

PROGRESS.

VOL. VII., NO. 333.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THESE ARE "EXPENSES."

THE PILOT COMMISSIONERS WANT PAY FOR THEIR WORK.

But Seek It in the Shape of Expenses—An Absurd Item in the Halifax Accounts—Another Curious Thing That Might be Noted—The Present Inquiry.

Some of the investigators of the board of trade are on the track of the pilots and guardians, and there promises to be a great rattling of dry bones. The chief end of their endeavors is to obtain the abolition of compulsory payment of pilotage dues, and they are going to make a strong fight to carry their agitation to the goal of legislative action at the government's next session.

Then were two things which led to this agitation. One was the stranding of the barque *Curler*, a disaster for which the pilot on board was chiefly responsible. But another important factor in leading some citizens interested in the public weal to turn their eye upon pilotage affairs was the attempt of the Commission to obtain for themselves salaries. This *PROGRESS* brought to the attention of the public and general indignation was felt at the time.

The efforts of the commission proved successful and its members can now enjoy a salary. To be sure it has to be drawn in the guise of "necessary expenses" but that does not curtail in any degree its enjoyment-giving power.

According to the pilotage act the only amounts which the commissioners can take from the funds are those which are credited to the necessary expenses in conducting the business of the board. They therefore had a regulation passed by the governor-general in council, whereby each commissioner can draw from the funds a sum not exceeding \$100 for these necessary expenses and the chairman can draw a sum not exceeding \$200. This would virtually be salary, for the necessary expenses of the commission are small.

The shipping men do not appreciate the action of the commission in obtaining the passing of this regulation, for they know that these salaries will have to come out of them. It will not come out of the pilots but out of the owners of shipping, who will eventually have to pay higher dues.

At Halifax the pilot commissioners get salaries in the guise of necessary expenses. In the two years 1891-1893, they drew \$1125 on this account. By the way, it is a rather strange fact that in the statement of the treasurer of the Halifax pilot commission for 1892, as contained in the Dominion report on steamboat inspection, &c., there is a very glaring error. The statement of expenditure shows a total of \$6,919.68. The real total is \$5,805.88. The amount placed opposite the item of "necessary expenses attending meetings and investigations, two years" is \$11.55. If this was changed to \$1125.00 the account would total correctly. Mr. J. Taylor Wood, secretary and treasurer, of the commission, signs this statement, and Mr. Geo. Mitchell, auditor, vouches for it as correct. They probably are not responsible for the mistake which very likely crept in in the printing of the report, and was not corrected in the proof reading. It only serves to point out the moral that even Dominion officials sometimes make blunders and very glaring ones at that.

The Halifax commission set an example to the St. John body in the matter of these veiled salaries. In another matter the St. John men do not want to follow in the track of the others, and that is at least seeming ignorance of what is going on respecting pilotage.

In 1873 the pilotage act was passed. There were additions and amendments and in 1886 all were repealed and a new act consolidating the old legislation came into force. Last year the Halifax Pilot Commission published a small book of pilotage regulations. The act of 1886 had no existence for them, they completely ignored it and printed the sections of the repealed act of 1873.

How they managed to do this is strange considering that the commission is a representative body of shipping men, John Paul, its chairman, is a large ship owner, William A. Black, of Pickford & Black, and M. C. Grant, of Black Bros., are largely interested in shipping. Lewis Anderson and Capt. David Hunter are retired sea captains and the latter is a port warden, James J. Bremner is inspector of sugar duties and J. Taylor Wood is in marine insurance.

Before one of the things that is commented upon in the report on pilotage presented before the board of trade has to do with the ship chandlers on the board. It was rather insinuated that the pilots carry the cards of these gentlemen to present to the captains of incoming vessels who may be in need of ship's stores. Of course in case of investigations these gentlemen would feel friendly toward the pilots who performed such acts of kindness. People are wondering whether Charles MacLaughlin or James Knox is the man at whom these

insinuations are cast. But they both bear good honest Scotch names and King Demos will rule that they are probably not guilty of such questionable methods of obtaining business.

MORE SUCH "CRANKS" WANTED.

Mayor Sumner's Opinion of a St. John Insurance Man.

Among the many amusing and laughable incidents which have occurred during the arbitration proceedings in Moncton, during the past two weeks, perhaps nothing was more heartily enjoyed than Mayor Sumner's expression of opinion regarding the board of fire underwriters and some of the individual members of it. Perhaps no man in the insurance business is better known throughout the province than Mr. W. M. Jarvis, of St. John, and therefore the following verbatim report of a portion of Mayor Sumner's evidence will probably be interesting reading for many of Mr. Jarvis' numerous friends:

Do you know anything about the constitution of that Board of Underwriters?

No.

Do you know by whom these few are appointed or selected?

I only hear that they draw \$5000 a year for four hours' work. I have heard that rumored. That is about all I know about the matter, and that they are very arbitrary.

And naturally under those trying circumstances they must appear to be earning their money?

Yes, by appearances only.

And feel driven sometimes to look for something to do?

I would say about that.

As a matter of fact are you not aware that this board has been devoting its attention to a very critical examination of all the counties in the province?

Yes.

They have been going over the counties one after another with a view to raising the rates and raising a little more insurance out of the people under some pretext or other?

Yes, I don't know anything about it except what I have heard.

Don't you know that they came over and paid their commitments to the neighboring county of Albert, set down on the little towns and villages, and raised the rates not only twenty five per cent. but in some cases seventy five per cent. ? Don't you know that?

I have heard so.

Would you imagine that any insurance company might possibly desire to raise its rates if it would have any show of excuse for doing it?

I think so. I think they and the water company are a good deal the same in that respect. We were in a peculiar position right between the two.

Of course, the peculiarity of your position is really remarkable?

It is. They are both combines and had charters. And like corporations generally they had no soul at all?

No.

And do you find these pulsations any more noticeable in the Moncton corporations than elsewhere?

The corporation of Moncton does not receive any recompense. They are not working for the air's might dollar at all.

Do you know personally Mr. W. M. Jarvis, chairman and active agitator in the Fire Underwriting Board?

I have met him.

You have been impressed with some qualities which Mr. Jarvis possesses, have you not?

Yes.

Not to say anything that would be unfriendly you would think that on a question of insurance he is something of a crank, is he not?

Well, I have formed an opinion that he does not know much about it. It may be right and it may be wrong.

Wouldn't you imagine that when Mr. Jarvis gets two or three of his fire agents in St. John together and issues a decree that a fourteen inch main should be laid from the upper to connect with the pipe that is run out of the lower reservoir, and thereby secure twenty-five feet extra head pressure, he is really entering upon a department of business of which he knows nothing?

He has had Mr. Keating, a water expert, and all information.

The following day Mr. Willis Chipman, C. E., of Toronto, expert engineer for the city in the case, on cross examination said, referring to above proposition to connect the reservoirs, and in answer to the question:

What is your opinion regarding the proposition of the underwriters to connect the upper reservoir with the lower by means of a fourteen inch main?

It is silly.

Mayor Sumner's opinion of the board of fire underwriters is interesting and his reply to the somewhat leading question of the lawyer relative to Mr. Jarvis would go to show that that gentleman has been looking into fire protection closely in Moncton. This province needs more "cranks" like Mr. Jarvis. He gets to the bottom of anything he looks into and there is usually a result of profit to the community. The pilotage inquiry is a case in point.

How the Fact Got Out.

Miss Eva Bostwick has been brought up with a round turn at last. She went from east to west and there is good ground for the belief that she knew the police in both sections of the country. She has been arrested for deserting her infant and since then has laid information against Thomas Hetherington, a young man employed as a traveler by a Moncton firm, for leading her astray. Hetherington claims that she has been "stray" for a long while but the fact, will, no doubt, all come out at the trial. Captain Jenkins, the officer who made the arrest, is a cousin of Miss Eva's and it is reported heard of the circumstances of the case by a curious accident. A friend of his wife's was relating some facts in connection with the affair and Jenkins heard the conversation. This furnished the clue to the parents of the deserted child. Soon after, Jenkins went to Wickham and arrested and Eva at her home. Perhaps any way an officer can get information is legitimate, but the friends of the prisoner appear to have done her an ill turn in this case.

CONSUL TOBIN, NON EST.

AND DENMARK IS UNREPRESENTED IN HALIFAX.

The Seal of the Consul has Disappeared—The Danes' Danish Vessels are Liable to get into—Mr. Tobin is Forgotten by those who Hobnobbed with him.

HALIFAX, Sept. 13.—Halifax is a commercial city, of course, with a trade far larger than that of Portland, Me., for instance. But it is also a city of officials. We have officials of the imperial government, we have officials of the Dominion government; and we have too many city officials. The consular service of foreign nations supplied Halifax with another set of officials. All the great nations are represented by consuls-general, consuls or vice-consuls.

Within the past year there has been one important omission in the list of consuls. Denmark has been unrepresented, and yet that Scandinavian kingdom nominally has a consul here. For a quarter of a century Stephen Tobin was Danish consul at Halifax, and he is still the consul, but for about a year ago no man in Halifax had seen him. When Mr. Tobin got into trouble with the Queen insurance company he retired from public view, and a face that was doing 25 years as familiar on our streets as any in the city, at once disappeared. For months Mr. Tobin was known to be in the city but no one ever saw him. He buried himself in his house on South street. In course of time the auctioneer entered the place and Mr. Tobin was forced to leave. None knew of his departure, but some time afterwards he was seen in Montreal, though his address there is unknown. It is said thus to witness the fall of a polished gentleman who was more than three years mayor of Halifax; who represented this county in the Dominion parliament; who was a very prominent member of the swell Halifax club, and who was well known in "society," though after his ruin the same "society" men boasted that, after all, they had not considered him quite an equal.

But Stephen Tobin's story is an old one now, except in regard to the Danish consularship. He is yet the consul, though his immediate whereabouts is unknown. Mr. Tobin never resigned his consularship or handed over to his government the books and papers belonging to the kingdom of Denmark. The consul's seal is an important instrument, but where that is, is no less a mystery than what has become of all the consul's documents. The king of Denmark does not officially know that his consul at Halifax is not at his post, and it is only recently that he knew the fact in any other way. The Danish consul-general at Montreal is now searching for him.

Some days ago the Danish schooner "Ocean Traveller" was here, bound for St. Thomas, W. I. The captain was anxious to have his health papers vided by his consul. He did not know what to do when the consul could not be found, but finally he sailed without the affixing of the consular seal to his papers, believing that his story would be accepted by the authorities at St. Thomas as no Danish consul was to be found at Halifax.

What the consular authorities of Denmark will do about the missing seal and papers remains to be seen. They will probably soon decide that their late consul at Halifax is here no more, and appoint a new man, with a new outfit.

Recurring for a moment to Mr. Tobin and his former popularity in Halifax. Does it not seem strange that when his hour of distress came he should have found himself absolutely friendless? Men who at the Halifax club and in business had been "hand in glove" with "Steve" Tobin refused to lift a finger in his assistance, and some of them said in effect that they "never knew him." It is the way of the world, perhaps, but there have been exceptions to the rule in Halifax.

THIS SHOULD BE REMEDIED.

The Medical Board of Nova Scotia and How it is Controlled.

HALIFAX, Sept. 15.—This city is headquarters for two institutions, the Halifax medical college and the provincial medical board. They are closely allied in the fact that members of the college faculty are prominent on the medical board. This relationship, it is held, is not in the best interests of the profession.

The provincial medical board is composed of thirteen medical men, seven appointed by the Nova Scotia medical society, and six by the Nova Scotia medical society, but in reality by the Halifax doctors connected with the medical college. These appointments they secure by controlling the nominating committee of the society. Five of the thirteen are connected with the college, it is alleged, an undue representation on the provincial medical board.

The board's powers and duties are to regulate the study of medicine, surgery, etc., by making rules and regulations with regard to the preliminary examination, course of study to be followed and final examination. They have also to examine all degrees, diplomas, licenses, class certificates and to enquire into the status and curriculum of colleges from which diplomas, etc., are obtained. The board are to satisfy themselves that every candidate for registration shall fulfil the prescribed rules and regulations before his name is registered, and to cause every medical practitioner in the province to register and to punish transgressors of the law.

The college runs the provincial board. The treasurer and secretary of the board are professors in the college, as are four of the eight examiners appointed by the board. This allows the college men to gobble up everything they wish.

There is an illustration of which the doctors talked at the time. Dr. Fielding, homeopathist, applied to the board for registration some three or four years ago. He could not register, for he did not possess the necessary qualification, and he began to practice his profession in defiance of the law. His father, fearing prosecution for infringement of the medical law, interviewed some members of the provincial medical board, (professors of the Halifax medical), on behalf of the son and asked them, as a personal favor, not to put the would-be doctor to any trouble. Mr. Fielding was assured that the medical board, as such, would not trouble him, but in return the son had to take a course in the Halifax medical college in the subjects in which he was deficient. In this way he put so much money in the shape of class fees into the pockets of those gentlemen of both board and college. Perhaps this was no great harm in any way. But the end of the story shows where the evil appeared. Dr. Fielding paid his class fees but he attended only a few lectures in some of the subjects and none in others. The doctor again applied for registration and this time was successful, as he had the college influence on the board with him.

Other instances similar to this might be cited. But this one is sufficient, as a sample, to show the desirability, if not the necessity, of a change in the composition of the provincial medical board. The board would be a better body, more in a position to properly perform its functions, if there were fewer Halifax medical college professors upon it.

THE COLONEL'S REPORT

MAY GET CAPTAIN McLEOD INTO SOME TROUBLE.

He is Reported for Disobeying Orders—He Applied for Leave Which was not Granted—The Colonel is not Supported in His Action by the Officers of the Brigades.

Some trouble has arisen for the New Brunswick Brigade Garrison Artillery between colonel John Russell Armstrong and one of the senior officers, Captain George K. McLeod. The trouble is over a question of non-attendance at drill for which regimental orders were issued. Captain McLeod applied for orders in due form but it is said that the Colonel refused to give the leave of absence for the evening asked, though the leave was required for a very pressing engagement made a month before which was for the purpose of attending an important meeting of the Masonic order.

Captain McLeod did not attend the drill and has been reported to headquarters for flagrant disobedience of orders. Captain McLeod is one of the most popular and most efficiently drilled officers in the corps, having at a special course at Quebec made ninety per cent. This action on the part of the colonel is unpopular in the corps, as nearly all of the officers consider that he has acted too severely in the matter.

Several officers in recent years have left the brigade, being unable to put up with the Colonel's whims. Many instances could be cited of his exceedingly unfair treatment of his juniors. As long as the late Major Seeley and Paymaster Smith were alive there was some check on the colonel's actions. Major Farmer, a veteran in the corps, was placed in such a position that he felt compelled to send in his resignation. While the trouble, arising from the reporting of an officer for non-attendance at drill, may end without much fuss, there are other weightier matters in connection with the corps which it is said will shortly engage the attention of the militia authorities.

The reporting of Captain McLeod has caused considerable talk in military circles, and while most of the officers of the N. B. B. G. A. have their own opinions in regard to the matter they are very reticent. Mr. Charles F. Harrison who it is understood left the corps on account of the colonel's actions and has since joined the Kings County cavalry, where he will be under the more genial and capable officer, Lt. Col. Donville) was asked his opinion of Colonel Armstrong's action. He stated that he thought it most peculiar that Armstrong refused Captain McLeod leave of absence, on that particular evening when he Armstrong was a member of the Masonic order also. In all the case is causing a great deal of talk about the city and the outcome of it will be awaited with interest.

THIS SETTLES THAT STORY.

Mr. Bill, a Former Owner of Pilot Jr. has Something To Say.

The story of Pilot Jr., being a "ringer" spread with such rapidity that the denial of the yarn has not been able to catch up with it. Mr. Brennan has caught it on all sides. His friends, as well as those who do not know, him are not slow in condemning his uncalculated reflections upon the new trotting star of the maritime provinces. But after all has been said no statement was made by C. R. Bill, the owner of Pilot Jr. before Mr. Willis bought him, until this week's issue of the *Kentville Chronicle*, which reached *PROGRESS* yesterday. Mr. Bill's letter is interesting and proves beyond a doubt that Pilot Jr. is just what he pretends to be and nothing more. After noting that Mr. Brennan appears anxious to blast the reputation of Pilot Jr. he refers to him and his statement thus: "He does not seem to be satisfied with trying to do what he could as judge at the Amherst meeting to defeat Pilot Jr. by making him trot two days to win the free for all, when it was considered by all disinterested that he won the race fairly and honestly the first day, but now he is insinuating that he is an old, broken down ringer, which to say the least is a gross insult to the breeder, owners, and also to his renowned and remarkable sire, Black Pilot, 2.30 1/4. We cannot understand this onset. We always try to be honorable and any-thing in connection with our horse business we are willing for the world to know. We have never been expelled or suspended from any association track and trust we never shall be. We fail to see the object of trying to deprive a wonderful and phenomenal horse of the glory and fame he has honestly brought on himself and his sire. We would think that every horseman in the lower provinces would be proud of his performances, knowing that he, also his sire and dam were bred and raised here. It might be because the editor of the P. E. I. Agriculturist (Mr. Bredman) owned a stallion in the same vicinity that the sire of Pilot Jr. is owned, and wishes to injure the reputation of Black Pilot 2.30 1/4 as a sire, but we cannot believe this is so. Pilot Jr. was bred and raised in Annapolis Co., and never was away from there until he was purchased from Mr. J. Barteaux by Mr. W. E. Rockwell and myself. Until that time he never was on any track more than four times in his life. The next day after we purchased, he won the free-for-all at Kentville, getting a mark of 2.25 1/4. His dam is by Gilbert, by Constellation, by Belmont, 2nd dam by Enfield, (thoroughbred). We believe he is the fastest horse in the world, considering his opportunities."

THE COLONEL'S REPORT

MAY GET CAPTAIN McLEOD INTO SOME TROUBLE.

He is Reported for Disobeying Orders—He Applied for Leave Which was not Granted—The Colonel is not Supported in His Action by the Officers of the Brigades.

Some trouble has arisen for the New Brunswick Brigade Garrison Artillery between colonel John Russell Armstrong and one of the senior officers, Captain George K. McLeod. The trouble is over a question of non-attendance at drill for which regimental orders were issued. Captain McLeod applied for orders in due form but it is said that the Colonel refused to give the leave of absence for the evening asked, though the leave was required for a very pressing engagement made a month before which was for the purpose of attending an important meeting of the Masonic order.

Captain McLeod did not attend the drill and has been reported to headquarters for flagrant disobedience of orders. Captain McLeod is one of the most popular and most efficiently drilled officers in the corps, having at a special course at Quebec made ninety per cent. This action on the part of the colonel is unpopular in the corps, as nearly all of the officers consider that he has acted too severely in the matter.

Several officers in recent years have left the brigade, being unable to put up with the Colonel's whims. Many instances could be cited of his exceedingly unfair treatment of his juniors. As long as the late Major Seeley and Paymaster Smith were alive there was some check on the colonel's actions. Major Farmer, a veteran in the corps, was placed in such a position that he felt compelled to send in his resignation. While the trouble, arising from the reporting of an officer for non-attendance at drill, may end without much fuss, there are other weightier matters in connection with the corps which it is said will shortly engage the attention of the militia authorities.

The reporting of Captain McLeod has caused considerable talk in military circles, and while most of the officers of the N. B. B. G. A. have their own opinions in regard to the matter they are very reticent. Mr. Charles F. Harrison who it is understood left the corps on account of the colonel's actions and has since joined the Kings County cavalry, where he will be under the more genial and capable officer, Lt. Col. Donville) was asked his opinion of Colonel Armstrong's action. He stated that he thought it most peculiar that Armstrong refused Captain McLeod leave of absence, on that particular evening when he Armstrong was a member of the Masonic order also. In all the case is causing a great deal of talk about the city and the outcome of it will be awaited with interest.

THE COLONEL'S NARROW ESCAPE.

How the Boat Drifted From the Shore and the Anchor Caught in the Rocks.

A local active colonel had a very narrow escape last Sunday. He and a friend started Saturday afternoon to spend the next day in the country. They did not go fishing though they went in a boat—a big and safe boat, the property of a mutual friend who has summered at Robesay and passed many delightful hours in it in the long twilights. They sailed the tidy craft up to Gondola point—a pleasant retreat within halting distance of the inhabitants and yet secluded—a delightful spot to smoke and muse, to tell stories and give free rein to the imagination.

Here the colonel and his friend disembarked and upon the sloping shores they passed the evening and night while their boat swung at anchor a few feet from the beach. So secure was it in fact, that they ceased to pay attention to the position of their belongings and as the morning advanced their enjoyment heightened. The sun mounted higher and higher and their spirits kept pace with the increasing pleasantness of the day. If a cloud bank hovered above them it did not spoil their holiday and it is no wonder that they failed to note the insidious tide and the dragging anchor of their borrowed boat. They sat on the bank and watched the craft as it receded. Was it moving? Or did their dreamy eyes deceive them? Finally, in doubt no longer, they invited the assistance of that veteran of the river, Captain William Pitt, who hastened to extricate them from their serious difficulty. This was more easily said than done. The officer was exhausted and his friend had an attack of lumbago—they were truly not in a position to help their rescuers. But still the officer went and here is where the adventure came in. As the colonel stood erect in the tottering small boat that took him out to his craft, the swell of the river seemed to increase, whether from a passing vessel or the ferry scow, *PROGRESS* is not informed, but the small boat rose and fell and so did the officer. For an incalculable space of time the suspense was simply awful. There was doubt whether the cool soft waters of the Kennebecasis would receive his form or the hard and irregular bottom of the stry

CRANKS

CHANCE FAVORED THE LATTER AND THE ACCIDENT WAS AVERTED.

Chance favored the latter and the accident was averted. The fall was a serious one and but for the wise precaution that prompted one of the party to carry a birthday present—a miniature silver flask—it might have been a difficult matter to revive the injured. But by judicious external application the pain of the bruises was lessened, and the balance of the day was enjoyed with much zest. The worthy rescuer was rewarded suitably, and bearing in mind that he still further remembered upon the return of the party to the city, by the receipt of that most excellent and humane compound called "A Cure for the Horn Fly."

NEILLY'S UNGRATEFUL DISCIPLES

The Gold-mine Philanthropist Meets Angry Shareholders.

Readers of *PROGRESS* will remember the mission of that virtuous philanthropist, Mr. J. B. Neilly, who showered the manna of Memramcook gold mine stock on the just and the unjust, and with the piety that comes from an advocate of the universal brotherhood of man, showed both good and bad how to lay up for themselves treasures on earth. His generosity in giving all a chance in this grand arcana of benefits, without regard to age, sex, rank or previous condition of servitude, as long as they could pay for their shares, has been fittingly commemorated. His further generosity in giving all—no matter how poor a chance at those Eldorado, taking horses, groceries—anything of a convertible character—in exchange for stock, has been written of in words "more enduring than brass" or the "salt" of a mine that has lost its savor. The remorse of the good men, when the reports prematurely spread that 900 tons of quartz had been crushed, with the result of \$6 in gold being found leaving some \$50,000 of the "ten per cent. per month dividend" stock in his hands, has already been recorded.

A meeting of Mr. J. B. Neilly and his disciples took place at Dorchester on Monday, 3rd inst. There was variance and strife among the children of fortune. Mr. Neilly was unsupported except by Mr. VanMeter of Moncton and Halifax and Truro proxies, which were numerous enough to control the meeting. The resident shareholders fearing that Mr. Neilly might possibly vote himself the mill as moderate compensation for the stock he did not sell, retired from the meeting, which had then to be adjourned!

Afterwards they met and discussed the situation. Mr. Neilly was charged with not completing the mill according to contract; with commencing to dismantle it without anything; with putting up a 50 stamp mill, before the property had been tested by the 10 stamp mill already on hand, and when the resident shareholders opposed him in this, using Halifax proxies to enforce his views.

The language used was unpleasant and would have been painful to the ears of a less goodly man intent on conferring blessings on his earthly brethren.

A WORTHY CAPTAIN.

Lord Aberdeen Learns About his Lost Brother From Captain Smith.

Everybody knows Captain William Smith, who conducted the "Maggie M." investigation this week, and Captain Smith knows everybody. The captain was in the New Victoria the other night when a nun came in. She stepped up to the captain with a radiant face, and said, "Why, Captain Smith, I'm so glad to see you!" The captain remembered her at once and how she had come over from England with him several years ago, when he commanded the big steamer "Parisian". The nun told a lady afterwards that she was very ill on that voyage, and that she would remember till her dying day what Captain Smith had done for her. A few minutes later a man came in who had gone with Captain Smith on another steamer. He remembered the captain and the captain remembered him.

"He met me this afternoon," said a St. John lady who had met him only once before "and though I haven't seen him for years, he knew me at once, and called me by name. Why, I know people who have sent their children to school in England on the 'Parisian,' and have cast care to the winds. For they knew that Captain Smith, in spite of all his duties, would see to those children just as well as, and may be better, as he says, than they could themselves. And he'd often take a girl or a boy right to school. If he didn't do that, he gave them in charge of some reliable friend of his. If ever Captain Smith dies, he'll have a big funeral, and the people who attend it won't be the only mourners either."

When Lord Aberdeen was in Halifax, he sent for Captain Smith, and had a long talk to him about the earl's elder brother, who for years was an intimate friend of captain. The captain was able to furnish the governor-general with a great many incidents of his brother's life that had hitherto been unknown to him.

PROGRESS is on sale in Boston at the King's Chapel news stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

DEATH THEIR PENALTY.

THREE STORIES OF THE FATE OF DESERTING SOLDIERS.

How Baldwin and Lannon shot Clayton Tilton—Their Trial and Execution—Killed by a Corporal—The Long Vigil of Skeletons on Westmorland Road.

One Sunday afternoon, in the summer of 1862, some boys were passing the time at the foot of King street, east, between Pitt and Crown streets, St. John. While amusing themselves with such facilities as offered, they observed what seemed to be the end of a piece of old board protruding from the ground at a place where the surface of the street had been somewhat worn and washed away. Prompted by a spirit of curiosity or mischief, they pried up the board, when they were surprised and alarmed to find what were evidently the remains of a coffin, containing human bones. A number of people, who were attracted to the spot a little later, continued the investigation and were rewarded by finding, close by, what was left of another coffin, with some more bones. There were also some fragments of red cloth and some brass buttons, evidently of military uniform, but so much oxidized that the devices and descriptions on them could not be deciphered. Diligent search then and afterwards failed to disclose any other remains in the vicinity, nor was there any record that the place had ever been used as a burial ground.

A number of more or less plausible theories were advanced at the time, chiefly inclining to the view that there had been hasty burials there during the prevalence of some epidemic in the early history of the city. This idea was combated, however, by the fact that the Old Burial Ground, the regular place of interment, was so near at hand. No satisfactory conclusion was reached by the public, and in a short time the occurrence passed from the minds of the majority of the citizens.

There can be no doubt that the remains thus found were those of Henry Baldwin and James Lannon, two soldiers of the 101st regiment, who were hanged on the 23rd day of November, 1868, for the murder of Clayton Tilton. Tilton was the proprietor of the Musquash hotel, which stood on the same site as the present hotel, close to the Shore Line railway station. The house continued in the hands of the Tilton family for about half a century later. Baldwin and Lannon were deserters, whom Tilton and others attempted to stop on their way out of the country. The men were hanged at what is now the foot of King Street, east, but was then the bottom of the eastward slope of the Block House hill. In accordance with the custom of the time, they were buried at the foot of the gallows.

Less than four years ago, the late Henry Melick, then in his 96th year, told me that he was present at the execution, being then a boy twelve years old, and that the event was the first he could remember as having made a vivid impression on his mind.

Baldwin and Lannon, together with Patrick McEvoy, a youth of 18 or 19, deserted from the barracks at Fort Howe, on the 17th of October, 1868, wearing a portion of their uniforms, and Baldwin also carried away a musket. They crossed the river St. John at night, in a small boat, landing on the other side some distance above Pleasant Point, and thence making their way through the woods, they reached the St. Andrews road. A party from the barracks was sent in search of them, but failed to find them, as was to be expected from the fact that houses on the road between St. John and Musquash were few and far between. The deserters could easily conceal themselves in the woods by day to avoid their pursuers and follow the road by night. So far as there is anything to show, they did not risk their safety by approaching anybody until they reached Musquash, when being in doubt about the course they would take they called at the house of Ebenezer Scott. This was situated about 200 yards beyond the hotel, on the rise of what is known as Clinch's hill, and I am not sure but that at least a part of the same house is still standing. The story of what followed is pretty fully told in the notes taken by the judge at that trial, a manuscript copy of which I have been enabled to inspect through the courtesy of Mr. Clarence C. Ward.

Calling at the house, they asked to be directed on the way to Dipper Harbor. Scott was away, but his servant, Burditt, gave them the proper direction, which was to keep on their way until they crossed the river, a short distance beyond which they were to take the road which turned to the left. It seems to have been the intention of the men to reach the coast at this point in the hope of finding a boat to take them to Eastport. This would be a much safer plan than an attempt to reach the border by the highway, to say nothing of saving the weary journey on foot.

Burditt readily recognized the men as deserters, and after they had gone he thought it would be a good idea to inform Mr. Tilton. It may be that in doing this he was actuated by a desire to do his duty as a loyal subject, and it may be also that he was not unmindful of the reward which would be paid in event of a capture.

On hearing the story of Burditt, Mr. Tilton accompanied him to the house of Scott where he got two guns, one of which he handed to Burditt, retaining the other for himself. Tilton's servant, Frederick Shrum, also became of the party, and they started in pursuit of the deserters.

They did not succeed in tracing them, however, and started to return. On their way they met Lannon, who sat down as it to rest, and presently was joined by his two companions. Baldwin stepped up to Tilton and asked him if he knew the way to Dipper Harbor.

*In many old manuscripts the spelling is "Dippo" instead of "Dipper" Harbor as now known. The present name is possibly a corruption of some Indian word.

"I do," was the reply, "but you shall not go there."

"Is it your custom to stop people on the highway?" interposed Lannon.

"No," replied Tilton, "but I will not suffer such men as you to go on."

At this juncture Tilton and Burditt, who had been carrying their muskets, put the breeches of them to the ground. Thereupon Lannon pulled a pistol from his breast, and cocked it. Baldwin, carrying the musket he had taken from the barracks, had gone away a little distance.

"Harry, come back," shouted Lannon, "these men will fire on us."

"Mr. Tilton, that man is going to fire," exclaimed Burditt. "See, he is pulling out his pistol."

At this, Tilton stepped up to Lannon and said, "There shall be no firing here," and Burditt added, "We are not going to fire—we are not prepared for firing." On hearing this, Baldwin came back, close to Tilton, and snapped his gun at him, but it missed fire. Then the deserters proceeded to walk away, and the affair would have ended, had the other party likewise retired. Tilton had no idea of allowing them to get away so easily, but followed them and said, "You need not think I am afraid of you, for your gun is not loaded."

"Harry, let him know that you are loaded," exclaimed Lannon.

Baldwin retired to a few paces from Tilton, and said, "Sir, I will let you know that I am loaded," levelled his musket and fired, giving Tilton a wound from the effects of which he died in a few hours.

After firing this shot, Baldwin went back and reloaded his musket, Lannon assisting. While thus engaged they told McEvoy to pick up the gun Tilton had dropped, and he did so in a mechanical way, being dazed at what had taken place.

The three deserters then pursued their way without further molestation, but were captured, some days later, on one of the islands in Passamaquoddy Bay, by a party of the Charlotte county military force. They were brought to St. John and tried on the 16th of November, before John Saunders, judge, and William Pagan and Munson Jarvis, magistrates. On the trial, the solicitor general, Ward Chipman, showed that Mr. Tilton was not only justified in trying to stop the fugitives, but that it was his duty to do so, desertion in the time of war being by statute law a felony without benefit of clergy. The court agreed with this contention.

The prisoners were found guilty and sentenced to death, but an exception was made as to McEvoy, not only on account of his youth but because he had no hand in the shooting and in picking up the gun, but did so because he was told to do so and without any volition on his part. He was reprieved until the king's pleasure should be known in regard to him and was eventually pardoned.

Baldwin and Lannon were hanged on the 23rd of November, just one month after the shooting. There were few lawyers in those days and the ways of justice were equally sure and swift. It is a pity these qualities were not displayed at the execution itself, which was so badly bungled as to horrify the large crowd which had gathered.

The march from the jail to the gallows, over what is now King Street, east, was remarkable from the fact that Stephen Humbert, a well known Loyalist citizen, marched between the condemned men singing Methodist hymns. When the execution was attempted, both ropes broke, and the unfortunate men were kept standing there until a messenger went to the south wharf, procured a sufficiently strong piece of hemp, and returned, after which the killers of Tilton were done to death in due form of law.

Buried at the foot of the gallows, for more than half a century their bones rested undisturbed. The city grew up, the Block House hill gave way to streets, a new generation came, and year after year the unknown graves were trodden over by those who had never so much as heard of the crime and the fate of Baldwin and Lannon.

It makes some difference in the eyes of the law whether a deserter does the shooting or gets shot. On the evening of the 27th of April, 1847, two soldiers of the 33rd regiment deserted from St. John, and took the St. Andrews road, as Baldwin and Lannon had done. They were pursued by a corporal, who hired a farmer with a horse and wagon and easily overtook the fugitives. Coming close to them, the corporal jumped from the wagon and caught one of the two by the collar. The other, whose name was Brannan, then hit the corporal with a loaded stick. The corporal then fired, the bullet passing between Brannan's ribs and reaching the spine. Both the deserters were secured and brought back to the city, where the wounded man died. A coroner's inquest was held on the body and a verdict of justifiable homicide returned.

On the slope of the hill just beyond the Rural Cemetery stands an old mansion of the colonial period, noticeable to passers by from the circumstance that it is approached by a semicircular avenue lined with trees. It is one of the houses which were considered to be out in the country half a century or so ago, and there at different periods in its history leading residents of the city were wont to spend their summer holidays. The house itself, in regard to some of its former owners among them the Hon. Hugh Johnston and Barton Powlett Walpole, has a history full of interest, but the strongest story about the place belongs to a large spruce tree which used to stand in a forest growth further back on the hill, but only a few hundred feet from the highway.

Everybody with observant eye who has travelled much in the woods with some better motive than to seek out and slaughter harmless creatures, has noticed the strange resemblances to human forms and faces found in woody country. Very often, too, the spreading base of some very old tree is fantastic enough to suggest many odd fancies, and once upon a time there was something of the kind at the place which I have mentioned.

There was at the foot of this particular tree, on the side nearest the road, what appeared to be a portion of the root from which the soil had in part fallen away and which yet was not exposed because of a thick covering of luxuriant green moss. In the ridges and hollows thus formed, it required no effort to trace the likeness of two semi-recumbent human forms, not perfectly outlined, indeed, but so distinct in parts as to convey but the one idea. It

may be that, in the good old days of fifty, sixty and seventy years ago, pleasure parties sought the grateful shade of the forest in the hot summer months and talked about this curious freak of nature. Children, too, may have romped and shouted there, and plucked the bright red pigeon berries, which seemed to be larger and richer than at any other place. The years went by; one after another of those who sought their pleasure there passed away. Again and again the property changed hands and the old walls of the mansion no longer gave echo to the gay revelry of former days. The tree with the curious figures at its base became forgotten.

In the autumn of 1853, a party of surveyors, running lines in this part of the county, stopped one day in the woods by this tree to rest themselves. Sitting there, smoking and chatting, the attention of one of them was drawn to the singular shape of the ground, and to the peculiar mossy growth. The vivid green, in contrast with the sombre brown in other places, excited his curiosity, and suggested the occurrence of some peculiar mineral deposit. With the small axe he carried, he began tearing away some of the moss, when he was surprised to find a bone which beyond doubt was that of a human thigh. Speedily, but with great care, the party removed all the moss around the green ridges, and when they had done so there remained the bones of two skeletons with the substance of much of the bony structure nearly wholly absorbed by the growth it had so greatly enriched.

A few other articles were found. There were a small bottle or flask, the remains of leather boots, and some metal buttons, so corroded that little remained of them. On one of the buttons, however, which by some chance in its surroundings was better preserved than the others, what appeared to be figures were seen. A careful examination subsequently disclosed the number "101".

This meant that the skeletons were those of soldiers of the 101st regiment. How long had it been since that body of troops was stationed in St. John? None of the party could remember it. Some old people, however, who were in the neighborhood, on information declared that the 101st had not been at this garrison since the early part of the century.

Several gentlemen, among them the Messrs. Drury and Gilbert, took a deep interest in the discovery, and one of them wrote a letter of inquiry to the War Office in England. The reply received was that the 101st regiment had left St. John in the year 1809; that previous to its departure two men had deserted in the winter; that no trace of them was afterwards found; and that an entry to that effect had been made on the roll and returned to the office in due course.

The story was a plain one. The fugitives had sought the shelter of the woods in the bitter cold of winter, had sat down with their backs against the tree and refreshed themselves with the spirit in the flask. Waiting for a favorable chance to pursue their journey, they had become drowsy, dropped asleep and never awakened. The wood was little frequented in those times. Years went by before a human being passed that way, and then there was only to be seen the singular contour of the ground and the vivid green of the moss.

For nearly half a century the grim sentinels kept their silent vigil, overlooking the thousands who passed and repassed on one of the great highways of the province. Two soldiers had been marked off from a muster roll; two men had dropped out of existence. On the hill beside them was marked out a city of the dead, that those who passed away might be recorded and remembered. Beyond its pale lay two who were forgotten. Grim guardians were they of the valley traversed by the multitude in quest of pleasure; so near to death to life, though life seemed all in all to us, and death, unseen, is hidden out.

This weird story of the Westmorland road is now told in print for the first time. Nearly all of those conversant with the facts have passed away. I know of only one who survives. ROSLYNDE.

THEY BELONG TO FRANCE.

Possessions on German Soil That Must Create a Feeling of Soreness.

It is not generally known that the French still retain two little pieces of German soil—one in Alsace itself and the other in Eiden. The monument which Napoleon erected in 1800 in honor of General Desaix, who fell at Marengo, stands in a small garden near the bridge of boats over the Rhine at Kehl, Desaix had defended the bridge with great bravery against the Austrians. The monument and garden were declared by the Peace of Frankfurt to be French property, and they remain unto this day.

Till eleven years ago this little piece of French soil regularly had a French veteran as sentinel, who lived in a little house in well kept grounds; but at that time the German Government offered to take charge of this piece of France, and the offer was accepted by the French Government. The place is prettily laid out and is guarded by a sentinel from the garrison at Strasburg.

The property of the French Republic in the Duchy of Baden lies in the parish of Achern, which has a station on the Baden State Railway. It is the site of the Turenne Monument, a granite obelisk, with medals and inscription. The land on which

DO YOU KNOW THAT TETLEY'S TEA IS PERFECT-- DON'T YOU KNOW!

the monument stands has been French property from 1675 till the present day, and is still guarded by a French military pensioner, who lives upon the spot.

At the beginning of the Franco-German war in 1870, a party of Baden fire-eaters proposed to reclaim this small piece of land, but the Baden Government, with a chivalrous international loyalty, put a stop to the attempt.

THEY HAVE NO MIDDLEMEN.

H. E. Chute & Co., reed organ manufacturers, of Yarmouth, are a firm well and favorably known, particularly throughout the maritime provinces and the eastern part of Quebec. Quite recently their trade has been extended to British Columbia and the North-west Territories, where their instruments are meeting with much favor. This firm's plan of doing business differs in one particular from that of other Canadian organ manufacturers, viz.: they sell direct to the public instead of employing canvassing agents and middlemen, and a large percentage of their sales is made through the medium of newspaper advertising. By this means they effect a saving to their customers of a considerable percentage of the usual cost of an organ. Of course this reduction in price leads to the most determined opposition and often misrepresentation on the part of those interested in the sale of organs made by other firms, but numerous testimonials are shown by Messrs. Chute & Co., which prove that their organs are of the very highest grade and giving eminent satisfaction. In this connection the following letter, which was recently received by them, sufficiently explains itself:—

BAYFIELD, Antigonish, N.S., Aug. 21, 1894.

Messrs. H. E. Chute & Co. Sirs:—The church organ you shipped on the 4th only arrived at its destination Friday evening last, the 7th. I used it in my Sunday services however, and we are delighted with it in every way. Its grand array of stops, its sweet yet powerful tone, its simple manipulation, its handsome and appropriate case and its low price have placed it facile princeps of any church organ in Eastern Nova Scotia. And I have seen and am well acquainted with many makes of instruments for churches.

I have honored the sight draft. You may make any use of the remarks you please and I shall be glad always to confirm and supplement them.

Very faithfully yours, C. SYDNEY GOODMAN, Rector of Antigonish.

A Silver Medal is given when a scholar writes 125 words a minute in shorthand, or what is equal in other work.

You can learn shorthand by mail—Lesson free.

SNELL'S COLLEGE, - - TRURO, N. S.

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

WANTED, GOOD AGENTS to handle the Ideal Sewing Machine throughout New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. First-class American Machine. Special prices and circulars on application to M. J. HARRIS, 238 St. Lawrence St., Montreal, P. Q. 9-8-1

PATENTS. Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D.C. No attorney's fee until patent is secured. Write for Inventor's Guide. 9-15-9

WANTED, A CUTTER and a JOURNEYMAN TAILOR with from \$200 to \$500 each to invest. Present business advertised in the Maritime Provinces and the State of Me., U.S.A. Address care of FROBESER office. 9-11-4

RUBBER GOODS. Do you want ANYTHING in Rubber goods? If so send to us, as we supply everything known to the trade. Please ask for quotations and you will save money. STANDARD RUBBER CO., ST. JOHN.

DYSPEPSIA. Mr. A. H. Hayes, of Fredericton, N.H., writes: "A hopeless chronic dyspeptic till he tried Short's 'Dyspepsia Cure.' After taking one bottle he wrote: 'It is surely the best remedy for Dyspepsia I ever found.' Two more bottles cured him."

"HOW TO MAKE PHOTOS." Our new Book on Photography, and Illustrated Catalogue, is now ready. Send 3 cent stamp for one by mail. THE ROBERTSON PHOTO SERVICE CO., 94 German St., St. John, N.B. 8-4-1

STAMP MAKERS! Use our rubber stamps for marking lines and printing visiting cards, all complete with ink and fancy initial 50 cents postpaid. ROBERTSON STAMP WORKS, ST. JOHN, N.B. 8-4-1

MATEUR Photographers and all who would like to take Pictures, but are afraid to try, should consult us. Outfits from \$5. to \$100. Practical instruction free and success guaranteed. The Robertson Photo Service Co., 94 German St., St. John. 8-4-1

STAMPS of every description for Hand-Printing, Merchants, Manufacturers, Banks and Railways furnished with Stamps, Seals and Stencils. Catalogue free. Robertson Photo Service Co., 94 German St., St. John. 8-4-1

BOARDERS WANTED. MISS HARTING'S having moved to 17 Elliott Row can accommodate a few more boarders, permanent or transient. Also a few table boarders can be accommodated. 7-7-9

INTERESTING AND PROFITABLE employment can be given to a number of ladies and gentlemen willing to sell the celebrated "Sole Photographs and Works of Art" throughout New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, by applying personally or by letter to A. PARSONS, 68 King St., St. John, General Agent for Canada. 9-3-4

YOUR ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD mailed to us brings you prompt attention. We furnish self-measuring blanks, whereby you can have your clothing cut to order and sent to you express or by mail. Agents wanted. PILGRIM PHOTO CO., ST. JOHN, N.B. 11-9-4

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing, Developing, Toning and fixing solutions for sale. LORAIN PHOTO STUDIO, 24 Charlotte St., St. John, N.B. 11-9-4

RESIDENCE at Bathurst for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Tyne property, with a half acre of land, situated in a beautiful location and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Hotel. Best restaurant in the city. For particulars apply to H. G. FERGUSON, 24-2-4

DON'T WORRY! TRY SUNLIGHT SOAP IT BRINGS COMFORT ON WASH DAY. SMITH & TILTON, Agents, St. John, N. B.

ELEY'S AMMUNITION. Hazard's Black Gunpowder. Indian Rifle, Sea Shooting, Trap, Duck Shooting and Electric Brands. Schultze's Smokeless Powder. Chilled Shot, Common Shot, Clay Pigeons, Keystone Traps, Guns, Rifles and Revolvers. We have a large and varied assortment which we shall be glad to show and quote prices. W. H. THORNE & CO., MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN.

WE OTHERS FOLLOW TRADE ONLY. MENZIE TURNER & CO. LATEST PRICES. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS.

THE FRENCH PROCESS. Dry Cleaning permits the thorough Cleaning of elaborately trimmed Bal Dresses, Opera Mantles, Silk Wraps, Men's Dress Suits, etc., without ripping apart. The most delicate fabrics and shades are successfully treated.

R. PARKER & CO., Dyers and Cleaners. HEAD OFFICE and WORKS, 787 to 791 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

THE PERFECTION. This Stove is so near being perfect as a Cooking Stove that we call it "THE PERFECTION COOK." It is a quick and sure Baker and is very economical on FUEL. Burns Wood or Coal.

Emerson & Fisher, 75 TO 79 PRINCE WM. ST. Sporting Goods.

Emerson & Fisher, 75 TO 79 PRINCE WM. ST. Sporting Goods. Guns, Rifles, Shells, Shot, Powder, Wads, Game Bags, Loading Tools, Duck Decoys and Ammunition of all kinds.

T. McAVITY & SONS, - ST. JOHN, N. B. HOT or GOLD, WHICH?

IF YOU want to keep warm this winter, come to our store and buy a HEATING STOVE, and your home will be warm. We have a great variety. Hard or Soft Coal or Wood; all sizes, all prices. It is worth your while to see our stock of RANGES and HEATING STOVES.

COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Before this notice appears the Robin Hood Opera Company will have come and gone. As nearly every reader of PROGRESS knows this company gave "Robin Hood" for two out of three nights and that on the closing night the bill was "The Knickerbockers."

It happened that I was present at their first appearance here and taking the performance as a whole it justly merits some commendation. The first act was rather dull and tame but in the improved work in the second and third acts the weakness of the first was almost forgotten. The condition of things during the first act might be accounted for in several ways, among which might be suggested: first, appearance—an audience without enthusiasm, not to say hostile—because of a belief that they had been imposed upon—or the role of the principal tenor being filled by the understudy. Any of these reasons might be offered and with absolute truth too because all of these conditions existed. Whatever of deception did exist appears to be due to the method of the Opera House management in making a bid for large business by leading the public to believe the company were "The Bostonians."

As a matter of management it was wrong; as a matter of fact it was also wrong and the directors are in no degree entitled to the gratitude of the public. Their half apology for the big prices charged is simply absurd. On behalf of the company it is asserted that they never claimed to be other than the "Robin Hood Opera Company;" that it was under that name they booked time in this city; that they are not in any way parties to a deception [and that if any deception has been practised it has been by the local management. The facts are before the public and the public will doubtless exercise its prerogative of judgment.

In my notes of last week I disclaimed any intention of prejudging the performance of the company and in a sense rather anticipated a good performance because of the rehearsals had in the Halifax engagement, with the proviso that there was talent in the company. Having heard them I am satisfied there is a fair amount of talent among them. Their strong feature is the chorus, which contains good voices, is well balanced and is evidently well drilled. The solo voices are not at all phenomenal, but they are tuneful and pleasing, although some of them may be considered lighter than they ought to be for such a work as "Robin Hood." Giving the lady soloists consideration first—Miss Palmer made a very charming Allan-a-Dale and her song "Oh! Promise Me" was given with taste and judgment, in excellent time and with good articulation. Her voice is of good quality and her song probably the best of the evening. In the accompaniment to this solo the orchestra drum was at times, quite too loud. Miss Risley, who was the Maid Marian, has a peculiar voice if I may so express it. It is sweet and musical but while her higher notes are in perfect tune in her middle register her tones are frequently the least bit out of tune. Her stage presence is admirable but in singing her articulation is quite faulty.

The title role was sung by Mr. Ross David and he did his work well, all things considered. He acted as substitute for Mr. McCreery—who was cast for the part, and whose absence caused disappointment to many among the audience who would like to have heard him again. He was indisposed. There are some nice little bits of comedy through the opera for instance, in the charming trio, by Miss Risley and Messrs. Herschell and Lande. The song "Brown October Ale" is a good one and it was fairly well given by Mr. Tetsion, who played "Little John," and Mr. Casavanti as Will Scarlet gave "The Armorer's Song." There is no doubt the accessories of appropriate costumes and stage settings lend much to the rendition of a song like this but I have heard it done better in this city without these surroundings. Yes, the choruses were the strong feature. The tinker's chorus became popular at once, but the story of the chimes was beautifully and effectively told in the song and attendant chorus. This chorus reflects much credit on the musical director, Mr. M. C. Smith, because for their efficiency he is responsible, and his industry, energy and care is shown by the promptness of the singers even when singing in the distance. I have not heard this company in "The Knickerbockers," but I have read severe strictures upon their work in this opera, in a Halifax paper of recent date. The paper says: "An unsatisfactory performance of "The Knickerbockers" was given at the Academy of Music last evening. To criticize would necessitate much fault finding... the defects were too many and too pronounced." Whether this state of affairs prevailed when they gave it in this city I am not prepared to say. The "Robin Hood Opera Company" are not "The Bostonians."

The Oratorio Society hope to secure St. David's church for the forthcoming production of "Samson" which will be about the 10th to 15th of October, but nothing definite has yet been arranged. The rehearsals were resumed last Monday evening. The first rehearsal was largely attended by the sopranos and basses, many new members are joining and everything points to a successful season. This is a good time for the public spirited citizens, and St. John has them in large numbers, to show their approbation of this good institution by becoming identified with it either as honorary or active members. Reference to the Heine concert in the Mechanics' Institute last Wednesday evening I regret being compelled to omit this week.

ing. The first rehearsal was largely attended by the sopranos and basses, many new members are joining and everything points to a successful season. This is a good time for the public spirited citizens, and St. John has them in large numbers, to show their approbation of this good institution by becoming identified with it either as honorary or active members. Reference to the Heine concert in the Mechanics' Institute last Wednesday evening I regret being compelled to omit this week.

Tones and Undertones. Fred Miller is working at a new opera, to be called "Nancy Lee."

It is again said that Jean LaSalle, the French baritone, is about to retire to private life.

J. Aldrich Libbey has signed as leading singer in the Pauline Hall opera company which opens season on the 24th inst.

Miss Jenny Lind Lewis, a very promising young singer, will be the soprano of the Boston Ideal Opera company this season.

Johann Strauss is finishing his new opera, "The Apple Fete." It will be produced at the Theatre under Wein during his festival.

The forthcoming musical festival at Worcester Mass., will be an occasion of great delight to all lovers of music who may be enabled to attend.

DeWolf Hopper in "Dr. Syntax" appears to have scored a success. This opera is a revised edition of "Cinderella at School," by Morse and Goodwin.

Armande Bourgeois, who recently made her operatic debut in "The Valkyrie" at the Paris Opera, is a native of Boston. I don't know her other name.

Everything in the way of preliminary has about been done and "Prince Pro Tem" will be ready for production on the 17th inst., at the Boston museum.

Tamagno declared that when he had secured a million dollars he would never sing another note on the stage. He is reputed worth twice that sum yet he still sings.

It is said that Mascagni owes his success in life to Madame Calve. It was she who first took him up and induced him to enter the competition which he won. He wrote for her, in Santuzza, the part of her life.

The opera season of Camille D'Arville at the Tremont, Boston, which has been perhaps the most successful of all ever given in that city, is drawing to a close. "Madeleine," or the Magic Kiss, still holds the boards and is a phenomenal winner.

It is now announced from New York that contracts have been signed for the return of Madame Calve to the United States. A Calve season would be a financial success. She is a true genius because she takes nature, no matter how homely it is, for her model.

A praiseworthy organization is called the Musical Mutual Protective Union, and it is giving concerts in New York, the proceeds of which go towards the establishment of a home for aged and indigent musicians. The talent, principally, in these concerts is first-class.

A young lady called Miss Nellie Waters and described as "a phenomenal vocalist in her line" will appear at the Palace theatre, Boston, next week. She is said to be "without doubt the greatest negro and Irish singer who has ever appeared in the United States." She ought to be told the attempt to mix the Irish and negro failed in the United States many years ago.

The St. John Conservatory and many friends of Mrs. R. A. Parker, the teacher of elocution, are glad to welcome her to St. John. Mrs. Parker was a great favorite when here four years ago and all interested in the art of expression will be glad to place themselves under her instruction. Mrs. Parker has been teaching in Millbury, Mass., since leaving the city. She also taught in the Summer Normal school, at Turner Centre, Me., with Dr. Mason, of Boston and Prof. Bradford, of Everett, Mass.

TALK OF THE THEATRE. The beautiful new sign in front of the Park theatre, Boston, contains about 360 electric globes.

Kate Ryan, a long time member of the Museum company, Boston, has been threatened with blindness.

"Tennessee's Partner" is to be revived again this season with Miss Cora Van Tassel in the leading role.

There are two Richard Mansfields on the stage—one on the Vaudeville, and the other in the legitimate.

Miss Johnstone Bennett, who made a success in "Jane," has announced, since her return from England, that she is engaged.

Wilson Barrett's next American tour, will last only three months. He will play only the towns his past experience proves remunerative.

Tim Murphy is starring in his new comedy, "Lem Kettle," at the Park theatre, Boston, this week. Mr. Murphy is not an Italian and has become well

known as Maverick Brander in "A Texas Steer." Clarence Handy, a member of Harkin's company of last year, is in the cast.

A matinee performance of "The Old Homestead" was given for the benefit of the inmates of the Old Men's Home, Boston, last week.

Robert Mantell as well as "Tom" Keene will present Shakespearean plays this season. Mr. Mantell intends to appear as "Hamlet" and "Othello."

Frederick Ward, the tragedian, who lectured on "Shakespeare and his Plays" so successfully last season, will continue to deliver them this winter.

Wm. A. Brady produced at the Bowdoin Square theatre, Boston, a new melodrama "Old Glory." It is said to be "sensational and patriotic in the extreme."

Stuart Robson's season has begun at the Park theatre, Brooklyn, last Monday evening. His opening play was Buckstone's Comedy "Leap Year." It is in three acts.

Thomas W. Keene, the tragedian, is in harness again, having opened his season on the 10th inst at the Grand Opera House, N. Y., in Richard III. He does the legitimate.

Miss Annie Clarke, once leading lady in the Boston Museum Stock and who played leads in "Rosedale" last season, intends to teach and coach amateur theatricals next season.

"Senator" Crane has personally taken charge of the rehearsals of his company in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," at the Star theatre, N. Y. His opening date is the 24th inst.

Henry Dixey is receiving much praise for his work as a member of Augustin Daly's company. This company, with the St. John favorite Miss Percy Haswell, among its members, will be playing in Boston next week. They will be at the Hollis.

The author of "Arms and the Man," the play in which Richard Mansfield opens his season of 1894, is G. Bernard Shaw, a London journalist. The majority of the characters in the piece are said to be of the "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" stamp.

A Boston paper of recent date says, "It is a girl and its mother is Mrs. Miriam O'Leary-Collins." This lady, as Miss Miriam O'Leary, was a prominent member of the Boston Museum Stock company, and a special favorite with the patrons of that theatre. She became the wife of Dr. Collins and retired from the stage.

A new play (melodramatic spectacle) by Elmer Grandin and entitled "The Slaves of Gold" was produced at the Grand opera house, Boston, last Monday evening. There is an explosion, apple blossoms falling realistically with the odor of the flowers wafted to the audience, a flooded mine, with the waters rising in full view and other thrilling things in it. Eva Mountford, the heroine dashes a great glass bay window to atoms a la Will Harkins in "The Still Alarm."

NO MORE SCIATICA.

Valentine Fisher is Cured of His Troubles to have no return—He is doing a Flourishing Fruit Tree Business.

COLLINGWOOD, Sept. 10.—About a year ago, a telegraphic despatch from here told how Valentine Fisher, who had suffered for years from sciatica, and who was so crippled by the disease as to be unable to work and was generally thought at death's door, was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. That the story was no fiction was known by all citizens of this place. That the cure is a permanent one is now just as generally known, for since his recovery, Mr. Fisher has been hard at work selling fruit trees for Chase Bros., of Rochester, N. Y., and has travelled the whole of this section for this firm with most gratifying success.

Just to Oblige a Lady.

Cyrene, who dances with much fervor and grace, is an exceptionally moral young woman. During a recent engagement in Philadelphia, she was leisurely strolling along a quiet thoroughfare, and came upon two street urchins who were endeavoring to destroy the features of each other's faces. Cyrene, after parting the youngsters, spoke to the larger one.

"This is shameful, a great big boy beating such a little fellow. Don't you go to Sunday School?"

"Do you learn to fight there?"

"No'm."

"Do you swear and say bad words?"

"Well, I ain't much on it myself, but Jimmy dere's a dandy. Cuss fer de lady, Jim."

McGill University Medical Faculty. Owing to the incomplete condition of the extensive alterations and additions to the buildings of this Faculty, lectures will not be resumed until October 2nd, 1894. The Registrar will however be opened September 17th as announced. K. F. Ruttan, M. D., Registrar.

"The sweet atmosphere was tinged with the perfumy breath which surrounded her." Mrs. Oliphant.

What an odd expression! The lady referred to must have been using some of those perfumes of exquisite fragrance manufactured by Piesse & Lubin of London, Eng. These perfumes, OPOPONAX, LOXOTIS and FRANGIPANIE are the most fashionable of the day. Your druggist has them or will procure them for you.

Perfumes from every flower that breathes a fragrance.

AN OPEN LETTER

FROM A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN.

A Remarkable Cure of Consumption In Its Last Stages—Is This Once Dread Disease Conquered?—Important Facts to all Suffering from Diseased or Weak Lungs.

ELMWOOD, Ont., Aug. 21st, 1894. DEAR SIR:—I wish to call your attention to a remarkable cure of consumption. In March, 1893, I was called in my professional capacity to see Miss Christina Koester, of North Brant, who was then suffering from an attack of inflammation of the left lung. The attack was a severe one, the use of the lung being entirely gone from the effect of the disease. I treated her for two weeks when recovery seemed assured. I afterwards heard from her at intervals that the progress of recovery was satisfactory. The case then passed from my notice until June, when I was again called to see her, her friends thinking she had gone into consumption. On visiting her I found her suspiciously too well founded. From robust health she had wasted to a mere skeleton, scarcely able to walk across the room. She was suffering from an intense cough, and expectoration of putrid matter, in fact about a pint each night. There was a burning hectic fever with chills daily. A careful examination of the previously diseased lung showed that its function was entirely gone, and that in all probability it was entirely destroyed. Still having hopes that the trouble was due to a collection of water around the lung I asked for a consultation, and the following day with a prominent physician of a neighboring town again made a careful examination. Every symptom and physical sign indicated the onset of rapid consumption and the breaking down of the lungs. Death certainly seemed but a short time distant. A regretful experience had taught me the uselessness of the ordinary remedies used for this dread and fatal disease, and no hope was to be looked for in this direction. I had frequently read the testimonials in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in wasting diseases, but not knowing their composition hesitated to use them. Finally, however, I decided to give them a trial, and I am free to say that I only used them at a stage when I knew of absolutely nothing else that could save the patient's life. The test was a most severe one and I must also admit an unfair one, as the patient was so far gone as to make all hope of recovery seem impossible. A very short time, however, convinced me of the value of Pink Pills. Although only using an ordinary soothing cough mixture along with the pills, within a week the symptoms had abated so much that it was no longer necessary for me to make daily calls. Recovery was so rapid that within a month Miss Koester was able to drive to my office, a distance of about six miles, and was feeling reasonably well, except for weakness. The expectoration had ceased, the cough was gone and the breathing in the diseased lung was being restored. The use of the Pink Pills was continued until the end of October, when she ceased to take the medicine, being in perfect health. I still watched her case with deep interest, but almost a year has now passed and not a trace of her illness remains. In fact she is as well as ever she was, and no one would suspect that she had ever been ailing, to say nothing of having been in the clutches of such a deadly disease as consumption. Her recovery through the use of Pink Pills after having reached a stage when other remedies were of no avail is so remarkable that I feel myself justified in giving the facts to the public, and I regret that the composition of the pills is not known to the medical profession at large in order that their merit might be tested in many more diseases and their usefulness be thus extended. I intend giving them an extended trial in the case of consumption, believing from their action in this case (so well marked), that they will prove a curative in all cases where a cure is at all possible—I mean before the lungs are entirely destroyed.

Yours truly, J. EVANS, M. D. The Dr. Williams Medical Co., Brockville, Ont.

Carlyle on American Humorists. In one of Carlyle's letters recently printed, a statement which should appeal to the pride of the American humorist is to the effect that some bits of extravagant American fun quoted to him "show a great deal of intellect floating about in America and not knowing what form to put itself into."

MADAME DEAN'S Spinal Supporting Corsets, FOR LADIES AND MISSES.

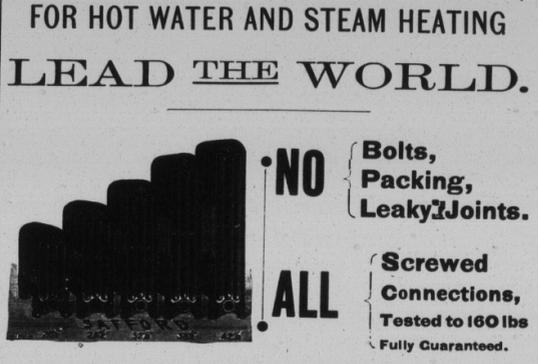
FOR THIS ONLY BY CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

What an odd expression! The lady referred to must have been using some of those perfumes of exquisite fragrance manufactured by Piesse & Lubin of London, Eng. These perfumes, OPOPONAX, LOXOTIS and FRANGIPANIE are the most fashionable of the day. Your druggist has them or will procure them for you.

Perfumes from every flower that breathes a fragrance.

SAFFORD RADIATORS

FOR HOT WATER AND STEAM HEATING LEAD THE WORLD.



Prices to meet competition of cheap styles. All the most prominent buildings in Canada are heated with "SAFFORD" Radiators.

THE LARGEST RADIATOR MANUFACTURERS UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG.

Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces: W. A. MACLAUCHLAN, 51 Dock St. ST. JOHN, N. B.

FRUIT. FRUIT.

CHOICE PEARS, PEACHES, PLUMS AND GLAPES AT BONNELL'S GROCERY, TEAS and COFFEE 200 UNION ST., ST. JOHN, N. B. A SPECIALTY.

WAGONS and CARTS.

Our stock of carriages of all kinds is very complete, and we are in a position to suit the wants of the public in this respect.



The Fredericton Road Wagon. An illustration of which is shown above, is especially popular. It is the wagon of the business man; low, easy of entrance, very handy and comfortable. The price is right.



A Good Road Cart. In the spring of the year especially, a road cart, such as that shown above, should be owned by every man who owns horses. It saves a carriage. It is convenient for exercising and the preliminary training of a speedy horse. Well built, handsome and easy to ride in.

JOHN EDGEcombe & Sons, FREDERICTON, N. B.



Give me Progress.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 15.

RICH BUT HONEST.

The Toronto Telegram has the following editorial on the death of Hon. C. F. FRASER, who was so warmly eulogized in the C. M. B. A. convention last week:

There is comfort in the thought that C. F. FRASER was an honest man who did not die poor. Poverty is not proof of virtue, or the man who is a spend-thrift as well as a thief could die poor, and thus be absolved from all his sins. Hon. C. F. FRASER was honest, and he was not poor. He had his own way to make in the world, and he made it. He made a glorious name for himself, and made a modest fortune for his family. It is better to be honest than rich, but it is better to be both than either.

If the general meaning of "honest" be taken, it was not the fact that Mr. FRASER was both rich and honest that made him worthy of the warm love and respect that he received from rich and poor. There are a good many men who are both rich and honest, and yet who would do more good to mankind at large if they were honest and poor, or if their wealth was owned by men who would make better use of it. It has been often shown that if there were no capitalists, the lot of the laboring man would not be what he sometimes fancies it would be in that case, but that a capitalist like GEORGE W. CHILDS or C. F. FRASER does far more good than many men of equal wealth and an equal amount of what the world calls honesty, is equally true, as is the fact that many men now poor, if they had the wealth of some honest but selfish rich, would do as much good as those rich men who will get into heaven as easily as a thread goes through the eye of a needle.

Perhaps the Telegram gives the word "honest" a broad meaning instead of using it in the usual worldly sense of such proverbs as "Honesty is the best policy." Perhaps the paper uses it in the sense of the poet who wrote the grand line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." If such be the meaning implied, an honest rich man is a rich man who uses his wealth as a trust from the Giver of all good, who wishes him to employ it for the benefit, not only of himself and his family, but for that of men poorer than he. That any rich man, unless he be an absolute miser, can scarcely help doing a certain amount of good with his money, is true; but that there are very few rich men who do the good that, as honest men in the sight of God, they should do, is none the less true.

One of these few men was C. F. FRASER. He did not dispense alms indiscriminately, as some honest but foolish rich men do, robbing the poor of their self-respect, and hence in many cases indirectly of their honesty; but he used his money in a way that would justify one in adding to the Telegram's proverb, the word "honest" being used in its broadest, truest sense. "It is better," says the Telegram, "to be honest than rich, but it is better to be both than either." A truthful addition would be: "To be honest and rich and wise is best of all."

Mr. FRASER was all three. He was a rich man who laid up treasures in heaven; but he did not deem it necessary to deny himself the luxuries of life simply because he was rich. If all rich men denied themselves luxuries, a good many trades would be demoralized, and a good many poor people thrown out of employment.

IN DEFENSE OF THE SMALL. Now that science has effectually disposed of many things that used to make people's lives miserable, it makes people's lives still more miserable by introducing into our minds fears of microbes, whereas our forefathers breathed and swallowed them in peace and were happy. To such an extent do we dread microbes that we are oftentimes afraid of eating hash—dreading the possible presence of microbic organisms. And Dr. CHRISTIE has advised the Canadian Medical association to abstain from kissing, as a kiss serves to promote emigration of deadly bacilli.

The microbe is a much-abused member of society. And as is sometimes the case with abused members of society, the microbe is in many respects a useful one. In a spirit of fair play to a foe insignificant in size, we cheerfully enumerate some of the good points of the microbe.

Yeast is composed of microbes. Bread is the staff of life. Here is a exceedingly strong point in favor of microbes, to begin with. But there are many other of the most valuable commercial products that would not exist if it was not for the despised microbes. They assist in the ripening of fruits, and are exceedingly useful as being powerful organic ferments.

Their work in the creation of the world must also be taken into consideration. They have done a vast labor in piling up geological strata. To them we are indebted for peat and coal, they being the originators of the idea which other forces in nature worked out. They did admirable chemical work in the laboratory of the world by precipitating that most useful product of our provinces—gypsum. They are also in a large measure responsible for many other minerals.

But to return to the benefits they do to our body. It is only fair to bring up all the possible arguments in their favor in this connection, as it is "along these lines" that we have gone gunning for the mischief-making microbes. M. PASTEUR says that digestion would be impossible without them, and that they are the best dyspepsia cure known to medical science, when used according to directions. One of their labors that is most disagreeable to our eyes and nostrils is putrefaction, which, however, is a most active agent in changing matter into other matter, for our use and benefit.

And now we shall judge of the dark deeds of the microbe. The bacilli are not to blame for them; the fault lies with ourselves. Microbes cause nearly all diseases; but not without assistance from the members of the diseased persons' bodies. Professor KOCH put it very neatly when he said that a man's organism is a fortress, the microbes being the assailants. If the fortress is well fortified, the microbes cannot get in their deadly work. But if it becomes weak, the bacilli score a victory.

During the last few days, strange to say, Professor KOCH has shown himself to be a living exemplification of this theory. His fortress has been battered down because of his undue familiarity with microbes. He has studied them, and has given them a pretty bad name. They are getting square. But he is repairing his fortress by going to Warrisholen and placing himself under the care of Father KNEIPP, the apostle of the cold water cure.

The Rochester Times announces that the fashion in literature has changed again. "A few years ago the craze was for Russian literature; then Scandinavia and BORNSEN had their turn; then came Spain. Now the literature of Greece is to be brought to the attention of the rest of mankind. A volume of tales by DENETRIOS BIKELAR is soon to be brought out by Messrs. McCLURG of Chicago." The Times may not be aware of the fact that the literature of Greece was "brought to the attention of the rest of mankind" some time before Mr. BIKELAR was ever heard of, which attention it has held ever since. It was in the golden age of literature,

When HOMER rolled In billows of gold, And PLATO, and PERER, and PAUL.

Shimpo. The newboys of Japan must need in their business an extreme flexibility of the organs of speech. Reports for Colorado are encouraging to believers in woman suffrage. Women in that state are using the ballot with great satisfaction to themselves and more or less advantage to the state. In many instances their votes defeated women candidates for offices.

The Almanack of ZADKIEL, the seer, gives the following advice for September 24th: "Push thy business to the utmost," which is short for "Advertise." It is a very good rule to follow on the 26th, or the 26th, or the 27th,—"and so ad infinitum."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

What poetry is, What poetry is, And others who love to read, Is enough to give us the tramp all night, From enduring such a feat. You must work in words like "gybe" and "trick," "Gits," and "aste to" and "jop," The English language all in the song, And the poetry scum on top.

If nothing will do but "feller" and "sich," For the sake of the present day, "Sumbly," and "best" and "thill" and "ce," And "holt" as the "properly" way; Some dear old home dressed up in slang, And "mother" too "smeared" the same; Give grammars of all this try of hash, To the school in its proper name.

What poetry is, well they ought to know, From whom such elegiac came; "Wot writes" an "heer" their "stid" in a bag, On their way to "fortun" and fame—When the goddess bears them at the gate, And peeps through her wicket door, And sees such a bag of tricks as that, If she don't just lay down and scream

Aloud for her golden fan Her maids of honor and all her set To "set" on that "comin" man; Or throw a match in her temple mine, To those who think the dream air is high; Then she don't know what a poet is, As in the days come by.

Alone. [The true humorist is not the one who only sees the ludicrous side of life. Artemus Ward is said "to have as much real reverence for holy things as any man who ever lived." Charles Lamb made mirth for others while living a peculiarly sad life. That Robert J. Burdette's life has not been all sunshine is evident from his poems on the death of his invalid wife, one of which, "Since She Went Home," was a great favorite of Governor Boyd. In the following poem, which has just been published by Mr. Burdette, this sadness of the man of mirth is touchingly apparent:]

I miss you, my darling, my darling, The embers burn low on the hearth; And still in the air the sweet melody, And hushed is the voice of its mirth; The rain splashes fast and hoarse, and the wind whistles through the eaves, and the midnight chimes out from the steeples.

I want you, my darling, my darling, I'm tired with care and with fret; I would be in your arms beside you, And all but your presence forgetting, In the hush of the happiness given, To those who think the dream air is high; To the fullness of love in contentment; But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling, My voice echoes back on the hearth; I stretch my arms to you in longing, And let the sweet words you taught me, Till the dawn of the dawning is drier; For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling! With the shadows fall on the face; The load that divides us weighs harder— I shrink from the jar that it makes; I sorrow rise up and best me, O! I doubt make my spirit their own; O, could I reach through the darkness and save me, For I am alone!

Out Where Blooms the Mignonette. Out where blooms the mignonette, Waiting for you only; When the night falls to the sea, When my life is lonely, Have my love the name repeating; Come renew our halcyon repeating; Ere the twilight star is set; Out where blooms the mignonette.

Margaria, pearl of light, Come thou when the closing day Takes thy beauty in its glory, Have my love the name repeating; All my heart for thee is turning; All my soul toward thee is turning; Here where we so oft have met, Out where blooms the mignonette.

Fragrant flower perfum-laden; Where the shadows tell thy face; Open oh how fondly near thee, Have my love the name repeating. Call oh call, my love, divine; Way with sorrow hops is twining; Joys our souls can ne'er forget; Out where blooms the mignonette. Acacia Hall, N. B., 1894. CYRUS GOLBE.

Equal to any of the Cures. A sad-faced woman who was endeavoring to bring her inebriated spouse to consciousness on King Square one night this week, without success, attracted the usual crowd, which had the usual suggestions to make.

"Give him some sweet oil," said one begrimed workman. "There's nothing like sweet oil to sober up a man," and he pulled an oilcan from his pocket, and handed it to the woman, who declined it with thanks. "I wish you'd go away and leave me be," said the woman.

"But don't you want to wake up your husband, ma'am?" enquired a benevolent looking old man, with a red and white beard. "Of course I do, but squirting sweet oil into him isn't a-goin' to wake him," said the woman.

"No, ma'am, I haven't much faith in that remedy myself," said the old man. "But I have a little method of my own, which is safe, sure and effectual." "Well, if you can make him come home with me, I wish you'd try," said the woman. "My method is this, ma'am," said the old man, taking up his walking stick and vigorously basting the soles of the feet that had trodden in uncertain paths. The woman urged him to stop, but the old man kept on. In a few minutes the inebriate opened his eyes, and in a few minutes more

he howled. The crowd told the old man to give the drunkard his diploma, and to let him go. The graduate arose, and allowed his wife to drag him away.

"He staggers a little yet, but he's perfectly sober," said the old man, a smile of satisfaction lighting up his benevolent face. "It's because he's a trifle footsore that he don't walk steady. I've tried that treatment with a good many drunken men, and I never yet knew it to fail."

Went Back to the Starting Point. HALIFAX, Sept. 13.—An amusing incident happened a few days ago in a bookstore on Gottingen street. The bookseller weekly disposes of a large number of copies of PROGRESS, and the pile of papers occupies a conspicuous place on his counter. A few days ago the wife of a coroner who has more than once been honored with a considerable space in PROGRESS columns entered the shop. Her eye took in the familiar paper and the following brief dialogue ensued. "What do you sell PROGRESS for, Mr. —?"

"Five cents," was the reply. "Oh, that's not what I mean. It's such a bad paper I want to know why you sell it. Why the doctor won't allow it in the house."

The bookseller then explained at considerable length that his customers were anxious to get the paper and he was glad to oblige them. Another young doctor heard the story and he told it to some brother medics at the dispensary, among whom was a doctor who not long ago was a companion in trouble with the coroner. He told it to his better half and she, in turn, informed the original seeker after information that her inquiry and the coroner's aversion to PROGRESS was considered a good thing by the dispensary staff. It's strange how a story sometimes comes back to its starting point.

The Flower Show a Great Success. The great attraction of the week has been the flower show. Opera and other events in the amusement and social line sank into insignificance compared with the interest felt in this first public venture of the Horticultural society. Perhaps a good many citizens realized for the first time when they walked among the beautiful flowers just what this society is doing for the city. In spite of much discouragement and but little assistance from the city or from the citizens at large the ladies and gentlemen associated in this work have gone forward steadily and showed how much could be done in the way of making the city beautiful if they were supported in a substantial way. When enterprising and busy men of business like Mr. Joseph Allison, Mr. J. M. Taylor, Mr. Clement Clarke and Mr. J. V. Ellis can find time to spare for such a work they set an example that may well be followed by many others. But the flower show was a great success. Thousands saw and enjoyed it and the city is better for the opportunity of looking upon such a beautiful collection of flowers.

A Triumph of Engineering. They were two middle aged Bay of Fundy sailors, and they were resting on Thompson's wharf on Wednesday evening, in that pleasing nautical condition known as "half-sea-over."

"Just listen to those fellows," said the master who accompanied the scribe. "They have one little peculiarity. Whenever they're drunk they call each other captain. That's all they get that way for, I guess. They've never either of them got any higher degree than A. B., so honors is easy."

One of the mutual admiration society raised himself on his elbows, and said, "Well, cap'n, how did you get out of that little difficulty?" "Why, that was easy enough, cap'n," remarked the other, as he blew a whiff from his T. D. "I took fifty feet out of the hold and stowed it on deck, and loaded it with deal ends." "Well, cap'n," said the other, in an ecstasy of admiration, "I've been going to sea well on to thirty-five years, and I declare I don't know how you managed it."

Where Doctors Disagree. HALIFAX, Sept. 13.—There is trouble between two or three Halifax doctors on account of a bright article that appeared in PROGRESS a couple of weeks ago. The letter was so well written that not even a doctor need be ashamed of it. Yet when Dr. Dodge heard that Dr. Kirkpatrick had said that he was the author of it, he became furious, and demanded satisfaction in a most emphatic manner. Ordinary measures failing to secure the redress he sought, the irate doctor caused a lawyer's letter to be sent to his alleged accuser, threatening legal proceedings if he did not apologize for what was stigmatized as a slanderous statement. Dr. Kirkpatrick went out of town a day or two afterwards, but no one believes the lawyer's letter frightened him away. Perhaps, it did, though.

Incident to a Military Man. HALIFAX, Sept. 13.—A well posted non-commissioned officer of the 66th P. L. F. made a little sensation at his house on Sunday evening. He runs a snug little business on Spring Garden road, and is a popular young man. On this occasion he was taken down at one of the hotels, when the folks at home heard a mysterious noise. Two American crooks had been arrested a couple of days before for robbery and a feeling of nervousness was excusable. The

66th man was telephoned for and hastened out. Without loss of time, and assisted by two policemen on the beat, the non-commissioner's trusty rifle was loaded with ball cartridge. Long and patiently he and the policemen waited for a burglar to show his head, but had there been robbers at work they would not have been such fools as to come within range of the deadly rifle in the hands of a determined man. At the end of their vigil they concluded there was no enemy in the camp, and that it would be safe to withdraw the defensive forces and unload rifles. Any bold, bad man, who has thoughts of making booty should take warning and keep away from this determined 66th non-commissioned officer and his rifle.

These Figures Look Large. That is an interesting story which seems to place a cool two or three million dollars within the reach of Mr. Neil Morrison of this city. The proving of his claim has been placed in the hands of Messrs. McKeown, Barnhill and Chapman and if these gentlemen succeed in establishing their client's rights to this immense fortune they are, it is said, to get two and a half percent—or about \$60,000.

THEY WERE ALL IN THE FASHION. And That Was How a Gentleman Got Himself into Trouble. Coming in from Larchmont late the other morning, I was horrified to see a middle-aged friend of mine, who has a habit of natty dressing, which does not exactly comport with his gray moustache, in a violent altercation with a policeman. I hurried across the platform, and as soon as he saw me he shouted:

"Here's a friend of mine! He knows me. He'll tell you who I am, you infernal lunatic!" "He was making up to young girls, sir," said the officer. "I saw him speak to half a dozen with my own eyes. And he's got to go with me, see? There was a fellow arrested at the other end of the tunnel not long ago that he could give points to, and that fellow is doing time on Blackwell's Island today."

My natty, middle-aged friend turned purple and used language which astonished me by its diabolical inventiveness. Speechlessly he thrust a telegraph blank into my face. I took it and read:

Most Grace, Grand Central, Tuesday morning, ten twenty train. Wear pink waist, white straw hat, light skirt. Will carry small satchel and be looking for you. ERNEST. "My wife sent it," he stammered. "Country cousin I never met—coming to town—nothing but girls with pink waists got off the train—all had white straw hats—spoke to five, when this—!" and here he went off again into torrents of language.

I noticed a meek looking young woman in a pink waist standing way up the platform and looking at the altercation uneasily. It struck me that she might be the country cousin. She was. One of the finest ought to have had an addition to his pay that day.

SPLENDID MOTIONS. An Instance of the Impressiveness of Gesticulation. Everyone has read of the "action, action" of Demosthenes, and what a variety of emotions and passions Roscius could express by mere gestures. An anecdote told of William C. Preston, of South Carolina, illustrates the power of this form of art in an amusing way.

A gentleman who was of an audience held spellbound by a splendid harangue of Preston's from the stump one day noticed beside him a man whom he knew to be very deaf, but who seemed to be listening with breathless attention, and who apparently caught every word that fell from the orator's lips. Now tears of delight rolled down his cheeks, and again he would about out applause in ungovernable ecstasy.

At last, when a particularly splendid passage had been delivered, with the effect of raising a storm of applause, he could contain himself no longer, and bawled into the ear of his neighbor: "Who's the a-speakin'?" "William C. Preston!" shouted the gentleman at the top of his lungs. "Who?" roared the deaf man, still louder than before.

"William C. Preston of South Carolina" roared the gentleman in return, with an effort which rasped his throat for some moments after. "Well, well!" exclaimed the deaf man, his face working with excitement. "It don't make no difference, I can't hear a word you or he is sayin', not a word; but my stars! I don't be do the motions splendid?"

The Value of a Character. The captain of a large steamer was once filling up his crew for a long voyage when a seaman came up and said:—"I want to sail with you, sir." "All right, my man," replied the captain, "where have you sailed before?" "P. and O., sir, to Australia." "What countryman?" "An Irishman," was the ready response. "Well, you must get a character."

The discharge was obtained, and as the Irishman was presenting it another seaman came up and said he wanted to join. "What line were you on before?" asked the captain. "Canard, sir." "All right. Go forward."

Shortly after, the two were swilling the deck in a heavy sea, the Englishman was swept overboard, bucket and all. Unmoved, Paddy finished his job, and then went to the captain's cabin. "Come in," responded the captain to his rap. "What's up now?" "Do you remember Bill Smith, the Englishman and Canard?" queried Pat. "Certainly, my man." "You took him without a character." "I believe so, what of that?" "He's gone overboard with your bucket."

Anxious Relatives. Husband—Did you write to your relatives to tell them that you and your children might make them a visit this summer? Wife—Yes, and it's perfectly amicable the way things go on. One writes that they have measles, diphtheria and whooping cough next door; another says there is a case of smallpox in the next county, and

another telegraph that three earthquakes and a cyclone are predicted for that section. They all think the dear children will be safer at home.

When He Stopped Payment. It is a well-founded belief that the average lawyer is not at all anxious to bring out the truth, unless it is favorable to his side. Sometimes three smart attorneys fall into their own trap, as in a recent civil action, where the plaintiff had stated that his financial position was always satisfactory.

In cross-examination, he was asked if he had ever been bankrupt. "No," was the answer. The next question was—"Now be careful. Did you ever stop payment?" "Yes," was the reply. "Ah!" exclaimed the lawyer, "I thought you'd get it at last. When did that happen?" "After I had paid all I owed," was the answer; and even the judge smiled.

His Enthusiasm Quenched. "Mirandy," said Farmer Courtosel, "there ain't no more talkin'. Somethin' hez got ter be did." "What's the matter with ye?" "This here country is goin' ter rack an' ruin. An' 't got ter be stopped."

"Is the pig led?" "No." "Is the kindlin' split?" "Not yet." "Cows milked?" "No." "Well it's a purty safe thing ter ten' ter ye own business first an' the nation's afterward. They's lets or better men then you that manages ter git on right well in that way."

Women as Law Students. Professor Ewell, Dean of the Kent Law School, with reference to woman as law student, says that he has never seen any difference in point of ability to learn the law between men and women. Women are received in his school on a perfect equality with men. Personally, in the past, owing to his opinion that women have not had a fair chance with the men and have had much to discourage them, he has lent them a helping hand and favored them more than he would a man under similar conditions. He is glad to say, however, that this is no longer necessary. He believes that women have a good influence in a class composed mainly of young men.

A Chance For Treasure-Seekers. King Behanzin, the murderous monarch of Dahomey, whom the French have deprived of his kingdom, is said to have been fabulously wealthy. He once told a correspondent that he had had one hundred and sixty pots of gold stolen from him by the French. Just before his downfall, he sent a cable message to England by way of Lagos that cost over a hundred and twenty pounds, and in payment the king sent down to the coast coin that included currency of many nations, that had evidently been buried for generations. Now that the king has fled, here is a chance for treasure-seekers.

Such Is the Case. Victoria had the Chancellor of the Exchequer to rise from his knees. "Good my lord," she observed, when he had brushed the dust from his trousers. "How is the pay roll?" "The vessel trembles violently." "Your Majesty, if I may be permitted to suggest—"

The Chancellor acted just as if he hadn't another job in sight. "Has been putting on a good many hairs of late." Upon reflection such appeared to be the case.

The Wrong Pack. A fashionable lady had engaged a new footman, and took him with her the first time she made calls, charging him to leave a card whenever the person visited was not at home. It so happened that cards had to be left in nearly every case, and the calls had been almost all made, when the footman came to the carriage door saying: "Please, mum, them sets all the leaves a-waggin' horizontally. A single leaf plucked off and taken by the end of the leaf stalk between the thumb and the forefinger admirably illustrates the peculiarity of the aspen."

An Out of the Way Island. The island of Tristan d'Acunha, the principal of a group of islets in the South Atlantic, is located in latitude 37 south, longitude 12 west. The population of this remote island is considerably under 100 and consists principally of shipwrecked mariners who located three years ago. They are claimed by Great Britain and a British garrison was there located during the residence of Napoleon at St. Helena.

Enjoyed a Joke. Jimson—"I just tell you, you can't find a man anywhere who enjoys a good joke better than I do." Friend—"Guess that's so. I have heard you tell the same joke forty times, and laugh at it every time."

Brother-in-law to the Duke. Cawker—Young Goelin claims to be related to the British nobility. Canso—How does he figure it out? Cawker—After Miss Scaddis promised to be a sister to him she married the Duke of Mudbanks.

In another column will be found an open letter from a prominent physician relating the facts of a cure of consumption after the patient had reached the last stages of this hitherto unconquered disease. The statements made are really remarkable, and mark another advance in the progress of medical science. Our readers will find the article well worth a careful perusal.

Social and Personal.

"MEAT AND MORALS."

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP. THE ORIGINAL TRY IT. TRADE MARK. SOAP. FOR FAMILY USE. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Only One Dollar. BEST FOUNTAIN SYRINGE, WORTH \$1.75 EACH. Rubber Sheeting. American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte St., St. John.

WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS. To Re-dye and Finish Gents, you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape. See Specimen Samples at our office and be convinced.

Ventilated Human Hair Goods. Latest Style in Frontpieces on hand and made to order, also half and full wigs. Specialty: Fine Ventilating for the trade.

MISS KATIE HENNESSY, 113 Charlotte Street, Opp. Dufferin Hotel. Just Received. GRANITE and WHITE AGATE WARE. Preserve Kettles, Tea Kettles, Saucepans, Tea and Coffee Pots.

New Autumn Dress Materials. NEW DRESS MATERIALS. For Fall and Winter Wear. IN ALL THE VERY LATEST SCOTCH AND ENGLISH WEAVES AND EFFECTS.

New Autumn Dress Materials. S.C. PORTER, 11 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N.B.

Trinity church was the scene of a brilliant wedding on Monday evening, when Miss A. Pauline Clarke, youngest daughter of Mr. W. Walker Clarke, and Mr. W. Henry Scott, son of Mr. E. C. Scott, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Washington, left on Monday evening for Toronto, where she will remain for a few days. Mrs. George H. Clark and Miss Jennie M. Clark left on Monday evening for a visit to friends in Toronto and Halifax.

Day by day it is becoming more apparent that improperly prepared food has a pernicious influence upon all classes through all the various relations of life, and that good cookery is a power which should be recognized and acknowledged by all, for we believe in the intimate relation between what a bright woman called "Meat and Morals."

But it is impossible to have good cookery without good and pure materials. If Spices or Flavoring are required in any of your cookery use only our Absolutely Pure Spices, C. Tartar and Flavorings. They are the purest and strongest, and will give you the best possible results.

Ask your Grocer for them and insist upon having them. DEARBORN & CO. TOILET WATERS. PERFUMES. HAIR GOODS. American Hair Store, 87 Charlotte Street, 22 Prince Street, Halifax, N. S.

Visit J. H. Connolly's Modern Studio when in want of anything in Artistic Portraiture. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Don't forget, 75 Charlotte St., the Address, (over Warlock's).

We Lead in Prices. OTHERS TRY TO FOLLOW. We give the very best value in Parlor Suites in the City. OUR \$60.00 Wilton Rug Suites cannot be equalled. Handsome Rolling Front Oak Desks, with or without bookcase. Some Very Cheap Boys' and Girls' Desks.

A. L. RAWLINS & SON, 54 KING STREET. PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, Mason Building, DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. SAMPLES & PRICES FURNISHED CHEERFULLY.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON. Have opened a large variety of Plain and Fancy Dress Materials for Autumn and Winter. Trimmings to match. Write for Samples.

Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts., ST. JOHN.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(Continued from Page 7.)

Miss Mary Quinn, who has been spending a few weeks with friends in this city, has returned to her home in St. Stephen.

Miss A. Vanvor, who has been visiting her friend, Miss Russell, for the past month, left on Wednesday for Woodstock.

Mr. John F. Manly leaves on Monday for Montreal, where he will study medicine.

Miss Clara Martin, of Cambridge, Mass., is visiting her cousin, Miss Estella Lewis, at Senator Lewis's, Lancaster.

Mr. G. Fairweather left this week for Halifax, where she will attend the Ladies' College.

Word has been received of the death of Miss Alice Hady, which occurred last week in Southern California.

Miss E. W. Harrison, who has been visiting Mr. M. L. Harrison, returned on Wednesday to her home in Boston.

Miss Belle Dunlop has returned from her visit to Yarmouth, accompanied by Miss Burrill, who will spend a few weeks in this city.

Miss Beattie Harrison left on Wednesday for a visit to relatives in Boston.

Miss W. F. Harrison and Miss Lillie left on Wednesday for a visit to friends in Halifax.

Miss Nellie Trainor has returned to New York, where she will continue her studies at the Conservatory of Music.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Fallon, of Truro, were in the city on Wednesday en route for New York, where they will spend the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Higgins have returned from a visit to Montreal.

Miss Miss Fairall, who is attending school in the city, spent Sunday with her parents.

Miss Annie McDonald spent Sunday with her friend Miss Pamela DeForest to spend Sunday at St. Peter's church together.

Mr. Frank Letter and his sister, visited the Williams and spent Sunday with them at their picturesque cottage on the point.

Among the summer visitors who will be missed in the city this week are Mr. W. N. Fairall and family, who returned to the city Wednesday.

Miss Sadie Brown, who has been spending the summer with Miss Geraldine Reas, has returned to the city.

A pleasant family reunion happened at the residence of that respected citizen Mr. John Rankine, on Wednesday. Probably thirty or more children, grand-children, and connections were present.

Miss Nellie Trainor has returned to New York, where she will continue her studies at the Conservatory of Music.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Fallon, of Truro, were in the city on Wednesday en route for New York, where they will spend the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Higgins have returned from a visit to Montreal.

Miss Beattie Harrison left on Wednesday for a visit to relatives in Boston.

Miss W. F. Harrison and Miss Lillie left on Wednesday for a visit to friends in Halifax.

Miss Nellie Trainor has returned to New York, where she will continue her studies at the Conservatory of Music.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Fallon, of Truro, were in the city on Wednesday en route for New York, where they will spend the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Higgins have returned from a visit to Montreal.

THE FLUTE STRIKE ON RECORD.

Roman, Flute Players Successfully Resented Exclusion from a Banquet.

Living, in his famous book the "Annals," ix., 80, relates in the following striking words the story of a singular strike which occurred at Rome in the year 300 B. C., and was probably the first strike ever known.

That year occurred an event little worthy of being related and which I would pass in silence had it not appeared as involving religion. The flute players, dissatisfied because the latest censors had forbidden them to take part in the banquet in Jupiter's temple, according to the ancient custom, withdrew, every one of them, on a day that nobody was left at Rome to play during the sacrifices. This incident shocked the religious sentiment of the senate, and the senators sent messengers to invite the inhabitants of Tibur to make every effort in order that the flute players should be restored to the Romans.

The flute players, however, having promised not to neglect anything necessary for that purpose, caused the flute players to come to the place where the senate met and exhorted them to go back to Rome. Seeing that they could not prevail upon them to do so they employed a stratagem in keeping with their character as flute players, under the pretext that music would increase the joy of the feast, every citizen invited the flute players individually to their house, and wine, of which people of that age were generally fond, was given to them in such quantities that they fell into a deep sleep. They were then brought to wagons and transported to Rome. They only became aware of what had happened on the day after, when dawn surprised them lying on the carts, which had been left in the forum. A large crowd had assembled and they were induced to promise that they would remain at Rome. The right of attending the banquets was restored to these flute players.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BIRD.

The Quetzal of Guatemala is considered the most beautiful bird in the world. Its plumage is with the rainbow and shines with a metallic luster. Until within the last few years it was unknown to science, mainly owing to the fact that it is a hermit among the feathered creatures, delighting in the silence of deserts. It is found on mountain heights above seven thousand feet in elevation.

The quetzal was the royal bird of the Aztecs, and its plumage was used to decorate the head-dresses and cloaks of the kings of that race. It breeds in a brilliant scarlet, while its green tail attains a length of three feet. It is about the size of a common pigeon. It nests in holes in rotten trees, which it enlarges with its bill so as to make a room and comfortable residence. The young are hatched totally naked.

It is the hardest of all birds to prepare for mounting, for its skin is as tender as its tissue-paper, and the feathers are impatient to such a slight depth that they are readily spoiled by falling against a branch of a tree on being shot. Up to 1850 no naturalists did not know where the quetzal was to be found. The few specimens which had fallen into their hands had been obtained from the Indians, who kept the secret. About that time, however, a collector visiting that country got on the track of the quetzal and went up into the mountains, where he shot a number of them. In ancient times the skins of all birds of this species belonged to the king, and none but members of the royal family were allowed to wear the feathers.

Once, during the school days of the new president of the French republic, his professor in geography asked him: "Perier, give us the exact position and indicate the latitude of the Gambia river." "Casimir Perier crossed his arms tightly upon his chest, looking very serious, and then his neighbors whispered to him the wrong answer, whereupon the professor gave him the exact position of this little group, which belongs to the more important French establishments of Tahiti, and, after a short pause, and in a little point of irony, said: "You ought to know that, Perier, because it is thanks to your grandfather that France acquired the ascendancy in these parts of the world; it was through his efforts and intrigues that she came to France; and the men of my generation still remember the conical spires which celebrated the event." Perier blushed considerably; but, holding his head still higher, answered the professor with his quick and peculiar dialect: "I will most certainly go over this lesson again, but so far as the Gambia at the next lecture, you are the deuce of my grandfather go, they are numerous that I am not old enough yet to know them all."

There are some men who have certain fads about smoking, and some of these fads are curious and expensive. I know a man who believes that the retention of the ash on the end of the cigar makes the cigar smoke better and taste better. He says that if he were a rich man he would never smoke a cigar after the ash had fallen from it. I attempted to persuade him that the cigar that retained the ash was possibly better because it showed by this that it was more evenly and closely rolled and proportioned, but the knocking of the ash from such a cigar would not improve the flavor or the smoking quality. But he would not be convinced. He says he can tell the difference immediately. And so he goes about carefully guarding the ash from falling, but so far as the ash is concerned, and looking upon its accidental loss as a temporary misfortune.

To Make Sunlight.

Nikola Tesla, whose wonderful achievements in the line of electricity are well known, thinks that he will soon be able to produce sunlight on earth at will. He says that the light of the sun is the result of electric vibrations in the 94,000,000 miles of ether which separate us from that luminary and does not proceed from a great central fire, as the scientists have all along held. If electric vibrations can be reproduced, the light will follow. The rapidity

of the vibrations in a second necessary to produce the desired result, he says, expressed by the figure 5 with 14 ciphers annexed, and he is now trying to build a machine which will produce these vibrations. It would appear from what he says that this vibration must be produced in nothing, or what comes next to nothing—either for he asserts that it one had a solid chunk of steel as big as a house and could communicate to it this vibration it would instantly be atomized and disappear.

MAGNIFIENET CONTEMP.

A Little story which shows how deceitful Appearances Are.

A good story showing how appearances are sometimes deceitful comes from Russia. At a certain famous restaurant in St. Petersburg six somewhat dandified officers of the Imperial Horse Guards sat drinking champagne. Not far from them sat an insignificant little man with a shabby and unkempt beard, and a glass of liquor in front of him.

It was not long before he became aware that he was being ridiculed by the officers. "By-and-bye, as they became more and more offensive in their remarks on his personal appearance, etc., he called for the waiter and said: "Bring six bottles of your best champagne!"

The waiter hesitated. "Did you hear what I said?" asked the little man. "The waiter brought the wine and six glasses.

"Take these glasses away and fetch a basin—one as large as you can find," said the man. The waiter again hesitated, but obeyed instantly at the repetition of the order. "A piece of soap!" was the next order. It was brought. "A towel!" the waiter handed him one. "Now open the bottles!" The waiter did so.

The little man now filled the basin with the contents of six bottles, rolled up his sleeves, washed himself in the costly fluid, wiped his hands, laid one hundred roubles on the table and, casting a look of withering contempt on the officers, strutted out of the room.

A Convict's Strike Imminent.

The convicts of penitentiaries everywhere are complaining of the wardens. They say that the wardens restrain them of their liberty; will not allow them to leave the prison even to see their brokers; refuse to permit them to receive gifts of revolvers, bowlers or saws sent in by their friends, and shut them up in their solitary cells when they sing nights. The convicts talk of organizing to bring about an era of reform in prison management, and threaten to leave their prisons at once if attention is not paid to their demands; more especially as they say that they now get no better food than that the ordinary laboring man receives.

Washington's Nicknames.

Washington had innumerable nicknames. He was called the American Fabius, in allusion to the fact that he pursued a cautious policy, and without ever winning a battle managed to harass and worry the enemy; the Atlas of America, the Cincinnati of the West, this name by Byron; the Deliverer of America, the Father of His Country, the Step-father of His Country, the Flower of the Forest, a name given him by the Indians, and Lovely Georgiana, a name bestowed by the British soldiers engaged in war.

A Versatile Genius.

Maud: "Mr. Allround is a sort of a universal genius, isn't he?" Mabel: "Yes, he is exceedingly clever." Maud: "He is something of a lawyer and something of a musician. What is his profession?" Mabel: "Well, the lawyers call him a musician and the musicians call him a lawyer."

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE. OF THE GRAPE.

E. C. SCOVIL, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces. Te and Wine Merchant, Telephone 625, 62 Union Street, St. John.

Thursday Excursions. THE STEAMER "CLIFTON" will leave for Halifax every THURSDAY morning at 9 o'clock (weather permitting) for Hampton.

SHOOTING. The new waterproof magazine has been invented by a Canadian, and is what sportsmen have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than the old one. ESTES & Co., St. John, N.S. 11-12.

YON BULOW'S PERSISTENCE. When the Audience Failed to Applaud, he Acted as if Encored.

A grand concert advertised in Meininger on the programme: "Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; played twice!" "He is crazy," people said. "I will teach them to understand," he said. And the wonderful happened, and for a full house. Extra trains from Esplanade. The "Ninth Symphony" was played twice, with 14 hours' "biere-pause." Almost without exception the audience found the second time to be the more beautiful; we then better understood this gigantic work. He made another characteristic experiment on this occasion. He had the whole theatre darkened during the first movement; only the notes stands on the stage were dimly illuminated; during the last movement the theatre was again dimly lighted until the chorus fell in with triumphant tones. There may be different opinions regarding this innovation, but it produced great effect.

The next concert, when Brahms' symphony was rendered, was not so successful; the audience remained cold. Bulow could not contain himself. He called out from the director's stand across to the men in the front of the orchestra, "This is a cavare to the people." In Gewanthus he was not satisfied only to speak. After the second movement of the same symphony, when the Meininger orchestra played there, not one in the packed house applauded. Bulow turned and looked at the audience, then turned to the orchestra again and said aloud, "Well, then, we will play it once more." And it was done.

A Devoted Mother Bear.

During an exploring expedition in the Arctic regions several years ago, said an officer of the navy recently, some of the men in our party used to spend considerable time in hunting the polar bears. I joined a party of hunters one day, but the pathetic sight I witnessed deterred me from ever seeking that kind of sport again. We were in an open boat, and had not gone far before we sighted a big bear with two cubs lying on the ice not far distant. They were drawn near enough the sailors threw them great lumps of sea horse flesh, and these the old bear divided between her cubs, reserving only a small portion for herself. Then, when all three were happily feeding, the sailors fired, killing the cubs almost instantly, and severely wounding the dam. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but the men who had to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by her expiring young. Though she was dreadfully wounded, she tore another and laid it before the sea horse flesh in pieces and would not eat it. When she found they were one and then on the other and tried to raise them up, all the while moaning piteously. Finding at last that they were lifeless, she raised her head toward the boat and uttered a growl of despair, which the men returned with another volley of bullets. Then she fell between her cubs and died licking their wounds.

Coleridge and the Candle.

It is related that Lord Coleridge sprang into eminence as a lawyer by adroitly seizing a simple incident while he was pleading the cause of a man on trial for murder. In the course of his long argument, candle in the jury box flickered and went out, leaving the court room in darkness. He stopped speaking, and the silence in court for a moment was oppressive. The scene, with its dark shadows, its grim faces, the scarlet robes of the judge, and the haggard face of the murderer, was worthy of Rembrandt. The usher replaced the light, and Coleridge resumed his address. "Gentlemen of the jury, you have a very solemn duty to discharge. 'The life of the prisoner at the bar is in your hands. You can take it by a word. You can extinguish that life as the candle by your side was extinguished a moment ago. But it is not in your power, it is not in the power of any of us—to restore that life, when once taken, as that light has been restored.' The tone in which the words were spoken, the cadence of the voice, and the action of the orator, produced a thrilling effect. The jury acquitted the prisoner, and Coleridge's fortune was made. He was never without a brief after that.

The Friend of Dumas.

This story is told of Alexander Dumas. It is well known that he could not refuse a request—at least, not often. One day he gave a man a letter to one of his intimate friends in Brussels. The friend, a wealthy merchant, received him as though he had been Dumas' own brother, introduced him to his circle of acquaintances, placed him stable at his man's disposal, and did everything in his power to make life pleasant for Dumas' friend. After the lapse of fourteen days the man suddenly disappeared, and with him the best horse in the merchant's stable. Six months later the merchant visited Dumas and thanked him for the kind of people he recommended to his consideration. "Dear friend," he added, "your friend is a shark." Astonished, Dumas grasped his hands toward heaven and cried: "What, he stole from you, too?"



"NOW REMEMBER, BOYS" to tell your father as soon as you get home that you need a watch and chain for \$4.50 and upwards. W. T. GARD'S Jewelry and Optical Store, 51 KING ST.



Mr. F. V. Wormald, Toronto, Ontario.

A Narrow Escape. Took Poison by Mistake. Bad Effects Entirely Eliminated by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass." "Gentlemen—in April last, through the effects of a dose of strychnine taken in mistake for another drug, I was laid up in St. John, N.B., for ten days. After this I never seemed to regain my former health, and continually suffered from indigestion and heart palpitation, for which I could get no relief. I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking one bottle, I felt a little better, so continued using the remedy until I had consumed five bottles. I found myself gaining strength and fresh every day, and am now as healthy as I was before taking the poison." F. V. WORMALD, representing the Sarsaparilla, 50 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Going to Business College? You should send for the 170 page illustrated catalogue of the famous

ONTARIO Business College, BELLEVILLE, ONT. Year. TO ROBINSON & JOHNSON.

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND ELOCUTION. 168 Prince Wm. St. FALL TERM opens Sept. 10th.

DOMINION BREWERY COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO. MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED WHITE LABEL ALE and XXX PORTER.

ASK FOR THEM and see that our Brand is on every Cork. JOHN O'REGAN, ST. JOHN, N.B. Agent for the Dominion Brewery Co. and Salvador Lager.

A TRANSFER OF LOVE.

Mabel emptied her dipper of blueberries into the ten-quart pail she and Fred had brought into partnership.

"Full!" she announced to Fred, coming to empty his quart.

"We've beaten the crowd. Guess I'll give these to Bess, as a reward of laziness."

The others of the party were scattered over the slopes below them. The sound of much laughter and aimless jesting floated up to where Mabel and her cousin stood.

"To estimate by the noise they make, their pails can't be half full. And the sun is still high; we shall have plenty of time to climb to the top. Take the pail down to the girls, and come after me."

Mabel was a long way on the upward path before Fred overtook her. She scrambled adventurously over the rocks as the path grew steeper, in happy eagerness to reach the summit.

In the pictures of heaven which Mabel's fancy had drawn in her childhood, the top of Blueberry Hill had always been some-thing included. In her maturer years she still reverently believed that in the moments she spent on that summit she tasted heavenly peace.

It was not every one whose companionship she would ask in these moments; Fred never struck notes discordant with her mood. She and Fred had been most congenial companions from the day of his coming into his uncle's family; people had forgotten to be surprised that with Bessie and Grace, both nearer to him in age and temperament, Fred was less in sympathy than with this older cousin.

Fred, muscular and agile, easily passed Mabel in the ascent. The last bit of climbing was over a rough ledge; Mabel had played the spendthrift with her energy, and held up her hands, laughing and panting, for Fred's help over the last rocky barrier.

Fred's hands and Mabel's had clasped uncounted times before—in help as now, in encouragement, in simple good fellowship. This time, a strange thing happened. A force swift as an electric current quivered along Fred's nerves, and gave him the briefest possible interval of unconsciousness between the future and the past. He was still wondering at it and at himself when Mabel having chosen her seat, he threw himself down beside her, resting easily on one elbow.

Mabel did not care to talk; she watched the panorama around her. Behind her lay fold on fold of sombre New Hampshire hills; below were the valley and the village. The white cupola of the academy marked itself ostentatiously; the elm-shaded mansion which was her home stood next in prominence.

The horizon she faced was the limit of her world. Mabel loved it with love fed by all the memories of her happy childhood, but she had her longings to go beyond it and taste more deeply of life's cup. She felt in herself, in occasional romantic moments, capabilities for playing the heroine on a more ambitious stage.

Burnstead offered no background for soul-stirring situations. These faint shadows of longing did not dim in any perceptible degree her content in the place and season; but if Mabel was happy, much more was Fred. He found a new charm in the landscape—in the sun-light—in Mabel! For, watching her, he all at once knew what had come to him,—he loved her!

He had never dreamed much of love; his had been a merry, healthy boyhood. Certainly, he had not supposed love came like this. Did Mabel guess? How could she help understanding it in that handclasp which had changed the whole world?

Mabel's face was of undisturbed serenity; she kept her happy silence; and Fred had time to think over and over how strange it was that this had come to him,—to him, of all the world!—and how stranger still that it should be Mabel who had waked it,—Mabel, his playmate, his friend, almost his sister!

Mabel was startled by finding Fred close beside her, his arms around her, his eyes seeking hers.

"Oh, Mabel, Mabel, I love you so!" he cried, and released her, surprised at his own words. He threw himself on the ground with his head in her lap, as he had done before in many moments of discouragement and weariness. And just as was her habit Mabel tangled his hair beyond its usual confusion; only instead of the familiar complaint, "Oh Fred, why have I straight hair, and yours so curly, and curly hair no use to a boy!" she said, moved with great surprise, "What is the matter, Fred? Of course you love me. What should I do if you didn't?"

"Ah, but not that way!" His shining eyes were on a level with hers again. "Mabel, I shall die if you do not love me as I do you—it you will not say you will marry me some day."

"Fred! Are you crazy? You know I love you, but not in that way. How could I? We have been such friends always—you are almost my brother. You must not talk in this way. What can you mean by it?"

"But I am not your brother!" Fred answered in happy triumph. He poured out his boyish, foolish, impetuous eloquence upon her; he forced the reality of his feeling upon her belief at last.

"Fred, how old are you?" she asked. She was emerging from the confusion of her ideas, and smiled on him with something of her accustomed serenity.

It was cruel; Fred blushed, but he answered bravely.

"I'm seventeen; and, Mabel—with one of his mischievous twinkles—"I shall be older some time, but I couldn't love you better if I were a hundred and seventeen."

"And how old am I, please?"

"Oh, Mabel, Mabel, what does it matter, a few years more or less either way? Three years is nothing. Has that three years ever come between us in any way? Haven't we been just as good friends as if I had been three years the older? Has it ever made any difference in your feeling for me? Answer me that."

Mabel answered slowly, thinking her way out of the tangle.

"No, it never has. I think I do love you more than any one else—unless, perhaps, father; but that is different. You understand me, always better than the girls—very much better than my brother ever did. But, Fred, though I can't tell you how I know, I am sure it is not as you are asking me to love you. I am sure it could never be like that. Please put me away and forget it. You will spoil all our good times."

Fred was not to be silenced. He put

orth every argument hackneyed in such service,—all fresh and vital enough for him. His life would be nothing without her; she, and she only, could make him in any use in the world, could keep him in his right path.

Here he touched a vibrant string, and Mabel mused more seriously as he rambled on. In a few weeks Fred was to go to college. "The world" was a place of vague terrors to the girl whose horizon was bounded by the Burnstead hills; already she had thought anxiously of Fred in the midst of the undefined temptations he was about to meet. Perhaps, she reflected, Fred was partly right; perhaps here lay a safeguard which it was her privilege, even her duty, to give him.

The sun was low; already part of the valley lay in shadow. Faint echoes of voices came from the lower slopes.

"We must go down," Mabel said, starting up. "They are calling to us. Answer them, Fred, and come."

Fred barred her way. He took her hands.

"Not till you answer me something, dear." A manly dignity had come to him. Mabel's sense of superiority was shaken.

"I can't consent to an engagement," she said. "It would not be right. You will change; you will find someone better suited to you. Hush! Don't answer me yet. If you wish it so much—if it will content you—I will let it be an understanding between us. It must not bind you; you must be as free as if you had never had told me; and when we are older, we will talk it over again. Understand, I promise nothing; and we must stay just good friends, as we have always been. Will that do?"

"If it must," Fred answered, and kissed her, somewhat gravely.

"You must not kiss me any more," Mabel sighed. "Oh, Fred, you have spoiled everything!"

"You don't not always think that," he answered, out of his boyish hopefulness. He helped down the ledge with an air of insistent proprietorship, not deeming worthy of notice her derisive caution.

"How will you laugh at all this some day?"

Mabel's days passed dreamlike till Fred went away. He made little rebellion against the conditions with which she restrained their intercourse. His love was of a sort which could find satisfaction in the silent contemplation of his object. He treasured her picture scraps of her writing, her hitherto only unappreciated holiday and birthday gifts to him. Best of all there was constant delight in the exchange of subtle sympathies by words and looks that all the world might unheeding observe.

Mabel was troubled by doubts of her wisdom in assenting to this understanding; but she had no one of whom to ask advice. Since the marriage of her elder sister, she had been nominally the head of the household; the fact was that each one of the four sisters left some state to her self, mutual love and helpfulness being the controlling forces in the home.

She smiled at the thought of appealing to her father. Gardner Mansfield would have made any sacrifice, even to his life, for the welfare of his daughters; but it had been required to state their exact ages and describe their tastes he must have failed miserably. With Fred, his nephew and ward, he had something in common; but girls were a hopeless mystery to him; he would have been quite as much amazed if Mabel had submitted a proposal of marriage to him as if thirteen-year-old Kitty had done the same thing; and would have been equally helpless in either case.

Mabel and her brother had never been congenial; and if she had given her confidence in this case to the married sister, Charlotte would simply laugh at Fred and think that ended her concern with the matter.

Secrecy was not Mabel's habit, but here there seemed no other course so advisable. If, as she believed, Fred would outlive this fancy in a maturer love for some other woman, it would be better for him that his passing folly should not be known. Nothing need be changed; their intimate companionship was a fact too familiar for comment.

Fred's first letters confirmed Mabel in the belief that she had acted wisely. They were the letters of a healthy-minded lad, keenly interested in his environment. Indeed, they betrayed an absorption in athletics calculated to arouse alarm in the conservative home circle. This alarm he failed to quiet in visits at home through the year, but it had to yield at a summing up of his year's work expressed in official and irrefutable figures.

Part of his first summer vacation was spent in a bicycle tour with college friends, and the rest was for Mabel's pleasure almost unalloyed. Fred seemed to have grown much older, and, as she told him, more reasonable. They had no talk of the relations between them, and after that their intercourse seemed to be almost on its old free basis.

"I must have seemed very boyish and silly to you, with all that wild talk," Fred said. "I'm not so conceited as I was. I know better what it means to ask for the love of a girl like you. Cool, asking you to wait for me to grow up, wasn't it? You deserve the best in the world, and if it comes to you I'll try to be glad you've got it. Only—I mean to be something of a man myself, and if the time ever comes when you are sure you can be satisfied with me,—that will be my heaven on earth. I don't mean to tease you with love-making; I should have no right,—now. But in a few years—we'll see."

If these sentiments, moderate as they might seem, caused Mabel to doubt the wisdom of her plan of action, she could find comfort in other lines of Fred's conversation. She could not fail to see how strong was her influence with him, how powerful an incentive was the hope of her approval, how steady a restraint was his knowledge of her high principle.

"It was best," she assured herself. "I am not all he thinks me; but if he keeps himself honest and manly for my sake, he will have an honest and manly self to offer to that other woman."

If Mabel failed to detect that her judgment was warped by the flattery there was for her in this situation, she was not the first woman to make a like mistake. And, whatever the future might hold, these were happy days for both. Fred's life had broadened,—much he believed, not suspecting how little, absolutely,—and his companionship became more stimulating to Mabel; while he still found sympathy and

intelligence equal to all his demands on them.

There came to Mabel, after two more college years had drifted by, some irrepressible compunctions. Their friendship still rested on a plane of the frankest good fellowship. Yet Fred's acceptance of Mabel as his guardian angel seemed less his choice than a necessary condition of his existence. This became so plain that Mabel's uneasiness grew day by day.

For now, more than ever, she was sure she did not want to marry Fred. Her ideals had become more definite than in her girlhood. One does not see many men in Burnstead—men, that is, one could think of in connection with love and marriage. But a Burnstead girl may, rarely, meet a man of experience, culture, and magnetic manner; a trustee of the academy, for instance, a visiting minister, or one of one's father's friends from the outside world. And one makes occasional little trips away from home. Chaperoned by Charlotte, Mabel had seen one Class Day. Naturally, when one goes to Class Day as the guest of an undergraduate, one's perspective is faulty, and the undergraduate singly and the undergraduate as a species fill an undue proportion of the foreground. Still, Mabel was able to give a few keen glances into the background of the delightful day, into "the world," which was still in her crude thought a separate, bounded sphere in which she had no part.

"Duties enough and little cares kept her wholesomely occupied, she had no time to grow morbid over her anxieties. As it the oversight of her younger sisters were not enough, an opportunity came to do much for other school-girls, so different from those she had known best as to be at once perplexing and a fascinating charge.

Dr. Emery, an old friend of Mabel's father, brought his motherless daughter to Burnstead academy begging that she might share the home influences during her school terms which had shaped such charming personalities as he thought the Mansfield girls. Elly Emery conceived for Mabel the violent passion an emotional girl delights to bestow on some older woman; her union of innate rectitude with wayward impulse made her a deeply interesting study, and she filled a large share of Mabel's thoughts. Dr. Emery, coming occasionally to watch his daughter's progress, was well pleased with her development under the new influences.

One day, Mabel standing by her window, looked up the valley to Blueberry Hill. Blueberry Hill suggested Fred; she reflected that June was passing, and Fred would soon be at home. For some reason Mabel did not question herself why her thoughts of Fred had been unwontedly persistent of late. She no longer formulated her perplexities; she went about under a cloud of discontent, which, oddly, seemed about to break away into some indefinite expanse of clear sky.

Grace running upstairs, startled her out of her reverie.

"Dr. Emery is downstairs, Mabel, sitting out on the porch."

"Hasn't anyone called Elly? or father?" Mabel asked. But her hands were instantly busy about her hair and dress.

"Father? Elly?" Grace mocked as she went away. "Do you suppose your delightful demure ways impose on us? Do I had been required to state their exact ages and describe their tastes he must have failed miserably. With Fred, his nephew and ward, he had something in common; but girls were a hopeless mystery to him; he would have been quite as much amazed if Mabel had submitted a proposal of marriage to him as if thirteen-year-old Kitty had done the same thing; and would have been equally helpless in either case."

Her distress was so painfully betrayed that he could not ignore it. They were alone; the culprit Grace had fled in a flight.

Dr. Emery was more moved than even the Charlotte would admit. He looked for Mabel, fluttered a few words of greeting.

"I had not supposed," he said, retaining the hand she had offered, "that it was possible for you to be annoyed in that way."

"It did not—it is no matter," Mabel tried to answer.

"Your father knew—how did it happen that he has not told you that Elly's mother is living?"

Mabel smiled as she answered, "Oh, father's knowing a thing is not at all the same as our knowing it." Afterwards, she wondered how at that moment she could find room for the familiar sense of amusement at her father's absentmindedness.

"I must not come here again in this way. I see I have made mistakes. But I should like to explain it a little before I go—all I can explain of it."

He seemed to wait for permission to speak, but was forced to go on without it.

"There is nothing but her death that could give me the freedom I never till lately much cared for. Not all men would have chosen to act as I did. I left her for Elly's sake; I have never seen reason to doubt that I did right. Elly does not know; she believes her mother dead and it is best that she should."

Mabel lost accurate sense of the passage of time, as one does when half recovered from an anæsthetic. If he said more, it many minutes of silence passed, if she spoke, she could not afterwards be sure. They were saying good-bye; he had taken both her hands. Their eyes met, at the last, in a long, intense look. Mabel felt a curious sensation about her face, and thought she must be blushing to an uncommon degree; when she saw herself in the hall glass, after Dr. Emery had gone, she saw that her face had an odd, grayish color.

She went to her room, and looked out at Blueberry Hill again, but not to think of Fred. She knew what had happened to her; her one chance of the love she had dreamed of had been shown her and taken away; and her heart was broken—only hearts never did really break.

She wondered why she did not cry; she usually gave her only too readily. She wondered why she found it so easy to go down to the duties that awaited her, and perform them with accustomed fidelity. She wondered how she was able to keep the family from suspecting that the world had changed for her.

"That"—she had become a part of it at last; she was akin to all who had hoped, lost, suffered!

At night, moving about her room, she by chance brushed to the floor a letter of Fred's.

Fred! The first thought of him was aversion, almost anger; a feeling of great remoteness from the part of her life with which he had been concerned. Then came an overwhelming revulsion of emotion; she

read over his letter, drinking in the love and sympathy told even in its commonplace of college gossip.

Dear, faithful Fred! There was restfulness in his devotion.

She would tell Fred what had come to her; she would tell him how it had taught her to value his unflinching affection; then, if he still cared for so worthless a thing as her sisterly but heart-deep love, she would give herself entirely to him.

Then tears came; and Mabel's days were strangely interwoven with pain and anticipation.

She wondered after Fred came if it were because of the change in herself that he seemed moody and more silent than usual. The younger girls commented on the alteration with the result of ruffling his usually sunny temper.

The girls and their summer guests were out on one of their field rambles one afternoon, Mabel and Fred a little ahead as usual.

"Let's climb Blueberry Hill," Mabel said. It had just occurred to her that there would be a poetic fitness in beginning another chapter of their story in the place where the last had begun. She had been only waiting a favorable opportunity to make her confession to Fred.

As she had foreseen, only Fred and herself cared to climb to the summit. The others would rest comfortably and wait for them in the pine hall way up the hill.

Fred kept pace with her in a moody silence which became so marked that when they had reached the top of the ledge he seemed to recognize that it could not pass without apology. He looked at Mabel with a frank smile, awaiting her reproof.

"Bess says it must be some college scrape."

The two had grown so thoroughly in sympathy that his smile and her seemingly unconnected remark were recognized as question and answer.

"It's no college scrape."

Fred threw himself down beside her; he pulled his hat down over his eyes.

"I suppose you have thought I was sulking about something. I've been more miserable than I ever was in my life before. I've got to tell you, and I could do it easier if I could make you understand how I despise myself. Sometimes I have thought—There! What's the use of all this palaver? Mabel, you were right. I didn't know myself. I've gone and fallen in love with somebody else."

Before Mabel was ready with words, he continued his boyishly blunt confession.

"I know well enough—I knew it all the time, if I would have owned it to myself—that you never would have cared enough for me to marry me. You had sense enough to see it wasn't the right thing. But it makes me feel like a contending fool all the same."

Mabel allowed him to exorcise himself in silence for some minutes before she relieved him by an answer. Indeed, it was not easy for her to decide what to say. Fred began rambling apologies again before she adopted her pose.

"Fred, my dear," she made a distinct pause to force him to turn and look at her. "You have scolded yourself all the occasion demands. I will be good to you; I will not say I told you so,—unless I imply it too strongly in saying that this is what I have always wished." ("Always? Yes, always," Mabel inwardly silenced her conscience. "That brief aberration needn't count.") "Let's call that all done away with, and now let me hear all about her. It is Churchill's pretty little sister, of course; I have been very stupid not to see it before."

"Mabel, you are an angel! Oh, you needn't look at me like that,—Alice knows all about it. She wouldn't have a word to say to me till I should have told you all about it. She knows I think there is nobody like you, and she will not beat all jealous of you."

"Perhaps," Mabel's cynical thought ran.

She laughed at him, comfortably for his rapture. She promised to love Alice as a sister, after she had forgiven her for robbing her of the first place in Fred's heart. She warned him gravely to be very good to this sweet girl he had won.

When the calls from the lower slopes grew insistent, Mabel laughed oddly as she stood up for a parting sweep of the horizon.

"Even in Burnstead, life has its dramatic possibilities. This has been a very pretty little comedy, Fred!"

USE SURPRISE SOAP on Wash Day. Follow the Directions on the Wrapper.

COLONIAL HOUSE, MONTREAL. Prints, Etc., at Great Reductions. French Dress Sateen, 17c. per yard; Regular price 25c. Scotch Crepon Zephyr, (Gingham) 25c.; Regular price 45c. French Colored Lawn for Blouses and Dresses at 25c. per yard. Large assortment of Striped and Checked Gingham for Dresses, 27c. to 40c. French Washing Cretone from 25c. per yard. Butcher's Linen for Ladies' Costumes (all shades) \$1.25 to 23c. Cotton Frills for Dresses (all shades) 15c. to 18c. per yard. Light Cotton Challie, Remnants of Dress Sateen, Gingham and Print, 20 per cent. off and 5 per cent. off for cash. Hardware Dep't—Novelties, Etc. Granite Ware, Wooden, Iron, Wire Screens for Windows, Magic Ice Cream Freezers, Aspinall's Enamel, Water Coolers, Top Filters, Wire Dish Covers, etc.

Complete Stock of Kitchen Utensils, 5 per cent. Discount for Cash. Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal.

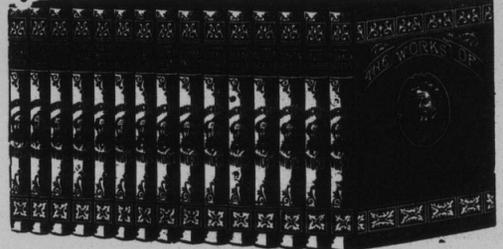
ESTABLISHED 1855 Taylor's Cafes 145 & 147 FRONT STREET TORONTO

B. B. BLIZARD St. John, N. B., Sole Agent for the Maritime Provinces.

COMFORT IN CORSETS Can only be obtained by wearing No. 391 "Improved All-Feather-bone Corsets." No side steels to break, hurt or rust. TRY A PAIR. All First-class Dry Goods Houses Sell Them.

ROCKWELL PRINT Is well equipped for all kinds of work.

Charles Dickens' Complete Works—15 vols Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$4.50 additional.



We have no premium that is so great a bargain as our Set of Dickens in 15 volumes; handsome cloth binding, plain large print with 257 illustrations. This set of books is listed at \$16. but usually sells for the bargain retail price \$7.50. Our price to old or new subscribers with a years subscription is \$6.50.

EPILEPSY Fits, Nervous Debility. Causes, Symptoms, Results and How to Cure. Treatise free on application to M. G. Ross, 35 de Salaberry St., Montreal.

Restores Nervous Energy, Mental Activity, and Muscular Vigor. Re-Vitalizes the Blood, Invigorates the Stomach, and Aids Digestion. HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE, \$2.00 PER DOZEN. MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE HAWKER MEDICINE COMPANY, LIMITED, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Sunday Reading.

AN INTERESTING WOMAN. Why it is Every Christian Woman's Duty to

If I were a girl anywhere along in the bright years which lie between fourteen and twenty, writes Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, I would set it before myself as a goal worth striving for—to become an interesting woman. The interesting woman is always sought for, always welcome, always gives pleasure, and finds chances to be useful. It does not make much difference whether she is pretty or plain; she possesses a secret of more value than beauty, and a charm which always makes homeliness peculiarly attractive.

I can think at this moment of several interesting women whom I have known. One, a dumpy, dark little woman of irregular features, and the worst taste in dress that I ever saw, was so bright a talker, so quick in repartee, so full of cheery jests and of agreeable stories, that when she came into a room a ripple of expectation ran all through it. "There's Mrs. V.," people would say. "Now things will be stirred up." Once I saw her at a picnic seated on a moss grown log, telling in her own bright way some reminiscences of her girlhood among the Welsh mountains, and the children stopped their play to listen to the story, older people grouped around, intent and amazed, the minister took out his note-book and pencil behind her back, and entered a suggestion or two for a future sermon. There she sat in her blue satin bonnet with yellow flowers, her brown de-laine gown with gay figures sprinkled over it, an ill-dressed, elderly, but most fascinating gentlewoman. The latest day of a long life she remained interesting to everybody, most so to her husband, and her children and grandchildren.

Another woman I think of is still young and in no way remarkably endowed, except in this same quality of captivating people's hearts and pleasing people. "She is worth her weight in gold," said a fellow member of a literary society lately. "And yet you would not call her clever—I don't know how to define it—but, to my mind, Miss K— is so delightfully interesting!"

If some girl asks how she is to set about attaining this advantage, I can assure her that the receipt is quite within her reach. First—She must quit letting her life centre around herself. Think little of yourself, dear girl, and well on the needs of others. Try, as Ruskin says so well, "to please people and serve them in dainty ways." Live an altruistic life, but lead it right in your own home, in your own street, in your own church.

Second.—The interesting girl, by which I mean, as you have, of course, gathered by this time, the girl who interests, goes through the world with her eyes open. A wide-awake woman, no bit of knowledge escapes her; she gathers from her reading, from her social opportunities, from her walks and her daily work a store of incidents and information, which she has on hand when it is needed.

Third.—The interesting, girl who will not have false standards of value. She will not judge as some silly girls do, of a man's merit by his clothes only. Neither a cutaway coat, nor pointed shoes, nor an elegant distinction of evening dress, with manners to suit, will prove passports to her favor, unless there be true man behind the apparel. The girl who has mind enough to be interesting has mind enough to go under the surface when choosing her companions and friends.

There is, believe me, nothing specially occult or difficult about this thing. You can be as interesting as every woman was since the world began if you will elect to be so. And neither good looks nor good families, nor even good feelings and good principles, will suffice to keep you from being stupid and monotonous, unless each is supplemented by sweetness of manner, kindness of heart, tact, and intelligence, and the desire to please, which makes people interesting.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful looks,
And wipe the weeping eye.
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

HUMAN LONGINGS.

A Talk on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Sept. 16.

Next week all Christian Endeavorers are expected to read chapter 55 of Isaiah.

What shall a young man do with his life in order to make the best of it? The question is worth considering, in view of the number of spoiled lives and utter failures that abound on every hand. In thinking out the problem, one aspect is frequently overlooked. Old age seems so far off to the young that it is apt to become the horizon and the vast region beyond to be ignored. Plans and purposes are formed which are to have their fruition in a competence, in dignity, honor and influence, to be enjoyed after the half century milestone is passed. It would be bad enough if the result of such planning were an eternity of exclusion from God. But this is not the only painful result. There is the added misery of years of discontent and dissatisfaction. Achievements, as they are realized, fail to give the solid gratification they seemed to promise. Wealth brings care and the desire for greater wealth. Honor is always alloyed with the jealous carving and envious devouring of rivals. Pleasure satiates and demoralizes. Even learning is a pain and a weariness, and is perpetually opening new vistas which the scholar deplores his inability to explore. Gratification comes from each pursuit, but not satisfaction. There is ever a longing for something else, and the more intelligent a man is, the more this longing disturbs him. The reason is that there is in every man a spiritual nature which clamors for sustenance and development. Its demands are imperative, and if they are not met the man must suffer. It is a remarkable fact, too, that this spiritual craving is the one craving of human nature for which infinite provision has been made. It is boundless

and fathomless as the nature of God himself. It was no vain boast that Christ made to the woman of Samaria that he who drank of the water that he gave should never thirst, but should have within him a spring of living water, springing up to everlasting life. Experience has proved its truth. Contact with the divine life produces life, and the new nature finds all its wants met with a provision that knows no exhaustion, and in which there is no surfeit. Besides this, there comes the moment when the animal nature that connects the man with the brute and the material world is sloughed off, and then the spirit, nourished and developed, soars to new spheres in which it is no longer restrained, but dwells in infinite delight. In such a path there is possession and hope, and from both there is unalloyed peace and satisfaction. "I shall be satisfied," wrote the Psalmist, "when I awake with thy likeness." And the likeness is forming all through the life, giving greater joy as it grows until its culmination, and the God-like soul enters the presence of God himself. There every human longing is satisfied; the groping and striving of life are ended, and he walks in the perfect light of the throne.

A PASSPORT.

"Inasmuch as Ye did it unto One of the Least of These."

Not long since, three little children, a boy of ten years, and his two little sisters, one seven and the other four, living in Klum, in Eastern Prussia, wished to go to Sedalia in the State of Missouri, to join their parents who were already settled in America. None of their relatives were so situated as to be able to accompany them, and hence they were under the necessity of taking their journey alone. An aunt in Berlin furnished each of the young travelers with a little book, on the first page of which she wrote the name, age, birth-place and destination of the bearer; writing below in large letters, in German, English and French, a single sentence taken from that book. And she told them whenever they found trouble or difficulty, to just stand still and open those little books and hold them up before them.

The children started from their German home, travelled until they reached the seaport, embarked on the steamer, crossed the great Atlantic, landed in America, travelled by rail more than a thousand miles westward into the heart of Missouri, showing their little passports when necessary, to all with whom they came in contact; and in no case did they fail to obtain every kindness, tenderness and protection which could be given, every heart warmly with love, and every hand being stretched forth in helpfulness to the little ones who were thus cast upon the kindness of passing strangers whom they had never seen before and would never see again, but through whose kind assistance they safely reached the far-off home of their grateful and rejoicing parents.

What little book was this, which proved to them such a precious passport? Was it a volume of the decrees and laws of an Alexander, a Caesar, or a Charlemagne? Was it a sketch of the Russian autocrat, or a decree of the emperor of Germany, which made for them a way over land and sea? No! It was none of these. It was a copy of that same New Testament which had been so wonderfully preserved through those eighteen hundred years. And what was the sentence in German, and English and French, which commanded the attention, the respect and the service of strangers, of whatever nationality? Was it a passage from an eastern Veda? A maxim of Confucius? An utterance of Buddha? A command of some high and mighty potentate? A commendation from some vast and influential brotherhood? No! It was none of these. The sentence which opened their way and proved to them more effective than the mandate of a monarch, or the safe conduct of an emperor, was this: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me," said Jesus Christ.

CHRIST'S FIRST MESSAGE.
Extract from a Sermon on "Repentance" by Rev. Dr. Cuyler.

The first message with which Christ began His earthly ministry was "Repent!" When the Apostle Peter was dealing with hundreds of awakened souls at Jerusalem he condensed his directions into this short sharp sentence: "Repent ye therefore and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." Genuine repentance means a vast deal more than grief over sins, or even hatred of them; it means to turn from your sins and abandon your sins with a full purpose of obedience to Jesus Christ. It signifies both a change of heart toward sin and a change of conduct. The way for a tippler to repent is to break his bottle; for a profane man to repent is to stop swearing; for a dishonest man to repent is to make restitution to those whom he has cheated. I knew of a certain person who was puny and convicted in a revival meeting, and copying a man there whom he had wronged, he called the man out into the vestibule and humbly asked his pardon for the wrong. That was the first step towards a sound conversion. I emphasize the duty of thorough repentance, because in these days there is not enough made of it. Cheap surface work makes cheap christians; deep soil repentance makes strong, healthy christians who will stand wash and wear.

Individual Effort.
Too many people seem to be under the impression that nothing can be accomplished in the direction of self-improvement of their fellow beings or their conditions without the organization of a society or club furnished with a set of officers and committees, a constitution and by-laws. No greater mistake is possible. It would be foolish to deny the efficacy of organization, which is well illustrated by the old fable of the father who gave his son a bunch of little sticks to break, upon which each tried his strength in vain. But when unbound and allowed to fall apart the sticks were easily snapped in two one at a time. It is undoubtedly true that "In union is strength." But there is another side to the story. The achievement of many an excellent object defeated by the way in which it is hedged in by formalism and lack of spontaneity. Kindly impulses often lie outside the recognized lines of

philanthropy and is a delicate plant liable to be fatally frost bitten by the chilly atmosphere of public discussion and parliamentary rules. Nor can it be truthfully denied that valuable time is wasted in strict adherence to these rules upon occasions when they are unnecessary and out of their sphere as they would be around the family fireside by women who take pride in a superficial knowledge of such verbal formulas.

WORK IN THE VINEYARD.

Preparations are being made to the great National Biennial Conference of Epworth Leagues in 1896.

Thirty-five languages or dialects have been mastered by the christian workers in Western Africa.

Five hundred million people now have opportunities of studying the Bible in regions which knew almost nothing of it 100 years ago.

Along the west coast of Africa there are now 225 churches, 40,000 converts, 100,000 adherents, 300 schools and 40,000 pupils.

At the opening of the present century it is claimed that but 47 translations of the Bible were in existence. To-day there are 90 entire and 230 partial ones.

In Adelaide, South Australia, during the recent depression, a Christian Endeavor free soup-house fed nearly 16,000 hungry men. It required 1,000 gallons of soup, and more than 10,000 loaves of bread.

A three-day Sunday-school convention will be held in Washington, beginning October 8. The principal object of this convention is to increase the interest in and improve the methods of Sunday-school work.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds both great and small,
Are close knit strands of an unbroken thread
Where love enables all
The world may sound no trumpet, ring no bells;
The book of life the shining record tells.

THE WORK OF WOMEN.

More than 100,000 presbyterian women are organized for home mission work.

The Young Women's Christian Association has a membership of about 30,000, with 52 city and 255 college organizations. It started in 1886.

The congregational women of San Francisco have recently opened a missionary library and reading room, with about 30 volumes for a beginning, and several magazines. They expect to add maps and other helps.

The Women's Christian Association of Kingston, Ont., now has a number of useful agencies employed for the benefit of the city. Among these is what is called a Kitchen Garden, for the teaching of cooking, housework and domestic operations of all kinds. Its kindergarten is largely attended, and it proposes to open a Creche for the care of infants, whose mothers have to earn their own living.

The following words are a part of a song written by Mrs. Caroline Dana Howe on the occasion of a Field day recently held by the W. L. U., of Portland, Me.

With all the years have wrought
Through interchange of thought,
And purpose pure,
We learn to understand
The gifts of our command,
And know where lives are grand
That Heaven is sure.

Country Homes for the Poor.

While charitable works of all kinds are tending to organization, they are also extending their scope in a way formerly undreamed of. It was once thought sufficient to relieve the pressing necessities of hunger, thirst and nakedness, but in these days philanthropy has become larger, more liberal, and more appreciative of needs not as material but just as vital as the physical wants of the body. Thus a good work that is fast forming a distinct branch in itself is the establishment of country homes for sickly children, poor women and working girls, so that the enjoyment of fresh, wholesome air, once a luxury for the few now being brought within the reach of the many, who, while needing it most, are of themselves unable to procure it. The effort to bring happiness and pleasure into lives destitute of either is also an indication of the constantly refining progress of modern philanthropy.

A Tyrolean Custom.

Truly a strange custom is that of the people of the Tyrol in regard to their dead. When anyone dies, the friends take the board on which he or she was laid out, and which is shaped like a coffin lid, on that they write the name, age, etc., of the person and request that all passers by will say the Lord's Prayer for the repose of his or her soul. To this is sometimes added something to decorate according to the simple village artist's fancy. Then the board is fastened up in some conspicuous place, per-



INFLUENZA,

Or La Grippe, though occasionally epidemic, is always more or less prevalent. The best remedy for this complaint is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "Last Spring, I was taken down with La Grippe. As times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breast seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid and the cure so complete. It is truly a wonderful medicine."—W. H. WILKINS, Crook City, S. D.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral
Prompt to act, sure to cure

hops on a tree, perhaps on the house itself, or on the barn, but at all events near the house of the one who has died and right on the road so that all passers by can see and read plainly as they go on their way. There were literally hundreds of these mementos of the dead in that region; many of them old and weatherbeaten. The dates were difficult to decipher, but surely some were a century old. Think how many prayers had been said! For that the simple hearted peasants pay this tribute for the sake of their loved ones that are gone, is certain. Here in this region for every one that has met an accidental death like for instance, in falling a tree or by drowning, there is put up on the roadside, on fence or stone wall or tree, a tablet with a rude picture painted in oil of the scene of the departed one's death with the date, his name, etc., and the same request that all passers by will repeat the Lord's Prayer for his sake. The pictures are often extremely curious and interesting. The upper part of the picture generally represents Heaven opening to receive the one who has been so suddenly called.

Good Work In India.

Lord Roberts has been making another interesting little speech on the condition of the army in India. When he first went there the soldiers had no refuge, when off duty, save the canteen, and the canteens were crowded. Then regimental institutes were established, and became successful rivals of the drinking bars. The men developed a taste for the perusal of light literature, and Lord Roberts declares that when he left India the reading-rooms were crowded and the canteens empty. Something of the same sort is going on in England. The free libraries of the cities are largely attended, and licensed victuallers are complaining of the slackness of trade.

Blasts From the Rain's Horn.

Our errors should humble but not discourage us.

You can't please the devil any better than when you begin to admire yourself.

Faith in Christ changes the coffin into a chariot.

The time to watch yourself the closest is when you think nobody else is watching you.

Untie the hands of sin and it will make a hell anywhere.

The library whose gate is off the hinges can talk by the hour explaining why somebody else doesn't prosper.

Various small advertisements and notices on the left margin, including mentions of 'REAL', 'price 25c', 'price 45c', '\$1.25', '25c', 'per yard', 'off for cash', 'mel', 's', 'vers', 'for Cash', 'ntreal', 'TO', 'aring', 'ather-els to', 'Them.', '5 volts', 'nd \$4.50', '5 volumes', 'of books is', 'oe to old or'.

ALL THE CARDS MARKED.

EVERY PACK OF CARDS IN HAVANA TAMPERED WITH.

The Strange Story of a Spaniard's Gigantic Swindle—How Another Fakir Discovered the Profitable Secret—A Partnership in Crime—Tried but not Convicted.

One of the most immense frauds ever perpetrated in connection with card-sharpping, and in which the fewest persons were concerned, was that recorded by Houdin. At the outset it was entirely conceived and executed by one sharp alone, although another took part in it at a later stage, much to the disappointment of the original promoter of the scheme. As this incident is of interest, and exhibits in a striking manner the possibilities of cheating which exist at all times and in all places, the reader shall have the benefit of its perusal. Although the events happened many years ago, the story is not very well known, and is well worthy of retelling.

At the date of the narrative, Havana, according to the historian, was the place most addicted to gambling of any in the world. As he also observed, that was not saying a little. And it was in that haven of delight that the occurrences related took place.

A Spanish sharp, named Bianco, purchased in his own country a tremendous stock of playing-cards; and, in view of the undertaking in which he was about to embark, he opened every one of the packs, marked all the cards, and sealed them up again in their wrappers. This he did so skilfully that there was no evidence of the fact that the packages had ever been tampered with. The stupendous feat involved in a proceeding of this kind being successfully accomplished, the cards were shipped off to Havana, and there disposed of to the card-dealers at a ruinous sacrifice. So good, indeed, were these cards, and so cheap, that in a very little while the dealers could not be induced to purchase those of any other make. Thus after a time there were hardly any cards circulating in the place other than those which had been falsified by Bianco.

The sharp, it may be imagined, was not long in following upon the track of his cards; and being a man of good address, he contrived to obtain introductions into the best society. He played everywhere, of course, and where he played he won. Hardly ever being called upon to use any cards but his own, it is not surprising that he should rapidly acquire wealth among people whose chief recreation appeared to be gambling. To avert suspicion, however, he was careful to complain constantly of the losses he had sustained, and occasionally to lose.

Among the various clubs in Havana was one which was of the most exclusive kind. The committee was so vigilant, and such great precautions were taken to prevent the admission of doubtful characters, that hitherto it had been kept free from the contamination of cheating. Into this club, however, Bianco contrived to effect an entrance, and carried on his operations therein with much success. He was destined, notwithstanding the zeal of the committee, to remain alone in the field out a very short time. Another sharp, a Frenchman this time, contrived also to obtain admission to the club; and he, too, set to work to prospect the country, thinking that he had possessed himself of a gold mine as yet unexploited.

Accordingly, this second adventurer, Latorcade by name, seized a favourable opportunity of appropriating a quantity of the club cards. These he took home with him for the purpose of marking them, intending to return them when marked to the stock from which they had been taken. One may imagine the man's surprise upon opening the packs to find that every card had already been marked.

Evidently, then, somebody had been before him, and Latorcade determined to find out who it could be. He made inquiries as to where the cards were obtained, and purchasing some at the same place, found that these also were marked. In fact, every pack that he could procure had been tampered with in like manner. Here, then, was a gigantic swindle, and he determined to profit by it. He would let the other man do all the work, but he would share in the profits. If the other man, whosever he might be, would not listen to reason, he would threaten to hand him over to the police.

Having arrived at this decision, he set to work to watch the play of the various members of the club, and, naturally, the inevitable good fortune of Bianco could not fail to attract his attention. Keeping strict watch upon that gentleman's proceedings, Latorcade soon arrived at the conclusion that Bianco, and no other, was the man of whom he was in search. He therefore, took an early opportunity of engaging his brother-swindler in a quiet game of ecarte, whilst no other members of the club were present.

The game was played, and Bianco won, as a matter of course. Then, as usual, the winner asked his opponent if he was satisfied, or whether he would prefer to have his revenge in another game. Much to his surprise, however, instead of saying simply whether he preferred to play again or not, the loser coolly rested his elbows on the table, and regarding his adversary composedly, gave him to understand that the entire secret of the cheerful little deception which was being practised was in his possession. This, of course, came rather as a bomb-shell into Bianco's camp, and reduced him at once to a condition in which any terms of compromise would be acceptable, in preference to exposure and imprisonment.

Matters having arrived at this point Latorcade proposed terms upon which he was willing to come to an understanding with the Spaniard. These were, briefly, that Bianco should continue his system of plunder, on condition that he handed over to his fellow-cheat one-half of the proceeds. These terms were agreed to, and upon that basis of settlement the agreement was entered into.

For some time after this all went well with the two swindlers. Latorcade established himself in luxury, and gave his days to pleasure. Bianco ran all the risk; the other had nothing to do but sit at home and receive his share of the profits. It is true he could keep no check upon his associate, to see that he divided the spoils equitably; but holding the sword of Da-

moisles over him, he could always threaten him with exposure if the profits were not sufficiently great.

At length, however, Bianco began to tire of the arrangement, which perhaps was only natural. Besides the supply of marked cards were beginning to run short, and could not be depended upon much longer. This being so, the prime mover of the plot, having won as much as he possibly could, promptly vacated the scene of his exploits.

The unfortunate Latorcade thus found himself, as the Americans say, "left." The prospect was not altogether a pleasant one for him. He had acquired expensive tastes which he might no longer be enabled to indulge; he had accustomed himself to luxuries he could no longer hope to enjoy. He had not the skill of the departed Bianco; yet, nevertheless, he was compelled to (metaphorically) roll up his sleeves and work for his living. Things were not so bad as they might have been. There was still a good number of falsified cards in use; so he determined to make the best possible use of his opportunities while they remained. He therefore set to work with ardor, and success largely attended his efforts. At last, however, the crash came. He was detected in cheating, and the whole secret of the marked cards was brought to light.

Even in this unfortunate predicament Latorcade's good fortune, strange to say, did not desert him. He was taken before the Tribunal, tried, and acquitted. Absolutely nothing could be proved against him. It is true the cards were marked, but then, so were nearly all the others in Havana. Latorcade did not mark them, as was proved in the evidence. He did not import them. To all intents and purposes he had nothing to do with them whatever. It could not even be proved that he knew of the cards being marked at all. Thus the case against him broke down utterly, and he got off scot free. It is nevertheless, presumable that he did not long remain in that part of the world. As to what became of Bianco nothing is known. Possibly his record concluded with the familiar words "lived happily ever after;" but most probably not. The end of such men is seldom a happy one.

LIVING BAROMETERS.

Some Common Animals Are Excellent Weather Prophets.

The cat sneezes at the approach of rain. The wind will blow from the point the cat faces when she washes her face. It is a sign of rain if the cat washes her head behind the ear. Sailors are not fond of cats, and they say, when the cat is frisky, she has a gale of wind in her tail, and that often a cat goes on board to raise a storm.

The dog grows sleepy and dull on the approach of rain. Sometimes dogs chew grass before rain. If the dog digs a deep hole in the ground, or howls when one leaves the house, or refuses meat, it indicates rain.

Pigs become very restless before rain and by their snorting and incessant movement predict that rain is close at hand. Pigs often run with straw and sticks in their mouth before cold weather. The old proverb says: "Swine can see the wind."

Ducks foretell rain by quacking without any apparent cause. Cows usually, before cold and stormy weather, fail in giving their milk. In winter, if they bellow in the evening, it will snow before morning; and when a cow shakes her foot there is bad weather behind her. Goats utter a peculiar cry before rain. Sheep foretell clear weather by ascending the hills and scattering in many directions; but if snow is coming they will bleat and seek a place of shelter. Spiders usually live alone or in pairs, but they have been observed to collect on a wall or bank before a rain-storm.

When a swan flies against the wind, rain will follow shortly. Pigeons return to their cotes when a storm is advancing. The frog croaks more loudly and incessantly just before rain than at any other time. Another sign of rain is the toad's leaving his hole in the daytime. Usually the toad remains concealed during the day. The toad is an insect eater, and seems well aware that just before a rain-storm is the best time for him to obtain his prey. The farmers look for a change in the weather when the barnyard fowls roll in the dust. Camels, in their journeys across the desert regions of Northern Africa and Arabia, never fail to warn their drivers of the approach of the fatal sand storm. Their restless, uneasy gait and suspicious sniffling proclaim the approaching danger long before the duller senses of their masters detect anything.

The Way to Get Them Mended.

"It is strange that I can't get my wife to mend my clothes," remarked Mr. Bridle, in a tone of disgust. "I asked her to sew a button on this vest this morning, and she hasn't touched it."

"You asked her?" said Mr. Norris, with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"Yes. What else should I do?"

"You haven't been married very long, and perhaps you'll take a tip from me," answered Mr. Norris, with a fatherly air.

"Never ask a woman to mend anything. That's fatal."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Do as I do. When I want a shirt mended, for instance, I take it in my hand and hunt up my wife. 'Where's that rag-bag, Mrs. Norris?' I demand, in a stern voice."

"What do you want a rag-bag for?" she says, suspiciously.

"I want to throw this shirt away. It's all worn out," I reply.

"Let me see," she demands.

"But I put the garment behind my back. 'No, my dear, I answer. 'There is no use in your attempting to do anything with it. It needs—'

"Let me see it," she reiterates.

"But it's all worn out. I tell you."

"Now, John, you give me that shirt!" she says, in her most peremptory tone.

"I hand over the garment."

"Why, John Norris," she cries with womanly triumph, "this is a perfectly good shirt. All it needs is—, and then she mends it."

Bogus Oil Paintings.

Small oil paintings on wood, or what appear to be oil paintings, are being displayed and sold in many of the New York stationary shops at prices that appear to the inexpert to be very reasonable. Many of them are by artists of recognized prominence and are admirably executed. Rosa Bonheur, Meissonier, Hamilton and other

painters of the same school and reputation are represented, and the paintings sell for \$18.50 a pair. They are executed on a panel of wood about 4 by 6. As a matter of fact, the pictures are not oil paintings at all. They are made in Paris. A work of some well known master is photographed on the wood, and then a couple of skilful young women dab on some color in oil and use the varnish brush freely afterward. It would require an expert to detect the difference between these alleged oil paintings and the genuine article. The cost of production is not more than fifteen cents, so that the profit, even after an ad valorem duty is paid, is something handsome.

THE BASILISK.

A Cheerful Sort of Animal Mentioned by Old Writers.

The basilisk was the most famous of the many fabulous monsters of ancient and medieval folklore. According to the popular notion it was hatched by a toad from an egg laid by the rooster of the combed barnyard fowl. In the ancient picture books it was usually represented as an eight-limbed serpent or dragon, sometimes with and sometimes without wings. Its name is derived from basiliscos, meaning a little king, and was applied because the creature was figured with a circle of white spots on its head which much resembled a crown. The cockatrice, a species of basilisk, besides having a crown, possessed a comb which was an exact counterpart of the cock's.

Pliny, that rare old gossip, assures us that the basilisk had a voice which "struck terror to the hearts of men, beasts and serpents," and the Bible classes it with the lion, the serpent and the dragon as one of the formidable creatures.

Old writers say that its bite was mortal in every case; that its breath was suffocating, and that no plant would grow in the vicinity of its lair. Its dead body was often used in belleries to prevent swallows from nesting there. In the popular novels of the day allusion is made to the basilisk's "glitter" found in some hero or heroine's eyes. This "glitter" was the basilisk's main stock in trade. With it he is said to have started death to every living creature he looked upon. All creatures withered when this monster fixed his eyes upon them, with one single exception: The crowing of a cock would kill every basilisk that heard it.

WON ON PURE NERVE.

How Bank Clerk Labouchere Got a Bride and a Partnership.

In 1822 Mr. Labouchere, a relative of the present M. P. of that name, was a clerk in the banking house of Hope of Amsterdam. One day he was sent by his patron to Mr. Baring, the celebrated London banker, to negotiate a loan. He displayed in the affair so much ability as to entirely win the esteem and confidence of the English banker.

"Faith," said Labouchere one day to Baring, "your daughter is a charming creature. I wish I could persuade you to give me her hand."

"Young man, you are joking, for seriously you must allow that Miss Baring could never become the wife of a simple clerk."

"But," said Labouchere, "if I were in partnership with Mr. Hope?"

"Oh, that would be quite a different thing; that would entirely make up for all other deficiencies."

Returned to Amsterdam, Labouchere said to his patron:

"You must take me into partnership."

"My young friend, how can you think of such a thing? It is impossible. You are without fortune, and—"

"But if I become the son-in-law for Mr. Baring?"

"In that case the affair would soon be settled, and so you have my word."

Fortified with these two promises Labouchere returned to England and two months after married Miss Baring, because Mr. Hope had promised to take him into partnership, and he became allied to the house of Baring by the strength of that promise of marriage.

How to Avoid Seasickness.

Persons intending to take an ocean voyage should for several weeks before embarking take daily exercise in the open air to get the general system in good condition. To do so and abstain from eating only a moderate quantity of plain food, especially avoiding what is heavy or greasy. They should select a stateroom as near the middle of the ship as possible. Some tourists are never seasick as long as they lie on their backs and keep their eyes closed. The passenger who is seasick should remain in his berth until 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, and have the steward bring him what little food he takes. He should not go to the table in the cabin until symptoms of seasickness have left him, as the very sight and odor of rich food will surely make him worse. When the patient begins to go to the table he should avoid pastry, fat meats and all rich food; after eating he should lie flat on his back for half an hour, or until digestion is well begun, when he may go on deck and walk or sit in a steamer chair, but he should not lean over the stern or side of the ship.

Messages of Help for the Week.

"The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing into Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away." Isaiah 51: 11.

"I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep and am known of mine." John 10: 14.

"Jesus said unto the twelve, will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." John 6: 68.

"In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you." John 14: 2.

"What doth hinder me to be baptized?" Acts 8: 36.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6: 7.

"Let your requests be made known unto God." Philippians 4: 6.

Surprised.

Jesus—Weren't you surprised when he proposed? Bess—Indeed I was; my recollection of it was that we were already engaged.

Rescue the Perishing

SAVE THE DYING.

Give New Life to Those Burdened With Disease.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND IS THE SUFFERER'S BEST FRIEND.

Another Wonderful Cure in Manitoba.

LIFE WAS ONCE A BURDEN TO MR. FAIRHALL.

Now He is Hearty and Healthy.

Mr. Fred Fairhall, of Fairhall, Selkirk Co., Manitoba, writes for the sole purpose of benefiting thousands in Canada who suffer from the troubles and afflictions that made life a misery to him in the past. Comment on our part is unnecessary, as Mr. Fairhall clearly proves that Paine's Celery Compound was the direct means of saving his life. He writes as follows:—

"Having read of some remarkable cures reported in the Winnipeg Weekly Tribune, permit me to add my testimony in favor of your valuable medicine."

"I had been troubled with indigestion and bilious diarrhoea for six years. These troubles, with hard work, brought upon me in the spring of 1891 nervous prostration. From a state of activity, I was reduced to a condition that I could not work. My memory, which previously had been retentive, failed me; I could not sleep, and I felt a great depression of spirits. I was so distressed at times both in body and mind, that I often wished to die, and I frequently prayed to God, if it was his will, to take me."

"I thank God all this has passed away. Paine's Celery Compound with God's blessing has been the means of curing me. I have taken ten bottles of the Compound which I purchased from Mr. R. W. Oliver, of Kilbuckey."

"I am now perfectly restored in mind and memory; my appetite is good, and I am improving steadily in health. For all these blessings I am more than thankful, and have strongly recommended Paine's Celery Compound to many of my neighbors."

On Every Lady's Tea Table in England.

Blue Cross Tea

Purest and Best - - at - - Popular Prices.

In 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. lead packets only.

Head Office, London, England. Wholesale Agents, Geo. S. DeForest & Sons.

Few Proprietary Medicines have so proud a record, or are so justly free from the charge of Empiricism as "PUTNER'S EMULSION, of Cod Liver Oil and Pancreatic, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda."

This famous Health Restorer has stood the test of twenty-five years. It now has many envious imitators and unscrupulous competitors—but it is still—facile princeps—the UNEQUALLED REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION AND ALL WASTING DISEASES.

For sale by all Druggists at 60cts. a bottle.

THE YOST WRITING MACHINE.

TESTIMONIALS.

The following are a few of the many testimonials from users in the Maritime Provinces.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—We have been using a "Yost" writing machine in our office daily, for about four years, and it has given us every satisfaction. Yours truly,

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

CHATHAM, N. B.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—It gives us pleasure to testify to the merits of the "Yost." It has been in use in our Academy for the last three (3) years, and has given entire satisfaction.

MOTHER SUPERIORESS

Hotel Dieu of St. Joseph,

Chatham, May 18, 1894.

OF THE R. H. OF ST. JOSEPH.

ST. JOHN, N. B., June 28th 1894.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—We beg to say that we have used the "Yost" Typewriter for two years, and the longer we use it the more we are convinced that it is superior to all other machines.

We consider the pad a great improvement over the ribbon on account of its cleanliness and the great saving of expense. We find the pointer a great convenience for locating position. The type-guide we consider invaluable, as it overcomes the greatest weakness in other typewriters, viz: imperfect alignment.

We would recommend any intending purchasers to investigate the "Yost" before buying a typewriter.

J. & A. McMILLAN.

YARMOUTH, N. S.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq.:

St. John, N. B.

DEAR SIR,—Your machine, the "Yost," has now been in daily use in my office for about 3 years, and after a thorough trial of it, I have very much pleasure in advising you of my appreciation of its merits and advantages over other typewriters in the market. The alignment, which was the greatest advantage pointed out by your agent, has been quite up to my expectations and as perfect as could be desired. The ink pad, allowing direct printing on the paper, is a great improvement over the ribbon, and during the three years we have only used 3 pads, the 3rd being still in use. A typewriter has been able to reach a speed quite as good if not better than on the machines which he has operated heretofore.

E. K. SPINNEY.

ST. JOHN, N. B., June 28, 1894.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq.:

St. John, N. B.

DEAR SIR,—We have much pleasure in stating that during the three months in which we have been using the No. 4 "Yost" writing machine we have found it to work most satisfactorily in every particular.

We might name some of its good points:—

- 1. The type-guide, which insures perfect alignment; this we consider a most excellent feature.
2. Inking by means of a pad.
3. The pointer, which is very convenient.
And another feature is this, that the degree of speed possible on this machine is only limited by the capacity of the writer.

With regard to the bad points, we do not know of any as yet.

Yours respectfully,

ACLAULAY BROS. & CO.

HALIFAX, N. S., May 22nd, 1894.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—In response to your inquiry re the "New Yost" Typewriter, I would say, that having used the said machine in our school we found it satisfactory, especially as regards the absence of the ribbon, its perfect alignment, and the very neat and clean appearance of the writing.

Yours very truly,

J. O. P. FRAZEE.

CHATHAM, N. B.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—It is now about two years since I purchased a "New Yost," No. 2, and have thus far found it everything that can be desired in the typewriting art.

The machine, during this time, has had a tremendous amount of hard work, such as heavy manifolding, and has been under the strain of several students. All it has cost me for repairs was 50 cents for a marginal stop, and has only required one new ink pad. The "Yost" certainly is all that it is claimed to be. As regards the speed, such is unlimited, and depends wholly upon the ability of the operator.

For perfect alignment, clearness of print, ease and rapidity of manipulation, for elegance and durability of construction, it has no equal. I would gladly recommend the "New Yost" to all those anticipating the purchase of a first class machine.

Very truly yours,

J. FRED BENSON,

Stenographer for Maritime Sulphite Fibre Co.

CHATHAM, N. B.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—As you ask me how I like my "New Yost" No. 2, I beg to say it has been in constant use since I got it about six months ago, and has given every satisfaction.

Yours truly,

W. S. LOGGIE,

Per D. T. JOHNSTON.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—I have now been using the "Yost" for about a year, and am satisfied with it in every respect. The device for inking is in every way superior to the ribbon, besides doing away with the annoyance and expense of replacing it.

As a manifolding machine it gives the best results, twelve copies being taken at one writing.

I have tried the Remington and Caligraph, and consider the "Yost" far superior to any of them.

H. G. BURTON,

Manager P. F. COLLIER.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—We have been using the "Yost" Typewriter since 1892, and have been quite satisfied with the work it has turned out. We may say that before purchasing we had several machines in our office on trial, but much prefer the "Yost" to any of them. For manifolding we find it superior to any typewriter we have seen.

J. D. BELVEA,

Of the late firm of BARKER & BELVEA.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in stating that we have used our "Yost" machine for about 12 months, and during that time it has given me no trouble whatever. I find it much more convenient than any writing machine I have previously used. I might specially mention:

- 1. The pointer.
2. Inking by means of a pad instead of a dirty and expensive ribbon.
3. The type-guide, which insures against the great weakness of all other typewriters, namely imperfect alignment.

Yours truly,

W. D. MCAVITY,

Stenographer and Typewriter.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Once upon a time there were old maids in the world, and one heard them frequently alluded to both by young maids, matrons and men as a sort of necessary evil, a deplorable result of modern civilization, and the preponderance of the female

that of Gilbert and Sullivan's policeman, was "not a happy one." She was unselfish, patient, devoted and cheerful, but yet all these qualities which would have been so charming in a matron or a young girl, were neutralized by the

conception than any other influence, for who could look upon the stage representation of the ideal spinster, without a feeling of impatient contempt? She never changes, this stock character; ages may pass, dynasties be overthrown and kingdoms crumble into dust but still the melodramatic maiden aunt continues to gambol across the stage on the tips of her toes, shaking her cork-screw curls, fluttering her muslin flounces, mincing her words and uttering bashful little squeals every time she encounters a young man. She still tries to take her young niece's lover from her, and imagines every man in the piece is desperately in love with her, just as she did in the days of our great-grandmothers, and as she will doubtless continue to do long after the present generation has ceased to take an active part in the affairs of this world. She is one of those dramatic properties which seem indispensable to the success of a certain style of drama, and in which the stage is singularly behind the times.

Perhaps the day may come when some unknown dramatic author will suddenly leap from obscurity into eminence by exterminating the stage old maid and putting on the boards instead the bachelor woman



OUTING GOWNS FOR EARLY FALL.

The gown on the left is of abrip pink reps with girde and figaro of morsore velvet, the waist being elaborately trimmed with lace and folds. The central figure is a costume of ribbed velveta, blue and crimson. The figure in the background is of figured wool and accordion plaited taffetas. The child's frock is of white cotton crepon with trimming of brocade and a little embroidery above it.

over the male sex. People almost invariably referred to an old maid in terms of contemptuous pity, and treated her with only half-veiled toleration, unless she happened to be wealthy; when all other sentiments on the part of her relatives were submerged in indignation that she persisted in living when she might have retired from a world in which she had no especial place, and left her money to those who would know how to spend it much better than she.

When the old maid was not wealthy, she was sure to be one of two things, either a governess or a poor relation who spent her time in visiting around from the house of one relation to another, and filling the post of an unpaid and unthanked drudge in each household. When she grew too old and feeble for work, the walls of some home for the aged swallowed her up, and a plain funeral, with one coach following the hearse, ended the dull story of her life.

One unhappy fact that she was an old maid, and so she was looked down upon and considered of no account in the world simply because, as far as the outside public knew, no man had chosen her to be his life companion, and so set the "guinea stamp" of masculine approval upon what could scarcely be considered true metal without it, however pure the gold itself might be.

The mere sound of the word "old maid" calls up a vision of its own, a vision of a pale thin woman with a sharp face and scant gray hair, worn in unbecoming ringlets, who affects black silk aprons and is addicted to black lace mittens, spectacles, and little prim looking reticules. We not only clothe her to suit our own imaginations, but we insist that she shall have a mincing walk, a prim mode of speech, and be eternally instilling prunes and prism maxims into the minds of the younger generation. Poor old maiden aunts of fiction and imagination, what caricatures they were,



TOILETTES FOR ELDERLY AND YOUNGER LADIES.

The costume on the left is of black crepon trimmed with guipure lace and a purple satin vest and revers. That on the right is striped iridescent taffetas with a narrow ribbon ruching. The waist trimming is of chiffon edged with lace. The center figure shows a Scotch plaid outing suit with a double cape of brown covert cloth.

Of course there were exceptions, and households in which the maiden aunt was loved and appreciated as she deserved, but they were as rare as most exceptions, I am afraid, and the lot of the old maid, like

and how utterly unlike the originals who were often the Florence Nightingales and Grace Darlings of the world! I think perhaps the modern drama has done more to perpetuate this strange mis-



FOR MAMMA, AUNT AND THE BABY.

The baby wears a long cloak of gray merino, with a crocheted wool cape in blue and gray over it. The cap is of sum with lace border. The mother's dress is of ebony silk, entirely self-trimmed. The gown on the left is of gros grain figured with mottled diagonal stripes, and is trimmed with gros grain ribbon to match and cream white guipure.

of today, as she really appears; but I fear it will not be very soon, such an iconoclast would have too much to contend with.

It is a sad and solemn fact that the old maid is fast becoming an extinct genus, and what the human family will do without her, when she finally disappears, I scarcely dare to think. Her place is being taken by a creature whose life is too full of broad and living interests to allow her to sink into a state of despondence; who has too much pressing work of her own to be any longer at the beck and call of every relation who happens to need her services, and who is of too much importance in the world for anyone to dream of snubbing, or undervaluing her. In short, the scornful term "old maid" has not only ceased to be generally used, but its unpleasant significance has departed, and the woman who has remained single, either from choice or necessity, has just as good a place in the world, and is just as much respected as any wife and mother in the land. She works for her own living and is beholden to none, therefore she is naturally much sought after, and being free from the many cares that tie down the married woman, she has more time to spare for social intercourse, and more to devote to her friends when they stand in need of help or sympathy, and as her services are now given quite independently, of her own free will, instead of as an equivalent for her board and lodging, they are appreciated and gratefully acknowledged. She is no longer a burden to anyone, but a self-supporting institution, and one who has to be sought and approached with respect.

In short, she bestows favors now, where she received them in former years, and her position has changed so greatly that it looks almost as if the bachelor woman was destined to be the curled darling of society at no distant date, and as if the "Woman of the Future," of whom we hear so much, might possibly be none other than the very one who was held up to ridicule a few years ago, under the contemptuous title of the Old Maid.

Where the Queen Batches. Passengers by the steamers between Portsmouth and Southampton generally notice an abnormally large barge moored at the end of the jetty which protrudes into

WE Wish to Thank - - OUR Customers and Friends

For their very liberal patronage during the last sixteen years and ask for a continuance of the same at our new store

61 KING STREET.

WATERBURY & RISING.

The Solent from the private grounds at Osborne, but few are aware that this is the royal bathing-house. One of the chief enjoyments of Her Majesty at Osborne is sea-bathing, and the barge is arranged for this purpose. When desired the water rushes into the vessel and forms a spacious

"Act I.—At first the infant, mewling and puking in the nurses arms."

"One Man in his time plays many parts; his acts being Seven Ages." A Certain Cur: - - IRWIN'S DIARRHOEA CORDIAL.

IRWIN & SONS,

97 & 99 GOTTINGEN ST. and 201 BRUNSWICK ST.

The "RIDER" Compression Hot-Air Pumping Engine.

These Engines are Used for Pumping Water for a Great Variety of Purposes.

FOR CITY HOUSES, where the water from the mains does not rise sufficiently high to supply the upper floors. For this purpose the Engine is placed in the cellar and the tank on the roof; the water is pumped directly from the mains up to the tank. This arrangement furnishes running water on every floor of the highest houses.

FOR SUBURBAN RESIDENCES they are invaluable from a sanitary point of view alone, and the luxury of having plenty of pure running water on the several floors of a country home cannot be over-estimated, and is a very great protection in case of fire.

Absolute safety. No steam. Valveless. Practically noiseless. No exhaust. Economical. No licensed or experienced engineer required—gardeners and ordinary domestic help can regulate them. Do not affect insurance. Extremely simple. Can be used where steam would be objectionable. All parts of Engine and pump can be examined without difficulty. Can replenish the fire without stopping the Engine. Can be arranged to pump out of deep wells, either dug or artesian, or driven wells.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR.

J. S. CURRIE, - - 41 Dock St.

ADVVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

IT BRINGS RESULTS. IT REACHES THE HOMES.

THE AMERICAN

\$8.00 Typewriter,

This is a well-made, practical machine, writing capitals, small letters figures, and punctuation marks (71 in all) on full width paper, just like a \$100 instrument. It is the first of its kind ever offered at a popular price for which the above claim can be truthfully made. It is not a toy, but a typewriter built for and capable of REAL WORK. While not as rapid as the large machines sometimes become in expert hands, it is still at least as rapid as the pen and has the advantage of such simplicity that it can be understood and mastered almost at a glance. We cordially commend it to helpful parents and teachers everywhere.

Writes capitals, small letters, figures and marks—71 in all. Easy to understand—learned in 5 minutes.

Writes just like a \$100 machine. Weighs only 4 pounds—most portable.

No shift keys. No Ribbon. Compact, takes up but little room.

Prints from the type direct. Built solid and simple, can't get out of order.

Prints on flat surface. Capital and lower-case keyboard alike—easily mastered.

Writing always in sight. More "margin play" for the small letters which do most of the work.

Corrections and insertions easily made. Takes any width of paper or envelope up to 8 1/2 inches. Takes good letter-press copies

Packed securely in handsome case and expressed to any address on receipt of price—\$8.00, in registered letter, money order or certified check. We guarantee every machine and are glad to answer all inquiries for further information.

IRA CORNWALL,

Gen. Agent for Maritime Provinces, Board of Trade Bldg., St. John, N. B.

or from the following agents: E. Ward Thorne, St. John, N. B.; A. S. Murry, Fredericton, N. B.; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews, N. B.; T. Charlton Keelson, Woodstock, N. B.; VanHamer, Butcher & Co., Moncton, N. B.; J. Fred. Deane, Chatham, N. B.; H. A. White, Sackville, N. B.; A. M. Deane, Electric Book Store, Halifax, N. B.; J. Bryanton, Amherst, N. S.; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; D. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

AGENTS WANTED.

LINE.
in the
N. B.
in our
tion.
SON.
N. B.
of the
years,
OSEPH.
1894.
Type-
fined
account
inter a
sider
writers,
ate the
LAN.
N. S.
y use in
ve very
and ad-
which
uite up
ak pad,
ver the
the 3rd
quite as
etofore.
NEY.
1894.
e three
achine
onsider
on this
CO.
1894.
Type-
ool we
on, its
writing.
ZEE.
N. B.
"New
sired in
ount of
rain of
arginal
ainly is
ed, and
dity of
equal.
ing the
ibre Co.
N. B.
2, I beg
go, and
e,
NSTON.
N. B.
ear, and
a every
nce and
e copies
"Yost"
LIER.
N. B.
ce 1892,
We may
on trial,
we find
YRA.
N. B.
sed our
given
ave pre-
ribbon.
es of all
riter.

AN ORDBREY'S BLUNDER.

The Colonel got a Good Dinner and the Lady Paid for her Present.

A superior officer of the B— garrison was some time ago the hero of a most amusing adventure.

"Guy, you will give this letter to Mme. V—, and then fetch me my dinner."

"The lady paid for the nosegay," said the honest warrior, apparently well pleased with the general turn of affairs.

Mme. V—, on receiving the bouquet, had given the soldier five francs by way of a tip, on receiving which the latter simply replied:

"It isn't five francs, please ma'am, it is ten francs."

Colonel Z— was confined to his bed for three days, to the great alarm of the whole of the garrison staff.

Just an incident.

A New Yorker who looks sharply after his interest had a small yacht towed to a Brooklyn basin for some repairs.

"My baby," he said, "is ill, and I was careless, I am afraid, about carrying out your directions, but I'll go right down to the yard now and attend to the matter myself."

"All right," said the yachtman, less sharply, "Please go down as soon as you can."

The next day when the New Yorker went to the shipyard he found everything satisfactory.

"I see you came down last night and attended to it yourself," he said, and then he asked more pleasantly, "How is your baby?"

Dr. Fowler's

Extract of Wild Strawberry is a reliable remedy that can always be depended on to cure cholera, cholera infantum, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all looseness of the bowels.

of Wild Strawberry were known by the Indians to be an excellent remedy for diarrhoea, dysentery and looseness of the bowels;

It has stood the test for 40 years, and hundreds of lives have been saved by its prompt use.

summer complaints so promptly, quiet the pain so effectually and allays irritation so successfully as this unrivalled prescription of Dr. Fowler.

be sure and take a little with you. It overcomes safely and quickly the distressing summer complaint so often caused by change of air and water, and is also a specific against sea-sickness, and all bowel

TURKISH DYES EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant.

SOAP WON'T FADE THEM. Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced.

One Package equal to two of any other make.

HAMILTON'S Biscuits ARE MADE FROM THE VERY FINEST MATERIALS NO CHEAP SUBSTITUTES FOR BUTTER OR LARD INSIST ON HAVING HAMILTON'S

SPECTACLES, EYE GLASSES, OPERA GLASSES, CLOCKS AND BRONZES, SILVER GOODS, JEWELLRY.

WATCHES AND DIAMONDS, AT 43 KING ST., FERGUSON & PAGE.

DAVID CONNELL, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES 45-47 WATERLOO STREET.

CAFE ROYAL, Demville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEAT SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY

WILLIAM CLARK. I CURE FITS!

Avoid the mood Byronic, Dismiss dyspeptic fears, The fit is not a disease, And live a hundred years.

BEAVER FARMING.

The type of Canada is raised by North Dakotans.

They have industry and sagacity of the beaver have often been commented upon.

General a colony from twelve to sixteen beavers is put on the farm.

They are, of course, fast high on the spring and soon become accustomed to their surroundings.

They are, of course, fast high on the spring and soon become accustomed to their surroundings.

They are, of course, fast high on the spring and soon become accustomed to their surroundings.

They are, of course, fast high on the spring and soon become accustomed to their surroundings.

They are, of course, fast high on the spring and soon become accustomed to their surroundings.

They are, of course, fast high on the spring and soon become accustomed to their surroundings.

They are, of course, fast high on the spring and soon become accustomed to their surroundings.

They are, of course, fast high on the spring and soon become accustomed to their surroundings.

They are, of course, fast high on the spring and soon become accustomed to their surroundings.

They are, of course, fast high on the spring and soon become accustomed to their surroundings.

They are, of course, fast high on the spring and soon become accustomed to their surroundings.

They are, of course, fast high on the spring and soon become accustomed to their surroundings.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT FOR HOUSEHOLD USE.

Every Mother PARSONS PILLS. Make New Rich Blood. "Best Liver Pill Made"

SHARPS BALSAM OF GINGER AND ANISEED.

GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS.

TURKEYS, CHICKENS, GEESSE AND DUCKS.

DEAN'S SAUSAGES. Ham, Bacon, Clear Pork and Lard.

A. & J. HAY, Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches.

A Good Move and a Fine Store JAMES S. MAY & SON, Tailors.

Dr. J. H. Morrison, PRACTICE LIMITED TO EYE, EAR, NOSE and THROAT.

CANCER TUMOR REMOVAL. DR. J. H. MORRISON, (New York, London and Paris).

GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

PALMORAL HOTEL, 109 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

A STORY OF PHIL ARMOUR.

How He Trained an Employee Who Imposed on His Generosity.

Phil Armour has the name of being pretty liberal with his employees.

"When Mr. Armour got the bill for \$80 for that dress suit he was considerably surprised."

"My young friend," said Mr. Armour to the fellow, "is this bill correct?"

"When I gave you the order," said Mr. Armour, "I specified no amount which I was willing to pay."

"You are a young man," said Mr. Armour, kindly, "and you have much to learn."

"This lesson had its desired effect. Mr. Armour never alluded to the affair again."

"Luciana, in 'The Comedy of Errors,' says that a 'man is master of his liberty';

"I don't object to your growing mushrooms and lettuce in your garden," she said to her male neighbor.

"That," answered the magistrate, "is an exceedingly difficult problem. The cat, you know, is a domesticated animal."

"Dog Fancier—Yes, Madam, I have all kinds of dogs here."

"I was cured of lameness after suffering 15 years by MINARD'S LINIMENT."

"I was cured of diphtheria after doctors failed by MINARD'S LINIMENT."

"I was cured of contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT."

"I was cured of contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT."

HUMPHREYS'

This PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns, The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns, The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns, The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns, The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns, The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns, The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns, The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns, The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns, The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns, The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns, The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns, The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns, The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns, The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

OLDE

A BALL

On W grand b the St. J. A descri publi the 15th. graphic adapted spread of the accou One of given on fine even tached to we happ the gues our read well as beaux au each of then with decorate land, as ones, wh in grace tra and rooms, t different circular a large mented containe which m the days the bray present is not to lord in th and figu and leav as it is a sequenc of the fa brought evening, girls are muskets ranged i with the containe tra was a band of great no the room the galle forth its contra d The shorty was on there wa and leas at least but in a had not though v like the we had i move ab soberly, neighbor tread up attempte us in an forced br felt for the mid events a came mo and all aside. I but like without other's selves at A wome men after We have rest and fash clusive a in the la most any mission that can ionable it self, to thersore eye, the smile—t —are the itself a duel of stible c dwell up flower, b among al is more c without t other's Patriar to comp the court beauty r form for even say, wou send to change a St. Joh place for Wednes convic on opportun self, for thing, how in silenc

KNIVES FORKS AND SPOONS STAMPED 1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

FEATHERWEIGHT Sun Guards.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S THE COLDEST OF SODA AT ALLAN'S PHARMACY.

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH TEABERRY

SHILOH'S CURE.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed.

Newest Designs, Latest Patterns. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor.

J. D. TURNER, Dealer in Oysters, Clams, Pies, Feet, Lamb's Tongues, German Mustard, Peanuts and Fruit.

The Sun. The first of American Newspapers CHARLES A. DANA Editor.

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world

Price 5c a copy; by mail \$2 a year. Daily, by mail - - \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, - - - - \$8 a year. The Weekly, - - - \$1 a year. Address THE SUN New York.

Address THE SUN New York.

A RACE FOR A BRIDE.

"High old times were they," said the old engineer. "Give me the good old days when we had wood-burner engines, easy schedules, with long stops, and no telegraph to bother us. We could run pretty much to suit ourselves then, and it goes without saying, we had lots of enjoyment. Take, for instance, the fun Jim Laiking and me had one night, about fifteen years ago.

"You see Jim and I were both courting the same girl, both being engineers on the Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta road, between Columbia and Charlotte. Ever been down there? Well even yet the road ain't quite as good as it might be, but in those days it was a sight worse. The tracks were laid with the old-fashioned U rails on ties five foot apart and spliced with fish plate. When the wheels struck one of the rails the other end tilted up, and I tell you I made a nervous man seiseck the first time he travelled over that line. We had no telegraph wire, so we could do pretty much as we pleased around Columbia, the superintendent being located at Charlotte. Many a time we used to get an engine out after dark and take a ride for fun. The only trouble was that as the engines were old and rickety they couldn't stand much. They were wood burners, and nowadays would look top heavy with their little boilers and big stacks. When one of them got a good move on after dark, I tell you it looked like a rummin' display of fireworks, the stack throwin' out sparks and chunks of blazin' wood like a volcano.

"Old man Smith, that's Mollie's father, didn't seem to care much as he did Jim, but Mollie preferred me. I wasn't carin' much about her father's opinion. It was no use for us to get spliced in Columbia, for everybody knew that her father had ordered her not to be seen with me; so the only thing for us to do was to watch our chance and go off on the quiet to some place along the line. I thought it over for several days, and got the whole thing in shape. I told Mollie to come to the roundhouse about seven o'clock one night and I would give her a little ride on my engine. She said: 'Well, I guess you don't know her. Why, she had run the machine herself many a time. I had given the hint to Jack my freeman, and he was on hand. I backed out on the main track, leavin' Jim's engine in the roundhouse.

"Mollie was waitin', and she jumped on the tank like an engineer's sweetheart ought to do. Just as we were pullin' out Jim came around the corner. His eyes opened, I tell you.

"Where you goin', Bill?" he asked.

"Just out for a little ride," I remarked, coolly puttin' Molly up on the box in front of me so I had to put my arms around her to reach the levers.

"I saw Jim gasp and start on a run toward Mollie's house, where he knew her father was. In two minutes we were spinning in three hummin', and in five minutes we were tearin' through the valley like a cyclone. It was a pitch dark night and not a thing could be seen ahead."

"There they come," yelled Jack before we had gone ten miles. "Lookin' back we saw a shower of sparks just visible above the trees tops. We concluded at once that that was Jim and Mollie's father, and that we would have to do some pretty tall travellin' to avoid capture. Mind you, Jim carried a gun.

"The engines were pretty well matched, but of course, I was somewhat nervous. Just ahead was a heavy grade five miles long, and I know it would be a tough pull to get over it, but once on the other side of the hill our chances for gettin' away would be good.

"Do your best, Jack, to keep up steam," I yelled across to the freeman.

"Mollie was restin' in my arms as if she had been sittin' on the haircloth sofa in her parlor, her lips all open and the wind blowin' her hair all over her face.

"All of a sudden we heard a whistle, and it sounded right behind us. I jumped with dismay and looked back. There was Jim less than half a mile away, comin' like a house afire. Mollie looked, too, then her eyes fell on Jack, whose wood was getting low, and who had rolled a barrel out from the back part of the tank and was trying to bust the head in. She slid out of my arms, and holdin' onto the levers, got down beside the freeman. The first I knew of it was when she saw fisher- men bowing like the people's representatives in the state, and I saw Jim passing them with 'em. I didn't stop to ask any question. 'Bully for you, Jack,' I yelled, as the steam gauge jumped up again.

"Well, that did the business. We reached the top of the grade without Jim gainin' another inch, and then he began to slide downward. Great Jupiter, how we did drop down that hill! The noise was terrific and the old machine rocked like a cradle. Lookin' back, I saw Mollie standin' on the back holdin' on by the brake, her dress fluttin', her hair blowin', and her eyes shinin' like stars. I'll never forget that sight.

"I knew that as soon as Jim reached the top of the hill he'd be after us at a high rate of speed, and I began to fear we couldn't keep ahead this time, but at once a thought struck me. I snuff out steam and yelled to Jack to put on the hand brakes. He jumped to the wheel, Molly helpin' him, and in a few minutes he had nearly stopped.

"Jump down, quick, Jack, and open the switch," I said, "I'm going to run up the back side."

"In less time than it takes to tell it we were on the sidin, the switch reset for the main track, and then I run up in the woods and stopped. We shut off all lights and waited.

"In a minute or two we heard a faint rumble, which changed into a roar, then we could distinguish the clackety-clack of wheels passin' over the ends of the rails, the rattle of machinery and the hiss'n of steam, while the puffin' of the exhaust was so rapid as to blend into hollow thunder. A whirlwind of sparks became visible, and then with a h p, kip, and a jump Jim's engine passed us like a streak of runaway lightning, the occupants never dreamin' we were in the sidin."

actually run ahead all night, till he reached Charlotte next mornin'. He was the worst surprised man in the state when he found we had given him the slip. Then the superintendent wanted to know what he meant by takin' out his new engine without orders, and the end of it all was that Jim not only lost his girl, but was discharged as well."

NAPOLEON'S FLOWER.

Three violets are known to us here—the great purple, the small gray and the white. The great purple violet is not indigenous. It came originally from Corsica, and it is the flower of the Bonapartes. It is brought to the head of this new engine without orders, and the end of it all was that Jim not only lost his girl, but was discharged as well."

It was the good fortune of the writer to hear this story told by the daughter of a dame d'honneur at the court of the first empire.

It is France in 1794. The month is May, and Mother Nature has just awakened from her winter's sleep the flowers, the loveliest of her children. After such a storm as history seldom records the last waves of the revolution are sullenly beating upon the land of the Burgundy rose and Bourbon lily.

By a quick combination of the old royalists and Jacobins the new convention of Paris, though preferred by the people, is likely to be beaten by the mob. The ninety-six wards of the city on the Seine are ablaze with passion.

The convention is in session. It is saved by the old royalist armies and the newer national guards.

One commander after another has gone over either in person or spirit to the enemies of peace. Barras, who leads the convention, is alert and ready, full of the fertility of expedient that characterizes the Latin race, but he can see no hope. The republic is fast slipping away from the traditions of honor and glory for a thousand years have had one unbroken line in history, to lose her place among the nations, for who shall be her deliverer from the awful cruelty of her own unnatural children.

The shadow of the storm may day were growing longer when Barras, the people's champion, led the heated hall of the convention for a little rest and thought, and his steps led to the salon of a woman famous in those days—for she was beautiful, well born and patriotic—whom he tenderly loved. She was alone, and together they spoke of the great danger, of the fear which filled each heart that life of the republic might soon run in a stream of blood.

"There is no longer a leader among us, chere amie," said the great statesman and orator, whose fervor and passion had so touched the people's hearts. "The end has come."

"Never despair. Perhaps the good God may help us," softly replied the gracious woman who was so dear to him.

"And you say you have no leader?" she spoke after a long silence in a musing way, thinking aloud. "Who are your commanders, then? Where is that droll little man you presented to me at Mme. de Stael's the other evening? He seemed to have brains and courage, too—that little Corsican."

"Pardie," said Barras, springing into new life. "Belle amie, you have given me a thought that may yet save France!"

They talk very seriously for a few minutes, and he returned to the convention full of a new hope. But before he left the salon he had written a little note addressed to "the general of brigade, Napoleon Bonaparte," who spelled his name thus until after his coronation as emperor, praying his immediate presence at the convention, and a trusty servant was charged to deliver it personally into Mr. Bonaparte's hands and not to fail.

"I have sent to you, M. Bonaparte," said Barras an hour later to the small, pale faced man with whom he was earnestly talking, "because you are our last hope, and I will now present you to the convention."

"Can you restore peace and order?" said the president to the young man before him. The members looked curiously on and listened.

"So France has come to this," whispered the president to his neighbor, "that her life and fate lie in the hands of a youth of 25"—who looked even less than his age—only 5 feet 2 inches in stature, with hair combed low on his brow, like a woman's. Farceur va!"

I am perfectly aware of the difficulties in the path, but am mistaken to succeed," said the young man, speaking with a strong Italian, or rather Corsican, accent. "But one thing I must insist upon. It is that I am not to be embarrassed by orders. I must have supreme command."

And bowing to the people's representatives the little man, with 5 feet 2 in stature, with gray brown eyes and a changed hair, led the hall, and the convention, with closed doors, proceeded to consider his proposition.

As Bonaparte left the hall Barras followed him for a last word. "Go to your rooms and remain there," said the politician in quick speech to the young officer, "and I will send you the result as soon as possible."

erial purple his coronal robe was embroidered in violets, and how, eleven years later, the sun of Austerlitz went down forever in the clouds of battle smoke that hung heavy over the plain of Waterloo—his first glory until the last violet was the flower the mighty Corsican loved best of all. It had told him first of his coming renown. It was the only flower that ever bloomed at St. Helena on his lonely grave.

BORN.

- Hallfax, Sept. 5, to the wife of William Caldwell, a son. Windsor, Aug. 30, to the wife of E. M. Hancock, a son. Moncton, Sept. 10, to the wife of John F. Doyle, a son. North Sydney, Sept. 4, to the wife of Amos Knox, a son. Halifax, Sept. 4, to the wife of E. R. Wright, a son. Kingsport, Aug. 25, to the wife of W. E. Pigout, a son. Tiverton, Sept. 5, to the wife of Jos. H. Stanton, a son. Pictou, Sept. 4, to the wife of William Duxton, a son. River Philip, Sept. 5, to the wife of Wilbur Colburn, a son. Digby, Aug. 28, to the wife of John Hickman, a son. Freeport, Aug. 29, to the wife of William Bates, a son. Freeport, Aug. 29, to the wife of William McNeil, a daughter. St. John, Sept. 16, to the wife of Thomas Brown, a daughter. Aulbert, Sept. 25, to the wife of George McLeod, a daughter. St. John, Sept. 7, to the wife of J. L. Wilson, a daughter. Halifax, Sept. 1, to the wife of John D. Watt, a daughter. Kentville, Aug. 30, to the wife of M. F. Carroll, a daughter. Aylesford, Sept. 2, to the wife of L. A. Reed, a son. Isaac's Harbor, N. S., to the wife of Isaac Clark, a daughter. Westport, Aug. 24, to the wife of C. W. Denton, a son. Moncton, Sept. 5, to the wife of M. B. Hicks, a daughter. Shelburne, Aug. 16, to the wife of C. S. Bruce, a daughter. Halifax, Sept. 6, to the wife of Douglas R. Clarke, a daughter. New Glasgow, Sept. 5, to the wife of G. B. Layton, a daughter. Amherst, Aug. 24, to the wife of William Blair, a son. Plymouth, N. S., Sept. 2, to the wife of Alvin Simms, a son. Lower Cove, Aug. 30, to the wife of Thomas L. Corbett, a son. Lakeland, N. S., Sept. 1, to the wife of Hilbert North Brookfield, N. S., Sept. 8, to the wife of A. Harlow, a son. Falmouth, Sept. 2, to the wife of Sherman Millett, a son. Bridgewater, Aug. 24, to the wife of Dugald Stewart, a daughter. Miramichi, Sept. 5, to the wife of Donald Ferguson, a daughter. River Hebert, Aug. 28, to the wife of Captain John Lunsburg, Aug. 29, to the wife of Captain Richard Heckman, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Hallifax, Sept. 6, Leonard Lye to Lillie French. St. John, Sept. 5, William Walker to Ida M. Dorland. Avonport, N. S., Sept. 5, H. B. Copland to Grace Shaw. Woodstock, by Rev. D. Chapman, Douglas Boyd to Ella. Guysboro, Sept. 3, by Rev. W. Parvis, Arthur Foden to Edith Hadley. Grand Falls, by Rev. H. B. Smith, Scott Harris to Emma Horton. Terrace Bay, N. S., Sept. 9, Ambrose Jollimore to Grace S. Wright. Truro, Aug. 27, Rev. J. Robbins, James Chisholm to Grace S. Wright. Inverville, N. S., by Rev. R. B. Kinley, Samuel Grant to Annie Schram. Halifax, Sept. 6, by Rev. H. H. How, William R. Lake Annie, Sept. 2, John McLean, Sr., 76. Hebron, N. S., Sept. 5, Elizabeth Trask, 91. Lower Norton, Sept. 4, Eliza A. Ketchum, 84. Yarmouth, Aug. 28, Mrs. Louisa Kattie, 84. Pleasant Lake, Sept. 6, Mrs. Louisa Kattie, 84. South Brookfield, N. S., Aug. 29, Henry Foster. St. Peter's, P. E. I., Sept. 7, William Connolly, 19. Moncton, Sept. 3, Adela, wife of Sherman Millett. Yarmouth, Aug. 28, James Lambert, 81. Maryville, Sept. 7, Fanny, wife of David Bruce, 82. St. John, Sept. 12, Louis, son of C. Nichols, 2. St. John, Sept. 12, Mary J., wife of Arthur Daniel. Middle Beaver Bank, Sept. 2, David W. Horton, 45. Annapolis, Sept. 1, Adela, wife of Oliver Goldsmith 25. Liverpool, N. S., Sept. 4, Mrs. Matilda Whittemore, 58. Halifax, Sept. 9, Sophia, wife of John B. McGowan, 70. St. John, Sept. 5, Mary, widow of the late Michael Barrett, 45. Parrsboro, Aug. 26, Vincent, son of Cornelius A. Harrett, 1. Campbell, Sept. 5, Mrs. Albert King, of St. John N. B. Malone Bay, Sept. 4, Emma, wife of James Metzger, 63. Jordan Falls, N. S., Sept. 3, of typhoid fever, William Mullins. Annapolis, Sept. 1, Margaret, wife of Walter McCouch, 28. Charlottetown, Sept. 7, Eliza, widow of the late Capt. John Jack, 22. Churchillville, Sept. 2, Mary, widow of the late Finlay McMillan, 89. St. John, Sept. 11, Thomas son of Thomas L. and Margaret Byrne, 82. Woodstock, Sept. 1, Elizabeth, widow of the late James McKean, 87. Stellarton, N. S., Aug. 29, Jessie, daughter of the late John Jack, 22. Halifax, Sept. 19, Mary, widow of the late Alexander MacLean, 84. Moncton, Sept. 10, Jane Pugsley, widow of the late J. N. Chapman, 81. Musquodoboit, Sept. 5, Caroline, daughter of the late Captain Haskin, 72. St. John, Sept. 11, William J. son of Andrew A. and the late Ellen Pyne. Kentville, Sept. 5, Wakefield, son of the late Wakefield M. Moran, 15 weeks. Tiverton, Sept. 1, of consumption, Howard, son of William Greenwood, 22. Halifax, Aug. 8, Edward, son of William and Elsie Sullivan, 6 weeks. Upper Musquodoboit, Aug. 31, Annie, daughter of Charles McMillan, 23. Beaver Brook, Aug. 31, Letitia, widow of the late Captain A. Beckman, 84. Dartmouth, Aug. 31, Nicholas W. son of Alexander and Lizette Schrum. Cumberland Point, N. B., Sept. 4, of consumption, Archibald B. McLeod, 51. St. John, Sept. 5, Harold Baker, son of Fred A. Taylor and Emma, 5 months. St. John, Sept. 2, Fanny, daughter of William and Annie Clark, 15 months. Halifax, Sept. 1, Emma, daughter of C. W. and Annie Clark, 15 months. Yarmouth, Sept. 5, Dorothy Kettis, daughter of Stephen and Elizabeth Hutton. Ohio, N. S., Sept. 3, of pneumonia, Israel, son of Rev. I. W. and Grace A. Porter. St. John, Sept. 8, Martha, wife of Robert Stackhouse, and daughter of the late David and Martha Mason. East Boston, Sept. 5, Gustav, wife of Henry W. Freeman, and daughter of the late Bartholomew Armstrong, of St. John, N. B., 22.

CHASE'S CHAPTER

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a combination of valuable medicines in concentrated form as prepared by the eminent Physician and Author, Dr. A. W. Chase, with a view to the relief of an unfeeling tendency of the Stomach and Liver troubles, but also tone the Stomach and purify the Blood, at a cost that is within the reach of all. The superior merit of these pills is established beyond question by the praise of thousands who use them—only fill a dose, one box 25 cents.

CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS. PURIFY YOUR BLOOD. CURE 25 CENTS A BOX. BACKACHE. WOMAN'S NEED. Women suffer unspeakable tortures from muscular weakness, caused by impaired nerves and poor blood. Uric Kidney acid poison, unexpurgated, weakens the nerves and poisons the blood. By and by, if the Kidneys do not properly purify the blood, then comes prostration, retroversion, etc. Blood 75 per cent. pure is not a nourisher—it is a death breeder. Delicate women need not be told how well they would give to get and STAY well. If their blood is free from the poisonous ferments of the Kidneys and Liver, they will know what "weakness" is. The blood is the source and sustainer of health. It cannot be kept pure except the Kidneys and Liver do their work naturally. Something is needed to insure free and natural action of these organs, one 25 cent box of Kidney-Liver Pills will prove to any sufferer they are a boon to those of delicate constitution. One Kidney-Liver Pill taken weekly will effectually neutralize the Uric Acid in the blood and prevent any tendency to Bright's Disease or Diabetes. For effecting the Blood and renovating the system, especially in the Spring, one 25 cent box is equal to \$10 worth of any other Uric Acid or Bitters known. Sold by all dealers, or by mail on receipt of price, EDMANSON, BATES & CO., 48 Lombard Street, Toronto.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. TOURIST SLEEPERS. Seattle, Wash. Pacific Coast. Will leave from Windsor Street Station, Montreal, at 9.50 a. m., every Thursday. Holders of second-class passage tickets to Pacific Coast will be accommodated in these cars on payment of a small additional charge per berth. Further information, ticket rates, &c., on application to Ticket Agents.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Monday, June 26th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11.55 a. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11.45 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 6.10 p. m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.45 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 1.10 p. m. CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of way, at Digby with Annapolis Railway, at Yarmouth with Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings and from Monday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 38 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1894-SUMMER ARRANGEMENT-1894. On and after MONDAY, the 25th JUNE, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Furwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Accommodation for Point du Chene..... 10.10 Express for Halifax..... 10.10 Express for Quebec, and Montreal..... 13.10 Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 22.25 A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal at 10.00 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Montreal and Quebec, (Monday excepted)..... 8.30 Express from Moncton (daily)..... 8.30 Accommodation from Point du Chene..... 12.50 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 13.10 Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 22.25 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are met by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Moncton N. B., 20 June, 1894.

WANTED! People to Understand That BASS'S ALE, GUINNESS'S STOUT are the finest beers brewed. But in order to obtain them at their best it is indispensable that they be matured and bottled by experienced firms who possess the knowledge and have the capital to enable them to carry the goods until they are matured. Messrs. W. Edmunds Jr. & Co., Liverpool, who bottle under the label of PIG BRAND turn out the finest bottling of Bass and Guinness in the world. Try it and be convinced. Ask for PIG BRAND.

ICE! Wholesale and Retail. Telephone 414. Office 15 Leinster Street. Mrs. R. Whetsel.

Do you Write for the Papers? If you do, you should have THE LADDER OF JOURNALISM, a Text Book for Correspondents, Reporters, Editors and General Writers. PRICE, 50 CENTS. SENT ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, BY ALLAN FORMAN, 117 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. State where you saw this and you will receive a handsome lithograph for framing.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. THREE TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. Until further notice the steamers of this company will leave for Boston on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 12.30 (standard). Returning from Boston on MONDAY at 8 a. m., and on FRIDAY at 8 p. m., for Eastport and St. John. On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch at Portland. Connections made at Eastport with steamers for W. A. and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LACHLER, Agent.

STEAMER CLIFTON. will leave her wharf at Indiantown MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons at 4 o'clock for Chapel Cove, Mess Glen Clifton, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton and other points on the coast. Leaving Hampton on the same day at 5.40 a. m., for St. John, with afternoon stopovers. R. G. EARLE, Captain.

Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED). The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quickest Time! Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours. FOUR TRIPS A WEEK from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in company. One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of Annapolis at 11.45 a. m., for Halifax, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon. Steamer "City of St. John" will leave Yarmouth every Friday at 7 a. m., for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Liverpool, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax Monday at 6 p. m. for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday. Steamer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 11 p. m. for Yarmouth. L. E. BAKER, Managing Director, Yarmouth, N. S.

CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS. PURIFY YOUR BLOOD. CURE 25 CENTS A BOX. BACKACHE. WOMAN'S NEED. Women suffer unspeakable tortures from muscular weakness, caused by impaired nerves and poor blood. Uric Kidney acid poison, unexpurgated, weakens the nerves and poisons the blood. By and by, if the Kidneys do not properly purify the blood, then comes prostration, retroversion, etc. Blood 75 per cent. pure is not a nourisher—it is a death breeder. Delicate women need not be told how well they would give to get and STAY well. If their blood is free from the poisonous ferments of the Kidneys and Liver, they will know what "weakness" is. The blood is the source and sustainer of health. It cannot be kept pure except the Kidneys and Liver do their work naturally. Something is needed to insure free and natural action of these organs, one 25 cent box of Kidney-Liver Pills will prove to any sufferer they are a boon to those of delicate constitution. One Kidney-Liver Pill taken weekly will effectually neutralize the Uric Acid in the blood and prevent any tendency to Bright's Disease or Diabetes. For effecting the Blood and renovating the system, especially in the Spring, one 25 cent box is equal to \$10 worth of any other Uric Acid or Bitters known. Sold by all dealers, or by mail on receipt of price, EDMANSON, BATES & CO., 48 Lombard Street, Toronto.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. TOURIST SLEEPERS. Seattle, Wash. Pacific Coast. Will leave from Windsor Street Station, Montreal, at 9.50 a. m., every Thursday. Holders of second-class passage tickets to Pacific Coast will be accommodated in these cars on payment of a small additional charge per berth. Further information, ticket rates, &c., on application to Ticket Agents.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Monday, June 26th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11.55 a. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11.45 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 6.10 p. m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.45 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 1.10 p. m. CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of way, at Digby with Annapolis Railway, at Yarmouth with Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings and from Monday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 38 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1894-SUMMER ARRANGEMENT-1894. On and after MONDAY, the 25th JUNE, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Furwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Accommodation for Point du Chene..... 10.10 Express for Halifax..... 10.10 Express for Quebec, and Montreal..... 13.10 Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 22.25 A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal at 10.00 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Montreal and Quebec, (Monday excepted)..... 8.30 Express from Moncton (daily)..... 8.30 Accommodation from Point du Chene..... 12.50 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 13.10 Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 22.25 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are met by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Moncton N. B., 20 June, 1894.

WANTED! People to Understand That BASS'S ALE, GUINNESS'S STOUT are the finest beers brewed. But in order to obtain them at their best it is indispensable that they be matured and bottled by experienced firms who possess the knowledge and have the capital to enable them to carry the goods until they are matured. Messrs. W. Edmunds Jr. & Co., Liverpool, who bottle under the label of PIG BRAND turn out the finest bottling of Bass and Guinness in the world. Try it and be convinced. Ask for PIG BRAND.

ICE! Wholesale and Retail. Telephone 414. Office 15 Leinster Street. Mrs. R. Whetsel.

Do you Write for the Papers? If you do, you should have THE LADDER OF JOURNALISM, a Text Book for Correspondents, Reporters, Editors and General Writers. PRICE, 50 CENTS. SENT ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, BY ALLAN FORMAN, 117 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. State where you saw this and you will receive a handsome lithograph for framing.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. THREE TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. Until further notice the steamers of this company will leave for Boston on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 12.30 (standard). Returning from Boston on MONDAY at 8 a. m., and on FRIDAY at 8 p. m., for Eastport and St. John. On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch at Portland. Connections made at Eastport with steamers for W. A. and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LACHLER, Agent.

STEAMER CLIFTON. will leave her wharf at Indiantown MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons at 4 o'clock for Chapel Cove, Mess Glen Clifton, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton and other points on the coast. Leaving Hampton on the same day at 5.40 a. m., for St. John, with afternoon stopovers. R. G. EARLE, Captain.

Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED). The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quickest Time! Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours. FOUR TRIPS A WEEK from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in company. One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of Annapolis at 11.45 a. m., for Halifax, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon. Steamer "City of St. John" will leave Yarmouth every Friday at 7 a. m., for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Liverpool, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax Monday at 6 p. m. for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday. Steamer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 11 p. m. for Yarmouth. L. E. BAKER, Managing Director, Yarmouth, N. S.