mr. and Mrs. A. Borden, left town on Monday, to visit relatives at Sackville.

Mrs. Millidge, of St. John, who has been spending the greater part of the winter with Mrs. W. J. Weldon, left town on Saturday for Fredericton, from where, I understand, she will shortly embark for the sunny south, in company with a party of friends, who intend spending the early spring months in southern Georgia.

Mrs. Murray, of Chatham, who has been visiting the Misses Peters, returned home last week. Miss Constance Chandler, of Dorchester, spent a few days in town last week, visiting her sister, Mr. R. W. Hewson.

ST. ANDREWS.

Feb. 24.—Mrs. Sills, daughter of Canon Ketchum, is expected to visit her parents at the Rectory next week.

H. F. Todd, of Stephen, returned home Sunday. Mrs. Mowatt, wife of Capt. Harry Mowatt, is at Chatham on a visit to her mother-in-law. Mrs. Clinch's young lady friend, who has been spending a week with her, returned to her home on Friday.

Friday was a gala day among the horsemen and as the roads were in superb condition all the flyers went out. The event of the day was a trotting match between Capt. Herbert's mare driven by himself and Mr. Malloy's horse driven by the owner. The match took place on Queen street and both sides of the course were lined with spectators. The captain's mare broke badly and Mr. Malloy won easily.

The Whist club met at Mr. Whitlock's on Tuesday evening last. Their next place of meeting will be at the residence of Mr. Howard Grimmer. The third of Mrs. Foster's dancing parties came off last Wednesday evening, and on Saturday evening she had a few friends in to spend a quiet evening. Among those present were Miss Gove, Miss Whitlock, Miss Kitchum, Miss Green, and Miss Minnie Odell. The ladies all looked very nice and enjoyed a pleasant evening as they are always sure to do at Mrs. Foster's, where both the host and hostess vie with each other in making things pleasant.

Mr. W. B. Morris has been quite ill for some months past. His next place of business, but is slowly recovering and in hopes to be about again this week. C. E. Carmichael has also been suffering from a severe cold.

Mrs. Howard Grimmer has been quite ill for the past week. As such an event has not taken place in St. Andrews for some months, the excitement will probably be intense, especially among the young ladies, who generally take a great interest in these "affaires de coeur."

I hear rumors of several weddings to take place in the Spring for the coming week. Whist was the feature of the evening. Mr. A. C. Smith, M. P. P., paid a visit to the village on Saturday.

Judge King ordered the Circuit Court here on Tuesday. No cause being entered for trial, the court was adjourned sine die. Mr. A. W. Macrae, of St. John, spent Sunday at the village, the guest of Rev. W. Macdonald.

Mrs. E. G. Evans is, I regret to hear, quite ill at her rooms in the Vendome. Mr. Richard Smith, of St. John, was in town this week. I noticed Mr. W. Pungley, Mr. A. S. White, Mr. Stan Kestrel, Mr. E. H. McAlpine, and Mr. W. Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Bent went to the city on Tuesday. Mr. L. E. Tupper, of St. John, and Mr. T. E. Arnold, of Sussex, were among the visitors in town last week.

Mr. T. A. Peters, who has been confined to the bed for the past few days, is improving. Mrs. Richard spent Sunday and Monday with relatives in St. John. Miss Hammond returned from the city on Monday.

CHATHAM.

[Progress is for sale in Chatham at Edward Johnson's bookstore.]

Feb. 23.—The Oddfellows hall was opened last Tuesday evening. The orchestra consisting of some of the young ladies and gentlemen of Chatham provided the music, and local views were shown. We are glad to have Miss Murray home again from Moncton, where she has been spending the past two months.

Mrs. Main, of Richibucto, is in town visiting friends. Mrs. Crombie, of Pictou, Ont., is here visiting her sisters, the Misses Benson. Miss Girvan has been spending a few days at her father's, (Mr. T. P. Gillespie).

Mrs. Wheeler, of Newcastle, is spending a few weeks with the Misses Bower. Mrs. Norton gave a children's party last week, which was very much enjoyed by the little ones. A number of people from Newcastle were down to the skating rink on Monday evening to witness a race between Dingee of St. John, Jardine of Newcastle, and Wyse and Howard of Chatham. Dingee won easily, Wyse coming in second.

Mrs. Fraser MacKenzie gave a very enjoyable party last Friday night. ALEXAN.

Mrs. Alexander Gibson, of St. John, entertained the Ladies' Working band at tea Friday afternoon last. In the evening the gentlemen came in and a very enjoyable time was spent. Bagatelle and parlor curling were the order of the evening, for which there were prizes for both ladies and gentlemen. At bagatelle, Mrs. Williams took the first prize, Miss Merritt (St. John) capturing the booby prize. In the gentlemen's prizes, Dr. Pearce, first prize, and Mr. W. T. Day, booby prize. In curling, Miss Alma Gibson and Miss McCullough (St. Mary) were the lucky ones, while Mr. Duncan and Mr. Gibson received the gentlemen. I believe these entertainments are to be held once a month, Mrs. John T. Gibson having the next one.

The ladies of the Episcopal working band have organized a society here. Mr. Thos. Likely went to St. John on Friday last, returning on Monday. Miss Fanny Merritt, of St. John, is visiting Miss Mary Gibson.

Mrs. Hugh Alexander is recovering from a severe attack of congestion of the lungs. Mrs. Judd Libbey is visiting her brother, Dr. Moore, of Whiteville. Sandwich club met with Miss Likely Monday evening and had a lovely time. SCRIBBLER.

PARROBORO. [Progress is for sale in Parroboro at A. C. Berryman's bookstore.]

Feb. 25.—The dreadful calamity at Spring Hill has cast a gloom over Parroboro. Immediately on receipt of the news on Saturday, five of our doctors and a number of others left for the mines in a special train. Many people also drove through on Sunday. Rev. S. Gibbons went up on Monday to help bury the dead.

Miss Hill, who has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Boggis, left on Friday for her home in Sydney. Mrs. Alloway, of Spring Hill, was in Parroboro on Thursday, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Atkman. Mr. Pipes, of Amherst, was in town on Thursday. Dr. Atkinson went to Amherst on Wednesday, and returned Thursday. Rev. S. Gibbons went to Truro to lecture, on Tuesday, and returned Wednesday. Mrs. N. H. Upham has gone to St. John to spend a few weeks. Mr. E. Gillespie went to St. John, Friday, and returned Monday. Mr. and Mrs. J. Medley Townshend, of Amherst, came down on Saturday, and returned Monday. They were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Townshend. Mr. Oxley, of Oxford, and Mr. Forrest, of Amherst, were in town on Saturday and Sunday. C.

WELDFORD STATION.

[Progress is for sale at Mrs. S. J. Livingston's grocery store, Weldford Station.]

Feb. 25.—Mr. Richard O'Leary and family, late of Campbellton, were at the Bureka yesterday and proceeded to Richibucto where they will take up their residence. Mr. J. P. Call, of the *Revue*, and Inspector Call, of Richibucto, were at the Central last evening. Sheriff Whelan and Mrs. Whelan, Mr. George V. McInerney, Mr. C. J. Bayre, and Mr. Frank Bayre, all from the shiretown, were at the Bureka last evening.

Mrs. Dr. Keith, who has been quite ill for some time, is convalescent. Mr. Clarence Coy returned last evening from Springhill where he had been summoned on hearing of the death of two of his brothers, Henry and Edgar, by the explosion in the mines. Mr. George K. McLeod, of St. John, and Mr. James F. Atkinson, of Richibucto, are in town today. Dr. G. J. Sproul, of Chatham, has been in town since yesterday. Miss Florence Graham returned last week from Sackville where she has been visiting. Mr. Allan Haines, of Richibucto, was in town this morning. REX.

WESTFIELD. Feb. 25.—Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy spent Sunday at Mr. James Belyea's. Miss Bessie Belyea, of Boston, is spending the winter at Westfield. Hon. Mr. Foster addressed a meeting in the hall at Westfield on Saturday evening. After the lecture supper was provided. Col. Downville speaks in the hall at Carter's point Tuesday. P. K.

MARYSVILLE. Feb. 24.—Mrs. Alexander Gibson, of St. John, entertained the Ladies' Working band at tea Friday afternoon last. In the evening the gentlemen came in and a very enjoyable time was spent. Bagatelle and parlor curling were the order of the evening, for which there were prizes for both ladies and gentlemen. At bagatelle, Mrs. Williams took the first prize, Miss Merritt (St. John) capturing the booby prize. In the gentlemen's prizes, Dr. Pearce, first prize, and Mr. W. T. Day, booby prize. In curling, Miss Alma Gibson and Miss McCullough (St. Mary) were the lucky ones, while Mr. Duncan and Mr. Gibson received the gentlemen. I believe these entertainments are to be held once a month, Mrs. John T. Gibson having the next one.

The ladies of the Episcopal working band have organized a society here. Mr. Thos. Likely went to St. John on Friday last, returning on Monday. Miss Fanny Merritt, of St. John, is visiting Miss Mary Gibson.

Mrs. Hugh Alexander is recovering from a severe attack of congestion of the lungs. Mrs. Judd Libbey is visiting her brother, Dr. Moore, of Whiteville. Sandwich club met with Miss Likely Monday evening and had a lovely time. SCRIBBLER.

PARROBORO. [Progress is for sale in Parroboro at A. C. Berryman's bookstore.]

Feb. 25.—The dreadful calamity at Spring Hill has cast a gloom over Parroboro. Immediately on receipt of the news on Saturday, five of our doctors and a number of others left for the mines in a special train. Many people also drove through on Sunday. Rev. S. Gibbons went up on Monday to help bury the dead.

Miss Hill, who has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Boggis, left on Friday for her home in Sydney. Mrs. Alloway, of Spring Hill, was in Parroboro on Thursday, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Atkman. Mr. Pipes, of Amherst, was in town on Thursday. Dr. Atkinson went to Amherst on Wednesday, and returned Thursday. Rev. S. Gibbons went to Truro to lecture, on Tuesday, and returned Wednesday. Mrs. N. H. Upham has gone to St. John to spend a few weeks. Mr. E. Gillespie went to St. John, Friday, and returned Monday. Mr. and Mrs. J. Medley Townshend, of Amherst, came down on Saturday, and returned Monday. They were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Townshend. Mr. Oxley, of Oxford, and Mr. Forrest, of Amherst, were in town on Saturday and Sunday. C.

ST. GEORGE. [Progress is for sale in St. George at T. O'Brien's store.]

Feb. 25.—Mr. William Vaughan, of St. John, was in town last week. Mr. G. O'Leary, of St. John, registered at the Brunswick last week, and returned home Saturday. Sheriff Stuart, of St. Andrews, made a short visit to his friends here last week. Miss Maud Clinch, of Boston, is spending the winter with her mother, Mrs. Gay Clinch. Hon. George F. Hill, of Milton, spent Sunday here with friends. Dr. Wadell of St. Andrews, paid a brief visit to our town on Friday last. Mrs. Fred Bogue, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Breen, St. Stephen, has just returned home. Mrs. J. Lutton Clark went to St. John on Monday. Mr. Geo. C. Needham, of St. John, was here last week on business, but was compelled through illness, to return home sooner than he expected. We were pleased to see Mr. S. Turner O'Dell, of St. Andrews, with us on Monday. Mr. Jan. O'Neill went to St. John yesterday. Mr. Geo. M. Johnson, principal of our high school, visited his home at Bocabe, last week. Mr. W. E. O. Jones, of St. John, registered at the Brunswick, yesterday. URSINE.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst, by George Douglas, at the Western Union Telegraph office.]

Feb. 28.—There is scarcely anything thought of talked about, but this terrible disaster at Springhill. Our sympathy for the families who are so suddenly bereft of husbands, sons and fathers. All the doctors in town were sent for, and went at once to render what assistance they could. The choir of St. Stephen's have, with their practical sympathy, volunteered to sing at the funeral of the victims. The Methodist congregation have opened a subscription list for the same purpose, and do not doubt the other denominations in town will cheerfully do the same. A meeting of the rate-payers was held last night for the purpose of voting a sum for the relief of the miners' families. All the departments in the county academy are contributing their mite also.

Mrs. Sterne and Miss Nellie Kinder, have lately given an entertainment at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Dorchester. The lovers of that fine art, music, always experience a thrill of delight when they hear the exquisite touch and execution of the professor. Miss Kinder's forte lies in the "recitative," and no doubt her efforts would be well received. Miss Teresa Hay has over from Dorchester for a day or two last week.

Mrs. C. E. Hewson entertained a large party of friends on Friday evening for her daughter, Miss Florie, who made a charming little hostess. Mrs. Nicholson had a concert party of boys on Monday for her little son Gordon, it being his birthday. Dr. White of Shelburne, was in town on Sunday, having been up to the scene of the disaster at Spring Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Medley Townshend spent Sunday in Parroboro with Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Townshend. Two brides in town receiving this week, Mrs. J. Bourque and Mrs. W. Ganong. Mr. Charles Tupper is expected on nomination day. He represents Mr. Dixie, who is a member of the New York under medical treatment, and is improving rapidly.

Miss Fannie Bliss, of Westmorland, has been spending ten days in town with her friends. The choir of the Methodist church took advantage of the beautiful morning of last week and drove up the sleigh as far as Long Lake, where, in one of the lumbering camps they spread a table, and enjoyed a meal in true picnic style. Rev. J. O. Ruggles, of Halifax, was expected on Sunday last to take the service in Christ church, but was prevented from doing so. This congregation is at present quite dependent upon extraneous aid until their own clergyman is able to fulfil the duties of the parish.

Miss McCully went to Halifax on Tuesday to spend a few weeks with friends. Miss McKean left for New Glasgow on Tuesday to visit her brother, Mr. James McGregor. MEO.

SACKVILLE. [Progress is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's bookstore.]

Feb. 25.—When it was ascertained that the B. and C. club was to meet at Miss Knapp's on Tuesday evening, it is needless to say every one made a brave effort to get there, and with but few exceptions they all managed it. A short time was spent in tobogganing, after which, with glowing faces and happy hearts, they wended their way to the cozy parlors of Mrs. Titus Knapp's hospitable residence, where steaming hot coffee was dispensed by the women who suffer from nervous and physical debility and great help in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It produces the rapid effect of a stimulant, without reaction—the result being a permanent increase of strength and vigor, both of mind and body.—Aet.

Women who suffer from nervous and physical debility and great help in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It produces the rapid effect of a stimulant, without reaction—the result being a permanent increase of strength and vigor, both of mind and body.—Aet.

AMHERST. [Progress is for sale at Amherst, by George Douglas, at the Western Union Telegraph office.]

Feb. 28.—There is scarcely anything thought of talked about, but this terrible disaster at Springhill. Our sympathy for the families who are so suddenly bereft of husbands, sons and fathers. All the doctors in town were sent for, and went at once to render what assistance they could. The choir of St. Stephen's have, with their practical sympathy, volunteered to sing at the funeral of the victims. The Methodist congregation have opened a subscription list for the same purpose, and do not doubt the other denominations in town will cheerfully do the same. A meeting of the rate-payers was held last night for the purpose of voting a sum for the relief of the miners' families. All the departments in the county academy are contributing their mite also.

Mrs. Sterne and Miss Nellie Kinder, have lately given an entertainment at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Dorchester. The lovers of that fine art, music, always experience a thrill of delight when they hear the exquisite touch and execution of the professor. Miss Kinder's forte lies in the "recitative," and no doubt her efforts would be well received. Miss Teresa Hay has over from Dorchester for a day or two last week.

Advertisements for various goods and services including 'Featherbone Corsets', 'Manchester, Robertson, and Allison', 'Nasal Balm', 'Catarrh', 'Johnson's Liniment', and 'Bijou Theatre'.

is for sale at Mrs. S. J. Livingston's re, Weldford Station.

Mr. Richard O'Leary and family, late of the Eureka yesterday and to Richibucto where they will take up

Call, of the Eureka, and Inspector Call, who has been quite ill for some

Mr. C. J. Bayre, and Mr. Frank Sarre- shiretown, were at the Eureka last

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

Mr. A. W. Peters and Mr. W. Purdy at Mr. James Belyea's.

GROCERS. CANNED GOODS, &c. At W. ALEX. PORTER'S.

CANNED PEACHES, Canned Apples, Canned Strawberries, Canned Raspberries, Canned Plums, Canned Pears, Canned Pineapple (Sliced, Grated and Whole), Canned Corn, Canned Tomatoes, Canned Blueberries, Canned Peas (French and Canadian), Canned Salmon, Canned Lobster.

CONFECTIONERY, &c. WHITE'S CONFECTIONERY, GANONG'S CONFECTIONERY, TESTER'S CONFECTIONERY.

Myles' Syrup. Nuts, Grapes, Oranges, Dates, Figs, Etc.

BONNELL & COWAN, 200 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN N. B.

R. & F. S. FINLEY, 12 & 16 SYDNEY STREET, Flour and Grain Store.

OATS, FEED, BRAN and MEAL, CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! In stock. 1,500 BLS. of Choice P. E. I. and North Shore Oysters—all fresh raked.

AN ELEGANT LINE OF English, French, and American PERFUMES, IN BULK.

THOMAS A. CROCKETT'S, 162 PRINCESS STREET, COR. SYDNEY, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

PINK PILLS FOR Pale People. WIZARD OIL.

S. McDIARMID, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, 49 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

'91-FLOWER SEEDS-'91 SEVERAL NEW VARIETIES from the celebrated firms of D. M. FERRY & CO., and STEELE BROS. & CO.

R. D. McARTHUR, MEDICAL HALL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

SAUNDER'S Pain Reliever INSTANTLY RELIEVES PAIN

Curè Colic, Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Inflammation, Coughs, Colds, Lame Back, Sore Throat, Pains in Chest or Side, Sprains and Bruises.

NEURALGIA. Cronier's Neuralgia Pills.

RUBBERS, RUBBER GOODS, CHEAP. F. S. ALLWOOD, 119 UNION STREET.

SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS, 84 PRINCESS STREET.

Ladies' and Gents' Ware Cleaned or Dyed at short notice. Feather Dyeing a Specialty.

C. E. BRACKETT, Prop.

LACED KID GLOVES. 7 HOOK. FOSTER PATENT.

We have had a line of the above made especially to our order in Blacks and Colors!

The best Glove in the Trade to retail at \$1.25.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES. SMITH BROS. WHOLESALE

Dry Goods and Millinery, Granville and Duke Streets, HALIFAX, N. S.

FERGUSON & PAGE Have a large and Well Assorted Stock of all Goods pertaining to the Legal Jewelry Business, and invite the inspection of intending purchasers.

43 KING STREET.

LANDRY & CO. 52 KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

PIANOS AND ORGANS, SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS, &c. All kinds of Small Musical Instruments, STRINGS, Etc.

LANDRY & CO. 52 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

READ The Story of the Rear Column of Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.

By THE LATE JAMES S. JAMESON, Naturalist to the Expedition. Illustrated by C. WYMPER, from the Author's original sketches.

J. & A. McMILLAN, BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

TENDERS. TENDERS for a term of one or three years from 1st April next will be received by the Indian and Lancaster Ferry Commissioners for the plying of

A SUITABLE STEAM FERRYBOAT on the route between Indian town and Pleasant Point. Said steamer to be of not less passenger accommodation than the W. F. Yroom.

D. H. NASE, Sec'y and Treas. St. John, Feb. 2, 1891.

1 CARLOAD ABOVE HIGH-CLASS OIL NOW LANDING.

550 BBLs. (now due) to arrive per Sch. Boss & Stella. Although very much superior to any other Oil in market, prices are made as low as any. Send for samples and price.

J. D. SHATFORD. S. R. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF WIRE, STEEL and IRON-CUT NAILS, And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc. ST. JOE, N. B.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," P.O. Box 28, St. John.]

Do you know, my dear correspondents, that you sometimes amuse me very much? I have no doubt that I often amuse you, so I suppose turn about is my fair play; but you know when you make suggestions as to how I shall manage my work, it is too delightful for anything. For instance—one of the dear girls asked me last week why I did not have my column printed in finer type. She had noticed that in most papers the correspondence column was generally the finest of all. Well now, my dear, you have doubtless noticed also that there are lots of things about Progress different from other papers. And then another

measure upon the circumstances. If the family with whom you board, have a private sitting room in addition to the general parlor, you would naturally feel much more free to occupy the latter. But I do not think the boarders are ever expected to remain altogether in their own rooms, it is customary for the entire family to gather together in the parlor after meals, at least for a little while; and chat, or perhaps work, or have some music. Very often, boarders and boarding house keepers grow to be firm friends, and enjoy each other's society immensely. But it is an excellent rule, to be a little sensitive about being dropped, and never to remain in the room when your boarding mistress has visitors, unless especially requested to do so.

(3) Your last question is more difficult to answer, but I really do not think I should feel justified in taking possession of the general parlor for myself and my friends, even one evening in the month.

would be half as valuable to the editor. I always did love them, bless them! ever since I could walk, and family history says long before. You see, I never had any sisters, so I naturally had to play with my brothers' friends from my earliest youth, and they used to say that I was as good as a boy, for I never cried when I got hit, and I could climb trees and steal cherries, with the best of them. I remember, once—but I am not writing my own memoirs yet, so to business—I really think if I were you, I would take an opportunity of breaking off the correspondence unless you know him to be so occupied that he really has scarcely any time for writing. You see, when a man shows the least symptom of growing tired, it is best for the girl to take the initiative at once, and not allow him to be the one who suggests that things should come to an end. I think it is such a satisfaction afterwards to think that you did not wait

whereabouts of the venerable singer, Evan MacColl. He is absent from the Canada he has lived in so long, and from the neighborhood of Charles Sangster. Mr. Latto says: "He has now migrated, and settled, I suppose permanently, in Alpine street, Newark, N. J., which makes me feel somewhat lonely. He is now in his 83rd year, while I am in my 73rd. . . . I have only to add in prose that I hold fast to all I aimed to stammer forth in most unrhymical verse." Mr. Latto writes briefly and with difficulty, for, because of the writer's cramp, the pen is interdicted. He is the author of "The Mosque of Omar," and of other poems.

We learn from Douglas Sladen's New York letter, that the Rev. Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, who was born in Kentville, Nova Scotia, and two years ago brought out a charming book of poems called *Acadian Legends and Lyrics*, is collaborating with another Canadian, the New Brunswicker, Mr. Betts, over a volume of new world garrison tales centering around Halifax. Glad to hear of our Canadian brother and his collaborator.

By the sudden and regretted death of James H. Maclean, of the *World*, the press of Toronto sustains the loss of a young journalist of unusual ability, energy and bonhomie, who was a credit to the profession of journalism. The *Summerside Journal*, of Prince Edward Island is to be commended for its patriotic zeal in devoting space in its editorial columns to a series of thoughtful articles on Canadian literature. Were its example generally followed, a healthy and progressive stimulus would be given to the literary life of the various provinces which compose our great dominion. We have to acknowledge with thanks, the receipt of a copy of the above mentioned journal, containing one of the excellent articles. *The Week*.

The Land We Live In, determines to achieve a genuine success, and moreover, includes in its proposition—"We'll deserve it." It is constantly setting in some new point of attraction. It is modest, and yet worthwhile; it is not extravagant and yet racy of the soil and of the wilderness, and the voices of Pat. Sandy and Jacques are still heard in the market-place. Articles of interest in the February number are a sketch (with portrait) of Miss Maud Ogilvy, by Mary Henderson; "Memories of Childhood," by a Kansas Canadian; "A Pleasant Trip Near Home," "Nil Desperandum," by Maud Ogilvy; and a Letter of J. M. LeMoine concerning a "Monument to the Founder of Quebec." Published by D. Thomas & Co., Sherbrooke, Que. The wish of many of Bliss Carman's admirers is liable to be gratified. It is said that David Nutt & Co., of the Strand, London publishers, have invited him to collect a volume of his poems for them.

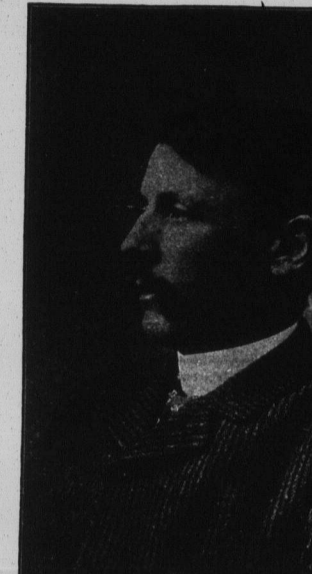
Nothing is more fitting than that from Dufferin Terrace, Quebec, should rise a monumental figure of Samuel Champlain, the founder of the city, asked to begin the work of commemoration. Of the proportions of the work, Mr. Lemoine writes in the article referred to above: "All agree that \$25,000 must be raised—\$20,000 for a monument and \$5,000 for a statue. . . . An advisory committee, comprising many of the most cultured men in Quebec, has been struck for the selection of a design



GEORGE J. CLARKE.

and of a site for the monument." A similar work has been held in advisement at Montreal, in honor of Maisonneuve, the founder of that city. P. F. Mrs. H. M. Stanley and her mother, Mrs. Tennant, were shown the honors of Quebec in the absence of the famous explorer, whose engagements kept him away. They were made free of Spencer Wood, Laval, St. Louis, the Royal Society, etc.

It is satisfactory to learn, on Mr. Premier Mowat's authority, that our minister of education is in favor of free text books. —Mrs. Curran. Some weeks have elapsed since Prof. Roberts sent the manuscript of his third volume of poems to Longmans, his London publisher. Considerable delay occurred in correcting and arranging the sheets by the pressure of much work; but now before very long, the public may expect the advent of a book of great interest.



HON. M. ADAMS (NORTHUMBERLAND).



MAJOR VINCE (CARLETON CO.).

thing, you must not imagine for a moment that I am Progress—not by any means! my dear young friends. I am only "Astra," and though I often try to imagine that "Astra" is three-quarters of the whole establishment, in my calmer moments the conviction forces itself upon me that I am only a column or two, at the outside. So you see if you wish the make-up of the paper changed in any way, you will have to send all suggestions to the editor.

YOLANDE, Sheffield.—Get your chemist to make you up an ointment composed of one grain of red oxide of mercury, to one ounce of vaseline. Apply it three or four times a week, on both the upper and lower lid, as near the roots of the lashes as possible. The easiest way is to use a pencil made of rolled paper, to put it on with. Be careful that it does not get into your eyes. I do not know that it will injure them, but it will make them feel sore in the morning. Wash the ointment carefully off in the morning, with warm water. This is an excellent remedy for promoting the growth of the lashes, as I can say from experience.

Can any reader tell me the author of the following lines? Does the road wind up hill all the way? Yes! to the very end! Will the day's journey take the whole long day? From morn to eve, my friend. I should be most grateful for the author's name as it has been eluding me for the last few weeks with all the persistence of a will-o'-the-wisp.

FLEURETTE, Quebec.—Return the ring at once! It is not unusual for two people who have been engaged, but who part without bitterness to retain some little token of friendship as a sort of link between past and future; but I don't think the engagement ring is ever chosen as the souvenir. It is invariably returned, and I should think too many memories would surround it for any girl to wish to keep it in her possession. I am afraid your ex-lover must have thought it very strange that you did not send it to him long ago.

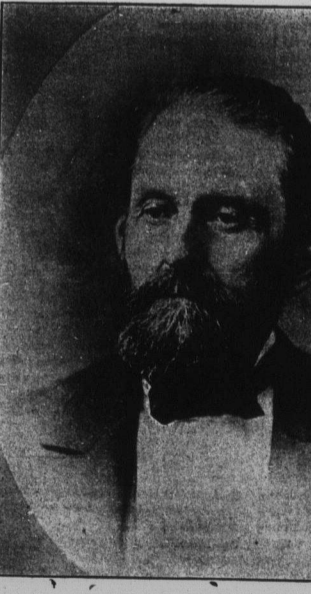
DAINTY, Fredericton.—I am afraid you must have been paying a visit to Blarney castle, Dainty, and that you have worn a thin place in the celebrated stone. Never mind! I can absorb an unlimited amount of taffy, and it never disagrees with me in the least. So you are very fond of me, are you? I like people to be fond of me, and I generally pay them back by good, long answers to their letters, so your object is attained if your motives were interested ones.

(1) Certainly, tell whoever opens the door to say "Miss Smith" called, it would be most incorrect to say "Mary Smith," unless, of course, you knew the lady who answered your ring quite well, when it would be priggish in the extreme to place her on the level of a servant by using your title. It would only be necessary in that case, to say—"Will you please tell Mrs. Jones, that I called?" When you are obliged to introduce yourself to a stranger, always use your title, never your christian name, "I am Miss Smith," is quite correct, and never place your name on your cards without the Miss. (2) I think it would depend in a great measure upon the man with a prematurely grey beard in Buckingham's Dye, because it never falls to color an even brown or black as may be desired.—Advt.

You see, you only pay for your room and a place at the table; so your only right to the parlor is through the courtesy of its owner. I am giving you my own ideas only. I know that my friends would be very welcome in my boarding house, but I should not think of taking advantage of kindness. When my evening visitors are ladies, I always take them to my own room. And if they are gentlemen, who intend making more than a short call—old friends, for instance, who wish to spend the evening in my society, I always manage to take them out, after half an hour, to finish the evening at the house of some mutual friend, rather than monopolize the parlor all the evening. But you see, many people might think differently.

I hope my answers will help you, and that the last one is not too vague. Remember, so much depends on the private sitting room, if there is one; the other parlor is supposed to be for the exclusive use of the boarders.

ALEX. DI AND NAX.—My dear girls I was very glad to get your letter. It was nice of you to let me know what you decided to do, and I was glad to hear that I helped you. No! I don't think that horrid actor was only talking to lure three innocent girls away from their home. If I do him an injustice I am sorry, but it looks very much that way, and I certainly would not think of keeping up a correspondence with him; I would break it off at once. Let me tell you one thing! Your parents



HON. A. H. GILMOUR (CHARLOTTE).

ought to be proud of having three such honest girls. Very few indeed would have had the courage to make a clean breast of it to their parents. You are far too good to fall into any such trap. Have any of you a gift for writing short stories? Good short stories always sell well, and if you can do anything in that way try *Harper's Young People*, or the *Youth's Companion* of Boston.

HEARTSEASE.—Are you any relation to "Pansy," I wonder. She is a cheeky young woman with a talent for joking, who makes a practice of writing to ask me all sorts of hard questions, and I verily believe she just wants to see what I will say, and whether she can puzzle me or not. Well, yes! Heartsease, I may as well admit that I have had a good deal of experience in that line. If I had not, I don't suppose I

till the old friendship died of utter ennui, but put it aside while there was yet some life in it. Drop the correspondence for a while, and you will soon see whether he cares or not. He will let you know without losing much time. Thank you for your kind words about helping girls.

ASTRA.

CANADIAN AND LITERARY NOTES.

"There are no giants in these days, but the rank and file average better," was the remark of one who compared the preachers past and present. This may be true alike in divinity and literature. We have no supreme universal minds like those existent in the past; but it is probable that there is a higher average of poetic faculty and appreciation than in that bright Elizabethan era; and that poets comparatively obscure have perfected the art of verse to that degree which would have given them reputation in the years of the Georges. So, as the world rolls on, it requires vaster proportions in him whom the people will regard as magnificent.

Charles H. Lugin, a New Brunswick poet, shows a considerable fancy in his treatment of "A Milicite Legend," and in his use of the musical flowing exhameter. The lady who said, "Me no care for Ingin poem," may turn unmoved from this production; but to us there seems a charm in the poet's romantic story. Surely Mr. Lugin will not cease to be a devotee of the muses, and we will have occasion to hail him with pleasure.

A writer in the *Daily Press* says of the late Mr. Bancroft: In his writing he was so careful to strip away every form of color, every superfluous adjective, that in the end his style, though elegant, precise and simple, is yet without life. Many people have read Bancroft's *History of the United States*, but I never yet have seen any one who did not regard it as the driest reading of almost any work in the English language.

Bancroft's History can hardly be called "dry," for by comparison with some other authors, as Rollin or Hallam, he is not. But it is often easier to be sparkling or sententious than to be just. It is true that his great work is not to be pursued as we would the plot of a novel; and since Macaulay, Prescott, McKay and Irving, he may indeed seem deficient in warmth, color and picturesque power; but, as a keen critic says, in replying to the above, "a style that is elegant, precise, and simple," cannot be "without life," unless the reader does not care for the subject."

We have a very pleasing communication from Thomas C. Latto, "a brither Scot," and poet, resident in Brooklyn, N. Y. (16 Ulica avenue), by which we learn the

SPRING GOODS

English and French Dress Goods.

We have just received and opened for the inspection of the Ladies, several very choice lots of Dress Goods, for Spring and Summer wear.

These Goods are of a very superior quality, and in the latest shades and most fashionable designs.

PRINTS.

We have also received a very fine lot of Prints, to which we invite special attention.

CORSETS.

We have added the celebrated American P. N. Corsets to our present varied stock. Our prices for the above goods will be found to be most reasonable.



97 KING STREET.

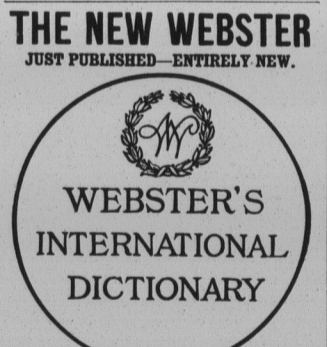
THE TOILET GEM Phuboderma FOR CHAPPED HANDS, COLD SORES, SORE LIPS ETC. Sold by DRUGGISTS 25 CTS.

IN AID OF THE SPRINGHILL SUFFERERS

A SACRED CONCERT WITH READINGS, Under the auspices of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour, will be given in the SAINT JOHN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, On Tuesday Evening, the 3rd March, Commencing at 8 o'clock.

Some of the best talent in the city will take part. ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

THE NEW WEBSTER JUST PUBLISHED - ENTIRELY NEW.



The Authentic "Unabridged," comprising the issues of 1864, '79 and '84, copyrighted property of the undersigned, is now Thoroughly Revised and Enlarged, and bears the name of Webster's International Dictionary.

Editorial work upon this revision has been in progress for over 10 years. Not less than One Hundred paid editorial laborers have been engaged upon it. Over \$300,000 expended in its preparation before the first copy was printed.

Critical comparison with other Dictionaries is invited. GET THE BEST. G. & C. MERHAM & CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A. Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated pamphlet free.

WANTED. BOYS WANTED in every locality in N. B. and N. S., from 12 to 15 years of age. No fortune made, but good wages - after school hours. Key Chain; sell well. Retail for 25c, send 10c for sample. H. V. MORAN & CO., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

BOARDING. LODGERS WANTED - Two or Three can be accommodated; rooms rented, furnished or unfurnished - Apply at this Office.

TO LET. TO LET - The DRY GOODS STORE, formerly occupied by Mr. W. C. Allan, King Street (West End) - Apply to ROSS, TURNER, 12 King Street, City.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Woods. The last meeting was at Mr. C. F. Woodman's, where after the meeting, was formally closed, another hour was spent in a pleasant chat over the regulation coffee and bread and butter.

The children of the Baptist Sunday school enjoyed a novel entertainment a short time ago. Mr. Warden's great four horse team was employed to give them a sleigh drive, and it is doubtful if such another happy party have occupied its seats this winter.

Another sleighing party, just as merry even if they did not show their appreciation in the same way, went out to Hanson's camp last Thursday, by invitation of Mr. Hanson, where they enjoyed the novelty of a dinner in the lumber camps.

Mr. Rivers is having a week's sport shooting near Lepreaux.

There is a wedding in prospect, near at hand too, though still a profound secret except to a favored few. Though the future benedict lives several hundred miles away, and the ceremony is to be performed in one of our city churches, the news is sure to excite a good deal of interest here when it is announced.

Rumor says that one of our young ladies, well known and esteemed for her many amiable qualities, contemplates giving up her home and friends to work in the far off Mission fields of India.

ST. STEPHEN.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-stores of C. H. Smith & Co., and G. S. Wall and H. M. Webber.]

Feb. 25 - Mrs. Stephen Gardner, and Mrs. Parker Pike, of Calais, give a reception and ball at the border city hotel this evening. It is the first large entertainment given this season in Calais. I hear there are some two hundred guests. I hope to be able to give a description of the ball next week, since very elegant toilettes have been prepared for the occasion, and a very brilliant evening is anticipated.

The coasting and tobogganing party given at Tidd's Mountain on Thursday evening, by Miss Alice Tidd and Miss May McGregor, was very joyful and enjoyable. Eighty invitations were given, but only 50 guests were present. All enjoyed the coasting by moonlight exceedingly. After coasting down the mountain, horses at the foot were attached to the sleds and drew them up again. At 11 o'clock all returned to Mr. George Tidd's residence. Supper was then served, and dancing began and lasted until an early hour in the morning.

Owing to the party at Rockaway cottage on Tuesday last the whist club which was to meet at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cameron was postponed until Thursday evening. The prizes were won by Mrs. Walter Inches and Mrs. John E. Algar. Mrs. Inches has been particularly fortunate this winter, winning a prize at nearly every meeting of the club. The booby prize was carried off by Miss Mary Melick and Mr. George Cullen.

Last evening the club met at the residence of Mr. E. Broad in response to the invitation of his niece, Miss Melick. There was a large attendance and as Mr. Broad's residence is out of town the guests drove in a large barge enjoying a moonlight drive as well as whist. The prizes were won to Mrs. A. Cameron and Mr. Harry Graham who had the largest number of beans, while Miss Ida McKenzie and Mrs. James Lawson rejoiced over the possession of the booby prize. The club will not meet until Tuesday, the 2nd of March, at the residence of Mrs. Harry Moore.

On Monday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hyslop entertained a number of their friends, it being the occasion of the 10th anniversary of their wedding day. Mr. and Mrs. Hyslop received hearty congratulations, and a large number of pretty and useful presents in reward.

Through the invitation of Miss George Markee and Miss Rose DeWolf, some 25 young people enjoyed a moonlight drive to McAdam's farms last evening. Coasting and dancing made the hours fly, and it was an early hour in the morning before they returned.

Rev. O. S. Newham and Mrs. Newham spent Tuesday and Wednesday in St. John.

Mr. Andrew Todd is spending a few days in town.

Miss Minnie Kay and Miss Andrews, of St. Andrews, are the guests this week of Mrs. B. K. Ross.

Mrs. Main is now occupying the cottage which she lately purchased on Rose avenue.

Mr. George J. Clarke returned from Grand Manan yesterday.

Mrs. Charles Eaton, who has been visiting her father, Mr. James Murchie, at Milltown, returned to her home in Princeton last week.

Mr. Fred W. Andrews, who has been in New York city during the past month, returned home this afternoon.

Mr. Lowell Boardman, of Tacoma, Washington, who has been in Calais visiting relatives for several weeks, left on Monday for his home on the Pacific coast. Mr. Boardman has hosts of friends here and will be greatly missed, especially among his lady friends.

Miss Maud Murchie left on Monday morning for New York city, where she intends to spend some time with her brother, Mr. Horace Murchie.

Mrs. Harry Mowat and her young son are home again after a pleasant visit with friends at Bayville.

Mr. C. N. Vroom, accompanied by his sister, Miss Beatrice Vroom, and Miss Bessie Brown, are spending a few days in St. John.

Mrs. Arthur Weatherbee has returned from Phillips, Maine, where she has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews.

Miss Margaret Todd, and Miss Bessie Tilly, are in St. John, visiting Lady Tilly.

Miss Lottie Boardman is spending several weeks with her cousin, Mrs. T. A. Vaughan, at Jamaica Plains, Mass.

Mr. Frank Tucker left here on Monday for Boston. Mr. Will Wetmore, who has been in Phillips, Me., for several months, returned home on Thursday morning.

Mr. Thomas Algar, of St. Andrews, has been in town this week visiting his daughter, Mrs. J. Dustin.

Mr. Howard Boardman left on Monday for a short visit in Boston.

Mr. H. A. McKewen, M. P. P., has been in town during this week, and was the guest of his sister, Mrs. George J. Clarke.

Mrs. Mary Thompson, of St. John, arrived on Saturday, and is visiting her friend, Mrs. Gilbert Ganong.

CAMPBELLTON.

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

Feb. 25. Politics are so very life in town at present that society circles are next to dead. However, I will give you a list of ladies who attended the meeting at Baker's hall on Monday evening last, viz.: Mrs. A. E. Alexander, Mrs. William Murray, Mrs. Dr. Doherty, Mrs. H. F. McLatchy, Misses Grace Venner, Alice Mowat, Hattie Henderson, Annie O'Keefe, Annie Smith, Corine Venner, Minnie Mowat, Miss Henderson, Bess McKenzie, Jane M. Duncan, the Misses Kerr.

We had a flying visit from Miss Laura Miller, of Eel River, the latter part of last week.

Miss Bella Devereaux, who has been visiting friends in the lower part of the county for some time past, has returned home.

Mrs. Jane Murchie, of New Mills, is in town, the guest of Mrs. John Oakleaf.

Rev. Fr. Wallace has returned home from his

TRURO, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fulton's.]

Feb. 25 - Miss Bessie Sutherland returned from Halifax last week, where she had been visiting friends.

Miss Ethel Smith, daughter of Rev. Edwin Smith, Stewiacke, has been visiting Truro friends this week.

The euchre club met at the residence of Mrs. J. J. Sook, last night. After being diverted with cards for a while, dancing terminated one of the pleasantest evenings the club has enjoyed this season.

Mr. G. R. Coleman is here from the Philadelphia Dental College, spending a few days among friends. Miss Agnes Blair returned from St. John last week.

The Second Baptist church enjoyed a very pleasant social, last Thursday evening, at the residence of Mr. John Hay, Onslow.

Mr. Miller, of the Bank of B. N. A., St. John, is visiting friends here.

PETITCODIA.

Feb. 25 - A meeting was held last evening in the public hall in the interest of the Springhill sufferers, which was heartily responded to by large contributions.

The Baptist friends of this village are again holding their mite meetings in the interest of that church.

The bread and butter club of the Methodist church held their meeting last week at the residence of Mr. B. Keith.

Mr. Horace G. Colpitts is visiting friends in St. Martin's.

Mrs. Schurman and Miss Murray have just returned from a visit to Hammond.

Mr. Alexander Wright, of Salisbury, was in town this week - Resident.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT US.

The Very Welcome "Progress." The very welcome Progress of St. John has been enlarged to sixteen pages, and is just so much more interesting and profitable reading. - Windsor Tribune.

Well Deserved Success. St. John Progress has been enlarged and other-wise improved. It is certainly an excellent weekly and well deserves the success that it is apparently meeting with. Mr. Carter knows how to manage a paper - hence the popularity of the Progress. - Halifax Mail.

"As a Matter of Course." Progress is out as a sixteen page paper and that it is a very neatly printed and good looking one is a matter of course. - St. Croix Courier.

"A First-Class Newspaper." Progress, true to its name, seems determined to progress in all the characteristics which go to make up a first-class newspaper. It is now a sixteen page paper, and its columns are crammed full of spicy and interesting reading and apt illustrations. - Carleton Sentinel.

"Always Been a Favorite." St. John Progress is now a sixteen page paper. It has always been a favorite and this enlargement will add greatly to its popularity. - Halifax Critic.

A Master Field of Journalism. Progress is making giant strides to prove itself worthy of its name. Its sixteen page issue of Saturday, though that was only the first number of its weekly series for the future, was a master field in provincial journalism. - Fredericton Globe.

Sackville Falls Into Line This Week. Please increase my order for Progress. Send me 5 more. CHARLES MOORE. SACKVILLE, Feb. 24.

And Still The Orders Increase. Please send me 5 more copies every Saturday. They like it very much. MILLTOWN, Feb. 23.

"Success Has Been Phenomenal." St. John Progress is true to its name. It has made steady and rapid advancement ever since its first issue was published, and the progressive march of Progress culminated last Saturday in a handsome, well filled issue of sixteen pages, which is henceforth to be the permanent size of the paper. The selling price has been changed from three cents to five cents, the latter price being proportionately the cheapest. The success of Progress has been phenomenal and has even exceeded the anticipations of its founders. - Parrishboro Leader.

NEWCASTLE.

[Progress is for sale in Newcastle by Johnson Bros., and Bertie Russell.]

Feb. 24 - Mr. Hubbard of Caraquet, is in town. This is the third or fourth visit he has paid us this winter, and he says he is soon to carry off one of our daughters.

Miss Ferguson, from Tracadie, is visiting Mrs. Bowser.

Miss Bessie Wheeler is at Chatham, visiting Miss Bowser.

Mr. Smith, who has been visiting her brother Rev. J. H. Sweet, leaves on Friday for Exmouth, England.

Mrs. James Davidson, who has been visiting her friends in Fredericton, is expected home on Saturday.

We are glad to see the Hon. P. Mitchell restored to his usual health, as he was suffering from a severe attack of the grippe, on his arrival here.

Mrs. Park is so much improved that she is able to take a drive occasionally. Mr. Park is still confined to the house.

Mr. Charles Fish left this morning for Montreal. Our town is very quiet and we are surprised to see it so. The great question of taxes or no taxes will be decided in a few days. The majority of men are thinking a great deal and saying very little. There are a few, of course, making a great blarney, as there always are at such times. It will be laugh or no laugh, cheer or no cheer on that day. Time will tell. PADDY.

DIGBY, N. S.

Feb. 25 - Society items at present are as scarce as snowdrifts in June, but the few I have gathered I will list down.

On Thursday of last week, Mrs. H. Short and Miss Short, went to Halifax for a few days. Miss Short will probably visit Moncton and Fredericton before she returns home, and I fear spring will be upon us, before we see her bright face again.

Miss Jamison has consented to receive a limited number of girls and boys for dancing lessons. They meet every Saturday afternoon.

Congratulations are in order to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Turabon on the arrival of a daughter.

Mrs. A. B. Buddock has recovered from the cold which kept her in the house for several days.

Mrs. John Welsh has been very ill, but, at this writing, is better.

Several homes have been invaded by last year's foe, the grippe, which, I believe of a more severe type than it was at that time.

Miss Catherine Veits has been very ill, but is now better.

Mr. J. Merritt, of St. John, has been in Digby during the past week, and returned to St. John.

On Monday I also noticed among the passengers for the Montserrat that day, Mrs. Loren Peters, Miss Clinton, Miss Pickman, Mr. Willis Ambrose, and Mr. Tom Lynch. I believe Miss Pickman intends making a short stay in St. John, and then visiting friends in New York and other American cities.

Miss Mary Waine is confined to her room with a severe and rather troublesome cold.

Miss Brown, of Yarmouth, is visiting Miss A. Short this week. PAUL PATT.

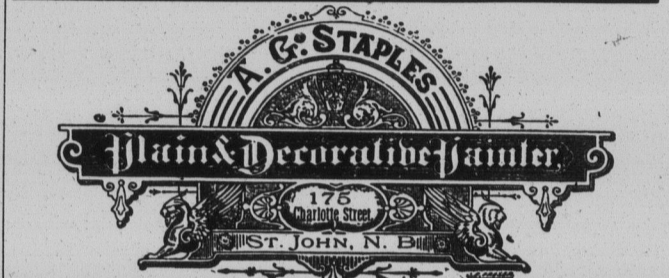
Skinner's Carpet Warerooms. REMNANT SALE OF CARPETS!

AT AN IMMENSE REDUCTION IN PRICE. On Monday, February 9th, I WILL OFFER A LARGE LOT OF REMNANTS OF WILTON, BRUSSELS, TAPESTRY, and WOOL CARPETS, BORDERS, ETC., AT AN IMMENSE REDUCTION.

These are all good patterns left over from last season's business. This Sale will only continue until the 20th, when I will have my Spring stock of Carpets open for inspection. Carpets can be cut, made up, and stored until wanted.

A. O. SKINNER.

WANT YOU to work for us in your own locality. You can make money, and work after school. Key chains sell well with the men and boys - like lightning. Everybody that carries keys wants one. Cannot lose your keys if you have one; cannot mislay them, will always have them with you if you carry a Key chain. Any can sell them. Send lists, in stamps or silver, and get samples, which retail for 25c. Address, H. V. MORAN & CO., Box 21, St. John, N. B.



MOTHERLY WOMEN are good housekeepers. These are slack times with the house painters and inside decorators, slacker than they will be later on. Now's the time to get a little inside work done, it's cheaper now than later. All women want their house to look neat, as well as they

LOVE THEIR CHILDREN to look nice. Post yourself in regard to the painting, and see A. G. STAPLES.

Unprofitable Work. Truckmen and others have been complaining, of late, about the freight arrangements with the railway branch on the other side of the harbor. They say that Mr. Brennan, who seems to be the only one who has any authority, is never around the cars, and when a man wants to get any freight out of them he has first to hunt up Mr. Brennan. This usually takes more time than the rest of the job, and is very unprofitable to the cartmen. One of them had to go to Fairville this week in order to find Mr. Brennan, and another, north wharf man, spent several hours in Carleton before he could do the business he started out to do. This is a very unsatisfactory state of things, and should be remedied.

They Seldom Get Lost. Sailors, when on shore, are firm believers in the saying, "the longest way round is the shortest way home." This was fully illustrated by a number of them who left their vessel last Sunday to see the town. They wandered round for a while and at last drifted into a place of worship. It was only a short distance from the waterfront, but in coming out the sailors turned their steps in the opposite direction. They had reached the place by a round-about way, and had kept their eyes open, and explained the matter by saying that they "always went the way they came."

Do Not Misunderstand It. There was a slight error in the reading of a notification postal sent out to some of Progress' subscribers this week. Instead of "charged up to that date," it should read "charged after that date." The meaning, in a nutshell, is, if those subscribers whose subscriptions expired before February 1st wish to renew for another year from the date of the expiration of their subscriptions for one dollar they can do so if they remit by Monday, March 2. If they do not remit by that date arrears will be charged to them at the rate of ten cent per month.

Easily Explained. "Why, of course the country is prosperous," said a government man, Wednesday, with a sweep of the hand. "Look around you. Where will you find brighter men and women, brighter boys and girls, all enjoying life, and whose appearance give every evidence of prosperity. These are facts. Why, one meets very few people in the run of a day that are not well dressed. And how do you account for it?"

"Simplest thing in the world. They buy their clothing at W. J. Fraser's Royal clothing store." - A.

Will Not Be a Candidate. Ald. T. Nisbet Robertson will not, it is stated upon good authority, be a candidate for alderman in Queen's ward again. This is to be regretted. There is no better alderman at the board than Mr. Robertson, few indeed have such a knowledge of civic affairs and such excellent judgment at the board.

Why not have long selected Case in your Chaire. Last longer, cheaper. Duval, 242 Union street.

MARRIED. McLELLAND-FORSTER. - On the 17th inst., in the English church, Kingston, by the Rev. H. Hackenlay, Robert D. McLelland and Sarah Forster, both of Kingston, Kent county, N. B.

Kalakaua and the Mind Reader. J. Randall Brown, the mind reader, once visited King Kalakaua in the Sandwich Islands. His usually during the interview, which was arranged in order to give Brown a chance to exhibit his powers, tried to foil the expert by doing his thinking in the native language, but Brown quickly translated the thoughts into English and explained the matter to the king. Kalakaua was then invited to see a button anywhere in the room. Instead of hiding it in the room he concealed it in his mouth. Determined not to let the mind-reader get ahead of him, King Kalakaua attempted to swallow the button. It was a task more difficult than his majesty had anticipated and he narrowly escaped choking to death. His physicians and attendants were angry and indignant and blamed Brown, but the king recovering, the mind-reader was allowed to leave the islands. Had King Kalakaua choked to death on the button, Brown would have been fortunate in making his escape. As it was the king sent him a number of presents and complimented him upon his triumphs. - Ex.

Makes the Weak Strong

The marked benefit which people in run down or weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength from which there must follow a reaction of greater weakness than before, but in the most natural way Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes

That Tired Feeling creates an appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, gives great bodily, nerve, mental and digestive strength.

"I derived very much benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I took for general debility. It built me right up, and gave me an excellent appetite." Ed. JENKINS, Miss. Savage, Md.

Fagged Out "Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it cured me. There is nothing like it." B. C. BIDDLE, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich.

Worn Out "Hood's Sarsaparilla restored me to good health. Indeed, I might say truthfully it saved my life. To one feeling tired and worn out I would earnestly recommend a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. FARRIS MOWERS, 70 Brooks Street, East Boston, Mass.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Insist upon having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED ON A PATENT IMPROVED CLAMSTON BOOK AND NEWS PRESS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1891.

Warerooms. OF CARPETS! IN PRICE.

February 9th, OF REMNANTS OF WOOL CARPETS, BORDERS, REDUCTION. from last season's business.

YOUR OWN LOCALITY. You can make after school. Key Chains sell well all boys—like lightning. Everybody keys are made. ANY and get samples, which retail for \$1.00.



These are slack times with the decorators, slacker than they were time to get a little inside than later. All women want well as they

in regard to the painting.

MARRIED.

LELAND-FORSTER.—On the 17th inst., in the parish church, Kingston, by the Rev. H. H. Mackay, Robert D. McLellan and Sarah Forster, of Kingston, Kent county, N. B.

Kalakaua and the Mind Reader.

Randall Brown, the mind reader, once told King Kalakaua in the Sandwich Islands. His majesty during the interview, which was arranged in order to give Brown an opportunity to exhibit his powers, tried to foil the expert by doing his thinking in the native language, but Brown quickly translated the thoughts into English and explained the matter to the king. Kalakaua then invited to secrete a button where in the room he concealed it in his mouth. It remained not to let the mind-reader get out of him, King Kalakaua attempted to swallow the button. It was a task more difficult than his majesty had anticipated, he narrowly escaped choking to death. Physicians and attendants were angry with the indignant and blamed Brown, but the king recovering, the mind-reader was allowed to leave the islands. Had King Kalakaua choked to death on the button, it would have been fortunate in making an escape. As it was the king sent him a number of presents and complimented him on his triumphs.—Ez.

Makes the Weak Strong

The marked benefit which people in run down or weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, but restores strength from which there is a reaction of greater weakness in before, but in the most natural way Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes

That Tired Feeling restores an appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, gives great bodily, nerve, and mental strength.

I derived very much benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I took for general debility. It built me right up, and gave me an excellent appetite."—Ed. JENKINS, Mt. Savage, Md.

Fagged Out Last spring I was completely fagged out, strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time, so that I could hardly do any of my business. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it cured me. There was nothing like it."—R. C. BGOOLE, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich.

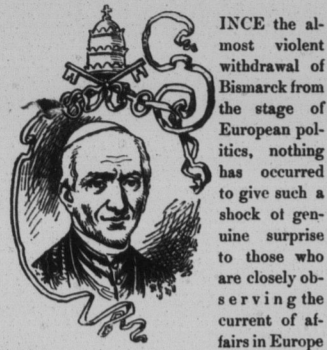
Worn Out Hood's Sarsaparilla restored me to good health. Indeed, I might say truly that it saved my life. To one feeling tired and worn out, I would earnestly recommend a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla."—Mrs. FRENCH MOSELEY, Brooks Street, East Boston, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED ON A PATENT IMPROVED NEWTON BOOK AND NEWS PRESS.

LEO XIII'S SUCCESSOR. WHO WILL SIT IN THE CHAIR OF ST. PETER?

Can an American be Pope?—The Cardinals Who Are Next in Line of Succession—The Strange Ceremonies That Follow the Death of the Supreme Pontiff.



SINCE the almost violent withdrawal of Bismarck from the stage of European politics, nothing has occurred to give such a shock of genuine surprise to those who are closely observing the current of affairs in Europe as the downfall of the Italian premier, Signor Crispi. By far the strongest leader of a generation, his retirement proceeds from causes similar in a large degree to those that contributed more immediately to the deposition of the German premier, persistent self-assertion and over-confidence in his own ability to force through measures to which the state, and a very large majority of the Italian people, were alike opposed. He has been the most picturesque figure in Italian politics in half a century, and his premierships has afforded a remarkable contrast to the conservatism which characterizes that of Depretis, his immediate predecessor. Under his influence, Italy has drawn further and further away from France, her natural ally, and the formation of the triple alliance, representing the cabinets of Germany, Austria and Italy, gave the last blow to the hopes of those who valued that friendship. If Crispi's overthrow is to be interpreted as disrupting the triple alliance, it may be of the utmost significance to Europe.

But while the Italian people, and especially the politicians, are still discussing the cabinet troubles in a way that shows their uncertainty as to the outcome, and while King Humbert is yet apparently undecided about taking the risk of a temporary ministry under the Marquis de Budini, or awaiting a fitting opportunity to recall the disgraced premier, there is one element in Italian affairs that is profoundly glad of the downfall of the old-time Sicilian revolutionist. The Vatican bears no love to the ex-premier, whose hand of steel has more than once been raised against it in sullen menace, and who aimed, with the assistance of the allied cabinets, to control



the approaching papal conclave, with the ultimate view of influencing the choice of a successor to the present pontiff who would be acceptable to the alliance. Thirteen years ago he attempted to influence a similar conclave and failed, and while the sacred college holds that a like result would have followed any further attempt in the same direction, it is a moral certainty that had Crispi retained the premiership, the interference would not have been wanting.

These matters, together with the unsettled health of the aged pontiff, have again brought the question of the papal succession into prominence. There is now a mere possibility of a break in the long line of Italians who have been chosen for the high office, although, as Vatican politics crystallize slowly, it is yet too early to venture a prediction in that respect. Among the cardinal candidates who are likely to be prominently before the conclave when it assembles are seven who are considered to be ambitious of occupying the chair of St. Peter, viz: Parocchi, Battaglini, San Felice, Agostino, Alimonda, La Valletta and Dusmet. The first is the vicar of Rome and president of the sacred college, a vigorous Genoese, still under sixty, with a strong nature veiled by a mild paternal manner. He was formerly archbishop of Bologna and is today virtually the ruling spirit of the church. He is a man of the rarest

erudition and the broadest and most liberal view, although in matters affecting the church he is inflexible. His most powerful rival is perhaps Cardinal La Villetta, the dean of the sacred college, who is Parocchi's senior by some four or five years, and who traces noble blood in his veins. His candidacy would be peculiarly acceptable to French influence, since he is by descent a Gaul. Moreover, he is quite the equal of Parocchi in matters of church law and government and stands very high as an authority. Alimonda is a Turinian of venerable aspect. He has had the most intimate relations with the royal house of any of the cardinals and this, together with the fact that he is not so vigorous a theologian as some of the others, may set him aside. Agostino is a moderate and one of the oldest members of the sacred college, being nearly 70 years of age. Dusmet is still older, and Battaglini is 70. The latter, like Agostino, is a man of conciliatory nature and would on that account be probably acceptable to the monarchy. San Felice is also very old and somewhat frail in health, but he is greatly beloved in Naples and indeed throughout Italy. The foreign element in the college is represented by Gibbons of America, Ziglara of Corsica, and the venerable Lavignerie, the leader in the great African anti-slavery crusade. Of the last named three, however, little is to be predicted; for except in an extreme emergency there is hardly a chance of other than an Italian pope being chosen.



CARDINAL LAVIGNERIE. CARDINAL LASCHEREAU.

The retirement of Signor Crispi makes this probability the more remote.

When the present Pontiff dies, this is the strange and unique ceremonial that will be observed and which has been heretofore observed in all papal elections. The moment death is announced, the chamberlain or "Camerlengo" of the Vatican will enter the room in which the body lies, bearing in his hand a small mallet. Advancing, he will reverently raise the instrument and tap thrice upon the forehead of the dead Pope, calling him by name at every stroke—not by his official title, but by the Christian name and surname. He will then draw from the finger of the dead the signet ring of Saint Peter, known as the "Ring of the Fisher," from the fact that it has been upon it the figure of the apostle drawing from the sea a net full of fishes.

When the sacred college assembles, the second week after the Pontiff's death—the funeral having taken place meanwhile—steps are taken for the election of a successor. This gathering is called a conclave and is one of the most solemn occasions associated with the history of the Vatican. It is held in an apartment that is shut off from all possibility of communication with the outer world, and to secure the absolute privacy of which the most extraordinary precautions are taken. Doors and windows are bricked up, a single entrance being left for the use of the cardinals. In the interval between the death and the funeral, ample opportunity has been afforded the cardinals living in Rome, as well as those from a distance, to meet their friends, and during these days there is apt to be a good deal of political manoeuvring; but after the tenth day, each cardinal retires to his own little apartment—which is more like a cell than anything else—and thereafter he



CARDINAL PAROCCHI.

sees no one except his confessor, until the election is over. On the day of the conclave all are summoned from their cells by a bell three rung, and repair to the assembly chamber. From this moment until the result of the voting is announced, they have no communication save with the Vatican officials, who act more like turnkeys than servants. Their clothing and even their food is searched, lest they should contain

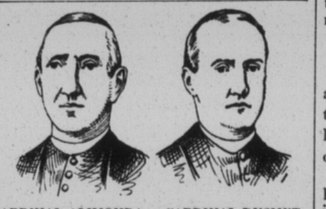
correspondence from friends outside. If, by the greatest exercise of leniency, a visitor is admitted, he must speak to the imprisoned cardinal through a grating of iron and in a tone loud enough to be heard by the watchers. After a night of this imprisonment, the conclave is formally assembled early next noon, and all repair to the Sistine chapel, where a desk has been provided for each cardinal. In the middle of the hall are six tables, and behind these an altar. Immediately in front of the altar is a table on which are two



CARDINAL GIBBONS. CARDINAL SAN FELICE.

silver bowls for holding the ballots. Before proceeding further, a search is made in the chapel to assure the conclave of the fact that none but those entitled to vote are present. Three inspectors of the election are then chosen by ballot. Should any cardinal be so ill that he is unable to leave his dormitory, a committee is appointed to visit him and take his vote, which is brought to the conclave sealed and deposited in one of the silver bowls.

Preliminaries being settled, the balloting begins. First to cast his ballot is the dean of the college, who writes the name of his candidate on a slip of paper eight inches in length and four in width, which he folds, and sealing it at both ends, folds it once more in the middle, and then drops it in the bowl nearest his desk. All follow in the order of their rank as members of the college. As each deposits his ballot, he holds it in his hand, and advancing to the foot of the altar, kneels and solemnly calls the Deity to witness that he chooses for pontiff the person whose name is written therein. On the vote being finished the inspectors advance to the bowls and taking out the ballots unfold them and make a list of the vote, showing the number of ballots cast for each candidate. To elect a pope, it is necessary that the successful candidate should receive not less than two-thirds of the entire vote cast. Failing this, the ballots are torn, thrown into a straw heap and burned, and the straw being dampened, the thick smoke that ascends is a signal to the outside world of the progress of the conclave. The incineration of the ballots closes the session for the day, and the conclave does not reassemble until evening.



CARDINAL ALIMONDA. CARDINAL DUSMET.

At the evening session an opportunity is given to those cardinals representing foreign powers to state whatever serious objections may exist to any of the candidates, and which, in the event of that candidate's election as pope, might operate to the disadvantage of the Vatican abroad. These objections are duly considered. Twice in the present century have the foreign cardinals successfully opposed the election of leading candidates. There are many modes of conducting a papal election, but the simplest and most generally used is that described. One of the oldest, by which many popes were chosen in the early years of the church, was acclamation, all the cardinals simultaneously designating their choice. Compromise candidates have several times been taken by general agreement, whenever the race between two strong cardinals became so close as to deadlock the college. In such an event Cardinal Vanutelli must be named among the "dark horses" who have a good chance of coming out ahead.

Proceeding with the election by ballot, voting is continued on the lines indicated until a choice is reached, and this is made known to the people by the absence of the smoke, for although the ballots, as in the unsuccessful instances, are also burned, the smoke is not permitted to escape. When the result is reached, it is announced by the ringing of a bell; all the senior cardinals advance to the place occupied by the newly-elected pontiff and inquire if he accepts the election. On receiving his affirmative answer, he is at once saluted by the entire college. He then announces the name by which he desires to be known throughout the world as the head of the church, and, after putting on the robe and head-dress of his new office, he is approached by the camerlengo, who places upon his signet finger a new "Ring of the Fisher," the old one having been broken

in pieces according to immemorial custom. Each cardinal in turn approaches and salutes the hand and foot of the pontiff with the "two-fold kiss," and the assemblage dissolves.

When one remembers that 34 of the 60 old cardinals are Italians, and that a two-thirds vote is needed to elect, it will be seen how difficult it would be, in any event, for a foreigner to overcome the united Italian vote. But not always is this vote united; some are, like Alimonda, leaning towards the royal house of Italy, although they would still preserve the papacy free from the intermeddling or control of cabinets and courts. The Crispi influence gone and the allied cabinets of the three powers no longer to be dreaded, the field seems clear for a Vatican election without pressure when Leo passes away.

Some time ago the Independence Belge declared that it had positive information that the pontiff desired that Cardinal Lavignerie should be selected as his successor, and had intimated as much at the last conclave. No better foundation to this statement can be found, however, than the wish of certain politicians to advance the claims of France at the Vatican. Charles Martial Allemand-Lavignerie, now archbishop of Carthage and Algiers, is a native of France and has become known to the world mainly through his anti-slavery crusade. He has during a period of twenty years travelled over and worked everywhere in a vast extent of territory and is almost worshipped by his people. Al-



CARDINAL AGOSTINO. CARDINAL LA VALLETTA.

though a septuagenarian, his robust physique and black hair, relieved by an almost snow-white beard, show that he has yet many years of energetic effort before him. Still it is hardly among the probabilities that the crusader-cardinal will ever sit in the chair of St. Peter. Indeed, there would even seem to be equal likelihood of Cardinal Meraillo of Switzerland, or an American being chosen—two extremely remote possibilities. The militant leader of the church to-day is Vicar General Lucido Maria Parocchi, around whom all conjecture as to the succession seems to naturally center, and who will probably attract to his support the conservative element in the sacred college, as well as many of the more progressive, who recognize in him a man of tremendous energy, a rare diplomat, an eloquent and learned prince of the church, and one well calculated to resist the encroachments of the allied governments upon the papal power.

His Weak Spot.

One evening four or five drummers and agents who had been working Quincy, Ill., to no purpose, were discussing their ill luck in the office of the hotel, when one observed:

"There's an old shad down here in a hardware store who makes me tired. This is about the fiftieth time I've tried for an order, and it's no go."

"Old shad with a big nose on him?" queried one of the others.

"Yes."

"Ordered me out doors, confound him."

"And he told me," said a third, "that he never bought of an agent, trusted a stranger or got caught on any man's game."

"That old Blank to a dot put in the landlady. 'He's as sharp as he is stingy.' Considerable more was said in the same strain, but by a man who had registered from Chicago put in:

"Boys, it's all in understanding human nature. But you \$50—even up that I can get \$10 out of him in fifteen minutes, and that without value received or signing my name to a paper."

His money was covered instantly, and next morning he took one of the crowd down to the store, introduced himself, and said:

"Mr. Blank, the governor of this state gave me your name as a prominent resident of this neighborhood. Our house is publishing county histories of Illinois. Every subscriber at \$25 has a full-page portrait and two pages of reading matter. I shall take only five in this city, and you being the most prominent resident I have called on you first."

Well, sir, in just twelve minutes he had old Blank's order for a book, and \$10 paid down as a guarantee that he would take it. He had hit him in his weak spot, and our money fell into his pocket with a thud which could be heard clear across the hotel office.

A Twirling Stone.

There has been discovered about half a mile west of the Barytown ledge, a twirling stone of about five tons weight. It has always been regarded as a boulder, and from the way it is poised on the rock beneath it, no one could see why it should not rock. Hundreds have tried to rock it in vain, and the surprise of the man who first felt it move under pressure may better be imagined than described. It moves hard, of course, but it moves, the finder informs us, round as if it was placed upon a pivot. It has been carefully examined and when it looks like a boulder, several allege that it must be a ceremonial stone set there by some prehistoric race. This rock is creating great interest among the boulder hunters of eastern Connecticut.—Norwich Bulletin.

HERE ARE SOME FACTS.

HOW "PROGRESS" WONDERFUL COMBINATION OFFER IN TAKING.

Dictionaries Going as Fast as We Can Get Them—Some Idea of the Book and What People Say About It—Wonderful Value for the Money.

Perhaps the biggest surprise about Progress office now is the edition of Webster's dictionary. We have not spoken of it before, except in the way of an announcement or two which simply quoted the combination price with Progress. The same book was used in this city about the holiday season as a "leader,"—which means, as most people know, that the article is reduced to about wholesale prices for the retail trade. At that time the people were busy and while there was a good sale, holiday goods had the preference. By guaranteeing to dispose of a very large number of this edition of Webster's Unabridged dictionary, Progress has obtained control of its sale for the provinces. Less sanguine friends laughed at the idea of the paper being able to dispose of more than half the number, but they did not realize how a really good article at remarkable value takes with the people. The first lot went off in two or three days after the announcement was made and the second lot is going even faster than the first. Last Saturday morning between 10 and 12 o'clock no less than ten persons called personally at the office and carried off the book with them. Each of them was well pleased, for, while the cut of the dictionary is attractive it does not by any means show just how handsome the volume is. The invariable remark is, "How can such a book as that be gotten up for \$1.75," for that is what it costs in addition to the \$2.00 a year for Progress—\$3.75 in all. Several ladies made the same remark when they called to see the book: "I want it for the children," and one of them frankly stated that children often asked puzzling questions which were difficult to answer offhand. "We have a small dictionary, but Webster's is such a mine of information that it answers every purpose and every question."

And that is literally true. The book that Progress controls contains not only 1,500 pages, but an appendix that brings it up to over 1,800 pages. Many people will listen to this but are still skeptical and ask, "Isn't that dictionary old enough to vote?" There is only one reply to this, and it is conclusive. It is the standard Webster's dictionary on which the copyright expired last year. By reason of that copyright the price ranged from \$12 to \$15. The writer paid \$13 for his volume only 18 months ago, and it is identical in contents with the one Progress is now offering at such a remarkable price. A well known clergyman who called at the office a few days ago saw the book, and not having seen Progress' announcement, asked what it was worth. "What would you say it was worth?" was the reply. He looked through the book carefully, and said, "the print is good, the binding handsome and heavy, almost equal to that on my own. I have both editions of Webster—they were sent to me for my opinion—so I did not have to pay anything for them, but I should say this book is worth at least \$6."

"I will give it to you with the 16-page Progress for a whole year for \$3.75. He was too surprised to speak for a moment and his parting words were, "I can not understand it."

And this was from a judge of books—an educated man who was selected to pass an opinion upon copyright editions of Webster! It would be superfluous for Progress to begin to praise the dictionary that the authorities of the world have united in saying is the best work of its kind extant. It is in very truth the dictionary of dictionaries. It is more, for within its pages can be found all the information that is of practical use to the every day man. Besides being a dictionary of pronunciation and spelling, it is a dictionary of synonyms and quotations. How often when one is writing do words get mixed; how often one wonders whether such a word is spelled right or wrong? Men and women who can spell every ordinary English word, often get puzzled by the very simplest. Again when one is writing, how often do the same words crop up. There is nothing so provoking as to read an article over after writing it and find a repetition of words. It is hard always to think of other words that will express the same meaning. If Webster's dictionary is at hand difficulties disappear—spelling does not trouble one, and with 10,000 synonyms to choose from there can be no repetition of words. There are still many persons who, when writing, will persist in using numerous quotations—Latin and French most commonly, but also from other languages not so well known. The ordinary reader is not a college or high school for a sufficient period to have the meaning of Latin phrases at the end of his tongue. He stumbles

over some common French quotation and is puzzled, loses the thread of the article, and throws it down in disgust. If he had Webster he could find it in a few seconds, and learn something else at the same time.

For example, how many people understand or know anything about the proof marks of the printer? Every merchant has more or less printing done, and if he is as particular as he should be, he knows what his job is going to look like before it goes on the press. In other words, he reads his own proof. If he does, it is 100 to 1 that he does not know how to make out this word or that letter, or alter or make the necessary changes. He is at a loss and at a disadvantage. If Webster's dictionary was on his desk, there would be an end to all this. The printer's proof marks are not only all there, but they are explained and made as clear as noon day.

It would take too many columns of the paper to speak of everything in this book. This much may be added that there is a perfect wealth of carefully made and correct illustrations, some 1,500 in all, which would be invaluable to the student of natural history, or anyone else who is curious enough to want to know what animals or fishes or birds unknown to him look like.

Progress offers the book as an inducement to subscribers. It is offered at a figure that cannot be competed against by any other than the publisher, and to get the books from him at \$1.75 would call for an order for several hundred copies. Progress and Webster's dictionary to old subscribers, whose subscription expired before February 1st, for \$3.25, and to those whose subscriptions expired during February, and new subscribers for \$3.75. What better value can be found for the money?

CHINESE RELIGION.

Its Foundation is About the Same as Other Beliefs.

It has sometimes been supposed that the primitive religious faith of the Chinese was a crude form of nature-worship; but on the contrary, its very kernel was the recognition of a kindly parental something, above what we are accustomed to call nature, determining its phenomena for the welfare of man, which Chinese writers, fully conscious of the difficulty of the attempt, tried to name by the conjoined title (implying as many believe, no real quality) of heaven and earth. Not only is there a constant reference of human affairs to this over-ruling Providence but under the personal title, Shang-ti, do the Chinese seem to recognize, and through their Pontiff or Sovereign, annually offer very solemn worship to, one Supreme God ruler of heaven and earth, and so superior, in an immeasurable degree, to all genii, ghosts and spirits. A third element is constantly introduced along with that of heaven and earth, and that is man. He is called the Microcosm, or world in little, and in him is found the type of all things, the symbol, the very flower of all existing and created beings. We have already referred to the Confucian conception, of an ideal or superior man, the moral knight, the true gentleman, which now pervades all schools of Chinese thought. He is the one who fulfills rightly all the relationships of life according to his station, acting towards others as he would have them act to him in return, and showing generally that he is swayed by a moral sense. In life and conduct the middle course is where safety and peace are surely to be found; all extremes lead to ruin and disaster. Filiality is the type of all virtues perhaps the one source whence all have really sprung. Hence ancestor worship is very almost universal, and is one of the very last weeds to yield to the good seed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who claims the undivided allegiance of His followers. To this very day the grand national worship of Shang-ti is twice annually offered by the Emperor, amid much pomp, at two altars—one square, the other round—each having the same significance as in the instances already mentioned. Very striking is the fact that this worship is felt to be too solemn to be directly engaged in by anyone but the Pope-Emperor or spiritual father of the people, and by him only after solitary prayer fasting. Yet so great an authority as Professor Legge gives it as his opinion, after a life-long study of the early classics, that were a Chinese child, familiar with the old pagan prayers used long before Christ's time, to be asked in the familiar words of Dr. Watts' "First Catechism"—"Can you tell me, child, who made you?" he would probably enough answer, in the very words of Dr. Watts, "The great God who made heaven and earth."—Conquests of the Cross.

Wool Bleached by Fear.

A Colorado rancher relates the following story: "As most people know, black wool brings from five to ten cents less per pound than the corresponding grade of white wool. In order to insure the separation of the inferior product, as our shearing operations progressed, we at once placed the black sheep in a pen by themselves. There were sixty-three of the black sheep thus isolated in the corral on the night I speak of. Some time during the darkness a wolf entered the pen and killed a ewe and two lambs. On the following morning we were greatly surprised to find that several of the remaining sixty had turned perfectly white from terror. It is reported that the author of this story is a church member in good standing.—St. Louis Republic.

"STRANGERS YET." A Complete Story.

his wife, of all people in the world, to be ignorant of it! They are "strangers yet" indeed; and through the hum of voices and above the strains of dance-music she seems to hear a girl's voice singing and to see her husband's eyes give one brief look into hers as the words are wailed forth—

"After years of life together, after touch of wedded hands, Ah, well, he married her for her money, and she will never let him see how she years and longs for the love and happiness that might have been! The light from the wax-tapers shines on her rich dress, her flashing jewels, and rests tenderly on the proud, sad face that has dropped its mask for once and looks pale and weary."

"You are very silent tonight, Mrs. Gascoigne," a man's voice is saying; and she answers without a smile—"Yes, I am a dull companion tonight. I have a headache."

"A headache she had nearly said, with the keen anguish of the weary wearing pain that sends the blood ebbling back from her face to the sad heart that has never known one pulsation quicker tonight for all the while, yet she holds such hollow mirth after all, such a bitter mockery of happiness."

For hours after his wife has gone, Mr. Gascoigne works, and busily too, at the pile of papers before him, bending over his table with knit brows and compressed lips. He says his pen down at last, lies back in his chair, and looks up at the ceiling. Such a haggard face as it is! There is more than disappointment there; there now, in the eyes gleam something that is akin to despair. Presently the low moans quiver and tears course slowly down his face.

Next day all the world knows that Jasper Gascoigne is no more. When those who have known him pray to be delivered from sudden death, the familiar words, grown so common from constant use, come with a trifle force, and for a few moments they realise how awfully solemn is that sudden death which they pray heaven to keep from them. They think of the widow, too, the saddest, most pitiful being in all his world; and coming out of church they say one to another, "Poor Mr. Gascoigne! How sad it is—so terribly sudden!"

Monday morning there is more to talk of than the mere sad circumstances of Jasper Gascoigne's sudden death. The world knows now that he died a ruined man; and whispers say that anxiety killed him; that all the keeping up of appearances, all the outward display of wealth, broke the poor heart at last, that with all the show of riches and prosperity, Jasper Gascoigne was not worth a penny."

For the poor broken heart lying quietly in the grave all pain and suffering are over; he will never feel love's unsatisfied longing any more, never yearn to feel his wife's arms about his neck, to hear her voice whispering his name; but her life will be a long living sorrow.

Mrs. Gascoigne drops out of the world. Five years pass, and poor Jasper Gascoigne is forgotten by all save the dark-robed figure who sobs so bitterly by his grave many a time and oft. She is struggling and battling for life and daily bread, and the struggle is hard and bitter; till many a time she is tempted to lie down and die, for Milly is no heroine, will never hear his voice again!

Uncle Jerry Hamlin was fifty years old when he married. His mother "did for him" until he was forty. When that vigorous old lady moved up to the Methodist burying ground, Uncle Jerry stayed on at the homestead, closing his doors to all womankind. Once in a while Mrs. Weeks, the widow across the road, carried him a Saturday night plate of beans; but she never went inside the house. It was just as well. If any housekeeper had penetrated that abode of dirt and desolation, her conscience would have nerved her to be an even chance whether she cleared them out or the spiders ate her up.

per her name, is still in her ears; an indefinable dread—one of those vague premonitions that come to human beings once, or may be twice, in a lifetime—is knocking at her heart. She has struggled and battled with the weakness; but it has conquered her at last and brought her down in the chill, ghostly dawn with a faint, sick feeling at her heart, which thumps and throbs as she enters the silent study.

"Did I not tell you that I had married her?" she presses her hands tightly together and awaits the answer. "Yes," replies Mr. Jarvis. "He married you because he loved you, and—"

But he breaks off the wild wailing cry that comes from her lips. "Oh, why did you not tell me? I thought, I thought— Oh, heaven, I see it all now!"

"The bitter tears come at last, the tears of unavailing regret that bring no relief in their passionate pain. For the poor broken heart lying quietly in the grave all pain and suffering are over; he will never feel love's unsatisfied longing any more, never yearn to feel his wife's arms about his neck, to hear her voice whispering his name; but her life will be a long living sorrow."

"Milly" Her husband's voice, whispering her name, is still in her ears; an indefinable dread—one of those vague premonitions that come to human beings once, or may be twice, in a lifetime—is knocking at her heart.

per her name, is still in her ears; an indefinable dread—one of those vague premonitions that come to human beings once, or may be twice, in a lifetime—is knocking at her heart. She has struggled and battled with the weakness; but it has conquered her at last and brought her down in the chill, ghostly dawn with a faint, sick feeling at her heart, which thumps and throbs as she enters the silent study.

"Did I not tell you that I had married her?" she presses her hands tightly together and awaits the answer. "Yes," replies Mr. Jarvis. "He married you because he loved you, and—"

But he breaks off the wild wailing cry that comes from her lips. "Oh, why did you not tell me? I thought, I thought— Oh, heaven, I see it all now!"

"The bitter tears come at last, the tears of unavailing regret that bring no relief in their passionate pain. For the poor broken heart lying quietly in the grave all pain and suffering are over; he will never feel love's unsatisfied longing any more, never yearn to feel his wife's arms about his neck, to hear her voice whispering his name; but her life will be a long living sorrow."

"Milly" Her husband's voice, whispering her name, is still in her ears; an indefinable dread—one of those vague premonitions that come to human beings once, or may be twice, in a lifetime—is knocking at her heart.

This was a serious matter, and Judelsohn thought a moment. "See those combs, Misder Hamlin—only vile combs to you!—Der is a widow py der need her see me, just 'w'ell 'n' 'd' go to 'em. Tell her she c'n come out 'n' see me ef she wanta ter."

"Come out and see you off she—" the peddler repeated doubtfully. "That's what I said. It's too near hayin' time for any courtin' foolishness. Ef your neighbor means business she c'n come 'n' see me, just 'w'ell 'n' 'd' go to her. Ef she don't come, I c'n't go to her. Much use, tell her. Less'n I git merred fore hayin', I sha'n't do it tell after my peeters is dug."

"When Judelsohn he got back to the home of him (and nine more Polish Jews), he had a funny story to tell his friends about the "queer Yangoes." But he also told the story to the "vidow py der nex house."

"This is all true, remember." Mrs. Angela Merriman was 42 years old. She was not beautiful. But, where beauty is not deep sleep, it is a determination to go much deeper, even to the soul's centre—and she had that. She had been a widow for twelve years. Her late husband was a brute, she said. He had a man's courage, anyway. After living eight years with Angela, he decided that he was willing to die and let his chances—and he wasn't altogether sure of going to heaven, either. But let us return to Mrs. Merriman.

When one has to earn a living by making shirts for sixty-five cents a dozen, one sometimes almost any change. Mrs. Angela trained a smile around the hard, stiff corners of her mouth, plastered a spit-cup to each temple, put on her best bonnet, and started for Pike's Corner at a run.

UNCLE JERRY'S TWO JUMPS.

There was a man in our town. And he was wondrous wise. He jumped into a bramble bush. But, when he saw his eyes were out, With all his might and main He jumped into another bush. And scratched them in again.

Mr. Rufus Rippling, who delights in odd, and quaint, and surprising things, has a fashion of being the cleverest of men with a rhyme that serves the double purpose of text and moral. I adopt the rhyme by quoting one that fits my story. The stanza is from "Mother Goose's Melodist." But the story is another page from real life, and a hundred persons would swear to the truth of it.

THE FIRST JUMP. Uncle Jerry Hamlin was fifty years old when he married. His mother "did for him" until he was forty. When that vigorous old lady moved up to the Methodist burying ground, Uncle Jerry stayed on at the homestead, closing his doors to all womankind. Once in a while Mrs. Weeks, the widow across the road, carried him a Saturday night plate of beans; but she never went inside the house. It was just as well. If any housekeeper had penetrated that abode of dirt and desolation, her conscience would have nerved her to be an even chance whether she cleared them out or the spiders ate her up.

THE SECOND JUMP. Time passed, and as the novelists say, if I were a professional story writer, I would fill six chapters with descriptions of the year that followed the Hamlin-Merriman nuptials.

Mrs. Hamlin, then, held sway at Pike's Corner for six months untroubled, and swept grandly out of sight, somewhere into the dim distance. The bereaved husband shed no tears; his appetite did not fail. He had been working his board at Deacon Comfit's, and he continued to eat as much as he earned. The one thing he did to show that he appreciated the change was to make application for a divorce eight months later.

BIBLE

Altho the reader ally inter-... the attending trustee it competes ment. I more into GRESS WITH who and the quest ducement the interest acquisition who sear The fo observed

1. A priv... of the dollar. office at the consideration. 2. Compe only, giving answer. 3. The of pri adopted for 4. All rep day one was 5. No pos should be a Editor Pro

I have Miss Cass successful Bible Quo above one capitally and almos of a slight Remember "abode" I although found shel jumpier ter cannot sa residences. It was St. John a fessor in O had yet to know his ever meet "PROGRESS" will be co statement. exhibit the Bible Quest

Answers t... 1. Give t prophet. Ans.—El widow, I K 2nd. The any names, L Lurus 15, 19 3rd. Winte the Old Test occurs. Ans.—"I shall be clea whiter than "He givet 16. "Fire and 148, 8. "She is no household." "Thoug shall be a And beh white as snow "Thou has Paa. 74, 17. 4th.—From the patent shield for suer. Ans. "A wrath. Prov PRIZE BIB 1. Give t whom St epistle to the 2.—Give t alphabetically. 3.—From g gained? Sta gentle reproo was vain. 4.—When When did a did a look bri

DEBT: T Dr. Lang r Romans, at th feet this eveni Debt." The not necessary can give us a

CHILI'S GREAT FIGHT.

WHY THE PEOPLE TOOK THE FIELD AGAINST BALMAEDA.

Their Liberties were at Stake—The Quarrel Between President and Congress—War the Result—How the Chilians Regard the Situation—Gay and Hopeful Amid It All.

After many months of sanguinary civil war, the end seems to have been almost reached in Chili. The causes that led to the rebellion against President Balmaceda and his government are but little known in this country. There is a most interesting and instructive history connected with the present outbreak in the most powerful of the South American republics, which is related here for the first time by a gentleman



PRESIDENT BALMAEDA.

having large interests in Santiago, and who arrived in this country from that city within the last few days.

The Chilian people form two groups: the upper class or descendants of the old Spaniards; and the lower class, or peons, who are the direct descendants of the Indians. The latter are largely in a majority. Of late years a third class has sprung up, taking a place midway between the other two. It is the artisans. The latter are now asserting their position in business and politics and are forming clubs and labor unions. This has afforded a nucleus for a democratic movement and quite a number of prominent men are actively leading it. There are five great political divisions in the nation: The clericals or conservatives (the latter name being generally used); the liberals, who for several years have controlled the government; the radicals, or extremists; the Montt-Varistas, who are exclusive and aristocratic in their tendencies; and, last of all, the democrats.

The Montt-Varistas are a small, wealthy faction, influential, yet so weak in numbers as to be designated the "Pollywog Party." The liberals have opposed the clericals on certain questions, and have thus lost their support, while they have alienated the radicals even further. The Montt-Varistas simply look out for their claim to possess the brains and ability of the country, being arrogant through long continuance in power. In the congress, the clericals have always had a small representation, the liberals the largest and the radicals a fair-



DONNA COUSINO.

sized support. The Montt-Varistas, though small in point of numbers, have great cohesion.

The political difficulties that led to the war may be thus summarized: President Jose Manuel Balmaceda, following the vicious custom of the past, employed the patronage of the government for the aggrandizement of his party and himself, and with the purpose of securing the nomination and election of his successor and keeping the liberal party in power. This patronage is very extensive. It embraces almost all the offices controlled by the governors, or intendentes, of the different provinces, cities and towns, the appointees to which are dictated by the executive. It applies also to all the sub-officials in these cities and towns, and even to the mayors and councilmen. President Balmaceda had favored the succession of Don San Fuentes at the close of his own term. It has been uncertain as to the political attitude of San Fuentes, who was believed to stand midway between the clericals and the liberals. Balmaceda's choice aroused considerable opposition in different quarters, but he was not disposed to yield, and the result was a concentration of all the anti-administration elements against him.

During the last few months, President Balmaceda has made several abortive attempts to force the political situation to

his own purpose. He aimed to have a cabinet that would be easily moulded to his will, and the congress was powerless to prevent it. But that body resolved that there should be no interference with the elections. The existing cabinet was summarily dismissed, because it was in harmony with the idea of congress on the election question, and a pliable cabinet was substituted. This step intensified the opposition in congress, and all the parties, to avoid trouble, united in an appeal to the president to throw aside the objectionable cabinet. The president failing to comply with this remonstrance, congress refused to pass the budget under which the government would have authority to levy taxes and make collections of the public revenues for the needs of the administration. The situation now was such that not even a stamp could be sold until the law was passed, and Balmaceda was in a desperate strait. Finally he consented to change his ministry, and after much delay he did so, when the congress immediately took action on the suspended tax bill. Believing that he had accomplished what he wanted, he broke faith, dismissed the new cabinet, prorogued congress and organized another ministry to suit his own purpose. This perfidious act aroused the indignation of the entire country.

In June last, the president was appealed to to convoke congress, but he refused. Meanwhile the government proceeded to collect the taxes, although it did so without authority, according to the views of the most experienced legislators. The president knew that, if he did call the congress, it would condemn him. The government was totally without estimates for the coming year, but Balmaceda held on to his course in defiance of congress. Talk of revolution was on every lip. The country was determined to put a check to an administration that had shown its contempt for popular representation. Balmaceda's



VARAS.

own party—the liberals—split in two over the grave question at issue, forming the presidencias and the anti-presidencias. Thus Chili found itself in a complete state of anarchy, politically; its president, with half a party, determinedly opposing the four other political parties and the section of his own dismembered following. Even Archbishop Casanova, who had hitherto held aloof from all politics, was driven to open opposition.

This was the situation when the revolt broke out. It first began in the navy—the strongest arm of the Chilian national defence. Spreading to the army and to the populace, it soon became general throughout the country. Its progress has witnessed the steady depletion of the Balmaceda forces through desertion. Even at the last, when the revolutionists were marching on the capital, the desertions continued, and the hundreds of artisans who stole out of the beleaguered city to join the revolt were accompanied by many soldiers from the loyal regiments, which, under the veteran General Baquedano, commander of the army, still held Santiago. Baquedano led the Chilians on many a field. The old warrior now finds his hardest experience in fighting against the



A CHILIAN BELLE DRESSED FOR MORNING MASS.

men who carried his standards to victory in Peru.

Alfonso, the minister of foreign affairs, and Varas, the leader of the Montt-Varistas, have been important factors in the present troubles. They have been closely identified with the commercial progress of Chili ever since the presidency of Pinto, and more particularly since that of Santa

Maria, under whose administration the treaty of peace with Peru and Bolivia was negotiated. There are many in Chili who severely censure the Balmacedist party for adopting the policy devised by Don Augustin Edwards, the minister of finance, who has been called the "actual president of Chili," and who was the chief promoter of many of the extravagant schemes that were characteristic of Balmaceda's administration. These schemes involved the country in a mass of indebtedness from which it will take years to recover. Don Edward is a Chilian by birth, and a very wealthy banker. It is impossible to estimate the damage to the national commerce inflicted by the revolution. The nitrate industry, the mines, the export trade of all kinds are

similar to that in Mexico, where the masses were victorious. We shall probably see a like result in Chili.



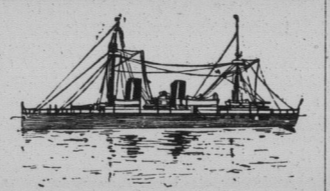
GENERAL BAQUEDANO, COMMANDER OF THE CHILIAN ARMY.

crippled, and the claims for damages inflicted on private property will be enormous, more particularly on the towns along the coast.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop H. Chauncey Riley, a native Chilian, who is now in New York city, spoke encouragingly of the situation in his native land. "Chili has been an aristocratic republic," he said, "governed by people of large wealth. Many of the deputies to congress, being rich men, have served without salary. It is a very patriotic country. That is one of the strong points of the Chilian character, and many serve their country for the pure love of it. Of late years the government has fallen under the control of a small circle of wealthy men, and they have come to regard political position as a rightful inheritance. The liberal party has retained power for a considerable time, and Balmaceda, who was a liberal, was elected upon a platform representing the ideas of these wealthy aristocrats.

"Under his administration the rich landowners launched out into various enterprises. The government encouraged the building of railroads in every conceivable direction, and the most amazing schemes were projected. Now, there is a great deal of education among the Chilians of the younger school. The sons of the older families have been sent to Europe to study in foreign colleges. The result is that, returning, they have introduced modern ideas almost everywhere. One going to Santiago is impressed at once with these thoughts.

"Naturally these progressive ideas have been communicated to the masses of the



THE ESMERALDA, CHILIAN CRUISER.

people and the result has been a growing feeling of discontent over the fact that the wealthy aristocrats were clearly plotting to perpetuate their control of the government. They realized that the power enjoyed by the president of naming his successor might in its abuse result in the establishment of a hereditary presidency. They saw, moreover, that Balmaceda was determined to carry through his schemes of opening up the whole country by railroads, and was spending immense amounts of money as they thought, unnecessarily, and imposing a heavy burden of debt on the nation. It was a part of the liberal policy to build up a powerful navy, and to do this they had secured from England the costliest war vessels. I remember that when the Esmeralda was bought, she was considered the most terrific engine of war ever constructed up to that date. When she was sent to Chili the Englishmen who brought her there expressed the hope that the nation that owned that cruiser would never go to war with England. With her navy, which comprises such ironclads as the Blanco Encalada, Almirante Cochrane, Huascar, and Amazonas, and many others, she is complete mistress of the Pacific ocean. Secretary Blaine dares not press any claim upon Chili.

"In the international conference in Washington, she maintained a most independent position and would not consent to arbitration. When the Chilian navy took up the popular side of the struggle against the aristocracy and those who believed in the inherited political power, the war broke out in earnest. Our vessels have harbored many of the fugitives who were driven away by the Balmacedists, including members of the congress. The struggle is very

similar to that in Mexico, where the masses were victorious. We shall probably see a like result in Chili.

Chili is a land of handsome men and beautiful women. In spite of the frequent distractions of war, which seem to be inseparable from all South American republics, its people are gay and light-hearted. The delightful climate, in which fruits and flowers bloom all the year, doubtless contributes to this happy condition. A Chilian looks in amazement at a foreigner who might casually remark that "the weather was fine;" all days are fine in Chili.

Society is very gay, particularly in the holiday season, when Santiago is as merry as ever was Madrid during the carnival. There are no lovelier beings in the world than the young Chilian belles, and a walk around the streets and squares of the capital discloses to the observer a bewildering affluence of patrician dames and girls with the most beautiful complexions imaginable, the product of the climate, which is the finest in South America. Traits are everywhere visible of the rich Spanish blood that has flowed in Chilian veins ever since the days when Pizarro's famous comrade, Don Diego de Almagro, crossed the snowy Andes, (which are everywhere seen forming a picturesque background,) with his mixed Spanish and Peruvian armies, hot for gold and conquest. There are many Chilian families who can trace their lineage back to the days of Captain de Valdivia, who was the first settler of Chili.

The homes of the wealthier classes are marvels of beautiful and chaste architecture and wonders of interior adornments. This is especially true of the Palais Cousino, the home of the famous Donna Cousino, the richest woman in the world. Her beauty, no less than her fabulous wealth, has made her famous even in the United States, and when, a few years ago, it was announced that Donna Cousino contemplated a visit to New York, the news excited a considerable flutter there. Her residence is by far the most luxurious in the republic in point of elegance, artistic decoration and modern comfort; the sculptures being worth a vast fortune and the gardens and grounds superb beyond description.

MAHOGANY.

How the Beautiful Wood was Discovered and Brought Into Use.

The discovery of the beautiful and costly timber known as mahogany was purely accidental. The first mention made of it was by Sir Walter Raleigh, who used it in 1597 at Trinidad for repairing his ships. About the beginning of the eighteenth century a small quantity of it was taken to England by a West India captain named Gibbons, who sent a few planks to his brother, a physician residing in London. This gentleman, at the time of the receipt of the wood, was having a house built, and placed the planks in the hands of the carpenters. They attempted to cut it, but because of its hardness very quickly threw it aside. The doctor expostulated, but the workmen remained fixed in their determination to have nothing to do with a lumber which so successfully resisted their attempts to saw it. The planks were then taken to a cabinet maker named Wollaston, who was directed to make a candle-box with a portion of the wood. The same objection was advanced by this workman, but being a persevering individual, he persisted and finally made the box. When polished it so outshone anything previously made that it very quickly became an object of curiosity, and the people flocked to see it.

As a consequence the wood became quite popular, especially after a portion of the physician's treasure were employed in the construction of two bureaus, one for himself, and the other for the Duchess of Buckingham. These specimens of cabinet work caused the rejected wood to become a prominent factor in the construction of luxurious pieces of furniture. Thus Wollaston was amply awarded for his perseverance in fashioning it into the candle-box, and his name, together with that of the physician and his nautical brother, became inseparably connected with the history of the introduction of this wood into civilized lands.

LOSSES IN BATTLE.

The battle of Torgan, fought by Frederick the Great in 1760, is well known to have been one of the most murderously-contested actions which have ever taken place, but until lately no trustworthy enumeration has ever been given of the killed and wounded and missing on either side. In the *Militar Wochenblatt*, the organ of the German general staff, carefully prepared tables are published of the losses suffered by the several Prussian regiments of cavalry and battalions of infantry engaged, and from these it appears that the 59 battalions which took part in the action, and which numbered altogether 26,000 officers and men, lost a total of 15,650 officers and men, or about 60 per cent. of their aggregate effective. In the 39 battalions which fought under the personal direction and immediate orders of the king, the proportion of losses was even greater, so that after the action the five battalions of grenadiers had to be formed into one battalion, the remnants of six battalions of two other regiments being also temporarily organized into one battalion. Of the 26,000 infantry soldiers who went into action, 3,350 were killed, 7,956 were wounded, while 3,130 were reported as missing. As a contrast to this terrible proportion of killed, wounded and missing, it may be mentioned that the loss suffered at Gravelotte amounted to only 1-11th of the whole number of troops engaged on both sides, at Worth and Mars-la-Tour to 1-6th, at Spicheren to 1-8th, at Koniggratz to 1-5th only, and at Magenta and Solferino to 1-11th.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The wife of Lucien Bonaparte, the Princess Marianne, who is separated from her husband, lives in Ajaccio, and is the only member of the Bonaparte family now living in Corsica.

The rumor comes that Mrs. John B. Gough has had a paralytic stroke. As the Gough estate is to be sold soon, Mrs. Gough will be obliged to quit her pretty home, Hillside, near Worcester.

Miss Bjornson, daughter of the well-known Norwegian novelist, is a pretty and accomplished young lady, and is the possessor of a remarkably fine voice. She intends to go on the stage, but, in mercy to the public, will choose a more musical name than her own for stage use.

Cyrus W. Field, Jay Gould, and a half dozen other millionaires who live at Irvington, are engaged in a war against a new schoolhouse. These gentlemen live in what they themselves term the richest school district in the United States, and they oppose the erection of a building that will cost over \$50,000, inasmuch as there is already one \$50,000 house in the district.

The professional career of Miss Florence Marryat is, for superabundant energy and talent, one of the most phenomenal known in the history of women's achievements. The youngest of Captain Marryat's eleven children, she began writing at a very early age, and up to date has published fifty-seven complete novels, more than one hundred short stories, an enormous quantity of journalistic work, besides unnumbered essays, poems, recitations and plays. For fifteen years she has been a successful actress, and has had as many as nine of her dramas on the provincial stage of England at one time. Miss Marryat has been twice married, is the mother of eight children, has made and lost a superb fortune, and to-day, with undimmed energy, is producing fiction as fast as her publishers can put it on the market. Not content with work that would crowd to suffocation the lives of five ordinary women, Miss Marryat has taken to raising dogs, owns large, valuable kennels, and every year sells numbers of high-priced puppies.

Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, who died recently in New York, was the last of the great leaders of the civil war, and the last American to bear the high title of general. He was born in 1790, and was a soldier by birth and education. He served in the United States army from the time he reached the minimum age for admission to West Point until the maximum limit of age brought his retirement from the highest military office in the nation. His famous "march to the sea," though celebrated in song and story, is not considered of as much importance as his work immediately before and after it. In attempting it, however, he incurred a great responsibility for, as he wrote himself, "success would be accepted as a matter of course, whereas, should we fail, this march would be adjudged the wild adventure of a crazy fool."

Gen. Sherman was fond of the social life of New York, and was a frequent first-nighter at the theater. His dress was plain, and he generally wore a soft slouch military hat. His beard was grizzled, his step quick and firm, and though in ordinary conversation his manner was somewhat brusque, he could be geniality itself whenever he desired.

When I first met Ruskin, writes Holman Hunt, I was struck by his slenderness of build, which was not yet without remarkable gracefulness of motion in quiet life. In manner his persevering politeness and untrifling pains to interest me and others in his possessions almost surprised me, and it would have been really unbearable to receive so much attention had he not shown so much pleasure in gratifying his guests. On further acquaintance he was quite capable of expressing the most extreme discontent that his friends would not adopt all his views. He was displeased with me for my determination to go to the east, and that I did not set myself to work to found a school. I was often amused at his ignoring the state of paralysis I was generally in from want of means. He would ask me why I did not go to Scotland for a few weeks or months for a holiday when I appeared overworked? and more than once

urged me not to delay leaving England for the purpose of seeing Italy—when in truth my purse would have been empty at Dover, and there would have been no means of making sure of a home had I returned on foot from the coast. It was quite strange to witness how his life-long experience of finding all things that he wanted at hand had made him, not incapable of talking of poverty, but without power of realizing how straightforward means prevented a man from obeying the inclinations of his mind and body at every turn. Whatever feeling he professed towards one's purpose, I can say that I never found him anything but most gentle and tenderly affectionate; and although for some years circumstances made us unable to see one another much, I never had any reason to think him other than one of the truest men I had ever met as a noble friend.

Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, who believed that Macready had conspired to ruin him when he went to England, visited the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, when Macready was playing Hamlet there, and relieved his pent-up feelings by a prolonged hiss when the star delivered the line—

"They are coming to the play, I must be idle."

Forrest, in a subsequent letter, professed to take exception to the appropriateness of Macready's action in driving pell-mell across the stage several times, meanwhile flourishing his handkerchief triumphantly aloft. His "fancy dance," he said, was a desecration of the poet. Hamlet, however, took the measure of his opponent, and defiantly repeated this morsel of stage business.

Mr. George Healy, an American portrait painter, who has painted many royal and aristocratic personages in Europe, gossips in the *North American* about his sitters in a pleasant paper of a dozen pages. When Louis Philippe first sat for his portrait, says Mr. Healy:

"I remember that the conversation turned especially on Fieschi, who had just been executed. Louis Philippe was not tender on the subject of king killers, and said, 'My dear general, my country people like to play at being heroes, but I shall let them see that I have the guillotine and the galley at their service.' He spoke English most admirably, using it not only correctly, but by no means disdaining familiar expressions."

Mr. Healy contrasts Louis Philippe's pleasant, easy way of conversation with our Queen's stately stiffness. He says Queen Victoria evidently feared to address an obscure commoner, and his American blood rather boiled in his veins when she put all her questions to him through Prince Albert. But he says:

"My indignation did not prevent me from looking very hard at her majesty. I was struck by the delicacy of the features and complexion of the young queen, and by the extreme elegance of her very handsome husband. This was in 1841."

He gossips pleasantly about the Queen of Roumania, whom he has painted repeatedly, and whom he praises enthusiastically:

"I think that all who have approached the Queen of Roumania will agree with me when I say that no woman was ever more thoroughly a woman, more daintily refined, more genuinely warm-hearted, kind, compassionate, more enamoured of all that is pure and noble."

Mr. Healy also pointed Pius the Ninth, of whom he writes:

"The pope was dressed all in white cloth, with scarlet shoes; the hair was white, the face rather pale, with very bright eyes, not incapable of sparkle, for his holiness knew how to take a joke. He was a pretty good sinner, but somewhat restless, and curious also as to what his painter was about. On one occasion he arose from his seat to look over my shoulder. When I am earnestly at work I wish my sitters to help me, and do their duty by remaining in the attitude I have chosen. I exclaimed, perhaps, a little abruptly, 'I beg your holiness to sit down.' The pope laughed and said, 'I am accustomed to give orders, not to receive them. But you see, Mr. Healy, that I also know how to obey,' and subsmissively went back to his chair."

"You're a fool, if a bet is your best argument." "If I'm a fool, you are no better."—Drake's Magazine.

urgued me not to delay leaving England for the purpose of seeing Italy—when in truth my purse would have been empty at Dover, and there would have been no means of making sure of a home had I returned on foot from the coast. It was quite strange to witness how his life-long experience of finding all things that he wanted at hand had made him, not incapable of talking of poverty, but without power of realizing how straightforward means prevented a man from obeying the inclinations of his mind and body at every turn. Whatever feeling he professed towards one's purpose, I can say that I never found him anything but most gentle and tenderly affectionate; and although for some years circumstances made us unable to see one another much, I never had any reason to think him other than one of the truest men I had ever met as a noble friend.

Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, who believed that Macready had conspired to ruin him when he went to England, visited the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, when Macready was playing Hamlet there, and relieved his pent-up feelings by a prolonged hiss when the star delivered the line—

"They are coming to the play, I must be idle."

Forrest, in a subsequent letter, professed to take exception to the appropriateness of Macready's action in driving pell-mell across the stage several times, meanwhile flourishing his handkerchief triumphantly aloft. His "fancy dance," he said, was a desecration of the poet. Hamlet, however, took the measure of his opponent, and defiantly repeated this morsel of stage business.

Mr. George Healy, an American portrait painter, who has painted many royal and aristocratic personages in Europe, gossips in the *North American* about his sitters in a pleasant paper of a dozen pages. When Louis Philippe first sat for his portrait, says Mr. Healy:

"I remember that the conversation turned especially on Fieschi, who had just been executed. Louis Philippe was not tender on the subject of king killers, and said, 'My dear general, my country people like to play at being heroes, but I shall let them see that I have the guillotine and the galley at their service.' He spoke English most admirably, using it not only correctly, but by no means disdaining familiar expressions."

Mr. Healy contrasts Louis Philippe's pleasant, easy way of conversation with our Queen's stately stiffness. He says Queen Victoria evidently feared to address an obscure commoner, and his American blood rather boiled in his veins when she put all her questions to him through Prince Albert. But he says:

"My indignation did not prevent me from looking very hard at her majesty. I was struck by the delicacy of the features and complexion of the young queen, and by the extreme elegance of her very handsome husband. This was in 1841."

He gossips pleasantly about the Queen of Roumania, whom he has painted repeatedly, and whom he praises enthusiastically:

"I think that all who have approached the Queen of Roumania will agree with me when I say that no woman was ever more thoroughly a woman, more daintily refined, more genuinely warm-hearted, kind, compassionate, more enamoured of all that is pure and noble."

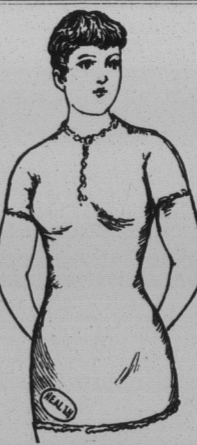
Mr. Healy also pointed Pius the Ninth, of whom he writes:

"The pope was dressed all in white cloth, with scarlet shoes; the hair was white, the face rather pale, with very bright eyes, not incapable of sparkle, for his holiness knew how to take a joke. He was a pretty good sinner, but somewhat restless, and curious also as to what his painter was about. On one occasion he arose from his seat to look over my shoulder. When I am earnestly at work I wish my sitters to help me, and do their duty by remaining in the attitude I have chosen. I exclaimed, perhaps, a little abruptly, 'I beg your holiness to sit down.' The pope laughed and said, 'I am accustomed to give orders, not to receive them. But you see, Mr. Healy, that I also know how to obey,' and subsmissively went back to his chair."

"You're a fool, if a bet is your best argument." "If I'm a fool, you are no better."—Drake's Magazine.

A Cold, Doctors' BILLS AND FUNERAL EXPENSES

cost in the neighborhood of \$200.00. Health Brand under-vests cost from 75c. to \$1.75. Take your choice.



You can get HEALTH BRAND VESTS at every leading retail Dry Goods House in the Dominion.

NOTHING LIKE making your "Ads." catchy. Have them prominent. Make everybody look at them.

MOST advertisers have made success by using illustrations and cuts in their "ads." Do you?

MEN who advertise, and want good advertising, have original designs for their "ads."

We originate designs. Make wood cuts and electros, Reproduce, enlarge, and reduce engravings of all kinds.

"Progress" Engraving Bureau, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

TALK

AND EX

Crownless fore Wh The Mod Paris Fr New Y

The spring A wise you few of the he beheld the whole in them Looking ly to disco



NOV

were trying woman perker

"Well," all direction Now the in all direct edly in one ouly forward backs of the lean over th has a sugges and posing higher cultu bows have a most's club p and dart st The leaves a and extend airy, not to Hermes wase amuse himse The woman the brim and sorts of unh sauciness ab the feminine The ears those for hair trimmings ar at an acute a new depart the toques a work gold b portation are Gold, silver a that one see hats make up This morn which I was made of a str the head and angle stood little horn. Th horn fluttere butterfly pois crinkles. Th and next the crushed roses.

Two hats of istic. Both w little at the meshes, light ming but a g

aways" just r breeze touch their feathers b The other ha ing bow of ribb pink, a color th the ever-to-be Cape Ann. W branch of rose under the lace ing through i ribbon.

A hat that away bright f has a Tam O'Sh with pearls.

AN IN

TALK OF SPRING HATS.

AND EKE OF FROCKS AND WRAPS AND PARASOLS.

Crowns are being gay with flowers before which one is compelled to pause. The Modiste is back from visiting her Paris friends and rivals—her display.

New York, February 26.—To talk of the spring hat requires a flow of language. A wise young man who was looking at a few of them with me yesterday said that he beheld in them a symbolism; to him the whole woman movement was eloquent in them.

Looking at a couple of specimens intended to discover what he meant, I asked if he

was trying to say he thought the modern woman perky.

"Well," he replied, "she reaches out in all directions."

Now the hats certainly do not reach out in all directions, but they reach determinedly in one direction; they point vigorously toward. Ribbons start up from the backs of them and push eagerly on, flowers lean over the fronts of them, everything has a suggestion of leaping and springing and poising and craning the neck after the higher culture and Henrik Ibsen. The bows have a reaching, aspiring slant that almost takes one off one's feet like a woman's club paper. The dragon flies dip and dart straight toward the unknown. The leaves and the buds yearn and stretch and extend their arms, yet everything is airy, not too serious, a little radical. Hermes wears the winged cap, but he might assume himself by stealing Apollo's oxen. The woman wants to know, but she bends the brim and plaits it and pinches it at all sorts of unheard-of angles, and there's a sauciness about the milliner's expression of the feminine desire for information.

The hats are very flat, mind you, and those for early spring are not large. The trimmings are massed behind but they lean at an acute angle and the vanguard takes a new departure over the hair. Most of the toques are crownless, and the open-work gold braids one finds in every importation are most fanciful face framings. Gold, silver and black straps are about all that one sees; flower wreaths and lace hats make up the rest of the millinery.

This morning I saw a bonnet before which I was compelled to pause. It was made of a strip of gold galleon laid about the head and convoluted curiously. One angle stood up perky at the back like a little horn. On the extreme point of this horn fluttered a gold butterfly. Another butterfly poised in front over the galleon crinkles. The braid was sewn with pearls and next the hair was a thick wreath of crushed roses.

Two hats of black gauze were characteristic. Both were flat and curved down a little at the sides. One was loose in its meshes, light and misty. It had no trimming but a group of three or four "blov-

aways" just ready to take wing as the breeze touched them where they spread their feathers behind.

The other had at the back a great standing bow of ribbon of a peculiarly vivid rose pink, a color that exists in nature only in the ever-to-be-remembered wild roses of Cape Ann. With this ribbon was set a branch of rose leaves, and about the head under the lace and subdued in tint by shining through it was twisted more rose ribbon.

A hat that would be pretty for a far away bright face I'd like to see under it has a Tam O'Shanter crown of white net set with pearls. The brim is silver straw in

an openwork lace pattern much bent and folded, and at the back there are silver ribbons knotted with a few violets.

A hat all violets is well designed, with Parma and Neapolitan blossoms mixed in the double wreath that rests flat on the curls. Narrow green velvet ribbons tie the garland and the long bows partly fill the open space vacant of crown.

Black and yellow is brilliantly popular. A hat of gold straw is set on a bandeau wreath of black and gold velvet nasturtiums. Springs of the same flowers rest against the turned up back of the brim and a twist of black velvet ribbon is laid about the crown.

Black and rose is its competitor. Black straw or black lace is loaded with pink heads, and there are many quaint turbans of black relieved each by a great, heavily nodding June flower.

Silver and heliotrope is demure and Lenten. A dainty hat of silver straw has bows behind of pinkish heliotrope and in front a cluster of violets drooping over the edge of the brim.

Madame, the modiste, is just back from visiting her friend and rival, M. Worth. She unpacks great gorgeousness, great simplicity and great daintiness.

The gorgeousness is in the spring wraps. I saw a cape this morning of scarlet cloth, made with long ends to tie, scarf fashion, over the bosom and hanging nearly to the ground. It was cut in an open embroidery pattern about the edges and stitched with black floss, with an occasional thread of gold. Scarlet jackets, with long basques scalloped with gold are everywhere, and scarlet wraps have long hanging, black chantilly sleeves.

The daintiness is in the flowered India silk frocks. They are decked with every bud that opens. The prettiest are sprinkled with single heads of violets or they bear the brownish gray and green colorings. A gown lifted tenderly this morning from its wrappings was striped with white and clear pale yellow. The bodice was a lace blouse with bretelles of yellow velvet ribbon laid over the shoulders and fastened with rosettes below the waist in front and behind.

There was a wide folded belt and a skirt simply hung. The large tail accompanying was of yellow straw projecting in front and trimmed with pale nasturtiums and yellow ribbons.

The simplicity is in the make of the wool street gowns. It is simplicity, however, that is, as I heard a girl say who was attentively considering an example "most excruciatingly swell." It was a plaid frock of which she said it, with an eucalyptus barred in hairy stripes in brown and pinkish brown. It had a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

ness of a sheath skirt—the slank-

crepe is one example, embroidered in gold floss with daisies, with ruches of crepe festooned from point to point, and deep, double crepe flounces depending crepe rosettes bury the stick point where it projects from the canopy.

White gauze is another gossamer example. A broad gold band has been woven in tinsel threads into the substance and this circles it in festoons caught up with square bows and ends. From point to point droop lace flounces.

A third canopy is of pale lavender crepe. The violets with which it is dotted have cost many a weary week in their embroidery. Crepe ruches run down each rib and about the circle in deep Vandyke pointings. Below the ruches are triple crepe flounce flounces.

A black gauze parasol scintillates with gold butterflies. One of scarlet crepe is covered with jet flowers whose hearts are garnets. One great cloud-grey, misty roof of gauze is built, so to speak, in two stories, a ruche circling it, then another at a lower level and then flouncings below all, dotted with pearls.

There are parasols with as many stripes as one has to a tulle ball gown. Some of these are powered with spangles. One has rows of gold-wrought flowers radiating from the point of the stick down the ribs and through the middle of the panels. All are bright and fairy-like as flowers and—as short lived. To live up to one of them while it blossoms might be an aesthetic task worthy the best efforts of one's wardrobe.

I never go to matinees, but I did see the School for Scandal at Daly's on an afternoon. There are some amazingly fine brocade frocks in it, one of them of luscious apricot silk, with large feather figures in pale gold.

ELLEN OSBORN.

BRIGHT NOTES OF FASHION.

The Latest and Most Artistic Fads in Underwear.

There was never a time in the history of fashion when women devoted so much attention to the make and quality of their most intimate undergarments. Our grandmothers believed that the acme of elegance had been attained when they clothed themselves in fine hand-made linen with cambric ruffles, edged with valenciennes lace.

There were fewer shams in those days, and the cheap machine-made garments which are made to sell were quite unknown.

Nowadays a woman who wants to be a well known woman with supreme contempt on linen or muslin underwear, ornamented with stiff embroidery. In silk attire must she be clad from top to toe, and that trimmed with billows of lace and yards of dainty feather stitching. To be chic, she dons underclothing which is either in harmony or matches the color of her gown.

Black silk undergarments are somewhat passe, fastidious women being unable to banish the prejudice against black coming in contact with the skin. It is, however, much affected by a certain class of people who are always straining after effect and aiming to do something bizarre. It cannot be denied that the soft dead black of the fabric and its trimming of chantilly lace is striking in juxtaposition with the flesh, imparting to it the dazzling purity of Carrara marble. Black underwear, however, is only pardonable on voyage, as it necessitates fewer changes and is extremely convenient.

The most artistic thing is to choose silk underwear as nearly assimilating to the pink of the flesh as practicable, thus avoiding all patches of effect.

Everything worn beneath the dress should be as compact as possible, the undergarments fitting the figure like a glove; this can be managed by goring the material in

such a manner that it follows the contour of the figure, and is yet easy and comfortable.

The baby-waist chemise is one of the daintiest of garments, the fullness being so slight as to be in no wise detrimental to a figure inclined to embonpoint; the waist is slightly full and merely provided with shoulder straps, the bodice being trimmed with narrow lace, or in some instances, a deep fall of valenciennes; the waiste is defined by a broad Valenciennes insert,

alternating with beading through which is run baby-ribbon, and which can be drawn up to adjust it to the figure; the skirt reaches to the ankles, and has several rows of inserting and a deep flounce of lace.

This is an exceedingly dainty garment, and has almost the appearance of a short-waisted Recamier gown.

For people of slender means, pongee affords an excellent substitute for silk, and the eucor coloring is not as a rule unbecoming, softened as it may be with ruffles of lace or colored embroidery.

French batiste which is sheer and fine, possesses the inestimable quality of bearing the crucial test of the laundry; it is even more desirable for summer wear than silk, being extremely thin, agreeable to the touch, pleasing to the eye, and reasonable in price. These dressy affairs themselves to economically minded women.

Dotted French ansinook is extremely popular for undergarments, entire sets being made of it. It is usually scalloped in the same color and tied with small ribbon bows.

Silk retiring robes (this is the aesthetic term) are gotten up in very elaborate fashion, so much so that a woman with a frugal mind might be in imminent danger of remaining awake all night in order to avoid missing the numberless frills and furbeaus with which her nocturnal garment is adorned. These dressy affairs are frequently do duty as morning robes, and of some silk merely feather stitched being gowned at night. The cheese-cloth night-dress is the outcome of the aesthetic craze, and is really a most delightful and artistic garment. It can be made at a very slight expense and in any desirable color. A leader of the latest school of aesthetes says, that she merely takes several straight breadths of material, sews them together and shapes the shoulders slightly; from shoulder to waist she leaves a slit, into which the sleeves, which consist merely of the width of the cloth are sewn, and they are gathered into a band at the waist; the fullness front and back is held into a straight neck band, and the garment is deeply hemmed at the foot; it hangs in long picturesque folds which suggest the plastic lines in the drapery of a Grecian statue.

There is another delightful thing about these gowns; they do not require the services of a skilled laundress, and need only to be washed but not ironed. When nearly dry they are run through the hands again and again, until they almost look as if they had been accorded-pleated. Lace is severely abjured, as that would be too fin de siecle, and not according to the canons of antique art. It is a comfort to know that one can carry the Greek goddess even to bed, and in case of a fire a Pallas or Psyche flying from the flames in plastic rainment would be much more poetic than a ghostly figure flitting about in a stuffy starched Mother Hubbard with a Gladstone collar and unartistic cuffs.

The *sant de lit* is eminently a French idea, intended to slip on when you first get out of bed. To this end it is extremely loose, open down the front, and with large sleeves. It is fastened with but one button at the throat.

Corsets, which in the time of our grandmothers were ungainly affairs, made of some coarse heavy material, with steels as stiff as knife blades, are now extremely elegant affairs, almost too lovely to be concealed by the tailor-made waist, which is not nearly so ornamental. The corset, in spite of the reform waist and hygienic bodice of its own, its popularity being evidenced by the superior fit and quality of the material from which it is made. Some magnificent ones are made of super damasse silk strewn with gold or silver flowers, but the favorite material is rich satin, either in black or peler tints to match the underdress. A charming example is a corset made of heavy black satin, lined with heliotrope faille and stitched with silk of the same color; around the top of the bust is an embroidered vine of heliotrope, and between the lining and the outside is a layer of delicately scented sweet powder, the scent pertaining to the same flower.

Few women really know how to put on a corset. One fastened it should be pulled down so as to bring the waist line into position. Then it should be laced, not too tightly, but quite firmly, the strings being secured so that they will not slip; it should be laced so as to sustain the bust without in the least compressing it. A well-made corset should be every portion of the figure without pressing it in any particular spot.

In gowns it is difficult to predict what will and what will not be worn. Dame Fashion being like most feminine things, renowned for her fickleness. The gown shown in the cut will be one of the favorite spring models and is stylish made up in the light weight woollens which are so universally worn.

COUNTESS ANNE DE MONTAIGU.

Not Too Late for the Postscript.

Wife—Did you post that letter I gave you?
Husband—Certainly.

Wife—I wish you hadn't. There is something I wish to add to it.
Husband (producing letter)—Why didn't you say so before? Here it is.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Back From Town.

Old friends allus is the best, Halcyon-like and heartiest; Knewed us first and don't allow We're so blame much better now! They was standin' at the bars When we grabbed "the kidderd kyars" And lit out fer town to make Money—and that old mistake!

We thought then the world we went into was "The Settlement," And the friends 'at we'd make there could beat any *enphairer*. And they do—'er tins their biz; They beat all the friends they is— "Cops" he read old friends like a biz.

"At staid at home, like I'a ort to!

W'y, of all the good things yit I ain't shet of, is to quit *Business*, and git back sheer These old comforts wal in here— These old friends, and these old hands "At a diller understand; These old Winter nights, and old Yams folks chased in out the cold!

Sing "Hart Times" Come Ag'in No More!" and neighbors all line in; Here's a feller come from town Wants that aile and aile all the time; From the chimney! Git the floor Cleared for one cowillon more!— I'a poke the kitchen bed, says he, And shake a friendly leg with me!

Yams Whitcomb Riley in Century Bric-a-Brac.

Has your Subscription expired? Read the notice on the head of the Editorial column. Then look at the Dictionary Inducement on page 16.

GAY CARRIE CARELESS

TELLS ABOUT THE DOCTORS AND THE LADIES' ATHLETIC CLUB.

New York Women have Taken Leave of Their Senses—Society's Upper Tendon of Guard—Val Women who Move Heaven, Earth and the Camera to Gain Admiration.



DOCTORS' Day at the Ladies' Athletic club is a trying time for the pretty athletes, for they feel embarrassed past all finding out. And why shouldn't they? Clad only in knee breeches, skirt likewise to the knee and blouse waists, low-necked and sleeveless, they run, jump, kick, swing clubs and pose before a class of grave and dignified men, with whom is always associated ideas of pain, physic and penance.

"Dr. A. was there," said one of the girls, speaking afterwards of the occasion, "and though I just love him and fret myself sick when he goes to Europe, I couldn't, I really couldn't, help putting out my tongue just a little way as I passed him. You know he always asks me to show him my tongue and it didn't seem good form not to do so."

At the last doctors' day, all the doctors were enthusiastic in their praises of the athletic work done by the girls, predicting beautiful physical results when the carelessness of girlish shall have deepened into the shades and cares of maturity. The club swinging showed a timidity and the arm movements were not altogether graceful. But the kicking was fine. We women are renowned for our kicking propensities.

New York women have taken leave of their senses, their traditions, and their Americanism this winter. The French hall began it. A few men, half in sport, half in bravado, agreed to take their tender little better halves to see the awful doings at this ball. Boxes were secured for these high-bred ladies, and in them they sat en-

veloped in black dominoes, watching the fun all the night long.

Then came the Carmencita ball and all three hundred and ninety-nine out of the Four Hundred were there. Carmencita arrived at 10.30 and danced beautifully, and although her lace petticoats were so dirty as to offend fastidious eyes, the dirt, the promiscuous crowd, and the jamming and pushing of the diverse elements were all accepted in the best of spirits. It was so refreshing to be away from the trammel, the glare and the blarney of "sassiety" for a whole evening.

It was interesting to note how Parisian we are becoming in these affairs. On the other side it is considered the correct thing for a gentleman to visit the society of friends in their box, and then, after he has chatted a few moments, to call upon a pretty little actress in the adjoining box. To reverse this order would be bad form. At all three of these balls precisely this method was carried out.

"How do you pronounce Carmencita?" was the agonizing query made to a young woman whose origin traced from the land of Carmencita's birth.

"It is Car-r-men-cita," said she. "Not Carmentheta, nor Carmensheta, but Car-

How She Conquered the Duke.

The death is announced of the Duchess of Malakoff. As a girl she was the intimate friend of the Empress Eugenie—in fact, the Empress and she were, as we recollect, near akin. Walking in the garden of the palace one day, who should heave in sight but Marshal Malakoff, notoriously the roughest and rudest man in all the French service.

"Ough! there is that bear again!" quoth the Empress, with a shudder of genuine horror; but her young companion said nothing.

The Marshal, approaching and bowing to the ladies, besought the younger one to honor him with the rose she had just plucked.

"Certainly, I will give it to you," answered the girl, sweetly; "but how can a rose please you, who live only for laurels?"

This answer completely staggered the Marshal; in another moment he was hopelessly and wildly in love with that girl, and it is to his credit that he prosecuted the campaign so diligently that a year later the beautiful young creature became his wife.

Speaking of the episode in the garden, Malakoff used to say: "I thought, I was hard to conquer, but in that case, parbleu! I surrendered at the very first fire!"—*Chicago News*.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is on the flood tide of popularity, which position it has reached by its own intrinsic, undoubted merit.



NOVEL BODICE DRAPERIES.

was trying to say he thought the modern woman perky.

"Well," he replied, "she reaches out in all directions."

Now the hats certainly do not reach out in all directions, but they reach determinedly in one direction; they point vigorously toward. Ribbons start up from the backs of them and push eagerly on, flowers lean over the fronts of them, everything has a suggestion of leaping and springing and poising and craning the neck after the higher culture and Henrik Ibsen. The bows have a reaching, aspiring slant that almost takes one off one's feet like a woman's club paper. The dragon flies dip and dart straight toward the unknown. The leaves and the buds yearn and stretch and extend their arms, yet everything is airy, not too serious, a little radical. Hermes wears the winged cap, but he might assume himself by stealing Apollo's oxen. The woman wants to know, but she bends the brim and plaits it and pinches it at all sorts of unheard-of angles, and there's a sauciness about the milliner's expression of the feminine desire for information.

The hats are very flat, mind you, and those for early spring are not large. The trimmings are massed behind but they lean at an acute angle and the vanguard takes a new departure over the hair. Most of the toques are crownless, and the open-work gold braids one finds in every importation are most fanciful face framings. Gold, silver and black straps are about all that one sees; flower wreaths and lace hats make up the rest of the millinery.

This morning I saw a bonnet before which I was compelled to pause. It was made of a strip of gold galleon laid about the head and convoluted curiously. One angle stood up perky at the back like a little horn. On the extreme point of this horn fluttered a gold butterfly. Another butterfly poised in front over the galleon crinkles. The braid was sewn with pearls and next the hair was a thick wreath of crushed roses.

Two hats of black gauze were characteristic. Both were flat and curved down a little at the sides. One was loose in its meshes, light and misty. It had no trimming but a group of three or four "blov-

aways" just ready to take wing as the breeze touched them where they spread their feathers behind.

The other had at the back a great standing bow of ribbon of a peculiarly vivid rose pink, a color that exists in nature only in the ever-to-be-remembered wild roses of Cape Ann. With this ribbon was set a branch of rose leaves, and about the head under the lace and subdued in tint by shining through it was twisted more rose ribbon.

A hat that would be pretty for a far away bright face I'd like to see under it has a Tam O'Shanter crown of white net set with pearls. The brim is silver straw in



GOLD CHEVIOT—EMBROIDERED.

binds me to tell you about it—with narrow band of dark brown at the bottom. The bodice was cut off at the waist and the basque skirts were slightly tucked on all around, a belt hiding the seam. There was a shirt front of plain wool, and collar and revers of the darker color. A toque came with it of cloth with feather bands.

Much more novel than this dress was another of rough figured goods, white on silver, with peculiar bodice drappings on one side, like a wrap thrown carelessly over the shoulder. The spring wools come in soft neutral shades one expects at this season, and they are about as shaggy as the winter goods except that the hairy effects are in lines and threads instead of roughened broad surfaces. Narrow stripes are seen in abundance, but big plaids and broken plaids and big scantily sprinkled disks are equally favored.

At a Lenten reading last night, while my thoughts were properly busy with Dante—there's a good deal of Dante this season—my eyes took in two gowns. One was worn by an olive-skinned, brilliantly rosy girl. It was a dark blue, smooth-finished cloth, with a deep band of chamois cloth about the bottom. Big daisies had been cut out of the chamois and these were scattered over it, some venturing above and overlapping the blue. She had a chamois blouse well strewn with daisies.

The other frock was a silver gray, heavily corded cloth, worn by a beautiful white-haired woman with pink cheeks and the freshest of complexions. The Louis XIV coat was trig with pockets and pearl buttons, and opened on a waistcoat of silver silk, brocaded with spots of white, making a combination as effective to the eye as it is simple and unimpressive in description. Its wearers were also a low bonnet of silver lace embroidered with soft pink roses, the color of her blushes.

As likable as any of these perhaps, was a frock of dull pale gold cheviot embroidered exquisitely with silk of a darker shade picked out with gold. The forearm skirt went with a bodice whose fullness was drawn to a point in front and cut squarely off behind. Beneath it were set jacket pieces, and these and the yoke and the cuffs of the high sleeves were wonderfully wrought with embroidery. The dull gold had garniture of silk and flowers.

It is of use to try to say a word about the parasols? They're as indescribable as summer clouds and about as unsubstantial. They're very large this year and they have cloisonne handles, most delicately enamelled. Some are egg-shaped and some flare quite like umbrellas; those statements are more or less prosy and definite, but when it comes to the coverings, then toss up gauze and jewels and imagine them floating in air. Clear yellow



AT THE ARION BALL.

r-mentica with the accent on the third syllable and the r rolled as long as your tongue will permit."

Otero is pronounced Otairo with the accent on the second syllable, and both o's long and open. Bernhart is pronounced Baimhardt.

Amelie Rives Chanler, who electrified us with *The Quick or the Dead*, is still very ill in Paris. She has not been out of her apartments since October nor out of her bed since December. She worked desperately hard immediately after her marriage with Mr. Chanler in order to fulfill con-

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

Funeral Expenses

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

COLLECTED AND CONDENSED FROM MANY RELIABLE SOURCES.

Short Bits of Condensed Information for the Busy Merchant, the Fleet Employee, the Eager Student, the Habits of Men and People, and Some Curious Customs.

Cats were originally brought into England from Cyprus. A match-making machine cuts and shapes 10,000,000 matches in 10 hours. Some of the largest ocean steamers can be converted into armed cruisers in 30 hours.

Crows were anciently employed as letter carriers, as carrier pigeons are in modern times. It was James I. of England who first used the style of "sacred" and "most excellent majesty."

There was last year a decrease of nearly 4,000 in the number of marriages in France compared with 1888. Among every 1,000 bachelors there are 38 criminals; among married men the ratio is only 18 per 1,000.

In Australia, spring begins August 20, summer November 20, autumn February 20, and winter May 20. The insurance of houses and goods against fire began in London in 1667—the year following the great fire.

Great Britain used the first postage stamps in 1840. Brazil followed in 1845, and the United States in 1847. "To kick the bucket." A bucket is a pulley. When pigs are killed they are hung by their hind legs on a bucket.

There are some 50 millions of capital sunk in submarine telegraphs, and the whole electric coil stretched out would reach a length of over 120,000 miles. Women possess the full suffrage, or public rights of voting the same as men, in only three places in the world, viz.: Iceland, Isle of Man, and Pitcairn Island.

The first pineapple grown in England is said to have been forced by Charles II.'s own gardener, and to have been cut with great glee by the Merry Monarch himself. It is expected that next year's census will show for the whole of India a population of 270,825,116, all kept in order by a British force about twice the size of German army corps.

Homburg drives what may be called a roaring trade in wild beasts. Lions and tigers can be ordered at 1900 fr. apiece. A good rhinoceros, however, will fetch from over 8000fr. to 23,000fr. Good Friday is one of the best and most musical of the forms which the name of this day in Holy Week has assumed. In Bohemia it is called "Great Friday," in Southern Germany "Black Friday," in Denmark "Long Friday," and in Wales it is "Friday of the Lesson of the Cross." In some places also on the Continent it is called "Still Friday."

"Pig-iron" is a mere play upon the word iron. When iron is melted it runs off into a channel called a sewer, the lateral branches of which are called the pigs. Here the iron cools, and is called pig-iron. Sow has nothing to do with swine, but is from the Saxon "sawan," to scatter. Having sow for the parent channel, it required no great effort of wit to call the lateral grooves little pigs.

A scapular consists of two small squares of woollen cloth joined so that one hangs in front of the body and the other behind. Legend tells us that the Virgin Mary promised that she herself would deliver from purgatory on the first Saturday after death those who, besides wearing it, should recite daily the offices of Our Lady and abstain from flesh-meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The word "census" is derived from the ancient Romans, and signifies a declaration made before and registered by the censors, containing an enumeration in writing, given by the several subjects of the empire, of their respective names, places of abode, estates, quality, wives, children, domestics, tenants, slaves, etc. In the United Kingdom the census is now taken at decennial periods. The next census will take place in 1891.

There is no name for the cat in Hebrew, or any mention of it in the Bible; nor does it exist on the Babylonian and Assyrian monuments. Greek writers mention the aialuxos (a bear) carrying its tail like a plume as an animal to destroy for its skin. The cat was only known as a domestic pet in Egypt, and these people shaved their eyebrows as a sign of mourning when the house cat died. The Romans only received the animal into their houses to any considerable extent about the fourth century, and from thence "pussy" spread over Europe.

Degrees such as are now given in our Universities probably originated with the incorporation of Universities in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The term "Master" is believed to be the oldest among those of graduation. Pope Gregory IX. (1227-1241) is said first to have instituted the inferior rank of "Bachelor" and "Bachelors." The degrees of "Bachelor and Master of Arts" were conferred in Oxford in the time of Henry III., and the degree of "Master of Arts" probably much earlier. The degrees for Laws are said to have come into use in 1149.

The earliest known complete printed book is a Latin Bible, printed by John Gutenberg and John Fust, at Mentz, in South Germany, in 1455, seventeen years after the invention of printing. A copy of this Bible is in the British Museum. It is called the "Mazarin Bible," from a copy found in the library of Cardinal Mazarin, who died on the 9th of March, 1661. This Bible, when perfect, fetches an enormous price. Sir John Thorold's copy sold in December, 1884, for £3,900; Earl of Crawford's copy in 1887 for £2,650; and the Earl of Hopeton's which was sold in February, 1889, for £2,000, notwithstanding imperfections in volume IV.

Death by precipitation is one of the oldest modes of capital punishment. It prevailed widely over the earth in primitive times. In olden times saint days were regarded as lucky days, and were marked on the calendar with red ink. From this sprang the term red-letter-day.

The Chinese have no word which will compare with our English "Amen," they say instead four words meaning "The heart wishes exactly so." "Gone to the dogs." This phrase is undoubtedly a perversion of the Dutch proverb, Toe goe, toe de dogs, meaning—"Money gone, credit gone too!"

Milliner is a corruption of "Milaner," from Milan, which city at one time gave the fashion to Europe in all matters of taste in dress, as Paris in more recent days. There is a custom in Germany that apprentices, after the expiration of their term of service, shall travel two years before becoming masters—hence journey men.

"Shell out" (i. e., out with your shells or money) is probably derived from the fact that in Southern Asia, and many other parts of the world, shells are used instead of coins. The Plymouth brethren are so termed because the first appeared at Plymouth in 1830; twenty years afterwards they only possessed thirty-two places in England and Wales.

The application of a key down the back for stopping bleeding at the mouth is an old plan. The stopping by the key is due to some nervous mechanism, which is not very well understood. "Bravo!" ("Well done!" "Excellent!" or money) is an Italian exclamation of praise, the superlative form of which is "bravissimo." It is commonly used in England without distinction of gender or number, but the Italians say "bravo" to a male singer or actor, "brava" to a lady, and "bravi" to a company of actors or singers.

There are over 80,000 stuttering children in the schools of Germany. The increase has been so great during the past four years that the defect is considered contagious. The famous Dr. Gutzman is authority for the statement that the increase is due to mimicry; that the young mimics who imitate stutterers soon become involuntary stutterers. The schools of the city of Breslau have a total of 2,400 stuttering children.

At Berlin and London the longest day has 16½ hours. At Stockholm and Upsala the longest day has 18½ hours, and the shortest 5½. At Hamburg, Danzig and Stettin the longest day has 17 hours, and the shortest 7. At St. Petersburg and Tobolsk the longest has 19, and the shortest 5 hours. In Finland the longest day has 21½ hours, and the shortest 2½. At Wandorbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st May to 22nd July, without interruption, and in Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half.

"Finding a mare's nest." What we call a nightmare was, by our forefathers, supposed to be the Saxon demon Mara or Mare, a kind of vampire, sitting on the sleeper's chest. These vampires were said to be the guardians of hidden treasures, over which they brooded as hens over their eggs, and the place where they sat was termed their nidus or nest. Hence, when anyone supposes he has made a great discovery, we ask if he has discovered a mare's nest, or the place where the vampire keeps guard over the hypothetical treasures.

Sporting Mortality.—It is generally supposed that football is a much more dangerous game than cricket, but, according to statistics compiled by an assurance company, the reverse is the case. Two months were taken—January and June, 1890—as representative of winter and summer sports respectively. The first named showed claims as follows: Boxing, 4; skating, 1; football, 23; shooting, 28; hockey, 2; bowls, 2; hunting, 19; riding, 4; dancing, 5; billiards, tennis, dumb-bells, and golf, 1 each—total, 108. Summer sports worked out as follows: Bowls, 1; cycling, 31; riding, 40; cricket, 34; tennis, 17; rowing, 10; rinking, 3; wrestling, 1; swimming, 6; shooting, 2; polo, 3—total, 148.

A camel has twice the carrying power of an ox. With an ordinary load of 400 lbs. he can travel twelve or fourteen days without water, going 40 miles a day. They are fit to work at 5 years old, but their strength begins to decline at 25, although they live usually to 40. They are often fattened at 30 for the butcher, the flesh tasting like beef. The tartars have herds of these animals, often 1000 belonging to one family. They were numerous in antiquity, for the patriarch Job had 3000. The Timbuctoo or Meharri breed is remarkable for speed, and used only for couriers, going 800 miles in 8 days, with a meal of dates or grain at nightfall. Napoleon conveyed 1500 infantry on camels across the desert from Cairo to St. Jean d'Arc.

The pillory was one of our humorous punishments. It was merely an uncomfortable form of the stool of repentance, still used, apparently in Syke, and in his day extremely familiar to Robert Burns. There was no great harm in the pillory, if the populace did not throw mud, rotten eggs, dead cats, cabbage stalks, and so forth at the criminal. The pillory was used in England till about the date of the Battle of Waterloo. Good men and bad have stood in it, De Foe and Titus Oates. Occasionally they were greeted with roses and myrtles, and had quite a triumph; at other times their ears were cut off and they were pelted. In 1814, Lord Cochrane, the naval hero, was ordered to be pilloried; Sir Francis Burdett said he would stand by Lord Cochrane's side, and the punishment was not inflicted. Owing to the limited number of reviewers in bygone times, authors were pilloried very frequently. Payne, of the "Historic-Maxims," was a noted instance. The stocks was merely a sedentary form of the pillory, and not uncomfortable, as in the old stocks remaining in some country places the curious may assure themselves. The cutty stool is an ecclesiastical form of the pillory, with a sermon thrown in.—Daily News.

France makes yearly 26 million pairs of gloves, and exports 18 million pairs. In 10 years ending 1880 Great Britain imported 15 million pairs per annum, valued at 1½ million sterling.

It is said that Whithred, King of Kent, used the sign of the cross (X) for the mark to his grants, he being unable to write his name; and that from him originated the custom of signing with the cross.

The title "Reverend" was, until the sixteenth century, addressed to many others besides clergymen, such as to judges and eminent writers; but from that time its use has been strictly confined to the clergy.

The largest Christian place of worship in the world is the church of St. Peter's, in Rome, which has a capacity for a congregation of 51,000 persons. St. Paul's Cathedral, London, will hold a congregation of 26,000.

The horse-shoe was superstitiously supposed to scare away witches. To shoe the cloven hoof was to subvert its possessor. Like a good many other superstitions, it lives long, but is surely dying out. Even Nelson had a horse-shoe nailed to the mast of the Victory.

An ordinary goat gives a quart of milk daily, and lives 10 years. The Turkish breed, known as Angora, produces a fine hair worth 2s. per lb.—say 2 lbs. per goat worth 4s.—the third of the goats in South Africa are Angora or mixed breed, the first having been introduced from Smyrna in 1860.

The last Kings of the Isle of Man were the Duke of Athol, who sold their rights of sovereignty in 1765 to the British government for £72,000, but they did not give up their manorial rights, etc., till 1825; since then only has the Isle of Man been an actual dependency of the British crown. The government paid to the Athol family for their manorial rights, etc., £416,000.

In 1860 the numerical strength of the Russian army was almost equal (90 per cent.) to the military strength of Austria and the whole German union combined. But in 1890 the military strength of united Germany alone became superior, by about half a million, to that of Russia, not to speak of much better equipment and organization. That of Austria is just double the military strength of Russia. Thus, comparatively, Russia is twice as weak now as she was 30 years ago, though her population has increased from 71 millions to 113 millions (61 per cent.), whilst the population of Austria and united Germany have increased in the same period only by 2½ per cent. Their gain is evidently due not to numbers, but to better organization.

The "biggest thing in knives"—and what has long been the wonder of the world of cutlers—is a knife with blades, or instruments, to the number of 1821, now in the possession of Mr. Joseph Rodgers, of the well-known Sheffield firm. This unique article was invented and made by Mr. Jonathan Crookes while in Mr. Rodgers' employ, but now himself a master cutler of Sheffield. Probably the knife next in interest to the multiple marvel is one made in Germany to the order of a wealthy American hardware dealer of Cincinnati. This instrument—literally a chest of tools in itself—has 56 blades, comprising one for almost every imaginable variety of use, from a toothpick or cigar probe to scissors or a hand-saw. The handle is of tortoiseshell, and it weighs altogether 13 lbs.—scarcely a pocket implement.

That curious aboriginal race—the Aztecs—attained quite a high state of art in wood-working, though they knew nothing of steel. Their tools were wholly of glass, in the manufacture of which they seemed to have been highly skilled. They used flint axes to chop trees, and for rough hewing of logs; but in the accurate fitting—knives, chisels and saws—very deftly, and with beautiful results. The best collection of their tools is in the city of Mexico, but the Smithsonian institution at Washington also contains several interesting specimens.

At the latter place there is a ceaba-wood post with carved hieroglyphics and faces all done with glass, and upon it can still be seen bits of the original chisel sticking where they broke off three centuries ago under the hand of the workman. When the edge of their glass tool became blunt with use they broke it from the end, instead of sharpening it, and thus procured a new cutting line.

Cork, as is well known, is one of the very best non-conducting mediums, and has been used for covering steam pipes but for the difficulty of bending it to suit different diameters and curves of pipes without breaking. A system, however, has now been introduced by a Liverpool company, by which cork in strips, backed by specially-prepared canvas, can be easily wrapped round pipes of any diameter or shape, from one inch and upwards. The company have already applied it with marked success to a large number of steamers, including some of the largest vessels afloat. Besides its outstanding characteristics of great lightness and compressibility, cork has other advantages for this purpose. Amongst these are its incombustibility, in lightness, its imperturbability—which defies equally heat, frost, and water—its great durability; its resistance of shocks and vibrations of all kinds, and its absolute non-injuriousness to the pipes. As to its lightness specially—perhaps its highest recommendation for ship work—the weight per square foot of this cork covering is only 8 to 9 oz. for the thickest size, and 4 oz. for the thinnest (for 1½-in. pipe), while the lightest of other compositions now largely used has an average weight of 2 lbs. per square foot. The advantages of cork in respect of weight-saving will, therefore, be evident, especially in its application to torpedo and other swift vessels of war, and to speedy passenger steamers.

Stand Your Ground. When you make up your mind to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy some other preparation instead. Hood's and all that "ours" is as good as Clerks may claim that "ours" is as good as equalled. Therefore have nothing to do with substitutes and insist upon having Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood-purifier and building-up medicine.

SHE WORE PLUMBERS.

Here's a New Wrinkle in Feminine Devices For This Girls to Consider.

"Never hear of plumbers?" asked a lady friend of mine the other day. "No," said I. "What new feminine device is this, for goodness sake?" "Well," she replied—we were calling, at the time, at the house of a mutual friend—"just you notice Miss—when she comes down stairs and tell me if you notice anything strange or remarkable in her appearance."

The Miss—referred to, be it said, is a tall and somewhat angular young woman of uncertain age, but who is possessed of a considerable degree of personal vanity and a more than ordinary desire to appear at her very best upon any and all occasions.

In a few moments she appeared and, although greeting us cordially, we entered into a general conversation. Nothing very remarkable about her, thought I.

"Wall," said I to my lady friend after our departure. "I have scanned Miss—pretty closely but failed to notice anything worth commenting upon in her appearance. She talked as if she had something in her mouth."

"I was interrupted at this point by a peal of laughter. "Why, what on earth are you laughing at?" said I. "And, by the way, I ask you—did it not strike you that Miss—is growing somewhat stouter? Her face seems to be somewhat plumper."

"There," interrupted my friend, "now you have it. Miss—had 'plumbers' in her mouth." To my look of inquiry and astonishment she responded: "Plumbers you see, are small round shaped affairs like a doll's saucer. They are made of rubber, and when held in place in the mouth they cause a woman's cheeks to become plump and round. When ladies have lost some of their teeth plumbers come into play; prevent their jaws from appearing lantern shaped or their features from being angular."

"Heaven and earth!" said I. "What will the feminine mind conceive next?" "Oh," she responded, "there are lots of things about feminine attire that you have not yet heard of."—New York Herald.

From Hand to Mouth. "From hand to mouth," he gaily said; Then kissed her hand which quickly led From those white little finger tips To one upon her rosy lips. She blushed and blundered extremely red.

She dropped her blonde and shapely head. The first one was a kiss well-bred; The second put it in eclipse— From hand to mouth.

They married ere that year had fled. For then the future held no dread; For youth expects well laden trips. But dreams are gone; they live instead. From hand to mouth.

—America.

WHAT DOES THE MICROBE KILLER DO? It is a Specific for SORE and ULCERATED THROAT, CHOP, DIPHTHERIA, ETC. THE microbes of these diseases are destroyed immediately upon application. They need be no longer feared; they are conquered by MICROBE KILLER. STOMACH TROUBLES, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, SICK HEADACHE are generally caused by fermentation, which shows itself in a sour stomach, wind in stomach, heartburn or water-brash. As MICROBE KILLER always destroys and prevents fermentation, these troubles are always cured, and sometimes immediately relieved. KIDNEYS, LIVER, BLADDER and HEART are acted upon by MICROBE KILLER in a manner to thoroughly renovate and restore them to their normal condition. People who have doctored for years with no apparent results are perfectly and permanently cured by using MICROBE KILLER. ASTHMA and BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS are relieved and cured by the medicine, as many can testify. CONSUMPTION and LUNG DISEASE find the MICROBE KILLER the only medicine that can successfully cope with them. The disease is arrested at once, so that it makes no progress. The remaining work is to destroy and throw off the microbes already in the system. This takes time, but meantime the patient is made more comfortable and gains in strength and appetite. One patient, after trying all other remedies, remarks that "MICROBE KILLER" is the only medicine a consumptive can tie to. CATARRH is one of the most common and most obstinate of all diseases. Ordinary cases yield readily to MICROBE KILLER. Chronic cases take longer time, but are effectually cured by faithful treatment. RHEUMATISM and kindred complaints have a mortal enemy in MICROBE KILLER. One physician writes us: "I believe that RHEUMATISM can be cured almost always." Sometimes it is aggravated at first, for the medicine attacks the disease vigorously. Continued use will cure chronic more slowly, but all with certainty. MALARIA, CHILLS AND FEVER, AND ALL FEVERS, are positively and absolutely cured by MICROBE KILLER. Acute cases speedily and effectually cured by MICROBE KILLER than by any other known medicine. It is, in short, A Perfect Blood Remedy. THE PRICE IS \$3.00 PER WINE GALLON. C. H. PENDLETON, General Agent for New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and P. E. Island, ADELAIDE ROAD, NORTH END, ST. JOHN, N. B. HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM McCABE, L. L. B., F. I. A., MANAGING DIRECTOR.

THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY MAKES A RECORD UNEXCELLED BY THAT OF ANY OTHER COMPANY. EXTRACTS FROM Annual Statement 1890. A gain in the Surplus over that of the preceding year of Eighty per cent. The Cash Interest Income shows an increase of forty-three per cent, and was more than sufficient to pay the Death Losses of the year. Profits to Policy-Holders in matured Policies in EXCESS of the Company's Semi-Tontine Estimates. Large INCREASE in Assets. Large INCREASE in Premium Income. Large INCREASE in Insurance in Force. DECREASE in Losses. DECREASE in Expenses. DECREASE in the Average of Terminations. Where is the Portrait? W. T. STANDEEN, of the Actuary Society of America, a distinguished Consulting Actuary of eminence and experience, in his report, says of the North American Life: "The large gain shown in every department, making from ten to eighty per cent, makes a record unexcelled by that of any other Company." Mr. STANDEEN further states: "As a matter of great interest for the North American Policy-Holders, an examination will show that the percentage of increase in surplus as compared with the Assets is 61.2 per cent for the past year, as against less than four per cent for the average of other leading companies doing business in Canada, as shown by their last report. The above is only a small part of the conclusive proof that can be furnished to intending insurers, to show that it is to their own individual interest to take out policies in the North American, in preference to any other company. To this statement, it may also be worth while to append the following, to be found among the many reasons that can be given: During the present year, the first series of the Company's Ten-year Investment Policies matures. The consulting Actuary has allocated to these policies, in excess of the Company's Semi-Tontine estimates, which will be paid on the due date of each policy, and which have, been very satisfactory to those whose policies have already matured. This Company was the first Canadian institution to adopt this form of Insurance, and it has become so popular, that nearly all the other Canadian Companies—several of them after denouncing it for years—now issue policies upon it, in one form or another. VROOM & ARNOLD, - - - Agents, - - - SAINT JOHN, N. B. NOTHING COMES UP TO THIS. THE 16-PAGE PROGRESS FOR ONE YEAR AND Webster's Great Dictionary, for only \$3.75. 1615 WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY 1890 ILLUSTRATIONS AND AN APPENDIX OF THE NEW WORDS. PAGES OLD SUBSCRIBERS whose subscriptions expired BEFORE FEBRUARY 1st, can obtain WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY and PROGRESS for another year for \$3.25. Those who reside out of town can take advantage of this offer by remitting 25 cents additional for express charges. Remit by Post Office or Express. EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher of PROGRESS.

THEY AD... POINTS ON... CATION... How the Myster... House of Mr... Unravell'd-A... and Its Reman... I should not... so simple a stor... propose to grind... an opportunit... two or three st... been a crank... these is personal... Oh in the cour... I have se... last week Polic... ly that the man... of Reinangel's... was Reinangel's...



him because they... However, it was... the feet two in... hundred and fift... angel's brother... and so that forc... through the li... Then I rememb... tively identify... the bushel of potato... her house in the m... recognized him by... Cross examination... tainty, but it dev... facts.

It appeared the... ness, Mr. John... the club about 2... robbery; and afte... his watch key, he... ment trying to c... stairs led up to... tial to solve this... might get up to... necessary disturb...

He removed his... steps might not... took hold of the... They kept still... become convinced... general way, and... in which he wante... a dozen steps. He... He was aware of... house was turning... that he could not... the cellar or the... much attention up... got to hold on to... result, he fell to... crash.

This frightful r... of the night awak... "burglars" in a... elephants. Flukes... died his wife at a... to be somewhat... yelled "burglars!"... buried her head... while a male servan... the garret, fired a... through the roof, a... a closet.

I do not pretend... hold straightened... was done until morn... the pi-misses revea... was missing but the... toes. With this clu... soon arrested a tra... that he hadn't eat... potato during the p... "Clever detective... officer who made the... at headquarters. TH...



ously and remark... have a big story for... two. At the Central... hesitatingly pick... of a group of poli... noticeably overfed... to judge by his emac... which he had referre...

appearing lantern shaped or their
ures from being angular."
Heaven and earth" said I. "What
the feminine mind conceive next?"
"Ah," she responded, "there are lots
of feminine attire that you have
not heard of."—New York Herald.

THEY ALL KNEW HIM.

POINTS ON PERSONAL IDENTIFICATION IN THE COURTS.

How the Mystery of the Burglary in the
House of Mr. John Flukes was Cleverly
Unraveled—A Queer Case in the Courts
and Its Remarkable Ending.

I should not think it worth while to tell
so simple a story as the one which I now
propose to grind out, if it did not give me
an opportunity to speak instructively about
two or three subjects on which I have long
been a crank. The most important of
these is personal identification as it is prac-
ticed in the courts.

Oh, I have seen so much of it! Only
last week Policeman Schlob swore positive-
ly that the man seen entering the side door
of Reinangel's saloon on Sunday afternoon
was Reinangel's brother-in-law. He knew



A SUSPICIOUS NOISE.

him because they had been friends from
boyhood. It was shown by other evidence,
however, that the man in question was six
feet two in his stockings, and weighed one
hundred and fifteen pounds, while Rein-
angel's brother-in-law was five feet three,

and so fat that he couldn't have been
forced through the door by a hydraulic
press. But the license was not revoked.

Then I remember seeing a woman posi-
tively identify the thief who stole half a
bushel of potatoes out of the back cellar of
her house in the middle of the night. She
recognized him by the color of his eyes.

Cross examination failed to shake her cer-
tainty, but it developed some interesting
facts.

It appeared that the husband of the wit-
ness, Mr. John Flukes, came home from
the club about 2 a. m. on the night of the
robbery; and after unlocking the door with
his watch key, he paused in the hall a mo-
ment trying to decide whether the front
stairs led up or down. It was quite essen-
tial to solve this problem in order that he
might get up to bed without creating un-
necessary disturbance.

He removed his plug hat so that his foot-
steps might not awake his wife, and then
took hold of the stairs to steady them. They
kept still long enough for him to become
convinced that they led up, in a general
way, and as that was the direction in
which he wanted to go, he ascended half a
dozen steps. Here he sat down to reflect.

He was aware of a slight noise but the
house was turning over, and over so fast
that he could not tell whether it came from
the cellar or the attic. He bestowed so
much attention upon listening that he for-
got to hold on to the stairs, and, as a
result, he fell to the bottom with a resound-
ing crash.

This frightful rumpus in the still watches
of the night awoke Mrs. Flukes, who yelled
"burglars" in a voice like fifty wounded
elephants. Flukes, not desiring to contradi-
ct his wife at a time when he felt himself
to be somewhat at a disadvantage, also
yelled "burglars!" whereupon Mrs. Flukes
buried her head under the bedclothes,
while a male servant, whose room was in
the garret, fired a double-barreled shot-gun
through the roof, and locked himself into
a closet.

I do not pretend to know how the house-
hold straightened itself out, but nothing
was done until morning, when a search of
the premises revealed the fact that nothing
was missing but the half bushel of pota-
toes. With this clue to work on, the police
soon arrested a tramp who was heard to say
that he hadn't eaten anything except one
potato during the past ten days.

"Clever detective work, too," said the
officer who made the arrest to the reporters
at headquarters. Then he winked mysteri-

ously and remarked that he expected to
have a big story for the boys in a day or
two.

At the Central station Mr. Flukes un-
hesitatingly picked the suspected man out
of a group of policemen who were all
noticeably overfed, while the tramp—well,
to judge by his emaciation, the potato to
which he had referred must have been a

very small one. The identification left no
doubt in the mind of anybody but the
tramp, who began to wonder whether he
might not be guilty after all. However,
to make assurance doubly sure, the ser-
vant, Leggs, was sent for by the police in
the course of the afternoon. He was loaded
for an identification. He had heard Mr.
Flukes at lunch-time describe to Mrs.
Flukes the formidable and desperate ap-
pearance of the man with whom he had
struggled in the dead of night in defense
of their home. The villainous physiognomy
pictured by Mr. Flukes made such a deep
impression on the mind of Leggs that,
when he arrived at the station, he promptly
identified Ward Detective "Plug" Swagly
as the criminal.

The alleged feelings of Mr. Swagly were
so much hurt by this mistake that he offered
to prove that Leggs had committed burg-
lary, highway robbery or treason in March,
1884, or on any other date that was con-
venient to the authorities. All that Mr.
Swagly asked was an hour and a half to
collect his witnesses. This liberal offer
was refused, but it frightened Leggs so
badly that he couldn't be found on the day
when the tramp came up for preliminary
examination. I am inclined to think that
his alarm was unnecessary, and that the
ward detective had over-estimated his
powers, because, a week later, when Leggs
was clubbed half to death in an alley near
the Flukes residence, Swagly was wholly
unable to discover the perpetrator of the
deed.

But where Leggs failed, Mrs. Flukes
was strong. At the preliminary examina-
tion, she did not hesitate for an instant.
His honor asked her to fix her eyes on the
prisoner, and she did so, with a severity
that should have been good for a commu-
tion of his sentence on the ground that he
had been punished enough already. She
was going on to tell how she happened to
buy the bushel of potatoes, half of which
were stolen, when the justice interposed
and said:

"Do you recognize the prisoner as the
man who entered your house on the night
of November 3, last past, and stole a peck
of potatoes?"

"Four pecks in a bushel, your honor,"
whispered the clerk.

"Certainly, sir; do not interrupt me. I
was about to say to the witness: Do you
recognize the prisoner as the man who en-
tered your house on the night of Novem-
ber 3, last past, and stole a peck of pota-
toes in each hand?"

It is nearly impossible to find a subject
which a police justice does not thoroughly
understand, if you give him leisure to tell
you what he meant to say when he spoke
the first time.

Mrs. Flukes was willing to swear to the
prisoner or to him, as it pleased the court.
Every time she discovered a peculiarity of
his features or clothing which she had
not previously noticed, she recognized him
by that. Then the policeman on the beat
was called, and he told what he had been
dreaming about at 2 o'clock on the morn-
ing in question.

Swagly, who made the arrest, also gave
testimony which was very damaging—in

"I wonder you don't enter the prize
ring," said Mrs. Wings to Scales, her
grocer. "Me, ma'am? Lord, ma'am, would
I be doing that for?" "It only occurred
to me that you might compete for the
lightweight championship."—St. Joseph
News.

"Yes, Maude, you know last year I was
ill for a long time with the jaundice."—
Judge.

Daisy Flutter—Oh, Maisy, I don't know
what to do. Old Mr. Doddering and Jack
Margin have both proposed, and— Maisy
Margit—(Take!) Doddering. He's already
rich and already old. Jack is not rich,
but he is sure of getting old.

"Drawing teacher—"Now this is a sym-
metrical figure. Can any one tell me
what symmetry is? Ah! there is a little
boy with his hand up. What is symmetry,
little boy? The lieutenant—"On a girl's
check it is a place where they bury dead
pale."—Light.

Miss Quisby—"Ah! You army men,
lieutenant, are too conceited. Why, there's
not one in a hundred that ever smells
powder." The lieutenant—"I have though."

"Miss Quisby—Really, how romantic!
Where?" The lieutenant—"On a girl's
check!"—Buffalo Express.

A lady of fashion of advanced age requir-
ed the services of a page boy, and advertis-
ed, "Youth wanted." One of her dearest
friends sent her by the next post a bottle
of Blank's celebrated wrinkle filler and skin
tightener, a pot of fairy bloom, a set of
false teeth, a flaxen wig, and a cake of
iodine soap.

"What did Miss Leflower do when she
awoke and found the burglar in her room
scream?" "Not much. She transfixed
him with her cold, gray eye, pointed to
the door, and hissed: 'Leave me!'" "He
exclaimed that he had no notion of taking
her."—Puck.

"Please Stop My Paper."
Now a newspaper, in one aspect, is some-
thing like a hotel table. It presents to its
readers literary viands and views from
many different writers on many different
subjects, to suit many different persons of
many different tastes. There is something
for the old and the young; for ministers
and laymen, for parents and children, for
the poetic and the prosaic, for the practical
and devotional; and in short, for "all sorts
and conditions of men"—and women, too.
If, now, one of these classes of persons ob-
jected to articles suited for any of the other
classes, and rejects a newspaper on that
account, he is just as unreasonable in this
as if he refused to take his dinner at a hotel
table because he dislikes some articles of
food which others enjoy.—Lutheran Ob-
server.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

"Did you sit in the stalls at the opera?"
"No. I was 'way up stairs, in the oper-
atic."—Puck.

"Maggie, I believe if it wasn't for my
hateful money, Julian would have proposed
long ago. Don't you think so?" "Yes,
—to me."—Life.

"You can't walk straight or talk straight
or do anything straight." "That all you
know 'bout it. Been drinkin' whiskey
straigh' all evenin'."—Puck.

Cora—"I do so adore a masquerade
ball; one can be made love to and no one
knows who is who. Her friend (sweetly)—
"Lucky for you, dear; isn't it?"—Judge.

Bessie—"Who is that man who comes
here Sundays? Mother—Why, that's your
father, child. Bessie—Where is he other
days? Mother—At the club.—Harvard
Lampoon.

Willoughby—"Let me bask in the light
of your dear eyes!" Her papa (from
above)—"Young man, if you only use
the light of her eyes my gas bill wouldn't
be so dear!"—Judge.

"Mrs. Small, this coffee won't settle,"
complained McWatty to his boarding-house
keeper. "Then it is in good com-
pany, Mr. McWatty," replied Mrs. Small,
triggily.—New York Sun.

She—Why didn't you congratulate him
just now? He's going to be married. He
—Well, you see, I couldn't conscientiously
congratulate Haines on marrying a girl
that would have him.—Life.

George—Yes, sir, I can not tell a lie—I
did it. Washington, sr.—Well, that's all
right about the lie, but (whack!) I've
think (whack!) you can't tell a cherry tree
(whack! whack!) next time.—Puck.

Mrs. Bleecher (of New York)—The law
gives a widow her third in Illinois, I believe?
Mrs. Wiggery (of Chicago)—Oh, no! I
had to hustle for my third, just as I did for
my first and second.—Brooklyn Lion.

Wine and women are alike. They both
increase us. "Yes, but they are very
difficult in many respects. Wine is
always reported to be older than it is, and
women to be younger than they are."

Man in the audience (to his neighbor)—
"Who is that at the piano?" Neighbor—
"Ida Klein." Inquirer (angrily)—"Well,
decline if you want, you ungracious
cad!" (Surprise of questioner).—Judge.

She—So you are just from Minneapolis.
How did the people out there receive your
lectures on the "Supreme Qualities of
Shakespeare?" He—Well, when I finished,
the audience gave three cheers for Bacon.

Foreman—"That article about the Mc-
Coy murder has all pried. What shall I
do?" Editor—"Shove the type together,
head it 'The Political Situation,' and place
it in the editorial column."—American
Stationer.

Old John—"When I wor a young
fellow like yo', Sam, I worn't so fond ob
ventilatin' my opinions as yo' are, sah!"
Young Yallerly—"Huh! I don't wondah
you ventilates 'em now." Dhey am musty
enough, sah!"—Judge.

She—Those horrid snappers are in
that sleight. His not generally knowed, but
Clara, the one in white, is going to marry
Lord Duncastle purely for spite. He—
From spite? She—Yes; she was virtually
jilted by her father's coachman.—Life.

"I wonder you don't enter the prize
ring," said Mrs. Wings to Scales, her
grocer. "Me, ma'am? Lord, ma'am, would
I be doing that for?" "It only occurred
to me that you might compete for the
lightweight championship."—St. Joseph
News.

She stood upon the platform scale,
Her lover by her side,
Her dimpled cheeks were rosy red,
Her murmured: "Be my bride,"
With downcast eye and fluttering hand,
Love's summons to obey,
She placed a nickel in the tender's hand,
And gave herself a weight.

PUBLIC SAFETY DEMANDS

That only honest and reliable medicines
should be placed upon the market. It can-
not, therefore, be stated too emphatically,
nor repeated too often, that all who are in
need of a genuine blood-purifier should
be sure and ask for

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla. Your life, or that of some one
near and dear to you, may depend on the
use of this well-approved remedy in prefer-
ence to any other preparation of similar
name. It is compounded of Honduras sa-
parilla (the variety most rich in curative
properties), sassailla, mandrake, yellow
dock, and the iodides. The process of man-
ufacture is original, skillful, scrupulously
clean, and such as to secure the very best
medicinal qualities of each ingredient. This
medicine is not boiled nor heated, and is,
therefore, not a decoction; but it is a com-
pound extract, obtained by a method ex-
clusively our own, of the best and most
powerful alteratives, tonics, and diuretics
known to pharmacy. For the last forty
years, Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

has been the standard blood-purifier of
the world—no other approaching it in popu-
lar confidence or universal demand. Its for-
mula is approved by leading physicians and
druggists. Being pure and highly con-
centrated, it is the most economical of any
possible blood medicine. Every purchaser
of Sarsaparilla should insist upon having
this preparation and see that each bottle
bears the well-known name of

J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Lowell, Mass.

In every quarter of the globe Ayer's Sar-
saparilla is a household name, and the best remedy for
all diseases of the blood. Lowell druggists
unite in testifying to the superior excellence
of this medicine and to its great popularity
in the city of its manufacture.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists. \$1.50 per bottle.

FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.

A great reduction
will be made in
Hair Switches
AT THE
ST. JOHN
HAIR STORE

113 Charlotte St.
Opp. Dufferin Hotel

Ladies' and Gents' WIGS,

at the
AMERICAN HAIR
STORE, CHAR-
LOTTE STREET.
Up one flight.

THE NEW CANADIAN LITERARY MAGAZINE.

A Monthly Journal of Religion, Patriotism, Science
and Literature.
Edited by MATTHEW RICHIEY KNIGHT.

CANADA will number among its contributors
Charles G. D. Roberts, Archibald Lampman, J. M.
Lennon, James Macdonald Oxyley, James Hannay,
Arthur J. Lockhart, Thomas G. Marquis, Mrs. S.
A. Carson, Miss Mary Barry Smith, J. Hunter
Daver, Fred E. G. Lloyd, H. L. Spencer, and many
other well known Canadian writers.

CANADA will contain the following departments:
Our Contributors; Red Pen and Scissors; The
Editor's Fortnightly Table; Juvenile Canada;
Records of Events; Olla Podrida.
Only 50 cents a year; five copies to one address,
\$2.00. Canadian one and three cent stamps will
be received in payment of single subscriptions. Send
5 cents for sample copy. Address: "CANADA,"
Benton, New Brunswick.

5 Packs of Cards, FREE.

One Pack, May 1, C. U. Home; One Pack, Escort;
One Pack, Flirtation; One Pack, Hold to the light;
One Pack, Softly and gently; One Sample
book full of Novelties, all FREE, if you send 5c.
A. W. KINNEY, S. J. P., YARMOUTH, N. S.

THE CANADA Sugar Refining Co. Montreal. (Limited)

Redpath



We are now putting up, expressly
for family use, the finest quality of
PURE SUGAR SYRUP

not adulterated with Corn Syrup,
in 2 lb. cans with moveable top.
For Sale by all Grocers.

Advertisement for various stores including China, Glass, Lamps, Oil & Kitchen Furnishings, Music Store, and Gorbell Art Store.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 Prince William Street.

Kindly remember us when you are selecting your purchases.
We have a very varied stock, at prices to suit all, of
FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, PLATED WARE.

RESTRICTED, OR UNRESTRICTED, WHICH?

Opened this week a Mammoth Spring Stock of Boots and Shoes,
In all the very latest Novelties, yet produced by the most skilled Artisans in America.

20th CENTURY STORE, 12 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Advertisement for Diner Pills, a medicine for digestive ailments, including a testimonial from Mrs. Waterbury.

EVENING CLASSES. A PLAIN, EASY, RAPID STYLE OF WRITING.

ST. JOHN INSTITUTE OF PENMANSHIP AND BOOK-KEEPING, BERRYMAN'S HALL.

Advertisement for Progress Engraving Bureau, offering portraits, advertisements, and catalogues.

Blackmore

Advertisement for Equity Sale in the Supreme Court in Equity, listing property details and legal proceedings.

Advertisement for The Press (New York) newspaper, detailing subscription rates and publication details.

Advertisement for David Connell, a livery and boarding stable, offering horse care services.

Advertisement for Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. featuring a circular logo and text about medicinal products.

Advertisement for P. E. Island, N. B., mentioning various services and products.

Advertisement for Insurance, listing various types of policies and benefits offered.

Advertisement for St. John, N. B., and a large 'NO THIS FOR ONE YEAR' offer for \$3.75.

Advertisement for a book or publication, mentioning 'PROGRESS' and subscription information.

OUR HISTORY CONTEST.

A PRIZE OF ONE DOLLAR FOR SOME BRIGHT READER.

Four Questions in History To Be Answered—The Aim of the Contest—Same Rules as Govern the Bible Question Competition.

Almost everybody has studied more or less history. Much of it has vanished with their school days and questions which sometime ago could be easily answered are somewhat puzzling today.

The successful competitor of history competition No. 1 will be announced in next week's PROGRESS. Owing to the early hour of going to press with this portion of the paper (Wednesday morning) it is impossible to give this information in the issue following that in which questions appear.

HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION NO. 2.

- 1. Where did M. deMonts first, governor general of Acadia, first make a settlement?
2. From whom did Acadia receive the name of Nova Scotia?
3. What was the name of Prince Edward Island previous to 1794?
4. Who was governor of New Brunswick in 1825, and what great disaster occurred that year?

History is the record of human actions, the deeds of human beings, individually and in the aggregate. In reading its pages—when they contain more than mere statements of names, dates, and dry digests of laws, political acts, etc.—the student, it may be supposed, endeavors to form some mental conception of the actors; to conjure them up in the chamber of his imagination in the form and habit in which they lived.

In this way the artist is a historian when he preserves on his canvass the linaments of the noted characters of his time. To range through a gallery of historical portraits is to realize the past in a vivid manner; to receive, it may be, a clearer insight into the characters of famous or notorious men and women of the past than the printed historical page can convey.

England is very rich in historical portraits, and no more interesting exhibition could be given. It is a resurrection of the past, and a reminder that there lived many a strong man before the Agamemnons of the present day, and that neither good nor evil deeds enacted on a conspicuous stage are forgotten in this world.

Canada would have a very interesting historical gallery if portraits of the noted men who have in some way helped to influence, and make her history, were hung up on its walls.

Canada's history from first to last has been connected with general history; with the most stirring movements in France and England; their long rivalries on the American continent met in Canada and were decided on the Plains of Abraham.

Canada would have a very interesting historical gallery if portraits of the noted men who have in some way helped to influence, and make her history, were hung up on its walls.

Severely practical men who believe that a country's greatness is best displayed by an exhibition of its products and manufac-

turing interests will scout at the idea of a gallery of national portraits. But man does not live by beef and vegetables alone, and all the interests of life are not confined to buying and selling.

Following the crowd. A Detroitier who returned from Buffalo the other day, decided to walk to his home on Adams avenue. After getting up to Fort street he discovered that he was being followed by an old woman with a valise.

INSTRUCTION.

Shorthand. LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and Type-writing and an acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to J. HARRY PEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute.

If you are a good writer and do not have a position that suits, come here at once. There is work enough if you can do it. Graduating course only \$30, rapid writing, book-keeping, etc. Time unlimited, and everything first class. But send for primer, free. SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N. S.

Advertisement for THE ST. JOHN BUSINESS COLLEGE and SHORTHAND INSTITUTE, featuring a logo and text about business and shorthand courses.

Advertisement for SAINT JOHN Academy of Art, located at 74 GERMAIN ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Advertisement for DRAWING AND PAINTING, with details about the school's aim and principal, JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A.

Advertisement for THOSE REQUIRING SPECTACLES, featuring an illustration of eyes and text for CONSULT D. HARRIS, ENGLISH OPTICIAN.

Advertisement for J. E. HETHERINGTON, M. D., HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, located at 72 Sydney Street, corner Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for DR. H. P. TRAVERS, DENTIST, located at the corner of Princess and Sydney Streets.

Advertisement for J. M. LEMONT, PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER, located in Fredericton, N. B.

Advertisement for JOHN L. CARLETON, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, located at 72 1/2 Prince Wm. Street (over D. C. Clinch, Banker), Saint John, N. B.

Advertisement for GERARD G. RUEL, (L.L.B. Harvard), BARRISTER, ETC., located at 3 Pugsley's Building, St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for PATENTS, featuring a gear logo and text about patent services.

Advertisement for CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, THE ALL RAIL LINE, connecting PORTLAND, BOSTON, NEW YORK, Etc. to Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and all points in Canada, the Western States, and Pacific Coast.

Advertisement for Intercolonial Railway, 1890-Winter Arrangement-1891, listing train schedules and fares between St. John and other locations.

Advertisement for Shore Line Railway, listing routes between St. John, St. George, and St. Stephen, with train schedules.

Advertisement for HOTELS, listing the HOTEL STANLEY, BELMONT HOUSE, QUEEN HOTEL, VICTORIA HOTEL, ROYAL HOTEL, and WILLARD'S HOTEL, with their respective proprietors and locations.

Advertisement for BALMORAL HOTEL, NO. 10 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B., stating it is now open to the public.

Advertisement for A. & J. HAY, featuring a logo and text about diamonds, fine jewelry, American watches, and French clocks.

We Believe in Advertising.

PROGRESS has contracted for twenty thousand lines in one city daily, to be used within one year.

We practice what we preach. Advertise in the paper that advertises. Taking its great circulation into consideration, its rates are low.

The following advertisement appeared in recent issues of the Globe. Do we keep our promises?

READY, SATURDAY! THE SIXTEEN PAGE "PROGRESS" WILL BE ON TIME.

Full of the Best Things Going—Beautifully Illustrated—More than Twice the Reading Matter—All for Five Cents.

The people want to know what the enlarged PROGRESS will contain—how in the world are you going to fill sixteen pages every week is the question of many people.

Locally, PROGRESS will be brighter and better than ever. Fearlessness and impartiality will continue to characterize its comments upon local affairs.

Society, The large demand upon our space by this department has been one of the levers that forced the enlargement. This is a popularity and interest.

Illustrations, The very best illustrations that money can procure will illumine the pages of PROGRESS each week.

Sunday Reading, That there may be nothing in PROGRESS unfit to read on Sunday or any other day will be one of the cares of the editor.

Fashions, The large addition to its space, will allow particular attention to the WORLD OF FASHION. We have made arrangements that cannot fail to make this department one of the most interesting and entertaining in the paper.

Humorous, "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." The fact that this is a chestnut does not detract anything from its truth.

Musical, Theatrical, Literary, These columns have already been interestingly and ably conducted in PROGRESS. Each of them is in hands well competent to do honest, impartial work.

Fiction, One of the most popular features of a paper with many of its readers is a good story—either a long complete one—in fact a short novel—or an interesting serial.

Opinions, Every effort will be put forth to make the editorial page of PROGRESS as timely and strong as possible. The ablest writers in the province have been engaged to contribute to this department from time to time.

Prize Dollar Contests, Every Boy and Girl who is going to day school or to Sunday-school or in fact any person, young or old, who is interested in the study of History or in the Bible will find two interesting Prize Questions departments in each PROGRESS.

Specials, From its start, PROGRESS has tried to obtain the best special contributors that could be had. It has not been able to offer flattering inducements in every case, but it has done the best it could.

General, So many features and departments have been omitted in the foregoing incomplete summary that, after a hasty reading of it, before it goes to the printer, it seems to convey but a faint idea of what the enlarged paper will really consist of.

Advertisements, These columns have already been interestingly and ably conducted in PROGRESS. Each of them is in hands well competent to do honest, impartial work.

Editor and Publisher, EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor and Publisher.

Advertisement for FIRE INSURANCE, PLATE GLASS, INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE, featuring a logo for R. W. FRANK, 78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Advertisement for MANCHESTER FIRE ASSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND, CAPITAL, \$7,500,000, ESTABLISHED 1824.

Advertisement for D. R. JACK, GENERAL AGENT, 70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

Advertisement for SAINT JOHN Oyster House, NO. 5 KING SQUARE, NORTH SIDE, featuring a logo and text about oyster quality.

Advertisement for PHOTOGRAPHY, THE FINEST EFFECTS OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY, featuring a logo and text about photographic services.

Advertisement for CLIMO, COPIES, GROUPS, AND LARGE PANELS AT VERY LOW RATES, 85 GERMAN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Advertisement for SWANN & WELLDON, Artists, PHOTOGRAPHERS, featuring a logo and text about artistic photography.

Advertisement for THE CALKIN ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., ARE now prepared to enter into Contracts with their Customers for either the ARC or INCANDESCENT, at Rates as low as it is possible to produce the same with satisfactory results.

Advertisement for JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors, DOMVILLE BUILDING, P. O. Box 388, ST. JOHN, N. B.